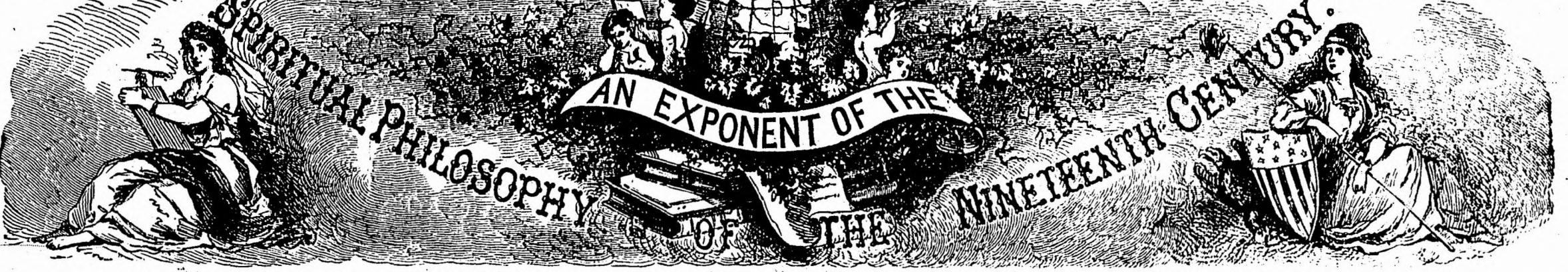


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The Rostrum.

THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF ANCIENT SYMBOLS—THE CROSS.

NUMBER TWO.

A Lecture Delivered by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, at Chicago, Ill., May 21st, 1876.

(Reported specially for the Banner of Light.)

Far away in Egypt, along the mystic Nile, it was the custom in ancient times to rear incense designating the rise of the tide, whereby Egypt's kings might count (the probable harvest of the coming year. As the sacred river was supposed to contain the elements of life or death, and as the deities were propitiated with reference to the harvest time, gradually this symbol came to be revered among the Egyptians, because just in proportion to the rise of the tide, so would be the fruitfulness of the harvest. This indication was in the shape of a cross, upon which was marked, from year to year, the gradual rising of the river or its decline. Subsequently this symbol was introduced among the sacred tablets and in the various places of worship; not in the form of the Roman Cross, however, but of the letter X, which at last, also, was found to be a symbol of the angle of the sun's rays, the points representing two pyramids, one inverted, and the several other points the four corners of the earth.

Among the ancient Brahmins the exact cross, equal in its different angles, is worshipped as representing the four quarters of the earth, or the various directions from whence come the different divinities whom Brahma sends to govern the seasons. The north and the south, the east and the west, are the cardinal points, and therefore, when described, present the exact rectangular cross. These are objects of devotion not only at the various points, but at the various angles of coincidence, and represent the sciences in their subtle and occult meaning among the Brahmins.

If you visit the far Orient to-day, however, you will find this ancient symbol has been usurped by another, and that in the various countries of India the symbol of the Crescent towers above that not only of the Brahminical Cross, but also of the Egyptian and the Roman Cross. The Crescent sign of the religion of Mahomet, usurping the more ancient religions of the East, has reared its head, and there to-day indicates the fire and flame with which the Prophet of Mecca would have enforced his religion upon the nations of the East. Even in the sacred city of Jerusalem you find symbols of all Pagan religions, and the worship of the Crescent is greater there than that of the Cross to-day. Whether the Prophet who fled to Medina really represents a religion or no, it is certain that his followers are numerous, that the influence of his religion has been vast, and that with the fire and sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, the whole of the East has been devastated with rapine and murder at the hands of his followers. Whether you believe that the ancient symbol of the Cross was held sacred in Egypt or no, you will find that the indications are that the god Osiris, smiling upon the river-god, Nilus, below, represented the mystic symbol which was figured in the Cross, and that the veiled form of Isis contained the secret and subtle power whereby the ray of light enkindled the earth and made it fruitful. Whether you believe that in Mithraic cave and among the oracles at Delphos and elsewhere there were cabalistic and singular symbols, not only picturing the angle of the sun's contact with the surface of the earth, but also the different signs of the zodiac and their meaning, it still is true that upon those ancient tablets are found the symbols of science and many of those of religion to-day, and that the Cross itself is as old as are geometrical lines and figures in the science of the earth. Whether you believe that the cardinal points of the compass were indicated by the sacred symbol that we refer to or no, it is certain that upon every Brahminical temple is engraved the representation of the four corners of the earth and their various influences over humanity; and that the followers of Confucius, in passing from the ancient faith of Brahma to the more modern one, and also the followers of Buddha, pictured these various symbols by lines, parallels and angles, among which the Cross is represented.

But it was left for the Romans to invent the Cross as a particular form of punishment, crucifixion not being among the ancient forms of punishment with the Jews, but various other means of torture, as for instance, the Gehenna outside the gates of Jerusalem into which were plunged malefactors, and the fires of which were kept

burning forever; as for instance, their banishment into the far desert, where it was supposed the powers of death were abiding. The crucifix was introduced as a system of punishment more degrading because more public, and exposing the malefactors to the gaze of the populace, who, of course, they would wish to avoid and shun.

There was, as far as the student can determine, no especial significance in the Roman Cross. There does not seem to have been any intention of a religious symbol of persecution in adopting the Cross as the form of punishment, under the Roman reign in Jerusalem; nor does there seem to have been in Rome, at least until after the Christian Era, any especial significance applied to the Cross; nor does it appear that in the first two or three centuries of the Christian Era the Cross itself was made the especial symbol of what Christ represented, either of Calvary, of his teachings, or of the especial meaning of his mission to the world. It has come to be, however, typical of the entire Christian religion. It has come to express in the great world of symbols an absolute idea; and whoever sees or beholds the Cross upon temple or place of worship, or as an ornament in a niche or on the wall, understands that it represents some special idea of which "Christianity" is the symbol and sacred term. Wherever this Cross appears, in St. Peter's in Rome, on the walls of the maiden in her cloister, within the charmed precincts of the Protestant church in England, or upon the temples of modern worship here, it indicates an idea; and that idea must be either true or false; must be either borrowed from the absolute revelation intended, or it must have become the symbol of an idolatry.

You call the Mahometans Pagan. They worship at the shrine of Mahomet; their symbol is the Crescent. They have their orders of devotion; they bow before the objects sacred unto them. This is Paganism. In the far East the Oriental worship prefigures the fire of Zoroaster or the sacred image of Brahma, and men bow before the graven images as objects of devotion, and you say they are Pagans. No voice has ever given to you the interpretation or the meaning of their symbols. No one has ever said to you that the Sacred Ox represented the principle of creative power, or that Osiris was pictured in the sun as the image of the divinity, or that the Brahmin does not really worship the images whom he names Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva, but only the thought which they represent. Nevertheless, these are Pagan worshippers. Their symbols are not sacred, while over there in Rome the symbol of the Cross towers above St. Peter's dome, and that is called religion. Within this dome, that the art of the hand who fashioned it has made perhaps perfect as a work of architecture, are the symbols of the Mother Church of Christendom. Within this and other sacred temples are mirrored the images that Christians worship to-day. But Protestants declare that the Romish Church is idolatrous now, and that the symbols of saint and martyr and the glorious images of ancient art are paganistic compared to the simplicity and severity of the Protestant faith. In London, St. Paul's towers above the city, and sends its bell-chimings through the ears of all the inhabitants. The same symbol is there, and within are nearly the same arrangements of worship, priestly robe and sacerdotal shrine. Yet this is Christianity, and the other is Idolatry. The Ritualists perform almost precisely the same ceremonials with altar and shrine, temple and robe, with the devotees at St. Peter's in Rome. One is called idolatrous; the other, the true church.

A few Quakers, anxious to escape from the symbols that seemed to have no meaning, wrested themselves from the Mother Church of Rome and from the Protestant Church, adopted the severity of sharps, angles and most subdued colors, had no symbols and no sounds, no cross upon temple, no adornment of walls or dwellings, and, persecuted and ostracized at home, sought refuge in a new world. To-day they consider the Protestant and Roman churches idolatrous, while within their forms of silence and their walls of colorless devotion they hope to receive the blessing of the true Christ who is imaged in the Spirit; shutting out the sunlight of day that the spirit of truth may enter, and banishing the colors of the flowers that the soul of heaven may descend upon them. No music there, no altar and no shrine, but a bare and barren cross rising upon Calvary with piteous appeal to heaven and the silence of the breaking heart that may not even praise God in anthem and song.

A hundred years ago Dr. Priestley and others introduced a system of more liberal worship, wherein the Cross might represent a milder form of devotion than that of Luther and Calvin, and wherein somewhat of the love of God might shine through the bleeding wounds and crucified form of the Saviour. He was stoned in England; he was reviled in America. To-day the Unitarian church rears its form side by side with the evangelical churches in Christendom, and has upon its towering height the symbol of the Cross. What does it mean? Idolatry in Rome, and not in the Unitarian church? Idolatry in St. Paul's, and not in the heart of the Quaker that preserves rigid lines and angles, and free even from a laurel bough? What does it mean that a symbol debased by one is exalted by another, and that the cross worshiped here upon this soil is more or less a symbol of Christianity than in Rome or in London it can be? Among the monasteries was one wherein it was claimed that a cross grew out of the moss-grown wall, shaping itself in lines of infinite beauty as the monks were wont to pray, and that upon this cross the very drops of dew that typified the blood of

Christ were seen, and from them sprang the flowers that were his tears which the priests were wont to worship. The Rosierucians held that they had discovered the one magic meaning of the dew upon the cross, whereby they might resolve all mysteries of life and death. Was theirs genuine and the monks in the cell idolatrous? Was theirs the truth because it was coupled with science, while in the monastery it must be considered as superstition? St. Catharine from Sienna crossed the mountains in midwinter that she might with her pleadings and prayers bring back the pope unto his people. Was this idolatry, and the poor cowardice of modern Christians, that will not cross the street in a rainy Sunday, worship? Is it religion that inspires men to deeds of cowardice, and is it idolatry that inspires them to deeds of bravery? Is it, then, true worship that stands in the midst of a Christian century, wielding the weapons of avarice and pride and calling that religion; and was it an age of idolatry when saints and martyrs were driven heavenward through flame and torture?

What is it that inspires the souls of men? What is it that uplifts them from darkness and dross? What is it that melts and merges their lives into the sublime? Is it the name of the symbol they bear, or is it that which is traced upon their hearts as the impulse of self-sacrifice, and whether it be under the name of Brahma, Osiris, Mahomet, Zoroaster, Moses or Christ, anoints them as heroes, martyrs, saints, because they die for that which they believe to be true—better still, because they live for it and work out their lives in holy deeds and sacred symbols of devotion? Enough! Enough! We know what has been done under the name of the Cross. We have traced the fiery letters in seas of blood, and know there is no crime beneath the sun and not a word but what has been sanctified by that symbol. You know that Protestant England worked as fearful ruin as Roman Catholic England. You know that France has been the scene of alternating horrors beneath the symbol that variously represented one way or the other. You know that the Puritans fled from the symbol of the Cross to rear the gallows on Salem Hill, whereon they might hang wretches who did not believe as they did. You know that it is not two hundred years since it was unsafe for the freedom of speech and worship which you now enjoy to be even thought of. You know that it is not a hundred years since this meeting would have been impossible, and under the name of the Cross you would have been persecuted, if not with death at least with social and personal ostracism.

For the lofty deeds that are all unrecorded in history whereby some pale, wan faces, or secret and silent souls have wrought their way through fiery ordeals to glorious self-conquest, no flaming cross is there to blazon their triumph; no emblem is hung upon wall of cathedral or ancient abbey—no monumental marble rears itself above their graves; but indelibly upon the walls of life their tear-stained records have been wrought, and theirs is the crown that the martyr spirit must wear.

Let us interpret things according to their true meaning. If we have a symbol, let us have it mean something; and if it mean the Christ slain upon Calvary, let us see what its interpretation is to-day. Does it mean the shedding of blood and the slaying of innocent victims? Does it mean that in the name of the Prince of Peace countries shall be devastated and horrors perpetrated upon women and children? Does it mean that under the name of this symbol man shall wage war with his brother for the benefit of freedom, or his exchequer? Does it mean that because of differences of opinion there shall be slaughter and ruin, fire and sword, and that all the words spoken by the Master shall be forgotten?

Christ upon Calvary means the triumph of the soul over a brutal and selfish age; means the spirit conquering the flesh; means the triumph of God over the machinations of life below.

The bearing of the burden of the Cross is either a literal or a spiritual symbol. If a literal symbol, who follows it? Walk you the streets with burdens on your shoulders? Nay; you have beasts of burden, steam engines, electric wires, and fingers that dle with toll to carry your burdens for you. A literal symbol? Who walks up to any Calvary to-day for any truth, even that which is most common? Evasion and falsehood, bickerings and strife, and a yielding to the everlasting pressure of that policy which hedges in the world, are the more usual methods. A literal symbol? Martyrs have died for the sake of its interpretation to their souls; but they would have been no martyrs if they had coveted the flame, the guillotine or the cross merely for the sake of martyrdom. He who aspires to be a martyr must not simply cut his throat, or hang himself upon the nearest tree, or stretch himself upon the physical cross. If he have nothing to die for he had better live. The soul understands that the meaning of the symbol on Calvary is, that whosoever would take up his cross and follow the Master must do so in spirit; that the cross of life to be borne is not necessarily of physical suffering, or of physical death or martyrdom, but is, if need be, that which plunged John Brown into the world of souls because of the love he bore for the slave, or that which gave to the nation a martyred president. These are the ways in which the Cross is the symbol of what the Master taught. If he but died on Calvary that the Cross itself might save the world through the shedding of his blood, then shall we forget that matchless message of the Sermon on the Mount, born of his teachings, and only follow this one image, the Cross. But if that was but the glori-

ous consummation of a life whose purpose was to teach, to inspire and to uplift, the Elder Best Brother of humanity, who came to represent the possibility of man, then the Cross means the Golden Rule, the Sermon on the Mount, the teachings and the healings, the prophecies and the wonderful love that cast out all fear and blessed the little children and the Magdalen in one breath.

If the Cross means anything, it means that kind of victory and conquest over selfish pursuits and aims that brings the human life nearer to that standard which it typifies. If it means anything, it means the daily bearing of burdens that are necessary and needful to be borne, without complaining and without bitterness, gladly and willingly, because of the end of life to be attained. If it means anything, it means that the daily routine of existence that may become a care and terror and the veriest and severest burden, shall be gradually and constantly uplifted by the pervading presence of that sweetness of life, that perfection of existence which will make each burden seem light and every care sink into insignificance.

The truth is, that there is no cross to the soul that has gained self-conquest. Life itself has no burdens; care falls from you, and death becomes the gateway of matchless life. What was the cross to the Son of Man, whose inward eyes could see into Paradise? What was death to the saint and martyr who above flame and the sacrificial pile could see angels and hear them sing? Nay, nay! That only is a cross which the spirit feels is grievous to be borne, and which it is the intention of the divine economy you shall vanquish in that very feeling. Go to your labor feeling it a grievous burden; see how it drags heavily upon you, and weighs down your hands, and makes you feel powerless. Go with the impulse of a Divine love and a fervent desire to do good to some fellow being, mother, sister, wife or friend, and the labor is nothing, the toll becomes sweet, and the hands are strengthened, and the feet become light. Ah, the vanquishing of life's burdens is the greatest cross after all.

If this symbol means anything to your understanding, it means it as applicable to your daily life, to your individual existence, and the very thing that is hardest for you to overcome, whatever that may be—pride, selfishness, vanity, external appetite—anything that stands between you and the clearness of vision which the Master had, is the cross that you have to bear and to overcome. If it means anything, it means the supreme control of selfishness and folly in the world whereby the individual man is obscured, and only his semblance appears in the daily life.

All cannot be heroes. Martyrdoms are not to be bought at a price. You cannot walk to any inquisition voluntarily. There are few opportunities for heroic self-sacrifice. But the daily life and the hourly vocation, and the things that lie all around the pathway—these multiply and become the huge cross and the burthen that you have to bear, and which, if you bear triumphantly, lends you to the very crown of self-conquest and victory. To the true Christian this is the meaning of the Cross. All other meanings are idolatrous and Pagan. He who worships at that shrine or before that symbol without this meaning in his heart is an idolater. He who bows before it as bearing any veiled image of divinity, as God or man, and does not know the sweet message that it gives to the world, he is an idolater. He in St. Peter's who before the Cross makes the same symbol upon his person, yet does not know that it means self-sacrifice and self-conquest, is an idolater. And he who has piled up creeds large as the edifice in which he worships, bowing before articles and ordinances, forgetful of the one sweet message that makes life glorious, also is an idolater, whether he worship in Protestant church, at the shrine of St. Peter's, or away over in Pagan India.

We do not determine this matter for you. To ourselves there is but one interpretation. We must have no images that supersede the idea. We must have no temples that are greater than the souls that inhabit them. We must have no form of worship that supersedes the spirit of worship. We must have no Christ that is too far away for humanity to follow. We must have that divinity that enters the heart, shapes the life, unfolds the understanding, rears the edifice of existence—makes the glorious man or woman, all by its conquest and victory.

Matter is the cross; material life is the burden. All temptations that lie in your pathway, the various difficulties and obstacles of existence, the spirit must meet and triumph over. It is as glorious a victory as that which sent any saint or martyr into heaven; it is as triumphant when once attained. It brings the achievement; it is the resurrection; it is the life, the gradual, undying perfect sweetness and love that leads the human spirit through and over every pathway of difficulty unto even the triumph of death. Take your burdens from you? Not if we had the power this instant. Lessen your sorrows? Not if ours was the potent spell to drive them all away. A great and devout man said, "I have never had a sorrow that I could spare." Grievous to be borne? That is the very point. Hard and difficult to comprehend? That is the pathway to comprehension. Do not think that an infinite God of love could bring these difficulties. The tender mother never could make the stone pierce the foot of her boy; but he will never be a man unless it does. Do not talk of love that shuts in a closet the image where no breath can come. Speak not of affection that shields the tender plant until it pines away and dies. Speak not of that kind of love that gives nothing to strengthen the forest tree, but leaves it a sapling all its

days. Wind and rain strengthen the oak, and even the violet meekly bows its head before the storm that gives the cooling draught to its eye of bloom. Tears in the eye strengthen the heart, and the hand is made glorious that traces its history over the walls of victory and conquest. A bed of roses is the fabled Oriental heaven and paradise. The Christian has learned that the sturdy pathway leading up the mountain height is the one where the finest view can be obtained. The tourist would scorn the tenderness that would keep him always in the valley because he might hurt his feet in climbing up where he could see the sun rise over the Alps.

Climb if you would see the sun over the eternal hills. Let the stones pierce your feet if you would know what it is to have won the victory of life. Do not push aside the thorns if you want to know what it is to have vanquished them. Mariners plow the seas; philosophers probe the earth and dwell lifelong over one secret that they may find out the mystery thereof. Hairs turn gray, faces are wrinkled, forms become decrepit over one truth that the soul is in search of.

The gold which will not last a single day when you are dead takes your time, your attention, your lives—you plod wearily to and fro every hour of the day and count that not a cross. The truth, however, God must reveal to you. Anything that is for the benefit of your souls must fall down at your feet for you to pick up. Inspiration and prophecy and all spiritual knowledge must come without the asking! Go dig for gold. Go plod your weary way along to build up monuments that your children's children will despise you for; but never say it is a cross again, when just before you are golden truths and inspiring words that you would not turn your hand over to attain, yet blame God for not forcing them into your consciousness. Know that the effort is there, the spirit is there, the light is there. The way to it is across every temptation that you shun, by the vanquishment of every foe that you fear, the overcoming of the very chains that enslave you and the bursting asunder of the very ties that bind you. Know that the victory is there, but it is not by avoiding any difficulty, but only by surmounting it. The boy upon the castle wall, the explorer in the North Sea, Dr. Livingston in Africa—these are what men will do for an idea. Is not the truth that lies within the soul worth as much? We say that you will never have a spiritual treasure, a lofty truth, a divine hope, a hallowed and consecrated fulfillment of prophecy, unless you win it across the very chasm that you seek to avoid. We say that the spirit cannot triumph over clay; it cannot win its destiny, cannot gain its inheritance, cannot understand itself, unless the glorious kingdom of the spirit is outwrought of self-sacrifice and pain.

Who prizes the titled nobility of Great Britain or the Old World? Who cares for the wealth or fame that is handed down from father to son? Richard Cobden, John Bright, all the great minds that stand up and plead the cause of men are those who have won the victory of life for themselves.

Who cares for fame written upon the ancient tablets of any ancestral wall? You did not fight the battles. Yours is not the credit for their deeds of daring. What have you done? The test lies here. The strength is in your own citadel. You have made the castle which you inhabit. Your spirit is there a sluggard and a dolt, or is alive, alert, active, winning every day laurels that kings and princes might envy. It is not needful that the world shall see them. The soul is its own best and entire peacemaker. The soul can understand whether the *you* that inhabits the temple of your own life is a worthy occupant. The victories that you have won are traced there and your spirit understands them. They gleam out from your eyes and they light your face, and when a man meets you on the street, if you do not shun his gaze, if you look at him with a clear and honest eye, he knows that you have vanquished temptation and are not ashamed to look another soul in the face. Turn your gaze aside, look downward, and he knows that the victory is not won, and that the tempter is still there, that the serpent is still in the Garden of Eden, and that the man Christ has not taught his lesson to you, that God has not come to dwell in your heart.

Oh, take up the cross of life, bear it nobly and well, without shrinking, without terror, without fear; not St. Peter's at Rome, nor Westminster Abbey, nor St. Paul's in England, nor all the churches that line the streets of your crowded cities, can give forth such chimings of joy and praise as go out from the towering height of that soul's sanctuary wherein the victory has been won over selfishness and pride and care, by the true meaning of the Cross.

Don Platt does not find much to marvel at in Pierrepoint's having been caught consulting a medium. "While a number of vulgar scamps are being exposed by scamps quite as vulgar, the belief in spiritual manifestation is spreading, not so much among the ignorant and credulous class as with educated people. I was surprised to find, after my attention was called to the subject, what a number of cultured persons I encountered in Washington who were confirmed believers in Spiritualism. I am told that the same fact exists in Europe. For example, when Foster was in Washington, some three months since, his visitors were mainly composed of leading members of the Senate, House, and Secretaries of the Cabinet, who openly consulted this man as to matters existing beyond the grave. Were I to give you their names, my story would be rather interesting, but spiteful, for there are few of these believers who do not shrink from being publicly known as such."

Free Thought.

A TAP AT MRS. TAPPAN.

Col. Olcott Reviews her History of Occultism.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Sir: I perceive with regret that Mrs. Tappan's guides do not read the papers, neither have they familiarized themselves with the classical authors. As I presume that neither you nor any other Spiritualist regards them as any other than mortal men and women; as I consider them no better; and as neither of us accept them as gods, superior to criticism and irresponsible for their assertions, I desire to join issues with them. They are no more excusable for anachronisms, misstatements of fact, or sophistical teachings, than those of us who have not yet "shuffled off this mortal coil." In this case, Mrs. Tappan, as a woman, is, by her own claim and the common consent of her friends, out of the question. What she says she is not responsible for, by virtue of the very fact of her mediumship. Therefore I have no controversy with her. It is those guides and controls that I would like to bring to book; and if for convenience I address her, it will of course be understood that I mean the intelligence or intelligences who said the foolish things that are contained in the Chicago discourse which appeared in your Journal of the 26th ultimo.

The first misstatement is that the word *Occultism* "originated with Col. Olcott in his investigations connecting Spiritualism with ancient sorcery, magic, and various other sciences heretofore supposed to be buried in obscurity." The word did not originate with me. It was used by other writers long before I knew there was any such science. Probably I may have contributed to make it better known among Spiritualists, here and in Europe, than it was before; but these guides ought to have known better than to credit me with its authorship. I am glad that it is current, for it is so comprehensive a term as to embrace as no other does every branch of study connected with the secret agencies of Nature and their manipulation. Magic, sorcery, the esoteric sciences and religions of all ages, theurgy, theosophy, Hermetic philosophy, divination, Modern Spiritualism, psychometry and all that pertains to psychology, are included in the word. Nothing could be further from the truth than the assertion that it is a "synonym of Spiritualism," unless it be the other that it is a branch of the latter, bearing the same relation to it "that any one of the different colors bears to the pure ray of light." This is as bad as the cool ascription of the Catholic Propaganda that the rites, ceremonies, moralities, monasteries, convents, vestments, etc., of Buddhism found by the French Ambassador de Lamoignon, and the Abbé Hue, Grubner and Mañi, in Thibet and Siam, where they had existed for at least five centuries before the birth of Christ, were copied after those of the Romish Church! *Occultism* dates back to the archaic ages; *Spiritualism* is a thing of less than thirty years, and its name was never pronounced, either in this world or that of these guides, before that time.

"We do not suppose," say these guides, "as Occultism has as yet made few, if any, absolute converts or advocates, and has no basis or claim of existence in the world of science, that it can as yet . . . have a special relation to Spiritualism." I don't know what may be their ideas of "few" or "any," but, with my compliments, I beg to inform them that at this moment there are in various parts of the world, nine hundred and eighty-five million "converts" and "advocates" of the philosophy that the Theosophical Society was organized to study. And every man of these millions not only believes that it has a claim of (sic) existence in the world of science, but every one who has heard of American Spiritualism knows just how much relation it has to what is now called Occultism. Thousands, who stand to the great body of these advocates as Mrs. Tappan, or rather her control, does to the mass of Spiritualists, could take this control and set him in full sight of her audiences, and let him do his own talking. These are adepts of Occultism.

If any description of the necessary process is required, I refer the guides to pp. 190 & seq., of "Ravallotte," that marvelous book by that lurid genius, P. B. Randolph. Let them read his account of what a whole company of ladies and gentlemen saw at the house of a French noble, when the *modus operandi* of spirit message-writing and physical manifestations was shown. I have seen the like things in this country, and can certify that neither Randolph's story nor Bulwer's superb description in "Zanoni" of Glyndwr's encounter with THE DWELLER, is an exaggeration.

What excuse can these guides, who live presumably in the spirit-world, give for misrepresenting the Occultists by saying that they affirm that "there are elementary or fragmentary souls, not yet human, that partake somewhat of the nature of human beings, possessing perhaps mischievous, evil, or undeveloped qualities, who can, at the command of human beings, be made to resemble spirits, disembodied friends, ghosts of the departed, and thus create great [injury, etc., etc.]" Who authorized them to say that we regard the elementary spirits as fragmentary souls? or not yet human? What author do they study—these guides? The spirits of the elements—the gnomes, sylphs, undines, and salamanders—have no immortal souls, nor ever will have. They are not "yet" human, nor ever will be. They are evolutions of matter, not like ourselves.

I suppose that even my friends, the guides, will concede that among the great minds that have shed lustre upon the history of the race, Pythagoras, Herodotus, Plato, Xenocrates, Porphyry, Iamblichus, Cicero, Plotinus, Ammonius Saccas, Proclus, and others like them, are entitled to a supreme rank. Well, all of them believed in elementary spirits; all were students, and some renowned practitioners, of Occultism, in some form; and all made a mighty difference between disembodied human spirits and these soulless mischief-makers of the invisible world. Which are we to believe—these princes of human thought, or Mrs. Tappan's guides?

Please do not mistake the position of the Occultists, Mr. Editor. They do not challenge a single genuine message that has been received from "disembodied human souls." They believe that there are such genuine messages; and, for my part, I can say I have had them—often—and often without the intervention of a medium. But we believe—nay, we know—that thousands of so-called spirit-messages have come from the Elementary, to the confusion of the candid, and the satisfaction of the Materialist. How do we know this can be done? By seeing the operation,

and having our personal experience corroborated by the writers I have named, and hundreds more in ancient and modern times.

Mrs. Tappan makes the point that, in the case of a medium, "that which expresses itself is an intelligence, or it is not. If it is an intelligence, and manifests the attributes and qualities of humanity, then it must be human intelligence; and if any power manifests itself having human intelligence, that is not embodied, it must be disembodied human intelligence." Begging her pardon, this is sophistry. That which expresses itself need not be an intelligence, and yet convey intelligence. It is not necessary that there should be a sun in a mirror for us to see the solar image in it. These elementaries are like chameleons—they take the hue of every object they approach. Put them in contact with a philosopher, and they will frame in words his philosophical ideas—for ideas are objective to them; with a sensualist, and they will propound his impure fancies; with a poet, and the medium will deliver her oracles in rhyme; with a Roman Catholic, the responsive "thing of Matter" will tell the gaping crowd of a Popish hell, and the glories of a Queen Regnant in Paradise; with a Reincarnationist, and the scenes of his imaginary past lives will pass from the secret chambers of his mind, and as pictured realities be reflected back to him through the speaker. Things long forgotten will be brought to light, and the dusky corners of the memory yield up their buried facts. For, as the authors of "The Unseen Universe" tell us, every human action is indelibly impressed upon the Universal Ether, and Mrs. Tappan's guides quote from them when they say that "every thought of the human mind is in itself photographed upon the atmosphere around you." The Occultists (and among them Paracelsus and Eliphas Levi most clearly) maintain that each individual is in relation not only with the currents of the Astral Light (*Universal Ether of Science*), and Mrs. Tappan's atmosphere upon which are stamped his own personal history, but also with the radial streams of his family, near and remote, and of others who have been intimately associated with him for a long period. An elementary using a medium to communicate, may give the sifter bits and scraps of the experiences of his relatives and friends as well as of himself, about which he may not have previously known, or, knowing once, have forgotten. And, for all that, not be either a disembodied or embodied "human intelligence."

But there is still another class of communicating entities than either the "angels" of enthusiastic, indiscriminating Spiritualists, or the soulless Elementaries of my fellow-Occultists. These are disembodied people whose voices, or materialistic intellectual lives, during life drove their immortal spirits out of their astral bodies (the bodies or souls we assume at death). Tied by infrangible attractions to the earth, deprived of the restrictive guidance of the spirit, sunk into a state of darkness and unhappiness, their bodies, as plastic under the formative power of the mind as clay in the hands of the potter, take the external semblance of the brute they most resembled mentally while still on earth. These are the authors of all the silly, dishonest, malicious sayings and doings of mediums, that are not the product of the mind of medium or sitter, or both, acting upon those poor fools, the Elementaries.

These wretched human beings are not only attracted by evil propensities of the living, but gratify a fierce desire to make the good who are yielding, bad; the bad, worse; the very bad, "fiends in human shape." About the rum-shop, the bawdy-house, the gambling-table, the racetrack, the fashionable *salon*, the prize-ring, the battle-field, they cluster, like vultures on carrion, rioting in human misery, crime and vice. This is their horrid destiny—to expend their unsatisfied evil propensities upon humanity, until they burn themselves out by sheer exhaustion. Then comes the chance for—but I will not trench upon the rights of others who have taught me what little I have thus far had time to learn.

No Occultist will withhold the meed of praise from Mrs. Tappan, for her acknowledgment that this science is worthy of the earnest study of Spiritualists. It required some pluck to say as much as this; and I rejoice to see so many influential persons in this country and in Europe are publicly saying the same thing. Occultism is quietly leaving the lump of Spiritualism, and for the first time attention is being turned to the classic authors as the best helps to understand this great subject. If these guides will come to me privately, I can tell them where they will find books worth the reading—books that will show them wrinkles about themselves they never dreamed of. After reading these immortal works, they would never again need to be guilty of saying that magic and sorcery are identical with legerdemain, thus making Houdini, Maskelyne, Cook, and "the Wizard of the North," (the impudent Anderson, I mean,) rank with Moses, Daniel, the whole line of Chaldean, Indian and Egyptian magicians and theurgists, and, in our modern times, with Cagliostro and Saint Germain! This is sheer ignorance, guides or no guides. Let them read up a little, and then come and talk to me again. Magic, *per se*, has as little to do with prestidigitation, *per se*, as Mrs. Tappan's last discarded ribbon with the rudder of Noah's ark. Mediumship, on the other hand, according to my observation, is not always entirely disconnected from the arts of the costumer, the wig-maker, the chemist and the mechanic. And in this the Banner and other honest Spiritualist papers bear me out.

For many years I have wondered at Mrs. Tappan's exceptional oratorical gifts, and been gratified with the many wise and beautiful things that have dropped from her mouth. She is unquestionably a rare medium for a phase of manifestations far higher than any of physical character. She was a favorite with the former esteemed friend and teacher in agricultural chemistry, Professor J. J. Mapes. She visited in the family, benefited by his counsel, and had frequent opportunities to show him what she was. At the same time, I, as his pupil and friend, had many to learn what he thought of her and her mediumship. It must be understood, therefore, that in taking up the gauntlet thrown down by her guides, I neither call her mediumship in question, nor offer any discourtesy to her. I simply insist that in this one instance, the spirits controlling her were ignorant of history and science, and apparently desired to mislead us about their own world and its inhabitants. Certainly what they had to say about Occultism, its history and its aims, was arrant nonsense. And in my opinion, the fact that she does sometimes utter such orations, is a better proof of her mediumship than if they were monotonously good. No seer, prophet, magician, sorcerer or medium ever born could, upon all occasions display his powers equally well. These are all human and subject to human infirmities and disabilities.

HENRY S. OLCOFF.

No. 71 Broadway, New York, Sept. 1, 1876.

For the Banner of Light.

INSPIRATIONAL POEM.

Delivered at Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 23d, 1876, at the residence of Thos. A. Garey, on the anniversary of the "Second Birth" of Mary Julia and Annie Bella Garey, daughters of Thos. A. and Louisa J. Garey, by Mrs. E. L. Watson, of Titusville, Pa.

All things in life this lesson teach,
Our Father's will is ever done,
His power no soul can e'er impeach,
THE UNIVERSE AND GOD ARE ONE.

If in the circling paths of space,
A flame-winged comet seems astray,
It flies to its appointed place,
Along its God-appointed way.

The atom that in silence turns,
The star of greatest magnitude,
The mote that in a sunbeam burns,
Life's busy throngs, death's solitude,

All yield obedience to the power
That marks the periods of time,
And sets the music of the hour
In tune with love's eternal chime.

By law life's patterns all are wove,
The shuttle moved by Heaven's breath,
And each thread glid by God's sweet love,
THERE IS NO CHANCE IN LIFE NOR DEATH.

'Tis not for finite souls to see
Perfection in the smallest things,
For wrapped in buds of prophecy,
Are all life's tender blossomings.

Though brief our human consciousness
Of harmony midst mortal strife,
There's perfect concord none the less
In all the purposes of life.

And not a single note is lost,
And not a single false-struck key,
The need of one not least, not most,
Throughout the matchless melody!

And love's sweet gifts as pure as snow,
That in home's pleasure took such part
But just one little year ago,
Are treasured still within the heart.

The patter of a baby's feet,
God knows how dear it was to you,
And now, instead of sounds so sweet,
How hard to hound an empty shoe!

But though the outer world's bereft
Of all your little daughter's charms,
Her spirit presence still is left
Within the circle of your arms.

The maiden who with modest grace
Fulfilled her mission with such ease,
Pouring love's sunshine through the place,
Employing all life's powers to please,

Is now home's blessed comforter,
Uplifting life's rough load of care,
All silent drawing hearts to her
That need the balm of purer air.

And when the stars of eventide
Point pathways through the stellar deep,
The dark shall blossom by your side
With those whose absence now you weep.

Then shall your souls begin to sigh
For feeble mortal ministry,
While hope and love bear heaven-high
Your faith in immortality?

'E'en now their soul-lips sweetly sing,
With countless more as glad and free,
"Oh, Death! where is thy bitter sting?"
"Oh, Grave! where is thy victory?"

Spiritual Grove Meetings.

Dr. H. B. Storer at Shawheene River Grove; Sunday Services at Lovell's Grove—Lecture by Miss Lizzie Doten; Fire Sermon by Mrs. Suydam; Remarks by Dr. Storer, etc.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.)

On Sunday afternoon, Sept. 3d, at the close of Mrs. Suydam's fire sermon, Dr. H. B. Storer addressed the people gathered at the speakers' stand. Referring to the large number before him to whom Spiritualism both as to its doctrines and phenomena was a new thing, he said: Names are evanescent, and not for eternity; they are not enduring, hence it is impossible for me to think that I am talking to any one who is not interested in the theme which I am about to discuss; even though all who hear may feel to give different names to the thought presented, yet the thought itself, coming to me from the central source of all intelligence, must, I feel, be adapted to all, and in it all can share. As spiritual beings we are all parts of the Infinite Spirit who fills the universe, and to which the creed of the Orthodox Church assigns the name of God. Man is the child of God, possessing his nature, so theology holds; and I say as individuals we are parts of the Infinite Spirit who underlies all things either in the physical or spiritual realm. We, as spiritual beings, have just begun to come into consciousness of our latent power and life—to comprehend our vital relationship with the great Soul of all power and life. Theology says the world has been created, but science informs us that the world is a gradual development, brought about by the lawful and legitimate action of the Spirit of Life underlying it.

The speaker said we were living in a good world—that it must be a morbid mind that was not ready to acknowledge that this physical world was an excellent place in which to reside, and one admirably fitted for the satisfaction of the needs of our personal and individual existence. The spirit within us, making due use of the set of implements—the body and its senses—with which it was endowed, ministered to our appetite, and labored to build up the physical form, and at the same time through experiences due to that form to attain to a broader spiritual development. People could gain a better idea of God's dealings with the race by perusing the open Bible of Nature outspread before them (as in the beautiful scene around him) than by a consultation of any printed or written volume known to man. Our growth, whether in the spiritual or natural world, was the result of and in direct accordance with a regular law of unfoldment, whose cause we might trace if we would; it was only those who failed to make proper use of their faculties who declared that it was not possible for us to know anything concerning ourselves and our relations with the world about us. It was not upon change of location, but on changes within us, that our wisdom or ignorance, our happiness or misery depended. We might meet with experiences which would cause us sorrow, but these would redound to our interior expansion and completeness just as the stupendous cataclysms recorded on every page of geology—whose components were earthquakes and tempests, volcanoes, torrents and conflagrations—were the means of perfecting the globe and rendering it a fit habitation for man. The baby would suffer vastly more throes in the process of reaching its adolescent development than the baby man was called upon to undergo, yet the line of his unfoldment was in harmony with that of the world, and experience had proved that humanity could

not hope for any step in spiritual advance without some analogous trial.

The dogma of total depravity had nothing whatever to do with the matter, and constituted no factor in the solution of the great problem of human life and destiny. If persons would rise to a conception that these matters of sin and pain and sorrow which so shocked the sensibilities or wounded the feelings in this life, were not the result of an arbitrary decree of whose existence they were the indices, but rather the signals of advance along the line of development—sharp lessons in the school of life intended for the pupils' benefit—if a consciousness could be reached that all this trial would ultimately in a happier and better condition, they would be brought into better harmony with the will of God. The theologian maintained that we must bear all because we could not help ourselves; but how much better than this cringing, stolid endurance was a cheerful, faithful spirit of trust, by which we would be brought into acquiescence to the inevitable through a clear understanding that whatever comes to our lives, reaches us in obedience to the law of ultimate good.

Our essential spiritual nature was within ourselves; we did not need to ask for communion with any spiritual intelligence outside to assure us of its existence; its promptings could be felt, and we could also find its characteristics in objects around us. It was by direct revelation to every human soul that we came to know aught of ourselves or the universe around us. No one could delegate to any other individual the power of receiving a revelation intended for him. Revelation was an outward and upward process going on within the soul, rather than a stooping down of knowledge from supernal heights above. People might take up the Bible and call it a revelation from God. Where was the revelation? Was it in the link with which the type was coated in the process of printing? Was it in the paper which received the impression, or the binding which fitted it for use as a volume? Was it not, rather, that in perusing its pages (or those of any other book embodying true sentiments) the soul felt to respond to some things and to take issue with others, choosing that which met its needs and rejecting the useless, and thus selecting the wheat and casting out the chaff? This was accomplished by an inherent power within the man who read, and that power was God himself, revealing himself and making use of these symbols to awaken the soul's interior consciousness to the verity of his presence. Old ideas, creeds, days, passed away; man was greater than all, was above all bibles; God had spoken through all the bibles written by and through man, but not outside of him.

Spiritualists held that death did not work any miracle in the individual experiencing it; at the culmination of the death-scene, his spiritual being, which survived the shock, was neither in hell or heaven, but awake to consciousness of the change in the order of life, and found itself possessed of much the same nature and attributes as it had before the transition was accomplished. Countless returning spirits had borne concurrent testimony to this statement, proving that death was not the Saviour of men, and why should we be more than birth into this world? We were born by steps in the process of development, with bringing the spirit upon the stage of material life, and death giving it entrance into a broader range for its ultimate unfoldment. The fear of death in the mind of the masses, which was so powerfully acted upon by the theologians, was only a result of ignorance in the past, perpetuated by continued erroneous education in our day; the old creeds taught of a God who would remorselessly seize upon the soul at death and plunge it into hell or raise it to heaven, according to "his own good pleasure"; but modern revelations were forcing even the churchmen to broaden their views. This conception of God proved distasteful to the heart of humanity in its higher aspirations. We could not compass a complete conception of what God was, because in order to attain to a measurement of the nature of the divine it would be necessary for us who are finite to know what the Infinite knows; but man, being a spiritual being, and a part of the Infinite, had within him the possibilities of continuous unfoldment toward the Infinite; even as a man's children, who inherited his nature, held within them the possibilities of all the attainments that he had made. The spiritual nature of man was coming to consciousness; the tremendous demonstrations which had been vouchsafed to this age were working a revolution widespread as it was startling to the thoughtful beholder. Twenty years ago who would have believed, even in imagination, the wildest flights, in the possibility of those occurrences which are the common incidents of to-day? We were living at a time when the spiritual beings, once dwellers in mortal, were enabled to clothe themselves anew with physical forms and walk in our midst—forms temporarily evoked for their important purposes, to de-materialize again when the work was done, and mingle once more with the great ocean of atoms.

The doctor here referred briefly to some of his experiences at various circles held for spiritual-materialization. He also cited some experiments occurring in the presence of the jugglers in India, and said the peculiarities of their lives, and the elemental state of the country in which they resided, favored the production of these surprising results; but men had no call to visit India to gain an idea of the powers of human development, a development which was each day proceeding, and which went on after the process of physical disembodyment, causing the spirit to be Godward, ready, us to grow to be gods. We ought to become conscious of this divine destiny, so that nothing unworthy of our nature would be allowed to take possession of us. How much this ideal of humanity transcended the dogma of the unmitigated evil of the heart of man! How much it was above that which held him to be but a worm of the dust, who would find a just ultimate in the pit of hell! Such a conception of God and man defamed and dishonored the Being of whom we all were parts.

Say you that Spiritualism is doing nothing? I heartily endorse the remarks of Bro. Plympton in what he has just said [this speech, reported two weeks ago, was against the "New Movement"]. Spiritualism is everywhere calling the attention of the world to the grandest spiritual virtues, virtues far outshining any witnessed by the seers and prophets of the past. In these days the masses are being called together—as in the audience before me—to recognize the presence of the new spiritual Christ, even as of old the crowds of Judea's common people assembled to do honor to the Christ of that time. I do not believe the time has come for the organization of the spiritual forces upon the plan proposed; I do not believe that we have ever come when the unseen powers having Spiritualism in charge will sent to any step looking toward the relegation of individuality on the part of its believers into the control of a few.

The speaker said, in closing, that he would counsel earnestly persons before him, whatever their present views, to investigate the matter involved in Modern Spiritualism, and evidenced in its teachings and phenomena; he would that all mankind might become more familiar with the spiritual world, and the revelations which its denizens were even now pouring into the ears of such as they found willing to receive the new light. Spiritualism, recognizing the God in all, was calculated to make men and women better associates in the walks of daily mortal existence, and to fit them for the superior companionships of the higher life. Let none despise the day of small things, nor sneer at the humble instrumentalities through which Modern Spiritualism came to the world, or through which mayhap it was still appealing to the minds of the masses. Suppose it had made its advent in the pulpit, and among the ranks of the clergy? Why, we should have at once missed the force of the whole matter, and its appearance would have been but the signal for the formation of another oligarchy in religion; but coming as it had, it brought forth a democracy of sentiment among men, instead; but notably through the channel of the feeble in this world's eyes—who had no brilliant reputations or desirable positions to lose through the step, and so were free to act where many of earth's brightest intellects seemed bound and powerless—the light of this modern dispensation

had been evolved to educate the people concerning the world of spiritual power, and its relations with our own.

MEETING AT LOVELL'S GROVE.

On Sunday, Sept. 10th, Dr. H. F. Gardner concluded his out-of-door meetings for the present season by an excursion to Lovell's Grove, opposite Quincy Point, Mass. The place is at easy distance from Boston by steamers. The voyage to and from the grounds was pleasantly made by the visitors, either as passengers on the "Standard" or the "Massachusetts," and a goodly number attended the sessions at the speakers' stand, while yet others preferred to sit in the breezy arbors, or look from the summit of the observatory upon the busy panorama of life spread out before them in the winding river, filled with snowy sails, the converging roads covered with dust-crowned teams, pressing onward toward Pine Point House, and the grove itself, with its happy company, who had come to bid farewell for awhile to this pleasant order of services, which was about to be supplanted by attendance on stated lectures in the various places of meeting afforded in Boston and vicinity.

At an hour somewhat later than usual for the morning session, the meeting was called to order, music by the band and brief remarks in opening by Dr. H. F. Gardner, prefacing the address of Miss Lizzie Doten. She commenced her discourse by reading an extract from the writings of Theodore Parker, wherein it was declared that when a man received a new truth which, as it were, took him by the hair of the head, lifting him up out of old ruts, and placing him on another foundation—when that truth was outgrowth in his daily life, and developed in his every act, that man was full of God; he was forced to do as the Lord said, "for he was obliged to speak or die." To such a man resistance was nothing. Such as he were the men who moved the world, and for such, who were on the side of God, there was nothing to fear. Of such a nature, she said, had been her experience. Shrinking from the gaze of the world, she had yet been forced to yield to the power of a new truth with which she had been infilled, and over which she had no control, and for eighteen years she had stood before the public in advocacy of what had been so forcibly revealed to her soul. She proposed, on the present occasion, to speak of

THE SPHINX'S RIDDLE.

The Sphinx she described as a mythical being—supposed by the ancients to possess the body of a lion, and the head of a woman—who, according to the legend, stationed herself on a rock near Thebes and propounded to every passer-by a riddle, putting to death all who failed to solve it. (Edipus on encountering her was asked: "What being is it that has four feet, two feet and three feet," and he answered that it was man—who crept in babyhood, stood erect as he grew older, and found need for a staff to assist him in his latter days.)

This ancient tale was a symbol of man's life, though, up to our day, the latter portion of the riddle had not been satisfactorily explained to the longing heart of humanity. Man, with his three-fold nature, physical, intellectual and spiritual, what was he in the morning, the noon, the evening of his days? Does he prepare for a higher life by again becoming a child in his declining years? Is this the end of man, who is the grand fruition of the tree of being? We were all but little children, and were attaining to a small degree of knowledge concerning the spiritual alphabet, but as the crystal—which advanced from a stationary condition in the mineral kingdom by the addition of a new, divine idea, and further progressed through vegetable and animal by the addition of other divine ideas, till it reached the culminating point in man, who, over himself, so was it with us. Common table salt dissolved in water might be incapable of detection by the eye, but if the rays of the meridian sun fell upon it in their blinding heat and brightness, these salt crystals would again precipitated through the evaporation of the water in which they were held in solution; so we might be held in solution in society and its customs and demands, but at last the rays of the flaming Sun of Truth, descending with searching power into the depths of the human mass, would bring out the crystals of our individuality.

People were ushered into existence as they were, criminals, wrong doers, or right doers; children were born as they were,

"By a law that compels men to be,
Born to conditions they could not foresee."

They were born with all the innate tendencies arising from the circumstances which preceded their advent; they were not totally depraved, for all were parts of what was a perfect whole, though we could not understand it because we lacked the power of Infinite sight, and even the prisoner would as clearly fulfill his part in the great whole, as the just man his. The marked attributes which went to make up the sum of the character of an individual, whether for good or the reverse, were the results of the planting, the seed time, the growth in Nature, which ultimately in the harvest of individual being, which was called upon to reap. Thus selfishness could be traced directly to that law of the atoms which taught them in the great laboratory of Nature to industriously assimilate whatever was for their good, rejecting all else as of no use in the process of lifting themselves from lower to higher forms. Man was like what he had arisen from in function and nature; the first step in his growth, his infantile period, was taken in obedience to the demands of the supremest selfishness; his animal nature was built up by drawing and assimilating supplies from all around—it sought only to eat and sleep, all the while the process of its unfoldment going ceaselessly forward; and when he came to endeavor to rise from the first condition of the Sphinx's riddle—to transcend his merely animal nature with its gross demands for the satisfaction of appetite, and to rise upward from his four feet and stand erect upon two, this was accomplished alike in obedience to the law of his being. The animal kingdom and the freedom of motion while the mineral and vegetable had not; the child, possessing this freedom developed it to a higher degree, and from creeping on all fours arose naturally to the act of walking with two feet, a condition of full-fledged manhood; and in obedience to another law which, linked with assimilation, ruled in the lower orders of the animal kingdom, he proceeded to the reproduction of his species. To this end Nature gave man passion, which, if taken alone and untempered by the mental and moral departments, recognized no law.

But the fact to be considered was not alone that Nature incited to reproduction—the weighty responsibility was laid upon man to endeavor to produce more exalted and divine minds, because all had sprung from a divine source, and the fountain would inevitably rise to the level of its spring. Some might say, if this be true, and all things are bound to end rightly at last, why spend so much time in formulating creeds, in evolving theories, in outlining duties? and the answer would come that these were inevitably the necessary steps, according to the action of the great law of progress, toward the ultimatum of the best means for the revelation of truth. We were all but seeds scattered about by the Divine hand, the present prospects as well as the germ-seeds of the harvest; it to be. Some of us had fallen upon the island of earth, floating in the spaces of ether, and were here accomplishing results in obedience to the law of our coming. As in electrical experiments, if the wire was thicker at some particular point in its length than at the rest of the line, the electricity would gather there and the wire would burn at that point with the lurid sparks sent out by the force concentrated, so in the great experiment of developing life, receptive souls, broadened to grander capacities than the mass, gave out the glory of poet, philosopher or statesman, that lit up the sombre faces of the nations; the power, however, was not of these; it was put into them from the charged battery of the Infinite, and continued only until they had received their full measure, and could carry no more as individuals.

What was the second stage of our being, and what of it? The speaker was free to confess we did not know; we were through this finite capacity with which we were at present gifted, could know all the results of our lives. The best plan was for every one to think and believe that there was a

of a paralytic course, next presented himself at the doors of the College, having made it his duty, as he said, on that point, to support the college course for one year, notwithstanding his condition, by cobbling the shoes of his fellow-students while they were at their amusements, and by teaching winter schools, he determined on the study of medicine under the tuition of the distinguished Dr. Mearns, then a Professor in the College. During this time, all his journeys, whether to visit his parents at their distant home, drying "variations," or to reach the scene of his pedagogic labors, were performed on foot—on one occasion he distance traversed amounting to about 350 miles.

Obtaining his diploma as a physician, Dr. Haskell commenced practice at East Cambridge, Mass., but soon after removed to Ashby in the same State. After a few years of moderately successful practice in New England, during which he was an active laborer in the converted church work, he concluded to try his fortunes in what was then the far West. Locating at Upper Abbot, Ill., on the Mississippi river, he soon entered upon a lucrative practice, and became active in promoting various public movements, he assisted in founding Shurtleff College at that place, and was for five years one of its trustees, and superintending the erection of its first buildings. The climate of southern Illinois proving unfavorable to his health, he sought a more northern location, and in 1849 removed to Rockford in the same State. This was then a wild region, just beginning to be settled by emigrants from the East. He commenced living in a log cabin, built the first school house for the district in the place, and presented a tract of wild land which he had purchased to the town of Rockford. He thus became identified with the growth of this rising city, and contributed largely to its public institutions and enterprises.

Being a devoted lover of Horticulture and Floriculture, as well as of Agriculture in general, Dr. Haskell was foremost in promoting efforts for improvement in these departments, and the great West is doubtless largely indebted to his early activity in these matters for much of its advancement. The seed store of Geo. S. Haskell & Co., of Rockford, founded under his auspices and now conducted by his son, is for the almost extensive establishment of the kind one of the largest in the West.

Dr. Haskell was a man of earnest religious convictions, and for many years was a devoted Unitarian, and a staunch supporter of the Baptist Church and all its religious enterprises, but at length he became conscious of a want which the "Church did not supply. About this time Unitarianism was called to modern spirit-manifestations, then just beginning to attract the notice of the world. He became an earnest, prayerful investigator, and, in a short time, a fully convinced believer. He possessed that peculiarity of organism (lacked by many investigators) which rendered it easy for spirits to operate in his presence, and hence he was privileged to be the witness of almost every variety of convincing demonstration. When convinced, he became a devoted follower of the teachings of Kabbalah and Occultism and esotericism, and, in April, 1874, commenced the publication, at Rockford, of the "Spirit Advocate," a monthly journal, of much ability as an exponent of Modern Spiritualism, which he continued to issue for two years.

About the time that Dr. H. lost confidence in Orthodox theology, his faith also began to weaken in the Orthodox theories and practice of medicine. Though he had dedicated himself to his profession for nearly 60 years, and had secured a very extensive and lucrative business, yet he became gradually convinced that the administration of drugs, on the whole, did more harm than good, and he resolved to devote his attention to the conduct of his life. With this object in view he visited Kansas and other States, upon each exploration, selected an amiable site where he now stands the enterprising city of Emporia; but the prevalence of the "Border Ruffian War" prevented the carrying out of his intentions in that direction. He then thought best to connect himself with a "Liberal Institute," already established at Harmonia, near Battle Creek, Mich., and here he expended a large amount of means, but he found secret untoward influences at work, which soon proved disastrous to the school, and he was obliged to suspend it.

The next went to Vincennes, N. J., with the same object in view, but not meeting with the success which he there had hoped, he was led to fix upon the "Ohio Academy tract," (now called Anconia) as the site of his future operations. Here he was induced to invest largely in lands, with the expectation that a settlement of congenial people, in harmony with his grand idea, would speedily be gathered, and thus ample endowment and support for his projected institution be secured. But in this he was sadly disappointed. The expected aid and cooperation of Spiritualists and Liberals was not received; his own fortune was expended in unproductive investments, and his noble aim still awaits realization.

The IDEA, however, which he so long labored to actualize, is abroad in the world. Already we have many schools and colleges from which sectarian teachings are excluded, and where the doctrine of the "Life" is being presented, while the curriculum of exercises in many has been broadened and practicalized. There is room, nevertheless, for further progress. There are branches of the SCIENCE or LIFE, of the utmost importance to human well-being in modern civilization the whole field of practical truth which Modern Spiritualism has brought into view—to which no professor's chair is dedicated in any existing school or university. A SCHOOL or LIFE, such as projected by our ascended brother, is still needed, and it must be had.

Dr. Haskell's interest in this matter, notwithstanding his many disappointments, continued unabated to his closing hours. I trust he emancipated but not wholly departed from the world on the distant day "sooth the travail of his soul, and he was satisfied."

Dr. H., previous to laying aside the body, gave full directions as to his burial and the funeral exercises on the occasion. He wished his remains to be placed in a plain pine coffin, without ornament of any kind—as an example, he said, to the poor, who cannot afford the needless expenses commonly indulged in on such occasions; he asked that the funeral exercises should be of the simplest character, without show or parade—the singing of a hymn, expressive of joy, the spirit's revelation, with such remarks as he wished his friends to might feel free to be present, and he desired the body to be interred in a chosen spot on his own grounds, to be surrounded by flowers and shrubbery, and such other business as he might desire, to be a choice fruit-tree planted upon the grave.

May his freed spirit be often with us, to prompt us to equally useful and noble lives.

A. E. N.
Anconia, N. J., Aug. 29th, 1876.

PUBLIC MEETINGS, ETC.

Convention in Minnesota.

The Ninth Annual Convention of the Minnesota State Association of Spiritualists will be held at Harrison's Hall, in the city of St. Paul, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 20th, 21st, and 22nd, of October. Rev. Samuel Watson, Rev. A. J. Fishback, and S. J. Jones, are expected as speakers. Dr. Haskell, of St. Paul, and a large number of persons, are expected to be present for the good of the cause. Home talent will be fully recognized, and paid according to the means that may be made to defray a success. Passages to and from the place intended prior to meet with us and the angels, and help make our meeting a feast of reason and flow of soul. And now, brothers and sisters, it is for you to make our coming to this a success. On the 20th and 21st of Sept. be paid, and home talent should be, and it is for you to see that the means to do so are not wanting. Arrangements have been made for a success. Hold in Oakes. Efforts are being made to secure the attendance of Mrs. Blair, the spirit-artist.

Dr. J. C. PHILLIPS, Sec.
St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 24th, 1876.

Quarterly Convention.

The next Quarterly Convention of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association will be held at Feichville, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 20th, 21st, and Oct. 1st. Good accommodations at the Hotel, \$1.00 per day. The usual number of St. Paul, Mass., and other places, will be present. Also some from out of the State. Feichville is a pleasant village, and situated about seven miles from the Rutland and Vergennes railroads. Passages to and from the place, at the week of the State fair, railroad tickets will be good for both meetings.

George Walker, Secretary.
Stillwater, Aug. 24th, 1876.

Convention in Wisconsin.

The Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Conference will convene in Oconto, Wis., on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 20th and 21st, of September, 1876. Speakers already engaged: Capt. H. H. Brown of Iowa, and Mrs. Dr. J. H. Severance of Milwaukee. Other speakers expected. A number of St. Paul, Mass., and other places, will be present for the ensuing year will be elected at this meeting. Let all Spiritualists and Liberalists turn out, remembering we make no religious or political distinctions. Efforts are being made to secure the attendance of Mrs. Blair, the spirit-artist.

Dr. J. C. PHILLIPS, Sec.
Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Conference,
Oconto, Wis., Aug. 24th, 1876.

The Eleventh Annual Convention of the Minnesota State Association of Spiritualists will be held at West Meriden, Friday, Sept. 22nd, opening at 10 o'clock, and continuing through the day only. The morning session will convene for the election of officers, and after that time the remaining sessions will be devoted to lectures. Good speakers are engaged. A. E. N. HINMAN, President. L. ROBINSON, Secretary.

To Book-Purchasers.

We respectfully call the attention of the reading public to the large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works which we keep on sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, ground floor of building No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass.

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In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of important free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1876.

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COLBY & RICH,
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LETTER COLBY, EDITOR; RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Letters and communications pertaining to the editorial department of this paper should be addressed to COLBY & RICH, and all business letters to ISAAC B. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

"While we recognize no man's master, and take no book as an authority, we most cordially accept all great men and great works. The generations of men come and go, and he alone is wise who walks in the light, reverent and thankful before God, but self-centered in his own individuality."—Prof. S. B. Britton.

Mr. Curtis's Rejoinder.

In the August number of Harper's Magazine Mr. G. W. Curtis, who has earned an honorable fame as an author and a critic, took up the subject of Spiritualism and ridiculed the alleged phenomena as being, for the most part, such as could be duplicated, without any preternatural or abnormal aid, by Mr. W. I. Bishop, a pretended "exposer." In the Banner of July 29th we answered Mr. Curtis's objections, at some length; and in the "Easy Chair" department of the October number of Harper's Magazine he has a rejoinder, in which he renews his attempt to throw discredit on the facts that have led so many persons to believe either in the operation of an unknown psychic force, or in the direct agency of spirits that were once the mortal and human inhabitants of this earth.

We fear that Mr. Curtis, busy man that he is, accomplishing so much as lecturer, political speaker, editor, essayist, and critic, has been totally unable to give to the great subject which he here undertakes to handle, that study and reflection which its importance demands. What would be said of the casuist who should attempt to disparage the good sense of believers in a God by an argument like the following?

"Our amazement remains unabated that phenomena many of which are so apparently useless—such as earthquakes, floods, venomous reptiles, mad dogs, pestilential swamps, the potato rot, loathsome diseases, etc.—all of them in their moral and intellectual aspects so wantonly cruel and stupid—should evidently satisfy many honest and intelligent persons as conclusive proof of the existence of a God."

What would be said of the propriety of such an attack upon the holders of the theistic theory? Yet not one whit fairer or more appropriate is the attempt of Mr. Curtis to throw reproach upon Spiritualists because of the offences committed in the name of Spiritualism, or because of the obscure and puzzling questions which it develops. Here is what he says:

"But the Easy Chair's amazement remains unabated that performances many of which are so evidently vulgar impostures, and others of which if apparently inexplicable, are no more than many professed jugglers, and all of which, so far as some careful reading upon the subject shows, are, in their moral and intellectual aspects, so essentially trivial, should evidently satisfy many honest and intelligent persons as conclusive proofs of the existence of a spiritual world."

Premises and conclusion, all here is either unjust or fallacious. We put it to the writer, is it fair to assume that the "evident vulgar impostures" in a large body of supposed phenomena, physical and mental, are those on which a clear-headed investigator bases his convictions? Is not the honest, intelligent Spiritualist quite as anxious as you or any one else can be, to bar out imposture? And where the imposture is "evident," is it quite fair to assume that he is imbecile enough to embrace it?

Many of the "performances," you tell us, are impostures. Well, what if they are? Do you wish to have the world suppose that therefore all our "performances" (as, in your pre-judgment of the question, you politely call our phenomena) are impostures? Suppose there is a single thoroughly attested fact and a hundred or a hundred thousand attempts to imitate it by fraud: is the fact weakened by the impostures? Yet such is the impression which your language would give. So if Mr. Curtis's "careful reading" has led him to believe that all the phenomena, "in their moral and intellectual aspects," are "essentially trivial," then he must have been very unfortunate in his selection of both the narrative and didactic portions of the literature of Spiritualism. Accounts of phenomena of the most impressive character are on record; and some of the direct teachings of supposed spirits are of a kind the most elevating and suggestive. There is much that is vulgar and commonplace in communications from spirits, just as there is in those from mortals. And wherefore not, if the spirit-world gets its supplies from this? Why should not the "unprogressed" be a large majority there as well as here?

Spiritualism includes a vast complex body of phenomena. Some of them may be imitated (not duplicated in the same way) by a juggler or a gymnast; some of them may be of a low and trivial character. But to assume that we base our belief in the high and inexplicable phenomena merely on those that may be imitated, or that are fraudulent or trivial, is hardly a fair supposition.

A certain Mr. Flint, of New York, professes to be a writing medium. He gets into trouble with

a woman claiming to be his wife, and she charges him with being a cheat in his medial pretensions. Letters are published, account-books and an apparatus are produced, which give color to the accusation. We know nothing of the merits of the case; we will assume that Mr. Curtis is in the right in regard to it, and that Flint is a "plain knave" and not what he pretends to be, a medium; that his writings are, as the Easy Chair says, a "cheap and sentimental lingo"; but why, in the name of all that is just and fair, should Spiritualism be made responsible for him? Do we make Christianity responsible for the hypocrites and swindlers who batten on it so largely? Do we make chemistry responsible for the professor who puts out of the way an inconvenient dun? Do we make Republicanism responsible for the Secretary who uses his high trust to extort money unjustifiably? We can see no point or aptness in Mr. Curtis's attempt to throw upon Spiritualism the odium of generating a Flint. As well might he say that the pure gold generates the counterfeit.

If Flint, a mere pretender to mediumship, writes trash and tries to pass it off as the production of a spirit, why should Mr. Curtis assume to make us and Spiritualism implicated in the discredit of the swindle? It strikes us he is even less reasonable in this than our enterprising friends, the German editors, were in trying to give a bad name to the Great Republic, because the "dynamite fiend" was supposed to be an adopted citizen of the United States.

When, in allusion to Flint's "sentimental lingo," Mr. Curtis refers to "those who deliberately foster the idea that such things are not only respectable but to be treated with reverence," he is utterly at fault if he thinks that we are hit by what he doubtless meant as a shot for our benefit. Trash is trash, and we "reverence" it no more when it comes from a spirit than we do when it comes from a mortal. We may find an important lesson in it; this, namely, that the triler or the fool is not changed by passing from the visible into the invisible world. But to say that we "reverence" the trash is to misrepresent our attitude altogether.

But there is bad reasoning as well as irrelevant reproach in the "Easy Chair's" remarks. It tells us, that "To say that vulgar and ignorant letters do not disprove spiritual agencies, and that there is no reason to suppose that spirits may not be as silly as mortals, is a mere evasion."

That is to say, if Mr. Curtis asserts that vulgar and ignorant letters do disprove spiritual agencies, and we deny it, then our denial is an "evasion." But how and why an evasion? Is not the theory that vulgar and ignorant mortal will at the transition of death become a vulgar and ignorant spirit, perfectly rational and legitimate? Is it not consistent with those scriptural teachings that tell us that as a man sows, so he shall reap; that where the tree falleth, there it shall be? We cannot guess the force or the point of Mr. Curtis's charge that there is an "evasion" in the saying that vulgar and ignorant spirits may write characteristic letters, or that a spirit out of the flesh may be as silly as one in the flesh! Mr. Curtis might fairly call it a mere theory, but to call it a "mere evasion" is an obvious misuse of words. If Spiritualism teaches anything, it is that there is no magical *presto*, change, in death, transforming the sinner into a saint, or the fool into a wise man; it is, that no atonement of blood, or cleansing of baptismal water, can reverse our identity, or make the impure pure. The man who would have written a "vulgar and ignorant letter" on this side of the grave to-day, may write one on the great Beyond to-morrow. Is it an "evasion" to say this much? Rather is it a plain, frank declaration, justified by reasons and by facts? Mr. Curtis proceeds to say:

"The reply that is made to the Easy Chair, in the case of Bishop, that he is himself a medium, and that while professing to expose the way in which the facts are done, he yet does them by mediumistic power, and that he does not and cannot explain the most marvelous of the phenomena, may be equally applied to Flint. It is the old papal doctrine that a man may be a very bad man but a very good vicar of God. The argument breaks at the vital point."

Here Mr. Curtis's meaning is very obscure. We have understood him to assert that Flint is a thorough impostor, and that his claim to be a medium for reading sealed letters is transparent knavery. So far well. For the sake of the argument, we accept Mr. Curtis's assertion, and dismiss Flint as one who has never given any evidence whatever of medial power. But with regard to Bishop, what we have said, and what we say, is this: If, as some assert, he produces phenomena not explicable by manual dexterity, jugglery, or physical effort, then he is probably a medium, even while he pretends that he is not aided by any unknown force. So stands the case in regard to Bishop and Flint. Now let the patient reader peruse the sentence from Harper's Magazine, quoted above, and disentangle, if he can, Mr. Curtis's meaning. Flint has been ruled out as a medium. How then may our remark in regard to phenomena through mediumship be "equally applied to Flint"?

Is Mr. Curtis, notwithstanding "his careful reading upon the subject," really so ignorant of it as to suppose that mediumship depends in any degree on the moral or religious character of the medium? Unless he has fallen into this gross blunder, what does he mean by saying: "It is the old papal doctrine that a man may be a very bad man, but a very good vicar of God"? With all his "study" has he not learned that Spiritualists hold that a man may be a powerful medium, and at the same time morally frail or corrupt? What sense, then, is there in his saying that "the argument breaks at the vital point"? The argument stands intact. Nothing he has yet aimed at it has even grazed it. He gives utterance not to valid objections but to obvious misconceptions. He continues:

"Yet Flint, a plain knave, unless the validity of evidence and the force of experience are denied, is, so far as appears, like all the mediums, and his feats are the usual mediumistic performances."

And Mr. Curtis claims to have given "some careful reading to the subject." According to his own account, Flint's pretended mediumship consisted in acting as "a post-boy or mail agent" for "celestial correspondents"—in other words, he professed to answer sealed letters addressed to spirits—and yet his feats were "the usual mediumistic performances"!

Did Mr. Curtis, in all his "careful reading," never hear of the phenomena through D. D. Home, Henry Slade, Mrs. Andrews, of Moravia, Mr. Mott, of Memphis, Mo., Mrs. Thayer, the flower-test medium, the Eddy Brothers, Mr. Charles H. Foster, the Davenport Brothers, Mrs. Blandy, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Youngs, Miss Florence Cook, Dr. Monck, and many others? How can he hope to impress his readers with a sense of his

knowledge or his candor, when he makes an assertion like the above—that the feats of Flint, "a plain knave," are "the usual mediumistic performances"? He further says:

"And by what argument is the legitimate consequence of his exposure sought to be averted? By this: that because a knave does certain things, or because a clever man shows how they may be done, it does not follow that the same thing may not be done by spirits; and that the ability to produce some of the phenomena does not prove the power to do some others."

Here the true point is lost sight of through an ignoring of the claimed fact. For illustration, consider the phenomenon witnessed and attested the other day in London in Dr. Slade's presence by Sergeant Cox, President of the Psychological Society: A chair moved about the room in the light, and, as Mr. Cox testifies, without the possible intervention of any trick or fraud. Now it is not disputed that the movement of the chair might be initiated by the use of a horse-hair or some delicate machinery; but the true point is just this: Something is done in Dr. Slade's presence which neither "knave" nor "clever man" could cause to take place in the same way, unless we suppose him to be mediocrally gifted like Dr. Slade.

Mr. Curtis assumes that we admit that his "knave" and his "clever man" do the same thing that the spirit does, and in the same way. But we admit no such thing. On the contrary, the whole significance of the phenomenon lies in the fact that it is produced by an abnormal inexplicable force. There is nothing wonderful in moving a chair, or in writing on a slate in the common way, or by some explicable applied force or trick; but even Dr. Carpenter and his associates of the Royal Society are staggered when they find that these things are done as they are at Dr. Slade's.

The following is Mr. Curtis's inference from his unsound premise:

"But if certain phenomena are offered as equal evidence of spiritual agencies, and some of them are shown to be the possible result of physical skill, the proof that the others in the same category are, nevertheless, of 'spiritual' origin lies with those who assert it."

Here and elsewhere, without regard to logical order or requirement, Mr. Curtis introduces the word *spiritual*, when as yet the question is solely one of facts and not at all of the explanation of those facts. We shall take the liberty of keeping him to the true issue, that, namely, of facts; for the whole purpose of his attacks has been to strike at our theory through our facts—to disparage our phenomena; since of these last he says: they are "no more wonderful or dignified than many tricks of confessed legerdemain."

Mr. Curtis is well aware that the question between us is truly not whether our facts are spiritual or non-spiritual, but whether they are facts.

There is another obvious fallacy in his paragraph, last quoted. He speaks of our offering certain phenomena as "equal evidence," and of their being "in the same category"; his purpose being apparently to reaffirm what he had already said, namely, that the feats of Flint "are the usual mediumistic performances." But how wide of the truth is all this! There are many grades of phenomena. The tipping of a table with the medium's hand upon it is a phenomenon void of interest when compared with the independent movement of a chair or a piano-forte. Surely the two are not "in the same category," since the one may seem to us producible by trick, and the other may awaken our profoundest astonishment as something that no jugglery could compass.

The man who simply palms off words of his own invention as a "spirit communication" surely does not perform a "feat" that can with any reason be said to be "in the same category" with the phenomena of levitation, independent slate-writing, independent movement of objects, or the independent materialized hand. Yet such is the notion that Mr. Curtis, wittingly or unwittingly, would impose on his readers.

The proof of certain phenomena, he tells us, "lies with those who assert it." Well, we have offered the proof, and we offer it still. We have repeatedly said to you and other assailants of our facts, "Go and see Dr. Slade, and deny if you can the phenomena that take place in his presence in the light." But, no! As Kerner, author of "The Seeress of Prevorst," used to say of the anti-Spiritualists of his day: "It is so much easier and more convenient to sit on one's editorial stool" (or in one's Easy Chair) "and decide these questions on *a priori* grounds, rather than to take the trouble of going and investigating patiently and on the spot the reported occurrences."

If Mr. Curtis really wants proof, and cannot find time to investigate for himself, let him listen to the testimony that comes to us with every mail from England in regard to the phenomena now taking place in Dr. Slade's presence in London. Let him read the brief but emphatic declaration of Alfred Russell Wallace, the eminent naturalist; the published statements of Sergeant Cox, M. A. (Oxon.), Mrs. L. Andrews, Mr. C. C. Massey, Mr. James Burns, Mr. F. W. Percival, Mr. Charles Blackburn, Mr. W. H. Harrison, Dr. C. Carter Blake, Mr. W. W. Clark, and many other well-known and intelligent English gentlemen, whose testimony, we have reason to believe, will soon be supplemented by that of several prominent members of the Royal Society.

And to what does the testimony point? It points to the complete verification of certain physical phenomena, typical and representative of all that Spiritualists have claimed, and including even the marvel of materialization—phenomena that we have been proclaiming for a quarter of a century in the face of all that amount of obloquy and ridicule, the dying reverberations of which now come to us so unexpectedly through Harper's Magazine, a work largely supported by Spiritualists.

When we press upon the attention of our editorial assailants the multiplying attestations in behalf of our facts, let them not have the hardihood to reply, "Oh, it is not your facts but your theory that we have been opposing!" What have we been at variance about, if not about the facts? All the efforts of Mr. Curtis have been obviously directed to the belittling and invalidation of our facts. Unless he could impair their force, his ridicule of our theory would fall flat. His whole attempt in the August number of Harper's Magazine is to make it appear that our phenomena are so trivial and absurd that they can be duplicated, that is, done after the same manner, by a juggler or a gymnast. He evidently believes that young Bishop has plucked out the very heart of the mystery of Spiritualism, and held it up to public derision in his pretended "exposures"; doing it all by the mere exercise of his "suppleness, agility, great quickness, and self-possession." In his present paper Mr. Curtis labors to show that our phenomena are merely

such trivialities as a Flint could fraudulently impose on credulous dupes. Let us not be told, then, by our antagonists, when prominent men of science shall admit (as some of them have begun to do) the important and inexplicable character of our phenomena, "We do not reject your phenomena, but your theory!" For the last twenty-eight years Spiritualists have been saying to their opponents, "We care not how you explain them, but what we demand of you is the recognition of our facts." In his history of Spiritualism, entitled "Planchette, or the Despair of Science," the first edition of which was published in 1868, Mr. Epes Sargent remarks as follows:

"Here for twenty years have the Spiritualists been proclaiming certain facts and phenomena, which they have called upon the *savants* to investigate. The hypothesis as to the origin of these phenomena, whether mundane or ultra-mundane, has nothing to do with the facts themselves. A man who has seen Mr. Home lifted to the ceiling may believe it was done by a spirit, or by a latent force either in the individual himself, or in the surrounding spectators. All that Spiritualists have said has been, 'Come and see the fact, and explain it then as you please.' But do not denounce us as dupes and fanatics for believing the testimony of our senses." . . . If an hypothesis is adequate to the desired result, what absurdity to denounce a man for using it as a temporary scaffolding on which to mount!

The only vital question, therefore, between Mr. Curtis and ourselves is, "Do the phenomena occur as claimed?" Whether Mr. Flint concocts letters and passes them off on credulous persons as genuine spirit productions, or whether two so-called mediums impose their own unaided productions as the work of spirits on the readers of the Banner, are impertinent and unprofitable side-issues, and have no bearing whatever on the one question, pure and simple, *Do certain asserted phenomena actually take place?*

For Mr. Curtis to mix up facts with facts, delusions with real occurrences, petty and imitable phenomena with grand and imitable ones, and then to say arbitrarily, that we must take them all together—that they come under the same category—and that if one is true the rest must be, or if one is false the rest must be—is a position so obviously untenable that no fair-minded reader will uphold him in it for a moment.

Are our facts, facts? Mr. Curtis thinks that they are not, inasmuch as there are certain frauds and delusions mixed up with them. But how can ten thousand frauds neutralize or impair a single well-established fact? Why throw discredit on facts, because what may seem to you a foolish theory is advanced to explain them? Repeated failures or repeated impostures prove nothing, unless it is that there must be a genuine fact at the bottom of them. We say to you that certain supersensuous phenomena, occurring in the presence of Dr. Slade and other mediums, in broad daylight, are real objective facts; and that these facts reveal the operation of an unknown, abnormal, intelligent force. That is the question we call upon you to meet fairly and squarely, and not to go off evasively into cheap denunciations of what is obviously sentimental nonsense or illiterate twaddle—trying to throw the odium of it on us, because some one may fancy that a low order of spirit may be the author of such compositions.

You charge us with "kindly remonstrating" with you because of your "willingness to doubt whether such twaddle is really from heaven." This is an *ad captivandum* perversion of our meaning. We have never used the term *heaven* in relation to those low and feeble utterances. We have never endorsed or "reverenced" the "twaddle" of which you complain. Our position, as you must well know, is simply this: *The man who utters twaddle to-day as a man in the flesh may utter it to-morrow as a man out of the flesh.* Is there anything so very ridiculous in such an hypothesis? We simply do not believe in the theory of that hiatus, caused by death, in the moral or intellectual condition of a man, which the popular theology teaches, and by which you seem to be strongly influenced in all your objections to Spiritualism. The absurdity is not on our side of the argument. It is for you to reconcile the notion of a man's immortality—of the continuation of his individuality—with the loss of his identity and the transformation of his character.

Mr. Curtis ends his October article as he began it, by assuming that impostures like those charged upon Flint are at the basis of our belief in the "proof palpable of immortality," as presented in certain facts objective and subjective. Could he not have done us the grace to suppose that we might be Spiritualists in spite of the frauds, the failures, the illusions, and the silly communications, and not because of them? He says:

"The melancholy aspect of it is not that Flints drive a trade upon the superstitions of the weak and credulous. . . . But that some sincere, cultivated, and earnest persons should find in such things as Flint wrote and such as we have quoted, or in what is called the 'materialization' of spirits, 'proof palpable' of 'immortality,' and that they should be willing, therefore, with entire honesty, to encourage the kind of demoralization which such performances as those of Flint must necessarily produce, is the true mischief of 'Spiritualism.'"

Here Mr. Curtis would seem to bestow a downward plying look upon the "sincere, earnest, cultivated persons" (like Alfred R. Wallace, *par exemple*, Franz Hoffman, Professors Wagner and Butler, Immanuel H. Fichte, Wm. Crookes, Sergeant Cox, Dr. Buchanan, Professor Corson, J. Garth Wilkinson, Camille Flammarion, Jules Favre, Professor Perry of Berne, &c., &c.), who have recognized the fact that certain supersensuous phenomena do actually occur. And all these "sincere, earnest, and cultivated persons" are, if Mr. Curtis means what he says in his estimation, *encouraging demoralization!* Encouraging it, why and how? Simply by daring to testify to facts that they have witnessed? Simply by defying popular prejudice, and speaking out their convictions? Simply by not being withheld from proclaiming a truth through fear that a bad use may be made of it?

Because in a great movement like Modern Spiritualism, in which there may be—who knows?—currents and gales from an unseen universe, an adventurer like Flint trims his sail to get such advantages as he may from the agitation of the public mind, therefore Spiritualists may bespoken of with compassion as encouraging, in spite of their "honesty" and their "cultivation," the kind of "demoralization" which such performances as those of Flint must reasonably produce"—all which is about as justifiable as it would be for us to sigh over "the melancholy aspect of Mr. Curtis's case, and to charge him, in his political capacity, with encouraging, though honestly, the 'kind of demoralization' which such performances as those of Tweed, also a politician, 'must necessarily produce'—and then to add, with philosophic unction, 'Such is the true mischief of Politics!'"

We do not despair of Mr. Curtis. Like Dr.

Carpenter he is too good and true a man to shut his eyes forever to facts because he has argued against and ridiculed them. His opinions will soon be changed—"in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," even as opinions have been changed in certain other hard cases that we might name. We know that it is not on speculations, but on provable facts, that our feet rest in this controversy; and the day of a full scientific recognition of those facts cannot be far distant.

Exposure of Mediums.

It would seem as if every medium, sooner or later, were bound to experience his or her Gethsemane. This time it is the lady known as "the West End medium," against whom suspicions are rife. At the time of our going to press, Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 20th, there had been no exposure. We have never seen the lady; but we have seen so much of the fallibility of precipitate action in regard to mediums, that we hope, whatever our readers may hear of the case, they will patiently wait till all the facts and proofs are made to fully appear.

It will be seen from Mr. Hazard's communication to-day that there is abundant reason to believe that Mrs. Hull, the Portland medium, has been wronged in the precipitate action in her case. That she is a genuine medium for the materialization phenomena there seems to be no doubt. If she has been found in a questionable position, let us wait and study all the facts, and see if they are not reconcilable with genuine mediumship and an absence of premeditated fraud, at least on the medium's part.

Here is the case now of Mrs. Markee, at whose séance the "spirit" has been a second time seized, and this time Mrs. Markee was found outside of the cabinet and in the hands of the captors. A painful and exciting scene ensued. But we have always understood that the spirits were at times in the habit of using the organism of Mrs. Markee for their seeming transformations; and the apparent fraud in this case will probably turn out a genuine phenomenon.

Surely, Spiritualists can afford to wait, and exercise charity; and not be so afraid, lest people should think them dupes or confederates, as to be cruel and unjust to mediums. We are as yet in the rudiments of our study of Spiritualism, and there are many curious things still to be learned. Meanwhile let us exercise caution and charity.

The Indian War.

The universal verdict is, that the Sioux war is a flat failure. The United States Government comes out at the little end of the horn. Bishop Whipple has appeared again, at the head of the Commission that proposes to the Indians simply to clear out and abandon their lands rather than fight, but as for the final result of the negotiations no one can venture a safe prediction. The Sioux are reported to be running loose to the north, and threatening the far frontier. But the troops have come back, and are coming back in a used-up condition. They have been compelled to cut loose from their supply trains and roam over a region of hundreds of miles in extent, with the grass burned by the enemy for a space fifty miles wide before them; and on their return from their fruitless errand they are ragged, cold and hungry, their animals are all exhausted and the army's general condition is one of complete demoralization.

Gens. Crook and Terry are reported to have gained a small advantage, the very last, but it is without the slightest practical influence on this aimless campaign. A few bodies of Indians are also reported to be coming in voluntarily and surrendering themselves. About the composition of Sitting Bull's recent army, by which Custer's little force was isolated and then crushed, there are estimates that it was largely recruited from the regular Indian Agencies, but that remains to be proved. The Whipple Commission is the only real organization now in the field. Its object is to get the Indians to abandon peacefully what they cannot be induced to do as yet by violence. Coming from the party defeated, and made to the victors, it will strike every one as unsurpassed for original coolness.

Science Condescends.

When Dr. Robert Hare, many years ago, tried to introduce the subject of the so-called spiritual phenomena before the American Scientific Association, at an annual meeting, he was refused a hearing; and that body of grave *savants* passed on to the question of the day, which was, "Why do cocks crow just before daylight?" The British Scientific Association, now in session at Glasgow, are likely to be more liberal. We learn that the subject of Spiritualism is to be brought up before it the present month. Prof. H. F. Barrett, of Dublin, will give in a paper about phenomena he has seen in the presence of Dr. Slade; and we understand that Col. Lane Fox, President of the Anthropological Institute, of Great Britain, and Prof. Geikie, the geologist, will present to the British Association short reports on the same subject. Surely the world moves. So science really condescends at last to wake up to the apprehension that something queer is going on. Honor to the men of science who dare to brave the indignation of their associates by calling attention to phenomena which the inimical have hoped to put a stop to by ignoring them.

A Dangerous Prospect.

The proposed elevation, at the Pope's wish, of Father Bieck, General of the Jesuits, to the Cardinalate, is a great event in the Catholic world. Father Bieck is the future candidate of the ultramontane party for the papacy. His election would tend to accelerate the old Catholic movement in Central Europe, and could not fail, should the Republic go on prospering, to sever Church and State in France.

We have been favored with a copy of *Le Figaro*, a French newspaper, whose editor seems to be melted into tears of laughter over the petitions forwarded by the Spiritualists in England and America to the Chamber of Justice, in France, for the pardon of M. Leymarie, the brave editor of *Révue Spirite*, who is now reaping in prison the bitter harvest sown to reward any daring soul who withstands the bigotry and prejudice of its time. Our French cacherinator informs his readers that the English petition was ten yards long, and that from the United States was not less than sixty yards long. "Spiritualism is going ahead in America," is the conclusion (and a true one) at which he finally arrives.

An interesting and timely article from the pen of Mr. J. M. Roberts, of Burlington, N. J., entitled "*Spirit Materializations in the Light of Common Sense*," will appear in the next issue of the Banner.

Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free-Spirit Meetings, through the mediumship of Mrs. JENNIE S. RUDD, are reported verbatim, and published each week in this Department.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All expressions of truth as they perceive it.

The Banner of Light Free-Spirit Meetings are held at No. 9, Broadway, New York, on Friday, September 23, 1876, at 7:30 o'clock. The doors will be closed at 9 o'clock, and no entrance will be admitted after that time. The public are cordially invited.

Questions answered at these meetings are often printed for the benefit of the audience. These read to the controlling intelligence by the Chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

Donations of flowers solicited.

LAWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

Invocation.

Our Father and our Mother God, as we stand waiting before the throne of the great Immortal, we ask thy kindness, thy protection. We ask that, as the dew strengthens the flower and brings out its beautiful colors and unfolds its petals, so may thy love bring into flower and into beauty every soul here present. Oh may thy strong arm, which reacheth forth among the angels and sendeth them on their missions of love, reach even into this room to-day; and may it take each weakened soul by the hand, and bring it up to a higher, better plane of existence. As the dew-drops fall upon the flower, so may portions of thy never-failing love fall upon these thy children. Oh! may their lives become sanctified, may their hearts become strong by communion with the angel-world. And oh! our Father and our Mother God—the sweetest name that we can give to thee—we know thou watchest over us, that thou sendest forth thy never-failing elements to sustain and guide us, even as the mother watches over her little ones. Will thou protect and guide us? Help us as we bring these messages of love; keep us and hold us unto thyself, and we would give to thee all the praise, now and forevermore. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have any questions we are ready to consider them.

QUES.—[By G. M. Stanley, Windsor, Canada.] Will the controlling intelligence explain how it is that the raising of Lazarus from the dead is not a miracle, since he (Christ) himself acknowledges Lazarus to have been dead? [See John xi: 14.]

ANS.—We know no miracles; we acknowledge naught but what is in accordance with physical laws. We do not believe that Lazarus was dead, for had he been dead the law of decomposition would have claimed him as its own. We know that there are many in the present time who have slept a longer period than Lazarus, without food, without sustenance of any kind, and yet have been restored to animation and health, even as was Lazarus of old. We do not believe that Christ performed a single miracle, according to the received idea of miracles; but we believe that every occurrence which took place in his presence was in accordance with the laws of Nature. True, the blind received their sight, the lame leaped with joy, and the insane became clothed in their right minds; yet we believe that the laws of magnetism, of electricity, the laws of spirit-control, will fully explain each and every occurrence which took place in his presence. We believe that Lazarus was entranced, or put to sleep by the angel-world, and that when Christ came into his presence and took hold of his hand, he received a revivifying influence that brought him to his senses, or to his normal condition. Thus only can we account for the condition of Lazarus.

Q.—[From a correspondent.] Do you fully believe that about six thousand years ago, more or less, the first human being was created at once a perfect, adult man, with matured faculties and a high intelligence, and furnished with a complete language, and that afterwards, there being no suitable help-meet for him, a rib was taken out of him and a woman made from it?

A.—Your correspondent's question, Mr. Chairman, comes to us with a shock almost. He asks if we believe that about six thousand years ago a man was created, fully equipped with intelligence, and with all the power of manhood, at once, by the simple fiat of the Almighty, and that, finding no suitable help-meet, a rib was taken from his body to make a woman of; that is to say, God came down and took up on himself the office of a surgeon. We can only leave it to the intelligence of our audience and to the intelligence of the wide world to answer that question. No, sir, we believe no such thing. We do not believe man was created at a moment. We believe no theory of "mud babies" or of mud men and women, but we believe in the laws of life, in the laws of God, which are immutable and unchangeable. If you will look over the past you can directly trace man back to his origin. We find that for each created being there was a germ from which it sprang. We find that man always sprang into being from the same kind of a germ; and if this has ever been the case with man, it must also have been the case with woman. Wherever we find a germ we find it male and female. No; we do not believe in the surgery theory of the Almighty God; but we do believe in a God of Infinite Wisdom and Power, who understands his own law and never changes. We do not believe the world was created in six days, and that God rested on the seventh, for your very hillsides, your mountains, your rivers, give the lie to the old heathen mythological story of the past. We believe that man came into being in regular order, in the course of the development of the planet Earth, and we believe that he progressed onward, and that the man of to-day is no more like the man of six thousand years ago, than is the little toad like the elephant. We believe that man was created at first a rather ordinary being. Progression has been the law from that time up to this, and now he is a capable, intelligent person, far beyond that of even a thousand years ago. In fact, were the man who lived a thousand years ago to appear on your platform to-day, you would call him very ordinary. You people of earth worship the heroes of the past. You have them not here to compare with the men of to-day; if you had, I fear that the contrast would be so great

that the hero-worshippers would be fewer than they are. No; we believe not that God created woman from the rib of man, but that woman and man were created from the same source, at the command of the great Jehovah, or, if you please to call it so, at the command of the great overruling Law; that they came into the world equal, and we trust the time will come when they will journey on as one, on the same equal footing.

Rev. Arthur Caverno.

Mr. Chairman, I suppose I may as well introduce myself at the outset. I am Rev. Arthur Caverno. I passed away rather suddenly, at Dover, N. H. I had officiated as a clergyman for many years, and I supposed my ideas of life were certainly truthful. I supposed my ideas of heaven were all that they should be, and that I had learned all there was of Bible teaching, and that I understood it from the beginning of Genesis to the end of Revelations; but I stand to-day as a little child in spirit-life. I am ready to kneel at the foot of the cross and to say, "Oh, Lord, thou knowest more than I; give unto me what knowledge thou seest is fitted for me."

I come to you, Mr. Chairman, not as a teacher, but with bowed head, feeling that I could almost put off my shoes and say, Lo! I stand on holy ground, for I understand truly that your platform is one which should be regarded as a great and mighty one, and that the work that you do thereon is not for babes only, but for the high intelligences which come from the great heaven above. Yes, Mr. Chairman, I am willing to bow my head before you and the audience present, and say to you, "Help, oh! help me in this great path of progression."

I have no heavenly home; I find no New Jerusalem; there are no streets paved with gold. I had learned before I left that this was not so, but I believed truly and honestly that the spirit-world was not in communion with this world, even as I commune with you to-day. I have now learned my great mistake, and come before you as a little child, to learn the first tottering steps in the service of the Great Spirit. I come from that summer-land, where all is joy, where all is hope, and beauty too. I come back on the wings of love to those I have left behind. I would point to the finger of affection to that beautiful land, to that home where the radiance of the Great Spirit shines amid perfect joy, where there is no darkness, where there are no clouds, but all is beautiful and grand. But I have learned this: that it makes no difference in spirit-life what a man's profession may have been, or what his condition may have been, whether a king upon a throne or a vagabond who tramped your streets, all are subject to the same law. The same law that holds good for the monarch holds good for the plebeian. He who lives not aright in your life, must suffer for it in the life beyond. Would you have the pages of your record kept clear and pure? Would you have your spirit filled with joyous and bright light there? Then be pure and true and good here. Let the flowers of your life be sunshiny, let your soul never be cast down. Do only those things which seem to you to be right.

I would say to my loved ones here, oh, press onward! Cast aside the shackles which held you down. Clasp hold of the hands of the angels, and go onward and upward with a realizing sense that spiritually lives within you, that the spiritual is all about you, and that heaven is your home, if you only claim it as such.

Robert Raey Spearman.

It is quite a long way across the water, Mr. Chairman, to your shore, but I am told that whoever comes is welcome, therefore I ventured. I am Robert Raey Spearman, of Eachwick-hall, Morehouse, Northumberland, England. I am seventy-two years old. I am an old man, but still I feel it my duty to speak that which seems to fill my soul with the greatest possible praise to God, to say to all that there is no death. I took off, or laid aside, my mortal form, and found myself clothed in the immortal. I met my beloved ones, those who loved me in infancy and who guided my footsteps in my younger days, those who were with me in middle age, and those whose kisses of love woke over the heart-thrills of affection in my soul. Yes, I find all ceremony and pomp laid aside, and that even as he who preceded me this afternoon expressed himself, "the monarch on the throne and the plebeian" have the same walking place. Yea, verily, I know that my Redeemer liveth, for I find if I would be redeemed—thoroughly made whole—I must redeem myself. I find that I must do justice to my fellow-man, that I must feel that I, and I alone, am responsible for each and every act committed in the body, and I come here, Mr. Chairman, not to do a great work, but to send across the waters a telegraphic message that I still live, and that I am still interested in the old place—still interested in the old living. I will assist them and do all I can for them. I thank you for the privilege you have granted to me, a foreigner, of having this interview with humanity this afternoon.

Cecelia Montrose.

Mr. Chairman, are all welcome at your circle—the sinner as well as the saint? [Ans.—All are welcome.]

My name was Cecelia Montrose. I went out from Galveston, Texas. I have no mighty works to show as the result of my lifetime. I can point to no noble deeds. I can show you no sunshiny spots. I know not why I come to-day. I do not know these people. I do not know, Mr. Chairman, but that the longing for sympathy which I had in earth-life, that terrible feeling of loneliness—ay, oh woman! dost thou know what I mean?—that terrible feeling of loneliness, the desire that I might have some one to care for me, some one to love me, brought me here. Ay! the tempter came in his darkness. The hours were gloomy and sad—they are all before me now! Yes, I know them, know them full well, for I meet them at each turn, as I pass along the stairway, in spirit-life. Yet I would gather the flowers from the beautiful gardens, but they turn on me when I take them! As I look at them they are blackened, and I know not where to turn! I dare not tell you my life, lest, like those of earth-life with whom I have come in contact, you open your door and tell me to begone.

Sorry! sorry! Does that make life better? Sorry! And who would help us on or cheer us with a smile? Ay! none. Woman, thou hast drawn thy garments aside as I have passed along! Man, thou hast smiled the smile of wickedness!

Yet I am in spirit-life by my own hand. Sorry! yes, sorry! And how much better does it make it to be told I have taken that which I could not give, and must return to earth and

take up life again and live it o'er, that I may become a better woman? Why! could I blot out the past, could I bring those little ones to life again, I would go upon my knees to Jerusalem! Ay! would I not follow the path of the pilgrim! would I not kneel before the cross! would I not call upon the mountains to fall down and hide me! But I am here in spirit-life, and all look upon me and know that I am a suicide. They told me to come back to this circle-room, Mr. Chairman, and I should obtain strength. God grant I may.

I thank you, sir. It's not worth reporting I came to speak what I've so long felt—that I needed sympathy, protection and love.

David S. Lawrence.

Will you say, Mr. Chairman, to the friends in Waterbury, Conn., who complain that different parts of the State are represented, while their part has been left out in the cold, that I, David S. Lawrence, of Waterbury, Conn., have come, and if any of my friends would like to hear from me I am on hand, and should be very glad to shake hands with them, and tell them something of my experience in spirit-life. I was about fifty-eight years old. I simply wish to state that I am here, and that I consider Waterbury quite a place, and want it represented. That's all.

E.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I do not understand talking, but I have spoken in a sense once before. I expected to reach my father and mother once again, but I have not been able to do so, and I take this opportunity to say to them that they need not fear; that I shall progress as fast as it is possible for me to do; that I have no regrets for the past, only as it affects them. I would not that the world know all that I know. I would not that the world know how I went away; but say to them this: To my father, be of good cheer, the angels are with you, and they will assist you to bring out and develop that which you have longed to take hold of. Say to my mother, who drops each day a scalding tear, weep not, for I am happier than I should have been had I stayed here. Say to my sisters, oh cheer father and mother; give them comfort, as I would have given them had it been best I stayed. Say to my brother, be strong, and look into the spiritual philosophy, for never will the church save him from the troubles of life. Say to them all, that I regret I could not see them again, but as days pass by they will feel my hand, and at nightfall they can watch for my coming, for I shall be there. Tell them to re-magnetize my room, to clear it from that fatal magnetism, that others may not suffer as I did. Tell them I am learning each day the spiritual philosophy, and will return to them with joy. I will only sign my name E. They will get it and will understand it.

Pat MacManus.

Shure, sir, an' is there room for an auld body like meself? Well, thin, an' what is this thing ye're trying to do, sir? [These circles give departed spirits the opportunity of proving that they live, and can come back and identify themselves to their friends.] Pat! that is what I've bin after for a long time—to find out whether there was such a thing as life or not. I went out from Boston—well, let me see, what year is this, sir? [1876.] I went out about seventy-four, this year blessing! I went out in the month of April, sir. As muddly a time as ever you see. Well, sir, an' do ye mind me comin' now? [You are welcome.] Pat! it is open to all the folks there is? An' do ye not mind whether we come from America or Scotland, or where the devil we do come from? [No.] That's true democracy. Pat! an' I used to hear 'em tell a great dale about democracy. I tell ye what it meant when I worked in your country, sir. I always found that when voting time come, they always knew Pat better than on any other day of the year. Do ye mind that, sir? It was the only day they recognized an Irishman, about voting time. Well, sir, I went out wid consumption. I had a horrid time of it, sir. I suppose I lived too hard. The doctors said—divil a bit if I knew what it was—they said I drank in some of the gases, if ye know what that is, from what I worked on, an' it affected me lungs. Well, sir, I suppose I died out gradually. There was n't a bit of meat on me bones when I went, nothin' but only the skin drawn over the bones. Well, sir, I ain't got much to say, but I want to know if ye know what ye're about? Pat! I an' do ye know about the underground railroad? It's 1876, and it's most election time. They always knew Pat when it was election time, an' I want you to know Pat now. Pat! do ye do it, sir?

I just believe this, that if ye knew how to vote ye would be careful of the little offices—for ye know in yer Bible, not ours, how it is written that the little foxes spoiled the vines? so it's the little offices that spoil the big ones. If ye don't want a Church Government, be careful that ye don't let the little foxes twine round the vines; look out for the little offices. An' now, maybe, ye think that's a fool, but I tell ye he knows what he is talkin' about. An' here I stand for the whole of ye, an' though I'm not much of a spakin' man, an' I suppose I'm not very respectable, for me clothes are dirty an' filthy; but all the same—I tell ye I know what I am talkin' about, for I've been there, an' it's a warnin' ye want. Let me warn ye to be careful about the bits of paper ye put in the ballot-box.

I liked a drop once in a while as well as the next one. I don't believe I was to blame for that. Me father an' me mother liked it before me, an' I don't know how I'm to blame for likin' it too. Now it's the year seventy-six, the hundredth year, as ye call it; look out for the little offices, an' not let 'em get hold of 'em; if ye do, ye'll have a Church-Government, an' a divil of a time there'll be, an' I'll not be in here at all at all, thin! Shure, I'm Pat MacManus.

Charles Wright.

Charles Wright would like to say to his friends that he is all right, though he no longer is in the way, no longer is a thorn-bush; that he has met his friends on this side, and is gratified at meeting them. I recognize upon your platform several spirits I knew in earth-life, among them one who calls herself Violet. Give my love to all my friends, and tell them they have my warmest sympathies. I'm glad I've got out.

Controlling Spirit.

Friends, we would gladly do what so many of your hearts ask us to do, put in your well-known and dear friends to speak to you, but we have taken those spirits who stood upon the platform this afternoon that felt they had a right to come. We have done what we felt was necessary for us to do. We again thank you for your kind attention and forbearance.

Little Nellie.

And may you all have "something sweet to think of" as you go to your homes to-day. May you remember that you have been in communion with the spirit-world, with the angels. We have not only been doing our work, but you have been doing yours. You have been aiding and assisting the spirits to come to earth, and send their messages of love. When you go to your homes just remember that some little girl, or some old lady, may be close beside you. If bad thoughts come into your minds, and you feel that you must speak them, just remember that you are not alone, the angel-world is with you. When you were little girls and little boys your fathers and mothers told you "you must be careful what you do, because God will see you do it." We tell you from the spirit-world to be careful, because the angels see you—and they are a part of God. Be careful what you think, for the sensitive ones may perceive it; be careful what your acts are, for the angels are close beside you. May God and the angels bless you. Good afternoon.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANKIN.

During the last twenty years hundreds of spirits have conversed with their friends on earth through the mediumship of Mrs. Dankin, while she was in the entranced condition—totally unconscious.

Mrs. Dankin's Mediumistic Experiences.

(Part Thirty-Eight.)

BY WASH. A. DANKIN.

The power to identify a spirit has sometimes been questioned by those who admit the fact of communication with the spirit-world. But so far as our experiences extend, we have found the difficulty not so great as asserted. Sometimes the doubt has been suggested by mortals, sometimes the question has been asked by spirits, "How do you know that it is the spirit of your father who has been communicating with you?"

During the last twenty years, my father's spirit has been the watchful guardian over my own life; giving impressions during the current hours of the day, quickening thought, writing for the press, or speaking from the rostrum week after week, and also controlling Mrs. Dankin's organs of speech, and giving caution or counsel when circumstances or conditions rendered it expedient. He and Doctor Rush have acted in harmony, the one directing and shaping, as far as possible, external conditions, the other using her mediumship for reading the interior state and prescribing remedies for those who are diseased.

Upon one occasion, a dozen years ago, after a very pleasant evening spent at the table with a party of our immediate friends, we had retired to our room, and were preparing for the night's repose, when the spirit of an Irishman—prompted, I suppose, by the rulers of that church which has thrown so many obstacles in the way of spiritual progress—said, "Now, sir, you think you've been getting mighty nice communications, don't you? You think your father's been talking to you. I want to tell you, there's a lot of fellows floating around and calling themselves Shakspeare and Shelley and Byron, and some of them telling you it's your father talking to you, when it's not so, do you see?"

In reply, I said, "Patrick, that suggestion has been made before by wiser heads than yours, but it does not effect its purpose, it does not create doubt in my mind. For years past, a spirit has apparently watched over me with parental care, ever giving wise counsel, placing before me the loftiest aims, instilling the purest principles, and endeavoring to stimulate and bring into activity the noblest attributes of my nature. Now, Patrick, such an influence as this could not come from one who was playing falsely; and if those 'fellows who are floating around'—as you say—can speak to me, is not the same channel of communication open to my father?" "Yes," said he, "of course, occasionally." "Then," said I, "Patrick, if that is the case, would not my father's spirit guard me against those 'fellows,' and not leave so important a duty to you?"

Rufus Wardwell.

My name was Rufus Wardwell, of Stamford, Conn. I was seventy-three years old. I was a Universalist in all its branches, and I was buried from the church at Stamford. Whoever doubts that I must have a very obtuse mind or a very contrary one. To the seers and to the hearers, to the believers and to the non-believers: I have met with no disappointments; my religion was true to the letter, and under its guidance I have become a very God. Not a God to praise or to worship; or to adore myself, but a very God to do the bidding of a Power that is higher and more sublime than mine. I feel the vivifying, eternal breath of my Master searching through every fibre of my spiritual being. He bids me labor for the good of others, whereby that eternal life may be mine.

Thinkers and believers, how grand, how sublime are the ways of the Creator! However wayward or disobedient you may be, there is for each and all a home in heaven. The angels sing it, and God with his great mind and sleepless eye proclaims it.

I am no trifler nor time-spenders by the wayside. 'Twas only in July that I gathered up the fragments that belonged to the spirit, and I've not been idle in my unfoldment toward the grand good which I know is in store for me. On and on, is my motto, until I reach that higher point wherein, I am told, all the eternal beauties lie. I can now proclaim, with a joyous voice, decrepitude has gone, partial youth is mine, with time eternal to do my work in.

Thomas A. Hardy.

Well, friend Dankin, this is a ready acknowledgment of the truth and beauty of the intercourse that lies between the two worlds. Having strong confidence in the knowledge which I had gained from reading the "Banner of Light," I was ready, when theasket gave up the spirit, to go on with the investigations which the mind had commenced, and I was not disappointed. My wife mourns my fading out, but I was ripe for the other world, and had I stayed in this very much longer, I would have been useless to myself and a burden to others. But the law of attraction drew me, all in good time, toward that country from which, in the thankfulness of my heart, I can say "travelers" do return; and in that return, dear wife, I can bring to you, in the darkness of the night, comfort. Children, though you are doubters, still that doubt does not keep your father from coming; it only makes him more anxious to wipe away the scales from your eyes and the bigotry from your minds.

I am not dead, but am alive, with all my faculties quickened into active life and motion. My wife awaits this little tribute from me most anxiously. She knew full well that when re-acted I would be the speaker to tell her that the grave holds not the spirit. Of the new condition upon which I have entered only a slight glimpse has been given me, yet the ecstasy that fills my entire being keeps me from expressing myself more fully. I am still weak, and consequently have very little leaning toward earth, except to comfort those whom I know have a longing in the heart for one word from me.

William Ludlow.

William Ludlow is my name. At Islip, Long Island, I died. I was forty-five years old. I was buried from St. Peter's church, West Chester County. The importance will not weigh heavy on either side as regards my going or my coming. However, it's a gratification to myself. It exercises the organs of speech which I was told would be dead with the body. But one's own experience, in its smallest account, is better than thou-

sands of facts given to you by another. The earth had all its variety of difficulties and pleasures. I see but very little difference in the aggregate. 'Tis work in the mundane sphere by the sweat of your brow; it is work in the celestial realms by the exercise of your faculties.

Ponderable things cross your path, but your own individuality has to overrule them, by which light and more light may be yours.

Man was made for a grand and sublime purpose, and why ignorance and superstition have prevailed for so many years is inconceivable now to my spiritual senses. We are made to understand why an earthly life was given, with all the details that cluster around it. Ofttimes in the depression of my mental faculties I would say in a loud voice, why didst thou create me? To what end will my existence lead? or, after death shall I ever see God? or, from some fault committed in ignorance, am I to be cast into that terrible pit of endless torment? But now I see, from the beginning to the end, that the grand Architect of the natural world fashioned everything, however small, for some mighty purpose. And under his rule and sunshine stand I, friends of earth—not a companion of fiends, but of angels—those who have worn the garb of immortality, and are capable of teaching me.

Holbrook.

I was eighty-three years old, and memory, on my return, seems deficient. I will give what I can remember, and maybe after a while I may get the other. Holbrook was my name. At Palermo, New Jersey, I died, and was buried from the First Presbyterian Church. I find this new life an absolute reality, founded on facts that are not objectionable to me. Some people think, because one lives to be eighty-three years old, he dies and his very bones are rotten in decay, and there is no more of him. But the sequel is, that what is called death is life, with the decrepitude of age diminished and its infirmities gone. The ecstasies of youth, with all its pleasant days, are revived and shown to our sight like a panorama. Then thought revolves on its own axis, in union with others, and you feel that you must educate yourself for the grand purpose of an immortal life. I felt an ecstasy passing over me when first this thought was given. I knew of course that I must die, but I had no definite idea of the grand and sublime change. I see all things passing now as the Author of my being designed they should. But pulpit teachers and others caused the mind to run into dark, dismal, gloomy channels. Instead of loving God I feared him, and in that fear there was no tranquility. See me now, bounding with freedom, like the little birds that go and come at their own will, manifesting good to all with whom I come in contact. I am a prisoner no longer in the shell, for that has been broken, and I can soar to the highest heaven, and there gain unlimited knowledge.

Mary Augusta Kerney.

Kerney was my name—East Seventeenth street—Mary Augusta. I was the wife of William, and I was buried from St. Mark's Church, Second avenue, New York.

Language fails in giving a description of all the gradations and varieties through which the spirit has to pass before it becomes a complete inheritor of this new life. The labor of those who have been long dwellers in this freedom-land, is to culture and advance those who stand in ignorance of the laws under which they have been born.

There will be no feeling of disappointment to me if the friends whom I have left behind doubt the truthfulness of this communication. Early teachings and the world's opinion have much to do with those who call themselves Christians. Behind the door and in the closet they commit errors in life without fear and without shrinking; but let me tell you my experience is that after the body gives up the spirit, it becomes transparent, and every blemish is there written, and you have the power, with the spirit eye, to read. Your faults cannot be given to your neighbor; you must bear the burden and work out your own salvation, not with fear but with the purpose of rectifying every wrong. One by one they are stricken out; you then stand equal, side by side, with the angel whose business it is to wash clean, and after this is done you find heaven. And now, under this beautiful heaven, who could fear to die when they have perfect knowledge of the resurrection of the spirit? My death was my gain, if it was your loss.

Jane Ingraham.

In Brooklyn, on a Sunday, I died. Jane was my name; William was my husband's name, and my last name was Ingraham. I was the daughter of the late Rev. Robert Feney.

Now, friends, however obnoxious this will be, the eyes that see it, the hearts that feel it, must speak the truth, however dead and dull it may fall upon the minds of those I love. Heaven to my sight, with a clearness of heart, stands in all its beautiful perfections. Another may not see it as I do.

I ever tried to follow out the law of my Creator; sometimes the sinful mind would go astray, but in the latter days, when death came and the body gave up the spirit, then all things stood with an understanding to myself. Mock me, scorn me and treat me with contempt, but that will not blight the spirit, for I am on a mission, doing my Father's will, in hope of gaining one more jewel in my crown, and then I will go on my way rejoicing, feeling that I have performed a duty that gives me so much pleasure, so much delight and so much ecstasy.

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