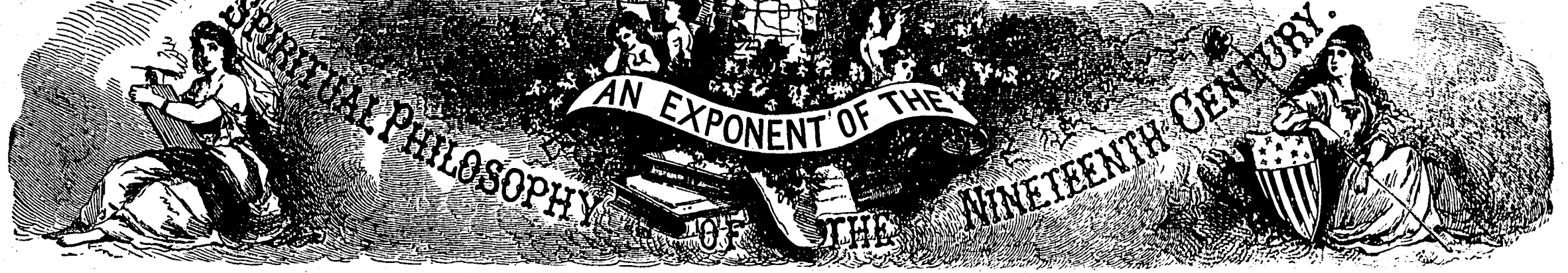


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Spiritualism Abroad.

From the London Daily Telegraph, Oct. 11th, 1876.

PROSECUTION OF DR. SLADE.

Yesterday, at Bow street Police-court, before Mr. Flowers, Henry Slade, described as of 8, Upper Bedford-place, and Geoffrey Simmons, again appeared in answer to a summons granted at the instance of Professor E. Ray Lankester and others, charging them with having, by means of subtle craft and devices, deceived and imposed upon certain of her Majesty's subjects for the purpose of obtaining money. A second summons charged the defendants with having conspired together with a view to defraud Professor Lankester, Mr. T. J. Ahlman, Mr. H. Sidgwick, Mr. R. H. Hutton, Mr. Edmund Gurney, and Mr. W. B. Carpenter, on Sept. 11th last. The hearing of the case was commenced on the 2d inst., and adjourned until yesterday, the defendants being admitted on bail during the interval. As on the former occasion, the court was densely crowded by ladies and gentlemen interested in the case, and by a number of well-known Spiritualists, including Mrs. Madokoung Gregory, Mrs. Wiseman, Mrs. Weldon, Miss T. D. Fitzgerald, Miss Kinsling, Dr. George Wyld, Dr. Carter Blake, Mr. Emory Jones, Mr. W. H. Harrison, Mr. Arthurton, Mr. Henderson, Mr. A. R. Wallace, Mr. C. G. Massey, Captain Garratt, Mr. A. Joy, Mr. G. C. Joad, &c.

Mr. George Lewis, solicitor, appeared for the prosecution; and Mr. Munton (of the firm of Munton & Morris), solicitor, for Mr. Slade; and Mr. Massey, barrister, for Mr. Simmons. Mr. Munton: On the last occasion when I appeared here it was as the solicitor of both defendants; but inasmuch as the prosecution have thought it desirable to proceed with the joint case, I have, in the exercise of my discretion, instructed Mr. Massey, barrister, to appear for Mr. Simmons. There is no severance upon my part or upon their part between these gentlemen, but, as a matter of law, the defendants are entitled to separate representation here.

Mr. Lewis: I must say, without meaning any disrespect to Mr. Massey, that on the last occasion when he appeared here on a subpoena to give evidence, he applied that the prosecution would not ask him to attend to-day, as it might be inconvenient to him. I said that as the case might last over to day, I should not object to call him on a future occasion.

Mr. Massey: I simply asked if there was any probability of my being called to day, but I did not say I would not or could not be present. There was, however, some confusion in the court at the time, so that I may have been misapprehended.

Mr. Lewis: It may be inconvenient that Mr. Massey should appear in both capacities—as witness and advocate.

Mr. Flowers: We may possibly have a witness less.

Mr. Lewis: I see no objection to Mr. Massey appearing if he does not see any.

Mr. Massey: If your worship so rules I shall retire from the case.

Mr. Flowers: I do not consider it necessary to do so.

Mr. Lewis: If Mr. Massey sees no objection to giving evidence I see no objection to his also appearing for the defence.

Mr. Massey: I see no objection.

Mr. Munton: Then, at any rate, he will not cross-examine himself. (Laughter.)

Professor E. Ray Lankester then resumed his position in the witness-box, and his cross-examination was continued by Mr. Munton.

You stated, on the last occasion, that I was misinformed as to the date on which Professor Barrett's paper was read in Glasgow—the paper having been read on Sept. 12?—I have not taken the trouble to ascertain that since. I do not know that the paper was read on the 12th.

Do you know that the British Association meeting commenced about Sept. 2d?—Yes.

You knew nothing of the presentation or contemplated reading of that paper?—No.

You knew of the reading of that paper some time between Sept. 11th and 18th?—I am not able to say I did.

If you said you did on the last occasion, I assume I may take it as your belief still?—Yes.

And you told us that notwithstanding that, you were not prejudiced against Dr. Slade in relation to this question?—Is that so?—Yes.

Will you be kind enough to explain how it is you asserted, in a letter to the Times on this question, that "the British Association had been degraded by the introduction of this subject of Spiritualism"?—There is nothing to explain. I do consider the British Association was degraded by the introduction of that subject.

And notwithstanding that opinion you say you were not prejudiced in the matter?—I say I was not prejudiced.

Not prejudiced by the proceedings of the British Association?—No.

I ask you whether your disappointment, or I think you said your "disapproval" of this paper being read at the British Association did not prejudice you in the matter of this inquiry?—I went on the Monday before the paper was read, so that it is impossible it could have been affected by that paper or the discussion upon it. I went on the 11th, and the paper was read, I believe, on the 12th.

You admitted you read the paper between the 11th and the 13th?—I have not admitted that at all.

Did you know of that paper being read before you went to the second meeting with Dr. Slade?—Yes, but that is different from having read the paper.

Then you knew that the paper had been read, but you did not read it your self?—Yes.

How was it that, though you had not read the

paper, you ventured to write to the Times and say that the British Association was degraded by having this paper read?—I had read an abstract of the paper in the Daily Telegraph.

You wrote to the Times, saying "that in consequence of the more than questionable action of Mr. Alfred Wallace, the British Association had been degraded by the introduction of Spiritualism, and the public had learned—possibly not too soon—that men of science were not exempt from the astounding credulity that prevails in these countries and America." That you wrote when you read an abstract of the paper?—Yes.

And having read that abstract, were you, or were you not, prejudiced in relation to this inquiry?—No; not in the least by it.

You also wrote to the Times, saying that the first message you got on the slate, which was "I am here to aid you—Allice," or some such phrase—that that was written by Slade underneath the slate?—I wrote that to the Times, but I wrote something more than that—namely, that I had the strongest reason to believe that that was the case.

Does your belief apply to the abstract assertion that writing took place, or merely apply to the mode in which the writing was accomplished?—I said that the writing took place underneath the slate.

Did you not distinctly state that the message was written underneath the slate, and can there be now any pretence that the expression "I believe" had anything to do with that?—It qualifies my statement. But it is not a matter of importance.

Allow me to say what is a matter of importance and what is not, and don't argue with me—I shall not attempt. But the words "I believe," qualify the opinion whether the writing was done with one finger or with two fingers.

Mr. Lewis: Perhaps if this gentleman were treated with a little more courtesy, it would be better.

Mr. Munton: I do not want any lessons in courtesy from you.

Mr. Munton: You wrote as follows to the Times of Sept. 16th, after describing as you believe what took place: "At the same time I was utterly astounded to feel the strongest reason to believe that, with the exception of the first message, which was written by Slade underneath the slate, with (I believe) one finger of the hand which was holding the slate, the rest of the messages, which were longer and better written, were coolly indited on the slate by Slade while it was resting on his knee, concealed from my view by the edge of the table, and that the slate was subsequently placed by him in the position where the spirit-writing was to take place with the message already written upon it. I was led to form this hypothesis by noting the delay which always occurred between my being shown the slate with both sides clean and the placing of the slate against the table or over my head for the purpose of receiving the spirit writing, which was then heard proceeding with the usual sound of scratching on a slate. This delay did not occur when Slade wrote with the finger of the hand by which he held the slate?"—I wrote that.

Now with that subsequent statement in the Times you venture to assert that the phrase "as to your belief" had anything to do with the method of writing?—I do. I had the intention of qualifying the statement on that subject, because I was by no means certain, although I still think that the writing was done in that way, and I say I did qualify the statement.

Why did you mean by saying, as you did on the last occasion, that you would not pledge yourself that the writing occurred underneath the slate?—Had you changed your opinion since you wrote the letter?—I told you on the last occasion I had reason, from conversation with other persons, to suppose that the first message might have been written in a different way.

In other words, you had reason to suppose that you had fallen into an error?—Yes; that I might have fallen into an error.

Do you venture to say now that the writing in question was underneath the slate?—I told you before that I am not able to make a definite statement as to whether the writing was underneath the slate on the first occasion or on the upper surface, but I think it exceedingly probable that the writing was underneath the slate.

You are a skilled observer, and you cannot tell on which side the writing took place?—Perfectly true.

You say that the slate was so closely applied to the table that no hand or finger could possibly get between them in order to write?—I believe that the writing was not between the slate and the table—that no hand or finger could get between them to effect the writing.

If so, how do you think the writing was effected?—I think it may have been accomplished whilst the slate was in that position.

What do you mean by the word "coolly" in your letter?—That there was quietness in the doing of the thing.

You think the writing must have taken place between the slate and the table, and that it occurred between the time of the slate's being applied to the table and being taken away from it?—I think it may have been.

You intended, you say, to qualify that sentence—whether you did or did not words will show—did you explain to Dr. Donkin what your views were with regard to the production of the writing?—Which message?

The first message?—I cannot recollect.

Do you think you did?—I think probably that I did.

Do you know that in Dr. Donkin's communication to the Times he endorsed your theory—that it was written underneath the slate?—If I had his communication to the Times I could tell you.

Mr. Lewis: It appeared to be on the surface of the slate which faced downwards.

Mr. Munton: Would you like to have the communication read?—Dr. Donkin said that the writing appeared to be on the surface of the slate which faced downwards.

Therefore on the 11th you were moderately sure—I will not say quite sure, because you only intended to state your belief—but you were moderately sure that that was how the writing was produced on the 11th?—On the 11th I was under the impression that it was so. I had not the opportunity of examining it more than once. My first impression was that the words were written on the under surface of the slate, but I was not confident about it.

You believe that you told Dr. Donkin that that was how the writing was produced?—I do remember what I told Dr. Donkin. Probably I made the same statement to him.

Did you believe, up to the 18th, when you had an opportunity of seeing the writing again, that that was how it was produced?—No; I did not feel confident about it.

Not between the 11th and 18th?—I only felt that amount of confidence which was justified by my observation.

But, sir, you were a skilled observer. (A laugh.) If your first observation was that the words were written in that way, why did you not check the matter off when you went there again?—I do not understand what you mean by checking the matter off. (A laugh.)

You went what I said. Do you mean to say you do not understand what I mean?

Mr. Lewis: He was a skilled observer, you say. (A laugh.)

Mr. Munton: Mr. Lewis is constantly interrupting me. He was good enough to tell me on the last occasion that I was wrong, and now I can give him the compliment back. These interruptions only prolong the inquiry. We must get through it, I suppose, whether I am interrupted or not. Now, Mr. Lankester, having come to the conclusion on the first occasion that the writing was produced on the under surface of the slate, why did you not, on the second visit, endeavor to make your mind quite certain upon it?—I did so.

Then what was the conclusion at which you arrived?—I was not absolutely convinced as to which side of the slate was used.

Do you not know that the whole point of that experiment was, that the writing should be produced on the upper surface of the slate?—No; I do not.

We have it in evidence that the slate was held with the thumb above the table, and with the sustaining fingers under it, and you state in the newspaper letter that it was impossible for a finger or a hand to get between them. Now I ask you if you are in doubt as to whether the writing was on the under surface of the slate, whether that was not in effect an answer to the assertions of imposture?—I do not think so.

Why?—Because there are other means of writing on the surface of the slate when applied to the under surface of a table than the finger or the hand.

What other means?—Two means occur to me at this moment—one is, having a piece of pencil fixed to the table against which the slate can be moved, and the other is having a small piece of pencil on a long holder, and inserting it between the table and the slate. (Laughter.)

Have you ever put forward that theory before?—Not publicly.

Mr. Lewis: I have Mr. Maskelyne in court. He will do it in the presence of everybody.

Mr. Munton: We do not want to know how it was done.

Mr. Flowers: I do not think I can allow the experiment to be made here, though I can hear him give his opinion.

Mr. Lewis: I submit that he would be a perfectly competent witness. You will see when he comes before you.

Mr. Munton (to witness): Have you ever publicly put forward your idea as to the mode in which that particular writing might have been produced?—I do not remember that I have.

Then you abandon your theory that it was underneath the slate, as stated in the Times?—No; I do not.

You have not abandoned it solely because you have written to the Times?—I have not abandoned it, because I have not seen any reason to do so.

Then why did you on the last occasion say that you would not pledge yourself to its being correct?—I will not pledge myself to its being correct. I am not aware that theory is conviction.

You have said (loudly) in the Times that it was so.

Mr. Lewis: He can hear. You need not bawl out in that way. (Laughter.)

Mr. Munton: These interruptions—

Mr. Flowers: They add to my difficulty a good deal.

Mr. Munton: Any expression from you, sir, will, I am sure, be attended to. Mr. Lewis must not repeat them.

Mr. Flowers: They lead to excitement in court.

Mr. Munton: Then I will moderate my voice. (To the witness:) Have you asserted that the writing was produced in any particular way?—It is my opinion that it occurred in that way at the time.

Dr. Donkin, in his letter, endorses the proposition, and says: "The result was in accordance with the theory of a genuine and minute piece of slate pencil probably held under the nail of the middle finger."

When did you first feel any doubt as to the proposition you put forward in the Times?—I am not able to tell you the date.

You told us that you did not feel it when you wrote on Sept. 15th?—That is not what I have told you. I have told you that I put the proposition forward in a qualified way.

I ask you whether you now say that the parenthesis "I believe" had anything to do with the general statement that the message was written on the under surface of the slate?—I think it qualifies what I wrote. "I believe" shows that one was in doubt as to the exact method.

Notwithstanding that you were in doubt, did you instruct your solicitor to state here on the last occasion positively that that was how the message was produced?—You have the letters before you.

You stated on the last occasion that it did not follow because a pencil was placed on the upper surface that the message was actually written with such a piece of pencil. I ask you whether you think any experienced conjurer, as Dr. Slade has been called, would do such a trick as that—to put a piece of pencil on the top, and produce writing at the bottom?—I do.

Would not that excite suspicion?—Not necessarily.

To a "skilled observer"—I am not here to appear as a "skilled observer." The slate is turned round by sleight of hand, and it is difficult to say upon which side of the slate it was written.

Did you observe sleight of hand in connection with the slate?—The nature of sleight of hand—if there is sleight of hand—prevents you observing it. (Laughter.)

Did you observe indications of sleight of hand in Dr. Slade's general manner?—I saw his thumb.

Did it move?—When?

Mr. Munton: Whilst the slate was pressed against the table?—Yes.

Then there was no sleight of hand then?—That does not follow. I was watching as closely as I could. I noticed a movement of the tendons of the wrist—that was while the thumb was perfectly steady.

Was not that assertion (the movements of the tendons of the wrist) made to prove that the writing was going on underneath the slate?—That was the inference.

Now we will deal with the taps. You say Mr. Slade called attention to his legs being away from the table, and then you go on to say, "I would not say they did not remain so." Do you now say they did not remain so?—I do.

Did you see his body move?—It was continually moving more or less.

Do you consider it was possible for him to have moved his legs without moving his body?—Yes.

Were you not on the watch?—Yes.

And do you pledge yourself to the fact that his body was continuously moving?—Yes.

How many slate messages were there?—About six.

Were they all on one slate?—I cannot say that. It was quite possible to have changed the slate.

I think you said that this was the kind of slate used by Mr. Slade (an ordinary school slate)?—Yes.

Did you say to Mr. Lewis that the slate used by Mr. Slade was three or four times heavier than that upon which Mr. Lewis tried the experiment on the last occasion?—No.

Did you instruct your solicitor as to the class of slate upon which the messages appeared?—No.

Then I ask you if Mr. Lewis's illustrations had any relation to this case?—Yes.

Which of the messages do you assume related to the experiment?—I did not say any. The messages I received were not the only messages in question.

Now, you told us that the second message consisted of two names, and you have said, "He then took the slate, which was clean at the time, and held it in one hand. Then he commenced raising his leg, and hitting the pencil." Now did he bite the pencil with his right hand? (Laughter.)—No, with his teeth.

I beg pardon. Did he hold the pencil in his right hand when he bit it?—No, with his left hand.

In which hand did he hold the slate?—To the best of my belief in his right, whilst he bit the pencil with his left. I cannot, however, state definitely at this moment, but I have probably made an accurate statement with regard to it.

Now, when you state that he held the slate with his left hand, was that correct?—I am not assuming that you stated it improperly, but was it really correct?—Whatever I have stated was correct, but at this moment I have not so clear a recollection of it as when I made notes at the time.

Have you got those notes?—No.

When did you take notes?—On returning from the visit.

When did you destroy them?—When I wrote to the Times.

Why?—Well, I had no further use for them.

You did not contemplate these proceedings, I suppose?—Am I (speaking to Mr. Lewis) to answer the question?

Mr. Lewis: Oh, yes, do so.—Witness: No; I did not.

Mr. Munton: You did not contemplate the proceedings, and therefore you destroyed the notes?

Mr. Lewis: He did not say "therefore."

Mr. Munton: Did you destroy the notes because, having written to the Times, you had no further use for them?—At that time you did not contemplate legal proceedings. Had you two sets of notes at that time?—No.

When did you make a note—was it a continuing note of the two sittings?—Yes.

Now this is very important. I ask you to consider whether or not, when this second message was produced, he held the slate with his right hand?—You have said the left before. Do you think you were mistaken?—No; I think he then held the slate in his left hand.

Do you pledge yourself that Dr. Slade held the slate with his left hand, and the pencil with his right hand?—On the first occasion, yes.

Then why did you express any doubt just now?—On certain occasions Mr. Slade somewhat varied his proceedings.

Well, having bitten off a piece of pencil, did you see Dr. Slade's right hand move toward the left; that is to say, toward the slate while the slate was on the table, or when it was under the table?—At first it was on the table, subsequently it was hidden by the table, but not under it. I am referring to the first message.

But we are dealing with the second; did you see Dr. Slade's right hand move toward the left above the table?—At first, yes.

When Dr. Slade placed the slate in position, was he holding it with the right or with the left hand?—With the right hand. I considered that you had been referring to the whole series of messages.

Then with which hand do you say he wrote the messages?—He wrote the message with the right hand.

While he had the slate in that hand?—Possibly he may have done so; he may have written on his knee.

While he was holding the slate?—While balancing it on his knee. I think he was balancing it on his knee and yet still writing.

Do you mean to say that when you saw him moving from right to left it was not consistent with his moving the slate?—No.

Do you mean to say that you can pledge yourself that the motion was caused by writing?—By the motion of his hand as if in writing.

Now I point out to you once more whether all this motion might not have been caused by moving the slate about?—A totally different thing, and at a different period.

Were both his hands under the table together?—Both hands would be hidden by the table.

Do you think the writing at any time occurred when both his hands were on the table?—Yes.

How long do you think the longest message took to write?—Three or four seconds.

And that sometimes he wrote with one hand under and sometimes with both hands under the table?—Yes.

Was not that a most absurd imposture?—It was most absurd.

Do you think that is the way he has been deceiving people for fifteen years?—No. I do not think it is the only way. There are many other ways.

You have told us you were touched under the table; where were his hands then?—In front of him; one would be on the table, the right hand might be holding the slate.

Where you touched when both his hands were on the table?—Yes.

You sat on Slade's right?—Yes; with a corner of the table between us.

You say you were touched when both his hands were on the table?—Yes.

Was your coat pulled, or anything of that kind?—Have you said that?—No; I am quite sure I have not said that.

Have you said that any other garment was pulled?—Not that I am aware of. I do not remember; but I do not think I have.

Is it a fact that your clothes were pulled?—They were not grasped. I could not give it that expression; but I was touched.

Was the touch such as could be performed by means of his legs?—Yes.

On which leg were you touched?—On the right leg.

If you were touched on the right leg we have it that in your position your left leg would have been so to speak, more or less against the right leg of Dr. Slade?—Not against it.

But so to speak?—I would not say so.

But, in point of fact, your left knee would have touched his right knee, your left knee and his right knee would form an angle?—Yes.

Well, then, you were touched on the right leg—the leg of Dr. Slade, if I may so speak. Were you touched on the right side of that leg or the left side?—On the top of it—on the upper surface of the side above the knee.

In the position Mr. Slade was in could he have touched you with his foot?—Yes, I think he could.

Was it a light touch or a heavy touch which you received?—A light touch.

Did you ever make any attempt to look down on Mr. Slade's knee when these writings were going on?—I looked as much as I could without moving my position, without getting up or leaning over.

If Dr. Slade could have touched you on the off leg you must have been extremely close together?—Not at the same moment.

During the time you were sitting with him was there any appreciable difference in the positions you occupied?—Yes, there was.

Did you make any attempt, I again ask you, to overlook these writings?—I made no movement in that direction.

You say in the Times that Dr. Slade coolly wrote these messages on his knee; what do you mean by that?—They were written leisurely.

You mean to say that he actually wrote all these messages leisurely on his knee?—I meant to say that he did not show any heat or excitement. I said the table was a peculiar one, without a frame, and such as might have been made expressly for Slade.

Would you be surprised to hear that the table has a very deep frame?—Yes.

Do you attach any moment to the circumstance of its having no frame?—Yes.

What difference do you say it makes?—It gives greater freedom to the movements of the hands and legs under the table.

Mr. Munton: We will produce the table.

Mr. Flowers: Is it possible to get the table into court? (Laughter.)

Mr. Munton: One of the officials received it this morning.

Mr. Flowers: Would Dr. Lankester know it again?

The table was then brought into court amid much amusement, and placed on the bench. It seemed an ordinary oak "Pembroke" table, with "flaps," which when extended made it about four feet square. The frame seemed to be of the usual kind, covering the legs to the depth of about four inches. A foot rule was produced by Mr. Bohn, the publisher, one of the bondsmen.

Mr. Munton (to witness): Now have you

Mr. Munton: Well, if they give their evidence at the same length that Prof. Lankester has, I shall feel bound to cross-examine him.

Mr. Lewis: Probably I shall be compelled to do Mr. Donkin's evidence in chief to-day.

Mr. Munton: That is not to be expected.

Dr. H. B. Donkin, examined by Mr. Lewis: Are you an assistant physician to the Westminster Hospital?—I am.

Mr. Massey (to the magistrate): When do you, sir, propose to cross-examine him?

Mr. Flowers: Friday and Saturday.

Mr. Lewis: Those would be inconvenient days. Any day next week would be better.

Mr. Massey: A long adjournment will be a serious loss to the defendants.

Mr. Munton: That is why I wish to shorten the adjournment. Say Friday week, then.

Mr. Lewis: That will meet my wishes.

Examination continued: You are an M. B. of Oxford?—Yes.

Did you, on Sept. 15th, accompany Professor Lankester to a house called "The Spiritualists' Home"?—I did.

What were there three men with you?—Yes.

Mr. Lewis (to the magistrate): I must ask, sir, that the table be impounded pending these proceedings.

Mr. Munton: I must object to that, except that you are willing to give us the money for a new one. (A laugh.) I pay us what the table cost, and we will consider it a bargain.

Examination continued: Were you shown into a front room?—Yes; on the first floor.

The defendant and others were sitting in the room?—Yes. There were three men sitting on the table.

Mr. Lewis: You were sitting on the table?—Yes. It was a back room. The front room was the lighter of the two. Almost immediately after we were shown in Slade asked us to sit down. He then turned round and showed us underneath. Then he asked me to sit opposite to him, and told Professor Lankester to take a chair on his right hand, and the next he asked me to sit on the table, which we did. He placed his hands also on the table, his left hand touching mine and his right Professor Lankester's.

Did there anything upon the table?—Nothing but a slate and a pen.

Whilst you were sitting there did Slade speak?—He made a few short remarks. He asked whether I had been at Edgemoor before, and what was my name. He kept me a little conversation.

Did you see any peculiarity in his manner?—After a short time he turned and said, "I don't like you very much," then said he would see whether any writing was to be obtained, and he asked a question, "Can you write?" to some invisible spirit.

Then that happened?—There were three distinct raps, which appeared to proceed from beneath the surface of the table. He then took the slate into one of his hands, and with the other he lifted up the table; he showed us underneath.

Mr. Lewis here asked that the case might be adjourned, and a conversation again ensued between the magistrate and the other two gentlemen.

Did the raps proceed with the table?—Ultimately, the further hearing was proceeded with. Ultimately, the further hearing was proceeded with. Ultimately, the further hearing was proceeded with.

Did you not find Friday week, at eleven o'clock.

The request was also repeated by Mr. Lewis that the table be impounded pending the proceedings.

Mr. Munton: I must object to that, except that you are willing to give us the money for a new one. (A laugh.) I pay us what the table cost, and we will consider it a bargain.

Mr. Flowers said that the table had been handed in, and was as much a part of the evidence as any document could be.

Mr. Flowers thought that under the circumstances the table had better be detained, and all parties then left the court.

From the Hartford Times.

A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN.

I love to wander through the woodland haunts,
In the soft gloom of an autumn day,
When summer gathers : p her robes of glory,
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Till the new year is lifted up to meet the sun,
Till the cold emerald turns to amethyst.

Kindling the faint stars of the hazy, shining
To light the gloom of Autumn's mouldering halls,
Where many a gem is hidden in the dewy night,
Where, at the rock her withered garland falls.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands wand'ring
Beneath dark clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes raining
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist wind breathes of crisped leaves and flowers
From the shrub low down the rocky dell;
Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers
With spicy airs from cedar alleys blown.

Beside the brook and on the cumbered meadow,
Where yellow fern-tuffsbeck the faded ground,
With all its lowly beauties, the dewy sward,
The gentian nooks, in dewy slumbers bound.

Upon those soft-fringed lides the bee sits brooding,
Like a fond lover loth to say farewell,
Or with stung wings, through silken folds intruding,
To court the star-bellied flower that he would tell.

The little birds upon the hillside lonely
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,
Silent as a sweet wandering thought, that only
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

The scentless flowers in the warm sunlight dreaming,
And through the trancel wood soft airs are streaming,
Still as the dew-fall of the summer night.

So in my heart a sweet unwonted feeling
Stirs, like the wind in ocean's hollow shell,
With all its sweet bewitching melody stealing,
Yet finds no words its mystic charm to tell.

The Raps Two Hundred and Fifty-Six Years Ago.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I think our friend and co-worker, Roberts, in his excellent article in the Banner of the 30th ult., is slightly mistaken in ascribing to Benjamin Franklin "the discovery of the mode of communication by raps." In the "Phantom World," originally published in French, and subsequently in English, an edition appearing in Philadelphia in 1830, is the following:

"This Humbert Birk was a Burgess of note in the town of Oppenheim, and master of a country house called Bierenbach; he died in the month of November 1620, a few days before the feast of St. Martin. On the Saturday which followed his funeral, they began to hear certain noises in the house where he had lived with his first wife. The master of this house suspecting that it was his brother-in-law who haunted it, said to him, 'If you are Humbert, my brother-in-law, strike three times against the wall.' At the same time they heard three strokes only, for ordinarily he struck several times."

This spirit was also heard at the fountain, where the people went for water, and by raps, whistles, groans, &c., frightened the whole neighborhood. These manifestations continued for six months, then ceased for a year, and at the end of that period came again louder than ever. The spirit now spoke, and replied to the question as to what he wanted, and what could be done. Finally the dignitaries of the monastery held a consultation over the matter.

The author (Caimet) continues: "A great number of those who lived near were assembled in the house. The master of it told Humbert to rap against the wall; he knocked very gently; then the master desired him to go and fetch a stone and knock louder; he deferred a little, as if he had been to pick up a stone, and gave a stronger blow upon the wall. The master whispered in his neighbor's ear as softly as he could that he should rap seven times, and directly he rapped seven times."

This is pretty good evidence that the raps are not of modern invention or discovery. These occurred two hundred and fifty-six years ago, and it is not to be supposed that they were new even then, for nearly six hundred years ago spirit manifestations similar to those now occurring in our midst were well known to exist. "In the year 1212, in the house of a Burgess named Hugh de la Cour, a spirit appeared and did a variety of things in sight of everybody. They could hear him speak, they could see all he did, but nobody could see him. . . . One day Hugh having ordered his domestic to saddle his horse, and the valet being busy about something else deferred doing it, when the spirit did his work, to the great astonishment of all the household. "Another time, Hugh having bought some fish, the spirit carried it to the garden, put half of it on a tile and the rest in a mortar. Again, Hugh desiring to be bled called for some bandages. Immediately the spirit went into another room, fetched a new shirt, tore it in several strips, and told him to take the best. Another day the servant having spread out some linen in the garden to dry, the spirit carried it all up stairs, and folded it more neatly than the cleverest landress could have done."

And all this five hundred and sixty years ago! Surely, as wrapt in wonder and astonishment we witness the scenes that now surround us, and read the records of the past, may we ask, Can there be anything of which it may be said, "This is new?"

JOHN S. ADAMS.

New Hozbury, Oct., 1876.

Free Thought.

THE NEW YORK FREE MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
The New York Tribune of July 6th contained the following paragraph:

SUSPENSION OF A MEDICAL COLLEGE.
The New York Free Medical College for Women has suspended on account of a lack of sufficient financial support. The college, at No. 61 St. Mark's place, was established nearly six years ago, since which time it has been maintained almost solely by the subscriptions of Mrs. Hester Pegginton and daughter of West Twenty-second street. The Faculty, of which Dr. Frederic H. Marvin is President, has thirteen members, all of whom are physicians experienced in their peculiar departments of instruction. During its short life the college has granted diplomas to thirty-seven of its graduates, who are now engaged in the active practice of their profession in all parts of the country. The majority belong to the Faculty. A Free Dispensary and School of Nurses were connected with the institution.

Is it true that the New York Free Medical College for Women suspended on account of a lack of sufficient financial support? In the report which this college rendered to the Regents of the University of the State of New York in 1874, and signed by the President of the Trustees, and by Dr. Marvin (see Eighty-eighth Regent's Report to the Legislature, 1875, p. 391), the following financial statement is given:

RECEIPTS.	
Subscriptions.....	\$2,150.00
Rent from students for rooms in college.....	250.00
Matriculations.....	250.00
Diploma fees.....	250.00
Donations.....	1,000.00
From public lectures by the Faculty.....	65.00
Total.....	\$5,000.00

EXPENDITURES.	
Payment on debt on college building.....	\$2,150.00
Interest on mortgage.....	1,500.00
Insurance on college building.....	45.00
Salaries and desk in lecture-room.....	95.00
Current expenses.....	75.00
Total.....	\$4,815.00

Receipts for year ending 21st day of April, 1874, \$5,000.00.
Expenditures for year ending 21st day of April, 1874, \$4,815.00.
Receipts over and above expenditures.....\$185.00

Since the above report was rendered to the Regents of the University of the State of New York, Dr. Marvin has publicly asserted that the financial condition of the college has steadily improved. If Dr. Marvin's statement is correct, and the report to the Regents a verity, how is it that we are told in the New York Tribune that the college "has suspended on account of a lack of sufficient financial support"?

It is very well known that there has been a bitter and destructive battle waging in the New York Free Medical College for Women during the last year. The question under dispute was not whether Spiritualism should be taught in the college, but whether the trustees of the institution should allow certain medical gentlemen to hold the truths of spiritual science up to ridicule every time they appeared on the lecture platform. Dr. Frederic H. Marvin is, as we all know, an uncompromising enemy of American Spiritualism, and he became the champion of the materialistic element in the college. In a lecture called "The Literature of the Insane," which he delivered before the students of the college, and which has been since published, he used these words concerning the fine volume by Miss Lizzie Doten:

"Not many years ago there appeared a little book called 'Poems of the Inner Life.' If any of you possess that work, you possess a specimen of pathological literature of remarkable value. Many stanzas in that book are almost faultless in the conception, and fine, and yet one has only to glance at the book and its pretensions to see that its author was the victim of a delusion incompatible with sanity."—p. 17.

He also delivered before the students of the college two lectures called "The Philosophy of Spiritualism," and "The Pathology and Treatment of Mediumism." The lectures were afterwards delivered elsewhere and published in this city. In that work he openly attacks Spiritualism, and proposes to treat it as a disease. While President of the Faculty of the college he wrote a letter to the New York Graphic, in which he offered to subscribe toward the establishment of a lunatic asylum in which to confine spiritual mediums.

It was because of such conduct on the part of Dr. Marvin that the trustees of the college and a large part of the Faculty resolved upon his removal. Dr. Paul W. Allen, an eclectic physician, and Dr. Wm. White, an open Spiritualist and Electrician, headed the movement against the teaching of materialism in the college. A violent struggle ensued, and as you know resulted in the death of the college. Thus the death of the New York Free Medical College must be laid upon the shoulders of Dr. Frederic H. Marvin. It is no excuse for Dr. Marvin that he was a man of learning and ability. No man has any moral right to use his influence against truth, and whoever does so must expect to be crushed, for in the end truth will prevail. The time is coming when the works of Drs. Marvin, Hammond, Buchner, and Maudsley will excite only wonder and regret. The world moves, and Spiritualism is not yet dead. It will live when materialism is forgotten. Is it right, then, to say that the New York Free Medical College died for want of financial support? I leave it to your readers to say.

THE CHILD'S QUESTION—"WHO MADE GOD?"

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
In your issue of July 1st, your correspondent, Horatio N. Spooner, criticises the article of Warren Chase, "What is Organic Life?" quoting the first ten lines with comment, thus:

"Science is steadily encroaching on the domain of theology and settling in her infallible way questions of the most vital importance to us. Recently she has been tracing organic life to its germs or starting points, and not finding God there creating beings, she is half inclined to leave him out and not recognize his participation in the creation of man or beast, since she finds the same law that produces the plant, the insect and the beast, produces in the same way human beings."

"Now, Mr. Editor, it would seem desirable before 'leaving out God,' that science 'in her infallible way' should first settle a question which naturally suggests itself: *Who established the law* that produces the plant, the insect, the beast and human beings?"

"Who established the law?" Who applies only to persons, and the question therefore conveys the orthodox idea that there is a great ruling personal God somewhere, away up in the skies, as children are taught, but yet present everywhere, and who made all things; *who established the law*, of course.

Now, Mr. Editor, it seems to me that light is thrown upon this question by the late discourse of Mrs. Tappan, dictated by Dr. Franklin, and commented on by your able correspondent Allen Putnam, in the same issue alluded to, July 1st—one paragraph of which reads thus:

"Franklin's position suggests that the force which brings spiritual phenomena into human view is the same as that which gives heat and motion to Huxley's 'protoplasm,' gives the 'promise and potency' which Tyndall finds in matter, and is the moving power in Carpenter's 'unconscious cerebration.' And this force is spirit. He tells us that all force is spirit."

Is it not clear, then, that the *who* called for by Spooner is *spirit force*?

Again, in the same number of the Banner, the returned spirit, Almira Dubois, at your public circle says (the italics are mine):

"When I asked, 'Where is God?' they pointed to all the manifestations which I saw, and said to me, 'You see these manifestations of God's wondrous life?' I said yes; but such as these I saw in earth-life, only not so beautiful; they were there on earth, yet I saw not God. They told me to wait. I have waited many years, and yet I find only these same manifestations, and I

know now that God is a spirit pervading all things, and that when I look on the little flower I see God there; and when I look in a child's face I see God there."

Do not, then, these revelations from the spirit-world satisfactorily answer Spooner's question, "Who established the law?" viz., *spirit force*—the omnipotent, omnipresent, all-pervading and all-creative energy of all life—the ultimate link in the chain of the correlation of the forces? For Franklin says, "The ultimate substance of the universe is one, and that force, which is spirit, acting in and through all matter, causes the variety of expression existing in matter. The heart beats, the respiration takes place, vital circulation exists; the spirit is there, and that is the force." Involuntary motion explained.

Thus we are instructed that *matter* is a unit and *force* a unit, and that this force is the intelligent spirit of the universe—the creating and sustaining energy that operates it. Plants germinate by this force, insects are created by it, man and animals have come by this creative energy, which is as eternally self-existent as matter. This is my reading and understanding of the lesson.

INQUIRER.

QUESTIONS BY MR. PEEBLES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
In the Banner of Sept. 9th, J. M. Peebles asks the following questions, which we will try to answer pointedly, to the best of our ability:

1. "Can we think only in words or language?"
Yes, we can think without words, although usually, before we realize it, our thoughts take the form of words.

2. "Are thoughts spiritual substances, having forms?"

We believe thoughts—sometimes at least—take forms. We once told Charles H. Foster some private circumstances connected with a man's life, without giving his name, when Foster said: "Your thought of the person has taken form and stands in front of me." He then gave a perfect description of the man.

3. "Is the thought or the arranged words that spirits read?"

We believe that spirits, under favorable circumstances, can read both. A number of times, Mr. Foster, under influence, has commenced to write answers to questions before our thoughts were clothed in words. At times spirits find it difficult to read thoughts unless they are arranged in words. It is said that the nearer spirits are drawn to us in love, the easier they read our thoughts.

4. "In your experience did you ever, while sitting in the presence of spirits with their medium, deliberately frame your thoughts into a sentence, and then have a spirit read them aloud to you, as though your brain were an open book?"

Yes, we have had our deliberately framed thoughts occasionally read by spirits and replied to through mediums.

5. "If any, what distinction do you make between thoughts and ideas?"

Are not ideas grander than thoughts? Thoughts may have more or less depth, but the truths that "God is love and wisdom," and that "the soul is immortal," are grand ideas. Andrew Jackson Davis, in the "Thinker," says: "Ideas are ubiquitous and impersonal, while thoughts are local, egotistic, and small of the individual. Originality can never be truthfully and philosophically affirmed of any person in any world, with respect to spirit-principles or ideas; but of thoughts every individualized intelligence in the universe may rightfully and logically lay claim to authorship, to some extent, and to originality, also."

ANNOT WALKER.

THE NEW DEPARTURE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As your valuable paper is the medium of discussion about what is called the "New Departure" in Spiritualism, (by-the-by, departure from what?) and as some of the writers seem to take a mistaken view of the subject, and as usual to display more feeling than may be required, I beg leave to submit what appears to me to be the true merits of the case. In the first place, I understand the parties to the movement to be giving expression to their own feelings and views of what they believe to be the design and teachings of the great efflux of spirit manifestations, in this our day and generation, and that they did no more expect that all Spiritualists would agree with them, than that all nominal Christians would agree upon one creed. The only error they seem to have fallen into was, in taking for granted that certain other prominent Spiritualists entertained similar views to theirs, and nominated them to positions which it appears they were unwilling to occupy. The truth is we must either accept some infallible standard of faith, which no Spiritualist thinks of doing, or, else while all Spiritualists are agreed on the main basic facts of Spiritualism, there will be as many shades of inference and beliefs as there are different mental structures. The nominal Christians, although they have a written chart which they recognize as infallible to go by, have had over three thousand different sects and denominations. Yet they are all Christians; and why may we not differ and yet be all Spiritualists, without torturing or burning each other, as the Christians did in the past, or abusing each other as they do now? There is in fact now, besides minor differences, two great divisions among Spiritualists: those in whom the religious element or principle is less developed, and held entirely subservient to their intellectual; and such Spiritualists is a science only, nothing more; while to those in whom the religious feeling is more fully developed, it becomes a religion—and with such feelings, those who have taken an active part in this movement have organized themselves into a society of Spiritualists, because in it they find a medium for the cultivation and more intelligent expression of their religious feelings, as tending, in their belief, to develop a higher, purer and better type of man. Others, with equal honesty, may maintain a different opinion, and if while we claim for ourselves the right to our own opinions, we but extend that right to others, then all cause for strife will cease; for until the whole subject of Spiritualism is better understood than it is at present, it is not likely that all Spiritualists will be of one belief.

JOHN MCRAE.

Wilmington, N. C., Oct. 18th, 1876.

Apotheosis.

The spirit of Essie Mott, daughter of J. H. and Mary V. Mott, of Memphis, Mo., left its mortal form Oct. 18th, after a lingering illness, at the close of five years and eleven months of earthly life, in which she had become endeared to hundreds of visitors from all parts of our country who came to witness the wonderful materializations through her father. Essie was a remarkable child, spiritually advanced far beyond her years, and as a medium had given some of the most wonderful tests ever witnessed. Before she was two years old she would hold the slate under the table with no mortal hand but hers near it, and many a message has been written on it in that way to inquiring friends when she did not know a letter of the alphabet. For the last two years her parents have not allowed her to be used as a medium, believing it injured her physical system, which was very slender and delicate, while her mind was far in advance of her years.

I was called by telegram from my labors in Iowa to attend the funeral, and we had the large Court House (no church being offered us) crowded on Sunday the 22d, to listen to a discourse on the life, death and immortality of Essie Mott, and a more attentive audience has seldom listened to.

WARREN CHASE.

Tupper's Immortality.

THE PHILOSOPHER IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE PULPIT.

(From the New York Herald.)

Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle was filled to overflowing by a heterogeneous congregation numbering fully five thousand, chiefly interested in hearing Martin Farquhar Tupper, of England, poet, philosopher, and genial friend of humanity, recite his immortal poem in blank verse—"The Immortality of the Soul." Some fifty ushers were kept actively employed, stowing away the great multitude. They were flowers in their coats and lapels, and their general get-up made a deep impression on the Centennial visitors from Texas and Nebraska. There were ladies from Fort Greene, the Heights, Fifth avenue and other aristocratic quarters, mixed in among the swartly hoosiers from the West, and their free and independent wives and daughters. George Morgan operated with all his might on the four-banked organ. At half-past ten the author of "Proverbial Philosophy" was seen entering by a side door, the handsome Talmage leading the way. Every eye was on him as he mounted the stage beneath the big organ, painted red, white and blue, and blazing with gold. He appeared to be a short, stout gentleman, with gray hair and a gray beard, a fresh, ruddy complexion, and an eye as mild, harmless and confiding as a calf's. He seated himself in Talmage's chair, and pulled out several pairs of gold-mounted spectacles, which he laid tenderly beside him on a small table to his right. The pastor opened the services by giving out a hymn, and a young man with his coat buttoned tightly around him came on the stage and threw his arms up as the signal for the congregation to begin. He kept his arms moving like a windmill gone crazy during the singing, while Tupper, through his gold-mounted glasses, watched him with looks of wonder and admiration. The poet, when not fascinated by this young man, directed his gaze to the ceiling, and showed absolutely nothing but the whites of his eyes, when the pastor, in his customary heroic measure, offered up a prayer.

Finally, Dr. Talmage announced that Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper would occupy the attention of the congregation, not with a lecture, but with a composition of divine inspiration. Mr. Tupper, who had been growing nervous all this time at the sight of the enormous gathering in front of him, came near slipping off his chair. He advanced to the front of the platform with apparent trepidation, and his voice, when he began, trembled, and he seemed, as if he was about to break down completely; but he recovered quickly, and, called along for a full hour with his "essay," as he called it, on the "Immortality of the Soul," with the most self-complacent ease. Before entering on the recitation, he said:

"Christian friends, I desire to ascribe this honor you have paid me to God. I desire to repudiate all self-seeking, and shall simply, humbly, gratefully and seriously speak to you as a dying man to dying men upon our common immortality. I am a natural man, and what I speak is from the art to the art. Words in themselves are dead letters; it is the spirit that makes them live. This essay has been before the world for forty years, and is no new thing. There are, no doubt, many skeptics in this audience, but I honor them not for their skepticism, but for following faithfully such lights as they have. After a silent word of prayer, for God must help me, I will read for you 'Immortality.'"

Here the moist-eyed poet retreated to the back of the stage, and dumping himself into Talmage's arm-chair, covered his eyes with his hand and prayed. Then he came forward once more, and, opening a splendidly-bound volume, launched out on the broad and turgid current of his amazing and perplexing poem. The first verse (as follows) took away the breath and stilled the audience into profound silence:

Grand up thy mind to contemplation, trembling inhabitant of earth;
Tenant of a hotel for a day, thou art heir of the universe
For neither congealing of the grave nor gulfing waters of the elements,
Nor expansive airs of heaven, nor dissipative fires of Gehenna,
Nor rust of rest, nor wear, nor waste, nor loss, nor chance,
Nor change, nor decay, nor death, shall ever reach thee;
Shalt thou quench or overwhelm the spark of soul within thee.

The delivery of these lines was accompanied by a moderate degree of gesticulation, but it was clear from the start the poet has something to learn in the line of elocution. His English accent is not very pronounced. He says "vaunt" for "vast," and "grawws" for "grass," and so on. The English accent we are accustomed to hear mimicked on the stage came out with a clear and most amusing effect when, after penetrating a long distance into his great poem, he paused and exclaimed, "I shall read a little more of immortality; that is, if you like it, you know." Talmage's reading desk was too high for him, and only his head appeared above it, his torso being hidden from view. After the recital of the first verse, he paused a moment and turned up his eyes like a blind duck, and then tackled his raging verse with renewed vigor. Talmage opened his mouth and eyes in admiration, and smiled benignantly away back of his ears. Thou art an imperishable leaf on the evergreen bay tree of existence.

These lines were given with great emphasis, and then the poet skipped a page and lighted on this brilliant and overpowering rhapsody:
Who shall imagine immortality, or picture its limitable extent?
How feebly can a faltering tongue express the vast idea!
For consider the primeval woods that bristle over broad
And count their autumn leaves, millions multiplied by millions;
Thee up to a moonless sky from a sleeping Isle of the Ocean,
And add to these leaves you starry host, sparkling on the
Thence traverse an Arabia, some continent of edifying sand,
Gather each grain, let none escape, add them to the leaves
And to the stars;
Afterward gaze upon the sea, the thousand leagues of an Atlantic,
Take up the drop, and add their sum to the grains, and leaves, and stars;
The drops of ocean, the desert sands, the leaves, and stars (Albeit, in that multitude of multitudes, each small unit were an age),
All might reckon for an instant, a transient flash of Time!

Looking over the vast congregation, there was an expression of great gravity on the aggregate of faces, as if the subject treated of, and the gigantic method of the treatment, were alike entitled to the most reverent attention. Tupper kept steadily on, though hardly one in a hundred of his hearers was able to follow him in his soaring flights of thought and fancy. Here he carved splendidly:

Or haply, Death, in the doubtings of thy thought, shall seem continuous ending;
A dull eternal slumber, not an end abrupt;
Or most futile chrysalis, wherefore dost thou sleep?
Dreamless, unconscious, never to awake—what object in such slumber?
If thou art still to live, it may as well be wakefully as sleeping;
How groveling must that spirit be, to need eternal sleep!
Or was indeed the toll of life so heavy and so long,
That nevermore can rest refresh thee overburdened soul?
Is a recreant soul, that which thy mind selects?
Even as thou art, dreameth, though all be forgotten afterward.
The muscles cease relaxing, and the irritable nerves ask
But life is a constant force, spirit an unquietable Impetus:
The eye may wear out as a telescope, and the brain work as a machine;
But soul, unwearied, and forever, is capable of effort unimpaired.

Perhaps the finest part of his great effort was the last. This was reserved as a sort of *tour de force*, and made a bewildering impression. Here it is:

For the terrible realities whereto
We tend are hidden from our eyes;
We know but heed them not, and walk
As if the temporal were all things.
The mighty hopes we wake of, and the consciousness we feel,
Alas! that all the future and its adamant fate,
Clouded by death, with its interlocking forces,
Shall seem even to us, the great expectant heirs,
To us, the responsible and free, fearful sons of reason,
Only as a dream, that which we wake of, and the consciousness we feel,
A pleasant voice and nothing more—doth he not speak a parable?

Banner Correspondence.

Dedication of a Chapel and Organization of a Society.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have the honor and satisfaction of reporting to the National Conference and the brotherhood at large, that, called to Ballston Spa, N. Y., Oct. 10th, to dedicate a new hall and organize a society, I have attended to that duty, and, on the day named, assisted by Mrs. A. Hope Whipple, of Boston, and Rev. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, N. Y., the beautiful edifice was, in due form, dedicated and set apart to the discovery of truth and the growth of humanity, through the agency, influence and ministrations of Spiritualism.

Order of Exercises: 1. Singing by the choir; 2. Prayer of Dedication, by J. H. Harter; 3. Dedication Discourse, by J. E. Bruce; 4. Reading of Centennial Poem, by A. Hope Whipple; 5. Music by choir.

The ceremony of dedication took place at half-past ten A. M., and at three P. M. Rev. J. H. Harter gave, but excellent address, followed at seven o'clock in the evening by an exceedingly able and very profitable lecture by Mrs. A. Hope Whipple, on "Social Evolution."

The dedication took place on Tuesday, and meetings were held every evening through the week and all through the day Sunday. A large congregation was in waiting early on the morning of the first day, and a crowded house greeted the accomplished lady lecturer in the evening.

The meetings after Wednesday were principally devoted to discussion of the grounds and method of organization, the result of which was the adoption, without alteration, of the "Form of Constitution for Local Societies" recommended by the National Conference at Philadelphia. No articles of belief or statement of principles were discussed or adopted. Not that the society holds doctrine of slight importance, or estimates some teaching in science, philosophy, and religion lightly, but that it means, in its public ministrations, to put such teaching on the same footing which it maintains in the courses of university instruction, where no student is required to subscribe to any doctrine, but where every one comes with a mind unfettered to the lectures of every teacher, and goes away free to accept or reject so much of what has been taught him as the compulsion of truth and the constitution of his own brain shall determine.

The course of practical work outlined in the scheme of Sub Committees on Health, Education, Social Life, Reforms, and Spiritual Development, was reckoned the central point and deemed the all-important thing. Begin here to outwork for a fully formulated creed, but rush down at once into the fields of character and fall to making a man, a woman, of yourself; set your heart upon righting abuses and studying how to bring human beings into orderly and scientific relations. Above all, seek to know yourself in your divine or spiritual, as well as human or natural relation. And in this great practical work call all men, of all creeds, and of no creed, to come in and help you. Give them all the warmest welcome, provided and so long as they choose to stay in your fields of effort and sit in your schools of instruction as willing workers and interested learners.

So much I have deemed it necessary to say about the method of action and order of business adopted in organizing this first society of the New Movement, because the committee is in constant receipt of letters of inquiry about how to proceed in such matters.

The new edifice is an ornament to the town and an honor to the men who built it. It is an elegantly finished frame building, thirty-two feet by sixty feet; hard finish inside, in cornice and panel, surpassing in neatness and taste many costly frescoed churches. A roomy parlour, comfortably carpeted, beside the speaker's desk, is furnished with chairs and an elegant sofa.

An excellent organ of suitable size and a trained choir of very fine singers, form not the least attractive feature of the many admirable appointments of this house. The audience room is ample, seating some four hundred, and all this—though in the end many good and able men will share the burden with him—is, down to this writing, due to the energy, zeal and generosity of one man—Benjamin J. Barber.

J. E. BRUCE.

Illinois.

AUGUSTA.—George Watt writes, Oct. 8th, as follows: I have been to Mr. J. H. Mott's, in Memphis, Mo., and tarried with the family four days. I found Mr. and Mrs. Mott as genial and friendly as I could wish, and the spirit friends happy that I came to give them a chance to talk with me face to face, as of old, and I assure you I was well paid for my trouble. I went on Thursday, the 28th of September, and found there Mr. and Mrs. Turner, of Colfax, Iowa; soon after came Mr. and Mrs. Bunker, of Topeka, Kan., then Mr. and Mrs. Preston, (Mr. P. is a railroad conductor, and had been there before, so had one other gentleman, who came from St. Louis, Mo.) Mr. and Mrs. Stout, who live in Memphis, came in every night and took part in the singing. "General Bledsoe," the leader of Mr. Mott's spirit-band, appeared first each night, and was introduced to every one separately. The next one that Emma and I spoke with was my daughter-in-law, Emma, who spoke away in Quincy one year ago, last May. They came my own son, Samuel, who passed over in St. Louis thirty years ago, and next came my own mother, who passed away about fifty-five years ago; afterwards came my father, who passed over about forty years ago. They came every night (except mother), and talked with me as plain as one person talks with another, and the tests that I received from them were so grand and true that no sane person could possibly doubt the spirit's identity.

Saturday night the German spirit that controls Mr. Mott, as soon as the materializations are over, told me that next night I was to have a talk with some of my Navvoo friends, and sure enough, my old friend, Joseph Smith, presented himself, and we had a long conversation about old times. I lived in Navvoo over three years, and was near neighbor to Joseph, and knew him very well. The satisfaction I received at Mr. Mott's séances cannot be weighed in the balances with money or time. I have taken the Banner for ten or eleven years, and hope to while I live. For the good will I have for all mankind, and in justice to Mr. Mott and family, the spirit friends and the cause of Spiritualism, I pen these lines.

Azores.

ST. MICHAEL'S.—Prof. S. H. A. Frisbie writes from this island under date of Sept. 28th. It would be pleased to have any one who may possess spare books or pamphlets or papers, which treat of the Spiritual Philosophy, donate the same to him, for the purpose of inaugurating a circulating library to promote a knowledge of this new dispensation among the inhabitants who understand English—the major part of the people being Portuguese. He says: "St. Michael's has 120,000 inhabitants, and I am the only Spiritualist here! My body is at St. Michael's, but my spirit mingles with the brighter world. May the angels bless this undertaking. Verily the public here have much need of reformation and spiritual knowledge; in truth, they are from two hundred to five hundred years behind time. A spiritual library might reach this mission, as the public papers will do such thing, and to translate from English to Portuguese would not only be tedious and expensive, but would require years to accomplish this end. It is true it would reach a larger class, but we must make use of such yeast at present to begin at once to leaven the bread or public mind. I had books of the kind, in Boston, by A. J. Davis, Allan Kardec, &c., &c., some of which I gave to friends, and others sold—thinking things different than they actually are. The climate of the Azores is delicious. Fayal is well known in the States on account of its business with whalers, its fruit, &c.; but of our nine islands, St. Michael's is worth more than all the others combined, for health. Amid its beauty of scenery, its hot springs, sulphur waters, mineral waters that are natural, its flowers, birds and fruits—no snow nor ice—one thinks of the time of old, under the fig trees.

A good test medium would do well here. Live

ing at a hotel costs sixty cents per day. We have between thirty to forty American and English families here. I do not intend going back, my friends being here, so I will endeavor to do what I possibly can to advance the cause through the medium of the proposed library (and other ways) should our American friends wish to help us in this undertaking."

New York.

KERIONKSON.—H. R. Decker writes: We are in want of a good speaker (one to explain the phenomena) and a medium—or both combined—to visit us and deliver a course of lectures, say three. We would not be able to pay more than twenty or twenty-five dollars. The round fare from New York would not be over six dollars. E. V. Wilson lectured here last week, the only lecture we ever had on Spiritualism. Now the people want to know more of Spiritualism.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE ADVENT OF TRUTH.

BY MRS. S. C. LOOMIS.

Oh, mortals, from error's dark slumber awaken!
Look up to the truth as it glimmers afar!
Let the dark pall of creeds from your spirits be shaken,
And the light of God's love be your future life-star.

Too long in hell's fears, made by man, have ye wandered,
Too long been enveloped in terror's dark pall;
Too long your great birthright of heaven have ye squandered,
Too long ceased to love the great Father of all.

Too long in your isolate shell of existence,
Wrapped closely and selfish from cries of the poor,
You have clutched the gold spoils, and in avarice persistent
Have turned the pale children of want from your door.

Their prayers and their tears to the Father ascending,
Are forming a record against you above;
Oh, haste to erase it with kind deeds unending,
For naught can atone but a life full of love.

NEW YORK ITEMS.

BY E. D. HARRITT, D. M.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It gives me pain to see anything in our New York papers bearing upon Spiritualism, as it is almost certain to be a perversion or a ridicule of the whole matter, instead of a candid and truthful account of the only phenomena which can prove the sublime fact of human immortality. This comes from three causes: 1st, the ignorance of editors and reporters with reference to spirit-control and spiritual facts; 2d, moral cowardice, as they would not fully dare to state the marvelous things that occur in the presence of mediums for fear of public opinion, or if they state them, there must always be a vein of ridicule as a partial offset; 3d, their readers must have sensation and fun, even if some Spiritualists shall be cut and slashed every few days and held up for the crowd to jeer at. What rights have Spiritualists, what sensitiveness of feeling, what dear and sacred hopes, which editors are bound to respect? In Australia, the editors at first met Mr. Peebles with jeers, calling him "a long-haired apostate," "a rabid lunatic," and many other sweet words; but when he became popular and thousands rushed to hear him, they changed their tone altogether, and proclaimed him as being "eloquent," "riveting the closest attention," etc. So will it be in New York after awhile, if Spiritualism becomes more fashionable.

New York is a centre of magnificence and fashion, and of course has many grand institutions as well as many noble men and women, but you may hold up the sublimest principles, far reaching as Heaven itself on one side, and a fashionable hat or coat on the other, and nine-tenths of our people would take the latter in preference. Occasionally the Herald, the World, the Sun, the Tribune and the Graphic will allow a fact of Spiritualism to be stated correctly in their columns. The managing editor of the Graphic is, I believe, a materialist, but Mr. W. T. Clark, associate editor and formerly editor of the Golden Age, understands the merits of Spiritualism, and is one of the ablest of our New York editors. The Times is witty, but very prejudiced and uninformed on this subject. The Sun has had the grace to allow me to correct some of its misstatements and to answer Bishop, whose *disbelief* in exposing Spiritualism I took occasion to show up. It was sufficiently fair also to publish some of the accounts in defence of Dr. Slade, in London, as well as those against him, from the one little flaw that the violent "Sir Foreble Peble" Mr. Lankester thought he had discovered in Slade's operations, it flies off in a tangent and denounces him and many of our other mediums as tricksters. There are states all over the United States which never belong to Dr. Slade, as well as some in England, that were brought by their owners to him, but held in many cases by themselves, while some invisible power wrote on them. I myself was once present with him when the closed slate lay two feet from either of us on the table. I saw the slate before being written on, heard the pencil for some time, and on opening the slate found messages in two languages.

Oliver Logan, in the Graphic, has given a one-sided statement with reference to Spiritualism abroad, in which she retails the falsehood that Dr. Carpenter asked Dr. Slade to give a sitting at his residence and was refused. Dr. Carpenter himself states exactly the opposite at the meeting of the British Association. A correspondent has since given an able letter to the Graphic, showing the truth of the Slade controversy abroad as given by the London Times, Spectator, etc. So we get a little light sifted in upon the people as through keyholes even through our metropolitan press, and yet we have here no journals that meet any such general fairness in the subject as is seen in the Boston Herald or

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.

We are prepared to forward any of the publications of the Book Trade at usual rates. We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of Books of Contention. Send for a free Catalogue of our Publications.

COLBY & RICH.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1876.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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

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

Expenses of the Slade Trial—Appeal to American Spiritualists.

The Slade trial now going on in London is undoubtedly the most important of any with which Spiritualism has ever been connected. It is exciting so much interest that reports in full are given in the leading daily papers, and long summaries are telegraphed to the leading provincial journals. It is fraught with issues of great importance, and every good Spiritualist who can afford it ought to contribute liberally toward defraying the expenses of the trial, since it is really directed not so much against Slade as against Spiritualism. The cause is on trial in his person. This must be obvious to all who have studied the animus of the prosecution from its inception.

Without stopping to reckon the cost, the leading English Spiritualists at once took measures to see that Mr. Slade was properly defended, and to watch the progress of the case with the closest attention. Financial help from American Spiritualists has been confidently expected by them, since the cause is ours as well as theirs. We hope their expectations will not be disappointed. Contributions must at once be raised, and we invite all persons interested in Spiritualism to send us what sums they can afford toward this Trial Fund. Due acknowledgments shall be made in our columns for all sums received, and the money shall be promptly remitted to the London committee authorized to receive it, and properly vouched for. Should there be any more money subscribed than is needed for this special emergency (which is not probable), it will be reserved as a fund to be used for the advancement of truth as the majority of the subscribers may direct.

Since writing the above we get the intelligence that on the 31st ult. Mr. Slade was sentenced by the presiding magistrate, Flowers, under the vagrant act, to the extreme penalty of three months' hard labor in the House of Correction. Nothing less brutal or unjust could have been expected from such a creature as this Flowers proved himself to be. Throughout the trial he did not have the decency to attempt any concealment of the fact that he had prejudged the case, and that from him the defendant could expect no mercy. His frivolous jokes, his openly expressed sympathy with the course of the prosecuting lawyer, his attempt to embarrass the defendant's counsel by telling him he had never seen an advocate in a more awkward position, his evident ignorance of all psychological facts, and his dogged obstinacy in turning a deaf ear to all testimony that did not chime in with his own preconceived notions, all showed that this brutal and incompetent judge would do what he could to put a stigma on Spiritualism.

American Spiritualists! Now is the time to show you are stanch, firm, and generous for the truth. The new trial will be attended with great expenses. Let us all lend a helping hand according to our abilities. Send in your contributions at once, and every remittance shall be duly acknowledged in the Banner, as received, and used in the service of the cause that we all have at heart. Good must surely grow out of what may seem at the first view a depressing and unmitigated evil. Spiritualism is being advertised as it never was before. New friends are starting up, and old friends show that they cannot be shaken. The blood of the martyr is the seed of the church. Persecution—and this is a deliberate and planned persecution, high-handed, bigoted, and remorseless—must always be attended with a reaction. Meanwhile let us see that the sines of war are not lacking; that Spiritualism in the person of Slade (for it is unquestionably at Spiritualism that this blow is aimed) shall be properly and liberally defended. Once more we earnestly ask you to SEND IN YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS AT ONCE. Let us at least meet our English brethren halfway in their noble efforts to provide for all the expense of this case. CONTRIBUTE, ALL WHO CAN!

The Mediums and their Trial.

A preacher of the Methodist persuasion, named Mallalieu, mounted his pulpit in this city last Sunday, and gave the whole body of mediums what he doubtless would call a good round beating. If it was the Christian spirit that it was done in, then we have greatly misceived it in all its aspects and professions. His topic was "Simon the Sorcerer," whom he appeared to confound all the way through with the same Simon who "says wig-wag." No one would have supposed he had been preaching "Spiritualism," said he, "is the pretence of the possession of a secret, occult, mysterious power, by which the spiritual world might be laid under tribute to supply our lack of wisdom and of strength." He thought that "free, enlightened New England might be free from such diabolism." He declared "the whole business a cheat and a delusion." "All such impostors ought," he said, "to be sent to prison, for they are worse than thieves." "These accomplices of Satan," he said, "did a thriving business at the expense of the good sense and pockets of the general public." "Any person engaged in such business," he added, "is an unmitigated scoundrel and cheat. They are the best servants the devil ever had. The paraffine-hand business is a thorough fraud, and any common juggler can perform the trick."

And so he raved for a long while to a listening audience, and he would have denounced any one of his hearers in equally set terms if he had presumed to say that such gabble was not Christian preaching. We shall not imitate Mr. Mallalieu in anything we have to say of him. He has got to learn more of the spirit of the Christian religion before he can expect to preach it with any effect. That there are false and faulty mediums, no more invalidates the well-ascertained phenomena of Spiritualism than the existence of false and faulty ministers invalidates the claims of the church to a distinguishing love of purity and truth. These great things are not to be spurned by small measures. The fall of one medium, because he or she is human to begin with, and because, moreover, he or she is beset by the very temptations which are brought by those who seek his or her overthrow, has no more effect to shake the great fabric of spiritual truth—no, nor a millionth part of the effect—than does the tumbling down of an Orthodox pulpit in consequence of the intemperance or lust of the one who occupies it. While we are not and never shall be the apologists for falsehood, in Spiritualism or out, neither shall we set up to be censor of human frailty. All is in the hands of a Higher Power, which does not refuse to inspire one class of its creatures because they do not chance to lend themselves to ecclesiastical blindness and superstition.

If the entire class of spiritual agents in human form, known as mediums, are at the present time subjected to trial at the bar of a purposely aroused public prejudice, which ecclesiastics and their subservient secular journals are striving to fan into a flame of passion, it is to be accepted as for a good purpose and because the time is at hand for a new departure. To make that departure successfully it is essential that the public mind should be newly attracted to the phenomena, which were beginning to be regarded as too much matters of course for further study and recognition. The public mind is simply being stirred up, at home and abroad, that it may be opened to the reception of fresh truths in a still newer manner. All this excitement is not accident, but part of a design which those most actively engaged in it do not themselves yet understand. The men who are abusing mediums and Spiritualists like thieves and pickpockets, are merely working wiser than they know. Poor Mr. Mallalieu does not comprehend the absurdity of his own statements, when he first stigmatizes all mediums as jugglers, cheats and thieves, deserving only of imprisonment, and then asserts that the people of free and intelligent New England are defrauded by them out of their sense and their money. He is simply too mad to be logical, and of course he cannot therefore be truthful. As a medium himself, if he were one and still behaved thus, we should deem it our duty to warn him of the danger of his conduct.

As to the mediums themselves and their alleged exposures, so long as nothing but falsehood and fraud excites the public reprobation we shall be wholly satisfied. It is nothing but the truth that we seek, and shall earnestly strive to seek it to the end. Mediums are but human beings. They have faults. There is no reason why, as they are constituted, their faults or failings should not be very peculiar. The world is always ready to allow for the failings of genius, by refusing to throw away its priceless products. Mediumship is not in any true sense genius, yet it is just as much a gift as that of genius. Those who have it hardly have learned its primary laws. What wonder, then, that they err, when the common weakness of humanity contests with a power of whose mysteries they know almost nothing, and especially when they are confronted with influences and temptations that are blindly and obstinately discordant with the high work they stumblingly attempt? Let us all begin by being charitable. None of us are called upon to be deceived, any more than we have a mission to deceive. When we are all banded together for the single and unselfish purpose of discovering the pure pearl of Truth, there will be no further need of stopping to denounce faults or falsehoods, but the prevailing love of Truth will cast out all other feelings. False mediums will not stand. There is no fear of that. But Truth will, and the world will not be deterred by charlatans and jugglers on the one side, nor by mad ministers on the other, from pursuing its riches to their last abode and hiding-place.

Mr. R. Linton at Rochester Hall.

The introduction to a course of illustrated lectures will be given on Sunday evening next at Rochester Hall, by Mr. R. Linton, of London. Subject, "Man the School-boy of the Universe." The services of an efficient quartet, conducted by Mrs. Clapp, have been secured for the occasion. On the following Sunday evening the subject will be "Telegrams from the Stars," amply illustrated by diagrams and the stereopticon. The accord between Spiritual Philosophy and the discoveries of modern science, which it is the object of these lectures to demonstrate, will, in the present state of affairs, both here and in England, present an attractive feature which cannot fail to interest every seeker after truth. Service to commence promptly at 7:30.

The Spiritualists of New Hampshire, in convention held at Washington, Oct. 20th, took steps for an organization on a "legal, financial and religious basis." We shall print a report of the proceedings soon.

Discordant Views.

At the Woman Suffrage Convention in Faneuil Hall, Wendell Phillips improved the occasion to give expression to his views on the condition of the country generally in respect of its morals. "America is a dishonest nation," said he. "Seven tenths of everything for sale in Boston is a fraud and a cheat. Assemble all its merchants and manufacturers, and if you do not find plenty of Belknaps among them I make a serious mistake." Again he broke forth with—"there is not honesty enough in this great country of ours to manage its moneyed institutions. That is a broad statement, an extreme one, but who is there to contradict it?" Well, we are prepared to bring forward at least one person who will, though no one ventured a contradiction on the spot. Our man does not happen to be an American, yet he is quite as capable of forming an intelligent and just opinion for all that.

He is no less a person than the distinguished Professor Huxley, who has been traveling through the country, and wound up his visit with a few public lectures in New York that excited universal attention. This is his language, and all will say it is much more inspiring than that of Mr. Phillips. "To an Englishman who first lands on your shores," says he, "who finds himself traveling for hundreds of miles through what I can only call strings of great cities, who even in the very best way compares the extent of your territory with that which he has left, and looks at your marvelous resources in everything that tends to the welfare and riches of mankind, there is a something sublime in the vista of the future. I do not say this with the least intention of flattering that particular vulgar sentiment which is commonly called national pride."

We do not think our readers will covet the space which we give to the remaining extract from Prof. Huxley's reference to this country, a grand synopsis of what is yet unmeasured and unseen:

"I do not know that I have any particular respect for bigness as such or for wealth as such, and most assuredly bigness is not the same thing as greatness, and territory does not constitute a nation. What I referred to just now as the issue which had suggested itself to me, fraught, as I will say it again, with a certain sublimity, a terror as of overwhelming fate, is the question: 'What are you going to do with all these things? To what purpose will you put this great store of material wealth and vast amount of human intelligence and capacity which is yours to deal with?' The question is one which, it seems to me, no man has a chance of answering with the remotest probability at the present moment."

"You are undertaking the greatest political experiment that has ever been performed by any people whatever. You are at this present century a nation of forty millions of people. At your next centenary rational and probable expectation may look to see you two hundred millions, and you have before you the problem whether two hundred millions of English-speaking, strong-willed people will be able to hold together under the form of republican institutions and under the real despotism of universal suffrage [a burst of applause]; whether State rights will hold their own against the necessary centralization of a great nation, if it is to act as a whole or whether centralization will gain the day without breaking down republican institutions. The territory you cover is as large as Europe, as diverse in climate as England and Spain, as France and Russia, and you have to see whether with the diversity of interests, mercantile and other, which arise under these circumstances, national ties will be stronger than the tendency to separation; and as you grow more people and the presence of population makes itself more manifest, the spectre of pauperism will stalk among you, and you will be very unlike Europe if communism and socialism do not claim to be heard. I cannot imagine that any one should envy you this great destiny—for a great destiny it is to solve these problems some way or other. Great will be your honor, great will be your position, if you solve them righteously and honestly; great your shame and your misery if you fail. But let me express my most strong conviction that the key to success, the essential condition to success, is one and only one: that it rests entirely upon the intellectual clearness and upon the moral worth of the individual citizen. Education cannot give intellectual clearness, it cannot give moral worth, but it may cherish them and bring them to the front; and in that sense the university may be and ought to be the fortress of the higher life of the nation."

Science in Religion.

Taking the word Science in its broadest sense to mean knowledge—not merely knowledge—it is undeniable that the world's religions need to have more science infused into them. Faith will never lack for objects on which to properly exercise itself, but the peril of faith is superstition. The only thing that will keep it from degenerating into that is Science, or Knowing. What modern power comes up to meet just the emergency as Spiritualism does? It demonstrates, yet exalts and expands and strengthens faith as it does so. It never supersedes it, and it does prevent it from lapsing into superstition. Thus is the problem solved, so far as it is given to mortals to have any great problem of life clearly solved to them. What is known as Science, popularly speaking, tends to blind faith, instead of helping it to see more clearly; to Spiritualism it is given to enlarge it, put it on its feet, give it form instead of a dim nebulousness.

The science, or knowing, which Spiritualism introduces to the mind of men, is just what religion calls for to give it the impetus without which it must die. For it will die as surely as it is degraded into a mere superstition. The jargon of the creeds is employed to convey this, that and the other thing, whereas the actual knowledge, or knowing, which is contained in Spiritualism, reconciles their contradictions, clears up their confusion, informs them with direct and real meaning, and, while overthrowing and sweeping away, plants a growth that is permanent. It is the peculiar feature and great recommendation of Spiritualism that it dissipates doubts and fears and brings the truth to light. That is because it displaces guessing and superstition with fact and knowledge. It was the very thing that faith needed, and it is that by which atheists are convinced and at which ecclesiasticism stands aghast and incredulous.

There is a suggestive article in a recent issue of The Nation that sustains the statement just made. It discusses the contribution of science to morality. We push it a little further and put religion in the place of morality. The Nation argues, with correctness, that the scientific habit of mind eminently contributes to that fundamental virtue of the intellect—supreme regard to truth. It compels a person continually to inquire, not what is pleasant, but what is. And, adds the same journal, "it develops a side of character which religious training has hitherto neglected, or even thwarted." The "truth," in religious speech, has come to mean only that which we ourselves hold to be true. Regard for the ideal truth, readiness to give up one narrow vision for a wider vision, has in effect been frowned upon, says The Nation. And it declares further, that "the characteristic crimes of religious bodies—

the persecutions and tortures, physical or moral, for opinion's sake, which have been the opprobrium of the historical church—have sprung from this very vice of devotion to one's own belief as intrinsically sacred and rightfully dominant."

Nothing is less capable of being successfully disputed. Now the clear, well-sifted, carefully analyzed, and convincing facts, (or knowing, or science,) which Spiritualism offers as its contribution to the work of making the real truth known to men, and of supplanting with that welcome knowledge the cloudy and foggy superstitions which have begotten untold misery for the human race, are to be eagerly accepted as the ready response to all such criticisms and complaints as are recited above. Mere intellectual science, however, which rests itself on matter rather than spirit, which talks molecules and protoplasm instead of an ever creating power that operates and rules its own universe by laws, laws which science is confounding with the Great Power that laid them down, is not the boon that the human race craves, much as it is doing for mental emancipation. Spiritualism supplies the soul's want exactly.

Mr. W. I. Bishop in Boston.

AN OPEN LETTER TO DR. O. W. HOLMES.

My Dear Doctor: I see that some of the doctors and divines of Boston have invited on young Mr. Bishop to show up some of the so-called "spiritualistic phenomena," in Boston, Nov. 4th. Your name heads the list of callers; and that must be my excuse for addressing you. Let us by all means have on Mr. Bishop, also his rival "exposer," Baldwin, and as many more as can throw any light on a vexed question. But let us first distinctly understand what we want, and not be duped by those who claim to unmask fraud in others.

Mr. Bishop has claimed to bring about—presumably by natural means, since he disclaims the medial faculty—any phenomenon that a so-called medium may be instrumental in producing. I cannot say how far he adheres in strictness to this pretension. His language varies on this point at different times. In his letter to you all that he proposes is, to "give a public exhibition of the very natural means by which many of the characteristic phenomena attributed to Spiritualism are wrought." This is putting it in a very mild, modest and unobjectionable way. He does not include all the phenomena as producible by natural means; he refers only to "many of them."

Now no investigator disputes that "many of the phenomena" are imitable by natural means. The raps, poundings, &c., may be very easily imitated, and in a manner to dupe the unwary. But the question is not whether they can be imitated, but whether they can be produced by Mr. Bishop in the way they are produced through genuine mediums, so that he can duplicate not only the sounds but the mode of their production, and teach another person, not a medium, to do the same. Let him do this on the spot, allowing the explanation to follow immediately on the manifestation, and he will do what he has not yet done.

There is reason to believe that the young man has some medial power. He gives proofs, for example, of a faculty of mind-reading. It is claimed that he will, without any conjuring process, disclose what one may secretly write on a scrap of paper and then fold. He pretends that he does this by no extraordinary, abnormal means; that it is a teachable feat or trick. But in two instances that I know of, when he was called upon to explain how he did it, he evaded all explanation, but finally said that Dr. Hammond knew how he did it. Baldwin, another medial "exposer," who is now exhibiting at the West, has the same faculty; and so has Brown, the "mind-reader," and both assume that it has nothing to do with Spiritualism or spiritual faculties.

But obviously this is a mere hypothesis on the part of these men. Other persons in whom the faculty existed or exists, such as the famous German author, Zschokke, Madame Hauffé, the Seers of Prevorst, D. D. Home, C. H. Foster, and many others, assume that it is spiritual; and they knew or know just as much about it as these repudiators of the spiritual gift can possibly know. We know just as much about it ourselves.

The phenomenon of the production of sounds, movements, &c., when the supposed medium is tied with complicated knots, and then the sudden untying of him by some unknown force, is of very great antiquity. I need not refer you to Homer for a proof. This "preternatural" unbinding is vouched for by no less a personage than the crafty Ulysses himself on board the ship of the Thesprotians:

"Men on well-benched vessels, strongly bound,
They leave and snatch their meal upon the beach;
But to my help the gods (enraged) themselves unbound
By cords with ease, though firmly twisted round."

While Mr. Bishop is closely bound in his seat behind a curtain, to all appearance helpless and unable to move a limb, the drum will be beaten, the trumpet blown, objects moved about, and a great racket produced, and, on the curtain being withdrawn, he will be seen placidly seated, all bound and knotted as before. Thereupon, tumults of applause and delight from the doctors, the parsons, and the editors on the platform! "That settles Spiritualism!" cries one. "Let us hope," exclaims our good friend, the Rev. Dr. Bellows, "let us hope this is the beginning of the end of the pestilent superstition." And forthwith the gentlemen of the press make a note of it, and, seeing that the dog is down and has no friends, respond cheerfully to the invitation of "Kick him a bit."

But wait a bit. Does Mr. Bishop, at once and while the occurrence is fresh in the minds of the audience, duplicate it by causing the noises and the movements to be instantly repeated, he being bound the while? Far from it! Some time afterward, he may, by twisting some of his limbs out of their tyings, produce an approximation to the original effect; but it is a sham duplication. He must have the real medial condition, concealed, before he can aid in bringing about what was done behind the curtain.

From his complicated tyings he may be untied behind the curtain in a few minutes or seconds. Ask him now to untie himself before the audience; and be sure that the conditions are precisely the same that they were at first, and that the tying has been equally thorough. You will find he will not do it, or will resort to an evasion.

Again: A committee-man from the audience goes blindfolded behind the curtain, while Bishop is tied; and instantly the former is touched, and various marvels are performed, all which the amably credulous audience, on being told of them, set down to superior sleight-of-hand. But now ask the young man to produce the same effects in full view, and he will not do it, or will do it only approximately and clumsily.

No doubt he has acquired a certain gymnastic

dexterity by which he can execute some of the clever feats of a contortionist or a juggler; and by these he may seem to explain certain phenomena accepted by many as spiritual, and bring down the house in applause like any other performer. But the true question is this: Will he reproduce a genuine medial phenomenon, and then explain the "natural means" by which it is effected, so that it can be made to take place through the instrumentality of any other person?

Should Mr. Bishop deny that there is such a thing as a "genuine medial phenomenon," my answer is that this is the very point in dispute, and that he has done nothing yet to settle the question. Ten thousand negatives do not neutralize a single positive; a million counterfeits do not annihilate a single genuine.

By showing how by the use of some mechanical contrivance a man may appear to be raised to the ceiling, Mr. Bishop does not invalidate the great fact of levitation; nor by showing how with a horsehair one can move a chair, does he make us doubt the phenomenon of the independent movement of objects. In the nature of things there can be no exposure of a genuine phenomenon. When he pretends, as he does, that by manipulating the instrument with his hands he can produce the effect of the floating guitar, flying bird-like from one end to the other of a large room, and knocking itself against the high ceiling, he says what to an experienced investigator is simply absurd. We know the phenomenon can be produced in no such way.

During the last twenty-eight years, at least two or three times annually Spiritualism has either been "exploded" by some shallow theorist like Lankester, or "shown up" by some "artful dodger" of a medium like Von Vleck, McQueen, Bly, Melville Fay, and now Baldwin and Bishop. All these men have or had some measure of medial power, and all have used it sometimes for and sometimes against Spiritualism, just as financial necessity impelled. Hitherto these medial expositors have been patronized mainly by Spiritualists, anxious to sift the genuine from the false; but lately they have attracted the attention of men of science, editors, clergymen and doctors. Knowing little of the real phenomena these men have been duped by Bishop and Baldwin into supposing that their pretension that they exercised no medial power in the production of some of the phenomena was true; and so the learned doctors have imagined that the real manifestations of Spiritualism are frauds—simply because Bishop and Baldwin tell them it is so, and show that they can produce certain marvelous feats.

Now, my dear Doctor, if you, or the Rev. Edward E. Hale, or some other gentleman of the committee inviting Mr. Bishop to enlighten the people of Boston on the subject of Spiritualism, will just see to it that Mr. Bishop duplicates at once in the light and under the freest possible conditions all that may seem wonderfully clever in his performances, they will perhaps find that only an approximation has been made to all that is at all remarkable in his performances.

What I charge distinctly upon him is simply this: that all which he does that may seem inexplicable by vulgar jugglery or gymnastic effort is done through his medial power; and in concealing this fact he is deceiving you and the rest. In taking his word for it that the extraordinary movements, &c., taking place while he is tied behind the curtain, are effected by his own normal or unaided powers, he is exciting your astonishment under false pretences.

By carefully insisting on conditions, and taking no excuses of exhaustion, lack of nervous power, such as the young man is fertile in, you may arrive at conclusions somewhat different from those of Dr. Hammond and the superficial investigators.

Respectfully, X. Y.

The Nursery.

We hope that all our readers who have little ones in the family will acquaint themselves with the admirable monthly magazine for children, published under the above title by John L. Shorey, Boston. In its illustrations, its mechanical style, its literary contents, it is just fitted to delight, instruct and improve a family of children. In remote country places where schools are rare or distant, we have known children to teach themselves to read simply by exercising their curiosity in finding out the little illustrated stories in the Nursery, and then conning them over frequently and spontaneously to themselves. Reading thus acquired as a pleasure is sure to inspire the young with the most pleasing associations; and so the Nursery during the ten years of its existence has really been doing the work of many primary schools. There is never anything in these carefully edited pages that could offend the taste of the parent or the teacher. The child who reads it will acquire good, grammatical forms of speech and the purest morality, untrifled by sectarianism. We always feel the utmost confidence in commending this little magazine, for we know that, in an unpretending way, it is doing a vast amount of good. It is to children what Harper's Magazine is to adults. The Nursery is sent by mail, post-paid, for one dollar and sixty cents in advance. Enclose ten cents and a stamp for a specimen copy.

Fulfillment of a Dream.

The Pittsburg Dispatch says: Mr. Frank Barnum, of Barnum's Hotel, Kansas City, who was murdered for the valuables on his person at Sulphur Springs, near Brownsville, Mo., on the 6th or 7th ult., had a singularly vivid presentiment of his end some time before it came. He dreamed of being attacked by two men, who struck him savagely on the head. Then the phantom of a young Spanish lady whom he had known in South America appeared at his bedside. In one hand she held a cross, and in the other a photograph with drops of blood upon it. She addressed him in Spanish, saying, "Francis, your life is in danger; may God help you!" She then dropped the photograph upon the floor and disappeared. He arose, he thought, and attempted to pick up the blood-stained picture, but as he approached, it also vanished. This strange dream so impressed him that he wrote about it to his wife. The letter was dated the 6th of October, and between that day and the next he was killed. His murder was effected by repeated blows on the head—a strange fulfillment of his dream. Mr. Barnum was born in Syracuse, N. Y., and when a young man was Secretary of Legation in Chili. At the time of his death he was general agent of the Chattanooga Railroad.

Hon. Thomas R. Hazard forwards us an article embodying the result of his experiences at the Holmes séances in Philadelphia. It will appear in our next.

Special Notice—Last Call for the Davis Testimonial.

The committee having the management of the Fiftieth Birthday Testimonial to Andrew Jackson Davis, have resolved to close the list on the first of December prox. Accordingly they now issue their last invitation, and do most earnestly desire to hear from each and all who still feel disposed and intend to contribute to this object. As soon as possible after this list is closed, the committee will prepare a printed statement of the particular sums received, and of the whole amount, which they will send to each contributor. Let us hear from you at your earliest convenience, and thus oblige

WILLIAM GREEN, Chairman,
1268 Pacific street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
C. O. POOLE, Secretary,
P. O. box 989, New York City.

"The Conflict between Spiritualism and Darwinism."

This sharp, spicy pamphlet from Mr. Peebles' pen is meeting with warm approval from many sources, and disapproval from others. The National Reformer says:

"This pamphlet just laid before us has the merit of compactness of thought without the usual technicalities and array of unpronounceable words accompanying most of the works written upon ethnological subjects. It huris hard blows at Darwin's theory of man's descent, and inflects renewed thought upon a puzzling problem—man's origin."

Judge Burnett, of Vincennes, Ind., assures us that—

"The perusal of Mr. Peebles' pamphlet upon the spiritual origin of man, and the lines of distinction between men and animals, has greatly modified if not completely changed my views of Darwin's doctrines."

Prof. J. S. Wylie of Petersburg, while disagreeing with some of Mr. Peebles' "positions," says:

"This pamphlet will prove a help to those who think upon man's origin. The spiritual theory of man is certainly a far more plausible one than that held by materialists."

For sale at the Banner of Light office. Price twenty cents.

Dr. Peebles.

If our correspondents of world-wide mission, J. M. Peebles, has had something of an eventful life, he has also lived a very busy life; for while traveling, lecturing, writing for the press, and publishing books, he has found time to study medicine, and attend two courses of medical lectures. A few weeks since he received his diploma, with the usual degree, M. D. In December, he starts on a second tour around the world, speaking and writing as he goes.

Donations for God's Poor Fund.

Received since our last acknowledgment:
From Mrs. Lothrop, Melrose, Mass., \$5.00.
The season is at hand when the destitute sick, the old and enfeebled, who are unable to work, must suffer more than ever if not assisted. Those who have heretofore, and those who may hereafter, contribute to such a worthy charity, will accomplish more good than they are aware of. All such gifts will be faithfully distributed by us to the suffering poor.

We are asked, by Jas. Edward Bruce, of the "Business Committee of the National Conference of Spiritualists in America," to print the following, as an official statement:

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

The following editorial is copied from the Home Journal, Gardner, Me:

"Dr. Edminster is meeting with first-rate success in this city, having as patients some of our very best citizens. We have known of several very remarkable cures by the doctor, and we have never known of a case where his treatment has not been benefited. This is no 'paid puff' for Dr. Edminster does not know that it is to be inserted. We have been very chary in endorsing him editorially until we could speak from our own experience and observation. We can most thoroughly recommend him to almost any patient that he would accept."

Wash. A. Danskin, writing from Baltimore, under a recent date, says: "Mrs. Hollis is giving some most satisfactory sances here, and independent of her mediumship we find her a very charming lady—every one is pleased with her. She gives two evenings in the week to her Washington friends. I trust to the powers of the angels to sift the tares from the wheat, and sustain all honest and honorable workers in this great cause."

The bust of Thomas Paine, executed by Sidney H. Morse, to be placed in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, has been completed, and we stated several weeks since. A communication from Mr. Damon Y. Kilgore, tendering it, in behalf of the donors, to the city of Philadelphia, has been presented to the Council, and laid upon the table. It is not known what is meant by this action.

We have a few copies of the fifth edition of Warren Sumner Barlow's capital work, "THE VOICES," which we will send by mail to any address on receipt of 75 cents. The book contains "The Voice of Nature," "The Voice of a Pebble," and "The Voice of Superstition," and differs from the sixth edition only in that it lacks "The Voice of Prayer."

The reader will find on our seventh page a card concerning Dr. Dennis's Argentina. This is a widely-known preparation—received through clairvoyance—and is, among those who have used it, held in high estimation as a valuable aid in the preservation of the teeth and the strengthening of the gums, thus preparing the way to proper mastication, sequed by a good digestion.

The National House, opposite Boston & Maine R. R. Depot, Haymarket Square, Boston, Mass., has recently been newly furnished, and offers to its guests every comfort in the way of excellent apartments, a superior table, etc., etc. George W. Gibson is its worthy superintendent. Give him a call.

It is decided that Prof. Milleson will deliver his lectures in New York during November.

John D. Lee says if he goes to the scaffold he has forty sons who will follow the witnesses that convicted him and camp upon their graves.

A Bribe Offered to Mrs. Seaver.

Behold I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: have ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves.—Matt. x. 16.

The following letter was this day handed me by Mrs. Seaver, the well-known materializing medium at Bromley Park, Boston. It is a bona fide document, having passed through the Boston Post Office, and bears a mail stamp of Oct. 9th. It may afford a key to explain why several of the spiritual mediums have in the past betrayed the trust reposed in them by the spirit-world.

Boston, Oct. 31st, 1876. T. R. H.

Mrs. SEEVER—Dear Madam: Having long heard of you as a spirit medium, and knowing that it is the works of the devil and that he will drag you down to hell with him, where the world and the fire is not quenched, and that your soul will be lost forever, I feel it my duty to try to save you. Oh, my sister, will you not come to Jesus? He is stretching out his arms to receive you. Will you not give up this dreadful business and turn to the church, the only hope of refuge for the sinner? Come, now is the accepted time. Break away from the fetters that are dragging you down to that bottomless pit, and expose to the world the tricks that he is doing to deceive the weak and entice them from the pure and holy influence of the church to his own dreadful places of abode.

We offer you more money than you can make now to travel with one of us and show to the world how the devil is working in secret places. If you wish to accept our terms please insert a personal in the Boston Herald to Christian, and I will appoint a place of meeting.

Very truly yours, CHRISTIAN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As I had a somewhat different experience with Dr. Slade from any that I have seen or heard stated, I deem it my duty to give you an account of it. After several sittings with him, at which writing on my own slates, both single and double, was obtained under a variety of test conditions, he allowed me to sit alone at his table; he taking a seat near the centre of the room, several feet distant. The slate employed was my own; and I placed it in position myself, after first carefully inspecting it, and rubbing it thoroughly with my moistened hand, after which Dr. Slade was not within six feet of it. As soon as my hands were laid on the table, all of the usual slate phenomena occurred, precisely as they had before done, when Dr. Slade sat with me. That is, there was the same clear and distinct sound of rapid writing, supplemented by three raps; and upon my lifting the slate, I found one side of it completely filled with a closely written communication, beautifully executed, addressed to me, and purporting to come from a deceased friend, whose name was signed to it. This was in the month of June, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The slate, with the writing on it, is still in my possession.

THOS. W. WATERMAN.

Binghamton, New York, Oct. 30th, 1876.

Theo-Psychic Organization.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

DEAR SIR: There appears to be no little difficulty in obtaining a name for the new (proposed) organization of the Spiritualists of this country—an organization that will give us many advantages in fighting our battles, though imperfect, more or less, may adhere to it.

The name I propose is, "Theo-Psychic." This word embraces God and the soul—the union we seek per excellence.

In my article in last Saturday's Banner I named the Theosophists in connection with re-incarnation: the Theosophists of New York, however, disclaim any belief in said doctrine. When I wrote the article, I had in mind the peculiar but very sensible view of an eminent occultist in regard to our incarnation, to the "fall of man," so called, to the descent of spirit into matter, and hence my blunder.

G. L. DITSON.

Albany, N. Y., Oct. 31st, 1876.

J. M. Roberts, Esq., of New Jersey, has come all the way to Boston to investigate the psychological features of the Bennett fraud, and find out how it is that so many people were deceived. Like some other intelligent Spiritualists, he is inclined to believe that there was something beside fraud in the manifestations at the house on McLean street. The clairvoyants who "saw spirits" there also maintain that theory.—Sunday Herald.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Warren Chase will speak in Council Bluffs, Iowa, during November. After Dec. 1st his address will be San Francisco, Cal., till further notice.

Dr. J. H. Currier, trance speaker, No. 71 Leverett street, Boston, would be glad to receive calls to lecture within reasonable distances of the city.

Dr. L. A. Edminster is in Boston recruiting his health, stopping at No. 7 Montgomery Place.

Giles B. Stebbins will speak in Western New York in November. He will be at Byron, Genesee County, on Sunday, Nov. 12th.

Susie Willis Fletcher will lecture at Stoughton, Mass., Sunday, Nov. 5th.

The address of Nellie L. Davis for the winter will be 225 Washington street, Salem, Mass.

Moses Hull resumes his meetings in Lurline Hall, Boston, Sunday afternoons and evenings. Next Sunday evening the subject of his discourse will be "A Defence of Mediums." There certainly has never been a time when true mediums needed defence and advocacy more than today. A small fee to defray expenses will be taken at the door from those able to pay; the poor are invited free of charge.

The Minneapolis papers are giving Thomas Walker (the "boy orator" as he is called) most hospitable treatment in the way of extended and candid reports of his addresses.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

TEMPLE'S HALL, 488 Washington street.—Spiritual meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. Good mediums and speakers always in attendance. F. W. Jones, Chairman.

PHYLIAN HALL, 178 Tremont street.—The Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society will meet every Friday, at 2 P. M., until further notice, at this hall. Mrs. John Woods, President; Miss S. L. Barrett, Secretary.

Rochester Hall.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum met as usual on Sunday morning, Oct. 29th, and was greeted by a large audience. The time allotted for instruction was occupied by Mrs. C. F. Allen, in an interesting talk to the children. The readings were rendered by Mrs. Jackson, Alice Bond, Etta Parr, Emma Parr, Grace Fairbanks, Rudolph Bartleson, Johnny Balch, Jenny Miller and Helen M. Dill. Songs by Mr. Fairbanks and Nellie Thomas. A brief address was also made by Mr. George A. Bacon, detailing an interesting experience in spiritual phenomena. JULIA M. CARPENTER, Cor. Sec'y.

Lyceum Exhibition.—On Friday evening, Oct. 27th, Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, of Boston, gave a finely attended exhibition of historic and musical pictures at this hall for the benefit of its treasury. Overtures directed by Alfonso Bond, and selections of choice instrumentalation rendered by the orchestra under his leadership gave added pleasure to the evening. Miss Nelson also performed a piano solo. Songs by Miss Hattie Harrington, Nellie Thomas, Mr. Fairbanks and his daughter, Grace; recitations by Master Balch, May Porter, Elmer Smith, L. E. Bullock; select readings by Lizette Thompson, and several beautiful acts executed upon the altar by Prof. Elchberg, made up the miscellaneous department of the programme; while "The Hydras" received an admirable setting forth at the hands of Helen M. Dill, Misses Smith, Collier and Master Harvey. The successful entertainment ended with the force "Give me my Wife"—characters by Eddie D. Stickney, Lizzie Thompson, H. B. Drisko, Florence Collier, Lizzie T. Kendall, B. P. Weaver—and several fine tableaux: "The Past, Present and Future of America," under the direction of C. Fannie Allen.

It was announced by Conductor Hatch that these entertainments would be continued during the winter, extending as often as once each month. Their object—that of assisting the school—is a worthy one, and they certainly deserve the patronage of the liberal public.

Temple's Hall.—On Sunday, October 29th, test cir-

cles and conference meetings were held in this hall, at 10 A. M. and 3 P. M., which were fully attended. In the evening at 7 P. M. Colby and Rich gave an interesting lecture, subject—"Spiritual Psychology." After the lecture she entertained her audience with several tests which helped to illustrate the address. By the unanimous request of the people she will speak in this hall next Sunday evening, Nov. 5th, at 7 P. M.

CHARKESTOWN DISTRICT.—Temple Hall.—Meetings are held in this hall every Sunday afternoon, Mrs. C. F. Taber, of Boston, has occupied the platform during October with very good success. Mrs. Abby N. Burnham is engaged for next Sunday afternoon, Nov. 5th, at three P. M. She will speak on the subject of "Spiritual Psychology," and will give tests to the audience which will introduce a new phase of spiritual phenomena. All friends of progress are invited.

C. B. M.

Passed to Spirit-Life:

From San Bernardino, Cal., Sept. 15th, Esther Blackburn, aged 75 years.

She has gone to meet her beloved husband, who was killed by lightning in the early setting of California. A short time ago his spirit came and told her, through several mediums, that her home was prepared, and she was soon to be taken home. He remained with her several tests, and she never failed to the last. The good old Banner was a weekly visitor to her home for many years. She was truly a pioneer in the cause; her house was always open to speakers. None knew her but to love her.

Mrs. E. M. WALLACE.

Convention.

The Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists will hold its next meeting at Grow's Opera House, Chicago, on the 25th and 26th of November, commencing at 10 o'clock Saturday morning, holding three sessions daily. Susie M. Johnson, Capt. H. H. Brown, E. V. Wilson, Juliet H. Severance, M. D., and other speakers, will interest the people. All spiritualists are invited to meet with us and participate in the deliberations of the meeting. Meals will be served in the hall, and every effort made to render the occasion pleasant and profitable to the friends everywhere. We will have a feast of good things.

JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M. D., President.

E. V. WILSON, Secretary.

To Let—Splendid new rooms, suitable for office purposes—in a highly eligible location—furnished with all the modern improvements: gas, water, and steam-heaters. Apply at the Banner of Light Counting Room for further particulars.

Spiritual and Miscellaneous Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cents. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Theosophy and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents. THE SPIRITUALIST. A Weekly Journal of Psychological Science, London, Eng. Price 8 cents. THE LITTLE BOUQUET. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cents. THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 15 cents. THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Published monthly in Memphis, Tenn. S. Watson, Editor. Price 20 cents; by mail 25 cents. THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK. A Weekly Journal devoted to Spiritualism. Price 5 cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in Agency type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line, minimum charge, for one insertion. BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line, Agency, each insertion. Payments in all cases in advance.

For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Monday.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT!—For Diagnosis and lock of hair and \$1.00. Give age and sex. Address Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, P. O. Box 2519, Boston, Mass. Residence No. 4 Euclid street. 12w*Au.19.

Removed to New York.

PROF. S. B. BRITTON, M. D., has removed both his Office and family to No. 232 West 11th street, where he should be addressed hereafter; and where also he may be consulted by all who require his professional services. Patients from abroad, who may be disposed to avail themselves of the Doctor's skill, and his agreeable and effectual methods of treatment by the use of Electricity, Magnetism and other Subtle Agents, may obtain board conveniently and at reasonable prices. O.21.

Doctor, It Feels Like a Ball of Fire!!

So speaks oftentimes the sufferer from dyspepsia. After eating, it seems as if there was a veritable ball of fire running up and down through his stomach. If he eats much, he feels it; if he don't eat much, he feels it. It destroys his enjoyment of life. If the doctor be really desirous of curing his patient he should not experiment with the sufferer, he should recommend him to use PERUVIAN SYRUP, whose merits have been tested so long, and always satisfactorily. Balls of fire in the stomach and PERUVIAN SYRUP can't dwell together. Send to your druggist, he keeps it always ready, and try it. It will work like a charm.

THE SOCIETY OF SPIRITUAL SCIENTISTS

has engaged the services of a remarkable Medium to answer **SEALED LETTERS** for the public. Enclose \$2. Repeated \$1. Address Society, P. O. Box 2872, New York, or 40 Broadway. O.7.

MOST EVERYBODY KNOWS.

One thing most everybody knows, That Boys are "Clothed" from head to feet, In "New York styles" at GEORGE FENNO'S, Corner of Beach and Washington streets. S.23.10w

Mrs. NELLIE M. FLINT, Electrician, and Heating and Developing office 200 Joralemon st., opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours 10 to 4. N.4.4w*

Mr. and Mrs. HOLMES, 614 South Washington Sq., Philadelphia, Pa. Circles Monday, Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday evenings, at 8 o'clock. F.19.

THE MAGNETIC HEALER, DR. J. E. BRIGGS, is also a Practical Physician. Office 121 West Eleventh st., between 5th and 6th ave., New York City. J.1.

Dr. FRED. L. H. WILLIS may be addressed for the summer at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. S.30.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth av., New York. Terms, \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. S.30.

Public Reception Room for Spiritualists.—The Publishers of the Banner of Light have assigned a suitable Room in their Establishment EXPRESSLY FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, where those so disposed can meet friends, write letters, etc., etc. Strangers visiting the city are invited to make this their Headquarters. Room open from 7 A. M. till 6 P. M.

Dr. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, Eclectic Physician, No. 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. E. D. SPEAR. So much celebrated for his remarkable cures, (of course and residence), 877 Washington street, Boston, Mass., may be consulted on ALL diseases, free of charge, or by letter, with stamp. References—The many in New England and elsewhere who have been treated by him at different times during the past 30 years. Medical Hand Book free, sent by mail on receipt of 10 cents. 20c—Nov. 27.

CLEVELAND, O., BOOK DEPOT.

LEE'S BAZAAR, 16 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O. All the Spiritual and Liberal Books and Papers kept for sale.

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS. J. M. Roberts, Esq., will act as English agent, and will act in future as agent and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring to subscribe can address Mr. Roberts at his residence, 21 Wick Cottage, 40 Ford Road, How, E., London, Eng.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT.

DR. J. H. RHODES, 918 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the Banner of Light, and will act as agent and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring to subscribe can address Mr. Rhodes at his residence, 21 Wick Cottage, 40 Ford Road, How, E., London, Eng.

PHILADELPHIA PERIODICAL DEPOT.

WILLIAM W. DEE, 20 Market street, and N. E. corner Eighth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, has the Banner of Light for sale at retail each Saturday morning.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT.

WILLIAM M. & HIRSH, Booksellers, 62 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich, Boston, Mass.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT.

WELLS & JACKSON, Booksellers, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich, Boston, Mass.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., BOOK DEPOT.

At No. 319 Kearney street, (up stairs), may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Pense, Nephetics, Nephetics Positive and Negative Powers, Orton's Anti-Tobacco Preparations, Dr. Moore's Nutritive Food, and a large stock of Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich, Boston, Mass.

WASHINGTON BOOK DEPOT.

RICHARD ROBERTS, Bookseller, No. 1010 Seventh street, above New York avenue, Washington, D. C., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

HARTFORD, CONN., BOOK DEPOT.

A. ROSE, 54 Trumbull street, Hartford, Conn., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

ST. LOUIS, MO., BOOK DEPOT.

H. T. MOULTON, 2 South Jefferson ave., St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a supply of Liberal and Reformatory Works.

ST. LOUIS, MO., BOOK DEPOT.

MRS. M. A. REIDAN, 62 North 5th street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

CHICAGO, ILL., BOOK DEPOT.

W. PHILLIPS, 101 Madison street, Chicago, Ill., keeps for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and other Spiritual and Liberal Papers.

LONDON, ENGL., BOOK DEPOT.

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STAT

Message Department.

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

We ask a week on this page reports of Spirit Messages given at work in Baltimore, Md., through the mediumship of Mrs. SARAH A. DANKIN.

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

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

The Banner of Light Free Circle Meetings.
Are held at No. 3, Montgomery Place, (second story), corner of Providence street, every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, at 7:30 P. M. The doors will be open at 7:00 P. M. and will be closed at 9:00 P. M. at which time the doors will be closed, neither allowing entrance nor exit until the conclusion of the services. No payment of any kind is necessary. The subjects are carefully chosen.

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

Donations of flowers soiled.

LEWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

Invocation.

Our Father and our Mother God, we recognize thee not as a personal being, not as a man or woman, but the Great Principle, the great Central Source that governs all worlds and planets, and seems to hold the laws of life, of light, of magnetism and electricity at command. We bow before thee in spirit, asking that we may bring to earth some thought, some treasure, which may lighten the burden of humanity, and give strength to the following steps of some one who is weary and tired in earth-life. We thank thee, Father, for this great blessing, for this great boon, that we may speak to mortals once again.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have any questions I am ready to listen to them.

Q.—In a communication by "A. B. W.," published in the Banner of Sept. 16th, appears this statement: "A spirit returning to communicate often takes on the last condition of its physical existence. If this condition was full of misery, a bitter experience is in store for the spirit and the medium. Two trying instances of this nature have come within the writer's observation. It is the duty of medical attendants, therefore, adds the writer, to administer anodynes, if necessary, when the closing scene approaches. Spirits thus quietly passing away may return with ease and pleasure, to guide and benefit all within their influences." Will the controlling intelligence please give an opinion in regard to administering anodynes in cases as suggested above?

A.—I should be glad to agree with your questioner, but my experience as a physician, my experience as a spirit, teaches me better. It is true that sometimes spirits pass away with a struggle, apparently, but in nine cases out of ten, the struggle which mortals seem to see individuals laboring with, as they are being freed from the mortal, is not as painful as they suppose. The spasms and contortions are simply the writhing of the spirit from the body, and do not give to pain which the looker-on imagines. True, sometimes an individual in spirit-life comes back to earth-life, and gathering his forces together, stands beside some medium, and the old-time cough—if he went away with consumption—is felt again for a little while, and the old struggle for breath; yet it is only transient, and is caused more by the rigid muscular condition of the medium than anything else. If mediums will only render themselves perfectly negative, allowing all the muscles to remain completely passive, there will not be that terrible trial in controlling mediums, there will not be that appearance of suffering which is sometimes seen. To illustrate: In many cases spirits come to earth and approach a medium, and throw over her that peculiar feeling that every medium recognizes at the approach of a spirit, and she, in her turn, without knowing it, at once contracts every muscle of the body, and becomes, as it were, rigid; and the spirit, in attempting to control, throws upon her the condition it last experienced. But, on the other hand, if we find a medium perfectly passive—all the muscles of the system relaxed—we seldom make that medium really suffer. There is simply to you an appearance of suffering, for some purpose, either that you may test the medium, or that you may realize that it is a friend, and is coming back to you. We are most decidedly opposed to giving anodynes to an individual dying; for we could cite some cases where the instrument which we now hold possession of to-day has suffered far more from the effect of influences thrown upon her by spirits who had passed out of the form under the effect of chloroform or other anodynes, than from those who passed out without the use of narcotics, though, to all appearances, they suffered great distress. We are opposed to giving opiates or anodynes, in any shape or fashion. It may be deemed necessary in some cases, where nothing else will give relief; but we believe in that great and mighty power—God given, and which Christ possessed—the power of magnetism, which is yet to be the great medicinal comfort of the human family.

We believe that if persons suffering in the last death-throes had some good magnetic operator present, who could give them a little of their life, a little of their strength, they would pass out quietly and easily, and, consequently, have a power to wield when they were outside of the form. We believe that magnetism can be used wherever there is a necessity, or wherever you think there is a call for an opiate, and no man or woman should stuff his or her brain by the use of the latter. Let them go into spirit-life with all the vigor that the brain can have, that they may be enabled to take hold of spirit-life at the right end, and work with a will-power all their own. We believe the instances which your correspondent has witnessed have come from some trouble with the medium; or, apparently, they suffered intensely, it was only for a time, to enable the spirit to become more developed for the change. Better for the medium to suffer a little, and better for the spirit to feel it while taking control of the medium it is to use for a time, than that the spirit should go out into spirit-life with a will-stone hung about its neck.

Q.—[From the audience.] If we have been unkind to any one in times past, and cannot make restitution, are we to be unhappy in the spirit-world for it? Will doing good to others compensate?

A.—If you have been unkind to your brother man, or your sister woman, you have made a mark on the white surface of your soul. You may be kind to others, you may do good where you can, it will help you and assist you up the scale or ladder of progression, but you cannot make the kindness to one individual wipe out the unkindness to another. You should be careful and be kind to all, then you would not need to repent in the future.

Q.—[From the audience.] The Bible says, "Love your enemies." Can a slave love a master that is tyrannical over him?

A.—The Bible, Mr. Chairman, says a great many contradictory things. It tells you in one instance to "love your enemies"; in another it tells you to "hate" them. I myself have seen instances of the slave loving a tyrannical master. Understand me, I do not mean a negro slave at the South; but I mean I have seen a slave love his or her master. I have seen a wife subjected to the rule of a tyrannical slave-master, and over whose very head the rod and the whip of slavery were wielded with a perfect will; and I have had that wife tell me to my face, "With all his faults, I love him still; I love the good that's in him, and when he's true to me and kind, I love him."

I know I suffer while his tyranny is over me; I know I feel bad, but he is the father of my children, and I love him still. I have taken the hand of many an old negro and negro in spirit-life, and heard them say, "Yes; notwithstanding all the old tyranny, all the old fear, I did love my master and my mistress; and I love the children of the household." And I said, How can this thing be, when you were crushed down, when you owned not even the hair on your head? "Yes, sir, for I knew that the great God has taught me to love all. I love them because—don't know why—because I was drawn to them, and because they seemed to hold me." I believe it is possible for us to love persons that have injured us. I believe we love whatever is lovable in them, whether they are our enemies or whether they are our friends. If there is one little blossom that is lovable, we love it. When an individual gets so terribly repulsive to you that you say, in your soul, I hate him thoroughly, there must be a terrible wrong in him or in you. We can love what is lovable, even in our enemies, but we cannot love that which is not lovable either in enemies or friends.

Edward Haynes.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I don't know whether I can make myself understood or not, but I have been working all the day long, in fact every day since my spirit parted from the old body, to get to this circle-room. Somehow it is connected with me. I love to think of it. I loved spiritualism while in the form; but oh! if a mortal ever prayed to be taken out of the form I prayed that prayer. I have been acting upon all my friends to-day in order that I might come here. I have been to one medium to-day and communicated with my friends; yet I feel that earnest desire to tell my wife, my daughter and my friends, how glad I am that I am free, and I want them to think of me one single painful day I had, not to worry about it, for it is clear now; the spirit-world is as clear to me as daylight.

I have met so many of my loved ones here; my wife, my friends, and some that have been here to your circle and communicated. To know that I am free from that diseased old body, to know that I shall never more inhabit it, that "this laid away," is gone, that I have no more use for it, is such a divine feeling for me! Why! I feel as if I almost was one of the very gods! I feel as though if I was used to talking I would proclaim from the house-top what a glorious thing it is to die! Yet I know there is no death—for I lost but a little while.

When I think that I can use these hands, that I can walk and can talk, without pain or suffering, I am so glad! I want my wife to go out, and have all the good influences she can. I only wish I could do more for her and for my daughter. I wish I could give her strength. I wish I could give George more strength, and that he could feel my presence more. I know he knows I am there; he knew I was there this morning. I know he will realize it more and more. I have got a work—a spiritual work to do. I am glad to meet these dear old friends. I am glad to meet the medium who used to sit in this chair. I am glad to meet Brother White, glad to meet all I ever took by the hand, or ever knew. Yes! I rejoice with exceeding joy that I am free, Mr. Chairman, from the old body. When I say my name, Haynes, you will know who I am—Edward Haynes.

Morley.

My name is Morley. I am an Englishman by birth—a Catholic by profession. I felt as if the last rites were performed that were to take me to the life eternal. I supposed that I knew all there was of life, that heaven was to be my home, that I was to witness the coming of the saints, that I was to recognize the presence of the Virgin Mary; and I find that although I have realized and understood much of the spiritual world, that I know only as a babe what is before me, and I return to tell my friends, not that I renounce my faith, but that if the first faint glimpses are true, I shall have to build an addition to my house, or the rush of the tide will swallow the old house up. Say to them that I will come again, with clearer vision, and give them more words, will tell them where I am and who I have met.

Stephen Girard.

It gives me much pleasure, friends, in a homely way, to communicate some thoughts that I have. I early felt that I wanted to do something for myself. I struggled long with fate. I struggled long with what seemed to me an unloving life. I struggled long to attain a place of power, of position, and of wealth, and my greatest ambition, when I had achieved that place in society, was to aid other young people who aspired to go up the ladder of progression, and to work on as I had worked. I felt that that which I had gathered together could never be invested in a better cause. How well my instructions and my work have been carried out, I leave others to decide; but I mean that "Young America" should have a chance to share the benefit of that which I had gathered together, to help make for himself a reputation and a name; that he should have power to gain that education which I in my younger days longed for with so great a longing. I gave nearly all my substance for this purpose, and if my ideas have not been carried out fully, then those that have been entrusted with the reins of power will know that I shall knock at their door and shall ask them what they are doing, what they have done, and what is to be their future course? I shall say to them, I am not dead, neither am I sleeping, but I am awake and I am working still, with two good eyes and a good angelic power, given me since I came to the angel-world. I am building up an institution here through which I trust I shall be enabled to impress the minds of individuals in earth-life. It matters not whether I am understood or not, I felt that I would like to come back and communicate, and I am here to say to those who have the trust, be true, or I shall knock at your door with a power which you shall understand. My name is Girard.

Mary A. Doane.

I want you to say, Mr. Chairman, that Mary A. Doane of Jersey City, N. J., has communicated here. I passed away some four years ago. I want to communicate with my daughter, Elizabeth. I do not think it's the best thing for her to turn westward, but to wait until she's impressed what to do, and I'll aid and help her. That's all I have to say.

Baylis S. Sandford.

I seem to be called upon, Mr. Chairman, to appear before your public assembly—not that I covet the chance to come, although if my friends will believe that it is me, I should be most happy to call on them. I will be most happy to respond to any call that is made upon me. I did not intend to come. I had no desire to do so, and yet I know many a better man has been here before me. I think I had not much faith in your spiritual philosophy, although I knew something of it, and my wife was reached by my coming. I want mortals to understand that the spirit-world is so completely linked with their world as to be almost one and the same; and that a man passing out from the earth-life, when he comes to spirit-life, and understands the laws of his being—at once grasps the knowledge which he can obtain of all that is connected with the earth. Now you would expect me, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, to at once respond to the truth of Spiritualism. I must confess I know little about it, but my appearance to-day among you, and my speaking to you, of course, proves to me that I can come back. Now, if I can come back in a public capacity, I desire to return in a private manner. I would like to reach my friends, and talk with them face to face, and tell them some things I have learned in spirit-life. I would like to talk to some of my professional friends, those that have stood side by side with me in the profession of law. I would like to point them to some of the peculiar magnetic links and laws which they fail materially to understand, and

which I am very sure I was as ignorant of as a child unborn.

I find it quite difficult this afternoon to hold myself, or rather make the instrument, as you call it, respond to my voice and ideas. I believe I knew just as much as ever I did when I stood outside of the form which I am now controlling, but while holding her brain I find myself at a loss for thought. I find myself at a loss for words to express my meaning, consequently my friends may not recognize me.

I want if fully understood that my connection with a certain affair of a murderer had nothing to do with putting me out of existence. True, there have been some strange coincidences, but I went out from natural laws, natural principles; but I would say this to the learned profession: Be careful how you make up your mind without sufficient evidence; be careful how you tread the magnetic paths, for the spirit world will surely find you out. I have learned this much: that to have a man never kills him; that he is a more active man after he is hung than before; at least all that I've ever met since reaching spirit-life prove the fact that life is continued beyond the grave; and my being here to-day proves to me the fact of spirit-communication. I had no intention or thought of communicating at this circle this morning. I have been drawn hither by a feeling I cannot explain, and I feel stronger every moment, and glad of the privilege of speaking, and now I trust that as I have greeted my friends from a public platform, they will endeavor to give me a private hearing. Baylis S. Sandford, of Taunton, Mass.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. SARAH A. DANKIN.

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

Thomas Wells.

I died of consumption after a short illness. My name was Thomas. I was the youngest son of Robert and Araminta Wells, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. I was in the thirty-fourth year of my age.

It is a truthful song that I sing. My voice goes out in praise of this kingdom of the eternal. I wish all who know me could hear it. Having had some little experience in this new life, I now return on the wings of time and ask the question of others, "Why afraid to die?" and I will answer that question: Because of false education, false ideas imprinted on the brain in the days of youth, when the matter was soft and pliable. But this is reckoned no fault by the eternal Lawgiver. He says, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." If he did not mean it, he never would have spoken it. With those who have knowledge, and yet teach men erroneously, there lies a heavy weight when they enter this life.

The soul of myself, and none else, know its throbbings and the doubts which hung over me. I spoke them not, for I did not wish to mar the peace of those whom I left behind me. There was a vague something, but what that something was, the mind could not gather until the shell was cracked and the spirit bounded free into the realms of beauty; and then conceive, oh kindred, conceive if you can, of the pleasures that met me on all hands!

The greetings of the gone before, the voices of those whom I once loved on earth, sounded more sweetly to my ear than the softest tones of the Zolian harp; they struck the chord of recognition. Familiar faces met me here and there, and the voices of each bade me welcome to the new land, where death was not, where life ever must be.

Mary Rutledge McKinley.

It was in Augusta, Ga., I died. My name was Mary. I was the wife of Robert McKinley, and the daughter of Agnes and the late George Rutledge. My mother's residence was Dolphin street.

Make this known: she that was dead is alive again. I would like my friends in Philadelphia and Cincinnati to know of both death and life. The heart has its pulsations, the mind has its gatherings, the memory holds as tenaciously as ever to kindred and friends. Oh that I had power to speak in the fullness of my aspiration; that I had the gift of ten thousand tongues to sing and praise my Redeemer's name; for through his beautiful life have I been made a resurrected spirit, to enjoy the blessings vouchsafed to all the children of the Infinite One.

Let the eye be dry, let the heart feel no sorrow, for the pleasures and joys that are thrown around me pass description; for earth has no language to picture the glories of this heavenly sphere.

'Tis not of myself that I am so happy and so content; 'tis from the harmonies of others who have long been dwellers in this beautiful home, and who are teaching me the lessons of love and peace which they have learned. I am not like the angels, but I have power, wherever my aspirations lead, to go and see, and know how happy I feel in bringing these glad tidings to you.

The question will be asked, Are all as yourself? How stands the criminal, the murderer, the Magdalen? Our world is not like yours. Those who most need our sympathy and pity receive it. They are not condemned and passed by as if unworthy to stand in your presence. Those whose mission it is to reform this grand and noble world descend from the higher to the lower, and teach them to know their position with kind words and kind treatment; not trying to humiliate them, but seeking to uplift them. And when the foulness of earth is cleansed from them, step by step they are shown the beauties of this realm, according to their degree of unfoldment, and left to accept or reject. But they do not often seek the darkness; when one ray of light is given they ask for more; and thus is their progress. Some whom men call sinners, we call saints—they having passed through the fires of purification.

This is Mary's history of herself and others with whom she has come in contact. To earth and earthly things I now bid adieu.

John Leupp.

Martin's Dock, near New Brunswick, New Jersey. It was on a Saturday I died. My name was John Leupp, and in the seventy-eighth year of my age I was buried in St. Ann's Church. Time has been somewhat short for me to have lived into all things in the spiritual world, and can scarce yet divide the one from the other, and thus bewilderment comes. At one point I believe I am; then at another point I believe I am not, for I have not power to analyze my spiritual identity. The scenes that surround me are varied. On one hand they are perfectly natural; on the other they are unnatural. I ask the learned why and the wherefore of all these pictures. They tell me that by finding out their meaning through my own exertions, the lethargy and the darkness of mind will give way. It is incomplete, friend, at many points, but as my work is finished on the one side, I see that I must commence on the other, and go to work with just as much energy as if I was working for food and shelter. There's no alternative.

Now see what a predicament for a man to find himself at in my time of life. I am mystified; still, I never was a whiner nor a fault-finder, nor will be now. I will work submissively in the traces, and see if by labor and study I cannot overcome the difficulties that lie in my way. I do not feel as if I was committing any grievous sin in attempting to understand this law of connection between spirit and mortal. So, friends, after reading this you can see upon what ground I am standing upon the other side of life.

Elizabeth Stark Newell.

On a Sunday, Elizabeth Stark, widow of Samuel Newell, of Boston; daughter of Governor Caleb and granddaughter of General Stark; in the eighty-fifth year of my age. I was buried from the Church of St. James. Too old to dwell on earth, but ripe to dwell on the other side of Jordan, where sorrows come not, where afflictions

are not known, where the eye is never dim with tears, where the heart has never a pang; for we know, though we have left you behind, still the cord of affection has never been broken, but grows stronger and stronger with knowledge and with time.

When I entered the Courts of the Eternal my Master spoke thus to me: "Thy work has been faithfully done on earth; enter in and partake of all the pleasures which the angels will cast before thee." One by one, in all their radiance of beauty, came those who had gone on before—years I cannot number. The grandest beauty was this: they knew me and I knew them. This was no work of mine own, but the work of that God who fills all space, and whom men tried to make me fear. But that was never in my composition; I knew the Power that fashioned me into life would never cast me from him, nor destroy that which he had pronounced good.

Now what language have I, children of earth, kindred and friends, to speak and let you realize the beauties that await you? With knowledge of the beautiful hereafter, death has no sting, and you will be victor over the grave. Oh, how solemn are those words, "death" and "grave," unless you understand that which lies beneath them; and when you do, then the mind grows calm and placid, the heart leaps with joy; for then you have confidence in our Father who art in heaven.

John Norris.

John Norris was my name, from Blauveltville, Rockland County, New York. It was on a Tuesday, in the month of July, when they carried me out and buried me. I have forgotten a good deal of what I once knew, but I'll keep on and tell my story in my own way, as far as I can.

I do not believe this thing, I believe it is some kind of hallucination. I see myself in stature as I once was; now, how's that? Well, I well! well! mysteries in life, mysteries in death! Incomprehensible are your ways and means, oh Divinity! I thought that one more was stricken out of existence, but I find he still revolves upon his own axis, and speaks, not after the manner of men, but after the manner of the gods.

The shell has been dropped; freedom, literally speaking, is given to the spirit, for here I am, in the twinkling of a thought, bearing actual conversation face to face with the human. To die is gain, if all spirits have power to accomplish what I have done.

I am not alone, am I, in this? There must be others, comers and goers like myself. Of what importance am I, that I should be present, discouraging here, so that human hands may write, and others read what I say. I cannot comprehend it. It may be Satan's work. If it is, I'll trust him this one time, and if he deceives me, he and I'll part company and never know each other more. The answer comes: You are a personality, standing upon your own individuality, working out your own salvation, and light can be yours without borrowing from others.

Well! well! well! If it is so, let it be so. Though I am dead, still I'll go on and investigate the pages of Nature, for they are all life with life. Good by, old fellow, good by. Remember me to the wife, the children, waves, and to poor old Mother Earth, who, ever and anon, on her axis, for so many years, I've finished the tale of life and death, and death and life—let them read it.

Sarah Jane Beebe.

Sarah Jane Beebe, the beloved wife of Carpenter Beebe, and eldest daughter of Thomas and Sarah Creggin. My age was thirty-two. I was buried from my father's; he lived on Water street, New York.

The naturalness of death proves beyond a doubt after having passed through the change, that the soul is immortal, with all its attributes, with all its finer or coarser qualities. That which belonged to it, whether coarse or fine, adheres to it, but the power is yours by unfoldment to cast aside the grosser and cultivate the finer. The finer the particles which belonged to the brain, the higher will be your ascension in the realms of light. The grand truth of duality has been fastened to my mind in the beauty of correctness.

Now the question will be asked by those whom I have left behind me, Is there not any dividing line between what men call good and evil spirits? I answer, most assuredly. There are those highly taught in wisdom whose pleasure it is to culture the mortal. There are those whose aspirations have never led them beyond the atmosphere of earth. They come oftentimes to carry the mortal, if they have power, into degradation. And now let me give you a lesson. If such come, treat them kindly, not harshly, for through kindness you may educate and elevate. Having learned the law of goodness, kindness and truthfulness, they will return and bless you.

Now, Carpenter, to you, kind and tender husband, may the words which I have spoken through a stranger reach you and bless you. May they wipe away the sorrow from your heart; that sorrow and gloom which the grave of myself has made you feel. I am not dead, kind husband, only arisen in glory, awaiting with patience your coming. And now farewell. Remember me as I remember you.

Kitty Belknap Wheeler.

Somers Centre, Westchester County, New York. Denounce me and upbraid me, still the tongue that has got loosened must speak for itself. My name was Kitty Belknap Wheeler. I was only nineteen years of age, and was buried from my mother's, in Somerville avenue, in August.

What cause have individuals to mock and deride a subject of such vast importance? If it can be demonstrated that one's soul is immortal, how grand a field it opens for investigation. If one is saved, all must be saved. The dark, barbaric days are passing away, when men and women supposed that only a few were chosen and the rest were lost. As I am a truth-teller, my friends, it is not so. There is equality, there is stationary ground for every one to stand upon. You are not left in doubt as regards your individuality and your rights and your privileges. You are educated under the law of obedience, and with that education your own aspirations lead you toward the beautiful. Then you are cultured; you make your advancement without force; you are free to choose that which most pleases and delights you.

When dying I was a novice to many things which I have since learned. In that learning I have grown happy and content; I now see that it was wisdom which dictated the taking me from earth and planting me in the realms of light and truth. Freer now than when circumstances held me to earth. No regrets for any trials I may have passed through, for they have all been conducive to better my condition. What more can I say of the realities of the spirit-world; into which, sooner or later, each one must enter?

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED:

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS.

JENNIE S. RUDD.

Maurice Leigh Duncan; Thomas Palmer; James Green; Harriet; John May; Julia; Henry Dove; Josephine Thompson; Harriet A. Ellis; Violet; William F. Victoria; George F. Faulkner; Alfred; Charles; Andrew; Julia; Wentworth; Anonymous; to Rev. Charles White.
Charlotte P. Hawes; William T. Briggs; Capt. Conklin; Lyndell; Mary E. Glover; Ben. De Wolf; William; Anne; Minnie; George; Calvin C. Bailey; Alexander Smith; Daniel; Aunt Nancy.
William G. Boersman; Sylvanus Cobb; Deacon William; George; Andrew; Joseph C. Hanson; George W. Hurd; George Hill; Herman; to his friend Klierman.
Cynthia P. Dodge; Benjamin Dealing; Fanny Wilbur; Anna; Minnie; George; Calvin C. Bailey; Alexander Smith; Daniel; Aunt Nancy.
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Secular Press Testimony.

From the New York Graphic.
The Trial of Slade.
 AND A WORD CONCERNING THE DISCIPLES OF
 OLD "PRIMA FACIE."

To the Editor of the Graphic:
 Some of the most renowned scientists in the world, and some of the most careful and conscientious observers from every walk in life, allege that they have taken Slade into Dr. Slade's presence, held them constantly in their own hands, and had intelligent and coherent messages written on them in broad daylight, while no other visible persons touched the slates. Don't Platt, a tolerably practical person, not easily bewildered or fooled, one would think, and perhaps not abnormally subject to hallucinations, declares that he and another skeptical friend carried to Slade a locked slate, with a bit of pencil inside it, that they kept it constantly in their possession, that they asked Slade to produce writing in it, that they then upon heard scratching within, and that on returning to the Fifth Avenue Hotel they unlocked the slate and found "one French word under the Latin question which will forever preclude my friend from being a witness for or against Slade." These persons do not affirm that disembodied spirits did the writing, but they do declare that it was not done by either Slade or a confederate, and that it was not done by any agency with which they are familiar.

Hereupon, what do the newspapers say? "Pooh! Fudge! Absurd! A conspiracy of knaves and fools." Edmunds and Hare and Hayes and Alfred Wallace and Crookes are little better than idiots. Not to be able to detect a common, coarse, sleight-of-hand performer! And these sagacious owls, none of whom it would appear from their writings, have ever seen Slade, go into innerable guilts and declare that he has been "repeatedly exposed," and that he could never have imposed on them—no, indeed! And they would expose him now, if he were only in New York, as he has been for the last fifteen years, performing his "tricks" every day in broad daylight to people from all parts of the world—credulous and incapable people, of course. It is so sad that this petty trickster should constantly escape the eyes of all the shrewd and discerning men who reveal their whereabouts only after he is out of reach!

Your correspondent "J. D." a trifle more respectful and reasonable than some others, still contends that Slade ought to be condemned without a seeing or hearing, because "he is prima facie a juggler." Hail to Old Prima Facie! He seems to have been re-materialized to serve as a god for the godless materialists. His disciples insist on rejecting testimony and judging from inferences. They say: "We know that Wallace and Crookes did not see what they say they saw, because it could not have happened; and we know it could not have happened, because it is not included in the sum of what we know." Is it not barely possible that there are some things which the disciples of Prima Facie do not know? A Priori is a brother of Prima Facie, and intuition (the method by which women arrive at conclusions that are generally false) is one of their gifts. It was A Priori and Prima Facie that taught that the sun went around the earth; that the moon was only ten miles off; that the telegraph was impossible; and that the first photograph was "produced by jugglery." It was old Prima Facie that gave Dr. Lardner so much confidence when he offered, to bet his fortune that Stephenson could not make the locomotive Rocket go more than seven miles an hour. It was old Prima Facie that taught Tycho Brahe that the earth was flat, and that the sky had holes in it to let the rain through. But the fact is, that Prima Facie and A Priori are usually wrong. Reasoning from cause to effect will answer for children, but since the time of Francis Bacon, enlightened men ought to know better.

Let us trust evidence. There is no other way. Our senses are the only avenues of evidence. The man who does not know whether a slate goes out of his possession or not, when his whole attention is concentrated on that very question, does not know enough to roll off a log; he is liable to be robbed of a thousand dollars at the bank by giving a receipt for the money without getting it, and not being able to do business for himself, he ought to have a guardian appointed or be sent to a lunatic asylum.

An arrogant spirit is not a scientific spirit. One fact is worth a thousand theories. One man's eyes are worth ten men's guesses. I do not know that Slade is accompanied by spirits (if he is they will probably keep him out of jail), but I have the best of reasons for believing that phenomena occur in his presence for which Prof. Lankester's exposure does not begin to account.

W. A. C.
 [From the Providence Journal.]
Spiritual Manifestations.
 To the Editor of the Journal:
 Your readers have noticed and perhaps read the article written for Harper's Magazine, by Thos. H. Hazard, published in the Journal Sept. 25th, 1876, in reply to Geo. William Curtis concerning so-called spiritual manifestations.

My indictment of Mr. Hazard, or any statement he may make, is not needed to assure those who know him of his honesty, or veracity, or of his sanity. Spiritualism is getting edged just at present, however, and with your kind permission, I have just a word to say on the subject, even if its life or death hinges upon the verdict of a few sensational journals, who give it a periodical crushing out.

From being a very stubborn believer that Spiritualism was pure humbug, I was, through an accident, induced to give it some attention, which led me to give it the time for a patient investigation, which I have done during the past year, when many of the best known mediums have gone through the usual newspaper exposure.

My observation has been much the same as that stated by Mr. Hazard, though less extended. My experience leads me to say without qualification, that what are known as spiritual manifestations, from the spirits of those who have lived to those living, in the various ways described by Mr. Hazard, and in many other ways, are unmistakable facts. No more perfect proof of any truth could be procured about any other matter, than what I have of the truth of my statement, and I beg to make my statement the strongest that a man can make, thoroughly understanding what he says, and also understanding the accurate meaning of the words honor and veracity.

I dare say there are very many more of your readers than you are aware of who have given sufficient heed to this matter to know the truth of my assertion, and it might astonish you if they came to confession, as I have done.

Respectfully yours,
 Fall River. BENJAMIN F. RANDALL.

[From the Iowa State Register.]
Made in Court.

A DES MOINES GENTLEMAN'S VIEWS OF THIS PHASE OF SPIRITUALISM.
 Mr. Editor: I have just read in The Register of Oct. 22d, an extract from the Daily Graphic, in which Olive Logan says she thinks Slade is guilty, as charged by Prof. Lankester, because he looked white and looked scared! I know nothing personally of Slade, but having seen his account of the séance at which Prof. Lankester claims he detected an attempt on the part of Slade to deceive, and having also read Prof. Lankester's account of the manner in which the attempt was made, and having been an earnest inquirer and student of the facts and exposures of so-called Spiritualism during the past twenty-five years, I do not hesitate to say that granting the truth of all Prof. Lankester's statements, the explanation entirely fails to account for the abundant attested phenomena attending the séances of Mr. Slade, and is as false and manifest as great ignorance of sufficiently attested phenomena, as the explanation long ago suggested by Prof. Faraday.

An above intimated, I have embraced every opportunity, during the last twenty-five years, of studying the phenomena which characterize

so-called Spiritualism. Accordingly, during my recent visit to the Centennial, I attended several séances in the city of Philadelphia. I saw Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, and conversed with them freely, and examined their cabinet during daytime, and again carefully examined the cabinet at night, both before and after the séance, in company with a score of men, including Mr. Hazard, of Rhode Island, Mr. Roberts, of New Jersey, Dr. Bradley, of Dayton, Ohio, and others, all of whom seemed as anxious to detect any fraud that might be attempted as myself, and though half-a-dozen different forms emerged from and retired to the cabinet, no possible egress was found except the door from which the forms emerged and disappeared.

I am not of the class of easy believers of any subject, but on the contrary, am prone to skepticism on every subject that I do not understand. Yet there are phenomena connected with so-called Spiritualism which I am compelled to admit, and which transcend the production of any known and recognized agent.

For instance, at a séance in Philadelphia, on the evening of Oct. 9th, I tied the medium hand and foot securely to a chair, in a large room, in presence of a dozen spectators, and hung my own coat on a chair at his side, and about two feet distant from the chair on which he sat. The gas was then turned off and re-lighted within less than ten seconds, when my coat was found to be on the medium, though his hands and feet were still securely tied with the identical knot that I had tied.

I am seeking information and am willing to pay for it, hence I offer to any person who will perform the same feat as above described, after being tied by me in the same way, and who will explain how it is done by any known physical agent, the sum of \$500.

J. E. HENDRICKS.
 Des Moines, Oct. 23d, 1876.

[From the Boston Herald of Oct. 20th.]
Defence of Mrs. Thayer, the "Flower Medium."

To the Editor of the Herald:

In an article in last Sunday's Herald the flower manifestations that take place with two or three mediums are accounted for by confederacy. This, of course, is very easy way of explaining a very inexplicable fact, but unfortunately, it does not meet the case, as numerous instances can be adduced where no confederate was employed. My own experience with Mrs. Thayer, who, I presume, is the medium referred to—not Mrs. Hardy, as that lady does not hold flower séances—negatives the theory of confederacy. When I came to Boston last year Mrs. Thayer visited my residence, accompanied by a lady friend, and gave her accustomed manifestations. The verdict was that it might be all genuine, but as there was a second party present the proof was not absolute. Mrs. Thayer then agreed to come again alone, which she did, and after being searched, a great number of choice flowers and two pigeons were produced in a closed room. On a subsequent occasion when I was present, she attended a test séance alone, and was enclosed in a muslin bag, sealed at the neck, and under these conditions two birds and a variety of flowers were produced. An account was published at the time in the Sunday Herald. Plenty of evidence to the same effect exists. That the passage of matter through matter, which, of course, is involved in this class of manifestations, is a fact, the whole history of Spiritualism testifies. The séances of Mrs. Guppy Vorekman, in London, which I have frequently witnessed, are chiefly characterized by this apparently inexplicable phenomenon. Confederacy no more explains the flower manifestations than does the suggestion that the slate writing is done by the medium fixing a piece of pencil under the finger nail. When I saw Dr. Slade, writing was produced when I held the slate myself, and also when it was placed on the table a distance of three feet from either of us. A message of three lines was thus written, signed with the name of a deceased relative of mine, and I had never seen Dr. Slade till that time, and was a stranger to him.

ROBERT COOPER.
The Epidemic of Exposure—New Testimony for Mrs. Thayer.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Just now there seems to be an epidemic of exposure of spiritualistic phenomena. Its blighting influence has been at work now for over two years, and has at last reached the camp of the faithful, and Spiritualists themselves are found vying with each other in zeal to condemn and execute what are called "fraudulent mediums."

It seems to me, who am a comparative novice in supernatural science, that there is a deeper meaning and a more subtle power at work behind these exposures than has yet been brought to the surface.

That genuine mediums do practice deception at times is hardly to be controverted, and it seems equally clear to the unpartisan observer, that the unseen powers that dominate and control the organisms of mediums, are able and do place these peculiarly organized beings in equivocal positions at times, whether with or without their conscious compliance it is unnecessary here to discuss.

But the question of vital importance to us, one of the most overshadowing in its consequences, if affirmatively answered, is, are the wonderful things constantly reported to the world as occurring, at any time the work of invisible, and to the medium unknown power, so far as his or her aid is concerned in producing them?

The facts of deception, whenever or wherever occurring, when existing, are certainly to be deplored, but they leave untouched the greater and more enduring question of the genuineness of supernatural phenomena.

If Mrs. B. Bennett had a trap door, and a theatrical stock company of ghostly players and costumes, it was a vulgar, cheap, degrading piece of charlatanism, and deserves the execration of all honest people; but there is a wide difference between such a crime and that of the genuine medium who at times may be tempted or controlled to help out manifestations. The latter is bad enough, but ranks with the thousand deceptions and hypocrisies that are carried on constantly, in the most respectable circles of social and religious life.

I have been led to the above remarks by the suspicions that are being raised in every quarter regarding these matters, and to add in connection therewith some new experiences with Mrs. Thayer, whose particular phase of mediumship it is so difficult to render palatable to the scientific world, and the truthfulness of which has been challenged by some standing in the ranks of believers in spiritualistic philosophy.

Ponderable bodies, as well as flowers, are constantly being brought into the room where she is sitting, closed doors and windows seeming to offer no obstacle, and by far the most marvelous of the phenomena occur when they are unsought and unexpected. I should not have the tauterity, Mr. Editor, to state this had I not tested the possibility of these things coming under the strictest test conditions. Rumors of fraud and deception fill the air, tending to unsettle those most firmly resting in a belief in the truth of these things. Mrs. Thayer has not been exempt.

One Sunday night I proposed to this lady, knowing that she had not been out of the house during that or the previous day, and had also not been out of the room for at least two hours, to give us a test séance; to this she readily assented. A bag was produced, which was without an opening except at one end, in which she was placed, after a

careful search of her person; it was drawn closely around her throat, and remembering Prof. Denton's opinion, that birds and flowers might possibly be pushed out from the string, I placed a brown barge veil over her head and face, sewing it closely to the bag, thus completely preventing such a possibility. Thus placed in "durance vile," the light was extinguished, and in less than two minutes a dove, a long stalk of tuberose and a branch of exquisite fern leaves were promptly placed upon the table. As if appreciating the humiliating position of their medium, tied up in a bag, suffocated under the folds of a thick barge veil, they did their work quickly. The party of six declared themselves satisfied, and the medium deserving of a better than a Centennial award of merit.

But in spite of the epidemic of exposure that has raged so disastrously to this supernatural science everywhere, there is no subject to day that holds so deep an interest for, that permeates all circles of life, scientific, social and theological, as this one of the truth or falsity of the claims set up of the possibility of holding communication with the spirit-world, and through it to gain a knowledge of immortality. Its verification comes unsought to hundreds by their own hearthstones, its fires are fanned into living flames by the noiseless advent of loved ones who have passed the river of death; in homes where the possibility of deception does not exist, a cloud of invisible witnesses are making earth and heaven vocal with rejoicings over the fact that the spiritual senses of man are being opened, and that the question of the ages, if a man die shall he live again, is receiving an answer that reverberates backward down the tide of centuries, and forward through the ages that are to come; and the sting is taken out of the hurt that well-marked suspicions of deception in mediums formerly gave all believers in the new gospel of truth. So let us hold fast to that that has been found genuine, and practice the largest charity when faults are committed.

H. M. B.
 Philadelphia, Pa.

JOHN KING—SIR HENRY MORGAN.

BY ALLEN PUTNAM.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A friend whose home in youth was near the border of the town of Norway, Me., recently put into our hands a pamphlet of 47 pages, bearing the following title:

"A sketch of the life of HENRY MORGAN, given by himself. NORWAY: Press of George W. Mallet, 1862."

Through what medium the sketch was furnished is not distinctly told—perhaps through W. K. Ripley, for Morgan says he at times spoke through that man; he dedicated to his "friend, H. B. Emery."

The style of the pamphlet is inflated, and its author's willingness to set forth self as a marvelous hero and man of might is very apparent. Yet it obviously issued from a keen and logical intellect, well versed in the principles and methods of spirit manifestations, and familiar with the laws and forces interacting between the material and spiritual realms.

After having filled something more than thirty pages with lively and sometimes exciting descriptions of his parentage, education, and life upon the seas, both as privateer under Charles II. and as a free roving buccaneer in command of the "Flying Cloud," he states that his mother, from spirit-land, appeared and made known to him that his labors as a mortal were nearly at an end. Having been thus warned, he says, "At Jamaica Island . . . I took a boat and rowed myself ashore. Upon landing, I assumed the name of JOHN KING, as a disguise and protection."

Nothing of importance is proved or even indicated by the fact that the semi ubiquitous communicator in our day, John King, fourteen years ago at a small inland town Down East claimed to be that Sir Henry Morgan who, from about 1660 to 1670, boldly and terrifically pirated upon the waters about the West India Islands and along the Spanish Main; and yet the fact that Sir Henry was a pirate, there and then, is rather interesting when viewed in connection with King since claiming the same in many places remote from Maine on this continent, and also on the other side of the Atlantic. Perhaps the Norway pamphlet circulated widely, and perhaps it did not. How many of the world's mediums ever read it, is unknown; but somehow John King maintains consistency wherever he roves and communicates.

John's present energy does not disparage the efficiency of him who said of himself, fourteen years ago: "Henry Morgan, the terror of England and of Spain, was conquered, not by a mortal hand—conquered only for a season; because neither disease nor death could master the fierce spirit within me. I was dethroned from the empire of mortal life, only to be placed on a higher elevation, there to commence with different material a different work."

This "free buccaneer" announces that himself and many of his former coadjutors are now, as a band which he leads, most earnestly and actively devoted to manifesting and establishing the facts of Spiritualism. His autobiography closes with the following spirited paragraphs:

"Once more I tread the deck of a Flying Cloud, manned by my own chosen crew. My faithful Delia is once more my mate; Mansfield my valued assistant and secretary. All those who were true to my estimate of manhood upon the earth, have lent their aid in fitting out this new enterprise to sail from the haven of immortality, propelled by the swift-winged lightnings. Wherever superstition, theology, bigotry, and dogmatic denunciation of new forms of truth, assert their power; wherever the waters of error run wildest, and the reefs of conservatism are the most dangerous, there we cast anchor and prepare to hurl our thunderbolts of conviction over the surface, and cast our diving-bells of thought down into the still waters which flow beneath, until the sweet pearls of reason and faith come gleaming to the surface. Where the naked truth is not received, we robe it in the garments of stratagem. Little by little the white cloud takes on for a after form of beauty, fascinating the gaze of the beholder as it floats through the atmosphere, until at last it becomes charged with electrical elements, and pours forth its thunderbolts, its lightning flashes, and its deluge of rain; so little by little the raiment of stratagem is laid aside, until an avalanche of incontestible demonstrations sweeps down and demolishes all the barriers raised against the reception of truth in its primal portions."

"My work has just commenced. My band have yet to immortalize themselves as lecturers and writers, for those who can work the elements to suit their will, know also the power of words, and when and where to use them. When my voice has been heard from Maine to the rolling prairies of the West, when my band have poured their life-thoughts through the press of the New World, we shall seek the Old, and carry on their work commenced here. Or if it be deemed we shall begin again at the first round of the ladder, and ascend step by step until we gain the elevation for which we aim."

"A small commencement is sometimes the

nucleus for wonderful ultimates. And where I have moved ponderable objects and lifted tables, I shall now lift the hearts of men by the lever of argument, and move their deepest feelings by the mighty power of words. Where I have shown my hand, I shall fearlessly show the depths of my mind—the workings of the human soul within me—the result of fearless experiment, of close impartial observation of deep and true feelings."

Assuming these quoted statements to be in the main John King's, and conceding what spirits often claim, that excepting when wishing to be recognized by old acquaintances it is common with them to designate themselves not by their own earthly names, but by the name of the teacher or leader under whose instructions they act, it becomes easy to account for the presence of John King simultaneously in many and widely distant places; nor need we be surprised if, when materialized, he shall differ, at different times and places, in stature, form, features, complexion, and all the usual properties marking individuality, because any member of his numerous crew may, in harmony with spirit usage, legitimately be his representative, and an appropriate of his name.

He represents himself as having been the illegitimate child of a plebeian Spanish mother, by Sir Henry Morgan, a British nobleman; the mother, cast off by her relatives and deserted by her betrayer, soon died, and the infant child was placed by Mansfield, who had loved the mother, in charge of a nurse, who cared well for the boy till he was six years old, and from that time he was with his foster-father roaming the seas in a privateer.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

SHORT SERMON.—Presume not in prosperity, neither despair in adversity; court not dangers, nor meanly fly before them.

Probably many have found out the fact for themselves, but few have, if any, ever heard it stated so forcibly as Prof. Huxley did in a recent lecture: "That a man's work diminishes as he is able to do as he likes. So long as a man is struggling with obstacles, he has an excuse for failure or shortcoming; but when fortune removes them all, and gives him the power of doing as he thinks best, then comes the time of trial. There is but one right, and the possibilities of wrong are infinite."

The Italian Government has resolved to abolish the religious element in the forms heretofore in use in administering justice. There is to be no invocation of the deity as "so help me God," or "in the presence of the ever-living God." It is simply "I swear," and the usual penalties are retained for perjury.

SAPHO.

Alas that Love's lit torch should burn in vain,
 The torch that kindled the heart of the slain,
 Call forth despair as chorus to thy strain,
 And choke with grief your sweet breaths dead despair,
 Or feed with death the passion's fever pyre:
 Thy lyre and love, I do not yet admire.
 The tenth invisible magnet of all time!
 And the glad music shall through all things climb;
 Love that was hitherto in spirit, is now in deed,
 Sing that was hitherto in spirit, is now in deed,
 Ah, destiny that named the life a dream
 Has made the dream a reality, and the dream a theme.
 From A SONG OF AMERICA AND MINOR LYRICS, by
 F. V. Voldo.

England sent us during 1875, books to the amount of \$1,200,000. We sent in return books valued at \$300,000.

If the discomfort of our life is the result of getting tired of ourselves.

Formerly it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of buggy, table and bed linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed spinsters.

A future calculator has about 3,300,000 letters are despatched in a year from one part of the globe to another, at a rate of 100 letters per second. The total weight of these letters is estimated at 33,000 tons.

The ladies in Lima are apt to be unimpassioned in expressing their appreciation of the opposite of the action taken by the House of Assembly. During a recent debate there each speaker who opposed their views had a garland of weeds hung at his head from the ladies' gallery, while their champions were honored with garlands.

Prof. Huxley proves conclusively that the alligator was once a bird, when he is able to do as he likes. He lays eggs. We are glad it was never domesticated and made a barn-yard fowl. —*Max Adler.*

The Sultan has given his consent to a scheme to make Jaffa a seaport and connect it to Jerusalem by railway. Signor Pierotti, a railroad man living in Palestine, is the head of the movement.

A pretty reply of a French mother: "Which of your children do you love most?" "Always the one that is absent."

"A man who rises every day at four o'clock to make enemies" is a description of M. de Girardin given by a friend.

Mr. David Paulsen, of the Secretary of State office, Boston, has a well-preserved, very ancient Hebrew roll, known to be at least more than 1000 years old. It contains the laws of Moses, written upon a soft white animal skin about 10 feet long and 2 feet wide. The characters are 7 by 24 inches, and contain 42 lines. The characters are large and bold, and are written in a peculiar way, effect upon them. There are no contractions or abbreviations, but the letters are ornamented with fine-line projections.

German technical papers recommend printers' ink as a cure for driving nails that slip off the pulleys. A workman lays a little ink on the under surface of the strap as it is running; the ink is soon carried over the whole surface, and a clog is got which will last effectively for six or eight weeks.

What all this nation is want of confidence, and it suggests a train of very painful reflections to see the mother of a family of religious boys so scrupulously particular in locking the pantry door after her.

Rev. Carson's sermon on Spiritualism Sunday night caused such a stir in the Presbyterian church, there wasn't a corpse in a coffin, and at the other church, but he has been very successful in spreading the gospel of Spiritualism. There are no contractions or abbreviations, but the letters are ornamented with fine-line projections.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

I hear the church extol thy glowing praise,
 And see the chosen few who lead in the parade,
 And own the name of God-appointed savior,
 And thine the yearning world's most golden days,
 And thine the fairest green of earth's green days,
 And thine the noblest seat in heaven's highest spheres,
 And yet divinely touched with all our fears,
 And walking with us in our lowly ways,
 'Tis meet we love thee with unimpassioned heart,
 For all thy goodness, steadfastness and truth,
 Thy pure and precious, soul-inspiring faith,
 Thy midn innocence and righteous ruth,
 That live and breathe their summer fragrance here,
 Diffusing perfect love, dispersing foolish fear.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Without trials and temptations man would be nothing more than a fungus. —*Billing.*

The Bowdoin Orient reports a citation in political economy. President Chamberlain: "Mr. B., how far do you agree with the statement of Dr. Walker that 'labor is always irksome'?" Mr. B.: "I agree with him fully." (Slight applause.) President: "People of firm health and sound mind don't usually think so." (Shouts of laughter.)

It is utterly impossible that two ordinary persons should live contentedly together, and not offend each other some time. The offense may not be intentional; it may occur inadvertently. In order to enjoy life all unintentional offences ought to be forgiven.

The New York World in a Saturday society gave a reception recently to Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, of Portland, Or., who is the leader of the suffrage movement in that Territory, and editor of the New North-West.

In the Boston Public Library each volume is on the average called for thirty-four times per year, and each ticket-holder takes out twenty with him or her.

Where is the Society for the Promotion and Preservation of Peace among Nations? This enthusiastic group of people held the project of a European war is only equalled by the sincerity of the fear expressed that the war-to-be-combatants won't come to blows. —*Chicago Times.*

"There is no longer any question. Serbia is now at the feet of Russia or the mercy of Turkey." So say the telegrams regarding the state of affairs on the Eastern question, at the time of our going to press. The Serbian troops, worn down by excessive privation, and perhaps disheartened by the persistent and the naughty tone adopted by the Russian officers, refused to take part in the Sunday battle (Feb)

on Djukia heights, and the objective point was carried by the Turks after a desperate resistance on the part of the Russian volunteers, who lost seven hundred killed out of a force of one thousand. The wildest confusion followed. Delgrad was evacuated, and, subsequently, Alexina was carried by the Turkish storming parties. The German parliament opened at Berlin, Monday, Oct. 30th. The relations existing between Germany and foreign governments are said to be of the most friendly character, and the Emperor intimates that, whatever complications may arise on the Eastern question Germany will endeavor to maintain peace by mediation. As we go to press the report is that Russia has presented her ultimatum to the Porte. Unless the Sultan will consent to a suspension of hostilities and a six weeks' armistice within forty-eight hours, diplomatic relations between the two countries will cease.

The coal-mining companies of Pennsylvania have concluded to suspend operations for at least three months. It is claimed that 1,000,000 tons of anthracite are now stored at the seaboard depots, which will be sufficient to supply all demands for that time. The Pennsylvania coal fields are thrown out of employment by the suspension.

Mr. Conway intimates that Lord Beaconsfield was drunk when he made one of his recent speeches. Note: It should be a fact when he writes. —*Hon. C. C. Huxford, in Boston Traveller.*

The 9:04 train from Scranton, Pa., consisting of seven cars, was run into by the Summit coal train one mile and a half north of Goldboro Station, on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, on the evening of Oct. 30th. One car was burned and two were telescoped. Five persons were killed and about thirteen wounded. A corps of surgeons attended to the wounded.

Stokes, the murderer of Col. James Fisk, was released from Auburn prison on Saturday morning, Oct. 25th, and escorted to New York City by a party of friends.

The idea of postal cards first originated with the present postmaster-general of the German empire, but the honor of introducing them was gained by a citizen of Vienna.

The Chicago Times is trying to get Sergeant Bates to carry the Russian flag through Turkey.

The Paris Estafette has a report that military law has been proclaimed in the Russian districts of Kiev, Odessa, Khan, Kow and Caucasus, where lodgings for 50,000 troops are being prepared.

A murderer was hung in Bombay not long ago, and just before the drop fell he whispered to the executioner: "In one minute what a lot I shall know!"

The latest addition to the literature of signs is as follows: "EXPRESS, N & TRUCK, N & MOVIN' ON HOAR."

Havana advises state that the effects of the late hurricane in the interior of the islands are very disastrous. The sugar crop, which promised to be exceptionally abundant, will be much reduced.

Lynch law parties are always apt to go too far. You live them an inch, and they'll surely take an L. —*N. Y. Com. Ad.*

If the Serbian troops don't fight any better they must expect to remain in a state of sub-Serbian-ty.

The British bark Theus, of London, from Malta to San Francisco, was wrecked, Sept. 11th, on one of the Looe Islands. The captain, first mate and eight others were lost.

A Wisconsin man thinks of planting fifteen acres of young butternut-trees for hoop-pole timber. He'd better not.

A small party of insurgents recently made a raid in the neighborhood of Escarotolones, Spain, but they soon after disappeared.

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