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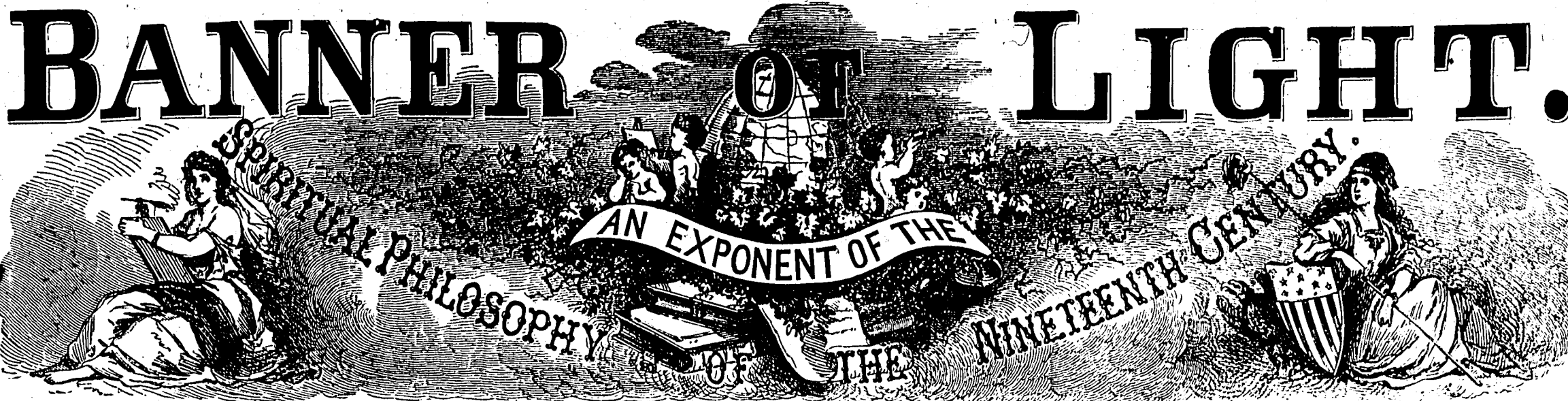
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VOL. XXXIX.

{ COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors. }

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1876.

{ \$3.00 Per Annum,
In Advance. }

NO. 24.

Banner Contents.

FIRST PAGE.—"Spiritual Gifts," by Emma Hardinge
Britten; "Spiritualism."

SECOND PAGE.—Poem—"Our Social Bonds," by William
Bramton; "Phenomena in Presence of Dr. Shaw," by
Mrs. Louisa Andrews; "Testimony of Mrs. L. M.
Kerns," by John H. Leighton; "Materializations at
William Eddy's," by Eliza G. Morrill; "Convention
at West Braintree, Vt.," "Rules of the Road,"
by John Boyle O'Reilly; "Can Spirits Read our
Thoughts?" "New Publications For Sale by Colby &
Rich."

THIRD PAGE.—Interesting Banner Correspondence; Poem—
"Immortality," by Yester Volder; "List of Spiritu-
alist Lecturers;" Convention Notices, etc.

FOURTH PAGE.—Editorial articles: "Prof. Baldwin has
the Floor," "The Poor Indian," "A Frank Avowal,"
etc.

FIFTH PAGE.—"Dr. Buchanan on Speculative Vagaries;"
"Short Editorials, New Advertisements, etc."

SIXTH PAGE.—Spirit Messages through the Mediumship
of Mrs. Sarah A. Danks and Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd;
Advertisements.

SEVENTH PAGE.—"Mediums in Boston," Book and other
Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE.—"Shawshenee River Grove Meeting;"
"Gathering at Highland Lake Grove," Brief Para-
graphs, etc.

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 having 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 demonstrate 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, the influence of two sisters of the celebrated Fox family. When one sister (Catherine) enters an apartment, 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 undiscernable 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 work-room, 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? Those 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, anticipations, 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 senses 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 awe-struck. 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 corresponding 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 rapidly 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 "hosh!" 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 we do 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, find 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 "hosh," 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 priest-hood 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.

Mention 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 Asia 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 medium fasts, prays, drinks, dresses, 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 El-Lora, 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 magnetism 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, Hartford 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 fell around me in beautiful coronations, 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, slates, &c., upon the table, and their chairs where they had been seated. These I put away, and then I went to the closet for candles. I now 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 life, 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 received 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 beautiful thy spirit shall come forth. As from the cold, dark door the winter showers Go under ground to dress, and come forth flowers, —Extract from a discourse by Charles Bright, in Otago, New Zealand.

OUR SOCIAL BONDS.

BY WILLIAM HUNTON.

Our social bonds are wrought with lies,
They hinder us from growing worth,
They fill with fog our open eyes,
They sow with thorns the 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 wiser and more pure.
Our hope is this: that men will be
The carriers 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. LOUISE 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 celerity, 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 sances, 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 sances 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 sance 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 sance 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 sance, 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 sances I had with Dr. Slade were held in the dark. The conditions were such as to make these sances 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, loud 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 sances, 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 sances, 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 sance, 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 sances 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? 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 sances but in the light, and I know that it took place as I have stated. I saw, 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 sances 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 SANCE 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 sances. 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 sances.

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

While they are not termed test sances, 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. Babbitt, 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 sance 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 sance 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 sance several persons were touched by spirit-hands, and Mrs. Sawyer's guide spoke in an audible voice. At eleven P. M. the sance 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. LIEVING.

MATERIALIZATIONS AT WILLIAM EDDY'S.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Having passed several weeks in Ancora, N. J., attending sances 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 Cliftonden, 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 comes 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 sance 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 sance 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 sance. 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.

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

Convention at West Brattleboro, 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; H. T. Tarrill, Secretary; Lucius Webb, Mr. Kendall, E. Hubbard, Mrs. Bryant and Miss Spear, Business Managers. Dr. Fairbank, of Greenfield, Vt., then related his experience in Spiritualism. Adjourned.

Friday P. M.—Conference from two to three o'clock. Remarks were made by Mrs. Bryant, L. Tarrill, and Mrs. Albertson, (recently from New York,) whose subject was mostly upon the condition of the country. In regular meeting, music by Mrs. Kendall, prayer by Mrs. George Pratt, discourse by Mr. Alonzo Hubbard, of Tyson Furnace, and Mrs. Albertson.

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

Sunday Morning—Conference from nine to ten o'clock. Remarks by L. B. Averill, D. Tarrill, H. P. Fairfield, William Flint, Mrs. Albertson, A. Hubbard and Mrs. Kendall.

In regular meeting, music by Miss Sheild and Mrs. Kendall; prayer by Mrs. Pratt; discourse by Mrs. Manchesters; and Mrs. Pratt; music by Miss Sheild. Adjourned.

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

Sunday P. M.—Conference, remarks by Mrs. Albertson and L. B. Averill, Dr. Tarrill. Regular meeting, music by Mrs. Albertson and H. P. Fairfield. Adjourned.

ROLES OF THE ROAD.

BY JOHN BOYLE 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 tell the tale of his
The weakest who draws from the mind will excel 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 future, 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 least trust in him who is foremost to praise 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 fountain.
You're worth what you save, not the million you made.
Trust toil, not talent, or your plans will miscarry.
Your wife keep a sweetheart instead of a tease.
Ride children by reason, not rule; and when you please,
Your girl when you can—and your boy when you need.
Steer straight as the wind will allow; but be ready
To veer just a point to let the wind pass behind.
Each seek his own star—a stiff course is a 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 are not far apart.
And this truth in sight—every 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 be 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 café at the same hour daily, to play his game of cards and take his ablutions. He lived almost entirely in the past, and gave vent to his feelings in maliciousness 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 broke out, Marie felt the hereditary military instinct too strong to be resisted, and without hesitation sacrificed the looks 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 Pyramids, Mont Tabor, Aukburk, and other engagements. 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 1867 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 cursory examination, we should say it supplies valuable information upon subjects as yet little understood, even by those who profess to know most of the occult and the entire credibility of much that is related therein, we have serious doubts; still, to those who are capable of separating the wheat from the chaff, the volume is found useful, and entertaining. Independent Statesman, Concord, N. H.

A DEFENCE OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM. By Alfred R. Wallace, F. R. S. "The spiritual party has gained an able man to its ranks. In the action 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 it is a strong argument in favor of Spiritualism being 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 psychological method of treatment. By the Rev. W. F. Evans. A book of 384 pages, sent us by the publishers, Colby & Rich, Boston. We have not time to give the book as careful a reading as we would like. The book treating upon the philosophy of life and the laws governing it, should not be hastily criticized. We will therefore give a few of the encomiums from critics, and leave the public to judge of the merits of the work for themselves. A. N. Weston says:

"It includes a knowledge of spiritual laws and forces which are intimately related to the welfare, the daily needs, physical and spiritual, of humanity in this life, as well as in that which is to come."

Dr. A. Johnson, New York City, says: "I 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."

We have also received from the same publishers, "A Defence of Modern Spiritualism," by Alfred R. Wallace, F. R. S.—The Rutland, Vt., Herald.

NATURE'S LAWS IN HUMAN LIFE: An Exposition of Spiritualism: Embracing the Various Opinions of Extremists, together with the author's Experience. By the author of "Vital Magnetic Cure." Second Edition. Boston: Colby & Rich.

This volume, as the title indicates, is a very complete examination of Spiritualism. It gives the views of the disbelievers in its reality, their objections, etc., the opinions of those who are so extremely prejudiced against Mr. Beecher and others, and then the experience of the writer. He was at first a thorough disbeliever, and for years resisted all evidence in its favor, though constantly studying the subject. At last, however, he became convinced, and has since, as he thinks, added unmistakable evidence to the genuineness and truth of the doctrine. The book will be found interesting to those who wish to examine the claims of Spiritualism and satisfy themselves. It is at the bookstores; price \$1.50.—Eastern Argus, Portland, Me.

THE WORLD'S SIXTEEN CRUCIFIED SAVIORS, by Kelsey Graves. Boston: Grosvenor, 1876. "No other work has ever been published that says, 'I have seen the light and satisfaction this work has done.' Its truths are most startling and deeply impressive, and I thank Mr. Graves for his book. I have read it and 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 trance speaker, continued to minister to the intellectual and spiritual wants of her audience with unflinching 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. &c. in their 'stating of aims.'"

What kind of a "religious effort," gentlemen? For, in scanning the page of history, how want is one to exclaim, "Oh, religion! what tyranny, outrage and wrong have not been perpetrated in thy indefinable name!"

And what is he, 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 most thoughtful of the age, and that dogmatism is not only rebuffed 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 yore of Hercules or of 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 Sunday past, has been discussing the most feasible means of extending the era of these hideous exorcisements, 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 fostered upon it by the false teachings and absurd habits of the past, and if ever eradicated it must be by the use of science 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 consume much time, why should any reformer who has really caught 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 the most barbarous 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., 627 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 Spiritualism, and have been adopted by Spiritualists in all ages, 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 mind 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 action, and the Heavenly Father is not 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 Spiritualistic 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 en-

gaged 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 sly 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 timbers land 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 cerebral 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 good lands, we have fine crops as ever grown 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 we have 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, but would do an immense amount of good to others? 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 text mediums here, I believe we could sweep the whole country.

I omitted to state in the proper connection in this rambling letter, that we have four regular lecturers in this county, to wit: J. A. Meek, Lynch, James Phillips, Andrew J. Potter and myself.

Pennsylvania. PHILADELPHIA.—A. S. Hayward, magnetic physician, No. 523 North Eleventh street, writes under date of August 29th: The spiritual meetings which have been held here by Rev. J. M. Peebles and Dr. Dunn, in Lincoln Hall, during August, came to a close last Sunday. The regular season will commence next Sunday (September 3d) in the same hall, with E. V. Wilson as speaker, who will remain through the month. Miss Lizzie Doten is engaged for two Sundays in October.

Considering the hot weather, Mr. Peebles' meetings have been well attended, and have attracted many foreigners, who are here visiting the Centennial Exhibition. Last Sunday Mr. Peebles had but little to say, as Rev. J. H. Harter of Auburn, N. Y., a "reformed Universalist minister," delivered the regular discourse, to a large audience. All seemed to be remarkably well pleased with him, and he gave evidence that he possesses all the requisite elements needed by a public instructor. He spoke with ease and fluency, and at once won the attention of his hearers, who were at times aroused to a high pitch of meriment, by his wit and sarcasm, and then again the tears would flow irresistibly, as he narrated some pathetic experiences in the trials of earth-life. He is one of the most effective speakers I ever listened to, and is peculiarly adapted for missionary work. In that capacity he would do an immense amount of good. He should at once be put into that field, with sufficient remuneration to support his family. Spiritualist societies cannot do better than secure his valuable services. It is a shame that such fine talents should be allowed to remain idle even for one Sunday, when he can do so much to advance the cause of truth and open the eyes of the spiritually blind and bigoted, by his unqualified presentation of the philosophy of Spiritualism, which unfolds to mankind knowledge of the real life hereafter—in which all have a deep interest.

After the lecture, Dr. Maxwell, under spirit control, again answered questions asked by the audience, very satisfactorily. The doctor is said to be a good clairvoyant, and came here from Chicago.

In introducing Mr. Harter, Mr. Peebles took occasion to allude to my brief report of his lecture on the "New Departure" (in the Banner of August 26th), in which I said that "nineteen-tenths of the audience were in sympathy with Mr. Peebles's views," but his construction left the audience to infer that the remark applied to his views on organization. Such was not the case. It was his views expressed in what he said of Jesus, his birth, mission, and results of his teaching, that he aimed to build another thing altogether, and no doubt an unintentional misapprehension.

At the close of the services, Mr. Peebles thanked the audience for its liberal attendance during the very hot weather, and said he should leave the city the next day on a lecturing tour West and South.

Dr. E. C. Dunn gave a lecture in the evening, on "Phenomenal Manifestations."

Ohio. CLEVELAND.—You occasionally, Mr. Editor, publish notices of the progress of the cause in different sections of the country. My object in writing you at this time is to call the attention of the active Spiritualists throughout the country to the merits of the new trance speaker, Master Thomas Walker, commonly known as the "boy lecturer."

He has been speaking for some time past before the Spiritualists of this city, with excellent success. Never has it been our pleasure to listen to more beautiful and scientific discourses than are given through the mediumship of this young man. He is entirely unconscious during the delivery of his lectures, and it is evident to all that he is simply the instrument of higher intelligences. The subject of the discourse is generally chosen by the audience at the time it is given. Taken altogether, we have not had the pleasure of listening to any speaker who has met the wants of advanced Spiritualists so ably. Mr. Walker is from England, and is now eighteen years of age. Since April last he has been occasionally before the people. Societies throughout the country will do a favor to themselves and promote the cause by obtaining his services.

We have a society here which is quietly but faithfully attending to its work. Miss Cella Hill is our Secretary, and all desiring to visit us will correspond with her. We shall be pleased to receive good speakers, and members at any time. D. S. CROCKLEY, President of First Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists.

NORTH UNION.—James S. Prescott writes August 28th as follows: Thomas Walker, a trance lecturer from England, is a young man of promise; came out from Cleveland, where he is lecturing at present, on Monday evening the 28th inst., accompanied by John Croley, a brother of D. S. Crockley, the President of the Spiritualist Association of Cleveland, and lectured before our community.

He is certainly a remarkable medium, and we believe perfectly reliable. The meeting was called, according to order, at half past seven o'clock P. M. We cannot do justice to his mas-

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 "lo! here, nor lo! there," but within us—spiritually. The blood of Christ, he said, was the life of Christ. All the Blues of the past, all the religions of the past, found an embodiment in the life of Christ on the earth; 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 Modocs, 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 Vener Volco.)

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 empty their iron lungs;

Music vibrates through the world, Music vibrates through the world,

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 redemption, Forever hung and acquiring, Yet never satisfied—nor can be.

The end is but the phantom of a lie, And a myth's ghost.

Time rings upon a madman'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 compensation of good work,

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 word whence lived Music springs, Shall not in the grand economy of things

Be left to rot in half-finished existence, But shall break into 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 . . .

For shall we birth to other worlds Stay the sublime procedure.

We lie in our very names of things— Who dares say it grovels in the dark,

And knows not God nor Destiny? Break down the thin-veil of flesh,

The gossamer wall we name mortality, And gaze upon the Boundless Wonder!

The deep white Mystery! The confounding Infinites!

Away with threads and torn-bound codes, Or the 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

Of the All-mind, shall we find a limit? Are of the instructible 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,

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 upon a dozen goblets of gall,

And when the falconer is enthroned, So will the bird be . . .

Oh shout aloud Ye silver doves tinkling from stalactite!

The chorus of ad-fies and bee-humming, White and red, and

Ripple-melodies, shall be sure strains In the growing music of undying souls . . .

You saw a foot print in the sand—and wept— Stolen from the thunder-seat of Jove,

And learn the immortality of a tear! * * * * *

And love's wild victory is won, And I have found to a Worsliper—

For I have found what glory is to life, And the way of immortality.

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-Worshiper—is enough,

A crucible of endless impulse, Magnetic inspiration,

Quick and more clean than whetted flint, 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 them my kind and lesser kinds I bless,

And the world of humanity. The Infinitesimal Infinites!

For all is pregnant with thy vital sweetness, And thy unfeeling Delity,

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 knew,

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 believes those immediately interested to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever and wherever they occur.]

REV. WILLIAM ALLEN, trance and inspirational lecturer, 100 North 1st street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MR. J. M. ALLEN, trance speaker, 100 North 1st street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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MR. J. M. ALLEN, trance

To Book-Purchasers.

We respectfully call the attention of the reading public to the large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works which we keep on sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, ground floor of building No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass.

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In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of contributors. The editorial articles are those which are signed by the Editor, and the communications are those which are signed by the contributors. Our columns are open for the expression of important views, but we cannot undertake to publish the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1876.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,
No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province
Street (Lower Floor).

AGENTS FOR THE BANNER IN NEW YORK:
THE AMERICAN NEWS-COMPANY, 19 NASSAU ST.

CORRY & RICH,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

IN THEIR OFFICE, 100 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK,
ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Letters and communications pertaining to the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to the Editor, and all business letters to ISAAC B. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

While we recognize common sense, and take no stock in the authority of the world, we most cordially accept all great ideas and truths of the world. The generations of men come and go, and the world is wise who walks in the light, reverent and thankful before God, but self-centered in his own individuality. Prof. S. B. Baldwin.

Professor Baldwin has the Floor.

In this journal August 5th we published an article entitled "Mediums as Pretended Exposers of Spiritualism," in which we introduced a letter, written by Dr. T. R. Noyes, of New York, to Mr. E. S. 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 hand 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 exposure 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 ingenueness 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 explanations" 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., as 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. Y. 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 "Baldwin 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 explanations 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 entertainments, 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.

Yours truly,
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 exhibitions I said to the Professor: "I am a 'bed-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 me one of the committee of investigation at your performance here to-night."

Heretofore 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 trying 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 it 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 can he 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 adulator pretending to do what he cannot, and in every case backing out when he meets a medium ready to face him. His performance don't 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—he do 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 entertainments, 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 no 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
Lloyd 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 unbalance 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 denigrate them as 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 contrabands, 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 chair, 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 care 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 Serjeant 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 imposture" 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 Serjeant 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 the slate hung 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-delusion, 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. Murray gives expression to the same idea, when he says: "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 annihilate 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 repellence and antagonism 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 6th 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. Storer.

Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 of Boston will also hold a meeting at Highland Lake Grove, New York & 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.

Message Department.

The following messages given at the Banner of Light office, and published in the Banner of Light, are given in full, as they are of great interest to our readers. We ask the reader to receive them with faith and confidence, and to believe that they are the words of the Spirit of God.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. SARAH A. DANKIN.

(Wife of Colonel Washington A. Dankin, of Baltimore.)

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

Mrs. Dankin's Mediumistic Experiences.

(Part Thirty-Six.)

BY WASH. A. DANKIN.

In the autumn of 1871, a patient was brought to my place of business, who, after a long and painful illness, was in a state of extreme weakness. He was a German, of fair complexion, fine eyes, and well-formed head. Being lifted from the carriage by the two friends who accompanied him, and brought into my room, I found him unable to stand without support. In conversation with him I found a bright, quick mind, believing thoroughly in Spiritualism, and full of the hope that something might be done for him through our instrumentality.

His situation was a somewhat fearful one. With a wife and three or four children to provide for, he had been confined to his bed for more than five months, under the treatment of one of our most popular physicians of the old school. Instead of improving, he had grown worse, and finally a consulting physician was called in, and the two doctors determined that he must have one of his legs taken off. This he was unwilling to submit to, and resented to see Dr. Rush, through Mrs. Dankin, could save him from the threatened amputation.

I accompanied him and his friends to Mrs. Dankin's office, and to my great delight as well as astonishment, she was entranced immediately, and Dr. Rush said: "My friend, you have as healthy an organization as any man in the city of Baltimore, with the exception of a single local difficulty which we can speedily remove." I had never before heard Dr. Rush speak thus positively in any case, and, feeling deeply interested in the man, I was both gratified and surprised. The sequel proved the Doctor correct. Mrs. Dankin prepared medicines for him, and directed that she should call again the following week.

At the time appointed he came alone in his wagon. He was again supplied with medicines, and directed to report that day week. On that day week he walked more than a mile from his home to the office, and was apparently in perfect health. He never had any return of the disease, and is now one of the most active, energetic business men in our city.

I speak of these cases as exhibiting, in a marked degree, not only the power of spirits to commune with and control mortals, but as demonstrating the beneficence and wisdom of those "enlightened ones" who have been gathering knowledge in the world of causes.

Hannah Downing.

My name was Hannah Downing. Long and severe sickness was mine; tedious and heavy pains, groans and sighs; but I could not murmur, for I knew that by my sufferings in the earthly tenement I should be made more blessed in the other life.

Mortimer, my beloved husband, you were ever kind and tender to me. Tears dimmed your eyes, the heart was sad, the house was lonely, for the one whom you loved had been carried off to be buried. But in the stillness of the night there comes a whispering voice: "Mortimer, arise; come and meet me, for I am at the threshold asking for admittance."

"The world, I know, will not believe it, but what matters that to me when I have the evidences, tangibly, that after physical 'death' comes perpetual life? What more can the throbbing, beating heart of a wife say to one whom she has left behind? 'Be ye ready' for the messenger will come for you as it came for me, and then the reunion will be beautiful, giving advantage to yourself and to me. The thinking of harmony can never be broken between us."

In Franklin street was my residence, in the beautiful city of New York.

Meriton Yale.

Suddenly I died at Mont Clair, N. J. My name was Meriton Yale, of the late firm of Carey & Yale. In my thirty-third year. I was taken to the church in Mont Clair, and from there to the burial-ground.

There is much to overcome with the elements through which you are compelled to pass. My mind was not ripe for this condition, consequently there is a shadow over it, and by those who are more highly educated than myself I am bid to come here, and gain converse with mortals; and here I am partially unorganized, incapable either to lay down this life or take up the other.

I was a man of the world, fond of social life. I was not debased in mind or character. I was always willing to perform a kind act toward my neighbor. I always felt at heart to be a friend to the widow and the orphan.

Memory pursues me with the thought that I have left undone those things which I should have done, and I have done those things which I should not have done. Still, in the brain and in the heart there is a prompting, a feeling which bids me not look downward but upward.

Still through another grade I pass; sadness comes over me. I feel a want of confidence in the mercy, kindness, and wisdom of my Creator. My weary footsteps turn back again with a feeling within me of hunger and thirst.

Mary Ellen Ferry.

Mary Ellen was my name. I was in my seventeenth year. A long and painful illness was mine. I was the eldest daughter of Ann Brogan and the late Patrick Ferry. My residence was South Front street. Though seemingly dead, mother, I am not. The spirit of your daughter comes and goes, leaving the fragrance of her spirituality in the home from which she went. I thought, from my earth teachings, that death would be hard, but I was agreeably disappointed. Everything, to myself, was bright and beautiful. The valley had no shadows. I was bid to enter by those who knew me, but whom I knew not. They spoke softly, gently and soothingly.

It is useless for me to attempt a description of

all that was presented, oh, mother, to your daughter's vision.

Catharine Kanagan.

My name was Catharine Kanagan. I was from the parish of Invar, the county of Donegal, Ireland. That's my birth-place, remember, that I'm speaking about. I was forty years old, and I was buried from my mother's; and my mother lived at No. 12 East street, New York.

Laugh at it—you may laugh, and you may scorn it, and you may treat it with contempt, still the matter stands the same. The spirit comes and goes and makes itself known to all who wish it; and I have the fancy to travel backward and see how all things are going on. Sometimes we meet with pleasure, sometimes with that which gives displeasure, but that is a matter of no consideration where we know, in the coming and the going, we are doing good. It makes our own condition brighter and better. I know if by any chance my mother should see this she will say it is an evil spirit that has come and assumed the name of her daughter; but in that she will be mistaken, for it is she who was with you in life, died with you, and was buried under your sight. If you will accept it as me that comes, I will do good for you all; make the home and the house more perfect in its feeling of concord.

It is not well for spirits to tell all they know to strangers, and thus sometimes we have to speak in riddles—but from myself it takes one burden of care and lays it at the door-step of another. Oh, mother, have charity, for there is no one that has not transgressed at some time of life. But after the soul covers the body, and the spirit goes into the beautiful world of light, it forgets and forgives. And may the holy angels and all the arch-angels, and may St. Peter with the key unlock all the mysteries to thee as he has to me.

William Martine Harding.

At Rotterdam, Holland. William Martine Harding, aged thirty-three. The son of Capt. Samuel Harding, of Brooklyn.

I have found a channel through which to express in part my feelings and my experiences. I was too young to have drank deeply of the sorrows and the cares of an earthly life. Wayward, to be sure, in many things, but never so wayward as to crush out my manhood or my spirituality.

This mode is strange, and in its strangeness it seems to hold me with pleasure, feeling that through it I may reach those who still love me and remember me. It is only in the false teachings, that death has so many terrors; for, after you leave earth behind, in your windings upward you always meet with a something to please the mind and gratify the sight.

I only approximate toward the grand and beautiful, that is written out in the landscape for those who have ambition to explore the unknown worlds. Not one sad disappointment have I met with, as yet. All blends in beauty and in harmony; and this, to my sensitive nature, gives exquisite delight, which language fails to convey.

Memory, father, can never be blotted out. Time and space, to the spirit, are as naught. We come and go in the twinkling of an eye. We are sensitive to rebuffs. We meet acceptance with pleasure and delight; we give education and we receive knowledge.

This will show you, as far as I have power to go at present, that the two worlds are blended in harmony together.

Ann Augusta Tice.

Ann Augusta Tice. I died of consumption. I was the wife of William Tice. My residence was Schinnerhorn street, Brooklyn. Flowers wither and die, but it is only seeming death to the outward senses. When the botanist examines a leaf, he finds that life is running through its fibres. So it is with the human soul. The so-called "death," presented as it is by the teachers, makes one fear it; but after you have passed through it comes the beautiful realization of a divine and all-merciful Creator upon whom you can lean with confidence. Now, William, my husband, if chance should be yours to read what I here say through a stranger, be not down hearted, but be uplifted in the mind, feeling that she who once walked with you and lived with you, still has power to see, to know, and to feel your conditions. An All-wise Father, through the natural laws of decay, thought it better to transplant me from earth into the courts of eternal pleasure, light, and glory. No pains, no aches, no languishing for some one to cool the parched tongue, or to wipe the oozing sweat; but all, William, seems now as if the youth of days gone by had been given back, and I was living my youthful days over again; and I hope and trust that you and I will meet on those shores where so much happiness is given the spirit. In truth, William, my domestic life has almost vanished from mind. I can scarce go back and trace one difficulty under which I labored. And in my laboring I know full well I must have given difficulties to others. Forgive me if I was hasty or petulant, for it was not the spirit; it was the disease that changed my nature and made me oftentimes feel irritated; but that is past. The soul holds the body that was corrupt, and the spirit returns now, with all its buoyancy of girlhood, to thee and to others. Those who seek me shall find me; those who close their doors upon me will never more hear from Ann Augusta. Silence will be the watchword, knowing that she's not a welcome guest. I do not ask you to live alone; mingle with the world and enjoy yourself. Your happiness shall be my happiness, and then, in our meeting, William, we shall surely know each other.

Caroline Burkley Osbourne.

I was the widow of John Osbourne. My age was seventy-eight, and we were formerly of Harrison, West Chester County, New York. My name was Caroline Burkley Osbourne. I lived a good many years down on this heavenly place, and I came in contact with very many common people; some that understood the right way, but they would not walk in it. Still they called themselves Christians! Christian, you will see, for their own purposes, not living day by day like Christians should live, a trying to do good to one another. The Sabbath day to me was a holy and a blessed day; it gave rest to the mind and rest to the body from the labors of the week, and for that I blessed it and hallowed it; but all days to me were God's days, and, thanks to that Grand Giver, I've not been mistaken; for here, in the world of life, we are told to labor, to assist our neighbor; and by so doing, the watchword is: "You are doing good to yourself. Selfishness, pride and ungodly ambition are not acceptable in these courts."

Years of trials and tribulations, pleasantness and unpleasantness were mine; but now the body has gone back to its mother-earth, and the spirit to its Father, and in gratitude gives thanks to those whom it has left behind, kindred or acquaintance, for their kind and charitable acts toward her before she went hence. Oh, it is sweet to be once more in your midst.

BANNER OF LIGHT CIRCLE-ROOM.

The following Spirit-Messages were given through the mediumship of

MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

At our Public Free Circle-Room, July 23, and reported verbatim expressly for the Message Department of the Banner.

Harry N. Howard.

My name is Harry N. Howard. I would like to say to my wife Mary, and to my sister Julia, that the impression which they have had so strong for some time past is correct. If they will follow it, it will be all right. I will see that this paper is handed to them.

Piper.

Do you believe in hanging a man? [No, I do not.] It's a dreadful poor use to make of him, isn't it? Well, if you only hang him out, it would be a good thing; but you do not. That is what's the matter. I suppose they think I was one of the worst men that ever lived. I do not know but I was; but if they could understand what I suffered in life, they would cast a thought of pity on me sometimes. When a something took hold of me—I do not know what it was—I could no more help setting a fire, or attempting to hurt somebody, than I could help breathing. I've lain down on the ground and groaned, and sat down and cried, and if ever anybody prayed in the world I have prayed; but it did no good, I went right off and set a fire.

I know they say I've gammoned a good deal. This is not gammon, it's a fact. It was the inside of my life that people did not know. I know I was vile. There was a something in my nature—I was born in me, for I had it when I was a boy—that made me feel as though I must kill something. I delighted to kill a fly, or a spider, or anything else, and to kill it the worst way. I could not help it, it was in me, born in me.

Those who think hanging was too good for me, do not know what I suffered. If they had wanted to punish me, they'd better have left me in the old prison. They let me out, and I'm glad of it.

Oh, that little child! She follows me everywhere. Her face is before me everywhere. Aint that punishment enough? I was not paid for the work. I don't know what made me do it. I can't tell you. I know it's done. If I was living in my body again, and by letting out my heart's blood could wipe it out, I'd do it freely.

Maybe if I was in the world again, I'd want to kill some now. [That is not the way you feel now?] Oh, no, and I hope I shan't; only I'd just like to have the world know (those that think hanging was too good for me, and they could not punish me hard enough, that if they'd kept me down here they would have punished me a good deal more).

There is no happiness for me. It do not seem as though I should ever know what happiness is. Maybe it will come by-and-by.

I'm not shamming now, I'm sorry. I'd give the world if I could bring her back to life again. When I say my name is Piper, I suppose it's enough.

Mary Maria Harris.

Flowers for me? [Taking the bouquet from the table.] Can I have some? [Yes.] Do we have to give our names the first thing? Well, my name was Mamie, that's what my mamma called me. Aint it funny—those scratches [pointing to the reporter's phonographic characters]. Will you put what I say in the paper? [Yes.] You're telling me the truth, aint you? You look real pleasant. I don't believe you would tell lies. All you here to-day like little children, don't you? I went out with a bad throat; it plagues me a little bit now. I hunted everywhere for my mother, and couldn't find her. You don't know how I loved my mamma—ever so much! She used to take real good care of me, and little Harry, too. It was dreadful lonesome. Didn't you get lonesome when you went away from your mamma? [Yes.] That was a good while ago, I guess. I could not see her, nor find her; it was all mixed up where she was, and my throat felt so bad. I found a medium at last, and I made that medium cry. You do not know how bad I made her feel, but I didn't mean to hurt her. I made her feel ever so bad, and she couldn't help crying. Then a gentleman told me—that man—you call him doctor—with a thing down his back; what do you call it? [A cue.] He said if I would go with him I'd see my mamma; but I didn't see her. After I got out there an uncle came, my Uncle James, and he said: "Come, Mamie, go along with me. I went, and it seemed as if I went home to Buffalo, and I found my mamma, but she would not speak to me. I could see her, and go right up to her, and hold on to her hands, and she looked round. She has got my picture, and she looks at it every day, so she has not forgot me."

She didn't know that I'd followed the man with the cue. He said I might come up here to-day. You do not care, do you? I didn't tell you my name, did I? I said Mamie. My name is Mary, and my brother's name is Harry. My last name is Harris, my middle name Maria. Harry was named after my mother's brother. Now I am going. I am very much obliged. Can I come again? [Certainly; we shall be glad to have you.] The old gentleman said you'd have lots of folks here any other time. [That's true.] Then I shan't come. I don't like much company, I only like a little. I must tell how old I was, mustn't I? I want very old. I believe I am most eight now.

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