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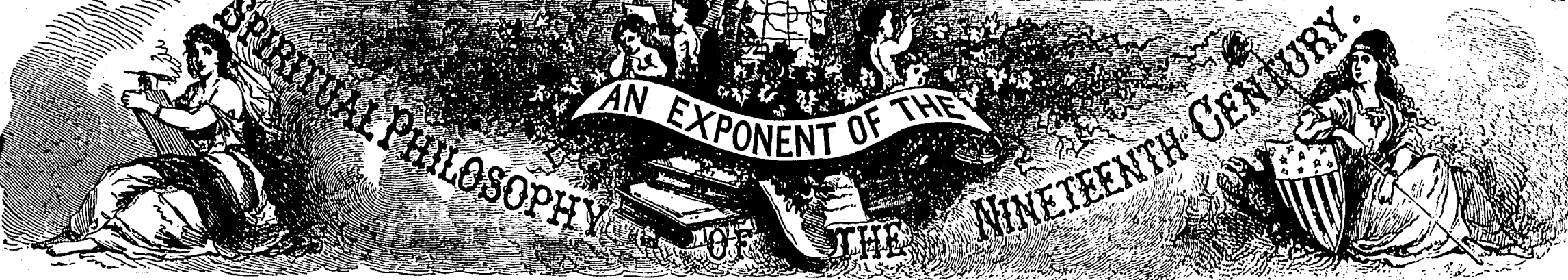
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BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XL.

COLBY & RICH, Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1876.

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Personal Experiences.

MR. AND MRS. HOLMES'S MEDIUMSHIP.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I confess that I was prejudiced against the Holmeses because of the fraud that was perpetrated—if not with their full consent at least with their passive cooperation—in regard to the movable panels and spurious photograph of the spirit Katie King. I have recently passed two weeks in Philadelphia, and mostly for these reasons I abstained from visiting the Holmeses séances for the first week of my sojourn in the city. Still another circumstance that tended to keep me away was the character of the familiar spirits that I was told appeared in the Holmeses' presence. With all my faith strengthened by many years of careful and patient investigation and experience, resulting, as I claim, in a certain knowledge of the reality of spirit-materialization as my senses can convey in regard to the existence of the most common external manifestation of nature—I was still hardly prepared to believe what I was told, that George Washington walked out of their cabinet—palpably and plainly visible to all present, armed cap-a-pie, and clothed from head to foot in a fac simile of the costume he used to wear on important state occasions when at the head of the American Continental army a hundred years ago. But I finally surmounted my prejudices and incredulity so far as that on Monday evening, the 9th of October, I joined about twenty other persons in forming a circle at 614 Locust street, in presence of the Holmeses! I think it was said of some renowned hero that "He came, (or went), he saw, he conquered!" Like him, I too went, I saw, but unlike him, I was conquered! And I am free to say, if I did not then, as well as on three subsequent evenings, behold materialized spirits, that I never have seen a materialized spirit form, face or limb in my life. Indeed, if on any one of those evenings I was deceived in respect to the verity of spirit-materialization, I should be led to question whether my natural senses were not a mocking delusion and my very existence a myth.

The circle held on the 9th inst. was quite harmonious. The first form that opened the curtain purported to be the materialized spirit of my deceased wife, who had never materialized, to my knowledge, previously, except at Moravia. She came out of the cabinet a short distance several times, and in two instances held by the hand a little child, the one being sensibly taller and larger than the other. She appeared in life-like height and form, clothed in white morning-dress, and the contour of her face was like hers when in earth-life, though the features were too indistinct for me to identify individually, but I could see they were of the Grecian mold, as were my wife's. The complexion, however, was unlike hers, being far too light. She placed her hand on my head and made other affectionate demonstrations, saying in a distinct whisper, attended with a corresponding movement of the lips as she retired, "God bless you."

George Washington next made his debut—very like Stuart's full-length portrait, but with a shorter neck, and even more richly dressed than in the picture. His hair was profusely powdered, his face smoothly shaven, and every garment looked as if it might have been made by a first-class tailor, and nicely adjusted on his person by an accomplished French valet. His coat seemed to be made of dark blue silk velvet, with yellow metal buttons. He wore knee-breeches that looked like buckskin, also stockings and buckle shoes, and a ruffle bosom shirt. Altogether he presented in his person, courtly bearing and costume, one of the most finished specimens of an old-time gentleman, such as I used occasionally to meet when a boy, that I remember ever to have seen. He turned himself slowly around in two or three instances that we might observe his form, and I particularly noticed that all parts of his person and costume were in perfect keeping with each other. He held in his hand a richly embossed, heavy, silver-hilted sword, the blade of which was straight and glittered like burnished steel. He did not speak, but was very courteous, though dignified in his demeanor, and answered queries from individuals present by signs. With his consent I asked whether the great national offering of patriotism that was being poured forth so emphatically in Philadelphia tended to create a semi-spiritual atmosphere that enabled him to materialize more perfectly in that city than elsewhere, to which question he bowed his head impressively in token of assent.

Bishop Leonidas Polk (*alias* Gen. Polk), called the "fighting Bishop," next opened the curtains and walked out, fully attired in flowing canonical robes that were faultless in every appointment, and looked as if they might have just come from the laundry. His beard was lengthy, and so nicely dressed that there seemed to be not a hair astray. He was something above the medium height, and his rather spare person looked as if it might have been reduced from its natural proportions by sickness or other cause.

Next came the far-famed John King, the patron saint (as some might say) of the Holmeses and several other materializing mediums. He walked boldly out of the cabinet with Washington's sword in his hand, which he said he had borrowed for the occasion: He was not so tall as Washington, but heavier, and his limbs more firmly knit, and looking in every respect as if he might have been designed by nature for an artist's model of Hercules. He was splendidly attired in a rich parti-colored dress, with a crimson sash tied about the middle. His whole person, attitude, air and demeanor, as well as the tones of his voice, indicated unmistakably that he was one "born to command," and accustomed to move in a sphere wherein his slightest behest could not be disobeyed with impunity. On his intimating a desire that I should come to him, I approached, when apologizing for his natural roughness of manner, he took my hand in his and twice pressed it with an iron vice-like grip that satisfied me he might readily, if so disposed, have crushed every bone in it. He complimented me, in language that it would not become me to repeat, for the efforts I was making to defend mediums in general against their enemies and persecutors, and remarked that the latter, so far as materialization in Philadelphia was concerned, would, after the Holmeses' exposure, have triumphed and driven every medium from that branch of the spiritual phenomena from the city, had it not been for the persevering efforts of one faithful defender of the truth (J. M. Roberts). He said that my theory that all physical testing of mediums should be abandoned, and the spirits left to supply the necessary proof of spirit-materialization themselves, and in their own way, was correct, but that Spiritualists were not generally yet prepared to adopt such views, adding in a slightly impassioned tone, that even a large proportion of believers could not at present be satisfied unless the medium was subjected to torture whilst the manifestations were proceeding. He further stated that Spiritualism would continue to prosper and progress, in spite of all the efforts of its enemies to crush it out, and that even now, amidst all the hindrances, the spirits had so perfected the science of materialization that if proper conditions could be secured they would be able to place such mediums as the Holmeses in full view of all in Independence Hall, whilst Washington should stand as a real person, plainly beside the mediums, and address the assembled people, as palpably as he ever did when clothed in his normal physical body.

Several other spirits—generally friends of individuals present—showed themselves at this séance.

On the next day, Tuesday, the 10th, I went to the Holmeses', and with a rule measured the height of the entrance into the cabinet, with the object of more correctly testing that of the spirit-forms that walked through the doorway, for such it was, though, in order to economize mediumistic power, a loose curtain only was used to close it. I found the doorway to be exactly six feet and the eighth of an inch high, measuring not from the threshold but the floor.

On the same evening I again attended the public circle, which was very large, there being some thirty visitors or more present, and among them some inharmonious minds—especially two very brutish-looking, religious bigots—who evidently came there from sinister motives, as was unmistakably apparent at the close of the séance.

My wife, as before, was the first form that walked out of the cabinet, her features being rather more distinct than they were at her first appearance, notwithstanding the inharmonious conditions. Next came an old man clothed in a plain brown broadcloth suit throughout. A gentleman in the circle, by the name of Winner (I think from Pittsburgh), recognized this spirit to be that of his deceased father, and immediately passed to where the spirit stood and talked with him. With the leave of both father and son, I approached and inspected the person and features of this apparition minutely. Unlike most others that manifested, the outlines of his features were entirely free from any of that misty halo that so generally obscures the physiognomy of materialized spirits, every feature being as distinctly marked in outline as those of a living mortal. His beard was closely shaven. He seemed very aged, and walked bent forward with feeble steps. In his stooping attitude the top of his head was as I should think, full twelve inches below the top of the doorway. The son of this old gentleman, who was a respectable, substantial-looking man, evidently had no doubt whatever of the identity of his father's spirit, with whom he had before held converse at Holmeses' circles. And well might he feel sure of the fact, for I agree with that was remarked by a stranger present, that any one who had known this old man in life could not possibly fail to identify his materialized spirit as it was thus shown.

Gen. Washington next came, clothed as before, with the exception that his knee-breeches and vest were of a dark color, and that he wore a military-looking cap. The metal buttons were also absent. He seemed aware of my object in measuring the height of the door, and when he first retired into the cabinet he passed erect and

slowly through the aperture, rubbing his cap quite hard against the top, showing that the figure must have been nearly six feet high in stockings.

The Marquis La Fayette (as claimed) next appeared, neatly attired in dark, courtly-seeming costume, looking very much like a high-bred, accomplished French gentleman of the old régime. As he passed through the door he showed not so tall, by several inches, as Washington, and his figure was much slimmer than the portrait busts I have seen of him would indicate. Bishop Polk next came out, and as he slowly retired, I noticed that his erect figure did not reach, by several inches, the top of the doorway. John King, too, who showed himself, as usual, shortly after the Bishop retired, was evidently not so tall as Washington, by some inches.

On Thursday, the 12th, I attended another large public circle at the Holmeses'. As before, the spirit of my wife was the first that walked out of the cabinet; her features were still rather plainer than when she last appeared, but not sufficiently distinct to identify fully.

Bishop Polk, Gen. Washington, John King, and several other apparitions of friends of individuals present, or others, also showed themselves successively, either within or without the cabinet.

On Saturday, the 14th inst., I attended a private séance that I had previously arranged for—not intending to have but eight or ten visitors present—but such was the pressure for admission, that we finally allowed twenty individuals in all to attend. The séance, however, was quite harmonious, and the manifestations were better than on the two last occasions mentioned.

Hitherto, Mr. Holmes had always sat in the wire cage that was within the cabinet, whilst Mrs. Holmes sat on the outside of both, in full view of all the company. I learned that Katie King had not shown herself outside of the cabinet at all during the last two months, although the white dress of a female was generally seen (which I had repeatedly noticed) in the background in the cabinet when John King appeared, that was supposed to be her. I also learned that Katie never comes out unless Mrs. Holmes sits within the cabinet, whilst Mr. Holmes occupies her usual position on the outside. Since the "exposure," Mrs. Holmes has been averse to entering the cabinet, but to gratify me, she consented to sit within it a part of this evening. As a general rule, there is at the Holmeses' a dark circle held previous to the one for materialization, of which occasion many physical manifestations of a startling character occur, that are not particularly interesting to any but persons of limited experiences in the phenomena. The guides of the Holmeses' say that in many instances these preliminary manifestations in the dark are necessary, in order to work off or use up some of the discordant elements that generally attend upon large promiscuous circles. It was concluded, however, that on this evening the dark circle might be dispensed with, and Mrs. Holmes took her seat at once within the cabinet, but outside (as I particularly requested) of the iron-bound wire cage. It was not long before Katie King appeared and stepped out from the unfolded curtain, gracefully arrayed in the purest white, and wearing a long fine lace veil which she held on one side with her left hand, thus exposing her full face to the view of all present. Mrs. Holmes' darker dress could be seen all this time from where I sat, though I could not discern her face. After first greeting a few of her old friends that were present, Katie gave me permission to approach and take her hand. Her figure was, I should think, about two-thirds the proportion of Mrs. Holmes'. My eyes were within twelve or fifteen inches of her face, the delicate rose-tinted complexion of which was clear almost to transparency. To say that I saw her features plainly, would convey but an inadequate conception of the reality. I was for the moment startled with their chiseled distinctness. Though not strictly symmetrical, hers was indeed a marked face, which once seen could not readily be forgotten; a face pervaded with a touching expression of quiet resignation, beaming with truth and intelligence, and surmounted with a forehead such as a superior intellect can alone fashion to meet its own demands from within. I know not how Katie King's face has appeared to others, either in this or other countries, but as I saw her, without being exactly what might be called pretty, it seemed as if it might embody and express all that is devoted, ennobling and beautiful in the female character, bordering on the sublime.

Whilst in the city, I obtained a photograph of Katie from Mr. Holmes, which corresponds in feature, although it falls in conveying to the beholder a correct idea of the more than mortal expression of her countenance as I saw her. On the back of the photograph is the following endorsement: "Photograph of the materialized spirit, Katie King, obtained after three sittings, Thursday, July 23d, 1874, in presence of Dr. Felger, W. O. Leslie, Mr. Hurn, and the two mediums. The medium, Mr. Holmes, sat three feet from the wall, and yet the waistcoating shows between the medium and the spirit, proving that the form was transparent. The cabinet was examined, and these two gentlemen sat in the back room. About one minute elapsed when raps were heard, and there stood Katie in full form."

Without being strikingly dissimilar, the photograph does not much resemble that of Katie King, *alias* Annie Morgan, that was taken some years ago in London, as she was presented through the medium, Miss Florence Cook. This I think does not necessarily prove that the two portraits were not obtained from the same individual spirit, although we may not be able to account for the discrepancy in the external features until the

marvels of spirit-materialization and photography are more fully developed and understood by us than they are at present. A casual remark made by the spirit John King at the Holmeses' circle may throw a little light on this matter. I asked him whether the costume he appeared in represented the buccanier uniform he used to wear on earth? He replied that it did, as near as the conditions of the circle permitted. I then asked if he was ever present at Mrs. Seaver's circles for materialization in Boston? He said that he was there occasionally!

I have attended Mrs. Seaver's circles quite often, and on one occasion whilst I was present, and on only one, what purported to be the materialized spirit of John King, appeared just outside the cabinet. I observed his proportions and dress attentively, and feel sure that he was larger in person than I saw John King at the Holmeses', and though dressed, at both circles, in parti-colored costume, it was more (as it is called) *Indian fine*, or less *subdued*, in Boston than in Philadelphia. May not these discrepancies have been necessitated by a difference in the conditions of the circles, and so, too, the photograph?

I feel almost certain, if a circle composed of ten or twelve harmonious Spiritualists, half of each sex, could sit regularly every day, for some weeks, with such mediums as the Holmeses, the Edgys, the Blissés, Mrs. Seaver, Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Hull, Mrs. Markee, and scores of other materializing mediums like them, that could be named, (but whom I have not personally known) and all agitating rumors, inharmonies and conflicting questions be kept from the knowledge of these instruments of the angels, that spirits would be able to materialize in their presence, and walk through the streets of our cities side by side with their mediums, as visible and tangible, to all as if they had never tasted of death.

After Katie retired, a spirit called French Mary came forth, and talked very earnestly and fluently for some minutes. Her head and face were rather diminutive in proportion to her body, her nose aquiline, and her hair, eyes and complexion quite dark. She professed to be a French Canadian, and so far as I am competent to judge, I think, from her personal appearance, Frenchified accent, and demeanor generally, she was most probably of French Canadian extract.

Mr. Holmes now entered the wire cage, and Mrs. Holmes took the seat he had vacated outside the cabinet. Gen. Washington soon opened the curtain and walked out in full dress as usual. With his leave I went to him, and took his hand in mine, which felt quite natural. I also examined the texture of his coat, which both looked and felt like silk velvet. He presented his sword to me for examination. Its hilt was quite heavy, and including the guard, heavily embossed, and felt and looked as much like silver as a new dollar. I also examined closely and felt the blade, which to all appearance was veritable steel of the finest quality, and I have little doubt that in the hand of John King it might readily be used with deadly effect. In fact, the thought occurred to me more than once when that guardian of the circle borrowed, as he said, the weapon from Washington on two occasions, that he really meditated making such a use of the sword in the event of any of the tribe of professional grabbers attempting to seize upon him, as has been the case with other spirits who have shown themselves before some of the "exposed" mediums. A homicide of the kind might make a very curious criminal case to be passed upon by a coroner or grand jury.

After Washington, came La Fayette, looking very much as he did on his first appearance. Mr. Winner's father, accompanied by a lady, next showed themselves both at the same time, he as plainly as before. His son not being present, the old man and his partner, whom we supposed to be his wife or daughter, soon retired. John King appeared next on the stage in all his glory. Then came Bishop Polk. Capt. Forsyth (I think of Mobile) appeared next, and said there was a man present who knew both him and also of a tragic occurrence that he (Forsyth) was associated with in that city. A gentleman present acknowledged that the facts stated by Capt. Forsyth (whom he had known by sight) were true, to his certain knowledge, and at the close of the circle he said to me that he was from Mobile and an entire stranger to all present, to none of whom he had revealed his name. Last of all came my wife, her features so plain that I could identify them as hers with tolerable certainty (but not so positively and undoubtedly as I did once at Moravia), at which she manifested much pleasure, conveyed in looks, gestures and whispers. My wife presented herself several times, and on the last occasion she held an infant on her left arm, looking almost exactly as she had appeared to me in a night vision some years ago. The evidence is worth little or nothing to the general reader, but I will just say that I was impressed that the introduction of this infant, as well as that of the other two little children my wife showed me, represented three immature births that, as we both supposed at the time of the accidents, had been eternally lost, but all of whom she found, on her entrance into spirit-life, had been tenderly nursed and cared for by loving friends, and were waiting their mother's coming.

Further than this, for the enlightenment of parents who willfully deprive infants of their earth-life while yet in embryo, I will say that these three immaturely born infants have been brought to me by their spirit-mother and other friends, and identified in the presence of many mediums, some of whom could have known nothing of the circumstances attending their exit. Further than this, I am told by advanced spirits that the murder of such children in embryo involves more remorseful consequences to their destroyers, in the next world, than most other crimes, from the circumstance that the victims are deprived of the experiences they would have gained in living out the full measure of an earthly existence, as the order of Nature and Providence has designed, which disqualifies or greatly retards their entrance into the full fruition of the life beyond the grave. The presence of those injured children of course operates as a never-absent reminder to the parents who murdered them, of their cruelty in thus depriving their helpless offspring of a part of their eternal happiness.

Before concluding, I will say that I closely inspected the cabinet, inside and out, both on the evenings when circles were held, just before the mediums took their seats (when it was open for the inspection of all present), and twice by daylight. It is situated in the front corner of a front room, on the third floor of a brick house in Locust street, opposite Washington Square (nearly the centre of the business portion of the city), enclosing one window looking north, beneath which pedestrians and carriages are constantly passing to and fro during the séances (as all present can hear), so as to render it impossible that any accomplices should enter the window from the street without being seen. The window is also battened and inaccessible except by ladder. The west side of the cabinet is at right angles with the east, and is bounded by a solid plastered and papered wall (as is the side next the street), that separates it from another tenement in the block, and continues in a solid wall the whole length of the west end of the house. Each of these sides measures seven and a half feet by the rule. The cabinet is nearly triangular in shape. The longest side, which is inside the room, is made of boards, and measures about eleven feet. Besides the door closed by the curtain as before described, there is a small aperture some twelve inches square, toward the right, from which spirits sometimes show their faces, talk, &c. The floor of the cabinet is solid, to all appearances, and carpeted, the tacks on the edges appearing as if they might have been placed there a year ago or more. The ceiling above is of plaster, and smooth on the surface throughout. All the furniture of the cabinet consists of a guitar and tin horn, which the spirits occasionally use. As the longest side of the cabinet, in which are the apertures, is always in full view of every member of the circle, it may be readily comprehended how impossible it is for any fraudulent accomplices to enter or leave it from that side without being at once detected. And again, even supposing that such accomplices should, by some secret trap-door or otherwise, obtain entrance into the cabinet, how would it be possible, it may be asked, for them to obtain and so nicely fit the costumes to the hundreds of different actors that perform their part on the stage? What theatrical company is there in all the world, allowing them to have full light, ample space and unlimited time to perform their professional duties, with all the necessary appliances, too, at their command, that could rival in perfection the arrangement of the persons and costumes of those who were to act their parts in the coming play, that is shown by the spirit artists who take part in the Holmeses' séances, to say nothing of the fact that they do all their work in a little cooped-up room, and in total darkness? Imagine, if we can, old *Lunt*, Washington's Revolutionary barber, hurrying up the shaving of his General's beard, and filling the atmosphere of the little cabinet with stifling dust and smoke, that he may speedily finish powdering his master's hair or wig, so that he may prepare Bishop Polk's grand flowing beard, that he too may be ready to take his turn before the scenes within the next two minutes after Washington retires from the stage, and this all proceeding whilst the great chieftain's French valet is adjusting his splendid coat, vest and breeches, &c., &c., to his person, and *sneezing Sambo* is engaged in furbishing and fastening his knee-buckles, and little black *Scip* is shining massa's shoes!

Believe that these things are done by fraud and trickery, who will; I claim that I am not so gullible, nor so credulous, as to swallow such a preposterous theory, in order to get rid of what bigoted and prejudiced contemners of the spiritual phenomena regard as unwholesome or unpalatable truths. Let the reader remember, too, that the whole year round the clothing of the personages who appear at the Holmeses' séances always looks as fresh and new as if it had just come out of the hands of the tailor or dressmaker or laundress, with none of that limp, tinsel and untidy appearance that the costumes of the heroes and heroines, and most accomplished performers of the best theatrical companies, so often present on the stage.

As to the allegation made by some other of our most knowing skeptics that all the alleged spiritual personages who appear at Holmeses' séances are mere metamorphoses of the medium disguised in masks, and cunning accoutrements and paraphernalia of almost every possible contrivance, it ought to, it would seem, be enough to say that such things are as plainly impossible as it is for a horse to present itself one minute in the body of a mouse and the next in that of an elephant. Besides this, the Holmeses are known to be in different pecuniary circumstances, and for some time have done all their own work within doors, without even so much as the help of a child, and it is utterly incredible that they should raise the needful funds to pay for the splendid costumes that are nightly presented at their séances—to say nothing of the cost of hiring accomplished confederates to assist them. The very labor and art required to keep their habiliments and other

apparatuses so clean and unrumpled as they always appear, would of itself bankrupt their exchequer a hundred times. Besides, as a general rule, Mrs. Holmes sits outside the cabinet in plain view of each and all the company, and of course could not aid in the alleged deception even if she was disposed to. Mr. Holmes, a slightly built man perhaps five feet six inches high, most then at one moment personate the six-foot Washington, dressed in his magnificent suit, then perhaps almost immediately appear as a lady leading a child by the hand, then as an old, feeble, tottering centenarian, next in the Herculean figure of John King, with his stentorian voice, and again perhaps as Katie King, pure and fair as an angel, quickly followed by French Mary, jabbering in her Canadian French patois, and so on through hundreds of equally astonishing metamorphoses. Who that believes that all these wonderful manifestations are accomplished by fraud and trickery on the part of the medium, who must in that case be of the most corrupt and unprincipled order of mortals living, and therefore cannot be withheld by any principle or love of truth—who, I say, believing this, can explain why the Holmeses—who have been persecuted and crushed, as it were, to the earth for persisting in declaring that the manifestations that appear through their instrumentality are genuine spirit phenomena—do not at once come out and own, as they have in the matter of the bogus photograph, that it is all done by trickery and fraud, and thenceforth, as Baldwin has done (without possessing a hundredth part of their powers), engage like him in the business of exposing spiritual humbugs, and thus, through the patronage of unbelievers, make their fifteen to forty thousand dollars per annum (as I understand he boasts of receiving), in declaring and practicing the truth, where they now get a few hundreds a year by practicing the most cruel and wicked profession that it is possible for human beings to engage in? For true it must be that if there is a "sin against the Holy Ghost" (inflict of the spirit), that cannot be forgiven "neither in this world nor the next," it must be committed by the false mediums (if, indeed, there be such—which God forbid), who make it their vocation to play upon the finest and most sacred feelings of man's nature that they may acquire a few paltry dollars by their knavery.

But to put the whole matter about the alleged trickery and fraud forever at rest, Mr. J. Daniels (I think from the West) employed a skillful mechanic to make a wire pentagon-shaped cage, so strapped and bound throughout with iron that a giant could not break its bars asunder, nor a fly escape between the meshes of its netting. This he presented to Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. I inspected this prison pen of the dark ages minutely, and found it to be just four feet two inches high, and three feet two inches in diameter, by the rule. It is securely fastened to the left of the door of the cabinet by four iron knees screwed to the side of the cabinet by sixteen wooden screws, eight of which fasten one end of the knees to the cage, whilst eight are screwed through the other end of the knees, and project perhaps quarter of an inch beyond the side of the cabinet, where those present can see and feel of them during the séance if they wish to.

It has been suggested that these screws are bogus, being broken off just as they enter the wood of the cabinet. But I know this is not so, as I saw one of them taken entirely out, and can testify that it was sound and perfect its whole length. There is a door opening directly into the séance room from the side of the cage next the partition of the cabinet, and directly beneath the knees of iron that fasten it firmly in its place. When the company have examined this cage and the cabinet to their satisfaction, Mr. Holmes stoops down and enters the door, and takes his seat on a little hard wooden stool, where he sits (in so cramped, uncomfortable a posture that it must interfere sensibly with the manifestations) for some two or three hours, or until the séance closes, the door of the cage being always shut and locked after him, though if it were not it would not be possible for him to pass out of it without being seen by all the company present.

This leaves the remaining space in the cabinet entirely to the spirits during the whole séance. Any reasonable man might think that this arrangement ought to satisfy the most rabid disbeliever that the mediums could not possibly assist personally in the manifestations. But still it will not, nor will anything else "though one should rise from the dead," until the spiritual faculties of such unfortunates are sufficiently developed to perceive and estimate spiritual truth. The day before I left the city I called at the Holmeses', with the object in part of examining the tenements above and below their rooms, which embrace a flat containing two apartments only and one entry. On my knocking at the door in the floor below the Holmeses' room, it was opened by a French gentleman, who at first seemed rather annoyed by my intrusion, but soon became more sociable, and even genial. I at once saw that the dwelling of this family was directly under Holmes' cabinet, was sound and perfect. In answer to my queries the gentleman told me that he was the lessor of the house, and that although he believed that all the Holmeses' alleged spirit manifestations were bogus, I might rest assured that there was no fraud about the cabinet, as it was put up before they took possession of the suite of rooms under his own inspection, that he might (as I gathered from his discourse) see that no injury was done to the premises. He further said that as many as eight or ten different tenants had occupied the flat above Holmes' tenement since they took possession, and that himself and wife were then tarrying where we were, in the flat next below that of the Holmeses, until a tenant could be found to take the place of a family who had recently moved out of it.

I left confirmed in my belief that there was no secret connection whatever between the space occupied by the cabinet and the adjoining house, nor with either flat above or below it. From the trying experiences the Holmeses have so long been subjected to in consequence of their participation (or assent), as they admit, in preparing a cabinet with movable panels for the purpose of exhibiting them to the public, of admitting a confederate so that she should not be suspected by the artist who took the bogus photograph of the far-famed spirit Katie King, I think there is little reason to apprehend they will ever attempt a repetition of that, or any other fraud, in the practice of their high and sacred vocation. But yet I am not at all sure, in the tornado of persecution that is now being directed against materializing mediums, both from within and without the spiritual ranks, that the Holmeses may not be subjected to further "expurgations," for sure I am that though the glittering steel in the hands of Washington and John King may deter professional spirit-grabbers from attacking them, yet were a powerful and malignant-spirited man to seize and hold in his grasp any one of the fully developed forms that walk out of the cabinet whilst Holmes is in the cage, not ten thousand bars of iron or twice as many strong locks or bolts might suffice to hold him prisoner there, or prevent his spirit guardians from uniting the separated vital elements, even at the cost of placing their medium in the arms of his bitter foe, and thus again apparently exposing his fraudulent tricks.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.
Yonkers, N. Y., Oct. 29th, 1876.

THE BAPTISM OF WORSHIP.

A Scene from the Crown of Fire.
NO. II.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DUGALL.

Scene: The border of a coal.

JOHN.

"Again I hear the strange, mysterious voices,
That whisper in all breaths, inspire all sound,
Inform all motion, and articulate
Language in all things. Even now they sing
In the sweet singing of the rivulet;
I hear them in the wind, or low, or loud;
Even the murmur of the thicket insect
Has a true language; and I understand it.
The cricket, in her sharpest cry, exults
In the sweet peace around her; and the locust,
A gallant troubadour, his corselet strikes,
Responsive to his song of foreign lands.
For me they all have language. The bright wings
Of butterflies, the hum of bees, the air
With such a dowry softness, have a voice;
I know when it is coming, though I'm turned
Another way; and even the mute ground
Is full of speech for me."

But what is this?

A winged creature, coming out alive
From a dead worm? And 'tis a butterfly!
And now it's creeping off into the sunshine,
And spreading forth its beauteous wings to dry,
I saw them—truly saw them—folded up
And shining through the crust that bound them so
They must have ached, but now—oh, now they're free!
And where is the good Angel? Would he come,
And tell me of this wonder? Now I feel
His light is shining on me, and I shiver,
As always in his presence."

Angel appears, MICHAEL. "Benediction."

JOHN.

"Oh, joy, bright Angel, for thy gracious coming!
And tell me, oh, I pray thee, what is this?"
She held the tender insect in her hand,
Looking up in his face beseechingly,
And then her features settled into calm,
That opens ever truly to the light."

MICHAEL.

"T is life, my daughter. Popper on it well;
For know the living are not with the Dead—
Beautiful image of the human soul!"

JOHN.

"And the forsaken shell?"

MICHAEL.

"Thou seest well;
What should it be, my daughter, if not death?"

JOHN.

"And like this did I see in Farmer Jean,
When the more beautiful Form came forth and stood
Beside the body? And did it have wings
All folded up, just like the butterfly's,
Which I could see so clearly underneath
The cracked and shivering crust?"

MICHAEL.

"Angels see
Something like wings within the human form—
Something that will rise up and soar away
Into the warmer light, and clearer air,
Where God and angels live."

JOHN.

"Turned on him with a deprecating look,
As if almost abjuring her own question,
Timid and sweet. "But dost not God live here?"
Then gathering confidence, for in his smile
She felt the difference which a human soul
With conscious power and majestic demands—
The 'Oneness and the Selfhood, which, if true,
Though shrouded in the darkness of a shell,
Which I could see so clearly underneath
The cracked and shivering crust?"

JOHN.

"I own his power. I feel his mighty presence,
His breath blows on me in the breathing wind;
His voice speaks to me in the rushing brooks;
I hear his music in the song of birds,
In the tall sedges rustling by the river—
In the green grass and in the blooming flower—
In everything of sweet and beautiful—
I feel his love, and know that God is there,
And when I sit down in the whispering woods
And listen, and behold the stirring leaves,
I know the trees are praying. The green hills,
Where the white sheep are straying, the bright river,
That winds so gaily round them, the white clouds,
The far, blue sky, the great and glorious sun,
The silvery moon, but, most of all, the stars,
Seem full of worship. I can hear them sing
Praises so beautiful, I almost wish
I could forget myself, and only be
One long and loving prayer, that I might rise,
Forever and forever, unto God,
And say how much I love him!"

JOHN.

"Howing down,
She was transfigured. O'er the upturned forehead,
Hovered awhile the new-born butterfly,
And the white soul, as if drawn outward
By love and worship, so enfolded her,
That the high Angel wondered at her beauty,
Which even his own presence could not dim."

MICHAEL.

"Now I baptize thee; and thou art baptized
Into the power of WORSHIP. Hear, my child,
And know that in this higher, holier rite,
New life and love are thine, and wisdom
And still thy spirit, ever mounting higher,
Borne up on joyous wings that cannot tire,
Into peace and love eternal,
Into hope and strength eternal,
Shall unfold a fount of being
Deeper than the deepest sea;
For its sweet and elevating,
With the earnestness of feeling,
Shall endue thy inner sight,
And inspire the blessed light
With affection true and warm,
Daughter, in the spirit-form,
Which, though folded, underneath
An earthly covering, reveals
The very atmosphere of angels,
There is beauty, there is power,
And there is a wondrous power;
For the soul can keep its state,
'Mid all wrong inviolate;
And while struggling, as it must,
Believing in the goodness and truth,
Not unconscious of its birth,
Still it hears the sweet evangel
Which, in waves of music, roll
O'er the ransomed human soul."

JOHN.

"Open now thy spirit eyes
To the joy of Paradise;
Leave the dismal depths of night,
And walk through the halls of light—
Newly-baptized—newly born,
Art thou, and art blessed more
God, and saints, and angels, see
Light is shining forth from thee.
In the cheerless human fold;
In the midnight, dark and cold,
Its undying flame, still near thee,
With a shining lamp shall cheer thee.
Truth singing, struggle, pain,
Come, and call me back again,
For the growing soul to make
Garments fitting, and awake
In the deeper depths a power
For thy next baptismal hour."

JOHN.

"Though thou sleepest and none hear thee,
Know that angel friends are near thee.
Though thou livest all unmet, yet
Thy soul is growing steadily;
For its true state is known,
Can be wrought in depths so lonely,
That no human breath can stir
The white wall that shroudest her
We have chosen, from the light
That is dim in angel light."

JOHN.

"Know that suffering must be
If the spirit would be free.
See the insect's lovely form
Struggle in the writhing worm,
Ere the bright wings, spiritual Earth,
May unfold their right of birth,
Aid all things free and fair,
To the fresh and buoyant air,
In the cloistered halls of Pain
Is a consecrated fane;
And where'er thy deepest dole is
Find the Helper of the soul;
So thou art baptized duly—
Worship now; and worship truly."

JOHN.

"As this white hands spread forth in ecstasy,
As if they had been seeking for the essence
A descriptive drama drawn from the life of Joan of Arc."

Of power divine, she felt in everything;
The forehead still upturned, the lids thrown back.
The light of Heaven in the seraphic eyes,
And shining forth from the translucent features,
But softened the sweet soul, that sat serenely
Visible underneath."

JOAN.

"Oh, God is good.
I bless him for his goodness. God is Truth;
And I shall know no falsehood. God is great;
I take hold of his greatness, and go out
Into his wondrous presence. God is Beauty;
And I behold his presence everywhere,
Shining and brightening all things. God is Love;
And Beauty, Truth and Goodness, all are wrought
Into his blessed presence. All his love
Is shining in me. Oh, I gasp! I burn!
My soul dissolves in flame, and waits away
An incense of pure prayer. I hear the song
Of high Archangels chanting: 'Love! Love! Love!'
And my soul answers with one blessed word,
Responding from its inmost—only—'God!'"

The Angel laid a hand upon her brow,
To white and pure as snow. Then she breathed
Quietly, and resting softly, slept,
In the sweet shadowy silence of the wood.

JOAN.

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JOAN.

friends of Spiritualism work faithfully in the
cause, and believe that the truth will triumph."

On this subject of mediumship one of Slade's
band also spoke, while entrancing the medium.
As he was desirous that I should remember and
take down what he said, I wrote immediately
every word I could remember. In the course of
conversation with the medium and my sister, I
had just lamented the treatment received by
mediums at the hands of those who would be by
no means willing to plead ignorance as an excuse
for a course which it would be hard to justify on
other grounds. The controlling spirit spoke earnestly
and eloquently, saying:

"What men seek, that they find, and not
something else. When they really care for the
one thing, they think of that alone and heed it,
while other things which they may happen to
meet with in their search they cast aside. If a
man digs for gold, he meets also with stones and
stones, but these he disregards and rejects. He
does not look for perfection in mediumship, mediums
much dirt, and so many stones, but works faithfully,
sifting out little particles of gold, and as he has
a pile of precious metal which rewards his
patient toil. So, if a man bores for oil, he thinks
and tells of the oil he gets, and if he happens to
find water or sand, he throws them away as
worthless, and perseveres till he gets the oil, and
then he has something worth talking about.
There are very few things found pure and un-
mixed in Nature. The best things are often al-
loyed and imperfect."

The metals in the earth are mingled with
dross, the fruits upon the trees are often specked
and worm-eaten, so that portions of them have
to be rejected. Neither are human beings, or the
powers they possess, perfect, and least of all can
we look for perfection in mediumship, mediums
be so constituted as to be subject to all man-
ner of influences. Not only are they liable to be
influenced unfavorably by disembodied spirits, but
by the minds of those about them here. Oh,
friend, you cannot imagine the power that mind
has, and how it is brought to bear on mediums!

When we see the bird charmed by the snake
it is drawn into its jaws and devoured, we
feel sorry for it, but when mediums are confused
and lured to evil, by influences to them as irre-
sistible, all are ready to denounce them as cheats
and liars, without any effort to understand the
laws that govern these things, or to discover
whether they may not, after all, be innocent of
results which discredit influences and discredit
conditions have, by opening a way for mischievous
and beguiling spirits to enter, produced. The
power exerted by those in the circle, and from
spirits they bring is so great, often so singular
in its effects, and always so little understood,
that no one should be in haste to denounce a me-
dium, and never should he be condemned and
abandoned till, after patient investigation by
those who comprehend these things, he is found
to yield to the earnest seeker only dross, or gold
so alloyed as to be worthless. Everything is so
badly managed in circles that it is no wonder
there is so much dissatisfaction. If investigators
from what they are. Not only would manifesta-
tions be more reliable, but they would be far
more various, and of a higher order."

If, for instance, persons who have seen cer-
tain forms of manifestation, under strict test
conditions, would be satisfied and leave the spirits
to continue their work in their own way, they
could do far more than they can while things are
so much dissatisfied. If investigators
After people see a certain manifestation, they
tell others of it, and every one wants to see the
same. Even after it has been shown hundreds
of times, under the most satisfactory conditions,
the genuineness of it is still doubted, and it must
be repeated again and again, only again to be
disputed and denied. Now the spirits, through
this and other mediums, want to go on, step by
step, to higher forms of manifestation. If in-
vestigators would show you an amount of power
which few who visit this medium witness, because
you, having once for all had the reality of these
things proved to you, are satisfied to leave the
rest to us, not dictating, but allowing us to do as
we think best. But when the medium is wearied
and discouraged by

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Banner of Light.

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"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. B. Brittan.

Expenses of the Defence of Slade.

A friend writes us from London: "I have heard from Mr. Harrison that a general feeling prevails among London Spiritualists that American Spiritualists, who have had so few public expenses of late, whilst those in England have had so many, ought to take the bulk of the cost of fighting Slade's case upon themselves, it being quite enough for those in England to do to take the persecution and the work and the responsibility of fighting out the case in the most efficient way they can with the means at command. He thinks that American Spiritualists should put their shoulders to the wheel in this matter with the utmost energy, and band together to fight for the great principles involved in the case." We trust that these expectations of our English friends will be promptly met. American Spiritualists outnumber them more than twenty to one, and ought to provide liberally for the whole expense of the Slade trial. If only six thousand of our forty or fifty thousand readers would send us only fifty cents each, the expense of the new trial of Slade would be provided for. That this will be done, and done promptly under the urgent circumstances, we cannot entertain a doubt. Read the plan we have proposed elsewhere for raising the desired sum.

Digging their Own Pit.

The unguarded confession of the "exposer" Bishop, who performed for the church and Harvard College, last Saturday night, in this city, ostensibly in aid of a church sold by a religious society on the sole condition that it shall not be preached and prayed in—the unguarded confession, we say, of this person that he marvels at the readiness of the clergy to accept his manifestations on trust, not knowing, in other words, whether they are manifestations or expositions, is something that would instantly make less headlong men than the preachers are in this matter pause and consider the situation in which he has involved them. For Bishop has undeniably led them into a dilemma from which even he has not the power or ability to extricate them. They are forced to accept without a word all that he says and does, and take on trust his assertion that his performances are mere jugglery instead of being genuine or partial spiritual phenomena. We really do not see why these too eager clergymen have not suffered themselves to be duped as easily, and even more so, as the alleged victims of Spiritualism whom they assume to emancipate from their delusion.

But this point we care comparatively little for. It is one that will readily enough make itself in almost every mind of ordinary penetration and intelligence. The thing for the clergy to consider, not only in their adoption of Bishop as an ally but in the whole of their furious hostility to Spiritualism, is that they are unconsciously digging a pit into which they are certain to fall themselves. They are surrendering their position just as fast as they can to that spirit of Materialism, ruling both in modern philosophy and modern science, which threatens the ruin of all they profess to hold dear.

It is to be said for Spiritualism at least that it contains a positive religious element and force; too late will the clergy find that in calling in Materialism to overthrow Spiritualism they have evoked a power that will surely overthrow their own temple. The blind are leading the blind again into the ditch that is already full of the unwise. Conceding that the clergy can finish the claims of Spiritualism by calling in the aid of mediums themselves and confiding implicitly in their paid assurances, how do they imagine they are going to fare when Science turns round and holds them sternly to the logic of that material proof which they were so ready to employ against Spiritualism? It is not for us to answer the question, but we can assure the churches that it is going to be an interesting one for them to meet when it comes their turn to answer.

Another case of spiritual transportation is reported from England. Credible witnesses are responsible for the statement that a medium by the name of Bullock was taken from a cabinet, at Islington, and carried to Clapton, by some mysterious agency which they believe was spiritual.

Spiritualism the World's Religion.

Says Prof. Brittan, "If those who profess to accept the truth will improve their great opportunity, Spiritualism may finish the temple of Science and become the Eclectic Religion of the World." Never were truer or more timely words spoken. They deserve to be repeated till they abide in the memory. This is the "great opportunity" for which the lovers of truth may be supposed to be waiting. It is right at their hand. Will they fail to recognize it when it is so near, while praying and yearning for it when it was not yet come? That it is the opportunity so long coveted, may be readily understood from the fact that it is so bitterly assailed by both worldlings and ecclesiastics. But notwithstanding all such assaults, which are now culminating in the labored essays of Curtis, in Harper's Monthly, in the denunciations of the clergy, and in a portion of the secular press, Spiritualism is more widespread than it ever was, and takes deeper and firmer root in the popular belief and heart.

No believer can fail to note and profoundly rejoice over the fact that the great truths of the spiritual philosophy are rapidly striking down in the human mind in the form of abiding convictions, to inspire the life and direct the conduct. The evidence is to be found on every side. As we have already said, all this opposition to them only shows where they are continually breaking out on the surface and manifesting themselves. And this is taking place not only in the minds of the common people but in those of the scientists and first men of the Old World.

This is an advance in the spiritual phenomena that no mere sneering or denunciation can avail to turn back. It is new and firm ground. What is clearly and unequivocally demonstrated in the presence of such men, and is likewise accepted by them as proven by the testimony of their senses, cannot be dissipated by all the prejudices of unbelievers combined and concentrated upon it. And what, to come to the real point, what is it that these phenomena teach—the advanced and the alphabetical? Simply, but surely, that man lives after the separation of the body and spirit. The blessedness of the advanced testimony is that it supplies visible, palpable, physical proof. It leaves theory, inference, trust, hope, all these behind, and with a single bold and true stroke presents the demonstration in such a form that no living man who sees it before him can from that time forward deny it.

Do we any of us realize what is to be the result, and immediately? Events are not to move as slowly in the next fifty years as they have in the past fifty, rapid even as that movement has been. Science has made such perilous inroads into faith that but for a fresh recruiting of the latter from new sources it must succumb. Spiritualism comes forward just in time to rescue genuine religion and to harmonize belief and knowledge. If it shatters worn-out creeds and superstitions, it replaces them with something tangible. Science never could do it, for it works in a different field, yet in the progress of the race it is essential that the workers in both fields should see and feel that they are neither antagonistic nor separate. Spiritualism successfully brings them together, and through the agency of scientists themselves. In the apt language of Prof. Brittan, it is to finish the temple of science, and thus become "the eclectic religion of the world."

The Sunday Herald on Bishop.

The "spiritual" column of the Boston Sunday Herald for Nov. 6th, contains an editorial article on Bishop and his Saturday night performance at Music Hall, from which we quote the following:

"Mr. Irving Bishop, or his friends, are claiming a little too much when he is accorded the credit of exposing the 'Katie King' fraud. Eddys, Mrs. Fay and Mrs. Hardy. As to 'Katie King,' the best authorities in the matter, including Col. Ocott, Gen. Lippitt, Mr. Epps Sargent and Mr. J. M. Roberts, do not admit that the Holmes mediums were detected in the alleged fraud. On the contrary, they are fully satisfied of the genuineness of their claims as mediums. As to the Eddys, Mr. Bishop says he exposed their sister, Mrs. Huntton, by revealing a trap door in her house at Chittenden. But more than a year ago a representative of the Herald, who spent a week at the Eddys', gave his reasons at length for regarding them as all impostors. Mr. Bishop is the reputed author of a letter which appeared in the New York Sun about a year ago announcing the discovery of a secret passage communicating with the Eddy ghost-room through a chimney, but as the story was afterward ascertained to be a pure invention, he will probably not now claim the honor of that 'discovery.'

A correspondent of the Transcript is not satisfied with Bishop's explanation of his performances, because the public has nothing but his word to show that he is not a genuine medium. The writer remarks: 'In his letter to the Boston committee all that he claims is to exhibit the natural means by which many of the characteristic phenomena attributed to Spiritualism are wrought.' This is wise. He does not venture to include all the phenomena as imitable. Mr. Bishop avoids all explanation of his power of reading on pellets, tightly rolled up, the various inscriptions they may bear. He gives us the idea that it is a simple and explicable process; but when pushed for a square, direct explanation, he invariably dodges. And so with regard to all the other phenomena that are only media. He denies their media character; that is, he poses a positive hypothesis by a merely negative one. He explains nothing; although the audience, in their delight at imagining that Spiritualism has come to grief, takes his simple denial as an explanation.

Mr. Bishop privately admits that he is sometimes overpowered by trances, or catalepsy, and that the rappings deemed by many to be a spiritual manifestation attended him at an early age. He moreover frankly admits his surprise at the endorsement which he has received, as an exposé, from the clergy of the land, who seem willing to undermine the public faith in all the spiritual phenomena of the past, as recorded in the Bible, if they can only see the pestilent modern heresy stabbed to the heart."

Denison, Texas, so says a recent number of the Daily Cresset, has "a haunted house" which proves to be the greatest sensation that city has ever experienced. The premises have been visited by a number of prominent citizens, who were nonplussed at what they saw and heard. A little girl about eight years old became entranced there one evening, and wrote spirit messages. In her usual condition she was unable to write at all. The account concludes: "Loud knocks in the building that can be heard in the neighborhood, are heard all over the house. Everything has been done to discover if there is any trickery. The front stoop has been taken up; pistol shots have been fired where the knocking is heard, but all yet remains a mystery."

Mrs. Youngs, the piano-medium, announced—through her agent—at Lurline Hall, Boston, last Sunday evening, that she was willing to encounter Mr. Bishop in a trial of his skill or her mediumship at any time when he dared put in an appearance.

Words to the Point.

A literary gentleman of Boston recently received a private letter from one of his correspondents in Philadelphia, which was so replete with sound sense, that, in view of the present agitation, he has permitted us to make the following extracts from it for the benefit of the public:

"I note your postscript relative to exposures of spiritual manifestations, &c. They do not disturb my faith, for I think I can satisfactorily account for them. The detection of counterfeits does not disprove the existence of genuine coin, though some of our savants seem willing to accept the hypothesis that it does. The error of many, who may in some degree be regarded as candid investigators, is the thoughtless and unwarranted assumption that mediums, if not impostors, can of their own volition cause the manifestations. This erroneous assumption taints their judgment and prompts their distrust when they witness phenomena which seem to them unaccountable on any other than the professed theory, the result often being that distrust governs reason in their conclusions. This was my experience while investigating the question, but patience and perseverance enabled me at length to realize this lesson—that positive proof disclosed in one class of phenomena, could not be refuted by mere negative testimony occurring in a different class, or that the integrity of one medium was disproved by the detected hypocrisy of another.

"It is profoundly true that 'agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom,' and it is equally true that an occasional 'trick' in the manifestations tends to induce many to 'witness' the manifestations, that they may detect the fraud, who would fear to do so lest their reason should unhappily conquer their faith. I admit that tricks are sometimes attempted when the attempt is wholly referable to the spirits controlling the mediums, however hard it may seem to thus make the medium a victim; but I do not forget that this seeming evil tends to a great good—the agitation of thought, &c., and that martyrs have always been, and still are, the seed of the church.

"A prominent part of the mission of Spiritualism is to lead both the church and science to better comprehend the profound philosophical lessons embodied in figurative language in the Bible, and thus enable them to better appreciate, if not fully solve, the problem, 'What is truth?' While reason teaches us we may reason from the known to the unknown—can mentally see what may be beyond our present sensual vision—science dogmatically decrees we cannot rationally accept as truth what cannot be demonstrated; hence we may not accept the existence of a spiritual in contradistinction to a material substance, until we can sensuously identify it. My reason teaches me that there are many things invisible to me, and I must reason from the things that are visible, to gain any conception of the character thereof; hence I repudiate the dogma limiting my search after truth to sensuous demonstration. Others alike are claiming freedom in their search, and Spiritualism is daily exciting this popular feeling. I have no fear for the consequences."

Conway Again.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway, the unscrupulous traducer of all Spiritualists, and who seems to hate Spiritualism as the mythical Satan does holy water, has been interviewing Dr. Carpenter again, and the following is the result:

The facts, Dr. Carpenter has made a mistake in one particular; he allowed himself to have a séance with Slade without paying the usual five dollars, and so he did not feel the same freedom which Lankester and others did in testing things without regard to etiquette. The Spiritualists, of course, have great faith that Dr. Carpenter is coming over to their side; but they hope in vain. Dr. Carpenter is a nervous, timid, crochety and egotistical man, but he is also learned, trained in powers of observation and truthful. His veracity may be relied on—which is not the case with Mr. Crookes; and also his sense of honor—which is not the case with Mr. Wallace. If Dr. Carpenter were to become a Spiritualist, the gain to that party would be worth a hundred such men as Crookes and Wallace. He would be the first eminent scientific man in this country whose character can be relied on to embrace that belief. But there is not the slightest cause for the rumors whispered about by Spiritualists. As Dr. Carpenter informed me, his reason for opposing the prosecution of Slade is simply that he is afraid it may "make him (Slade) a martyr." Others also fear it may aid Slade in making dupes; but since the trial has let more light into the matter, such are not so fearful of that result as they were."

Conway's mendacious attempts to impugn the veracity of leading Spiritualists may be passed over now, since our readers are well aware how much the man's testimony is worth. The idea that Carpenter was not so good a tester of Slade's media powers because he did not behave brutally like Lankester, is quite worthy of a fellow of Conway's tone of mind. The truth is that Lankester by his course defeated his object, if his object was the truth; for he proved absolutely nothing. If he had simply said, "Let me see that slate," it would have been enough; and he could then have wiped it, tried again and seen what would ensue. He would have gained all that he gained by his ruffianism, and would have had a chance of learning something more. But he went in an aggressive spirit—had his scientific blinders on, and was determined to see only those straws that might help to confirm him in his preconceived hypothesis. The result was precisely what might have been expected. Mr. Conway calls it "to become a Spiritualist" when a man bears honest witness to a media phenomenon, as Dr. Carpenter seems disposed to do. By his foul aspersions, Conway would like to frighten off people from testifying to the truth.

Mr. W. I. Bishop.

This young man's exhibition at the Boston Music Hall, Nov. 4th, fully justified all that we and our correspondents have said of the fallacious character of his pretensions, and the utter worthlessness of his performances as any exposure or explanation of the phenomena of Spiritualism. However he may have deluded those persons who had but a superficial acquaintance with Spiritualism, every experienced investigator set him down at once as a shameless pretender. Sensible remarks from a correspondent who was present at the "entertainment" will be found in another column.

Dr. J. R. Newton, the famous healer, writes to us from Cincinnati, under date of Nov. 4th, that he is having great success there in healing the sick, and will probably remain in that section during the winter months.

Margaret Fox Kane embarked at New York for England on the 16th of Sept. last. She is now in London, but expects soon to leave for St. Petersburg, Russia.

Organization.

On our eighth page will be found a report of the meeting of the Tennessee Spiritualists, in the course of which the remarks of Hon. J. M. Peebles will bear attention. His idea of organization for self protection and for business purposes—as endorsed by the Religious-Philosophical Journal of a late date—is a correct one, and one with which we have always affiliated. A theologico-scientific-materialism, thoroughly inimical to spiritual truth, and the intuitive longings of the human soul, seems to impregnate not only the classic schools and lecture halls, but the very pulpits of the land, and under its influence the narrow-minded or study-prejudiced disciples of these institutions are evidently rallying to repress free thought everywhere. No better evidence than the Dr. Slade persecution, in London, is needed to prove the animus of this new alliance between bald materialism and square-toed sectarianism, an alliance which is just as willing to work against the cause in America as in England, if opportunity offers. Let us then at once seek to unite for common protection, and prepare a fund to defend our media, who are likely at no far distant day to be pounced upon and dragged into the courts by the agents of that logical outcome of modern Evangelicalism, the "Y. M. C. A." Let us unite everywhere; local societies on a financial and business foundation are the need of the hour—these can justly act together through their regularly appointed delegates in State Conventions, and, if desired, in a National organization, should the need of such an one arise. We must present some front to the advancing hosts of theologic bigotry and scientific turpitude.

How the Slade Persecution Strikes Honest Men.

An accomplished lawyer of New York, not a Spiritualist, writes to a Boston friend as follows: "What asses they are making of themselves in London by persecuting Slade! I have been curious to understand the statute under which he was probably convicted. It was one of William IV, reproduced and reconstructed from older statutes. The provisions are, that any person who, by palmistry or any subtle devices, attempts to deceive and impose upon any of His Majesty's subjects, shall, on conviction thereof, be sent to the House of Correction, to be put to hard labor for a term not to exceed three months. The attempt to put down Spiritualism by this kind of proceeding will certainly recoil. They are making a martyr of Slade. I'm sure he is no juggler, and I have no doubt that the phenomena I witnessed in his presence were not performances of his own. M—, who was with me, concurs with me in declaring that Slade could not possibly have written what we saw on the slate. Lankester's pulling away the slate, and the inferences he based on the act, were all humbug and nonsense. I am exceedingly sorry for Slade, but am equally sorry that any men can be found in this day and in England to countenance such a perversion of law and justice. I fear the Church is at the bottom of it all."

R. Linton at Rochester Hall.

The audience at the above hall had, on Sunday evening, Nov. 5th, the privilege of listening to a fine lecture from the above named gentleman. The subject of his discourse was "Man the School-Boy of the Universe," and its drift was to pass in review those influences, natural and spiritual, which bear on the education of man as a race and as an individual. The discourse is pronounced to have been a masterpiece of thought, replete with illustrations from history and science, which gave evidence of the rich resources of the lecturer's mind. Boldness in the enunciation of principles, a style clear and forcible, and at times pathetic, were characteristics that could not fail to interest. The harmony between the real discoveries of modern science and the Spiritual Philosophy formed not the least interesting feature of the address. To give an abstract of the lecture would not do it justice, and to publish it in these columns would be premature, as we understand it is to be re-delivered, by desire, on another platform.

We are requested to state that the astronomical-theological lecture by Mr. Linton, previously announced for Sunday evening next, is postponed for the present, pending arrangements for a larger hall.

Illustrated Lectures by Prof. Milleson.

The "Society of Spiritual Science," of New York, has decided on Sunday, the 19th inst., for the first of a course of lectures by Prof. M. Milleson, spirit-artist. These lectures will be illustrated by paintings, done under spirit-control, representing the spirit-body, with its manifold vital currents flaming off, embodying the clothing, nerve system, love and repellant powers, thought orbits from the right brain circling round to the left brain, presenting the problems of clairvoyance and inspiration.

It gave us a great deal of satisfaction to learn that Mrs. Woodhull recently had a public hearing in Boston, although we were many miles away at the time—satisfaction, because the good common sense of the people frowned down the efforts of bigotry to squelch free thought in our metropolis. Here is the language of the Philadelphia Press of the 2d inst. in regard to Mrs. W.'s late lecture here:

"On Sunday night, Oct. 22d, at the Boston Theatre, one of the finest and most respectable audiences of that classic city gave her a welcome worthy of the two thousand representatives of Boston society eager to listen to the woman they have scorned and repelled so long. The people of Philadelphia will be glad to give a hearing to Mrs. Woodhull, whose appearance here will attract those who are ready at all times to testify their appreciation of her worth as a reformer of many of the abuses of society."

Mrs. Woodhull having been interviewed by a reporter from The Item office, we find in that paper of the 2d inst. the statement that the lady intends to make her debut as an actress in one of the prominent theatres in London, in a new and powerful play, entitled "Countess Helene," some time during the present winter—perhaps in February.

A. C. Woodruff writes as follows from Battle Creek, Mich.:

"Mrs. Woodruff, owing to the shattered condition of her health, was obliged to leave some engagements in this State unfilled, and return to her home in New York, but she has now so far recovered that by the time this reaches the public she expects to be able to commence her labor anew. She would be glad to hear at once from those wanting her services for a course of Sunday or week-day evening lectures, either in this State, on the way here, or in States further west. She can be addressed at this place."

Dr. Ernest J. Witherford, of Chicago, is at present in Boston.

Mr. W. I. Bishop's Exposure of Spiritualism.

I was present at the exhibition of Mr. Bishop on Saturday evening, and I beg leave to call your attention to a few points which are not brought out in the daily papers, or if mentioned at all are not stated correctly. In the first place as to the tying: this was done by two of Mr. Bishop's own endorsers and patrons, nominated by himself. No one doubts the honesty of Messrs. Ellis and Horsford; but it is not unreasonable to say that they did not do the tying as they would have done it if they had been tying a "medium." They tied just such knots as Mr. Bishop directed them to tie, and no other. Doubtless the knots were fairly enough tied, but after all the question recurs, was Mr. Bishop so tied that he was not left with considerable freedom of motion? Some of the papers say that Dr. Ellis stated that Bishop was tied apparently so that it was impossible for him to move. I did not hear him say anything of the sort; he simply said that he was securely tied.

Then as to the post to which he was tied. When some one in the audience put the very reasonable question whether the post was solid and substantial, he was at once put down with an insult, which was received with a round of applause from Mr. Bishop's admirers. When another gentleman mildly inquired whether a Spiritualist would be permitted to go on the stage and examine the tying, he was put down with another insult, and the police were called on to put him out of the hall. This also was received with a round of applause, which shows at least that Mr. Bishop's friends have singular ideas of fair play, and also that the conditions imposed upon mediums who are tied by a committee chosen by the audience themselves, and consisting almost always of skeptics, were not by any means adhered to.

Mr. Bishop's first experiment was what he styles in his prospectus, "the astonishing ballot test, or blood-writing on the arm," and purported to be a duplication of one of the extraordinary manifestations that take place through the mediumship of Mr. Charles H. Foster. No opportunity was given to the audience to examine the sealed envelope. Dr. Holmes did not state, nor did Mr. Bishop state, that nobody but Dr. Holmes knew its contents. But the audience were permitted to infer that such was the fact. Mr. Bishop did not explain how it was done, nor did any one know what the manipulation of the slate by Prof. Horsford may have had to do with it. Now that we know, through the mediumship of the Boston Herald, that the secret had been confided to Prof. Horsford, the mystery of the whole matter is in a great part taken away. Nobody would ever suspect Mr. Bishop or any one else of being a spiritual medium from the performance of such a trick as that. It did not bear the slightest resemblance to Mr. Foster's manifestations, and the attempt to palm it off as a duplication of them is a transparent humbug.

Mr. Bishop went through the rest of his programme well enough, taking care always to have the same conditions that mediums require, but when we came to his explanation, which did not begin till after the audience were well tired out, and which was the only important part of his exhibition, we have to record another failure. He showed how he could produce the "old oaken bucket sensation," by wriggling and twisting his limbs with a great muscular effort, but he omitted altogether to show us how he performed his feats when Dr. Ellis was in the cabinet, in such a way that that eminent physician could not detect the slightest motion of his body. He did not tell us why he had the top of his cabinet carefully covered over during that one performance in particular, so as to secure darkness. The Boston Herald informs us that he performed this feat by dislocating his right shoulder—"throwing it out of joint"; if that is so, it would be interesting to have the opinion of Dr. Ellis as an anatomist as to the possibility of such a performance by ordinary members of the human race, including the majority of mediums; and to know also from Dr. Ellis's own lips whether he has actually seen the thing done.

If we are expected to accept this explanation on Mr. Bishop's testimony without the demonstration, which he promised but did not find it convenient to give, we shall still have serious doubts as to the truth of it. However, if he was not tied firmly and closely to the post, and if the post did not stand firm (and as a matter of fact it did not, from my own testing, though I did not dare even to ask a question on the subject during the exhibition, in view of what had happened to two audacious gentlemen who had previously ventured to put a question), it might be possible for Mr. Bishop to do almost anything, though not without a considerable amount of twisting and wriggling.

It may be well enough to mention that Mr. Bishop's explanation even of "the spirit carpenter" was not altogether satisfactory, because although he succeeded in using "the hammer of truth," he did not drive the "nail of conviction." The amount of it is, that Mr. Bishop's show was good enough as a specimen of his skill in playing tricks, but amounted to nothing at all when regarded as a "startling exposure of Spiritualism." It exposed nothing but Mr. Bishop's own audacity, impertinence and prevarication. It is melancholy to think that so many eminent and intelligent gentlemen should put themselves forward as the introducers of so frivolous and resultless an exhibition to a Boston audience.

FAIR PLAY.

Dr. Sarah E. Somerby, a lady possessed of the power of healing by magnetism, or laying on of hands, recently won—according to the appended paragraph in the secular press—the following victory over medical science and prejudice in Syracuse, N. Y.:

"We understand that she has secured quite a number of patients in this city, among whom is a well-known physician of the allopathic school. This learned disciple of Esculapius daily decries out huge doses of deadly drugs to his patients, but in his heart he is undoubtedly of the opinion that 'the mild power cures.' Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel!"

Under the head "Business Cards" will be found an announcement setting forth the fact that such residents in Baltimore and vicinity may desire to purchase copies of the Banner of Light, or our spiritual and reformatory publications generally, can be accommodated by Wash. A. Danskin.

The crucial box mold-sance at Mrs. Hardy's last Sunday night was a perfect success, according to the Daily Advertiser.

Read the advertisement of the America Health College, at Cincinnati, O., on our seventh page.

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J u n e - J u l y 8

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and Trance; 7. Mediums; 8. Dorekang.

Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free-Press Meetings, through the mediumship of Mrs. JENNIE M. RUDD, are reported verbatim, and published each week in this Department.

We are publishing on this page reports of Spirit Messages given each week in Baltimore, Md., through the mediumship of Mrs. SARAH A. DANSHIN.

These messages indicate the spirit-world early with them the character of their earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil—consequently those who pass from the earth-sphere in an under-kept state, eventually progress to a higher condition.

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LAWIS H. WILSON, Chairman.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES
GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. JENNIE M. RUDD.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready, Mr. Chairman, for any questions which may be placed before us to consider.

Q.—(By Dr. B. F. Clark.) Is not the "Golden Rule" better than any religious creed as a basis for society?

A.—We, from our standpoint, consider the "Golden Rule" the grandest creed society can adopt. We believe that they who do unto others as they would like to be done by, and carry out that rule in their lives, live a truly pure, spiritual and Christian life.

Q.—(By the same.) What is the best religion, what the best system of politics, and what the best government now on the earth?

A.—We believe and know that America has the best government of any in existence in this world to-day. We would like to say that it had the best politics. We trust there is more of freedom here in America than in any other country on earth. The best religion is the one we have just spoken of—to do unto others as you would have them do unto you—being the old saying of Confucius. Although repeated by Jesus of Nazareth, yet it is proved, by ancient writings, that Confucius uttered the saying before Christ was born.

Q.—(By the same.) Are any of these institutions absolutely necessary for our welfare?

A.—We believe that the institution of government, the institution of politics, the institution of religion, are necessary for the government of the world of to-day. A man has progressed so far that he could be a law unto himself, there would be no need of governmental institutions; there would be no need of law; there would be no need of any one body governing the other. But the trouble is just here: It might not be necessary for people that are congregated here in this room to say to them, "Thou shalt not steal," but there are individuals in your world who were born into it with a bad organization, and then the law that "thou shalt not steal" and the penalty which goes with that law, is a terror, something which keeps them from breaking the law. Therefore we say, government is necessary for the present time, from the fact that there are people in the world who need to be governed, not having progressed far enough to be a law unto themselves. So far as the religious world goes, as we spirits come to earth and look about us, we perceive there are many individuals who need religion in order to save them from the terrors of death. Why, it seems almost absolutely necessary that some men should have a "devil" to scare them into behaving with discretion, prudence, and decency. In fact, as I have said, among the churches, it seems as if the "devil" had been far more necessary to them than the great Almighty Father God. We consider, then, that the religions of to-day are necessary for the times. We believe the Catholic religion is necessary for the Catholics. We believe that many of them need just such rigor, just such a control as is wielded over them by the priests and the bishops, in order to make them tread the path of duty laid down for them. We do not believe that the Catholics will come a law unto himself; when the Catholic will progress out of his church; when the Protestant will so far look out of the church door that he will know the God he has preached about, and prayed to, stands so near his side he can touch him, and can feel his presence through some angelic spirit friend. We trust you will all outgrow the necessity of law; but at the present time law and order are necessary for the fulfilling of law.

Q.—(By the same.) What is the best remedy for the evils flesh is heir to?

A.—The best remedy is to live a true life, to live according to the spiritual laws and according to the magnetic laws of life, and then you need be "heir" to no evils. Another is to choose your companions in life, not as a man chooses a fine horse, or carriage, but to choose according to the magnetic law—the law of love. You can never bring offspring into the world that will be true, pure and spiritual, until you do this. The remedy we recommend is, to live true and pure lives, and endeavor to bring children into the world according to pure, true, spiritual magnetic laws.

Q.—(From the audience.) If a person is unhappy in this life, and takes his own life, is he happy in the spirit-world, and does he meet his friends there?

A.—No matter how unhappy earth's child may be, no matter how many dark hours he may have, when he enters spirit-life he will be welcomed by dear friends who have gone before, and clasp the hands of his loved ones. They will meet and "know each other there." But he or she who takes his own life, or she cannot give, must meet the fearful question in the grand hereafter. You cannot dodge it, it is there before you; and no matter how unhappy you may be in this life, you will hear the fearful sentence: "Thou hast taken thy life, thou canst not give it back; thou art not wanted here, thou hast come before thy time; return to earth and do the work which thou hast left unfinished." We would add that in our life those who throw life away are come home to us, receive pity, sympathy, kindness, but at the same time they have to feel that they ought not to have taken that life; that, no matter how dark it was, they should have remained unto the end. We help them onward and upward, and they become happy; but never so happy as if they had not done the deed. You cannot take your own life without suffering for it in a measure.

Maurice Leigh Duncan.

I am Maurice Leigh Duncan. I passed away a few weeks ago of a difficulty called congestion of the bowels, I was fifty-seven, nearly fifty-eight, years old. I went out from Memphis, Tenn. I know, as I stand in spirit-life, that there was a grand mistake made; that neither I nor my friends understood the laws of health or the magnetic laws of my being sufficiently well to save me from passing "over Jordan" and coming to the spirit-world. I have left dear friends behind that I would like to meet. If they will meet me in my old home, Cincinnati, at some medium's house, they will find me there; or if they will meet me where I passed away, at some medium's room, I shall be glad to see them, for I have got that to communicate which will be of the utmost importance to them, but I do not choose to make public property of it. It is sufficient for them to know that Maurice Leigh Duncan has returned to earth again.

Thomas Palmer.

I went away with—I don't know what you

call it—I couldn't breathe. Well, maybe you call it asthma. I feel it when I try to come back. I have been gone a long time. I never tried to come back before. I don't know why I try to come back now, but I saw quite a crowd here. I saw a bright star shining. It was the bright one I've seen since I've been out of the body, and I followed it closely in its track, as near as I could, and it led me to this building, and I followed it a crowd here. I asked them what they were doing, what they meant to do, and where they were going? and they told me that, in order to fulfill their life and to do good to others, and to folks like me, they were going to talk to the people this afternoon. And I've come. I haven't got anything interesting to tell you. In fact, I went out because I couldn't breathe good.

I had children here. I don't know where they are. I left them here in Boston, somewhere. I can't find 'em to-day. Why, I've been gone more than thirty years, and better. I don't know where they laid my bones—somewhere out of town, I suppose.

If you can tell me anything that will make me feel better, that will make me any lighter, I shall be glad. I have tried hard to learn something up here in the spirit-life.

I had a daughter, Nancy, that had queer ideas when she was here. She used to think she saw God and talked with him. I didn't believe it then, I don't believe it now; but I believe she saw her grandfather. I know that to many of you this will suggest a story, I have left some friends here. I think there is a son left, of the same name. I would ask him to talk with me, if I thought 't was of any benefit; but I came here that I might learn the way and understand more of the life up here in the spirit-world, where the sun never falls to shine, and where it's bright, only I can't enjoy it. I was seventy-eight years old.

Mrs. Danskin's Mediumistic Experiences.

(Part Forty-Three.)

BY WASH. A. DANSHIN.

When Mrs. Danskin's mediumship was first being developed, there would sometimes occur what are called physical manifestations. The lounge on which she was lying would be moved without visible motive power. The table at which we were sitting would sometimes move across the floor, or be lifted partially or wholly off its legs; in one instance, when tilted at a considerable angle, we could not bring it to the floor by the application of any moderate degree of force. For some of the customs of our spirit friends to greet us with a shower of raps in the morning when we awoke, and to assure us, in a similar manner, of their presence and protection at night when we were about to slumber. This class of manifestation had ceased, as a general thing, for many years, and took us quite by surprise when it was renewed, under peculiar circumstances, about two years ago.

In November 1874, we went to board at the Entw House, then kept by that earnest Spirit-unist and prince of landlords, Major W. W. Leland. On our first appearance at dinner, we were seated at a small round table in the centre of the room, furnished for four persons. When we had nearly finished our dinner, two young gentlemen from Chicago were shown to our table, and occupied the other seats. In a few minutes, the waiter came, and I was startled by seeing the table suddenly turn one quarter round, carrying the plate that was before each person immediately in front of his next neighbor. The young gentlemen looked surprised. I was at a loss what explanation to make, and while in this quandary the table suddenly turned back again. Nothing was said, and we continued our dinner, which had been interrupted for the moment. While partaking of the dessert, the table again moved partially around, and rising about four inches from the floor, swayed back and forth for a time, rattling the glasses upon it, and then quietly settled down. We did not wait for any further exhibitions of this kind, but retired. After dinner, the young gentlemen spoke of the matter to Major Leland, and he explained, telling them that some spirit-friends probably wished to communicate with them. One of them, it seems, had lost his father a few weeks before, and he was then on his way to New York to attend to some business matter connected with the estate. From that time we scarcely ever took a meal in the house but what some such manifestation would occur, attracting the attention of the guests and exciting the superstitious fears of the servants. Our spirit-friends told us not to be annoyed by it, they had a purpose to accomplish.

James Green Harris.

Good afternoon, Mr. Chairman. I suppose you have often heard it remarked that "the devil turns preacher." I haven't yet. Well, I don't know as I am he. I don't believe I look very much like him, but, as for preaching, I know nothing about it. I was present, a few years ago, and wrote a message to my mother, and I have made many efforts to reach my mother, my sisters and my father, and when I first went away, I used to say to my mother, if I had the chance, I had the desire to return to earth and communicate with her. It did use to seem to me, for a year or more, as if I could not get anywhere near my friends, nor make them know I was present; but I was wrong. I was a mediumist in a perfect form. I wanted to go to my mother, to my sisters, and to my father. I wanted to talk with them—not but what I had friends here, not but what they cared for me, not but what they loved me, but I wanted to be assured of the material part. I came here to-day with many friends. My friends will know and understand and appreciate what I mean, when I say that I am here, and I am here, and I want it made. This will understand when I say that he who passed away in the storm on the eighth of September, some years ago, comes with me—they will know who I mean. When I say to my friends remaining here, come and meet me here in this room, they will understand what I mean then. Yes, I know all that has passed, all that has come, and all that is to come. I feel, Mr. Chairman, my inability to talk in public, but I only do what has been asked me to do many times. Many of my friends have come to me since I left your earth, and the days have not been so weary to my loved ones as they were, but yet it has been hard for them to bear it. I have watched over my sisters. I have seen them and watched over them in foreign lands. I have watched over their spirits and their material welfare. I have watched over their children, and when they have come to me, I have watched over them here. I would give my love to them. I would ask them to meet me often, to let me speak to them. I will sign my name, James Green Harris, or as I used to call myself—Green James Harris. You can direct it to Stephen Harris. They will receive it, or you can send it to old "Applause," R. I.

John Mayo.

The question has been asked this afternoon, if people that commit suicide know their friends when they get to spirit-life, and if they are happy? I do not know as I can say any better than to answer the question from my own experience.

I got out by putting myself out, and I do not believe it's a good thing to do. I've met my friends, yes, many of 'em—my mother, my Mary, my sister Annie, and many others; but I do not believe it's a good thing to do. I know they show me the way to go, they try to help me, but it has been dark to me. I know 'em. I clasped their hands and held on to them. I stayed down here and got my life to live over again. I'd stay down here and kick, if it took the last bone out of my body; and if I had to break my last bone into powder and grind it up, I'd stay till I got through and breathed the last breath. You can call me John Mayo, or Poughkeepsie. I've been gone fifty years, and I have not got over it yet.

Julius.

I never lived down here. I always lived up top—I guess I did. I do not remember ever coming down here, except when they bring me down here and put me into somebody's home to learn things. I guess I must have been born up top. My auntie has taken good care of me, though she has always lived up top. They call me Julius, and they call my name Julius. They gave me the name. I don't know where it came from, but I don't know exactly where I come from, but I think I come from round in your place—what you call it—Boston? I guess I did. I don't know how I got in here to-day. I guess 't was 'cause I had bright flowers and looked so happy, and everybody was grumbling. I don't see nothing to grumble at. Why, up top it's just as bright, just as pleasant as anything. There don't anybody fight up top; there don't anybody scold up top.

Oh, yes, I've seen lots of real dark men and women up here. Some of 'em have got red stripes on their garments, and I don't like to get stripes near 'em; but I come down here to learn all I can, and I don't know what made me come to-day. Is it any matter if I did come? Do you care? (We are glad to have you come.) Well, I don't belong to anybody here, as I know of. I guess I don't belong to anybody but my Aunt Abbie. She has taken lots of care of me. Her other name is Sheldon. When I got out I was so little I didn't know nothing at all about it; but I've come back sometimes, and gone round and seen lots of folks, and I've come back now to tell you it's no more coming up top. It's just as bright up top as it can be, if you'll only look at it so. And when you are up top I'll welcome you and be one of the boatmen to ferry you over the river to see the beautiful broad fields and the grand old mountains—great big ones—and the splendid drives! The trees meet right across the road, and you can drive on a road they call the Shell Road. And the lady that used to sit in this chair—I know where she lives—in Diamond Avenue. There are beautiful cities here, too. I'd like to come and tell you all about it. I'd draw you pictures if I could only draw; but I can't. I'm growing up, up, up, in spirit-life—ever so big! I shall be four or five years old by-and-by; oh, more than that! I can't tell—ten or eleven years old, maybe.

I don't want you to feel that the spirit-world is a pleasant place. We have the beautiful angels to help us grow brighter and better, and we go to school; but we don't have to learn anything we don't want to. When I came down here my aunt carried me into a school where the children had to learn out of the big books. We don't learn that way. If we want to know how anything is made, we have that thing to look at. If we want to know how a camel is made, or how a lion is made, we have the camel and the lion to look at. I don't mean, but one that looks just like him. If we want to learn about a rose, the law of its color, and how it is made, then we pull that to pieces, and the older ones tell us about it. It's a better way than to study in your books. If you would teach your little ones that way, it would be a good deal better. I have done all I can. I'm much obliged to you. Good-day, sir.

Leonard Atwater.

I died suddenly, in September. My name was Leonard Atwater, the son of Robert and Esther Atwater, of Brooklyn, N. Y. I was buried from the church. Feeling that in coming here I could not act against the rights of any one, I thought it would be no harm to try and test this matter of communication with mortals. So I come in the midst of entire strangers, they not knowing me nor I them. Still there were those who do know them from the spirit-world, who do know me—who gave me the understanding and the strength to do this, that they call a noble religious work. While I am doing it I know that I feel lighter, better, and more possessed with

knowledge. I seem to understand better the things that transpired with myself when I was living in the midst of those who wore the flesh. However hard it may have been, or is, for people to die, still after death they are well recompensed for the trials and troubles of the exit. It is truly an exit out of the body into the air or atmosphere of the spirit-world. Place yourselves, in thought, in a beautiful garden, where, even as you look, spring up the rarest of flowers; listen to the warblings of the birds, the ripplings of the waters, and let the ear catch the musical voices of the angels as they float down from above you, breathing warm welcome, and calling upon you to enter the path which they will open for you, so that they may lead you into the beautiful sunshine where the chilled spirit becomes acclimated. This, to the new-born spirit, is the first wonderment. Then it rests for a time, while being prepared for a new exit, one which leads to scenes of beauty and grandeur that no language can picture. It awaits the coming of yourselves to be comprehended and appreciated. With this beautiful sunshine resting around me, above me, beneath me and with me, I leave, for another waits to speak unto mortals.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD
GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. SARAH A. DANSHIN.

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

Mrs. Danskin's Mediumistic Experiences.

(Part Forty-Three.)

BY WASH. A. DANSHIN.

My name is Frederick Bliss, South Weymouth, Mass., aged twenty-two, only son of William and Elizabeth Bliss, of New York.

Indescribable are my sensations at the present, for this is strange, incomprehensible in all its minutiae of facts; but as I see the principle involved, it must be correct, and a forthcoming rule of divinity. Place yourselves in this position: having taken a long deep sleep, awaken and be told that you have passed through the change called "death," and then if the mind is capable of marking the dividing line, it is well. All in a flash I saw the beauty and the usefulness of this intercourse between the two worlds, and I accepted it under the tuition of others who have been longer stayers on this side than myself. At first, when I awoke to consciousness, my mind reverted to home, and to home surroundings; then I felt as if I wished to condemn, but after viewing the beautiful grounds upon which my feet were standing, instead of condemning the author of my being, I rejoiced in his name.

Every one who dies leaves kindred, friends or acquaintances behind, and I return on the electric currents that uphold me in my effort.

I know through the intuitive faculties of my mind that spirit will condemn and uphold me, others will praise me; but what care I for either, when I know I am doing my Father's will, which gives light to myself, and will give peace and understanding to others? You may ask the question, is the spirit-world a reality? Even more than the world that I left. It has its beauties, it has its deformities, its hills and valleys, its mountain peaks, its craggy rocks and its rippling waters; and the power is your own, friends and kindred, to make your heaven sweet and beautiful, or to make your hell with unrest. Spirits are here who never rest from labor—not that labor which brings comfort, but that labor which sometimes brings destruction. Discernment must be with you to weigh and measure the spirits who commune, and if they be in error, set them right, and after they have learned the lesson, they will bless you, they will guide you, and your power is theirs. This is the spirit-world to me. I have spoken it with all my senses alive to truth and honesty.

Believe me, kindred, I come not for wrong, I come for good. I come to tell you that he whom you thought was laid in the cold and silent grave has arisen in spirit, and will bear you welcome when you reach your home in heaven.

Frederick Bliss.

My name is Frederick Bliss, South Weymouth, Mass., aged twenty-two, only son of William and Elizabeth Bliss, of New York.

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Julia Wood Kellogg.

At my residence, New Rochelle, Westchester Co., N. Y., I died. Widow of the late Henry Kellogg, and daughter of the late Shipley Barnes, of New York. I was buried from the Trinity church.

Strong in death is love which never dies; though the body may moulder and pass to decay, still the spirit holds its deep affections. Memory is not lost, recollection is strong; forgetfulness never comes to one whose motives are good.

The spirit-world is life with all the finer arts of spirituality, and she or he who seeks to culture the mind in all its higher faculties, has the privilege so far without money and without price. One that has a haven of rest after the turmoil of an earthly life; where one can consider and reflect upon all that is past, and look forward with pleasant anticipation for that which is to come.

One knowledge stands paramount with us here, beyond and above all others: that we do know, and we shall know our kindred in the skies. Families once broken on earth are beautifully bound in harmony in the grand home of eternity. Why, then, is it not common among the people to know that death has no terrors; to know and feel that the beauties and the grandeur of an eternal life await their coming? Why not preach this from every pulpit in the land? Would it not be far better to let men die with grand conceptions of the hereafter than to cloud their minds with doubt and fear?

As I view things now, I would open the mouths of men so they could teach their brethren of the beauties and joys of the home that awaits each and all. Oh how beautiful to see the little innocents gliding here and there with their joyous, happy faces, making sport in the gleefulness of their young hearts. No mother would ever weep over the departure of her little darling if she could only see as Julia Wood, see that from time to time as they pass from earth to heaven; our Father's home is peopled with those little innocents who come hither day after day to be educated by the angels.

Scorn this not—the work that lies before me gives me happiness.

Ward Cheney was my name, of South Manchester, Connecticut. Though silent among men, still I have been busy; busy in searching through the vast domain which men say belongs to dead people. They call those who do not agree with them fanatics, fools or falsifiers. I say no man has the right to assume such premises unless first he investigates the grand problem of life beyond the grave.

Fortunately for me I never decided who was right or who was wrong; knowing that the past could not compass the future, I was, consequently, silent among men; but now, being sustained by knowledge, having passed through the ordeal, having accepted life instead of death, I feel my power, and that I have authority thus to speak to the human race. I ask the question; let any sensible or honest man answer it. After having gained knowledge through our own exertions, is not the right yours to promulgate that which will raise men from lethargy? Who stands the denouncer of what I say? What motive have I to transmit a falsehood, or spread delusion? What benefit would it be to me? No! I am doing that which knowledge bids me do, for I have accepted the light, and my heart has grown warm with the beautiful rays of that sun which rises in the sphere of light and never goes down. Through the laws of self-government I have been taught a grand and beautiful lesson: Do good to those who stand in need; in so doing you are advancing one step higher in the eternal life; growing more familiar with the laws of creation, and in your expansion and unfoldment you become more capable of understanding those who have passed into the higher, scholastic phases of spiritual education.

Idleness is not known in this broad universe. We, like the little bees, are busy from morn to eve in doing that which will benefit others.

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Ada Phelps.

At Euclid, near Cleveland, Ohio, if memory is right, I died, on Friday, in the month of August. Ada Phelps, the wife of Col. Brush, of Orange County, New York.

I would like my friends to hear from me there, and likewise in Middletown, Conn., where some of them reside. I have learned the way to come and communicate with some of God's children, if I cannot go direct to my friends or blood relations, I will seem strange to them, but nevertheless that does not detract from the truth of my presence. I am filled with joy at the knowledge of returned life, and that life going out not to special but to general purposes.

In this world I am called a "messenger"—one that gives and takes the glad tidings to others. What aim would we have if something of interest was not given us in the other life? True, oh true, each individual must seek his own level, and from that level work either toward a higher or a lower, or be content with his immediate surroundings. This world is practical, plain and beautiful. Every advantage is offered for improvement. You are to accept or reject. The husks of the past we cannot be fed upon. New facts, new truths are within our reach, and as we gather them, we must let our light shine, and in that shining we advance.

Now, the time allotted to me is gone, and I, like others, must retire, feeling that I have been about my Father's work. Farewell.

Leonard Atwater.

I died suddenly, in September. My name was Leonard Atwater, the son of Robert and Esther Atwater, of Brooklyn, N. Y. I was buried from the church. Feeling that in coming here I could not act against the rights of any one, I thought it would be no harm to try and test this matter of communication with mortals. So I come in the midst of entire strangers, they not knowing me nor I them. Still there were those who do know them from the spirit-world, who do know me—who gave me the understanding and the strength to do this, that they call a noble religious work. While I am doing it I know that I feel lighter, better, and more possessed with

knowledge. I seem to understand better the things that transpired with myself when I was living in the midst of those who wore the flesh. However hard it may have been, or is, for people to die, still after death they are well recompensed for the trials and troubles of the exit. It is truly an exit out of the body into the air or atmosphere of the spirit-world. Place yourselves, in thought, in a beautiful garden, where, even as you look, spring up the rarest of flowers; listen to the warblings of the birds, the ripplings of the waters, and let the ear catch the musical voices of the angels as they float down from above you, breathing warm welcome, and calling upon you to enter the path which they will open for you, so that they may lead you into the beautiful sunshine where the chilled spirit becomes acclimated. This, to the new-born spirit, is the first wonderment. Then it rests for a time, while being prepared for a new exit, one which leads to scenes of beauty and grandeur that no language can picture. It awaits the coming of yourselves to be comprehended and appreciated. With this beautiful sunshine resting around me, above me, beneath me and with me, I leave, for another waits to speak unto mortals.

Frederick Bliss.

My name is Frederick Bliss, South Weymouth, Mass., aged twenty-two, only son of William and Elizabeth Bliss, of New York.

Indescribable are my sensations at the present, for this is strange, incomprehensible in all its minutiae of facts; but as I see the principle involved, it must be correct, and a forthcoming rule of divinity. Place yourselves in this position: having taken a long deep sleep, awaken and be told that you have passed through the change called "death," and then if the mind is capable of marking the dividing line, it is well. All in a flash I saw the beauty and the usefulness of this intercourse between the two worlds, and I accepted it under the tuition of others who have been longer stayers on this side than myself. At first, when I awoke to consciousness, my mind reverted to home, and to home surroundings; then I felt as if I wished to condemn, but after viewing the beautiful grounds upon which my feet were standing, instead of condemning the author of my being, I rejoiced in his name.

Every one who dies leaves kindred, friends or acquaintances behind, and I return on the electric currents that uphold me in my effort.

I know through the intuitive faculties of my mind that spirit will condemn and uphold me, others will praise me; but what care I for either, when I know I am doing my Father's will, which gives light to myself, and will give peace and understanding to others? You may ask the question, is the spirit-world a reality? Even more than the world that I left. It has its beauties, it has its deformities, its hills and valleys, its mountain peaks, its craggy rocks and its rippling waters; and the power is your own, friends and kindred, to make your heaven sweet and beautiful, or to make your hell with unrest. Spirits are here who never rest from labor—not that labor which brings comfort, but that labor which sometimes brings destruction. Discernment must be with you to weigh and measure the spirits who commune, and if they be in error, set them right, and after they have learned the lesson, they will bless you, they will guide you, and your power is theirs. This is the spirit-world to me. I have spoken it with all my senses alive to truth and honesty.

Believe me, kindred, I come not for wrong, I come for good. I come to tell you that he whom you thought was laid in the cold and silent grave has arisen in spirit, and will bear you welcome when you reach your home in heaven.

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Julia Wood Kellogg.

At my residence, New Rochelle, Westchester Co., N. Y., I died. Widow of the late Henry Kellogg, and daughter of the late Shipley Barnes, of New York. I was buried from the Trinity church.

Strong in death is love which never dies; though the body may moulder and pass to decay, still the spirit holds its deep affections. Memory is not lost, recollection is strong; forgetfulness never comes to one whose motives are good.

The spirit-world is life with all the finer arts of spirituality, and she or he who seeks to culture the mind in all its higher faculties, has the privilege so far without money and without price. One that has a haven of rest after the turmoil of an earthly life; where one can consider and reflect upon all that is past, and look forward with pleasant anticipation for that which is to come.

One knowledge stands paramount with us here, beyond and above all others: that we do know, and we shall know our kindred in the skies. Families once broken on earth are beautifully bound in harmony in the grand home of eternity. Why, then, is it not common among the people to know that death has no terrors; to know and feel that the beauties and the grandeur of an eternal life await their coming? Why not preach this from every pulpit in the land? Would it not be far better to let men die with grand conceptions of the hereafter than to cloud their minds with doubt and fear?

As I view things now, I would open the mouths of men so they could teach their brethren of the beauties and joys of the home that awaits each and all. Oh how beautiful to see the little innocents gliding here and there with their joyous, happy faces, making sport in the gleefulness of their young hearts. No mother would ever weep over the departure of her little darling if she could only see as Julia Wood, see that from time to time as they pass from earth to heaven; our Father's home is peopled with those little innocents who come hither day after day to be educated by the angels.

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Ward Cheney.

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