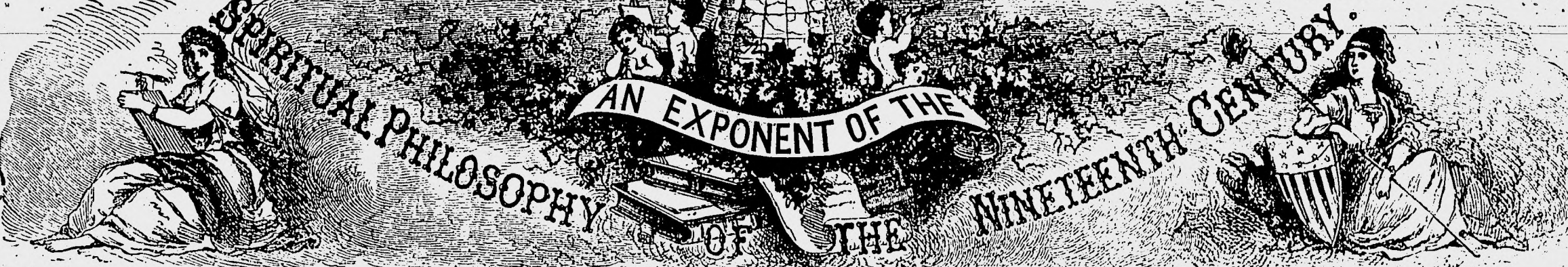


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## The "Poet of the People."

### WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

A Lecture Delivered in Music Hall, Boston, Sunday Afternoon, Jan. 4th, 1874, by  
GERALD MASSEY.

I begin with my own facts, because they are more to me than anybody else's facts received on hearsay. Indeed, if I had not known certain things were true and real, I think I never could have believed them at second-hand, no matter what the amount of testimony might be. I may say with Horatio, "Before my God I might not this believe, without the sensible and true avouch of mine own eyes and ears." Dear me! how I doubted, and doubted in presence of the phenomenon itself! In truth, it seems to me that I only arrived at belief by doubting and doubting until I doubted my doubts. I seek it stated that Prof. Agassiz saw at one single glance the whole thing as an imposture. It took a great wrench to lift me out of the old ruts of thinking. I did not reach my present conclusions for years.

It has been remarked on as an oversight of Shakespeare's, that he should have shown the great skeptic, Hamlet, as positively doubting the continued existence of the soul, just after it had been revealed and demonstrated to him by the spirit of his own father, who came to prove his own identity by word of mouth and to unfold the secrets of both worlds. My own experience leads me to look on this not as an oversight, but as one of the poet's profoundest insights. He knew how hard it is for many to accept those facts of the spiritual, even though—as was said of old—even though "one came from the dead." The only facts I shall make use of are those that I recorded just as they occurred. I will answer for most of my facts with as much certitude as Mr. Crookes can for his. I speak in all sincerity, meaning exactly what I say, and do not doubt that the truth, truly spoken, will ring true on the conscience of all true souls.

Some two-and-twenty years ago I was invited to see a young clairvoyante read without the use of the eyes. So little did I know of the subject, that when I was asked to hold the eyelids down, whilst she read, I left my fingers as far apart as possible, so that she might see through them if she liked. I did not wish to prevent her reading. Possibly my intended kindness told in my favor, for that clairvoyante became my wife, and her first consciousness of meeting me, I found afterwards, was when she was in the magnetic trance. I was indignant at the treatment and the torture to which I thought she was subjected to gratify people's curiosity, and it ended in our running away from it. I afterwards found that this reading by some abnormal vision was a fact, however unbelievable. She had manifested the power from nine years of age. I have seen her read so hundreds of times, and convince hundreds of people, including men like Brewster, Hallowell, late Earl of Carlisle, and the present Duke of Argyll and Bishop of Winchester. Many persons were prepared for the phenomena of Spiritualism by what they saw of her clairvoyance.

The speaker then detailed at some length the various methods which himself and others had taken to prevent the lady from reading in this manner, and the uniform failure of such plans, and specified several instances of the remarkable clairvoyant powers possessed by her, which in time broadened to the shores of a wider development in mediumship, and then proceeded in touching language to refer to his departed daughter and the sickness of his wife:

The loss of a peculiarly dear little child had preyed on the mother's mind. "This was our 'wee white rose of all the world.' Also the brain had been injured in childhood by ignorant persons. Indeed, a spirit once said to me, 'She is one of those who receive the mortal wound before birth!'"

I take it that was a part of the conditions. The partition which divided one kind of consciousness from another was very thin—the mind would waver at times. I am satisfied, though, that a great deal of supposed insanity is only a disordered kind of somnambulism, as will be seen when the subject comes to be treated from the spiritual side. You may remember what Charles Lamb says of his poor sister's brilliant, witty talk: when her mind wandered, as we say, it was incomparably better than that of most sane people. When the aberration became most apparent, if I could only induce the magnetic trance I found there was no such thing as insanity of soul, however the brain-consciousness might be arrested. There was serenity and clearness in the depths of the spirit-life, while the troubled life of the brain ran on a river of oblivion above; so that I saw how in madness, idiocy, under chloroform or in infancy, the spirit that is eclipsed for the time being and shut in darkly from us may have its lucidity and be fed with light from that spirit-world to which it is united, with which it communicates through life, and into which we pass in death with an internal waking.

I am bound to admit there were times when I could not mesmerize, that the mind has been righted again in response to prayer. You see I did not know there was any natural law opposed to such a possibility, and no doubt was very much in earnest. Our knowledge and recognition of the impossible is often just the thing that prevents the possible.

In the year 1853 this mental illness took a bad turn. For seven days and nights it had been permanent. Doctors insisted that I must put her away. Hitherto I had held out against them, for it seemed to me that I knew so much more of the case than they did.

But now I wavered. I could not get her mesmerized, to consult her. One Sunday night I held a consultation with the Doctors. They insisted on her removal. I said I would decide next morning. I got to bed about 11 o'clock, having given my wife some medicine; put out the light, and lay down beside her. She was still violent, but, in spite of that, I heard a strange noise at the foot of the bed. At first I thought it must be her feet pushing the hot-water bottle against the foot-board of the bedstead. At length the noise arrested her attention, and she blamed me for not keeping my feet still. I told her it was not me. This seemed to steady her mind somewhat in a listening and fearful attitude. The noise again began, and increased. I got a light and removed the hot-water bottle. The sounds still went on. My wife drew up her feet instinctively from the bed-foot—for, by this time, the sound was partly as though a rat were gnawing the mattress, with an occasional sound as of a dog's tail whisking the foot-board. I thought perhaps one of the dogs was in the room—no, I did not think so; I tried to feel that it might be so. My wife insisted that one of the dogs was in the room. We called, and I got out of bed to look. There was no dog—nothing to account for the noise. I turned up the bed and mattress at the foot to search. There was no explanation there. I returned to bed again. The noise began anew—a scratching, scrabbling sound on the board, with an occasional slight rap, in which the sound culminated, or made itself out more perfectly. My wife screamed that she could not stand it, and would not lie in the bed any longer. I tried to quiet her—for the sounds were quite enough for me to attend to. I bore it for some twenty minutes after being convinced that it was produced by neither of us. Once indeed, I wondered whether it was possible for thieves to be in the room underneath with an electric battery, trying to occupy our attention by shaking our bedstead electrically while they robbed the room. I invented all sorts of natural or unnatural explanations. The sounds continued. Then I called the servant, to see what effect the sounds would have on another person—not a poet, but of cool and unimpaired temperament. I did not tell her why I had called her. She thought it was because her mistress was worse. She sat down and leaned beside the bed. The sounds came again louder and clearer. She passed through a similar stage of wonderment, looked at me, as she said afterwards, to see if I were frightened, and, finding I was not, she did not see why she should be; and so she did not bolt and leave me.

The servant's mother was then called; but the fact produced no effect upon the continuance of the sounds. Mr. Massey was by this time convinced that they proceeded from some other source than a mortal one, but could not seem to attach them, on account of their groveling nature, with spirits according to his conception of such beings. If a spirit were making these noises, he thought it must be one of a low kind, and therefore mentally bad; it became several times, but to no effect.

Finally the spirits rapped, and he, by requesting them to give three taps for yes, obtained from them the information that his daughter Marian and his wife's mother were present, though the visible, and had come to help his wife's head. Strong physical phenomena supervened, the bedstead being rocked, and the feet of Mr. Massey being "heaved up with force." After which he says:

My wife, who had leaned back, now rose up white and rigid and straight as a corpse might rise from a coffin, with the fixed, staring eyes, not yet able to pierce the grave-gloom, but bursting through it. When quite upright, the face lighted! She leaned a little forward, looking over the bed-foot, and in a weird, intense whisper said, with an ineffable smile, "Mother, Marian!" and then sank gently back on my arm, and soon lay breathing softly, with two tears stealing out of her closed eye-lids. Spiritual presences, apparently recognizable to her as persons, had succeeded in putting her into the trance condition. In this state, consciousness began where it left off a week before; all was a blank between, as was shown by her first question. Of what we had passed through that night, she knew nothing. The noises began again. "Oh, what's that?" she said. I told her what had occurred. We continued the conversation a long time that night. The upshot of the communication was this: I was not to put her away on the morrow, though she would be worse than she had been yet, and on the following Sunday night she would be permanently better. And at ten minutes to twelve o'clock on that night week she was comparatively well. Thus in all likelihood, she was saved from spending some years in a madhouse. That purported to be the object of what I now consider the spiritual world audibly breaking through, to communicate intelligently with me; proving, in doing so, that invisible beings could see us, hear us, talk with us, help us.

From that time forward he had plenty of proofs

of the possibility of spirit communication, among them being the raps carried to a greater perfection of telegraphic signification—a species of planchette, and the visions and descriptions by his wife. Among other remarkable things given him, was a written communication relating to Müller, the railway carriage murderer, who was captured on this side of the water, and was undergoing his trial, said communication citing facts to show that he was not fully responsible for the homicide. On the strength of this, the speaker sent a communication to the London press calling attention to these circumstances, but, as it happened, it was published in only one of the papers, the News, but the writer did not learn of its appearance until long afterwards. However, Müller was found guilty and hanged, and after his death came to them in spirit, and thanked the lecturer for the pains he had taken to save "his poor neck."

The aid which the speaker had received from the invisibles in unraveling the mystery attaching to Shakespeare's sonnets—through the mazes of which neither the medium or Mr. M. had any intellectual clue—was to him simply wonderful, and to it he bore willing testimony. He had frequently in pursuing the work been referred by the spirit to books, thoroughly unknown to the medium or himself, and on searching up the volumes, had found therein the corroborating proof promised.

The speaker then related a story concerning his experiences at a new residence whither he had just removed—said narrative being of a nature akin to the various "haunted houses," the stories of which, so frequently of late have filled the columns of the secular press. Before the passing away to the spirit-side of his wife, he formed an agreement with her that raps should be made upon the clock, where none had sounded before, and subsequent to her decease raps were heard in abundance. On his first sitting with the medium, Home, a spirit took possession, purporting to be his wife, and said: "Oh, Gerald, when I turned on my left side to pass that night, and had got through, I could not believe it. I kept on talking, and thought you had gone suddenly deaf, as I could not hear you answer me." That was exactly what had occurred: with me on this side of death. I kept on talking and she did not hear. I have no doubt that that truly represents the continuity of consciousness in death. There is no death. There is no break—no cessation of motion: it is like the top when we say it stops—that seems to stand still when it spins perfectly.

It is not my purpose merely to tell you a wonderful story, or I might have filled my lecture with personal details. But I would rather set people's brains at work inside the skull, than see their hair standing on end outside of it. Since my first gropings in the darkness of this subject, light has dawned on me more and more, and the facts have gone on unfolding their meanings until the presence of the spiritual world is to me as real as that of the natural world: the unfeigned darkness has unveiled a living face. I have felt the touch of spirit-hands with nobody within seven yards of me, and have had my own hand impelled to write messages without any volition of mine.

Standing on this side of my facts, how should I care to argue with those who stand on the other to assert they can't be true? Where is the use of arguing, when sheer ignorance of the subject is to be the base of our opponent's reasoning, and his fundamental assumptions are false, which are: that he sufficiently divines the relationships of mind and matter in the life which is known, so as to say that these things are impossible to their relationship in a life that is to him unknown?

Sergeant Cox will tell you that this sort of abnormal action implies a new force in Nature: he calls it "Psychic Force." But our "Psychic Force" friends do but touch physically the veriest fringe of the phenomena. They have but made a study of one ripple, registered on the sand by the great ocean that is out of sight.

I know that Mr. Crookes has seen a thousand-fold more than he can scientifically demonstrate to others. If the force be spiritual, as we contend, it follows that physical science can only deal with that registered record in the sand of the ripple passed away.

The speaker then paid his respects to Dr. Carpenter and the "unconscious cerebration" theory, giving the subject caustic treatment: cited the fact that the mesmeric phenomena, once ignored by the scientist, were now brought forward to explain away those of Spiritualism, and said: But it is too late. Our scientific opponents.

"Like the blindest chariot-wheelers, are first still to be near, but never to be first."

When a medium goes into the trance condition now, we presume it to be under spirit-influence. A spirit is the magnetizer. You will find, by the Bible, that this is an ancient form of mesmerism. "Where is the angel Uriel," says Esdras, "the angel who came to me at the first?" for he hath caused me to fall into many trances. And as I was speaking these words, behold, he came unto me, and looked upon me, and, lo! I lay as one that had been dead! At other times the hand is used in this spiritual process, as it might be in magnetism. The hand of the Lord, that is, of some spiritual presence, came upon the head of the seer, Elisha, and he saw and prophesied.

When the fact of the power of the mesmerist over his subject was called to mind, we could see what a vista of possibilities—seemingly limited only by the communicating power, and the receptivity of the medium—was opened, if we

came to accept as a fact that a spirit, an inhabitant of another world, could become the magnetizer. There was such a thing as "unconscious cerebration" of thought. Half our mental life was passed in the process of this drawing from the wells of the world unknown. But, so far from this "unconscious cerebration" furnishing an argument against Spiritualism, it was one of the most vital proofs of its truth, the brain being shown to be not the cause of action, but merely the agent of the spirit's will. The spirit itself, said the speaker, dwells and lives a life of which, we on the outside catch only the shadows of its motions on the curtain—the lightning of its presence, flashing through its cloud.

Unconscious cerebration is simply an automatic motion of the brain in signifying the wish, or will, of the spiritual consciousness; and the brain is not the cause, but the means, of the external consciousness. Here we may get a glimpse of the spirit's living on, even though the brain becomes unconscious in sleep, feeble with age, decayed by disease, or destroyed by death—the sun shining on after it has set, and gathered to itself the rays that once illumined and warmed the world of sense. His experience was like living in a kind of half-way house, having windows in it, through which one could look into two worlds. We did not know our own mental life anywhere as beginning, but only as becoming. There was an undredged ocean in our mental world which had no bottom. Deep as we might plumb, we could not sound it. There is illimitable continuity. It was because the mere physicists failed to appreciate the world of spiritual causes that they had no beginning, no origin for phenomena; they tried to commence with the atom which had no existence as a postulate, and ignored the subtler phenomena which preceded such supposed atom. Plato was right when he proclaimed that man was a plant not of earth, but of heaven; as the tree which drew by its leaves from sun and dew the power to send down its roots into the earth, so man, rooted for awhile in the natural, drew from the spiritual world his true soul sustenance—he existing at the same time a denizen of the two worlds, which blended in his being, and between which he was the only division.

Spiritualism claims to have established objective communication with this veritable world of being, which had been subjectively whittled away to a vanishing point by Metaphysics and Theology. Through our magnetic mediums it used to murmur strange things to us—like one talking in a dream. But now we can get at it, as it were, in the waking state, and know the force behind the veil of matter in a mental form as Intelligence, Affection, and Will.

It is difficult to demonstrate to those physicists—who are the only fossil specimens on earth, I think, of the petrified soul—that we are living spirits; difficult to prove the existence and presence of spirits, outside of us to those who have not realized a spirit within us. Still, it is impossible to fully discuss natural laws apart from spiritual causes: the two are indissolubly bound up together. You cannot treat the natural by ignoring the spiritual; you cannot isolate the most material man, like a metal in a non-conductor, so as to be sure the spiritual world is not brought to bear in the production of certain phenomena. In man it is with the natural and the spiritual as the Hindus say of the melon: you can hold a melon in one hand which contains seven handfuls of seed. And such is the spiritual relationship here to the natural facts.

I think it is greatly owing to our dim and distant conception of a spirit-world that it seems so impossible for our spirit-friends to be near us and to communicate with us. Our ideas have been so limited to the more visible relations of time and space. Metaphysics have so disputed all spiritual reality. And then, What? spirit? we say or think, trying to feel the texture of it, as if to see how much it would sell for, and mentally figure it forth from the sense-perceptions, and realize it in a material form. We conceive of spirit as attenuated matter, forgetting that no attenuation of matter will ever arrive at spirit. In doing thus, we are somewhat like those English people who, when in a foreign land, seem to fancy the more they make their own language un-English, the more it must be like the language spoken there! The only starting-point, I think, is this: We are spirits here and now; spirits in a material form, but not, spirits because of this shape.

And in trying to conceive of spirits out of the present body, I don't think we can do better than remember what constitutes us as spirits in the body, which is this: a man's real, spiritual self is his will and his affections personified. Take a man's love, for example; you cannot know that by weight, or texture, or material presence; you can only know it by its own manifestations. Yet love is a real existence, whether it embody itself to us or not, and where it may not manifest itself to us publicly, will do so by many secret ways. Or take the will of man, or, better still, the will of woman. We cannot see it in itself;

can only know it by its signs. But this love and this will are the very being that lives on as the crystallized, immortal self called a spirit; not likely to be commonly visible to us in the sense, though very real and quite near to us still. In fact, nearness would be the most natural manifestation of love directed by will in whatever state of existence it found itself.

I prefer, then, to think of spirits as human affections more distinctly personified, increasing in their power as they increase in the intensity of their life, just as I prefer to think of God as "our Father" to all chemical ministrations of His nature, or metaphysical mysteries of His attributes. We know this Will, this Love, will find another fitting form of embodiment, because they have proved it to us again and again, and are always ready to prove it by the still coming back to us and demonstrating the continuity of the love in person; not only influencing us in the secret places of the soul, but with a presence palpable to the commonest senses.

Thousands ignore the spiritual world because, as they think, it is so far off—out of sight with them being out of mind. But once in presence of our facts, and fully possessed by them, you cannot adopt the ostrich policy, and try to get rid of the other world by sticking your head in any sand-hole of this!

You lose the power to self-delude. With shallow forms of faith, believe!

Let men but truly realize that the better angels of themselves, whether in the shape of a loving wife, or mother, or child gone before, can see them still, are with them still, and try to get nearer to them than ever they could in this life, that they look to their sins and failings, their worldliness, smugness, with rebuking eyes, divinely grave, filled with their larger, purer love, and they must take thought and strive not to turn them away when they seek to draw nearer their mission of comfort and errand of love; they would try not to do that which would make them sell their eyes in anguish. They could not continue the life of selfishness that darkens round their souls like the black cloud of the ink-fish, and rises up between them and their darlings, to smother their innermost brightness, and put them out as the darkest midnight may put out the stars!

You dare not finger thoughtless-ly in the palace or the hovel of sin if you felt the spirit-touch upon your shoulder, of the whisper at your ear of a voice you know. "I'm glad my poor dead mother does not know what I have come to," says some wretched outcast who thinks the ache was all over for her when the grave-soil covered up the bowed frame and broken heart from human sight. But my friend! she does know, and sees more than ever, and suffers with the strength of a thousand dead breaks for that miserable but dearly-loved daughter!

You may remember the wreck of a large steam vessel some years ago, called the "Central America." She had about five hundred people on board, the greater portion of whom were returned miners from California. They were coming home from El Dorado, bringing their treasures with them. They had sailed terribly to accumulate their wealth, and now they were going to invest it and live sumptuously and dwell at their ease.

Often and often their eyes turned to the bags of gold dust, with a golden sparkle of delight. But, says the account, as the storm continued, the gold was less and less thought of; and when it became evident that they might at any moment go to the bottom, men pulled off their belts of treasure, and opened their bags of gold, and scattered their riches on the cabin floors, telling those who liked to take it, for aught they cared. Full purses containing two thousand dollars were lying untouched on sofas. Carpet-bags were opened by their owners, and the shining stream poured forth on the floors. One passenger opened a bag, and dashed about the cabin twenty thousand dollars in gold dust, and told any one who wanted to gratify his greed to take it; but it was left untouched as the veriest dross. A little while before, he would have struck down any man who had dared to touch a single grain of it! The other world had looked closely into their faces, and greatly changed the relative value of things. In its immediate presence, the glittering hoards were the veriest trash, and unobtainable from the other dust of earth. When the ship was fast sinking a big was destroyed, and boat after boat put off to save the women and the children. These were all that could be rescued. Fathers parted from their children, husbands parted from their wives, with a resolute resignation. They saw the women and the little ones push off in the boats; there were no boats for them. Nevertheless, not one of these rough gold-diggers rushed to snatch at the last chance for saving himself. All selfishness had died out of them with the other world in presence. Each heart knew its own bitterness—each was busy with its own peculiar sorrow. A last look at the boats vanishing forever in the distance—a last silent prayer to God above, but no sign of selfishness was seen or heard, with death within arm's length of them and staring close into their faces. As the last boat put off with its precious freight, the ship went down, head-first, to the bottom; those hardy, bronzed fellows had first touched bottom, and in that trying time their manhood rang heroically true.

I think that Spiritualism must have partly such an effect upon those whom it really and truly lays arresting hands on, for the other world to look across into their face. Surely if the other world once demonstrates its immediate presence in life as well as in death, the result must be living and life-long—once brought home to us in

[Concluded on eighth page.]







after this pyramid was built. He wants to talk to you. The top of the morning to you, Jamile!"

A change, owing to inharmonious conditions, the entrance is spasmodic. How the Arabs stare! It is difficult to keep them at a distance! But listen—another spirit has taken possession. What dignity in the attitude! and what a deep-toned voice:

"Traveler, you stand now upon the summit of one of the world's wonders—a mountain of stone rising from trackless sands. I once lived under these skies, and wore a mortal body. The same majestic river, rolled through the valley, but winds, storms, shifting sands and maddened convulsions have changed all else. This pyramid, upon which I often gazed, was even then more a matter of tradition than history. It must have received its final cap stone full six thousand years since. Our time was measured by ruling dynasties. My years on earth seem now like a half-forgotten dream. Story words have faded; Ishak have risen from the ocean; continents have disappeared; thronged cities have perished; conquering kings have been born, ruled, died, and been forgotten; but this Titanic monument of the desert still stands in stately solitude. And yet nothing earthly is immortal; this piled pile of composite, of granite and of porphyry is slowly, surely crumbling. Only the undying soul, the templed pyramid of divinity within, is eternal. See, then, oh stranger and pilgrim, that every thought, deed, act—each a living stone, placed in the spiritual temple you are constructing—is polished and fitted to its place with the master's mark."

But you wish to know the purpose of this, the oldest of the pyramidal structures. The aim was multiform. Carefully considering the constellations, the position of the North Star, and the shadow cast by the sun at the time of the equinoxes, it was built upon mathematical principles, to the honor of the Sun-God that illumines and fructifies the earth; built for the preservation of public documents and decrees; during wars of invasion, and built as a store-house for grain during famines and devastating floods, with that mystic offer in the center, as an exact measure for the world: A universal system of weights and measures, a universal currency, and a universal government were Utopian theories of the ancients before my period of time. This pyramid was not built by forced toil and at a great sacrifice of life, but by gratuitous contributions, the servants of the steadily doing the manual labor. The seven granary apartments in the structure, with shafts leading from each to the common granary of the center, were called the King's Chamber. These shafts have not yet, to my knowledge, been discovered.

During long rains and terrible floods, ancient Memphis was twice swept away—once even to its walls, with all its inhabitants, in a single night. Convulsions of Nature and terrible floods were then common. Immediately after one of these, this pyramid was commenced, requiring more than a generation to complete. It was completed before the great flood and the wars of the shepherd kings.

Once in my time the water rose and rolled over the very apex of these stones. It rained forty-five consecutive days; and while torrents swept down the Nile valley from the south, heavy winds from the Mediterranean drove the water up the country, piling wave upon wave, till this structure was completely submerged. But, though thus buried in the flooding waters, the treasures and well-filled granaries remained to feed, when the waters subsided, the famishing people who had fled southward to the hilly country. There seems to be less water upon the face of the earth now than then. Liquids are becoming solids, and change in every department of being is doing its destined work. Only pyramids of truth, constructed of immutable principles, are eternal.

Chesopse, the great king of the world, died in Thebes. Embalmed by the priests, he was placed, after a time, in this pyramid, as a mark of honor for having conceived and planned a monument serving as the savior of his subjects. Finally, he was gilded, or doiled—*Rumors the First*; and the Sphinx, that calm, cold, unreadable face, now mutilated by a degenerate people, was designed to hand the outlines of his physiognomy down to posterity. I must leave. Stranger from a foreign country, do well the work appointed you, that, when ashes and sands claim their own, you may be prepared for the fellowship of those ancient spirits of whom you seek counsel.

We have reported this Egyptian spirit's ideas and words as best we could. Take them for what they are worth, making history, hieroglyph, and reason, the empire of decision. Powhatan, the good Indian spirit, came, and, noting the waning away of the aboriginal tribes before a merciless civilization, said they went down like setting stars, to rise into the better conditions of the Morning-Land.

Descending from this dizzy height, we explored the passages and the inner chambers; a description of which, with Heliopolis, Alexandria, the Rosetta Stone, and the trip to Jerusalem, the Dead Sea and the Jordan, shall be forthcoming.

#### SPIRITUALISM IN EGYPT

The Angel of Spiritualism has sounded the resurrection trumpet of a future existence in all lands. Madame Blavatsky, assisted by other brave souls, formed a society of Spiritualists in Cairo about two years since. They have fine writing mediums, and other forms of the manifestations. They hold weekly seances during the winter months. Madame Blavatsky is at present in Odessa, Russia. The lady, whose husband keeps the Oriental Hotel, is a firm Spiritualist. She forwards her name as a subscriber to the Banner of Light. Fired with the missionary spirit, I left a package of pamphlets and tracts in her possession, for gratuitous distribution. "And as ye go, teach," was the ancient command—

Alexandria, Egypt.

#### BEATA MEMORIA.

December 14th, 1873.

BY MARY B. DODGE.

Lo! sorrowing deep, too deep for tears,  
Stands Science, shorn of strength to day;  
Her keen eye paled with brooding tears,  
Her lip blanched with dismay,  
That he, her lover without guile,  
(Oh! that it must be he!)  
Lies prostrate, blinded to her smile—  
Her faithful Agassiz!

Nor yet is only Science grieved—  
Another form of fairer grace,  
With head bowed down as one bereaved,  
Vails, too, her radiant face;  
'Tis Truth, who held him loyal, true,  
Nor spares her pearls to false ones,  
Through mourning not as others do,  
Since clear, beyond the years,  
She sees the rounding of his hope,  
The glory of a patient life,  
That, bound within no narrow scope,  
Is victor in the strife.  
But Science owns no certain faith,  
Like Truth, to make her free;  
'Tis hard to yield, she saith,  
To heaven our Agassiz!

—N. Y. Evening Post.

A mine of Epsom salts has been discovered in Minnesota. The sanitary advantages of this mine to the State have been ascertained in an epitaph taken from a tombstone in a churchyard near England.

Here lies me and my three daughters,  
Brought here by using Sedlitz waters;  
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,  
We wouldn't have been in these here vaults.

## Free Thought.

### WETTERBERG'S "NIGHT THOUGHTS."

VII.

"All things are engaged in writing their history. The air is full of sounds; the sky, of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures; and every object covered with hints, which speak to the intelligent."

Sole was the tenor of my thought, as the light of day had faded into twilight, with Denton's new and interesting book (the second volume of the "Soul of Things") in my hand, which for an hour or two had fascinated me, and with its suggestions had tarried with me in this sort of semi-feverish. This is no uncommon condition for me to be in when the circumstances are right—a sort of atmosphere of the "soul" of, rather than the "body of things." It is an after-work to put the abstractions—if I may so call them—into readable shape; and the quoted lines with which I preface this "Night Thought" came to me as a concrete expression, and I said, "How true!" As it will necessarily give the tone to what I propose to write, let me say, then, in the language of the Professor's book and of the above quotation, I propose to "speak to the intelligent."

If a stone, or a piece of coal, or clay, carries with it its history, and mute matter has its story yet to be read, so that we know to-day more definitely of ancient Egyptian lore than Herodotus did, who gazed on the Pyramids two thousand three hundred years ago, by the better interpretation of hieroglyphs and the lessons of paleontology, we shall—or unborn humanity will—by what the Professor calls the "soul of things," know more of the infancy of matter, or its primordial story, than is now conceived of.

Shall the boulder tell its story to the apt, and the human body not? Shall the gifted take the stone and sense its story, and find it has intelligence and memory; and take the human hand, and not sense that? We all know there are those who can read the latter—if not with exactness, sufficiently so to suggest the possibility; and that is the direction the "soul of things" is now leading my thought. My written letter, anonymous name, lock of hair and dollar enclosure have reported me so truly to myself, that I have said, or felt like saying, as the woman of Samaria did, "Come and see a man that told me all things that ever I did." As the stone carries its history, so the human being carries his, to be sensed when the interpreter appears. *Can bones?* does any one say? We will pause to reply, unless what follows may happen to answer the question.

Very close to this sensitiveness that obtains these impressions by handling the stone or the man, is mind-reading, which to some explains the "spiritual manifestations" without the aid of spirits. Surely, if a man holds a stone and reads its experience, the power psychometric must read also a man, be he ever so mute or "cute"; and, says the doubter, the spiritual test is only the old stone telling its own tales. This "mind-reading" is the last refuge of the honest skeptic; and I own it is very hard to tell where mind-reading ends and spirit communication begins. I am sure there is an invisible, intelligent power that can read our thoughts, but it will not explain Modern Spiritualism. There is so much proof among the "honest seekers after truth" in this connection, that some communications are not mind-reading, that they are obliged to say to this (if you choose) general communicating intelligence, whatever it is, ever claiming to be the living spirit of a once human being. Your affirmation is not disproved by any of the solutions offered by churchman, scientist or skeptic, or any one else.

Saying this much, let us go back to the suggestions arising from this "Thought" of the "soul of things," not merely on the power of telling by handling or sensing the history of our clay, or material composition, in its distant and perhaps ante-human quarries of fish, fowl, flower or stone; but the real man, a sensing of the spirit as well as the matter of man. Is it possible for our secret, unspoken thought to be read? If thought, then wish, then motive; if one, then all. I see the objections and unpleasantness of answering this question in the affirmative; yet affirmatively I think it must be answered. What a revelation, do you say, it would be, if all our thoughts were read as on a printed page? Verily; but we must all follow where truth leads, for all that.

All modern Spiritualists have had more or less proof of intelligent and elaborate as well as categorical answers to mental questions. I freely own I do not like the idea, and wish it were otherwise. A man's house is his castle, but it is more or less open to invasion nevertheless; but as the psychometrist senses the stone's antecedent associations, so must he the associations which have made any man bodily what he is; that is, the sensitive invades the sanctum of the man, at least occasionally in the form, and that seems to be testimony in favor of the fact that the "holy of holies," the presence chamber of the soul, is not secret from the inquisitive spirit. This point is where the thought in connection with the book referred to has brought me, and my own experience, as I have already intimated, corroborates the affirmative position; and the fact that I live in such a glass house has made me cautious how I indulge in air-castles, if they are unmanly or weak, coveting and feeling adapted to higher positions that I would blush to say seriously to my intimate friend. I check myself in my thought sometimes, as I would if I was talking aloud to myself and discovering that I was not alone, and feel a blush, if invisible. So that when I am alone, in the general sense of that word, I feel not only that there may be, but ten to one there are spirit-listeners who may know both what I say and think.

I was lately at a circle (I call up this incident of many, because it is fresh) composed of a few friends; the medium held a slate on end upright with the thumb and finger. As the room was light we could see he had no hand in the manifestation. Just behind the slate lay on the table a pencil—nothing between it and the wall. We were severally requested to ask mentally a question, each in our turn, which we did. The pencil rapped the answer on the back side of the slate, sounding like a telegraphic apparatus, and which the medium apparently translated, and every answer was intelligent, full and adapted definitely to the question; the question generally being repeated audibly afterwards by the questioner, which in every case justifies the above statement. I will now relate my own questions and answers for the sake of illustration. I said (mentally, of course), "Is Mr. B. present?" (I had reason to suppose so from some antec-

dent manifestations). "Yes," was the answer. I then asked, "Is the matter that I am giving so much attention to worth pushing, and with a prospect of success?" "Yes," said the spirit, "by all means push; unless you do we are powerless to aid you." I asked then (I own this question smelt a little of the shop and the late panic, but I wish to be literal as well as truthful), "Will I get a discount at the bank to-morrow?" The spirit did not say simply yes or no, it said, "John, your mind seems to be still on money; yes, you will get the discount."

Now these intelligent answers could not have been uttered except the invisible had an exact knowledge of the several questions, which were not written or uttered aloud. Now let me add a comment or two on the answers; you will see there is something more or less than mind-reading. In reference to the last question, I did not get the discount; I did not ask for any, and I had no idea at the time of asking for any. If there had been mind-reading, and the spirit had had self-respect, it would have said most likely, "Be serious, if you wish an answer." The answer that I got proved two things: 1st, that the question as worded mentally was perfectly understood by the answering spirit; 2d, that spirits are no more infallible than men.

In connection with the foregoing, let me write out another late experience at least it happened within a year. I was sitting in my library one Sunday afternoon, writing; a sudden thought came into my mind that I would do a certain thing; the more I thought of it, the more I pressed I was that it was a duty. I dropped the train of my writing and became absorbed in this late thought, which was to discharge a moral obligation, not a legal one—an expensive one to do. As the cost became accentuated, probably as is human and natural, I began to say, I will not forget it, but now is not the time; gradually it comes to me in a sort of undertone, what I would expect under the same circumstances, supposing a change of cases, and I say to myself, Yes, I will do it at once, and that was finally my determination. Later in the same day I was reading the Banner, and noticed in it that Mrs. Hardy, the medium, would give her last public circle that evening. As soon as I saw that notice, I said, I will go, and it being about the hour, I went at once. Soon among others, comes a spirit who knows me, and said, "John, I think it ought to be done." Says I, "What have you reference to?" "You know," said this spirit friend, "what you were thinking of doing; when you had the papers of the table at home." "Oh," says I, "you were there with me when I was alone, and knew of what I was thinking." "Yes, I was," replied the spirit, "and I want you to do it—it is right." The spirit in the above communication mentioned the name of the party to whom this disposition of mine had reference, which I have omitted. In this connection, it is enough to say, I did it the next day, and it cost me to do it three thousand dollars. I did it no quicker for the request of the spirit. I had made up my mind to do it, and was able to do it. To make this more intelligent to the reader, I ought to say that this was the payment on a bond given by this party in good faith, but unwisely, which was of no benefit to me. I received no money by it; in equity or otherwise owed nothing; done by this party under a misapprehension, and under good management there need have been no loss; the man thought he was doing me a favor, and was the loser by it. He had never hinted to me that a payment would be prompt or acceptable, and the subject had not been in my mind before that afternoon for a year or more.

Some may say this was only a happy thought, that might naturally come to the mind of an honorable man—well, that is true. Some will say that being under the influence of the thought when I went to Mrs. Hardy's, it was perfectly natural for a sensitive medium to be impressed by my thought—well, that is true, too, and possible. The spirit, who was the friend of both of us, may have been present, but there is no proof of it; it might have been somebody else, or nobody at all, a myth of my own creating; all this may be so. But is it not a strain to think so, if one has had proof that the departed can and do at times communicate? I will not argue the point; I am speaking in the words of my text, "to the intelligent."

I am inclined to think that, in my library alone, that spirit friend may have jogged my memory and my conscience. The spirit, even if it had succeeded in getting my attention to the idea, could have affected nothing unless my inclination was in harmony with duty; so I am still to have the credit of doing the duty, as much as if it was spontaneous; and I don't know but it is the same thing—who knows what is spontaneous, and what is not? We do not know how much or how little we are influenced or impelled in everything that we do. One thing is certain: we can be moved only in the line of our biases; if we are moved devilward, it is because we have the devil (figuratively speaking) in us; so every man is responsible for his bad acts, and entitled to the credit of his virtues.

What I have stated in these incidents of my experience will show an intimacy between spirits, or some spirits, and our private affairs; that, in shutting off the "mortal coil," they have not shuffled off their interest in the issues of this life, or the affairs of the world, and are to-day unseen but not unfeeling factors in the grand or small activities of earth.

I have not preached a sermon in this "Night Thought" from Denton's text, the "Soul of Things" only the suggestion that a stone, or a fossil, or anything else carried its history indelibly with it, and had a way of telling it if we knew how to listen, led to the further thought that man's body, or material organization, had the same power of "speaking to the intelligent" otherwise than audibly, and the spirit of man was and must be more open than the body of man, and the freed spirit was the better or perfect "sensitive," who could read more or less all of us, and admitting this, must of necessity be working with, or for, or against us—that is, we are not what we seem, but that we are part of that which is around us and invisible to us. I have in noble a further thought that naturally blossoms from this, and when the conditions are right, I will put it into form, and so, in some "Night Thought," the subject will be Obsession, of which the world is full, and this "Night Thought" will be the porch to that. I do not use the word "obsession" in an offensive sense, but, when elaborated, it may prove to be a form of selfish life, which is so common that this world to-day may be said to be full of it, and it may be equivalent to, or at least an approximation to, Reincarnation, a subject that troubles people some—but if it is Reincarnation, and so look at it, it will appear rational. But I must not steal the thunder of the next "Thought."

## Banner Correspondence.

### Charles H. Foster on his Trip Around the World.

SACRAMENTO.

WEDNESDAY—Lake—Wednesday, Dec. 24. Heavy snow covered the ground, and was still falling. We arrived at Ogden in the morning of the Union Pacific Railroad in time for supper, then left on the Central Railroad, owned entirely by Sacramento and San Francisco. You then miss the comfortable Pullman "sleepers," and have to put up with narrow non-roomy ones instead. Snow-sheds for miles; it seemed as if they would never end; but it not for them we might never have seen the capital of the beautiful building, I mean. Too much cannot be said in its favor; it is grand indeed, built after the pattern of the White House. The State Library in the building is a tempting room. One ought to enjoy the poets there with such pleasant surroundings—the beautiful view of the green city and well laid out grounds with grass as green as May time, and the trees whispering softly in your ear. "We have no winter here, but do our duty all the year."

Seven hundred miles of winter, deep snow—beautiful snow—hanging so gracefully on the evergreen limbs of the pine—then to all so suddenly leave the winter-land and enter into the summer-land—the land of the Sierras that Miller sings so sweetly about—to really see flowers, and feel the warm, balmy, tropical, sensuous air; it seems like a glorious transformation! "Chinamen much improve as we near, the more civilized country. Observing servants, with their clean white overdresses, are so reminded of the houses of the sunny South, which in its prime. Chinamen are quite as curious, with their cheap little houses, where the occupants live on sixpence a day."

Is not this truly a wonderful and mighty power, that, through one man, can, in a few hours, move a whole city? When we arrived—the legislature being in session—but one theme seemed to engross the public's politics; that corrupt science (poor word for it) which seems to demoralize all who become contaminated with it; notwithstanding in two days the tide was successfully turned, and spiritual things and talk of the medium were the excitement and talk of the city. "The morning papers, after their accustomed sneer, concluded to come and see the 'performance.' The next morning they came out in a very candid, fair manner, and acknowledged the truth. The preachers then were 'called upon' to give the editors a little heavenly advice, and, through their inspiration, informed them it was 'all from the devil.' If a few of the divines could only be in this room at present moment, and hear the remarkable evidence that the spiritual world are rolling out to the three prominent gentlemen present, they would in ten minutes have more proof of an after-life than they ever have or ever will get out of their creeds. I could give you page after page of tests given daily, but I know your readers are familiar with them from letters of the past. At the seance now taking place, the gentlemen only wrote the first and last names of the spirits they wished to hear from. But in every disfigure, the medium gave the middle name correctly—showing conclusively that writing the names is only a form simply to let them know in this spirit-land whom they wish to communicate with."

Gold and silver only are in circulation. They have less respect for greenbacks here than in Southern Texas. It seems odd at first to one from the East to see the express collectors and other business men, hugging their treasuries of coin about the streets. Surely currency is much more valuable here.

Saturday we leave the Great State House and the warm-hearted and generous people of Sacramento, and try our fortune down the bay in the city of gold and good things generally.

Have just picked up the San Francisco Evening Post, and to confirm what I have written about Mr. Foster, will quote what it says from a Sacramento correspondent:

LETTER FROM SACRAMENTO. Editor of the Banner of Light. The principal topic of conversation in Sacramento just now, is not the Seaside, Foster, the spiritual test medium, who was in San Francisco some years ago, has his quarters at the Orleans, and is for the moment more talked of than Booth, and spiritualism has overshadowed the question of who shall be Senator.

Mr. Foster has sown some good seeds. We leave them in this baleful clime, believing they will yield an hundred fold.

George C. Bartlett, Sacramento, Orleans Hotel, Dec. 14th, 1873.

#### Dedication of Liberty Hall.

DEAR BANNER—The dedication of the new, pleasant and capacious hall, so generously donated by our good brother, Harvey Lyman, to the Spiritualists and free thinkers of Springfield, took place Thursday, Dec. 11th, and they have now an excellent place of meeting, without the fear that some outside Young Men's Christian Association influence can move them from it.

Liberty Hall, dedicated to free thought, and occupied by "The First Free Religious Society of Springfield," a society formed legally, according to the statutes of the State of Massachusetts, we trust will long stand a monument to testify to the high heart of this liberal donor, and a beacon light to religious liberty in this city of many churches. The busy hands of the ladies of the society, assisted by some of the gentlemen, were so successful in their decorations of wreaths, festoons, mottoes and pictures, that the morning of the day, wet, stormy and disagreeable as it was, outside, opened upon a bower of taste and beauty inside, that was exceedingly refreshing. Through the kindness of a liberal-hearted florist here, a noble free-thinker, whose name unfortunately I cannot call to mind, but who contributes each Sunday an acceptable floral decoration in the shape of a magnificent bouquet, the platform was a garden of tropical ferns and plants, while the table was a nest of exquisitely-basked flowers, centered by a beautiful bouquet, so elegant in its arrangement and grandeur that every pulse felt a thrill of pleasure as it took its place and completely overcame the beauty of the hall. An excellent attendance, in spite of the exceedingly stormy and disagreeable weather outside, testified to the interest of the people in the dedicatory exercises.

The morning hours, from ten to twelve, were fully and interestingly occupied by a dedication poem, for the occasion, written under influence and delivered by Mrs. S. A. Smith of Athol, Mass., who, after starting out into public by me, and who will doubtless become a successful worker in the cause; a short speech, profound in thought, in regard to Formation ex Creation, by Mr. Waite, of Holyoke, Mass., also a young speaker, and one who gives much promise of future usefulness; an exceedingly neat and appropriate Essay, written for the occasion and delivered by Mrs. Ellen Goodell Smith, of Philadelphia, and a few pertinent remarks from Brother and Sister Hale—the session being capped off and grandly closed by the excellent choir, which, I am happy to say, will be a permanent fixture of the meetings. The hearty applause all through the exercises testified to the appreciation of those present. Two hours were then devoted to creature comforts at the hospitable homes of Springfield's whole-souled men and women, and then the time from two to five P. M. saw the hall again filled with an earnest audience. After some splendid music by the choir, and the reading of an inspirational poem by myself, J. M. Peck, followed an excellent dedicatory discourse, interspersed with very interesting descriptions of his Eastern travels, which was

listened to with the closest attention from beginning to close. After more music, I followed with a few remarks upon the necessity of combination against religious intolerance to free thought. After more delicious music, Mrs. N. Nelson, of 551 Washington street, Boston, who with Mrs. M. V. Lincoln, ably represented the "Hub" upon the occasion, was controlled by "Maggie," so well known in her spiritual circles, and addressed Bro. Lyman for a few moments, affecting and earnestly, thanking him and his good wife (who, by the way, is one of humanity's true souls) in the name of the spirit world for the generous donation of the Hall. A short conference followed, seven all adjourned to prepare for the evening activities.

A brief concert, in which we were favored with some exquisite singing, preceded the social dance in the evening. Bro. Peck led off in the first set with Sister Nelson, and "all went merrily as a marriage bell," until twelve o'clock closed both the day and the exercises.

All are grateful to Bro. Lyman, and a good feeling generally prevails in the Society. The first Sunday, November, when spoken in the hall, saw large and most encouraging audiences. Mr. Denton will, of course, be successful this month, and I look with pleasure to my return in January, after my December engagement in Taunton. May many more through the country follow in the generous path marked out by Bro. Lyman and his noble wife, say we all.

N. FRANK WHITE.

Springfield, Mass., Dec. 5th, 1873.

### Mrs. M. S. Townsend and Jennie Leys in Philadelphia.

Our sister, M. S. Townsend, was with us during the first two months of the lecture season, October and November, and truly do we feel that her ministrations have blessed us, falling upon our spirits like the dew of heaven, watering the seeds of love, purity and charity, that they may spring upward and bloom into newness of life and action. Surely should we be thankful for the blessed light and glory of Spiritualism. To be conscientious workers with our Father and the angels, is a holy privilege that we should appreciate and sanctify by the grandest and noblest that we are capable of living, developing the divine principles within and leading humanity into a realization of its own sublime destiny, its nearness to the higher and holier life, where angels stand with helping heart and hand to bear us upward and onward.

Through such teachers and mediums as our sister, does the light beam upon thousands of hearts. May we bless and help them all in the performance of their mission. While we realize that this divine light is shining at the door of every soul, yet these messengers of the angels must lift the clouds that shadow the holier glory above, and thus become appointed angels through which to draw his children nearer unto him.

In the beautiful daily life of our sister we see this nearness to the Father portrayed by her love and charity toward all humanity, and thus are we drawn very near her. The angels of peace and love have descended upon her life, and through the crucible of suffering has she been purified and strengthened in the work given her to do. May she be ever faithful to the holy trust.

During the present month we have listened to the burning eloquence of our brave sister Jennie Leys, who, touched by the blazing warmth of divine love, holds us in silent rapture, while with tender pathos her angel guide points to the mountain peaks whereunto our glorious religion will lead us if we embrace its breadth, depth and height, unfolding all the great needs of suffering humanity within its divine power and majesty.

We must not rest satisfied that the Kingdom of Heaven has been revealed to us, but through these "Gates Ajar" let us help the angels lead the weary and heavy laden, along the shining corridors, and learn of the angelhood of humanity through the "healing of the nations."

May all mediums and Spiritualists cherish most sacredly this high and noble mission, and upon it as a sacred principle, and as the development of natural law. For, our readiness for this free gift from the altar of God's holy temple let us give thanks, and endeavor to prove worthy of the precious charge by dispensing broadcast the blessing it holds for humanity.

J. A. SCHOFIELD.

Philadelphia, Dec. 28th, 1873.

#### An Explanation.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—You write me, that a correspondent wishes to be informed whether the son was present at the seance when the "Spirit Advice of a Mother to Son," published in the Banner of Nov. 22d, was given, and if not, he wishes to know the full particulars. In answer to his queries, I will just repeat that the medium whose hand wrote the advice (Mrs. Burton) lives at No. 111 West 19th Street, New York; that she is a Southern lady of refined education and culture, who never knew the semblance of poverty before the late civil war, after which her family were reduced to such straits to obtain wherewithal to sustain life that it is more than probable she would have succumbed and passed away from sheer deprivation, were it not that ministering angels (whose presence had when in prosperity neglected, or not been aware of) came to her assistance and pointed out a way by which she could earn with her hands and pen a sufficiency to support nature until they could do something better for her. As degrees she became developed into a most remarkable writing as well as speaking medium, to which was superadded still another phase, that of drawing, the walls of her rooms being at this time garnished with many highly interesting paintings, consisting of portraits and groups of human faces, purporting to represent Bible characters, sages and other representative types of various races and nations, some of them of great antiquity.

I began occasionally to hold seances with Mrs. Burton some three years ago. Before she could possibly have known any thing of my ancestry, a communication was addressed to me that purported to come from the spirit of my mother. It was such as I might reasonably expect my mother would have written, had it not been confirmed, as it was, by a signature embracing her Christian name in full and the initial of her maiden name.

Living far away from New York, and being solitary there, I requested Mrs. B. to sit occasionally for spirit communications for me, and send what came to my address by mail. This she has been in the practice of doing for twelve months past, I remunerating her the same as if I were present at the sittings. The "Spirit Advice of a Mother" was received in this way, and transmitted to me with several others obtained at the same seance, from different attending spirits.

If your correspondent has any doubts of its being dictated, as it purports, by a spirit-mother, I would recommend him to call and hold a seance with Mrs. B. herself, when, if his mind is free from captiousness and willful perversity, (which is sure to reflect upon the mind of the medium,) I think what he witnesses in her presence will very much shake if it does not entirely remove his doubts as to its spirit verity.

AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

Louisiana has become the larger cotton State, producing this year 1,200,000 of the 3,000,000 bales raised in all the States. To accomplish this the cultivation of sugar has been largely abandoned.











cannot, and are at the mercy of speculators, they

minut, and live at the mercy of speculators, they do the best they can under the circumstances. For the benefit of speculators it is necessary to keep the food reduced in quantity, so that some will starve and many be pressed to the greatest extremity, and the highest prices extorted from them, as there are no parties so good to speculate in as the necessities of life. We do not propose to stop the feeding or eating of pork, except by education and wisdom, but we do propose that governments take the corn and pay a good price for it and supply it where it is hoarded at cost and transportation, without speculation, and that would be far less than it now costs the consumers and it could and should be thus furnished in abundance, so that none would be obliged to feed on pork, which furnishes a fable or three times the cost per pound a food with thirty-two per cent of nutriment and serofina instead of the pure corn at about seventy per cent. of food.

In this country, where the people make the government, they ought to use it, and we are looking hopefully to the organization of Grangers in the West and laborers in the East to demand and secure this result; but it cannot be done till the wild and visionary schemers and speculators in vague theories are abandoned as leaders, and a more practical system and more practical mind come to the front. "Let us have peace."

[illegible]

**A Healer.**

Mr. Ebrton—Some weeks since I took occasion to bring to the notice of the Banner patron Mr. Cornell Smith, of this city, as a healer on the Christ and Newton plane and plan. I wish now to record some particular cases that I am cognizant of, wherein his curative powers are very remarkable.

### Circles.

Stipend last report the following sums have been received, for which we tender our grateful acknowledgments:

Y. B. Post,	\$2.00	R. G. Blackman,	\$
Urbain Rickford,	2.00	F. J. Tongue,	2.00
W. F. Pope,	2.00	W. C. Love,	2.00
M. W. Haskell,	2.00	J. D. Tompkins,	2.00
Joseph Byrd,	2.00	David Warren,	2.00
W. C. Smith,	2.00	E. Charlotte Smith,	2.00
S. S. Salisbury,	2.00	Marshall S. Pike,	2.00
W. C. Smith,	2.00	W. C. Buchanan,	2.00
F. W. Hetherington,	1.00	R. F. Coddige,	1.00
Mrs. Mary G. Hopkins,	2.00	W. W. Rust,	2.00
W. C. Smith,	2.00	W. C. Smith,	2.00
F. C. W. McManis,	2.00	John Ford,	2.00
M. W. McManis,	2.00	Friedrich Hyson,	1.00
W. C. Pope,	2.00	W. C. Smith,	2.00
Mrs. A. J. Dean,	2.00	A. D. Gahles,	1.00
M. B. Schornbr,	3.00	J. S. J. Pike,	2.00
W. C. Smith,	2.00	W. C. Smith,	2.00
R. S. Gilbert,	1.00	Saml. F. French,	2.00
J. Harvey Pitzer,	2.00	Phoebe Shonh,	2.00
W. C. Smith,	2.00		

A lady of Comens, in this State, told me she had seen her lower limbs had been so paralyzed for nine months; she was wholly unable to use them, but that after a few treatments by Dr. Smith, she could walk nearly if not quite as well as anyone; she was indeed going about the house without any apparent trouble.

Another from Gloversville, who, I think, had for some time been so prostrated she could move about only with much difficulty, told me that she had walked that morning nearly a mile, with ease and comfort, and yet had received from Dr. Smith only a few treatments.

### Western Correspondence.

Tani told that a gentleman from Seoharie, who had been paralyzed for three years and had been given up by several of our most distinguished physicians, was cured by Dr. S. in six weeks, so that he could walk as well as ever.

Several in this town who are Dr. S.'s earnest patrons have been cured by him of long-standing and seemingly incurable complaints.

About a month ago, a very little child fell down stairs, and striking upon an iron pipe, or something of the kind, had a bad wound made in its head, so that for a week or so it remained insensible. Dr. S., being finally called to it, he placed his hand, he says, over the indentation, and the skull rose to its normal position. The little one began at once to be bright again, and is now seemingly well.

G. L. THORSON.

Albany, N. Y.

WHERE THE CORN GOES.—For several months we have been traveling among the vast corn fields (matize) of Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, and exploring the destiny of this most valuable crop, which is raised in these States in almost immeasurable quantities. With the exception of wheat, no article of human food raised in the country equals it in value as a supporter of life. Seventy per cent. of its specific gravity can be appropriated by the human body to its uses, and incorporated into the soul-supporting form of man. It contains no element of eruptive or other disease, and does not contaminate the body it supplies with aliment. Enough is produced in these four and adjoining States to supply abundantly every man, woman and child in the world who needs food, so that not one need go hungry for a single day in the year, if Government would see that supply and demand were balanced, if all parties compensated for labor; for these corn growers need articles produced elsewhere in labor in exchange for the cereals that their soil furnishes in such luxurious abundance.

**Passed to Spirit-Life.**

From Birmingham, Texas, Nov. 21, Mrs. Jane A. Stannard 73 years.

She was a firm believer in the truths of Spiritualism, which cause she had been a zealous and faithful worker to the time of her last sickness. About the 11th of February of last year she was laid up, and her nursing would soon be called to pass over, she made disposal of her earthly property. Her friends thought for a while that she would not survive, but she recovered, and it might do something more for the cause that was so near her heart. For a long time the Angel of Death waited for her, but, came at last and released her from her sufferings.

The biography of this estimable lady, could it be written, would be well worth preserving. She came to Texas in an early day, her husband was one of our country's Colonists. She passed through the dangers and vicissitudes of a frontier life, made a name that was known and respected, and exhibited herself to very many advantages. An incident in her experience as an investigator of New Philosophy is too valuable to be omitted.

In the summer of 1869 she visited New York. Fortunate she obtained sittings with the Misses Fox. Through their mediumship she saw and conversed repeatedly with

should be formed by the people, and used by the people for the benefit of the whole people, not for pressing none and making special favorites of none, unless it were the utterly destitute and parentless children, who might, to the advantage of both parties, be petted by the government. *There is no good reason why the governments should not transport and exchange the products of one nation and people with another.* It would be the best use governments could be put to. Governments should take the surplus crops of all so-

her husband, Judge Shanks, who had passed over two years before, she was long a subject of wonder, and kept as a sacred treasure by those to whom it has been entrusted, she obtained a crayon drawing of the medium, executed by spirit-painters in New York City, and pasted it upon the photograph turned again with the picture by the same invisible agencies. She secured the certificates not only of the mediums, but of some of her other well-known persons who were present in the circle.

Returning to her home "in Texas," she became a firm and ardent believer in the truth of her husband's *remembrance robe* of those who sought for everlastingly to leave the home of mediums and exorcists, and the rallying point of those who believed in progression and immortality. She lived true to the principles of her religion, and even in his last hours, when for a brief moment reason returned, he said to her face to face, "I am confident she should not have loved one of the other side."

tions, and store or move them to the places where they are needed. There is productive power (labor) in every section sufficient to supply every demand of nature, and it should be so directed by the Government as to supply these demands in food and clothes. For what better other use do we need government, except to strain crime? but with this use of government crime would almost cease, for man is not totally depraved, nor "prone to evil as the sparks to upward."

A portion of this corn, enough to feed all the starving portion of the race, is made into wh

It was indeed the purpose of her heart. If she had lived to erect a hall and dedicate it to the cause of Spiritualism, she would have done so. But she was not to be disappointed. In 1916, she was made, in her last will and testament, a liberal donation therefor, which, as appraised as she designed, was enough money to erect a hall to house the memory of Mrs. C. M. G. and to be known as the "C. M. G. Hall." The "C. M. G. Hall" is now a reality. J. S. N.

key and alcohol for drinks, and produces no good, but as nearly three-fourths of the crime "if the world is produced by these intoxicating drinks" this of course adds its share to the crime, and thus worse than lost to the race, but as it is so by the producer for the currency of the country it is not lost to him. To avoid this worse than wasted, we would have the Government prohibit all distillation, except that in the laboratories for chemical and mechanical use, and stop importation also.

Much the largest part of this great cereal crop of these States goes into the swine, where the black devils vent—and they run down human beings and contaminate the bodies, as the hogs

willful and able, to enlighten those who sought her aid. She was a fearless and untiring student, a student of the truth as she conceived it, and a consistent and unearmarked reader of all liberal works. With these moods and noble qualities, when all her prospects and her hopes were brightened, she was called to go, yet was unable to retard her progress by wishing her back, but find consolation in the blessed fact that she now waits in her spiritual home for her dear mother in that glorious realm that shall grow and strengthen with eternity.

From Massillon, Ohio, Dec. 14th, Anna Bailey, a 62 years.

After twenty years he had been an ardent Spiritualist. Before Spiritualism came, he had been a zealous Unitarian, and though he thought it the best there was, still did not quite fit up the measures of his aspirations. He did not feel that he was doing his duty, and he presented its claims and consoling aids. A. T. S. 1871.

From near Akron, Ohio, Oct. 26th, suddenly and with apparent sickness, Mrs. Emily Cushman. In the 73d year of her age.

She was brought up in and embraced Presbyterian Or-

Under the best and most economical progress feeding it takes over three hundred pounds of corn meal to make one hundred pounds of pork, and when made, it has about thirty-two per cent. of material for human food that can be assimilated to the body, carrying into all of the finer and most delicate forms that use it, for scrofula and other eruptive diseases; but stimulates, not like whiskey, it is true, but supplies carbon, and develops the baser passions

dox, until Spiritualism came into her family, when  
could not resist the facts. It dispelled the doubts,  
and sadness which had, so long enveloped her. Her  
later days were full of unfeigned happiness. The fun  
exercises were conducted by Spiritualists.

A. U. SPERLING

From Winsted, Ct., on September morning, 1891  
ble, youngest child of Austin and Margarette Todd, a  
13 months.

This makes the third little cherub they have re-  
given to the keeping of the angels, but these repeated  
and their first faith, in Spirit-Truth in the  
rents resignation until they shall meet them "gr  
falser than the things of earth," on the beautiful beyond

E. ANNE HISMA

{Notice sent us for insertion in this department will  
charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every  
exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty  
lines will be inserted free of charge. Orders

more than the purer and far better corn for  
does. Man does grow like what he feeds  
and no sophistry can subvert the fact. This  
where the food goes: we get this gormandizing  
animal to devour and destroy more than three  
fourths of it, and then reduce the remainder  
less than one-half its intrinsic value, and con-  
tamine it, and then the speculators can get  
transport it, and sell it to more profit and bet-  
ter advantage.

Few farmers would feed their corn to hogs  
they could get its value without; but as the

**Notice.**  
The Vermont State Spiritualist Association will hold next Quarterly Convention at Roxbury, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 14th, 15th and 16th, 1874. All persons will be present. All Friends of the cause, or others, are cordially invited to attend. Per order.  
[CHAS. CRANE, Pres't, Hyde Park.  
[All liberal papers please copy.]

**Quarterly Meeting.**  
The Central N. Y. Association of Spiritualists will hold their next Quarterly Convention in a Joslyn Hall, New York on Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 10th and 11th, 1874, meeting at 1 o'clock p. m. A. E. Simmons and Mrs. J. W. Byrnes are engaged to speak. Per Order, Committee.



## New York Advertisements.

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Positive and Negative

wonderful beyond all precedent. They do no violence to the system, causing no purging, no nauseating, no vomiting, no narcotizing.

The **POSITIVES** are: Neuralgia, Headache, Rheumatism, Pain of all kinds; Diarrhea, Dysentery, Vomiting, Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Worms; all Female Weaknesses and derangements; Erys., Camps, St. Vitus' Dance, Spasms; all high grades of Fever, Small Pox, Measles, Scarlatina, Erysipelas; all Inflammations, acute or chronic; diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Lungs,

[illegible]

**Family Sewing Machine**

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AT THE  
Great Fair of the American Institute  
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**BEAUTY, UTILITY AND STRENGTH  
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**WHAT A HOLIDAY PRESENT,  
From Father or Brother,  
For a Wife or a Daughter,  
A Sister or a Mother!**

Office of "Rural Empire Club,"  
J. W. Briggs, Proprietor,  
WEST MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Oct. 29, 1913.  
BICKWITH SEWING MACHINE COMPANY:  
Gentle:—The Machine has arrived, and has been 12  
rounds and tested in our four families, where there are four  
420 machines; and all agree: "HIT!" The Bickwith is prefer-  
able to *other*, in several *particulars*. These send me two book

It is mislaid or lost. Your truly,  
J. W. BRIDGES, P. M.  
Orders promptly filled on receipt of \$5; the balance  
\$15, on delivery by express.

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New and Second-hand, at Wholesale and Retail.

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 Afflicted by Manipulation and diseases originating in the  
 nervous system, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Head-  
 aches, Paralysis, Dropsy, Secundum Natam, Consumption,  
 and all nervous affections. His Remedies, consisting of  
 the sub. of Waters, Celestial Plants, Concentrated  
 and Orchestral Organs, Illustrated Catalogues,  
 and all the latest and most approved Medical  
 and Surgical Instruments, Chemical Sundries,  
 Lodges, &c.      Price, per Box, 25 Cts.

izing properties, and an especially valuable to those who cannot obtain magnetic treatment. "A" is a preventive against sea-sickness. Persons sending leading symptoms in their own handwriting, can have thorough and reliable Clairvoyant Examination. Office and Depot 27 W. 27th St. New York City. Send for Circular. Low Jan. 1, 1901.

**Fits Cured** The worst cases of longest standing fits cured by using Dr. Hering's **Little's Cure**. A free trial bottle sent to all addresses. J. E. DUBBLE, Druggist, 511 Sixth Ave. N. Y. N. Y. Now! "Bw

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**SARAH E. SOMMERBY**, Trance, Healing and Test Medium, 628 Seventh Avenue, New York City. D-101. 20c

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**A B C OF LIFE.** Price 25 cents; postage 2  
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(2nd floor), Boston, Mass.

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*(Continued from first page.)*

this way, with a continual appeal to our moral consciousness, and a reminder of our spiritual duty. "The spirit world is always trying to influence us, but ordinarily it is like sewing with a knot in the thread that is not felt until it is pulled out. It is like a thread in the fabric of the first time, so that they can hold on and pull, and draw us toward them. For lack of our own facts, the other world has become a fat of country which men traded with of old, but the current of commerce has set in other directions, and it has drifted out of sight, and almost lives in legend alone. There is a greater need of news from it, signs of its existence, than now. It has become so dim and far away as to look like an unexplored region of the horizon, across the dark water of death, which may not be solid land, or dark water, after all, when we try to set foot on it. And that is what we had from it. It is a world as much doubted as any old travelogue of the distant past."

See the marvels whose thoughts are trying to reach that other world by eye-digging and body-snatching, and hopes of a physical resurrection. What matter the shape in which it may prove its existence to us? It is a real presence with us. Shipwrecked people do not usually quarrel with the life-raft sent from the land they seek, even though it come to them in the form of muddy water and a scabbard's wool.

And this tiny, precious tap may be and has been the turning-point in many lives where all other modes of appeal had been resisted. I believe that, as evidence of a future life, one single proof in spiritual manifestation is worth the life of a man, and that the resurrection is the resurrection of all the rest. Immortality is no longer a glorious possibility of a desolate perhaps, it is a positive fact.

Once our immortality has been grasped in this way, as a fact, all other words on the subject, or about it, seem impotent, and are as much superfluous as the words of other years. A man who has once felt the voice of a spirit, once recognized the spirit touch, or been arrested upon a spiritual journey, is in a different position, and far above the pulpit for testing his power to move the world and lift the soul. His has found the fittest medium known.

Spiritualism shows us the right foothold before it gets too dark to see to take the step. We know the right way is soundly before leaving this. Our faith does not only come from death in the last grim moment, at the edge of the grave, but it triumphs the whole life through. Our thoughts have been climbing upward, by palpable means, all along. And with such an infirmity as this faith, shows a man can walk right through the shadow of death, if he will, and turn round with an amused smile as if asking if that were the tremendous danger which has frightened so many poor mortals from ever living.

We cannot say farewell with the old desolate feeling of sadness and uncertainty, who know how surely we are one still in the eyes of God, and how the spiritual relationship lives on and holds good when the hard shipwreck in parting and the temporary tides are not.

What are we to do for the dead? Who have heard the cry of the dead? Is it not a cry for life? Death is no longer a lord of life for us. It is but the attendant shadow of life's presence.

The soul is lifted from the earth's surface. With recognition of our own soul's existence. To reach the immortal, that is the goal. "There is nothing to fear, and no need to wait."

Indeed, they appear in front of the deep scene, after the last act of the drama is over, and the audience is waiting for spiritual gladness.

It is a real revelation which makes you feel at times as if the base of your existence had been renewed on far more satisfactory terms, and placed in your hand visibly by God, and dated forever.

How was this difference between Jesus Christ and his professed followers. He was a living interposer with a living God, a daily converse with heaven, from which he was fed day by day with its dew of healing and waters of life. The others have been collecting and getting stagnant for centuries, but seldom troubled by any descending angel that stirred them into brightness, or brought a breath of freshness, and the waters have become tainted through their muddy mediumship. They have been filtered of their heavenly properties and discolored with earthiness, and dreadfully impregnated with these sulphur springs from below. They have become the drainage of earth and the oozings of hell, rather than a drinking fountain fresh from heaven's giving disease, instead of medicine to it.

Things which have been looked to and clasped as the pillars of heaven itself, and prop and stay of sinking souls on earth, are holding the heavens aloft from us—keeping them aloft, and interfering between us and God by preventing the descent of Heaven itself into the human soul, and hindering the coming of the Kingdom in this life by their very exaltation of it for show purposes, to make us look up to it and aspire to it as something only to be possessed hereafter. They prohibit any further revelation, lest it should not tally with that shut up in the book. They have no vision, no divination, no word from the living God, for living people—no Bread of Life to break up for the famishing souls of men.

The lamp still burns upon their altars; and it did glow service in the dark night of the past, but it confounds in vain with its tiny twinkle against the flood of broad daylight poured direct from Heaven in the world outside.

The life of the "fin and Phummin" has gone out, and its glory has departed. Though worn upon the breast-plate for show, there is no sign of the Divine Presence there. There is not warmth enough at heart to quicken the mystic slanders into life. Nor is it a divine response to the yearning of humanity, eighteen hundred years ago, that will satisfy the yearnings of to-day. We can't live on the manna that fell in the desert to feed the Israelites. However sedulously we may gather up the treasure of past experience, we cannot start in these or in other life-matters just where the wisest and best of all time left off. Every man for himself must live his spiritual life from a kind of primal beginning. He must make out his own belief by such illumination as God gives to his individual soul, and it is by that he must find all other revelation.

We cannot inherit our faith, then, ready made, or perfected to pattern. Those who think most, and live their life at the deepest, will be most perplexed before they can make it out for themselves. Therefore there is a never-ceasing need for revelation and manifestation of spirit-world, and a revelation for all, which gives an anchorage of fact to trust to. Possibly you thought

Spiritualism was the turning and tipping of tables? Spiritualism means just what you have the ability to make of it, when once you have grasped it.

Spiritualism, as I understand it, means a new light of revelation in the world from the other-world source, and you cannot have a new light let in without seeing many old acquaintances with a new face. Many aspects of things will change, and some things that we mistook for living faces will turn into the shrouded masks of mockery, and with the sweat of dissolution running down them. But no letting in of new light will change the nature of that which is eternally true. It is only falsehood that needs to shrink from the transforming touch of light. That needs not shrink and *change* away. Spiritualism, as I interpret it, means a new life in the world, and new life is not born without pain and partings, and sheddings of old decay. But new light and life do not come to impoverish; they come to enrich. Spiritualism will *purge* a *unhappy* *condition*, but the fetters and idols it destroys will yield up their concealed treasure of unmet truth, as did the statue which was destroyed by Mahomet, the image-breaker. The priestly defenders offered him an enormous sum to spare their god, but he resisted the bribe and broke with his iron mare. Down fell the image, and as it broke, there rolled out a river of pent-up wealth which had been hoarded and hidden within it.

And so it will be with Spiritualism and the blows it strikes. It has already proved itself the greatest solvent of dogmas yet known. It is the Truth that sets you free for good as well as evil. It has acted and is acting like Hamlet's vinegar in the most stuporous obstacles of progress, and an imposture cannot do that. It will finally break up many a poor miserable edifice of God to fully reveal the Divinity himself to the unfettered human soul.

## BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

Do not omit the perusal of Mr. Peck's foreign letter on our second page. It is the best of the series yet published. He writes things in English to which they have not been before, and to human knowledge.

Thirty-one persons are known to have left their lives by falling into the river, canal, and docks in and around London during the recent hot days.

One of the saddest sights in this season of the year is a young man who has started outside the door of an evening, and he is found through the door, a dead body, with one hand on his head, and the other on his chest, his head on the floor.

SAINT PETER'S CHURCH, NEW YORK. Mr. Davis, a witness, "Witness, anything, from a needle to an anchor, a teacher."

Mr. Davis, did you ever by any means and piano-forte witness? Yes, and I can say, spiritualism is a fact, and it is not a dream, and it is not a delusion, and it is not a fraud, and it is not a hoax, and it is not a trick, and it is not a game, and it is not a sport, and it is not a pastime, and it is not a diversion, and it is not a recreation, and it is not a amusement, and it is not a entertainment, and it is not a pleasure, and it is not a joy, and it is not a happiness, and it is not a bliss, and it is not a glory, and it is not a triumph, and it is not a victory, and it is not a conquest, and it is not a achievement, and it is not a success, and it is not a fortune, and it is not a wealth, and it is not a power, and it is not a influence, and it is not a authority, and it is not a dominion, and it is not a sovereignty, and it is not a empire, and it is not a kingdom, and it is not a nation, and it is not a world, and it is not a universe, and it is not a creation, and it is not a existence, and it is not a life, and it is not a death, and 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