

# Mind



# Matter

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**CHRISTIANITY A FICTION.**

A Poem Showing the True Origin and Mythical Character of the Christian Saviour, and the Mythical Nature of Many of the Most Eminent Heroes and Heroines of Biblical Fame.

Through J. H. Mendenhall, Medium.

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[Continued.]

**THE LAKE OF FIRE AND BRIMSTONE.**

Now, Christian, we have reached a point,  
At which we think it well,  
To explicate your brimstone creed—  
The mystery of hell.  
For sure, no theme of Christendom  
So wonderful as this,  
Whereby the priests scare all the saints  
Into a world of bliss.

Not even Christ himself is made  
So much the hope of grace,  
As Hell and Satan have become  
To millions of the race.  
'Tis true that love is sometimes used;  
But then, to make it tell,  
There's nothing like a picture drawn  
Of spirits damned in hell.

For Hell, you know, is said to be  
An awful lake of fire—  
Where Satan reigns without restraint,  
As suits his own desire.  
This fiery lake, the preachers say,  
With sulphur seething hot,  
Is destined for those spirits damned,  
Who choose hell as their lot.

For Satan, Serpent, or "Old Nick,"  
(In meaning all the same),  
Will punish them eternally,  
In hell's sulphureous flame.  
The Scorpion, with caudal sting,  
That black undying worm,  
Will ever feed upon their souls,  
And laugh to see them squirm.

The fiery breath of devils, too,  
Will blight the pining soul,  
And withering flashes from their eyes,  
Enwrap them as a scroll.  
Weeping and wailing there will be,  
And gnashing teeth be heard,  
For such the picture strongly drawn  
In God's "Most Holy Word."

Yes, when in numbers as the sand,  
Eternal years shall roll,  
Those fated ones shall roast and writhe,  
And know no peace of soul.  
For Dives, you know, could not return,  
(As Holy Scriptures tell),  
To warn his brethren how to shun  
The scorching fires of hell.

For that is your sole evidence,  
To prove your hell-fire creed,  
The only source of all you know  
About your hell-fire creed,  
But Christian let us take one step  
Still further back in time,  
And you will see that long before,  
Was preached this fiery clime.

For pagans had their lake of fire  
And burning brimstone, too,  
And taught that Pluto fiercely reigned,  
When Sol his fate did rue.  
And there Osiris grandly fought  
With Typhon, whom he slew,  
And there his writhing body cast,  
As plainly seen in view.

There, harpies, demons, fiery worms,  
And monsters huge do roam,  
And raise their howling, hissing, there  
In hell, their native home.  
And Jack-o'-lanterns, too, are seen,  
And Will-o'-wisp's most dread,  
Fill up the scene with dire portent,  
To fill the soul with dread.

And there, Cerberus, (1) Pluto's (2) guard,  
Bursts forth with fearful howl,  
While Brontes, (3) forging thunder bolts,  
Looks on with withering scowl,  
And there Briareus, (4) mid the throng,  
For monarch of the whole,  
Records the names of all who fell  
To Satan's grim control.

'Tis then quite plain, the Christian's theme,  
Of Satan and his corps,  
With Hell their home, grew out of what  
Is truly pagan lore.  
And from this pagan song of old  
The Christian creed, 'tis true,  
Sprung up, as every other theme,  
By Christians held to view.

But how the priests did learn of hell,  
Ere Pluto's home was known,  
Is now our subject, and we think,  
Most plainly to be shown.

Remember that in all we've said,  
The facts are full and strong,  
And show that all those myths among  
The starry hosts belong.

Nor is our present theme aught less  
A legend of the Sun;  
The constellations, and the paths  
They annually run.  
Old Satan, as in former lines,  
Is shown to be the same  
Old snake, in every age and clime,  
Known by whatever name.

When Earth was young and man unbound,  
He gazed upon the sky,  
And there the starry serpent (5) saw,  
As he was passing by;  
And as the Winter's deadly reign,  
Did follow in his trail,  
Imagination pictured out  
This hero of our tale;

For in the reign of Winter drear,  
Ten thousand evils fell  
Upon the trembling gazing throng,  
And this was then called Hell.  
The Scorpion in his annual round,  
With Autumn came again,  
And soon old Winter followed him  
With all his cruel train.

Imagination then grown strong,  
The Scorpion was made  
The leader of an evil band,  
Whose power was oft displayed;  
And watching Scorpio, the sign,  
Till he would disappear,—  
His domicile seemed bottomless,  
And darkness filled his sphere.

Beholding Winter in full blast,  
With all his evil train,  
Confirmed their faith that Scorpio  
Did in that region reign.  
So here we have the Serpent, who  
Is called the "Devil" now,  
And Hell his domicile we see  
In Acheron, I trow.

The *Imbo* this, in olden times,  
When Reason had no say  
Or part, in forming holy creeds,  
For Fancy then held sway;  
And thrills of fear, like Stygian (6) waves,  
Traversed the human breast,  
And filled the mind with fearful dreams  
At night, instead of rest.

Now add to this old Lerna's (7) swamp,  
Or Etna's Sulphurous fire,  
As seen in night's most somber gloom,  
And you have Hell's attire.

**THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN, OR, HOME OF THE SAINTS.**

Of all the themes of ancient days,  
And even down to this,  
There's none more worthy of our pen,  
Than Heav'n—the world of bliss.  
'Tis said that Heaven is a place  
Where holy angels dwell,  
Who sing the praises of the Lamb,  
And God of Is-ra-el.

Heaven sometimes appears a square,  
(As seen by John the Seer);  
At other times 'tis spoken of  
As one great "glory-sphere."  
Sometimes a city it is called,  
"Jerusalem," by name,  
Where all the glorified do dwell,  
Who occupy the same.

Its highest point is called "God's throne,"  
Its base the "Golden street,"  
On which the saints and angels move  
Around the "Mercy seat."  
Its walls are like the jasper pure,  
And "very great" in height;  
It needs no gas to light it up,  
For the "Lamb is its own light."

Within its walls a dozen gates  
All open out to view,  
These are the shining portals which  
The angels e'er pass through.  
'Tis said twelve angels guard those gates  
With "written names" to tell  
The dozen "Tribes" which constitute  
Thy people, Is-ra-el.

"Foundations twelve" the city has,  
As any one may see,—  
"The twelve apostles of the Lamb,"  
Of blood-stained Calvary.  
By John 'tis said, life's river flows  
From out "God's very throne,"  
And every saint can in it wash,  
As if it were his own.

As well, the "tree of life" is there,  
With full twelve monthly rations;  
The leaves of which a balm supply,  
For "healing of the nations."  
And here another thought or two,  
May not be out of place,  
Although to some they may suggest  
A blotch on heavens' face.

(6). The Scorpion was in all astro-mythology or theology, for they are one and the same, as the adverse sign of the Zodiac, and the Serpent of all religions.

(7). Lerna's marsh was where the Hydra slain by Hercules was said to inhabit. It was the constellation Hydra which extended across the wintry heavens, and was conquered by Hercules the Sun when it attained the power and strength of Spring.

You know 'tis said that heaven is  
The "angels' bright abode";  
Yet other things there are, we know,  
That "walk the heavenly road."  
When Peter saw the sheet let down,  
From heaven's shining shore,  
'Twas full of beasts and creeping things,  
As you have heard before.

And "Jacob's ladder," seen by night,  
As in his vision given,  
Tells much to him who would locate  
The "Holy place," called heaven.  
With all these facts before our view,  
'Tis easy to unfold  
The secrets of this city, where  
The "streets are paved with gold."

Yet when we learn that "Milk and wine,  
And honey" all flow there,  
And all the "Holy Saints of God  
Make these their daily fare;  
We find we are compelled somewhat  
Our thoughts to modify,  
For these 'twould seem bring heaven down,  
Beneath the star-gemmed sky.

But now we will proceed to show,  
What heaven is, and where  
You can behold the heavenly scenes,  
Which these, my rhymes, declare.  
Then as the present had its birth,  
Out of the long gone-by,  
Let's travel back and view the land,  
"Where our possessions lie."

Religion, then, in all its parts,  
As we have said before,  
Can be best understood when read,  
By light of pagan lore;  
For what it means is written plain,  
Upon yon star-lit sea,  
Or on the earth, as seasons change,  
By Nature's fixed decree.

The wide extended firmament—  
The azure sea on-high,  
Was "Canaan's fair and happy land,"  
As sung in years gone by.  
Up there the "New Jerusalem"—  
The "Golden City" stands;  
And is in all its splendor seen—  
Not made with human hands.

Its twelve foundations, too, are seen—  
The dozen baldrick signs—  
Which each its proper place doth hold  
Within the allotted lines;  
Also the gates, just even twelve,  
Are plainly to be seen,  
None other than the first degrees,  
The dozen signs between.

And when arranged into four  
Divisions of the year,  
Then even three gates to a side,  
Most plainly do appear.  
"Each several gate" is but "one pearl"  
As written by the seer,  
When viewed by threes, the dozen months,  
Just quartering the year.

The twelve bright angels at the gates,  
With names inscribed thereon,  
Are leading stars of the twelve signs—  
Though not so told by John.  
The ladder which old Jacob saw  
Extending up to heaven,  
With angels passing up and down,  
In two ways may be given.

Behold yon bright nocturnal bow—  
Yon arch or milky way,  
On which the angels of the night  
Are ever seen at play;  
Or as the signs are ever seen,  
Revolving in their sphere,  
Alternately now up—now down—  
(At least they so appear);

So then the ladder could have been,  
The baldrick belt 'twould seem,  
With angels passing up and down,  
As seen in Jacob's dream.  
This for the ladder, then to make  
The heaven more complete,  
The milky way well answered for  
Jerusalem's "Golden Street."

Then add to these the creatures seen,  
Let down on "Peter's sheet,"  
And one would think he heaven saw,  
With all its scenes replete;  
For Peter's creatures plain are seen,  
Up in the shining sphere,  
Four footed beasts, both tame and wild,  
Reptiles and fowls of air;

Behold the Lion strong and bold,  
The bears at the north pole,  
And "Zekiel's" Leopard bounding forth,  
The wild beasts, of the whole;  
The patient ox and harmless sheep,  
And flying steed, are there—  
Four footed beasts of earth, (or tame)  
Live in that upper air.

There hydra, and the Dragon too,  
The Crab and Scorpion,  
Well represent the creeping things,  
Up in the starry zone;  
The flying Eagle there soars forth,  
The Raven black as night;  
While Noah's Dove with olive branch  
In beak is seen in flight.

And there the chained Fishes see,  
And Jonah's whale in-sight,  
The Southern Fish and Dolphin there,  
Adorn the starlit night.  
Now one should hardly feel the need  
Of travelling o'er more ground,  
To show what heaven is; and where  
The "Glory world is found."

But John in speaking of the same,  
Tells us it was four square,  
So we, to show the truth of this,  
Must other facts declare.  
When e'er the "kingdom," is a "square,"  
As seen by John the seer,  
It then descends and on the earth  
All heaven doth appear.

Its corner-stones are then, indeed  
The Earth's great corners four,  
And heaven is the Summer's reign,  
With all its fruitful store.  
'Tis in this heaven here below,  
Where nature's bounties grow,  
"On Jordan's banks" and all the earth,  
Whence "milk and honey flow."

And here the "Living Waters" too  
Abundantly are found;  
And thus it is that earth and heaven,  
With blessings do abound.  
So heaven, you see, as taught by those  
Who wrote in days of yore,  
Is sometimes up, and sometimes down  
On Earth's rich verdant shore.

Thus Heaven, when on Earth, is but  
The Summer Season's reign,  
And when among the stars, it is  
The Baldrick's sheeny train.  
Then whether viewed in Christian light,  
Or that of pagan creed,  
The one may claim the fruit thereof,  
The other sowed the seed.

But neither fruit nor seed are well  
Adapted for the need,  
Of those who relish truth alone,  
From ev'ry mystery freed.

**THE GOD OF ISRAEL.—THE TWELVE TRIBES.—THE TWELVE APOSTLES, &C.**

Though many gods have been portrayed  
In former rhymes, 'tis well  
To speak of Him whom Christians call  
"The God of Israel."  
To know this God, as known of old,  
His very name, indeed,  
Will give to you the secret key,  
To the whole Christian creed;

And priestcraft then will so appear,  
That he who runs may read,  
And ask, how men of sense and truth  
Its cause could ever plead?  
Then let us see what mystery  
There is in that one name;  
For this to learn we only have  
To analyze the same.

Now "Israel" when viewed aright,  
Is *Is* and *Ra* and *El*,  
And each of these as mystic words  
Of pagan gods do tell:  
The first interpreted is fire,  
As we have shown before;  
The second means the ruler high,  
As named in pagan lore;

The third the Sun, as you have seen  
In former lines defined;  
And, lo! we have three pagan gods,  
In this one word combined.  
Then Israel, the ruling Sun,  
Whose very life is fire,  
Is shown to be the pagan's god,  
Clothed in his bright attire.

And yet he is all "Israel's God,"  
You see without mistake  
In Christian lore, the well known God,  
Of "Abe," and "Ike," and "Jake,"  
For was not "Jah" the Hebrew God,  
In word, deed and desire;  
As shown by prophets of his own,  
One vast "consuming fire"?

And where in heaven or on earth,  
Since worlds in order run,  
Can fire be seen that will compare,  
With Solar fire—the Sun?  
Now since we've found "Israel's God,"  
It is not hard to tell  
Who constitute the ever famed  
"Twelve-tribes of Israel."

For since the sire, is solar heat—  
The central ruling one,  
Who else could be his children, but  
The offspring of the Sun?  
Now let us turn to John again—  
The Christian's sacred seer,  
And see what facts we glean from him,  
To prove the claim made here.

In speaking of Jerusalem—  
Israel's "Holy place,"  
He points to twelve bright angels, e'en  
The favored of God's grace.  
These angels move about the gates,  
With names inscribed thereon,  
Which represent the dozen "Tribes  
Of Israel," says John.

(1). In Greek mythology, Cerberus was the name of the triple-headed dog which guarded the entrance to hell.  
(2). Pluto was the ruler of Hades, Erebus, or Hell.  
(3). Brontes was said to forge the thunder-bolts of Jove (or Jehovah).  
(4). Briareus was a monster said to have a hundred arms.

Now have not we, in former lines,  
 Shown up with facts full strong,  
 That all those angels "Gates," and scenes,  
 To Zodiac belong?  
 Yes, every scene that John describes,  
 As we have shown most clear,  
 Is plain displayed in stellar space,  
 On heaven's vaulted sphere.

Then plain it is to candid minds,  
 That those twelve tribes or nations,  
 Are nothing more nor less than twelve,  
 Bright baldric Constellations (8).  
 But now another holy twelve,  
 Comes up by right divine,  
 For they, too, dwell among the stars,  
 And radiantly shine:

And these are known in Gospel tales  
 As "Twelve Apostles" great,  
 The followers of Him who heired  
 Old Israel's estate.  
 'Tis said these twelve were all inspired,  
 By wisdom, truth and light,  
 Whose mission 'twas in later times,  
 The sacred creed to write.

And sure enough we've shown the stuff  
 Of which they formed their creed,  
 In every sense the rubbish left  
 From early pagan seed.  
 To prove this declaration true,  
 We turn again to him  
 Who wrote that might in truth be called,  
 The New Jerusalem whim.

Said he, in pointing out the wall  
 Of that most "Holy City,"  
 With its foundations, twelve in all,  
 ("T would seem a twelve-fold ditty");  
 In them we see the names of twelve  
 Apostles of the Lamb,  
 Which sheep, in fact, is shown to be  
 The Zodiacal Ram.

Now, when we see those names ascribed  
 To certain constellations,  
 What man of common sense can fail  
 To sound these divinations?  
 The twelve apostles, then, in truth,  
 Are leading stars at best,  
 Within the twelve old baldric signs;  
 What need to tell the rest?

But now come up the sacred four,  
 And claim a moment's time,  
 For they have just as good a right  
 To be set forth in rhyme.  
 Then let us see who these may be,  
 For they in truth belong  
 To ancient pagan holy saints,  
 As sung in pagan song.

Remember then, that pagan Time,  
 The ancient pagan "Brahm,"  
 Is father of all other gods,  
 Even of the Christian "Lamb."  
 Now let us bring again to view  
 The Seasons of the year,  
 Where Matthew, Mark, and Luke and John,  
 In truest sense appear.

Now Matthew is the blooming Spring,  
 In which the "Lamb" was born,  
 While Summer was the holy Mark,  
 When Leo hailed the morn;  
 And thus Saint Mark is ever shown  
 With lions at his feet,  
 For then the lions great and small,  
 The Lamb of Spring did greet.

Saint Luke is Autumn, which bespeaks  
 The Saviour Sun mature;  
 While John is Winter, when the Lord's  
 Ascending course is sure.  
 When heaven was seen in form a square,  
 By John the Christian seer,  
 Analogy most plainly speaks  
 The Seasons of the year.

For heaven then was down on earth,  
 As meant in mystic lore,  
 And shown in mystic numbers there,  
 As three, twelve, seven and four.  
 Lo! here these three great corner stones  
 Of the Apostles' Creed,  
 Like all the other timbers grew  
 From purely pagan seed.

But still two other noted ones—  
 "Two witnesses" by name,  
 Come forth to show the dual parts  
 Of Nature's very frame.  
 'Tis Day and Night, or Heat and Cold  
 With all their scenes in view,  
 Which demonstrate the meaning of  
 The mystic number two.

And thus it was that pagans proved  
 Their points in olden times,  
 By any two established facts  
 In earth and stellar climes.  
 The "Shining through" that sang the "Song  
 Of Moses and the Lamb,"  
 Are all the stary hosts of heaven—  
 The Children of "Old Brahm."

Now, Christians, we have waded through  
 Your misty, musty creed,  
 From God to Saint—from heaven to hell,  
 And all its impish breed;  
 And shown, we think, that all you'd claim,  
 From Genesis to John,  
 Is but the same old pagan fraud,  
 Without a garment on.

And here we leave the mystic theme  
 Of "Moses and the Lamb,"  
 And turn where Wisdom points the way  
 To Truth's all-healing balm.  
 With this annotated, we may go  
 O'er life's eternal way,  
 No longer weary, worn and faint;  
 New vigor gained each day.

[THE END OF POEM.]

(8) The Baldric of the skies means the zodiacal belt or zone.

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Mr. Seibert generously offers to further aid us if a subscription is started to save our home. Also Mr. Joseph P. Hazard, has kindly offered to subscribe to that end. Very truly yours,  
 J. NELSON HOLMES.  
 Vineland, N. J., Sept. 5th, 1881.

Another Communication From Mrs. Lucie E. Lewis; Mrs. S. K. Banoroff, Medium, of Toms River, N. J.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—You will remember meeting a Mrs. Lewis at Mrs. Dr. Cutter's lecture room in Jacksonville, Fla.; when I had a few moments talk with you, and invited you to come and see me at my house, which you promised to do, and doubtless would have done, had I not sent word that I would not be able to see you. I now wish to tell you why I could not see you. It was because my guides, as I called the spirits that then controlled me, told me it would not be best to have you come, and prejudiced my mind against you, giving me to understand that you were not a true medium. I heard them, believing they were right, and that you and your guiding spirits were wrong. Fool that I was, to be so blinded to the truth as to seclude myself from those who might have saved me from that power that was destroying me. I was attracted to you, and admired your courage when on the platform beside that noble woman. Yes, my friend, there was something in the sound of your voice which had the true ring in it. And I felt I could not let you pass by me without speaking to you, which I did, as you know; asked you some questions relative to the reform dress which you then wore, and of which I had heard you speak while on the platform. For a few moments I felt that I would like to leave my secluded life, and again go out upon life's stage; but 'twas only momentary. The Jesuits had such control of me, that I discarded those thoughts, as I had everything else, that was right and just to myself; and blindly I let that satanic power lead me on to my ruin and death. I am now conscious that the angels of light and true wisdom directed both you and my dear friend to me; the Doctor who so kindly cared for and nursed me in my illness while at my mother's house. Although I rejected the aid sent to break that Jesuit power and release me when I was in the earth form, it has been a saving ordinance to me since I came to spirit life. For to my friend's guide, Dr. Warren, and your true Indian guides, I now owe my release from that power under which I was held so long in earth life, and which would still have held me since coming to spirit life under their control, had not those blessed spirits come to my rescue and released my spirit from those whom I had so blindly trusted in. They rightly feared I would reveal the truth when once I was able to discern the truth in all its bearings. I have not words to express my gratitude to those noble spirits who led me forth into the light of truth, and to friends who can teach my spirit how to be useful, and thus save others from being misled and ruined as I had been.

Now, I would speak of my mother, and say that it was through her opposition to the truth of Spiritualism that its enemies formed batteries which enabled them to hold so strong a power over me. I was a petted and pampered child; but I let her rule me on those vital points, when I should have shaken myself out of that morbid taste for ease and luxury, and asserted my own independence of thinking and acting for myself. I let myself be persuaded that my nerves were too weak to bear the somewhat noisy confusion of my husband's home. So I took up my abode in the house with my mother, right in the heart of the enemy's camp, and I became a prey to their power over me, both mind and body. I dictate this truth to you, my friend, in hopes that you will cause this message to be given to my mother, either by your own hand or by some one through whom it will reach her at her home in Jacksonville, Florida. That she may know that her daughter, Lucy Lewis, who departed from mortal life, does now return, and through your hand and pen, give utterance to some things I have learned since I came to spirit life, and which I know to be true. That the old Jesuit power, through the priesthood, is still at work to crush out and kill the truth, and all the media they can get under their control; they will lead them on under false pretences step by step, till at last their victims are completely in their power.

I would say to all mediums, never allow your minds to be led by any spirit, to do or say any thing that does not accord with clear reason or sound judgment, and that will not bear investigation. I would say in particular to those mediums who are led to believe they are controlled by Jesus Christ, and are set apart by him to do some great work or deed, that they are foully deceived, as I have learned to my sorrow. Instead, they are being controlled by powerful spirits of the Jesuit order. My most special work will be to warn mediums not to allow their reason to be carried away with the belief of any such control. For I am being taught by wisdom spirits that there is no such a spirit to be found in spirit life as the one the Bible has taught us to believe in as Jesus Christ, the Son of God, being crucified as a savior for the sins of the people. And with what light I have been able to gather for myself in the short time I have been in spirit life, I believe their teaching is the truth!

My friend, I don't know where to leave off, I have so much I want to communicate to you. I am just like a little child that has for the first time been taken to see some great doings, and is so delighted that it can't keep quiet. It is much so with my spirits restlessness. I want to be up and doing—to take hold of my work in earnest. I have been led to my much esteemed friend, Dr. Abbie E. Cutter, and from her I gained much strength. Your guides have escorted me to you. Once, while you were being controlled by an ancient spirit, my guide told me that his name was Jacob Capan. By him I was most powerfully instructed, which has developed my spirit unfolded very much; causing my spirit to feel anxious to exert itself to dispel the delusion which the majority of the people are laboring under—that there is a Jesus Christ to save them from their sins. My advice to every one is to wake up and throw off that old belief before you come to the spirit side of life, or you will cry in vain, as I did, for help from your old teachers, and your only answer will be derisive scorn.

To my mother, I would say that your daughter lives and speaks to you beyond the grave. Give ear to her advice when she tells you that you are surrounded by the Jesuit power which would close your ears to the teachings of truth. Oh, dear mother, break from the coils which the enemy has cast around you; and know that it is not all life to live in the mortal state, nor is it all death to the soul to leave it. For the awakening into conscious life on this side of the grave is one of reality, and one of happiness, or of suffering, according to the lives we have lived. If we wilfully throw away the light which the spirits of wisdom and truth are ever striving to teach us, then our remorse will be greater. If you reject the truth, in what-

ever way we come to bring it to you, then you cannot say the truth was never given to you. So, dear mother, I command you, I can, to give you proof that I live; and you know just how I was blinded by my own guides, as well as through the teachings of ignorant people Jesus coming to teach or save any soul. For the light was sent to me and I heeded it not. And you, my mother, rejected my friend's light also.

To you, my noble friend—for so let me now call you—I now know what your work is, and I see that you have a powerful band of faithful spirit friends, who are assisting you in your struggle with the demon errors, or the old theological power of Jesuits. And your own innate love of justice, truth and right, enable you to be a good instrument in their hands, to wield with powerful force, to break down their batteries, and enter their strongholds, and take from them their idols. May you and your noble husband long live to dispense the truth which your spirit teachers are giving you, is the desire of one who would be remembered as a spirit friend for truth.

Lucy E. Lewis.

What Good Has Spiritualism Done?

Beloit, Wis., Oct. 23, 1881.

Editor Mind and Matter:

I hope you will not think, from my continued silence, that I am any less interested in your fearless sheet, or the course which you are so bravely advocating.

Indeed, MIND AND MATTER shines more brilliantly with age; and as an exponent of Spiritualism, towers above the time-serving publications as a giant above the pygmies.

The communications of ancient spirits through Alfred James, with your sturdy defence of mediums, are telling blows against priestcraft and superstition. These, with Bro. Mendenhall's contribution, "Christianity a Fiction," have made the late numbers doubly interesting.

I am glad there is one man capable, and who has the nerve to stand at the front with open eyes and ears, ready to perceive the approach of the enemy, whether coming through the cowardice of those who claim to be, and should be, faithful watchmen upon the towers, or coming in the guise of Christian Spiritualism, or seeking to make a deadly charge in the brutal assaults of such men as Brick Pomeroy. As he at least infers that Christianity and Spiritualism are one and the same, I presume they who are such sticklers for Christian Spiritualism are correspondingly delighted with his estimate of mediums and mediumship.

A more brutal and cowardly article was never penned; and it has been and will be relished by every cross-roads editor who has more bigotry than brains, and whose natural instincts make them scent carrion farther than they can anything decent and wholesome.

To be consistent, these same editors should publish Pomeroy's estimate of prayer, especially prayer in behalf of the assassinated President, which did as much good as blowing a tin horn up a chimney.

A specimen brick of this class of editors is the "Reverend" who presides over the *Clinton Herald*, in this State, who first published part of the Pomeroy article, prefaced by a few lines editorial, and when a few Spiritualists protested against the damnable slander, came out in the next issue of his paper with the whole article, with editorial comments, reiterating that Spiritualism is a fraud and all mediums humbugs, and asking the same old question, what good has it done, and if spirits can tell anything, and where is Charlie Ross, and where is the Jeanette.

Christian theology assumes that the Infinite Spirit of the universe is angry with the result of his own creating, and has prepared a place of eternal torment for all who will not take advantage of its spiritual bankrupt act (vicarious atonement); that but few will be saved, and that few, not because there is anything in them worth saving, but they are to be redeemed spiritual dead-heads throughout eternity, through the merits of an innocent person.

Salvation according to the Christian plan is not to be had because one is deserving, but is a free gift, and to be obtained by believing something, and Christian theology has forever sung the same old song of—

"A populous hell and a pitiful heaven,  
 Good fellows damned and bad sinners forgiven,"

until it has succeeded in driving multitudes into materialism, and many more are on the way.

So far as my experience goes, the clergy, when they cannot meet a man in fair argument, fall to abusing him as though that would settle the question. Spiritualism is a fact in the universe, and has come to stay. It is dependent upon no earthly potentate for its coming, staying or going, and demonstrates itself through mediumship. It is not a religion any more than astronomy, chemistry or geology, and no amount of argument will settle the question. The only thing that will settle it is investigation.

But if a man is too cowardly, too bigoted or too lazy to investigate its claims, then, so far as I can see, he will have to remain in blissful ignorance concerning it. There are none so blind as those who will not see. That there are bad men and bad women who have a knowledge of Spiritualism, for one I do not deny. That there are perils in mediumship, I do know. But that Spiritualists, as a class, are any worse than Christians, is a priestly lie. Their pots are fully as black as our kettles; and for every medium or Spiritualist that the Christian fraternity can black-ball, I will offset, and give the name of some clergyman whose general cussedness has been published in the daily press, and not only published, but proved.

It is about time our Christian friends took account of stock, and see if they have sufficient capital to continue in their dirty work of mud-throwing.

Our Clinton friend has made the same mistake that all superficial investigators have made, in supposing that when human beings are disrobed of the physical, they immediately become as gods, knowing all things.

Bro. Roberts, why don't their God find Charlie Ross and the Jeanette? He has been appealed to, and knows every thing. Besides, he is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. Why did he not cure Garfield? Do these gentry expect more of some human intelligence than their God is capable of accomplishing? It would seem so from their questioning.

For the benefit of our reverend editor, and all others who are continually making the inquiry as to the good Spiritualism has done, I will try and state some of the good things already accomplished.

It has in nearly thirty-one years done what Christianity has failed to do in eighteen hundred years.

It has satisfactorily answered the question, If a man die, shall he live again?

It has bridged the gulf between the world material and the world spiritual, and thousands are rejoicing in the absolute knowledge that their dear ones live and have them still.

It has annihilated that monstrosity of paganism, an angry God. It has killed the Christian's Devil. It has knocked the bottom out of Hell, and in the place of fire and brimstone, has substituted a river of pure and living water, which shall be for the healing of the nations.

In short, it has played havoc with Christian theology, and sent it higher than Beecher's Life of Christ.

It has been the fashion for the Clergy to ignore it, abuse it, lie about it, and vilify its adherents.

It still lives, and is in a thriving condition, and is surely finding its way into our periodicals, the daily press, and private walks of life; and lastly, into the Christian pulpit, which is no longer a leader of things spiritual, but is content to bring up the rear, as fast as it becomes popular enough and safe for them to do so.

I have no ill will toward Christians, or any human being, but I hate Christian theology with every drop of blood in my veins; and will do all I can with tongue or pen, to help kill the monster, and bury its defunct and worthless carcass beyond the possible hope of a redemption.

WILL C. HODGE.

To the Editor of Mind and Matter:

Being a peripatetic mortal, it becomes a part of my experience, to note the varied conditions of humanity; and the status of our glorious philosophy in different localities. No person has a fuller appreciation of the phenomena of Spiritism than the present writer. Realizing the fact of its demonstration of continuous conscious existence, (after the dissolution of the earthly body,) of the Ego. Blessings on the brave, the fearless mortal who dares defend our media. There are other issues, however, so closely interwoven with the interests of humanity, and involving the right and power to investigate and enjoy, the good conferred by the spirit world through those various means, which render it imperative, for their own protection, to give these matters their serious and immediate attention. To maintain the right to observe these phenomena, and the right to teach the natural truths, (or truths of Nature,) evolved from and through them, appears at present the most necessary work to be accomplished. On this central point, all thoughtful reformers must agree, in belief, even if they do not admit it.

It would seem that good common sense, would affirm the stern and immediate necessity, of dropping all hair-splitting, as to names or titles, at least, until we are assured of safety from the attacks of the church: not so much by open opposition, as by quietly consolidating her power and working forces against spiritual freedom, does she at present menace our liberties. If we turn to the actual wealth of these untried institutions, what do we see? Look at old Trinty with her vast wealth, hidden from the world, compounding her interest by commercial transactions! Look at the American Bible Society, the Young Men's Christian Association, with their ramifications interwoven as a network over the United States. These institutions hold real estate; they contract notes; they have placed a Comstock, as a guard over their interest; they have one of their most bigoted number at the head of this government to-day. Again, the Catholic church holds immense landed property, and derives from it large and constant income, demanded by its hierarchy and as scrupulously paid by its million of votaries. We have constantly before us the fact, as we believe, of the Jesuits of that church, using even our mediums, and what profess to be our journals, to further their plans against liberty; confusing and dividing our ranks, by causing and keeping alive, dissensions and petty jealousies among Spiritualists and mediums.

In view of these undeniable facts, Mr. Editor, does it not seem that real workers should avoid all this wrangling about name. As to the propriety of calling Spiritism a religion, does it not seem puerile and childish to waste valuable time and space in making mountains out of mole-hills. Rest assured, Mr. Editor, the church is not wasting her strength thus. She is sending out, under different guises, or rather disguises, her spies; to discover the numerical and pecuniary strength of the Liberals all over the land.

One word more. Just as the judicial officials are admitting Spiritism to be a religion, and as such, under the protection of our constitution; some of our zealous writers, are moving heaven, earth and hades, to disprove it. Let them beware, lest in their anxiety to prove something, they succeed in showing that they have "lost their heads." Would they open the prison doors, for mediums of all phases? We confidently look to you, Mr. Editor, to promptly exclude anything tending in that direction, from the truth giving columns of the medium's friend,

For Truth and Liberty,  
 F. M. C. MOSELEY,  
 Lowell, Michigan, Oct. 23, 1881.

[We would say to the writer of that letter, that no greater mistake could be made than for the friends of Spiritualism to claim that it is a religion, when it is no more a religion than any other department of human knowledge. Some Spiritualists, like our friend and correspondent, think that under the constitution and laws of the United States, the right to search for and proclaim truth, is only tolerated in the name or disguise of a religious belief or faith. Nothing could be more mistaken. The right to investigate, determine, and advocate any truth is the right of every American citizen; and in no sense or respect whatever relates to the matter of religious faith or belief. That Spiritualists should seek to narrow that right to the mere matter of religious conviction, we, for one, can see no propriety in doing.—Ed.]

ANOTHER MATTER, ENTIRELY.—"I understand you told in a store that I wasn't a man to be depended on," said Hickenlooper to Wigglesworth, as they met, the other morning. "Taint so," promptly denied Wigglesworth. "What I said was that you were a tergiversationist." "Oh, well, that's quite another thing," responded Hickenlooper; "I'm much obliged for your good opinion." And he shook Wigglesworth warmly by the hand and ambled away.

EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

MIND AND MATTER is on sale at Frohisher Hall, No. 23 East 14th street, New York city, every Sunday morning and evening.

DR. B. F. BROWN, Lewiston, Me., keeps MIND AND MATTER and The Banner of Light always on file at his office for the benefit of strangers.

SUBSCRIBERS to the Spiritual Offering who fail to receive their paper on time will please notify the publishers direct, and immediate attention will be given. Address D. M. Fox, Newton, Iowa.

Mrs. DR. WHEELER, No. 38 N. 5th street, Camden, N. J., late of New Haven, Conn., Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healer, solicits a thorough testing of her powers. Examinations, \$1; treatment, \$2. Satisfaction guaranteed.

HON. WARREN CHASE lectured in Metropolitan Hall, Vineland, N. J., October 23d and 30th. He will speak in the same place November 13th and 20th, and may be addressed at Vineland, N. J., until December 1st.

RHODES' HALL, 505 1/2 NORTH EIGHTH STREET.—Regular services are held at this hall every Sunday afternoon and evening at the usual hours, 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock.

A. S. ROTHERMEL writes from Worcester, Mass., November 8th, that he is now in that city, and will give seances in Massachusetts for one month. Address him at 45 Pleasant street, Boston, Mass.; care of M. E. Taylor.

ELSIE (CRINDLE) REYNOLDS will hold Seances for Materialization and Physical Manifestations, at 525 South Eleventh street, every evening, at eight o'clock, sharp, until further notice. Admission, \$1.00.

TO SPIRITUALISTS.—A small Spartan band of Spiritualists in the city of Atlanta, Ga., are endeavoring to publish a Spiritual magazine, and appeal to the Spiritualists throughout the country for subscriptions. Terms \$2.50 per year. Address C. C. Stockell, Atlanta, Ga.

SUBSCRIBERS writing to us to change the address of their paper must state their last address as well as the address they wish it changed to. Simply saying, "Change address of my paper," puts us to great inconvenience and trouble, which can easily be avoided by giving the present address.

MANCHESTER, N. H., June 27, 1881.—The Spiritualist Society hold public circles every Sunday at 6.30 P.M., in their hall, No. 14 Opera House Block, Hanover street; lectures commencing September 11th. Asa Emery, President; Jos. Freschl, Vice President; G. F. Rumrill, Secretary.

A SPIRITUALIST'S and Medium's meetings are held at Grimes' Hall, 13 South Halsted street, Sundays, 3 P. M. J. Matthew Shea, M. D., clairvoyant and test medium, assisted by other well known clairvoyants, present each Sunday. Geo. Mostow, Chairman. Chicago, Ill., Oct. 4, 1881.

THE Chicago Progressive Lyceum has opened, after its summer vacation, in Union Park Hall on Madison street, near Bishop's court. Its sessions commence at 12.30 and close at 2.30 P. M. Sundays. Socials for the children will be given every second and fourth Wednesday evenings at the same place.

C. & H. V. Ross, the well-tried mediums, write us that they have leased a house, No. 172 South Main street, Providence, R. I., where they will hold materializing seances Sunday and Wednesday evenings and Thursday afternoons, the rest of the week being entirely taken up with private seances.

CHARLES NELSON, medium, will hold a circle every Sunday evening, till further notice, at Thompson Street Church (Second Spiritual Association), between Front street and Frankford road. Seats free. Public invited. A collection will be taken to defray expenses, and perfect order will be maintained.

PLATFORM CALLS.—Any prominent speaker wishing a transient or permanent engagement may meet with acceptable conditions, by addressing Dr. L. H. Nason, 277 Forquer street, or 517 W. Madison street, Chicago, Ill. Dr. Nason has secured a hall in that city and will be happy to meet any brethren from abroad.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH.—We have on sale at our office, the very well executed half life size lithographic likeness of our lamented late President, accompanied by an autograph note, published by the Shober and Carquerville Lithographic Company, 119 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. Price 25 cents, including postage.

SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.—We are prepared to furnish any of the standard or other Spiritual and Liberal publications at publishers' prices, adding postage, when such is charged to us. Such books and publications as we have not in stock will be ordered from the publishers, and forwarded, upon receipt, without delay, or sent direct from the publishers to the party ordering.

In this issue of our paper the poem of J. H. Mendenhall, medium, which has been running through the last six numbers, is concluded. Next week we shall publish as a supplement or sequel thereto, a communication given by impression through the same medium on the 1st day of May, 1850, which communication, without further present comment or introduction, we will let speak for itself.

THE New Hampshire State Spiritualist Association will hold a Quarterly Convention at Putney Hall, Sutton Mills, Saturday and Sunday, November 19th and 20th. Good speakers are expected. Provision will be made for the entertainment of visitors. Per order. ANNA M. TWISS, M. D., Secretary.

MORE than six months ago Mr. William E. Barnard, at the Consolidated Railroad Depot, had his left arm paralyzed, leaving it entirely useless. By the advice of a friend he was induced to try the magnetic powers of Mrs. L. A. Pascoe, 137 Trumbull street, and in one hour and a half it was restored to its former usefulness in the presence of two persons, and has remained so ever since.—Hartford Corr. Daily Times.

Our valued friend, Mrs. Anna Kimball, is desirous of obtaining permanent employment some where, as lecturer and psychometrist. She would visit places wherever there is a nucleus of friends who wish to associate for progressive work. Her address is Dunkirk, N. Y. P. O. Box 241. We have had personal experience with Mrs. Kimball, and are fully and freely given our testimony as to her extraordinary psychometric powers.

DR. ABBIE E. CUTTER commences a course of lectures on Physiology and Hygiene in the Rev. Dr. Cudworth's Church, Meridian street, East Boston, Monday evening, Nov. 7th. These lectures are for the benefit of the Ladies' Physiological Society of East Boston, which Dr. Cutter was instrumental in forming, a year ago, at the close of a lecture given in Dr. Cudworth's church.

THE First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago hold regular meetings every Sunday evening in Fairbanks' Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. Bible interpretations, through Mrs. Richmond, in Martin's parlor, corner of Wood and Walnut streets. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, regular speaker; L. Bushnell, M. D., president; Collins Eaton, secretary.

WE will next week publish a most important communication purporting to come from the spirit of the late Roman Catholic Archbishop Spaulding of Baltimore, given through the mediumship of Miss M. T. Shelhamer, at the Banner of Light public circle, and published in that paper of November 5th inst. It is in our view undoubtedly authentic, and shows, as nothing else could show, the wickedness and folly of continuing to propagate a religion that is so utterly false and delusive as is the Christian faith.

CORRESPONDENTS sending us articles intended for publication must invariably, to secure notice of the same, adhere to the following RULES: Write plainly with ink on one side of the paper only, and avoid inclosing scraps to be arranged and dovetailed on by the editor; and don't write carelessly and hastily, with the request to the editor to "excuse haste and correct mistakes." Whatever is worth the time of the editor or his assistants to arrange or correct, is assuredly worth the writer's time, and should be done by the latter. This notice is final, and will not be repeated, but all communications not conforming to the above rules will either be returned or cast aside.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is called to the communications from Clyde, Ohio, in another column, fully and entirely vindicating Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds and her son, Harry Crindle, from the disgraceful charges and proceedings against them by professed Spiritualists at that place. In our next we will give full particulars of a test seance held by Mrs. Reynolds on Tuesday evening of this week at the house of Col. S. P. Kase, in presence of a highly intelligent and critical circle, under the most rigid tests, when, in spite of the unfavorable conditions surrounding the medium, owing to the fearful trials through which she had so recently passed, the manifestations of materialization and other phenomenal tests were of a most remarkable and convincing nature.

WE have on file for publication several communications from our friends, which have been regrettably crowded out, but which will appear as far as room can be found in our next issue. Among them are: "A letter from B. Kilhholz of Chicago, Ill., relating some incidents of the mediumship of Jesse Shepard and of Mrs. Bromwell;" "two letters from Dr. Abbie E. Cutter of Wickett's Island upon various subjects of interest to those sympathizing with her in her admirable work; one from Mrs. H. Liddell, of Antwerp, Ohio, endorsing Miss Shollenberger and Dr. J. M. Shea; two communications from A. G. Hollister of Mount Lebanon, N. Y., upon separate subjects; and "Spiritual Barnacles, No. 4," "The New Religion," from the pen of E. A. Chapman, Lowell, Michigan. Also an address "To the friends of Equal Taxation in Michigan."

THE COMMUNICATIONS FROM ANCIENT SPIRITS THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF ALFRED JAMES.—A desire having been expressed by several of our correspondents to have the communications purporting to come from ancient spirits, bearing upon the subject of the origin and truth of the Christian religion—as published from time to time in MIND AND MATTER—in a consecutive shape for convenient reference, we would state that it has been our fixed intention to collect these communications and arrange them in book form, together with our own comments thereon, and such confirmative or corroborate information,

as we may obtain in the course of our researches in the same direction. This will probably make a volume of some 400 to 450 pages, and will therefore be an undertaking, involving much labor and considerable risk, and it would encourage us in the work, if those of our friends who have any desire to possess the work when completed, would notify us of such desire—that we may judge about how far we may expect to be sustained in our efforts to arrive at the truth in regard to a subject of so much importance to humanity.

An Appeal.

Owing to long continued ill-health, I have been unable to resume my mediumship for over a year. Our home, the savings of many years, is now about to be sold to satisfy claims to the amount of about \$500. Will the friends contribute their mite toward a fund to relieve us from the impending calamity of losing our homestead? Reluctantly we make known our distress through dire necessity, knowing not where or to whom to look for assistance except to those in whose behalf we have labored faithfully for many years. This petition is made as the last resort, having exhausted every effort to relieve ourselves rather than publicly ask aid. Respectfully,

J. NELSON HOLMES, JENNIE W. HOLMES.

WE take from the Banner of Light the appeal of Mr. and Mrs. J. Nelson Holmes for assistance in their pressing distress, and we trust it will not be vain. Mr. Holmes' health, as we know, has been such for a long time as to preclude his pursuing his mission as a medium, and thus he has been compelled to incur liabilities that are now harassing him. Those who know what these veteran mediums have endured, in the service of the spirit world, should not refuse them such assistance as is in their power, and that without delay. Their address is Vineland, N. J., to which place remittances should be made directly.

Dr. J. Matthew Shea's Liberal Offer.

Bro. Roberts.—If you will say to the public that any one who will subscribe through me for MIND AND MATTER for one year, I will give them one private sitting and one ticket to my Materializing Seances; this to hold good until further notice. JOSEPH MATTHEW SHEA, M. D., 87 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Dobson's Liberal Offer.

For the purpose of extending the circulation of MIND AND MATTER, I make the following offer to any person sending me \$1.25 and two 3-cent stamps they will receive MIND AND MATTER for six months, and I will answer ten questions of any kind and examine any diseased person free (by independent slate writing). Send lock of hair, state age and sex and leading symptoms. Maquoketa, Iowa.] DR. A. B. DOBSON.

An Extraordinary Offer of Dr. A. B. Dobson.

DEAR BROTHER:—You can say to the readers of your noble paper, that any diseased person who will send me two 3c. postage stamps, a lock of hair, age and sex, and one leading symptom, I will diagnose their case free by independent slate writing.

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BROTHER ROBERTS:—You may say in your paper that I will give a free examination of persons who would like to know whether they are obsessed or not, if they will subscribe for MIND AND MATTER six months or one year. Any person accepting this offer must send a note from you to that effect. All applications by letter must contain a lock of hair of the applicant, age, sex, etc., and one three-cent postage stamp. Address B. F. Brown, Box 28, Lewiston, Maine. This proposition to remain open until further notice. B. F. BROWN. [We regard the above proposition of Mr. Brown as a most important one to the afflicted apart from the interest we have in it.—Ed.]

A Vitaphathic Physician's Kind offer.

Any person sending me \$2.00 and two 3-cent postage stamps, with lock of their hair, age, sex, and leading symptoms and location of their disease, I will give them a free examination and advice, and send the two dollars to pay for MIND AND MATTER for them one year. J. B. CAMPBELL, M. D., V. D., 266 Longworth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A Chicago Medium's Generous Offer.

No. 7 Laffin St. cor of Madison St. To those who will subscribe through me for MIND AND MATTER one year, I will give a sitting for spirit tests. This offer to hold good for six months from date: Yours Respectfully, Mrs. MARY E. WEEKS.

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Among its contributors will be found our oldest, ablest writers. In it will be found Lectures, Essays upon Scientific, Philosophical, and Spiritual subjects; Spirit Communications and Messages. In No. 1, Vol. IV., of date September a new Inspirational Story was commenced, entitled, "Mysteries of the Border Land; or, The Unconscious Side of Conscious Life," by Mrs. Nettie P. Fox.

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provided for the spirits to play upon. At first there was a hitch, the 'control' pretending to be very angry at some fancied indignity, but he presently got over his gruffness, and began manifestations. The circle was formed on chairs around the pitch-dark room, with hands joined, the medium being seated, or supposed to be, in an entranced state, on a chair in the centre of the space bounded by the circle. Some beautiful songs were sung through the horn, which passed around in the air above the circle, or sometimes touched the heads of its members; tunes were played on the other instruments, a few spirit lights appeared, the alleged spirit of a little child said a few things, and 'Mr. Gruff' did a good deal of talking, prolonging the seance to a late hour, against the remonstrances of the son of the medium, who alleged uneasiness for the physical condition of his mother, who had been sick, etc. At length the circle broke up with the understanding that a paid seance would be held at the same place the next (Saturday) evening.

While the dark circle was in progress, Friday evening, Mr. Wm. A. Hunter, by reaching out his foot, succeeded in getting hold of the chair in which the entranced medium should have been sitting. She was not there, and Mr. Hunter moved the chair about without trouble. The suspicions of fraud on his mind then became confirmed convictions; hence the happenings and exposure of the following evening, now to be related.

So much the worse for Mr. William A. Hunter. That he said nothing of his wonderful discovery about the empty chair when he alleges it was made, shows that that lie was an after thought and invention to cover up the infamy with which the conspirators, of whom this villain was the prime mover, eternally disgraced and damned themselves. Had he made any such discovery, he would have been only too glad to make the most of it, at the time, to injure Mrs. Reynolds. It was a lying after thought, evidently. It is a chronic habit with such human cattle, to never dare to confront a medium with their suspicions or grounds of suspicion, at the time of their alleged occurrence, but they sneak away to concoct and publish their lies when it is impossible to confront them with their untruthfulness. What a dirty cowardly sneak this Wm. A. Hunter must be! We have given all this irrelevant lying in order that we shall take no advantage of these hypocritical professors of Spiritualism, and mean, contemptible slanderers of an innocent woman. We will now come to the only portion of this tissue of falsehoods that has even the appearance of relevancy.

"Saturday evening, a small circle gathered, as none of the local Spiritualists would make any effort to induce other people to attend, what they themselves believed to be a fraud and swindle. The opening act was the performance of the young man, Harry Crindle, of some of his manifestations. For this purpose, a curtain had been drawn, previous to the assembling of the circle, across the corner of the audience room, reaching perhaps half way to the ceiling. In front of this curtain, when the seance opened, the young man seated himself with Mr. George E. Sweetland close at his side. The manifestations consisted in throwing of bells, horns, tambourines and other things, over the top of the curtain from behind into the circle, these throwings being the alleged work of spirits.

"The house of Mr. Drown has a long porch on the east front, from which windows open into the rooms used. Through one of those windows, Messrs. Chester and Wm. A. Hunter, who had stationed themselves outside for the purpose, saw hands reach from the circle room through an aperture in the curtain, take the things from off the table placed there, and throw them upward and forward into the room; thus performing the tricks for which spirits were getting credit. Mr. Hunter is confident that he saw both a right and a left hand used in this way. Thus were these manifestations accounted for."

There seems to be a fatality that ever attends the lying invented to injure spiritual mediums. We in this instance believe that Mr. Hunter saw just what he said he did; but he saw enough to demonstrate, that Henry Crindle was as innocent of any deception at that seance, as the Hunters were guilty of conspiracy to injure him. Hunter saw one hand too many for his purpose, that is very evident, to any one who has ever witnessed this phase of spiritual phenomena. With Mr. Crindle sitting facing the circle, close beside Mr. Sweetland, it would have been impossible for him to have used his left hand through the middle of the curtain, if he sat close to Mr. Sweetland, even if he could have used his right hand as stated. If there was a left hand put through that aperture in the curtain, it must have been either Mr. Sweetland's hand, or it was a spirit hand in the very necessity of the case. That Sweetland was helping Mr. Crindle to cheat is preposterous as we will show before we are through. That "left or right hand," as the case may be, was just one hand too many to place any wrong upon the medium. Beside it is not pretended that the hand that threw the bell over the curtain was seen above the curtain in throwing the bells and horns over it. If such was the fact it was physically impossible for Mr. Crindle to have thrown those things upward and forward, as any one can see who will try the experiment. So far therefore as the Hunters have been able to invent anything, it is all in favor of the medium. We have seen similar phenomena in the presence of Mr. Crindle, when we know it was a physical impossibility for him to have simulated them. But we must follow the lying story.

"Presently the materializing began, the same rooms being used, with everything prepared as above described for Friday evening. Messrs. Hunter now took their stations at a window on the north side of the house, which gave them a view into the room used as a cabinet. The light from the circle room showed through the transom above the door, and also through apertures

in and at the sides of the curtain. Themselves standing in the darkness outside, by this light they could see every move made by the medium. They saw her dress and undress, change masks and costumes for the different characters, and appear at the aperture in the curtain, representing one materialized spirit after another. The proof was positive and convincing—there could be no doubt about it—the whole performance was deception and a fraud. Leaving his brother to keep up the watch on the outside, Mr. William A. Hunter quietly entered the room, and with an apology for his lateness, [He is a confessed liar, it would seem.—Ed.] joined the circle. As the manifestations progressed, he professed deep interest and absorption. [Who can doubt he is a hypocrite and liar, when he confesses that fact?—Ed.] When the actress of the previous evening—Julia Dean Hayne—appeared, she came clear out of the cabinet, walked to the head of the circle, caressed one or two persons there, then returned behind the table, beckoned first young Crindle and then Mr. Hunter to her, and began gently stroking the latter's head. This was his opportunity. He seized the spiritualized actress by the arm, found it a good healthy arm of flesh and blood, and held on, to keep her in view of the remainder of the circle. At this moment young Crindle, who was sitting in charge of the light as on the previous evening, sprang forward, struck Mr. Hunter a blow in the neck, and by keeping up a struggle, compelled him to let go his hold of the woman, who quickly got back in to the cabinet room, shutting and fastening or holding the door. By this time the seance was broken up and the whole matter speedily made known to those present.

"Mr. Hunter then started up town to procure a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Crindle and her son. In his absence of an hour they got out of the house. It was now ten o'clock, and a watch was kept on the 10.15 train west, but they did not get off on that. Circumstances led the officers, Constable Harnden and night-watchman Ganter, to think they might be in the house of Mr. Geo. E. Sweetland, corner of Forest and Main. Whither they went, and learned from Mrs. Sweetland that neither Mrs. Crindle nor her son was there, but the paraphernalia they had used was in the house. This was reported by the officers to Mr. Hunter, who was waiting outside. The three men entered the house and asked to see the things. Mrs. Sweetland produced them, with the remark that her husband had said 'not to let Mr. Hunter know they were there, but let the poor devils go.' Mr. Hunter directed the officers to take charge of the things and carry them to the Mayor's office, which was done. The lot consisted of seven masks or false faces, a flexible rubber tube about five feet long, a lot of white gauze, and a silk and satin vesture with a string of cheap imitation diamonds attached,—the same worn by Mrs. Crindle in personating the spirit of Julia Dean Hayne at the moment of being arrested in her career of deception. The large tin horn, a music box, tambourine, two bells, two wigs, and some other things, were brought into the Mayor's office, Sunday and Monday.

"Sunday, the parties were arrested in Fremont, whither they had walked, by Marshal Hlocke, on a telegram from Marshal Nuneviller, and about dark, Sunday evening, the latter brought them back to Clyde. The young man was lodged that night in the calaboose, and Mrs. Crindle securely locked in an upper room of the Nichols House. Monday morning, they were arraigned before Mayor Bush, on a charge of seeking to obtain money under false pretenses. E. B. Williams, Esq., of Fremont, appeared as their counsel, and by his advice they pleaded guilty, and were fined \$5.00 each and costs, about \$23.00 in all. They did not have money to pay the fine, but Mrs. Crindle pledged a gold watch as security, which with their 'working tools' yet remains in possession of the Mayor. \* \* \*

"Their trunks were left at Fremont when they came here, which in connection with other things, makes it plain that the masks, wigs and clothing, used by her in dressing for the various characters, were carried concealed about her person. It is not probable that any exposure would or could have been made except through the efforts of the Spiritualists themselves. The Messrs. Hunters, both of whom as is well known are pronounced Spiritualists, were warmly endorsed and encouraged in their action by all the Spiritualists of the village. Whatever may be the effect of the exposure, the credit belongs to those people who have thus demonstrated the sincerity of their own belief in Spiritualism, and an honest desire to protect themselves and others from imposition.

"It is from no volition of our own, but at the urgent request of those who were immediately interested and active in the exposure, who say that without such mention, an account of the affair would not be complete, that the plot taken in the same by Mr. George E. Sweetland is made public. We have not desired to do this, because of the liability to misconception of motives. But the persons who encouraged and made the exposure, censure Mr. Sweetland severely. They believe him to have been in active collusion with the swindlers. Else they ask how did their things come to his house within less than a half hour after the exposure? Why did he direct that the fact of their being there be kept secret? And why did he not show an interest, when opportunity offered, in aiding the officers to capture the parties after their escape? These people believe they have evidence that in getting their things away from the house of Mr. Drown, and in getting out of the village themselves, the swindle was actively aided and abetted by Mr. Sweetland."

Such is the statement which the Clyde conspirators procured to be published in the *Enterprise* of that place. Is there any person possessed of common sense, who can fail to see through this whole transaction of cowardly, sycophantic toadyism to the prejudices of Christian bigots and Materialist ignoramuses, who alike fear the truths which Modern Spiritualism has been bringing to the knowledge of mortals? Now, what are the facts as stated by themselves? Briefly, they are as follows, viz.: Mrs. Reynolds, at a considerable expense and trouble to herself, goes to Clyde to fulfil a promise made by her guide, to give a free seance to certain persons in the town of Clyde, Ohio, calling, or rather mis-calling, themselves Spiritualists. Prominent among these persons were Chester Hunter, Wm. A. Hunter, Geo. E. Sweetland, Dennis Drown, and others whose names are not connected with the outrage perpetrated upon

Mrs. Crindle and her son. To these dead-heads, to the number of thirty or more persons, Mrs. Reynolds gave a seance at which the manifestations were such that not one of these spongers dared to so much as lip an exception or objection to them. Having kept her word, and as she supposed, given entire satisfaction to those who had found fault with her previous seance, Mrs. Reynolds proposed to give a seance the next evening to those who were willing to pay her for her mediumistic services. Mrs. Reynolds was encouraged to so by Mr. Drown and wife and others, whom she regarded as truthful, honorable people, and the next evening and the same place were appointed for the seance. Of the thirty or more dead-heads, only Sweetland and his wife attended, on the invitation of Mrs. Reynolds' son. Sweetland is the editor and publisher of a local paper in Clyde, and is himself a real or pretended medium. He expressed his interest and confidence in the manifestations he had witnessed, and declared that he would publish a full and fair statement of whatever might occur. Supposing him honest in his professions, he was invited by Mr. Crindle, as stated, to attend the announced pay seance free. The part he afterwards acted shows conclusively that he was a co-conspirator with the two Hunters and the Drowns, to consummate the ruin of Mrs. Reynolds and her son. How completely these miserable hypocrites failed of accomplishing their purposes, will be made plain by all the facts. As to the statement attributed to the two Hunter brothers, in regard to what they saw take place in the room of Mr. Drown's house, which was used as a cabinet, it carries falsehood on the face of it from beginning to end. We are told that at the previous seance, the light in the circle room was turned down very low, and the recognition of friends in such a dim light was sneered at, as wholly unworthy of credence. And yet these lying slanderers tell us, through the *Enterprise*, that the light of that dimly lighted circle room, passing through the transom of the door and through apertures of the curtain, was sufficient for them to see Mrs. Reynolds "dress and undress, change masks and costumes for the various characters, and appear at the aperture in the curtain, representing one materialized spirit after another." There may be persons fools enough to honestly believe that story; but we take it they are people who are silly enough to believe anything that could possibly be said to the prejudice of mediums or Spiritualism. That the world is full of people, we know, who are such devotees of consecrated falsehood, that they are ready to believe any thing that lying hypocrites may invent to conceal truth and keep it from their fellow-men. It is very evident that Clyde, Ohio, is especially endowed with both these classes of human exercises. In that department of ignorance, hate, prejudice and falsehood she can well claim pre-eminence. Nothing more need be said on that point, and we will therefore take the matter up where the confessedly lying hypocrite, William A. Hunter, grabbed the arm of the spirit form of Julia Dean Hayne, and follow up the affair from that point. This burly and cowardly ruffian does not tell us why, when he grabbed that arm, he did not drag the form into the room, which he could have done, had it been Mrs. Reynolds, in a moment. He pretends that he was prevented from doing so by Mr. Crindle, but the falsehood of that pretence is evident from the fact that he admits that Mr. C. was sitting in charge of the light, quite a distance from the cabinet, when the cowardly grabbing was done. Hunter did not drag that form into the room either because he had not the strength of a weak and slender woman, or because he knew it was a materialized spirit form, and to have done that very natural thing would have vindicated the medium and deflated the plot that he had arranged to misrepresent and injure her. If too weak to drag that form into the room, why was he so miserably and absurdly impotent, unless on account of conscious guilt? View that part of the transaction as we may, either Hunter is a hypocritical coward or he is a bungling and self-convicted knave. He can take his choice. But, here we come to a feature of this case that admits of no mistake as to the lying nature of the statement of the two Hunters as to what they saw going on in that room. Pretending that they saw Mrs. Reynolds using masks, costumes, &c., which she changed from time to time to personate spirits, and pretending to know that all that alleged paraphernalia was in the room where the medium was, instead of insisting on confronting her with the alleged or pretended proofs of her deception, what does this smart, lying scoundrel do but run away to procure a warrant for the arrest of Mrs. Reynolds and her son! He does not pretend that he or any one else asked or attempted to enter the room where the medium was, nor does he pretend that his brother, Chester Hunter, left the house before the mediums did; nor do either of the Hunters, Sweetland, or the Drowns, or any other person, say that when the mediums came to the home of Drown, or when they left it, they were known to have any masks, wigs, dresses, costumes or anything of the kind upon their persons, or that there was any appearance of their having had anything about them but their ordinary everyday garments. Had there been any appearance of such a thing it certainly would have been noticed and mentioned. On this point, all the conspirators have dared to say is, "Their trunks were left at Fremont," [eight miles from Clyde] "when they

came here, which, in connection with other things, makes it plain that the masks, wigs and clothing used by her" [Mrs. Reynolds] "in dressing for the various characters were all carried concealed about her person." Now, why are we not told "those other things" which make it plain that Mrs. R. had anything upon her person to simulate spirit forms? We answer, because it is an insinuated lie that would have been made manifest by any attempt at an open statement. Now what were the articles alleged to have been used by Mrs. Reynolds and worn about her person to deceive the public? We are told they "consisted of seven masks or false-faces, a flexible rubber tube about five feet long, a lot of white gauze and a silk and satin vesture with a string of cheap imitation diamonds attached, \* \* \* two wigs and some other things. Do these liars pretend they found these things on the medium or mediums, or near them, or in any place that either of the mediums had ever been, or knew anything of? Not a bit of it. They were found it is alleged at the house of George E. Sweetland, a place that Mrs. Reynolds and her son had never entered, and of which they knew nothing whatever. When the mediums left Mr. Drown's house to go to Fremont, where they were stopping, they left Sweetland there, and if Hunter and the two officers tell the truth, more than an hour thereafter, when they went to Sweetland's house, he had not returned home from Drown's house. If those things were then at Sweetland's house, how came them there? And why were they there? Is it not plain that Sweetland and his wife were acting in collusion with the Hunters and Drowns to misrepresent Mrs. Reynolds and her son. The conspirators do not dare to state how they came to go to Sweetland's house to look for Mrs. Reynolds and her son. Had they done so they would have made evident the fact that they were one and all acting in collusion to perpetrate the meanest and most brutal outrage that was ever perpetrated. That paraphernalia was gotten up, by the conspirators and put at Sweetland's house, to give a color of truth to the lying and fraudulent plot. They could not take those things to the seance at Drown's, and successfully conceal them so as to show the mediums had anything to do with them; and so Sweetland and his wife were secured to help them carry out the plot, even if they did not help to prepare and plan it. Sweetland who must be as mean a dog as ever disgraced the human form, hypocritically and falsely played the part of a friend to the mediums, who were entire strangers to him, in order to enable his co-conspirators to more successfully perform their respective parts. The meanest part of this whole infamous attempt to crush a genuine, true and faithful medium, is the hypocritical pretence that Sweetland was acting in collusion with the mediums; when on the contrary, every thing points to the fact that he was performing the meanest part in the conspiracy. It cannot be necessary to say more, to show, out of the mouths of the conspirators themselves and by their own admitted acts, that their whole so-called exposure of Mrs. Reynolds and her son, was a bungling attempt of a half dozen or so lying hypocrites, to deceive the public, and gain the applause of the enemies of Spiritualism, under the false and fraudulent pretence that they were Spiritualists. These miserable lying frauds, will have to learn that Spiritualists are only known by their honest and sincere support of Spiritualism, and not by their false and hollow professions of friendship for it. The *Enterprise* which has lent its columns to aid these foiled and baffled sneaking conspirators and slanderers, says in regard to them.

"The Messrs. Hunters, both of whom, as is well known, are pronounced Spiritualists, were warmly endorsed and encouraged in their action by all the Spiritualists of the village. Whatever may be the effect of the exposure, the credit belongs to those people who have thus demonstrated the sincerity of their own belief in Spiritualism, and an honest desire to protect themselves and others from impositions."

In a special editorial the same paper says:

"Considerable space is given on local page to an account of an exposure of pretended spiritualistic mediums, made in this village last Saturday night. The matter is one in which our people have felt a large amount of interest, hence the pains taken to get as complete an account as was possible." [It would thus appear that the conspirators had not dared to disclose all their infamous proceedings.—Ed.] "One feature of the matter should be distinctly understood, and proper credit given for it, namely, that the entire investigation and exposure was made by parties who are themselves believers in spiritualistic doctrine." [What kind of doctrine is that? Lying, fraud, deceit, slander, conspiracy and general devilry? We deny it. They have no relation to Spiritualism or Spiritualists.—Ed.] "The effect of the exposure will be to bring more or less popular ridicule on this form of belief." [We should say so. That "form of belief" cannot be found outside of Clyde, at the present time.—Ed.] "hence the greater amount of credit due those who made it, regardless of this consequence to themselves. In doing what they have, their own honor (!!!) has been demonstrated, and their good will toward people of other beliefs. From an orthodox standpoint, we desire to put on record, this conviction of the sincerity of those Spiritualists (!!!) of Clyde, who were concerned in the exposure, and of the obligations their fellow citizens are under to them for having been thus concerned. It was fortunate that the affair occurred at the home of people so utterly beyond and above all suspicion of collusion with the professed mediums, as Mr. and Mrs. Drown."

There, you mean, cringing, sneaking, conspiring, slandering, lying, deceiving hypocrites, how do you like your "Orthodox" endorsement?

Don't you feel proud of yourselves and your exploits? You ought to, do so, truly, for you have richly earned that humiliating reward for your treachery to your manhood and womankind, as well as to the cause in whose name you have had the unblushing effrontery to perpetrate your villainy. Know that if you have earned the applause of the enemies of Spiritualism, by your base and heartless treachery to it, you have also earned the contempt of every fair-minded lover of truth and honesty, whether in or out of Spiritualism.

Knowing that no sensible person who should read that statement in the *Enterprise*, would credit their bungling and inconsistent conduct, the conspirators sought to gain a little credit for their lies, and they procured and published the following in the same number of that paper:

**"A CARD TO THE PUBLIC."**

"The undersigned, citizens of Clyde, who were conversant with the circumstances attending the late exposure of the fraudulent performances of Elsie and Harry Crindle, professed Spiritualist mediums, have read the account of the exposure printed in the *Clyde Enterprise* of this date. We believe this account to be substantially correct in all particulars, and endorse it as an expression of our knowledge and sentiments in regard to Elsie and Harry Crindle and of their operations here.

J. B. Bush, mayor; Z. Perin, ex-Mayor; Mrs. F. A. Perin, Post-mistress; Chester Hunter, Wm. A. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Drown, [The last four the actors in the conspiracy.—Ed.] J. W. Wolcott, S. A. Bell, Mrs. John McGrew, T. Nuneviller, Marshal; N. R. Ganter, Night Police."

If that card of endorsement can serve any purpose whatever, it can only serve to show what official asses and knavish people can be found in one small Ohio village. We will here say that the only facts in the whole published statement of the conspirators that in the least bears against Mrs. Crindle and her son, are, first, the fact that they fled from the human blood-hounds that were baying on their track; and second, that Mrs. Reynolds and her son "pleaded guilty to the charge of seeking to obtain money under false pretences." As to their flight, it was only made after the most positive opinion of Mrs. Reynolds, and the most emphatic protest that she had done nothing that called her to evade the law. The fears of young Crindle were wrought upon by Sweetland and the Drowns depicting to them the lousy, filthy condition of the "calaboose" in which they knew that Hunter would have them thrown. Mrs. Reynolds was, notwithstanding, determined to stay and face the consequences, but was constrained to leave the house by her son, who could not endure the thought of his mother being subjected to the pre-arranged outrage. If it is any satisfaction to these inhuman brutes, to know the suffering they caused that deeply wronged woman, then let them know, that in that stormy and inclement night, that sensitive and nerve-shocked medium was without shelter, a foot-sore, lost and fainting wanderer in a strange and inhospitable country. O, God! if you can, forgive these poor heartless, villainous—these craven and cowardly toadyers and panderers to the enemies of truth.

On reaching their destination, Fremont, the next morning, Mrs. Reynolds and her son made no attempt to conceal themselves to avoid arrest, but went to their stopping place there, where they awaited the further proceedings of their base and cowardly enemies. They were there arrested and taken back on the perjured charge that they had sought to obtain money under false pretences. The charge was one that no magistrate, who knew anything of his duties, would have for a moment entertained, much less have issued a warrant of arrest upon. Knowing the illegality of his proceedings, Mayor Bush, who is as incompetent a Dogberry as ever held an official position, goes through the farce of imposing a fine upon Mrs. Reynolds and her son, without color of law or common sense. It was not alleged that any money had been paid to the mediums, or that anybody intended to pay them anything for their services as mediums, because to have done so would have been to swear to a manifest lie. Clyde, it would seem, is so destitute of money that it would throw its population into spasms, if a medium should receive a dollar from any one of their number. While they could fill Mr. Drown's rooms as deadheads, not a soul was there in that town that would attend a Spiritual seance at which anything was to be paid. Is it any wonder that the mayor of so God-forsaken a spot should rob a woman of her watch and other property, under the fraudulent pretence that he held them as security for the payment of illegal and fraudulently-imposed penalties for the commission of no offence whatever? Mayor Bush, you had better restore that fraudulently-obtained watch and the other things detained by you belonging to Mrs. Reynolds, or you may find it a dear transaction to you both here and hereafter.

In another column will be found the statement of Mr. Williams, Mrs. Reynolds's counsel, which makes it very plain that Mrs. Reynolds and her son pleaded guilty to nothing. What was said or done was said or done on Mr. Williams's own responsibility, and in such a way as not in the least to compromise Mrs. Reynolds or her son. And here ends this vaunted "exposure of a medium." These wretched foes of decency and truth seem anxious to know what is to be the effect of their diabolical performance. They will not have long to wait, for Nemesis is on their track, and that effect will soon be seen. If they have any feeling or conscience left to them, they will call upon the mountains to fall upon them and cover them from the sight of their fellow-beings.

**A Complete Defence of Mrs. (Crimdle) Reynolds and Son, Against the Clyde Conspirators.**

Thinking that, perhaps, the readers of your valued paper would enjoy, even at second-hand, an account of some three seances given by the well and favorably-known medium, Mrs. (Crimdle) Reynolds, and also to do an act of public justice, which, at this present time, is a duty and a pleasure as well, I give you what occurred through her medial powers in my presence and in the presence of others, as the testimonials enclosed in this communication disclose.

The fact that what I here relate was immediately following the brutal assault made upon this lady and medium, at Clyde, Ohio, may add somewhat to its interest. Making an assault upon a materialized spirit, breaking up the seance by intrusion, without having paid for the privilege, even, of being present, to be followed by arrest and bitter denunciation and revilings, may be justifiable, in the eyes of those who pursued that course, but in my opinion, to so inhumanly treat an unprotected woman whose presence there was simply to fulfill a promise made last spring, when, at a seance, she said she would return there and hold another seance free of charge to those who were then present, owing to a failure to get as good manifestations as was expected, and to the hurry of the medium to take the west-bound train that night. To take such unwarrantable steps, under such circumstances, finds in me but one response—and that is, my emphatic censure.

The arrest of this lady and her son was made on Sunday, the 30th day of October last. On the Monday following she was fortunate enough to have a friend who secured her release by paying the fine and taking her away from the place to quiet and much needed rest.

That same evening, or rather afternoon, she and her son, in pursuance to promise, came to my house, a distance of some ten miles from Clyde, and there held the first of the series of seances I will here speak of.

Some thirty-five persons in all came to my house that morning. The medium had never been there before, and was a stranger to the majority of those who attended. The room selected for the cabinet was a bed-room adjoining the sitting-room, and was examined by all, or nearly all, of the thirty-five persons. Mrs. Reynolds announced, before the seance began, that in view of the charges of fraud made against her in Clyde, she wished for a committee of ladies to examine her person, and satisfy themselves as to the clothing she wore, and make any investigation they saw fit and proper to make. She also reviewed her arrest and the mental torture that came with it, and concluded by saying, that she had now attained the height of all great mediums, for she had been arrested. This sentiment was greeted with applause, as the prosecution of mediums has become so proverbial that it seems a necessity in their development. She said she could not promise anything, and if we got any thing whatever in the way of materialization, under the present state of things, it would be more than she expected.

The report of the committee of ladies who examined her before the seance is as follows:

We, whose names are hereto subscribed, examined the medium (Mrs. Reynolds) thoroughly before the seance, and are satisfied that she had nothing on or about her, nor in the room, from which she could clothe herself, as the spirits that appeared were clothed, nor any clothing except that in which she was dressed.

(Signed), R. R. TITUS, MRS. MONTGOMERY, HIRAM POOL.

She entered the cabinet, and in a shorter space of time by far, than it takes to write it, a spirit form appeared at the curtain, robed in white and lace. One after another came, until as many as twelve or fifteen had shown themselves of various sizes, from little Elsie, one of the control, on up to maturity.

The spirit of my daughter, Eliza, who passed away some seven years ago, came and called my wife to the cabinet, and putting her arms around her mother, kissed her, and talked with that effort which she at times in life was subject to. She called my wife "Ma," and gave names of persons and events—an actual demonstration of her presence then and there. She turned her back to us, and displayed her long, beautiful hair, that we all admired in her earth-existence. It was very long, falling below her waist. She called for her grandma, and would not be put off; and so grandma, 73 years of age, feeble in body, and more so in mind, came, and my spirit daughter tried to give her hope and courage for her remaining years on earth.

Many others came, and all were clothed in garments beautiful and lovely. This was followed by a dark circle wherein many tests were given; two voices singing at the same time, different parts to the same tune. But I must hasten on and leave much untold, for to attempt to write it all, would be too large a task, nor would you have room in your paper for it.

I must, however, speak of the independent slate writing given by the son of Mrs. Reynolds—Mr. Harry Crindle. It was most convincing and entirely unexplainable except by its own explanation. Two slates were cleaned in the presence of the company and passed around and examined, as the statement of several persons enclosed herewith, shows. Those slates were then placed one on the other in the broad light of two lamps without any pencil whatever, and Mr. Daniel Richards grasping one end of the slates with Mr. Crindle, the following communication was then and there written, the writing being distinctly heard by all present:

DEAR FRIENDS:—We come to you under a cloud. We feel we are among friends. Our powers are greatly lessened since the raid made on the spirit last Saturday, and our manifestations will likely be weak; but bear with us, help us to regain our strength. We thank you, one and all, for your kindness and interest. God bless you, and angels guard you. Our medium shall live down their persecution. Amen! Byrd, Gruff and Gordon, controls.

This communication was given before the seance began. The statement in regard to the cleaning of the slates and the result above given is as follows:

We, whose names are hereto subscribed, saw the slates cleaned and put together without pencil, and the following is the communication:

(Signed) DANIEL RICHARDS, M. T. LUTZ, LEVI Z. WAGNER, EDMUND C. WAGNER.

The communication is given above. As to a spirit and the medium being seen at the same time, the following statement was made:

"We, whose names are hereto subscribed, saw a spirit and the medium (Mrs. Reynolds) at the same time."  
(Signed) H. L. STECKEL, JOHN Y. SAILOR, SIESE GOODRUE WAGNER, M. T. LUTZ, WILLIAM MONTGOMERY.

The second seance was also at my house, on the following (Tuesday) night. It was not certain that a seance would be held, and was not so announced, but, some eighteen persons coming in, Mrs. Reynolds gave a seance, with the following result:

Before the materializing, Mr. Harry Crindle gave another of his slate-writings, in the same manner as that related of the previous night. The following is a copy of one of them. It is from our daughter, Eliza:

My Darling Pa and Ma:—I cannot tell you how glad I am to be able to talk with you tonight. Oh! I am so glad you stand by our mediums so bravely. The angel world is at your back. God bless you and dear Mr. Montgomery. There is a higher crown awaiting him in spirit life. Dear ones gone before are preparing for him and for you a home worthy of you. Do not mourn for me—your loss was my gain. I am happy. I am saved from much suffering and sorrow in life. I await you, dear ones—it will be but a short time. Grandma will come in the course of a year. Pa, Ma, John and Emma, do all you can to make her happy, for she is old and feeble—nothing to look forward to but the grave. Be patient with her—explain to the poor old lady, then you will not be sorry when she leaves you. I love you all, and am always with you. Give my love to Uncle Cyrus. Good-bye, darlings.  
Yours, ELIZA.

I should say that at the time the foregoing communication was written on the slate, a piece of letter paper, which was also examined before placed in the slate, was written on at the same time by lead-pencil, on both sides. This was all done in the presence of the whole company. On Tuesday morning, in the presence of my family and one or two others, Mr. Crindle gave a slate-writing, when three communications were written on the slate, each signed by a different name, two of whom were relations of mine. Mr. Crindle also gave some of his manifestations while tied firmly to a chair, and every knot made secure by tying was sewed through, to make more convincing the tests that were given. While thus tied, it being impossible, by his own power, to do it, his vest was taken off and his coat remained on him. Many other things were done, equally astonishing.

The materializing seance then followed, when about the same number manifested as on the previous night, and among them was my daughter Eliza, showing her hair, and holding it out for view. A negro, black as ebony, came manifesting the characteristics of the race in its earlier days.

The dark circle followed, and each one present was kissed by the prattling lips of little Elsie. She came to me and got upon my lap, and weighed about 25 pounds I should think. She also sat on the lap of Mr. Montgomery, and he said he thought her weight was about that. My daughter Eliza, came with a pillow case to my wife, and stated that "it was an old one—one of mine—one I used to have on my bed. I want you to keep it always." This pillow case was in a bureau drawer in another room, and no one but my wife knew where it was. It was one she used on her bed, and for years has been laid away. It had grown yellow from long disuse and was packed away under many garments. The singing by two male voices was here repeated, and many tests were given, making it most satisfactory.

The following night, (Wednesday), myself and wife went to Fremont, Ohio, to spend the evening with Mrs. Reynolds and her son, at the residence of Mr. Williams; and we again were permitted to look beyond the shadows of the grave, through the windows of heaven upon the form of our darling daughter once more. This time she came in perfect darkness illumining herself so that she could be plainly seen—even the color of her hair.

Two forms manifested at once, and at the request of my daughter, the door was opened, and the medium who was sitting within three feet of us, was visible at the same time. My daughter came and sat upon my lap. Kissed me many times, asked me to put my arms around her, (which I did), and she stroked my face with her hands and talked constantly. She did the same to another in the circle, and in response to a question from my wife, told her aright, her height and where the mark was at home that was made when her height was measured.

It all partook so much of the beauties of spirit life, shedding its mellow, refining and purifying influence over all, and especially my own home, that its memory will always be one of the brightest events of my life.

It would be hard to tell the gratitude we have for this favor from Mrs. Reynolds and her son, and I hope they may never fall into harsher hands than mine. I pray they may be debarred from again being subjected to the gross outrage and injustice they suffered at Clyde, and those connected in perpetrating the villainous outrage. I have only pity and sorrow for them. Surely stern justice will deal harshly in compensating for the wrong, but I have no malice, no enmity for them; and I furthermore hope the light of truth and love will teach them the error and shame of this outrage, with little suffering and pain to them.

We hope she may stop with us on her return home, and meet us with her many warm friends here, and who are anxious to witness again these grand manifestations.

HIRAM POOL.  
Fremont, Sandusky Co., Ohio, Nov. 5, 1881.

A YANKEE was being rowed across the Sea of Galilee by some lazy natives. "You take the business remarkably easy," said he; and they said, "Yes, they did." "I guess," he continued, "that your fathers rowed in the same way before ye," and they said they supposed they did. "And your forefathers, too, I guess. Well, they supposed so. 'I s'pose so, too," said the Yankee, "and, on the whole, I don't at all wonder that Jesus Christ got out and walked."—*Exchange.*

Editor of *Mind and Matter*:  
Fremont, Ohio, Nov. 5, 1881.  
DEAR SIR:—Perhaps I should make known to you what I know in regard to the arrest of Mrs. Elsie (Crimdle) Reynolds and her son, and how the affair terminated.

The next morning after the arrest was made, I went to Clyde purposefully in their behalf, and without consulting with either, I came to an understanding with the Mayor, who had the matter in charge, by which she could be immediately released; which was that she and her son should pay a fine of \$5 each and costs, aggregating \$25 in all. This arrangement I had perfected before I saw either Mrs. R. or her son; and upon informing them of what I had done, they acquiesced under my advice.

I pointed out to them my reasons for the course I took, which were, briefly, that to do otherwise would be to go through a very prostrating trial, which could but have the one object, and that was an useless attempt to convince a room full of idlers of an injustice they would not believe upon their naked testimony. The matter thus terminated, and I believe the future will prove that this course was the wisest. She is now free to go among friends and those who will make her welcome and appreciate her mediumship. Every way more profitable and pleasant, both to herself and friends.

Yours very truly,  
E. B. WILLIAMS.

CHICAGO, Oct. 23d, 1881.

Editor of *Mind and Matter*:

DEAR SIR:—I have before me your issue of Sept. 17th, 1881, in which you print a letter signed, "Cameo," in which he calls Dr. Matthew Shea a fraud. Now, I want to tell you my experience with Dr. Shea.

On the 33d of July I saw laid to rest the form of one who was very dear to me. After nearly a month, I attended one of the Drs. n. e. s. i. n. g. s., and then and there was described to me the person of whom I am speaking. She held in her hand a ring, which she broke in two. On Wednesday I received a letter from her, given through my mother, telling me that she (the spirit) was there, and described to me that Sunday. This was proof to me that the Doctor was genuine. Then, in September, she told me to go to the seances, and she would try and materialize. If she could do more, she would show her arm with a bracelet of peculiar pattern on it. This I received through mother 125 miles from Chicago.

I returned to the city, went to the seance, and saw her face, arm, and the bracelet. I know that Mr. Shea could not have known anything of what had been promised me. I have just returned from the Doctor's seances, where I saw and talked with her. I never saw Dr. Shea until the meeting previously mentioned. This is proof to me, and I think my evidence is as good as any man's who does not dare to sign his name.

Now, I want to say just a word in regard to "Cameo." Who he is, matters not. He is a degrading blot on all mankind—a mean, prejudiced individual, who wishes to pull some one down to his level, and takes this method to do it. Why is he afraid to sign his own name? Simply because he is aware that he would be drummed from the ranks of honest Spiritualists and the finger of scorn pointed at him. I pronounce him the cheat and swindler he would have people believe Dr. Shea to be. If he is honest in his convictions, let him come out like a man, and not try to hide, by calling himself "Cameo." It is too bad to call him by the name, and thus cast a slur on the gem cameo. Fix upon you, you dirty scamp.

Yours as ever,  
FRANK R. HANCOCK.

**Mediums' Home Fund.**

We, the undersigned, subscribe or pledge the amounts set opposite our respective names, to found a national home to give relief and sustenance to worthy, needy mediums in the United States.

CASH.

Am't previously acknowledged in MIND AND MATTER	\$122 40
John H. McElroy, Pittsburg, Pa.	50
Jacob Kuhn, York, Pa.	50
Christoph Lang, Pittsburg, Pa.	1 00
Mrs. Phoebe A. Haines, Altoona, Pa.	1 00
R. F. Inalett, Spruce Creek, Pa.	1 00
Isaac Iselt, "	50
Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Ambrosia, Philadelphia, Pa.	1 00
John P. Lanning, Philadelphia, Pa.	1 00
George Belzer, "	50
Charles Bingham, "	50
S. A. Morse, "	1 00
H. Schenk, "	1 00
James Marlow, "	1 00
R. G. S. Kutner, Vineland, N. J.	1 00
Carrie Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.	50
Mrs. S. B. Cassey, "	1 00
J. Roworth, "	5 00
Mrs. M. A. Newton, New York City	1 00
Mrs. H. J. Newton, "	1 00
Mrs. Mary H. Billings, "	1 00
Elle Foster, per Mrs. Crindle, N. Y. City	50
A. Friend, N. Y. City	1 00
Mrs. H. O. Sheppard, N. Y. City	1 00
Margaret Loth, Brooklyn, N. Y.	50
Mrs. H. W. H., "	5 00
Mrs. Eliza Young, Champaign, Ill.	1 00
W. H. Best, Dayton, Ohio	1 00
Jos. Cauldwell, Southington, Ct., per Banner of Light	1 00
Spirit Loteria, per Miss Shellhammer, "	1 00
Mrs. McIntyre, Pensacola, Fla.	1 00
R. Gessler, Basle, Switzerland	3 00
Contributions of 40c. each (2)	80
" " " " (30)	2 40
" " " " (10)	2 00
" " " " (6)	1 20
Total Paid	\$169 20

PLEGDED.

Pledges previously acknowledged in MIND AND MATTER	\$258 00
Samuel Graham, Kingsbury, Ind.	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Dodson, Terre Haute, Ind.	2 00
J. D. Robbins, Terre Haute, Ind.	50
Mrs. Corbit, Malvern, Ark.	1 00
Mrs. Dr. J. Bull, Little Rock, Ark.	1 00
J. Y. Pedron, Camden, Ark.	5 00
Total Pledged	\$268 50

Mr. Geo. Rall, Treasurer of the Mediums Home Organization, will receive and acknowledge your contributions. Address, No. 482 West Liberty Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**A Mind and Matter Free List Fund.**

This fund was started by the request of many of our subscribers, that many deserving poor people who were not able to pay for MIND AND MATTER, might have the paper sent to them free of cost. The following contributions have been made since our last report:

Previously acknowledged	\$117 28
B. Chadsey, Rushville, Ill.	2 00
B. F. Oahoon—Pleasant Lake, Mass.	50
A Friend, Philadelphia	2 50
C. O. Thiel, Chicago, Illinois	6 70



TO MIND AND MATTER.

What else in all the realms of space, Does this vast universe embrace? Whence did they come, and whither tending, With all their mighty forces blending? No angel's mind has e'er unfurled The mystery of this dual world. Mind will its scepter hold the sway— Matter, its servant, must obey; But who the secret law divine, By which the mind through matter shines? 'Tis mystery all—my mind oft sighs, As mountain peaks around me rise, And valleys decked with living green, Between those mountain peaks are seen, The night calls forth each twinkling star, Which brings this message from afar, And gently whispers in my ear— " 'Twas mind that placed me in my sphere." The sun and moon, O, what are they That shine by night or rules the day? Matter all radiant with light, But mind reveals them to my sight, My body—matter all refined— The earth's attractions firmly bind: From these it is not free to rise, And roam to planets in the skies. The mind has flown creation through, As spirit seeks seem to do; Matter, in endless combination, Displays the wonders of creation, While mind looks on at these compounded, Until amazed it stands confounded.

TO THE EDITOR:

Why did you choose that wondrous name, When first to our defence you came, And flaunt it on your banner bold, Or dare that banner to unfold, 'Mid Jesuit's shots and traitors' shells, The scoffs of priests and rabble yells? What moved thy hand the pen to take And put thy name and all at stake? And Cortez-like, commit to flame, The ships that bore thy wealth and fame— Resolved to conquer or to die, But never from the field to fly? 'Twas mind that drove that potent quill, That did the storms of faction still. 'Twas mind that moved the hand of matter, And made the hosts of darkness scatter; And mind will triumph in the fight, When ver moved by truth and right. The battle is not fully fought, And victory completely wrought; For still the enemy moves round; But firmly mind is gaining ground; And matter loses potency As mind advances bold and free. And through their media spirits press, And to the mind their thoughts address; Bidding each worker bravely stand, Each trait'rous skulker quick to brand: Most worthy thou to lead the van Of battles tide, and clearly scan The movements of the hostile crew, The moment they come into view; Whether by "Brick" or "Bundy" led, The ground is strewn with humbugs dead, So may it be until the end, Is the desire of your friend,

AHEDNEGO, A MEDIUM.

SEANCES WITH A. ROTHERMEL.

BY JAY CHAPEL.

STATE LIBRARY, ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 21, M. S. 34, (1881).

Editor of Mind and Matter:

"What a quiet place to write, the library will be," I said to myself a few minutes ago as I hurried up State street toward the capitol, in the old Dutch city, that has been quite celebrated for its antiquated ways and unprogressive tendencies. The bright warm beams of our Indian summer sun is sending varied hues of light over the rapidly falling leaves from the fine old trees that adorn, with great beauty, these ancient streets; and also sends a soft pleasant light down through the glass roof over my table, and the faces of Greeley and Lincoln and other illustrious men, whose portraits hang on the walls before me. What a flood of thoughts flash through my brain as I contrast the time in which we live, with our newspapers, libraries, picture galleries, telegraphs, telephones, phonographs, steamships, etc.; and the time when Henry Hudson, on that March day in 1609, sailed in the yacht Half-Moon, with twenty English and Dutch sailors, from Amsterdam, to explore the wild coast of this Western world. On the 12th of September, the same year, at 2 o'clock P.M., he began the memorable ascent of this beautiful river which bears his name, and which was called by the Indians Ca-ho-ha-tea. It still glistens in this October sun with the same beauty as when he first cast his eyes upon its splendors, and the Iroquois visited him in his little ship, when he invited them into his cabin, and gave them so much wine and aqua vite, that many of them got very drunk, being entirely ignorant of the effects that the degrading liquid would have on their nerves. This was one of the first instances, if not the first, that the Indians tasted intoxicating drinks. Like nearly all the villages and cities in the land, vile beverages are still sold here by Christians, to men and women only a little more civilized than those Indians were in 1609: drunken brawls are common, and well dressed men with diamond rings on their fingers, with red noses and puffed cheeks, throng the large hotels and the corridors of the capitol, while the masses, inoculated with moral deformities, insist on calling such men, gentlemen. For such mistakes; innocent men and women and sweet little children suffer on in anguish and wonder if any radical change is ever to come. I sat down to speak of some very interesting seances given by Mr. Andrew Rothermel lately, several of which I have attended, but my mind ran off to the old city of Amsterdam, and followed Henry Hudson across the Atlantic and along the shores of this famous river, as he drifted slowly up the sluggish waters under the shadow of the Catskills; then making rapid strides all along down the past two hundred and seventy-two years it rested in the very pleasant parlors of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Carl, in this city, where Mr. Rothermel gave three seances this week. His manifestations are nearly the same as those given by him and Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler, with whom he was associated at one time, and whose seances were so successful at Lake Pleasant, Mass., in 1880. Mr. Rothermel uses no cabinet; only a simple curtain about four feet high is drawn across one corner of the parlor, a stand with bells, a tamborine, and a zither, a dulcimer-like instrument, are placed upon it, and put behind the curtain; he being seated in front of it with his hands tied and the ends of the strings sewed together and sometimes to his pants. Another curtain is then placed over his hands and the seance commences with singing and playing the piano. Often before the tune is finished the bells are tossed out, and the tamborine shaken in time to the music, while the hand that clasps it is plainly visible. A German spirit then plays upon the zither nearly any tune that he is called for. As the tones of a favorite air died away last evening a lady present exclaimed, "How beautiful!" Sometimes this German plays indifferently, and at others exceedingly well, according to the conditions and harmony of the circle. Sometimes he is annoyed at the bad

conditions, and tosses the instrument out hurriedly over the curtain, as much as to say, "I won't try again." When some one in the audience will often say, "You did well enough!" Instantly he will rap out in reply, "Don't speak of it."

Hands and arms are materialized in a bright full gas light, and those hands write messages for persons who hold the paper while the messages are being written. Handkerchiefs are also written upon with an indelible pencil, which is often an excellent test. He sometimes allows persons to hold his hands in addition to their being tied; at the same time arms and hands of various sizes will appear, often patting their heads, and arms and taking their handkerchiefs and fans.

Yesterday afternoon, at a seance at the house of Mrs. Williams, who is a veteran Spiritualist, and an old Abolition friend of Frederick Douglass and the late Gerritt Smith, while this was being done, two or three ladies were allowed to look over the curtain, when a shower of hands and arms greeted them with loving demonstrations. Yet persons of intelligence upon nearly every other subject, will persistently rack their brains, and invent every imaginable cause, however silly, and untenable, in explanation of this beautiful and useful law, rather than ascribe it to that of spirit intelligence.

A very satisfactory and highly instructive seance was held last evening at Mr. Carl's; fourteen persons being present, all of whom were delighted and interested so far as I could learn. Mr. and Mrs. Carl are both mediums and persons of much taste and refinement, and understand the law of spirit return much better than many older Spiritualists, who think themselves authority on such matters. Their pleasant rooms and temperaments seem well adapted for our spirit friends to reach us easily, and to give us great truths, and beautiful illustrations of their power, and love, and constant care. It was particularly so last evening. Mr. Rothermel being entranced for two hours, the spirits kept the audience in a constant flow of good humor and happy surprises. Mr. Carl had left the gas burning at its full height in the hall, and a jovial and hilarious spirit, in the blandest and most humble manner, requested him to turn it off. He arose from his seat, ready and willing to do his bidding, went to the hall, and found that the spirit had done it for him—he found it "pitch dark." The spirits and audience joined in a hearty laugh in consequence.

One surprise followed another until 11 o'clock, many of them being too remarkable to be easily believed, except by those who have had much experience, and understand something of these hidden, forces, that are daily gladdening the hearts of thousands of sorrowing mortals, turning their tears of mourning, into tears of joy and thankfulness.

At its close, Mr. J. H. Knights, an old Spiritualist, formerly of Boston, and now connected with the gas department of the new capitol, invited the medium and myself to his home. We accepted, and occupied the same room for the night. The gas being turned off and we quietly in bed, our spirit friends evidently overjoyed at their success during the evening, thought it best to continue the entertainment a few hours longer. Mrs. Knights is also quite a medium, and all the conditions being favorable, they commenced rapping on the head, board, on our pillows, the floor, and walls, tossing the towel and pillow shams in our faces, and fanning us with a large dusting brush which hung on the wall.

We were both tired and sleepy and begged of them to stop. At each entreaty they would rap out, "No! No!" and then give us a comic rhyme causing us to laugh.

This was kept up for an hour, and as I had grown very weary of it, I exclaimed with much decision, "If you don't stop, I will get up and turn on the gas." Instantly they rapped this answer:

"If you get up to light the gas, I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll spank your humble highness With Rothermel's old shoe."

They reminded me of a jolly lot of politicians, with whom I attended a Republican State Convention, at Harrisburg, Pa., in 1872; and as some of those men have gone on to a fairer and brighter life, and who made that night intolerable for me, with their tobacco smoke and champagne, I have no doubt they were around last night, as of old, making funny rhymes, which I admit are not of a very high order, but yet they will bear a very favorable comparison with the silly and gloomy hymns found in abundance in the popular hymn books of our churches.

On arising this morning we found numerous messages written with a pencil on paper we had left on our stand, one of which said: "We have written on the slate and table." Upon searching we found it true. The names of Mr. and Mrs. Knights' children were written upon the slate, and a stanza of four lines, in a girlish hand on the marble-topped table, which stood in the parlor over twenty feet from our bed.

At Mr. Carl's one night, while guests at his house, an entirely different class of spirits came after we had retired, and talked to us sometime, placed their hands quietly upon my forehead, and tapped out answers to my questions, and then rubbed my right eye gently and lovingly, producing a thrilling and very pleasant sensation, and strengthening it very much. The sight of this eye was impaired some three years ago, and I owe its present usefulness entirely to my spirit friends. After this was done, a spirit who is known as Emma, said, "We are going to fix up the parlor a little now—good night." In the morning, we found a light easy chair on top of the piano, with the daily paper open ready to be read upon the seat, and the "Truth Seeker" collection of songs taken from the mantle, and set up on the music rack, and open at a favorite poem.

Though this old city, as I said at the commencement of my letter, is remembered by reformers, as sluggish and slow to accept new thoughts and active ideas, still there are many earnest and brave men and women here, who see and feel the true import of what Spiritualism and kindred subjects, can and will do for humanity. It has, I am sorry to say it; a much larger class who, though quite convinced of the practicability and rightfulness of radical reform, are afraid to come out frankly and admit their true convictions upon the subject of Spiritualism. They bow at the portals of the Christian churches, and duck their heads with a submissive bow when coming in contact with the popular creeds and dogmas of the day, that are a constant source of evil and a great hindrance to all liberty, intelligence and justice.

But "the world moves," so Galileo said, as he was sent off to prison as a heretic. Even Catholic

Spain, once so intolerant of the persecuted and abused children of Israel, has lately invited them from Russia and Germany, to find an asylum in their land. They have also caught the breath of reform, and introduced two bills into their Cortes. One for the re-establishment of trial by jury; the other to make valid civil marriage. Poor Spain! I am thankful for these slight signs of progress in your priest ridden country. What long ages of woe and suffering, have been handed down to us by men and women hanging to the ghastly garments of the priests! How many millions of beautiful souls have sunk out of sight, in misery and despair, because those priests and kingly rulers are forever blocking the wheels that lead to intelligence and universal progress for all, irrespective of race, color, or sex. O Italy! O Spain! lands of sunny skies and magnificent possibilities, I hold out my hands to you, and trust that through the efforts of such noble spirits as Mazzini and Margaret Fuller, with others here on earth, you may yet taste of the cup of liberty, and be free, free, free.

Since commencing this letter, Mr. Rothermel has given two or three seances at private houses to select parties, many of whom were sceptics, and in each instance has given them remarkable tests of a varied and interesting character. His time is all taken up for the coming week, when he goes to Massachusetts. Persons desirous of a remarkable physical medium in their towns and cities cannot help being pleased with the manifestations through him. He intends going South after the holidays.

Proceedings and Addresses at Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, Brooklyn, N. Y., Saturday Evening, October 22d, 1881.

After the usual opening exercises, Mr. Haslam, the Chairman of the Conference, introduced Dr. Monck. He hoped that the time would soon come that we would none of us need any healing, when body and spirit would be so blended that a perfect balance would be obtained and disease be unknown.

Dr. Monck then said: Every man has his life-work. I believe that each one's work is all arranged beforehand for him. Let us then make ourselves ready to develop that which is within us, doing the commands of God, and doing our own work as it presents itself from day to day; not looking too much to the future, but living in the golden present. Though the path be thorny, yet to keep right on, doing the duty of the hour. Some of us have work given to us we little dreamed of; but, having put our hand to the plough, we cannot turn back; but as we go on, we still see our way more clear before us. Let the one who cannot say but two or three words to his neighbor, say them—tell what he has witnessed, until their curiosity is aroused—then each one will desire to see for himself; thus doing missionary work for the cause. Man is made, as it were, seminally to hold all things in the universe; he is the microcosm of all things. History at all times has recognized the healing powers resident in man. Each one can develop it to some extent, and walk through the world like an angel of light dispensing blessings.

This gift of magnetic healing was known by the ancient Egyptians, and representations of its use are found in their monuments which still exist. The Church which once possessed it, now ignores and denies it. The sword of the spirit was wielded by Jesus for the overthrow of disease and death. This gift he gave to his disciples; but after they had gone, like warriors, to their rest, the Church lost that light of the spirit, and strove to replace its loss with the empty husks of rites and ceremonies. And now, in its day of ruin and decay, having thrown away that sword of the spirit, they deny its power and refuse to avail themselves of its light. The true Church now is in Spiritualism, and that sword of power has been given by the angel bands into its care.

A word concerning the healing power which is given to me. Having lost my health through persecution, and thus been obliged to discontinue the materializations in the light after I came to this country, I found that my health had returned in such vigor that I can dispense it to others, and even assist in the development of others.

The Doctor read some testimonials from those whom he had benefited by his powers. He then proceeded to heal persons from the audience who desired help.

A young man suffering from acute rheumatism, declared himself entirely relieved from pain.

A lady with headache and catarrh was relieved of pain.

A lady with weakness of the eyes, caused by a complicated malady, received benefit.

A young lady suffering intensely with inflammatory rheumatism, was relieved in some degree.

A gentleman suffering with deafness and lung trouble, was made to hear and to draw a long breath, which he had not done for two years.

A lady with pain in the back and weak eyes, was relieved considerably.

A colored woman, with glandular deafness, was relieved in some degree. And a lady with inflammation of the base of the brain.

Mrs. Anna Kimball said: Friends,—You have been so patient and helpful; that I ought not to tax you. But I may say, what I saw during the time that the Doctor was engaged in healing, I saw far into the upper spheres, and beheld the band who were helping. This angelic band radiated from their presence an influence like a firemist apparently, which fell all over those who were in the hall. Near the Doctor stood the spirit of a large man with dark hair, and he seemed to receive this influence and transmit it to the Doctor in a stream of fiery sparks. [The Doctor recognized this spirit as that of "Samuel," his old friend and his control.] I have had this power manifested in myself, although not professionally a healer. I have been taught by my spirit friends that we are all dual; and while I was sitting there, I beheld the dual or spirit form of our friend, Mrs. Wood, blooming in ethereal beauty, as she will be when she leaves the body. I also saw that of Dr. Monck standing beside him even more ethereal and transparent.

Dr. Monck then spoke of several spirits which he saw. One being that of Carrie Miller, who, he said, stood between her father and himself, and laid her hands upon their heads; then locking their arms together, she expressed her pleasure at their meeting, and gave several tests of her identity, which Mr. Miller recognized and confirmed. He said:

Mr. Chairman,—Is it not strange that people do not receive Spiritualism, when it is benefited in its results? Why was our brother here imprisoned in England?—only for exercising his gifts. And Dr. Slade, when he was brought before the

magistrate for the same thing, brought before the magistrate, and he was favored, that the judges could not rebut it; but set it aside to pass judgment according to prejudice. It behooves us to look well to our safeguards and protect our mediums.

Mr. Miller read an account of Dr. Monck's materialization from a paper of New London, Connecticut.

Mr. Haslam said: Some may be alarmed at the marvelous nature of these phenomena. They do not believe in them, but let them investigate and see for themselves. Let us, who know all about these things, not rest in the phenomena, but go on to the philosophy, and see that our lives exemplify the truth as we have received it.

After a long and exceedingly interesting session, with a crowded house, the conference adjourned.

SARAH WILLIAMSON.

Communication from Swedenborg.

We have before us a small pamphlet with the title, "Part of two years spiritual investigations, through the three mediums, Mrs. Anna Cooper, Mrs. Jennie McKee and Mrs. Lizzie S. Green, in Cincinnati, Ohio, by C. G. Helleberg," from which we extract the following communication:

"In my communication a week ago, I referred not incidentally but purposely to my followers of the Church of New Jerusalem. It is gratifying to me to know that they are in the main honest, faithful, and intelligent people, but I regret that they have deemed it proper to resolve themselves into an exclusive sect; for, disguise it as you may, all sects are more or less exclusive. Among the many curses that afflict your mortal humanity, none are to be more deplored than sectarianism and dogmatic theology. Do you know that in the most ambitious moments of my earthly career, much less in the lofty moods of my medial inspiration, I never dreamed that I was to become the founder of a religious sect, especially one based on dogmatic formulas. The affirmations of material science now no longer question that in all organized structures reside the underlying, all-pervading and continually-operating elements; disintegration, decay, and ultimate destruction of the organized form apply with equal force and unerring certainty to ecclesiastical bodies. Modern Spiritualism, in this that it is specifically and rigidly scientific, clustering beautifully around the family hearthstone, adorning and hallowing the family altar, may be distinguished; its infinite superiority to all other systems, in having no creed to establish, and steadfastly repelling all attempts at organization, is destined to survive the wreck and demolition of all theological teaching standing in antagonistic relations to it; and this God-given, heaven-inspiring, humanity-embracing, soul-uplifting Spiritualism, is to become the universal religion of mankind. I will continue to administer to your wants and remove the scales from the eyes of the people, especially my followers. More anon.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG."

[We commend this undoubtedly genuine communication, to those who still adhere to the idea that Swedenborg sought to inculcate the policy of establishing a spiritual sect of which he was to be the central figure. The communication was imparted by the spirit entirely independent of the use of the medium's organism, it having been given by independent writing upon a slate, through the mediumship of Mrs. Green, who resides at the South-west corner of Longworth and Park Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio, to Mr. C. G. Helleberg, himself a great admirer of Swedenborg, and adherent of the church established in the name of the latter.

Toms River, N. J. Oct. 1881.

MR. EDITOR:—I wish to call the attention of thinking readers of your paper, and also the readers of the *Two Worlds*, to an article in the last named paper, entitled, "Trance and Vision," signed E. C.; wherein the writer takes ground that the observation of facts will not in general, warrant his deductions as applicable to all cases, though it may be possibly right in the case named. My experience has been that the spirits of persons, while in the trance state, often do leave the body, though not entirely disconnected from it. But should the opposite be the case as the above writer asserts, and the scenes presented to the spirit while in that condition are only imaginary visions, presented by attendant spirits at the time, how easy then is it for opposing spirits to place before the mind or vision of the psychometric reader just the vision necessary for them to see a Jesus, Mary, Peter or the Devil if necessary; to deceive some would-be leader of Jesuitism or a bigoted so-called Spiritualistic Christer, anxious of himself to have some one to lean a weak spirit upon, (whose possible misdeeds are more than he has the manliness to bear alone and bravely; hence wishes to cajole himself into the coward's skulking castle of Christianity, and label it Christer Spiritualism or spiritual Christism,) and backed up and pushed ahead by a crowd of Christ appointed high priests of darkness and evil, known as Jesuits spirits, who chuckle with fiendish glee to think how easy they can pull the wool of superstition over the eyes of great minds, who ought to know and do better than lend a helping hand to curse, with error and lies, a world already doubly damned by the same false theology, christology and demonology. How little qualified are those who aspire to found a new sect, to become the teachers of even the humblest person in the land. "Spirits, other than those in the lowest spheres, never dream; and as to the latter, it is more correct to say that what appear to them to be dreams are impressions made upon their minds by higher spirits" quotation from same article. This to me is as clear as mud, so instructive, mere balderdash, the work of the enemy. Yet the writer don't appear to see it. In my opinion it is no wonder at all that he was not allowed to write anything for the press after writing the books "Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," and "Spirit World." The forces of old sly orthodoxy of Jesuitism, had him so well in hand, and on the road to the darkened tombs of priestcraft, that they could as easily hold him, as not, tiff they concocted a bolder scheme; when they will set him at work again to bolster up that old temple of lies, Christianity. Give me truth, or give me nothing.

O. N. B.

SPECIMEN COPIES OF MIND AND MATTER and the Spiritual Offering will be sent free to all who apply at either office.