

BANNER OF LIGHT.

AN EXPONENT OF THE
PHILOSOPHY OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY

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Spiritualism Abroad.

[From the London Spiritualist, Nov. 2d.]

EVIDENCE IN DEFENCE OF DR. SLADE.

THE TESTIMONY OF MR. SERJEANT COX.

Last Saturday, at Bow-street police court, after the delivery of Mr. Muntion's speech in defence of Dr. Slade, the following colloquy took place:

Mr. Muntion was, he said, anxious to call Mr. Serjeant Cox, Mr. Wallace, and another witness, upon this part of the case.

Mr. Flowers: If you will limit yourself to these witnesses, I have no objection to them being called.

Mr. Muntion: I intend to call four witnesses, who will not take more than five minutes each.

Mr. Lewis: Will you dispose of your case today?

Mr. Muntion: I desire to call Mr. Serjeant Cox, and he is not here.

Mr. Flowers: Mr. Serjeant Cox will probably be the judge who will try the case if you appeal from my decision.—The Court then adjourned for half-an-hour.

Upon the Court re-assembling,

Mr. Muntion (addressing Mr. Flowers) said: I have considered the evidence, and I am of opinion that the evidence of Mr. Serjeant Cox should be so sorry to cause an adjournment for that evidence. You have spoken, sir, of reading a letter by the learned serjeant on the subject. Might I ask whether that is the letter which he wrote as President of the Psychological Society of Great Britain?

Mr. Flowers: It is.

Mr. Muntion: Then if your worship will allow me to read the letter in question for what it is worth, I shall not call Serjeant Cox.

Mr. Flowers: Very well; read the letter, if you please.

Mr. Muntion proceeded to read as follows the letter in question, which appeared in *The Spiritualist* of August 11th:

Having undertaken to examine without prejudice or prepossession, and to report faithfully, without favor, in a purely judicial spirit, any alleged psychical phenomena that might be submitted to me as President of the Psychological Society of Great Britain, I narrate without comment what I witnessed at a sitting with Dr. Slade this afternoon.

I sat alone with him, at three o'clock, in a room at 8, Upper Bedford-place, Russell-square, into which the sun shone brightly, at a table about five feet square, and four legs, no ledge below, and no cloth upon it. Dr. Slade sat at one side of this table, sideways, so that his legs and feet were not under the table, but his whole body being fully in my view. I sat at the other side, facing him, and the table between us. As I sat, I could see half-way round the table, and by moving my head slightly, I could see the whole space below, and was aware of the fact that the table was not a drawing-room table, but a small table, about six inches from the table on the opposite side, six feet from Dr. Slade. A small stool was placed at the corner of the room, about the same distance from him and from the table. A slate of the ordinary school size and a piece of slate pencil were upon the table.

Instantly, upon the table, a very loud rapping came upon the floor. This was followed by a succession of furious blows upon the table, jerking my hands as they were lying upon it. The blows were repeated at any part of the table desired, by merely touching that spot with the finger, while the blows, as forcible as if given with a wedge hammer, were made by the right hand of Dr. Slade, who was upon the table upon my left, and his whole body to his face was fully before me. I am certain that not a muscle moved. Then he took the slate, after I had carefully inspected it, to be assured that he was writing on it, and placing there a piece of slate pencil, the size of a small grain of wheat, he pressed the slate slightly below, but against that of the other hand, and the sound of the slate being written on was heard. The slate was removed, and on it a zig-zag line was drawn from top to end.

At this moment, my face to face, he described as standing by the table was lifted up to a level with the table, in that position for several seconds, and then dropped to the floor. While the chair was so suspended in the air I carefully noticed Dr. Slade. It was as if he were writing, but his hands were under my hands, and his feet were fully in view near my own on the side of the table opposite to that on which the chair was suspended.

While I was taking note of his position at this moment, a hand rudely gripped my knee on the opposite side to where Dr. Slade was seated, and his hands were still in mine on the table.

Blows of a more gentle kind upon the table, attended with a remarkable quivering of it, announced, as he said, that his wife was present. The slate was then placed upon the table, with a piece of slate pencil under it. Upon the slate he placed his right hand, and with his left hand, and with my other hand I held his left hand as it lay upon the table. As my hand lay upon the slate, I could feel, and I did distinctly feel, something writing upon it. The communication was evident by a long one, but before I report the result, I desire to note here a remarkable phenomenon, in my mind the most suggestive that attended this experiment.

It is necessary clearly to understand the position of the slate, therefore I repeat it.

Dr. Slade and myself sat face to face. One hand of each of us was laid upon the slate. The side of the table that was being written upon was pressed by us against the table. Our second hands were linked together, and lay upon the table. While this position was preserved, the writing proceeded without pause. When Dr. Slade removed his hand from the slate, it ceased instantly, and as instantly was renewed when his hand and mine met. This experiment was repeated several times, and never failed.

Here, then, was a chain of circles formed by my arms and body, and Dr. Slade's arms and body, the slate being one, and between our hands, and upon the slate that connected them, the writing was done. When the chain was broken, forthwith the writing ceased. When the chain was re-formed, the writing was at once resumed. This communication was in this curious fact we must seek the clue to this psychical mystery.

Some rapid rappings, indicating that the writing was finished, the slate was lifted, and in a clear and perfectly distinct writing the following was read. It filled the whole side of the slate:

"I have been investigating a subject that is worthy of all the time you or any other man of mind can devote to its investigation. When man can believe in this truth, it will in most cases make him a better man. This is our object in coming to earth, to make man and woman better, wiser and purer.—I am truly, A. W. SLADE."

While I was reading this, a hand again grasped my knee from that of Dr. Slade, whose hands were at that moment holding the slate. I might say the writing, as I wrote, a hand, which I saw distinctly, came from under the table, seized my waistcoat, and pulled it violently.

Seeing this I took the pencil with which I was copying the words, and laid it at the edge of the table furthest from Dr. Slade, and not reaching, the pencil fell to the floor, projecting about two inches over the edge. I asked if the hand would take the pencil. Forthwith a hand came from under the table, seized the pencil, and threw it upon the table. I again asked that it would pick up the pencil and bring it to me. In a minute it was brought and put upon a table by my side. I saw the hand that brought it as distinctly as I could see my own. It was a small hand, seemingly that of a woman.

Again the slate was cleaned, and laid upon the table as before, my hand upon it. In a few seconds the following sentence was written. Considerable power was used in this writing, and I could distinctly feel the pressure of the pencil upon the slate, and its motion as every word was written.

"I am Dr. John Forbes. I was the Queen's physician. God bless you."

While I was reading this, the hand again came from under the table and seized the sleeve of my coat, and tried to pull my arm down, but I resisted, and it disappeared. Then it came up again, as if from my legs, and caught the eye-glass that was hanging from my neck, and opened it. During all these phenomena, Dr. Slade's hands were before me on the table, and his feet full in my view upon the floor. The hand on each occasion came from the side of the table opposite to the one in which I was sitting. He was seated on my left, and the hand came and seized me on my right leg, in a position impossible to him. The hand I saw was not half the size of Dr. Slade's hand. It touched my hand three times, and I could feel that it was warm, soft and moist, and as solid and fleshy as my own.

Again the slate was cleaned and held upon the table as before, the wood of the table being against it, and with great force drawn away, and rapidly raised above my head placed upon my head. In this position the hand was written upon it was distinctly heard by me. On removing it, I found written upon it the following words:

"Man must not doubt any more, when we can come in this way."

Then the large arm-chair rushed forward from the corner of the room in which it had been placed, to the table. Again the slate was placed upon the table, and projecting about two inches over the edge, it was held by the hands of Dr. Slade being at the moment before me, and his whole person visible.

"I have ended this experiment. All that I have reported was done, that is certain. How it was done, and by what agency, is a problem for psychology to solve. For my own part I can say only that I was in the full possession of my senses, that I was wide awake, that I was in broad daylight; that Dr. Slade was under my observation the whole time, and could not have moved hand or foot without being detected by me."

That it was not a self-delusion is shown by this, that any person who chooses to go may see almost the same phenomena. I offer no opinion upon their cause, for I have formed none. If they be genuine, it is impossible to exaggerate their interest and importance. If they be imposture, it is equally important that the trick should be exposed by the only way in which a trick can be explained, by doing the same thing, and showing how it is done.

August 8th, 1876.

Mr. Muntion. Now, having read that letter, if Mr. Lewis does not ask for Serjeant Cox to attend here for cross-examination, I will not trouble the court with any observations upon it.

Mr. Lewis made no response.

EVIDENCE OF MR. A. R. WALLACE, PRESIDENT OF THE BIOLOGICAL SECTION OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

Alfred Russell Wallace was accordingly called, and examined by Mr. Muntion: I am an author. I have written works on natural history. I have written a work entitled "The Miracles of Modern Spiritualism." I have been investigating this subject for eleven years. I have had many sittings with paid mediums, but probably ten times as many sittings in private families. These sittings satisfied me of the genuineness of the phenomena, and that they proceeded from some unknown force. I know the defendant Slade. I have had three sances with him. On the 9th of August I sat down with him in the back room. I took up the slate, examined it, and thoroughly cleansed it myself with a wet sponge. We then both rubbed it until it was dry. A small crumb of slate pencil was then placed upon it. It was then placed under the side of the table, and held close to the woodwork. A sound of writing was heard, and in a few seconds the slate was covered with writing upon it. The slate was close to the woodwork of the table, and Slade held it by the thumb. The message was certainly on the upper side of the slate; that which faced the lower surface of the table. Slade moved the slate deliberately from under the table. There was no shuffling on his part. I cannot say the purport of the message. Two or three messages of this kind were produced while Slade held the slate. I then wished to hold it myself. He cleaned it with his hand, and I held it close under the table, as he had done, both his hands being on the table upon my other hand. The result was that I heard writing as before, and taking out the slate, I read writing upon it. The next experiment was on the slate when it lay on the table with a bit of pencil under it. Writing was again heard, and a message appeared. No other experiment was made upon that occasion. I paid another visit to Dr. Slade on October 7th, since the commencement of this inquiry. On that occasion, after several trials, when nothing occurred, he held the slate under the table again, when we heard a faint sound of writing, and on bringing the slate out we found upon it the words "Can't now." I examined the slate, and could distinctly see the dust of the slate pencil. I went to Slade again on Oct. 14th, after the table had been impounded here, and found a common mahogany Pembroke table with two brackets. Dr. Slade pushed back the bracket between us, saying it was the way. On that occasion I took a small book. A piece of pencil was put between the slates, and Dr. Slade held it under the corner of the table. He was in a state of considerable agitation, passing the slate from the table frequently. I do not think there was more than one or two seconds during which I did not see the slate. Dr. Slade apologized for touching my body with the slate, but said he could not help it. The slate was not out of my sight more than a second or two, and it was impossible Slade could have written upon it. The message which came was in four distinct lines, with the "I" dotted where it occurred, and the "it" crossed. The message was, "Is this proof? I hope so."

You have heard witnesses speak of convulsive movements on the part of Dr. Slade. In your experience have you found that to be exceedingly common?—So common as to be an almost universal characteristic of mediums.

From beginning to end of your sitting was there anything indicative of imposture?—I could see nothing whatever indicative of imposture.

Were there any raps or movements that attracted your attention?—I heard the raps and felt the touches which have been described, but the most remarkable thing was that the flat table, when my hands and those of Dr. Slade were clasped together, rose up, and almost instantaneously turned completely over on to the top of my head and slid down my back. (Laughter.)

Was it possible that this could have been produced by Slade's feet or legs?—I think not. It appeared to me to be absolutely impossible.

Cross examined by Mr. Lewis: Did you understand from the defendant who wrote this message, "Is this proof?"

Witness: I did not on that occasion. On the previous occasion he had had a message signed "Alle," and he then told me that "Alle" was the spirit of his wife.

On the occasion of the message, "Is this proof?" did Slade lead you to suppose it was spirit-writing?—On that occasion there was not a word spoken on the subject between us. The

writing was there, and that was what I took particular notice of.

What did you understand by this message?—I understood it to be "Is it proof?" of a power not his own.

The slate had four divisions; a piece of pencil was placed between each?—Yes.

But no writing appeared except just upon the lid?—No. He did not press this slate up against the lower portion of the table.

Did he explain to you that if he had pressed the slate up against the table it would be impossible to write inside?—No, he did not.

Did that fact occur to you?—It did not occur to me that one would be more proof than the other.

Does it occur to you now that if he had pressed the slate against the under surface of the table that it would be impossible to write inside it?—Yes.

Mr. Flowers: Even by a spirit, you know?

Mr. Lewis: Oh, no. (Laughter.)

But the impression was somewhat removed if the slate was not pressed up against the under surface of the table?—Yes. Before the message appeared he moved about a great deal. I believe that he could not help that; it is an old experience of mine.

Will you look at that slate (produced), which was handed in by Mr. Hutton, of the Spectator, and say whether you see any resemblance to the handwriting which you got?—(After inspection): Well, there is a general resemblance, I believe.

Does it appear to you to be writing done under difficulty?—No. It appears to me to be plain, quick writing, done without any difficulty whatever.

Before you went to make this inquiry did you insist upon seeing Slade's writing, to show you his style of handwriting?—No; certainly not.

Why didn't you ask for it?—Because I did not consider that it had any bearing upon the subject.

Why not?—Because the only evidence I would expect would be evidence that he could not have done it.

Would you not think that if the writing on the slate was like his writing that it would be some evidence?—Not if I had direct ocular evidence to the contrary.

Did Slade explain to you why the slate was put under the corner of the table?—That seems self-evident. If it were put under any other part it would have been further from me, and, of course, further from my observation.

Was the bracket near the corner of the table?—Yes, of the double table.

Did I speak of the last time you went?—The bracket was shut up where the slate was held. When, on the previous occasion, I asked Slade why the slate was put under the table, he said he could not help it, that he had no power over the place at which it was held, and that the slate moved involuntarily. I believe that the motion of Slade's arm was to some extent involuntary.

Did he explain why it was necessary to use the table?—No.

Did you ask him?—No.

Could it not have been done on the sideboard or mantelpiece?—I did not ask him. It would have been a foolish question.

Did you ask him if the spirit could write on a locked slate?—No.

Did it not strike you as singular that writing could not be produced on a locked slate?—I do not know that it could not have been produced. I do not believe that Slade could not produce it. The only fact is that he did not produce it on that occasion.

You have said that you do not pay much attention to the writing?—I attach no importance whatever to the message.

What do you mean by that?—I have seen many, and they possess a general similarity. I attach importance to the fact that there is writing, not to the subject-matter of the writing. On the first occasion he told me the messages were written by spirits, and I understood they all were. I did not investigate Slade's history before I went there.

Mr. Flowers: You took your own slate, you say; did you take the pencil also?

Witness: I did not.

Mr. Hutton's slate was handed to the witness, and he was asked by Mr. Flowers whether he could read the writing upon it, but he was unable to do so, although he saw in the characters a similarity to the writing on his own slate.

Re-examined: You went there to investigate the phenomena of slate-writing?—Yes.

Re-examined by Mr. Muntion: I have generally found that there is no reliance to be placed on identity in the matter of the messages. I have heard it said that some slates are one of the recognized conditions for slate-writing. I may add that during the whole time that the slate was being held by Slade his feet and knees were fully visible to me outside the table, as he was sitting sideways.

EVIDENCE OF DR. GEORGE WYLD.

George Wyld, M.D., 12 Great Cumberland-place, was next examined. He said he had resided in Great Cumberland-place for twenty-two years, and had believed in mesmerism for thirty-five years, and in Spiritualism for twenty-two years. He paid three visits to Dr. Slade between the 4th and the 12th of August, and had about twenty experiments, but to save the time of the court, he would confine his observation, to two experiments. These he called his *crucial* experiments. He wished to remark that, although a believer in Dr. Slade, he yet acted as if he were a skeptic, because he wished to obtain test experiments, in order to convince his brother, Mr. Wyld, Doctor of Philosophy, Edinburgh, who was a philosophical skeptic in these matters. Dr. Slade willingly submitted to Dr. Wyld's crucial tests. He proceeded to say: The first experiment was thus performed: I held both Dr. Slade's feet with my feet; I held his right hand in my left hand, and his left hand lay before me on the table. I then took up the slate, minutely examined it, and found it a dry, dusty slate; there was no possibility of there being sympathetic writing upon it. I examined it for a minute or two. I then placed a crumb of pencil on the slate, and placed the slate below the flap of the table, holding it tightly to the under surface, retaining meanwhile my hold of Dr. Slade's feet and right hand, while his left hand lay upon the table. Immediately I heard writing, which became louder and louder as I approached my ear to the slate. Three raps were given. I drew out the slate slowly and carefully, as if it had been a drawer, and there lay the little bit of pencil and this message: "Let this convince you."

Again I took up the slate, cleaned it, and placed the crumb of pencil on the surface of the table; and now, holding both Dr. Slade's feet with my feet, and his right hand in my left hand, I covered the bit of pencil with the slate, and then seized Dr. Slade's remaining hand, and rested my elbow on the slate. Immediately writing

was heard, then three raps. I then lifted the slate, and there found a message of a secret family nature, involving four family names. During the twenty experiments, I never allowed the slate to be out of my sight, and during these two crucial experiments I did not allow Slade to touch the slate; it was in my own hands from first to last. These facts enable me to say, solemnly, that I am not more convinced of my own existence than I am that the writing appeared on my slate without the intervention of human hands. The convulsions spoken of as affecting Dr. Slade are well known to medical men under the name of chorea; they, more or less, affect all mediums when under influence. The hoarse clearing of the throat is, also, purely a nervous affection, called hysterical throat, very commonly affecting public speakers and others when agitated. All the writing I had in my twenty experiments was, beyond all doubt, the dry dusty writing of a slate-pencil.

By Mr. Lewis: Did you ever, Dr. Wyld, see Mrs. Guppy come through the ceiling?—No, Mr. Lewis, I never did. (Laughter.)

The message convinced you?—My twenty-two years' experience convinced me.

Were you present when Professor Lankester seized the slate?—I was not; and I am glad I was not present, as I might, perhaps, have been tempted to use a little psychic force. (Laughter.)

[Concluded in our next.]

Spiritual Phenomena.

MRS. HOLLIS IN BALTIMORE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

George Elliot has somewhere said, "I am content to tell my story without trying to make things seem greater than they were; drenching nothing, indeed, but falsity—which, in spite of one's best efforts, there is reason to dread. The pencil is generally conscious of a delightful facility in drawing a griffin—the larger the claws and the longer the wings the better; but that marvelous facility which we mistook for genius is apt to forsake us when we wish to draw a real, unexaggerated lion!" Such is the pleasurable task before me—if you will allow me sufficient space. I wish to draw a real, unexaggerated lion; but, so grandly beautiful and sublime is the subject of my pencil, that, instead of exaggerating, instead of falsifying, I am sure I shall rather fall short of the actual truth. But, for the sake of the cause, in compliance with my own inclination, and at the request of those who participated with me in recent beatifying experiences, I propose to make an effort at description.

As Mr. Danskin, in his own inimitable way, has already informed you, Mrs. Mary J. Hollis, of Louisville, Ky., has been spending some months in Baltimore, holding sances for spiritual manifestations at No. 153 Saratoga street. Mrs. H. is a medium for various phenomenal phases—for materializations, levitation, slate-writing, and for the speaking by spirits, on the natural atmosphere, in dark circles. Prior to last Thursday her sances have been confined to the last named phase—owing mainly to her health—this class of manifestations being less exhaustive, in her case, than others. In these circles very many have been gratified by the most positive assurances of the personal identity of their friends, and have rejoiced, for the first time, in the fact of a demonstrated immortality; not in immortality considered merely as an abstraction, but in the positive demonstration of the perpetuity of individual consciousness and individual affection beyond the grave—the particular feature in which Spiritualism triumphs over all antecedent or existing faiths.

In these circles the most satisfactory and consolatory appeals are made to the consciousness, through the sense of hearing. But on Thanksgiving night an additional appeal was made through the sense of sight. With the use of black cambric, shawls and quilts, a cabinet was improvised, and six of us enjoyed the blessed privilege of witnessing materializations of spirit-faces, through the mediumship of this astonishingly gifted lady. And here my pen fails me in adequate description, or in the proper expression of a moiety of the intensity of joy that filled our souls during this wonderful sance! It was most truly, with each and all of us, a Thanksgiving and joyous occasion. Two gentlemen present recognized each a son; one gentleman his father; another, his daughter; my wife's mother was present; also one of my daughters, and a friend of long years' standing, who left the form at Galveston, Texas. A very beautiful young lady, the daughter of a resident of Washington City, presented herself to a gentleman present, who had come over from Washington to attend the sance, and who was in company with her father about an hour before leaving. Many other spirits presented themselves, including Louis Napoleon; and I also recognized the noble visage and majestic brow of Edgar C. Dayton, my long-tried friend and guide, who bore a striking resemblance to the portrait taken of him in 1856, through the spirit artist, Wolcott, then residing in Columbus, Ohio, which portrait, I mention for the benefit of the skeptic, Mrs. Hollis never saw. During the sance we had speaking and singing also from the spirits; and the Indian control of Mrs. H., the noble and true-hearted *Skinwalker*, brought a pair of moccasins from a trunk in the third story, and cast them through the aperture in the front curtain, very much to our astonishment—as the trunk and intervening doors were known to be locked at the time. I am told he has been known to bring material objects from a distance of miles—introducing them into the circle room when doors and windows were closed! All of the sances of Mrs. H. are directed by a spirit calling himself *James Nolan*—whom we were exceedingly gratified to see on this occasion. Mr. Nolan has a voice that is inexpressibly sweet and melodious, whilst it is at the same

time loud and distinct. He is grandly sublime in the philosophy, and pure in the moral lessons with which he often favors us. Blessed indeed are those who can listen to such noble utterances from the angel-world.

With regard to Mrs. Hollis personally, I take great pleasure in stating that I have known her since she was a child of seven years of age, as well as her estimable father and mother—the former of whom has passed 86th the inner life. She is highly esteemed as a lady, by the most worthy of every social circle in which she has mingled, both in this country, in England, and upon the Continent. Hence she is not on trial before the public, as to character, whilst her mediumship, it seems to me, is entirely beyond question, in the estimation of any well informed and well-intentioned investigator.

But I must close, for fear I may encroach upon prescribed limits, although my theme is certainly worthy of a lengthened continuance. I am authorized to give the following names of persons who participated with me in the pleasurable experiences I have but so feebly pictured: Prof. D. Lyman and Hon. Judge Cuppy, of Washington City; Charles Dunlap, Esq., Mrs. Carrie Grimes Forster and Dr. H. J. Billing, of Baltimore.

In the freedom of a living truth, fraternally yours,
THOS. GALEA FORSTER.
Baltimore, Md., Dec. 5th, 1876.

ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing has this phase of mediumship, and manifests it very readily if you give her a chance. I am led to say this because I was talking with an intelligent man the other day, who said if he believed letters were answered unseen or unread he should believe in Spiritualism, but he did not in either, for they were frauds. This was said because the "great exposé Bishop" picked out the right name by the pulse-beat. I think if he should sit with Mrs. Twing (who I ought to say lives at No. 41 Dover street, Boston), he would see some difference between his "unconscious cerebration," that gathered in the name of "James K. Polk," and the intelligent communication that would be likely to come were her peculiar powers called into requisition.

Is it not strange that there are people of intelligence to-day who doubt this statement, and know it is either the pulse-beat or fraud, notwithstanding the overwhelming testimony of the fact, and the easy way of demonstrating it? I do not know as the identity of the spirits can be relied upon in all, or many cases. I suppose there is an invisible Mentor, or a band of them, more or less around everybody; I know there is about me, and am inclined to think it universal. It is possible, and more or less probable, that this spirit presence of the medium may read and answer the sealed letters; I know they do sometimes, and assume to be the person or spirit addressed; with my mundane sense of integrity I question the wisdom of thus allying an absent friend; I am happy to say, however, that sometimes the identification is complete. The proof of continued existence is established in either case, for if an "assumer" survives death the "assumer" must also, for "out of one blood God made all the inhabitants of the earth," that is, any survivors, then logically all, whether they respond or not.

There can hardly be any mistake in the fact that an outside intelligence does this answering, and the medium is but an automaton. Take an instance in my experience with Peter West: I had reason, during a sance with him, to know that Ralph Huntington was present. I wrote on a paper his name, and added, "Will I receive the money promised to me to-morrow?" This was folded up, and unread, held tight in the medium's hand, who without relaxing his grip on it, said, "Yes, I am here, and — too. John, you are always thinking of money; you will receive what you expect." It is of no consequence whether I received the money or not, that is not the point, but who read my question and answered it? P. West certainly did not, and nobody else in the form, and nobody knew the name where I have put the blank line. Some may say it was clairvoyance. Well, what is that? A seer. Reading without eyes. All I can say is, a believer in clairvoyance is very near the kingdom of Spiritualism, if not of heaven.

If any one has not had an opportunity of testing the fact of getting intelligent answers from questions that are unknown to the medium, I think a sitting with Mrs. Twing will give them the experience. I wrote a spirit friend's name on a paper, and folded it up. She put it at once in an envelope for protection, and held it in her hand a moment, then wrote a communication of some length, and signed the name I had written. The communication was rather general, but some of it would indicate a genesis in the person whose name I had written. I tried again, at another time, and wrote a letter at home asking a question, addressing it to a spirit friend, and sealed it up. The question was answered at length, and the name of the person signed to it. This communication will be no news to Spiritualists generally, for this is one of the oldest phases of the spiritual manifestations, but as the fact itself was doubted by an intelligent man as being a fact, I thought a word or two on the subject might be worth printing, and the notice it carries also.

I may be buried in the earth, or sunk in the water, but I shall go to her and live with her. Gains is abundant there, and there the white man is never seen. — Codomo, Ohio, or Wild Cat, Kentucky.

sphere. A FRIEND

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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COLBY & RICH.

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 impartial free thought; but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied states of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1876.

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COLBY & RICH,
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LETTER COLBY, EDITOR.
JAMES E. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Letters and communications pertaining to the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to LUTHER COLBY; and all BUSINESS LETTERS TO ISAAC B. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

Spiritualists are the depositaries of a great truth, untroubled, no doubt, in many directions, with error and falsehood, but a truth for the establishment of which they appeal to experimental facts, capable of repeated verification. "A fact," says Carlyle, "is a divine revelation, and he who acts contrary to it sins against God." All truths confirm one another when read aright. It is to truth, through facts, truth free from all controverted dogmas, that Spiritualists aspire. Desmond Fitzgerald.

"The New Movement" and its "New Departure."

When any number of men start out with an avowed purpose to perform a certain action, or to compass a specified end, and embody their aims in preambles and resolutions, constitutions and rules of order, it is fair to suppose that they mean business, and business in the direct line of their published utterances—else why are those utterances placed on record before the world? And if, in a short time, it be found that the prime movers and abettors of the enterprise—whatever it may be—disagree as to the meaning of the chief articles of agreement which they have signed, and are inclined to give other reasons and to present other plans for their action than those with which they embarked at first, is it not patent to the observer that the organization as inaugurated is really, and for all practical purposes, a dead letter, and one which has outlived even its brief day of usefulness? And under such circumstances is it not a proper use of language to speak of that particular movement, whatever be its nature, as dead, whatever may afterward arise from its ruins and claim the support of those who lent their aid in its initiation?

On the 5th of July, 1876, a body of men—and a very small one—met in Circle Hall, Philadelphia, and on the ground that "the time has come for the organization of Spiritualism in America," proceeded in the name of the cause to express their views, and to concentrate them into written instruments after the order of "Declaration of Principles," "Address to the People," etc., in which, if language has any meaning, it was clearly set forth that crystallization into some sectarian form, and upon the basis of Christ as the spiritual leader, was to them the panacea for every ill known to the Spiritual Dispensation. As proof that we are not alone in the idea that the prime point in the new enterprise was the forming of a sect, read the following extracts from an editorial in the Religio Philosophical Journal, of Nov. 18th, wherein Bro. S. S. Jones replies to a letter from Rev. Samuel Watson, President of the Philadelphia movement, in this regard:

"They [the Spiritualists of the country] were neither represented, nor had they any knowledge of the gathering of the few persons there assembled—hence it was no voice of the 'Spiritualists of America.' Re-peruse the 'Platform,' 'Statement of Aims,' and 'Declaration of Principles,' put forth by the friends of the 'new movement,' and consider well if you can see wherein this new movement is any less sectarian in its platform of principles than are Universalists, and surely they are more so than the Unitarians."

"Read again the declaration of principles, and tell us if you find anywhere in the Catholic or any of the Protestant churches a more dogmatic declaration than the statement, 'We recognize in Jesus of Nazareth the spiritual leader of men.' This is the identical thought which a class of bigots of all Christian denominations are desirous of having incorporated into the Constitution of the United States! and they have a national organization that convenes annually for that purpose."

"Inglad, to our own apprehension, our Christian friends who essayed to frame a platform of principles for the Spiritualists of the nineteenth century, have simply called the spirit of the 'Winchester Creed,' held by the most bigoted branch of the Universalist Church."

"It is the legitimate culmination of the religious dogmas of past ages, through the process of mental filtration. As centuries have come and gone, the sentiments most repugnant to reason have, from time to time, been eliminated by religious chieftains in national conventions assembled; yet the fundamental dogma of superhuman Deity qualities of 'Jesus of Nazareth,' as the spiritual leader of men, has been preserved. And here we find it again reiterated in the Declaration of Principles of the religious savants assembled at Philadelphia, 'We recognize in Jesus of Nazareth the spiritual leader of men, and accept, etc., etc.' Now we have no hesitation in saying that ninety-nine one hundredths of the Spiritualists of America accept no such dogma."

"Upon the question of name, for the purpose of showing exactly the true intent and object that a majority of the members of that meeting had in view, and to show that the JOURNAL has not misrepresented their true sentiments, we further quote from their address to the people:

"An illustration of this, the question of name is an instance in point. Several names for the new movement were suggested; and there can be little doubt that if the matter had been pressed to a vote, 'Christian Spiritualism' or 'in the name it would have been chosen.'"

It seems that the "restrained omniscience" of those who—according to the same paragraph in the "address"—"were the most interested in this name," and yet who "were the movers in getting this, with other questions, put over to the

People's Convention," was not so well kept in hand in after days, for we find Dr. J. E. Bruce, Secretary of the this so-called "National Conference of Spiritualists," boldly avowing, in his address before the Highland Lake Grove Camp-Meeting, that Jesus Christ was the rock and the hope of the Spiritual Dispensation, and that to an acknowledgment of that fact the movement must one day come. To use his figure of rhetoric, Modern Spiritualism was like the maniac of old who wandered among the tombs, but by-and-by it would be found sitting, clothed and in its right mind, at the feet of Jesus Christ! If that statement, put forth officially by its accredited missionary among the people, did not embody in a few words the whole credal animus of the Philadelphia movement, then no dependence can be put on the usual means of conversational intercourse between man and man.

With Dr. Bruce, as a private individual, we have no issue whatever, but in his character of missionary—as the one who in the New England (and possibly other) States has been empowered to unfold to the people the aims of the New Movement—we feel that we have a right to cite his views and criticize his positions. We find him reported in the Merrimack Journal as saying:

"The Christian Spiritualists are seekers of a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. This movement is not exclusive, but inclusive. It is bold, outspoken, positive. It knows its own mind, and is bidden by the spirit which animates it to speak that mind, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear to hear. Its flag is nailed to the mast-head, and its battle-gauge is flung down in the face of the world. To other denominations it comes with the olive branch in its hand, yet with the spirit of fearless action and discussion in its heart. To the vast army of Spiritualists it comes, of necessity, with criticism, but criticism whose spirit and intent is like that of the great German leaders in politics, who, but yesterday, found the heart of Europe distressed and broken into forty petty fragments, the laughing-stock of the world, and the grief and disgrace of all Germans, but to-day rejoice in citizenship in an empire which stands at the top of the world."

"Spiritualism now, like the German States before 1870, is broken in fragments. It wants a battle cry. It lacks coherency. No spiritual fire hot enough to weld its elements into one gigantic instrument of God, has ever touched it. This movement goes back directly to Jesus, and puts Spiritualism on a Bible basis."

"Spiritualism is as old as the world. It builds its house on no less broad a base than the spiritual history of the human race. It reverently regards the sacred books of all races. It sends friendly greetings to the 'Theosophical Society,' and does not despise the magic, 'white' or 'black,' of the ancient and medieval worlds. But it distinctly and emphatically maintains that, while scattered rays of revelation have fallen on waiting eyes in Zoroaster and Confucius, Buddha and Mahomet, and many magicians, ancient and modern, have flitted through this twilight, the summits of revelation have alone been attained in Jesus of Nazareth—the full-orbed sun, gathering all scattered rays into the one celestial light, shines forth only from Him who is 'the brightness of his Father's glory and the express image of His person.'"

"To the test of this light we are bidden to bring all facts, all theories, all systems, all men, and all spirits. We wait with awe in the presence of every spirit, and we listen attentively to every word every spirit, ancient or modern, has to say. Yet we believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God, because many false prophets are gone out into the world, and every spirit that confesses not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, we know by that test is not of God."

"The leadership of Jesus, then, is our first word. This is our battle cry. Let us not be misunderstood—the absolute leadership of Christ; this we accept as the sign of a standing or falling church."

These words occur in a lecture report forwarded to us in a copy of the paper quoted above, and corrected in the margin by Dr. Bruce himself, and the closing paragraph, added by the editor of that paper, embodies our idea exactly:

"Dr. Bruce having thus stated his general platform, passed at length to the reasons for the action which he and his friends proposed to take, which, if successful, seemed to us to be little more or less than the institution of a new sect in religion denominating themselves 'Christian Spiritualists.' Its advent seems to be made here, and now we shall watch its development."

Here we see Rev. Mr. Bruce figuring prominently in the opening days of the movement, and we submit that once having come to the surface he has continued to be the accredited representative of the new organic effort, and is at present its official representative. What, therefore, is more clearly certain, than that the secret desire of the leaders—albeit expressed so openly by the least cautious of their number—was to found a spiritual church? The matter, for obvious reasons, was not stoutly pressed to a conclusion, but by an informal counting of proboscis it was settled that the idea was the popular one with those in attendance. Therefore if the New Movement—as inaugurated in Philadelphia—ever had life, it had it on as clearly sectarian a ground as any upon which the church denominations rest, and had a backward look toward the flesh-pots of the credal Egypt. As such we could not feel to give it the right hand of fellowship.

But hardly had the movement been introduced by its managers, with profound bows, upon the stage of being, than straightway dissensions arose in the ranks of the members, and we need only refer our readers, in proof of this fact, to the letters and counter letters which passed, through our columns, between Drs. Bruce, Dewey, Main, and others; and now, to further point the moral, and show that we were indeed right in saying that "the New Movement" is, as far as we can perceive, a "dead letter," witness the earnest denial on the part of Rev. Samuel Watson (which appeared in the Religio Philosophical Journal for Nov. 18th), wherein he, as the editor recapitulates it, "ignores any desire to sectarianize Spiritualism," and, in addition, behold its epitaph in the second resolution, as read by Dr. Bruce himself, and accepted in the Annual Convention of the New Hampshire State Association, held recently at Washington, N. H.:

"Resolved, That it is not Christian Spiritualism, nor Jewish Spiritualism, nor Mahometan Spiritualism, nor Ancient Spiritualism in any of its separate forms, nor yet Modern Spiritualism in any of its single phases—but SPIRITUALISM itself, as seen under the light of all the leaders, and as written in all the Bibles of every great religion, and as resting upon the whole extent and all the facts of the entire spiritual history of the human race, that we aim to organize and establish in the earth."

Rev. Mr. Watson, the President, and Rev. Mr. Bruce, the Secretary, Missionary, etc., etc., have at last ignored any sectarian ends on the part of the enterprise.

Here then the matter stands. Now if that sectarian ground at first taken be abandoned, what becomes of the New Movement, which perhaps some of its inaugurators at least hoped would supply pulpits to those accustomed to fill them, and provide for the payment of pew rent from those who had heretofore escaped from the tax levied by the regular Christian collectors? It is dead! dead upon the very showing of its own

officers. The leaders themselves see that their efforts have fallen flat upon the masses—that they have mistaken the temper of the people—and are either hastening to retire from ground which they find untenable, or are endeavoring to make the public think they are. Time will show whether the retrograde is made only in seeming, and for the popularization of their scheme, or whether it is an honest step taken because of conviction. But if men's words mean anything the New Movement has passed from active being, as far as its inceptive aims were concerned, and the "New Departure" taken by those who have advocated it, is totally another thing, claiming at least to be merely a system for local organization on principally a financial basis—and with this project we have no quarrel.

Since our paragraph concerning the premature demise of this enterprise, which looked to the upbuilding of a spiritual temple by an effort to sustain the dome in mid air, while the ground tier of the foundation stones were not yet laid, we have received a word from Bro. Peebles, and others, criticizing the statement, while Bro. S. S. Jones, editor of the Religio Philosophical Journal, is of opinion that we are premature in our verdict. But we think we have shown the effort to be abortive. We could not from the outset feel that this movement was to be a success, inasmuch as it was started in the old downward-sloping groove in which so many efforts have been placed before, and at the termination of whose deflection they have been dumped so incontinently into the murky waters of oblivion. But some of our correspondents are mistaken, in our views on organization in general, though those were certainly not who have accused us of lacking fellowship with any effort to graft Spiritualism upon the effete church systems. We have never opposed practical organization; but we have always maintained that the work of forming the battalions in the army of Free Thought must begin with the raising and enrolling of companies, rather than the appointment of generals. We have always said, let there first be local societies, organized at least on a financial basis, if no further agreement is practicable, then will come naturally and in due time the State Associations, and after, if needed, a National Association. Such, at least in our opinion, is the true path toward a solid and abiding organization.

We cannot fully agree with the editor of the Religio Philosophical Journal that great dangers to Spiritualism reside in this "Movement," for its sectarian basis having been abandoned, it is now powerless—"a dead letter" indeed—and in no condition to work harm. The effort to spring a church trap—openly at least—upon Spiritualism has failed, and if the seeming surrender of the credal point is not a real one, we trust to the well-known intelligence in the ranks of the Modern Dispensation to discover and unearth the deception, and show up the abettors and allies thereof to merited contempt. But we do agree, heartily, with the recommendations which Bro. Jones embodies in other portions of his editorial, viz:

"We feel in duty bound to agitate thought upon the subject of benefits growing out of organic efforts, so liberal in sentiment that no man can find any reason to complain that it in the least degree restricts the utmost freedom of thought and expression thereof—indeed upon a basis that recognizes the motto

"THINK FOR YOURSELF AND EXPRESS THAT THOUGHT!"

"FREE THOUGHT WILL GIVE US TRUTH!"

"Such a basis of organization will afford room enough for the most religious, through all gradations of thought, to the most extreme skeptic. All seekers for truth can think for themselves and express their thoughts, in view of arriving at truth."

"A basis of organization so liberal would call together all who have a desire to know of and hold communion with their friends in spiritual life. Let no religious dogma, from the most liberal to the most benighted of sectarianism, ever find a place in an organization for the promulgation of the Philosophy of Life."

"We are upon the eve of one of the most mighty revolutions in public sentiment ever experienced by mankind. Spiritualism, or rather the power of intelligent spirits, through the medium of inspiration, is the moving element, and well will it be for Spiritualists who are conscious of the existence of such a spirit of inspiration, if they make a united effort to aid the invisible benefactors of mankind in inaugurating the necessary means to accomplish the most good, without the least hope of self-aggrandizement."

Church and Education.

The whole power of the Established Church in England is at present engaged in a war with the National Boards of Education over the schooling of the poor and unlearned for children of the kingdom. It was just seven years ago, according to a recent statement, that the persons who organized these National Boards awoke to the fact that England was "behind every other civilized country in education and workmanship, before all others in brutality and drunkenness." Within six years they have accomplished what may with perfect truth be called a noble work. They have erected schoolhouses all over the kingdom, and fairly inaugurated a system of universal education. The children that the regular Church Schools have turned away as poor and ragged, these Board Schools have taken up and instructed, charging but one and two pence per week where the Established Church Schools charged four pence, and even charging nothing at all where the parents were too poor to pay that pittance. In the National Schools are taught general morality, and parents of tender or scrupulous conscience are at liberty to withdraw their children from school while this branch of the instruction is going on. The Church Schools, on the other hand, teach little besides the catechism, and that they make compulsory upon the children. These National Schools are rapidly multiplying and their popularity is increasing. But the Church has opened war on the new and liberal system, fighting it through its vestry machinery and all the resources at its ready control. The spectacle is not a very flattering testimonial to the influence of ecclesiasticism, and as such is to be noted among the other significant symptoms.

The Spiritualists of Kansas City, Mo., though but lately organized for associative effort, are ready to receive proposals from lecturers and speakers. Address W. O. Hockett, Secretary Kansas City Independent Spiritualist and Liberalist Society. Mrs. Nettie M. P. Fox lectured for this organization during December. The local papers referred liberally to her discourses.

The spirit message from Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, which appeared in last week's Banner, is pronounced by several who knew him as interesting and characteristic of the man.

The Evolution Discussion.

This question has come into commanding prominence of late, and chiefly by reason of the fact that it has forced the clergy out of their fastnesses into the open field. It is extremely interesting to observe the different ways in which they meet it. Rev. Mr. Savage, a well-known Unitarian preacher of this city, recently delivered a lecture on the subject before the Boston Amateur Scientific Society, under the title of "Moses and Evolution," at the opening of which he said that his theme included the universe. It was the Mosaic account of creation that he specifically considered. He regarded it as an intensely practical question, no question of Reform now before the public mind surpassing it in practical interest. Man is a being that asked questions. Man's asking questions is no modern thing.

There were two principles, he said, that emerged from this age long study. The first was, that the true way to find true answers to Nature's questions was to go to Nature herself and ask those questions. Yet we were warned off from the pursuit of certain investigations in the name of religion. The second principle was, that in searching for causes we were to rest in none but known and active ones. If a thing cannot be explained by a known force, we must not offer a miraculous or unknowable reason for it, for that only amounted to saying that we did not know. Science having achieved such marvelous results in other fields, biology must be compelled to yield to the force of the investigations. Men should begin to ask if not only the present condition of the earth but if life on the earth could not be taken out of the realm of myth, tradition and authority, and added to that of knowledge.

Darwinism had thus naturally come forward as a problem of the time. It simply puts the question, by what method had the world come to be what it is to-day? But Darwinism does not presume to account for the origin of things. Evolution as a doctrine does not attempt to account for the development of life from the not-living. It has, in fact, nothing to do with it. Prof. Huxley said, in the first of his three lectures in New York, that there are three possible theories by which to account for the condition of things as seen to-day: first, that things have always been as they are now; second, the creation, or Mosaic, theory; and third, the theory of Evolution. Prof. Huxley glanced at the Mosaic record, to characterize it as an Oriental myth, with no more claim on scientific attention than the cosmogony of any other people. It is entitled to none of our reverence merely because it is old. We are ourselves the ancients of the earth, and the further we went back the nearer we approached the world's childhood.

The Mosaic theory put in no claim to be the result of a study of the facts. It holds its place in men's belief only because it was the foundation of an established system of theology, involving man's hopes and fears of a future life. But for this consideration, it would be deemed childish by all persons of intelligence. There is so little scientific truth about it, it had so little basis in fact, it would not hold its place for an hour, if it were not so closely associated with theology. Yet that supplies the very reason why any arguments in its support should be placed under suspicion. Theology involves the strongest bias and passions of the human mind.

The Mosaic theory Mr. Savage asserted to be no theory at all; it merely explained a mystery by assuming a still greater mystery. Science does not, he said, bow God out of the universe. It simply holds a higher and grander conception of God than he who holds the older and cruder idea. If the doctrine of Evolution is materialistic, he thought that the teaching of the Bible of Moses and the Jews was far more so. They taught that God had a body, and walked, talked and ate. The doctrine of the New Testament concerning the resurrection of the body is not less materialistic. The Evolution school he asserted to be the very one that, by its philosophical reasons and teaching, had utterly demolished the old-time materialism. All that the Rev. Joseph Cook has done is to show that the chain of material movements does not account for consciousness, does not explain mind; and that is nothing new among ideas at all.

Mr. Savage thought it a melancholy sight to see Boston theologians listening to teachings like this, as if it were a new revelation instead of an every-day thought, and keeping silent under it. But allowing that the thought was an ignominious one, that man did indeed descend from the monkey, Mr. Savage regarded it as just as noble an origin as to be formed directly from mud. Evolution, however, teaches no such thing. Of the many facts to be adduced in support of it, he said that Darwinism was not competent to explain all, however true it might be as a theory; that it is contracted only on the basis of facts, not on tradition, myths, or guess; and that it stands the highest tests of a good theory. Science knows no dead matter, and cannot find the link between the animal and vegetable. All that we know of life demonstrates that it proceeds always by genetic derivation. Thousands die to one that lives, and those best fitted to their condition are the ones that live and perpetuate their kind. If links can be found, the proof is complete. Their absence, said Mr. Savage, is not strange. Geological research has been limited, and had been pursued only in connection with the sinking of a shaft, the boring of a tunnel, or the construction of a railroad.

Evolution, he concluded, gave us the grandest conception possible of God; a God above all, before all, under all, through all. It also gives the grandest hope of man. It is built on the same basis of fact and induction with all that we know; and it rests upon the sublime human confidence that "the Maker of this universe will not put his intelligent creations to permanent intellectual confusion." Evolution holds out the hope to man, that he will continue to develop higher and higher, as he had so far done, until he shall stand free from diseases, vices, poverty, crimes—the living free of his Divine Maker.

Closed for Christmas Day.

The Banner of Light Bookstore and Publishing Office will be closed during Monday next, that all connected with the establishment may be enabled to participate in the celebration of the time-honored festival of Christmas. Tuesday morning (26th) the visiting public will find all at their posts and ready for business.

It is whispered abroad that Livingstone—of Tennessee, Louisiana, and Texas notoriety—and George Everett, materializing medium, wear the same clothes.

Visit the Children's Lyceum on Merry Christmas day, for the little ones expect you to—then don't say "Nay."

PSYCHOPHONETICS—THEIR DEVELOPMENT, LAWS AND WONDERS.

BY A. J. DAVIS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"Happy they," said Father à Kempis, "who penetrate into internal things, and endeavor to prepare themselves more and more by daily exercises to the attaining to heavenly secrets."

Among the treasures of the human mind, which are more numerous than the stars and more precious than all the constellations combined, is the power, or sense, of hearing sounds which are, and forever have been, perfectly unknown in the outer universe. These soul-sounds, so to speak, which are absolutely inaudible to the physical ear, I term "psychophonetics." Who can believe, without at least some items of private experience, that there exists a boundless ocean of intelligent sounds which is never, because they cannot be heard by bodily organs of hearing?

The ears of the spirit are seldom opened in this life. Clairvoyance, in comparison, is a familiar power. "Their eyes were opened," occurs in the most ancient fables concerning mental illumination. "The scales fell from his eyes," and then he heard a voice; but vision came first and led the other senses; because sight is the handmaid of intellect, and is the sunlight of the whole interior. With his open spirit ears he heard only "a voice," but with his newly-unfolded vision his understanding became illuminated, and love flowed in with the light, his whole heart and soul hastened over to the side of truth and deity.

Sounds of spirit lips disturb and vibrate through an ethereal sea as much finer than the common air as electricity is finer than the common water. The waves of these sounds can touch nothing less refined than the internal ear of the spirit. Yet, when once the spirit ear is open, the inmost of all sound-waves can break their music within its labyrinthine. Hence the voices of the external universe exert some influence upon the listening soul. There is a telephony between stars and suns. They communicate with each other in a speech unheard and unknown to the ordinary human ear. A most exquisite insight into the laws of psychophonetics is indispensable to a correct comprehension of the wonders heard by the spiritual tympanum. Distance is seemingly no impediment to the flight of these sounds. Neither the interception of currents of wind, nor the presence of immense masses of common earthy matter, can prevent the words of the spirit from entering the ear of the prepared listener. Whispers from Mount Sarnos in the Summer-land have been heard by the writer, when he was tranquil and absorbingly listening, and the words from those immortal lips sounded as distinctly in his internal ear as did ever the sounds of ordinary speech. But such an experience is rare, and necessarily, because of the great and constant demands of the body and of the present world in which it appropriately exists.

Hearing of sounds inaudible to the common ear, is a truth which foreshadows the glorious ultimate life that is to be; although, unlike the power of vision, it is a part of mind very slightly under the sway of will or desire. It may be suddenly developed, and the happy or astonished possessor may receive in a few moments the voice of warning or of government for a lifetime, and as quickly it may be closed and sealed until after death. Or, it may be only slightly unfolded—just enough to admit the speech of distant earthly babblers, or rollicking diatribe, or of the groanings and moanings of sorrowing and imprisoned persons afar in this world—bringing to the unfortunate hearer nothing but confusion, agony, and uncontrollable feelings of wretchedness and despair. This unhappy form of psychophonetics is, alas! quite too common, and inasmuch as this sense is not subject, as sight is, to the control and government of will, or reason and desire, it is exceedingly often the source of exquisite suffering and indescribable discontent.

To overcome this incipient phase of clairaudience, I recommend a persistent attention to subjects of sight, thought, feeling, reflection, and especially of action.

Orange, N. J., Dec. 19th, 1876.

Investigator Hall Meetings.

The popular series by distinguished women speakers received at this hall last Sunday evening a fine adjunction at the hands of Mrs. Jennie B. Browne, who gave a review of civil law and theology—their effect on society, morals, education, and happiness. She fully proved, in a well-written production, that neither law nor theology are beneficial except as they are permeated by liberal or reformatory principles. It was, says the Boston Investigator, an excellent lecture, and afforded another proof of the capability of intelligent women to occupy successfully the useful position of public teachers.

Next Sunday evening Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten will speak in this course on "Religious Revivals."

Col. Thomas W. Gibson.

Whodid at Louisville on the 30th of November, was a profound thinker and cultivator of Spiritualism. Col. Gibson stood in the very foremost rank at the bar, and was preëminent in learning, general culture, and diversified attainments. A correspondent of the Courier-Journal says, "He was absolutely the best read man I have ever met. His information on a great variety of subjects was prodigious." A most cordial tribute to his memory and his superior character and abilities was paid by the members of the bar.

By reference to our seventh page the reader will find the business announcement put forth by Mrs. C. H. Wildes, who enjoys a fine reputation as a trance medium, and who, to our knowledge, is doing a grand work among the skeptical and inquiring, as well as among the firmest believers, concerning spirit return. The communications which she has been the instrument of giving in the past have cheered hundreds of sorrowing hearts in community, and the business advice which she has presented has been of the greatest value to the many who have availed themselves of her remarkable powers—powers which time appears to increase rather than diminish.

A. A. Wheelock, in the course of a letter enclosing the \$30 for the Slade Fund which was raised by the Progressive Society of Spiritualists of Utica, N. Y., and was acknowledged by us recently under the proper heading, says:

"The universal feeling [in the Slade matter] is to assist, and if each Spiritualist will give even a small amount there will be an abundance. . . . I know Henry Slade is a genuine, true medium, a noble soul and an honest man, and though all others forsake him I will stand by him and defend him until he is proven to be something else."

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That, on the stretched fore-finger of all time,
Sparkle forever.

PEACE AND HEALTH.
From tolling bells and spirits' light,
From busy day the peaceful night,
Rich from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasure, peace and health.

To count too much is to put your lemons into another man's squeezer.

She showed me roses in my morning dream,
So fragrant, fresh and exquisite of hue,
In no cold earthly pasture could I deem
Things of such grace and beauty ever grew.

The hand that held them owned no mortal mold,
She had been dead for years; and on her face
Shone, I thought, the wish to hold
To track the secret of her dwelling place.

Signs are small, measurable things, but interpretations
are fathomable. — George Eliot.

FIRST SNOW.
Before all leaves are shed
While yet the gold and red
Brighten the bough—
A sudden flurry shakes,
And winter sends his flakes
Before the snow.

Some say days are sped—
While yet the white and red
Cling to the cheeks—
Time flutters with his wings,
And whitened feathers throng,
As rest he seeks.

Orthodoxy is the fountain of the thought. It
bears not, neither can it forget. — Harter.

The Rostrum.

Mrs. E. H. Britten on "The Signs of the Times."

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The Boston Spiritualists may congratulate themselves on the reappearance among them in public of that able and experienced exponent of the cause, Mrs. E. H. Britten.

The occasion that brought her from recent comparative retirement, is the attempt on the part of Mr. Robert Cooper to establish regular Sunday services in Boston for Spiritualists. Sympathizing with the scheme, she offered her services in the shape of four inaugural lectures on the "Signs of the Times," of which the address at the Parker Fraternity Hall on Sunday last was the first. The numbers that assembled to listen to the familiar voice once more gave indication that the scheme met with general favor, and it is to be hoped that the attempt will culminate in the long felt need being supplied.

The discourse treated of the inherent spirituality of man, and its ceaseless yearnings all down the ages for satisfaction. Those longings had been specially answered by the modern restoration of spirit communion, which constituted the great and paramount sign of the times, for it was that which is destined to revolutionize the world—not by the din of war, but by the peaceful revelations of truth that would eventually permeate the darkest corners of human society, providing over those blissful elements that can never operate without an elevating influence. The world is already vibrating to the spirit-forces, and men are turning their backs upon cold materialism, to meet the more glowing eye of spirit. Theology is losing ground, because spirits can speak with clearness and certainty of those subjects on which it remains forever silent tongue. It has lessons for men on the Great Spirit of the Universe, more cheering than the teachings of the sects with their "many Gods." These spiritual views are more akin to the ideas of the ancient man whose grander conceptions of Divinity were taken from the subtleties of Nature. On this fundamental "God-idea" Spiritualism was doing an incomparable work. The immortality of the soul, taught by the churches in so uncertain sound, is made a demonstrated fact, as much so as any fact of science. Thus has all mystery been removed from man's relations to the Infinite and to the hereafter.

All this had been done by showing that there was an *infinite* man of which the natural man was but the expression. And the mode of proof was such as to appeal at once to the judgment and intelligence of mankind as opposed to a forced, implicit and blind belief. Step by step a grand spiritual philosophy is being built up, which will put to shame the philosophy of the world, for it is a philosophy not woven in the dreamy cloisters of men's brains, but one that reaches down to the whole life of humanity, and equal to all its demands. It is the philosophy of spirit that will regenerate the age.

But, unhappily, said the lecturer, Spiritualists to-day are standing in the shadow of a great sorrow. The Pentecostal days of Spiritualism, where are they? Gone! Yet the same spirit power is all around, the intensity the same. This decline is also a sign of the times. Whence the change? Surely on the mundane plane. A demon has been let loose, has gained ascendancy in every class of American society, and has cramped with its cloven feet among the ranks of Spiritualists. That demon is *self-love*. The wrecker of governments, the destroyer of political honor, the poisoner of domestic life, the wily serpent that coils around the social fabric, has invaded Spiritualism. And the impostor, the cheat, the swindler, have come in for the spoils. With what result? The moral and religious have returned to their seats in the church pew. The influential seek more congenial quarters. And the wealthy find other openings for their charity.

When Spiritualism was fresh, and young, and pure, enthusiasm gave it strength, and offered power for the angels to work with. But of late years the demon that stalks abroad has overcome the work of the angels. Thus are we in a prison-house, and the labor of the angels has to be devoted to preaching to the "spirits in prison," and for the time being the glory has departed from our midst. Shall it never return? Not until Spiritualists awake to a sense of their responsibilities. Not until knowledge sheds its brighter light into the dark corners of human action. Not until they who know the truth dare come forth fearlessly to sustain it. Not until men rally to the aid of the angel-world to effect its benign and holy purposes. But that time should be *now*. Now, when the arm of persecution is stretched forth, when the enemy is in the field, and wild rumors are in the air, now is the hour of deliverance for truth if those who know it will show their love in its defence. For every such effort here, there will be a fruition in the hereafter. And the effortless soul here shall but survey the barren tree in the great beyond.

At the close of the eloquent discourse Mr. Robert Cooper referred to the anomaly of Boston as the centre of American Spiritualism, yet without its regular services. And he invited any who would respond to the able appeal of Mrs. Britten to meet for conference after next Sunday's lecture. If aught is to be done it must be by united effort.

Mrs. Britten will lecture at this place (same hour) on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 24th, continuing her consideration of "The Signs of the Times," music by Miss Hattie Harrington will (as on last Sunday) add interest to the meeting.

The national life is the average life of the people, and the only guarantee of permanence is the virtue of their characters and the nobility of their aspirations. You cannot build a nation out of stone, and brick, and wood. You must build a nation out of ideas, out of principles, out of aspirations, out of ambitions that are pure and noble enough to stand as prayers before him in whose eyes all lesser ambitions are vain. — W. H. H. Murray.

SPIRIT-PREVISION AND INTERVENTION.

MRS. RUDD'S CONNECTION WITH THE BANNER CIRCLE & SPIRITUAL WORK.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

At the Banner Circle on the 8th of April last Frank Slater communicated, a had some ten years of age, who it appeared had been corrected for getting a spot of ink on his jacket sleeve. This seemed to be a special burden on his mind. He alluded to me in his communication in a way which indicated that we had previously conversed on his appearing at the Banner Circle. Such was the fact. He came to me through Mrs. Rudd, in Providence, about eight years ago, excited about the ink-spot, and querying whether he would get a whipping. I endeavored to quiet his fears, assuring him that he had passed out of the sphere of whippings. I suggested that he repair to the Banner Circle, manifest, and speak of his interview with me. He promised to do so if he could. In the course of a fortnight he came again, said he had been at the Circle Room but could not manifest, as there was a great crowd, and he did not know what to do. He was somewhat chagrined at his failure, but I told him to try again, perhaps he could find some one to assist him. He signified he would make the second attempt. A few days after, he again manifested himself, grieved at his want of success. He reiterated the fact of a great crowd, and furthermore said an old man at the circle accosted him and somewhat roughly said, "Little boy, what do you want here? You can't do anything; you are too small." Frank thought this hard usage, but consoled himself, because, said he, "They told me sometime I should communicate at the Banner Circle through this medium." I, meaning Mrs. Rudd, whom he was then controlling. I did not know who was meant by "they," whether spirits belonging to the Banner Circle or some of Mrs. Rudd's controls; I inferred the former, from the connection of the remark with the rebuff by the old man. Mark that this was eight years ago, while Mrs. Conant was in the full force for many years. Nevertheless there was a fore-seeing that some time in the future Mrs. R. would officiate at the Banner Circle. In this connection I would state that fourteen years ago, in the city of Taunton, Mrs. Rudd was disengaged by a medium that in time she would be the medium at the Banner Circle. This was in the most positive terms.

This latter prediction I think Mrs. Rudd informed me of when I told her of what was said to Frank Slater. She was amused, but had no idea that the prediction would be fulfilled, so improbable was it. Her own health was somewhat frail, she was not ambitious to fill such a public position, and had no aspirations in that direction. Her limited sphere of mediumship was distasteful personally, but impressed with the truth of Spiritualism a sense of duty led her to submit to the control of spirits. When Mrs. Conant passed over, she might have thought of the prediction, but even then she did not apprehend it was so soon to be fulfilled. At length her guides, notably Dr. Mann, began to gently broach the subject, and suggest that possibly she might be called to fill the vacancy. These conversations were with Mr. Rudd, and in a short time it was announced that it had been definitely decided she should become the Banner medium. The arrangement had been entered into between the spirits of the Banner Circle and those controlling Mrs. Rudd. Nothing had been said to Mr. Colby or Mr. Rich, and it was supposed a lady in Boston, then sitting to more fully develop her mediumistic powers, would fill the position. She was spoken of in the Banner as the one in due time to open the public circles.

During the sittings of this lady, Mrs. Rudd, then being on a visit to Providence, I had an interview with her. Dr. Mann controlled, and developed the entire programme to me, enjoining secrecy. He said the lady then sitting in Boston, prospectively to be the successor of Mrs. Conant, would not persevere, and then was contemplating a notice to Colby & Rich that they seek some one else. They said the subject had not been broached in Boston, but would be at the proper time; that Mrs. Rudd was reluctant to undertake to fill the position, and of herself would not seek an interview with Mr. Colby; that she would be put under spirit control, if necessary, and in an unconscious state taken to the Banner office. In the meantime it was designed she should be fitted for the work by labors in Connecticut, where she had a call to resume her missionary work. The whole subject was thoroughly discussed by the Doctor, and Nellie and Snow Drop, two of her attending spirits, also talked about the matter. Henry C. Wright was cognizant of the plan, and heartily seconded it.

Mrs. Rudd went to Connecticut soon after, and performed an incredible amount of labor, I think for about a month. She spoke twice Sundays, and held circles every week day evening, some of them very large and of intensely skeptical material. On her return from Connecticut I saw her again, and had another conference with Dr. Mann on the circle business. He said everything was working admirably, and in a short time Mrs. Rudd would be forced to an interview with Mr. Colby. She was still, when in her normal condition, averse to undertaking the projected position, and of her own accord would never have sought it. Finally the time ripened for an interview with Messrs. Colby & Rich. Mrs. R. being in Boston on business, was taken to them under spirit control, when Dr. Mann became the spokesman, and stated the object of the visit. The whole matter was discussed, and the arrangement was finally consummated whereby Mrs. Rudd became the successor of Mrs. Conant. It was the work of spirits emphatically, for from the first Mrs. Rudd shrank from the position, much preferring that her labors should be in a less public field. Even after the arrangement had been made, she had many misgivings, and would have been heartily glad to escape the ordeal prepared for her by the spirits.

We here see the prevision of spirits, as well as their planning and consummation of a work to be performed in this mundane sphere. The first prediction was fourteen years in advance, the second eight, both at periods when all the probabilities and apparent possibilities of the event were against its happening. The direct consummation, too, was a marvel, the whole procedure being in the hands of the invisibles. That their work was wisely done, none can doubt. The channel of communication between the two worlds, a most important adjunct of the spiritual movement, was reopened, and is now, as of old, sending forth streams of light and consolation over the dark "valley of tears," dispelling doubts and making assured the fact of the immortal life.

WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.
Providence, R. I., 1876.

Maryland.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Children's Progressive Lyceum is, I am sorry to say, now the only organization of Spiritualists existing in this city under whose auspices public meetings are held. Whilst the belief in spirit communion is probably shed as broadcast over this community as most others, still it has been difficult, nay, almost impossible, to induce citizens who are believers in the faith, and who could aid in its establishment, to come forward and lend a helping hand; therefore we are compelled to struggle along with our little society, the burden of which is filled by our much esteemed townsman, Mrs. Rachel Walcott, who has, I am glad to say, in a great measure regained her health. Her lecture upon spiritual chemistry was replete with information, and delivered in an eloquent and touching manner to an audience whose strict attention proved a marked depth of interest. The subject is one that she has taught from the earliest days of her mediumistic life, and through it she is enabled to explain much that now seems mysterious. The attendance has been larger than usual, and has been composed in the main of persons of discriminating minds. The outlook at present is encouraging.

LEVI WEAVER, Conductor.
Baltimore, Dec. 13th, 1876.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.

The London Standard's correspondent at Alexandria telegraphs that it is stated on good authority that the Khedive is dissatisfied with the American military officers, and has notified them that their contracts will not be renewed. The policy of this step is questionable, as a renewal of the Abyssinian war is considered imminent.

Four hundred employees of the government bureau of engraving and printing, two-thirds of the unfortunate engraving women, were discharged on Saturday, Dec. 16th. The printing is to be done by private parties hereafter.

CADMUS.
The ancient Greeks a fable had, that he who brought them letters sowed a dragon's tooth. Armed men spring up; some widow we Perhaps may find the fable's form beneath. No gift so great but may be turned to ill; Thus he who sows the seed of strife, And armed men spring up to fight and kill, And that bring death which should have brought us life. The press may grow corrupt, and spread of words, The seeds of discord scatter every hand; Till men shall learn their plowshares into swords, And armed men spring up on every hand! Ah, when will God's great gift of human speech Naught but his love to all his children teach? — J. V.

Good men should live in Archange; murderers in Kildare; cold men in Chilly brooks; in Stockholm; circus men in Somerset; geometers in Cuba; fools in Folly Island; wags in the Bay of Fanny; perfumers in Muscat or Cologne; brewers in Malta; gluttons in Turkey; men who do not have enough to eat in Hungary; laconic men in Laconia; mourners in Si-beria; oil men in Greece; gamblers in Faro Isles; tumblers in Tripoli; curious men in Peking; soldiers in Warsaw.

The struggle for supremacy in Mexico between Diaz and Iglesias continues, but pretensions to the presidency evincing no disposition to succumb.

The French chamber of deputies has passed all the estimates, and abolished the tax on salt.

There is misery in the palace as well as in the hovel, because "misery loves company."

A Bilbao dispatch says that in consequence of the refusal of the Basque provinces to pay the 18,500,000 reals demanded from them for the maintenance of the Spanish army of occupation, the treasury of the provincial deputation was seized by Gen. Quesada's orders, when it was found to be empty. The resignations of the deputation and the municipal council are probable. Troops have been despatched, and great excitement prevails.

Phelps, Dalton & Co., 3 Court Avenue, Boston, have our thanks for fine specimens of calendar work.

THE CANARY.
The grasshopper on the grass
And the chitling of the snow,
And wool in dreary silence bound,
No more with sounds of joy or sorrow,
But my heart is all in a roar
The same sweet music ringing clear,
And summer-time within I know.

The bleachers of B. & N. and R. Knight & Co., in Pontiac, R. I., was destroyed by fire Sunday, Dec. 17th, involving a loss of nearly \$200,000.

Maj.-Gen. William P. Bartlett, a brilliant soldier of the Union in the course of the recent civil war, died at Pittsfield, Mass., Sunday, Dec. 17th, at the early age of 37.

Italy is to abolish the death penalty.

"Could not you give me something to do?" asked a poor boy at a Michigan factory the other day. "No," said the owner, "we are full now." The boy looked sad and went out. A few days later a bright thought seized upon him, and, turning again to the owner, he inquired: "Don't you need a boy to test shingles on?" But even then the lad could get no position, for the man had a boy of his own.

Mr. Huxley says that the pleurodynia is especially distinguished by its powerful jaw, but it is due to the community to state that this assertion was made before he was married. — *Norwich Bulletin*.

Someone has defined an individual who is "constitutionally tired" as "a man with an infinite and profound respect for to-morrow, but no regard for to-day except as a day of rest."

The South American rebels have been defeated at Garra-pa, (so says a Panama dispatch of the 8th inst.), and their retreat is cut off. The next news may be that of unconditional surrender.

Madras is in a starving condition.

There is a quiet sarcasm in the following item from the Gold Hill (Nevada) News, which renders it quite a gem in its way:

JOHN DOE.—John Doe, the man who is arrested so frequently in Virginia for offences ranging from burglary and wife-beating to assault and battery and simple drunkenness, is now being sent to the State Prison. He is tall and stout, has red hair and dark eyes, dark hair and blue eyes, dresses poorly and richly, is by nature an Irishman, but appears to be a native of the State, and was born in America, not at other times in nearly every country under the sun. However much John Doe may differ in appearance at different times, he is always sure to respect full treatment from the warden, for John is always able to pay his fine—and that is why his name is John Doe.

The examining board of U. S. naval officers recommend in their report just made to Congress, that the navy yards and stations at Kittery, Me., Boston, Brooklyn, League Island, Washington, Norfolk, Pensacola, Mare Island, Key West and Sackett's Harbor be retained by the Government.

Sealing-wax is not wax at all, nor does it contain a single particle of wax. It is made of shellac, Venice turpentine and cinnamon. The cinnamon gives it the deep red color, and the turpentine renders the shellac soft and less brittle.

The highway of life lies in the mean—
A road on each side and a pathway between;
The wide world would seem marking and the way,
And has a great deal to blame and but little to praise.

The formal presentation of the statues of Samuel Adams and John Winthrop to the national statutory gallery was made in the United States Senate Tuesday, Dec. 19th, by Messrs. Boutwell and Dawes, and in the House by Representative Hoar of Massachusetts.

Little Rock, Arkansas, was visited by another serious fire Tuesday night, 19th, property to the amount of over \$100,000 being destroyed.

"In the perfect circle of creation, not an atom could be spared
From earth's magnetic zone, to the blind-weave round a
Where there's not a need be of wisdom, nothing would be as
It is;
For without the necessity of a moral weakness,
We look through a glass darkly, we catch but glimpses of
truth;
But doubtless the sailing of a cloud hath providence for its
purpose.
The rotten station of a rush is as fixed as the station
of a king.
The chaff from the hand of the winnower is stored as the
stars in their courses." — *Thupper*.

Midhat Pasha has been appointed grand vizier of the Turkish empire. The Eastern question continues to threaten the peace of Europe. Russia and Turkey are rapidly arming, and the conferences held by the representatives of the Great Powers seem to have no abiding influence.

A VARIETY OF NAMES.—"What do we call money?"—*Tribune*. Well, by several or more names. Some describe it as "poundage," some as "the stuff," some as "the silver," some as "the gold," some as "the coin," some as "the ready," others as "brass," The French call it "argent," the English "the goodfellow," in Mexico, "cetes," in the South Sea Islands, "the goodfellow," in the East, "tin," in the West, "pigs," in Canada it goes by the name of "paper." Hereabouts it is "short." — *Hudson River Chronicle*.

Prof. Nichols has proved, beyond dispute, that disease in summer is frequently caused by the impurity of the ice used. Among the valuable conclusions arrived at by the professor, we find: 1. That water is in no degree purified by freezing. 2. That water which is unfit to drink as water, should never be used as ice, for human consumption.

ANGEL OF DEATH.—Spiritualists can smile at the approach of the angel of death, for it is to them a birth into joy. A day after death they are to pass from the old body to a new; they can meet the change with rejoicing, knowing that just before them lies a land of usefulness that will yield pleasure to the faithful soul. — *John Murray, in the Olive Branch*.

A little girl asked her mother, "What kind of a bear is a consecrated cross-eyed bear?" The mother replied that she had never heard of such an animal; the child insisted that they sang about it at the Sunday school. "No," said the mother, "it is a consecrated cross-eyed bear."

A five-year-old boy heard the Bible story of Samson a few Sunday evenings ago for the first time. He was much impressed with the efficiency of the weapon which Samson used in one of his hand-to-hand conflicts with the Philistines. A day or two later, his mother, just before getting into a carriage, was attempting to break a piece of candy which she had promised to divide between the little lad and his brother. The candy was tough and resisted her efforts. In this emergency the smaller boy looked up at the coachman, and said: "Say, James, you have not got the jaw-bone of an ass about you, have you?"

The Made Defence-Fund.

It will be seen by the subjoined list that money still continues to come in—as it should—from various parts of the country to swell the aggregate for the worthy purpose of defending Dr. Slade against the persecutions and prosecutions of his scientific-theologic enemies in England. We are glad to see that the Spiritualists of the United States are waking up to the importance of defending their mediums.

Amount previously acknowledged. \$1,761.78

Received since our last issue:

Friend,	1.00
James Holland, No. Brookfield, Mass.,	1.00
A. J. Van Duzer, Wilmington, Del.,	1.00
M. S. Barnett, Keenah, Wis.,	.85
J. J. Lamb, Cairo, Ill.,	.50
J. G. Marshall, La Cygne, Kan.,	1.00
Henry S. St. Louis, Mo.,	1.00
Friend, Medford, Mass.,	10.00
J. J. Miller, Millerstown, Mo.,	2.00
"Heliopolis," Petaluma, Cal.,	5.00
W. V. Thompson, Pleasantville, Pa.,	2.00
Student, N. Y. City,	.50
B. Chadsey, Rushville, Ill.,	1.00
Hellen A. Haddock, Louisville, Ky.,	1.00
F. A. Grove, M. D., Kirksville, Mo.,	2.00
J. A. Johnson, Warren, R. I.,	2.00
J. Bisby, Hamilton, Ont.,	5.00
D. P. Marcey, S. W. Harbor, Me.,	1.00
M. and C. Graham, Cincinnati, Ohio,	1.00
Jonathan Hatch, Easton, Me.,	2.00
"Pills," (J. J.) Bingham Cañon, U. Ter.,	1.25
Mrs. Nellie Judd,	1.25
W. P. McKewen,	1.00
G. P. Trumbull,	.50
Geo. S. Smith,	.50
John Hogan,	.50
J. K. Wood, Ocmowoc, Wis.,	1.00
Irvin Camp, Erie, Pa.,	1.00
D. P. Bryant, Harbor Creek, Pa.,	1.00
Oliver Spofford, Erie, Pa.,	1.00
Hugh Jones,	2.00
E. D. Grannis, Clinton, N. Y.,	1.00
Addison Kelley, Kelley's Island, Ohio,	2.00
Mrs. E. R. Huntington, Kelley's Island, Ohio,	2.00
J. W. Hyde Park, Mass.,	1.00
Friend,	2.00
Howard Frank, W. Bangor, N. Y.,	1.00
Mary Wood, Live Oak, Fla.,	1.50
Mrs. Asa Hall, Deerp, Mass.,	1.00
A. Lindsay, Laconia, N. H.,	1.00
H. T. Gates, New Worcester, Mass.,	1.00
J. S. Carter, San Bernardino, Cal.,	2.50
A Lady Friend, San Bernardino, Cal.,	5.00
G. Linn,	.50
E. M. Wallace,	.50
Mrs. A. B. Avery, Corinth,	1.00
W. B. Harriman, Georgetown, Mass.,	1.00
L. H. Bree, Worcester, Vt.,	.60
S. A. Morse, Philadelphia, Pa.,	2.00
O. T. Houghton, Bakersfield, Vt.,	1.00
B. Wolf, Mt. Union, Pa.,	1.00

New Publications.

THE NATIONAL ODE—the Memorial Freedom Poem, by Hayard Taylor—is the well-known and widely-admired centennial contribution of this distinguished author to the commemorative services of the year in the Great Exhibition Building at Philadelphia. It was delivered by its author himself to the vast assemblage gathered there on the Fourth of July, and since then has been honored with a translation into several languages. There were too many pictures scattered up and down the winding current of its text to escape the attention of the capable artist, and the enterprising publishers, Wm. F. Gill & Co., of this city, have concentrated their effort in bringing the work of both artist and author into a most happy and permanent union in the present elegant volume. The illustrations are in truth profuse, and there is such an air of alternately of realism and dreaminess about them that one scarcely knows whether the text was produced to illustrate the drawing, or the latter to illustrate the former. The names of the several artists, among whom are many of the highest distinction, are appended to the list of their productions. We can say not less of this timely volume, so perfectly suitable for a holiday gift in Centennial Year, than that it is an exquisite in mechanical finish as it is vigorous and happy in its conception, successful in its execution, and artistic in its illustration.

THE MISSION OF BLACK BIBLE, is another of Elijah Kellogg's "Forest Glen Series," which is of course ornamented with numerous striking cuts. The story is one of strong lights and shadows. It is told in a stormy period of time, and professes to be a life-picture of the character and circumstances of men and women who deliberately entered on a struggle in which life was at stake. The lessons it teaches are those of stern endurance, sincere piety, and noble sacrifice. It is an Indian story, and the boys will not like it. Published by Lee & Shepard.

THOUGHTS ON THE LIFE OF JESUS, a Book for the Times, is the title of a very neat and handy little book, received from George Robertson, Melbourne, Australia, who brings it out in three different cities of that distant quarter of the world. The Preface leads the reader to the contents through appropriate quotations from many advanced and liberal thinkers. There are numerous fresh and invigorating thoughts to be found within these covers, all of which show that the human mind is best with the same activity in all quarters of the globe. The style of the volume is highly commendable.

HIS YOUNG WIFE, is a new novel by Julie P. Smith, whose "Courtship and Farming" was recently received with such favor. It is a bulky volume, and promises entertaining reading for a good many evenings. While the narrative is rapid and easy, the dialogue sparkling, and the whole story spirited and full of movement, there is hardly any strikingly new and positive character in the circle it portrays. The plot is sufficiently ingenious, but the machinery is old. Yet the authors works off a fine tale which will find a large number of delighted readers. Many of her expressions are free enough to be admitted at once into the list of originals. New York: Geo. W. Carleton & Co. For sale by Lockwood, Brooks & Co., Boston.

JOHN BILLINGS'S FARMER'S ALPHABET for 1877 (published by Carleton & Co., New York) comes from the same Boston dealers, decorated with its quaint and amusing designs, and still more with its very "plummy" sayings, which Billings terms philosophy. There are many thousands who like this annual, and of course will buy and read the present one.

JOHN MARIAL is a novel by Maria Darrington Deslonde, author of "The Miller of Silcott Mill" and other romances, which one has got to read for him or herself to get a proper idea of. It runs through fifty-nine chapters, and the heading of every one is a quotation. We cannot ourselves pass on the merits of this story, from the fact that we have not read it; but we have seen it well spoken of, as one of a most attractive and popular character. It is published in very handsome style, at \$1.75, by G. W. Carleton, and may be found on the counter of Lockwood, Brooks & Co., of this city.

LION JACK is a story for boys and girls by no one else but W. T. Barnum. It tells of startling adventures among wild men and of the chasing and capturing of wild beasts, thus showing how menageries are made up. The young folks who crowd every year to see Barnum's great shows will be no less eager to ask for this book of his. All that he writes about in this book interests the boys personally; the countries visited, the animals captured, the boys and girls who have grown to be men and women in his employ, and the mode of conducting shows and exhibitions. There are a dozen full-page illustrations with the story, and it is got up altogether in splendid style and will meet with a great sale. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York.

THE JEALOUS WIFE is a love story by Miss Julia Pardoe, whose numerous other stories have won for her writer a large popularity. It sparkles with originality, and is permeated with a real and full of life and full of variety, and the dialogue is full of wit and humor as the narrative and description glow with color. Published in paper covers for seventy-five cents, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

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