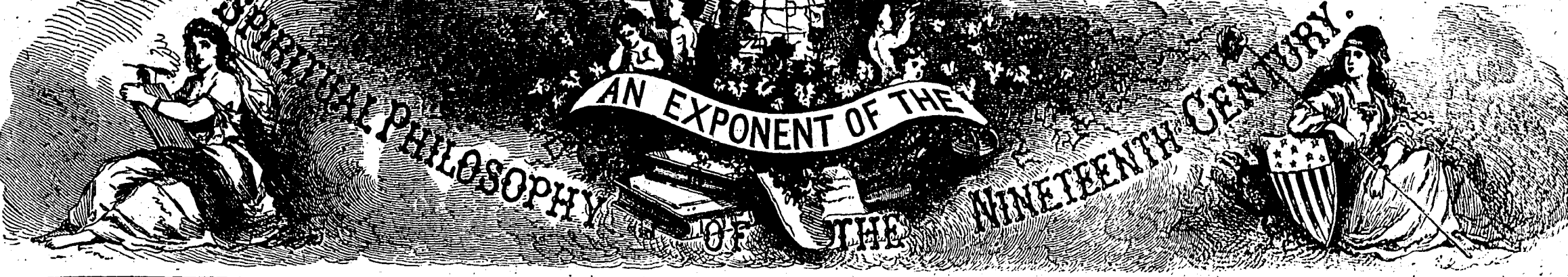


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## Banner Contents.

FIRST PAGE.—"What Spirits are Amongst Us?" by Emma Hardinge Britten.  
SECOND PAGE.—"Dr. George M. Heard on Trance," by Allen Putnam; "Materialization," by Thomas R. Hazard.  
THIRD PAGE.—Poem—"Sam Somebody to John Anyone," by William Bruntton; "Cloudband"—A Possible Great Revival "Season," by G. B. Stebbins; "Mrs. Cornelia V. Tappan's Work in England," Banner Correspondence; Poem—"The Bridge of Life," "The Ward Will," "Minnesota—Convention of the State Association of Spiritualists," "A Thing Most Fit to be Done."  
FOURTH PAGE.—Leading Editorials on "Scandal-Mongers," "Farewell Services in Honor of J. J. Morse," etc.  
FIFTH PAGE.—Brief Paragraphs, New Advertisements, etc.  
SIXTH PAGE.—"John's Answer to William's Question," "Spiritual Utterances from a Representative Methodist," by George A. Bacon; "Important Notice to the Spiritualists of the United States," "Obituary Notices," etc.  
SEVENTH PAGE.—"Mediums in Boston," Book and other advertisements.  
EIGHTH PAGE.—"Spiritualism in Hampton," "Col. Olcott and Spiritualism," by S. B. Brittan; "Spiritualist Lecturers and Lyceums," etc.

## Free Thought.

### WHAT SPIRITS ARE AMONGST US?

BY EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

The last sensation in New York spiritualist circles is the idea thrown out by Col. Olcott in his recently published letters to the New York Tribune, concerning the nature and character of the spiritual visitants so actively engaged in working the telegraph between the visible and invisible spheres of being. The brilliant genius and literary reputation enjoyed by the author of "People from the Other World," have combined to procure for that work a larger share of attention than many volumes of a more pretentious character emanating from spiritualist sources.

The subject matter of Col. Olcott's work considered, and his testimony in favor of genuine mediumship remembered, it is scarcely to be wondered at that his critics classed him with that hamper and molley range of reformers and thinkers included in the generic title of "Spiritualists."

Col. Olcott's emphatic disclaimer of this honor is based on grounds which many of the most earnest believers in spirit-communion sympathize with. If to be a "Spiritualist" means a fanatic who is bound to accept of every crude, rude, immoral or fantastic "new idea" which the self-styled reformers of the day propose to set the distracted world to rights with, then there are more believers in spirit-communion who shrink with abhorrence from the name of Spiritualist than Col. Olcott; but the interest and sympathy with which his explanations on these points were received, both within and without the ranks of "the faithful," fell far short of the surprise, nay, with many the consternation awakened by his suggestions that some at least of the spirits most actively engaged in astonishing earth's natives through the processes of materialization, were not of "human origin" and "never had a mortal existence."

I have not Col. Olcott's Tribune letters at hand, nor can I quote his expressions from memory; but having enjoyed the privilege of listening to his views as explained in his own language, I infer that he not only admits the existence and interposition in mundane affairs of elementary spirits, but that he attributes a large share of the modern spiritualistic manifestations, especially in the phenomena of the materializations, to the agency of these occult and legendary beings. We have all heard of "elementary spirits," and the choicest gems of poetic literature abound with descriptions of wild, weird and wonderful realms of being, peopled with good and evil genii; fairies, gnomes, kobolds, undines and spirits of every fantastic form and temperament, are as familiar in idea, to the readers of legendary lore, as the spirits of our deceased friends have become, in reality, to the readers of the Banner of Light; but to see these "creatures of the imagination," these "creations of a poet's fancy," or "visions of a baseless superstition," as mankind has deemed them, suddenly converted into tangible existences, endowed with actual personalities, shaking hands and cracking jokes with us under the masquerading costumes of Hontos, Mayflowers, Johns, Katties, and sundry other distinguished members of the ubiquitous family of "King," was a change in the spirit of the Spiritualist's dream for which he or she was scarcely quite prepared.

On this subject an honest, matter-of-fact brother in the faith quite recently expressed himself to me in the following terms, as he stood gasping for breath with Col. Olcott's bomb-shell of a letter to the Tribune in his hand: "I can believe in the spirits of Paracelsus, Cornelius Agrippa, Van Helmont, and any number more of such dry old cusses coming back to earth and trying to do something useful by way of atoning for their past follies and earning their spiritual bread, but to tell me that they can't come, and that their demons do—to tell me that Moll Pitcher couldn't show her face at the Eddys' cabinet, but that her favorite black cat or pet toad could, ay, and that such vermin had the power to come and put on her shape to make believe it was her, is a story I can't swallow! No, ma'am!" added my indignant visitor; "I've swallowed Jonah and the whale, and Elisha and the bears, and I've even believed that Joshua got the loan of the sun and moon for a few hours, to help him to fight for the honor and glory of the Lord, but I believed all that when I was too young to comprehend the stuff! I've cut my eye teeth now,

and can't think the old lady I saw last week at the Eddys', with the very cap on her head and all the curlicues in its border that my grandmother used to wear, shown to me just as plainly as I see you, was the ghost of a stone, or the spirit of a drop of water, a puff of air, or, maybe, the soul of a chunk of Cannon coal!"

Perhaps all Col. Olcott's incredulous readers may not reason out the matter in the same fashion as my plain spoken Western visitor; but I can testify to the fact that the confession of heretical opinions on the part of the brilliant author of "People from the Other World," has created a sensation not easily to be described or imagined. The outsiders, spiritually if not physically, jump for joy at the enunciation of problems from such an authoritative source, more tremendous and weird than any they had ever expected to conjure up in what Dr. Marvin calls "the mild insanity" of Spiritualism. Incipient Fausts, whose early enthusiasm in the possibilities of mysticism had grown pale and waned beneath the day-beams of rational spiritualist light, now resume their researches with crucible and spell, and pinable circles, with commonplace invocations of family "lures" uttered in the mellifluous tones of a familiar hymn, give place to muttered incantations, magical rites and cabalistic recitations.

Col. Olcott's letters to the Tribune have, in very common parlance, "raised the very devil," or at least, the attempt to conjure him up in the minds of at least one-third of the Tribune's spiritualist readers. Happily, Mr. Editor of the Banner, your republication of the remarkable document in question was given without comment on the part of the many brilliant writers whose fertile pens are wont to illuminate your columns. Even that prince of modern magicians—good, kind, wise Allen Putnam—he whose lightning perceptions kindled up the fires so long smothered on the altar of reason, and transmuted the base metal of ancient wizardcraft into the glorious thrice refined gold of modern spirit-communion—even this, noble alchemist is silent, and either is at fault in his mastery of the great New York occultist's meaning, or he, considerably, and perhaps most wisely, waits for "light, more light," on this new mystery, ere he enters upon the scene. When he does, we, too, may expect "light, more light," meantime, "Fools," they say, "will rush in where angels fear to tread." What if this saying applies to your present correspondent, Mr. Editor, and I venture to put an unhallowed foot within the charmed circle which Col. Olcott's genius has drawn, trusting to the still more potent spells by which beloved spirit-friends extract truth and philosophy from all that seems dark and mysterious? I even venture to enter the sphere of this new departure; but *a priori*, let me say:

I firmly, emphatically believe that we have ample demonstration of a human origin in every manifestation where human forms are presented or human intelligence rendered. I cannot say I know this, but I believe it, and I think an immense array of the testimony our experiences in Spiritualism furnish us with, all tends to confirm this belief up to the point of absolute certainty. At the same time I not only believe in, but I know the fact of the existence of other than human spirits. I have seen them, held some kind of intercourse with them, and confidently believe they can measurably intervene in human affairs. I have never seen any in human form except in such a caricature, miniature, or distorted resemblance of that divine image; that I should not have been liable to mistake them for human beings. I think, considering the immense gulf in public opinion that Spiritualism has bridged over during only one short quarter of a century; remembering that the world's faith in the existence of a disembodied spirit, its nature, functions and powers, has suffered a revulsion more potent, in the past twenty-five years, than in the thousand that have preceded them, it would be arrogant and unsafe to say more light, knowledge and revelation on spiritual existences cannot be given, and what we think we know is a finality; but I do believe that we have trodden on very safe ground in our past dealings with spirits, and as yet nothing has been given, done, said, or asserted, that should shake the testimony which Spiritualism renders of itself, to wit: that it is in all and every instance occasioned either by the spirits of deceased, or living human beings; still, that it is ALL HUMAN—human in origin, in motive, in manner, in characteristics good and evil; human in its assimilation with our atmosphere, speech, and status of intelligence. I cannot say to Col. Olcott it is absolutely so, but I do say I believe it to be so. I cannot say to him, you are wrong, and we are right; but as yet, the testimony is all on our side—the inferences on his. We do not know all his reasons for belief, but we do know ours, and whilst making the admissions, recorded above, I am still of opinion, founded on testimony, and strengthened even by my limited intercourse with other orders of being, that those who have communed with us in human form are the human spirits they profess to be, and such I shall continue to believe them until I have more evidence to the contrary. Now, having said thus much on the *per contra*, or negative side, I will return to my affirmations, and, if agreeable, present to your readers, Mr. Editor, a page or two from the realm of occultism. On the very threshold of my sketches, however, I will ask leave to notice the queries propounded in a late article in the Banner of Light, headed "The New Departure."

I will not attempt to answer those queries for Col. Olcott. We all know he is abundantly able to become his own respondent, but I take leave

to reply I have seen spiritual beings *not human* summoned at will seemingly, by virtue of cabalistic words, charms, and other magical rites. I have not seen anything of this kind which corresponds in its entirety to spiritual manifestations, nor do I know for an absolute certainty that the controlling power was *not* a spirit-medium. Two persons now resident in New York, besides Col. Olcott, claim to have the power to command the presence of spiritual beings, by virtue of cabalistic words and practices, and utterly disclaim any mediumistic power, at least not any such as they know of. The author of the work advertised in your paper, Mr. Editor, as "Art Magic," has in his presence again and again evoked apparitions of spiritual, or elementary existences—and, though I know him to be a medium, yet this learned and illustrious gentleman insists that his power to control elementary spirits is "cabalistic and magical," not mediumistic. In his remarkable forthcoming work (that is, if the work will come forth under the conditions stated) this author gives directions concerning these practices, which, if followed in all their minutiae, I think and believe will enable others to exercise the same control as himself. And now for my narrative:

Commencing with the old but never out of fashion saying of Hamlet, "There are more things in heaven and earth than we dream of in our philosophy, Horatio," I shall give my experience in one instance, at least, with the so-called "gnomes," "kobolds," or spirits of the mines.

It is well known in certain mining districts, especially in Bohemia and Hungary, that many of the miners cherish faith in the existence of an order of beings who take especial interest in their labors, and help them to find rich leads of minerals, knock, or as they call it, "hammer" away lustily when they are at fault, and sometimes by these sounds, sometimes by lights, and occasionally by the apparition of little figures, point the way to the richest leads of the metals. I have visited the mines in Germany and the Bohemian Wold, where I have heard those knockings, seen the lights, and should have unhesitatingly attributed such phenomena to the spirits of deceased friends of the miners, had I not also, not once or twice, but many times, seen little stocky looking things in the shape of men, very small, and either black, red, or megallic in color—little chunks of creatures, whom the miners were accustomed to see and call by a name which, translated, signifies "earthly spirits." They said they were kind and good; never meddled with them, though they sometimes in sport threw their tools about. These miners told me they often saw lights, and all could hear the knockings, but few could see the figures, and in some of the mines I visited, the poor workmen thought more highly of me than ordinary, because I could see their "well beloved little earth spirits." With the light of Modern Spiritualism to guide me, I easily understood that I, as a medium, could see spiritual apparitions invisible to the eyes of those who were not mediums. I also comprehended why certain of the workmen, their wives or children, being spiritually unfolded, could perceive the forms of those whom their less gifted companions only knew by their knockings or flashing lights.

In William Howitt's charming sketch called *Berg-Geister*, he alludes to these popular beliefs amongst miners, but he does more, he gives a very graphic account of a certain *Clumps in the wood*, where veritable gnomes figured as the principal personages. Mr. Howitt's narrative is supported by names, witnesses and sundry details which confirm his own undoubted testimony. As I happened to be one of the privileged few who visited the haunted region which Mr. Howitt writes of, I shall cite my own experiences in the matter, with what I trust my readers will allow to be the honest purpose of making myself responsible for the story.

It is now some few years since, being in the neighborhood of a lovely valley called Dovedale, in the County of Derbyshire, England, I heard my kind host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Hart, expatiating upon the singular phenomena they had witnessed in the cottage of an old laborer (then passed away to the better world), called Clamps; I think, if I recollect right, he had worked for Mr. Hart, who was interested in the mines adjacent to Dovedale. My friends informed me that Clamps had resided for over fifty years in a ruinous old farm-house, only a small part of which was habitable. The place was on the edge of the mines where the old man in his youth and prime had worked, and where, as I believe, he died. During his long residence of half a century in this place, old Clamps and his associates were accustomed to see strange globular lights, which year in and year out would come and go with all the familiarity of household ghosts.

Mr. Hart, who was somewhat of a skeptic on the subject of "my spirits," as he termed it, declared that if Clamps's lights were spirits of "humans," they must have been those of deceased lamp-lighters or gas men—for they never appeared by day, and generally chose the long winter nights, or particularly dark evenings, for the periods of their visitations. Old Clamps called them his "glorious lights," and was very particular about returning to his shanty early every night, so that he should not miss seeing them. They came out, or seemed to come, as my friends alleged, from a firm wall, fashioned of rock, and the blocks so solidly cemented together that not a crack or cranny could be discovered. They generally came from two or three to seven or eight in number. Mrs. Hart said that one very cold winter's night she saw as many as ten of these lights. They seemed to fill the little room, and hovered about the fire as if gratified with its

pleasant warmth. "They came," said my informant, "out of the wall, some about two feet from the ground, others as high as three feet, but none more than four, and all remained the same height during the time of their stay. They shook, trembled, or flickered the whole time, as if they were quivering with fear or cold. They had been seen for years and years, longer indeed than the memory of the 'oldest inhabitants' of that region could trace them, except the venerable betogarian Clamps, who affirmed they had always been there as long as he could remember. Their coming was generally preceded by crackling sounds, or direct knockings, and many of the neighbors declared they saw the figures of little men just as Mr. Howitt's narrative describes them, namely, 'black as a coal, and polished as a boot.' One of the neighbors, a woman who had often visited the cottage of Clamps with her children, described the appearance of the little men as being short, chunky, destitute of hair, polished all over, and bearing about the region where the heart lies in human beings, a large globular light about the size of an ostrich's egg. It was this light, she said, 'which the folks saw,' and it was, by this light that she and her children saw them. She added, they did not walk, but jumped about, and their incessant restless motions caused the flickerings which the lights always exhibited. My friend, Mrs. Hart, always beheld the dim outline of little figures accompanying the lights, but the distinctness with which these creatures were seen, seemed to depend upon what in our philosophy we term mediumistic endowments. Other forms had been seen at Clamps's, such as dogs, horses, and even wild beasts, but as the cottage was inaccessible to horses, and no other animals of any kind were kept or known to frequent that neighborhood, these accounts were set down to superstitious exaggerations.

I might fill a volume with the stories related to me of this region, and the matter-of-fact narratives which many of the most intelligent of the miners and their families furnished me with seemed beyond gossamer or dream. About a week before my visit to that section of country terminated, my friends the Harts proposed to give me an opportunity of witnessing for myself some of the marvels they had discussed about. They told me old Clamps had passed away; that the cottage he had inhabited had been tenanted for some years by a very decent family of poor peasants, but as the children grew up the elder members of the family, fearing the continual manifestation of preternatural sights and sounds would make them "sleazy" and superstitious, had at length moved away, and the place had been abandoned. It was the opinion of the few laborers who had been accustomed to see and had grown familiar with Clamps's "glorious lights," that they would never come out except a fire was lighted there; and as the place was deserted and very far remote from other inhabitants, my friends proposed to take me to a still more distant neighborhood, and one where, as they knew by experience, my curiosity might have a good chance to be gratified. Starting early one fine October morning, we drove about ten miles from home, intending to visit the mines, which commenced about the end of Dovedale Valley, but terminated in the direction my friends pursued. Arrived at a wild and most romantic glen, we left our horses and carriage at a poor tavern called "The Miner's Rest," perched on the very top of the mass of rocks which reared up their craggy heights like sentinels guarding the entrance to the charmed region. Our path was continued for more than two miles along a rough road, broken out of fallen trees and crumbling rocks by the wheels of the heavy wagons used for conveying the mineral from the mines. A more wild, weird and toilsome journey I never in my life undertook, and in truth I became so fatigued during its progress that we had some doubts whether I should be able to muster strength enough to accomplish our pilgrimage. It was twilight before we gained our point of destination, and glad enough I was to see the glowing fires of what looked more like a little encampment of gypsies than a village, although it was really dignified with that title. My friends guided me at once to a hut more pretentious than the rest, and introduced me to a family who had formerly been servants in their household. It consisted of a man, his wife, mother, and two fine lads, all of whom were employed in different ways in the adjacent mines. As we stated that we had come only to inspect these mines, and that the lateness of our visit was occasioned by the difficulties which attended our journey, the good, hospitable people were at once apprised of the necessity of providing us with some accommodation for passing the night. The women, after busying themselves to provide us with some boiling water for our tea—for we had carried provisions with us—agreed to retire to a neighbor's hut with their boys, whilst the father, who was on duty in the mines, left us soon after we arrived. The shanty was to be at our disposal, then, during the night.

Mr. Hart was to be "stowed away" in a cave at the back of the house, hewn out of the rock, and filled with sweet, fresh hay, for the use of the horses employed by the miners, whilst a rude but clean bed was assigned to Mrs. Hart and myself. When all was done the women piled up the logs on the hearth, where a cheerful fire was burning, and prepared to quit us. Just as they were bidding us good night, the logs, which they had arranged with some care, suddenly tumbled down and rolled over and over on the floor; deeming this a mere accident I took no notice of it until I observed, whilst Maria, the miner's wife, was in the act of replacing them, several

small, glimmering lights flickering over the wall against which the logs were piled. This might have been the phosphorescent light occasioned by the decay of the wood, I thought; but to! the logs were no sooner piled up again than down they toppled, and that apparently without any cause. I then observed significant looks passing between the mother and daughter, and an evident disposition to linger and make some explanation as yet unspoken. At this moment a succession of loud knockings was heard on the wall at the back of the room, which I should say, by the bye, was of stone, and little more than a cave, having been partly formed out of the solid rock.

"Is not that some one knocking?" I inquired; "perhaps it is Mr. Hart. We had better see what is the matter."

"No, ladies," said our hostess, with some hesitation, "it is not anybody—that is, no one in particular; it is the way of this place."

"But what, then, is the way of the place?" asked Mrs. Hart, merrily, and with an evident wish to encourage the poor women. But before they could answer, down came the brushes on the wall, the frying-pan, and sundry other things that had been hung upon shelves and hooks. The rude door shook violently, and the knockings now resounded from every side of us in quick and irregular showers.

"The wind is rising," said my friend; "I fear we shall have a stormy night."

"Don't be uneasy, ladies," said our good hostess, encouragingly; "but I suppose as how I'd just better say them's not the wind, but just the little hammerers; *glocken, eh, marm*," she added, nodding mysteriously to Mrs. Hart.

"Oh yes! I know all about them, Betty," said my friend, addressing the mother; "they won't hurt us, but they seem rather rough to-night. Don't they like our being here?"

"Lord love ye, marm!" replied the elder woman, "it's all along of their joy to see ye that they're making this to-do. I think they're mortal glad to see the young lady. Only look 'ere, marm!"

I did look, and there, to my astonishment, and I must confess with a thrill of deeper awe than I could account for or control, I saw a row of four lights as large as the veritable ostrich's egg which adorned the mantel shelf of the humble shanty. These lights were directly behind me, and I did not see them till attracted by the woman's explanation I turned round and faced them. They were bright, globular in form, vapory in substance, and nebulous, thickening toward the centre, and deepening in color almost to a dull red. The faint outline of a miniature human form appeared in connection with each light. They were of different sizes; none of them, however, were higher than four feet. They jumped up and down, and threw out something, which resembled hands, toward me, and as they moved, the lights danced and shimmered. These wonderful things at length retreated into the solid wall behind them, and the place where they had been was illuminated only by the light of the wood fire. For two hours the women, (who stayed with us at our earnest request,) Mrs. Hart and myself, watched for the reappearance of these spectral lights in vain. In the interim the knockings continued, and a few stray gleams like stars shone out from the other side of the apartment, but immediately vanished. A kitten, which was attempting to sleep in the warmth of the cheerful fire, would raise its head at the sounds of the knockings, and occasionally make a dart at the shimmering lights, which, as if perceiving the animal, would retreat quickly back into the wall. I repeatedly passed my hand over these walls to ascertain if they were damp; or whether any chinks were there from which phosphorescent emanations could proceed. The walls were dry, solid and smooth, and whilst I was pursuing my examination, the knockings would thrill the solid stone beneath my very hand. At the expiration of two hours, an exclamation of the elder woman, called my attention to the hearth, where two large globular lights were hovering midway between the floor and the table, and just above the little kitten, who, with back and tail erect, and eyes gleaming fiery red, manifested the most pitiable signs of terror and amazement.

Once again, and this time far more distinctly, I saw the little men I had before but imperfectly beheld. They were grotesque in shape, with round, shining heads, destitute of hair, perfectly black, and more human about the head than the body. I saw their faces, recognized a sort of good-humored expression in them, and saw them throw somersets several times as if for my amusement. A strange duck with each little head ended the performance, and then they sank into the ground made of planks laid down upon the rock of which the house was built.

"There!" cried the younger woman; "they won't mistle ye again, ladies. When they goes down, they never comes again the night. It's the end of their game to sink down like that."

The woman was right. Though at our entreaty both mother and daughter remained with us all night, sleeping soundly, curled up on shawls and garments, and though we, lying awake, and—must I confess it?—shivering and trembling from head to foot, kept our eyes open, straining them in every direction, and with bated breath and ears sharpened by fearful anticipation, listened until we could hear the deep silence of that long, long night—we neither saw nor heard any more of the "little hammerers."

The morning came at length. Oh! what an age it was coming! Mr. Hart joined us as we were waiting for the morning meal. He had heard knockings, he said, but concluded it might be the echo of the laborers' hammers from the



miners so close to us. The miners were not at work, and no hammering came from them; our host, too, with a significant smile at the rest of his family. The adventures of the night were now recounted and talked over. They were not strange, nor even alarming to the miners. The two lads declared they had "fine fun with the hammerers' lanterns," though they acknowledged they had never seen the little men, but plenty of others had, they said, and "they wouldn't part company with them for nothing," for they were famous guides to the spots where the richest lodes of metal lay. The women, too, spoke of their appearance with indifference. "They came often," they said; "and though they cut up now and then, throwing things around like, they were only in fun, and never did any harm, except to the animals they had. They thought somehow they did not like dogs or cats, for they couldn't keep any; they either ran away or died suddenly. They didn't expect, they added, to keep this kitten long. I agreed in this opinion, for, judging of the terror the poor little thing displayed on the previous night, I was not surprised to find it moping in the morning, and averse to touch the food the boys prepared for it. I found, although these lights and knockings were common enough in the mines at times, they only seemed to come at special periods, and did not frequent or haunt any other house than the one we visited, and that of old Clump's, many miles distant. There seemed to me many evidences that these apparitions be they what they might, either attached themselves to, or made themselves manifest only, in the presence of mediumistic persons. The family we visited were far too ignorant to understand any kind of mediumship, although they were not unacquainted with the idea and theory of "ghost seeing." They were not afraid of their well-beloved "little hammerers," but they were all "fearfully scared" by the occasional manifestations of a spiritual character, which they narrated to me with a simplicity which impressed me with a conviction of their veracity.

I have never seen this family since, never visited that region. My experiences, however, in this connection, do not begin nor end here. I have had many more of a similar or kindred character, enough to convince me that while Modern Spiritualism explains itself, and gives a rational, reasonable, and strictly human solution of all the phenomena now so free amongst us, there is still a vast amount of ground not covered by the manifestation of our beloved and loving spirit-friends, and realms of being as yet unexplored by science, and only furtively glanced at by the mystics of older ages. Whilst we are all too ready to taboo any subject we cannot fully explain under the opprobrious names of fanaticism or superstition, glimpses of other orders of being than man, and the shadow of problems more profound than earth's shallow philosophy has as yet attempted to sound, lit across our path and abash us in the midst of our self-conceit and arrogant assumptions with transitory gleams of the endless vistas of knowledge the mind of man has to traverse before he can absolutely affirm he knows anything outside the realm of pure mathematics.

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 will trust him need fear nothing that he has made, and hence it is for all his creatures that I 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 ultimately, into faith in God, confidence in immortality and recognition of the eternal reign of truth, justice and love.

I cannot close without adding that I have frequently been questioned as to whether I had any theory to offer for the apparitions above described, and others, in which the forms of animals, both human and repulsive shapes, and images of the "hobgoblin" character were seen by the eyes of delicate media. As my paper has been spun out already to a far greater length than I feel to be warrantable, I am merely hastily throw out the following suggestions.

In Wm. Denton's "Soul of Things," it is made clearly manifest that the images of all things have ever lived on this planet, nay, the very inanimate things that have been born into form, have perpetual and imperishable types of their former existences, and when occasion demands, the spiritual part reappearing on earth may reassume those external shapes. None can doubt that "little men" once inhabited this planet any more than they can question the prevalence of gigantic forms as well. Strange and wonderful types of the human and animal kingdoms must flit by in the subsoil of this planet, and become liberated by the mining operations now so rife in its long buried archives. Swedenborg, in his wonderful system of correspondential appearances, and Denton in his psychometrical disclosures, may do much to throw light on these strange apparitions, and that without penetrating into the realm of elementary existences. For myself and for the present I have no theory to offer, nothing but the above suggestions to throw out. I have said at the foot of a master spirit, to whom the mysteries of far wider, higher and deeper spiritual existences have been unlocked than most mortals studied out. To the author of "Art Magic," I must refer for light on these wonderful problems of science which alone can unlock the mystery of even our own being. I hope much from the light that this gentleman's profound researches may throw on the deepest mysteries of the realm of spirit, and I yet intend to labor for the more extended diffusion of the science to which his illuminated mind and vast experience points the way. Meantime I abide by my faith in the facts of Spiritualism, however obscured by mystery and soiled by human folly and perversity. 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 revelation 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.

206 West 38th Street, New York.

THE PARENTAL DUTY.—Parson says: "The best man is he who can rear the best child; and the best woman is she who can rear the best child. The whole virtue of the race—physical, moral, mental—comes into play in the most sweet, most arduous, most pleasing, most difficult of all the work done by mortals in this world."

DR. GEORGE M. BEARD ON TRANCE.

BY ALLEN PUTNAM.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In Archives of *Electrology and Neurology* for May, 1875, is an article by George M. Beard, M. D., New York, upon TRANCE. An apparent purpose of that teacher is to present animal magnetism, odic and psychic forces, witchcraft, Spiritualism, and other matters kindred to these, as being solely either symptoms of or unwillful evolutions from trance. He states many points very distinctly, writes clearly, and yet it is difficult to briefly characterize his production as a whole. We will here simply say, that it is instructive, interesting, and yet very unsatisfactory.

This man obviously, and it may be justly, deems himself an expert in "The Physiology and Pathology of Modern Delusions." He speaks like one self-conscious, not only of competency to obliterate the foundations on which many beliefs, some world-wide and some restricted, have been based, but also to build up new philosophy on firmer foundations, and more expertly than any one among all his predecessors, for explaining our world's mysteries.

Trance, in his view, embraces, swallows up, and absorbs mesmerism, Spiritualism, witchcraft, and all their kindred; and he regards these, each and all, as being solely out workings of well-known forces that are constantly resident in palpable matter, and which generate trance. Perception, either that man possesses two sets of organs, one physical, the other spiritual, and two sets of mental powers; or that intelligence from outside of our mundane sphere ever so far upon man and matter as to produce phenomena visible and palpable by our external senses, seems never to have entered his brain.

A leading thought pervading his pages and characterizing his production may be stated thus: A passive or trance state is usually a requisite condition for the exhibition of certain mental and physical phenomena of such character as astonishes beholders, and seems supermundane; that condition, however, can be induced by various well-known and common forces and processes, and therefore nothing extramundane ever issues from it. Thus he seems to reason. No one questions that trance is a condition from which many marvels issue. But a house is distinct from its occupants; the house itself is not an actor, not a performer. He says that "the performances of trance are logical, coherent and consistent"; he makes the house performer of the logical, coherent and consistent works of its occupants. Such is the method of an expert.

He asserts that in the trance state the subject's ordinary will often becomes unhorsed—that "the will really interferes with the highest phases of cerebration; it acts as a check and restraint, or curb, and, under certain conditions, the mind moves much more brilliantly and effectively without it, just as the coach makes better time when the reins are loose, the driver thrown from his seat, and the horses have it all their own way."

Change of either team or driver does not enter into an expert's conceptions as possible cause of increased speed by the coach. When jockies at the race-course shall be heaviest upon the riderless steed, common sense may incline to belief that a coach will make better time if the rider be thrown from his seat, than is possible if he keep his position and with urgent will push his team to its utmost speed. Team being the same, we have habitually supposed that putting the reins into hands that could more skillfully and completely control and guide the horses was the surest method for bringing the coach more speedily to its proper goal; but an expert now affirms that greatest speed is attainable "when the horses have it all their own way." Thank you, doctor; new truths are always welcome. We are not contesting your position that man's ordinary will and judgment often abridge mental force and action, but are looking admiringly at your expert illustration. While doing that we ask ourselves whether another and fleetier team is not generally harnessed to the same coach, or else a more inspiring and expert driver set to handle the reins, at those times when the vehicle is whirled onward with unwonted and amazing speed. It often seems to us that many things may be and are done by other actors and other methods than have come within the notice of some experts.

Another piece of information is given thus: "It is observed that trance speakers simply repeat in a glib and voluble manner the thoughts and phrases already in their mind." It is no doubt true that speakers through entranced forms, (since it is generally true that all speakers in whatever condition they may be,) simply enunciate thoughts and phrases which are already in their mind when they utter them. But Dr. Beard no doubt meant that trance speakers simply repeat what their minds had previously been familiar with. Had his observation been such in full as we have personally made, his expression would have been qualified; for then he could have said only that some trance speakers utter only their own previous knowledge. Even that much he might find it difficult to verify, unless he is himself a mind-reader, and we shall not call him that, for he regards such a being as a non-entity. We would be glad to have him inform us how he can positively know that all the thoughts and phrases ever uttered by any trance speaker, had previously been in the speaker's mind. Power to determine accurately each particular which has, or which has not previously been in any other person's mind, or even in one's own, must be very rare. If Dr. Beard does not possess it—if he is not a mind-reader—he may have been as much short of telling the whole truth in the above statement, as we are about to prove him to have been in another.

He says that "the very common blunder of supposing trance subjects can read the time when a watch is held at the back of the head is easily explained. If the hands of the watch are turned backward or forward, . . . unbeknown to the subject, and the watch be held at the back of the head, the subject will" (better to have said sometimes will) "show at once that he does not see the time by the watch, but will only guess approximately the real time of day." The expert had better have limited the cases that are "easily explained," for, in 1858, we truthfully wrote and published as follows: "Twelve years ago or more, I saw a young man mesmerized, and the operator soon put me in communication with him. Several times I held my watch over the top of his head and very near to it; and though I each time changed the position of the hands, yet he, firmly blindfolded, as he was told me the exact time as the hands stood. At last I varied the hands so as not myself to know how they stood, and yet he readily

saw through the top of his own skull and told me accurately their position." See *Mesmerism, Spiritualism, Witchcraft and Miracle*. By Allen Putnam. Second edition, pp. 11 and 12. Colby & Rich, Boston.

When an expert at solving delusions lacks knowledge of important basic facts which some other people know, and too hastily assumes that his own observations have covered the whole of his appropriate field for explorations, his theory for solution of marvelous events is very liable to be inadequate to that purpose. We know that the mesmerized and blindfolded subject repeatedly told the exact position of the hands of our watch, and we ask the expert to tell how he got the knowledge. It was not by guessing, nor by reading our mind, nor yet our muscles. Assertion that he guessed correctly in each of six or seven successive trials, and made not one failure to the extent of even half a minute, will never answer the reasonable requirements of common sense. All qualification needful to that test was ability to tell the time indicated by the hands of our own watch. Years of practice had made even myself an expert at doing that.

The estimate this expert puts upon himself is revealed in the following quotations: "I assert with absolute positiveness, that the myriad recorders of clairvoyance, mind and thought reading, prescience, retrovision and second sight, odic and psychic force, in trance or out of trance, would never have been heard of but for the non-expertness of the writers and experimenters; that their claims, under the eye of the expert, are hollow, empty and transparent. When the hand of the expert touches them, they vanish into thin air. Here, as in all branches of science, expert skill is everything; honesty and general ability and attainments go for nothing." "I!

Who are his non-experts? We let himself tell. "The history of these delusions is marked by the labors of many able, honest non-experts, among whom Reichenbach, Oleott, Owen, Elliotson, Gregory, Hare, Crookes, Wallace, Cox and some members of the scientific faculty of Yale are most conspicuous. . . . The horrid blunders that mark the history of this science, have been made by great chemists, statesmen, lawyers, judges, astronomers, physicists and naturalists." "Oh modesty!"

Wonderful! three wonderful man is this Geo. M. Beard, M. D. (Mad Doctor?) since his knowledge of the origin and nature of mysterious events moves him to look pityingly down upon such blundering non experts as he specifies above.

In another connection he presents the name Dr. Brown-Séquard. Whether the latter be an acknowledged expert or not, he has reached a conclusion which it pleases us to adduce here. We take it from a lecture by Agassiz, as reported early in May, 1873, in the N. Y. Tribune.

"Are all mental faculties one? Is there only one kind of mental power throughout the whole animal kingdom, differing only in intensity and range of manifestation?"

"In a series of admirable lectures given recently in Boston by Dr. Brown-Séquard, he laid before his audience a new philosophy of mental powers. Through physiological experiments, combined with a careful study and comparison of pathological cases, he has come to the conclusion that there are two sets, or a double set, of mental powers in the human organism, essentially different from each other. The one may be designated as our ordinary conscious intelligence; the other as a superior power, which controls our better nature; solves, sometimes suddenly and unexpectedly, nay, even in sleep, our problems and perplexities, suggests the right thing at the right time, acting through us without conscious action of our own, though susceptible of training and elevation; or perhaps I should rather say, 'Our organism may be trained to be a more plastic instrument through which this power acts in us.'"

"I do not see," adds Agassiz, "why this view should not be accepted. It is in harmony with facts so far as we know them. The experiments through which my friend Dr. Brown-Séquard has satisfied himself that the subtle mechanism of the human frame, about which we know so little in its connection with mental processes, is sometimes acted upon by a power outside of us, as familiar, with that organism as we are ignorant of it, are no less acute than they are curious and interesting."

Neither do we, any more than Agassiz did, see why this view should not be accepted. It is in harmony not only, as he says, with facts so far as we know them, but also with the teachings of many disembodied intelligences, who are much more familiar with human organisms than are any embodied physiological experts. Dr. Beard says it is from the ranks of physiologists and practicing physicians that experts in this branch must come. Dr. Brown-Séquard is one in these very ranks, and of no mean reputation therein and elsewhere. If he be an expert we are ably backed when asserting that the subtle mechanism of the human frame is sometimes acted upon by a power outside of us, and not simply unintelligent power nor the ordinary powers of even experts, who, Agassiz said, know but little of the human frame, in its connection with mental processes, but also by a power "as familiar with that organism as we are ignorant of it." Such a power must be intelligent.

The position of Spiritualists, and of believers that phenomena called witchcraft, of old, were genuine and mysterious facts, maintain that some human frames are at times controlled by their own higher set of mental powers, and sometimes by intelligent powers outside of not only them but of this visible mundane sphere. Dr. Brown-Séquard and Agassiz essentially consent to and adopt that position; and Dr. Beard obviously lacks knowledge of some agents and forces which men not inferior to himself perceive to be possible in not probable actors of important parts in the ever on-going drama of human experience; he falls too far behind Brown-Séquard and Agassiz to be cognizant of the conclusions of their advanced science.

Having exhibited this expert's oversight of facts and his modesty, we turn next to his logic. Many pages of his instructive article are devoted to valuable descriptions of the nature of trance, its varied degrees and phases, the many processes by which it may be induced, the variety of animal beings subject to it, and many phenomena more or less dependent on it for occurrence. The general tone pervading the whole production causes the reader to apprehend that its author wrote under conviction that a learned and extensive account of trance itself involves ample specification of the intelligent agents who produce the marvelous phenomena attendant upon it.

Unlike Dr. Brown-Séquard, he makes that pe-

culiar condition of a physical organism which involves emancipation of both that organism itself and its more obvious and ordinary indwelling mental powers from control of will and judgment—he makes, we say, that condition itself an actor, who spontaneously solves our problems and perplexities, and suggests the right thing at the right time. Nonsense. What? Do solutions of perplexing problems, and timely suggestions when we are puzzled, issue from whence no will dictates them? Never.

Agassiz, reasoning from Dr. Brown-Séquard's conclusion, essentially teaches that occasions come in which a mortal's own higher will and mental powers may put in abeyance his lower ones, and act through his organism; and in which also the will and mental powers of an intelligent outside of it may enter, control and manifest thoughts and action through it. Agassiz felt scientific and common sense need to have his designated cause competent to produce the special effects ascribed to it; but the expert Dr. Beard seems to be unhampered by any such sensation. Lack of competent data for his general conclusions renders his efforts futile.

He dispenses with the existence of animal magnetism, odic or psychic force, and all the kindred of these. He says, "It is now known to experts . . . that no one has ever read minds, predicted the future, seen into the past, or possessed any odic or psychic force. What is true of clairvoyance and allied delusions, is also true of the claims of witchcraft and Spiritualism." He writes thus to know that there is not and never has been any psychic force, clairvoyance, witchcraft, nor Spiritualism, must have been very expert at acquiring knowledge!

We would like to exhibit clearly and justly his reasoning against the existence of Spiritualism and its affinities. And unless he had data, wrapped up in opaque excretions of his expertism, and therefore invisible by his reader, the following paragraph will do him no injustice.

According to him, the trance state may be induced by simple processes and forces, independently of any manipulations, animal magnetism, or odic or psychic force. That is true, and everybody knows it. "Chickens," he says, "can be thrown into this (the hypnotized or mesmeric) state by means of a piece of pasteboard cut into the form of a horseshoe and hung over their comb, allowing the ends to come just in front of the eyes." This fact is representative of the class which prompts him to deny even the existence of certain forces which are by many people understood to be sometimes, if not generally, resorted to for bringing on entrancement. His method requires his syllogism to be essentially as follows. Odic, or psychic force, is a reputed instrumentality in producing trance; but pasteboard, expertly cut and hung, may mesmerize a chicken; therefore there is not and never was any odic or psychic force. We quote again: "There are," he says, "none who cannot be put into the trance state, provided the influence—psychical or physical—is adapted for the temperament." Psychical influence, then, by his concession, can induce trance; therefore we argue that there is not and never was any such thing as pasteboard. This conclusion of course we draw in accordance with expert logic.

When a certain state of an animal system is induced by forces and processes differing from those usually employed for that end, expert logic infers that the forces generally supposed to have been instrumental in bringing on the like state, never had existence. It must take something mighty as equine force to draw such an inference.

His lubricating ignorance of the existence of some phenomenal facts lets him say that they "can be easily explained"; and his ledgerman logic lets him draw his predetermined conclusions one knows not how. Such a man is powerless as a belligerent against mesmerism, Spiritualism, witchcraft, and all similar matters, and yet he may be—and we presume that he is—a learned physiologist, who has presented much valuable information concerning trance. That subject is interesting and important to all Spiritualists, and all others who hold to the actual occurrence of either witchcraft phenomena, or Scripture miracles. Trance has pertained to the human forms from which have issued marvelous words and deeds through all the ages and peoples. It is probably a needful condition for many mighty manifestations which seem to spring from supermundane intelligence and power. It, however, is only a condition—not an actor—a condition which admits the entrance and rule of an actor of greater intelligence and force than the entranced organism's cognate ruler.

Whoever helps us to accurate knowledge of trance, deserves our thanks; for that knowledge must be beneficial which shows us how we can induce upon ourselves and others a state in which our own higher sets of mental powers, of which Dr. Brown-Séquard has obtained knowledge, may come into more efficient action upon our own higher faculties; and also how we can render our physical organisms more plastic instruments for use by higher intelligences, who would be glad to have our bodies become instruments suited to their needs as our teachers and helpers. For producing such results, Dr. Beard's work may be very helpful.

He gives us aid in other ways; he assures us that "the usual effects of ordinary trance are not permanently or even temporarily injurious." Also he says that Mr. Fairfield's *Ten Years with Spirit Mediums* "is worth very little," and declares him to be "an honest non-expert of the worst kind." Fairfield regarded all trance and its attendant phenomena as resultants from disease in the nervous system. Dr. Beard spikes the guns of that assailant, and also cripples some others who have attacked Spiritualism. Spiritualists may regard him as their helper, because he has stopped the flow of more harm to their cause from other sources than can ever issue from his own writings.

Sufficient reason for the non-action of will and judgment in this expert himself, during the time in which his production concerning trance was being reeled off, is embraced in the following extracts from his own pages: "The explanation I have to offer for the exaltation of functions in trance is this: Volitional activity costs more cerebral force than spontaneous, involuntary, automatic activity. It is necessary that the will should be constantly in use, especially in all the details of practical life, in order to give system, judgment—in short, common sense—to our lives. But common sense is purchased at an enormous sacrifice of absolute mental and muscular power. Supposing that the absolute amount of cerebral force that can be exerted in any special direction, as in raising a weight, . . . making a speech, or singing a song, . . . be represented by 100;

then if 75 be used up in willing to do the thing, there remain but 25 to be used in doing it. In the trance state no force is lost in willing to do anything, hence the entire 100 can be used in doing the thing itself." Now it is not impossible—indeed it is highly probable—that when Dr. Beard was writing his essay upon trance, very considerably more than one-quarter of the absolute amount of his full cerebral force was absorbed by his other mental powers, so that his own will and judgment necessarily lacked proper sustenance, and consequently became too feeble to supervise his production; therefore his other mental powers, unreined, "had it all their own way." Thus happily he has enabled us to account very satisfactorily for the brilliancy and exaltation pertaining to his own effusion. Obviously, trance stole in upon himself while he was laboriously analyzing trance, toppled his will and judgment from their seats, left the coach without driver, and the result we witness is a plain logical sequence from his own premises.

MATERIALIZATION.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Allow me to present my hearty thanks for the admirable narrative in your last week's columns of the experiences of Mr. Lewis B. Wilson and his wife at the house of Mr. J. S. Palmer, in Portland, Maine. In this day of badgering and tormenting spiritual mediums well nigh out of their senses by ill-mannered scrutiny of their looks and persons, by nailing them to the floor, sewing them up in sacks, or binding their hands, feet, neck and limbs so tightly with cords that the blood is ready to gush out at every aching extremity, in order to keep them from cheating, it is really refreshing to learn that two sances at least for materialization have been conducted under the natural and harmonious conditions that can alone secure unalloyed spiritual manifestations. And what was the result? Why, without demanding, or, as far as appears, seeking for tests, the mind of the trusted medium was preserved in so quiet and negative a condition through the confiding and sympathetic surrounding influences, that the spiritual powers were enabled to present to mortal senses the most striking and unmistakable evidence of personal identity in the materialized face and form of the late Mrs. Conant perhaps on record! Can any reader of the narrative who knows Mr. and Mrs. Wilson suppose that they were mistaken in the identity of Mrs. Conant? Can any one believe that their convictions would have been strengthened had the medium been securely tied or nailed to the floor? Every candid person I know will answer, "Not a particle!" And yet had this same medium been subjected at the time to the humiliating annoyances, perplexities and insults that many of these sensitive instruments of the angels are subjected to immediately preceding a sance, what followed might more than probably have been, in accordance with inexorable spiritual law, that governs intercourse between the two worlds, either an entire failure, or at the most a mere reflex of the suspicious manifestations or falsehoods the controlling members of the mundane circle were seeking for and hoping with all their might of mind thrown psychologically directly in the medium's bewildered spirit, to obtain.

It seems to me that enough has been conceded by spiritual mediums in the way of permitting investigators of the phenomena to prescribe conditions under which our spirit friends shall manifest their presence. It has been tried long enough to prove by its results that the gospel of Spiritualism, like that practiced and preached by Jesus of Nazareth, is not adapted to minds so full of conceit and fancied knowledge that there is not room for anything new to enter them. As a class, the most learned in the sciences and what is called divinity are the furthest off from what relates to spiritual truths than all others. The most stupidly ignorant are in advance of such, for, as the thoughtful Helvetius wisely says, "Ignorance is the middle point between true and false learning. The ignorant man is as much above the falsely learned as he is below him of real science," and again, "He who is falsely learned and has lost his reason when he thought to improve it, has purchased his stupidity at too dear a rate ever to renounce it." Exactly so; and this is just the ground that most of the learned (so-called) in the sciences, divinity and medicine occupy in our day. Investigators from classes who have devoted years to studies conducted on a backward track from truth, and acquired imperfect, not to say false notions of what relates to the spiritual side of man, scorn to surrender the scholastic theories they have imbibed at so great cost of time, money and labor to the dictation of unlettered mediums whether inspired by devil or angel. Jesus showed his great wisdom in wasting no time on such as these, for the simple reason that he knew it would be of no avail. "Whosoever (said he) shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein."

This is sound spiritual doctrine at the present day, and I hope the time is near at hand when spirit mediums far and near will assert their rights, and refuse to be tested through the intervention of bodily restraint by any class of investigators of the phenomena whatever. Let each and all allow their own spirit guides to prescribe the conditions upon which their circle shall be conducted; and let all persons attend who wish to, provided they conform (outwardly, at least) to the rules laid down. Under such circumstances it is true that fraudulent manifestations may occur, but I believe, from my experience, not near so many cases as it is alleged are perpetrated under the present testing system. But supposing that frauds do occur, what then? Our spirit friends uniformly advise us not to accept any spiritual manifestations as true that do not fully accord with our own convictions; and no one, in any case, will be bound to receive anything that occurs only for what they deem it worth. Under the improved conditions I have no doubt that thousands of tests of spirit power in the matter of materialization (like those witnessed by Mr. Wilson) and otherwise, will be given so palpably true that no amount of fraud, on the part of the medium can vitiate or impair them.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

Venueuse, R. I., Sept. 27th, 1875.

N. B.—I have not alluded to the equally convincing manifestations given in the Banner of 25th inst. that took place before the same medium in the presence of Mr. Colby, Mr. and Mrs. Rich, Dr. Pike and Mr. Day, as one so good a thing of the kind is sufficient to treat of at one time.

T. R. H.

A small child being asked by her Sunday-school teacher, "What did the Israelites do after they crossed the Red Sea?" answered, "I don't know, marm, but I guess they dried themselves."

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# Written for the Banner of Light. **SAM SOMEBODY TO JOHN ANYONE.**

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

How do you, John? you know my name; 'tis Sam, yes, Sam, your friend; it does not signify what name you put to make the end. 'Tis somebody of course you like, or ought to, anyway. And you are John—John Anyone, as we in general say. I've got a notion in my head, and I'm going to talk to stand beside your black-board brain, and write on it with chalk.

I've lived among such folks and things, just where I've been of late. That, "poor my word, I curse my days and this my checkered fate." They seem so queer and act so mad, so small and awful mean. That, "but my buttons! John, my friend, I feel as green as green!" I can't make out their purposes, or what they aim to do; they seem to stick just where they fall, and harden off like glue. They stick to you as feathers stick, and spoil themselves in "lar, and light the stuff they tumble in, for fireflies sure they are. Their families are split in two, the first friendships break and part. And sickness comes and fills the air, benumbing head and heart.

As some signs are signs, my boy, I cannot tell, for one. What such a world is living for! Can you explain it, John? And what hinders me the worst of all, is how the churches act; they bid good-by to charity, and leave it, that 's a fact. They talk of peace, and all in places plain enough they are; their heads are all at loggerheads and irregular war. It seems as though the world and them were pretty much alike.

And both were gone from work awhile—a sort of Gospel strike. The plain and simple truths of life they twist and turn about till they themselves don't know themselves, as rabbits like they shout; And partly aims and empty forms possess their mind and breath. And goodness stands beside them sick and dies a natural death. They seem to think that virtue means a hide-and-seek at sin. And those the people never see are those of course that win. And when the poor man falls or trips they say, "For shame, you wretch!"

When they might come with oil and wine and sweet forgiveness tell. I'm sick as Job at all his friends, to see this rule of three: Am put in vulgar fractions, friend, and mad as mad can be. For, sure as day and night exist, their senses must be gone! Then what do they keep living for? Can you explain it, John?

They'll straighten out in time perhaps, for folks are mending some; Let worst be worst and sinners sin and buzz about and hum. We learn, I guess, by lessons hard that give us teaching sound.

And as we learn a little more the greater things come round. Often think we leave behind our littleness and spite. And grow by this to something greater—to love and truth and right; For Mother Earth will let us shout and have our holiday—Vacation time when school is out, and we must rust and play.

She knows the end approaches near, and she can straighten things. Control our wildness by-and-by, and give us angel wings. It's no use grumbling things to death, whatever our lot may be. While all the multitude may do, or we in churches see.

They're all working, high or low, to build a palace fair—A structure set on solid ground and reaching high in air. And future life for present life will make us good amends. And all is well and wisely done that well and wisely ends. And sure as now and then unite, I must believe, for one, Eternal Justice hangs o'er all, and guides our lives, friend John!

**"CLOUDLAND"—A POSSIBLE "GREAT REVIVAL" SEASON.**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Whoever would get some insight of the deeper ideas and inspirations of religious life in New England seventy years ago, as well as quaint glimpses of that life in its homelike and individual aspect, should read Mrs. H. B. Stowe's "Old Town Folks," and the golden thread of clairvoyant and spiritual vision that runs through the experience of one of its best characters, shows the thought of the gifted authoress. One of its chapters describes a trip to cloudland by a company of young folks, who go far into the New Hampshire hills to find a village of that name up in the mountain-land. I have been to Cloudland, not in story but in fact; not to her neat New England village but on the Pennsylvania hills.

At the close of the Collins Yearly Meeting (a large and valuable gathering) I went from Buffalo a hundred miles by rail southeast to Portville (stopping on the way for three lectures), and thence by wagon sixteen miles southeast, up the narrow valley of the Oswego Creek to Millport—a little hamlet, with its Liberty Hall, on the bank of the swift stream, where a goodly company of substantial thinking people came for a two days' meeting, in which Bishop Beals (not a canonical but a surname Bishop) gave his music and his inspirations to fill and round out the hours.

Then I started southward, up among the great hills, up along the steep gorges, where brooks foamed and roared far below on their swift way to the lower world, through long reaches of grand primeval forests, out and up still to high tablelands and fine farms and orchards, until we were over seven hundred feet above the Oswego, three thousand feet above tide water—fairly in Cloudland, with an atmosphere like the elixir of life, a sky of wondrous beauty, fleecy clouds as near, and a sense of uplifting above the common earth too rare and precious to last.

Gradually we dropped down into the valley of the Alleghany, and reached the neat village of Condersport, with its great Court House, "where justice is dispensed with," as Mrs. Partington says, where intoxicating liquor is dispensed with, to the honor of its good people, and where forest clad hills rise sheer up hundreds of feet, but a stone's throw in the rear of the grassy lawns and fine gardens of the magnates of Potter county.

Some ten miles east, all in the compass of less than a mile, are the springs from whence flow the headwaters of the Genesee, the Susquehanna (West Branch) and the Alleghany, the crystal waters finding their way to Newfoundland icebergs and to the sunlit waters of the Mexican gulf. If Potter county could be smoothed down to a level it would cover the State, but a revolution of power and sublimity would be lost in such sacrilegious change. Amidst this rare scenery I felt the truth of S. J. Finney's words: "The expanded earth and the unfolded heavens are manifestations of an Eternal Spirit. The rocks, hills, rivers, and stars gleam with the white splendors of the Divine Reason."

The opening of these valleys and hilltops to the work of the dairyman has revealed promise of wealth of soil and purse quite unexpected, and an awakening desire among the people for liberty of thought and a broader spiritual horizon promise wealth of soul that shall fitly use and consecrate these material things.

So this mountain-land, from whence flow the rills helping to make great rivers reaching distant climes, may be the nursery of men and women whose thought and life shall go out,

"Wide as the waters be."

From Condersport I reached the Erie Railway at Nellyville by a thirty miles' stage ride over the hills, weary in body but refreshed in spirit, and

have since caught other glimpses of Cloudland among the hills of Cattaraugus and Alleghany in New York; and found an inspiration, finer than even the mountains can give, in the presence of men and women of a spiritual culture, showing that they have caught glimpses of the "ever-green mountains of life."

A four weeks' absence from home; a thousand miles of travel by rail, a hundred and fifty miles by stage or wagon; attending two long meetings at Collins and Millport and speaking some twenty times, may sum up the work done, and I am thankful for strength for more.

And now let me close with "a word in due season," asking all to take note thereof. Evangelical Christendom is drawing together, moved by a subtle sense of growing weakness calling for such union, moved in part, let us hope, by the growing charity of the age, a tenderer spirit that runs in the very air and melts a little the old icebergs of bigotry. In this union is strength to resist the great but unorganized power of free thought, of the spiritual movement and the scientific tendency of our day, which asks for fact and law, not dogma and authority. The land must be "evangelized" to revive a drooping cause, to get help to support costly, untaxed churches. Revivals come in hard times; when worldly wealth decays the "fear of the Lord" can be invoked. Moody and Sankey are home from England with the prestige of their great meetings, their \$75,000 collections for expenses in London, and are soon to begin their work in Brooklyn. Weak of themselves, but strengthened by the psychological power and the sympathy of thousands of the clergy and laity, they will all work together for a "great outpouring."

The trouble in such a work is that the old, earnest belief in creed and dogmas, in hell, devils, atonements and the wrath of God, is on the wane, and only men deeply sincere can greatly move others. The really great revivalists are gone. Charles G. Finney, of Oberlin, was the last man of large power who put his soul into such work, and those of later date, the Knapps, Hammonds, Moody, Sankey and all, are men of narrow range, of limited capacity, intense, dealing in terrors to frighten, or in gushing sympathy to win, but destitute of ability to make appeals to reason or judgment or to inspire with a grand ideal of life; and so they win the weak souls, but not the strong, into the fold, and the churches gain in quantity but lose in quality of their membership. But these old dogmas have great power still, personal emotion and sympathy; reverence for views held sacred by education are strong, united psychological power is subtle and grasping, and the "Orthodox" must do or die.

Let all understand the situation and be ready to meet any and all revival efforts in season. Let meetings for free thought, discussion of creeds and books and for the great spiritual dispensation be kept up and multiplied, and so the efforts of self-styled evangelists be frustrated, and the people's thought and life be turned to higher and diviner things. Yours truly,

G. B. STREIBINS.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 24th, 1875.

## **Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan's Work in England.**

J. Burns, editor and proprietor of the London Medium and Daybreak, writes us a letter bearing date near the close of September, wherein he pays a glowing tribute to the labors—and their results—which have been put forth for the cause by and through the inspired utterances of Mrs. Tappan. In the course of his letter he says:

"The sudden departure of Mrs. Tappan from our midst has taken us all unawares. Never was she more crowded with applications, chiefly coming from the furthest points, which have scarcely yet been penetrated by the apostles of Spiritualism. On old ground—in the North, Lancashire and Yorkshire—instead of being exhausted, Mrs. Tappan is more popular than ever. Manchester had bespoken a visit during the first week of October; Halifax had to be put off, and Liverpool received the final effort of our sister previous to her departure. She visited these great towns in the early part of the summer, having done so several times before, and it speaks well for her power and popularity to think that the friends were so eager to have her return again."

Sept. 24th, at Bishop Auckland—a town in the county of County Durham, which I first visited eight years ago, when there was not a Spiritualist in the place—she addressed a meeting in the Town Hall which was literally crowded. On the previous Sunday she spoke twice at Newcastle, thirty miles further north. The audiences are said to have numbered one thousand persons at each oration. These are large numbers for this country, and numbers which have followed repeated visits of Mrs. Tappan to these places. The hopes of the friends of the cause have been that Mrs. Tappan would remain with them while she could find useful employment, and many were the plans which had more or less found expression with the anticipation of inviting Mrs. Tappan during the ensuing lecture season.

Imagine then my surprise, when, on Thursday morning, just as I was about to put the "Medium" to press, I received a letter from Mrs. Tappan, stating that, her guides had informed her, on the previous evening, that she must sail for America before the end of the month. She said she would be in London next day, and remain till Monday, and that she had notified to friends her desire to say a few last words in London. Mr. Slater and Mr. Barker soon made their appearance at this office, hurried paragraphs were written for the "Medium," and it was resolved that the last words should be offered in Doughty Hall on Sunday evening. The hall was extra seated and prepared for a crash. The friends were not disappointed. Soon the antique building got crowded to the doors, and beyond there into the spacious ante-rooms. It was an earnest, sympathetic assemblage, the good and true friends of the cause—a public gathering of real brothers and sisters, not a conventional muster pulled together by dint of much whispering up America was well represented by Dr. Haddock, of New York, and Dr. Main, of Boston. The former gentleman led Mrs. Tappan to the platform, and made public her request that I should preside. The proceedings were of a highly spiritual and intensely interesting nature. Mrs. Tappan was invited to return again and take up the work which remains unfinished, and she, or her guides rather, promised that she would do so.

Mrs. Tappan has been forced to leave this country, under the advice of her guides, on account of her health. It was thought by her that she might be able to endure the milder climate of the southwest—Devon and Cornwall—but it seems her inspirers have foreseen otherwise, and have caused her to act accordingly. The same cause which removes her from England takes her to the far West before the rigorous winter sets in, hence the nature of the flying tour which will characterize her movements in the Eastern States."

## **Notice for a Spirit Circle.**

He that cometh to seek after knowledge with a mind to acquire and cannot find it, shall find water for his humor, but no matter for his instruction.—Bacon.

The above is very applicable to persons who pretend to have a desire to investigate Spiritualism, while they are fully persuaded in their own minds "that the thing is all nonsense."—F. M. Taylor, in Medium and Daybreak, London.

## **Banner Correspondence.**

J. Frank Baxter in Springfield, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:—The Free Religious Society here has had a rare treat the past month. The audiences have been large, and the people have received Mr. Baxter's singing, lectures and tests, with enthusiasm. Last Sunday evening he closed his course of lectures in presence of an audience which literally grammed Liberty Hall. After his able lecture he gave the last of a series of the most accurate and remarkable tests ever witnessed in public by your correspondent.

In the forenoon Mr. Baxter had officiated at the funeral of Eddy Cook, a son of G. H. Cook, of this city. The first to control in the evening was a spirit brother of the lad, George Cook, who said, "Eddy is not here tonight, but is to be about his body a day or two. He will be able to manifest to his parents. They must not look forward too anxiously. Nature must do its work calmly. Eddy will come as soon as he can. I am a small child when I passed away. Now I am almost a man. I wish to express a thought given by Eddy at the house. Eddy says he did not know the impulse of the rose in the picture sketch for him," alluding to a flower painting done by Mrs. Blair at Lake Pleasant for Mr. Cook. "My rose was yellow, and turned partly away from the others. Sister has a brighter one, pink, bright and brilliant. Mine was more pale, and turned away, as I was soon to go. I did not understand this till I came to the spirit world. From this Eddy, to his parents, by George Cook. In the next, to control said, 'I am Rachel Barker. I once lived here with you in the flesh. This death seems a mere transition to me. It is a simple passage to the spirit-world. I am Rachel Barker, Daniel, Baker's wife, aged 85.'"

Mr. Baxter then remarked: "I see the name George W. Thayer in the back part of the room. This man passed away with an apoplectic shock some year ago. He died in Cedar street, Springfield. Yes, he was never recovered. It will be two years next December (15th) since he died."

Mr. Hillecock, from the audience, said he knew the man, and the facts were as represented. Mr. Baxter then announced that Stoddard Parker, a captain on a Connecticut River boat, who used to run between Springfield and Hartford, was present.

Mr. Hillecock replied that this man was a boatman on the river, and died last spring.

Mr. Baxter was then entranced by someone who made him stagger and fall upon the sofa, saying, "Dr. Hooker, where is he? I want to thank him. Suicide never ends a trouble. He who will kill himself will find his lot on the other side anything but pleasant. Oh, the pains I suffer! I am not a man, I am a ruin. I want to thank Dr. Hooker for the good advice he gave me many times, but I did not follow it. Oh, I have got to yield! but I will yet tell you all." Here he left, and Attie, the guide of Mr. Baxter, controlled and said: "This young man poisoned himself because he could not stop drinking. His name was John E. Plaine, and he died on Myrtle street in this city." Dr. Hooker being in the audience, arose and said he knew the young man, and had frequently advised him to leave off drinking. He died as was said.

James W. Graham also reported, and said he died in West Springfield, and knew Dr. Hooker. The latter said the statement was correct.

During the giving of these tests, the audience remained in silence, listening with profound interest, and slight murmurs of applause were given as one after another were publicly admitted to be true.

Among the large number of spirits from Springfield and vicinity who have manifested in Mr. Baxter's public seances are Milton A. Clyde, Mr. Shaw, the brewer, of Vernon street, Capt. George W. Thompson, of the 34th Regiment, the wife of Charles O. Russell, Superintendent of the Boston and Albany Railroad, John and Anne Chase, of Chicopee, Samuel H. Bowles, of Chicopee, father and mother of the present editor of the Republican. In every instance the tests have been correct so far as known.

Mr. Baxter's lectures have given good satisfaction, and his singing has been the delight of all. He is a most useful public worker, and ought to be kept in the field constantly.

At his last lecture he will speak here during the month of October. He also lectures in Chicopee Sunday mornings.

P. S.—At the close of Mr. Baxter's lectures the following resolution was unanimously passed by the Liberty Hall Society:

Resolved, That the hearty thanks of this Society and congregation are tendered to J. Frank Baxter, of Worcester, for his series of lectures on the subject of Spiritualism, and for the very accurate public tests which he has given in Liberty Hall the past month.

## **New York.**

FINDLEY'S LAKE.—R. Robbins writes, Sept. 27th: "Our people have recently had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Lydia A. Pearsall, of Disco, Michigan. She is a splendid inspirational speaker; she delivered two lectures here. The subject of her first discourse was 'Education and Religion,' and at the second meeting it was a continuation of the same. She explained her subject in a free and off hand style, placed mankind on a common level, and denied all accusations that have been hurled against Spiritualism everywhere. She placed in the inspired hands of our friends, and Mrs. Bowles, a revelation, proving the authenticity of spiritualized minds in the inventive genius of the nineteenth century. The audience was astonished at her manner of delivery, holding them spell-bound, as it were, with her great eloquence, for nearly two hours at each meeting."

Sunday evening we had quite a satisfactory seance, there being three mediums in the circle. The spirits were not so good as on any day before the time when Spiritualism would have a firm stronghold in this place and vicinity.

We are thankful that we have been permitted to see as much of the workings of Spiritualism; we also take pleasure in saying, through the Banner, that we believe Mrs. Pearsall to be one of the best lecturers laboring for the good cause.

## **Virginia.**

RICHMOND.—M. S. Day writes, Sept. 26th: There are a few earnest Spiritualists in this city, but, like Virginia farmers, they are a long way behind the North and East in both farming and liberal views. We have organized a circle, and have had two sittings, receiving splendid manifestations from our friends. Over the river, lights floating about the room; the table suspended in mid-air, keeping correct time to music, accompanied by a bell, also suspended; independent writing, and many other manifestations, that would require too long an article to enumerate. But the success has been noised about the neighborhood, and we have had many applications for admission. We are a small circle, but we are a spirit-band, and can but feel that they will do a good work here. Our medium is Miss Sally Richardson, a young lady of sterling qualities, and above reproach. Sister Blair, spirit-artist, has promised that she would visit us this winter. I am satisfied that she could do much good, both in imparting a knowledge of our beautiful philosophy, and peculiarly for herself.

## **Illinois.**

CHICAGO.—Julius A. Willard, 327 Fulton street, writes Sept. 23d thus: On the 3d of July last, as amanuensis for a lady friend, I sent you money for a subscription to the Banner, to be sent to her brother, H. H. Jones, who lives where the orthodox is dominant. In a recent letter to that sister, from which I am permitted to make extracts, he writes: "Now, Nancy, in regard to the Banner of Light you sent me, you could not have given me any present that would have been worth to me so much at ten times its cost. Dear sister, I cannot write the good that I have received from reading it. And my friends like to read it, and the paper, and my neighbors send for the paper to peruse. When I first got it, and my friends came to my house, I would read

from it, and they called it some hard names, and said they would have nothing to do with me if I kept such a paper in my house. I replied, 'Centenare me and that paper as you may, I would not give it up for all the teaching and all the work that has come from the teaching of the orthodox doctors of the last 1875 years. They show us no light; they keep us in the dark; they blind our eyes and close our ears to knowledge, and keep us from worshipping God in the true light. My friends said if that was the way I wanted to talk and do I might go, and they would leave me alone to go down to hell if I wanted to. I said, in reply, that above all things I was going to be honest to myself, and if I lost so I could not wrong nor harm them. And to-day, dear sister, they come to shake friendly hands with me, and to talk of that glorious light that the Banner is trying to implant in the hearts of the whole world. I thank you a thousand times for the paper, and may God bless you for sending it to me.'"

And I say, God bless Bro. Colby and his spirit-guides for the light they are dispensing to the dark corners of the earth.

## **Maine.**

PORTLAND.—J. Dunn, now in his eighty-third year, in again renewing his subscription, says: "Spiritualism and the Banner are my stay and staff, and are a great source of comfort to me as I near the end of my earthly journey. I was gratified to read the accounts in the Banner of the wonderful materializing seances at Mr. Palmer's in this city. They are just what we needed here, where so many scout at the idea that our spirit friends can materialize and show themselves so as to be thus clearly identified. But truth is mighty and will prevail, and so will our glorious philosophy. I am thankful that I have lived to see this day when so much light is dawning for the benefit of the spiritually enlightened. I hope the Banner will long live to proclaim the sublime truths of Spiritualism. My time here must necessarily be short, but I have no fears of death. I have been confined to the house over a year, but feel cheerful and enjoy the company of friends as well as ever."

## **Florida.**

FEINANDINA.—A subscriber, speaking of Dr. D. S. Webster's Magnetic and Mental Cure Establishment, recently opened there, says: A. L. Bennett is to have charge of the boarding-house connected with the Cure, which will be kept in such a way that Spiritualists will truly feel at home there.

## **THE BRIDGE OF LIFE.**

Across the rapid stream of seventy years,  
The slender bridge of human life is thrown;  
The past and future meet upon its arch,  
The present moment is its frail key-stone.  
From "dust thou art" the arch begins to rise,  
To "dust thou returnest," the highest curve unfolds;  
In which the first to the last weakness leads,  
Seen by youth's night light upon that arch,  
How lowly it is each frail scene appears;  
But all we have changed upon the oxen and mule,  
Our weary footsteps bring the vision near!  
'T was faith that beneath the rainbow's foot  
A treasure lay, the dreamer to bewitch;  
But faith that turned to dust the vision near!  
The golden years that would have made them rich,  
So where life's arch of many colors leads,  
The heart expects rich wealth of joy to find;  
But in the distance the bridge looks long and thin,  
And leaves a cold gray waste of care behind.  
A sunlit stream upon its bosom takes  
The inverted shadow of a bridge on high,  
And the arch in distance looks long and thin,  
One perfect circle to the gaze of the eye.  
So 't is with life; the things that do appear  
Are fleeting shadows on the pasting tide,  
Which turn to dust, the highest curve unfolds,  
From viewless things that changelessly abide.  
The real is but the half of life; it needs  
The ideal to make a perfect whole;  
The spiritual world is the true and real,  
For closer union with the sphere of soul.  
All things of use are bridges that connect  
To things of faith, which give them true worth;  
And faith that turns to dust the vision near!  
That heaven is but the counterpart of earth.  
The pier that rests upon this shore 's the same  
As that which stands upon the further bank;  
And the path that leads to heaven is the same  
A fitness for the joys of higher rank.  
Oh! dark were life without heaven's sun to show  
The likeness of the other world in this;  
And faith that turns to dust the vision near!  
Without the shadow of a world of bliss.  
Then let us, passing o'er life's fragile arch,  
Regard it as a means, and not an end;  
As but the path that leads to heaven's sun;  
To where all glories of our being tend.

—Good Words.

## **The Ward Will.**

The will of the late Captain Elber B. Ward of Michigan, now before the Probate Court at Detroit, presents some unique features, and is attracting the attention not only of the legal profession, but of all classes of the community. Captain Ward left an estate roughly estimated to be worth five million dollars. He had been twice married. From his first wife, who had become a paralytic, he was divorced, and within sixty days thereafter he married a second wife, who was at that time a widow of a man who had been a member of the same family of five children, of whom all but one are of age. By his second wife he had children, who are yet under age.

The strange feature of the will is that the infant children are left to the guardianship of their mother, and to them and their mother the bulk of the great estate was devised, while to his other family he gave only some heavily incumbered property, of which he was first trustee, and then sole owner. The estate was first valued at more than \$200,000 would be realized; but there is now a better prospect. This property was not given to them outright, but put into the hands of trustees or executors; and by a codicil to the will, executed on the 25th day of last August, he directed that these executors should pay to each of the children by his first wife a sum not exceeding \$200 a month for their support out of the income of the estate, except in case of sickness, when the sum may be increased at the discretion of the executors. The executors may make the payments quarterly or monthly, but in no case anticipate any payment. It is this codicil of the will which makes the older children perpetual pensioners, that is most obnoxious.

The main reliance of the petitioners to have the will set aside, is founded upon the claim that the making of it by Mr. Ward was unduly influenced by the delusions of Spiritualism. It is asserted that until Captain Ward became a believer in Spiritualism he believed not in God, or Providence, or inspiration, and that he became a convert to Spiritualism as a relief from the oppressive expectation of annihilation. When he had accepted Spiritualism as a reality, he became a devotee of it, and to a certain degree insane. He consulted mediums on all important concerns of business, and submitted to what he imagined were the directions of the spirits. He had withdrawn from an important law suit in obedience to the spirits. He taunted one of his sons so intolerably on account of something he said the spirits had communicated to him, that the young man consulted suicide with laudanum. He hired mediums to do the materialization business, and fancied he saw materialized spirit hands and faces. It is maintained also that he often consulted mediums, among others, Mrs. Kane, one of the Fox sisters of Rochester, who is to be a witness in the case, upon the subject of making wills, and particularly his own will. The precise propositions which the petitioners expect to have the Court decide upon in this matter of Spiritualism, were presented by Mr. Theodore Romney in his opening address to the jury, and were in the following form:

First—If he is shown to have communicated from departed spirits through spiritual mediums, and allowing such communications to influence a person's action, in matters of important business, constitutes an insane delusion.

Second—If it be shown that the testator habitually consulted the spirits of deceased mortals, and followed their suggestions in other matters of substantial importance, the presumption is that he was insane at the time.

Third—That if it be proved that the testator sought and followed the advice of spirits in regard to the execution of his will, then the presumption is that he did so in regard to the will.

Fourth—That if he is shown to have consulted the spirits and received advice from them in regard to the present case, then the presumption is that he was insane at the time.

Fifth—That if he was made legally to appear that he was influenced by spiritualistic advice in framing his will, then it is void.

Sixth—That if the main provisions of this will were dic-

tated to him by mediums professing to speak for departed spirits, and he followed such dictation, then the will is void. In support of the theory that his subjection to spiritualistic influences was a case of insanity, a strange record of family tendency to mental disease is produced. His grandfather, David Ward, died insane at the age of sixty-one. Of David Ward's children, four were insane or left insane descendants. Captain Ward's father was not absolutely insane, but—perversely, high-tempered, and the victim of fanciful delusions. One of his sisters in a fit of insanity killed her infant and herself. Of Captain Ward's children, one is unable to take care of herself, one is at times dangerously insane, and another, who was weak-minded, committed suicide. Captain Ward himself had had two attacks of apoplexy before the one which caused death, and it is represented that these affected his mind, if not to the extent to incapacitate him for business, yet so as to make him more easily deluded by imposition.

The representations made by counsel as to the influences under which the will was made are strange enough. Shortly after Senator Howard's death, Captain Ward visited a medium who put him in communication with the seceder's spirit, by which he was informed that sudden death would come upon him, and warned to set his house in order. These admissions, he made a will, which was witnessed; but, afterward he consulted Mrs. Kane, who gave him communications that were framed into another will, which does not appear to have been executed. Early in 1874 he went to New York and consulted other spirits, and the will now in controversy was drawn up, substantially according to their supposed directions.

Counsel intimated that if the jury did not reject the will on these facts, he should ask its rejection on another ground—namely, that Captain Ward had been unduly influenced by his young and attractive wife, and her relatives in the disposition of his property. The progress of this case will be watched with much interest, not only by those who know the parties and have a personal interest in the result, but by a much larger number who will be curious to know how these points touching Spiritualism will be decided. At last reports, a medium having been called as a witness, his evidence was objected to as irrelevant, and the lawyers were arguing the point at length.—Boston Advertiser.

## **MINNESOTA.**

## **Convention of the State Association of Spiritualists.**

This Association held its Eighth Annual Convention in the city of St. Paul, Friday, Sept. 18th, 1875, at 10 o'clock A. M. President, J. H. G. called the meeting to order. E. M. Welch, of St. Paul; William H. Haddock, of Minneapolis; J. H. G. of New London; were chosen as the Executive Committee. An address of welcome was made by the choir, consisting of Bro. J. L. Potter and the "Jenny Family." A song of welcome was sung by the choir, and the hearts of those who had come to the meeting were gladdened by the music, singing and conferences were interspersed among the substantial throughout the Convention.

Second Session.—Reports of State Lecturer and Treasurer were read and adopted.

Evening Lecture by G. H. G. of New London, Universal Philosophy.

Saturday Morning.—At 10 o'clock the meeting was called to order. Mrs. Hanson, of Minneapolis, gave a short, spirited, and rather personal address upon the call for the Convention, which she denominated as "keeping my mind from attending."

A most readable discussion, the call was sustained by a large majority, and the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the elevating teachings of the New Philosophy called Spiritualism, have abolished from among its professors all Puritanical creeds, leaving its disciples free to grow and progress onward and upward, and that the truth shall make us free indeed.

Resolved, That we do not tolerate nor endorse labor-courses between the sexes outside of matrimony.

Afternoon Session.—Report of the Nominating Committee was read; after which the Convention proceeded to the election of officers, with the following result: President, Jesse H. Smith, Stillwater; Vice Presidents, Mrs. E. M. Douglas, Winona; Mrs. A. S. Shattuck, St. Paul; Executive Board, Hon. Mr. Adley, Oakdale; L. Chandler, New London; E. P. Evans, Garden City; Mrs. Nettleton, Minneapolis; E. Ingalls, North Branch; J. H. G. of New London; Secretary, George Walker, Stillwater; Committee of Arrangements, S. Jenkins, Farmington; E. P. Pope, Subject, "What is Right?"

Evening Session.—The session was opened and harmonious President Smith in the chair. Lecture by Mrs. H. Morse.

Sunday Morning.—At 10 o'clock, lecture by Asa Warren, Subject, "What is the evidence of an After-Life for Man?" followed by Mrs. H. Morse, subject chosen by the audience.—What Good is Spiritualism? Lecture by H. H. G.

Afternoon Session.—Lecture by Mrs. E. M. Welch, Subject, "Moses the God of the Hebrews and the Christian Church," followed by Mrs. H. E. Pope, Subject, "Let us be Light."

Evening Session.—Lecture by Asa Warren, Matinee by Mrs. H. Morse. The Executive Board announced as agents Asa Warren, J. L. Potter.

The Convention closed in the greatest harmony, and with good-will and promises of a grand reunion in the future.

—George W. Walker, Secretary, Minnesota State Association.

## **A Thing Most Fit to be Done.**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I was highly pleased to learn from your columns that a proposition is on foot to endow a Professorship of Mental Science in the Belvidere Seminary, in this State, and to place in the chair that well-known and most competent instructor, Prof. S. B. Brittan. It would be difficult to suggest a thing more desirable to be done at the present juncture, whether as a tribute to the fitness and merits of the man, or as a means were demanded to meet the needs of an improved education.

Every thoughtful student must be aware that, in the light of the facts developed by Modern Spiritualism, the so-called Mental Science of our schools and colleges is not worth a fig; it is for the most part a series of illusions. It



### To Book-Buyers.

At our new location, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street, Boston, we have a fine bookstore on the ground floor of the building, where we keep on sale a large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works, to which we invite your attention.

Orders accompanied by cash will receive prompt attention. We are prepared to forward any of the publications of the Book Trade at usual rates. We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of Books on commission, or when cash does not accompany the order. Send for a free Catalogue of our Publications.

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

## Banner of Light.

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### Scandal-Mongers.

The human tongue is the destroyer of all hopes, all unity, all sympathy and in fact, all progress, unless submitted to the steady restraint of a curb and bridle. One tongue, that acknowledges no guide, can do more harm than an army in open opposition. "The owner of it himself does not realize the work he is making, what obstructions he puts in the way, what an amount of patient clearing up he puts upon others, the habit of exaggeration that makes all rumors increase as they travel, and the invisible mischief caused by the mere emission of a few idle words. It is not necessary to utter what one thinks, nor even what one knows. It is tattling and tale-bearing, nay, is even news-telling the highest occupation to which a human being can devote himself."

Cannot a person keep one part of what enters his ears to himself, and is it so necessary for him to tell it again at his mouth, always exaggerated, still more distorted, and invariably high-colored? It may not have any basis of truth, as all flying rumors are likely not to have; would it not be a source of satisfaction to reflect that by keeping it back he throws a dam across the muddy stream of scandal and hinders it from carrying everything away in its turbid tide below? It is no more than common charity to think this. It is also well to consider that by distributing scandal with such eagerness one lays his self open to the same subtle and secret assaults at some future time. After these and sundry other considerations, the person who deliberately devotes himself to spreading rumors, as so many do without apparent shame, deserves nothing but silent contempt. It is the meanest business that is followed, and of course those are the meanest natures that pursue it.

Unhappily, there is no cause, however pure and exalted, in which it is sought to enlist human sympathies and human endeavor, that is not subject to the "scandal-mongers." There is always a class that hovers over the tables, preferring, like the fabled harpies, to devour and eat the fragments. Vultures prefer the garbage. The scandal-mongers, however, do not clear away the results of their own defiling contact. It would be something in their favor if they did. They breed contagion, and make matters worse for their hated presence. They comprehend nothing of any cause but the opportunity it gives them to prey on a new company. They are all eyes to see, and all ears to hear. It is everything but the good and the true that they are so swiftly on the alert for; they lay in wait at keyholes, under windows and at speaking-tubes.

If patience and charity were of any service in bringing on the self-correction of these abominable ways, it would be a clear case for the practice of these virtues. But it is notorious that scandal-mongers like that above all other modes of dealing with them. It leaves the field open to them, and does not offer to molest them. What do creatures know or care about charity who interpret it as simple encouragement to proceed? or of patience, who think it lack of opposing courage? When they can be fairly cornered, the heroic treatment is all that makes any appreciable impression upon them. That they can comprehend and feel. They are garbage collectors, and cannot be treated like bread-carriers. When they are made to swallow their own doses there are none who make such wry faces.

### Mr. Murray and the Churches.

In his first sermon at Music Hall last Sunday before his newly-gathered congregation, Rev. Mr. Murray welcomed them all as the members of a new Church, not in conflict with any of the rest of the churches, but preferring independence to continued obedience. This plainly enough shows that the prevailing tendency is toward independence, and away from authority. That is much to be assured of. Mr. Murray also alluded to the disintegration that is taking place in the churches of New England, and spoke as if a new ecclesiastical organization like his were not the alternative. It is, and not to stop with him either. The breaking up is to go on until reorganization takes place on an entirely new basis.

### The Havana Materialization Seances Resumed.

Mrs. Markee, (formerly Mrs. Compton,) resumed her spirit materialization seances at Havana, N. Y., the first instant, and will continue them every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evening until further notice, except sickness intervenes.

Our good friend, Gen. Francis J. Lippitt, has permanently removed to Washington, D. C., where he will be found by those desiring his services as a legal counselor, etc. His address is 629 F street. The General is a man of liberal views and scholarly attainments, and deserves well of the friends in Washington.

We have a charming story on hand, written expressly for the Banner by Mrs. Ann E. Porter, one of the most moral and elegant writers of the present age, which we shall print soon.

### Farewell Sermons in Honor of J. J. Morse: Congratulatory Speeches by George A. Bacon, the Presiding Officer; John Wetherbee; L. P. Greenleaf; Dr. H. B. Storer, and Mrs. Susie A. Willis-Fletcher; Feeling Reply from Mr. Morse.

On Sunday evening, Oct. 3d, Rochester Hall, Boston, was crowded to repletion with a large and intelligent audience—among which could be traced the presence of many of the most influential representative men of the spiritual movement in our midst—assembled to bid "God-speed," at parting, to J. J. Morse, the excellent English trance speaker, who for nearly a year has been meeting with an unvarying round of success among the principal towns and cities of New England and many States on the Atlantic seaboard. During his stay among us Mr. Morse has accomplished a work for the cause whose high and practical value cannot be gainsayed, and it is with pleasure we hear the announcement that he will return to America in the coming month of May, 1876.

During the hours of the evening spoken of above the services were pleasantly diversified with music from Alonzo Bond's Quadrille Band, and the chair was most appropriately filled by Geo. A. Bacon, Esq., whose literary labors, backed by his stirring speeches from the platform, have made his name known in various parts of the United States as a worthy and most important bulwark of the cause. To his earnest and self-sacrificing labors the success of the enterprise about to be described is mainly due, and it is most that the present opportunity be taken to acknowledge his distinguished services here and elsewhere.

The hall was most tastefully decorated by Mrs. Mary A. Charter of East Boston, and others; a harp, an anchor and a cross—each of large proportions, and composed of blended flowers and autumn leaves—being disposed at good intervals upon the front of the rostrum, and the rear being lighted up finely by an American flag, which was draped like a divided curtain over a copy of Joseph John's celebrated picture of the advent of Spiritualism at Hydesville, N. Y., entitled "The Dawning Light." Behind the speaker's stand were arranged two finely ornamented notices: "Flowers are the alphabet of angels where they write great truths on dill and plain," and "Let us live but to do what truth may demand."

The meeting was called to order by the chairman at a little past the time announced. In performing this service, and also in the course of the evening, Mr. Bacon took occasion to speak in the warmest terms of praise of the public worker whom the present assemblage had convened to lovingly endorse.

#### REMARKS OF GEORGE A. BACON.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—In complying with the requirements of the occupancy of the chair this evening, I am glad to know that my duties are of the simplest character—viz: to announce to you in proper form the order of the programme; but I cannot let this opportunity pass by without saying a single word in my own behalf concerning our good brother Morse, in whose honor we are convened this evening. We are met to extend to him our heartiest sympathies, to pay to him our deepest respect, and to give him a parting salute ere he leaves us for his English home. In a few hours, comparatively, he goes out from our midst; but we are glad to know that he anticipates a return in due season. He is, I believe, the first trance speaker which the mother country has sent to our shores, and I think that I express the unanimous verdict of this large company when I say that if England has more like him we shall be glad to have her send them along. [Applause.]

It is a singular fact—a coincidence doubtless—but I believe the only prominent trance speaker which the States have sent across the water to England lands on our shores again just as our brother is on the point of leaving them; one of our mediums who in England has raised the banner of Spiritualism aloft, and carried a knowledge of its excellence and beneficence into many localities where perhaps it would not but for her have met with acceptance. I refer to our Sister Tappan [applause]—a fair exchange for our Brother Morse!

At the close of the lecture through Brother Morse, several in the audience who have been invited to follow will offer the necessary parting words to him, speaking in behalf of themselves and for the Spiritualists of Boston generally; so that while we may prolong our services, we hope to have your attention throughout the entire exercises. And now I have the pleasure of introducing to you Brother Morse, who will favor us with a reading.

Mr. Morse then read with fine effect Miss Lizzie Duten's stirring lyric, "The Soul's Destiny," from the Poems of Progress; after which the audience, led on by the band, joined in singing "My Country, 'tis of Thee."

During the singing the control was established and at its close the influence in charge proceeded to deliver, through the lips of Mr. Morse, a most eloquent address on "Spiritualism—Its Genius, Scope and Destiny," a report of which we shall give in a future number.

At the close of the discourse music was furnished by Bond's Band, after which George A. Bacon called upon John Wetherbee, Esq., to offer a few remarks. Mr. Wetherbee referred in terms of high compliment to the work of Mr. Morse in America, and then spoke of what he had once heard Nehemiah Adams say in Tremont Temple, in the light of an experience where a dying man had foretold the speedy death of his (the said man's) child, which had been verified to the letter, viz: "The curtain between this world and the next is getting thinner," and said he did not agree with Mr. Adams, believing rather that the change was not in the veil, but in ourselves. He referred to the revelations made by returning spirits concerning the mode of life in the world toward which we were all hastening, and of the effect which these unfoldments had upon the human mind, teaching, as they did, that death made no change in the individual, and that there was no escape from the logical sequences of deeds done in the body. Spiritualism was essentially cosmopolitan in its nature, and looked not only at the present, but the future results to flow from it. Spiritualism came to reproduce the fore world again, to break down hypocrisy, to make religion a thing for week-day as well as Sabbath observance. In its work it might bring to the facial outline of society the eruptions which spoke of diseased conditions within, but the interior blood would be made more healthful by the process. [Applause.] A certain poet had said that in the trials of life "a correspondence fixed on heaven"—was the

surest anchor of the soul; but he thought that the only real correspondence of this character in existence was in spirit return and communion, which had the power to encourage the lifting hopes of youth by the revelation of endless ages wherein to compass its sublime aspirations, and cheered the autumn-time of life with the glorious assurance of conscious individual immortality.

George A. Bacon then called upon L. P. Greenleaf for a speech. Mr. Greenleaf responded in an earnest manner. Spiritualism has, he said, a meaning most grand and glorious; its purpose is to draw us nearer together in magnetic brotherhood, and to bring out the possibilities that are within ourselves, that they may attain to broader scope, and that our lives may be more sublime! Such has been the work of our brother amongst us, and we come here to-night to pay honor to his honesty, his talents, his manhood, and to compliment him on the faithfulness with which he has accomplished his services for the cause in America. We welcomed him when he came, and now comes the time when we must say—not farewell, for that word has a sad meaning to me. The speaker would rather bid Brother Morse speed onward to his home in peace and safety, and invoke the good spirits to attend him and aid him, when that home was reached, in the fulfillment of his work in England. He should watch with interest the steps of Brother Morse, and hoped that attendant blessings might go with him wherever he might be. These words he spoke from his heart to Mr. Morse, and not only did he offer these sentiments in his own behalf but in the name of the assembled company. [Applause.] For himself and for the audience he would say to the departing brother "Good by, but not forever." The parting word brought with it a touch of sadness, but it was relieved by the thought that the revolutions of time would soon bring that brother back again as a worker in our midst. When the ocean voyage was past, and it was the privilege of Mr. Morse to behold the presence of his loved ones, the speaker trusted that the happiness of that sweet reunion would be enhanced by the remembrance that on the other side of the great waters he was also cherished in the good wishes and kindly memories of many loving hearts.

At the close of Mr. Greenleaf's speech Mr. Bacon introduced to the audience Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston, who, alluding to the "lateness of the hour," said he should be brief, and proceeded to consider the effects which had followed the advent and labors of Mr. Morse in the United States. He (the Doctor) had taken part in the welcoming of Mr. Morse when he came to our shores, and he was informed that the same cordial reception had been encountered by him wherever he had been, and that wherever he had been he had also accomplished much good. Spiritualism was shaking the world, and it was not strange that an Englishman should be projected to our shores by the shock of the convulsion, or that American mediums should be deposited on British ground by the same process, as had been the Davenport, Home, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Tappan, and others. The mission of Spiritualism was to make man understand the truth of his relations with all around him. The speaker hoped Mr. Morse would be eminently blessed when he reached his native shores, and that when he returned to this side the Atlantic he might be even more successful than before in his efforts to advance the interests of the cause.

Mrs. Susie A. Willis-Fletcher was next presented to the people by Mr. Bacon. She stated at the outset that she had been requested by Mrs. Mary A. Charter, the industrious decorator of the hall, to present to Mr. Morse the floral anchor which was on the platform before him. The symbol thus offered was a most fitting one for the occasion, in that it pictured not only the truth that his memory was fast anchored in the heartfelt esteem of the American spiritual public, but it also signified the hope that he would be long returned to this field of labor in which he had already accomplished so much of benefit. His efforts had been an anchor to many souls, and the speaker hoped that in friendship and truth these souls might also be collectively an anchor to him. The angels had watched over the sowing, and would aid him in the reaping, that the cross of labor and the anchor of hope might finally be changed to the crown of rejoicing!

Mr. Bacon, at the termination of the speech of Mrs. Fletcher, introduced the beneficiary of the evening, who made the closing speech in a normal condition.

#### REMARKS OF MR. MORSE.

In commencing, he stated that he was in no condition to speak—his heart was too full, and his lips failed to afford utterance to his grateful thoughts. His visit to this country had been in many respects one of the sweetest episodes in his life. I have (he said) learned lessons that nothing can ever destroy; I came to this country a stranger in a strange land—I knew but three people here when I landed in New York—I depart leaving behind a host of friends, and I feel that I am no longer a stranger. My labor has lain chiefly in the Eastern and New England States, and while in this city I have been the recipient of a vast amount of kindness. But the life of a public worker is not of a kind to please everybody, and of course I have offended some. If they are offended with me—good; if they are pleased with me—good; if offended, then I must try to find how I displeased them; if I have offended them because of my love of truth, thank God! because they may yet learn to feel as I did when I took the course, whatever it might have been, which gave them offence.

I am an Englishman, and we are wont to boast at home of the freedom of our country, but I confess that I did not know what freedom meant till I came here; I have learned the full significance of that word since I came under the protection of your flag; I shall always look with pleasure on your flag which shines from yonder wall, and whenever I meet an American in London or Liverpool, or wherever it may be, I shall feel that I am meeting a sister or a brother. I must honestly say that I love many of your institutions. When I came to this country I did bring a species of cross with me; I did not know how I should be received; but my cross speedily changed and was covered with flowers.

The speaker referred to the rapid succession of events which had extended his acquaintanceship with the Spiritualists of America; to the feeling of kinship which had sprung up in his heart toward the friends of the cause on our shores; to the changing of the cross of anxiety to the anchor of hope, which also represented as a symbol the fact that his new found friends had anchored him in their remembrance, in their love, in the work for the great cause which was going on to victory in this country, and said he hoped

the cable of his life might be true enough and pure enough and strong enough to ever hold him in the position which he had been so repeatedly assured this evening he now held in the estimation of the friends of the movement. [Applause.]

I need not say that I am delighted—I am more than pleased. I cannot help feeling that you have done all this out of kindness—in coming here and in expressing these friendly sentiments to me by look and word. These I will treasure in my heart, and take home to my English brothers, and I will tell them, when I shall arrive, that our American brethren welcomed me with open hearts and generous hands. [Applause.]

The career of a public individual cannot always move on to success on the mere effort of the person; you cannot make your way in the world by simple merit; you must possess the aid of accessories to bring you into notice; and one of the most powerful in this direction is the press. On my first appearance in your city the press of Boston, notably the Daily Herald and Globe, gave fair and candid reports of my addresses, and I thank their representatives, if they are present to-night, for the kindness then shown by those papers to me, a stranger. I did not say so when I was here last, for fear it might have the appearance of a bid for further favorable attention, on their part, but now that I am about departing for England, my remarks can bear no such construction.

The speaker then went on to state that the spiritual papers had accomplished much in his behalf. When, said he, I speak of the dear old Banner of Light, it is just as dear to me, an Englishman, as it is to you Americans; I have been used to seeing and reading it from my earliest years, but I never thought I should be privileged in the form to grasp the hand of its gentlemanly editor, or any of his staff. In that gentleman I have found a warm personal friend, and I take the present opportunity to offer my thanks to him for his uniform kindness and deep brotherly interest, as expressed both by word and through the columns of his paper. I hope the Spiritualists of America will stand fast for the Banner of Light—the Banner of the New Dispensation—and keep it waving; for in my opinion it is the best spiritual paper the American continent holds! [Applause.]

The lecturer referred to the phonographic reporting and the issuing in pamphlet form by the Scientist Publishing Company of the lecture delivered through his organism before the Boston Spiritualist Union last winter, and said that for this effort to spread the truths of Spiritualism his thanks were due, and were tendered them on the present occasion. He also remembered pleasantly Mr. Alonzo Bond and his musicians for their sweet strains, and Mrs. Mary A. Charter for her labors in beautifying the hall.

His duty for the present was nearly done; he was about to return to his home, to his wife and children, and the veil of waters would for a time hide from him the kindly faces of his American friends; but he was sure the happiness of his loved ones in England would be enhanced when they heard the story of his experiences in America. He hoped to return about the end of next May; should probably bring with him his family, and might on a future occasion have the pleasure of introducing them to his friends on this side the Atlantic.

In closing, he thought it eminently just that he should speak of the spirit intelligences who had done so much for himself and for the enunciation of truth. To them he desired to ascribe all praise—he was but the instrument upon which they played. He had himself endeavored to do the best he could, and he would accept the credit for what he had accomplished, but he felt that the major portion of that credit was due to his controls, to whom he felt most thankful. His debt of gratitude was too great, both to these dear spirit friends and the public, to be expressed. He hoped that when the time should again bring him to these shores, the welcome with which he would be received would compensate him for the sorrow of the present hour of parting. In conclusion, he would say, "God bless you all!"

The band then struck up "Auld Lang Syne," which the audience, rising, joined in singing, after which the meeting closed, many of the people remaining, however, to address words of personal friendship to Mr. Morse in addition to those of the speakers. The exercises passed off harmoniously, and the spirit of peace and universal brotherhood seemed to brood over the occasion.

### The Ward Will.

We give some account in another column of the great case now before the probate court in Detroit, in which an attempt is made to set aside the will of the late E. B. Ward, of Michigan, on the ground that he was a Spiritualist. The lawyer for the plaintiffs, it will be seen, takes the ground that "if it be made legally to appear that Mr. Ward was influenced by spiritualistic advice in framing his will, then it is void, for a belief in the existence of communications from departed spirits, &c., constitutes an insane delusion."

If nobody had been disappointed by the will, no fault would have been found with the spirits; but inasmuch as somebody is hurt, therefore the consultation of the spirits must be construed into an "insane delusion." But why not consult the spirits as well as a priest, or a bishop? No intelligent Spiritualist believes in the infallibility of the spirits. Rarely does he feel sure of the identity. If Mr. Ward took the advice of the supposed spirits, it was because it squared with his own notions of what was right under the circumstances.

If to believe in the ability of spirits to communicate with mortals be an "insane delusion," then we must regard as insane such men as Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, Mr. Alfred R. Wallace, Senator Simmons, Abraham Lincoln, Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, and some hundreds of men of eminence in science, letters, or statesmanship. The attempt to impute insanity parades so much of religious bigotry and tyranny, that any judge who should rule that belief in Spiritualism is an insane delusion, would probably lose his place. If the Atheist, the Catholic, the Unitarian, the Swedenborgian, the Mormon and the Positivist are to be held sane, why not the Spiritualist? The public will look with interest to the decision in this remarkable case. The fortune in litigation amounts to some five millions of dollars.

We received last week a call from our friend, Cephas B. Lynn, who is looking finely up to health. We hear good reports concerning his efforts in the lecturing field. Societies should keep him well employed.

### The Spirits' Book.

COLBY & RICH, No. 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE, BOSTON, have in press and will shortly issue, an American edition of this fine work by Allan Kardec, which has been rendered into choice English from the original French by Anna Blackwell. This book we shall be able to sell at a much less rate than the English edition. It will be sent out as a companion volume to the BOOK OF MEDIUMS, by the same author, and for this purpose will be printed on a similar style of paper, and in binding, etc., uniform with the preceding volume. Due notice will be given of its date of publication.

This new book to American readers treats of the immortality of the soul, the nature of spirits, and their relations with men; the moral law; the present life, the future life, the destiny of the human race, etc., and is not the result of mere speculation, but is announced as being the product of the teachings of spirits of high degree, as transmitted through various mediums and collated by Kardec.

Some idea of the important character of this work, and the popular interest which it has aroused in France may be gathered from the fact that its circulation in that country had reached the extraordinary figure of 120,000 copies up to the date of its translation into English by Miss Blackwell. The subject matter of the volume is keenly provocative of interest, as well as widely diversified as to topics, and there is no apparent reason why its success in America should not rival that achieved by it in the latitude of its original preparation.

### Casts of Spirit Hands.

On Sunday afternoon, Oct. 3d, a party—consisting of William Lloyd Garrison, Allen Putnam, Esq., Mr. Haines of the Boston Herald, George A. Bacon and lady, John W. Day our reporter, and others—to the number of some ten persons, met, by invitation, at the residence of Mrs. Mary A. Hardy, 4 Concord Square, Boston, to witness some experiments on the part of that medium and her husband in the new process of taking casts of the materialized hands which appear at her seances. The guests were disposed around a pine table composed of a top of matched boards and two "horses" similar to those seen in any carpenter's shop. In the centre of the table was an orifice some foot square, covered with black cloth which was nailed down at the edges, but which was divided longitudinally to afford an opening for the projection upward of the hands which were formed beneath the table. A small square space was enclosed under the table and beneath the aperture by pieces of loose carpeting, which were secured against the under side of the said table by nails; being easily movable, the party examined this laboratory thoroughly before its carpet-curtains were allowed to fall. Mr. Hardy had, in sight of all, put what was considered a sufficient amount of paraffine into a pail of boiling water, and when it was melted, the whole was placed under the table in the centre of the square, and beneath the aperture, while the company seated themselves around the board. The process described by William Denton in our last issue then went on, the hands appearing, and being noisily splashed in the water, as were also two little bells which were handed to the invisible workmen beneath the table; these bells were sounded under the water, also, and then passed up covered, tongue and sides, with a smothering coat of solidified paraffine. Some six good molds were obtained by the process, which, however, trial demonstrated to be a delicate one and attended with difficulties; when sufficiently cooled they were filled with liquid plaster, and placed in the stove oven to melt off the wax.

During the seance several amusing trials of strength occurred between the guests and the powers beneath the table, by means of a handkerchief, one end of which was thrust down through the aperture, the invisibles proving themselves capable of exerting much power, the Herald representative, for instance, averring that the handkerchief held by him "was seized and pulled with a force which was only overcome by a resistance of about fifty pounds."

The results compassed at this seance pointed out the verity of the claimed fact, and there is every reason to suppose that further experimentation will bring out the accomplishing through the instrumentality of Mrs. Hardy, of startling results in this novel field of her mediumship.

### "The Allen Boy" Medium.

On the evening of Wednesday, Sept. 29th, a small company of reliable ladies and gentlemen, assembled by our special invitation, attended a seance at the Banner of Light Free Circle Room, whereat this well-known medium was present. He was put into a bag made of mosquito netting; the top of the said bag was tied as tightly as possible under his chin, the knots being placed at the back of his neck, space only being left to breathe through, and the remainder of the draw-string of the bag was secured in such a manner behind him and around the back of his chair that he was unable either to rise from his seat in any way, or to reach forward toward the table placed in front of him, whereon were arranged several small bells. The dulcimer, which is so finely played upon at his seances generally, was placed behind him, resting upon two chairs. The company occupied the seats in front of the platform, save two ladies and two gentlemen who were appointed by us to sit beside the medium in half circle and hold his hands, in addition to the security from skeptical doubt which was furnished by the bag. The medium and this chosen committee were thus left alone on the rostrum, and on the steps leading thereto a member of our company was seated. In this condition the party remained for some time, but before the seance closed, the dulcimer was lifted from the chairs behind Mr. Allen, carried over his head and placed in his lap, while Lewis B. Wilson held him by both hands. Several other occurrences of like character took place during the seance, and though the phenomena witnessed were not of so startling a nature as we have personally and repeatedly seen in his presence in the past, enough was accomplished to prove the fact of the mediumship of Mr. Allen. He is at present giving seances at 46 Beach street, Boston, and parties interested in the physical phase of Spiritualism should visit him.

An Address

By Mrs. Mary New York by in neat pan wholesale an Rich. No. 9 Most of our ings of this g um from us I enough to sr woman and a before the wv moment, wh higher truths part, in ord order's sale as follows: The sign dangers, wve cently accu tigation and one of retro in supersi many specu mythical Il Tyann, lam ers, of a de darkness of turned from present. A secret Scho who will be soon startle mentary sp primum in and salama tagram, the of the pagat ancient sign and Haymo esoteric may for invoking How can simple sear of heart? mory and m affirmed by Inner Life: nesses in t questioned, On page that "Spiri ment in th onism. Its Nazarene, i and good c come speed dress conl "Wrong set the pat of progress

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**"Danger Signals."**

An Address on the Uses and Abuses of Modern Spiritualism.

By Mrs. Mary F. Davis, has just been issued in New York by A. J. Davis & Co. It is presented in neat pamphlet form. For sale in Boston, wholesale and retail, at the bookstore of Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place.

Most of our readers are familiar with the writings of this gifted lady, and therefore no encomium from us in this regard is necessary. It is enough to say that Mrs. Davis is a pure-minded woman and a firm Spiritualist. This book comes before the world at precisely the most opportune moment, when its inhabitants are seeking for higher truths than the ancient sacred records impart. In order to afford the reader an idea of the writer's salient points, we quote from the preface as follows:

"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 fatal one of retrogression. Doctrines which prevailed in superstitious eras, are finding lodgment in many speculative minds. \* \* \* The works of mythical Hermes Trismegistus, Apollonius of Tyana, Iamblicus, Cornelius Agrippa, and others, of a dead past, are to be explored in the darkness of a tomb, while the mental vision is turned from the broad, clear light of the living present. A serious effort is at hand to revive the secret School of Magic; and the favored few, who will be deemed worthy of discipleship, may soon startle the uninitiated by summoning elementary spirits from the 'vasty deep' of the 'primordial mobile'—the sylphs, gnomes, undines, and salamanders of the Kosterlians. The pentagrams, the Jewish Cabala, and the Abrenodabra of the pagan theosophers may again assume their ancient significance, and the lives of Paracelsus and Raymond Lully be repeated by the modern esoteric magicians, who claim to give 'directions for invoking, controlling and discharging spirits.' How far removed seems all this from a plain, simple search for truth in sincerity and humility of heart! Let the true Spiritualist leave mystery and magic, and stand fast in the principle affirmed by the gifted author of Poems from the Inner Life: 'There are only two infallible witnesses in the universe—Nature when wisely questioned, and the Soul when true to itself.'"

On page twenty-two the authoress predicts that "Spiritualism is to be a harmonizing element in this world-wide chaos of feud and antagonism. Its teachings, like those of the gentle Nazarene, are pointing toward 'peace on earth, and good will to man.'" May this good time come speedily, in our emphatic prayer. The address concludes in an earnest strain as follows:

"Wrongs and abuses, and impositions must be set the pathway of the true reformer; but friends of progress, rejoice in my joy."

All rebuffed in the far-off future time, When men shall stamp their demon creeds to dust, And know the one who is the very heart, Regardless of the form!

Spiritualism comes, its broad wings bathed in the sunlight of the spheres, to proclaim the approach of that glorious hour. It does not bring it, but it tells us that it is to be! It tells us how sublime a joy it is to hold communion with the departed, to be comforted, when the light of the heart has gone, by its return amid the evening shadows, to be brought to feel that death bath a friendly arm, and a kindly smile, when he opens the door to the Father's mansions, and to have the Book of Nature unsealed by angels' hands, so that the mysteries of the universe roll out into forms of living light and immortal beauty. But Spiritualism, while it brings all these blessings to the true and hearty seeker, has something purer, nobler, grander in the coming time! It is the herald of a new dispensation, the first morning beam of a golden day in which earth will be vocal with spiritual harmonies, and humanity find repose in the everlasting light of love, wisdom, and liberty."

**Welcome to Dr. Main.**

Dr. Charles Main, of this city, who has been absent in Europe during the past five months, returned home last week. He is looking hale and hearty, and reports favorably in regard to the spread of the Spiritual Philosophy in the 'Old World.' He was well received by the Spiritualists wherever he sojourned, and consequently enjoyed his trip very much.

The spacious parlors of the Doctor, at No. 60 Dover street, Boston, were crowded with a large company of friends on the evening of Tuesday, Oct. 6th, who convened as a "surprise party" to give a cordial welcome home to this veteran worker. The usual speeches appropriate to such an occasion were delivered, with every evidence of sincerity on the part of the guests, and the pleasure of the evening was greatly enhanced by singing from Misses Adams, (Maria) Collier and Nason, and declamations by May Potter, Mabel Edson and Maria Adams. The display of flowers and autumn leaves arranged by Mrs. Adams was very fine and tasteful, and the reply of Dr. Main to the welcoming words of his friends was full of feeling. "The Doctor stated in the course of his remarks, that after a rest in Boston, he should, (though at present no dates could be given,) make a tour of the West, and then return to London for awhile."

**Indignant Indians.**

Is the way one of our contemporaries heads the announcement of the fact that the Pala Indians (of San Diego, Cal.), who have recently been ejected from lands on the Temecala rancho, which they had long occupied, and to which they are, according to all evidence, entitled in justice, are enraged and threaten reprisals. Who would not be the same under like conditions? Of course "Gov. Pacheco and Gen. Schofield have been telegraphed for arms and troops, and great apprehensions are felt in San Diego." Justice to the red man would relieve all such apprehensions and be the best policy, to say nothing of principle, for the government of the course of the whites there and elsewhere in the United States.

**Rev. E. F. Strickland.**

Late a Baptist minister, is prepared to negotiate with societies for one or more lectures on Spiritualism during the fall and winter campaign. He will be assisted by his talented and gifted daughter Katie. Friends are requested to write early, in order that his arrangements may be completed. Address 13 Chestnut street, Chelsea, Mass. Mr. Strickland is an able man and good lecturer—just the person Spiritualist societies should engage.

New York people were humbugged last Sunday by probably—under a new alias—the same impostors who gull the people of Boston in a similar manner not long since, which we informed the public had nothing whatever to do with Spiritualism. How long are Spiritualists and Spiritualism to be blamed for the impostures of unscrupulous men, who would sell their own souls for filthy lucre? The public are advised to beware of the Fays, the Warrens, and others of like stamp.

**BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.**

**SHORT MEMOIR.**—That thou a right to be judge in thine own cause? to be a party in an act, and yet to pronounce sentence on it? Before thou condemnest, let another say it is just.

Wranglings and bitter discussions are not conducive to spirituality. The man who lives right and is right, has more power in his silence than another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet tones, and which, when touched accidentally even, resound with sweet music.

Dr. A. W. Hager is permanently located at Mt. Clemens, Michigan, and is doing what he can to enlighten the people there on the subject of Spiritualism by employing lecturers, &c. He does not hesitate, when occasion requires, to publicly express his own deep convictions in regard to spirit communion.

Dr. G. L. Dutton's Review of Foreign Spiritualistic Exchanges, prepared for this week's issue of the Banner, is owing to the extraordinary pressure on our columns, crowded out until the next number.

Mrs. J. C. Ewell, who has an advertisement in another column of this paper, was located in Dix Place and Winter street for some twelve years. She has now removed from under Hill District to Hotel Norwood, corner of Oak and Washington streets, Boston.

Another article on "Cases of Spirit Hands," from the pen of William Denton, will appear in our next issue.

A brutal outrage and murder was committed at Pembroke, N. H., Monday, Oct. 4th. A young lady left her home for school in the morning, and her body was found in some bushes in the evening, headless and horribly mutilated.

An interesting article by Dr. H. B. Storer concerning "Materializations at the Edgelys," will appear in our columns next week.

A memorial page in honor of Andrew Johnson occurred in Nashville, Tenn., on Saturday. It was a grand affair. Ex-President Johnson was a believer in Spiritualism.

The Bank of California reopened on Saturday morning, Oct. 2d, for business, with an amount of coin on hand sufficient for all emergencies, and a guarantee fund of over \$7,000,000.

Los Cruces, Mexico, was destroyed by water spouts on the afternoon of Sept. 11th, sixty-six dwellings being swept away and many lives lost.

The Amador (Cal.) Ledger says: We have been informed by Mr. Andrews, father of Mr. Thomas Andrews, whose unaccountable death we announced, that a few days before the death occurred his son dreamed "that he had become possessed of two bodies—one a human body, the other a spiritual body; that his spiritual body was perched upon a beam and the human body lying upon the ground, being devoured by dogs." Only a short time after this dream, which appeared to trouble him a great deal, his body was found dead near the barn, and the dogs had almost completely devoured the dead body.

God himself cannot compensate us for being born for any poor sort of eternity. All the misery endured here constitutes a claim for another life, and still more, all the happiness; because all true happiness involves something more than the earth owns, and needs something more than a mortal capacity for the enjoyment of it.

A milk pitcher, thrown by his wife at a Nelson-street man, on Monday noon, killed the man and ruined a handsome frame which encased the words, "God bless our home."

Henry Bergh, the New York friend of the animal kingdom, has ordered his men to shoot useless animals with an explosive bullet, instead of killing them with an axe as heretofore.

Twenty freight cars were wrecked Sept. 30th, by a collision of trains at the junction of the Albany & Susquehanna and the Schenectady & Athens railroads, and the engines of the Susquehanna train, George Wood, was instantly killed and the fireman injured.

**ELONG GOLDEN HABITS.**—Be frugal, not mean; prudent, not avaricious; content, not servile; active and busy, but not idle. There are also four other habits which are essentially necessary to the happy management of temporal concerns: these are punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and dispatch.

The Planters' National Bank, Louisville, Ky., has lost \$105,000 by the defection of its teller, Louis Rich.

Col. O'Leary keeps up a handsome revenue by periodically denying that he believes in the spiritual manifestations which he writes up. It is not odd, but periodic force which he admits. —Chicago Tribune.

Oct. 3d there was a religious riot in Toronto, Canada. The police and military had hard work to prevent bloodshed, but no one was killed, though several parties were seriously injured. Some ten thousand persons were included either as spectators or participants in the melee.

The Carlists have bombarded San Sebastian.

A diamond of 150 carats has been found at Kimberly, in the South African diamond fields.

Six cars and an engine were destroyed on the Erie Railroad at Southfield, N. Y., by a collision, on the night of Oct. 2d.

The famous trotting mare American Girl fell dead this afternoon of Sept. 2d in the free-for-all race on the Elmira (N. Y.) Driving Park.

Sixty-three millions of francs (\$12,500,000) were spent by the combined nations of Europe in the effort to put down France between 1791 and 1816.

**CHANCE.** These things I wonder how beneath the sun: That never yet the race was to the swift, Nor yet the light unto the mightiest to lift, Nor favor unto men whose skill had done great works nor riches ever unto one. Who man of understanding, all his life, Of time and chance, and a new way, or shift, Or know the end of that which is begun. Who would not be with us, and if in person, Will never find the ready hour to say, Who watcheth clouds will have no time to reap. At day's end, when the sun is low, At night, God doth not slumber take nor sleep; Which seed shall prosper that cannot never know. —H. R. Independent.

We have been able, in the United States, to make education almost universal by making it, first, secular and, secondly, free. Free schools, supported by the whole community, and carefully abstaining from any interference with religious opinion, have produced this result.

What is the world? A dream within a dream. As we grow older, each step leads us inward awakening. The youth awakes, as he thinks, from childhood; the full-grown man awakes from the dream of youth; the old man looks on mortality as a feverish dream. Is death the last sleep? No—it is the last final awakening. —Sir Walter Scott.

Prof. Crookes, of England, discoverer of the metal thallium, and light as a force, says that Baron Humboldt, at a dinner some time prior to his death, at which Spiritualism came up as the subject of conversation, said this observation touching spiritual phenomena: "THE FACTS ARE UNDENIABLE; IT REMAINS FOR SCIENCE TO FURNISH AN EXPLANATION OF THEM."

"SOMEONE TO JOHN ANYONE," by William Branton, is a capital poetic production. It will be found in this issue of the Banner.

Deny not the ragged and barbed child who asks for flowers for the little dead baby of a neighbor. It may be a first expression of love and sympathy—a bud from the ruble heap that will blossom out in gentle and thoughtful womanly character.

It can certainly be a matter of no greater difficulty to obtain casts of spirit faces than spirit hands, and eventually the production of full-length statues will naturally follow. —Boston Post.

If the gates of heaven were suddenly to swing open, and all mankind be asked on equal terms to enter into the kingdom, do not you know some people who would pause to see what some other people were going to do about it, and some who would draw back for fear the celestial gate was getting vulgar; and some who would refuse altogether, if they saw the so-and-soes about to enter?

There's no God dare wrong a worm. —Emerson.

The creditors of Lee & Shepard, at a meeting Thursday, Sept. 30th, considered favorably the firm's proposition to pay twenty cents on a dollar.

**LOUIE.**—Young Wife: (to George, who arrived home in the small hours, this morning.)—We are one, dear, now that we're married, are we not? George:—Certainly, my darling; why? Young Wife:—Oh, I only wanted to know; because if we are, I must have been dreadfully neglected last night!

The wisdom of one generation will be folly in the next. —Priestley.

Professor Marsh has recently made a critical scientific examination of the fossil-bird discovered during his researches at the West, and which presents the phenomenal development of well-formed teeth. The Professor concludes

that the creature was an intermediate form between the bird and the reptile, and that its discovery supplies one of the missing links in the Darwinian theory.

Foreign dispatches report that a series of battles have been fought in Herzegovina; in one engagement the Turks lost 500 men, and the insurgents 50. The northern European powers agree to the proposal of the Herzegovinian insurgents, but Serbia Pasha has been ordered not to negotiate with the foreign consuls.

King Alfonso opened the Madrid University Oct. 1st. In his speech he said: "Education and enlightenment can alone regenerate Spain."

At sunset, Thursday evening, Sept. 30th, the Jewish new year began—the 5636th since the creation, according to their chronology.

The Montreal courts have dismissed motion of L. Institut Canadien for the prosecution of the Cemetery St. Sulpice, for the non-harbor of Gifford.

The Swedish steamer, L. J. Hager, employed in the Baltic trade, has been burned at sea. Thirty-four lives were lost.

DEAN MR. COLBY—May I again remind your readers that in sending me the dollar and five for my book and pamphlets—as advertised in the Banner—they help to supply my increasing needs? Truly, I am ever, Sir, your obedient servant, AGNES KENT.

Stockholm, N. Y., Oct. 5, 1875.

**The late Mrs. J. H. Conant.**

MEMORIAL SERVICE IN MUSIC HALL, BOSTON, OCT. 10TH.

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN—Madam: The undersigned, friends of the late Mrs. J. H. Conant, appreciating her faithful services in the cause of Spiritualism, so many years a prominent medium of rare power, estimable character, and of unquestioned honesty, feel as if something of the character of a Memorial Service would be a fitting tribute to her worth, as well as a gratification to us, and to her friends in general, who are the body of Spiritualists all over the world.

Knowing you to be one of our gifted speakers and a sister medium, who knew her well, we have thought it would be a pleasure to you, as well as to her friends in general, to undertake such a service, and we therefore invite you to deliver an address upon her life and work as you are qualified to give on such an occasion.

You will please select such time as will be most agreeable to you, and when informed we will make all the necessary arrangements suitable for such a service. Hoping this will meet with your approval and acceptance.

We remain, most truly yours, ALLEN PITMAN, J. S. LADD, JOHN WETHELMORE, PHINEAS E. GAY, DANIEL FAIRBANK, ANSON J. STONE, DAVID WILDER, L. A. BIGLOW, E. A. ALDERMAN, M. V. LINGGREN, FRED. A. GOULD, GEORGE W. SMITH, R. H. SPALDING, GEORGE A. BACON.

Boston, Sept. 17th, 1875.

To Messrs. Allen Pitman, Judge Ladd and others: GENTLEMEN:—Your favor of the 17th inst. has been received by me with feelings of unalloyed gratification and interest. From the time when our most excellent and esteemed co-worker, Mrs. J. H. Conant, closed her mortal pilgrimage amongst us I have felt for myself and all who have participated in the new light and life that Spiritualism has brought us, a sort of pain and mortification at our lack of opportunity to testify to the world how gratefully we remembered her invaluable services, how tenderly we appreciated the martyrdom her mediumistic life had imposed upon her, and how strongly our sympathies were moved by the obvious fact that in the prime of her early womanhood the faithful and self-sacrificing laborer has not only borne the cross and shed the blood, but has also borne the burden too heavy for her to endure longer.

When some years since I had the honor of representing Spiritualism in the memorial services held in this city, in memory of the venerable John Pierpont, one of the leading journals commented somewhat severely on the fact that this act of grateful reverence to a "Spiritualistic notable" was remarkable for its rarity, on the part of Spiritualists.

I lament to think that such a rebuke was too justly merited, by the apathy we have displayed in rendering public testimony to the worth of many noble workers who have vanished from our midst, leaving only footprints in their tracks, but too often exacting from us only slight and tardy recognitions of their glorious services.

I rejoice to believe that the proposed tribute to one so eminently worthy as Mrs. Conant may afford us the opportunity of wiping away this reproach, and I am especially grateful for the selection which confers to the gracious task of testifying to the departed spirit of our beloved friend a just and well-merited recognition of the noble and life-long work of devotion she has performed amongst us. However incompetent I may deem myself to meet the requirements of the great demand you make upon me, I shall not hesitate for one moment to do your bidding. I feel as if every true and honest Spiritualist in America must be with us, and if in person, so many grateful thousands will join in this memorial service, that my shortcomings will be forgotten in the intention of so memorable an occasion.

Holding myself and my services entirely at your disposal, gentlemen, in the order of the exercises you propose, and only suggesting that you should name the firm most suitable for convening an assemblage worthy of the subject of the meeting, I am, gentlemen, very faithfully yours, EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

206 West 38th street, New York, Sept. 18th, 1875.

The persons moving in this matter of Memorial Service have arranged to have it take place on Sunday afternoon, October 10th, at 2 1/2 o'clock, in Music Hall, to which the public are invited free.

JOHN WETHELMORE, for the Committee.

Boston, Sept. 20th, 1875.

**Delano Gives Up.**

In ring parlance—not the political ring precisely—Secretary Delano "throws up the sponge." He has virtually confessed that the charges made against the Interior Department by Prof. Marsh, Mr. Wm. Welsh, and others, are true and probable. He resigns before even a Commission of his own appointment brings in its investigating report. He gives up the fight before an opposition House of Representatives assembles, too well aware of the course that body would pursue in reference to the Indian Bureau and the responsible head of the Interior Department. He takes himself out of the way, from a healthy fear that he will be put out of the way. This culmination of the Indian abuses, which has been forced by the action of nearly the whole press of the country, is simply the ending of what was begun in the columns of the Banner years ago, in the face of discouraging circumstances but in the interests of justice to the red man and of the country's name. The course of the "Banner" in this Indian business is justified by events. Further disclosures will make our ground only firmer than before.

C. W. Cotton, writing from Portsmouth, Ohio, says that place is a favorable field for workers in the spiritual vineyard, and is desirous of having some good lecturer or test medium visit that locality. If such will address him he will give all the information required.

**Robert Dale Owen.**

We are highly gratified to learn that our friend, Robert Dale Owen, has entirely recovered his physical health, and his mental condition has improved so much that he expects to leave the Institute in about a week. He proposes to spend the winter in the home of his son, Ernest, in Marquette. Our spirit friends, before the death of Mrs. Conant, informed us that they had strong hopes of restoring him to a sane condition; that they should make great efforts, from their standpoint, to accomplish so desirable a result.

The Harbinger of Light reaches us regularly from W. H. Terry, its proprietor, 84 Russell street, South Melbourne, Australia, looking fresh and readable. Among the other attractions of its August number are to be found copious citations from and favorable allusions to J. M. Peebles's sterling book, "Around the World." The same number announces that J. Tyerman is having excellent success as a lecturer in Sydney, N. S. W. As one outcome of his labors an institution called the Brisbane Free Thought Association has been formed.

The notorious Mr. Talmage, of New York, orated as pioneer at the Music Hall Sermon Course for Wednesday evenings, which commenced in Boston October 6th. The list for this course gives the names of several prominent divines—notably that of Dr. Deems, from "the little church around the corner"—and to those theological ly inclined doubtless affords high attractions.

We have received from C. C. Massey, Esq., a letter giving some of his experiences with the Edgelys at Chittenden—especially at Mrs. Huntson's séances. We shall refer to it in our next number.

**The Leymarie Donation Fund:**

Previously announced \$112 30  
Mrs. Hartman, (through B. Strad, San Francisco,) 1 65  
Mr. W. 25

**Spiritual and Miscellaneous Periodicals for Sale at this Office:**

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cents. HENRY S. SATCHEL, a Monthly Journal of Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents. THE SPIRITUALIST. A Weekly Journal of Psychological Science, London. Price 10 cents. THE RELIGIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents. THE LITTLE BELLE. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cents. THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Issued fortnightly at Chicago, Ill. E. V. Wilson, editor. Price 5 cents. THE CINCINNATI. Published in Boston. Price 5 cents. THE LITTLE BELLE. Published in New York. Price 5 cents. THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Published monthly in Memphis, Tenn. S. Watson, Editor. Price 5 cents.

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Each line in Agency type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line. Minimum, each insertion. RETURNED CARDS.—Thirty cents per line. Agency, each insertion. Payments in all cases in advance.

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

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

**SPECIAL NOTICES.**

**THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT!**—MRS. C. M. MORRISON, No. 102 Westminter street. Magnetic treatments given. Disfranchisement by lock of hair, \$1.00. Give age and sex. Remedies sent by mail.

In the past two years Mrs. Morrison's Control has given five thousand and seventy six diagnoses, by lock of hair, and in the past year over one thousand patients suffering from chronic and complicated diseases have been cured with her magnetized vegetable remedies.

Specific for Epilepsy and Neuralgia.

Address Mrs. C. M. Morrison, Boston, Mass., Box 2519. 13w—Au. 14.

**BE WISE TO DAY.**

"Be wise to day," and seek to do what you can to better your lot and for:

If some "good thing" do you the "true,"

"That a good record" you may show.

"Be wise to day," let all you say

Be earnest words of love and truth,

Which may be prized some future day,

And save from vice some wayward youth.

"Be wise to day," if boys need "CLOTHES,"

Coat, Pants, Vest, Hat and Shoes complete,

And suit them at GEORGE A. FENNER'S,

Corner of Beach and Washington street.

DR. FRED. L. H. WILLIS may be addressed until further notice at his summer residence, Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. O. 2.

MRS. NELLIE M. FLINT, Electrician, and Healing and Developing, office 200 Joplin street, opposite the City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours 10 to 4. O. 3—4w.

HENRY SLADE, Clairvoyant, No. 18 West 21st street, New York. O. 2.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 374 West 34th street, New York. Terms \$2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered. 518—4w.

THE MAGNETIC HEALER, DR. J. E. BRIGGS, is also a Practical Physician. Office 24 East Fourth street, Address Box 82, Station D, New York City. Mr. 27.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth Ave., New York. Terms, \$5 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. O. 2.

A CARTE DE VISITE LIKENESS OF Mr. Ripley, the medium, with a representation of the late Mrs. J. H. Conant standing beside him, taken by the spiritualist Hazelton of Boston, will be sent to any address by COLBY & RICH, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, through the mail, on receipt of 25 cents.

**Public Reception Room for Spiritualists.**—The Publishers of the Banner of Light have fitted up a suitable Room in their Establishment EXPRESSLY FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, where they can meet friends, write letters, &c., &c. Strangers visiting the city are invited to make this their headquarters. Room open from 7 A. M. till 6 P. M.

**BUSINESS CARDS?**

FELLOW'S HYPOPHOSPHITES.—The merit of this remarkable remedy is due to the cellular property of restoring vitality to the body to their original firmness and vigor. It is well known that for every thought and action there is death or decay of an amount of material proportionate to the magnitude of the thought or action. This waste is supplied by the unimpeded nutritive function. The precocious activity of youth, the enervating struggle of middle age, the decay of old age, and the age itself, cause an undue decay of material nervous force. We live by dying, says Wendell Holmes, "and we must all be born again, again by atom, from hour to hour, or perhaps all at once before repair." To the end that power of repair may be vouchsafed to the enfeebled organization, we commend Fellow's Hypophosphites.

**ST. LOUIS, MO. BOOK DEPOT.**

H. L. KEMPER, 629 North 4th street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps a large stock of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

**NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT.**

A. J. DAVIS & CO., Bookbinders and Publishers of Standard and Periodicals on International Philosophy, Spiritualism, Free Religion, and General Reform, No. 24 East Fourth street, New York. 11—Nov. 1.

**HARTFORD, CONN. BOOK DEPOT.**

A. ROBERT, 30 Trumbull street, Hartford, Conn., keeps constantly on hand the Banner of Light and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

**ROCHESTER, N. Y. BOOK DEPOT.**

D. M. DEWEY, Bookkeeper, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keeps for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

**SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. BOOK DEPOT.**

AT No. 312 Kearney street (up stairs) may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books, &c. Also, Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, Plain Charts, &c. Specimens of Positive and Negative Pictures, Orison's Anti-Fascia Preparations, Dr. Mower's Nutritive Compound, &c. Catalogues and Circulars sent on request. Remittances in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address, HELMANS & CO., P. O. box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

**WASHINGTON, D. C. BOOK DEPOT.**

RICHARD ROBERTS, Bookkeeper, No. 100 Seventh street, above New York avenue, Washington, D. C., keeps constantly on hand the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

**PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT.**

DR. J. H. RICHARDS, 207 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the Banner of Light, and will take orders for all Colby & Rich's Publications, Spiritual and Liberal Books, &c. Also, at Litchfield, corner Broad and Coates streets, and at all the Spiritual meetings.

**VERMONT BOOK DEPOT.**

J. O. DAVIS & CO., Greenburgh, Vt., keep for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

**ERIE, PA. BOOK DEPOT.**

OLIVER SPANFORD, the veteran bookbinder and publisher, keeps on hand a large stock of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. Also, agent for Hull & Chamberlain's Magnetic and Electric Pumps.

**CLEVELAND, O. BOOK DEPOT.**

LEONARD HAZARD, 16 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O., has the Spiritual and Liberal Books, &c. kept for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT and other Spiritual Publications.

**LONDON, ENG. BOOK DEPOT.**

J. BURNS, Progressive Library, No. 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, London, W. C., England, keeps for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT and other Spiritual Publications.

**AUSTRALIAN BOOK DEPOT.**

And Agency for the BANNER OF LIGHT, W. H. TERRY, No. 10 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia, has for sale all the works on Spiritualism, &c. Published by COLBY & RICH, BOSTON, U. S. A. All











## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1875.

(From the New York Tribune of Sept. 17th.)

## Spiritualism Rampant.

EMERSON MEN THE ELEMENTARY SPIRITS—THEIR PROSECUTION OF SPIRITS WITHIN SOULS—CLASSES OF REAL APPARITIONS.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

Sir: The language employed by me in a letter which appeared in the Tribune of August 20th was not chosen as to warrant the construction which some of the country papers have seen fit to place upon it. I did not say that communication, for I have many other which I have written, that there are no genuine spirit communications, but that most of the physical manifestations of the modern circle are fraudulent. On the contrary, I distinctly stated that I had seen manifestations, in the course of experiments extending over many years, which satisfied me of both the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. But my letter was intended to convey the impression that a majority of the modern spirit communications are fraudulent, and that the genuine spirit communications are few and far between. I have, however, been misunderstood, and I have done all that lies within my power to do, and God completes the work by imparting to the new being an immortal soul.

These "Elementary Spirits" might better be called "embodied or rudimentary forms," but what they are, the "Bible," for instance, tells us. They are the spirits of the dead, waiting in the world of our common mother to be born upon this sphere, where their progress toward the perfection of intellect and morality is retarded by the materiality of their bodies. They are the spirits of the dead, waiting in the world of our common mother to be born upon this sphere, where their progress toward the perfection of intellect and morality is retarded by the materiality of their bodies.

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quence to anyone, so long as he has discovered a great and all-revealing light in the darkness where no other scientific light has been seen. The thought of looking for it. The truth is, an inquirer of only average ability would soon have looked for sunbeams in cucumbers, or gone to a coal mine to make observations on the solar spectrum.

One can hardly imagine that he is reading a letter from a rational reformer when the eye falls on such passages as the following:

"I have looked in vain these past twenty-five years in spiritualistic literature for anything worthy of the name of a philosophy. I have watched the varying phases of the manifestations in the hope of seeing the elucidation of some law to explain their occurrence, and to reconcile me to the same. Together with all other sensible men, I have deplored their puerile, absurd, and often repulsive character, and been shocked at the disgusting fallacies of free love, anarchy, and individual sovereignty to which they have given birth."

This is by no means an unusual illustration of Col. Olcott's attitude toward the Spiritualists. Col. Olcott's attitude toward the Spiritualists, nor is more remarkable for its heretical misrepresentation and unwarranted assumptions than other passages in his writings. There is nothing to justify its supercilious spirit and egotistic tone. The philosophical inquirer never treats his subject in this way; nor are the interests of science likely to be promoted by such childish impatience and passionate denunciation. Your correspondent thinks that he has looked upon the subject for a century, "in spiritualistic literature for anything worthy of the name of a philosophy," but he could not see it. Other people of excellent character, and certainly not inferior in intellectual ability, have been more fortunate in their search for a philosophy. One of the ablest critics of our time, in his review of a book by an American spiritual author, records his opinion in the following explicit terms:

"The author's writings reveal a strongly Voltairean 'Philosophical Dictionary' which has done more to enfeeble the mind of Europe from the shackles of superstition than the whole libraries of dry exhortations and sermons."

The Christian Examiner—a review distinguished for its candor and intelligent discrimination—thus characterizes the same work:

"This work on Man seems to be a philosophy drawn up with much ability, earnestness and plainness. It is very good in the nature of the things it addresses, very explicit and clear in the recitation of its testimony."

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"It is seldom that the idea of the relation, as cause and effect, of the human soul to the outer or physical world, has been so plausibly explained."

To the philosophical character and artistic merits of the same work, the venerable William Howitt, of England, bears the following eloquent testimony:

"This is one of those valuable books in which a philosopher, instead of giving the results of his observations, presents and reflects during the greater part of an entire volume, some great general ideas, and then, in the last few pages, applies them to the present state of our philosophy and a work of art."

But it cannot be difficult to account for the fact that Col. Olcott searched in vain and could not find a spiritual philosophy in his twenty-five years' investigation. I am permitted to say that two things are prerequisite to the discovery of such a philosophy: First, the existence of its essential elements in the subject *per se*; and, second, the capacity of the investigator to recognize a philosophy when he sees it. The fact is, a man can only discern, outside of himself, the things which have already acquired an abiding place in his own mind. The fundamental principles have been assumed by him, and he is merely waiting for the opportunity to be recognized by the subject *per se*.

Col. Olcott assumed that the spiritual manifestations gave birth to the "disgusting fallacies of free love, anarchy, and individual sovereignty." This statement does not accord with the facts. Mormonism and the Oneida Association antedate the "Rochester Rappings." Unlawful alliances and lascivious free love, both in principle and practice, are ancient as Solomon and David; and we well remember that Stephen Pearl Andrews, the antagonist of individual sovereignty, taught that doctrine long before he accepted Spiritualism.

Your correspondent characterizes the facts of Spiritualism as "Sodom-apples of the circle," he says they are "puerile, absurd, and often repulsive," and yet he adds, "My disgust, derision and indignation were never for the manifestations, nor the forces producing them," from which some one may be misled enough to infer that the forces of the manifestations are, after all, not so repulsive and repulsive as he would have us believe. The Colonel's character had led us to suppose, "He admits with emphasis that 'nothing could be more opposed to the truth' than the representation that he is a Spiritualist. And yet in the same paragraph he declares: 'Phenomena occur in the presence of mediums' that have 'rooted fast and strong my faith in God and my soul's immortality.' And are the facts that have accomplished all this, the experience of this eccentric observer without whom we could not have been a hopeless wanderer, without God in the world—only fit to be characterized by terms that symbolize the most unnatural depravity, and such gross uncleanness as shocks the common sense of civilized society?"

In his second communication Col. Olcott distinctly assumes what was only implied in the concluding part of his first letter, namely, that the rest of the phenomena attributed to the spirits of men, women and children are really produced by "another class of beings who do not partake of our future existence." That reader of this article may fully comprehend the nature of this singular claim, and especially that I may do no injustice to its author, I beg leave to reproduce the following paragraph entire:

"What these creatures are may be ascertained by the intelligent and unprejudiced student of the standard works written on the Hermetic and other occult philosophies. Suffice it to say that they bear about the same relation to the human body as the sketches of the artist to the finished painting. They are more than matter and less than human beings. They are the spirits of the dead, waiting in the world of our common mother to be born upon this sphere, where their progress toward the perfection of intellect and morality is retarded by the materiality of their bodies."

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on this sphere, where their progress toward the perfection of intellect and morality is retarded by the materiality of their bodies.

Well, what if these fetters should, after long and patient waiting, succeed in being born into this sphere, as our author more than intimates they will? What if, being born, they should commence "their progress," and go on to microscopic perfection, will they not, after all, partake of our future life? Have they not, even now, the germs of souls within them; and is not their intelligence the prophesy of immortality?

The careful reader will observe that Col. Olcott ascribes the generation of offspring to the unaided powers of Mother Nature, without any process of Divine Impregnation. He says that when the child "first draws breath, she has done all that lies in her power to do, and God completes the work by imparting to the new being an immortal soul. Nature having finished her work with the first breath of the child, we are left to infer that she cannot be expected to aid in its further development on earth, which must therefore be quite independent of Nature. And thus it is made to appear, in Olcott's occult philosophy improved, that human beings never begin their kind. There are no spiritual elements communicated to the unborn child by its parents; all children are therefore brutes in their conception and their birth. It is not until Nature has thrust them into the world, and each a breath of vital air and God, for the first time, takes them in hand, that they become spiritual and immortal. Precisely how this is brought about we do not yet understand. Perhaps the Colonel will explain this in his next communication—tell us whether the baby becomes truly human by the power of oxygen alone, or by the admission to its body of one of these outlined and outlaid spirits of the air which had been waiting for a convenient opportunity to be born."

Whatever the private convictions of Col. Olcott may be, the following brief extract clearly indicates the position he prefers to assume before the public. If he presumes that the Spiritualists are so blinded by the transient glare of a single shooting star—passing through the field of their observation—as not to discover the indignity that is offered them, he will be likely to awake an early day to a consciousness of his mistake. But here is the extract:

"What has been said in such a short time as this, in my August letter, to wit, that I repudiate all connection with the Spiritualists, and that I have been forced to do so by the free-lovers, pantheists, socialists, and other theorists, who have fastened upon me the name of a Spiritualist, is a pure and simple lie. I have never been a Spiritualist, and I never will be."

In this passage Col. Olcott haughtily disclaims "all connection with American Spiritualism in its present form." But pray what form of Spiritualism is it that has occupied his attention so long, if not its present form? His labors may be fairly supposed to have some possible relation to the subject, and he may have some relation to it. Did he take out of the ashes of the past the facts reported as occurring at Chittenden? Or shall we ascribe his *causes scribendi* to a second advent of the apocalyptic angel? Was he "in the spirit," and did he write prophetically? He has just published his narrative, purporting to be an authentic record of recent interviews with "People from the Other World." Is he still writing in the spirit, and is he still writing prophetically? He is now said to be employed by the University of St. Petersburg in looking up mediums to enable the faculty of that institution to make an investigation, that should put our Universities and the American Government to shame for their neglect to appoint a scientific commission for the same purpose. And has all this nothing whatever to do with Spiritualism in its present form? Upon what principle of Mr. Olcott's philosophy can his boldness be reconciled with the naked facts of the case?

After denying, like Peter, all connection with Modern Spiritualism, your correspondent, in the immediate connection, makes use of four terms to characterize the American Spiritualists. Here they are: free-lovers, pantheists, socialists and other theorists. In this classification, it will be observed, he includes all the Spiritualists of this country, by special name, excepting Col. Olcott. He leaves any other honorable exceptions, among the excellent people whose hospitality he has often enjoyed, they appear to be too insignificant in his estimation to merit the justice of a passing notice. The absurdity and indecency of this sweeping animadversion must be obvious to every candid mind. Why, it is hardly to be supposed that there are five hundred pantheists in the whole country. Socialists and free-lovers are found among all classes, and they represent every shade of character. That modern society contains many free-lovers, in the objectionable sense, there can be no reasonable doubt; and our too common observation reveals the fact that a very large share of them are outside the spiritual ranks, and that they are not unfrequently found in communion with the church.

In behalf of the great body of American Spiritualists I here enter an emphatic protest against the sweeping animadversion, and affirm that the terms employed are not justly applicable to one in ten of the believers in Spiritualism. On the contrary, there is a vast multitude of thoughtful and orderly men and women who cling with reverent affection to this pure and sublime faith as the assurance of their immortality.

The last count in Mr. Olcott's indictment is of the mildest description—the Spiritualists are said to be "theorists," but the grounds of this objection are nowhere stated. The truth is, the invisible powers, even when they are favorably disposed, that the manifestations are produced by the spirits of human beings. To the best of our knowledge and belief the Spiritualists simply accept this claim, believing that the evidence in the case establishes the fact. The theorists, on the contrary, are those who have attempted to account for the phenomena in some one of a thousand other ways. We cannot undertake to enumerate the different hypotheses put forth in behalf of science, theosophy, and popular skepticism; but it may be safe to say that among them all, including the wild legends of fairyland and the experience of pious lunatics, we shall find no one more preposterous than the theory just propounded by Col. Olcott, which ascribes the greater part of the manifestations to myriads of skeleton spirits, imperfectly formed—alike, conscious and intensely active, but *not yet born*. Materialism, in its most extreme form, is yet endowed, with a love of fun and a passion for mischief, a power to lead us all astray, and open wide "the faerie gates of hell, too slightly barred."

A man whose intense ambition to be original gives birth to such an improbable theory surely ought not to stagger at any phantom creation of a disordered mind.

Among the ancient Romans Janus presided at the inauguration of all important enterprises. The Latin deity is represented with two faces. This peculiar organization enabled him to discover the main chances in opposite directions. In intricate schemes and great emergencies the capacity to see both ways at the same time is of no small account, especially among cunning diplomats and sharp detectives. Col. Olcott is not unmindful of the advantage that this power confers. He has recently undertaken a difficult task. The work does not speak for itself, but it is the history of the heavy contract of regulating the Spiritual Movement in spite of the spirits themselves, and regardless of the order of Divine Providence. This requires bold, rapid and skillful maneuvering. Like the Roman god he requires two faces, so that he may at once survey the past and the future. Thus he is enabled to fully comprehend the situation. When he is with believers he is a Spiritualist, and he positively affirms that he is in correspondence with distinguished spirits, who write to him from the Invisible World, and make use of the United States mails as a means of conveying their letters to his address. When he chances to meet the opposition he touches very lightly on the genuine manifestations, talks glibly of jugglery, and displays a righteous indignation as he comes down heavily upon the bogus mediums, and bids freely for the patronage of the ecclesiastical and scientific classes, and endeavors to pacify the Spiritualists by telling them that in this peculiar way he can best help forward the cause.

Since Col. Olcott came to reside over American Spiritualism he seems to have been remarkably active. His mission is not limited by geographical lines, and we hear of him in different places in rapid succession. In his celebrity and mystery of his movements his course reminds us of the flight of Amos. Those who are itching for some strange discovery had better seize hold of his mantle and see what the circuit of his periphery may disclose. If he does not literally unroof every house in the way, his fertile imagination may yet suggest some other method of discovering who is there and what is going on. As we are permitted to view him, the Colonel is a study for an artist. Mounted on a remarkably high steed, and armed with the spear of Ithuriel—tempered by celestial fire—he goes forth to touch and reveal the lurking falsehood in every shadow that falls in our way. But there is something to palliate the errors and the wickedness of most men. Some apology may often be found in their inherited proclivities; and, like a true reformer, the gallant knight who bears that powerful weapon should pause and practice a becoming circumspection.

"Come, like the hero of olden times, and see what the circuit of his periphery may disclose. If he does not literally unroof every house in the way, his fertile imagination may yet suggest some other method of discovering who is there and what is going on. As we are permitted to view him, the Colonel is a study for an artist. Mounted on a remarkably high steed, and armed with the spear of Ithuriel—tempered by celestial fire—he goes forth to touch and reveal the lurking falsehood in every shadow that falls in our way. But there is something to palliate the errors and the wickedness of most men. Some apology may often be found in their inherited proclivities; and, like a true reformer, the gallant knight who bears that powerful weapon should pause and practice a becoming circumspection."

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