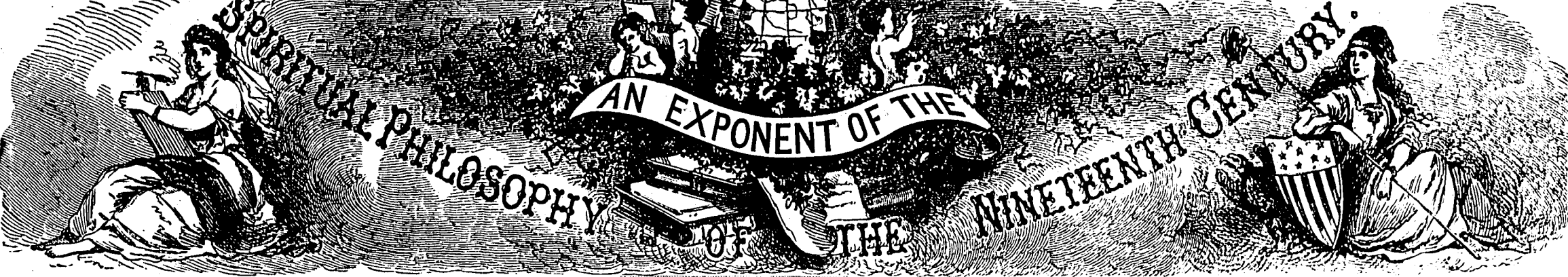


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Original Essay.

SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

NUMBER TWELVE.

Written specially for the Banner of Light,
BY EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

The Occult Side of Human Nature versus the Material.

Those who attempt to analyze the intellectual capacity of man, and determine by aid of the material sciences the source from whence he derives his knowledge, usually rank the five senses as the alphabet from whence is opened out the totality of all that forms in the aggregate the sum of mind.

Through the avenues of sight, hearing, smell, taste, or touch, it is claimed, all knowledge must find entrance, and some philosophers even affirm that the whole realm of the passions, inclusive of every shade of sentiment or feeling, originate from the same source, arguing with much plausibility, that no human beings can either love or hate any person or thing that they have not in some way come into sensuous contact with, or can liken to something they have realized through the senses, so that the materialist deems his position impregnable when he argues, "after all said and done, it is in the organic structure of the body, with its subtle gates of entrance and exit, the five senses, that all real perception lies; it is in the effects of perception upon the sensations or nervous system, that mind originates—in fact, of which mind is composed; ergo, when the organism is broken up, tarnished, injured, destroyed, the gates of sense are closed, perception ceases, and mind—is no more."

This is fair philosophy enough as far as it goes, but there are two obstacles to its acceptance as a concise explanation of the science of life: the first is, that during the world's history, especially in the last quarter of a century of time, countless instances have occurred in which duplicates have presented themselves in various modes tangible to the senses, of the very organisms which according to the above theory should be no more in existence; in a word, the beings whose organisms have been broken up, injured, destroyed by death, are assumed to have no longer an existence at all, are proved by the testimony of thousands of witnesses to manifest not only the attributes of life, motion and identity, but to contribute the possession of all the faculties of mind which they enjoyed before their mortal organisms became broken up by death. The second and equally fatal objection to the sensuous theory of mind, is the existence of those faculties the analysis of which has formed the subject of the preceding eleven articles, and because they can by no means be attributed to the action of the five senses, have been termed "Spiritual Gifts." It is too late, now in the world's experience to deny the existence or operation of these spiritual gifts.

As the writer of these articles has sufficiently demonstrated, the attempt to refer their action to the influence of the five senses, or even to connect them with sensuous perception, is equally fallacious; in fact, the chief difficulty which attends all attempts to define the nature of spiritual gifts is to number up the immense variety of modes in which they are exhibited, and show how conclusively they transcend all the powers of the sensuous faculties.

Let those who would candidly examine the truth of this position go over the ground occupied by the writer of these papers, in the brief and limited descriptions given of some of the spiritual gifts.

Commence, for example, with the mysterious and unaccountable nature of spiritual mediumship. Can any sensuous philosophy explain to us in what mediumship consists?

The fact of this erratic but inexplicable force is proved beyond denial, but who can say why a room should be full of sounds, motions, human shapes and voices, together with demonstrations all bearing witness to the continued existence of people the world deems dead, in the presence of one individual, whilst silence, rest, and the utter absence of any such demonstrations, mark the presence of another?

We may cite in illustration of this position, influence of two sisters of the celebrated Fox family. When one sister (Catherine) enters a room, without any motion or vibration on her part the place becomes alive with the tokens of an invisible and active intelligence. Let Catherine leave, and another sister, Elizabeth,

take her place, and every sign and token ceases; silence and rest ensue, and for aught the world knows, the invisible intelligence just before manifest may have no existence in the Universe at all.

Now as far as the external organism of these two sisters is concerned, there are no shades of dissimilarity which could in the slightest degree account for the mystery of the internal or invisible dissimilarity which attends them. The writer has been present at the autopsy of an individual known in life as a celebrated "physical force medium," and between the anatomy of that individual and many others examined in a similar way, not a fibre or hair's breadth of tissue could be discovered exhibiting the slightest trace of difference or peculiarity. Here, then, upon the very threshold of our analysis, we find an inner man, with faculties or powers which come under no category of sensuous definition. Here is some essential element present in the one person and wanting in the other, which cannot be discovered by anatomy, traced by physiology, or classified as belonging to any of the five senses. What is it if not the outgrowth of a spiritual man, ill understood, but still unmistakably developed in the one person and lacking or latent in the other? Mediumship and medium force, therefore, may be considered as the element in which spiritual gifts become manifest, and, for the sake of perspicuity, we shall call it the efflux of the real spiritual man.

Only about ten days since, I sat with a dozen other persons in an apartment which, after being thoroughly searched, was equally thoroughly closed up. The doors and windows had narrow strips of paper sealed over them, with writing and other private marks so placed as to render any entrance into or exit from the room impossible without destroying some of the fastenings. Presently, in the immediate proximity of a little, slight, fragile lady, said to be a "physical medium," first one, then two, and subsequently several human forms appeared in the semi-darkened room, and, after remaining a short time, melted away again into invisibility. One of these forms was that of a young woman, apparently about twenty years of age, tall, graceful, and finely proportioned. This apparition beckoned for me to approach, and when I reached her and knelt at her feet she laid a warm, solid, life-like hand upon my face, caressed me tenderly, and handed me a sweet flower. Much more of the same character occurred at this séance, the sum of all being that in the little frail person who was the medium of the occasion, resided a power to part with some mysterious element which invisible beings gathered up, crystallized around their own forms, and thus produced flesh, blood, bones, hair, nails, beating hearts, skin like our own, in a word, fully organized human beings, who, for a few brief minutes at least, stood and moved before us, as thoroughly human as ourselves, and yet became, at the expiration of that few minutes, as impalpable to mortal senses as if they had no existence at all. The whole array of physical force mediumship, including the production of sounds, motions, voices, singing, music, and every form of sensuous demonstration, too well known to need description to spiritualistic readers, are all effected through unknown and impalpable forces resident in certain human beings, but wholly undetectable by any processes of physical science, and only recognizable by their effects.

Quite recently, whilst visiting at the house of a friend, the writer saw three forms enter the room and arrange themselves in a group as if for the performance of needle work. One fell to knitting, another to embroidery, a third to the arrangement of little patchwork stars; all were marked in age and appearance, and, after remaining for about five minutes visible, they very suddenly disappeared. When these apparitions were described to the lady of the house, she recognized them at once as the spirits of three poor seamstresses once well known to her. They had formerly resided in that house, used the room in which the manifestation occurred as their workroom, and there they had suddenly been killed by the falling in of the roof, at a time when the house was undergoing repair.

Their bodies were found with the fragments of their work in their hands. This example is cited as one of tens of thousands scattered through the experiences of hundreds of seeing mediums, as the *modus operandi* by which the invisible spirit can yet be proved to exist and manifest itself long after the organism has crumbled into dust. Many other modes of seership have been detailed or alluded to in these papers, such as beholding the spirit as a luminous shape; in dreams, trances, visions, or, as in the above case, with the seemingly natural eye.

On another occasion—as a mere example—we may state that the writer heard some one say in presence of a large company, "Don't do it! Say no, if you value your soul." "Who spoke then?" was the query. No one answered. The writer repeated the words heard only by herself, when one of the company came forward and declared that his fate that night hung upon a thread, and he had mentally concluded that if there were any spirits in the universe, they could and they must give him some sign whether he was to perform a certain most momentous work or not. This same gentleman has since affirmed that the decision conveyed by that voice did, as he believes now, save both his body and soul; yet who spoke, and how, and with what ears did the toneless voice reach the medium's ears? Could it be anything else but a spirit-voice speaking, and spiritual ears listening? Hundreds, ay, thousands, and tens of thousands of cases could be cited of various kinds and degrees of

clairaudience, but all at last resolve themselves into the fact that invisible people are the operators, and the invisible man within us is the auditor. The writing medium who answers sealed letters, giving messages, names, dates and circumstances utterly foreign to the writer's knowledge, is impressed by some one—some one who must be in possession of the intelligence given. When that intelligence is true, and cannot have originated with the writer's mind, whether it be poetry, prose, composition, recollection, or recitation of past events, whatever of intelligence is given foreign to the writer's mind, proves another mind at work, and a means of reaching the writer's consciousness outside the pale of the five senses.

We have all heard exquisite music rendered sometimes, as in the case of Miss Brooks, of Buffalo, Mr. D. D. Home, and others, by invisible though accomplished musicians themselves, sometimes, as in the case of Blind Tom, by an accomplished though invisible musician using the medium's hand to discourse musical thoughts through. The writer of these papers has been present at Mrs. Leah Brown's, when the late Dr. Wilson of New York played a keen game of cards with an invisible opponent, the cards being thrust up from beneath the table, and being played moreover with a skill which beat the living player and left the invisible one the conqueror.

What a wonderful array of pictorial images, warning, cheering, descriptive and prophetic, have floated before the eyes of those who in this generation have seen visions! The writer herself could fill a volume with her own experiences in this direction, but what artists are those who compose these quaint but deeply significant pictorial representations, and with what eyes do the seers and seeresses behold them? These are the real questions at issue, answer them who can.

In our last paper we spoke of the *spiritus mundi*, or universal spirit of intelligence which visits us all, inspires us all, and acts on all more or less directly as we are receptive to influence in the form of monitions, premonitions, antipathies, attractions and indescribable impulses. Be the source of these Impressions God, angels, Holy Ghost or spirit friends, it is spirit that operates, and upon our spiritual brain that the impression is made; that at least we know. Then again we must notice the impulses to write, paint, draw portraits, flowers, and queer designs, act, mimic, speak in foreign tongues; the different varieties of trance state, from deep somnambulism to exalted inspiration; the various methods of healing, from the laying on of hands to the clairvoyant modes of describing and prescribing for disease; the apparition of the human spirit at a distance from its body; the psychometrical power to delineate character or the hidden nature of things by touch; the power of projecting will, sense, feeling or sentiment from mind to mind; the power of magnetically affecting others at great intervening distances! What an array of occult powers in and about man do the numbering up even of these phenomena point to! And yet they are all true—all present with us. They have been and are being still acted in our midst every hour.

What fields of untrodden force, beauty, possibility, half-fulfilled promise and prophetic powers are here unfolded before our astonished gaze, and in the midst of this sea of unfathomed mystery comes old Materialism, poking away at dry bones to find out the causes of the phenomena, and gauging all this world of moving force and beauty by the avenues of what the five senses take in and what the five senses let out. Pshaw! A fig for your five senses, Doctor Materialism! The five senses have nothing at all to do with the matter. Modern Spiritualism, with all its vast array of spiritual gifts half defined, and occult forces wholly undreamed of, laughs the five senses and their limitations to scorn. The spirit-sees without eyes, hears without ears, feels without contact, tastes, smells and perceives in a thousand ways that the poor senses do not allow and cannot compass, although they were finer than ether and stronger than the winds. And despite of all we have seen and heard, all that we are daily and hourly experiencing, the title of the wonder is not yet told, nor yet foreshadowed to us. There are the sublime powers of the ancient man still unexplained, the mysteries of witchcraft yet unsolved; the stupendous achievements of Oriental Spiritists of our own day silently passed over. Yet all these stretch away into broader and grander fields even than those before which we are standing breathless and awestruck. Our Modern Spiritualism is but a way-mark on a long and ever-broadening path—a path which stretches up from the dim pre-historic ages and soars away to the stars; embraces the occult influences of planets, stars, and other systems in astrology, and connects man with the countless systems of material and spiritual life which fill the teeming universe.

The tendency to stretch away on the wings of research from the known to the unknown, the longing to penetrate into the beyond which limits our own horizon, is so inevitable, that conservatism warns aspiration back in vain. Human nature is ever longing for fresh fields of exploration, and ever yearning for broader vistas than those which the present affords. It is in glimpses and glances of the immeasurable realms of knowledge that spiritual science affords, that we have begun to realize how much more we yet have to learn; how impossible it would be to aspire too high, or gauge by the narrow limitations of what we have seen to-day the possibilities that may open up before us to-morrow. Already in little more than one-quarter of a century we have gathered up more light on the wonders of human

life, the powers of the human soul, and the possibilities of its sublime destiny, than churches, lyceums, schools, colleges or libraries have taught us during the preceding thousand years. We have learned that there is an infinite realm of spiritual existence, with lands, seas, rivers, mountains, cities, houses, homes, people, animals, plants—in a word, duplicates of all that we have ever known or dreamed of on earth; that this wonderful country, with its vast freight of animate and inanimate being, has conserved all the objects, peoples and things that we have deemed "dead, lost and gone." We have assured ourselves there are no dead; that nothing is lost—nothing really gone away. We have learned to believe by inference, and analogy that there is a spiritual universe correspondent with the material, and that this spiritual universe is the real, the material merely the shadow of being. Our views of spiritual existence, therefore, so far from being bounded by just what we may happen to see to-day and have known yesterday, should be as illimitable as creation; and so far from crying, in our dogmatism and pride, "This cannot be, and the other is false because I don't know it!" we should at each fresh hint of new revelation be ready to answer, "It would be rash for man to pronounce anything outside the realm of pure mathematics impossible." We have learned that the soul of man not only lives after death, but can act upon matter in various ways; for example: spirits can themselves pass through solid matter, and cause one solid body to pass through another. They can compose and decompose matter, changing it from an invisible to a visible condition, from the ponderable to the impalpable, and that with a rapidity incomprehensible to man by any known chemical process. They can draw out of our bodies elements of force by which they can come into contact with matter, thus creating sounds and movements, carrying solid bodies through space, and creating and dissolving temporary bodies for themselves. They can act upon our minds psychologically in almost every conceivable way. We have learned that occult and undreamed-of powers exist within ourselves, which from time to time shine forth amidst the dust and ashes of our material natures, compelling us to acknowledge that all of the spirit and angel, upon whose wonderful manifestations we look with amazement, lies folded up within ourselves, and can under some circumstances, especially by aid of appropriate methods of culture, be unfolded into power and prominence, even whilst we are denizens of this material sphere. Amongst these powers we name clairvoyance and clairaudience, or spiritual sight and hearing; psychometry, or the faculty of discerning the spiritual nature of things by touch; psychology, or the power of impressing our own minds upon others; magnetism, or the power of infusing our life-principle into another body. We can read character, discern hidden things, prophesy the future, realize the approach of unseen persons or objects, convey our thoughts to distant points, impress distant persons for good or ill, send our spirits forth from our bodies, and manifest our spiritual presence as an apparition, or even by physical demonstrations. All this and more than I dare hint at without encountering the *polite* "hush!" of those who don't happen to have had corresponding experiences, belong to us as spirits still in the form, and are all so many sparks struck from the flint and steel of soul by the attrition of the present spiritual movement.

Why do we not advance in the evolution of these vast spiritualistic powers, why we resort to no methods of culture, or look on idly and see our powers closing up, like half-unfolded blossoms, blighted by harsh winds and cruel storms, it is not in the province of these writings to inquire. The latent germs of undreamed-of spiritual forces threw out glorious shoots of promise under the sunbeams of the new day which dawned upon us in the memorable year of 1848. If we are compelled to feed on memory rather than fulfillment, in 1876, it is not because the forces are lacking, or the sunbeams quenched; it is not because the spirit within us is less potential, or spirit-friends less faithful. Yet there is failure somewhere, and if, as we have good reason to believe, the error arises on the human side of the movement, in the scoffing, sneering spirit of proud individuality, so sedulously cultivated until it has grown into the rank weeds of selfishness and egotism, let us hasten to our own rescue, set ourselves humbly and reverently to work to discover the nature of the spiritual laws which govern the movement, and master the depths of the science by which alone we can control our latent powers. Let us disabuse our minds of the vain idea that in Spiritualism, any more than in Materialism, there is a royal road to knowledge or the acquisition of spiritual light, nor because we cannot discover the trick ourselves, distrust all that we see or hear that is occult and seemingly incomprehensible.

I have in my possession hundreds of letters, proving how willingly human beings would see, hear, and converse with spirits, pass out of their bodies, visit distant scenes spiritually, and buried treasures, lucky numbers in lotteries, occult means of acquiring wealth and knowledge, in a word, become accomplished "magicians," provided it cost them no time, money, effort, study, self-sacrifice, or ought but the mere trouble of reading a book. If more was required, then they would none of it. Magic was all "bosh," and "Spiritualism not fit for every-day, practical people to deal with," &c., &c., &c.

If my readers wince at statements in which they may recognize their own expressions and feelings as in a mirror, let them remember that the business of the writer is to point the way,

not to tread it for others; that the Architect of the universe did not fashion it to suit our idleness or incapacity, but rather to stimulate us to effort if we would win the prizes he offers for our acceptance. We cannot better conclude these hints to aspirants after spiritual power and knowledge than by the following apposite quotations from "Art Magic":

"The superiority of ancient over modern Theosophy, does not arise from any retrogression in man or his planet. It is no arrest or backward step in the march of intellect; but it results from the profound devotion with which the ancient man regarded spiritual things, and the cold materialism of the present day; from the unceasing aspiration of our forefathers toward spiritual light and knowledge, and the universal contempt or indifference with which such subjects are regarded now."

The people of antiquity generally, and the priesthood in particular, studied into the laws of spiritual forces, and spent generation after generation in analyzing their principles and the relations they bear to visible Nature.

Those thinkers of the nineteenth century who strive to master the occult in Nature at all, aim at doing so by seeking for the spiritual through the laws of the material, and expect to push their way upward, from the known to the unknown, from matter to spirit.

Meanwhile the modern spirit-medium of Europe and America has, within the last quarter of a century, exhibited natural gifts and spontaneous powers which put the acquired arts of ancient magicians into the shade. Why they are not as great as the mediums of India, Arabia, and Ash Minor, is because the Western medium depends entirely on the spirits to do the work for him, and offers, no prepared conditions, either physically, mentally, or in circumstantial surroundings, to aid the spirits, whilst the Asiatic and African mediums fast, pray, think, dress, washes, and practices the spiritualistic conditions necessary for the highest gifts, through years of discipline. Spiritual bigotry, scientific prejudice and popular indifference on religious subjects are the underlying causes which have cast their blight on Spiritualism and Magic in the nineteenth century, and cause these wonderful elements of knowledge to loom up from the antique ages, in proportions as stupendous and overwhelming as the Pyramid of Cheops compared to a modern church, or the cave temples of Elephanta and Ellora, gauged by the proportions of a London museum or a Parisian gallery of art.

The absence of magical art is not the lack of magical knowledge. The spirit-world will not confer its prizes upon dunces and idlers. The natural world is the open page, the heaven, earth, and all that in them is, are the letters of the magical alphabet, and until man learns these, and enters upon the spelling-book of magickism and the grammar of psychology, this pen of ours may point the way, but every pilgrim foot must tread the path for himself. Thus, and thus only, may we rival the ancient man in the goal of magical achievements to which he ascended."

Spiritualism.

Experiences of Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, better known to the literary world nearly a generation ago, writes from her home in Hollywood, Carter County, N. C., as follows to a distinguished gentleman of Boston:

My spiritualistic life has been so marked from childhood that I am apt to regard my whole career since then as of no moment. Indeed the history of the child is the history of the man.

Several weeks ago I was coming to my room with a lighted lamp in my hand, when I was suddenly baptized in light. It felt around me in beautiful coruscations, cool, brilliant beyond expression. I stood still. I held the burning lamp, but it was totally eclipsed. How long it lasted I do not know. I could not speak, and now I am filled with regret that I did not. I can explain this beautiful experience only upon spiritualistic grounds, for it was in no perceptible way associated with any physiological state. What do you think? It was unlike clairvoyant states which I have experienced, being brilliant in the highest degree, whereas, I have many times gone into dark rooms, where no light was possible, and seen and even arranged their contents. Once in particular I descended two flights of stairs, went through two long halls and entered the dining room. I saw that my children had left their books, sates, &c., upon the table, and their chairs under the table had been seated. These I put away, and then I went to the closed fire-cases. I saw for the first time, recollected that I had no light. I saw all around me distinctly till I made my return and struck a light. I have never cultivated these things, but have accepted them as a part, a sort of foretaste of the celestial city, where there is no need of the sun to give light. * * * I could give you a long list of lovely experiences, dreams and visions, if it would not weary you.

I see no reason to doubt the production of hands, as described. The hand symbolizes power. We reach out—we take hold—we lift them in pity. I was at one time in deep sorrow, and weeping, when I felt palpably the hand of my dear son Edward pressed tenderly upon my cheek. Not only this. I saw plainly the scar of a little cut upon his thumb, which he had received in childhood. There was infinite sweetness and comfort in this pressure of the dear hand. Often I see the hands of my dear sons Sidney and Edward near me, and though their persons are visible only to the mind's eye, yet very distinct, very bright and life-like, their hands are quite palpable. Now this is not to be called imagination, for all comes unsought, unexpected.

In this lecture it has been no part of my design to touch on the philosophy of Spiritualism, because the philosophy of Spiritualism is, in reality, freedom of thought. Happy is it that at last we have a voice purporting to come from beyond the grave, which bids us use our reason and take no one's "Thus saith the Lord" as infallible truth. All the inspirations of the past have revealed their color from the feudal epochs in which they were revealed. By them kings and rulers have been exalted, the people oppressed, and free thought crushed. The beautiful inspirations of Jesus indicated a higher hope, and Modern Spiritualism bids fair to be the realization of that hope. At all events, if it does nothing else, it robs death of its terrors, and converts faith into knowledge. It sings in the dainty words of Gerald Massey:

Fear not the grave, that door of heaven on earth;
All changed and darkly veiled you shall come forth—
As from the cold, dark cloud the winter showers
Go under ground to dress, and come forth flowers.
—Excerpt from a discourse by Charles Bright, in
Otago, New Zealand.

OUR SOCIAL BONDS.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Our social bonds are wrought with lies,
They hinder us from growing worth,
They fill with fog our open skies,
They sow with thistles Eden earth.
We dare not do what conscience says,
We dare not be what might and must,
We waste our lives, our golden days,
And end at last in death and dust.
We fear to think against the mass,
To change our mind, or soul, or heart;
We simply mirror like a glass
The throng of which we form a part.
We go to church without a thought
Of God in noble searching truth;
The truth is not for saving sought,
To fill our lives with angel youth.
Oh, surely wisdom will be ours,
When years have past and suffering come;
Oh, surely we shall learn that flowers
May be for all and not for some.
Why should we spill life's rosy wine?
Why wait for death to change our state?
The present may in glory shine,
Then why for future blessing wait?
Oh, come, ye sons of men, and learn
To cast aside all bonds that curse;
Our hearts for freedom nobly burn,
Our lives are growing worse and worse.
Our hope is this: that men will be
The carvers of their state and life,
That they will dare to live the free,
And come to truth from bonds and strife!

Spiritual Phenomena.

PHENOMENA IN PRESENCE OF DR. SLADE.

BY MRS. LOUISA ANDREWS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

That which in my sittings with Dr. Slade struck me as perhaps the most remarkable feature of his mediumship, was the clarity, ease and certainty with which the manifestations are produced in his presence, and this not only in gaslight or in darkness, but in broad daylight. Many have complained of the shortness of his sittings, while if they should sit an hour or more with another medium, they would be not only contented, but delighted, if they were fortunate enough to witness as much as, with him, is crowded into twenty or thirty minutes. It is usual at sittings to have to wait a long time before anything is done, and then the manifestations often follow one another slowly and uncertainly; but with him one is scarcely seated, before the invisible operators begin to make their presence unmistakably evident, and this continues, with scarcely a pause, throughout the sitting, while all that takes place is so definite and striking in its character that there is no room for doubt or mistake as to what is heard, seen and felt.

Also, the conditions under which the independent writing is produced, through his mediumship, are as satisfactory as anything of the kind can possibly be. During my stay, of over two months, in the house with him last summer, I took a folding slate into my bed-room, and with it a screw and screw-driver—having previously had screw holes made in both frames. On one of the inner sides of this double slate, I wrote a few lines, addressed to a friend in spirit-life, after which I placed a fragment of pencil within and then fastened the two leaves securely together.

In this condition I took it down stairs and placed it on the top of the table at which the medium was seated. Almost immediately we heard the scratching sound made by the pencil in writing, and after the slate was over, on opening the slate, (which I did not do in the presence of the medium, but after returning to my room, where I had left the screw driver,) I found a reply to what I had written, signed with the Christian name of the spirit whom I had addressed—whether written by this spirit or not I cannot say, and any opinion I might form on that point would be worthless except to myself. What I know is that some power caused writing to be done on the inner side of a folding slate, which did not leave my possession, and which remained firmly screwed together till I myself unfastened it.

While on the subject of slate-writing, I will mention that I have now in my possession a slate upon which, during a sitting at which my sister and son were present with me, several lines were written in a mystical cipher, a copy of which I shall be pleased to send to any one who may desire to see it, or who may possibly be able to interpret the singular characters.

There was one phenomenon also witnessed in daylight by my sister and my son, as well as myself, which, although the same has been seen by a number of reliable persons who have visited Dr. Slade during the last few months of his stay in New York, may be worth mentioning. I refer to the bursting into fragments of a slate held by one corner in the hand of the medium. The slate which I saw broken (a single one) was completely shattered. The explosion was startlingly loud, and the fragments, many of them, so small as to be almost a coarse powder. During my stay with Dr. Slade, a gentleman of much intelligence, with whom I had several times the pleasure of conversing on the subject of Spiritualism, brought to the house a folding slate, desiring to get writing inside it. This slate, which was shown me before and directly after the sitting, was, while held for writing, blown into a thousand pieces. Being determined, if possible, to get the desired communication, the gentleman placed another slate upon his chair and sat upon it, in which position it was filled with writing.

It was a matter of some regret to me that many of the last sittings I had with Dr. Slade were held in the dark. The conditions were such as to make these sittings entirely satisfactory, in their way, to me; but to those who merely read an account of them, I am well aware that no representations of mine can convey the same assurance which I myself received that the manifestations were not, and could not have been, under the circumstances, other than genuine.

I was sometimes alone with the medium, and sometimes my sister sat with us. In either case, my feet or hers were placed upon his, except when we held his hands. The power manifested in these sittings was marvelously great, and in order to exert it unimpeded by the nervousness of the medium, he was thrown by the spirits into deep trance, remaining thus entirely unconscious

during the most violent and noisy manifestations. We often heard his labored breathing, but otherwise he was quite still, which was never the case when conscious. His nervous excitement and the dread lest he should be taken hold of by spirit-hands, caused him, when awake, to utter exclamations of fear, to start up from his chair, and otherwise, by his excited condition, to interfere with the manifestations. Very often the noise produced was really terrific—enough to agitate any nervous person. Frequently the whole room was shaken, not momentarily, but for ten or fifteen minutes at a time. At first, only a slight trembling of the floor was felt, and then, becoming more and more violent, the room was shaken as if by an earthquake, the doors and windows rattled as though a hurricane were blowing through the house, and (as we were told afterwards) the chandelier in the apartment below shook, and the ceiling was jarred as by the firing of cannon. There seemed to be crowds dancing and pounding with bare feet all over the room—hands were loudly clapped, and tremendous blows, as if from a heavy mallet, threatened destruction to the table on which our hands rested. The piano, which stood five or six feet from the medium, was thrummed upon, the stroke of fingers all over the key-board being distinctly heard; and to add to the din and confusion, the corner of the heavy instrument was lifted and allowed to fall again with heavy thuds. While all this was going on, spirits crowded upon us—their hands grasped our shoulders and were laid upon our heads; heavy drapery swept over my face, garments rustled against us, and dark forms passing between me and the windows shut out the light which shone between the closed shutters. Not only did blows, almost deafening in the noise they made, fall close to our hands upon the table, while at the same moment hands were pounding upon the keys of the piano, but we heard something heavy dragged over the floor, and after the sitting, found that the instrument had been moved from its place and brought close up to us, while the stool was upon the table, almost touching our hands. In the midst of the shaking of the room, and while numberless feet stamped about on the floor, a shrill war-whoop was heard as if proceeding from some one flying through the air—now close to us and now high above our heads, now at one end of the room and then at the other. These whoops were repeated, in the shrillest tones, and in literally breathless succession during many minutes, while voluminous drapery swept over our heads and shoulders, and what felt like masses of long, dry hair fell upon our faces, and all to the accompaniment of the seeming earthquake which shook us unceasingly. Altogether the power manifested was such that I can give no adequate idea of it. I feel in striving to describe such an experience, how utterly vain is my effort to put another in my place and picture to his imagination what I witnessed in reality. While my sister sat with her feet on those of the medium, he being laid back in trance so that his hands could not be kept on the table, a spirit spoke to me in a loud voice, grasped my shoulders firmly, laid his hands on my head, upon which he also breathed a full, warm breath as from lips close to it, and taking my hands from the table placed them on my lap. Then speaking in deep, low tones, he said, "Do not fear me—I will not hurt you," and bending my head gently back till it rested against his breast, he lifted me from the floor by grasping the back of my chair with one hand, and the front rung with the other, and swung me backwards and forwards with a long sweep through the air. On a subsequent evening, when I held the feet of the medium under mine, my sister was swung in the same way. Sometimes in these evening sittings, spirit voices sang close around and above us. Once this musical effort not being very successful, and the medium being awake, he laughed aloud while the singing continued. The voice then rose in the air and the seemingly detached head from which it proceeded passed slowly back and forth, still singing, over my sister, while a long, soft beard brushed against her face—not once, but many times.

At several of our dark sittings, all of which were held, without preparation, in the room where we had all been sitting and conversing together, and which was only closed during the sittings, a large, bare foot, soft as that of a baby, was felt stepping upon our hands, and once I laid my hand upon the ankle and calf of a bare leg, above this foot, while the form to which it belonged was apparently walking over the table. On one evening, when the medium was awake, he shrieked when the foot touched his hand, which checked the manifestations for some moments. One of the spirits who talked with us lifted my left hand from the table and passed it up and down over a large, muscular arm, bare to the shoulder, and feeling smoother than the softest satin. Sometimes as many as seven different voices conversed with us during a sitting, and one evening when the form of a man had been for some minutes standing by my side and talking with me, he exclaimed rather impatiently, "Those children interrupt me!" I said in reply, "If they are my little boys, please let them come!" when in an instant there was heard the pattering of feet upon the floor, my right arm was grasped by little eager hands, and a baby voice exclaimed, "Mama! mama!" while that of the older brother whispered excitedly, "Mother! dear mother! it is I—Harold!" The sweet chorus, "Mama! mama! dear, dear mother!" was continued for some minutes, while the feet were dancing about gleefully, and the tones of voice expressed the most joyous excitement.

Twice the little broken music-box, which I have described in former accounts of sittings with Dr. Slade as having belonged to a little boy now in spirit-life, and which was long ago injured beyond repair, was played upon, although mortal fingers could bring no music from it. This little toy was brought from a mantelpiece at the far end of the room and floated over our heads, playing a beautiful air which it had never played when in order. It was made to turn with a crank, but the crank was lost and also the cog-wheel which moved the cylinder, while from the broken and rusty pins only disconnected notes or discordant sounds could be produced by taking the box apart and turning the barrel with the fingers. A sound as of winding was heard at frequent intervals while the box was rested upon the table or pressed against our hands, and while it was playing we felt as distinctly the vibrations produced by the catching of the tongues or pins as if we had held a box made to play the airs which were being so miraculously produced from this, which, for all musical purposes, was no better than an empty case. As the winding was frequently repeated, the box always descending and being rested on the table, on our hands, or sometimes on our heads, while this operation was per-

formed, and as the music was more rapid and louder afterwards, it would seem to have been; in some way, a necessary act; and yet how an instrument made to turn with a crank could be wound up without one—how, in its broken condition, music could be got out of it, or how it could play airs bearing no resemblance to the one waltz it had been constructed to play, who can tell us? These are mysteries which probably will remain such while we see, as now, darkly through the veil of flesh, understanding nothing about the nature of matter or of the forces which act upon and through it. This wonderful playing I have witnessed not only in dark sittings but in the light, and I saw that it took place as I have stated. I know, felt, and heard it, again and again, when there was no room for mistake or trickery.

I had thought to finish in this paper my account of the sittings I was so fortunate as to have with Dr. Slade before he left the country, but find that, while striving to condense as much as possible and omitting many particulars, I have filled my share of room, and must finish my recital another time. Before closing, I will say to those good Spiritualists who are ready to rejoice with me, how much I have been gratified in receiving letters from England which confirm most strongly and warmly my high opinion of Dr. Slade, as a genuine and powerful medium.

There are not many like him anywhere, and he, if any one, can and will bring light to those who are not willfully blind to facts and to the truths which they reveal.

TEST SEANCE WITH MRS. L. M. KERNS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It was my pleasure, during a brief visit to San Francisco, to attend a "spirit social" at the house of Mrs. Louie M. Kerns, a lady whose mediumship is of the highest and most satisfactory order, and whose whole life and soul are wrapped up in the cause of truth. For the past year the lady's health has been very delicate, and her guides have insisted upon her abstaining from giving sittings. But at the risk of her health, she will sit daily, without money and without price, for those seeking light who have not the money to pay for it. She never waits to be asked, but upon hearing of any brother or sister medium in want immediately sets to work to relieve them, by giving benefit sittings.

She has recently inaugurated a series of Saturday evening sittings, free, for the social reunion of spirits, in and out of body.

While they are not termed test sittings, I never heard so many wonderful tests in the same time in all my investigations of Spiritualism.

On the evening of 17th of June last there assembled in her parlors twenty-six persons, among whom were Mrs. Matthews (President of the San Francisco Society of Spiritualists) and her husband, neither of whom had ever had a sitting with the medium; Mr. Ryder, one of the Trustees of the Society; Captain Graves, of Boston; Mrs. Rabbitt, of Boston; Madame Avery, of New York; Mrs. Stevens, of Eau Claire, Wis.; Mrs. Sawyer, materializing medium, of San Francisco; and many others whose names I did not learn.

After the guests had all arrived, Mrs. Kerns had them seated in one oblong circle. The sitting was opened by singing, and in a few minutes Mrs. Kerns was controlled by "Willie Lowe," the infant son of a gentleman in the circle. Commencing at one end of the room, little Willie took his medium to every individual, and gave to each one the full names of their spirit friends present.

One lady had brought a question written by a friend, and had it in her pocket, and, without requesting it of the medium, the spirit to whom it was addressed came, giving the name of the writer, and answered the question.

I was the third person little Willie came to. I had never seen the medium save once, nor had a sitting with her, and she knew nothing of my family or friends, but yet her control gave me the names of ten spirit-friends and of several living relatives and acquaintances. He referred (in a most detailed manner) to incidents in my life which took place in 1852; told me of a sick friend, and after giving me the full name, said that my wife was present and wished she could take care of this sick friend, as he had taken care of her during an illness when I was absent. Some of these names were foreign, and very difficult to pronounce.

Taking the hand of one gentleman, Willie gave the name of an army comrade, stating that he was shot while bearing the colors; also the name of his sister, and her age at time of death.

Mrs. Matthews received the names and descriptions of four, and her husband of three or four others.

Approaching Mrs. S. R. Stevens, of Eau Claire, Wis., Willie said, "Your little girl is here. Her name is Ida, and she brings her spirit-mate, little Willie Knapp, with her; and your husband is here, too; his name is J. W. Stevens; and your papa—he fell into the Ohio River, and was drowned; his name is Henry Johnson. Oh, here is such a nice old gentleman! Martin Daniels, of Wisconsin! He says he read the nice letter you wrote him, and is going to answer all the questions soon."

Mrs. Stevens seemed thoroughly astonished at the mention of the letter. She stated that Mr. Daniels was an esteemed friend, and, hoping soon to find Mrs. Kerns able to give her a private sitting, she had one day, when alone, written a long letter to Mr. Daniels, asking his advice in regard to certain matters, just as she would have written him had he still been in the form; said that she had sealed the letter and put it under lock and key, intending, when she could get a private sitting, to bring it to the medium and see if it could be answered, and that no living person knew of her writing it.

Capt. Graves, of Boston, stated that he had never had such convincing tests, though he had been a Spiritualist for many years. The spirits of Colonel Cross and Major-General Dick Richardson, together with two of Capt. Graves's children, came to him; the former with many reminiscences of their army associations, the latter giving their names, and the names, also, of his wife and living children, and speaking of many private affairs of which no one in California could possibly know.

I will not occupy space to give other special tests, but will say that every member of the circle received a feast of spiritual food.

After the light sitting closed, and the gas turned off, we sat in the moonlight, so that every face and form could be identified, and had some wonderful physical manifestations, an immense wooden table being nearly lifted over the head of the sitters, while the rappings were as loud as I ever heard. Mrs. Kerns assures me that while

she has had those manifestations for many years, they were much stronger that evening, through the help of the spirit-hands controlling Mrs. Sawyer and other physical mediums present. During the dark sittings several persons were touched by spirit-hands, and Mrs. Sawyer's guide spoke in an audible voice. At eleven P. M. the sitting closed, and with it one of the most delightful evenings I ever enjoyed. The names in full of one hundred and three spirits were given through Mrs. Kerns's mediumship.

Colusa, Cal., 1876. JOHN H. LIEUNO.

MATERIALIZATIONS AT WILLIAM EDDY'S.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Having passed several weeks in Ancora, N. J., attending sittings at the home of Mr. William Eddy, we consider it not only a pleasure, but a duty, to say something in relation to the phenomena that are agitating the minds of people in this and other parts of the world. We witnessed the manifestations at different times in Chittenden, Vt., and many of your readers have listened to verbal accounts of what we saw there, and will be glad to know that Mr. Eddy is pleasantly located in this quiet town, where he intends to remain. His health is much improved, and the manifestations increase in interest continually. The circles are well attended. Many friends are seen and recognized beyond a doubt, while the medium's band come with great power.

On the evening of July 9th, the circle was large, but harmonious. "Honto" came and raised the curtain for all to see the medium sitting inside of the cabinet, entranced. She went from the hall through three rooms, across the piazza, returning through the fourth room into the hall near the circle, back to the cabinet, raised the curtain, as usual, went to the organ, took her seat and played some minutes, then carried the stool across the hall and sat upon it; she also went into the front room, took a chair and sat some moments by the hall door nearest the circle, and very close to us. (There are two doors in the circle hall, one near the cabinet, the other nearer the circle; when she goes through the doorway nearest the cabinet, through the house, she usually returns from the piazza through the front room to the hall, and passes very close to the circle.) After returning to the cabinet for strength, she went into the dining-room again, where Mrs. West was sitting, asked her to go with her, which she did, taking her hand and leading her around the corner of the house to the front window of the hall, where she rapped, for all to see her standing outside. It was a clear, bright evening, so all could see their forms distinctly through the netting over the window frames. Honto requested Mrs. West to go into the circle. She, following her, hastened into the cabinet.

After listening to music for a short time, Mrs. Eaton came, in her usual dress and manner, and said: "Good evening, all. There are some who ask how far we can go from the medium? (The question was asked the evening before.) We have told you that our materialized forms are connected to the medium by a magnetic cord, and the further we go from him the finer it becomes; and if broken abruptly greatly endangers his life. Now we do not want to kill him, for we have much for him to do; but if you will keep very still, and Mr. Hutchings will go with me, we will take a walk." (Some person asked, "Do you mean that you will go out doors?") "Yes, (laughing.) Come, Mr. Hutchings, we will take a moonlight walk." He stepped out from the circle, took her hand and walked to the avenue south of the house, a distance of one hundred and sixty feet from the medium, conversing all the time. When they returned, she hastened to the cabinet, raised the curtain and said: "We will see if the medium is here; yes, all right. Thank you, Mr. Hutchings; we had a pleasant walk."

This sitting was a success, as exhibiting great power, many other forms appearing to be recognized; some conversing in a loud whisper, others talking in a natural voice. Our father talks as familiar to us as when in the form; no person who ever saw him could fail to recognize him as Col. J. P. Barber, of Nashua, N. H., who left the earth form the 30th day of July, 1875, aged 83 years. People often ask me, Do you see any persons so plain that you know them for a certainty? "Yes," we say emphatically, "as we know we exist."

We should know more of this new dispensation. Will not thinking people turn their attention to this "mystery of mysteries," and learn more of the laws of spirit over matter? Since we have been here, many people from abroad have had difficulty in finding Ancora. Let us say, for the benefit of those who wish to go from Philadelphia, that several trains leave Vine street ferry, on the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, which stop at Ancora. There are two in the afternoon which arrive in time for the sitting. The first leaves the ferry at a quarter past four, the other at six. Carriages at the depot will take people to good boarding places.

There are many things we would like to relate, but we may have trespassed upon time and space already.

Springfield, Mass., August, 1876. ELIZA G. MORRILL.

Convention at West Brattle, Vt.

The Spiritualists met on Friday, A. M., August 25th, according to notice, and organized by electing Dr. C. E. Grier, of St. Albans, President; Mrs. George Pratt, Vice-President; D. T. Barrett, Secretary; Lucia Webb, Mrs. Kendall, E. Hubbard, Mrs. Bryant and Milo Spear, Business Committee. Dr. Fairfield, of Greenfield, Mass., presided at the Convention.

Friday P. M.—Conference from two to three o'clock. Remarks were made by Mrs. Bryant, Dr. T. Barrett, and Mrs. Albertson. (Recently from New York, whose subject was mostly upon the condition of the country. At regular meeting, music by Mrs. Kendall, prayer by Mrs. George Pratt, discourse by Mr. Alonzo Hubbard, of Tyson Furnace, and Mrs. Albertson.

Evening.—Discourse by H. P. Fairfield, on the Spiritual and Christian Version of the Bible compared, which gave satisfaction.

Saturday Morning.—Conference from nine to ten o'clock. Remarks by L. R. Averill, D. T. Barrett, H. P. Fairfield, William H. Albertson, A. Hubbard and Thomas Richmond.

In regular meeting, music by Miss Shedd and Mrs. Pratt; prayer by Mrs. Pratt; discourse by Mr. Manchester, discourse by Dr. H. P. Fairfield. Adjourned.

Afternoon.—Conference of one hour. Thomas Richmond, Dr. H. P. Fairfield, Dr. Davis, Mrs. Albertson, Dr. Fairfield, Mrs. Jackson, Mr. Hubbard, William Flint, George Pratt, all took part. Regular meeting, music by Mrs. Manchester, discourse by Dr. H. P. Fairfield. Adjourned.

Evening.—Discourse by Mrs. Albertson. Remarks by Mrs. Shedd, Mrs. Hubbard, Dr. Gould, Mr. C. E. Grier, H. P. Fairfield, Mr. Blair, and Mrs. Albertson. (Recently from New York, whose subject was mostly upon the condition of the country. At regular meeting, music by Mrs. Kendall, prayer by Mrs. George Pratt, discourse by Mr. Alonzo Hubbard, of Tyson Furnace, and Mrs. Albertson.

Sunday P. M.—Conference by Mrs. Albertson. Remarks by Mrs. Shedd, Mrs. Hubbard, Dr. Gould, Mr. C. E. Grier, H. P. Fairfield, Mr. Blair, and Mrs. Albertson. (Recently from New York, whose subject was mostly upon the condition of the country. At regular meeting, music by Mrs. Kendall, prayer by Mrs. George Pratt, discourse by Mr. Alonzo Hubbard, of Tyson Furnace, and Mrs. Albertson.

Monday Evening.—Mrs. Tanner and H. P. Fairfield closed the sessions. The meetings were harmonious, and the time was fully occupied, yet no crowding. The President presided with ability, the committee worked well, and the funds for expenses were raised by subscription.

D. T. BARRETT, Secretary.

The First Lord of the Admiralty on his first voyage down the Thames, in rather a leaky vessel, observed the following words: "I have been told that this work has done it. Its truths are most startling and deeply important; and I thank Mr. Graves most sincerely. I have and time I thank him for writing this book."

RULES OF THE ROAD.

BY JOHN DOYLE O'REILLY.

What man would be wise, let him drink of the river That bears on its waters the record of Time; A message to him every wave can deliver To teach him to creep till he knows how to climb. Who needs not experience, trust him not; tell him The scope of one mind can but trifles achieve; The weakest who drags from the mind will vex him— The strength of mankind is the wisdom they leave. For peace do not hope: to be just you must break it. Still work for the minute, and not for the year. When honor comes to you be ready to take it; But reach not to seize it before it is near. Be silent and safe: silence never betrays you. Be true to your word and your work and your friend. Put trust in him who will counsel you wise you. Nor judge of a day till it draw to the end. Stand erect in the vale, nor exult on the mountain. Take gifts with a slight: most men give to be paid. "I had" is a heartache: "I have" is a comfort. You're worth what you saved, not the million you made. Trust toil, not intent, or your plans will miscarry. Your wife keep a sweetheart instead of a tease. Never children by reason, not rut; and mind, marry. Your girl when you can—and your boy when you please. Steer straight as the wind will allow; be ready To veer just a point to let travelers pass; Each sees his own star—a stiff course is too steady. When this one to Meeting goes, that one to Mass. Our stream 's not so wide but two arches may span it— Good Neighbor and Citizen: these for a coil. And this truth is right: no man on the planet Has just as much right as yourself to the road.

Can Spirits Read our Thoughts.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is certain that the interest in Spiritualism is increasing in this and foreign countries. And I know of no better book to put into the hands of thinkers and candid investigators than Dr. Crowell's "Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism." In his second volume may be found these passages:

"It may here be proper to say something respecting the power of spirits to hear our conversation, as there are erroneous views prevalent, even among Spiritualists, upon this question. 'I have devoted considerable time and attention to this subject, and as the result I find that most spirits, unless on low planes, cannot distinctly hear us converse; they more generally perceive our thoughts; while on the contrary, spirits on the lower planes cannot read our thoughts, but can more readily hear our conversation. . . . Spirits reading our thoughts can the better benefit us.'"

These paragraphs lead me to make the following inquiries, not for controversy, but for the purpose of having our philosophy the better understood. While it is generally admitted that spirits by studying the magnetic emanations and auras from the brain, can determine the general tendency of the mind, many doubt the power of spirits to read the thoughts of human beings. Permit me then to ask:

I. Can we think only in words or language? II. Are thoughts spiritual substances, having forms? III. Is it the thought, or the arranged words, that spirits read?

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

V. If any, what distinction do you make, between thoughts and ideas? J. M. PEEBLES.

A Paris correspondent says one of the few surviving veterans of the first Empire has just passed away in the person of M. le Commandant Duchemin, at the ripe age of 85. Constantly on active service throughout the campaigns of Napoleon, and frequently wounded, he fought his way up from the ranks, and on the occupation of Paris by the allies rendered himself famous as a duelist, and boasted of having killed or wounded a score of the "odious foreigners" on the field of honor. For the last twenty years he frequented the same cafe at the same hour daily, to play his game of cards and take his absinthe. He lived almost entirely in the past, and gave vent to his feelings in maledictions against Wellington, Blucher, Grouchy, and the rest. His principal delight, however, was in recounting the history of his mother, Marie, whose career was indeed a remarkable one. The daughter of an old soldier, and a vivandiere, she was from her earliest years the pet of the regiment. When the great Revolution war broke out, Marie felt the hereditary military instinct too strong to be resisted, and without hesitation sacrificed the locks so dear to her sex, and, disguised in male attire, enrolled herself as a volunteer under the name of Joseph Duchemin. Of iron constitution, and the build of a grenadier, measuring nearly thirty-six inches across the shoulders, she had little difficulty in concealing her sex. She became at once the hero, or rather the heroine, of the day. She fought at Lodi, Arcola and Rivoli, where she captured a flag, at the Tyranides, sent Tabor, Bonaparte, and others engaged. She was then taken prisoner by the English and sent to the hulks of Plymouth, but managed to escape with three of her comrades by killing the sentinel on duty, and got safely back to Paris. Five days afterward she rejoined her regiment and made her last campaign, for she lost her right leg by a cannon ball at Marengo. She was then admitted as a pensioner into the Invalides, and it was a proud day for herself and son when they went together in 1857 to the Palace of the Legion of Honor to receive each the St. Helena medal.

New Publications For Sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

VITAL MAGNETIC CURE: An Exposition of Vital Magnetism, and its application to the treatment of mental and physical disease. By a Magnetic Physician. Boston: Colby & Rich. A copy of this work has been left us, judging from a circular which accompanied it, to be given to any person upon subjects as yet little understood, even by those who profess to know most about them. As to the entire creditability of much of the work, we have no serious doubts; still, to those who are capable of separating the wheat from the chaff, the work will be found useful and entertaining. —Independent Statesman, Concord, N. H.

"A DEFENCE OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM. By Alfred Russel Wallace, F. R. S. The spiritual party has gained a man to its ranks, in the acquisition of Mr. Wallace, who is considered, we believe, one of the leading scientific men of England. His acceptance of Spiritualism does not, however, prove it true; but its acceptance by such a man proves that Spiritualism is worthy of careful investigation, and hence we recommend his 'Defence' to all inquirers. —Boston Investigator.

"THE MENTAL CURE." Illustrating the influence of the mind on the body, both in health and disease, and the value of treatment by the mind. By W. F. Evans, a book of 384 pages, sent us by the publishers, Colby & Rich, Boston. We have not had time to give the book as careful a reading as we would like, but it is a most interesting and valuable work, and we have no hesitation in saying that it contains more sound philosophy in regard to the laws of life and health, than all medical works in the library. It is a most valuable work, and we have no hesitation in saying that it contains more sound philosophy in regard to the laws of life and health, than all medical works in the library. It is a most valuable work, and we have no hesitation in saying that it contains more sound philosophy in regard to the laws of life and health, than all medical works in the library.

NATURE'S LAWS IN HUMAN LIFE: An Exposition of Spiritualism; Embracing the Various Opinions of Extremists, together with the author's Experience. By Colby & Rich. Boston: Colby & Rich. This volume, as its title indicates, is a very complete examination of Spiritualism. It gives the views of the various schools in its real history, and presents the opinions of those who are not so extreme in opposition, such as Mr. Beecher and others, and then the experience of the author. He was at first a thorough believer, and for ten years resisted all evidence in its favor, though constantly studying the subject. At last, however, he became convinced, and has since then been a most unimpeachable evidence to the genuineness and truth of the doctrine. The book will be found interesting to those who wish to know the claims of Spiritualism, and is for sale at the bookstores; price \$1.50. —Eastern Argus, Portland, Me.

THE WORLD'S SIXTEEN CRUCIFIED SAVIORS. By Kelsey Graves. Bliss Wootton, Great Barrington, Mass. says: "No other work has ever performed such important service, and given more satisfaction to those who work has done. Its truths are most startling and deeply important; and I thank Mr. Graves most sincerely. I have and time I thank him for writing this book."

Banner Correspondence.

Illinois.

CHICAGO.—Dr. W. N. Hambleton writes: Notwithstanding the unusually warm weather of this season, the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago have kept their lamps trimmed and lights burning on the towers of progression, by continuing their meetings regularly without a vacation, although through July and August we substituted a conference meeting for the Sunday morning lecture, while in the evening Miss Susie M. Johnson, a very forcible and logical framer of spiritual wants of her audience with undiminished acceptance. We begin the fall campaign with our distinguished brother, Dr. H. P. Fairfield, upon the rostrum during September.

And, in the mean time, the more thoughtful members of our society are awaiting with considerable anxiety—not to say trepidation—an explanation of those platform architects of Philadelphia—the National Conference of Spiritualists—of just what they mean by the expression, "to stimulate religious effort; to strengthen faith in God," &c., found in their "statement of aims." What kind of a "religious effort," gentlemen? For, in examining the page of history, how want is one to scan, "Oh, religion! what tyranny, outrage and wrong have been perpetrated in thy indefinable name!" And what God? Where and what is he, she, or it? and with what prerogatives and attributes endowed? For you cannot ignore the fact that this is a very much mooted question just now, amongst the ripest thinkers of the day, and downright dogmatism is poorly relished by those for whom you would fain formulate your creed. And they will not readily subscribe to unconditional worship and adoration until the pedigree of the object of their devotion is pretty clearly defined. Many of them believe, with the writer, that "an honest God is the noblest work of man."

In the sacred name of reason and humanity, let not the giant strength, the glowing fame and grand achievements of the young Hercules of but a quarter of a century—Spiritualism—be crippled, blighted, and crushed by a sobriquet so suggestive in the past of dungeons, fagots, and carnage.

Pending those important definitions, our society, in its morning conferences for several Sundays past, has been discussing the most feasible means of extirpating or eradicating those hideous excrescences, those appalling moral blights which are so surely sapping the foundations of the physical vigor and moral stamina of the race—the use of intoxicating beverages and tobacco.

These evils, which detract so largely from the happiness of mankind, and enhance so incalculably the sufferings, degradation and depravity of the race, have been foisted upon it by the false teachings and absurd habits of the past, and if ever eradicated it must be by the wiser counsels and philanthropic efforts of the reformers of the future. And after these are many other forms of vice and folly, only less in magnitude, which mankind must "learn to unlearn" before they can hope to enjoy that fabled millennium upon earth. "And how shall they learn without teachers?" With all this vast array of noble work to be done for humanity, aside from the demonstration of immortality and the ministrations of spirits, which must necessarily gross much time, why should any reformer who has reached a glimpse of the dawnings of the new era, aspire to invent some new and acceptable form of worship with which to fritter away the precious time and priceless opportunity of himself and followers?

How much wiser would it not be for Spiritualists to put to rest at once and forever those uneasy inventors, by adopting that most brief and comprehensive creed of the renowned champion of liberty and common sense, Thomas Paine: "The world is my country, to do good my religion."

Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE.—H. S. Brown, M. D., 527 Milwaukee street, writes thus: The dear old Banner continues to come regularly, freighted with news from heaven and earth, obtained from spirits in and out of the body, about past, present and future events, as true and important as the God power present in each individual can make them. There are two forms of worship that are especially adapted to Spiritualists, and have been adopted by Spiritualists—the one, where we obtain spirit communications and manifestations, which are of the greatest importance in healing the sick and comforting the afflicted, and the conference, where all questions relating to the physical and spiritual welfare of mankind are fairly considered, with a view to their final settlement according to the principles of justice as understood by those present.

There was great rejoicing among the Spiritualists that the giant mists in our cause met in conference in Philadelphia on the 4th and 5th of July and concluded to call a convention next year "to organize Spiritualism in America." It is easy to organize on a basis of superstition where "the word" is taken for "God," and forms a ceremony for worship. Spiritualists require a basis of knowledge for their organizations. They have learned that faith and prayer are not as sure to move mountains as work and good calculation, and the Heavenly Father is not as apt to give a fish in answer to prayer as he is a stone. But our spirit-friends come to us in our needs, answer our prayers, and feed and clothe us in a most remarkable manner. They tell us to put faith in the laws of the God of Nature, and work in accord with them, and the greatest blessings of the spirits and their God will be bestowed upon us.

The Philadelphia Conference only recommend religious and financial organizations for local societies. They leave scientific, moral and social questions that cause the greatest division and enmity among Spiritualists to be settled in convention next year.

It is not enough for us to say we agree with the spirits whose religion is to do right, and the best work is the purest worship, and the true gospel is to give others the rights we claim for ourselves, but we must make an organization which will enable every one to know the right, the true gospel and the best work, and practice them in every-day life. I have published a centennial four-page circular this year, which contains the best views that have come to me on these subjects, which I should be glad to send to any one by mail if they will send me a three-cent postage stamp.

Arkansas.

JONESBORO.—J. A. Meek writes, Aug. 18th, as follows: Since a preliminary movement has been inaugurated in the city of Philadelphia (on the 5th of last July), looking to a permanent organization of the Spiritualist element in the United States of America, I deem it proper to report whatever of interest is occurring in our midst. Early in April last we organized a circle in New Salem church, in this (Craighead) county, situated six miles south of Jonesboro. At this place is a union house. The Methodists, Baptists, and Campbellites all had organizations, and they made a united effort to prevent us from getting foothold at this point, but in this they failed, for we not only succeeded in our efforts at organization, but at the present time number twenty-six members, composed of the oldest and best citizens in this county. The first Saturday and Sunday in July last, I had an appointment of a two days' meeting in Green County, Ark., about twenty-five miles north of this point; but it rained so incessantly during this time that I was not able to give a lecture until Monday night, and then because of the heat, and the vast multitude assembled, I held forth out in the grove. After the close of my address I made a call and had the satisfaction of enrolling twenty-five members. It was so late that they did not have an election of officers that night, but deferred doing so until the following Sunday. The cause of Spiritualism is rapidly gaining ground on Crawley's Ridge. Many of the leading minds are becoming interested, and are earnestly engaged at present in investigating the Spiritual Philosophy; and, moreover, some of the most prominent ministers of the different evangelical denominations are giving much attention to the phenomenal phase of Spiritualism. In a way, whilst we are bitterly denounced by the most ignorant and illiterate among the ministry; especially is such the case among the Baptists and Campbellites. I have recently received numerous letters, from Spiritualists in various portions of the United States, making inquiry with regard to our country. In answer to all such letters I would say, that we have as fine soil here, and in as large bodies, as can be found elsewhere in the South or West. No better timbered lands can be desired. Water is abundant, and usually of good quality. Our section of the State, like all other portions of the South and West, is subject to malarial influences; not more so, however, than other sections, in certain seasons of the year. Our people suffer from the effects of this poison in the way of chills and fevers, but I have noticed that sickness does not prove to be so fatal in this region as in the older States. Such diseases as typhoid fever and cerebro-spinal meningitis are not known in this climate. Lands are cheap. Improved lands sell from five to ten dollars per acre, and unimproved from fifty cents to two dollars. We are at work on a narrow gauge railroad which will connect Jonesboro with the Cairo & Fulton Railroad, which is only twenty-eight miles distant. Now is decidedly the time to emigrate to this country, for in addition to cheap lands, we have as fine crops as ever grow on the Ridge or in the eastern portion of the State.

I must, in conclusion, tender our thanks to our many friends in different portions of the country for the handsome manner in which they have responded to our call for Spiritualistic papers, tracts and books, for distribution among the indigent of this country. We have received much valuable reading matter in this way, which has been distributed among the masses, who eagerly read everything which falls in their way. Here is a great missionary field opening up, and a good deal can be accomplished by the circulation of spiritual papers and tracts among the people. It is like "bread cast upon the waters." Will not our friends continue to forward us such papers and periodicals as are of no further use to themselves, to be disposed of in the same way? Until very recently the people (at least the most of them) never heard of such things as spirit-materialization or de-materialization. Now they are deeply and intensely engaged in endeavoring to understand the Spiritual Philosophy. If we only had some good test mediums here, I believe we could sweep the whole country.

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terly discourse, nor even give a synopsis, and we shall not attempt it in this brief sketch. The Kingdom of heaven, he said, was not "to be here, nor to there," but within us—spiritually. The blood of Christ, he said, was the life of Christ. All the Bibles of the past, all the religions of the past, found an embodiment in the life of Christ of the present; and all who were living his life on the earth were the nearest to the highest standard of right.

Mr. W. is, in our opinion, worthy of being ranked with J. M. Peebles, and all other first class lecturers now in the field.

Indian Territory.
J. Madison Allen writes from Marshallfield, Mo., as follows: I have lately visited (with Mrs. A. and our adopted boy Ne-nuch-e) the Modocoe, now located in the Indian Territory. We were received with cordiality, and were much pleased with our visit. They are doing well, making a home (they have one at last) and improving their condition very rapidly. They seem intelligent, affectionate and well-disposed, and are uniformly spoken of in high terms of commendation by all who know them. They are Spiritualists.

(From the Song of America, and Minor Lyrics, by Victor Volko.)
IMMORTALITY.
If a man die shall he live again?
Who shall dare say—sing no more,
And put a limit to the Voices?

All the seas shout ceaselessly,
The thousand oceans will not be hushed;
The feathered sparks of the air sing,
And the winds emit their iron lungs,
Battling with hoarse-throated thunders;
Music vibrates throughout the worlds,
The chorus-pulse of universes,
Leaping electrically—

Who says sing no more
Is the laughter of the All-mind of all space,
And the untiring mission of Life.
Time—a slight link in eternity—
Shall have her ways perfected
So sure as God is!

God-Man, hungering for repletion,
Forever hungering and acquiring,
Yet never satisfied—nor can be.
The end is but the phantom of a lie,
And a myth's ghost.

The ring upon a maiden's finger
May well rebuke such ignorance to shame,
Or voices from the burning bush of Conscience,
The stings of Memory or the sweets of Hope.
Oh, glory in the works of the Great Now,
The quick completion of good works,
The waiting tribute of unfolding knowledge,
The ready and magnificent reward
That all things bear within themselves—

But he is mad who dares limit these:
To the poor span and atom of mortality . . .
The flame-like and everlasting Thought,
That from the canvas or the quarry leaps,
The poet's page, the sage's porch,
The sublime womb wherein vivid Music dwells,
Shall not in the grand economy of things
Fall faddlings in half-spent existence,
But shall break upon Beauty and Perfection,
Spanning the grave as though it were not,
And with electric bound
Grasp the divine glory of full growth,
And fill the worlds with vital splendor.

And that which men call Crime,
The unripe fruit that Life bears,
Nurtured by Society—
Shall ripen in the garden of men's lives . . .
Or like foam-flowers
Follow a yeasty Nemesis—in their wake,
Till they be brought to smooth and full fruition,
And mingle with the common sea of good . . .
Nor shall re-birth to other worlds
Shake the sublime procedure.

We lie in our very names of things—
Finite!
Who dares say it grovels in the dark,
And knows not God nor Destiny!
Break down the thin-air of flesh,
The gossamer wall we name mortality,
And gaze upon the Boundless Wonder!
The deep white Mystery!

The confounding Infinite!
Awe with creeds and tome-bound codes,
Or the free thought that is the slave of slaves—
Look, and shrink back appalled!
Then dare invent a limit to the Limitless,
Or seek to weigh the Universal God!
There is no Finite!

The vast weird mysteries of space,
Strange suns and systems,
Exchanging forms with neighbor worlds,
Or in the glorious economy
Contributing to new
Are of the Indestructible Eternal . . .
Nor less the gentler particles of God,
Great in their diminution . . .

The very atoms of an infant's breath
Type forth the everlasting law!
Ah, the quenchless Memory,
And the soul of things!
If your Lord's universe shall die,
Not so the leaf beneath my glass,
Or the master brute
Swinging upon my eye-lash . . .
A lover bestowed a dead flower in Thebes—
It was not dead!

Its fragrance led a soul through wildernesses,
And saved a thousand years' suffering . . .
A bird upturned a dozen goblets of gall,
And when the falconer is enthroned,
So will the bird be . . .
Oh shout aloud
Ye silver drops tinkling from stalactite!
The chorus of gad-flies and bee-humming,
Whistles and songs,
And ripple-melodies shall be sure strains
In the growing music of undying souls . . .

You saw a foot-print in the sand—and wept—
Steal from the thunder-seat of Jove,
And learn the immortality of a tear!

And love's wild victory is won,
And I am exalted to a Worshipper—
For I have found what glory is to life,
And the ways of magnanimity . . .
Henceforth I am a doer of day-deeds,
For my knowledge has solved the things of night,
And made me free as thought.

To be a Beauty-Worshipper—is enough,
A crucible of endless impulse,
Magnetic inspiration,
Quick and more clean than whetted fire,
Purifying as it lifts the soul . . .
The only Saviour that my Being craves,
And sweet Proclaimer of eternity.

Because of thee, dear thing, I bless my being . . .
For with a power as strong as chains—
Yet chainless—
Thou biddest me to Life's appreciation,
Till blessing is the atmosphere I breathe;
Through thee my kind and lesser kinds I bless,
The All-Resplendent God!

The Infinitesimal Infinite!
For all is pregnant with its vital sweetness,
And thy unfolding Deity,
And I bless all and thereby am I blessed.

I know whereof I speak,
For I have peered beyond the veil of earth,
And touched the future pulses;
Communed in patient watchings,
By long suffering and the canker,
With Life's fore-runners,
And Heaven's pioneers . . .
Felt the angelic kiss and breath-dew,
The embrace of coming worlds,
With their hard warmth and actuality
Drank burning prophecies from olden lips,
Felt, saw and know,
Oh, know the heavenly Reality,
The Only Real!
Man lives! man lives again!

LIST OF LECTURERS.

(To be useful, this List should be reliable. It therefore behooves those immediately interested to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever and wherever they occur.)

REV. WILLIAM ALCOFF, France and Inspirational lecturer, Rockford, Ill.
J. MADISON ALLEN, address of September will be Buffalo, N.Y.
MRS. A. E. ALLEN, address of September will be Buffalo, N.Y.
C. FANNIE ALDRICH, lecturer, Delton, Wis.
STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS, 75 West 41st St., New York.
MRS. M. A. ADAMS, France speaker, Hattiesburg, Miss.
MRS. EMMA ALLEN BUTLER, 115 West Chester Park, Boston, Mass.

REV. J. O. BARRETT, Elm Boulay, Wis.
MRS. ELIZABETH BARTON, 401 Wolcott St., Boston, Mass.
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BRIGHTMAN, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.
MRS. R. W. SCOTT BRUGGS, West Winfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y.
MRS. ARTHUR N. BURMAN, Weston, Mass.
MRS. E. B. BURTON, 1111 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
BISHOP A. B. BURLINGAME, Catteraugus Co., N. Y.
MRS. E. T. BURLINGAME, 1111 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
DR. JOHN P. BROWN, (on Spiritual Philosophy), 1111 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
MRS. E. B. BROWN, 1111 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
MRS. E. B. BROWN, 1111 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

DR. J. R. BAILEY, Springfield, Ill.
MRS. E. B. BAILEY, Springfield, Ill.
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In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condemned or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of independent free thought; but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1876.

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L. T. COLBY, EDITOR, 10 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

ISAAC B. RICH, EDITOR, 10 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

Letters and communications pertaining to the editorial department of this paper should be addressed to L. T. COLBY, and all business letters to ISAAC B. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

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

Professor Baldwin has the Floor.

In this journal August 5th we published an article entitled "Mediums as Pretended Exposers of Spiritualism." In it we introduced a letter, written by Dr. T. R. Noyes, of New York, to Mr. Epes Sargent, and giving an account of an interview which Dr. Noyes had with Professor S. S. Baldwin, who claims to be an exposé of Spiritualism, and whose handbills are headed "Spiritualism Exposed." Dr. Noyes, in the course of his letter, remarks that Baldwin was "well practiced in the art of dodging explanations;" that there was a general air of explanation about him, but that, when directly pressed, he would "involve the matter in a fog of side issues," and so lead attention away from the point demanded; that he admitted that his wife was a clairvoyant, and that he himself was a medium for the raps; and that his whole exposé was arranged, as in the case of Bishop, to favor the conditions for the production of genuine phenomena.

We expressed our belief that Dr. Noyes's solution was the true one; and, knowing as we did, his high, irreproachable character, we felt and still feel assured that his whole statement was carefully squared with the exact truth. If this assurance needed any strengthening, it is given in Baldwin's own letter, which we publish below, and in which he exhibits the same traits he exhibited in conversation with Dr. Noyes—an air of ingenuousness and explanation, accompanied with persistent evasion and ambiguity.

For example, in the paragraph relating to Charles H. Foster, he says, in regard to mind-reading: "It is a mistake in stating I cannot explain;" and then he immediately goes on to admit (virtually) that he cannot explain, but that "by taking time and giving experiments" he could satisfactorily explain, &c. How does he know he could?

But here is Professor Baldwin's letter, and it will be supplemented by one from Mr. C. A. Reed, directly substantiating all that Dr. Noyes said, and which Baldwin here denies:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Aug. 21st, 1876.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In your issue of August 5th is an editorial in which my name is mentioned, and statements made that are decidedly false. The writer seems to misunderstand my position. Fair play is a jewel, and as your paper seems to be willing to support the truth and give every one an impartial hearing, I would therefore ask that this letter be published.

1st, I did not confess to Dr. Noyes that I was "a medium for the raps." I do not remember ever having a conversation with any one named Noyes excepting the Dr. Noyes who is a member of the free love Oneida Community, and I certainly never made any such statement to him.

2d, Mr. J. T. Elliot, of Terre Haute, Ind., he states that I said I was merely working for money, and I intended to go East as a medium, and afterwards expose. I have visited all the large cities (except Philadelphia) as far East as Springfield, Mass., and I am too well known as an exposé to attempt any such game even if I desired to, (and I do not.)

3d, I never went about as a medium. I commenced my present business in New Orleans. For the first six nights I did not explain my "tests." The papers and the Spiritualists dubbed me a medium, yet the report in the N. O. Times of July 19th, 1873, says: "The gentleman does not explain these mysterious doings, but he positively disclaims and renounces any spiritual agency." As to the statement in "San Francisco Figaro," it is partially true, and part a mistake; it is true in this: that I can equal if not exceed the celebrated Charles Foster in his well-known "bullet test;" and although all precautions to make trickery absolutely impossible are used, yet I can give tests fully up to anything Foster does. But it is a mistake in stating I cannot explain, for I stated positively my belief that by taking time and giving experiments I could satisfactorily explain the law governing mind-reading or mind-communication. My business is simply the exposure of "spiritualistic humbugs." This you do every week. Against Spiritualism as a religion or a belief I have nothing to say. In fact, like all Christians and all Spiritualists, I believe that after the body dies the soul or spirit lives, but I do not believe that the soul returns and produces the silly manifestations claimed to be the work of spirits.

Your paper and other spiritual exponents should endorse my work instead of opposing me. I have nothing to say against genuine Spiritualism. I only differ with many honest Spiritualists as to what is genuine. I find that my entertainments make much discussion, agitate the subject, and give mediums, if genuine, a chance to show their good works. Here in "Frisco" thousands have visited mediums who never before attended a séance. The truth cannot be hurt by all I can do. Now, as to the money part, I have before me a proposition from a reliable English theatrical manager, to give me a salary of forty thousand dollars a year, to go to England and give my present entertainment, only I must say it is genuine Spiritualism, and claim to be a medium. At present I do not receive one-third that sum. I could make two dollars where I make one now if I were to come out as a genuine medium, but this I am too honest to do. I really and sincerely believe, if you could know me, that instead of

denouncing me in almost every issue, you would at least give me justice and fair play, which at present you do not.

S. S. BALDWIN.

P. S.—If you publish at all, be kind enough to give my letter in full, and not garbled extracts. Professor Baldwin, it is probable, has honestly forgotten his interview with Dr. Noyes, but that it took place as represented does not now admit of a question. The following letter from Mr. Reed, proprietor of Reed's Opera House, Salem, Oregon, where Baldwin gave one of his pretended "exposures of Spiritualism," substantiates, in every disputed particular, all that Dr. Noyes reports as occurring at his interview with Baldwin:

SALEM, OREGON, Aug. 15th, 1876.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Let me relate a conversation I recently had with the Mr. S. S. Baldwin who calls himself an "exposé of Spiritualism." In order to be better understood, I will remark that I am the proprietor of Reed's Opera House, where one of his so-called "exposures" took place. Before the exhibition I said to the Professor: "I am a 'bullet rock' Spiritualist, and ask a special favor of you; for here are the Second Adventists, headed by Elders Waggoner and Van Horn, who claim that Spiritualism is the work of the devil, and that we are his children. Now you propose to show that it is all a humbug; that there is nothing in Spiritualism. What I want is, for you to appoint one of the committee of investigation at your performance here to-night."

Hereupon the Professor asked: "What course do you propose to take, if I should consent?" "I should only subject you," I replied, "to the same tests that I would any medium, and if I detected your tricks, I should announce the fact to the audience."

"Then I can't have you on the committee," replied the Professor; and on my asking him why not, he said: "Because I want my show to go off well, and if you are one of the committee I am afraid it would be interfered with."

Dropping his voice, he then continued: "You do not understand me. I am not exposing Spiritualism; I am only exposing some of the tricks of fraudulent and bogus mediums. True spirit manifestations I do not and cannot expose; and I claim that I am doing more for the cause than any six mediums in the United States, for I bring to my entertainment a class of persons that mediums cannot reach, and my word for it, sir, you will say this yourself when my exhibition is closed."

He then told me that he and his wife were both mediums; that he had traveled as a medium, but could not make it pay; while in professing to expose (if he made lots of money).

The nature of his exhibition is so clearly set forth in the Banner of August 5th, that I will not attempt its rehearsal here. I am half inclined to agree with the Professor that he helps rather than injures the cause. But how he can be so false to the truth and to himself, is more than I can solve. Yours, &c., C. A. REED.

The statement made by Mr. J. T. Elliot, of Terre Haute, in regard to the purely mercenary nature of Baldwin's "exposures" gets confirmation from the statements of Messrs. Noyes and Reed, and helps to confirm them, if corroboration were needed. The following from the Religious-Philosophical Journal of a recent date also adds to the testimony:

"Brother S. W. Brown, of Portland, Oregon, inquires about Baldwin. He is simply an adventurer pretending to do what he cannot, and in every case backing out when he meets a medium ready to face him. His performance does not expose anything—only his own weakness in attempting to do what he cannot. We are willing that the Orthodox should have the benefit of him—but not injure Spiritualism in the least."

But Baldwin's own letter, given above, is the best evidence we could have that he is playing a double part. The letter has as its printed heading, "Spiritualism Exposed;" and yet, in the course of it, he says: "My business is simply the exposure of spiritualistic humbugs." This agrees with what he said to Mr. Reed: "I am not exposing Spiritualism; I am only exposing some of the tricks of fraudulent and bogus mediums." And so, in one of his (real or pretended) spirit-writings, addressed to the editor of the San Francisco Figaro, he says: "Baldwin's séances are doing a vast deal of good to make pure Spiritualism popular. The fraudulent practices are explained, and the truth shines out like a new morning star." And yet to the public at large Baldwin would convey the idea that there are no spiritual phenomena which he cannot show to be frauds.

As for the Professor's assertion that he has had a proposition from "a reliable English manager" to give him a salary of forty thousand dollars (!!!) a year, to go to England and give his present entertainment, only he must say it is genuine Spiritualism, and must claim to be a medium—"we can only remark, if the Professor will name any man outside of a lunatic asylum who really believes that story, we shall be ready to subscribe toward the expense of a strait-jacket for the individual. It is not true, as Baldwin says, that he could make more money as a genuine medium than he could as an 'exposé.' All the facts of the day, bearing on the subject, are against the supposition.

We have now given our readers the documents, and leave them to say whether or not we have done the Professor injustice. We have no fear that either he or Bishop can harm Spiritualism. Indeed, so far as they can enlighten the public as to the tricks by which spurious mediums can impose themselves on the unwary, they are entitled to the gratitude of all searchers for the truth, pure and undefiled. But let Baldwin frankly announce to the public, as he does to the initiated, like Mr. Reed, that it is not Spiritualism, but the abuses and frauds of Spiritualism, that he would expose. We have the testimony of Dr. Noyes, who has witnessed the performances of both Bishop and Baldwin, that the latter is much the cleverer "exposé" of the two, and produces far more remarkable effects than his competitor.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan

Is at present lecturing with excellent results in Chicago. The following testimony speaks well for her work in New York State:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Mrs. Tappan has closed her engagement of five Sundays with this society, and returned to Chicago, her future field of labor, having delivered seven discourses of the very highest order of spiritual truth and intelligence. She called together a crowded house each evening, and on the last Sunday many were obliged to go away. Her labors have been crowned with success, and great good has been done for truth and Spiritualism here.

GEO. W. YOUNG, Secretary Brooklyn Society of Spiritualists, 107 Hoyt street.

One of the public workers addresses to us the following kind and appreciative words: "God bless you for your brave defence of our mediums. I do not know what we should do without the Banner of Light, in these dark days."

An article on Mrs. Mary F. Davis's recent beautiful brochure entitled, "Death, in the Light of the Harmonical Philosophy," is unavoidably postponed.

"The Poor Indian."

The test of ability to properly discuss any subject is to be found in perfect dispassionateness quite as much as in intellectual treatment. It ought to be very plain that a man cannot be at once a judge and an advocate. This thought suggests itself from the perusal of several communications received from correspondents of the Banner in Colorado, Montana Territory, and elsewhere in the West, on the present engrossing Indian question. The one thing that is plain in the case of these friends is that they are altogether too near the subject treated. One of the writers begins by inscribing over his communication the cant phrase "Lo, the poor Indian!" The unbiased mind will obtain a view of his sentiments on the whole subject at once in that quotation. No doubt the writer feels honestly that he is in favor of liberal views, but his close proximity to the matter in hand has an overbalancing effect upon his liberality.

This friend further says, that the Banner is to be found "In nearly every neighborhood in the States and Territories between the Missouri River and the Pacific," which he thinks is an indication that the settlers scattered over that vast territory are not entirely wanting in intelligence or humanity. He says that all this section has been or is now "Indian border," and consequently that the people ought by this time to know something of Indian policy, both in war and peace. Out of the whole population, he adds, "scarcely one can be found that favors the peace policy as it is advocated in the Banner." In view of this one-sided numerical fact he asks whether this unanxiety of sentiment among men who know Indians best is not entitled to some weight. He admits that he has heard of such a thing as civilized and Christianized Indians, but he has never seen one. And he would like to have those who think "the Indians all right and the whites all wrong" try a residence, with their families, in the Rocky Mountain country, and see how they would come out.

We think we have stated our correspondent's case fairly. His is a practical view that illustrates that of the great body of settlers, and therefore in replying to him we reply to all. And, to commence with, it is far from our mind to desire aught but safety and protection, peace and prosperity to the sturdy pioneers who, turning their backs on the older civilization of the East, are seeking, in legitimate methods, to cause the border land to blossom as the rose. Legitimate methods, we say, because the past history of the country has lamentably proved that all the borderers are not members of the intelligent and well-meaning class to which our correspondent, and the others who have written to us, evidently belong. It is the sorrow of the situation of the friends who have written to us, that they are called upon personally—by their nearness to the field of Indian operations—to eat the bitter fruit which grows up from seeds of wrong which their own hands have been utterly innocent of planting. It is the dark side of the Indian question that both the tribes themselves and the industrious farmers are involved in common ruin by the lawless acts of desperate men in the present, and by the logical results of long continued oppression and deceit on the part of the Government in the past. We would have every protection afforded to those persons living near the Indian country who honestly and industriously are striving with their families to win subsistence from the hand of Nature, but we would also desire that that other class among the borderers whose evil-doing culminates almost semi-annually in murder and rapine among the tribes, and is as often answered back in kind by the justly exasperated red men, might be visited with the severest penalties of the law, so that a crime performed against an Indian would be looked upon as surely as a crime, and be as quickly punished, as if wrought upon the person or property of the most favored white.

Now because those who are personally suffering from Indian wars and Indian maraudings would like to see every red man exterminated in order to feel secure themselves, shall not the Government still listen to the sentiment of the great body of people who are able to judge this thing more dispassionately? If our border correspondent has never yet seen a "Christianized Indian," will he refuse the untutored Indian the privilege of retorting that he has never yet seen the first Christianized white? The tribes that are at the front in the present unnecessary war can certainly say it. The very least proof of the Christian spirit would be the manifestation of a readiness to set right a wrong that has been done. The less said about Christianity in this connection by either side, the better; but in any case the Indian has as good, if not a better, right to use the taunt than the whites have. It is not possible to discuss this matter at all, much less to dispose of it, without referring to its history, and in the light of that history our people certainly cannot claim to be blameless. The Indians are not the aggressors. They have been driven and cheated, alternately, till there is scarcely any spirit of resistance left in their feeble remnant, or some single fierce tribe like the Sioux, reserved as by Heaven to wreak the vengeance of their entire race on their common enemy, turns at bay and deals out the swift lightnings of a dying wrath upon those who have been by tradition their oppressors.

But the issue is, whether it is possible to live with the red men in peace; nor can that question be answered at all until peaceful relations have been tried on the basis of truth and justice. That the Sioux fight now, is to be expected. They threatened resistance so surely as we trespassed on their territory. White men of the least spirit and love of home would fight to the death on a similar provocation. Is it suddenly become allowable in the court of morals to undertake the extermination of a people, in the spirit of pure revenge, because we have first goaded and maddened them into a bloody resistance? If we do wrong ourselves, may we stand and stigmatize as barbarians those who presume to resent our wrong-doing? Do we expect to enjoy immunity from the rule of righteous self-restraint ourselves, while demanding that those whom we drive to the breach of the rule shall practice it with the scrupulousness of perfect Christians, though we at the same time denominate them savages?

This dreadful doctrine of a general slaughter of Indians by our army is abhorrent to every sentiment of civilization, and ought not to be suffered to go without the sternest rebuke. In dealing with the matter, the protection of the border settlers should be fully regarded, but their feelings can hardly with safety be organized into a pretext for action. It is a baseness in government officials, added to the wrong-doings of bad white men—for which they are not responsible—

that is the actual cause on account of which they suffer, and that is the real evil the well-meaning among the borderers ought to resist. Dealing justly is easier than extermination. Heaven will refuse to suffer the latter policy to be carried out.

A Frank Avowal.

Mr. D. M. Bennett, editor of the "Truth Seeker," a weekly secular paper published in New York, relates, in his issue of August 12th, certain phenomena which he has himself witnessed, and to which he bears honest testimony, however unacceptable it may be to the majority of his readers. We wish there were more editors of his stamp; for there are many who, having seen and been convinced of the phenomena, are afraid to avow it, lest the truth should be unwelcome to their subscribers. It is well known that many of the leading newspaper establishments, both in this country and in England, have one or more persons in the editorial department who are full believers in the phenomena of Spiritualism; but they think the time is not yet ripe for a declaration of their experiences. Self-interest has much to do, we fear, in keeping them of this opinion. Mr. Bennett speaks out plainly and tells what he knows:

"We have held a musical instrument in our hand, in broad daylight, and it has been played upon while no one touched it but ourselves, and we certainly did not play it. We have repeatedly, in daylight, been moved in our chair, or rather chair and all have been moved. Our clothing has been suddenly pulled, which we could both see and feel, and no person near us. We have seen heavy bodies moved in the air—no one within several feet of them—like centre-tables, easy-chairs, etc. We have seen a heavy table rise two feet from the floor, and then gently and slowly turn a summersault and resume its original position without falling or slipping. We have held a slate in our hand, with no one else touching it, and a message was written upon it; the sound and vibration produced by the writing we could both hear and feel. We have seen and heard writing take place upon the slate, in a strong light, and when no person touched the slate nor was nearer than three feet of it, and the message written in each case indicated intelligence. We have been raised three times from the floor without being touched by any person (our weight is 165 pounds). We have witnessed many other similar phenomena when we knew there was no possible chance for collusion or fraud, which we are not to repeat, and which we shall not ask people to believe upon our statement unless they choose to do so.

These things occurred in obedience to some force or power unknown to physicists, or we were wholly deceived. We are sure the latter was not the case, for we were cool, self-possessed, and watchful. Several of our skeptical friends think we ought not to regard the evidence of our senses in the manner described, and that we ought to throw it entirely aside. We cannot do so. We know we witnessed the phenomena named, and much other of a like character. We are positive we were not hoodwinked nor played upon. We have also received numerous proofs of the existence of intelligence apart from visible bodies.

We do not say all this was produced by spirits—we do not know that spirits exist; but we have this to say: the spiritualistic theory covers the facts we have witnessed more perfectly, in our judgment, than any other hypothesis that has been presented to us. Some future developments of science may explain how all this has been accomplished—how all these proofs of intelligence have been exhibited without the aid of any visible agencies at all. When Science does this, we shall be among the first to accept it; until then, we claim the right to exercise the best reason and judgment we can bring to bear upon the subject. As we know of no way by which intelligence can be produced save by an organization, when we find unmistakable evidences of intelligence, we are forced to the conclusion that there are subtle, sublimated and material organizations that produce it, and these organizations may, perhaps, as well be termed spirits as anything else."

A Word from Mr. Wallace.

The following brief but pithy account from the London Spiritualist by Alfred Russell Wallace, the eminent physicist, of his recent sitting with Dr. Slade, will be read with much interest, supplementing and confirming as it does Sergeant Cox's narrative, which we published last week. In his last paragraph Mr. Wallace evidently alludes to a *séance*, who used to explain the phenomena by "prepossession," but who by this time probably has discovered that his explanation does not hold, and that Messrs. Wallace and Crookes are not quite the imbeciles he had imagined. Will the Boston Advertiser and other American papers, which have in the past been sneering at this "monstrous imposition" of Spiritualism, have the grace now to publish Mr. Wallace's statement? Nothing could be more conclusive and irresistible. But no, these bitter foes of the truth do not mean that their readers shall know what strong witnesses for it are really in the field!

My *séance* with Dr. Slade, on August 9th, was very similar in its details to that so admirably and fully described by Sergeant Cox, in the pages of "The Spiritualist." Little is needed, therefore, but for me to confirm the accuracy of that description.

Writing came upon the upper part of the slate, when I myself held it pressed close up to the underside of the table, both Dr. Slade's hands being upon the table in contact with my other hand. The writing was audible while in progress. This one phenomenon is absolutely conclusive. It admits of no explanation or imitation by conjuring.

Writing also came on the underside of the slate while I laid flat upon the table, Dr. Slade's hand being laid flat on it, immediately under my eyes.

A chair was moved, and held for several seconds with the seat up to the table at the furthest corner from Dr. Slade, while both his hands were clasped on mine, and his body was quiescent.

I was repeatedly touched and my clothes pulled on the side turned away from Dr. Slade; my chair was rapped on the back, and sharp taps came under the cane seat of my chair.

While Dr. Slade was holding the slate in one hand, the other being clasped on mine, a distinct hand rose rapidly up and down between the table and my body; and, finally, while Dr. Slade's hands and mine were both on the centre of the table, the further side rose up till it was nearly vertical, when the whole table rose and turned over on to my head.

These phenomena occurred in broad daylight, with the sun shining into the room, and with no one present but Dr. Slade and myself. They may be witnessed, with slight variations, by any of our men of science, and it is to be hoped that those who do not take the trouble to see them will, at all events, cease to speak disparagingly of the intellectual and perceptive powers of those who, having seen, declare them to be realities. It is also not too much to ask that men who have previously denied the possibility of such phenomena, and have accused others of prepossession and self-deception, should, after having seen Dr. Slade, make some public acknowledgment of their error.

An officer in a public library in one of our Western cities, writes in a private note: "We have the Banner of Light in the Public Library; and a great many read it who would hardly have the courage to attend a *séance* or listen to a lecture on Spiritualism. But reading the Banner is a good beginning for them."

Forgetting the Dead.

A person lays away in the earth the lifeless remains of a loved one, and takes his leave of the form with which is associated so much of his own life and happiness. Now, does it appear to be altogether human, nay, must we not confess that it seems positively brutal in the matter of forgetfulness alone, to make haste to expel all tender memories of the loved one from the heart and mind, and to deny from choice that further communion with the absent one is possible? Blessed be God for it! we cannot drive out those sweet memories if we would; for our natures are so constituted that we should wound ourselves in the effort more deeply than we can those whom we seek to rudely push away. It is this love for those whom we call our dead that is doing more than all else to open the nature of man to communion with the spirit-world, which we believe to be objective. For years the lamented Mrs. Conant taught, inspirationally, through the columns of the Banner, the beautiful truth that the spiritual world was as real and material to spirits as this world is to mortals; and to-day the Rev. W. H. H. Murray says to the same idea, when he gives: "To me the spirit-world is tangible. It is not peopled with ghosts and spectres, shadows and outlines of being, but with persons and forms palpable to the apprehension. Its multitudes are veritable, its society natural, its language audible, its companionships real, its loves distinct, its activities energetic, its life intelligent, its glory discernible; its union is not that of sameness, but of variety brought into moral harmony by the great law of love, like notes, which, in themselves distinct and different, make, when combined, sweet music. Death will not level and annul those countless differences of mind and heart which make us individual here. Heaven, in all its mode and manner of expression, will abound with personality. There will be choice and preference and degrees of affinity there. Each intellect will keep its natural bias, each heart its elections. Groups there will be, and circles; faces, known and unknown, will pass us; acquaintance will thrive on intercourse, and love deepen with knowledge; and the great underlying laws of mind and heart prevail and dominate as they do here, save in this—that sin, and all the repellant and antagonistic that it breeds, will be unknown, and holiness supply in perfect measure the opportunity and bond of brotherhood."

Petition to Congress.

A petition was presented to Congress during its recent session, and heard on its merits before a committee, representing the urgent need of making a complete revolution in the management of the United States Hospital for the Insane, situated near the city of Washington. We have before us the arguments for the people made to the committee by Matthew McEwen, Mary F. Ambrose, Sarah Bontz, G. R. Adams and M. J. Van Keuren; and they also form an answer to the counsel for the defence. They are able, terse, vigorous and demolishing. Resting as they do on a solid mass of evidence whose details are enough to shock the humanity of all readers and arouse a general sentiment of indignation, they have left such an impression on the public, if not on the Congressional mind, that the matter must evidently now be carried through to its proper termination.

That abhorrent testimony also lies on our table, forming a thick pamphlet, which has been widely distributed to the press of the country. The revelations of cruelty, of greed, of inhumanity, and of absolute barbarity that are made in the compass of this pamphlet, ought to startle the people before whom they come. It is all but impossible to believe, as this published testimony, however, compels us to believe, that such practices could be executed upon the crippled and helpless defenders of the Government, taken from both the Army and the Navy. But so long as human nature is so rapacious and cruel when under the sole influence of its baser passions, it is necessary to subject it to severe restraints. In the present instance, not only is humanity outraged, but the name of the United States is disgraced. Let us all demand that justice be rendered for this great wrong.

Opening of the Banner of Light Public Free-Circle Meetings.

This useful agency in the field of demonstrated spirit existence was reopened to the people on the afternoon of Tuesday, Sept. 5th—Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd being the medium, and Lewis B. Wilson, chairman—and the sessions will hereafter occur regularly on the afternoons of Tuesday, Thursday and Friday of each week during the current season. The hall was crowded, even to excess, by the number of those anxious to be present; the floral offerings, bestowed by many friends, were very fine; the singing by Charles W. Sullivan (Mrs. Emma Fessenden Brackett presiding as accompanist at an organ furnished from Oliver Ditson & Co.'s music store) was received with evident pleasure; and the opening remarks by the controlling intelligence, the answers to questions, and also the messages of the spirits manifesting their continued identity, were followed by the audience with closest attention. The following names were given by those who used the lips of the medium to make known their thoughts and wishes on that occasion: Dennis D. Pierce, of Canton, N. Y.; Gloriana Powers, of Charleston, S. C.; Paulina W. Davis; Hiram Hills, of Plainville, Conn.; and Augusta Maria Norris, of New York City. Verbatim reports of these messages will appear next week on our sixth page.

Spiritual Grove-Meetings.

Dr. H. F. Gardner will hold a meeting at Lovell's Grove, next Sunday, September 10th, full particulars concerning which will be found on our 5th page. The friends residing in Salem, Lynn and vicinity particularly will do well to read the announcement. These places are located out of the usual line of the Spiritualist assemblies, and the proposed enterprise opens up to them (as to all) a grand opportunity to enjoy alike the beauties of nature, the delights of social converse, and the profit resulting from listening to words fraught with eloquence and thought. The speakers will be Miss Lizzie Doten and Dr. H. B. Storers.

Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 of Boston will also hold a meeting at Highland Lake Grove, New York or New England Railroad, on the 10th; speakers, Dr. John H. Currier and Henry C. Lull. Music by a band conducted by Mr. Alonzo Bond.

We received last week a social call from Elder B. F. Cummings, of the Mormon Church, who is at present in the East, superintending the forwarding of converts to Utah.

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Spiritual Grove Meetings.

Shawshone River Grove.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.)

Drs. H. F. Gardner and A. H. Richardson conducted the details of their last meeting at this grove—on the Boston & Maine Railroad—for the season, on Sunday, September 3d. A number of visitors, which was viewed as considerably in excess of that attending the meeting held there on the 20th of August, repaired to the place, testing, in so doing, the seating capacity of some forty cars. The day was fine, the people present kindly disposed and quiet, and the exercises passed off pleasantly to all concerned.

After a short time spent in mutual recognition and congratulation, by friends from different localities, the crowd gravitated to the Yale tent to listen to the speaking. Opening remarks by Dr. H. F. Gardner, concerning the order of the services for the day, and a song by Mrs. S. E. Crossman, Miss Nellie M. King and Dr. Gardner, Mrs. Brackett accompanied, prefaced the address of Dr. J. E. Bruce.

Dr. Bruce sketched briefly the preliminary steps, through public and private agitation and correspondence, which had culminated in the Philadelphia Convention of July 3d, and read from its official report a statement of its aims, setting also the following declaration adopted by those there present:

"We recognize in Jesus of Nazareth the spiritual leader of men, and accept his two great affirmations of love to God and love to man as constituting the one ground of growth in the individual, and the only and sufficient basis of human society."

He further continued to treat of the methods proposed to be pursued through the formation of local societies, looking toward a delegate convention in the Fall for further completion of the work now begun. In his opinion, the aims of the new movement were to lead men and women into a right conception of themselves, and their individual powers, and then to bring them into harmonious relationship with society, the State, the nation, and the great centre of spiritual influence and spiritual power in the heavens. This work was sought to be performed in these local societies, to be organized on a religious and financial basis, and furnished with committees on Health, Education, Social Life, Reform, and Spiritual Life—societies which would also keep the light alive beyond their boundaries by representing the spiritual idea in all parts of the country where they were located, and serve to be of attractive outlets for the embodiment of the spiritual influences and powers which are ever ready to pass over from ideas into facts, whenever a human soul is found worthy to be their recipient.

The men who went to Philadelphia were looking at the work to be done, and were not specially interested in formulating a creed. The world had words enough; if Spiritualists stopped there, they would be doing nothing more than the churches had done in the past. These proposed local societies were intended to be schools always in session, for the benefit of the young and old alike.

The speaker extolled the Christian religion—not Christianity, however—for the deep spiritual value in which it had, unconsciously to itself perhaps, operated for good among the masses of mankind; this had sprung from the wonderful spiritual power that was drawn down about the Nazarene, and that is now going out from him, unkindling a life-giving influence for all the nations.

He reviewed the object of the sub-committees, of their purpose to inculcate the laws of health, to arrive at the best methods of propagating the human species (which he held to be infinitely more important than efforts at obtaining better pigs or horses), to satisfy the religious element in man's nature, etc., and said one of the chief advantages resulting from this movement would be to do away in a great measure with public mediumship with its (to his mind) attendant tendency to uncertainty, and to give instead a communion with spirit-friends in the sacred privacy of the home circle. There was scarcely a family in the land which had not among its members some one who was possessed of mediumistic gifts; these, he said, could be tenderly nurtured, and developed by the added knowledge which would be attainable within the ranks of these local societies, and a great gain be made in a much needed direction, as it seemed to him. Now parties desiring were obliged to visit a medium who was a stranger to them, who had been developed by chance, just as the spirits could manage to accomplish it. From these family centres the disciples of the New Movement hoped to cause a spiritual force to outflow with a mighty power.

The speaker and those he represented did not wish to organize any body; he sought to find men and women who were organized, and to compass a living communion with them, making one pole of a great battery whose other extreme was with the Eternal Spirit in the heavens. He hoped to re-establish once more upon earth, of a truth, that glorious ladder of angel communion which Jacob saw in midnight vision.

The speaker said he clung to the Bible as known to the churches, but had no quarrel with those who saw beauty and grandeur and truth in the sacred writings of other religions; orders; he venerated the Nazarene, but would not take issue with any one who preferred to detach all theological meaning from the word Jesus, and to look upon him as a great spiritual phenomenon, a hierarchy of spiritual power, the materialization of God on the plane of history, the most mighty and influential spiritual centre that has yet been established in this world of ours. The tide of spiritual power had flowed in upon the race in waves, Buddha, Zoroaster, Mohammed being among them, but that tide rested there for the present at least, in the man who was called Jesus of Nazareth; God, the great, indwelling Spirit, was, however, in all these steps of advance, and perhaps in his next incarnation he would take the spiritual power of a Jesus and add thereto the intellectual power of a Humboldt and the organizing power of a Napoleon Bonaparte, and combine them into one active human centre from which the rays would diverge through every department of life, individual, social, spiritual and national. We do not know what God will do.

In conclusion, he said that work was what he aimed at; and he desired to hear from all who were interested in the movement; he would visit any locality to speak upon the matter, and do what he could to aid in the organization of local societies to be represented by delegates next Fall. Parties wishing to learn further particulars could address him at Newburyport.

After a few remarks by Dr. H. B. Storer concerning the mediumship of Mrs. Suydam, the meeting adjourned for dinner, which, except being amply discussed, prepared the way for a conference, which was participated in with vigor by several speakers in attendance. Dr. Bruce presided, and in taking the chair, made a résumé of his morning's discourse, denied that the new movement embodied a creed, said the conference at Philadelphia was only a preliminary session, and held that the Committee of Twelve was but a body appointed as it were to report the order of business for the Fall convention, subject to the approval of the delegates there attending, having received which, their office and instructions, and existence as an advisory body, would be fulfilled.

Mr. Plympton, of Lowell, in the name of the mediums and of Spiritualists generally, entered a strong protest against the new movement. A certain people, dissatisfied with their surroundings, had once said an ancient book he had somewhere read—demanded a king; that king was given them, and the result was an oligarchy, under which all who dared to communicate with spirits stood in danger of their lives. Judaism thus in time became but a rent fess in the pathway of the then progressive movement embodied in Christianity, but when the Christian church shut out the spiritual visitants, and at last formulated its doctrines at the Council of Nice, (which placed in effect the letter of temporal power over the spirit of progress,) the signal of doom was set on its forehead, and the present

day was witnessing its rapidly augmenting decadence.

This story was sought to be revamped in this our nineteenth century. Some half-dozen disaffected individuals in the spiritual ranks—most of them formerly ministers in the churches—filled with displeasure because, forsooth, some of the manifestations, physical and mental, which occurred through the modern media were not up to their particular conception of what a disembodied spirit should of right display, were seeking to hedge in the hitherto free march of Modern Spiritualism, in the name and by the authority of King Immanuel of the Jews, whom they held to be the ruling spirit throughout the universe.

Mr. Plympton spoke of his twenty-five years experience in Spiritualism, of the past abortive efforts to organize on various platforms, and predicted that this new movement was inevitably to share the fate of the others. Spiritualism came through its varied phenomena to man—he did not invent it, and could not control it—and from the spiritual world must also come to man the word of organization. That word, Mr. Plympton claimed, had never been spoken. The time was not yet declared by the spiritual intelligences, and those who, dying in their intellectual acumen, hoped to lead the movement into deep-grooved channels of their own constructing would ignominiously and deservedly fail. [Applause.]

Christianity was the religion of a monarchy, Spiritualism was a democratic system—its believers needed no king, whether as an historic mortal, or a disembodied but sternly individualized "spiritual centre." The Convention which Dr. Bruce proposed in the fall, in that it would be composed only of delegates agreeing with the movement, would be but a reproduction of what the doctor had just preached in the morning, and its declarations would not embody the views of the majority of the spiritual believers in America. Spiritualism had accomplished its grand march, up to the present time, and had brought about its wondrous changes in public sentiment on religious matters all over the civilized world without organization, and the hour had not yet struck when any Philadelphia Convention, inflated with the ineffectual ground for ecclesiastical domination and dogmatism, could group the reins and regulate either the amount of the spiritual influx, or the characteristics or fitness of its media.

Charles Stearns followed. In the course of his remarks he lamented the wide-spread atheism and infidelity which characterized the spiritual movement, and said but for these nine-tenths of the church-members would acknowledge their belief in Spiritualism.

A gentleman who stated that he was one of the trustees of a Methodist Society in Lawrence here rose in the audience, and accused Mr. Stearns of making a misstatement when he said nine-tenths of the church-members would come over to Spiritualism if a Christian element were infused into it. The speaker had been a Christian Spiritualist for years, but there was not a church in Lawrence where he would be allowed to recite his truthful experiences.

Mr. Stearns at once modified his remark by stating that he meant to be understood as expressing only his opinion in the premises.

A lady whose name was not given addressed a few words, and was followed by a gentleman who declared that he did not believe in organization as necessary for Spiritualism; no such crystallizing of forces could strengthen its manifestations, the real source of its power—it would weaken them instead. He did not believe in creeds, and would not embrace one, even though it was formulated by Dr. Bruce's "angels in heaven."

Dr. Bruce replied. He thought his opponents were troubled about words more than anything else. The new movement did not seek to limit anything, but to make men understand their true position in all things, so that they could stand as living materializations between the magnetism which streamed up from the earth beneath them and that which was shed down upon them from the heavens, and thus come into harmonious relationship with the elements, with God, with Nature, and with eternity. The progressive movement of all time, he believed, was embodied in what the Philadelphia Conference was trying to outline, and to its advance himself and his comrades would devote all their energies.

The cobweb of old Judaism, the cobweb of an effect Christianity, etc., had fallen before the mighty influx from above, and if now, in following its course, the cobweb of an effect Modern Spiritualism (as opposed to under-sealing but neglecting the weightier matters of life here and to come) got in the way, it would be brushed aside in a moment.

Dr. H. F. Gardner reminded the speaker that the "cobweb" of Spiritualism was composed of the beliefs and convictions of eleven millions of thinking men and women, and that no movement owing its inception to the action of some half-dozen individuals at Philadelphia could push it aside. Enthusiasm was a good thing, but Dr. Bruce would do well in his flight of fancy to remember that himself and small party did not embrace the all of spiritual progress, or represent to any marked degree even the so-called intellectual class among the Spiritualists, whose standing on the subject of organization they seemed to desire to be understood as typifying. If their declaration recognizing "Jesus Christ as the spiritual leader of men," did not embody a creed and its attendant evils, then there was no creed or kindred characteristic in the effort of the God-sent Constitution agents, who were trying to compass a formal acknowledgment of the Jewish Jehovah and Jesus Christ his son in the Constitution of the United States.

This Philadelphia movement was the offspring of a few disaffected men. Who, for instance, was William Fishbough? He was a Swedenborgian—a sect not only opposed to the very soul of Modern Spiritualism—and of course anything looking to an acknowledgment by Spiritualists of Christ and his spiritual kingdom would be eminently satisfactory to this disciple of the Swedish "Emanuel." To do so would be to open the way to creedal centralization around a mere name, and the fight for freedom which Spiritualism had waged for over twenty-five years would be in vain. Modern Spiritualism had through its phenomena accomplished its past triumphs, and its future glories would be won by the same means. It had no need of the cunning harness with which half a dozen men connived in Philadelphia proposed to invest its free limbs.

FIRE SEANCE BY MRS. SUYDAM.

The hour having arrived for the announced manifestation of spirit power *versus* fire, through the mediumship of Mrs. Suydam, Dr. H. B. Storer briefly addressed the people concerning the nature of her development. He said that at a circle held in her own family, some eight years since, the question was asked why the "miracles" of the past could not be reproduced in our day, and the answer was returned by the invisibles that they would make the attempt. At a subsequent circle they began to experiment with her, and to demonstrate their power to fortify her organism against the action of fire, using a common kerosene lamp for the purpose. This phase of development she had since presented to the public with the most flattering success. This was not the result of jugglery; the same phenomenon had been witnessed in England through the mediumship of Home, and on one occasion power from his organism was caused to outflow upon that of the venerable William Howitt, so that he, standing near Mr. Home, was able to pass his long gray hair over burning coals without even the smell of fire being perceptible. He wished the audience to remain perfectly quiet, for the least outcry during the seance would occasion the burning of the medium by destroying the passive condition necessary to exist in her mind during the experiment—a cry from a child during the effort at Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting, on Sunday, Aug. 27th, having caused a slight scorching of one of her hands. He said the spirits operating were claimed to be a band of ancient chemists, and that her control during the seance was the spirit of an Indian girl who had frozen to death, and who was therefore ready to draw near the flame with alacrity.

Dr. Eaton of Lowell was chosen by acclamation by the audience to examine the medium, and report what was perceivable to him, as a medical man, in her condition before and after the seance. He examined her arms and face, and reported that her condition to be normal, pulse a little quick. A vessel of water which had been pumped from a well close by the speakers' stand was brought to him; he tasted the fluid, and said no perceptible flavor, other than the natural one, could be detected therein, and the seance proceeded: the medium washed her hands, face and arms in this water, to show that no chemicals were upon them to ward off the effects of the fire; the lamp was placed in plain sight of the people, and turned up to a full blaze; the chimney was allowed to reach the utmost heat capable of being generated by the burning oil beneath, and the medium, shivering with seeming cold, and giving vent to short ejaculations in some apparently Indian dialect, fearlessly approached the lamp, seized the chimney, pressed it to her forehead, face and lips, held it tightly in her hands, and then laid it upon the table; she then held her bare arms in the keenly-burning flame of the lamp several times, and for some seconds; a strip of black velvet, drawn lightly around one of her wrists, was also submitted to the lamp flame without suffering any damage from the fire. A coil in a saucer was set on fire by her, and she placed portions of the burning fluid in her mouth, and against her lips, without perceptible wincing. During the seance music was furnished by the choir, and the audience preserved the utmost tranquility, bursting into applause, however, at the conclusion.

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BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

SHORT SERMON.—A little benefit alienate friendship; a great one maketh an enemy. This has been the experience of thousands of good souls; but their compensation in the life beyond will overcome all the unhappiness engendered by selfishness in this.

But little idea can be obtained of the condition of affairs in Serbia. The telegraphic accounts have successively given Alexinatz to the Turks, and butchered its inhabitants, and then declared that a certain general with an unpromising name still "holds the fort" for Serbia, and occupies that interesting city with ten battalions. No doubt a very severe battle was fought September 1st beneath its walls (if it has any) and that most sanguinary results followed, for there is "no quarter" in this fearful strife—even the red cross of the ambulance corps proving ineffectual to save its wearers from the Moslem scimitar. Women, children and aged men are being butchered indiscriminately by the troops of the Porte, and even England begins to be afflicted at the wild acts of her "natural ally" of the Moslems. As we go to press, the reports look like mediation by the great powers—at least toward an armistice for one month.

A new clothier in Danbury, Conn., has excited public curiosity by having a large apple painted on his sign. When asked for an explanation he quietly inquired: "If it had not been for an apple where would the ready-made clothing stores be to-day?"

The election in Vermont, Sept. 5th, resulted in a majority for the Republican State ticket.

Hell Gate objects to being blown up, and reverts upon its executors. By the explosion of dynamite on a government scow at this dangerous locality, Sept. 5th, four men were instantly killed and six others mortally wounded.

A Berlin Journal emphasizes the fact that there are two isomeric monomethylphenylamines, one of which, by the action of hydrogen, yields monomethylbenzylamine, the other, hydrobenzylamine, dihydrobenzylamine. Either of these bodies, if treated with monomethylpropionate acid, is liable to produce an explosion (of each).

"He was one of our most energetic trustees," says a village paper, in an obituary notice, "and we trust he is happy."

Bro. C. C. Thompson, of Norwich, Ct., says that he was blundered in our "short sermon" in saying that the sap of trees returns to the roots. Well, perhaps our friend is right; but Dicky wants to know where maple sugar comes from if the sap "never" runs down?

A prominent Cincinnati pork-dealer is writing up his ought-to-be-long-ropes. (Columbus Fall Avertier.)

Turkey and Serbia sit on the "picket" fence with their backs up.

The grave of Tremaine, the Shawnee chief, who distinguished himself in the war of 1812, was discovered near Ridgeway, August 30th. The remains were exhumed and taken to Niagara, where they will be deposited in a vault at Brock's monument.

River pirates are rapidly becoming an institution in New York. An engagement occurred recently between a party of them and the crew of the schooner Abbie Beardsley, in which the mate shot two of the thieves dead, and was himself wounded.

An Indiana man has just been neatly scalped by a stroke of lightning, and he speaks of it as a very wiggled performance. (New York Commercial Ad.)

A post-office clerk was recently floored by the following direction on a letter: "Woon JOHN MASS."

It was explained, afterward, to mean, "John Underwood, Andover, Massachusetts."

"Work as though you would live forever; Live as though you would die to-day."

The steamer Timpale Baker, lying at Trenton wharf, exploded her boiler, Sept. 1st. Eight persons were killed or wounded. The boat, which was worth \$9000, was a total loss. The cabin and hull were both blown to pieces, and the wreck sank.

Yellow fever is terrifying Savannah, Ga., where the weather is reported as intensely hot.

Germany is feeling