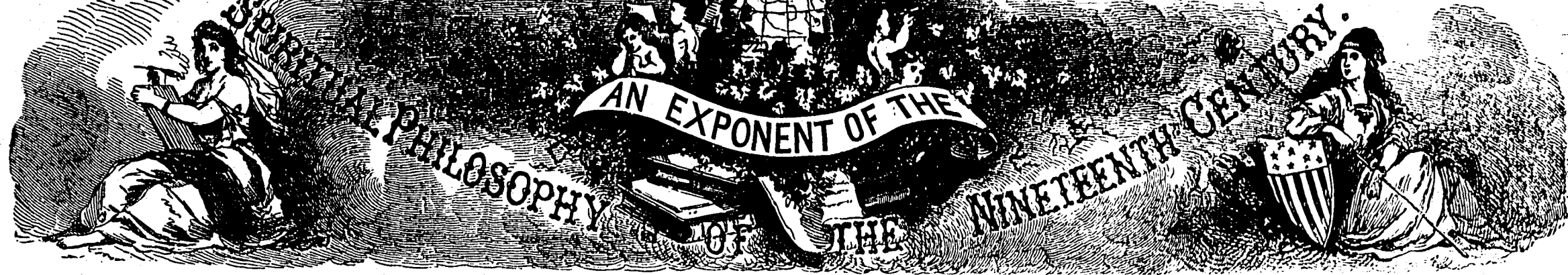


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Spiritualism.

### REVIEW OF THE FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC EXCHANGES OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The brightest of all the continental periodicals, that which in a small space embellishes a large subject, is the little *Messenger* of Liege. Two numbers are before me (Oct. 15th and Nov. 1st), having for their leading feature an admirable dissertation on Christ as the Revelator. The writer has taken up the subject, he says, "especially for the brethren whose labors absorb their entire day, leaving them no time to study this grand question." He starts with the statement that many who are bold in their ignorance, having studied only one of the sides of human knowledge (of which there are many), set themselves up as teachers, and having success with those who have still less knowledge than themselves. "In this order of things, they imitate the English and American Spiritualists, who seek *à la aventure*, without principle (*principe*) or basis, and who, before a new phenomenon of which they have not the key, exert themselves to forge bizarre philosophical systems." After considering that Christ has been regarded only as a man, or as never having existed at all, (see "Dupuis on the Origin of Religions," or as only the continued representative of an Oriental myth (I add a few words to the text but not to the sentiment), the writer continues: "Jesus is the only one that has revealed this grand love that warms forever the heart of man, whilst it was only the head that was affected in the thoughts of such as Confucius, Moses, Socrates, Plato, etc., among whom none resemble Christ. . . . Yes, love alone can unite all; it is the sentiment which Christ has revealed to us; it is indeed the grand word of our destinies and the ideal supreme—the most elevated of moral conceptions—comme la consequence morale la plus élevée. . . . His parables too were touching and noble; his prayers sublime; his instructions, his precepts, his words, illumined by a light the purest that reason could summon, by that which comes from the heart. . . . And Pascal: 'The only religion which at first appeared contrary to common sense, is the only one that has always been.'" The contrast between Moses' teachings and those of Christ are well enunciated: the former as soulless, materialistic (by comparison)—words of a man of the world; while the latter was a breath from the celestial regions. But here comes a new idea emanating in a comparison of Buddha with Christ. Buddha, it is said, was a re-incarnation of Christna, the eighth incarnation of Vishnou. "Buddha was born a thousand years before Jesus; the coincidences in the legendary and miraculous part in the life of these two beings has caused it to be supposed that they were but one and the same historical personage—by re-incarnation this perhaps could be true."

Under the head of "Humbly American" a noted healer and an astrologer are cited as practicing simony; which the *Messenger* very properly denounces. "Our duty," says this journal, "is not only to spread the good news among the masses, but to warn such against these fallacious announcements. Spiritualism on the old continent has not, happily, up to the present time, in the journals which represent it, been called upon to herald such audacious advertisements, audacious as to promised results, so opposed to the good sense of our readers who have the least knowledge of what can be accomplished by magnetism. . . . And the Professor—in this enlightened nineteenth century comes to disinter astrology, this dry fruit of the superstition which flourished in the middle ages," etc. Then the editor becomes not a little facetious as he refers to the bottled magnetism that may be transmitted from place to place (according to these advertisements) for healing purposes. "No, no," he continues, "learned Doctor, one cannot shut up in an envelope, like a cheque, the magnetic healing fluid, to make an eight or fifteen days' voyage over the ocean. It is not this that has been taught by M. Du Potet, Deleuze, and other masters in this art."

None of our exchanges give me so much pleasure, and at the same time dissatisfaction, as the *Illustration Esprit*, of Mexico. Its pages are effulgent with erudition; its lines glow with learned enthusiasm; its *esprit de corps* is magnificent. Thus viewing it there is pleasure; but the discomfort comes when I glance over the contributions of Sr. D. Sierra, of Cordero, of Soler, and many others, and know that they must be passed over as if a sea of glass. "God and Modern Philosophy" is Don Sierra's article in the

November number before me. He begins thus: "During much time a fratricidal war has reigned in the camp of philosophy; the Spiritualists and the Materialists have had memorable combats over the interpretation of those moral and psychological phenomena which are produced in man; both schools claiming as primary and only cause, now the material, now only the soul; afterward, mutual concessions come to complicate the struggle; and at last, only in our days they are satisfied to demonstrate the inutilty of attributing phenomena to entities exclusive that we know only relatively, and of whose real essence we are completely ignorant." A few columns further on, after quoting Mill, Bain, Spencer, &c., he says: "Berkeley has reason then for stating that we know nothing absolutely of the universe, only the ideas that are formed in our intelligence, ideas that no one can guarantee as corresponding with an absolute truth."

The "Study of the History of Dogmas" in the same number of the *Illustracion* is no less interesting than the above-named, but too lengthy—quoting largely from the *Divino Verbo* of the Brahmins—to be available here. "The Future of Spiritualism"; "The March of Progress"; "Sessions with Dr. Slade," translated from the London Spiritualist by Mlle. Flembury; "The Magnetism of the Sight," and a lengthy poem of more than ordinary beauty by Amalia Domingo Y. Soler, are the other more prominent articles. I will venture to give a single pearl, the first verse of the poetic effusion from Andalusia, just named:

"Benditos sean tus consejos!  
Que son los vivos a losijos  
De esa luz invisible luz  
Que venos alla a lo lejos  
En la senda de la cruz."

The sentiment of which is: Blessed be thy counsels, those glad reflections from that exhaustless light we see even now afar, glowing from the cross.

*El Criterio Espiritista*, of Madrid, is the next periodical claiming attention. Its editorial on the "Signs of the Times" promulgates sentiments of grave importance; but I will only give a part of one of its closing paragraphs: "There is no perfection upon the earth; nothing can be thus qualified, neither the individual nor humanity relatively; for this reason we do not expect perfection in our faith; but in the same manner as the former it is indefinitely perfectable, necessarily perfectable; discussing and accepting all the progresses, all the advancements of the rest of the sciences, of philosophy, of history, of the customs of men."

"Social Revolution according to Spiritualism," is an article by Don Navarro Murillo, which in its Emersonian style conveys no little matter for reflection: "Science, art, industry, philosophy, religion—all in their progress ought to inspire to the accomplishment of those beneficent ideals of the social revolution, and all this in concert with natural laws, for we do not know what there may be of the occult in the destiny of the elements. . . . Knowledge of our own selves, and our progress, free and meritorious on one side and an analysis of natural laws on the other, are the two factors which have to give the product of the harmony, collective and universal. . . . Natural laws are a book which contains the secrets of destiny. . . . Nothing has, like Spiritualism, interpreted theoretically and practically the destinies of humanity. . . . Reforming society is reforming ourselves. . . . There is but one religion, that of love; this is all the law." After referring to past ages, to historical monuments, to martyrs in the cause of social harmony, the writer says: "Poor humanity! Ignorant that heaven is about and within our own selves, more than all, within us. . . . Come, let us look at" (the eight-armed cross of) "our present aspirations:

Peace and labor.	Solidaridad.
Love and justice.	Endless progress.
Liberty and order.	Social harmony.
Practical charity.	Universal unity.

These are the arms of the revolution *espiritista*. . . . Do we wish to harmonize the relations of capital and labor, harmonize the laborer and the capitalist, to conquer political liberty, form social groups, etc.? . . . Do we wish rags and pauperism to disappear because dishonorable to the contemporaneous light of civilization? Infiltrate everywhere the Spiritual Philosophy, its splendors will disperse the clouds of errors and egotisms." Another valuable communication, by Viscount Solanot, and a "miscelanea" such as I endeavor to give to the readers of the Banner, close the present number of *El Criterio*.

*Revue Spirite*, journal *D'Etudes Psychologiques*, (Paris, Nov. 1st), has just reached me, and seems full of entertaining matter. "Quid dixerunt: Re-incarnation viewed in the light of Revelation," is its first attractive article: "The mystery of the incarnation of Jesus is dissipated," says the writer. "This re-incarnation is not different from ours. The mover, *mobile*, is alone different from that which brought us. We come to be instructed. He came to teach us. . . . The Jews believed in re-incarnation before the coming of Christ. Thus the prophet Malachi said that Elias would be sent before the coming of the great day of the Eternal One. In Matthew xi: 14, Jesus, speaking of John the Baptist, said, 'If ye will receive my words' (or the prophets), 'for all the prophets and the law prophesied until John'—v. 13—'It is Elias that was to come.' . . . And subsequently he says, in reply to a question, 'Elias has already come.' Jesus himself taught also directly re-incarnation. (John iii: 3.) . . . Jesus affirmed the individuality of the soul, and designated perfectly that which should be re-born from that which should not, &c. He caused it to be well understood that if the flesh obeys its laws and is decomposed, the spirit

obeys the laws of the spirit and breathes where it will. I know they attempt to explain the passage by a spiritual birth; but we are aware that Jesus came to those who are not born of the will of the flesh, nor the will of man, but those born of God. The new birth is then already accomplished." Further on, John (ix: 1) is quoted, where Christ is questioned about the blind man: "Master, who sinned, his father or his mother?" Jesus replied, "Neither father nor mother, but that the works of God might be manifest in him." Daniel is also cited—ix: 8, 10, 14.

More agreeable to the readers of the Banner would be "Catholicism before the time of Christ," which follows the above. "In spite of the death of man," says M. C. (as heretofore contemplated), "the idea (of two existences) had taken root and spread. It was the time of the true disciples, of the propagators of the simple and naked truth, such as it should be. The great powers trembled. Such an ideal (or spiritual) could not wait. . . . But the gold of the doctrine of the Master was soon mixed with the vile metal, human passion." Shadows fell thick about the temple, and there must be a new awakening. It was from this point of view that Swedenborg took his departure. It was the evidence of the need of a New Jerusalem, as he understood it, as coming down from heaven, that made his views so acceptable to the spiritually minded.

Our Journalist, after referring to Catholic, Brahminic, Mahometan religions has occasion to ask and consider, "Who are these grand figures of Christna, Buddha, Jesus, etc.?" The solution of his researches seems to be somewhat as follows: We have little doubt that Spiritualism, of which we have yet scarcely the dawn, will be the most complete testimony of the truth, the precursor of the desired harmony. . . . The Utopia of to-day is the truth to-morrow. . . . The greatest obstacle to progress in general has been, in all times and all places, the spirit of domination of sacerdotal castes. The religion of the future is to be: *One sole God*; father of all men; *one sole temple*, the universe which science makes known to us and which leads us at the same time to an adoration of: *its Master*; *one sole church*, humanity—all men being brothers; *one sole priest*, the conscience; *one only religion*, the practice of charity.

I must pass over a number of articles to come to an account of a trial of one Mme. the widow Lechner, of Munich, Bavaria. Several pages of this important and interesting affair must be put here into a few lines. Mme. L. is a medium of irreproachable character, benevolent and much beloved. She is now fifty-four years old, and since the age of seven has had communion with the spirits. When her mother passed away she left with this daughter the receipt for making an oil that proved remarkably efficacious—"spiritual oil," that had to be made as directed by the spirits through the mediumship of said daughter. The receipt, however, was laid aside and forgotten; but years afterward, when in a state of great embarrassment, her spirit-guide reminded her of it and the place where it could be found. She obtained permission of the authorities to make and sell the oil, and very many persons were cured by it. An evil day came—Mme. L. cured of paralysis a lady of distinction who had been given up by all the M. D.s. "It is God who has cured you," said the medium; nevertheless the gentlemen (?) of the faculty were furious, and claimed that they had accomplished the cure. They finally sent the police, who brutally seized Mme. L.'s case of bottles, breaking what they pleased; and left her without the means of livelihood. The tribunal was then resorted to, and the judge treated her most harshly, and not only took away her right to sell the oil, but fined her ten marks and the costs of the court. An appeal was made to the high royal court. More angry than ever, the "faculty" and other secret adversaries used their influence against her; but "the worthiness (the *loyaute*)" of the medium was recognized, and her right to make and sell the oil declared legal. A poor widow, attacked, robbed, ruined by jealousy, has been able by the help of God to defeat the most powerful and most detestable parties in the kingdom. Vile calumnies fall now harmlessly around her. Many persons who had never given a thought to the subject of Spiritualism began from these events to study it; at first out of curiosity, by conviction afterward.

Under the head of "Necrologie" the *Revue* contains a long and interesting notice of the death of Mme. Vautier. From the oration pronounced at the tomb I will quote a line or two: "This body which we now confide to the earth, enveloped a soul, pure, good, devout. With Mme. Vautier the moral sense, the intellectual riches, were of a high order; but the Creator, who loves the just, called to himself this amiable, this sweet mother of a family." At this time there came to the office of the *Revue* a Belgian spirit who wrote two charming verses of poetry for this beloved young lady—verses that will, doubtless, be engraved upon her tomb.

Though rather late, there is in the *Revue* a highly laudatory notice of "Art Magic." The writer, D. A. C., says that he has read it "with the greatest attention, and that it is a work eminently interesting."

The October number of *El Criterio Espiritista*, of Madrid, has only just now reached here. It is almost wholly occupied with the interesting proceedings of the "Spanish Society of Spiritualists," the oration, poems, &c., which our co-religionists enjoyed at the annual gathering at the Spanish palace on the 20th of October. The president, Sr. Don Jose Rebolledo, opened the session with some appropriate remarks, recalling the fact that ridicule had been used against us,

that calumny had reared its hydra-headed form in our path; but reminded his hearers that Christianity had encountered the same; that some of the wisest of men, whose names are now venerated, were in their day called crazy; that enterprise of world-wide beneficence had been denoted as the scheme of fools. The poems were by the ladies Huelses and Suarez. Dr. Huelses Temprado closed the meeting by some very scholarly and appropriate remarks, in which he suggested that Spiritualism would give to philosophy the firmest of bases, would harmonize existing schools, would gather truths under its banner, and would teach humanity the way to enlarge its boundaries.

The September number of the *Revista* of Montevideo has several articles by J. de E., whom I fancy to be its editor. His "Let us not forget that experience teaches" is of no little significance—the march of science, the development of Spiritualism, "it being as old on the earth as man himself," being well considered. It is also noteworthy that he makes the same remark respecting sacerdotal influence as quoted above from another paper. The rest of the magazine is devoted principally to communications through media.

The *Psychische Studien* for October is rich in material; but I have space for only a notice of some of its articles: On the proceedings of the British Association at Glasgow; Hudson Tuttle's works; Dr. Slade in London. Professors Hoffmann and Wittig contribute. There is also a notice of George Smith's (Dr. Smith, the learned archaeologist, of British Museum,) decease at Aleppo. Probably all have heard how that on the night of his death a shriek came from his dwelling in London, startling almost to stupefaction a friend of his who was passing it at the moment. Among his short articles the *Studien* recognizes the remarks regarding it in the Banner of Light.

The *Ley de Amor* (October 1st and 15th), of Merida, devotes the pages of its present issue entirely to an article in the *Messajero* by D. G. Aznar, and a reply to the same. A supplement recounts the affair of the Russian Scientific Commission, and continues its ever commendable observations on the "Importance of Education." Two numbers of the *Arbeideren* of Chicago (of particular interest to the laboring classes), and of the *Dagbladet* of the same city, have also been received.

### Written for the Banner of Light. THE DEPARTING YEAR.

BY MRS. H. N. GREENE BUTTS.

Beneath the brown leaves the pale flowers are sleeping,  
And up the bare trees the white frost-kings are creeping;  
While over the hill-tops wind-fairies are sighing:  
"Behold the Old Year, that 's now waning and dying!"

No bird of the woodland doth sing its sad lay,  
Because the Old Year is fast passing away;  
No garlands are hung on its leveled breast,  
Unwept and unused it retires to its rest.

What griefs and what heart-aches, oh, swift-fading year!  
What wrongs and what sorrows have marked thy career!  
But still we'll remember the good thou hast brought,  
The love and the friendships with which life is fraught.  
Oh years that are gone! to some hearts ye may seem  
Like a tale that 's twice-told, or a mystical dream!  
Oh buried, past years! what dim visions of light  
Ye bring to my heart on this winter-clad night!

Oh years that have sped! that still bring to my view  
The friends of my childhood, so faithful and true,  
The beautiful forms that so long, long ago,  
Laid down to their rest where the violets grow!

Oh years yet to be! Oh say what will ye bring?  
The blessings of friendship or sorrow's deep sting?  
Oh, Father, guard well our home-angels most dear,  
Who light our way still, with their love and their cheer.  
Hopedale, Mass.

Civilization advances rapidly in Australia. For proof, read this, from one of the papers there, which embodies a scene familiar to many other localities. Recognize it?

"A certain chief, a man of intelligence, and punctual in monetary matters with his pakia neighbors, was lately a sufferer to the extent of some £30 or £40 by a man going through the court. In relating the affair to some natives whom he was visiting, he told them that he had lost his money by a man becoming 'packarapu.' This word rather staggered the aborigines, who immediately demanded an explanation. It was given as follows: 'A pakia who wants to become a "packarapu" goes into business and gets lots of goods and does not pay for them. He then gets all the money he can together, say £2,000, and puts it away where no one can get it—all except £5. With this he goes to the judge of the supreme court and tells him that he wants to become "packarapu." The judge says he is very sorry, but of course he cannot be helped, and he then calls all the lawyers together, likewise all the men to whom the "packarapu" owes money, and he says: "This man is packarapu, but he wishes to give all he has got, and so he has asked me to divide this (£5) among you all." The judge thereupon gives £4 to lawyers and £1 to the other men, and the "packarapu" goes home."

Messrs. Lankester and Donkin going to Slade with treacherous intent would certainly draw deceiving spirits, and very probably thus themselves bring about what they desired and expected. Similarly an unclean mind would attract unclean spirits. An elevated mind would be met by spirits of corresponding purity, truth and intelligence. Thus are at once accounted for all the diversified phenomena and communications attested by different investigators; and each investigator will see that "trying the spirits" of necessity includes trying himself as one of them—a fact not by any means yet sufficiently known and understood.

"Spiritualism," says M. A. (Oxon), "under some form or other, will increase and flood with its advancing wave the whole line of modern thought." Prof. Lankester, flourishing a police-court summons to stay its course, is as ludicrous a spectacle as Mrs. Patington with her mop pushing back and fighting the Atlantic Ocean. The old lady should have confined her attention to puddles. Mr. Lankester might profitably do the same."

## The Rostrum.

### "THE OUTLOOK FOR FREEDOM," FROM THE PRESENT STANDPOINT OF CHARLES SUMNER.

Through Cora L. V. Tappan, Medium, at Galla  
the Hall, 422 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.,  
August, and in Chicago, Ill., Sept. 10, 1876.

(Reported phonographically by J. F. Sulpes and A. M. Driffen.)

Friends—The address to which you will listen this evening will be dictated by the spirit of Charles Sumner. In no personal character will he control this medium, but so far as is possible the words, language, ideas and arrangement will be his.

Oh thou Infinite Spirit, inspire and uplift us toward thee, that our utterances may be wisdom, our thoughts devotion, our minds sustained and guided by thy power. In all times the ways of nations have been marked and guided by thee, and among all people, prophets and seers, statesmen and kings, have been reared to do the work of thy hand. To thee we must ever turn, who art supreme above all nations and above all worlds.

Ladies and Gentlemen—If at the last moment of my earthly life any human friend had said to me that my next utterance to my countrymen would be after the manner which I employ tonight, I should have said he is mad; and if at any time during my earthly life it had been foretold me that the utterance of spirit voices through human lips were possible, and that a thought existing in the mind of a departed statesman, orator, friend or foe, could reach the ear in tangible form, I should have said he is mad.

But knowing that these things can be, having been sufficiently long in the new existence to which I was called; knowing that this is a year when all forces are alive, connected with this beloved country, and when every one who loves his country concentrates the thought on some effort toward its advancement, and knowing, too, that it is denied that the voice of statesman or orator, of man who loves his country, or of any loved one, can come from the other side of death, I could not remain in my new-found home and fail to express that which for all time must be considered as true, and which forever would have made it impossible for me to speak had I not availed myself of the first opportunity. I speak, therefore, because I must; and however undesirable it may be to employ other instrumentalities than our own organisms for that purpose, if the opportunity be given shall we refuse it? Shall it be said of us, "Why, they have been dead many a day, and have not spoken; years have gone by, and there has been no voice?" It shall not be said of me. Do not misunderstand me. I communed sometimes with the dead in my earthly life, but not after the manner of Spiritualism. They were my oracles and my friends. To them I turned for guidance. Their words afforded instruction; their words were the sacred records and mementoes of their existence. My religion was enshrined in what they had left behind, and I bathed my weary spirit in whatsoever fountain I had discovered of knowledge and wisdom; I spoke to them in my thoughts and meditations, in the sublime solitude of the sanctuary, in the hours of study, in the deep penetrations of history. I had favorite voices and ministering spirits who gave me echoes from the far-off time of freedom, and to whom I turned forever for a new-found voice of guidance. I sat me down oftentimes, and close beside me were Democritus, Cato, Regulus—philosophers, orators, statesmen; I held council with Roman senators, and asked them of their laws; I learned all the phrases and utterances of their speech, that I might shape my language for my country; and for freedom. But not their living thoughts, not their palpable presence, not their present purpose had I; no voice ever came to me from across the sea which divides the inner from the outer world; no voice from the departed dead. I did not know that the silent sky would yield up their present thought to mankind. I had heard of this. Preoccupied, absorbed too much in those questions that were ever pressing upon me during all the years of active manhood, I could not turn to what I supposed to be trifling, frivolous, and even blasphemous, in the form of Modern Spiritualism. I believed it to be an imagination, or some childish dream, or chicanery. If, therefore, having passed away from earthly sight, having no longer an external voice among the sons of men, I find that I am mistaken, or was so; if, on entering spiritual existence, I have met all those whom I knew and revered on earth, and whom I knew not but still revered as guides and teachers, and they say to me, "It is possible to speak, there is an avenue of communion, your voice may yet be heard," shall I remain silent still, and let it be said, "Why, he has no words to offer now; these channels of communion being open, why does he not speak?" I know now that I was mistaken. I give my added voice to the testimony of those already given that it is true. If I speak with broken accents or imperfect utterance, it is simply because of the unaccustomed manner in which I address you. I am here; as a voice and power, as an individual, for good or for nothing, I still am conscious, can see the occurrences of earthly life, and am doing some little toward that to which my life was devoted, the promotion of freedom in the constitution and law of America.

Truth remains abiding and the same; and from the place which I now inhabit, and from the companionship into which I have been admitted—



(albeit I feel unworthily admitted, for there are those whom I have loved in earthly life as the guiding stars of freedom, who have smiled upon the world from their height, and who have welcomed me to their presence—albeit unworthily admitted, for there were those whose life long efforts were my guidance and only aspiration, and before whom I was willing always to bow in obedience to sublime mandates of freedom or of wisdom from their lives)—from this companionship, from the company of those who were at the very birth of this nation, it were strange, indeed, if no new voice could come, and no added power of promise to this nation. It were strange, indeed, if in this centennial year there should not be a hovering and a benediction and presence of the sublime risen council who watch with all interest the effort of this nation to disenthral itself from all that is debasing; and if, therefore, my humble voice be added, it need not seem strange nor sound as if in a dream, but a reality, one of those possibilities that lie behind the present scope of human life to make an added power of all existences beyond the grave.

I have found that my country is not limited by geographical boundaries; I have found that it has no terrestrial limitations, and that if on earth my greatest thought was for freedom, and if my highest devotion—which I leave to you to judge—was for the welfare of my country, is it not also an added truth that with larger powers, with energies that have not ceased with the death of the body, with contemplation of divine impulses and purpose, and an association with the risen dead, I shall feel that although there is an eternal life before me, yet that which was my earthly home, and the cradle of my thoughts of liberty, occupies me still, and never until I see that, hopeless and abandoned, Freedom turns away from this altar, or until I see her securely established beyond all possibility of human overthrow, shall I be content to seek other fields of occupation?

For this knowledge, therefore, which I little expected, I have to thank those guides who control this medium usually; and for this opportunity given to-day I have to thank my immediate spirit companion, whose name on earth as Wilberforce was my delight and contemplation; who led the way for one country to the abolition of slavery, and whose example and influence was the animus of my early life in prompting the abolition of slavery in our own country. To this guide I am indebted for the opportunity of giving utterance through this medium; and with this explanation I pass to the theme of my discourse.

From the beginning of that wonderful power which made Rome the empire of the world for a thousand years, from the beginning of that sister empire which made Greece the shrine of art and science for nearly the same period, the recurrent thought of human progress, slowly, it is true, but surely, had advanced toward perfection; but I never hoped to see, nor as I now do hope to see, that in this land, beloved of all other lands for freedom's sake, there shall be a greater power of freedom than Rome ever saw, and greater intelligence than her highest heights attained, a loftier genius of inspiration from learning, even as the age is broader, the State larger, and the years of accumulative power nationally, greater. And then as I turned to Rome as the ideal of my worship in temporal government, so would I ever turn to freedom's shrine externally for the sake of that high uplifting that I hope shall one day come to this nation, and to the people who are my brethren in this nation. Never has there been an hour when the light of freedom's countenance beamed more directly upon the earth, and when her possible abiding place has been more permanent than to-day. It is no flattery that prompts me to say that the gift of freedom is vouchsafed to this nation above all others. It is by no merit of our own, but by a gradual succession of events, that have led even from the downfall of Greece and Rome to the very civilization of the present hour.

What have we in Europe for the promise of freedom? It is true that we have Italy enfranchised of that incubus of the Pontificate that fastened itself upon her government for two thousand years; but still Italy is a monarchy. What have we in Russia but the Czar with his eyes steadily fixed upon Turkey, and the everlasting greed of possession fastening itself like a vulture upon one of the proudest empires in Europe? What have we in Germany but a Protestant kingdom that is held together by the mind and thought of one man, who may any day pass into the world where one man has no more power than another, save it be the goodness that is in his heart, and the love of humanity that is in his mind. Bismarck will not live forever, and Germany will not last forever as a kingdom. What greater freedom shall she enjoy, if she does, than that of force of armies, and emulation upon the battle-field, and triumph over France? She shall hold by the sword that which she has won by the sword, and whosever has a stronger weapon shall wrest her kingdom from her. What have we to expect of those nations, small in dimensions and in power, but great in their love of freedom—Poland, Hungary—swallowed up by the great powers of the east and west, devoured as to their rights and substance, but waiting with earnest and perfect trust for freedom's perfect dawn, and looking to the west, even to America, for the highest and holiest expression of freedom on earth? What have we to expect of France, thrice—nay, ten times fallen and betrayed, but still with the spirit of freedom lurking in her veins, that bursts forth ever and anon like insurrection, or like volcanic fire, to do great wrong, and then be crushed by the hand of tyranny again? What have we to expect in Great Britain? While, in the history of the English government, I beheld that, step by step, the old lines of domination were entirely obliterated, and when I beheld that gradually, from the time of the Magna Charta down to the abolition of slavery, there was successive and continuous progression toward liberty, I now see that those forms of government that have their origin mostly in what is supposed to be servile and tyrannical, in advancement toward freedom, are generally the most successful, and that the Rome which was built upon a former kingdom, as an empire or republic, was a greater Rome than had she sprung into being through revolution, or simple temporal power, or freedom's thoughts among the sons of men. I believe that England expresses to-day the highest possible form of present government on earth, so far as the executive voice is concerned. Abolish the single form of monarchy in England, and liberty (I do not mean the laws of it, but the executive power of government) is greater than in America to-day.

I believe that as a standard of human government the gradually improving and enlightening

systems of her laws have been such as to secure the greatest individual liberty, and at the same time preserve those safeguards and guarantees that must ever be handed down from generation to generation before we sweep away the ancient landmarks. The wisest, the best formed government upon the earth, but with the one fetter of monarchy, with the one darkness of the laws of entail or primogeniture, and an aristocracy that will not die out because the monarchy will not permit it to—the best government on earth, promising less to freedom; the most liberal; the best executed; possessing powers that are the greatest, and calling to its aid minds that have no superiors upon earth, still made the servapots of this system of government which is its bane; still made to enforce laws that do not belong to this century; and wearing forever upon its face the mask of anarchy and ruin! England, having within her pale all that is greatest of modern thought! England, having within her estate the finest statesmanship, the best financiers, the fullest exchequer, the best framed laws, and Parliament that is unexceptionable; but having still the incubus of caste, of degradation that brands one man because he is not born to the peerage, while it upholds and panders to another who from accident of birth, not merit, holds a place of rank!

I remember once Lord Brougham said to me, "There is this difference between England and America: We have something to cling to here, if our new freedom forsakes us. If the freedom of America forsakes her, the bond not being securely fastened, there can be nothing but revolution." I appreciated the justice of this remark. England had a history; we had none. But if from the present standpoint I view the two nationalities, I shall say what I could not have said when upon earth, that notwithstanding the scope and power of English law, and notwithstanding that so far as all government office is concerned the monarchy is simply a dead letter; notwithstanding constitutional freedom is guaranteed, and the ministry constitutes the government, and Parliament the ratification of the government, I still believe that there is an undercurrent of power that ultimately must overthrow the very safeguard which England professes; I mean, of course, that lack of strength and capacity for expansion which belong territorially to this government; and I mean that gradual sapping away of the foundations of her strength, leaving abject poverty, and aristocracy, helpless upon the great sea of political life. The middle wave is that from which England's greatness has sprung, and that middle wave sends forth its tributaries to every other land, receiving in return no strengthening succor and no power. The life's blood is ebbing away from the heart of our mother, and all the newer nations of the earth receive that life's blood. It is her vitality; and that one want shall and must constitute the downfall of the greatest modern empire.

Freedom looks for nothing there. She may, nevertheless, reap greater harvests than men shall know, and it is not in our province to determine what shall grow out of the wonderful progress and greater liberalization of her laws. But when we remember that Mr. Gladstone's administration—the very best that England ever possessed—could be cast aside—the administration that gave existence to the best system of public schools; that gave the best system of *finances*; that gave to England ample scope and power for her laws in various directions of liberal taxation; that gave added male suffrage: when England could afford, upon a mere detail, to part with such a government and take instead the most excellent, aristocratic, conservative element, which finds it quite convenient to expend all the surplus money that was left in the treasury by the preceding administration, we say this speaks greatly for the freedom of public opinion, but not so largely for the enlightenment of that opinion to which freedom has lately been given.

If there could be given to this country some means whereby not only one false step, but a succession of false steps, could be met with equal check and retribution; if there could be any system devised whereby not simply a blunder in one direction but in all directions could meet with so sudden a check as that of Mr. Gladstone's administration, it would certainly agree well with the spirit of our government, and would establish a precedent that we are not likely soon to see in this land.

I say this devoid of personality. The country has the intelligence, the enlightenment, the patriotism, but the machinery of political life is too corrupt and the demagoguism of public administrations too apparent and manifest. In England it is customary to choose the best men to represent an office. The head of a department must understand his functions, must be well-versed and skilled in that special branch of legislation. There must be no bungling hand at the wheel; there must be simply perfection. The mechanism, therefore, goes on smoothly, and the nation is not threatened with shipwreck and dissolution merely because an administration changes. It is well known in England that if corruption be at the polls and the hustings, there still is a strong man and a representative of the power of the people behind whatever legislative measure is introduced. It is well known that no measure is brought forward without previous consideration, to the degree of understanding perfectly everything that the world has thought upon that subject. And therefore the advance of England toward absolute freedom though slow has been sure. And therefore the history which forms the background of England's present administration is a history fraught with ample lessons and sufficient instruction.

When the abolition of slavery took place in England in 1833, after various defeats and vicissitudes, and when, in the same year, William Wilberforce, whose agitation of the subject perhaps more than that of any other one man caused its abolition, took his departure from earthly life and rose to the sphere he now fills, it little behoved the country from which he sprang, or the nations of the Western world, what individual office was performed, so that slavery were abolished; and it little behoved America, where slavery was not abolished, to cry out against any method or form of government in England, when we ourselves were in the bonds of slavery, when that stain was upon our escutcheon.

I have never experienced such humiliation as when, in my first visit to England, I became aware that slavery was more securely fastened to our Government than theirs. I never experienced so great an impetus to individual labor as when, in earliest manhood, I became possessed of the thought that upon our standard was the stain and within our Constitution the one subtle serpent that might one day undermine the very foundations of freedom, blighting the fair tree at the root ere the fruit came. Day and

night, early and late, without cessation or pause, with one intent, and that only the abolition of slavery and the equal enfranchisement of all men, did I toil and labor. Whatever line I omitted, in whatever I failed to be vigilant, in that I believe I stand acquitted of all neglect in the one direction; and I confessed, as I now do, that America could not be the shrine, could not be the nation intended by our fathers until that one stain was blotted out. We stand to-day free from this stain. It is not the result of any one individual effort. It is not the result of any one chain of efforts of men of thought. I recognize the Divine hand and guidance that shape all things in nations, and I recognize that the power of the American war whereby slavery was abolished was the work of men, but the spirit of it was the work of the Infinite.

One hundred years ago our nation had no history—in its infancy, with nothing but the wild woods and the ravages of the red men, if that might be called history. Fleeting from the persecution of injustice and of religious intolerance, our forefathers sought to establish somewhat of freedom upon this soil. Albeit the policy of the hour, the effect of founding a government in a new territory, the province that was opening to them of enlarged liberties, the religious feeling that accompanied them, all tended to make the scope rather narrow, and to limit, in some degree, the estate of wisdom, and, without precedent here what could they do but endeavor to shape themselves by precedent in time past? They had Greece and Rome; but Spartan heroism was not what was needed then. The Roman power of eloquence was not the voice that was to move and shape this government in its infancy. They needed judgment and wisdom, with calm contemplation that should have foresight, and should give a voice of prophecy to the laws that were to be framed for the guidance of this country. Could they have seen the vast territory and millions of people; could they have known the augmented strength of this young giant; could they have foreseen how the serpent Policy would have made of slavery the very death-blow to the freedom they coveted; could they only have known, by actual voice of warning such as I purpose to give to you to-day, what was needed, they might not have heeded it. We are liable to forget prophecies until they are fulfilled to our vision; and the wisest statesman for the present purposes and hour sometimes puts aside a great valid principle that policy may be served.

Some one asked me at the close of the war of the rebellion, "Had you been in Mr. Lincoln's place, would you have sooner signed a bill for the abolition of slavery?" "How could I?" I replied; "there was nothing in the Constitution to authorize me to do it. Congress had made no enactment; no hand had the power to do it until that enactment took place." Here was a paralyzing of freedom; here was the hand palsied by the enactment of nearly a hundred years ago; here was the law, the Constitution, the safeguard of the liberties of the United States, acting in direct opposition to human freedom. Here was the long course of nearly fifty years of conflict in and out of legislative halls. The foresight of statesmanship was not lacking; the prophecy was not there, save in the minds of the few and not of the many. Thomas Paine and Thomas Jefferson foresaw and spoke with prophetic vision, and knew what end slavery would finally bring this land, but they must compromise it; there must be policy; the framing of the Constitution must be according to the living need of the hour and not of the future. And thus all this history was written in the very foundation of the government.

We stand to-day upon a crisis as great as that which in Rome determined her downfall by the advent of the Caesars; as great as that which in England determines her downfall by the lack of individual strength and avenues of supply; as great as that which in any period of human history has determined the advent of the new, or the uplifting of the old and established forms. America is not secure in her foundation. The one guiding power is the power of the people. The one strength of republics must ever be the intelligence of the people. The one thought to be maintained is the uplifting of the standard of intelligence. The Constitution is the expression of the voice of the people. It is supreme. It is king. But the Constitution can be changed. If the people are not intelligent, educated, high-toned, having all conscious power imparted to them, the Constitution may be amended wrongfully, abused, and the power that is vested in the people subverted even to their own injury. There can be no other way for statesmen, for any man who loves his country, than to know that he does everything individually possible to carry forward the foundation of intelligence here. Students of history, those who have watched the rise and fall of other nations, will bear me out in saying that ignorance is more frequently the cause of the downfall of high and exalted nations than all other causes together. Prosperity will not do it alone. Individual ambition will not do it alone; but where the power is vested in the people, and the people do not know it, there is no safety for that power. That the Constitution shall be perfect, should be the one aim of all living participants in political life. That no adult American is exempt from participation in political life, should be a proposition taught in every school; and that as the Constitution must be gradually adapted to the advancing requirements of the people, see to it that by no insidious process, by no overtures of those who seek temporally to subvert its powers, there shall be uncertainty of anything that may imply in the present nothing, but in the future the overthrow of all that you hold dear.

That foundation of your laws is susceptible of change. Fortunately the alteration of it is not as difficult as the alteration of the laws of the Medes and Persians. Fortunately there was no Lycurgus, who had left them for two hundred years to be unaltered, as the guide and guard of this nation. Fortunately there were those alive to the emergencies of the hour, who, late and early, in season and out of season, and always in those places before the people, waited for this alteration that was to give to humanity its just rights. I make no personal plea. The life that was given for the one word of freedom is before you; but had that voice been heeded in the beginning, thirty-five years ago, there need have been no long stain of bloodshed; there need have been none of the bitterness of sectional strife; there need have been no disgrace of human beings serving as slaves in a country that boasted of absolute freedom.

In other respects we lack what belongs to England. It is the custom there, and therefore accorded to, that the lack of success of any measure in the ministry is the signal for a change of administration. We have not even learned that a lack of success in the head of a department,

and the lack of success in the executive department, for a series of years, constitutes the signal for a change. It is yet to be learned in America that when a party in power, or an individual in power, makes a single mistake in political life that is vital to the State, he should resign. It is yet to be learned that when a series of mistakes have been made, through a succession of years, it is not only the duty of the official to resign, but it is the duty of the people to compel him to do so. [Applause.]

I say this free from personality. You will do me the justice to suppose that I can have none; but I do know that the dangers imminent to the liberties of America come not so remotely as you imagine, and do not emanate from sources that politicians frequently claim; they emanate solely from a series of measures that may undermine the moral stamina of the people, and make political measures, as they nearly are now, the jibe and jest of the uninformed, and a source of supreme regret and sorrow to the intelligent and cultured citizen. I do wish for the sake of this country that it could be taught that the individual has no right, for the maintenance of any position, to sacrifice any principle. I do wish that it could be known that an administration, taking possession of public trusts, and the functions of the high offices of the government, has no right to continue to abuse that power in the face of the people; and I do wish that the people, aroused to a consciousness of it, should make it not only impossible, but a crime, for this to occur in the history of the country. I have no universal panacea for the ills of political life. I understand perfectly that politics cannot be any more exalted than men. I apprehend that the state of the politics of this nation must be precisely similar to the state of the politicians, and that if the people are not higher than the politician, there can be no loftier standard than that which you witness every day, and in every political contest, local or national.

I understand perfectly that a new grade of citizenship must be born to fill public places if most of the examples offered are the highest which you can give; and I understand that until this is so we cannot compete with England, who sends usually her best men to fill her highest places, nor with Rome, who would have none other claim a hearing in the forum or senate. I understand that there can be no lofty trust, and no elevation of moral principle politically, until the very foundations that concern political life change, and it becomes a religious and sacred duty as well as a nominal obligation. But for the suggestions that I have to give, I offer serious consideration, that they have been the result of earnest study and experience, that they are the result of the experience of loftier minds whose works I have studied, and whose thoughts have been my constant guidance; and if these are of any value to you as they are to me, remove your national political life as far as possible from any individual control. Men may be capricious and wicked, but principles never. The power vested in the President of the United States is greater than that which almost any monarch in Europe now enjoys. This power should be either modified or entirely abolished. I say this now as a word of warning. I believe that the next constitutional amendment must be the limitation of the presidential office to a single term. I believe this to be not only right, but so solemn a duty, that had I a permanent voice in your country, had I the instrument wherewith to speak, I would make that the basis of a political party—for the express purpose of giving back to the people the power that belongs to them. I take it that after that the next amendment will be the abolition of the presidential office. The Cabinet is quite sufficient to perform the functions of the executive department of the government. The heads of the departments can be made individually responsible for their individual performance of trusts; and the impeachment of the heads of departments is far more easy than the impeachment of a president, as some of you may remember. The Congress of the United States, in its two several branches, has sufficient power and strength over the departments of the government, and there will be less opportunity for individual influence and power if each department is made separate, and each head of department individually responsible, than if all are under the nominal control of one man who is able to bring personal influence to bear for the ratification of any measure in any department whatsoever. [Applause.]

We do not need any one that resembles a king, any more than we need a king. We do not need a head of the government; the Constitution is the head. We do not need an executive officer who will have all the power vested in a monarch; we need heads of departments appointed by Congress for the purpose of executing the laws of Congress. Make these departments as many or as few as you like—let there be six, or twelve, or twenty; let the head of every department be responsible for the conduct of the individual affairs of that department. Let them be so arranged that they shall not all be implicated, if any are, in the failure of their duties; let it be so arranged that each one shall have charge of the especial department for which he is fitted and be amenable to Congress. Let it be so arranged that with this power, and with the voice of Congress, the people shall hear and know directly if there be any dereliction of duty, and no capability be afforded of hiding behind the presidential chair in cases of a non-fulfillment of the duties of any office.

This amendment will do away with what should be the shame of every American citizen, the imitation of court-life. I respect the courts of foreign lands, where custom, history, law, have sanctioned them. I detest the imitation of court-life afforded by our Republican government, and which has no justification nor excuse whatever, save for the uplifting of individual ambition that constitutes the fiction of human life. Let us have no mimic monarchs; let us have no imitation of court-life; let us have, in a Republican government, that which belongs to a Republic, perfect equality of citizenship, and honor only to whom honor is due. But let us have no paltry imitation, nothing stalking around in the name of Republicanism and Democracy that still wears the mask and garb of monarchy, and is doing the very deeds often done under a monarchy, however dastardly these may be.

This is my prophecy: That if these changes do not take place, the individual power will grow greater, and the power of the people less. If these or other adequate changes are not noted and provided for in time, centralization, which you are to guard against, will surely accrue, and the country will be launched either into a series of sectional strifes like those that have desolated South America and Mexico, or into a federation like that of Germany, with one man as the brain, and one man as the sword to hold it in its place. We have no need that this shall be. The intel-

ligence of the American people is adequate to the preservation of their liberties. The young are instructed in the sublime memories of the past. This hopeful song we teach the youth of your land: Regard and love the anniversary which is upon you. This is a great guerdon for the future—that the young know and understand the meaning of a full century of advancement toward freedom. But it is not enough to know this to-day. Planted in the foundation of their education, firmly sealed with the conviction of their minds, it should be made the duty of every household, the burden of all instruction, the foundation of every institution of learning in the land, that without this learning, without this education, the nation would not be what it is, and the young people would have no consciousness of the sublime nature of the liberties which the whole world has coveted.

We have no need to occupy time in the framing of speeches in praise of freedom. We have no need to repeat the thousand-and-one orations and maxims to prove that this is as we have said. The strength of freedom is in the intelligence of the people. Her voice is the voice and mind and brain of the people. Neglect them and you neglect liberty. Every mother who does not teach her son that this is the end for which patriots and exiles have pined, neglects a sacred and solemn duty. Every school-teacher that does not read a portion or all of the Declaration of Independence in the school, neglects to instill into the minds of the young the very foundation of their liberties.

The Lord's Prayer, the Golden Rule, the primary elements of education, are not more important as religious and secular instruction than the one basis upon which rests the foundation of your liberties here. See to it that they do not neglect to read it; and above all, see to it that they do not forget to read. That power that would usurp the place of the common school education of this land, is the same serpent that would have crept in in the place of freedom and liberty here. Let every child know how to read. Let their instruction be such that they cannot fail to read the right things, and liberty is in no danger here. Let us have the voice of the people centered in the making of the laws; in the fulfillment and expression of them, and let us have these so simplified and codified as to reap the highest standard of legislation of whatsoever period of time. We can afford to borrow everything that is best from England of law and government. We can afford to borrow everything that was best from the laws of ancient Rome. We do not scorn to use the word borrow; we are not afraid to court power, and scholarship, and true worth of every historian, poet, scholar, from the beginning of the law-giver Lycurgus down to the latest expression in the British Parliament. We do not hesitate to appropriate either the poetry and art of Greece, the lofty eloquence of Rome, the living literature of England—that which abides and remains as the separate field of philosophy, art and poetry forever. We are not afraid even to go back to mythology. We measure our power with the chameleon. We are content that for public purposes and work our nation shall, like Proteus, change with every change of mood. But beneath we must have the strong foundation of freedom; we must have the feeling that in its inner depths it never changes. We are not ashamed nor afraid, in all questions of art and learning, to imitate the old masters, to borrow from past schools our standard of excellence, and to exalt these above all others. Greece furnishes our models. We turn back from all efforts of modern thought to these divine images that have shaped themselves to our imagination, until at last we become devotees at the shrine of Diana of the Ephesians—and we worship every form of loveliness which the Grecians worshiped in their life. Then if this be true of art, of letters, of science, of oratory; if we may quote from Cicero, and if we may place ourselves by the side of every teacher, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Democritus, and ask these to aid and guide us, shall we not also borrow from more modern nations the impetus which has been given to freedom, shaping our thoughts to their highest attainments, and striving to make permanent that basis of freedom that has ever been varying and changeable because of the ambition of men? Let us do this.

[Concluded in our next.]

#### THE RED RACE.

What man shall know the measure of their ways,  
What tell the splendid numbers of their days?  
Their races came and went  
Like spring-time grasses for a season lent,  
Save now a stronger populate appears,  
And braves destruction for a thousand years.

Oh! I guess not what fair altitudes they won,  
Nor how some souls may have outshone the sun;  
How many Hiawathas rose and taught,  
And kinged their age in majesty of thought;  
What wise Chibchas wrung a golden trace  
Of endless life from Nature's living face,  
And found in her, when rightly understood,  
The vital touch and ministry of God.

It were a sweet communion that, and near—  
Their bosoms held no lodging-place for fear,  
And could be only moved and did but move  
Responsive to some eloquence of Love.  
From the grand volume of a torrent's speech,  
To a frail birdling's silken trembling reach,  
Learned they to catch the syllables of Peace,  
Earth's present bliss and happiest release;  
With patient vision trained to scenes of power,  
The sky's effulgence and the prairie's flower,  
Found they delights that would not, could not die,  
More infinite than prairie or than sky.

And yet so near—attentive to each grief—  
Their Spirit-God loved them in every leaf.  
Nay, let us not, that swell life's latter throng,  
Familiar with the polished arts of Wrong,  
Because their fading shadow scarce survives,  
Deny them greatness in their proper lives;  
Alas! they might prove judges of our part,  
And Nature true rebuke distorted Art,  
Declare to us in tones assured and strong,  
That sweet Life treads her better way along.  
Where man's delight is in his patient gaze  
At Nature's works and beauty-quickened ways,  
His happiness less in his boastful toys  
Than in a simple round of lawful joys,  
Ay, in the being brave and proud and great,  
Less in the place than nature of his state.

—[From A Song of America, and Minor Lyrics,  
by F. Volto.]

BIBLE MARVEL-WORKERS is a controversial book, by Allen Putnam, A. A. whose mind, in common with that of many others, is disturbed by what is not precisely clear to it in Holy Writ. He, in consequence, has attempted to make the dark light from his own peculiar point of view, much doubt. In fact, it requires a greater stretch of fancy to receive Mr. Putnam's exegesis of the Bible than to receive the Bible itself. It is a pity that he should have taken him from his own standpoint, what it is to be a "Bible Marvel-Worker," and that he should have gained by refusing a doubtful belief to receive a certain truth. The book is a very curious and interesting study, and it does not reflect the highest credit upon the author's discrimination. It displays his ingenuity in a favorable light. Published by Messrs. C. C. & R. R. No. 1, Montgomery Place, Boston.—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

Advice to parents—When your boy cries for a stick of candy, just take a stick to him.—N. Y. Cosmos.



## Spiritualism Abroad.

(From the London Daily Telegraph of Oct. 23.)

## PROSECUTION OF DR. SLADE.

[Continued.]

Richard Holt Hutton, sworn, and examined by Mr. Lewis: I am a member of the senate of the University of London, and one of two joint editors and proprietors of the Spectator. I came here under a subpoena as a witness. I am also summoned for the defence. I have seen both defendants. I went five times to their place in Upper Bedford place. Every time I paid money—five pounds in all. I paid the money to Simmons in each case. On each occasion I saw Simmons, and was shown into a room adjoining that he occupied. Slade sat in the room into which I was shown, at a table with his back to the light.

Did Slade say anything to you?—He told me the phenomena were, in his opinion, due to spiritual agents present in the room. He said the spirit of his deceased wife was the chief agent in the matter, but other spirits also gave communications. I saw a good deal of writing produced on a slate, and there were motions of things in the room.

Any of them far from the table?—Yes. A chair a great distance from the table was lifted.

Any raps?—Plenty. (Laughter.)

You are, like myself, near-sighted?—Excessively near-sighted. I can see pretty well with my glass, but not without it.

Mr. Flowers: And you would on that ground be the best man to find out a conjuring trick.

Examined continued: I thought the raps made this morning with the bar by the preceding witness were not like those I heard when in Slade's room; but I doubt whether my opinion on the subject would be worth anything. There were several messages, signed in most cases by "Alle," in others the names of relatives of my own were mentioned, but their names I myself had previously mentioned.

Did you see any message written?—Do you mean did I see a slate-pencil stand up and write? (Laughter.)

Yes; that is what I mean. Did you see writing done in that way?—No. I have seen messages produced after I tied down the slate myself on the table. I was not then aware that writing might be produced, and then made to disappear and reappear again as described here.

Slade said in the case of his wife's messages that they were written by her spirit.

Did you take a locked slate to Slade?—Yes. I have it here. (Produced.)

What did you say to him when you did that?—He was alone, and I said I thought it would be more satisfactory to him to have, as an absolute test, a locked slate with a bit of slate-pencil placed between the two surfaces, and if, under those conditions, the writing took place, should be satisfied. I said that I would do all the world would believe in him. (The witness here produced the locked slate, and showed it to the Court.)

What did Slade say to your proposition?—He said he had been much worried by those kinds of tests in the United States, and by the use of all sorts of chemicals and appliances of many kinds, and that the spirit of his wife had pledged herself never to write on a locked slate. (Laughter.)

What did you say to that?—I said there was no occasion to get his wife to break her word, as there were, as he said, other spirits present, and probably some of them who had not pledged themselves might be so good as to favor me. (Laughter.)

What did he say to that reasonable request?—He said, "We will ask them." He then said, "Alle, Mr. Hutton wants to know if one of the other spirits would be good enough to write on a locked slate for him, as you have pledged your self not to do so," or some words to that effect.

How did he ask this—by writing on a slate?—No; verbally.

How did the answer come?—It came immediately, written in very broad characters on a slate he was using, and which we were holding against the table. The reply was, "Not one word." (Laughter.)

Did you express any opinion, or say anything in consequence of that?—I said that was disappointing. That was all.

If you had had any idea that the raps, and slate-writing, and so forth, were produced by conjuring, would you have paid your money and gone those successive times?—Certainly not.

Cross-examined by Mr. Munton: You took your own slate, I believe, to Slade on one occasion?—Yes; and I produce it now.

What occurred with it?—I had several messages, and two are remaining still. If you like to look at them you can, but they are difficult to read. (A laugh.) (A double-hinged slate was handed to the solicitor.) The messages were produced when the slate was under the table. I saw the edge of the slate, and I heard the writing in each case. The slate did not go out of my sight. I may say that I was quite satisfied at the first two sittings; on the third and fourth was doubtful; but on the fifth I was "reconverted," believing there was something or other that could not be produced by conjuring. With regard to the message "Not one word," there was no motion whatever of Slade's hand, and I could not conceive how it was written. On another occasion a great handbell, which was under the table, came out, raised itself, and went over the table, falling on the other side. (Laughter.) From the position of Slade at the time I thought this inexplicable. Slade could have easily read the name I wrote on the slate if he could read writing upside down.

Cross-examined by Mr. Massey: Did you ever get a message on a slate which had never been removed from a table?—Yes; the slate seemed to be clean and dry, and a very long message came of which I could hear the lines going up and down, and when the slate was exposed to the eye the message appeared. I held the slate down myself, but Slade's hands were on the table at the time. I heard the writing throughout. I cannot say that his fingers were simulating the writing sound. He could not have scratched the top of the slate without my observing it. Mr. Simmons had never attempted to extract information from my affairs.

Re-examined by Mr. Lewis: Was the sound of the writing on the slate like this (scratching a slate beneath the table)?—No; it was more like the writing of a slate-pencil. Once I thought the sound did not come from the particular slate, but as he observed, "Of course it does; there is nothing else for it to come from," the suspicion left my mind.

Did you ever imagine that the message had been previously written?—No; I never thought of that at the time.

Did he ever explain why it was necessary to put the slate under the table in order to get a message?—He said he had no choice, and we must take it where the spirits directed. I had always understood from spiritualistic literature that darkness was necessary for the success of a séance.

The slate, with the messages, was left in court. Walker Herries Pollock, examined by Mr. Lewis: I am a barrister, and have chambers in 2, Brick-court Temple. I know the defendants, and first went to their place in Upper Bedford place about July 25th. They were both present. I was asked by Slade to go into a back room on the first floor. A friend was with me.

Did Slade say anything about the spirits?—Almost as soon as I sat at the table, he said, "You can become a medium, for I felt it." He was seated at the corner of the table on my right, and with his back to the window. I wrote on the slate, asking how I could become a medium. It was placed under the table, and the answer came, "By sitting with good people." I don't think it was signed. Then I wrote, "Will Masson be successful?" and an answer appeared in a similar way. "He will succeed."

Was Masson a man?—No; it is the name of a book, never published, but in which I am interested. (Laughter.)

Was any explanation given why you could not see the answer written?—No; I did not ask.

What else occurred?—A message came from a

different part of the table to where the slate was, and the noise of writing was distinctly audible.

Did Slade tell you who wrote the messages?—He said they were written by the spirit of his dead wife, whose name was signed "Alle."

Were any other messages produced?—Two or three others, but they were of no importance.

Were you touched at all?—Yes; on the knee, which Slade said was a spirit touch.

Did your chair move?—Slade asked us if we did not see a light in one corner of the room, and when our attention was attracted to the spot a chair was violently knocked against the table, and fell down again. Slade had pointed toward the door, and said, "Do not you see a light there?" and that had induced us to look back and away from the table. We saw no light.

Was anything more done?—The table was raised before the sitting was concluded. I asked, when the chair was raised, why the spirits chose that way of exhibiting themselves, and he replied, "Oh, it's just to let you know they are there."

How long were you in the room?—About twenty minutes.

Did you pay anything when you left?—We each paid a sovereign to Simmons.

When did you go again?—About a month afterwards, with a friend. The same kind of thing—the writing on the slate—occurred then. Slade said, "I claim that this is done by spirits."

Did a chair move on that occasion?—Yes; a chair in the same position. My friend moved it intentionally when we went in, but Slade took an opportunity of replacing it in precisely the same place as before. The message on the second occasion was, "These manifestations are not to be confounded with conjuring," but it was written so clumsily and in such an ungrammatical manner that it was difficult to make it out.

Cross-examined by Mr. Munton: How many messages had you on the first occasion?—About six. The first was produced when the slate was held under the table, and whilst his thumb was visible in position, and Slade made a noise by clearing his throat a little. I don't think the table in court is the same. It was a flapped table.

Did you hear any noise of writing before the slate was placed against the table?—No; it seemed to me that the message was written on the surface of the slate next the table. I think the writing was done by Slade while he was handling the slate under the table.

You had a long message?—Yes; it was written on a slate which had apparently been used. The slate was shown clean and then held under the table, and when withdrawn there was a message. I believed at the time that he changed his seat after showing the slate. I saw no other slates on the table. He may have got the slate with the writing on it from some receptacle in the table or out of his coat pocket. I do not think the table now shown was the one used on that occasion. The one I saw was certainly lighter. The message I refer to was got in a room down stairs.

On all the occasions you were narrowly watching Slade?—Yes.

Did you see any movement of his wrist?—No. Or any movement to show that he took the slate out of his pocket?—None. I think it was quite possible for him to do it without any movement that I could observe. Conjurers do so much every day. I never heard any writing (ill the slate was placed in position. I am not sure whether I sat against the frame of the table or one of the flaps. I did not hear any sound of writing until the slate was touching the table beneath. My suspicions certainly were aroused at first. On the second occasion I left my friend to make the observations. I did not watch Slade narrowly all the time. The same sort of thing occurred on the second as on the first occasion. The long message that came up on the second visit was utter nonsense. He volunteered the statement "I claim that this is done by spirits," which I considered as curious.

Cross-examined by Mr. Massey: Were you induced to go there by any representations of the defendants?—No. On the first occasion I was suspicious, and could not understand how the thing was done. My money was paid nevertheless. Simmons made no attempt to get information from me. My impression is that the writing on the second visit was produced by some mechanical contrivance in the table. When Slade's hands were on the slate the sound of writing was different to what it was on the other occasions. I have not seen the metallic writing of Mr. Maskeyne. I cannot say that the removal of furniture must take place within a certain distance of a medium.

Re-examined by Mr. Lewis: I considered the voluntary statement curious from its audacity. Slade's legs were sufficiently near the furniture to move it.

Was the noise made, during writing, similar to scratching with the nail of the finger?—Yes.

Did he move from his seat before the slate was shown you?—Yes.

Did you know of writing which may apparently be obliterated and reappear, before you went there?—No.

Alexander James Duffield, Savile-row, sworn and examined by Mr. Lewis: I am an analytical chemist. I went to the defendant's place about the 25th or 26th of July. I said something to him about spirits, and he said he hoped we should have "a good time." I think Simmons was present at that conversation. Slade, a friend of mine, and I then went into a room where the séance took place. I offered to pay Slade, and he directed me to go to Simmons, to whom I gave a sovereign.

Cross-examined by Mr. Munton: From the beginning to the end of your interview with Dr. Slade, did you see anything indicative of trickery?—Not a bit. I simply thought it was a very extraordinary thing. Subsequently I heard from a friend that Slade showed his finger-nails to prove that the writing was not done by means of a pencil held under the nail, and then I set myself to inquire. If Slade had not called the attention of a friend to the closeness of his finger-nails, I should not have set myself to find out how the writing was done. I saw much that was consistent with its being produced by supernatural agency. A long piece of pencil was lying on the table. Slade put the slate under the table, and I suggested that the piece of pencil should be used. Slade took it, but when it was applied, it was shot back on to the top of the table, he remarking, "You see they don't require it." There was certainly nothing to show that the messages might not have been produced by some strange, spiritual agency. One message was written when the slate was on the table. I think three or four long messages were written on the slate successively. Slade cleaned the slate each time with his fingers and saliva. One message certainly was not less than seven or eight lines. It was writing that could be produced by a slate-pencil. I was satisfied with my visit to this extent—that if there had not been a marked similarity between Slade's writing and that on the slate, I should, if I had gone into a desert away from all newspapers and friends, have said Slade's writing was very mysterious indeed. I have considered the writing in the shape of a note requesting an appointment. I was not only satisfied, but wonderfully struck.

Cross-examined by Mr. Massey: Your relation with Simmons was limited to the payment of money?—Yes.

Was any message written on a slate without its being removed from your sight at all?—There was a slate on the table, and I heard the sound of writing either on the slate or the wall at the time when the slate covered a little piece of pencil. When the slate was raised there was the message. I have heard it said there are persons so peculiarly constituted that they can see things that others cannot. I have fancied I have seen lights when in the dark. (A laugh.)

Re-examined by Mr. Lewis: I left the place as a believer, and am very sorry to have had my belief disturbed. (A laugh.)

Mr. Lewis informed the magistrate that only one more witness remained to be examined for the prosecution.

Munton wished to know if, in the next proceeding, both cases would be heard together.

Mr. Flowers: I think they are really one case.

Mr. Lewis: Considering the nature of the evidence produced and the number of charges we shall have to make against these defendants, I

have, upon the part of the prosecution, to ask you to call upon the defendants to give substantial ball for their future appearance. (Slight applause.)

Mr. Flowers: They have hitherto appeared, and I shall not alter the ball. (Applause.)

Mr. Munton thought the application very unfair.

Mr. Flowers said that, as at present advised, he would suggest that the evidence for the defence should be confined to the issue before them. He thought he should reject all evidence to prove that at other times and on other occasions Slade did and could do things that the mere observer could not explain except on the hypothesis of supernatural agency. He should also like the learned gentleman for the defence to read the Act of George II., with a view to see whether any man could, without offending against the statute, earn his living by calling up spirits, and whether that was not the same offence as if it was merely pretended that the thing was done.

Mr. Munton: If you limited the evidence in that way, it would be practically saying that no evidence should be given for the defence. I would call gentlemen of high respectability to show that the witnesses for the prosecution were mistaken.

Mr. Flowers: Consider what a waste of resources this must be.

Mr. Munton: No doubt the resources on both sides would be very much crippled.

Mr. Lewis: Speak for yourself. (Laughter.)

Mr. Flowers would hear both sides on the next occasion as to the suggestions he had thrown out.

Mr. Massey contended there was nothing to fix the client, Simmons, with a guilty knowledge.

Mr. Lewis: If it is to be maintained that Simmons was merely the dupe of Slade, I submit that that is a question for a jury.

Mr. Massey: I apprehend that the learned magistrate will not send Simmons before a jury unless there is evidence likely to support a conviction. Many who have investigated the subject have come to the conclusion that there is some agency.

Mr. Flowers: I shall have to decide according to the common sense, and the evidence that is generally given in this world.

Mr. Lewis: There can be no the slightest doubt that Simmons made the appointments and received the money, and therefore there is some evidence of conspiracy.

After some further discussion on legal matters, the inquiry was adjourned until Friday next, the defendants being liberated on bail as before.

## Light from Olden Lands.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

An American gentleman, an accomplished scholar, while in Paris studying Egyptian, sent me the following account and translation, which shows the practical view the ancients took of Spiritualism. It may interest your readers as much as it has.

Yours truly, C. O. POOLE.  
140 West 42d street, New York City.

"The National Library in Paris has a sandstone tablet said to have come from Thebes, from the temple of the god Khonsu, the second person of the Theban trinity. The illustrations are the king offering incense to the ark of the god Khonsu, borne on the shoulders of twelve priests, surrounded for a journey, and a priest receiving a similar ark on its return. The god is called the driver away of demons. The king is Rameses XII., who flourished about 1200 B. C.

"The inscription, which is long, states that the Princess of Bekhten (probably Bekhtan), the younger sister of Rameses XII.'s wife, Sun-of-the-Graes, and a malady having penetrated her limbs, her father sent to the King of Egypt for a doctor. Thoth-in-feast was sent, selected from the college, and the mystery doctors of the palace. He found her seized by a spirit, and he, himself, unable to fight with him, the father sent to the king again. The king went to Khonsu, and prevailed on him to have one of his forms sent, first giving this form his divine virtue four times (a figure four times repeated resembling as much as anything an old-fashioned S, with a long loop above and one below). This sign comes as near magnetism as anything; it represents the spine; guardian gods exert it upon kings and other respectable people. After a year and five months travelling with one large and five little arks, a chariot and many horsemen, this god arrives; the father goes out with nobles and soldiers to meet him, and falls even on his face with appropriate speech. This god goes to the Princess, exercises the power according to this form for her, and in a moment she is well.

"Then this spirit," (the characters indicate that he is glorified or illuminated and august, holding in his hand the whip of rule,) "who had come from her, said to the king, 'Thou hast come in peace, great god, who drivest out the demon (or diabolus). This is the land of Bekhten, thy slaves its men; I am thy slave, I will go to the place whence I came to set thy heart at rest as to thy coming to her. Will thy holiness order a feast day to me from the Prince of Bekhten?' Then this god deigned to say to his prophet, 'Let the Prince of Bekhten make a great offering before this spirit.' While Khonsu was doing these things with the spirit, the Prince of Bekhten stood with his soldiers, terrified exceedingly. Then the Prince of Bekhten made a great offering before Khonsu and the spirit—made a feast day for them. And the spirit went in peace whithersoever he pleased, by the order of Khonsu.

"The Prince thought first he would keep so useful a god, but after three years and three months, seeing him in a dream coming out of his shrine as a hawk of gold, and flying away into Egypt, he thought better of it, and sent him back with many presents, troops and horsemen to guard him. The Book of the Dead has a large stone tablet with thirty-six lines of hieroglyphics, side by side, of two thirds of the way down. These are mainly invocations to divinities or genii, that the departed one may be preserved from all sorts of malevolent things in that under sphere which is so well described and depicted in the Book of the Dead and on the better sarcophagi, as to remind one of Danté with Doré's illustrations. At the twenty-third of these lines begins an invocation to a sacred Lamb, son of a ram, who art sucking thy mother sheep, let not the departed be stung by any serpent, any serpentess, any scorpion, any reptile; let not any one of them master his limbs; let not any death, any deathless enter into him; let not haunt him the shadow of any spirit."

"The dead Egyptian either rose again, like the sun, or he was struck with the second death, (compare Rev. ii. 11) according to the Book of the Dead, after which he was called a death, or a dead spirit. The Book of the Dead has prayers to a dead spirit's second death. Although these deaths suffer flame, tortures, and their bodies are pastures for demons, yet they may enter the bodies of others. There are prayers against this in the Book of the Dead, and elsewhere.

"On the twenty-sixth line of this tablet we read: 'Oh thou who enterest, enter thou not into the limbs of the departed,' and in the thirty-first, 'Let not haunt him the influence of any death or deathless.' These amiable companions are also mentioned in the incantation on the first page of the Papyrus Ebers. In line thirty-second of this tablet is an exorcism, 'I have repeated the words over the sacred herbs put in all the corners of the house. I have sprinkled the whole house with the juice of these herbs during the night; when comes the dawn the person buried is in his place.' This is the way we now protect a house against spirits: Last spring, in Florence, a priest came to the house and sprinkled it with holy water, 'repeating words,' and so laying the ghosts."

The Chinese do not seem to have an intuitive idea of the sanctity of an oath. A consular office-boy, who had been in the service nearly nine years, was looking for something which he evidently could not find, and was asked what it was. "The consul is going to try a case this morning," he replied, "and I am looking for the little book he makes the witnesses smell."

The highest form of spirit-communion resides in the sacred text, which the devout and earnest man, with God and the angels must be like them.—Dr. J. H. Hall.

## Banner Correspondence.

## Lecture Items from the West.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Knowing that your valuable columns are crowded, I will, nevertheless, venture to ask a small portion of space.

"I thought in your country less than a year and a half, I have formed many valuable acquaintances; have learned to admire your institutions and customs, the genius of which is liberty and equality. All English-speaking nations should cherish fraternal feelings of fellowship, for as they have a common origin their destiny must be one."

"Youth is no crime." Not being nineteen years of age, and necessarily inexperienced in many of the ways of this country, I yet find more calls for the exercise of my mediocrity gifts and powers as a trained speaker than I can fill. Whilst superstition and mental darkness becloud the masses, while the common complaint of "hard times" rings out from a thousand lips, still Spiritualism, in many localities, seems to be the ascending star.

Since leaving Cleveland, Ohio, where I found warm friends to greet the stranger, I have been working my way westward, expecting next month to reach Salt Lake City and California.

REV. DR. SAMUEL WATSON.

In my attending hand of spirits is Mr. Knowles, who, when an earth, was a phenologist. When he is near me, throwing upon me his psychological influence, I have the gift of reading character, and even the motives of individuals. The moment I set eyes upon Dr. Watson, I said, "There is a fine specimen of what would be called in our country an English gentleman." To clasp his hand, and feel the pulsations of his heart, is to know something of the warmth and dignity of true manhood. His Spiritualism amounts almost to enthusiasm, and the influence he exerts over an audience when speaking, is comparable to an apostolic baptism. During the session of the Minnesota State Convention he was the principal speaker. His manner was earnest, his speaking profound, and his subjects well chosen and appropriate. Though coming the distance of nearly a thousand miles, and expecting his traveling expenses to be paid (some eighty dollars), he refused to receive them, but with the generosity of a Pinto, he kindly tendered what they purposed for him to me (some fifty dollars). Such noble acts should not be allowed to pass unnoticed, for they form such a contrast to many of my American experiences.

DR. J. M. PEEBLES.

It was also my good fortune to meet this popular speaker, and distinguished world-famed author, both in Sturgis, Mich., and Waverly, Iowa. He is quite enthusiastic upon the subject of Spiritualism, and all his thoughts favor and strongly endorse organization. Personally I am to him under obligations for encouragement and advice in the lecture work of America, and in justice to him I must say, in traveling through the West I often hear young speakers and mediums (as well as more elderly persons) pass encomiums upon him, for the aid he has given them. And, further, he is a constant worker in behalf of the Spiritual Philosophy.

CYCING CHANGES.

The American seer, A. J. Davis, speaks of phenomenal Spiritualism rising and falling like sea waves. At the present time Spiritualism seems to be passing through one of the cycling crises. In many localities it is taking more of a religious turn. Man's spiritual nature requires religious truths and practical teachings. If this nature does not get them under the banner of Spiritualism, it seeks them in the so-called liberal denominations. The spiritual element in man can never slumber long.

THE SLADE PERSECUTION.

The persistent suspicions and testing of mediums may in many respects do good, in winnowing the spurious, with redounding brilliancy and certainly to the genuine; but I sincerely regret that my countrymen in London have so treated and persecuted Dr. Henry Slade. But from all directions I hear the universal testimony that his mediumship is genuine, and his bearing gentlemanly. Sustained by the angels I am sure that he will come out all right, and be joyously triumphant.

THE CAUSE IN WESTERN IOWA.

I succeeded to Dr. J. M. Peebles in his course of lectures in Iowa. During my stay I have been greeted with large and enthusiastic audiences. The personal kindnesses of these people (and American kindness generally) I shall remember to the close of my mortal life.

I find wherever I go the Banner of Light. It is truly a "banner," and my prayer is that it may wave in triumph, till the world comes to acknowledge the present manifestations and ministrations of spirits to earth.

AROUND THE WORLD.

It is my purpose to work my way to California (calling at Afton, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Salt Lake City and Ogden on my way), in time to meet the Hon. J. M. Peebles, and then accompany him on his second "Tour Around the World." Dr. Cleveland, of St. Louis, Mr. Wilson and lady, and several others, talk of going with the doctor on this contemplated journey, but whether they do or not the future will decide.

Yours most truly, THOMAS WALKER.  
Osceola, Iowa.

Items of General Interest.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Many friends have written to me inquiring about my success in healing in Philadelphia during the Centennial Exhibition. I will briefly give some information in relation to the healing, and the signs of the times in this direction. The healing gift is more sought for, and also more feared, than ever before. But it is doing more practical good in convincing the public that there is an intelligent force in the universe, more capable of being utilized for the benefit of the sick and afflicted than any other spiritual gift. In regard to Philadelphia, I have no reason to complain of my success in effecting cures. The citizens had much to do to entertain visitors, and therefore but little time to attend to health. My practice was principally from strangers. When persons ask me of my success, I do not reckon up the money taken, but point to the good accomplished. This is where the practice of all true healers differs from those who count their success in dollars. There are thousands of healers being unfolded, who do not claim notoriety, but are doing a great amount of good in eradicating disease.

On my way to this city, I witnessed two singular and interesting cases. The first is that of Dr. Reed, 792 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. The doctor has been a successful healer, clairvoyant and surgeon, having a large practice in the West. He was prostrated by an uncontrollable disease, thought to have been contracted while dissecting a deceased body. His general health was not much impaired, but his limbs grew out of shape, and his eyes became blind, his jaws set, and for the past twelve years he has been helpless and confined to his bed. The case has been investigated by a large number of physicians, but baffles all known remedies. Dr. Reed is about fifty years of age, and quite intelligent. While he was helplessly confined to his bed, his active, inventive brain discovered a method whereby his wife could take him from it and place him gently upon a sofa or chair, with as much ease as she could take up a child. The invention was revealed to him about nine years ago, and he began using it just how it would operate. Surely, "necessity is the mother of invention," and his sickness may have been the means of discovering the greatest blessing for the comfort of invalids ever known. I learn that the doctor has expended his property, and is now dependent upon his friends for a home. Our Government could not do a better act than to pay him handsomely for his invention, and have it placed upon every invalid's bed in its hospitals. Every hospital in the world needs this invention. Medical men take pleasure in witnessing its practical workings.

The other case is that of Mrs. Goodwin, 1411 Broadway, New York City. She is taken possession of by a spirit who claims to be a Russian,

named Alexander, and by the exercise of his will-power he takes possession of her body (she being unconscious at the time), and produces a phenomenon that defies all scientific explanation, except on the spiritual hypothesis. The lady informed me that some sixty physicians had visited her and witnessed the manifestations. Though not educated in medical science, yet the knowledge she displays, when under this control, of medicine, anatomy and the human system generally, confounds all the physicians as well as all others who have seen her in these abnormal conditions.

The spiritual phenomena are being established as facts, by evidence so clear that even a suspicion of fraud or deception cannot be entertained by any sane investigator.

Spiritualism is already implanted in the hearts of millions of the most intelligent people in the world; and being in harmony with the immutable laws of the universe, mortals should beware how they attempt to thwart the designs of the Infinite.

A. S. HAYWARD,  
Magnetic Physician, 5 Davis street,  
Boston, Nov. 28th, 1876.

BRIGHT THOUGHTS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

BY J. WETHERBEE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Many a bright thought glimmers in the lines from correspondents, and having our hours of depression, when "open visions" are scarce with us, we thought a selection of a few might interest others as they did us.

"Fall away a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air."

So is it with the blossoms of thought, and we will make believe to "desert air," and perhaps prove our statement by stringing a few on our thread.

"Did it ever strike you that if it were not for the exposures or expositors, we should see little in the secular press about Spiritualism? And if it had not made dangerous inroads into Orthodoxy, Harper's Easy Chair would never have thought it necessary to write it down. The attacks serve a double purpose—they warm up the believers and force the indifferent to read and know that something is going on. Nothing succeeds without opposition. Our triumph will be at hand when zealots find it necessary to preach against us. Long live the pullers down! may their tribe increase!"

"I think you are right in saying it is a waste of time and money to build temples to our faith or religion; that they are all ready built in our present churches and meeting-houses. Modern Spiritualism is already ankle-deep in their pews and aisles."

"Only think, the blue blooded, discreet, Beacon-streetish Transcript has admitted a whole column favoring Spiritualism, by Epes Sargent! We must have another 'West-End' exposure and an arrest of another Slade. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

"A long editorial experience has taught me that constantly reiterated attacks,



### 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.

Having recently purchased the stock in trade at ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS'S PROGRESSIVE BOOKSTORE, New York City, we are now prepared to fill orders for such books, pamphlets, etc., as have appeared by name in his catalogue, and hope to hear from the friends in all parts of the world.

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

## Banner of Light.

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PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Letters and communications appertaining 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, surrounded, 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. *Edmond Fitzgerald.*

### Our English Agent.

Our patrons in the Old World will please bear in mind that J. J. Morse, Warwick Cottage, 518 Old Ford Road, Bow, London, is our accredited agent for the obtaining of subscriptions to the Banner of Light in England and on the Continent, and will be pleased to attend to all business of this kind which may be presented to his notice.

### The Slade Defence-Fund.

Anyone acquainted with the course of legal proceedings, not only in England but in this country, must be well aware that a well contested trial is attended with very great expenses. The day the sentence against Slade was pronounced we were handed from the representative of the committee in England, that had taken upon itself the care of watching the proceedings against Slade and providing for his defence, a cable telegram informing us that the expense of the appeal would be at least £600, and that pecuniary help from America was needed. On that hint we spoke to the Spiritualists of America, and nobly have they responded thus far, considering the short time that has elapsed. The sum of about \$1450 has been already subscribed and paid in, and we hope that the whole amount needed will be raised before another month is at an end.

If there ever was a movement strictly cosmopolitan in its bearings and intent, it is Spiritualism; and we therefore hope that there will be no talk of national distinctions and jealousies in a case like this; that no one will say that English Spiritualists ought to raise all the money themselves.

It matters not to our cause whether Spiritualism be defended and proclaimed from London or from New York, from St. Petersburg or from Boston. We are just as much interested in the result as English or Russian Spiritualists can possibly be. A fact scientifically established in England is a fact for all America. Indeed, we are not sure that there are not many of our countrymen who would receive it with far more confidence from England than from any other country. Every American Spiritualist ought to be just as profoundly interested in having the cause represented by counsel of great ability in the coming trial, as any English Spiritualist can be. We therefore confidently call upon all Spiritualists, of whatever nationality, to do what they can to help out our subscription-list.

An able writer in the *Sussex* (Eng.) Daily News of Nov. 4th, gives the following just and amusing review of the Slade prosecution:

"Slade has been condemned on suspicion, inference, supposition—not a proof. Ignoring altogether the possibility of spirit agency, Mr. Justice Flowers reached his conclusion by reasoning in this way: 'Certain occurrences took place in the presence of Lankester and Donkin which might possibly have been occasioned by a human agent; Slade, also present, was a human agent; therefore Slade occasioned these occurrences.' This reasoning is based on an unwarrantable assumption: it is imperfect and unfair. Had the opposite process been employed a totally different conclusion would have been the result. By assuming the possibility (instead of impossibility) of spirit, or even psychic, agency in these phenomena (a wise course, for who shall fix the limits of the possible?), and accepting evidence in that direction, the fact of such agency on other occasions with the accused would have been demonstrated by mountains of evidence; and if (putting the case at its worst) the magistrate was in doubt whether on this particular occasion the phenomena were the work of spiritual (psychic) or human agency, he would have been bound to give the accused the benefit of the doubt, and Slade would be now free. Evidence, unexpected evidence, was, in fact, given of this spiritual or psychic action on other occasions through the same medium, showing that Slade on those occasions at least was no impostor; yet this evidence was most unjustly set aside, and all presumption in his favor entirely disallowed.

"Examining Lankester's and Donkin's evidence what does it amount to? They did not see Slade write a single word. They did not see him turn the slate. Their whole case rests on supposition. The case, as far as it rests with them, stands thus: They saw no trickery; but they 'supposed' trickery; and on that 'supposition' the medium is convicted! The action of Professor Lankester all through this affair has been unique. When Dr. Carpenter, Lankester's senior in years and superior in science, has made an arrangement with Mr. Slade for a full and searching investigation of the phenomena, the young professor, with a modest assurance that is overwhelming, snatches the inquiry from the hand of his senior, and with a smartness that calls for admiration, carries off all the honors. As he admits in the *Times*, he sets to work to trap him 'like a solid beast.' Still, all through the business

the Professor acted solely on a pure desire for the public good. This is his assertion, and we are bound to believe it—as much as his assertion that Slade tricked. How noble to devote his time, his young talents, and his money so unselfishly to preserve the world—especially the simple London world—from fraud! How kind, and yet with what delicious modesty, to show young and innocent lads like Alfred Russell Wallace, Professor Crookes, Lord Lindsay and Serjeant Cox, how they had all been deceived and fooled! Above all, how touchingly filial his desire to protect his venerable friend, Dr. Carpenter, from imputation, and to spare his gray hairs the disgrace of inspecting the bubble of Spiritualism!

The satire is apt and well deserved as it is scathing. If we do not much misinterpret the signs, young Mr. Lankester will wish he had not meddled with this business, before he sees the end of it. An issue of veracity between him and Dr. Carpenter has already grown out of the affair; and his officious introduction of the names of Carpenter and Sidgwick into his summons has drawn from both those gentlemen well-merited rebukes for his juvenile audacity. In short, nothing but the popular prejudice against Spiritualism has saved Mr. Lankester from being the laughing stock of the season. The new trial, if well managed, will make his folly still more conspicuous.

To all true friends of the cause we repeat our call: Send in some contribution, be it large or small, to the Slade Defence Fund.

### Mr. Serjeant Cox on the Slade Prosecution.

At a meeting of the Psychological Society of Great Britain, Nov. 24, Mr. Serjeant Cox delivered his presidential address, from which we quoted last week an important paragraph. We now give below the entire section of his address which treated of the recent legal and judicial attack on Spiritualism, through the person of one of its media:

"THE ATTACK ON DR. SLADE.

"The most important event of the year in its relation to psychology has been the recent prosecution. Of the true motive for that proceeding there can be no doubt. The pretence of public interests was transparent. The public were not in any way concerned in the matter, for the public were not appealed to. The scientific world, the literary men, the editors of the journals, who were invited to witness the phenomena said to occur, were surely very well able to take care of themselves. The educated, the intelligent, and the wealthy, and not the ignorant and the poor for whose protection the law was made, had no need of theegis of a police-court to save them from imposture.

"The object really sought was plain enough. It was not to punish Dr. Slade, but to discredit through him all psychological phenomena, the proof of whose existence was destruction to the doctrines of materialism. The desire and the design were to bring into discredit the authority of Barrett, Wallace, Crookes, Lindsay, Rayleigh, and the other members of the Royal Society, who have acknowledged the reality of some, at least, of the psychological phenomena, and, above all, to deter, by dread of popular ridicule, other persons from prosecuting investigations which, if found to be true, felt to be fatal to their own reputations. But such hopes have been grievously disappointed.

"Whether Dr. Slade be or be not in all respects guilty or guiltless, upon which it is no part of my duty to offer an opinion here, certain it is that the trial has had the unlooked for effect of directing the attention of the whole public to the fact that phenomena are asserted to exist, and by a great number of competent investigators are declared to be true, and of the reality of which every person may, if he pleases, satisfy himself by actual inspection, thus sweeping away now and forever the dark and debasing doctrines of the materialists. True there are differences of opinion between those who have been convinced by examination and experiment as to the extent to which these asserted phenomena are conclusively proved; there are, and perhaps ever will be, differences of opinion as to the sources of the power that is exhibited in these phenomena; but whether they are the product of the psychic force of the circle, as I and some others contend, or if spirits of the dead be the agents, as others say, or elemental spirits (whatever that may be), as asserted by a third party, this fact at least is established—that man is not wholly material—that the mechanism of man is moved and directed by some non-material—that is, some non-molecular—structure, which possesses not merely intelligence, but can exercise also a force upon matter, that something to which for lack of a better title we have given the name of soul. These glad tidings have by this trial been borne to thousands and tens of thousands whose happiness here and hopes of a hereafter have been blighted by the materialists, who have preached so persistently that soul was but a superstition, man but an automaton, mind but a secretion, present existence purely animal, and the future a blank.

"Such an issue of an attempt to put down psychology by process of law is a mighty triumph for our science, and will be commemorated in its annals as a new starting point in its onward march."

### The Testimony in Slade's Case.

A well-known Spiritualist, who has carefully examined the report of the Slade trial, remarks: "We now have complete details of the last day's proceedings in Slade's case, and I am surprised—I may say astonished—at the weight given to the flimsy evidence of Prof. Lankester and Dr. Donkin, while the straight and forcible evidence of Wallace and Cox is regarded of no value in the eyes of a prejudiced and partial judge. I cannot but believe that if the case had been tried before a jury of ordinary intelligence the accused would have been acquitted. I knew that some of the Justices of the Peace in remote districts in England were obtuse and narrow-minded, but I had always entertained the opinion that the judges in London were not men of the pettifoggery and bigoted stamp. The proceedings in this case, however, have opened my eyes, and I am now with you prepared to anticipate the worst, and can only hope my fears may not be realized."

### Letter from M. A. (Oxon.)

We hardly need call the attention of our readers to the deeply interesting letter from London in regard to the Slade case, which we publish to-day. It is from one of the wisest and most energetic workers in the spiritual cause, and one independent of all cliques and animosities. What he says may be relied upon. We trust that the Slade Defence-Fund may be speedily increased in this country, so that the proper defence and advertisement of Spiritualism may not fall through lack of the best legal assistance. London, be it remembered, speaks to the world; and Lankester and Flowers have already been unwittingly made the instruments of introducing Spiritualism for the first time to thousands of benighted hearts that will hereafter thank them for the cheering light. "Out of this nettle danger, we'll pluck the flower safely." All thus far has been for the best.

Augusta Dwinells—whose card appears on our seventh page—has established herself at No. 31 Oak street, Boston, and would be pleased to exercise her gifts for the benefit of such as desire them. Give her a call.

### Electric Photography.

Professor Brittan, in his philosophical work on Man, devotes a chapter to "Mental Electrotyping on Vital Surfaces," in which he records some very curious facts, and discusses the philosophy of the psycho electric marks, or images of various objects, produced by the action of the mother's mind on her offspring. He also refers to the fact that a powerful electric current passing near a living man may possibly leave a picture of the nearest object on the sensitive surface of his body. We extract the following from "Man and his Relations":

"The rays reflected from the outlines of an object to the eye leave its image on the choroid membrane; or, passing through the camera, produce a semblance of its form, with appropriate lights and shadows, on its sensitive surface made sensitive by a suitable chemical preparation. In a similar manner the form and—to some extent—the colors of objects may be electrotyped on the external surfaces of living human bodies. I believe there are several well authenticated facts, illustrative of this singular susceptibility. Not long since, it was stated in the public journals, that a man who was standing near a tree when it was struck by lightning immediately presented a vivid picture of the tree on the exposed side of his body. While he was not fatally injured by the shock, it would nevertheless appear, that the passage of the current so near him acted on the chemical constituents of his body with such power as to electrotypes the nearest object on the cuticle. It is also alleged that the bodies of several persons killed by lightning, have exhibited a similar phenomenon."

A recent exchange brings us another example of this electro-photographic work on the human body—by the same natural process—which we copy in this connection, as the fact is interesting and apparently well authenticated:

"Jeremiah Hayes, a lad of fifteen years, was struck by lightning while eating his supper at his residence, Metuchen, N. J. Directly opposite the window where the boy was struck stands a large tree, and when the lad's body was examined the tree was found photographed on his side. The likeness of the tree was perfect in detail, with limbs, twigs and leaves clearly defined."

We have no doubt that electricity is destined to play a most important part as a principal agent in the photographic art. The progress of scientific discovery may yet enable us to dispense with the solar light; and then photography, aided by electric forces, may reveal the objects now removed from our scrutiny by the veil of darkness that conceals their outlines. Then we may photograph the things that lie beyond the sphere of ordinary observation—the crystallographic processes of the mineral kingdom, and the subtle chemistry of vegetable and animal life; the dark caverns of the earth, and the zoophytes in coral halls of the sea; the living and moving monsters of the deep; the stars that cover their faces with the white veils of the nebula; all the grand and solemn scenery of Night; and, possibly, by the aid of disembodied intelligences obtain glimpses even of the mysteries of life, death and immortality.

### Letter and Remarks by Mr. Simmons.

In a recent letter to Mrs. Louisa Andrews, of Springfield, Mass., Mr. Simmons, the faithful agent of Henry Slade, writes as follows:

"Now that we have an armistice for a few weeks, we have settled down again to business, and people are beginning to come in. The manifestations continue as usual. I wish you could have seen the 'Doctor' when sentence was pronounced by the magistrate. He never moved a muscle, nor changed his countenance in the least, but looked, for all the world, as quiet and unconcerned as though he was sitting in his rocking chair at home. This trouble of course prevents our going to Russia until it is decided; and should the sentence be confirmed, I dare not contemplate the result. Could I take his place I would feel no uneasiness, as I should feel quite competent to the task; but that cannot be. Our friends have strong hopes that he will be acquitted. I hope he will be; but the prejudices of the law will have much to do with the result, as it had in Bow street. Besides that, I can't help thinking that if we were Englishmen his chance would be better. On the other hand, however, there is a strong feeling in our favor, on the ground that we are strangers; and those friends we have are doing all that can be done. No better and truer friends can be found in any country. From the first commencement of the troubles they have never faltered, but have come forward with their moral and material aid. For their great kindness we shall never be able to render an equivalent."

In some recent discussions before the National Association of Spiritualists, Mr. Simmons, being called on to speak, rose "amid loud and continued applause," and said:

"I did not intend to speak, but will mention that in New York I met a gentleman who wrote against the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism for twelve years, and when he admitted them denied the spiritual theory. He rather prided himself that such was the case. One day I heard a Spiritualist say to him, 'Your position is not to your credit, for on your own showing you took twelve years to discover what another man found out in an hour, and the same may be the case with your present theory.' This argument struck him so forcibly, that he held his tongue afterwards. I have noticed in my experience with Dr. Slade, that the best tests have been obtained when volunteered by the spirits themselves, and not attempted to be put on by the inquirers. One day a gentleman came for the inquirers, and placed his hat and umbrella in the corner of the room. Soon afterward a noise attracted his attention, and he saw his umbrella walking across the room with his hat on the top of it. (Laughter.) A friend of his afterward came with the desire to see the same manifestation, but did not get it for some time. At last, one day when he did not expect it, he saw the umbrella walking about with the hat on the top of it, and nothing visible touching either."

### A Case for Prof. Lankester.

A correspondent of the *Sussex* (Eng.) News, under the signature of "Lux," is responsible for the subjoined clever hit at the great slate-seizer:

"The propagation of Spiritualism depends not on public but on private mediumship, the supply of which is constantly increasing, and will increase more and more in proportion to the demand. Spiritualism spreads from family to family, from house to house; and nothing can stay its progress. Dining recently at a friend's, one of the company was a remarkable child of between two and three years old. This child is a medium, and through him spirits present joined in the conversation by means of raps on the table and on the floor. After a while, some assurance given in this way by a spirit being doubted by the company, the end of the table at which the little medium was sitting—a very long and heavy table in the large dining-room of one of the largest houses in Brighton—was lifted suddenly and brought down thrice on the floor with an energy that threatened, with destruction, the fragile ware upon it. This little boy sees and converses with spirits, and will write and draw by the hour under spirit control. I venture to suggest to Prof. Lankester that it is useless to imprison Dr. Slade while this little fellow remains at large, and that, to be consistent, he should at once take steps for seizing the above-mentioned table and for protecting the helpless parents, with their friends, for this portentous baby."

Jay J. Hartman has removed to New York City—12 Union Square.

### Letter from London on the Slade Case.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Your issue of Oct. 21st, received to-day, containing the letter which I addressed to you on the 4th ult., reminds me that serious events have happened since that date. With your permission, I will supplement that letter by a further record.

The prosecution of Dr. Slade and Mr. Simmons ended in a failure. Not even the most prejudiced persecution could wrest to its purpose evidence of conspiracy, and Mr. Simmons was, almost of course, dismissed. The animus of the prosecution was sufficiently shown in the fact that he was included in the indictment at all, and in all justice he ought to have had his costs awarded. As it was, the very mention of that simple act of justice led to a significant remark that nothing more should be said about it, as costs would not be given. Well, we can do without them, and score one off our opponents in honesty and straightforward dealings.

Having failed in their grand coup—the penalty for conspiracy is serious—Slade was prosecuted under the Vagrant Act. Now, the Vagrant Act is a judicial enactment intended to protect credulous maid-servants and such feckless folk against the seductive tricks of wandering gypsies. In order to make it apply to the case in point, it was necessary to include Slade, by a technical fiction, in the same category. By one of those hanky-panky tricks with which the law is too familiar, he was placed in the position of the vagrant gypsy, and Lankester figured as the typical credulous maid-servant. He must be protected—innocent that he is—against the designing intrigues of this seductive person. The law must be invoked to guard his too confiding innocence. So it was; and this unsuspecting youth was "protected" accordingly. He was "protected" to the tune of three months' imprisonment, with hard labor.

It is difficult to speak too strongly of the mischievous fiction which was invoked in order to crush an unpopular subject. It is abundantly clear that the obsolete act under which it seemed good to the astute attorney who conducted the prosecution to proceed, was one which was never intended to apply to persons like Lankester. If any body wanted "protection," it was not that rampant person. He would be the first to declare that he could take care of himself. But a hated subject was to be crushed out, a dreaded superstition was to be assailed in a vulnerable point, and so it came to pass that our opponents were not ashamed to resort to a pure legal fiction, and to invoke for their protection an act which was intended to defend the credulous and the ignorant.

The *ruse* was completely successful. The magistrate having been betrayed into admitting evidence which he was afterwards obliged to allow was inapplicable, finally dismissed it, and narrowed the issue to the evidence of Professor Lankester and Dr. Donkin, Slade being, of course, unable to speak for himself.

Anything more pitiable than Maskelyne's conjuring in court cannot be conceived, unless it was Lewis's attempt to show how the slate-writing was done. We are indebted to them both for what they have done for us. Anything more straightforward, manly, and to the point, than the evidence of Messrs. Wallace, Wyld, Joad and Joy cannot be imagined, unless it was the testimony of Mr. Simmons. It was a masterpiece of honest policy to put in the box the man out of whom the prosecution had the best chances of making out their case. It being all imposture and fraud, what so simple as to elicit it from the very "Mother of mischief"? Divers stories had been industriously circulated; among others, that Slade already had been "exposed" in New York. Lewis was primed with this, and got up to cross-examine, defiant and insulting, as is his wont. "This is not the first you have heard, Mr. Simmons, of exposure. I believe you have had masks and the like seized in New York?" "No, sir." "What? no seizure of masks?" "No, sir." "You know of no seizure?" "Yes, I know of a seizure." "Ah! I thought we should get it out"—please imagine Mr. Lewis's nose very much in the air. "Now, sir, will you tell us about that seizure of which you know?" "Oh, yes. Prof. Lankester seized a slate." The effect was electrical, and Mr. Lewis sat down as if somebody had suddenly pricked him. Nothing better was ever done. In fact, by the consented testimony of friend and foe, the evidence of the defence was irrefragable and complete. In full knowledge of what he was saying, with a full view of the issues involved, each witness stood forth and delivered his testimony like a man, and the magistrate was obliged to confess that it was "overwhelming." Unfortunately for his consistency he shortly after rejected it as irrelevant. But, at any rate, it was delivered.

The sentence of the court is known to your readers, and the fact, also, that it was at once appealed against. What the result of that appeal may be, it is not for me to speculate upon. However it goes, it is our bounden duty to prosecute it to the utmost. Already a strong statement has been put forward here, and we earnestly hope that you, on your part, will sustain your countryman and strengthen our hands by a vigorous and determined effort. We hope that some of your representative men in Spiritualism, together with some of Slade's many friends, will organize themselves into a committee and take prompt steps to sustain the defence with sympathy and material aid. We want moral support, and we need, also, a considerable pile of dollars. That is narrowing it down to a practical issue. In spite of the fact that Egyptian and Turkish bonds have, by their failures, largely crippled our resources, notwithstanding the heavy demands that have been made on our sympathies, by contributions, of late, I hope we shall not be found wanting. I am sure, sir, that we shall find our own efforts worthily seconded on your side. If with us weighs the consideration that our visitor has claims on our assistance, on you weighs the no less cogent consideration that your countryman, proven and tried among you, is in dangerous risk, while on both of us press the paramount claims of our common faith which we shall none of us desert in the time of need.

There is reason enough for us to be stirring, if we would preserve our faith from utter annihilation. There is evidence that a raid is to be made on Spiritualism at large, of which belief Slade is only one exponent. It is not Slade alone, but the belief in itself, that is attacked. A prominent Materialist is reported to have said in his Club, that he never knew a man with a soul worth saving who cared to have it saved. Serjeant Cox is right. It is the belief in a soul, in an existence after death, that is so bitterly assailed. Why, heaven only knows, unless Lankester & Co. have a lurking suspicion that they may not find an after-existence altogether pleasant. At any rate, the very name of spirit is enough to set them all

afire. And so, in order to quash their enemy, they have resort to methods which, however legal, are grossly unjust. They apply to investigation the principles which suited Torquemada, but sit very poorly on Lankester. Dreading, as they allege, a return to superstition, they deliberately relegate investigation to secrecy and seclusion. Science, so far from turning its bull's-eye on the dark places, and flashing light on the hidden and mysterious, is to make it penal to investigate, save in secret, and in places and under circumstances where none may pry. What is expected from such a course? Already we know too sadly that secrecy and darkness produce their fruit in imposture and delusion. We who know the reality of these phenomena, who see dimly their far-reaching issues, would fain drag them out into the light of day and submit them to the trained acumen of skilled scientific investigators. We are stopped—by whom? Not by the Spiritualist, whose credulity must be fostered by secrecy. Not by the medium, whose tricks can flourish only in the dark, but by the Lankesters of science, whose clear eyes cannot stand the light, and who shrink back from it into the more congenial darkness of a science (falsely so called) which hugs its own necrosis, and thinks to prevail by hiding its head and refusing to recognize that spiritual power which must one day hurl it to the dust.

No more righteous crusade was ever preached than this, which shall prevent such iniquity, which shall vindicate for man his sacred right to unfettered thought and to face investigation, and which shall (God helping us, and defending the right) enable us to crush as dastardly an attempt at persecution as ever Inquisitor framed. You, free American people, boast yourselves of your liberty to think and act as you see fit within the lines of eternal right and justice. We Englishmen claim for ourselves no less a privilege. But far above all, as apostles of Free Thought, we Spiritualists vindicate to ourselves the inalienable right to pursue Truth for its own sake, wherever the quest may lead us, and to give our spirits free play in their noblest aspirations. And recognizing in this scientific persecution the same dark elements which disfigured the medieval Inquisition, we call upon all honest and fair-minded men who love Truth for its own sake, and are not governed by bigotry and prepossession, to aid us in resisting to the very utmost this attack upon our liberty of thought and action.

M. A. (Oxon.)

London, Nov. 5th, 1876.

Edwin C. Foster, writing from St. John, N. B., alludes to his experience in addressing a defensive letter in behalf of the Spiritual Philosophy and phenomena to the editor of a New York paper, who had seen fit in his columns to misrepresent both. The result of this course was pleasantly observable in the changed tone for the better of other articles which afterward appeared in the same journal. Mr. Foster is of opinion that much of the opposition now current in the daily and weekly press all over the continent could be obliterated if Spiritualists would at once, on meeting with articles denouncing their faith, reply, matching journalistic sneers with clear-set arguments. He thinks that even should their manuscripts fail to be printed under such circumstances, yet their labor would not be lost, in that the ideas expressed would awaken reflection in the minds of the editors to whom they are sent, many of whom have, perhaps, through the depressing routine habits of life, enforced in too great a degree by their peculiar avocation, never before been led to lift their weary gaze to the cheering revelations which truth is in our day dispensing with such a liberal hand.

"Looker-On," Webster, Mass., wants the public to know something of T. Warren and his performances. Her purpose is to show by his own admissions and that of his showman that the spiritual manifestations given through him are "all humbug." Warren, whose name is Lincoln, was formerly a provision or fish dealer at the North End, and at one time figured with Carbonell in the Mercantile Hall exposed. He "developed" Mrs. Dr. Walker's son, who was recently thoroughly exposed in his tricks at Watertown and Arlington, as shown in the accounts published in the *Daily Herald*.—*Boston Sunday Herald.*

The "T. Warren" alluded to above is no less a personage than the T. Warren Lincoln who, with one Carbonell, some years ago made quite a stir in Boston, *a la Bishop*; but who as rapidly subsided, after the Banner fully exposed the "exposers." T. Warren Lincoln no doubt is a bona fide medium, but a creature of expediency; that is, he plays the rôle of a legitimate medium when the Spiritualists where he travels pay best, and when they don't he switches off on to the church track, and gets his income from Old Theology.

The Gardiner (Me.) Home Journal (secular) of a recent date, speaking in regard to the eagerness with which the papers throughout the country welcome all reports of the "exposure" of media, and the corresponding failure on the part of their editors to do justice when the accused is demonstrated to be innocent, says—referring particularly to H. H. Thos. R. Hazard's article in defence of Mrs. Hull, of Portland:

"Not a paper has alluded to the matter, that we have seen; and probably none will. This is the usual fairness of newspapers toward Spiritualism and spiritual mediums. If one is caught in a fraud, or if any one claims that they have caught a medium in a fraud, every newspaper will do all it can to spread the cry; but no matter how many times the exposure may be proved to be a humbug, the correction is never made. It seems to us that this course is no credit to the newspaper press. It matters not how many frauds there may be, if there is one genuine case it is just as hard to explain as though there were millions."

B. Shrafi, (18 Prospect Place, San Francisco,) whose name is familiar to our readers as a correspondent to these columns from the Pacific slope, has placed on sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore a choice collection of specimens of California sea moss. The pieces selected have been carefully prepared and mounted in a style similar to that of the cabinet photograph, and the delicate tracery and beautiful shapes displayed will recommend them at once to the good graces of the beholder. Mr. Shrafi has shown his appreciation of the live issues of the hour by donating the receipts for twenty of these specimens to the Slade Defence-Fund.

Mrs. Nancy W., the estimable and devoted wife of Charles E. Jenkins, Esq., passed to the higher life from her residence in Chester Square, Boston, Nov. 22d. She was blessed with a knowledge of and firm faith in the beautiful truths revealed in the Spiritual Philosophy. Her mother-love will now reap its full fruition in the companionship of their darling children, who have long awaited her coming.



## Spiritualist Meetings in Boston

111 12th street, Philadelphia, Pa. 1st-10th Oct. 21.



Message Department.

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

We also publish on this page reports of Spirit Messages given each week in Baltimore, Md., through the mediumship of Mrs. Sarah A. Danskin.

These messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil—consequently those who pass from the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress to a higher condition.

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

**The Banner of Light Free-Circle Meetings**  
Are held at No. 9, Montgomery Place, (second story) corner of Province street, every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons. The hall will be open at 2 o'clock, and services commence at 3 o'clock precisely, at which time the doors will be closed, neither allowing entrance nor egress until the conclusion of the same, except in cases of absolute necessity. The public are cordially invited.

Questions answered at these sittings are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those sent to the controlling intelligence by the Chairman, are read in by correspondents.

Donations of flowers collected.

LEWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES

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

Invocation.

From our home beyond the river we have come to-day, to bring some word of cheer to those who dwell upon the earth-plane. We ask thee, oh, our Father, to give us strength and power, to give us a loving influence, that we may touch the hearts of mortals here, that we may bring that divine love which passeth all understanding, that we may make each soul rejoice in the knowledge of the great hereafter. And oh! may we bring such strong proofs of immortality that none shall leave our presence without feeling that they know there is a life beyond. Assist us and guide us, oh Father; make us true to thee and true to the world. Give us flowers of beauty and thoughts of joy, that we may bring them to those who are hungry to-day.

Questions and Answers.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—Mr. Chairman, we are ready for your questions.

**Ques.**—[From the audience.] At the séance on Tuesday last, reference was made to animals in the spirit-world. Did those animals formerly possess material bodies on this planet, or in any material world?

**Ans.**—I can answer this question only according to my conception. I believe that some of the animals that walk your earth—the life or spirit-principle—are absorbed and taken up by other animals of the same species; there seems also to be a higher development of animals, a spiritual, which is never lost, but which lives on through eternity. Wherever the spirit is, there is the God. God never loses himself; spirit never loses itself. I may divide it, we may sub-divide it, we may do whatever we please with it, yet spirit remains from the beginning to the end. There are spirits in spirit-life that seem to belong to this life, that seem to be here, coming at our call. There are, again, spirits of animals in spirit-life that seem to have once inhabited some material body.

**Q.**—[From the audience.] Will the controlling intelligence please suggest some preventive of pain, starvation, discontent and poverty?

**A.**—[From the audience.] I wish that you would tell us some preventive for pain and suffering, but I only know one cure for it, and that is, to be born right in the beginning. It cannot be accomplished in one generation, two, or three. But if a child is born of harmonious relations, if there is a marriage of heart as well as of hand, if the magnetic relations are all right, and the child is wanted and needed to make up the sum total of the parents' life, it comes into the world prepared to inherit a healthy body; and if the parents' condition is such as to give it a healthy body, it will know very little of pain and suffering. We go among the Indians—who have lived a natural life and have not encased their bodies in tight clothing, have not put their feet into tight boots and shoes, have not used their brains all their lives for the purpose, maybe, of adorning their bodies, and have lived pure, natural lives, have not eaten that kind of food which engenders disease, but have tried to obey the Great Spirit's teaching, as they believed they received it—we find but little suffering among them. We find they are generally hearty and healthy. They can breathe the out-door air. Take, for instance, one of their women, she can breathe the out-door air freely; she can walk a few miles and call it nothing; she can bear her children almost free from pain. The white babies, you find them start war-mun, ready for the chase, ready to take hold of anything that comes along. They do not complain of a diseased liver or diseased lungs, because they have been natural. Now the question comes into the mind of some one in the audience, "Would you advise us to live like the Indians?" We would advise you to live naturally, to be as true to Nature as possible, to keep your bodies in a natural, pure condition. Then you would have less pain than you do to-day. To prevent discontent—I do not believe if the great Almighty Power should sit in this chair to-day, he could give you instructions in regard to that. Discontent can only be cured by living as harmoniously as possible, taking these rules for your life: "To do unto others as you would they should do unto you," and "What can't be cured must be endured." I have no right to throw upon another my cares and my burdens, and make them miserable because I am miserable myself. If these two rules were carefully thought of at morning and at night, we should find less of discontent than we find to-day. In regard to poverty, I think we have had enough talk on that subject. I can't cure it to-day, and shan't be able to to-morrow. I only wish there was less of it and more happiness. I only wish men and women would live such lives as would make them healthy, happy and wise, instead of giving so much time to the accumulation of the almighty dollar, that they would cultivate the intellect, that they would cultivate the material body, and attend to the wants of the spirit, so as to bring their lives into as much harmony as possible, blending the spiritual and material together; living each day as if it was their last, and they were soon to enter spirit-life; living as if to-morrow they perhaps were to shake hands with the angels, and become one too. Only be true to yourselves, be true to each other, and you can be healthy and happy.

**Q.**—[By Dr. B. F. Clark.] What is the difference between animal instinct and human love?

**A.**—"Animal instinct" is very much like "human love." When adapted to that which human love is adapted to, it seems very like it. The dog loves the master that loves him. The dog will be kind to the master that is kind to him, will attach himself to his family, and guard his children with care. If it loves either child, mother, or the father of the family, it will make his home there contentedly. It is so with woman; it is so with man. If persons are agreeable to each other and magnetically blend, they love one another, and do all that is possible for their happiness. It is so with the cat, with the monkey, and with other animals, but the horse more particularly, who is as sagacious almost as man. If the magnetism of the individual who cares for him mingles pleasantly with him, and he is pleased to have the touch of the hand, he will like a slave, obey his master or mistress, and show his affection for the master as he possibly can. You may call it instinct if you please, but it is the love of the animal, just as far as it can show its love for the human. One has more intellect than the other, that's all.

We have an instance in our mind's eye, of a horse which his master had tried in vain to tame. The animal was so vicious that the master did not dare go near his heels, lest he should get a remembrance which he would ever carry with

him. A little boy, ten or twelve years of age, came up, and, placing his hand on the animal's head, said to him, "I like you; you have got to become tame. I will make you mind me; you will do as I want you to." While the boy stood back and defied the man, the boy put on the bridle and led him from the barn. The child's patient, loving touch subdued him at once. The magnetism of the child mingled pleasantly with the magnetism of the horse, and it became a love-link between them. The boy was the master, because the horse loved him.

That which is called instinct in the animal is really the beginning of what is termed love in the human. It is difficult to separate the two things.

Aunt Sally.

My name, sir, is—well, I dunno as I can tell you much about it; but I dunno as I ever had much name, sir. I am a poor old woman, and I am very black, but I guess my heart is just as white as anybody else's. I am what they call one of the poor folks. I didn't belong to nobody nor nuthin'. I was disgraced, because I belonged to myself. Now, when I'm up here I think that's one of the greatest honors I could have—that nobody don't own me, body nor soul. They used to call me "Old Aunt Sally," and when they asked me, for any other name I used to tell 'em Brown; 'cause sometime my grandmother belonged to the Brown family. My mother was given her freedom, so I was free. I used to get terribly slighted by the colored people and by the whites. They used to think it was a disgrace to come anywhere near me. I find now that it ain't half the work to get along as it would be if I had been tacked on to somebody, and allers belonged to somebody. I only belonged to myself. I supposed I belonged to God, but I's never been able to see him. I's tried to see him, but I can't find him.

I thought there was so many here that maybe I'd find some light, and maybe I'd find out where God was. I used to live in Millidgeville, down in Georgia—yes, in the good old State of Georgia. Only I was an outcast. You know they have poor black "trash" down there and poor white "trash." I was one of the poor black trash. I would n't say mas'er and missus now. I won't to-day. I believe God is my mas'er, if there is any, and my missus too. I won't say it to nobody. The colored folks used to say it was too much pride in my heart, and I should have to have it taken out. It aint gone yet, sir. My skin is black and my hair is woolly, but my heart is all right, and I am free, and mean to keep free. Even in the spirit-life here, I find some of 'em think I am nobody, 'cause I wasn't an aristocrat, as they call it. I do n't want to be. I am poor colored trash, and allers expect to be.

Mary E. Glover.

I wish you would say in your paper that Mary E. Glover, of Mattapan, returns here to Boston, and would be glad to see some of her friends, if they will place themselves in communication with her.

Hen. DeWolf.

I have been asked to come to this circle-room, and to report. The question to-day interested me, as I came round here—the conversation in regard to it pleased me very much. I suppose if there was any animal in the world I was interested in, it was the horse. I had more to do with them than most men, and I studied their natures more. Now, if a horse can't reason, I don't believe man can. I have seen horses set themselves deliberately to work to reason. I have seen 'em think things out. I have seen their thoughts in their eyes. I have seen 'em make up their minds I should n't be their master, that they would n't mind me, and if I had whiffled the least bit they'd have done just as they had a mind to; but if I met them with a stronger psychological power than they had, then I had them.

I am interested in this subject. I want to study this thing. I tell you the more you cultivate the animal, the more you bring out his good qualities—if you've got a horse and he has a good intellect—you call it instinct—if you cultivate it and bring it out, you can make him do most anything you've a mind to.

I've known human beings to cheat me, to deceive me, to become hypocrites, but I never found a horse that I really loved, and that loved me, that was ever hypocritical.

Some of my friends want to know how I am getting along on the other side. One of 'em says, "Hen, DeWolf, what are you about—are you whipping horses now? or what are you doing?" I'm not doing that business at all. It isn't necessary to whip horses in this world. If I want a horse to do I always find one—it comes round. I never cheated anybody. I don't whip anybody only myself. Do n't know but I enjoy as much in my way as anybody else. Do n't think there's a man can say he ever asked me to assist him but what I was ready to do it. Perhaps I was rough in my way. I would like to say to the reverend who requested so strongly that I should come here: I hope he'll do as well as I have done, and he'll take care of the instructions, or rather of the impressions that come from him from spirit-life, he might be a rich man. He needs them just so far, and then he leaves them, and kicks the bucket all over—like the cow who gave a good pail of milk, and then kicked it over. If he wants me to come here and praise him, I can't do it. I have assisted him sometimes, and compounded medicine for him, and have been around him many times, and would help him if I could. If he would only let well enough alone it would be a good thing. I want him to know I have been here.

If they want to know that I am round, and know something of the way I have been dealt with, they may, if they do n't keep things straight, hear me holler some day so loudly that they'll think something is the matter.

I want to say to my friends that I enjoy a great deal of happiness, and I do enjoy a horse now as much as ever. I am the same Hen. DeWolf that I ever was; and all they have got to do is to visit a medium and I'll come round and prove that I live, and that I'm the same Hen. DeWolf and nobody else.

[A gentleman in the audience, from Hartford, recognized the spirit, and testified that the communication was characteristic of the individual.]

Persis E. Andrews.

Mr. Chairman, I have taken quite a long journey to be present at your circle to-day. It doesn't take me so long to travel as it would you, and yet, as I know that I am in Boston, and that I passed away in Milwaukee, it seems to me as if I must have taken a long trip, yet it was only a moment to me. I wish to send a word of greeting to those I have left behind, and yet not behind, for I am with them. I stand in their presence; I touch them; I speak to them. I would have them look up and heed me, but I find that is impossible, and learning of this place and understanding it to be a general post-office, I have ventured to come here to-day. My name is Persis E. Andrews. I would send my letter to Charles Andrews, of Milwaukee, Wis.

Daniel.

I would not have troubled you to-day, Mr. Chairman, had I not been formally requested by quite a number of parties to come and say what I think will be the end of the manifestations which are taking place on the earth to-day—the different "exposés" that are being made—and what I think is the duty of all Spiritualists in regard to the medium who has crossed the waters and become entangled in the meshes of the law. I can only say this: that all must answer the question for themselves as to what their duty is; but we in spirit-life feel that every true medium's hand should be upheld, that they should be strengthened, and should be assisted, if it is possible to do so. We can only ask them to picture to themselves that they have crossed the ocean and are among strangers who are prejudiced against them, and then do just precisely as they would like to be done by, were they to exchange places with the medium there. You can sign my name as Daniel.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF  
MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

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

Mrs. Danskin's Mediumistic Experiences.

(Part Forty-Six.)

BY WASH. A. DANSKIN.

When, through the organization of one who is a dweller upon the mundane sphere, a wise spirit manifests superior knowledge, speaks positively, for instance, of the condition of a person who has no idea of defect or disease in the physical structure, such manifestation challenges skepticism, and leaves no chance for equivocation or charge of collusion, fraud or hallucination: As in the case I related in the Banner of Light of June 17th, where a perfectly healthy man, to all outward appearance—one of great physical strength and mental vigor—was told, "As I read your life-line, sir, I see in the near distance the grave opening before you," and the prediction was verified in a few weeks thereafter. Here there was no possibility of escape from the fact. Some intelligence, unusual, and heretofore unknown, was predicting that which came unerringly to pass; and whatever or whoever that intelligence might be, it could evidently read the interior condition of the person, and there see causes, unsuspected by others, working silently to produce the anticipated result.

A similar case occurred a short time since in our experiences. Mrs. Danskin was called to attend a young married lady—a charming woman, much respected and beloved by a large circle of kindred and friends. She had been a great sufferer, and did not obtain any relief from the treatment of her medical attendants.

While at her bedside, in company with the mother of her husband, and others who were deeply interested in her fate, the husband passed through the room, and Mrs. Danskin said to his mother, "There is one who needs your attention more than the invalid before us. Unless care is taken of him he will not be with you three months longer." This statement was received with the utmost incredulity. While not a vestige of very strong physique, he possessed considerable mental force, and no external symptoms of serious disease. I think the prediction disturbed the faith of the family in Mrs. Danskin's mode of treatment, the idea with them being that if she could make so rash a statement about the one case, she would probably be not accurate in her treatment of the other.

And yet, unlikely as it seemed, this cherished son and husband was taken from those he loved within the time predicted, and has since borne testimony to the truth of our divine philosophy, through the Message Department of the Banner of Light. Dr. Benjamin Rush, through his medium, saw the condition of the man, and demonstrated his superior powers by making known that which, though derided at the time, proved a sad and melancholy truth to those who had not our beautiful faith to alleviate their sorrow. This class of spirit-manifestations hushes the scoffers into silence and leads the honest skeptic into the pathways of eternal life.

William Diffenderfer.

It was at Winchester, Virginia, and, if I trace back correctly, about the 16th day of May, that the mortal part went through the change called death and left the immortal part free to find its place in space. I was seventy-six years of age. My name was William Diffenderfer. Scenes change. We, being finite, can only for a time grasp the atoms that compose our individuality, and through our own intellectual force, define our position in the spirit-world. Winter comes and goes; so does the spring. Each and every thing in nature has its seasons; and oh, how grandly hath the Infinite One fashioned all the various forms in this life, and appointed that each shall move in its own circuit.

Why does not man understand definitely his position beyond the grave? Is it wisdom that he should be left to learn the lesson after the body has given up the spirit? Most men are strangers to this actual, perpetual life; and when they are ushered in they know not what to do or how to act. Now my case was likened unto that, having fears and doubts regarding the kindness of my Creator; and now I bow my head in shame for ever having doubted his wisdom or his love.

The spirits who are guiding me now breathe in accents soft and low. Let thy light shine among men, for so doing, those who now sit in darkness may pass into light.

"Thou knowest me in form of man will not doubt my truthfulness, my sincerity or honesty. And now, beloved friends and acquaintances, adieu. Memory to each. Do not reject it, but accept, for in so doing you will be made happy."

Mary Richards.

My name was Mary Richards. I died at Asheville, North Carolina. It was on a Saturday in May. My father's name was William, my mother's name was Helen, and they were in Washington. The blow struck the vital part, and the spirit gave up its tenement to seek a better and purer world than this. It is no task of hardness to understand the interior condition of oneself after the spiritual brain has become illuminated. I had no fear of death. I had rather thought it was pleasant. Still I had no definite idea in what way the change would or could benefit me. But now, having the privilege of a scholastic education, I can speak very accurately toward the point of unfoldment. Ah, yes, crude, very crude are men and women's ideas of the change, but every human mind must assert its own individuality, and from that standpoint, strike out for its advancement. Some are the lower grades; others the midway; others again strike for the eminence where beauty lies in all its dazzling splendor. And I, mother and father, stand in one of those lofty homes that gives me sight over the eternal city not made with hands.

What more sweet and thrilling words can a child give to its parents than to let them know that the dead have arisen in glory, and have power to give speech that fills the heart with joy? Oh, mother and father, this is not of myself alone, but through one who has had the fire of the spirit made manifest for many, many years. I stand a child in this beautiful kingdom, having many angel-friends to guide me and to culture me.

Now each and all who take an interest in me or mine, remember, when speaking of me, I am not dead nor sleeping.

Sarah Edwards.

I was in my sixty-fifth year. My name, Sarah, the widow of George Edwards. My death was in October. My body was taken from the house of my son-in-law, on Third avenue, New York. His name is Jesse Haynes. It is a matter of consolation to feel that the spark of life still remains.

How many of God's children know of this return; and if knowing, how many of them accept it for their own advantage. I see myriads of spirits coming—some with smiles of gladness, others, again, are sorrowful. Since my death I have found a life that in its use and in its beauty is above all comparison with the life of earth. I tried as a woman to adapt myself to all the uses of life, and when my husband was taken from me I thought the prop of life had left me, but in the sorrowing of my heart I sought my Good Maker, and the burden which was so heavy and wearisome was lifted. I then took a more practical view of life, and felt that the giver of all good gifts would not in vengeance cast one of his creatures from his sight, and since I have entered this new home I find I am not mistaken. Oh, how beautiful was that unfoldment of my spirit-life when I met the one who had left me, and he knew me and I knew him, and the greeting was as warm as on the day when we were bound together in matrimony.

The spirit-world upon which I stand is a place of harmonious, truthful speaking, the soul doth find rest—not in idleness, but in that work which brings understanding to the senses.

The question is often asked, Are we, or are we not, mere creatures of circumstance? Are we acceptable in the sight of our Heavenly Father? As far as my life here will justify me, I will answer. All fatal circumstances are removed from our path by those who are more spiritually cultured than I. I wish to say to the kindred I have left behind me, Fear not death. Live up to the law, be obedient to its commands, and when the eye closes on scenes material it will open upon scenes spiritual; and with the first flash of intellectually you will ask, Why feared I this?

Ask me not to return to earth again; let me be in my new home, for all things there please my sight, all things play upon the heart. God is good and wise; the angels are his children, and they delight to teach the new-born spirit how to find its home, away from cares and sorrows, in the skies.

Awaiting the coming of my own darlings, who still remain behind me, I resign my position, with gratitude to the invisible one who brought me here, and thanks to the visibles who have so kindly received me.

Sarah Collier.

Sarah Collier was my name. I was the beloved wife of Collier; in my thirty-third year; and I can safely say, the chair was vacant and the household was lonely when they went out to bury my body.

Who would have thought that I, a child of earth, having been made manifest in the heavens, can now return and give glad tidings to sad and sorrowing hearts? Do not grieve or mourn for me, for the grave holds only the body—the spirit has the privilege of roaming wherever it is made welcome; and oh, how often in the stillness and quiet of the evening hour do I steal around, looking in your faces and tapping at your hearts; and the vibration comes from my husband in sadness.

Oh, Father in heaven, to thee did I cry aloud! Thou didst hear me and answer my prayer, for I passed through the valley, and there was no doubt, nor fear, nor trembling, and as I entered thy grand city those who knew me in days gone by met and welcomed me.

This is no idle story written for children—it is given for men and women, to show them the way to heaven. God bless you. I grow faint and weary. Did I give you my residence? Conway street, Baltimore.

Sarah Richards.

In Brooklyn, in October, Sarah Richards, wife of Daniel Richards, daughter of Westworth, in the thirty-second year of my age. My residence was on Ross street, Brooklyn. On a Saturday I was buried.

Calmness and quietude were with me when I was passing out from my earthly condition. There was a giving up of everything material and making whole all things spiritual to my discernment. This life is so beautiful, so radiant, and so kind are those who meet us! Though strangers they may be, the wearied pilgrim is carried on and on until settled in the city of the gods.

The question may arise in the minds of both friend and foe: How came she to learn the way back to earth? I will answer: Anxiety of mind and excitement of feeling brought me in rapport with one who has kindly loaned her speech for my use. Oh, that I were possessed of a prophetic tongue, and could sound the glad tidings, not from the tomb, but from the beautiful skies that hang just above and around you, to tell of the life of the spirit and the advantages and disadvantages of the spirit-world. The more highly gifted you are intellectually the more superior is your condition spiritually. With me, I can say honestly and truthfully, there is no darkness, there are no shadows, there are no tears, for all things in the kingdom of our Lord blend beautifully together in his children.

The mind will occasionally revert back to times that I so idly spent in the silence of my chamber, when no mortal eye could see, no mortal ear could hear, I would oftentimes plead for a something, I knew not what, to infuse life, light and liberty within me; and after doing this the burden would seem to be lifted. For the time I would grow happy and content; then, on the other side, trivial things would disturb me, and I would think, Oh God! you and yours have forsaken me; but now, kind friends, I stand central to all things—I can see that to which I once was blind. Communion between spirit and mortal is no delusion—no idle fancy of the human brain. It is a grand, alphabetical lesson, given to those who are willing to accept. Now I can see that under its influence the rugged path of human life is made more pleasant; the grave loses its horror—death is wiped away from the mind, for the one who accepts this light stands not in fear of God or his angels. He learns to love God, and to love his ways and his works, and then when he is called upon to die, he has power to rise triumphant over death and the grave.

Oh, loved ones, believe what I say; it is not only written on paper, but the imprint of this truth is made upon the stones of time and can never be obliterated. Oh, kindred of earth, may the showers fall softly and gently upon you, and may this message from one who has gone from your sight be the means of wiping away the scales from your eyes, making darkness flee, and giving light to penetrate every crevice of your mind where superstition lies. Sarah.

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## Pearls.

And quoted odes, and words of long,  
That, on the stretched forefinger of all time,  
Sparkle forever.

### Errors.

Errors like straw upon the surface flow;  
He who would search for pearls must dive below.  
—Dryden.

Is death the last sleep? No; it is the last final awaken-  
ing. —Walter Scott.

### Soulless Friendships.

False friends, like insects in a summer day,  
Bask in the sunshine, but avoid the shower;  
Uncertain visitants, they fly away.  
Even when misfortune's cloud begins to lower,  
Into life's bitter cup true friendship drops  
Balm and sweet comfort to the soul;  
True friends, like ivy and the wall it props,  
Both stand together, or together fall.

God will yet take account of the selfishness of wealth;  
And his quarrel has yet to be fought out. —Charles Kingsley.

### "The Common Lot."

Ah! do not call it common lot!  
To pass away and be forgot!  
Some loving heart will sicken be,  
Some cherishing friend will mourn for me;  
Some gentle eyes will surely weep  
When I lie down to sleep.  
And do not say he will forget!  
My darling will remember yet,  
For years and years, when I am gone,  
The loving heart be left alone.  
With tearful eyes he'll always say—  
"What time I passed away."

Very slight words and deeds may have a sacramental efficacy  
if we can cast out self-love behind us in order to say  
or do them. —Marion Evans Lewis.

### The Sound of the Sea.

The sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,  
And round the pebbly beaches far and wide  
I heard the first wave of the rising tide  
Rush forward with an interrupted sweep;  
A voice out of the silence of the deep,  
A sound mysteriously multiplied,  
As of an extract from the mountain's side,  
Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep,  
So comes to us at times, from the unknown  
And inaccessible solitudes of being,  
The rushing of the sea tides of the soul;  
And inspirations that we deem our own  
Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing  
Of things beyond our reason or control.  
—Longfellow.

Intellectual gifts are like gifts of strength, or wealth, or rank,  
or worldly power—splendid instruments if nobly used,  
but requiring qualities to use them nobler and better  
than themselves. —Fraude.

## BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

**SHORT SERMON.**—The instant is thine; the next is with-  
in the veil of futurity, and thou knowest not what it may  
bring forth. Whatsoever thou resolvest to do, do it quickly;  
defer not till the evening when the morning may accom-  
plish.

The sea serpent has turned up again. This time off Ma-  
lacca.

We have long been convinced that burglars do not act  
"upon the square," but were at a loss as to what geomet-  
rical figure should be applied to represent them. The prob-  
lem is solved. A firm in the United States is advertising  
"Spherical Burglar" safes. So it seems the burglars are  
"round." Boston police officers testify unreservedly to the  
fact.

The pork-packing establishment of Sperry & Barnes, on  
Long Wharf, New Haven, Conn., was destroyed by fire  
Sunday morning, Nov. 26th, entailing a loss of \$200,000.

Marion Harland, (Mrs. M. Virginia Terhune) whose  
new novel, "My Little Love," has just been published by  
Carleton & Co., sailed a week ago for Europe, intending  
with her family, to pass the winter in Rome and Naples.

Russia has gone so far in its ostensible preparations for  
war as to mobilize its sanitary corps, get ready its movable  
hospitals, and organize committees of ladies to nurse the  
wounded, the Empress and Grand Duchesses themselves as-  
suming the patronage of the last.

All wars are follies. There never was a good war or bad  
peace. —Franklin.

In 1873 Germany published 11,315 works of all classes, in  
1874, 12,050, and in 1875, 12,510.

The unveiling and dedication ceremonies of the monu-  
ment emblematic of religious liberty, erected by the Inde-  
pendent Order "Benai B'rith" at Philadelphia, was an-  
nounced to take place "Thanksgiving day."

The bronze statue of Daniel Webster, the gift of Mr.  
Gordon W. Burnham of the city of New York, was un-  
veiled in Central Park on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 25th,  
remarks being made by the donor, Mayor Wickham, the  
Hon. William M. Evans and the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop.

Who learns and learns, but are not what he knows,  
Is one who plows and plows, but never sows.

The Centennial Exposition Receipts—\$1,308,735.24.

The "Franklin" arrived at New York on Thursday,  
Nov. 23d, and Mr. Tweed was landed on that day, and con-  
veyed to Ludlow-street Jail, and placed in stricter confine-  
ment than before.

**HARVARD UNIVERSITY.**—The catalogue for the ac-  
ademic year, 1876-77, just issued, gives a list of 1370 names of  
officers and students in the several departments of the uni-  
versity. The college library numbers 100,000 volumes,  
which the various department libraries increases to 219,000  
volumes. Three candidates received certificates in 1876 at  
the preliminary examinations for women.

The Spanish Congress sustains the measures of the gov-  
ernment regarding religious toleration in that country.

This is not from "Daniel Deronda." She was plump  
and beautiful, and he was wildly fond of her. She hated  
him, but, woman-like, she strove to catch him. What  
was her fate? A flea.

Moody and Sankey will be here in January, 1877. There  
will be a whole corps of ushers to seat the hearers. How  
many ushers were present when the sermon on the Mount  
was preached?

### THY GOLD.

I tell thee, friend, thy gold I prize but small,  
Thou art not more for this, though so it seem;  
Thy soul of light, thy heart of all is all,  
And thou for man as noble still can deem;  
And thou no more than I art rich for this,  
For 't is not this, but only men's bliss,  
It is thy love that it not only men's bliss,  
And meets from thee with pomp and vain abuse.  
Go cast thy gold as gifts to men as men,  
Give it away; if it no wrap thy mind,  
No poor as I be a man;  
And learn to love, and trust, and bless thy kind;  
Thy gold is naught if inward cheer's unknown,  
The kindly heart than kings more wealth doth own.  
—WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Mexico is again in trouble. Iglesias, who was Chief Jus-  
tice, has declared himself Provisional President of the Re-  
public, and he has opened his shop at Leon, which is in the  
State of Coahuila. Troops have been sent to that place,  
and it is supposed that the active Iglesias soon would be  
forced into bankruptcy. Further advice state that Gen.  
Canales routed Martinez's entire force on the 17th inst.  
The fight lasted two days. American citizens visiting  
Matamoros had been grossly insulted by Mexican officers,  
and a serious conflict along the border is likely to occur if  
the outrages continue.

The Boston Training School for Nurses, which has now  
been in existence three years, is fulfilling the most augu-  
st expectations of its founders. It is situated in the city  
pulp, nursing 22 patients in two wards of the Massachusetts  
General Hospital. It has now 25 pupils and 6 head nurses,  
nursing 147 patients in eight wards.

Mr. Charles Devens, father of Judge Devens, of the Mas-  
sachusetts Supreme Court, passed on at his residence, Nor-  
folk House, Boston Highlands, Friday evening, Nov. 24th,  
at the age of 85 years. He was a native of Charlestown.

The Women's Suffrage Club of Chelsea is arranging for  
a course of free lectures on topics connected with the cause  
in which it is engaged.

Section 1 of the Married Women's Property Act in Eng-  
land reads as follows: "The wages and earnings of any  
married woman acquired or gained by her after the passing  
of this Act in any employment, occupation, or trade in  
which she is engaged, or which she carries on separately  
from her husband, and also any money or property so ac-

quired by her through the exercise of any literary, artistic,  
or scientific skill, and all investments of such wages, earn-  
ings, money, or property, shall be deemed, or taken to be,  
properly held and settled to her separate use, independent  
of any husband to whom she may be married, and her re-  
ceipts alone shall be a good discharge for such wages, earn-  
ings, money and property."

The Sultan of Turkey has abolished slavery throughout  
his empire.

The Younger brothers, who murdered the Bank Cashier  
Hoywood, in Minneapolis, have, by pleading guilty, escaped  
capital punishment—but they will have to pass their lives  
in prison, at hard labor. Their earnings, all "where what  
should be necessary for their support, ought to be given to  
the family of the murdered man. So says C. C. Hazewell.

A correspondent desires to know what sort of thing  
a "pocket gymnasium" is that he sees advertised in the  
papers. Well, a pocket gymnasium holds from a pint to  
a quart, and is made of glass covered with leather; but  
we can't recommend it.

The Official Gazette of Calcutta publishes a minute of Sir  
Richard Temple, Lieutenant-governor of Bengal, giving  
the result of his visit to the districts of southeastern Ben-  
gal, which were devastated by the late cyclone. The minute  
confirms the previous estimate that 251,000 persons per-  
ished in that awful convulsion of nature.

A Latin military look has been found in Paris, dated  
1535, with illustrations of a revolving gun, revolving tur-  
rets for monitors, a diagram of a diving bell and other  
modern inventions.

### Husk.

By the firelight still the light is shining,  
The children's arms round the parents twining.  
Firm sweet, sweet love, oh, who would roam?  
He it ever so lonely, home is home.  
And we are content, at the meal-bell-doling,  
And begin anew a new day's working;  
Firm sweet, sweet love, oh, who would roam?  
He it ever so lonely, home is home.  
—Miss Mulock.

Says the Danbury News: Tom Thumb is going West—to  
grow up with the country.

A little girl, four years old, created a ripple by remark-  
ing to the teacher of her Sunday school class: "Our dog's  
dead. I bet the angels weared when they saw him com-  
ing up the walk. He is cross to strangers."

"Funny monkey," said Mrs. Partington as she saw  
him patently sitting. "But he seems if he had a plumbago  
in the back, and I could wish there was more hair on his  
reprehensible tail. I cannot get believe, neither, that  
they 're our posterity."

The divine right over civil authority seems to be a prin-  
ciple of Christian ethics, as Peter walked out of prison and  
Jesus would not commit himself into the hands of men.

The princess of Wales is one of the principal heirs of the  
late Queen-Dowager Josephine of Sweden, who left a for-  
tune of \$5,000,000.

Single gold mills in Dahlonega, Ga., get out \$500 worth  
of gold a month, and \$30,000 in gold comes monthly from  
northern Georgia to Atlanta. Silver ore taken out near  
Gainesville assays \$70 a ton.

In London 163 children die annually out of every 1,000  
before they attain their first year; in Denmark, 137; Scot-  
land, 150; England, 170; Belgium, 186; Holland, 211;  
Prussia, 216; Russia, 220; Spain, 221; Switzerland, 232;  
Italy, 254; Austria, 303; Russia, 314; Navarre, 372.

The word Christ's Gospel brought love and peace,  
and reaching with it to the end of time,  
Just that they from unity and strife should cease,  
And as one family should dwell again.  
But, still estranged, behold the nations stand!  
While over Europe hangs the cloud of war,  
Which but of late made desolate our land,  
But now in ruin driven from our shore,  
But still doth endure.  
One nation still we are, but not one race;  
From him an ill has fallen slavery's chain;  
Which from the mind shall vanish, too, its trace,  
And in our hearts truth's glorious power be known,  
And self, and sin, and hate be overthrown!

Talking over the wires is now a literal fact. The new  
invention is called telephony. Its utility has been tested  
by actual experiment; whispers could be distinctly heard  
for a distance of two hundred miles.

Among the religious notices in a Western paper one  
reads: "Parson Piper pipes a religious roundelay to hap-  
py hearers at St. Luke's on Sundays, mornings and even-  
ings."

"Tommy, do you know that your Uncle Robert has  
found a little boy baby on his door-step, and is going to  
adopt him?" "Yes, mamma; and he'll be Uncle Bob's  
step-son, won't he?"

The spiritual world, the eternal home of men after  
death, is not a remote world, but is in direct con-  
junction with it, and we are, through unconsciously, al-  
ways in "immediate communion with angels and spirits."  
—New Jerusalem Messenger (Swedenborgian).

A curious paradox is the fact that the third river in Scot-  
land is the Forth.

George Sand says of needlework: "I think that this  
exercise has a natural attraction for us, an invincible  
charm, which I have felt at every period in my life, and  
which has often tranquilized my strongest agitation."

Time to me this truth hath taught—  
'T is a truth that's worth revealing—  
More offend from want of thought  
Than from any want of feeling.  
If advice would counsel,  
There's a time we should convey it;  
If we've but a word to say,  
There's a time in which to say it.  
—Charles Swan.

"I am willing to risk my reputation as a public man,"  
wrote Edward Hine to the Liverpool Mercury. "If the  
worst case of small pox cannot be cured in three days sim-  
ply by the use of cream of tartar. One ounce of cream  
of tartar dissolved in a pint of water, drank at intervals when  
cold, is a certain, never-failing remedy. It has cured  
thousands, never leaves a mark, never causes blindness,  
and avoids tedious lingering."

For thy furs ever get worn down short, whip them with  
forty rods, for forty rods are said to make a fur-long.

The most stupendous canal in the world, is the one in  
China, which passes over 2,000 miles to 41 cities; it was  
commenced in the tenth century. A monster work of  
man.

"All asme as hose with his blind legs." Is what a Neva-  
da Chinaman thinks of a mule. He keeps in front of them  
as much as he can.

Silver 20-cent pieces, with the edges "milled," have  
come upon the market. A person taking a coin of about  
the size of a silver quarter ordinarily accepts for 25 cents  
if its edge is "milled"; if not, as 20 cents. Under "the  
new regime" he is liable to be bewildered out of five cents.

## New Publications.

**EXPOSURE OF FREE THOUGHT.** By Sara A. Under-  
wood. New York: Charles P. Scribner's Sons. 1876.  
These brochures, according to the author, are Madame  
Roland, Mary Wollstonecraft, Mrs. Shelley, George Sand,  
Harriet Martineau, Frances Wright, Emma Martin, Mar-  
garet R. Chappell-Smith, Ernestine L. Rose, Frances Power  
Cobbe and George Eliot. To some of these persons, as en-  
titled to the rank of heroines, we might demur; but most of  
them are well deserving of the praise here bestowed on them.  
Biographical sketches, touching chiefly on the efforts by  
which each has signalled herself in the battle of free-  
thought, are given, and we can commend the style as gen-  
erally pure, animated and winning. The book is elegantly  
printed, and its extensive circulation will speak well for  
liberty of thought in America.

**LIGHT ON THE CLOUDS:** or, Hints of Comfort for Hours  
of sorrow. By H. J. Savage, author of "Christianity  
the Science of Manhood." Boston: Lockwood, Brooks  
& Co.

Among the liberal thinkers of the day Mr. Savage has  
won a deserved high rank. It is refreshing to be in the  
intellectual company of one who has divested himself of  
everything like bigotry, uncharitableness, and narrowness  
of thought. It can be only an earnest truth-seeker, that is  
sincere enough and religious enough for Mr. Savage, large  
and devout as his own views may be. This neat little vol-  
ume will be found to justify fully the promise of the title-  
page. It is wholly unsectarian. The man of liberal heart,  
whether Jew or Christian, Materialist or Spiritualist,  
could read it with equal satisfaction.

**EDNA:** or, Missing Since Midnight. Is another of the  
strong-light fictions of Mrs. Henry Wood, published in  
paper covers and large type, by Peterson & Brothers.  
Mrs. Wood has now, we believe, produced her forty-ninth  
romance. As a multiplier of plots she is matchless. She  
keeps her strange and striking characters all in motion,  
and the skill with which she handles them is her own. The  
thousands of her readers will call for Edna, as the cumula-  
tion and concentration of all her fertile fancies.

**THE CASE AGAINST THE CHURCH:**—An essay in the  
Arguments against Christianity. Is an essay designed to  
present in outline the materialistic arguments against the  
Christian religion. The compiler claims that never before  
have they been given in so condensed a form. "It is a fair  
and candid summary of the case for the Science, and will  
serve as a most convenient and accurate basis for the points  
which both sides should consider. Such a book is timely,  
and will meet the demand for just the compendious state-  
ment which it is." Published by U. P. Somersby, New York.

## THE SLADE DEFENCE-FUND.

Messrs. Colby & Rich, of the Banner of Light, will take charge of all moneys received, and  
publish in its columns an acknowledgment of the same, and remit the amount to the proper com-  
missioner in England the first opportunity.

Parties acting as agents for the circulation of Subscription Papers in aid of this Fund, will  
please see that the moneys contributed are forwarded and made payable to Colby & Rich in the  
form of Post-Office Money Orders, or Drafts on New York or Boston, thereby insuring the  
safety of the amounts transmitted.

The undersigned herewith contribute the sums set against their names, with the understand-  
ing that the money is to be remitted to England to assist in paying the expenses of the new trial of  
Henry Slade, now under sentence for claiming to give media manifestations in phenomenal  
Spiritualism.

Colby & Rich, Boston,	\$200.00	Frederick Schroeder, Papineau, Ill.,	2.50
Epas Sargent, Esq.,	50.00	Joseph Schroeder,	5.00
A. P. H., (a Spirit),	25.00	Chas. H. Edwards, Prospect Plain, N. J.,	5.00
Mrs. Mary M. Hardy, Boston,	25.00	Samuel Robinson, Swansea, Mass.,	2.00
Henry J. Horn, N. Y. City,	3.00	Nellie, (a Spirit),	1.00
Jefferson Cutter, Medford, Mass.,	3.00	G. W. Cotton, Portsmouth, N. H.,	1.00
G. Sweet, N. Y. City,	3.00	David A. Mundy, Railway, N. J.,	2.00
Geo. W. Gray,	5.00	Wm. D. Cady, Bridgeburg, N. J.,	50
Isaac Gibbs, Springfield, Mass.,	5.00	A. Friend to the Truth, Vineland, N. J.,	1.00
Chas. Chase, Washington, D. C.,	1.00	D. Higbie, Mungerville, Mich.,	50
D. R. Arnold, Pawtucket, R. I.,	1.00	T. Tilson, Sandy Hook, Conn.,	1.50
G. Parker,	50	A. Rosekrans, Scranton, Pa.,	1.00
Harvey Howes, North Bennington, Vt.,	5.00	J. B. Armstrong, Ogdensburg, N. Y.,	1.00
John A. Day, Norfolk, Mass.,	2.00	Mrs. C. B. Marsh, E. Calais, Vt.,	1.00
H. E. Parsons, Ashtabula, O.,	100.00	G. Smith, No. Wayne, Me.,	1.00
J. L. Donaldson, Boston, Mass.,	1.00		
W. H. R.,	3.00		
Margaret Jackson, Greensboro', N. C.,	1.50		
Chas. Levy, St. Louis, Mo.,	2.00		
A. Fuller, Waltham, Mass.,	2.00		
F. L. Crane, Topeka, Kan.,	10.00		
Emma Hardinge Britten, Boston,	3.00		
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Stephen Young, Mechanicsville, Ia.,	100.00		
Wm. Benson, Albany, N. Y.,	100.00		
David Appleton, Lowell, Mass.,	100.00		
Andrew Williams, Lawrence, Mass.,	100.00		
James Codman, Worcester,	100.00		
Sarah Johnson,	5.00		
Dr. Josiah Jordan, Springfield,	5.00		
Mrs. Louisa Andrews,	5.00		
J. L. E.,	50		
Liberal Christian,	50.00		
E. Crowell, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.,	1.00		
C. B. Somes, Groveland, Mass.,	50		
A. Poor Woman,	50		
P. E. Ulster,	50		
M. A. Dryden, Mansfield, Mass.,	1.00		
Jeremiah Turner, Warren, R. I.,	1.00		
Mrs. H. J. Sovereign, Tunbridge, Vt.,	1.00		
G. M. Turret, New Haven, Ct.,	2.00		
Geo. Stacy, Montreal, P. Q.,	2.00		
A. Burford, East Liverpool, Ohio,	2.00		
L. Rosecrans, Hainesville, N. J.,	2.00		
M. A. Giles,	2.00		
O. Giles,	2.00		
Jas. O. Ransom,	2.00		
A. Friend to the Cause,	25.00		
W. Y., Philadelphia, Pa.,	2.00		
Joseph Wescott, No. Castine, Me.,	2.00		
Mrs. H. E. Beach, New York City,	2.00		
Geo. W. Smith, Boston, Mass.,	2.00		
"Delta," New Jersey,	1.00		
J. DuBols, Everett, Pa.,	5.00		
Mrs. A. C. Whittemore, New Boston, Ct.,	3.00		
Mrs. Wm. Rhodes,	50		
E. W. S., St. Johns, P. Q.,	50		
B. T. Briggs, Fairhaven, Mass.,	3.00		
L. K. Joslin, Providence, R. I.,	1.00		
H. Sherburn, Exeter, N. Y.,	10.00		
Friend, South Framingham, Mass.,	1.00		
Jas. T. Walton, Terra Haute, Ind.,	5.00		
J. Campbell Kemp, Petersburg, Va.,	1.00		
H. F. Phillips, Providence, R. I.,	1.00		
Wm. F. Krebs, Staunton, Va.,	5.00		
Chas. P. Perot, Philadelphia, Pa.,	5.00		
P. Carpenter, Lancaster, Ohio,	85		
Mrs. John Squires, Danville, N. Y.,	85		
Jona. Travilla, West Chester, Pa.,	1.00		
Dr. Dodge, St. Louis, Mo.,	1.00		
A. S. Phelps, Cambridge, Mass.,	1.00		
"Friend," Mt. Auburn,	1.00		
A. Friend, Norwood, Mass.,	1.00		
Dr. M. M. Gardner, Utica, N. Y.,	1.00		
Mrs. R. Bowker, Boston, Mass.,	1.00		
Henry Seybert, Philadelphia, Pa.,	25.00		
H. G. White, Buffalo, N. Y.,	2.00		
Joseph Kinsey,	3.00		
Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Tucke,	3.00		
Martin Hiscox, Providence, R. I.,	1.00		
H. C. Chapman, Taylorsville, N. Y.,	1.00		
A. Farnsworth, E. Saginaw, Mich.,	1.00		
Henry Renshaw, W. Meriden, Conn.,	2.00		
Henry Goldmeister, Bunker Hill, Ill.,	2.00		
"A Liberal," Greenville, Me.,	3.00		
E. D. Hall, Okolona, Miss.,	50		
C. A. S.,	1.00		
N. Hucksins,	1.00		
H. K. Morrill,	2.00		
La Fayette Tyrel, Charlestown, N. Y.,	1.00		
T. Thompson, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.,	1.00		
John D. Tighe, Brighton, Mich.,	1.00		
C. M. S., Lawrence, Mass.,	1.00		
L. P., Boston Highlands, Mass.,	1.00		
W. D. Holbrook, Waukesha, Wis.,	1.00		
Jos. P. Hazard, Peacedale, R. I.,	8.00		
Dr. G. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.,	3.00		
Wm. Sargent, Newport, Me.,	1.85		
J. N. H., Peacedale, R. I.,	25.00		
Joseph Beals, Greenfield, Mass.,	5.00		
Jas. Wilson, Bridgeport, Conn.,			