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SPIRITUAL SCIENTIST

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A STORY OF A PROPHETIC DREAM.

"FANNY," said a manly voice from the further corner of the room, as we sat talking of Spiritualism and dream-warnings, "you remember that pretty girl who used to visit at Aunt Dora's in Beacon Street, when you were a child. She certainly had no air of being gifted with second sight; and yet I can tell you of something connected with her that is perfectly inexplicable by any known laws that govern the universe. Some years ago I went into Aunt Dora's one winter's night just before dinner, and found aunty in great distress. Old John, her coachman, had gone off suddenly on one of his periodical sprees, and she had no one to send to the station to meet Miss S——, who was going to pay a long-talked-of visit.

"'Aunty,' I said, 'don't fret; I will go with pleasure.' I easily set aside her objection—that I had never seen the expected guest—and after asking her to describe Miss S——, I hurried off, reaching the station just in time to see the long passenger train come in. I walked quickly through the cars, and had little or no difficulty in finding Miss S——. Prompt, however, as I flattered myself I had been in my successful efforts, someone was before me, and as I reached the young lady I found her greeting with no little agitation my old friend Phil Andrews. I waited for a moment before either of them noticed me, and then going forward introduced myself to the lady, and was kindly received by her.

"I saw enough, however, in the brief moments we three stood together, to convince me that neither of them would have complained of Aunt Dora, had she neglected to send for her guest. I was afterwards told that Miss S—— and Phil were engaged, and only waited until prudence permitted them to marry. All these facts, however, were at that time only guessed at by me, and had I known them I certainly could not from them any explanation of the state of painful agitation in which Miss S—— was evidently plunged.

"'What [illegible] sweetheart?' I heard Phil whisper tenderly, 'Are you ill?'

"'No, no,' [illegible] answered huskily 'I am foolish and nervous.'

"'Has a[illegible] dared to insult you?' asked Phil, with a ferocious a[illegible]

"'Indeed, no,' said Miss S——; 'it is only the old story.'

"Phil looked troubled and annoyed, but said no more, and Miss S——, turning away silently, struggled for composure. The luggage was at last found, and we all soon stood in my aunt's warmed, well-lighted, and flower-scented rooms.

"Aunty received Miss S—— with loving arms, and I heard her say, 'Well, dearie, has all gone well with you to-day?'

"That something definite was intended by the question was certain from the earnestness of the girl's tone as she answered: 'Aunt Dora,'—all young people called her aunt—'I could never summoned courage to travel by rail to-day had it not been to visit you.'

"Phil took his leave, and Miss S——, accompanied by her hostess, soon went to her own apartment, my aunt begging me to remain until she came down again, which, however, was not until I had grown very tired of waiting for her.

"Aunty came in with a worried expression on her gentle face.

"'Were I in the least superstitious,' she said, as she took the easy chair I had drawn toward the fire for her, 'I should implore Miss S—— never to put her foot in a railway car again. I must tell you, Phil, the strangest story. I don't know whether to call it a dream or a trance. You will doubtless put it down as merely imagination; it is nevertheless true that for years Miss S—— has never traveled by train without having a most singular dream. The dream in itself is singular from its vividness; but more singular from the fact that in its many repetitions the details never vary.'

"'But,' I exclaimed with, I admit, lamentable lack of gallantry, 'why in the name of wonder is Miss S—— so stupid as to go to sleep in the cars if their motion or their noise gives her bad dreams?'

"'She does not really sleep,' cried my aunt energetically; 'she is, I think, in a mesmeric trance.'

"'Pshaw!' I answered; 'that is all nonsense. Let us hear the dream, however.'

"And my aunt, prefacing the story with the entreaty that Miss S—— should never know that the subject had been mentioned to me, went on to say that Miss S—— could only be induced to give a vague description of noise, hurry, and confusion, of pain and anguish, not as endured by herself, but as going on about her. From all this confusion, however, soon emerged one central figure, and that a woman's head, crowned by a braid of blonde hair fastened by knots of black velvet. This head seemed to be elevated above a surging crowd, and to be borne slowly past the windows of the car. 'Of course,' said my aunt, 'I told her that she had fallen asleep, and that she had dreamed of some tragic event in the French Revolution—of the Princess Lamballe, perhaps.

"'At the same time,' continued my superstitious aunt, 'I

could not but shudder as I glanced at her own fair hair, and the knots of black velvet that adorned it.

"'My dear boy,' she continued, with a reproachful look at my unimpressed, smiling countenance, 'you must remember that this dream or trance, or whatever you please to call it, is not a thing that has occurred once or twice, but dozens of times in the last five years. Remember, too, that Miss S—— has never had any fear of an accident to herself—that she does not regard the dream as any premonition, or indeed as in any way personal, but dreads its recurrence only as a shock to her nerves.'

"'But, aunty,' I questioned, 'is the head seen but once in each dream? And whose are the features of the face?'

"'The head,' answered my aunt gravely, 'is carried on a pike as it were, many times to and fro. Or, as Miss S—— describes the scene, a procession of heads all alike, and giving the impression of being one and the same, are borne slowly past the windows of the car, in the glare of torches. The poor child has never seen the features, for the face is always covered by a delicate, half transparent handkerchief, in the corner of which is a coronet and cipher of delicate embroidery. Miss S—— says that she is conscious of a vivid curiosity at each occurrence of this dream, only as to the cipher on the handkerchief: she never thinks whose features it veils.

"'I dare not,' continued my aunt, 'counsel her never to travel by rail, lest I should inspire her with fears which hitherto she has never felt. For, alas! I feel absolutely certain that some fearful accident will happen to her.'

"'Some fearful accident will happen to me,' I said, laughing, if I sit longer by this too tempting fire. I must be off and to bed, for I have a long journey before me to-morrow.'

"The next day I went south, and was detained there week after week. Spring, in fact, reached Boston before I did. Of course, I at once went to call on Aunt Dora, whom I found rather out of spirits and lonely, as Miss S—— had left her a day or two before, having been suddenly summoned to the far West by an invalid sister.

"While we sat talking in the soft, dusky twilight the servant entered with the evening paper. I took it from his hand, and carelessly opening it, my eye fell upon the heading, 'Fearful Railroad Accident.'

"First on the list of 'killed' was the name of Miss S——. My aunt saw my agitation, and insisted on being told its cause. Thankful enough was I that she was not alone when the sad intelligence reached her.

"'And Phil?' I said, hurriedly reading on, only to find his name among the injured. Weeks passed before Phil was sufficiently recovered to be brought to his mother's house, and a still longer time elapsed before the name of Miss S—— passed his lips.

"'You remember,' he said to me one night, breaking a long, sad silence, 'you remember the strange and persistent warnings received by Christine—warnings to which she paid so little heed, to which we were all so scandalously indifferent—but you do not know,' he continued, 'all the details of the tragedy. I must unseal my lips to you now, for if I lie here longer and brood in solitude over the mystery and horror of it all, I shall certainly go mad.'

"In vain did I beg my poor friend to wait until he was stronger.

"'I shall never be stronger,' he exclaimed, 'until I have spoken. You know,' he murmured, as a convulsive shudder shook the bench on which he lay, 'that Christine was killed instantly, but you do not know that I was not at her side at the moment of the accident; I was in the smoking car, and was not myself hurt at that time. My injuries were received afterwards, from the falling of a burning beam of the station house. When Miss S—— was found the body was decapitated; the guillotine itself might have done the dreadful deed. In my anguish no thought of her dreams came to me. But when a pitying woman's hand veiled with tender reverence the pale, tranquil features of my dead love, and I saw the masses of fair hair all undisturbed, there came a flash of memory.' Phil was silent. At last he spoke. 'Give me that desk, dear friend.'

"Reluctantly, and with many fears, I gave it him. He took from it with trembling, emaciated fingers, a small package. Reverently opening it, he unfolded a delicate handkerchief. In the corner was the coronet, under it the cipher—all as had been foreshadowed to Miss S——.

"'Yes,' said Phil's trembling voice. 'Here it is. That day we had noticed and admired a French woman, evidently of rank, whose seat was near ours, and she it was who completed the dream's fulfilment.'

"As Phil uttered these words his sister entered the room with peremptory injunctions to silence.

"I was only permitted to clasp his hand in warm sympathy, and to say good night to him as I now do to you all." And the speaker hastily left the room.

From the London Medium and Daybreak.

AN "ARGUMENT" FOR RE-INCARNATION.

To the Editor of the Medium and Daybreak:—

SIR,—Pray allow me to state, on the authority of Mr. Luther Colby, Editor of the Banner of Light, that Mrs. Conant was a firm believer in re-incarnation. She herself, and all connected with the Banner—as I am assured by Mr. Colby—having been brought to this belief several years before they made acquaintance with the works of Allan Kardec, by the communications spontaneously made on that subject to Mrs. Conant, in regard to whom you justly remark that "No medium has been more widely known, given tests of such popularity and wide-spread recognition, or taught more wholesome truth."

ANNA BLACKWELL.

WIMBLE, Aug. 30th, 1875.

And if so, pray, what of it? Are we at last driven to the absurd conclusion that because certain people believe certain views, said views are to be accepted as truth? If so, then the truth of any imagination or dogma whatever might be forthwith established. Mrs. Conant was bred a Roman Catholic, and no doubt her psychological structure was saturated more or less with the element of belief, and it speaks well for her natural power of mediumship, that so much truth was got through her. An absolutely perfect medium, and, we may add, successful truth-seeker, should be free from beliefs of all kinds. These beliefs are tangible entities in the spirit-world, and form a kind of Jacob's ladder, upon which notions of all kinds ascend and descend, and are received by open-mouthed, blind humanity as spiritual truths. Well-a-day! Re-incarnation builds upon the "beliefs" of spirits, mediums and editors. Spiritualism comes to supplant all this nonsense with knowledge; or, in the absence of that, honest, healthy ignorance, which is indeed a condition of the appetite for truth.—[ED. MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK.]

SPIRITUALISM IN COURT.

A WILL SAID TO HAVE BEEN DICTATED BY SPIRITS...INTERESTING EVIDENCE.

ONE of the most extraordinary cases ever tried in this country, is the contest going on in Detroit, over the will of the late Capt. E. B. Ward, who left several millions to be distributed under a will, the terms of which, it is claimed, were dictated by spiritual mediums. Capt. Ward was the wealthiest and most prominent business man in that part of the country. He was largely interested in lake navigation, in iron mills, in the lumber trade, and in mining. His vast business transactions were conducted with such system and skill as to result in the accumulation of an enormous fortune, and yet the testimony given in court has shown, greatly to the surprise of those who were not aware of his being a Spiritualist, that of late years he was in the constant habit of applying to the spirits for directions about the proper manner of managing his affairs. The legal investigation now in progress has also led to some revelations which afford great delight to the lovers of scandal.

Capt. Ward died very suddenly last January, and his will has been contested by sons of his first wife, on the ground of mental incapacity to make a valid will, and of undue influence. It is charged that he obtained a divorce from his first wife by fraud, in order to marry a young lady who now becomes his widow, and the legatee of a large portion of his property. Indeed, it is asserted that the validity of the divorce will be attacked, and an attempt made to have the children of the second wife declared illegitimate. Evidence has been introduced to endeavor to prove that insanity has been common in the Ward family for several generations, and that he has had children, both legitimate and illegitimate, who were either insane or idiotic. During the trial one of the sons, a lunatic, attacked one of the counsel after the adjournment of the court.

The most interesting evidence so far taken, has been that of various spiritual mediums, among them Henry Slade of New York, and one of the famous Fox sisters.

WE ARE ANXIOUS that the coming winter should be one of work such as the movement has not seen. To commence it, to continue it, and to finish it, extend the circulation of the SPIRITUAL SCIENTIST. We are ready to do anything that may be suggested to promote this work. Free copies, as specimens, may be had in any quantity, and we should like to see a movement set on foot, that would place a specimen of the SPIRITUAL SCIENTIST in every house in the United States.

For the Spiritual Scientist.

OCCULTISM AND ITS CRITICS.

BY HENRY S. OLCOTT.

IF THE RARE announcement of the formation of the Theosophical Society has raised such a breeze throughout the country, what may we not expect when that now inchoate organization applies itself to the work contemplated by its founders? It is only a month, since, in a letter to the New York Tribune, I called attention to the fact that in the works of the ancient Occultist authors, and the historical records of Egypt, Hindoostan and Chaldea, is alone to be found evidence of the nature of the mysterious phenomena classified under the misnomer of Modern Spiritualism, and yet the subject is already under discussion in many parts of the country. Nay, more, it has furnished themes for the European press and its correspondents. As was naturally to be expected, a great diversity of views is expressed by the several disputants; some warmly welcoming the idea; some expressing incredulity; some sounding the alarm of danger, and some, whose pretensions to knowledge warranted us in expecting better things of them, descending to cheap wit and buffoonery.

Among the examples of the class, last above noted, the Daily Graphic is conspicuous. Its editor is a man who displays not simply a detestation of the spiritual phenomena, but a positive hatred of everything calculated to prove the immortality of his soul. He loses no opportunity to resent, as if it were a personal affront, every narrative of fact and every logical argument likely to strengthen the universal faith in a future life. It would seem that his past experiences must have been bitter beyond expression, to make him so loth to confront the idea of post-mortem consciousness.

The latest exhibition of the virulence of this editor, is made in the issue of the 8th inst. The pretext taken is a review of a pamphlet just issued by Mrs. Mary F. Davis, *apropos* of my letter on Occultism. He says:

"A pamphlet called 'Danger Signals,' by Mary F. Davis, is published by A. J. Davis & Co., its purpose being to warn Spiritualists against certain American investigators who are turning to theurgy and the works of Hermes Trismegistus, Apollonius of Tyana, Iamblichus, and Cornelius Agrippa for an explanation of recent mysterious phenomena of spiritualism. For it seems that a serious effort is at hand to revive the school of magic, the effort being that established in the organization of a Theosophical Society by Col. Olcott. But they is little to fear from the society, for the difference between what Spiritualism promises to do and what it does, has already been so great as to give full warrant to the conclusion that it will always be illusoriate. That can never 'elevate the race,' 'hurry the dawn,' and 'bring the golden shower' to the race which stultifies and weakens the individual, which fills him with words folly and leads him to the kinks of the grossest sort of fetichism where signs and formulæ and the ridiculous paraphernalia of magic are supposed to have power to put him in communication with 'elementary spirits.' It is conceivable who the Neo-Platonists would dream that thaumaturgy and philosophy were legitimately connected with each other, for the phenomena of the Neo-Platonists was a dream, as is the thaumaturgy, except on a natural side, where it was simply mediative and 'natural magic' and the result of misunderstanding natural phenomena; it is inconceivable, now that the 'Twin Giants' are out of their cradle, that the upholders of any system claiming the name of philosophy should turn for aid to that which is the result of the credulous mind of a frozen and mooning antique dream, and is now useless save for the purpose of romancers like Bulwer, and catchpennies like Alan Kardec, and speculative prosers like Eliphas Levi, who have nothing better to attend to. The life of Mme. Blavatsky and the impression of Joseph Balsamo, not to contemporary seers, are too palpable bean 'occult' science."

Here is an editor who never saw an experiment in White Magic in his life, nor, if I am correctly informed, ever attended a seance for materialization like those of Florence Cook, Williams, Herne, Mrs. Stewart, Mott, Mrs. Compton or the Eddys; and yet he presumes to dogmatize upon the question at issue! With cool effrontery he pronounces the most sublime of sciences "fetichism:" flouts the idea of elementary spirits as absurd, when nothing is easier of proof than their existence: calls thaumaturgy a compound of dreams, medicine, and ignorance of natural phenomena, when he understands neither the dream of the thaumaturgists, their drugs, formulæ of magic, nor the phenomena they are acknowledged to have produced. If he had repeated the premature experiments of *Glyndon*, he would have called Bulwer something more than a romance; if he had read Eliphas Levi, he would have detected his Jesuitism beneath the covering of his vast erudition in magical lore; if he had read history carefully, he would have discovered, with your learned correspondent Charles Sotheran, that "Joseph Balsamo," the charlatan and swindler, never existed except in the imagination of his infernal Romanist biographers, while Alessandro di Cagliostro, the real man, was reverenced by half the Sovereigns and Courts of Europe as a philosopher, philanthropist, and one of the wisest and purest men of his day. So much for this critic.

The care of the New York World is more amusing. Referring editorially to a recent lecture in New York, in which I spoke of the Theosophical Society and its probable relations towards the various religious and philosophical parties of our time, the World said, with an air intended to be very funny, that ours is so dull and prosaic an age,—so lacking in all the elements of romance,—that if the new society and I could furnish the public with a sort of Prospero's Isle, peopled with a party of Cagliostros and Michael Scots, we would be entitled to be regarded as public benefactors.

On the 4th inst. it concluded a denunciation of an alleged swindling seance at Tamany Hall, with the following bit of pleasantry:

"The police ought to be called in to prevent people from being swindled rather than by their aid; or else, if they be the transparent frauds which help them to impose on themselves. But there is a good chance for Mr. Olcott and his theosophists to define the point at which a believer in manifestations ceases to be a common lunatic—if they can."

This was doubtless a Parthian arrow, shot in its retreat of the day before from the advanced skirmish-line it had previously thrown out. On the 3d, it had said:

"People are so unaccustomed nowadays to hear anything like common sense from modern claimants, that we say nothing of this Mr. Olcott's letter may be to the average reader only a curiosity, or, at most, a consolatory. He attacks the Spiritualists who are responsible for the recent spasmodic outcrop of spiritualism with vigor especially commendable in one who claims to be a Spiritualist, though a rational one. If the Theosophists—if they can—find out what occasioned this sudden inundation, and so fix the mirage, there is at least no harm in trying them.

So much for this Democratic Balaam, whose curses have already been changed into the word of good-will, if not into blessings. It is no small matter to have extorted even so much as this, in so brief a time, from so influential a person.

The friends of Occultism can afford to wait the turn of the tide, which will as surely come as the sun will rise tomorrow. They know what they are about. They know that no claim has been or is likely to be made for it which cannot be substantiated in the most satisfactory manner by practical proofs. They know that it is only a question of a few months, or a few years at most, before the Spiritual press will be forced to choose between the alternatives of teaching Occultism or of giving way to other journals that will; when translations and reprints of ancient and modern Occultist authors will replace the flapdoodle literature of this Modern Spiritualism; when the great army of perspirational and inspirational speakers will be crowded off the rostrum and back to the wash-tub and manure-fork, at which alone they are of practical benefit to society; when the free-love philosophers will be remanded to the common jail, in company with the vendors of indecent prints and pamphlets; when the unseen races of the air, fire, the water and the earth, made visible at will by adepts, will cease their mischievous work in our circles, as "guides, controls, and bands," and be forced to keep their place, and wait their turn to be born upon this earth; when the existence of a grand and blessed Fraternity, in the heart of the Orient, will be known, and its majestic mission to elevate and enlighten mankind appreciated. They know all this, and they patiently bide their time;—it will soon be here.

The last critic to notice—the editor of the Banner of Light having already been answered in a former communication—is the authoress of the pamphlet entitled, "Danger Signals," whose preface contains the following paragraphs:

"The signs of the times give evidence that dangers, which threaten Spiritualism, have recently accumulated along the open sea of investigation and discovery. Among them is the latest one of retrogression. Doctrines which prevailed in superstitious eras, are finding lodgement in many speculative minds.

Modern Spiritualism, the child of light, seems retrograding into the darkness of Egypt and the Middle Ages. Metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls, a doctrine that took shape in the very cradle of the world, has been revived, in a modified form, by French Spiritualists under the name of "Reincarnation," and certain American Spiritualists are turning to equally ancient Theurgy for an explanation of recent mysterious phenomena.

The works of mythical Hermes Trismegistus, Apollonius of Tyana, Iamblicus, Cornelius Agrippa, and others, of a dead past, are to be explored as in the darkness of a tomb, where the mystic seven is turned from the broad, clear light of the living present. A vast effort is at hand to revive the secret School of Magic; and the favored few, who are be deemed worthy of discipleship, may soon startle the uninitiated by summoning elementary spirits from the "misty deep of the premum mobile"—the sylphs, gnomes, undines, and salamanders of the Rosicrucians.

The pentagram, the Jewish Cabala, and the Abracadabra of the pagan theosophers may again assume their ancient significance, and the lines of Paracelsus and Raymond Lully be repeated by the modern esoteric magicians, who claim to give directions for invoking, controlling and discharging spirits."

This is all very pretty, but it will not accomplish the purpose intended. The "doctrines which prevailed in superstitious eras" will prevail now and sweep everything before them, for the simple reason they are true. Hermes, Apollonius, and the other philosophers whom Mrs. Davis quotes, forgot more about real Spiritualism, its limits, uses, abuses and possibilities, than all our modern investigators and authors, myself included, ever knew. They could do what no one nowadays pretends to be able to accomplish, produce such manifestations as they liked, when and where they liked, converse with such spirits as could instruct them or they could teach, help their profession and their own, and protect themselves and the people from the malice of irruptive 'elementaries' and debased human denizens of the Other World. The reproach so commonly and justly cast upon our contemporary Spiritualists that they have added no useful thing to human knowledge, promoted no science, offered no satisfying philosophy, mitigated no human suffering, was not applicable to them: for they ransacked the most obscure corners of Nature's domain, discovered her most valuable secrets, added enormously to the sum of knowledge, contributed to the welfare of the race, made plain its origin and destiny, and afforded the most satisfactory information as to the nature and attribute of the God of the Universe, whom they adored as the Ineffable and Boundless One,—the Ain-soph. Mrs. Davis here, without knowing the real significance of the words, quotes a phrase from the court which is upon us. "This is a transition period," says this seer and sage. "We are passing from the old to the new by highway of spiritual science. She will see very soon enough to see her words come true; not as an alarmist, but as the friend of Modern Spiritualism over its opponents, her by the great and sacred of Ancient Spiritualism—Parent of all Faiths, Embodiment of all Wisdom, Hope and Humanity.

For the Scientist.

CHRISTUS PACIFICATOR.

BY GEORGE WENTZ.

In the martial Cæsar's tent,
Pitched where his legions lay,
Stood a messenger unsent
By great Rome far leagues away.

By the sentinel without
Unchallenged now, he entered in,
And the presence round about
Shone to vision pale and thin.

Then aroused the sleeping chief,
Looking upon a form unknown of men;
"Who art thou? thy business brief:
I would rest and sleep again."

Then the form in accents mild,
Heavenly in face and head
With the spirit of a Child,
Thus addressed Cæsar said:

"Mighty Cæsar, born to sway
Roman, Briton, Gaul in one,
While thy eagles fly, dismay
Scores as beneath the sun!

"How maintain it the State
When the days who never harms?
Great Rome may be yet more great
By the arts that know not arms.

"On this occasion much intent,
'What to other men is due,'
Thus all night have I been sent
By my Master unto you.

"Life is His, not, Cæsar, thine;
He so worthy hold'st all;
That with equal eye divine
Marks the if a sparrow fall."

Cæsar answered, void of doubt:
"Put one way since laws have been,
Armies strong for foes without,
Civil and cross for crime within."

"But thy Master sayeth 'Peace
Is the victory to be won,
When the Cæsar's will shall cease
In the nations to be done.'"

"Say what master this of thine?
Where hath he his lofty throne?
Rome is far, yet master mine
Here or there, I do not own."

"He of mightiest kings is King,
All the earth is His domain!"
Said the vision vanishing
"Mid the ranks of Cæsar's slain

Up arose great Cæsar then,
But his kindling wrath forebore,
Looking dread command of men
And behold, his dream was o'er.

HISTORICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

Written for the Scientist.

THE SCIENCE OF MAGIC.

PROOFS OF ITS EXISTENCE—MEDIUMS IN ANCIENT TIMES, &c., &c., &c.

BY MDME. H. P. BLAVATSKY.

HAPPENING to be on a visit to Ithaca, where spiritual papers in general, and the Banner of Light in particular, are very little read, but where, luckily, the "Scientist" has found hospitality in several houses, I learned through your paper of the intensely interesting, and very erudite attack in an editorial of the Banner, on "Magic;" or rather on those who had the *absurdity* to believe in Magic. As hints concerning myself—at least in the fragment I see—are very decently veiled, and, as it appears, Col. Olcott alone, just now, is offered by way of a pious Holocaust on the altar erected to the angel world by some Spiritualists, who seem to be terribly in earnest, I will—leaving the said gentleman to take care of himself, provided he thinks it worth his trouble—proceed to say a few words only, in reference to the alleged *non-existence* of Magic.

Were I to give anything on my own authority, and base my defence of magic only on what I have seen *myself*, and *know* to be true in relation to that science, as a resident of many years' standing in India and Africa, I might, perhaps, risk to be called by Mr. Colby—with that unprejudiced, spiritualized politeness, which so distinguishes the venerable editor of the Banner of Light—"an irresponsible woman;" and that would not be for the first time either. Therefore, to his astonishing assertion that no *magic* whatever either exists or has existed in this world, I will try to find as good authorities as himself, and may be, better ones, and thus politely proceed to contradict him on that particular point.

Heterodox Spiritualists, like myself, must be cautious in our days and proceed with prudence, if they do not wish to be persecuted with all the untiring vengeance of that mighty army of "Indian Controls" and "Miscellaneous Guides" of our bright Summer Land.

When the writer of the editorial says, that "he does not think it at all improbable that there are humbugging spirits who try to fool certain aspirants to Occult knowledge, with the notion that there is such a thing as magic, (!)" then, on the other hand, I can answer him that I, for one, not only think it probable, but I am perfectly sure, and can take my oath to the certainty, that more than once, spirits, who were either elementary or very unprogressed ones, calling themselves Theodore Parker, have been most decidedly *fooling* and disrespectfully *humbugging* our most esteemed Editor of the Banner of Light, into the notion that the Appennines were in Spain, for instance.

Furthermore, supported in my assertions by thousands of intelligent Spiritualists, generally known for their integrity and truthfulness, I could furnish numberless proofs and instances where the Elementary Diakka, *Esprits malins et farfadets*, and other such-like unreliable and ignorant denizens of the spirit-world, arraying themselves in pompous, world-known and famous names, suddenly gave the bewildered witnesses such deplorable, unheard-of, slip-slop trash, and betimes something worse, that more than one person, who, previous to that was an earnest believer in the spiritual philosophy, has either silently taken to his heels; or, if he happened to have been formerly a Roman Catholic, has devoutedly tried to recall to memory with which hand he used to cross himself, and then cleared out with the most fervent exclamation of *Vade retro, Satanas!* Such is the opinion of every educated Spiritualist.

If that indomitable Attila, the persecutor of Modern Spiritualism, and mediums, Dr. G. Beard, had offered such a remark against Magic, I would not wonder, as a too profound devotion to blue pill and black draught is generally considered the best antidotes against mystic and spiritual speculations; but for a firm Spiritualist, a believer in invisible, mysterious worlds, swarming with beings, the true nature of which is still an unriddled mystery to every one—to step in and then sarcastically reject that which has been proved to exist and believed in for countless ages by millions of persons, wiser than himself, is too audacious! And that skeptic is the editor of a leading Spiritual paper! A man, whose first duty should be, to help his readers to seek,—untiringly and perseveringly—for the TRUTH in whatever form it might present itself; but who takes the risk of dragging thousands of people into error, by pinning them to his personal rose-water faith and credulity. Every serious, earnest-minded Spiritualist must agree with me, in saying, that if modern Spiritualism remains, for a few years only, in its present condition of chaotic anarchy, or still worse, if it is allowed to run its mad course, shooting forth on all sides, idle hypotheses based on superstitious, groundless ideas, then will the Dr. Beards, Dr. Marvins and others, known as scientific (!) skeptics, triumph indeed.

Really, it seems to be a waste of time to answer such ridiculous, ignorant assertions as the one which forced me to take up my pen. Any well-read Spiritualist, who finds the statement "that there ever was such a science as magic, has never been proved, nor ever will be," will need no answer from myself, nor any one else, to cause him to shrug his shoulders and smile, as he probably has smiled, at the wonder ful attempt of Mr. Colby's spirits to reorganize geography by placing the Appennines in Spain.

Why, man alive, did you never open a book in your life, besides your own records of Tom, Dick and Harry descending from upper spheres to remind their Uncle Sam that he had torn his gaiters or broken his pipe in the far West?

Did you suppose that Magic is confined to witches riding astride broomsticks and then turning themselves into black cats? Even the latter superstitious trash, though it was never called Magic, but Sorcery, does not appear so great an absurdity for one to accept, who firmly believes in the transfiguration of Mrs. Compton into Katie Brinks. The laws of nature are unchangeable. The conditions under which a medium can be transformed, entirely absorbed in the process by the spirit, into the semblance of another person, will hold good whenever that spirit or rather *force* should have a fancy to take the form of a cat.

The exercise of *magical* power is the exercise of *natural* powers, but SUPERIOR to the ordinary functions of nature. A miracle is not a violation of the laws of nature, except for ignorant people: Magic is but a *science*, a profound knowledge of the Occult forces in Nature, and of the laws governing the visible or the invisible world. Spiritualism in the hands of an adept, becomes Magic, for he is learned in the art of blending together the laws of the Universe, without breaking any of them and thereby violating nature. In the hands of an inexperienced medium, Spiritualism becomes UNCONSCIOUS SORCERY; for, by allowing himself to become the helpless tool of a variety of spirits, of whom he knows nothing save what the latter permits him to know, he opens, unknown to himself, a door of communication between the two worlds, through which emerge the blind forces of nature lurking in the astral light, as well as good and bad spirits.

A powerful mesmerizer, profoundly learned in his science, such as Barron Dupotet, Regarroni, Pietro d' Amicis of Bologna, are *magicians*, for they have become the adepts, the initiated ones, into the great mystery of our Mother Nature. Such men as the above-mentioned,—and such were Mesmer and Cagliostro,—*control* the spirits instead of allowing their subjects or themselves to be controlled by them; and Spiritualism is safe in their hands. In the absence of experienced adepts though, it is always safer for a naturally clairvoyant medium to trust to good luck and chance, and try to judge of the tree by its fruits. Bad spirits will seldom communicate through a pure, naturally good and virtuous person; and it is still more seldom that pure spirits will choose impure channels. Like attracts like.

But to return to Magic. Such men as Albertus Magnus,

Raymond Culli, Cornelius Agrippa, Paracelcus, Robert Flood, Eugenius Philalethes, Cuneath, Roger Bacon and others of similar character, in our skeptical century, are generally taken for visionaries; but so, too, are Modern Spiritualists and mediums—nay worse, for charlatans and poltroons; but never were the Hermetic Philosophers taken, by anyone, for fools and idiots, as, unfortunately for ourselves and the Cause, every unbeliever takes ALL of us believers in Spiritualism to be. Those Hermetics and philosophers may be disbelieved and doubted now, as everything else is doubted, but very few doubted their knowledge and power during their lifetime, for they always could prove what they claimed, having command over those forces which *now command* helpless mediums. They had their science and demonstrated philosophy to help them to throw down ridiculous negations, while we sentimental Spiritualists, rocking ourselves to sleep with our "Sweet Bye and Bye," are now unable to recognize a spurious phenomenon from a genuine one, and are daily deceived by vile charlatans. Even though doubted then, as Spiritualism is in our day, still these philosophers were held in awe and reverence, even by those who did not implicitly believe in their Occult potency, for they were giants of intellect. Profound knowledge, as well as cultured intellectual powers will always be respected and revered; but our mediums and their adherents are laughed and scorned at, and we are all made to suffer, because the phenomena are left to the whims and pranks of self-willed and other mischievous spirits, and we are utterly powerless in controlling them.

To doubt Magic is to reject History itself as well as the testimony of occular witnesses thereof, during a period embracing over 4000 years. Beginning with Homer, Moses Hermes, Herodotus, Cicero, Plutarch, Pythagoras, Apollonius of Tyana, Simon the Magician, Plato, Pausanias, Iamblichus and following this endless string of great men, historians and philosophers, who all of them either believed in magic or were magicians themselves, and ending with our modern authors, such as W. Howitt, Ennemoser, G. des Mousseaux, Marquis de Mirville and the late Eliphas Levi, who was a magician himself,—among all these great names and authors, we find but the solitary Mr. Colby, Editor of the Banner of Light, who ignores that there ever was such a science as *Magic*. He innocently believes the whole of the sacred army of Bible prophets, commencing with Father Abraham, including Christ, to be merely mediums; in the eyes of Mr. Colby they were all of them acting under control! Fancy Christ, Moses, or an Appolonius of Tyana, controlled by an Indian guide!! The venerable editor ignores, perhaps, that spiritual mediums were better known in those days to the ancients, than they are now to us, and he seems to be equally aware of the fact that the inspired Sibyls, Pythonesses, and other mediums, were entirely guided by their High Priests and those who were initiated into the Esoteric Theurgy and mysteries of the Temples; Theurgy was *magic*; as in modern times the sibyls and Pythonesses WERE MEDIUMS; but their High Priests were magicians. All the secrets of their theology, which included *magic*, or the art of invoking ministering spirits, were in their hands. They possessed, the science of DISCERNING SPIRITS; a science which Mr. Colby does not possess at all—to his great regret no doubt. By this power they controlled the spirits at will, allowing but the good ones to absorb their mediums. Such is the explanation of *magic*; the real, existing *White* or sacred magic, which ought to be in the hands of science now, and would be if science had profited by the lessons which Spiritualism has inductively taught for these last twenty-seven years.

That is the reason why, no trash was allowed to be given by unprogressed spirits in the days of old. The oracles of the sibyls and inspired priestesses could never have affirmed Athens to be a town in India, or pinned Mount Ararat from its native place down to Egypt.

If the skeptical writer of the editorial had, moreover, devoted less time to little prattling Indian spirits and more to profitable lectures, he might have learned perhaps at the same time, that ancients had their illegal mediums—I mean those who belonged to no special Temple, and thus the spirits controlling them, unchecked by the expert hand of the magician, were left to themselves, and had all the opportunity possible to perform their capers on their helpless tools; that such mediums were generally considered *obsessed* and *possessed*, which they were in fact; in other words, and according to the Bible phraseology, "they had the seven devils in them." Furthermore, these mediums were ordered to be put to death, for the intolerant Moses the magician, "who was learned in the wisdom of Egypt, had said, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Alone, the Egyptians and Greeks, even more human and just than Moses, took such into their Temples, and when found unfit for sacred duties of prophecy *were cured*, in the same way as Jesus Christ cured Mary of Magdala and many others, by casting out the "seven devils." Either Mr. Colby and Co. must completely deny the miracles of Christ, the apostles, prophets, Thamaturgists, and magicians, and so deny point blank, every bit of the sacred and profane histories, or he must confess that there is a POWER in this world which can command spirits, at least the bad and unprogressed ones, the elementary and Diakka. The *pure ones*, the disembodied, will never descend to our sphere, unless attracted by a current of powerful sympathy and love, or on some useful mission.

Far from me the thought of casting odium and ridicule on our mediums. I am myself a Spiritualist, it, as says Col. Olcott, a firm belief in our souls' immortality and *the knowledge* of a constant possibility for us to communicate with the spirits of our departed and loved ones, either through honest, pure mediums, or by means of the secret science, constitutes a Spiritualist. But I am not of those fanatical Spiritualists, to be found in every country, who blindly accept the claims of every spirit, for I have seen too much of various phenomena, undreamed of in America. I *know* that MAGIC does exist, and 10,000 editors of Spiritual papers cannot change my belief in what I know. There is a white and a black magic; and no one who has ever traveled in the East, can doubt it if he has takened the trouble to investigate. My faith being firm I am therefore ever ready to support and protect any honest medium,—aye, and even occasionally one who appears *dishonest*; for I know but too well, what helpless tools and victims such mediums are in the hands of unprogressed, invisible beings. I am furthermore aware of the malice and wickedness of the elementary, and how far they can inspire not only a sensitive medium, *but any other person* as well. Though I may be an "irresponsible woman" in the eyes of those who are but "too responsible" for the harm they do to EARNEST Spiritualists by their unfairness, unsidedness, and spiritual sentimentalism, I feel safe to say, that generally I am quick enough to detect whenever a medium is cheating *under control*, or cheating consciously.

Thus magic exists and has existed ever since prehistoric ages. Begun in history with the Samothracian mysteries, it followed its course uninterruptedly, and ended for a time with the expiring theurgic rites and ceremonies of christianized Greece; then reappeared for a time again with the Neo Platonic, Alexandrian school, and passing, by initiation, to sundry solitary students and philosophers, safely crossed the mediæval ages, and notwithstanding the furious persecutions of the church, resumed its fame in the hands of such adepts as Paracelsus and several others, and finally died out in Europe with the Count St. Germain and Cagliostro, to seek refuge from the frozen hearted skepticism in its native country of the East.

In India, magic has never died out, and blossoms there as well as ever. Practiced, as in ancient Egypt, only within the secret enclosure of the Temples, it was, and still is, called the "sacred science." For it is a science, based on natural occult forces of Nature; and not merely a blind belief in the poll parrot talking of crafty, elementary ones, ready to forcibly prevent *real, disembodied* spirits from communicating with their loved ones whenever they can do so.

Sometime since, a Mr. Mendenhall devoted several columns in the Rel. Phil. Journal, to questioning, cross-examining, and criticising the mysterious Brotherhood of Luxor. He made a fruitless attempt at forcing the said Brotherhood to answer him, and thus unveil the sphinx. I can satisfy Mr. Mendenhall. The BROTHERHOOD OF LUXOR is one of the sections of the Grand Lodge of which *I am a member*. If this gentleman entertains any doubt as to my statement—which I have no doubt he will—he can, if he chooses, write to *Lahor* for information. If perchance, the *Seven of the Committee* were so rude as not to answer him, and would refuse to give him the desired information, I can then offer him a little business-transaction. Mr. Mendenhall, as far as I remember, has two wives in the spirit world. Both of these ladies materialize at M. Motts, and often hold very long conversations with their husband, as the latter told us of several times, and over his own signature; adding, moreover, that he had no doubt whatever of the identity of the said spirits. If so, let one of the departed ladies tell Mr. Mendenhall the name of that section of the Grand Lodge I belong too. For *real, genuine, disembodied* spirits, if both are what they claim to be, the matter is more than easy; they have but to inquire of other spirits, look into my thoughts, and so on; for a disembodied entity, an immortal spirit, it is the easiest thing in the world to do. Then, if the gentleman I challenge, though I am deprived of the pleasure of his acquaintance, tells me the true name of the section—which name three gentleman in New York, who are accepted neophytes of our Lodge, know well—I pledge myself to give to Mr. Mendenhall the true statement concerning the Brotherhood, which is not composed of spirits, as he may think, but of *living* mortals, and I will, moreover, if he desires to, put him in direct communication with the Lodge as I have done for others. Methinks, Mr. Mendenhall will answer that no such name can be given correctly by the spirits, for no such Lodge or either section exist at all, and thus close the discussion.

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All communications for the Editor, books for review, &c., should be addressed E. GERRY BROWN, Office of the Spiritual Scientist, 18 Exchange Street, Boston, Mass.

SPIRITUAL SCIENTIST.

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TO OUR NEW READERS.

Spiritualism is said to be in its infancy; but if the signs of the present may be taken as an indication, its future growth will be surprisingly rapid. Convincing experiments are being made in the phenomena and disputed theories advanced in the philosophy. Reincarnation, "Diakka," "Elementaries," and Occultism are receiving careful study, and sound arguments, on both sides of the several questions, are forced upon the public attention. While manifestations are little noticed, the causes are provocative of wide discussion; new and able writers are drawn into the field, who come laden with such information as they have obtained by long study into the history of Spiritualism reaching through all ages. Such a condition of affairs is indeed welcome; for it cannot fail to develop the reasoning faculties of the reader, and raise him to that level where he shall be obliged to "prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good."

We greet many new readers this week, and improve the opportunity to say a few words explanatory of our position and policy. The mission of the Spiritual Scientist is to give instruction; to scrutinize, arrange, classify, and test the phenomena of Spiritualism, and to discover and expound the philosophy which lies back of them; to arrest the attention of the scientific world, and overcome its opposition; to expose any misrepresentation which seeks to gain and hold power over Human Thought; to foster a spirit of union and mutual helpfulness among us; and enlarge upon those truths, sent to us from the other world, which teach the necessity of living a TRUE life with the Highest and Purest Example for a standard. How honest has it been in its course is best evidenced in its steady growth and in the ever increasing circle of able writers—the best minds in our Cause—who are attracted to its standard. Our thanks are due to them and the unseen powers who have placed our enterprise on so firm a foundation.

Devoted to this work we consider any topic which shall contain information of interest to our readers to be worthy of our attention. We have no partisan feeling in any direction. In admitting correspondents to our columns it does not necessarily follow that we endorse them. In expressing editorial opinions we shall endeavor to fortify our position with the arguments which lead to our conclusions. We follow Truth wherever it may lead, conscious that it is consistent with itself and inconsistent with all error; its greatest friend is TIME, its greatest enemy, PREJUDICE, and its constant companion, HUMILITY. We hope that all readers, into whose hands this paper may fall, will render a verdict in our favor and hasten to give their support to an INDEPENDENT, SCIENTIFIC, SPIRITUAL JOURNAL—THE SPIRITUAL SCIENTIST.

A SPIRITUAL CLUB.

There is now being formed in this city, among gentlemen deeply interested in the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, an association to be known as the BOSTON SPIRITUAL CLUB. Their object and purpose is to form circles for development of mediumship and phenomena in their own number; to experiment with mediums who will co-operate for higher phases of manifestations; to have papers read on spiritual subjects and topics relating to Spiritualism as a basis for discussion; to maintain an appropriate reading-room and library. There will also be other business brought before them occasionally, of interest only to members. Membership gives one the right to bring ladies to all gatherings, with but one or two exceptions. The Club, numbering thirty-six members, will be composed of those only who are in sympathy with the objects and purposes and who desire to become members. Any gentleman of good abilities, capable of understanding the revelations of philosophy and science, possessing a mind free from prejudice, and anxious for instruction, who wishes to have his name submitted for membership, can obtain further information by addressing, with name, place of business, and residence, "Boston Spiritual Club, Box 3150, Boston, Mass." Free Masons are preferred, although this qualification is not absolutely necessary. Candidates, however, will mention if they have taken the above degrees.

"MONEY TALKS." WHO TAKES THE $5,000 OFFERED BY DR. MILLER? WHERE ARE THE MATERIALISTS?

OCCULTISM.

The newspapers and our spiritual contemporaries are having a lively time of it over Occultism and the still embryonic Theosophical society of New York. Col. Olcott has stirred up a pretty nest of hornets, and their buzzing comes to us on every passing breeze. The secular journals are divided between opposition, indifference, and sarcastic pleasantry. A few of the writers in the spiritual ranks have taken the field and the subject bids fair to awaken a discussion that will be interesting as well as instructive.

Mrs. Mary Davis, wife of A. J. Davis, throws out a pioneer pamphlet, whose title, "Danger Signals," is indicative of its warning contents; it is noticed by Col. Olcott in his article in this issue.

Prof. S. B. Brittan, in the Tribune, reviews Col. Olcott, and makes some strong points which will undoubtedly draw a reply from the last named. Col. Olcott is so positive and sweeping in his assertions and denunciations, that he lays himself open to attack; and Prof. Brittan deals not so much with Occultism as he does with the "elementary" spirit theory, and the arguments which have been adduced in favor of it.

Emma Hardinge Britten, in her correspondence to the Banner of Light, says Col. Olcott's letters to the Tribune have "raised the very devil." She thinks any human form presented, or human intelligence rendered in spiritual phenomena, has a human origin; and yet, SHE KNOWS of the existence of other than human spirits, and HAS SEEN apparitions of spiritual or *elementary* existences, evoked by cabalistic words and practices. She says,—

We are on the threshold of a grand temple whose name has been "Mystery," but whose future cognomen will be

NATURE: we stand waiting at her portal, whilst one or two bold mystics venture to cross the spell-bound circle which has hitherto barred all mortal entrance. Let those who dare follow. God lives and rules and reigns. We who trust him need fear nothing which he has made, and hence it is for all his creatures, that incline to search the profoundest depths of his kingdom, to avail themselves of all the lights that science can give into the mystery of that creation, the study of which ultimates into faith in God; confidence in Immortality, and recognition of the eternal reign of truth, justice, and love.

and we re-echo the closing paragraph:—

I am a SPIRITUALIST, whoever else may bear that name and disgrace it by acts of folly or unworthiness, and I am thankful to the Father of Spirits that he has showered upon us the light of a beneficent revealment where the hands of those whom we have known, loved, and trusted, bear the torches destined to light us into the sublime temple, where all shall behold for themselves the ISIS UNVEILED, in all her perfection and divine beauty.

Soon we shall have the opinion of other writers, and as Channing truly says, "The more discussion the better, if passion and personality be eschewed; and discussion, even if stormy, often winnows truth from error—a good never to be expected in an uninquiring age." Heretofore many of the minds in Spiritualism have found activity in the discussion of free-love and other "isms;" it soon became an encumbrance awakening bitter divisions and checking all progress. So we welcome the subject of Occultism, in the hope that it may teach us something worth knowing about the Cause that is so dear to our hearts. Truth comes from agitation, never from stagnation.

CASTS OF SPIRIT HANDS.

MRS. EMMA WESTON THE MEDIUM.—A RIGHT AND LEFT HAND OBTAINED AND RECOGNIZED.

Tuesday morning we attended a seance for experiment in obtaining casts of spirit-hands through the mediumship of Mrs. Emma Weston, 244 Saratoga Street, East Boston. Mrs. Weston is well-known among Spiritualists as a test medium, and has, within two years we think, developed sufficient power for materialization. Prof. Denton made the usual preparations. Taking a bucket of water, at a temperature of 110°, he placed therein four sperm candles, which soon melted, and the oily compound, of course, floated to the surface. Over a common 2x4 table was thrown two quilts completely shutting out the light from the space thereby enclosed. Mrs. Weston took her seat at one end, and the bucket was placed on the floor under the other end of the table; by its side was laid a folded shawl to protect the mould from injury. In about twenty minutes raps were heard and questions answered, indicating that the invisibles were present. Soon they made known, by this agency, that their work was finished. Glancing under the table, there, in plain sight, lay a mould of a man's right hand. Perfect, pearly white, and convincing evidence, that but a few seconds before, some intelligent invisible force had shaped this proof of its existence. It was still warm, and lay in such a position that no person in the room could have rendered tangible assistance. In broad daylight, the medium sitting in full sight, without moving hand, foot, or body in any manner that could awaken the least suspicion from the most watchful skeptic; such results, under such conditions, are indeed destined to revolutionize the opinion of the world concerning Spiritualism.

The mould was now placed in common fine sand, and into it was turned a liquid of plaster-paris and water. When the plaster had sufficiently hardened, it was taken from the sand; then resting its wrist on a pan of dry sand, to absorb the paraffine when melting, it was placed in a hot oven, and soon came forth relieved from its paraffine coating, the white plaster-cast of a spirit-hand. We would caution those of our readers who will attempt the simple experiment not to have the oven so hot as to dry the plaster too quickly or too much; otherwise they will reduce it to powder.

In the afternoon another sitting was had and a LEFT hand was given MATCHING THE RIGHT obtained in the morning. This was even more wonderful as there were marked peculiarities in both. *They have since been recognized.*

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

"MEDIOMANIA," by Dr. Marvin of skeptical fame concerning the reality of spiritual phenomena, is to receive the attention of Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, before the Liberal Club of New York, by invitation of its members. Dr. Marvin is also connected with the Society, and will undoubtedly hear some truths presented in a forcible manner.

PROF. WM. DENTON is continuing his experiments in taking casts of spirit fingers and hands. We were shown, a few days ago, several of those he has already obtained, and they are indeed marvelous and impressive. One of the later productions, through a peculiarity in the formation of the fingers, has been recognized by several parties.

WE HAVE an interesting article on "Occult Philosophy," by one who has made it a study for twenty years, which we shall publish in our next number.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us for a fuller definition of the word "Magic" its origin, &c. We have an answer prepared, but it is crowded out this week.

We are also obliged to omit a notice of the meeting at John A. Andrew Hall, on Sunday afternoon and evening.

BOUND VOLUMES of the first number of any paper or magazine, are always scarce, and in a few years Vol. I. of the Scientist will more than double in price. We have but a few copies left. Price, $3.75.

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

ROBERT DALE OWEN, who has sufficiently recovered from his recent mental illness to make longer confinement unnecessary, has written a letter, speaking of his health and the means taken to restore it, to the superintendent of the Indiana hospital for the insane, of which institution he has been a member for the past three months. He alludes to the circumstance of his seclusion by his children, who he believes acted for the best, judging their action by the Napoleonic test of success. He finds that he has entirely gotten rid of his dyspeptic symptoms, that his health has been essentially improved, and his mind greatly tranquilized, and therefore does not regret what has been done. He admits that a man placed in his circumstances ~~cannot be a~~ competent judge of his own past condition, yet it seems to him that his only ailment was exhaustion of the brain and nervous force, until what he regarded as arbitrary restraint tended to irritation. He admits that he has inherited a tendency to over-hopefulness, and that this tendency showed itself especially after his severe illness at Dansville. He thinks the reprise of the past three months has been greatly beneficial to him, and speaks in feeling terms of the kind words which have been spoken of him by the press in his affliction. We close his letter with warm acknowledgments of the kindness and consideration shown him by Dr. Evarts.

From the Boston Herald.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

SERVICES of the late Mrs. Fanny Conant were held at Music Hall Sunday afternoon. There was a large attendance of the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity. The platform was decorated with flowers and autumn leaves. Mr. John Wetherbee presided and introduced the orator of the occasion (Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten) in a few felicitous words.

Mrs. Britten commenced by reciting an eloquent invocation given through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant, and then gave a brief biographical sketch of the departed. Although her life was a protracted martyrdom, it had been continuously devoted to the service of humanity. As the Banner of Light medium for about twenty years, she had been the instrument of receiving more than 10,000 communications from the spirit-world, the genuineness of many of them having been tested in the most conclusive manner. To her was due the origin of the Banner, and largely to her the moral support which gave strength to the faltering hands of its proprietors and enabled them to continue their great work for Spiritualism and humanity.

Mrs. Britten, who was frequently applauded, closed with an eloquent tribute to the "dear, brave little Fanny Conant."

TRICKERY, EPILEPSY, OR UNCONSCIOUS CEREBRATION WILL NOT PRODUCE PLASTER CASTS OF SPIRIT-HANDS.

For the Spiritual Scientist

SHELLEY ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SPIRIT.

BY CHARLES SOTHERAN.*

THE Immortality of the Soul has ever been a subject of primary importance to all philosophers—the last dying efforts of Socrates, noblest of Greece's sons, as Plato has shown us in the Phædo, were expended in a discussion on the *pros* and *cons* of an argument in favor of a future life. Many of the highest intelligences since his day have been endeavoring to prove this satisfactorily without the aid of theological revelation. All mankind, from sage to peasant, from the most learned Brahmin on the banks of the Ganges to the untutored red Indian beside the Mississippi, has approached the question, "Is there an existence after death?" with the most earnest hopes to solve it as one of the greatest mysteries. Percy Bysshe Shelley devoted a vast amount of energy to the elucidation of this occult, yet overt, truth; and in one place remarks:—

"The desire to be forever as we are; the reluctance to a violent and unexperienced change, which is common to all the animate and inanimate combinations of the universe, is, indeed, the secret persuasion which has (among other reasons) given birth to a belief in a future state."

Full well he knew, that independent of matter, there was a power, which has been denominated by some, Spirit; by others, simply mind, force, or intelligence; and by metaphysical philosophers, Soul. If he approached the subject logically, as in his essay, "On a Future State," the *ignis fatuus* seems to escape him and be lost; if poetically, with the innate voice which speaks within us all, ever present.

After close reasoning in the essay I have referred to, he arrived at the conclusion that even

"if it be proved that the world is ruled by a divine power, no inference can necessarily be drawn from that circumstance in favor of a future state,"

and that

"if a future state be clearly proved, does it follow that it will be a state of punishment or reward?"

Then in extension of the same argument he urges:—

"Sleep suspends many of the faculties of the vital and intellectual principle—drunkenness and disease will either temporarily or permanently derange them. Madness, or idiocy, may utterly extinguish the most excellent and delicate of these powers. In old age the mind gradually withers; and as it grew and strengthened with the body, so does it with the body sink into decrepitude."

He also considered that:—

"It is probable that what we call thought is not an actual being, but no more than the relation between certain parts of that infinitely varied mass, of which the rest of the universe is composed, and which ceases to exist so soon as those parts change their position with regard to each other. Thus color, and sound, and taste, and odor, exist only relatively."

Even granted that mind or thought be a part of, or in fact, the soul, then he asks in what manner it could be made a proof of its imperishability, as all that we see or know perishes and is changed.

Here then comes the query, "Have we existed before birth?" A difficult possibility to conceive of individual intelligence and if unprovable against the theory of existence after death.

He then winds up the whole by thinking that it is impossible that

"we should continue to exist after death in some mode totally inconceivable to us at present."

and that only those who desire to be persuaded are persuaded.

This is but a rough outline of some of the principal features of his considerations on soul immortality from a logical basis, and which, after all, only constitute an argument, to which, and the thoughts presented therein, he did not necessarily bind himself. There can be little doubt, independently of what I have quoted, that he did not believe in a future state as popularly accepted. Trelawney asked him on one occasion: "Do you believe in the immortality of the spirit?" Shelley's answer was unmistakable, "Certainly not; how can I? We know nothing; we have no evidence."

When we take Shelley from a poetical standpoint, or with the divine truism implanted by the Ain-soph clamoring within, to his intelligence, for expression, how confident he appears of a hereafter, as in the "Adonais," or in the following extract from an unpublished letter to his father-in-law, William Goodwin, the property of my friend C. W. Frederickson, of New York, one of the most enthusiastic admirers of Shelley, and who has been often known to pay more than the weight in gold for "Shelleyana."

"With how many garlands we can beautify the tomb. If we begin betimes, we can learn to make the prospect of the grave the most seductive of human visions. By little and little we hive therein all the most pleasing of our dreams. Surely, if any spot in the world be sacred, it is that in which grief ceases, and for which, if the voice within our hearts mock us not with an everlasting lie, we spring upon the untiring wings of a pangless and seraphic life—those whom we love around us—our nature, universal intelligence, our atmosphere, eternal love."

How exquisite these remarks and his description of a disembodied spirit:

"It stood
All beautiful in naked purity,
The perfect semblance of its bodily frame,
Instinct with inexpressible beauty and grace,
Each atom of earthliness
Had passed away, it re-assumed
Its native dignity, and stood
Immortal and free."

It must appear impossible to any rational mind, that, with the *full* evidence before their eyes, materialists can attempt to claim Shelley as endorsing their doctrines, for even in the "Queen Mab," which has been considered by those not understanding it as a most atheistical poem, he speaks of—

"the remembrances
With which the happy spirit contemplates
Its well-spent pilgrimage on earth."

Positive dogmatists are tyrannically endeavoring to crush the belief in a Soul, that All which makes the present life happy on earth, the hope of our heritage in a future state. To them the fact that the race from the dawn of history, and through the ages, has knelt down in abnegation before this inscrutable truth is nothing. This glorious belief evolved from the primæval Cabala, taught in ancient Egypt, found contemporaneously in India, enunciated by scholarly Rabbis, ever present before the Chaldean and Assyrian Magi, and laid down as axioms in the philosophical schools of Greece and Rome, not only to be discovered a fundamental in the Egyptian, the Hebraistic, the Brahminical, the Buddhistic, the Vedic, but also in all the sacred books of every nation, and handed down and perpetuated to these days as a sacred legacy from the past, by both Mohammed and Christ. This, the great co-mystery of all the ancient mysteries, shall remain ever present through all futurity like "the existing order of the Universe, or rather of the *part of it known to us*," to use the phraseology of John Stuart Mill. Nations may rise and fall, theologies may flourish and decay, but this glorious and divine inheritance shall never pass away. Let pseudo-scientists avail themselves of stale and exploded arguments, and urge that there is no invisible world, and therefore no immortality for man, but honest scientists, like Professor Balfour Stewart, in the "Unseen Universe," will ever agree with the Illuminati—"in the position assumed by Swedenborg and by the Spiritualists, according to which they look upon the invisible world, not as something absolutely distinct from the visible universe, and absolutely unconnected with it, as is frequently thought to be the case, but rather as a universe that has some bond of union with the present;" and like Tyndall, will be obliged, in abject humility, to acknowledge, unlike the initiated occultist, that "when we endeavor to pass from the phenomena of physics to those of thought we meet a problem which transcends any conceivable expansion of the powers we now possess. We may think over the subject again and again—it eludes all intellectual presentation—we stand at length face to face with the incomprehensible."

* We have reprinted the above extract from the current October number of the New Era, containing the first portion of the essay on "Percy Bysshe Shelley, as a Philosopher and Reformer," by our learned correspondent Mr. Charles Sotheran. This essay which has demanded a good deal of attention on account of the bold tone therein, and as our readers know, usual with the writer, will be published in a separate volume, price 25 cents. We would desire those wishful to subscribe to send their names to the author, office of The American Bibliopolist, 84 Nassau Street, New York City.

Bound volumes of the Scientist containing the first 52 numbers of the paper. Price $3.50. Only a few copies on hand.

For the Spiritual Scientist.

WHERE ARE THE REFORMERS?

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

To the Editor of The Spiritual Scientist:

MY DEAR SIR:—The fact can scarcely have escaped your observation that Spiritualists and Reformers are constantly complaining of the popular immoralities and gigantic evils which everywhere disfigure the Church and State. Society is so far below our exalted ideal of what it should be, that the sources of social inharmony, religious intolerance and political discord become profuse causes of individual unhappiness and national degeneracy. That these evils result, in a great measure, from perverted passions, from improper habits of thought and action, occasioned by the sad defects in our early educational discipline, must be apparent to every intelligent and candid observer.

Omitting for the present all mention of the inherited evils among men, there can be no doubt that *the great demand of the age is an improved and enlarged system of education adapted to the necessities of the individual; fitted to unfold the latent faculties of the mind, and to mold the human character into the grandest proportions.* This work can never be done by unlimited *faultfinding*, in which we have so long and so freely indulged. To defame the unhappy victims of these evils, while we do nothing to relieve them, is in no proper sense a work of philanthropy. The man or the woman who grumbles but does nothing, and is content to snarl at whatever violates the common sense of propriety, does not deserve the title of Reformer.

Now if the popular standard of intelligence is low, let us lift it up; if the channels of public information and political influence are corrupted, let them be purified; if the white flag of our own beautiful faith is being trailed in the filthy highways and byways of abandoned life, let us wrest it from unworthy hands, shake off the elements of common earth, wash away the foul stains, and give its silken folds to the winds that fan the moral summits of the world.

To suppress the existing evils we must lay the "ax at the root of the tree." To accomplish a great and much needed reform, we must build broad and deep the foundation in the early development of the mind and character. In other words, we must introduce a better system of education and found institutions worthy the grand epoch in which we live. To-day it is our privilege to aid in this great work; but we may assume nothing of the morrow. To a large class of the older Spiritualists of this country, the opportunity may be speedily withdrawn. The years come and go in rapid succession, and along their declining paths are autumn leaves and the frosts of many winters. Many to-day stand on the very confines of the other life: the lethean waters lave the sands at their feet: and yet they are holding on to their perishable treasures by all the force of the ruling passion. What will be thought hereafter of the Spiritualists who die with from eighty to one hundred thousand in their possession? We have some such disciples, who do nothing to enlighten mankind and hasten the coming of a better day. They complacently witness the struggle of a great truth against the organized power of the world, and what are they doing to secure its triumph? Nothing! On the contrary, they strengthen the hands of those who stone the prophets and martyrs of their time. They leave true men and women to toil alone in the rugged ways of poverty. They not only hold the garments of those who hound the truth from among men, but they feed and clothe them, and pay the minstrels who hymn their praises,—and all because it is popular to do so in a society that is false to the great interests of Humanity. The gold of such men already corrodes their souls; the rust of selfishness, and of heartless indifference to the common weltare, is upon them, and thieves break through and steal the diviner loves from the human heart. If the names of such men are not blotted out of the world's memory, it will be only because the victims of their cold indifference and neglect live to drag inherited chains of mental slavery over their dishonored graves.

A quarter of a century in the history of Modern Spiritualism is finished—a period full of the evidences of the world's progress. The earnest laborers in this poorly cultivated field have been few; but many people have been talked to death in the abused name of a great cause. So much has been said, and so little done, that they have grown cold and lost faith in the accomplishment of any great and worthy object. We claim to number millions; but if, as a people, we should be blotted out of existence to-morrow, what single monument should we leave to tell to future generations that we lived in the Nineteenth Century and were favored with unequaled opportunities? There would only remain behind us the record of our indolence, and a mass of literature, that above all things needs a thorough sifting; a large portion of which, if must be admitted, would most contribute to illuminate the world by the speedy process of combustion.

And now shall we spend another quarter of a century in a search for fresh miracles; in hollow professions, and empty protests against the evils we lift not a finger to remove? The time that is to test our sincerity *is here*, and the occasion presents itself in a form that challenges public attention. The Belvidere Seminary—so long and so well conducted as a private enterprise—waits to be liberally endowed—and how long shall it wait? We require additional buildings at once; we want all the means and facilities necessary to a thorough course of instruction in all the ordinary departments of human inquiry; and, especially, we want professorships of all the new sciences that are tabooed by all American Colleges and Universities. This is a work that appeals with peculiar force to the Spiritual Press of the country, and it is naturally expected that some time and space will be given to the presentation of its claims, and the earnest advocacy of so important an enterprise. To Spiritualists, and to all true men who have abundant means at their command—all who hate darkness and slavery; who love right and esteem rational liberty, this cause makes its earnest appeal. And shall it be made in vain, to ears that are dull of hearing, and hearts that are cold and irresponsive as the sepulchres of the dead?

Not long since a distinguished Spiritualist died in this country, leaving an estate valued at $100,000, or more, to a single individual, who will doubtless die without issue and leave it all to the Catholic Church. Nearly half a million to augment the power that sits like an incubus on the souls of men, and *not one dollar* to vindicate the right by breaking the shackles of the human mind! The dissatisfied spirit of that man but recently came to me to apologize, and to express his regret, that he did not, while on earth, use a part of his abundant means to establish a certain high-toned Spiritual Journal which was suspended for want of adequate support. Let no surviving Spiritualist follow such an example to a final inheritance of conscious disloyalty to truth, and vain regrets that—after a long struggle for wealth and fame—the grandest opportunity of a lifetime was sacrificed at last.

In the interest of practical Reform, yours truly,

S. B. BRITTAN.

Newark, Oct. 1, 1875.

For the Spiritual Scientist.

A VAGARIOUS MISNOMER.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

THE word *intuition* is inutile and impertinently employed in discussing topics of mental science, since, as a term of negation it stands for no positive thing, though by usage implying a sort of intelligence without investigation. This purport is truthful only in respect to truisms; yet its vulgar sway is unrestricted; and the word is commonly used without a caveat as to its specious implication. In the parlance of speculative philosophers it is equivalent to the conceit of knowing something demonstrative which one has taken no pains to learn, nor yet has been taught. Such a notion rests in sheer belief and unwitting assumption; it is preposterous. Still more whimsical is the attempt of some writers to make a transitive verb out of this noun of perfect negation. This is nonsensical in word as well as in thought. Sentimentalists may be *impressed* to say what they "know as well as they want to know," without an apparent reason; but such impression cannot come of nought. It may be, as some allege, that sensible women at times see at a glance what intelligent men have to go through an argument to discover; but if so, it is because they are quick thinkers as compared with men, yet less remarkable for introspective discernment. With them the process of intellection is so rapid that they are not always conscious of it. This is the probable explanation of woman's reputed supernatural sagacity. But, incontrovertibly, the claim of ability to "intuit" a truth is barbarous.

I have said that the noun also is useless. It is in part misleading, and tends to frustrate the conception it is meant to subserve. It has reference to an idea which it literally misrepresents, which is brought to mind by other symbols of thought whereby this has to be constantly modified to prevent aberrance. In all discussions involving this idea, to be rid of the obnoxious word is desirable. And nothing is requisite to its riddance but an appropriate substitute. This is a word in common use, whose signification is so nearly allied to the purpose here proposed as to glide into it with almost no appearance of innovation.

The idea whereof the most of "intuition" tergiversates is well expressed by the word *sense*. What *is* common sense but the universal predicate of mentality, the mainspring of cognition? It is the central power of consciousness, the root of all intelligence and feeling. It is the element of person-

ality, the pedestal of selfhood, the sight and insight of every discerning *I*.

It has been erroneously stated that we have *five senses*. The eyes, ear, etc., are only the external organs of sense, whose seat is the sensorium. Connected with this are not only the *five sensory organs* of physical intelligence, but also a larger number of cranial organs, as recognized in phrenological science, whose functions are ratiocinative, still sensory as avenues of conceptive information external to the throne of SENSE. Thus it appears that sense is either the mind itself or else its inmost attribute; in either case essential to it, or to conscious being. Without sense there is no intelligence, of which it is the indispensable mode; and with it there must be. It is the act of intellection; add to this that sense, as the agency of cognition, is innate to the compass of all truisms, or what are called self-evident truths, and we have a definition of what is occultly true in the name of *intuition*. The latter word is an impractical symbol of innate assumption, or *inborn sense*.

By an easy transition of thought, or a slight change in the order of a sentence, this noun becomes a verb. Sense, as the faculty of intellection is normal; as employed, it is verbal. As the term *knowledge* signifies indifferently something known, or the act of knowing it, so sense, though exclusively subjective, comprehends both the machinery of intellection and its use. Its agency is susceptive as well as active. It is sense that makes us sensitive. Our note of sensation is perception, and the twain are sense. Reflective modes of thought are grades of sense. To perceive, conceive, or judge, is to take the sense of things as related to us, or, in shorter phrase, to *sense* them. We know whatever we sense, and nothing else; but some truths are to be sensed only through an intellective process, whereas others, which only seem to be self-evident, are sensed unwittingly; as, that a whole is greater than any of its parts.

For the faculties of sense we are indebted to the Author of our existence. There is no reason for doubting their fitness to serve us as rational and moral beings; yet, of this we can judge only *through them*. The inference is that we know only what the presumptively All-wise and All-worthy has been pleased to teach us and enable us to learn. Away then with the fancy that we know anything intuitively, that is untaught and unlearned. Cognition is a subjective *act*; human *learning*, in the verbal sense of the term, is the complement of superhuman *teaching*, and finite knowledge is their joint product.

THE ANCIENT COPPER WORKERS OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY WILLIAM DENTON.

THERE is no more interesting chapter in the history of America than that which relates to the ancient copper workers of this continent, whose mining operations were carried on for a long period at Keweenaw Point near Lake Superior.

Over a space, about one hundred miles long and fifty miles broad, pits innumerable have been found, and in some places wide and deep excavations, which the ancient miners had dug to obtain the metallic copper, which abounds in this region. Immense stone mauls have been discovered in some of these excavations by the cartload, and various copper tools and wooden shovels and bowls, which were used in their mining operations.

Of the people that did this mining but little has been discovered, and many contradictory opinions are held concerning them. Having received from a friend the loan of a copper dagger, I scraped off a little of the powder adhering to it and subjected it to psychometric analysis, with a very satisfactory result. The specimen examined was unknown to the psychometer, nor did he know that I had it in my possession. I give but a portion of the examination; the whole would fill a volume.

"I am in the woods and the branches of the trees hang over nearly to the ground, like the weeping willow. I think there are people here mining. I see a hole about three feet in diameter and six feet deep; from the bottom it runs horizontally about twenty feet, and a man is in there working. There is a little light on the outside, but he has an artificial light, made of pitch I think, it snaps and smokes.

"This is certainly a great place for copper, for I see considerable native copper. The rocks lie in layers a little slanting, and the native copper is in cracks between them in their strips, and he is pulling it out. He prys the rocks open with a copper bar. It seems quite easy to work. He breaks off large pieces with this bar and throws them back, and another man jumps down and throws them out. Only one can work in here at a time.

"Now, I see something quite strange—an old place that has been worked for copper, and two bears have taken possession of it. Some men are at the entrance, but they do not dare to go in. This is quite a mine. They have dug out a place here as large as a room, and that is where the bears are. The rocks are very near the surface in some places. There is quite a clicking sound with those bars. They are working in a number of places around here.

* * * * * * *

"The men who are digging have rough hands, they get them cut and peeled badly. Their bars are of different shapes.

"I see a copper knife, made by hammering. A man has just made it with a copper hammer on a smooth stone. It is well done, and has a good edge.

"The houses around here are ricketty, poor things, that look as if they were only intended to live in for a few weeks at a time. There are several of them. One is in a little hill, it is very damp and dark, but a great many are in it, some women and a lot of little children. They have a fire, but it is very smoky. There are a number of tools here. One is a flat hook of copper, for hooking copper out of the veins, I think. . . . I only see one copper hammer, the rest are stone. I see a stone—one a foot long and quite heavy; one man must hold and another pound.

"I see now what looks like a blacksmith's shop. The miners are bringing tools to get them fixed. These men are all well-dressed in furs, some of them very fine. The shop is made of logs and has a clay chimney. There is a great rock inside, and the fire is built upon it. The shop is open in front and closed at the back. The stone is hollowed and the fire is in the middle. There are hollows around the edge made by the tools as they have been pushed in and drawn out. There is a lot of tools all around the stone now. There is another large stone on the other side that he hammers on.

"He pounds with a copper hammer. He has a good supply of wood, and he keeps putting it on the fire. He has a heap of wood outside. His shop is all lined with clay above the fire, or it would catch on fire immediately. He is quite a blacksmith. He rubs the copper while it is hot on the rough side of his pounding-stone. He has done it a thousand times, and there is a good deal of copper on it that has rubbed off the tools. Sometimes the tools are hot at the handle-end, and he has a piece of hide doubled with the hair inside, to take hold of them with.

"When the tools come, the blacksmith has them laid in a pile, and he never allows them to go till the owner comes and pays him with a good chunck of copper for his work. He gets pieces that weigh five or six pounds for a job. There seems to be a great deal of copper around here.

* * * * * * * *

"Some of the tools are so hot that he hits them on the stone and rounds them, and does not use his hammer till they are cooler. He is very careful of his fingers. I wonder that big stone does not crack after so much heating.

"The copper seems to be very near the surface here; I do not see much below.

"The blacksmith makes these tools too. He has a stone mould of two pieces, and a pot for melting the copper, in the back part of his shop.

"Here is a place where the water has cut through the rocks and left them bare—a cliff. The miners have climbed up and made three holes in the cracks to get the copper out. They are large enough for a man to crawl in.

"I see them making some sort of bread. It is made of corn, I think, and looks like Johnny bread. They have a kind of stove with a square slab on the top (it has been cut out on purpose), and a fire underneath. They have five loaves on it. They pour them out of an earthen dish with a lip to it. They have a pestle, or what looks like it, to stir it up with."

I have good reason to believe that this description of the copper-workers is a correct one. It is but a page in a volume that I may some day give to the public. They were the same people as the mound-builders, whose remains have been found so abundantly in the Mississippi Valley, a people quite distinct from the North American Indians and of a different origin. At the time the Lake Superior mines were worked, they extended from Mexico through Texas and up the Mississippi Valley to Lake Superior, and most of the copper obtained at the North was taken by rafts to the mouth of the Mississippi, and thence to South-western Texas and Mexico

THE EDDY MATERIALIZATIONS.

AN IMPORTANT CHALLENGE TO SKEPTICS, WHETHER EDITORS, LAWYERS, DOCTORS, MAGICIANS, ATHEISTS, OR SCIENTISTS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Graphic.)

About the 21st of last December I left my home in New York and came to Chittenden, Vt., for the express purpose of investigating the Eddy materializations. When I left the city I was a confirmed skeptic in regard to every phase of physical manifestation. I stayed there fifteen days and attended twenty-one of Horatio and William Eddy's seances for physical manifestations and materializations. During this time my mind underwent a complete change. It not only passed through the respective stages of conviction and conversion, but I became a positive believer, not only in the truths of Spiritualism, but in the indisputable fact that spirits can not only manifest themselves by moving physical bodies, but that they have the power to materialize so as to assume such physical forms as are seen and heard, felt and recognized by their friends. When I announced through the columns of the New York World my belief in the genuineness of the Eddy manifestations, I thought I understood my position well enough to know that I was speaking the truth. I still think that I did, but for doing so, the editor of the World says it made the "inconsequent Miller write himself down as an ass in legible characters."

I have now just spent ten days more at the Eddy homestead investigating the subject. During this time I have attended about thirty seances. I now wish to put myself on record again as not only endorsing the genuineness of the Eddy manifestetions, but as re-endorsing all that I said in regard to the subject. I re-affirm what I said in that article in regard to the power mediums would soon have to control the press, and also assert that I believe the spirits will eventually cause every newspaper that does not acknowledge the truths of this science, to go into bankruptcy. This is a conflict between truth and falsehood, and I know that truth is bound to win in the end.

One man in the right and capable of maintaining his position, has more power than forty millions in the wrong. I know that I am right, and, what is more, I am so fortified in my position that there is no power on this earth to drive me out of it. So taking the risk of being called any contemptible name that can be found in the English language, with the Holmeses and numerous other frauds distinctly before me, and with the unfortunate sequel of Robert Dale Owen's record staring me in the face, I am yet willing to stake my reputation, my fortune, and my all on the genuineness of these mediums.

William and Horatio Eddy have been treated so shamefully by the public, that they will not submit to any further tests to satisfy the skepticism of any one. Neither money nor reputation, nor anything else can at present induce them to interest themselves further in the public. Like George Francis Train, they have become disgusted with the people, and have retired to private life, and have assumed a state of "chronic content." They know that they are right, that they have a great science developing, and they do not care whether any one knows it or not.

But I have found in their sister, Mrs. Mary Eddy Huntoon, a medium who is willing to be tested. I believe she is the best test medium in the world. She is willing to submit to any test any skeptic requires that does not inflict pain. I have had the opportunity since I came here to apply tests that have perfectly satisfied me that she is genuine, and if all the other mediums in the world prove to be false, I know she is not. This medium has nearly all the different phases of physical manifestations, including materializing of hands, faces, and the entire body. She has promised me that she will come to New York, some time during the coming fall and winter months, and submit to tests both in private and in public. If the manifestations of this medium prove to be genuine, it is but fair to assume that those of her brothers are genuine also, as I know them to be.

As Dr. George M. Beard, through your columns, has called the Eddys "liars and frauds," I make to that gentleman the following proposition:

CHALLENGE TO ALL SKEPTICS.

I will put $5,000 into the hands of George Francis Train, who is a skeptic to all forms of spiritual manifestations; or into those of Elder Frederic Evans, who believes in nearly every form of it; or into the hands of Peter Cooper, who believes in the Christian phase of it but not in the other; or into the hands of any honest person who may be agreed upon. He shall put $5,000 into the hands of the same person. A jury of six gentlemen and six ladies shall be chosen to test this medium. She will exhibit in their presence many of the different phases of spiritual manifestations, including materialization, and if a majority of this committee decides that her manifestations are produced by confederates, by personation of the medium by means of masks and secreted wardrobes, showing her to be a fraud, the money shall be his; if they do not do this the money shall be mine. I am willing to select from the gentlemen to act on this jury, Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, the surgeon, as foreman; Dr. Austin Flint, Jr., the psychologist; Professor Youmans, the chemist; Rev. John Hall, the clergyman; Mr. Hart, the magician; and George Francis Train, who does not believe in a soul, a spirit, or a God. I believe that none of these gentlemen are believers in modern Spiritualism. Dr. Beard may choose the ladies, and those who are Spiritualists or not, as he pleases. I only request him to select those who are honest and well-known, and that one of them shall be a physician. The medium will go into any public hall, theatre, church, or private parlor in this city, that the jury may designate. She will furnish her own cabinet or they may furnish it for her. All that she requires is that it shall be so constructed as to make it perfectly dark, and large enough for three or four persons to sit in at once, to have a doorway 2—6x6 feet, over which can be hung a couple of darkened curtains. Inside the cabinet shall be nothing but a chair and such musical instruments as are required. She will give from one to half a dozen or more seances, as the jury may require, to test her satisfactorily.

Spirit hands, faces, and forms appear while this medium is in plain sight of the audience: sometimes two or three are seen at once. A violin is tuned and played upon while the medium is outside of the cabinet, and a whole band play when she is in the cabinet. Spirit-forms appear who are identified by persons investigating as their spirit-friends. It is simply miraculous what a variety of things are done through this medium.

If this challenge is not accepted by Dr. Beard, or something equivalent, or he does not publicly admit that he was mistaken in calling the Eddys liars and frauds, then he virtually admits that he was the liar and fraud, and we shall so publish him to the world. I await his reply through the columns of your paper.

As I design to have the question settled as to whom the "ignoramuses and asses" are on the subject of Spiritualism, I would say that if this offer is not accepted by Dr. Beard, it is open to the editor of the New York World, who calls me an "ass" for announcing my belief; or to the editor of the Times, who said I had been made a stool-pigeon for skillful jugglers; or to the editor of the Commercial Advertiser, who thought it more important to inform his readers that there was a misspelled word in a manuscript which I sent him on the subject, than it was to lay before them one of the grandest scientific truths the world has ever discovered.

If none of these gentlemen accept this challenge it is open to any atheist, infidel, magician, doctor, lawyer, clergyman, editor, or any other skeptic on the face of the globe. The money shall be deposited four weeks in advance of the time of submitting the tests.

If the parties accepting this challenge should desire to risk anything further on the honesty of this medium I will put up two dollars to their one to the extent of my entire fortune. The reader will notice that I do not ask to have a unanimous verdict of this jury, but that only a majority shall decide that this medium is a fraud, and to show how this fraud is produced, before the question is decided as to who gets the money.

The losing party is to pay all expense of the investigation, and any receipts for the admission of spectators shall go to the medium.

E. P. Miller, M. D.

No. 39 West Twenty-sixth Street, New York, September 30.

Spiritualism, in few words, is the communion of men on earth with their human brethren, raised to the higher life of the spirit, divested of flesh. It is the thick darkness of the present day, induced by the pursuit of material science alone, unenlightened by spiritual science, which makes this most natural, orderly, and indeed, owing to the nature of man, inevitable communication, strange, fearful, or a subject of doubt, inquiry, and mistrust. The communion between the two worlds has always existed, and could not fail to exist without the utter destruction of humanity.

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