





Mr. Munton: Well, if they give their evidence at all some length, the "Prof. Lankester has, I shall feel bound to say, been very good."

Mr. Lewis: Probably I shall proceed to complete Dr. R. K.'s evidence in eight to-day.

Dr. H. B. Donkin, examined by Mr. Lewis:—Are you present in the room?

Mr. Munton (to the magistrate): Where do you sit, please to sit again?

Mr. Lewis: On Friday and Saturday.

Mr. Munton: Would those be inconvenient days. Any next week would suit me better.

The Magistrate: A long adjournment will be a serious loss to the defendants.

Mr. Flowers: That is what I wish to shorten the adjournment.

Mr. Lewis: That will imply my wishes.

Examination continued: You are an M. B. of Oxford University?

Did you, on Sept. 15th, accompany Professor Lankester to a house called "the Spiritualists' Home"?—Yes, I did.

Cross-examined by Mr. Lewis:—Where?—No, I did not.

Mr. Lewis (to the magistrate): I must ask, sir, that the table be impounded pending these proceedings.

Mr. Munton: Yes, I have no objection to that; you willing to give us the money for a new one. (A laugh.) We will take the table cost, and we will consider it a gain.

Examination continued: Were you shown into a room?

The defendant and others were sitting in the room?—There were three others, I think. Mr. Slade took me down stairs. The front room was the lighter of the two. Almost immediately after we were shown in Slade asked us to sit down. He lifted up the table to show us underneath. Then he asked me to stand on the right hand of the Professor Lankester to take a chair on his right hand. Next he asked us to put our hands on the table, while he himself stood behind it. He then asked us to place our hands touching mine and his right Professor Lankester's.

Was there anything upon the table?—Nothing but a small piece of paper.

What you were settling there did Slade speak?—He made a few short remarks. He asked whether I had been at a dinner given in Frier Bedford place?—Yes, No, I did not.

Little conversation.

And you saw a peculiarity in his manner?—After a time he said, "I don't like your question." He kept me waiting until I asked him a question. "Can you write?"—some invisible spirit.

Then what happened?—There were three distinct raps. The first rap was heard on the surface of the table. He then took the slate into one of his hands, and with the other he broke a piece of slate pencil.

Mr. Lewis: Did he ask me the questions before the adjustment and conversation again ensued between the adjuster and the legal gentleman as to the day when it should occur?—Yes, he asked me the question, but the hearing was adjourned till Friday week, at eleven o'clock.

The request was also repeated by Mr. Lewis that the slate should be impounded. This the legal gentleman again objected unless £15s. its value, was handed over to his client.

Mr. Lewis said that the table had been handed in, and was as much a part of the evidence as any document or article.

Mr. Flowers thought that under the circumstances the table had better be detained, and all parties then left court.

From the Hartford Times.  
**A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN,**

I love to wander through the woodland hoary,  
In the soft glow of an autumnal day;  
When morning glories hang about the vine,  
And, like a dream of beauty, glide away.

Hue through each loved, familiar path she lingers,  
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,  
While the wind sighs and the quivering nightingale  
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst.

Kinship the faint stars of the hazy, shining  
To light the gloom of Autumn's moulting halls,  
Where the wild geese fly from the cloudy north,  
Where o'er the rock her withered garland falls.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waiting  
Beneath dark clouds along the horizon rolled,  
The sunbeams smile and the falling dews bring rain,  
Beate all the hills in melancholy gloom.

The moist web breathes of crisped leaves and flowers  
In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,  
Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers  
With the spicy airs that have blown down.

Beside the brook and on the cumbered meadow  
Where yellow fern-tufts keep the faded ground,  
Will fold his beautiful pinky shadow,  
The gentle soul who loves the world around.

Upon those soft-fringed lids the bee sits brooding,  
Like a fond lover loth to pass farewell,  
And thus shut wings, through silken folds intruding,  
Greets her for the last time slowly to tell.

The little birds upon the hillside lonely  
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,  
Silent as a sweet wandering thought, that only  
Lingers in the bright glad air and flies away.

The scentless flowers in the warm sunlight dreaming  
Forget to breathe their fullness of delight:  
And through the traced woodwork soft airs are streaming  
Soft as the dove's wing, and softly to the light.

So in my heart a sweet unvoiced feeling  
Stirs, all its secret chambers o'er a hollow shell,  
Through all the weed thine oceans eaily stealing,  
Yet holds no words its mystic charm to tell.

**The Raps Two Hundred and Fifty Six Years Ago.**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I think our friend and co-worker, Roberts, his excellent article in the Banner of the 30th is slightly mistaken in ascribing to Benjamin Franklin "the discovery of the mode of communication by published." In the "Phantom World" originally published in French, and subsequently in English, an edition appearing in Philadelphia in 1850, is the following:

"This Humbert Birk was a Burgess of one of the town of Oppenheim, and master of a count-house called Berenbach; he died in the month of November 1620, a few days before the feast of Martin. On the Saturday which followed funeral, they began to hear certain noises in whose house he had lived with his first wife. The master of this house suspecting that it was brother-in-law who haunted it, said to him, you are Humbert, my brother-in-law, strike the earth with your finger, and I will see if the same time several three strokes only, for ordinarily he struck seven times."

This spirit was also heard at the fountain where the people went for water, and by ravens, whistles, groans, &c., frightened the whole neighborhood. These manifestations continued six months, then ceased for a year, and at the end of that period came again louder than ever. The spirit now spoke, and replied to the questions as to what he wanted, and how he could be done. Finally the dignitaries of the monastery held consultation over the matter.

The author (Calmet) continues: "A great number of those who lived near were assembled in the house. The master of it told Humbert rap against the wall; he knocked every thing the master desired him to go and fetch stone and knock louder; he deferred a little, if he had been to pick up a stone, and gave stronger blow upon the wall. The master withdrew in his neighbor's ear as softly as he could that he should rap seven times, and directly rapped seven times."

This is pretty good evidence that the raps are not of modern invention or discovery. They occurred two hundred and fifty-six years ago, it is not to be supposed that they were new invented, for nearly six hundred years ago spirit manifestations similar to those now occurring in the midst were well known to exist. "In the year 1212, in the house of a burgess named Hugh la Cour, a spirit appeared and did a variety of things in sight of everybody. They could hear him speak, they could see all he did, but nobody could see him. . . . One day Hugh having ordered his domestic to saddle his horse, and to let valet being busy about something else deferred doing it, when the spirit did his work, to the great astonishment of all the household. Another time, Hugh having bought, but half of it on a table and the rest in a mortar. Again, Hugh desiring to be bed clothed for some banquets. Immediately the spirit went into another room, fetched a new shirt, tore it in several strips, and told him to take the best. Another day the servant had spread out some linen in the garden to dry the spirit carried it all up stairs, and folded more neatly than the cleverest laundress could have done."

And all this five hundred and sixty years ago! Surely, as wrapt in wonder and astonishment we witness the scenes that now surround us, to read the records of the past may we ask, Can there be anything of which it may be said, "This is new?"

JOHN S. ADAMS.

New Rozbury, Oct., 1876.







### 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 Provincestreet, Boston, Mass.

Having recently purchased the stock in trade at ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS'S PROGRESSIVE BOOKSTORE, New York City, we are now prepared to fill orders for such books, pamphlets, etc., as have appeared by name in his catalogue, and hope to hear from the friends in all parts of the world.

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In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of other writers of correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of impartial free thought; but we cannot undertake to endorse the partial shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

## Banner of Light.

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ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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

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

### Expenses of the Slade Trial—Appeal to American Spiritualists.

The Slade trial now going on in London is undoubtedly the most important of any with which Spiritualism has ever been connected. It is exciting so much interest that reports in full are given in the leading daily papers, and long summaries are telegraphed to the leading provincial journals. It is fraught with issues of great importance, and every good Spiritualist who can afford it ought to contribute liberally toward defraying the expenses of the trial, since it is really directed not so much against Slade as against Spiritualism. The cause is on trial in his person. This must be obvious to all who have studied the animus of the prosecution from its inception.

Without stopping to reckon the cost, the leading English Spiritualists at once took measures to see that Mr. Slade was properly defended, and to watch the progress of the case with the closest attention. Financial help from American Spiritualists has been confidently expected by them, since the cause is ours as well as theirs. We hope their expectations will not be disappointed. Contributions must at once be raised, and we invite all persons interested in Spiritualism to send us what sums they can afford toward this Trial Fund. Due acknowledgments shall be made in our columns for all sums received, and the money shall be promptly remitted to the London committee authorized to receive it, and properly vouched for. Should there be any more money subscribed than is needed for this special emergency (which is not probable), it will be reserved as a fund to be used for the advancement of truth as the majority of the subscribers may direct.

Since writing the above we get the intelligence that on the 31st ult. Mr. Slade was sentenced by the presiding magistrate, Flowers, under the vagrant act, to the extreme penalty of three months' hard labor in the House of Correction. Nothing less brutal or unjust could have been expected from such a creature as this Flowers proved himself to be. Throughout the trial he did not have the decency to attempt any concealment of the fact that he had prejudged the case, and that from him the defendant could expect no mercy. His frivolous jokes, his openly expressed sympathy with the course of the prosecuting lawyer, his attempt to embarrass the defendant's counsel by telling him he had never seen an advocate in a more awkward position, his evident ignorance of all spiritual facts, and his dogged obstinacy in turning a deaf ear to all testimony that did not chime in with his own preconceived notions, all showed that this brutal and incompetent judge would do what he could to put a stigma on Spiritualism.

American Spiritualists! Now is the time to show you are stanch, firm, and generous for the truth. The new trial will be attended with great expenses. Let us all lend a helping hand according to our abilities. Send in your contributions at once, and every remittance shall be duly acknowledged in the Banner, as received, and used in the service of the cause that we all have at heart. Good must surely grow out of what may seem at the first view a depressing and unmitigated evil. Spiritualism is being advertised as it never was before. New friends are starting up, and old friends show that they cannot be shaken. The blood of the martyr is the seed of the church. Persecution—and this is a deliberate and planned persecution, high-handed, bigoted, and remorseless—must always be attended with a reversion. Meanwhile let us see that the sinews of war are not lacking; that Spiritualism in the person of Slade (for it is unquestionably at Spiritualism that this blow is aimed) shall be properly and liberally defended. Once more we earnestly ask you to SEND IN YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS AT ONCE. Let us at least meet our English brethren half-way in their noble efforts to provide for all the expense of this case. CONTRIBUTE, ALL WHO CAN!

### The Mediums and their Trial.

A preacher of the Methodist persuasion, named Mallalieu, mounted his pulpit in this city last Sunday, and gave the whole body of mediums what he doubtless would call a good round belaboring. If it was the Christian spirit that he was doing in, then we have greatly misconceived it in all its aspects and professions. His topic was "Simon the Sorcerer," whom he appeared to confound all the way through with the same Simon who "says wig-wag." No one would have supposed he had been preaching. "Spiritualism," said he, "is the pretence of the possession of a secret, occult, mysterious power, by which the spiritual world might be laid under tribute to supply our lack of wisdom and of strength." He thought that "free, enlightened New England might be free from such diabolism." He declared "the whole business a cheat and a delusion." "All such impostors ought," he said, "to be sent to prison, for they are worse than thieves." "These accomplices of Satan," he said, "did a thriving business at the expense of the good sense and pockets of the general public." "Any person engaged in such business," he added, "is an unmitigated scoundrel and cheat. They are the best servants the devil ever had. The parafine-hand business is a thorough fraud, and any common juggler can perform the trick."

And so he raved for a long while to a listening audience, and he would have denounced any one of his hearers in equally set terms if he had presumed to say that such gabble was not Christian preaching. We shall not imitate Mr. Mallalieu in anything we have to say of him. He has got to learn more of the spirit of the Christian religion before he can expect to preach it with any effect. That there are false and faulty mediums, no more invalidates the well-ascertained phenomena of Spiritualism than the existence of false and faulty ministers invalidates the claims of the church to a distinguishing love of purity and truth. These great things are not to be spanned by small measures. The fall of one medium, because he or she is human to begin with, and because, moreover, he or she is beset by the very temptations which are brought by those who seek his or her overthrow, has no more effect to shake the great fabric of spiritual truth—no, nor a millionth part of the effect—than does the tumbling down of an Orthodox pulpit in consequence of the intemperance or lust of the one who occupies it. While we are not and never shall be the apologists for falsehood, in Spiritualism or out, neither shall we set up to be censor of human frailty. All is in the hands of a Higher Power, which does not refuse to inspire one class of its creatures because they do not chance to lend themselves to ecclesiastical blindness and superstition.

If the entire class of spiritual agents in human form, known as mediums, are at the present time subjected to trial at the bar of a purposely aroused public prejudice, which ecclesiastics and their subservient secular journals are striving to fan into a flame of passion, it is to be accepted as for a good purpose and because the time is at hand for a new departure. To make that departure successfully it is essential that the public mind should be newly attracted to the phenomena, which were beginning to be regarded as too much matters of course for further study and recognition. The public mind is simply being stirred up, at home and abroad, that it may be opened to the reception of fresh truths in a still newer manner. All this excitement is not accident, but part of a design which those most actively engaged in it do not themselves yet understand. The men who are abusing mediums and Spiritualists like thieves and pickpockets, are merely working wiser than they know. Poor Mr. Mallalieu does not comprehend the absurdity of his own statements, when he first stigmatizes all mediums as jugglers, cheats and thieves, deserving only of imprisonment, and then asserts that the people of free and intelligent New England are defrauded by them out of their sense and their money. He is simply too mad to be logical, and of course he cannot therefore be truthful. As a medium himself, if he were one and still behaved thus, we should deem it our duty to warn him of the danger of his conduct.

As to the mediums themselves and their alleged exposures, so long as nothing but falsehood and fraud excites the public reprobation we shall be wholly satisfied. It is nothing but the truth that we seek, and shall earnestly strive to seek it to the end. Mediums are but human beings. They have faults. There is no reason why, as they are constituted, their faults or failings should not be very peculiar. The world is always ready to allow for the failings of genius, by refusing to throw away its priceless products. Mediumship is not in any true sense genius, yet it is just as much a gift as that of genius. Those who have it hardly have learned its primary laws. What wonder, then, that they err, when the common weakness of humanity contends with a power of whose mysteries they know almost nothing, and especially when they are confronted with influences and temptations that are blindly and obstinately discordant with the high work they stammeringly attempt? Let us all begin by being charitable. None of us are called upon to be deceived, any more than we have a mission to deceive. When we are all banded together for the single and unselfish purpose of discovering the pure pearl of Truth, there will be no further need of stopping to denounce faults or falsehoods, but the prevailing love of Truth will cast out all other feelings. False mediums will not stand. There is no fear of that. But Truth will, and the world will not be deterred by charlatans and jugglers on the one side, nor by mad ministers on the other, from pursuing its riches to their last abode and hiding-place.

### Mr. R. Linton at Rochester Hall.

The introduction to a course of illustrated lectures will be given on Sunday evening next at Rochester Hall, by Mr. R. Linton, of London. Subject, "Man the School-boy of the Universe." The services of an efficient quartet, conducted by Mrs. Clapp, have been secured for the occasion. On the following Sunday evening the subject will be "Telegrams from the Stars," amply illustrated by diagrams and the stereopticon. The accord between Spiritual Philosophy and the discoveries of modern science, which it is the object of these lectures to demonstrate, will, in the present state of affairs, both here and in England, present an attractive feature which cannot fail to interest every seeker after truth. Service to commence promptly at 7:30.

The Spiritualists of New Hampshire, in convention held at Washington, Oct. 20th, took steps for an organization on a "legal, financial and religious basis." We shall print a report of the proceedings soon.

### Discordant Views.

At the Woman Suffrage Convention in Faneuil Hall, Wendell Phillips improved the occasion to give expression to his views on the condition of the country generally in respect of its morals. "America is a dishonest nation," said he. "Seven tenths of everything for sale in Boston is a fraud and a cheat. Assemble all its merchants and manufacturers, and if you don't find plenty of Belknaps among them I make a serious mistake." Again he broke forth with—"there is not honesty enough in this great country of ours to manage its moneyed institutions. That is a broad statement, an extreme one, but who is there to contradict it?" Well, we are prepared to bring forward at least one person who will, though no one ventured a contradiction on the spot. Our man does not happen to be an American, yet he is quite as capable of forming an intelligent and just opinion for all that.

He is no less a person than the distinguished Professor Huxley, who has been traveling through the country, and wound up his visit with a few public lectures in New York that excited universal attention. This is his language, and all will say it is much more inspiring than that of Mr. Phillips. "To an Englishman who first lands on your shores," says he, "who finds himself traveling for hundreds of miles through what I can only call strings of great cities, who even in the very best way compares the extent of your territory with that which he has left, and looks at your marvelous resources in everything that tends to the welfare and riches of mankind, there is a something sublime in the vista of the future. I do not say this with the least intention of flattering that particular vulgar sentiment which is commonly called national pride."

We do not think our readers will covet the space which we give to the remaining extract from Prof. Huxley's reference to this country, a grand synopsis of what is yet unmeasured and unseen:

"I don't know that I have any particular respect for bigness as such or for wealth as such, and most assuredly bigness is not the same thing as greatness, and territory does not constitute a nation. What I referred to just now as the issue which I suggested itself to me, fraught, as I will say it, with a certain solemnity, a terror as of overwhelming fate, is the question: 'What are you going to do with all these things? To what purpose will you put this great store of material wealth and this vast amount of human intelligence and capacity which is among you to deal with?' The question is one which, it seems to me, no man has a chance of answering with the remotest probability at the present moment."

"You are undertaking the greatest political experiment that has ever been performed by any people whatever. You are at this present century a nation of forty millions of people. At your next centenary rational and probable expectation may look to see you two hundred millions, and you have before you the problem whether two hundred millions of English-speaking, strong-willed people will be able to hold together under the form of republican institutions and under the real despotism of universal suffrage [a burst of applause]; whether State rights will hold their own against the necessary centralization of a great nation, if it is to act as a whole or whether centralization will gain the day without breaking down republican institutions. The territory you cover is as large as Europe, as diverse in climate as England and Spain, as France and Russia, and you have to see whether with the diversity of interests, mercantile and other, which arise under these circumstances, national ties will be stronger than the tendency to separation; and as you grow more people and the presence of population makes itself manifest, the spectre of pauperism will stalk among you, and you will be very unlike Europe if communism and socialism do not claim to be heard. I cannot imagine that any one should envy you this great destiny—for a great destiny it is to solve these problems some way or other. Great will be your honor, great will be your position, if you solve them righteously and honestly; great your shame and your misery if you fail. But let me express my most strong conviction that the key to success, the essential condition to success, is one and one only: that it rests entirely upon the intellectual progress and upon the moral worth of the individual citizen. Education cannot give intellectual clearness, it cannot give moral worth, but it may cherish them and bring them to the front; and in that sense the university may be and ought to be the fortress of the higher life of the nation."

### Science in Religion.

Taking the word Science in its broadest sense to mean knowing—not merely knowledge—it is undeniable that the world's religions need to have more science infused into them. Faith will never lack for objects on which to properly exercise itself, but the peril of faith is superstition. The only thing that will keep it from degenerating into that is Science, or Knowing. What modern power comes up to meet just the emergency as Spiritualism does? It demonstrates, yet exalts and expands and strengthens faith as it does so. It never supersedes it, and it does prevent it from lapsing into superstition. Thus is the problem solved, so far as it is given to mortals to have any great problem of life clearly solved to them. What is known as Science, popularly speaking, tends to blind faith, instead of helping it to see more clearly; to Spiritualism it is given to enlarge it, put it on its feet, give it form instead of a dim nebulousness.

The science, or knowing, which Spiritualism introduces to the mind of men, is just what religion calls for to give it the impetus without which it must die. For it will die as surely as it is degraded into a mere superstition. The jargon of the creeds is employed to convey this, that and the other thing, whereas the actual knowledge, or knowing, which is contained in Spiritualism, reconciles their contradictions, clears up their confusion, informs them with direct and real meaning, and, while overthrowing and sweeping away, planting a growth that is permanent. It is the peculiar feature and great recommendation of Spiritualism that it dissipates doubts and fears and brings the truth to light. That is because it displaces guessing and superstition with fact and knowledge. It was the very thing that faith needed, and it is that by which atheists are convinced and at which ecclesiasticism stands agast and incredulous.

There is a suggestive article in a recent issue of The Nation that sustains the statement just made. It discusses the contribution of science to morality. We push it a little further and put religion in the place of morality. The Nation argues, with correctness, that the scientific habit of mind eminently contributes to that fundamental virtue of the intellect—supreme regard to truth. It compels a person continually to inquire, not what is pleasant, but what is. And, adds the same journal, "It develops a side of character which religious training has hitherto neglected, or even thwarted." The "truth," in religious speech, has come to mean only that which we ourselves hold to be true. Regard for the ideal truth, readiness to give up one narrow vision for a wider vision, has in effect been frowned upon, says The Nation. And it declares further, that "the characteristic crimes of religious bodies—

the persecutions and tortures, physical or moral, for opinion's sake, which have been the opprobrium of the historical church—have sprung from this very vice of devotion to one's own belief as intrinsically sacred and rightfully dominant."

Nothing is less capable of being successfully disputed. Now the clear, well-sifted, carefully analyzed, and convincing facts, (or knowing, or science,) which Spiritualism offers as its contribution to the work of making the real truth known to men, and of supplanting with that welcome knowledge the cloudy and foggy superstitions which have begotten untold misery for the human race, are to be eagerly accepted as the ready response to all such criticisms and complaints as are recited above. Mere intellectual science, however, which rests itself on matter rather than spirit, which talks molecules and protoplasm instead of an ever creating power that operates and rules its own universe by laws, laws which science is confounding with the Great Power that laid them down, is not the boon that the human race craves, much as it is doing for mental emancipation. Spiritualism supplies the soul's want exactly.

### Mr. W. I. Bishop in Boston.

AN OPEN LETTER TO DR. O. W. HOLMES.

My Dear Doctor: I see that some of the doctors and divines of Boston have invited on young Mr. Bishop to show up some of the so-called "spiritualistic phenomena," in Boston, Nov. 4th. Your name heads the list of callers; and that must be my excuse for addressing you. Let us by all means have on Mr. Bishop, also his rival "exposer," Baldwin, and as many more as can throw any light on a vexed question. But let us first distinctly understand what we want, and not be duped by those who claim to unmask fraud in others.

Mr. Bishop has claimed to bring about—presumably by natural means, since he disclaims the medial faculty—any phenomenon that a so-called medium may be instrumental in producing. I cannot say how far he adheres in strictness to this pretension. His language varies on this point at different times. In his letter to you all that he proposes is, to "give a public exhibition of the very natural means by which many of the characteristic phenomena attributed to Spiritualism are wrought." This is putting it in a very mild, modest and unobjectionable way. He does not include all the phenomena as producible by natural means; he refers only to "many of them."

Now no investigator disputes that "many of the phenomena" are imitable by natural means. The raps, poundings, &c., may be very easily imitated, and in a manner to dupe the unwary. But the question is not whether they can be imitated, but whether they can be produced by Mr. Bishop in the way they are produced through genuine mediums, so that he can duplicate not only the sounds but the mode of their production, and teach another person, not a medium, to do the same. Let him do this on the spot, allowing the explanation to follow immediately on the manifestation, and he will do what he has not yet done.

There is reason to believe that the young man has some medial power. He gives proofs, for example, of a faculty of mind-reading. It is claimed that he will, without any conjuring process, disclose what one may secretly write on a scrap of paper and then fold. He pretends that he does this by no extraordinary, abnormal means; that it is a teachable feat or trick. But in two instances that I know of, when he was called upon to explain how he did it, he evaded all explanation, but finally said that Dr. Hammond knew how he did it. Baldwin, another medial "exposer," who is now exhibiting at the West, has the same faculty; and so has Brown, the "mind-reader," and both assume that it has nothing to do with Spiritualism or spiritual faculties.

But obviously this is a mere hypothesis on the part of these men. Other persons in whom the faculty existed or exists, such as the famous German author, Zschokke, Madame Hauffé, the Seersess of Prevorst, D. D. Home, C. H. Foster, and many others, assume that it is spiritual; and they knew or know just as much about it as these repudiators of the spiritual gift can possibly know. We know just as much about it ourselves.

The phenomenon of the production of sounds, movements, &c., when the supposed medium is tied with complicated knots, and then the sudden untangling of him by some unknown force, is of very great antiquity. I need not refer you to Homer for a proof. This "preternatural" unbinding is vouched for by no less a personage than the crafty Ulysses himself on board the ship of the Theoproteans:

"Men on the well-benched vessel, strongly bound, they leave, and snatch their meal upon the beach; but to my help the gods (enraged) themselves unknown by cords with ease, though firmly twisted round."

While Mr. Bishop is closely bound in his seat behind a curtain, to all appearance helpless and unable to move a limb, the drum will be beaten, the trumpet blown, objects moved about, and a great racket produced, and, on the curtain being withdrawn, he will be seen placidly seated, all bound and knotted as before. Thereupon, tumults of applause and delight from the doctors, the parsons, and the editors on the platform! "That settles Spiritualism!" cries one. "Let us hope," exclaims our good friend, the Rev. Dr. Bellows, "let us hope this is the beginning of the end of the pestilent superstition." And forthwith the gentlemen of the press make a note of it, and seeing that the dog is down and has no friends, respond cheerfully to the invitation of "Kick him!"

But wait a bit. Does Mr. Bishop, at once and while the occurrence is fresh in the minds of the audience, duplicate it by causing the noises and the movements to be instantly repeated, he being bound the while? Far from it! Some time afterward, he may, by twisting some of his limbs out of their tyings, produce an approximation to the original effect; but it is a sham duplication. He must have the real medial condition, concealment, before he can aid in bringing about what was done behind the curtain.

From his complicated tyings he may be untied behind the curtain in a few minutes or seconds. Ask him now to untie himself before the audience, and be sure that the conditions are precisely the same that they were at first, and that the tying has been equally thorough. You will find he will not do it, or will resort to an evasion.

Again: A committee-man from the audience goes blindfolded behind the curtain, while Bishop is tied; and instantly the former is touched, and various marvels are performed, all which the amiably credulous audience, on being told of them, set down to superior sleight-of-hand. But now ask the young man to produce the same effects in full view, and he will not do it, or will do it only approximately and clumsily.

No doubt he has acquired a certain gymnastic

dexterity by which he can execute some of the clever feats of a contortionist or a juggler; and by these he may seem to explain certain phenomena accepted by many as spiritual, and bring down the house in applause like any other performer. But the true question is this: Will he reproduce a genuine medial phenomenon, and then explain the "natural means" by which it is effected, so that it can be made to take place through the instrumentality of any other person?

Should Mr. Bishop deny that there is such a thing as a "genuine medial phenomenon," my answer is that this is the very point in dispute, and that he has done nothing yet to settle the question. Ten thousand negatives do not neutralize a single positive; a million counterfeits do not annihilate a single genuine.

By showing how by the use of some mechanical contrivance a man may appear to be raised to the ceiling, Mr. Bishop does not invalidate the great fact of levitation; nor by showing how with a horsehair one can move a chair, does he make us doubt the phenomenon of the independent movement of objects. In the nature of things there can be no exposure of a genuine phenomenon. When he pretends, as he does, that by manipulating the instrument with his hands he can produce the effect of the floating guitar, flying bird-like from one end to the other of a large room, and knocking itself against the high ceiling, he says what to an experienced investigator is simply absurd. We know the phenomenon can be produced in no such way.

During the last twenty-eight years, at least two or three times annually Spiritualism has either been "exploded" by some shallow theorist like Lankester, or "shown up" by some "artful dodger" of a medium like Von Vleck, McQueen, Bly, Melville Fay, and now Baldwin and Bishop. All these men have or had some measure of medial power, and all have used it, sometimes for and sometimes against Spiritualism, just as financial necessity impelled. Hitherto these medial expositors have been patronized mainly by Spiritualists, anxious to sift the genuine from the false; but lately they have attracted the attention of men of science, editors, clergymen and doctors. Knowing little of the real phenomena these men have been duped by Bishop and Baldwin into supposing that their pretension that they exercised no medial power in the production of some of the phenomena was true; and so the learned doctors have imagined that the real manifestations of Spiritualism are frauds—simply because Bishop and Baldwin tell them it is so, and show that they can produce certain marvelous feats.

Now, my dear Doctor, if you, or the Rev. Edward E. Hale, or some other gentleman of the committee inviting Mr. Bishop to enlighten the people of Boston on the subject of Spiritualism, will just see to it that Mr. Bishop duplicates at once in the light and under the freest possible conditions all that may seem wonderfully clever in his performances, they will perhaps find that only an approximation has been made to all that is at all remarkable in his performances.

What I charge distinctly upon him is simply this: that all which he does that may seem inexplicable by vulgar jugglery or gymnastic effort is done through his medial power; and in concealing this fact he is deceiving you and the rest. In taking his word for it that the extraordinary movements, &c., taking place while he is tied behind the curtain, are effected by his own normal or unaided powers, he is exciting your astonishment under false pretences.

By carefully insisting on conditions, and taking no excuses of exhaustion, lack of nervous power, such as the young man is fertile in, you may arrive at conclusions somewhat different from those of Dr. Hammond and the superficial investigators. Respectfully, X. Y.

### The Nursery.

We hope that all our readers who have little ones in the family will acquaint themselves with the admirable monthly magazine for children, published under the above title by John L. Shorey, Boston. In its illustrations, its mechanical style, its literary contents, it is just fitted to delight, instruct and improve a family of children. In remote country places where schools are rare or distant, we have known children to teach themselves to read simply by exercising their curiosity in finding out the little illustrated stories in the Nursery, and then conning them over frequently and spontaneously to themselves. Reading thus acquired as a pleasure is sure to inspire the young with the most pleasing associations; and so the Nursery during the ten years of its existence has really been doing the work of many primary schools. There is never anything in these carefully edited pages that could offend the taste of the parent or the teacher. The child who reads it will acquire good, grammatical forms of speech and the purest morality, untinged by sectarianism. We always feel the utmost confidence in commending this little magazine, for we know that, in an unpretending way, it is doing a vast amount of good. It is to children what Harper's Magazine is to adults. The Nursery is sent by mail, post-paid, for one dollar and sixty cents in advance. Enclose ten cents and a stamp for a specimen copy.

### Fulfillment of a Dream.

The Pittsburg Dispatch says: Mr. Frank Barnum, of Barnum's Hotel, Kansas City, who was murdered for the valuables on his person at Sulphur Springs, near Brownsville, Mo., on the 6th or 7th ult., had a singularly vivid presentiment of his end some time before it came. He dreamed of being attacked by two men, who struck him savagely on the head. Then the phantom of a young Spanish lady whom he had known in South America appeared at his bedside. In one hand she held a cross, and in the other a photograph with drops of blood upon it. She addressed him in Spanish, saying, "Francis, your life is in danger; may God help you!" She then dropped the photograph upon the floor and disappeared. He arose, he thought, and attempted to pick up the blood-stained picture, but as he approached, it also vanished. This strange dream so impressed him that he wrote about it to his wife. The letter was dated the 6th of October, and between that day and the next he was killed. His murder was effected by repeated blows on the head—a strange fulfillment of his dream. Mr. Barnum was born in Syracuse, N. Y., and when a young man was Secretary of Legation in Chili. At the time of his death he was general agent of the Chattanooga Railroad.

Hon. Thomas R. Hazard forwards us an article embodying the result of his experiences at the Holmes séances in Philadelphia. It will appear in our next.











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