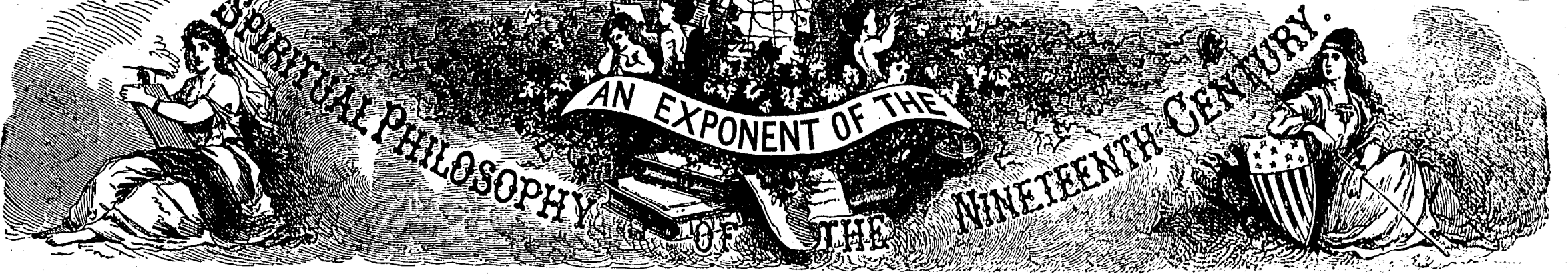


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Spiritualism Abroad.

[From the London Daily Telegraph of Oct. 21st.]

PROSECUTION OF DR. SLADE.

[Continued.]

Yesterday, at Bow-street Police-court, before Mr. Flowers, this case was resumed. It will be recollected that the defendant, Henry Slade, 8 Upper Bedford-place, Russell-square, was summoned, at the instance of Mr. E. Ray Lankester, for having, on Sept. 11th, unlawfully used certain subtle craft and devices to deceive and impose on certain of her Majesty's subjects, to wit, E. Ray Lankester, T. J. Oldman, Henry Sidgwick, R. H. Hutton, Edmund Gurney and W. B. Carpenter. Upon a second summons, Henry Slade and Geoffrey Simmons, his clerk or assistant, were charged with having, on Sept. 11th, unlawfully conspired and combined together, by divers false pretences and subtle means and devices, to obtain and acquire to themselves from the persons above-named, and others, various sums of money, and to cheat and defraud said persons and others. The court was again crowded with ladies and gentlemen interested in the inquiry, a considerable number of ladies being accommodated with seats on the bench. Shortly after eleven o'clock the defendants were called, and took their position as before, in the usual compartment beside the witness box. The table, which had remained in the custody of the officers of the court since the previous hearing, was placed beside the magistrate's seat.

Mr. G. Lewis, solicitor, appeared for the prosecution; Mr. Munton, of the firm of Messrs. Munton & Morris, solicitors, was for Mr. Slade; and Mr. Massey, barrister, appeared for Mr. Simmons.

Dr. Donkin again took his place in the witness-box. The evidence he gave on the preceding hearing was read over to the witness, and signed by him. It brought down the narrative of the visit to the arrangements for writing on a slate.

Mr. Lewis, in continuation, asked: What did he then do?—He put a small piece of slate pencil on the slate, and placed the slate in apposition to the under surface of the table. He held it so that his thumb only was visible above the table.

Do you remember with which hand he held it?—With his right hand.

Did you then hear a noise?—There was a noise apparently of the scratching of a slate pencil, and at the same time I noticed a to-and-fro movement of the arm and some contraction of the tendons on the front of the wrist. He took away the slate after a very short time and wrote a message—a short message, of which I cannot remember the exact words, but which was to the effect, "Here I am," or "I will come," and this was signed "Allie."

Was that writing very legible?—Very illegible. Did he say who Allie was?—He did not in my presence.

What did he next do?—He next wiped and cleaned the slate, and showed what appeared to be both sides clean, and then began to talk. He asked me if I was a medium, and said he would ask.

Ask whom?—He said he would ask the spirits. What then?—He made one or two other short remarks, and made a noise with his throat.

During that time where was the slate?—During a considerable part of that time the slate was not visible to me.

And whilst the slate was not visible, could you see his right hand?—No.

Could you see his right arm?—Yes; I saw it moving, as though he were writing.

After you had seen his right arm moving, did he place the slate under the table?—Yes; as before, and the sound of writing began again soon, and on its withdrawal there appeared to be on the upper surface of the slate the words, "He can be a good writing medium."

Did he speak again clean the slate?—Yes.

Did he speak to Prof. Lankester?—He asked Prof. Lankester if some relatives of his had not signified their presence the last time—at the previous sitting with him.

Did he say what he would do?—Prof. Lankester said they had, and Slade said he would try if they would write again.

Whilst he was talking where was the slate?—It was out of sight, as before, and his behavior was similar to what it had been.

Did you see his right arm moving to and fro as described?—I did, exactly in the same way.

Did you hear any scratching, as if some one was writing?—Yes.

Whilst the arm was moving to and fro?—Yes; scratching as of writing.

At that time I believe your fingers and those of Professor Lankester were joined?—Yes.

Did you then hand him back the slate?—Yes. And what did he do with it then?—He rubbed or wiped it quickly.

Did he say anything?—To Professor Lankester he observed that perhaps the spirits would write better if he held the slate with him.

What did Slade then do with the slate?—It was removed out of sight.

By Slade?—Yes; and he began making noises with his throat as before.

Did you observe his arm whilst he was making these noises with his throat?—I did. It was moving the same way as before.

Did you hear any scratching?—Yes, very plainly.

What sort of scratching?—Exactly like the scratching of a pencil on a slate.

When the scratching ceased, what did he say to Professor Lankester?—He said, "If you will hold the slate as I do, perhaps they will write"—or words to that effect.

What did Professor Lankester do?—He put down his hand and instantaneously snatched the slate away. Then he rose from his chair, held up the slate, and showed Slade and myself that there was writing on it already. He said, "I have watched you writing it each time. You are a gross scoundrel and impostor," or words of that nature.

Now, when he charged him with that did Slade make any reply to it?—None whatever at that time.

What was his manner?—He looked very much agitated.

Did you say anything to him?—Yes.

What was his answer?—That either then or after it would all be explained.

What did you say to him?—I called him a "liar"—(laughter)—or something like that, I can't swear to the exact words.

Did Professor Lankester carry the slate into the front room?—He did.

Was Simmons there?—Yes.

And others?—Yes.

Did Slade follow you into the room?—Yes.

Did either of them offer any explanation?—No.

Did Simmons make any observation to you in a low tone?—Yes.

What was it?—He said, "As you have not then satisfied you will not be required to pay anything."

Did Simmons say anything about similar exposures?—He said the same thing had happened to them before.

And did Professor Lankester say whether he should write to the papers?—Yes; he said he should do so.

What did Simmons say to that?—He observed, "It will be a good thing, and the best advertisement we can have. Two hundred people will then come back to see if they have been swindled."

Was Slade present then?—No.

Did you notice any wink at the time?—Yes.

After a little time, did Simmons say anything about not writing to the papers?—Yes; that we had better not write, or we should be sorry for it six months or some months hence.

And you wrote to the Times the same afternoon?—Yes.

I believe you did not pay anything before you went away?—No.

Cross-examined by Mr. Munton: In your letter you state that you went with Professor Lankester in order to corroborate the opinion he had formed?—That is so.

Did he tell you what opinion he had formed?—Yes. He told me the writing was done in the manner he has described in his evidence.

Did he tell you how he thought the first message was done?—He did. He said he thought that the message appeared on the under surface of the slate.

On which side of the slate, in your opinion, did the first message appear?—It appeared to me to be on the under surface of it.

He having told you his opinion, can you say for certain on which side of the slate the message appeared?—No; I cannot.

Slade, I believe, was sitting with his back to the window?—Yes.

And you were opposite to him?—Yes.

And Professor Lankester was sitting against one of the doors?—He was sitting on Slade's right.

Did you hear Professor Lankester say in his evidence that he was sitting in such a way that it seemed to him there was no frame to the table?—I did hear him say so.

Did you think then that he was mistaken—that he was sitting in front of the frame?—He may have been mistaken in the word that he used.

When Slade (producing a small school slate) placed this under the table on the first occasion, you say that you saw his thumb above the surface of the table?—Yes.

Was the thumb stationary?—Yes; all the time.

You are sure of that?—I did not observe the thumb move.

Then do you think that, with the thumb stationary, Slade could write the message underneath the slate—that is to say, on the surface of the slate which faced downwards?—Yes; I think he could.

With one finger?—Yes.

He would have required, I presume, some of his fingers to sustain the slate under the table?—Yes.

Did Professor Lankester express his opinion to you that the message, or rather the message written under these circumstances, was written with one finger?—I cannot say whether he said with one finger or not.

You said in a letter to the Times you went to corroborate the opinion he had formed?—Yes.

Now tell us whether, in expressing the opinion he had formed, he did not suggest that the message was written with one finger?—He might have done so; I cannot remember.

You wrote after your visit, "The result was in accordance with the theory of the agency of a minute piece of slate pencil probably held under the nail of the middle finger?"—I wrote that.

You meant that Professor Lankester had given it to you as his opinion?—I mean to say that the mention of the nail of the middle finger was my own idea.

Did you notice the condition of the nails of Dr. Slade?—No.

You cannot tell us whether his nails were sufficiently long to hold the pencil?—No.

Did you form the theory that the piece of pencil was probably held under the nail before you left the room?—I cannot say exactly when I formed the theory.

You mean you formed the theory that the messages were written with a pencil fixed under the nail, without having taken the trouble to see whether, from the condition of Dr. Slade's nails, he could hold a piece of pencil there?—Yes.

Would it surprise you to learn that, this theory having been frequently expressed before, Dr. Slade's nails are always pared down to the lowest point?—No; not in the least.

If that would not surprise you, how do you venture now to say that a piece of pencil was

held under the nail?—What I said was in accordance with that hypothesis.

I ask you again, would it not surprise you to hear that Dr. Slade's nails were cut down as low as possible, and how do you make out that if that were the case he could hold the pencil under the nails at all?—I think if the nails were cut down to the lowest point, he could not hold a pencil between the nail and the flesh.

Did you think it desirable to look at the condition of his nails before you made the report that appeared in the Times?—No.

But you, at all events, did not observe the condition of his nails?—No.

You say you cannot remember whether the writing on the slate on this occasion was straight or curved?—I do not recollect.

But you know the words were, "I am here to help you, Allie?"—The words were to that effect.

You know that the piece of pencil had been placed on the top of the slate which was then under the table?—Yes, against the lower surface of the table.

And you knew that the writing was supposed to be found there?—No, I did not.

When, in your opinion, you discovered that the writing was underneath the slate, did it not strike you as being very remarkable?—I noticed writing on the opposite side of the slate to the slate upon which the pencil had been placed.

Did you see Slade remove the slate from the position in which it had been placed and show it to Professor Lankester, and did you see the action of his hand and arm in so doing?—I would not say that the slate was turned. I saw Slade move the slate.

Do you venture to say it was turned?—No, I do not.

Then, as far as you know, the writing may have been on the upper surface of the slate?—It may have been; but my impression is, that it was on the under surface. My impression is, that he, in withdrawing the slate from under the table, turned it over.

Do you say he turned, over the slate?—I believe he did.

Upon what is your belief founded? Have you any recollection of the turning over of the slate?—I can say no more than what I have said. I cannot speak more definitely.

Then you cannot tell us upon what surface the writing took place?—I cannot say on which surface of the slate the writing was.

And yet you wrote positively to the Times that the writing was on the surface of the slate which faced downwards?—I wrote to the best of my recollection.

When you wrote as you have done, had you any recollection of the slate being turned over?—I have the recollection that my impression was that the slate was turned over.

And if that was only your impression, is that a fair way in which to convey your impression to a public newspaper?—Yes.

You heard Professor Lankester express a doubt as to whether the writing was on the upper or lower surface?—Yes; I either heard or read it.

Did you write your letters—your and Professor Lankester's—in concert?—I should like that term to be explained. We wrote in the same room.

Did you consult each other as to what you should say?—No.

Did you see Professor Lankester's letter before it went to the Times?—Yes.

And he saw yours?—Yes.

Did you then agree with his positive assertion that the first message was written under the slate?—I do not think he made a positive assertion.

You had four messages altogether on the occasion of your visit?—Yes.

Did you hear the alleged writing by Slade on each occasion except the first?—I did not hear any writing on the occasion of the second message.

Was that the time when Professor Lankester called your attention by looking at you?—No; that was on the occasion of the third message.

Did you write as follows to the Times on Sept. 16th: "The next communication was partly quite legible, and in a straightforward, undisguised hand. At this time it appeared on the upper surface of the slate. Bearing in mind the hypothesis that this was ready written before the spirits got to work under the table, I carefully watched Slade during a considerable interval before he replaced the slate. While he was clearing his throat and making short remarks I saw his right arm, now at some distance from the table, moving exactly as though he were writing on something placed upon his knee?"—I wrote that, owing to my position at the table, I could not see his hand.

What do you mean by saying the message was "ready written"?—I mean to say it was written in the interval between showing the slate apparently clean and replacing it in a position for the spirits.

You do not pretend that the writing was on the slate when it was first shown to Professor Lankester?—I have no reason to suppose it was.

You have heard about long messages being rubbed out, and their reappearing?—Yes.

You do not suppose that this message was so produced?—No.

We now come to the important message when the slate was snatched away; but first state what you mean by saying the spirits were ready.—There were raps, or something of the sort, by which Slade gave us to understand that the spirits were ready to communicate with us; but I cannot remember the words. I stated, in reporting the interview, that the spirits agreed to correspond with us, but these were my own words describing the impression Slade's words or acts gave me.

Did Slade show the slate to Professor Lankester and yourself immediately prior to putting it under the table for the last message?—No.

Where was the slate immediately before he put it on the table?—On his knee.

Before the last message was written did he make any remark?—He made many.

Did he make any remark in anticipation of this message?—He said it would be plain if the slate were held by Professor Lankester with him.

After the rubbing out of the third message, what did he do with the slate?—Very soon disappeared from view. He took it up, and soon began to write upon it, as I saw his arm moving.

After he had removed the slate, did Slade make any remark?—He made more than one; he was talking all the time.

You say in the passage I have read that he went through the same sort of manoeuvres as before, although even more deliberately, very little effort being made to avoid a loud scratching while the slate was under the table. Do you adhere to that?—Yes.

That very little attempt was made to prevent your seeing him was an impostor?—There was very little made the observation that perhaps the spirits would write better if Professor Lankester held the slate, did Lankester say that he would do so?—Professor Lankester immediately put out his hand.

There were, at all events, some twenty seconds before you heard a scratching, and some interval of time between the scratching and the suggestion that Lankester should hold the slate?—I did not say there were twenty seconds before I heard the scratching. I said that the slate had been out of my view for perhaps twenty seconds or more.

You know the message, "I am glad to meet you, Edwin Lankester"—eight words?—Yes.

How long would it take to deliberately write eight words?—I cannot say.

But do you think that eight words could be deliberately written in less than a minute?—Certainly.

When the writer is not looking at the slate upon which it is written?—Oh, yes.

How long an interval will you pledge yourself elapsed from the time of his taking the slate from the table and the time of its being snatched away?—I cannot pledge myself.

As far as you know Professor Lankester made no remark as to the slate, or the condition of the slate?—At what time?

Just before the fourth message. Did he say anything about the slate?—I have never said that he made any remark. I only saw him put his hand out to take the slate.

Did Slade say anything further when he suggested that Professor Lankester should hold the slate?—He remarked, "You will now see whether the spirits go right."

He did not draw your attention to the condition of the slate?—He did before the slate disappeared. He showed us that both sides of the slate were apparently clean.

In your letter to the newspaper you state, "Here let special notice be given to the fact that at this moment the slate was said to be free from writing." Now why did you call special notice to a thing which, as far as you recollect, did not occur?—The letter simply shows the impression he wished to produce, that the slate was free from writing.

Do you think it was a fair thing to state in a public journal, "Here let special notice be given," to something upon which you had no recollection then?—I think it was important to make the thing clear. There was a good deal to take special notice of.

Was there more to take special notice of in the fourth message than in any of the previous ones?—Yes; because the fourth message was the one in which the proof of demonstration happened.

Would that justify you in saying at this moment the slate was free from writing?—I will pledge myself that Slade made us understand that the slate was free from writing.

Then why do you ask that special notice should be given?—Because I thought it was most important that the whole account should be published for the benefit of the public.

And that you consider a fair thing to do?—I do.

Slade was agitated, you say, when he was charged with being a scoundrel and an impostor?—Very much so.

Was any other member of the party agitated as well?—No; I think not.

You were quite cool?—Pretty cool.

Was his agitation very much increased when you used the expression we have heard in this court?—No; I uttered the words in a low voice, and I am not sure that he heard them.

Was Professor Lankester in a state of agitation?—No.

He was narrowly watching the slate to snatch it?—Yes.

Then do you mean to say that he was not more or less in a state of agitation whilst this was going on?—There was no visible agitation, and Slade made no remark of any sort or kind about it.

Had you attended any sittings of this kind before—sittings with slate-writing?—No; never.

Or any other manifestations in the presence of pad mediums—have you had much experience?—Four or five times, perhaps.

Had you formed an unfavorable opinion against Slade as to the mode in which this writing was produced before you went to his rooms with Dr. Lankester?—No; I had formed no definite opinion about Slade.

You went with him to detect him?—In order to watch him—to see whether I could draw correct inferences or not from it.

As far as you were concerned, you did not see Slade write a single word?—I did not see him write on the slate.

But you conjectured he was writing from the movement of his arm or the tendons of his wrist?—It was an inference which I drew from the strongest possible ground. I did not see him write, or his hand move on the slate.

Cross-examined by Mr. Massey: When you wrote to the Times you suggested that this message was written on the slate when Professor Lankester snatched the latter away, and you say that at that moment special notice should be taken of the fact that the slate was said to be free from writing?—Yes.

Having it in your mind that the slate had been written on immediately before Professor Lankester put out his hand, do you not appreciate the importance of that distinct and definite statement that at that moment the slate was said to be free from writing?—I think it important that attention should be called to the allegation that the slate was then free from writing. In connection with this message, as in connection with all the others, we were most distinctly given to understand that the slate was clean before it was put under the table.

Do you mean the allegation was that the slate was clean at that moment, before it was put under the table?—Immediately before it was put under the table.

Was the statement that the slate was clean made before or after it was removed by Slade from the top of the table?—I think it was made after, but I cannot say the exact time. I can pledge myself that a representation that the slate was clean was made before the fourth message.

Would you say that it was a "correct" or an "incorrect" impression to convey, to say that Dr. Slade then said, "Now please to observe that this slate has no writing upon it"?—I think it would be an incorrect impression. I have no recollection of his using such words.

Is not that the impression which your description in the Times of the occurrence would give?—I think it quite possible that some people might put that interpretation upon it, but I did not intend it to be so understood. The sentence was hurriedly written.

Supposing we were to suggest that that writing was the genuine writing which Dr. Slade said it was?—

Mr. George Lewis: That is, of the spirits. (Laughter.)

Mr. Massey: Do not interrupt, Mr. Lewis.

Mr. Lewis: Dr. Slade has never said that it was the genuine writing of the spirits. (Laughter.)

Mr. Massey: Suppose we were to say that this was not writing executed by Slade, but was produced by some unknown force—I ask you whether it would not embarrass us very much in our defense if you had repeated here to-day—oh, you have not done—what I understand you to have said in the Times, that this could not be, because after you had heard the writing, Slade declared that the slate was clean?—No, I do not think it would. (Laughter.)

Mr. Flowers (to witness): I should have thought that all you have said would embarrass the defense. (Laughter.)

Cross-examination continued: I did not hear Slade make any remark to the effect that the spirits were a long time coming. I knew that he said so, because I saw it in the paper; but I did not hear him utter the words. I saw the movements underneath the table. I did not see the slate, or the hand; but I saw the arm moving slightly, as a man moves his arm when he writes.

Re-examined by Mr. Lewis: At the time you wrote the letter to the Times had you any knowledge of being cross-examined in Bow-street Police-court for an hour and a half at one time?—Not in the least.

Did you write it sincerely believing that you were giving a correct account of what had taken place?—Yes.

Had you any private end to gain by writing that letter?—

Mr. Massey: I made no such imputation upon the witness.

Mr. Munton: Nor I.

Re-examination continued: You wrote in the public interest?—Yes.

Was the slate always cleaned before being put out of sight?—Yes, in order to show us what appeared to be both sides of the slate before it was put out of sight. He showed us the slate on each occasion that we might see it was clean.

With reference to this last message, before the slate was put into position immediately previous to its being snatched away by Professor Lankester, did Slade say anything about the spirits?—He said, "Let us see if they will write for you," or words to that effect.

Having made that observation he proposed to put the slate against the under surface of the table?—Yes.

Instantaneously Professor Lankester snatched the slate away?—The action appeared to be instantaneous.

And there was the message?—Yes.

Mr. Lewis: I have no other questions to put to Dr. Donkin. I now propose to call Mr. Massey.

Mr. Massey: I have no objection to appear as a witness, subject to an objection which I desire to raise against the whole class of evidence which Mr. Lewis is adducing.

Mr. Flowers: Is it really necessary, Mr. Lewis, to call Mr. Massey? There can be no further evidence as to this particular transaction.

Mr. Lewis: It is, I think, most necessary in the interests of justice that Mr. Massey should be examined.

my own behalf and £3 or £4 on behalf of others. That includes what I paid in America.

But since you have been in England?—£2 less—altogether about £9. I paid the money to Simmons in the drawing-room at Upper Bedford-place, except once on the landing of the staircase. I paid the money after I had attended the séances in every case. I have also attended several séances without paying. Dr. Slade was always "chattering" about "Allie." (Laughter.)

Mr. Lewis: What did he say?
Mr. Manton: I object to the question.
Mr. Lewis: I object to the question. There was no real reason given for objecting to the question.

Examination resumed: Did he speak to you about "Allie"?—Yes. Dr. Slade used to chatter away about "Allie," but I cannot tell you what he said exactly. He said "Allie" was his wife's spirit.

Did he tell you whether that spirit ever appeared and wrote on slates?
Mr. Manton objected to the question.

Mr. Flowers ruled that the evidence was admissible.

Question repeated.—He has represented that a spirit wrote on a slate.

What has he said about "Allie"?—He has said, "It is my wife's spirit who writes this."

Who writes what?—The messages signed "Allie."

Were they messages on a slate?—Yes.

Did Mr. Slade repeat them?—Mr. Slade did not repeat his statements, because I was supposed to know them from what had occurred elsewhere.

Mr. Flowers: New York is a long way off—(laughter)—and it is very material to know what passed a long time since.

Mr. Lewis: Is that the table? (pointing to the table in front of the bench.)—I will take my oath that it is. At all events, I will give my oath that it in all respects resembled that.

Did the mediums appear to be suffering?—Yes; all mediums suffer more or less. (Laughter.)

Did you require any explanation?—I was too old a hand to require an explanation.—(Laughter.)

Was any statement made?—He never made any distinct statement that they were not written by himself. I understood that the whole object of my going was to see.

Did you believe they were conjuring tricks?—I did not believe they were conjuring tricks. I went there to investigate.

Then I may take it that you left there on each occasion under the belief that you had not seen conjuring exhibitions?—I think I may say that on every occasion in which I have investigated with Dr. Slade, I have been satisfied that he had no hand in the production of what I witnessed.

Did you pay your money under that belief?—I should gladly have paid my money if I thought I had been witness of the most arrant fraud. The money was fairly payable when I entered the room.

If you had found it was a fraud on the first occasion, would you have gone a second time?—Probably not without strong reason, or the representations of others.

So far as you were concerned, did you pay your money believing it was not conjuring—that the messages were not written by Slade himself?—I did not believe it was conjuring. I did not believe the message was written by Mr. Slade with his own hand.

Did you receive a sum of £50 from Mr. Blackburn?—No; not a penny.

To whom have you paid money?—I have not paid money to anybody other than the defendants in reference to these séances.

On these occasions has Slade said that he saw lights in various parts of the room?—Yes; but I have never seen them.

Has he represented any light to be present on your shoulder?—I have heard him say, "There's a light here," and "A light there," pointing to them.

Have you ever seen a light?—No; never.

Upon any occasion, have you observed anything with reference to a chair?—I have seen a chair raised in the air on these occasions. I cannot say it was always the same chair, but it was in the same position or nearly so. The chair was within a few inches of the corner of the table.

Has Slade shown you long messages?—Yes; one of thirty-five words, which covered one side of the slate.

How often have you had such a long message as that?—Twice I can recall to mind, and, as a matter of fact, those messages were previous to these proceedings.

Upon the occasion of the receipt of these messages, has Slade risen from the table and fetched the slate?—As to one occasion I am not positive; as to the other I can positively say not.

Has Slade ever produced a message in a locked slate?—Not to me.

Have you had a conversation with him on the subject of messages in locked slates?—I have.

And what did he say?—He said he had declined to submit to that test, published by Mr. Hutton, because, in the first place, he could never, he said, be sure of getting any proper test at all; and in the second place, if he submitted to this particular test it would only be the cause of other people coming with new tests, which would, perhaps, be inconsistent with the conditions.

What conditions?—The conditions under which these things happen.

Before the long message of which you have spoken was produced, did Slade wash the slate?—The slate was sponged or rubbed—I cannot be certain which.

After it was sponged did you put your hand over the slate or under it?—I think that message was obtained under the table.

Well, the other long message?—I have told you I am rather hazy about it.

Did you put your hands on the slate?—I think I did.

Why were your hands put on the slate?—Well, it is a very obscure subject.

I know it is—(laughter)—but tell me who asked you to put your hands on the slate?—I suppose Dr. Slade did.

Did he put his hands on it also?—I think he did.

For what purpose?—To make a contact of hands. Inasmuch as this force, whatever it is, is supposed to proceed from him, it would be natural, as I understood, that his hands should be put in contact with that upon which the force was to operate.

But what good were your hands upon the slate? (Laughter.)—As a force proceeding from him, I cannot explain it further than by saying that the contact of hands is usual, and is supposed to be necessary or conducive to the results.

I don't know whether you can form an opinion whether the heat from two hands was more likely to dry the slate than from one?—That is a point upon which anybody can form an opinion.

A discussion ensued as to the probable duration of the case for the prosecution, in the course of which Mr. Lewis said that he had witnesses to call from Oxford and Liverpool, whose evidence was necessary to complete his case. Under these circumstances it would be impossible for him to close the case for the prosecution that day.

Mr. Flowers: Is it really necessary to have these witnesses?

Mr. Lewis: Certainly, in my judgment it is.

Mr. Manton: When will it be convenient for you to sit after to-morrow (Saturday)?

Mr. Flowers: Friday and Saturday next week.

Mr. Lewis: I cannot bring all my witnesses to-morrow. If you will take the responsibility of saying that a jury would be satisfied upon the evidence before you, I could shorten my case.

Mr. Flowers: I must say that Mr. Massey has done a great deal for his client Simmons. At present I don't see there is much against him.

The Court then adjourned for luncheon.

After luncheon the examination of Mr. Massey was continued by Mr. Lewis.

When you knew Mr. Simmons in America, what was his business?—He was occupying the same house as Slade. I did not know he had any business. I did not know his name.

Did you pay him or Slade in America?—I paid Simmons.

And they were apparently occupying the same house?—Apparently.

Did you ever inquire where Slade got his degree of "doctor"?—No.

In reply to Mr. Manton, Mr. Massey then said:

You have been investigating this subject for some time?—Yes; I have interested myself in it for about two and a half years.

What led you to interest yourself in this subject?—The first thing that led me to investigate it was reading two articles by Mr. Wallace in the "Fortnightly Review" of April or May, 1874, entitled "A Defence of Modern Spiritualism."—None whatever. I first thought these were the results of fraud, but I afterwards thought the subject worthy of investigation.

You have attended séances?—Yes.

Some of them in the dark?—Yes.

From your early investigation did you not come to the conclusion that there was some apparent trickery?—A very great deal. I thought there were circumstances of suspicion, but I thought the subject worthy of public investigation in consequence of the proceedings of eminent men.

My observation led me to believe that some of these experiments had been misunderstood. I went to America to acquire experience. I was specially led to go by certain evidence which came before me.

Had you any séances?—I had two séances. One was on Sept. 21st, when the slate was against the lower side of the table.

Did the messages appear on the upper surface of the slate which had been against the lower surface of the table?—Yes.

On how many occasions have you seen messages written under the circumstances described?—Frequently; and on all those occasions the writing has been as described, except when the slate was laid on the table.

Have you had messages when sitting with Slade with the slate on the table?—Yes; on several occasions. The slate was on the table and a bit of pencil under it. Then writing was heard occasionally, without our hands being on the slate, which was then turned over, and a message was there. This occurred twice with short messages under a dozen words. My first experience of Slade was at New York, and was very remarkable. I was rather struck on the first visit by the chair on which he sat moving to a considerable distance while he sat upon it. I then drew back my chair, and said, I should like to have it moved, and it was moved two or three inches. On the second occasion of my visit, when I was sitting opposite Dr. Slade, a chair was flung down with considerable violence, and lay at a distance of five feet from the nearest point of Dr. Slade's person. There was a clear space between the table and the chair within my view throughout. I asked that chair should be picked up and replaced by my side, and in a minute or two that was done, and I am prepared to swear that Dr. Slade had nothing to do with it.

Was that in daylight?—Yes; upon an October day in New York, in a broad daylight.

Have you had any experience of slates other than those used by Dr. Slade?—Yes. After my first visit to Slade I was dissatisfied because what I observed was on his own slates, and the theory of sympathetic ink occurred to me. I therefore, on my return to New York, procured two slates on my way to Slade's. I went with a friend. I tied up the slates, with a small morsel of pencil between them, and told Slade that I desired writing to come upon the surface of one of the slates, which were then held up in the hands of Slade and my friend. They were held a little off the table, but distinctly on a level with, and not under it, in order that I might observe, and I leaned over to have a full view. Immediately afterwards, and in full view, the slates were returned to me; they were untied, and on the surface of one of them there was a message. That message was in answer to a question of my own, and was, "He has some power, and can be influenced."

—Allie.

Was that in answer to a question expressed or merely mentally entertained?—In answer to a question expressed. I did not attach any importance to the information. I should add that the slates were clumsily tied. I did not think they were satisfactorily tied. The real point is that these two men kept the slates constantly in my sight.

It was impossible that Slade could have written between the slates himself?—Absolutely impossible. When I have sat at the table with Slade he has sat invariably against the frame part of the table, and never against the flap. On two or three occasions he has sat with his face to the light. He sits in that position when he is asked. Twice he has sat in that way with me, and good results were obtained. I have been touched. I have had my coat pulled. I have had my legs touched with what might have been a hand or might have been a foot. I have had my coat pulled, tugged (illustrating the movement) on the side furthest away from Dr. Slade. That has happened when both Slade's hands were on the table. I have seen the chair elevated, but I could not say that it was beyond the reach of Slade. I think Slade might, by throwing back his body, have reached the chair with his foot; and if he had been a muscular man, or if he were trained for the purpose, might have kept it elevated with his foot; but I am sure that he did not do so.

I believe you were much satisfied with the result of your investigations in New York?—Yes.

And, notwithstanding your previous skepticism, you at once joined a well-known society in London?—I did.

What is the name of that society?—It is called by a slightly magnificent designation—"The British National Association of Spiritualists."

During all these sittings and séances with Dr. Slade, have you from beginning to end had any reason to suspect any imposture?—Oh, dear, no; certainly not. (Some applause, which was at once suppressed.)

Re-examined by Mr. Lewis: I did not inquire into the history of Slade before I investigated the subject. I did not hear of his producing spirit masks which were shown to be real masks.

Was there anybody looking under the table when you saw and felt the things you have told us?—A hand was seen under it.

Have you ever heard of false hands being used in conjuring?—I have heard of false hands.

Did you at any time look under the table when you were touched?—I did not.

Was anybody there when you were touched that could have done it except Slade?—Nobody.

Have you ever seen a spirit?—I don't know what a spirit is.

Mr. Flowers: These cannot be spirits because they use muscular force. (Laughter.)

When the chair was thrown down at New York, did you examine the floor to see if there was any machinery?—No, it was a carpeted floor, but I examined the chair and found no wires.

What was it "Allie" wrote?—He has some power, and can be influenced.

Who was the "he"?—I.

What happened to you then? What effect had it on you? Did you dance about, sit still, or produce a message?—No.

Did you ever try to produce a message?—I never did. I do not attach the slightest importance to those messages, because I do not believe them to emanate from any trustworthy source.

What was the pencil put on the slate for?—To be written with.

By whom?—I am unable to say.

Did Slade lead you to understand who was to write with the pencil?—I have already said—"Allie," the spirit of his wife.

Mr. Flowers: Was it his spirit-wife or the spirit of his wife? (Laughter.)

Witness: He spoke of the spirit of his wife. (To Mr. Lewis.) You must not understand me to believe all that about "Allie." (Laughter.)

Mr. Lewis: I do not understand what you believe. (Laughter.)

Witness: If you investigate the subject you will find yourself in the same position.

At séances, in the dark, have you seen something more done than Slade has done?—There has been moving of objects in the room.

Has furniture ever moved from one part of the room to the other?—Yes.

Did you ever see it done in the dark?—When it was a dark séance it was not light. (A laugh.)

But have you seen objects moving about—have you seen the clock go from the mantelpiece to the table?—No, never in the dark. I could not see in the dark.

Have you ever seen any of the furniture moving about? Have you discovered that when the

lights were lit?—Well, I have discovered furniture in a position different to what it was when the light was extinguished.

Have you noticed that in the light séances?—Whenever it has happened.

And you have seen a chair taken up?—Yes.

With you upon it?—No. I have told you that the chair on which I was sitting was pushed a couple of inches forward.

Was that toward or from Slade?—From Slade.

It was done at my request. I saw his feet the whole of the time. I asked that the chair might be moved with me upon it a little backward, and it was moved in an opposite direction from Slade accordingly.

Have you had any conversation with Simmons about this?—Never.

Do you know whether Slade and he are in partnership?—I don't.

Which is the showman and which the conjurer? (A laugh.)

Mr. Manton: I must object to the question.

Mr. Lewis: Well, do you know which is the exhibitor—does Simmons exhibit Slade?

Mr. Manton: Really, this is assuming guilt before it is proved.

Mr. Flowers (to Mr. Lewis): I don't think the cross-examination entitles you to put these questions.

Mr. Lewis: Very well. (To the witness.) Then you have never made any inquiries as to the relations between these two men. You have told us about the writing on the slate. I don't desire to go into anything that has happened since these proceedings—you being their counsel—but have you ever seen a prepared slate; that is, a slate, with a message already prepared on it, and which message appears when it is rubbed or wetted?—No.

Would you be surprised to hear now that that is a very easy thing to do?—Not in the least.

You don't think that would account for anything you saw?—It would account for a certain proportion of what I have seen at some places.

Supposing a message could be prepared, which, when washed, would appear in a certain time—what then?—Well, if it appeared in a certain time, of course that might account for it.

A clever conjurer could do that?—Probably he could.

Mr. John Algernon Clarke, Secretary to the Central Chamber of Agriculture, was next examined by Mr. Lewis.

On or about Thursday, Sept. 14th, did you go to New Upper Bedford-place?—I did. I should like to state what led me to visit Dr. Slade.

Mr. Lewis: I think you must not. Mr. Manton may give you an opportunity in cross-examination, and then it may slip out. (A laugh.)

Mr. Manton: I must object to this witness's evidence entirely. Mr. Lewis has no right to go outside the summons, and the charge therein stated. As Mr. Clarke does not appear in the summons, I must ask you to rule that his evidence is inadmissible.

Mr. Massey: I make the same objection. If we are to be called upon to answer for every act it is said my client has committed, we shall never get to the end of the case. The prosecution have had the opportunity of selecting the names of those whom they say have been defrauded. Out of the 200 alleged to have visited Slade's house, they have only chosen six, and of that number they have called but one, namely, the gentleman who has instituted these proceedings. We know very well why they have not selected more, and I contend that, not having included Mr. Clarke in the summons, we are not now called upon to hear him or any one else whom they may have visited at Slade's. Many persons may have gone away doubting or suspicious, but they do not include me at all.

Mr. Lewis: This case is merely of a preliminary character. The defendants are not being tried upon an indictment, but are only before you, sir, in order that you may determine whether or not there is sufficient evidence to send them for trial. They have been summoned for conspiring to obtain money by divers subtle devices from Professor Lankester and others, and I am simply giving you evidence in support of the charge. I might just as well be asked to retire from the case altogether, if I am not to prove it by evidence. It might be contended at the Central Criminal Court that Professor Lankester was in error, and therefore I propose to call such evidence as will satisfy you that it is a case that ought to be submitted to a jury—that the two defendants are common cheats, who have obtained money from various persons by fraud.

Mr. Flowers: The charge is that they have defrauded Professor Lankester and Dr. Donkin.

Mr. Clarke's name is not in the summons, and therefore you cannot examine him to prove they have defrauded him also.

Mr. Manton: Surely the defendants are entitled to particulars as to the persons the prosecution intend to call. If others are to be admitted, which I object to, we must have proper notice of them.

Mr. Flowers: The real point is, whether Mr. Clarke is a witness on this charge or not. My colleague, Mr. Vaughan, is up stairs, and I will confer with him on the subject.

The magistrate then retired, and on reentering the court.

Mr. Flowers said: Mr. Vaughan is of opinion that I ought not to receive the evidence of this witness, but that we should confine ourselves to the gentlemen who are named in the summons. (Applause.) I must say I had a great doubt as to whether I ought to hear Mr. Massey.

Mr. Lewis: But I intend to give evidence to show a conspiracy.

Mr. Flowers: That is another matter. Then I think you may call him.

Mr. Lewis: That is what I am prepared to do.

Mr. Lewis was proceeding to examine the witness as to what part Simmons took in the transactions, when Mr. Manton objected, to which Mr. Lewis replied that he desired to show how the so-called spirit agency was obtained.

Mr. Flowers thought the case was now going beyond the bounds of the summons in introducing a new instance of alleged fraud.

Mr. Lewis: If that is the opinion of the Court, then I should ask to have the summons amended by the insertion of Mr. Clarke's name.

Mr. Manton: That would be most irregular. Let the present summons be withdrawn.

Mr. Flowers: When will the case for the prosecution close?

Mr. Lewis: I will try to close to-morrow, and if necessary you can issue a new summons now.

Mr. Manton: We know that none of those whose names are mentioned in the summons will be called.

Mr. Lewis: Indeed, you do not.

Ultimately it was ordered that new summonses should issue against the defendants for the following (Saturday) morning, these summonses to include other names.

The case accordingly stood adjourned till eleven o'clock this (Saturday) morning.

THE GOLDEN PERIOD.

"Altogether at variance with the preconceived opinions of those who hold that evil men appeared in the reign of violence and outrage" did not begin.—"Hugh Miller's 'Testimony of the Rocks.'"

An aged pterodactyl sat upon the river's brink: His open countenance broadly beamed—he gave a knowing smile. As he said, "A tender giant is just my style, I think."

"My digestive apparatus is getting weak, I see; I can eat but forty fishes where I once ate seventy-three," And he pounced upon a gannet and ate him greedily.

An infant iguanodon disported on the shore. A strangely meek and saint-like look the youthful creature wore.

Alas, upon that sandy beach were traces deep of gore! An enormous pterodactylus grined a most sardonic grin.

"Let me, my weaker brother, if thine armor be not Then his stinger sharp inserting, caring not for kith or kin."

A mid-eel vesperito! perched upon a large palm-tree: "Oh juicy-looking, big black bug, come to mine arms," quoth he.

"So one can tell, oh fairest one, the love I bear to thee," To lend additional emphasis he snapped his cruel jaws.

And snatched his lips apart—Alas! there was sufficient cause—

For suddenly on buggie's life there fell a fearful pause. And this "the golden period," before rapacious man To waste and devastate the earth in cruelty began.

"No sickness, suffering, or death"—believe it if you can, But I tell you plainly, brethren, my trachea don't expand To an extent sufficient to meet this large demand!

And I would not trust my carcass in a pterodactyl's hand. Cedar Hill, E. M. A.

Children's Department.

LITTLE GOLDEN HAIR.

How dreamily passed the soft summer day! How dreamily hummed the bee on her way! Still were the birds in their leafy den, While silent and dazy lay woodland and glen. But clear, and bright, and full of life and cheer, Like the changing scene of a passing dream, Here little Golden Hair wandered along, Singing her basket of silver and song: "My love he is a fairy bower, And twisted boughs are over the door, And made me a seat of violets blue, And picked me a love over so true." So sweet little Golden Hair thought in song, "My love shall be handsome, and tall and strong, And he shall be so with a loving light, And he'll hold my hand so tight, so tight: He will love me more than the world beside, He'll care no more for his darling, his wife, his bride, And we will live," dreamed Golden Hair, "In that shady cave just down in the dell, Where in the twilight in the sweetest dell, And we'll dance by the light of the silvery moon, Nor think of the hours that pass too soon."

Slowly the shadows crept on and grew long, While caroled the birds their sweet evening song. But the birds, drooping eyes of Golden Hair, Were seeking for lovers in water, in air. "Golden Hair," Golden Hair murmured the stream, "See the sun sets red through the forest green, And the flowers, and the flowers, and the flowers, The west is all golden and evening lowers." Slowly she rose in the fast fading light, And, as the clouds came on, she lingered stay, Wandered back by the setting sun, And dreamed of a life not yet begun. Feeling the clouds, and the clouds, and the clouds, And in fancy soared to fairy heights. She stood at the gate and watched the gold Turn pale and paler and then grow cold. "The fairies are gone," she thought, "the golden Hair, And a tear dropped down through the evening air, 'Why is my darling so sad to-night?' 'What has he done to you, my love, my light?' 'What has gone wrong through the sunny day?' 'Is my sweet-eyed lady tired of play?' 'Oh! 'tis not that,' sighed the little one: 'I was watching the fairy in the setting sun, And now they are gone, I know not where, And I cannot find my love in the air.'"

Dear Golden Hair, like you we are here, We dream and we dream, and we dream, and we dream, Something beyond this mundane earth, Something of new and glorious birth, Longing to soar to the heights of heaven, And losing ourselves in a golden dream.

—[J. R. in N. Y. Evening Post.]

[From the New Jerusalem Messenger.]

THE STORY OF BUZZY.

[Concluded from last week.]

Then the elder bee could hardly help laughing; but he did not laugh aloud, for poor little Buzzy was in trouble, and his brother was too kind to laugh, even if the thing did seem to him very funny. He only flew up to Buzzy, and patted him with his own wings, and said: "You cunning little fellow; you don't know that you've as good a mouth as ever you had, only now you've got a long tongue, which you can thrust into the flowers and scrape off all the nectar from the inside. See how I do it; now you had better try. I turn my tongue over and over, and get out all the flower-juice, which is called nectar." Then Buzzy tried, and was delighted to find that he, too, had a long tongue, which would reach away down into the flower cup. He thought he had never tasted anything so fresh and sweet as the nectar that the morning-glory gave him. So he flew to another blossom, and tried to get juice from that; but this time he threw back his head quickly and flew to his brother and crossed his antennae and hummed out: "Oh, Appy, look! my head is all covered with yellow dust; see! it is on my pretty wings, too. Oh, brush it off. That's not a clean flower, I'm going to another." Appy said: "

For the Banner of Light. **CHEERING WORDS.** *An Inspirational Poem.*

BY MRS. E. A. CHAPMAN.

After the winter comes spring,
 Joyful beyond your discerning;
 Song-birds from exile returning,
 New music seem to be learning;
 Woodlands with sweet carols ring;
 Wakens the earth from her sadness,
 Wears her green garments of gladness,
 After the winter comes spring.

After the night comes the morn,
 Mingles no shade in its breaking,
 Treasures of love in its waking,
 Beauty's fair lines newly taking
 Brightness, which with it is born.
 What if night's shadow's oppress you!
 Day in its coming shall bless you,
 After the night comes the morn.

After your labor is rest;
 Weary, your lips are confessing,
 Toil is your pleasures repressing,
 Cares, heavy grown, are oppressing,
 Your efforts, sometimes unblest;
 Though grief your joy has corroded,
 Oft are your burdens unloaded,
 After your labor is rest.

Angels are watching your ways;
 Forward then, mortals, forever!
 Stay not your efforts, but ever
 Gladly, by patient endeavor,
 Winning the sweetest of praise;
 Blessings the choicest unfold you,
 Joys, which the half is untold you,
 Angels are watching your ways.

Lowell, Mich.

[From the Edinburgh Scotsman, Oct. 20th.] **Germs of Pestilence and Death—Pro- fessor Tyndall's Lecture.**

The first of a series of science lectures to be given in Glasgow during the winter months was delivered in the city hall last night by Prof. Tyndall, the subject being "Fermentation." Prof. Tyndall, who was received with applause, said that in a book which they were all familiar with, it was said: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days," and in more sense than one that precept was illustrated by his presence that night. First, and in a general sense, he stood indebted to the historians, the poets, and the philosophers of Scotland, and above and beyond all, to that venerable and illustrious man whom he was proud to call his friend—Thomas Carlyle; and second, and in a more special sense, it so happened that one of the first roots of his scientific life derived nutriment from the city of Glasgow. It was by reading the *Practical Mechanics and Engineers' Magazine*, a periodical published in Glasgow, that he yearned to have such apparatus as Leslie and Davy had, to enable him to make such experiments, and the very apparatus, similar and identical to those he first saw in the pages of that magazine, were those with which he illustrated his lectures in London. It was his intention to speak about fermentation, not in a metaphorical, but in the real sense, and he was perfectly certain that the only thing needed to make the subject interesting was suitable treatment. Our knowledge of fermentation and the ground it covered was augmented greatly of late, and every fresh acquisition confirmed the hope that its final issues would be of incalculable advantage to mankind. One of the most remarkable characteristics of the age was its tendency to connect itself organically with the preceding ages. Our forefathers may have been savages, but they must have been clever and observant ones (laughter), having fully explained the process of fermentation. In Pasteur's researches the bacterium remained a bacterium, the vibrio a vibrio, the penicillium a penicillium, and the torula a torula. Some of these in a state of purity in an appropriate liquid and you get it, and it alone, in the subsequent crop. In like manner, sow small-pox in the human body, your crop is small-pox; sow scarlatina, and your crop is scarlatina; typhoid virus, your crop is typhoid; cholera, and your crop is cholera. The disease bears a constant relation to its contagion as the microscopic organisms enumerated do to their germs, or as a thistle does to its seed.

No wonder, then, with analogies so obvious and so striking, that the conviction was spreading and growing daily in strength, that reproductive and parasitic life is at the root of epidemic disease. The living ferments, finding lodgment in the body, increase there and multiply directly, ruining the tissue on which they subsist, or destroying life indirectly by the generation of poisonous compounds within the body. This conclusion, which came to us with a presumption almost amounting to demonstration, was clinched by the fact that virulent infectious diseases had been discovered with which living organisms were so closely and so indissolubly associated as the growth of torula in fermentation of beer; and here, if they would permit him, he would utter a word of warning to well-meaning people. They had now reached a phase of this question when it was of the very last importance that light should once for all be thrown upon the manner in which contagious and infectious diseases took root and spread. To this end the action of various ferments upon the organs and tissues of the living body must be studied; the habits of each special organism concerned in the production of each specific disease must be determined, and the mode by which its germs were spread abroad as sources of further infection. It was only by such rigidly accurate inquiries that we could obtain final and complete mastery over these destroyers. Hence, while abhorring cruelty of all kinds, while shrinking sympathetically from all animal suffering—suffering which his own pursuits never call upon him to inflict—an unbiased survey of the field of research now opening out before the physiologist caused him to conclude that no greater calamity could befall the human race than the stoppage of experimental inquiry in this direction. And, whose philanthropy has rendered her a survey, said to him, some time ago, that science was becoming immoral; that the researches of the past, unlike those of the present, were carried on without cruelty. He replied to her that the science of Kepler and Newton, to which she referred, dealt with the law and phenomena of inorganic matter, but that one great advance made by modern science was in the direction of biology or the science of life, and that in this new direction scientific inquiry, though at the outset pursued at a cost of some temporary suffering, would in the end prove a thousand times more beneficial than it had ever hitherto been. He said this because he saw the researches which the lady deprecated were leading us to such knowledge of epidemic disease as would enable us finally to sweep these scourges of the human race from the face of the earth.

The very first step toward the extirpation of these contagia was the knowledge of their nature. The course was then, which he wished to submit to their judgment was this: Was the knowledge which revealed the nature and which assured the extirpation of a disorder not well worth the price paid for it? It was exceedingly important that assemblies like the present should see clearly the issues at stake in such questions as this, and that the properly informed common sense of the community should temper, if not restrain, the rashness of those who, meaning to be tender, would virtually enact the most hideous cruelty by the imposition of short-sighted restrictions upon physiological investigation. It was a modern instance of zeal for God, but not according to knowledge. The excesses which zeal committed, public opinion must correct. There were other reflections connected with this subject which, even were he to pass them over without remark, would sooner or later occur to every thoughtful mind in that assembly. He had spoken of the floating dust of the air and the means

of rendering it visible, and of the perfect immunity from putrefaction which accompanied the contact of germless matter and moteless air. Consider the woes which these wafted particles during history and prehistoric ages have inflicted on mankind; consider the loss of life in hospitals from putrefying wounds; consider the loss in places where there are plenty of wounds but no hospitals, and in the ages before hospitals were anywhere founded; consider the slaughter which has hitherto followed that of the battlefield, often producing a mortality far greater than that of the battle itself; add to this the other conception that in times of epidemic disease the self-same floating matter has frequently, if not always, mingled with it special germs which produce the epidemic, being thus enabled to sow pestilence and death over nations and continents—consider all this, and you will come with me to the conclusion that all the havoc of war ten times multiplied would be evanescent if compared with the ravages due to atmospheric dust. This preventable destruction is going on to-day, and it has been permitted to go on for ages without a whisper of information regarding its cause to the suffering sentient world. We have been scourged by invisible things, attacked from impalpable ambuscades, and it is only to-day that the light of science is being let in upon the murderous dominion of our foes.

Men of Glasgow, facts like these excite in me the thought that the rule and governance of this universe are different from what we in our youth supposed them to be—that the inscrutable Power, at once terrible and beneficent, in whom we live and move and have our being, and our end, is to be propitiated by means different from those usually resorted to. The first requisite toward such propitiation is knowledge; the second is action shaped and illuminated by that knowledge. Of the knowledge we already see the dawn, which will open out by-and-by to perfect day, while the action which is to follow has its unfailing source and stimulus in the moral and emotional nature of man in his desire for personal well-being, in his sense of duty, in his compassionate sympathy with the suffering of his fellow-men. From the vantage ground already won I look forward with confident hope to the triumph of medical art over scenes of misery like that here described. The cause of the calamity being once clearly revealed, not only to the physicians, but to the public, whose intelligent cooperation is absolutely essential to success, the final victory of humanity is only a question of time. We have already a foretaste of that victory in the triumph of surgery as practiced at your doors.

[From the Boston Transcript, Nov. 8th.]

"And Yet It Moves."

To the Editor of the Transcript:

Knowing your disposition to give the truth a fair chance by allowing your readers to hear both sides, I respectfully venture to traverse the remark in Monday's Transcript that "it cannot be permitted" to Spiritualists "to question the thoroughness of the exposure" at Mr. Bishop's performance at the Music Hall, Nov. 4th. I have yet to meet the first intelligent Spiritualist who was in the slightest degree disturbed in his convictions by all that took place. We have been accustomed to precisely such "exposures" for the last twenty-eight years. Everything took place just as I predicted in my communication in your paper of Nov. 2d, and there was absolutely no explanation that threw the least light upon the many super-sensuous phenomena in regard to which every patient and thorough investigator has satisfied himself. I send you the following fable, "respectfully dedicated to Dr. O. W. Holmes, Professor Horsford, Rev. E. E. Hale, Rev. Dr. Bellows and the other enthusiastic patrons of Mr. W. I. Bishop."

THE TITMOUSE—A FABLE.

Once on a time an enterprising young Titmouse gave out that he was going to set the sea on fire. Great commotion ensued thereupon among the non-aquatic members of the feathered tribes. "Let us, by all means, go and see the Titmouse set the sea on fire," said the Owl. "Yes," added the Jay, "it will be a good thing to have the sea set on fire; for dry, solid land, where trees can grow and bugs can multiply, is what we want."

"Only gulls believe in the sea," cried the Raven, "and they are the victims of a pestilent superstition." The sea is a nuisance, and I hope the Titmouse will put an end to it. Hurrah for the Titmouse!"

"Yes, hurrah for the Titmouse!" echoed the Buzzard. "Dry land is the best place for carlin; the sea merely takes up room and helps to prevent things from rotting."

And so at last, on a day appointed, the Titmouse came and perched on a bough, around which were assembled all the dignitaries of birdland who were opposed to the sea.

The Titmouse was received with immense applause, which he took as if it were no more than his due. He seemed so pert and confident that all doubt as to his ability to do what he promised was quite dispelled.

The Mocking-bird spoke a word or two introducing him, and then the Titmouse went through a performance. He flew up and he flew down; he made a great twitter, and he twisted himself about in a very surprising manner, so that the spectators applauded as loud as they could.

"The sea is done for this time," cried some. "The Titmouse means business," cried others; "he has surely set the sea on fire just as he said he would. He is a wonderful Titmouse for one so young."

"Yes, he has done it," cried an excited Pigeon; "don't you see the smoke beginning to rise?"

"To be sure! It is evidently smoke," said the Owl. "I am glad the old sea is going to be burned up. It is an impertinent, fanciful, None but land birds should be allowed to see the Titmouse has done it. Anybody can see the smoke now."

And thereupon the whole assembly began to applaud.

"I think it is only a cloud or a bank of mist that you see," meekly suggested the Snipe, who had accidentally got mixed in with the crowd.

"He's a fool—he wants to create a disturbance; call the police and have him turned out," cried the Titmouse; and thereupon the Snipe was ignominiously ejected.

The other birds applauded wildly, and in the midst of the noise the Titmouse flew off, and the rest soon followed, all very happy in the belief that the sea had come to grief at last, and that the gulls and ospreys would all have to become land birds.

But not many weeks afterwards the Owl, the Mocking-bird, the Jay, the Pigeon and all the other enemies of the sea, the Titmouse excepted, came back to the same place to see a survey, to their amazement and disgust they saw the old sea rolling on, tossing its waves, shaking its spray in the sunshine, and rushing up on the shore, as bold, as abounding and as turbulent as ever. The brag of a Titmouse had not set the sea on fire after all!

AN INVESTIGATOR.

We shall never see the North Pole. We may as well make up our minds that the trip thither can never be included among summer jaunts, even for the venturesome Cook's tourist. After the most open summer (1875) in the Arctic regions on record, and the mildest winter (1875-76) for half a century, Captain Nares's British Arctic expedition, the only one afloat this year, has returned a year before its time was up, with the report that it is impossible to get nearer the pole than their northern exploring party, which penetrated to within four hundred miles of it. 59° below zero was the common range of the thermometer, and 104° below was once touched, killing four acclimated Arctic seamen. The scientific results of the expedition are undoubtedly very rich.—*Boston Transcript*.

On the contrary, Dr. Hayes still believes in the open Polar Sea, and says he is utterly at a loss to understand why the Alert and Discovery did not sail upon its waters, unless we assume that the spirit which animated Baffin, Ross, Parry, and the long list of Arctic heroes has died out with the advance of steam, the telegraph, and the comforts of the English climate. A expedition started early he left off, and that the North Pole was approached by some eighty miles nearer than he approached it. He is sure that it can be reached, and that without serious trouble.

Banner Correspondence.

Tennessee.

CHATTANOOGA.—Fred Mayer writes: Since my first epistle, which you were kind enough to publish in your very valued paper, I have many times desired to record some of the startling manifestations of which I was the fortunate recipient in my investigations, &c., but always refrained from doing so because I thought myself not competent for the task, and from a perhaps too extreme feeling of modesty. And in taking up the pen at this date, it is not because I have overcome that feeling, or believe myself fully capable of entering into the arena, and placing myself beside old and tried warriors, but merely to advise you that the time may come soon when I may be permitted to become a co-worker in your ranks, to be used as an instrument for the promulgation of those divine truths and principles now so much assailed and persecuted. Myself and a friend have been sitting together for some considerable time, and are undergoing now a regular course of development for spiritual manifestations. Our controls and guides—whom we have tested and tried—promise that under favorable conditions they will give to us a high order of development.

As I am a constant reader of the *Banner of Light* and the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, and try very hard to learn and fully comprehend all that is connected with our philosophy, I am well aware of the duties and responsibilities of mediums, and the trials and troubles in store for all of them.

Maryland.

BALTIMORE.—H. J. Billing, M. D., writes under date of Nov. 9th: On Sunday, the 5th inst., Thos. Gales Forster, one of our oldest and ablest spiritualistic speakers, commenced a three months' course of lectures in this city. His opening lecture was more of an introductory one, and well calculated for investigators in this beautiful philosophy. He claimed that after twenty-six years of close inquiry into the subject he should be at least credited with sincerity. He said that modern physiologists claimed that the brain was the seat of the soul of man, but that Modern Spiritualism taught that the soul was the whole man; he held that Spiritualism, more than any other system, established beyond a doubt the existence of life beyond the grave.

His lecture closed with a fine original poem on man. He spoke with his usual ability, and although he had not been in the field for nearly three years, he has not lost any of his eloquence.

I am happy to say I recognized a great many anti-spiritualists in the hall. (I should have mentioned that he lectures in Lehigh Hall, Howard street,) and they seemed very much pleased with his remarks, so much so that some of them went and shook hands, and congratulated him, and asked for an interview. It is to be hoped that he will do a great work here for this grand and glorious truth; there is ample room for it.

Wisconsin.

DARIEN.—Will C. Hodge writes: Here in Darien we are still doing something to keep alive the altar fires of spirit communion. Circles are held regularly at the residence of Mr. Harry Bucknall, and those who attend think they have been benefited by the same. Mr. and Mrs. Bucknall, who have very generously opened their doors for this purpose, are sincere and ardent Spiritualists, with whom the most bigoted orthodox can find no fault. Our principal medium, Mrs. Sarah Houghton, is faithful to the trust imposed upon her. Like most mediums, she is poor in this world's goods, and is fast ripening for the better home that surely awaits her.

Our Lecturer still shows signs of life, though in a weakly condition, and I sometimes wonder if professed Spiritualists believe what they think they do while leaving the education and intellectual development of the young to chance, or what is still worse, to the soul-stifling and deadening influences of Christian Theology.

We have lately had several lectures by Capt. H. H. Brown, which gave general satisfaction, and although young as a speaker in the ranks, many said his last effort here was one of the best they ever listened to, and when we take into account that we have had some of the best talent, it is no small compliment to Capt. Brown. Societies employing him will not be disappointed.

Vermont.

WEST FAIRLEE.—John H. P. Guild writes: It is a good thing to be able to stand alone, but it is a better thing to stand by your fellows. In union is strength, but union implies the dependence of each on the other. Spiritualists pride themselves upon their individuality and independence; refusing to be bound by any obligations. But it is no cause for pride that they have no more homogeneity. The individuality is rather self-conceit, which produces division. A Spiritualist of this town, a business man of strong bodily presence and high general esteem, has a seat in the legislature. When asked his religious preference he gave it as "Independent," and so he is recorded on the roll of the House, because he had not independence enough to say to his fellow law-makers and the State that he was a Spiritualist—a religion not of faith, but of knowledge.

Pray to God, who is a Spirit, that those who are in communion with spirits may have enough of the spirit of independence to acknowledge to the world that they are Spiritualists. Stand up for Spiritualism!

Germany.

LEIPZIG.—A correpondent writes: "A very instructive book is announced as in preparation. It will seek (1) to prove that the spirit-world is physically bound with the immaterial world, and that it is between both worlds. (2) It will declare under what conditions the connection between earthly living persons with transcendental beings (ghosts) exists. (3) It will rectify cases where searchers for knowledge meet highly developed spirits, and can use their theories for the purposes of alding science. It also will contain communications dictated by various spirits, wherein are declared (1) the existence of the godhead, (2) the system of the universe, and the nature of the heavenly bodies, (3) the degrees of development of planets and satellites belonging to our solar system, (4) the diversity of the spirit-world, (5) the various methods for acquainting oneself with spiritual life. Those desiring to know more of the volume can consult J. Heipolshausen, care of Leipzig Illustrated Zeitung."

Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA.—Dr. W. L. Jack writes, Nov. 5th: Lyman C. Howe closed a month's engagement at Lincoln Hall, last Sunday. His lectures have drawn good audiences. Prof. Eccles follows him during November. Dr. Maxwell, late of Chicago, is located here, and is doing a good work for the cause. I meet the dear old *Banner of Light* wherever I go. I shall return and resume my practice in Haverhill, Mass., at once.

Indiana.

TERRE HAUTE.—Allen Pence writes: "Mrs. Stewart is in good health, and holding stances regularly with no prospect of being exposed. The evening of Oct. 18th was partly devoted to celebrating the birthday of our spirit son, Albert. Mrs. Pence, provided wine and flowers for the occasion. He was the first to appear; he drank of the wine, and with his own hand passed it around to each member of the circle, kissed his mother and retired, and other friends might come. Among others who appeared was the form of an old friend and citizen who had but recently passed over. The company consisted mainly of home citizens, who were invited guests, and to whom the spirit was known in earth life, and by all of whom it was recently recognized. He ex-

plained that he came to participate in the festivities, and after manifesting much pleasure over his successful recognition, gleefully drank a glass of wine in commemoration of the occasion, then shook hands heartily with those present in his affectionate and peculiar manner, and retired, leaving the friends in a happy mood."

HAZEL BLOSSOMS.

The summer warmth has left the sky,
 The summer songs have died away;
 And, withered, in the footpaths lie
 The fallen leaves—but yesterday
 With ruby and with topaz gay.
 The grass is brown on the hills;
 No pale, belated flowers recall
 The astral fringes of the hills,
 And drearly the dead vines fall,
 Frost-blackened, from the roadside wall.
 Yet, through the gray and sombre wood,
 Against the dusk of fir and pine,
 Last of their floral sisterhood,
 The hazel's yellow blossoms shine—
 The tawny glow of Afric's mine.

Small beauty hath my unsung flower,
 For Spring to own of Summer hail:
 But in the season's saddest hour,
 To skies that weep and winds that wail,
 Its glad surprisals never fail.

Oh, days grown cold! Oh, life grown old!
 No rose of June may bloom again;
 But like the hazel's twisted gold,
 Through early frosts and latter rain,
 Shall hints of summer-time remain.

And as within the hazel's bough
 A gift of mystic virtue dwells,
 That points to golden oves below,
 And in dry, desert places tells
 Where flow unseen the cool sweet wells:

So, in the wise diviner's hand,
 Be mine the hazel's grateful part,
 To feel, beneath a thirsty land,
 The living waters thrill and start,
 The beating of the rivulet's heart!

Suffice me the gift to light
 With latest bloom the dark, cold days;
 To call some hidden spring to sight,
 That in these dry and dusty ways
 Shall sing its pleasant song of praise.

Oh love! the hazel wand may fall;
 But thou canst lend a surer spell,
 That, passing over barren valleys,
 Repeats the old time miracle,
 And makes the desert land a well.

—From Whittier's "Hazel Blossoms."

Apprehending Investigation of Spiritual Phenomena by Dr. Carpenter and Others.

A fortnight ago it was announced in these pages that Mrs. M. F. Kane, better known to Spiritualists as "Maggie Fox," had arrived in England from the United States. Mrs. Kane is the widow of the well-known Arctic Explorer, Dr. Kane, who, when in England, was frequently an honored guest at the dinner table of Her Majesty the Queen. She is also the elder sister of Kate Fox, through whose mediumship the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism first presented themselves in America, in the year 1847. Mrs. Kane bears the reputation in America of being a powerful and reliable medium. She is now the guest of Mr. H. D. Jencken, the barrister, who informs us that in her early days she was submitted to a series of investigations by committees in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Cincinnati, and other cities in the Union. Among those who composed the committees were Mr. Horace Greeley, Mr. N. P. Willis, Judge Edwards, Governor Talmadge, Mr. George D. Prentice, Professor Hare, Mr. Fenimore Cooper, and Mr. Cassius M. Clay. At the sittings in the presence of these committees, both Kate and Maggie Fox were subjected to various tests, and at the scenes the motions of objects and direct spirit-writing were obtained. Mr. Jencken further informs us that the reports of these committees were all so favorable as to give a great impetus to the progress of Spiritualism in America. The same power continues with these ladies, and is now to a certain extent available for the information of some of the more educated and intelligent of the English public.

Dr. Carpenter has had strong prejudices against Spiritualism; probably nobody has written or spoken more against it, but recently he appears to have wisely cast aside these prejudices, and to be willing to take part in a candid investigation. He consequently has resolved to avail himself of the privilege of holding a few sittings with Mrs. Kane in his own house, and it is to be hoped that the phenomena produced will be as satisfactory as those which took place in her presence during a week's investigation at Cooper Institute in New York.

At present we have no direct knowledge of the nature of Mrs. Kane's mediumship, except in connection with a manifestation of spirit-power which took place last Monday evening at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Jencken. Mrs. Makdougall Gregory, Mr. Charles Blackburn, of Manchester, and a medical gentleman were also present. It is so loud that they might have been heard in the room below came in profusion on the table, chairs, floor, and any object not far from the medium. The lid of a piano in the room was closed and locked, after which a message was given by raps, requesting those present who could do so to sing. Every now and then some notes on the closed piano were thumped, keeping time in a rough kind of way to the words uttered by the singers. This was done for a line or two at a time; then, during an interval of five or six lines of singing, no sounds were produced, as if the power failed at times, but now and then became reinforced. From past experience we have little doubt that the keys were struck by a little materialized spirit-hand inside the enclosed space above them.

We have been informed that one of the most common manifestations obtained through Mrs. Kane's mediumship is direct writing without contact with human hands.—*The Spiritualist*, London, Oct. 27th.

[From The Spiritualist, Oct. 27th.]

A Seance with Dr. Slade.

On Sunday morning, Oct. 22d, at one o'clock, Mr. W. Metherell and Mr. G. De Carteret, of Jersey, had a seance with Dr. Slade, of 8, Upper Bedford-place, London, W. C. Dr. Slade produced two new slates, which were perfectly dry, and appeared never to have been used before. They were closely examined by the inquirers. Mr. Metherell then placed them together, with a crumb of pencil between, and Dr. Slade tied them firmly to each other, while Mr. Metherell held them. The tied slates were then laid on the top of the table, and Dr. Slade touched the frame of the uppermost one with one hand, whilst his other hand was held by those present. The slates never passed out of sight of the observers. A noise like that of writing was then heard, and appeared to be executed at the ordinary speed. Dr. Slade then requested the two observers to take the slates into the next room, and to open them in the presence of two gentlemen who chanced to be there—namely, Mr. Charles Blackburn, of Didsbury, near Manchester, and Mr. W. H. Harrison, of The Spiritualist. The strings were accordingly cut in their presence, and the inner sides of the two slates were found to be filled completely from top to bottom, and from edge to edge, with writing, including about seventy words altogether. The writing had manifestly been produced with a piece of slate pencil applied to the surface of the slate with considerable pressure.

In attestation of the truth of the foregoing statement, we append our signatures.
 WM. METHERELL. CHARLES BLACKBURN.
 GEO. DE CARTERET. W. H. HARRISON.

A Kansas clergyman, whose parents had no regard for the unities, struggles through life bearing the name of Innocent Wolfe.

Profoundest desolations occur in life's ascending scale, whose last note (touched by the death-angel) grows into never-sweetener, and is mingled in eternal harmony.—*Aron*.

Cures Effected through Dr. J. R. Newton.

The following letters—specimens of many recently received from his patients by this widely-known magnetic healer—tell their own story:

Marlboro', N. H., Sept. 8th, 1876.
 Dr. Newton—My Kind Friend: I wrote you on the 27th ult., stating my case and asking for a magnetized letter. On the 30th ult., at a quarter before two p. m. I distinctly felt a shock, as from an electric battery, and have been steadily gaining since. After the receipt of your letter I gained rapidly. I now feel well, eat, drink and sleep well. My friends are all surprised and pleased. How shall I express my grateful appreciation of your great kindness to one who is a stranger to you personally, having no claim, except that we are all children of one common Father? God and angels ever bless you.
 Yours gratefully, S. C. WRIGHT.

Auburn, Me., Sept. 29th, 1876.
 Dr. J. R. Newton—Dear Sir: I hardly know how to express to you my wonder, and above all, my gratitude, that you, through the power given you, have relieved me so quickly, and I hope permanently, from the dreadful suffering to which I have been subjected so long. Since the middle of July up to last week, I have lived almost entirely on milk, and it was difficult some of the time to swallow even that, my throat was so sore. Since the receipt of your magnetized letter, my throat has entirely healed, and I can eat anything I choose, only I have to be careful, as the palate is all gone and about half the roof of my mouth. My hearing too has returned, and I feel like my old self, excepting in my general strength, which I hope to regain gradually.

I thank you very much for the interest you have manifested for me, and I hope to live to see you and thank you personally. The God of heaven shall have the glory, and may his blessings crown your days forevermore.
 Truly yours, LUCY R. HARRIS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

DEAR SIR—In my letters to your paper I have endeavored to express my ideas as clearly as possible. I find, however, that the simple fact of my having granted, for the sake of the argument, the existence of the cause of the occurrence of the "phenomena," has given to some of your readers the impression that while I dispute their spiritual origin, I nevertheless know of their actual occurrence. I desire to correct this mistake. So far as this is from being the case, that Dr. Buchanan, in this particular, is correct. I do not believe that the phenomena occur. I do not believe that they ever did occur, and I do not believe that they ever can occur. I do not deny their occurrence. I am simply waiting, as I have waited for twenty-eight years, to see some evidence that the claim is correct before accepting it as true. What I dispute is the theory that their actual occurrence proves them to be the result of disembodied spirit presence, spirit-intelligence, and spirit power; in other words, that the theory of spirit existence independent of the physical organism is proven by any such phenomena, even if they do occur.

That the occurrence of the phenomena is far from being proven more and more apparent with almost every day's development. So long as every thorough investigation reveals only fraud on the one hand, and the most inexcusable credulity on the other, so long must it be admitted that doubt is not altogether unreasonable.
 Respectfully, &c.,
 ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON.
Wesley, Mass., Nov. 6th, 1876.

We are the imperfect; we are the finite; we are the created. There must be the cause of the completion of our being, the infinity of our being, the infinity of our perfection; a mind which gives us that which we have not from ourselves.—*Descartes*.

Passed to Spirit-Life:

Again has the Angel Death visited the home and taken from the loving embrace of his widowed mother, the earth form of Albert H. B. Fox, oldest son of Mr. Louise and the late Henry J. Fox, of Greenwich, L. I. Bertie went to live with the angels Oct. 25th, aged 9 years 9 months and 15 days.

To say that Bertie was kind, affectionate, dutiful and intelligent would be but a feeble tribute to the worth of one in whom was combined so many excellent traits, so loving in manner as well as character, so bright in intellect, loved by all who knew him.

In his family he was faithful and obliging, always pleasant and amiable. In his Sunday school, where he loved to be, he was conscientious and attentive. At the school he was an honorable and zealous scholar, beloved by his teachers and classmates. With his sudden departure a thousand fond hopes have been cut off. His mother, a devoted mother, for his spiritual faculties were pronounced and he seemed to have a clear view of spirit-life. May his sorrowing mother feel that her darling Bertie is an earthly angel still, and rejoice that he is in the bright home bar where he will be happy and safe. His mother and father are being linked more closely to the Summer-land; and although there is another vacant chair, another missing face, and another vacant heart, hearts, may they feel that their dear brother is not dead, only gone to the home of the angels.
 L. T. P.

From Philadelphia, Phelo Finlaw, an old resident of the Quaker City.

She was a Quakeress until Spiritualism revealed to her a different interpretation of her being "moved upon," as the Quakers interpret and she was a true and earnest spiritualist, and exercised them to great profit to the suffering and afflicted. Her clairvoyant sight was clear, her healing gifts wonderful, and her power over the elements and the human body was pronounced and he seemed to have a clear view of spirit-life. May his sorrowing mother feel that her darling Bertie is an earthly angel still, and rejoice that he is in the bright home bar where he will be happy and safe. His mother and father are being linked more closely to the Summer-land; and although there is another vacant chair, another missing face, and another vacant heart, hearts, may they feel that their dear brother is not dead, only gone to the home of the angels.
 L. T. P.

It is our mournful duty to record the death of Mr. Charles H. E. Prentiss, 50 years of age. Born, and having always resided in Boston, he was well known to many. A man of very cheerful and happy disposition, and entirely domestic in all his habits. In fact, it is rarely that we can record the departure of a friend more domesticated than he was. His chief delight was in the happy circle of his family, composed of his wife and son. He was a devoted and devoted father, and a devoted husband. He was a true and earnest spiritualist, and exercised them to great profit to the suffering and afflicted. Her clairvoyant sight was clear, her healing gifts wonderful, and her power over the elements and the human body was pronounced and he seemed to have a clear view of spirit-life. May his sorrowing mother feel that her darling Bertie is an earthly angel still, and rejoice that he is in the bright home bar where he will be happy and safe. His mother and father are being linked more closely to the Summer-land; and although there is another vacant chair, another missing face, and another vacant heart, hearts

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12th street, Philadelphia, Pa. 1st-10th.

Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public Reading, held at the residence of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, are reported, and published each week in this Department.

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Henry Dove.

Mr. Chairman, will you please say that Henry Dove, son of the late William Dove, of Boston Highlands, calls on you to day? I passed away in February, and would call on my friends, especially my mother, to meet me. I have but little to say. I find a real world, one in which I live, and move, and have a being; but I earnestly beg that I may communicate with the friends I have left behind, that I may speak to them, that I may tell them how I live. I have met my father, and have clasped him with my arms, and would ask of my mother that she meet me, and talk with me, that I may tell her all I have experienced, and all that I know, and all that I passed through while sick.

Josephine Thompson.

I am Josephine Thompson. I lived in Memphis, Tenn. I passed away about three years ago last January, of consumption. It was hard to bear; I said seemed dark to me. I believed in the Methodist faith. I was baptized and joined the church; but you well know that the Methodists believe in the trance condition, and for many days before I passed away I lived in that condition, and I believed that I saw Christ, that I received his teachings, that I felt his power, that his presence was near me. I tried to realize this, and as my body became weaker and weaker, the heavens were opened, and I looked therein, and saw my mother, saw my father, and I saw my darling babe that had passed from me in the first years of my married life. Oh! how I longed to greet them, how I longed to be with them! And as they assured me that but a few days would go by ere I should clasp them by the hand, ere I should go with them, my heart was glad. While I should look upon me as delirious, as "out of my mind," I was saying the spiritual, I was enjoying the presence of those dear ones. And when, at last, that which you call "death" freed me from the form, I was thankful, oh, so thankful! And they met me so pleasantly, so kindly, and taking me by the hand they led me to my spirit-home. It was better than I expected, for I feared my life-deeds had not made me a beautiful home; I feared that my thoughts had not come to me as they should have done; that I had not profited by the spiritual words that had been spoken to me by different ministers of the gospel, but I realized when I got there that God was a great and mighty power; that Christ was our elder brother, and that the spiritual home was a real, true and pure home; that I was redeemed through the graciousness of the Almighty God; but that I had got to work out my own salvation. As the dear, good, wise ones came to me, and said, "I wish to return to earth again," I trembled, I shrank back, and I said, "Oh Lord, save me; I wish not to return to earth, but rather I wish to go onward and upward to a brighter realm above." But the answer was, "Know you not that you must do the Father's work? and as you have failed to do it in the earth-life, you must go back and finish it through material means here." So I have come back to make a beginning. I have come back to do a little, and in the future I trust I shall do much more. I hope and pray that I may be enabled to be strong and true, and that I may be able to do some good today; to assist some sorrowing one up higher, to a better plane of existence. Oh, friends! you need not go outside of this circle room to begin heaven, for heaven is within, it is all around you. If you would have heaven you must make it for yourselves. If you are true, and pure, and honest, working out your soul's best endeavor, all will be well with you, and you will have a heaven upon earth.

Charles De Forrest.

I don't like to ask any favors, Mr. Chairman, that ought not to be granted, but if you feel like granting the favor of printing in advance of regular time, I'd like to give a message; if not, I'll retire. [I think you can accommodate.] I would like to say to a nephew of mine—Henry—that he must not be at all discouraged; that I am taking care of him, that I am doing the work which is best for me to do, and that he need have no more fear of the future in this enterprise that he has undertaken. He has no fear but the wind will blow to-morrow, because very likely there will be a fair; then tell him not to have any fear of the failure of the enterprise. I understand business a little. I know what I am talking about. I am not driving him through any wild-goose road, but I am carrying him right straight along, to the best of my knowledge. I shall help him each day and each hour. I mean to be a sustaining power to him. Tell him that his father is sustaining me as much as possible, and his old friend, D. S., is taking hold, too. If one wire does not do, we shall pull another. I am aware, Mr. Chairman, that this is not a very spiritual message, but I would like very much to send it. You can say it's from Charles De Forrest. I have some children here on earth, and some friends; but I come on a speciality this afternoon. I have business arrangements with my nephew. I wish you would direct the letter to R. H. W., and I will see that the gentleman gets it. It will aid him very much.

A. B. Whiting.

Mr. Chairman, it gives me great pleasure to be present with you this afternoon. I do not know that I shall be able to express myself satisfactorily, but I will do the best I am able to do. I have been requested by some friends to report here at your circle-room, and to say to them what my opinion is of these general expositions of Spiritualism. Now I do not know as my opinion will be worth a great deal. I cannot say that it will, and yet I am free to express it, so long as I am called upon to do so. I find myself in rather a peculiar condition, not being used to the instrument which I am controlling, and really not finding it what I expected, yet a very good one, notwithstanding. What I want to say is this—that the Spiritualist friends and Spiritualists themselves must rest easy; this thing will work itself out clear. It reminds me sometimes of a stream of water after a thunder shower. You know how very muddy and dark are its depths. You look at it, and you feel as if it was the muddiest piece of water you ever saw, but when the sun comes forth, and the conditions are all right, it works itself clear, the beautiful water again shines, and it looks as cool and beautiful as it ever did before the thunder shower. Now you know very well that since the advent of Spiritualism into the world there has been nothing but exposures from beginning to end, and the more Spiritualism has been exposed, and the more it has been derided, so much stronger has it become, and the more exposure has been that whenever there has been exposure, there has always been a resurrection. So, friends, I believe to-day that these expositions are being spoken of, this muddy condition of the waters, will clear away, and at last Spiritualism will stand forth brighter and purer. It does make us smile in the spirit-life when we find that church people, and those connected with a certain venerable institution in your city, must call upon some certain ones to come forward and expose the spiritual for the purpose of aiding the material. Well, if the people of Boston have got to save their old institution by pulling to pieces the spiritual phenomena, we have nothing to say, but I tell you, friends, it makes us smile in the spirit-life. We can see the end from the beginning—we know that a resurrection of Spiritualism is near. No matter how dark the shadows may seem to-day; no matter how deep they may lay upon the spiritual earth, yet we know that the day of brightness and resurrection is near. Trust the coming future; God is very near you. We know that his hands send us forth from the spirit-world to yours; but we do not suppose for one instant that it is a material hand, but a spiritual force, which we liken unto the hand of God that sends us forth to do our work, and we shall do it, no matter what may come, and we know that much that is going on to-day is caused by a spiritual revolution. Therefore rest easy, friends, only let your own lives be true and pure, only grasp stronger the hands of the angels, and we will keep you. I have not made myself understood as an individual—I feel that I have not made myself manifest—and yet I will give my name as A. B. Whiting—one who has stood in the ranks and fought theology and its forces, one who has tried to do his duty, and who hopes that he shall still be able to work for the spiritual and for the angels.

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

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

Mrs. Dankin's Mediumistic Experiences.

(Part Forty-Four.)

BY WASH. A. DANKIN.

After leaving the dinner-table at the Eutaw House, I asked the spirit of my father why this manifestation had occurred in a public room and among strangers. He replied there was a double purpose to accomplish, and I should have been satisfied that the matter was under his control, and no annoyance should come to us from it. The object first was to make a deep impression upon the young men, who were total strangers in Baltimore, and lead them into further investigation, so as to enable the departed father to give important information to his son; and also to excite an interest throughout the house generally, and thus awaken the many to a knowledge of the fact of spirit-intercourse.

I have never learned whether the first object was accomplished or not; but the latter purpose was fully executed. We only remained at the hotel about a month after this incident—our country home having been meanwhile prepared for us; but we never entered the dining-room afterward but all eyes were immediately directed to our movements, and as soon as we would be seated, no matter in what part of the room, or who might be our companions, the table would rise and, as it were, salute us by tilting two or three times to one or the other, and sometimes, to each one of the party.

This naturally excited the curiosity of those present, and finally became the topic of conversation throughout the establishment, in the parlors and in the servants' hall, among the resident boarders and the transient visitors. Mrs. Dankin's room was besieged by those who wished to learn something more of this remarkable phenomenon. We were pleased when the time came at last for us to enjoy the domestic quietude of our own pleasant home.

Charles Sheppard.

Charles Sheppard was my name. I was from West Cornwall, Connecticut. I was fifty-six years old when I was summoned to the council chamber of an eternal existence. The educational process through which I passed made its impression upon the tissues and fibres of the brain, consequently some little time had to be allotted before old ideas could go out and new ones come in their place. Every man who has lived to the age of fifty-six has had more or less of the ups and downs, the trials and troubles through which we are all doomed to pass. I was not an exception to this rule. Here I met my enemies those that obstructed my path, for it would be of little consequence to you and of no special benefit to me. But now comes the beautiful vitalizing process through which the spirit necessarily must pass.

Oh, how beautiful all things grow after we have learned to develop that interior portion that has life, and then how wonderful seems the power we possess to manifest good to those who still are in the lower scale of an earthly existence. It is the work allotted to your humble servant, to see them coming pleading with upturned eyes and beating hearts to be taught the way to return to earth, and then the law of commune with mortals. After having learned the law, the thanks which they pour out, is the reward of the spirit who teaches them.

It is either a mother who has found her child, or a child has found its mother; sometimes the husband has found the wife, or the wife has found her earthly husband. Words cannot convey to your minds the pleasure we derive from this source of labor. When first I entered the spirit-world I stood a novice, in wonderment and bewildered; for the picture was as real and tangible and natural to my view as that world I had left behind me. It was some time before I could draw the dividing line; but thanks to the One who rules the destinies of the vast universe, I now stand central to all things; to that which is above me, to that which is beneath me, to all that is around and about me, for confidence in the Author of my existence has been wrought in every fibre of my being.

Now, my friends, I leave you, free agents as you are, to read this and accept it or reject it; there will be no condemnation from me. But hark what I say—that which you learn not in your earth-life you will have to learn in the other. My God and my Father, to thee I give praises for thy manifold kindnesses; let the honor be thine and the thanksgiving mine. With this I retire.

Eliza Fowler.

In Jersey City, of pneumonia, I died. Eliza, wife of Fowler, in the fifty-fourth year of my age. My residence was on Fourth street. It was on a Sunday in May—fourteenth or fifteenth of the month. It is only a hand's breadth between the visible and the invisible worlds. We speak of worlds; for there are myriads of worlds undiscovered—not known by either the common people or by the scientists. My world is one which I have built up by my own exertions. All things in it are as real as those in the world I left, and why I am drawn to earth is to give more proof of the fact of spirit-intercourse. I know full well that there are not many who know of or comprehend the beautiful life attached to the death of the body. I know there is a shrinking from those whom they call dead; and why is this? Not because it is natural, for it is not, but it has been taught as a religious principle, in the darker days, and the general mind still holds it in this enlightened age.

Men stand in fear of giving up that which they have been taught, and that upon which they have been leaning, and now I can see the errors of myself in the errors of others. No human mind under the canopy of heaven should be taught to stand in fear of the ruler of the universes. I, for one, can safely say he deals alike to each of his creatures. It is only necessary for the mind to become cultured in the knowledge of spirituality, then all deformities will disappear from the works of one whose ways are the ways of life and wisdom.

It may be said, How came she so competent to teach? She was thoroughly incompetent when she dwelt in the flesh. I can answer the question. My school-room is broad. There are those in it who teach not by rule, but by precept, and each thought that we gather in advances us in the grand temple of thought, where the angels live. Be satisfied, and know I have a happy home. This should give consolation to those I have left behind me.

Lizzie Mullholland.

I am not going to give any other name than Lizzie Mullholland. I died in Philadelphia. My father's name was Joseph, my mother's name was Lizzie, and I was twenty years old. Well, it was in May I died; but it seems to me a foolish thing to say you died, for if you are seeing and knowing and speaking, why say it's death? That to me is a puzzle.

Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory? Death has been swallowed up in knowledge; the grave has lost its terrors, for it holds not the spirit, only that part which belongs to earth. Dust to dust, ashes to ashes; but the spirit returns to the source whence it came. Strange, but literally true. There are no actions in this life; it is all reality of a spiritual nature, each one trying to fit himself or herself for the life eternal. I have busied myself, like the little bee, flitting from flower to flower,

gathering that which will enhance my condition in this grand and beautiful home. Would that I had cultured myself artistically, when I was on earth, then all the rare pictures that now pass before my sight I would have understood, and they would have been as balm to my soul; but now I stand a pupil, being taught that which will aid in my unfoldment and eventually lead me to a better and a grander life.

Once they fed me on the husks of the past; now I ask to be fed with manna such as comes from the higher heavens, and I am told that no one asks in vain. As I stand viewing my spirit in its new condition, I see the status that were left from an earthly life passing one by one away, leaving the spirit in its purity. When this is complete, how happy will be the day—that happy day of the new-born spirit that has laid aside all earthly things, cleaving only to the things that are spiritual! Oh, blessed memory! I thank thee for holding me in part to the things of earth, for I have left those behind who loved me as I loved them; but even that love fades when compared with my love for the things that now surround me.

Now I leave for the bright realms from which I came only a few minutes ago to obtain knowledge satisfactory to myself, in regard to the truth of this intercourse between the seen and the unseen.

Hannah Philbrick Hale.

My name was Hannah Philbrick, the widow of the late Dr. John Hale, and the mother of H. Hale, of Chicago. From the residence, Oak Park, I was buried.

A feeling of fondest hope and endearment brings me back through the elements of earth and of mortals to speak the glad tidings of the resurrected spirit, with life and all the glorious possibilities of grander unfoldments.

My children, death is only a change from the grosser elements to the finer—a beautiful preparation for a new life, one in which your mother revels in supreme delight. Memory still, at intervals, will revert back to earth and earthly things; but oh, how insignificant are they compared with the awakening that awaits the new-born spirit!

The wonderment which comes over us at the first glimmer I cannot express; but in sublimity of beauty it surpasses all that language can convey, and this awaits the coming of each of you.

When thinking of me, do not look in the far distance, but feel that I am near you, an instrument of the Most High, to direct you and yours in the proper paths of life.

We have no sinners, no condemned men and women here; they are all progressive beings, aiming at a something beyond their reach without labor of intellect. In this life, work and you can attain; if idle, the lessons will not be gathered; every faculty of the brain must be brought into requisition. This is a life worth living in—without strife, without condemnation, without angry feeling. Harmony is the symbol of heaven to us, and with this picture before you how consoling must be death—death not being death, but simply the pathway to eternal life.

Caroline Buckley Osbourne.

My name was Osbourne. I died at Auburn. Caroline Buckley Osbourne, wife of John Osbourne, formerly of Harrison, Westchester County, New York.

There's a destiny that shapes every one's fate. Some are placed in palaces, some in hovels. Some wear fine linen and purple, and some wander around in rags and tatters; but of what consequence is that to the spirit when it gives up this life and enters the new, where we see ourselves as we are?

The heart is oftentimes large where the coin is scarce, and on the other hand, where the means are plenty, the heart is drawn into a narrow compass, stands afraid to give a dime to a hungry man, even when it is asked in God's name, to keep his wife and children from starving. But, alas! how pitiable is his course he feels remorse, open field of thought. Here he feels remorse; but remember, though that remorse is taught how to cleanse himself and prepare the spirit for the joys that await him in the distance.

My mission is to educate and to unfold, and oh, how thankful am I to my Creator for this privilege, for in educating others I become more educated. One more ray of the eternal sunshine is given to my soul, that carries me one degree higher.

Now, friends of earth, you see the character of the labor we have to perform in this world to enhance our condition.

Many whom I have left behind may have forgotten my existence, but I have not forgotten them, for as time goes on I grow stronger in remembrance of the dear ones. I knew not of this divine and thrilling poetry of life that blends spirits in commune with mortals; but I have learned and I have tested it, and find there is no flaw in it. So, friends, if any one of you at any time wishes to commune with Caroline Osbourne, let your thought ascend the spiraling cord, and I will make answer; take the sorrow from the heart and give it joy, for it is joy to know there is no death. As God, our Father, lives, so does he in his wisdom feed his children with that life which cannot know death.

My object has been accomplished, and I now leave with gratitude to yourself, and thanks to her through whom I have spoken. Memory will hold the tie of knowledge between ourselves in days to come.

Caroline Juliet Price.

In Brooklyn, Caroline Juliet, widow of the late Walter Price, in the fifty-eighth year of my age. My residence was Elliott's Place, Brooklyn. I died in the month of June.

In rehearsing life, oftentimes I was told, "as the tree falls so it lieth; there is no repentance in the grave." Now this is not truthfully interpreted. A light so bright should shine and not be hid under a bushel, for many, like myself, will wander in these courts, seeking knowledge which should have been given before the spirit departed. But no condemnation should be given to any one. I am now speaking generally, universally.

The scriptures in themselves are most valuable, but they should be interpreted by those who have knowledge of a progressive unfoldment. Of what value would spirit-life be to any one, if it had not within it the advantage of becoming educated in those things which the mind lacked here? Of what value would heaven be to you, with all its beauties and its glories, if you knew not your kindred, or your kindred knew not you? The false things are given to the children, and make their progressive life heavy and tedious. I speak from personal experience, and I tell all those who are interested in the immortal life to educate themselves in the laws which pertain to the soul. Stand not in fear of God, but draw near unto Him, and learn every letter of his being, as manifested in the natural world; then when the angel of death comes there will be no fear. It is merely a change from one condition to another.

Claims of Science and Theology.

BY S. B. BRITTAN, M. D.

It was not so much as a saint as a scientist, that Augustin offered his suggestion, and because he saw the necessity of accommodating his interpretation of the Scriptures to the existing and prospective discoveries of science. The idea

New Books Received.

"LOCK UP THE FORMS."—William A. Jones, who served in the New Orleans Times composing room for many years, did for some time past work as a pressman at that department, and recently after a sudden illness. During a momentary gleam of consciousness preceding his dissolution, dwelling upon the business habits of his life, he suddenly exclaimed: "The ads. are all right, Sherman; lock up the forms, and let 'em go to press!"

We trust that all earnest Spiritualists will *at once* go to work in this matter; for the pending trial is obviously one of vast importance to the future of Spiritualism, as well as to the interests of Truth, of Human Progress, and of Freedom of Thought and Act.

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Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

JULIA M. CARPENTER, Cor. Sec'
Templars' Hall, 438 Washington street.—Mrs. Abby
Buruham spoke and gave tests in this hall, Sunday
evg. Nov. 12th. The place of meeting was well filled

a very intelligent audience. Mrs. Burnham gave several very fine tests, during the evening, to persons who were entire strangers to her, which were recognized as correct clairvoyance. She will be in this hall next Sunday evening, at half-past seven o'clock, and will speak and give tests.

Lurline Hall.—A correspondent writes: "It seems that the spirits appreciate the defence of mediums and Spiritualists. On the 12th inst. just as Mr. Hull was about to commence his lecture, Mr. Chuter, of South Boston, entered the hall bearing a large banner, on which was written, 'Spiritualism is a lie, a snare and a snare.' She was entranced and delivered a most beautiful speech on presenting the difficulties as 'tokens of regard from the spirits to the Spiritualists, to those who in these times of trial come to the rescue of the oppressed and the oppressed, such persons as would, evil-like, trample it under their feet.' As the meeting had commenced when the magnificent banner was being presented, the audience was very numerous, and a few general remarks made by Mr. Hull, but the ceremony of presenting the banner did not occur until after the lecture was over. Those who witnessed it pronounce it very impressive."

Charles Town.—**Isaiah Hall.**—Mrs. Abby N. Burnham is occupied the platform in this hall the first two Sundays in this month, and has given good satisfaction to large and intelligent audience. Her style of speaking—involving the giving of spirit psychometric tests, and the giving of clairvoyant and other interesting tests to a public audience, Mrs. Burnham will be in this hall Sunday afternoon, Nov. 19th, at three o'clock.

[From the Boston Daily Advertiser, Nov. 10th.]

Mrs. Hardy vs. her Enemies.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:

If this furious onslaught upon Spiritualism through its mediums at the present time was only for the purpose of detecting fraud and weeding out the false and spurious, all Spiritualists might rest content and bid the work "God speed"; but when we have every reason to believe that it is a religious war on the grand and fundamental truths of the phenomena underlying all Spiritualism, ancient or modern, it behoves every true Spiritualist and every genuine medium to valiantly stand by the flag. This I intend to do, let the result be what it may.

Yours respectfully,
M. M. HARDY.
4 Concord Square, Boston, Nov. 8th, 1876.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Thomas Walker, the "boy orator," will speak the last Sunday of November in Denver, Col., and the first two Sundays in December at Salt Lake City. He will then fill an appointment in Ogden, Utah, from whence he goes direct to San Francisco, Cal., where he will join Dr. Peables.

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