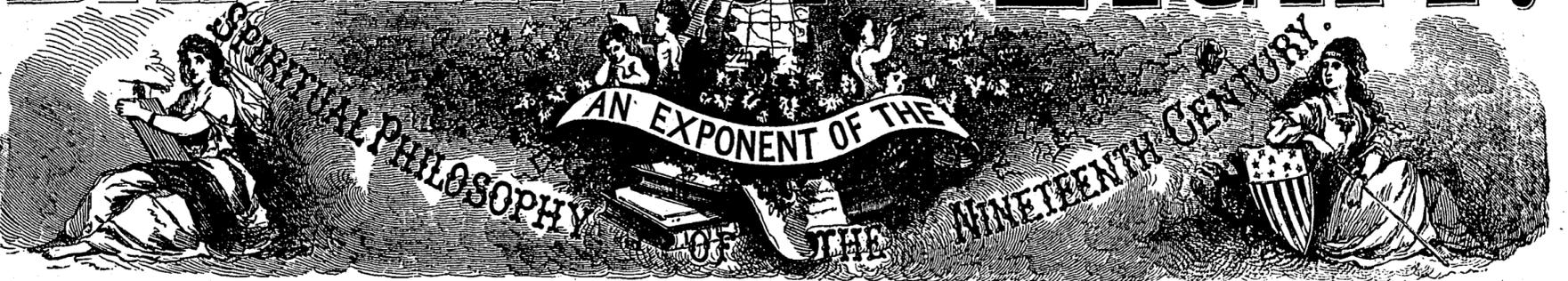


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The Rostrum.

SPIRITUAL SPHERES.

NUMBER FOUR.

A Lecture Delivered by Mrs. Corn L. V. Richmond before the Spiritual Lecture Association of Chicago, Ill.
(Reported verbatim for the Banner of Light.)

INTRODUCTORY.

(Before the commencement of the discourse (said the control) we have a statement to make, which is that the lecture this evening will be by three separate intelligences in three separate spheres, or states, of spiritual life. Those who have been present on preceding Sabbath evenings will remember that "The Sphere of Selfness"; second, "The Sphere of Benevolence"; third, "The Sphere of Love and Wisdom." This evening you will have a discourse, first, from the sphere of Self. It will not be under the direct control of the spirit, but it will be a direct statement from that spirit concerning his condition in spiritual life. We trust the audience will bear in mind these facts while listening to the three grades of spiritual life depicted to-night.)

THE LECTURE (FIRST STATE).

Ladies and Gentlemen—I am requested to make a statement. Impelled certainly not by my own desire, but by a mandate which I do not seem able to disobey, I make this statement. It is inconceivable to me how it can be of any value to you. For my own part I should not choose to make known what I shall make known here; but as I am impelled I will describe to you my condition since departing from earthly life. My departure is very recent, and although I seem to be able to describe it, I am in no way able to understand.

My success in earthly existence, the achievement of what I most desired, the method of that achievement, perhaps some of you are aware of. It certainly was according to the accepted methods of human existence.

I found very early in life that to succeed one must care chiefly for one's self. I certainly did so. I found that to be honored and respected among my fellow-men I must succeed. I did succeed. What measure of honor I received I know not, but I know that I won my point. The obstacles to success were, regard for others and lack of will-power. The regard for others I soon ceased to be troubled with, for I found very few had regard for me. I certainly had a sufficient amount of will-power to avail myself of the methods of existence in the commercial life in which I was engaged.

The end and aim of human existence was arrived at. I do not say that I never had any compunction. I do not say that I never thought there might be something better. I do not say that there were not times when that did not seem to satisfy my whole existence. I saw nothing better presenting itself; I saw nothing which would command the regard and respect of my fellow-beings. I saw no other avenue to work out my way to success. I became preëminent in the region of my active sphere of life. I am not aware that I ever voluntarily forgot my own interests; I am not aware that I ever gave to any human being anything that I could not spare; I am not aware that I ever gave as an object of charity or benevolence, anything but what I considered would bring me a return. I did not consider it a good investment to give away what I needed myself—to throw away sympathy and charity upon the undeserving, probably, at least upon those who would forget it very shortly. I may have given to some one who was in sorrow or in want. If I did, it was very likely in order not to be troubled with them.

I state myself fairly before you. I did not wish to be good, I wished to do my duty so far as would leave me blameless before my fellow-man and gain the point of success in life. I knew that death would come sometime; I did not know where it would take me. I know of no other world but the one I inhabited. I knew of no other way to inhabit that world except to conquer the things in it; it never occurred to me that I ought to be conquered, for I did not create myself; the faculties of my mind were not of my own creation; the desires of my life were not of my own creation. If I could afford it, whose business was it?

I am dead now; the world calls me so. I won the point which a million men failed to achieve. There were words written and spoken of me praising the success, but displaying the means of it. Those who do not succeed employ the same means; they fail because they have not the ability. There may be those who never employ those means. Of course I know all about philanthropy; of course I know all about religion, but I have not found in these two elements that which the world most prizes, and I have not found that, until many centuries, philanthropists are valued, or that those who have great piety are among their fellow-beings praised. I am now dead, and of course I know the condition into which I have entered; I have made it for myself; I do not know that I care at present to escape from it. Why should I care? The world offered me nothing; I expected nothing from it. What I gained I wrested from it, and I am ready to meet my fate. Somehow I find myself, however, without resources. It is a singular fact that I have noticed since my advent into this new state of existence that the usual methods by which I could turn my energy to account upon earth fail me.

I found myself seemingly upon a barren plain, at first standing all alone; I did not mind that, but I found nothing of tree, of leaf, or shrub, or plant, nor was I aware whether anything grew in the place to which I had come. Presently I saw warehouses; I thought I would find employment there at least—congenial possibly. As I approached them they vanished. Finally when I gained one it was empty. Baffled again, I saw some ships coming over a sea; I thought, "Here will be a cargo at least for me to attend to." The ships came in near the shore, and there seemed to be no life on board that I could discover. Baffled again, I saw habi-

tations very like one that I had bullded; there were familiar faces appearing there, but as I approached, they vanished, and a form resembling one who died rather unexpectedly, and under peculiar circumstances, because of the failure of a contract, which was no fault of mine, but his—his face haunted me. I cast that aside. I saw some squalid houses; I thought I might renovate them. As I approached them I found them inhabited by persons whom I had not benefited. Baffled again.

I am intelligent enough to know the moral of all this. I recognize in the empty line of warehouses my own earthly power and spiritual poverty. I recognize in the ships that bring me no cargo the fact that I have no investment here probably in the right direction. I recognize in the habitation that was my pride, and in the face that haunts it, my own pride at the expense of a fellow-being. I recognize in the rows of squalid houses, that I must pass and re-pass every day, the people who supposed that I had wronged them.

I cannot say whether I shall ever have any investments in this world that I have entered. I cannot say whether I shall ever take an interest in the methods of life around me. There seems to be nothing real, nothing substantial, nothing that will pay. I do not take much stock in that self-abnegation of which I have heard so much, since I know that I have seen as much pride and as much selfishness with piety as elsewhere. I do not know about philanthropy; I always supposed it to be another kind of ambition. Very likely it is.

There came to me one day since I came into this-sphere a little child. I am sure I was glad to see the child; it had a pleasant face, and it bore a flower. It did not certainly grow in any region round about me. I asked where it came from. She said it came from where they love little children, and where the mothers live. Then I thought of my mother and of my children. I had done justly by them before the world; I cannot say that I had done justly by them in my heart and life, and I wondered if it was possible that the whole foundation of my existence had been a mistake, and that I really had not lived, and had not succeeded, and was really dead. The tomb around me seems to be fashioned of my own life; it is empty and void of useful things, but still exists as the shadows of the things that employed my time upon earth. All the scenes that I am able to witness bear testimony of my own handwork, but they bring me no return; they yield no fruit; they are there simply for me to see. All forms of thought in which I may engage seem to be the echoes of the thoughts that I had in my earthly state and plans for greater success and power, and I hear the sighs and the groans of many an aspiring man who went down because I would succeed.

This may be a state that will last forever. It may be that it will be interesting to you, but if I had been left to the choice I should certainly say that it is none of your interest and none of your business. The common courtesy of earthly existence might prevent me from saying so, except in a business transaction; but I have been called here to make this statement. These are my exact sentiments. This is my precise frame of mind. I care for my interests upon earth; I care for my family so far as regards that interest for the ties that bound me to them, whatever they may have been. There are other things that haunt me, that I do not care to mention. I do not know whether this state will last forever, or whether out of that presence of a little child I am to be instructed how to plant some seed that will grow, or ship some cargo that will have weight, or fill my empty warehouses with something of value in this land. People come and go; friends have congratulated me, I am sure I do not know for what! A thought just occurs to me. I wonder if it is a part of my new business to tell this to you, that you may have a better cargo and better filled warehouses than I have? I go; I leave my statement; I care nothing about it.

SECOND STATE (CHANGE OF CONTROL).

I come to you, dear friends, after the summons of the guides who control this medium, to make statement of somewhat connected with the state in which I find myself for many years since my departure from earthly life. I was one known among men to some extent. I had interest in affairs of State. I chiefly loved the country that I thought valued humanity most. I have seen a shadow go out from your presence who seems to have no home in spiritual life, whose grand powers of mind have been perverted to the one aim of individual aggrandizement. I see the gleam which shines across his pathway even now. It doubtless will be the beginning of some surpassing career in spiritual life, since when there is a rebound in great minds that have been greatly perverted, the rebound is as great in the opposite direction.

My own consciousness of infirmity, when I entered spiritual existence, prevented me from properly judging as to the condition in which I entered. I felt myself unworthy of any high estate; I felt individually my own shortcomings. I had somewhat of pride, and, coupled with my love of humanity, I fear was a little of ambition. I strove, however, to make myself beloved, and in doing this I doubtless overcame much of my individual pride. I strove to make myself believe that my aims were for others. After what manner I besought my own country to aid in the abolition of slavery in her colonies, after what manner I besought her to improve the condition of her criminals, reached you across the waters, and America has followed in the wake of England, and the abolition of slavery has been bought with human blood. But the great nations of the earth go on toward freedom, and the highest work of man becomes the assistance of his fellow-man.

My existence in spiritual life has been among kindred minds who, like myself, have sought on earth feebly, and here with more or less success, to ameliorate the condition of humanity and of those beneath us. I do not say that we have done this unwaveringly. I do not say that nothing of self ever crept in, but I do say that if into my mind there was a consciousness of exaltation or pride above those beneath, I felt within myself the scourge of such conscience as would even baffle the tortures of any outward inquisition to inflict. In the spiritual state to which I was admitted and welcomed, I fear with too much kindness, I have been introduced as one of the co-workers of that sphere of beneficent counsel who seek for the elevation of the nations of the earth by the modification of all laws, of all codes and of all international customs that mar human life or degrade human existence. I believe that I have discovered that the wellspring of human existence has its origin in a higher and loftier motive than that of the individual pursuit of individual ambition or pleasure for the profit or aggrandizement that may come to the person. I believe that I know that whoever forgets himself in aiding others, thereby augments their happiness and his own. Maybe we sometimes do this for the augmentation of our own happiness, but we cannot do it successfully if that be the paramount aim.

I discover in the sphere that I inhabit all those minds who have successfully, in times past, plead with legislators and with counsellors of nations for the uplifting of any class of persons from bondage. I recognize here the sovereign souls that have striven to release the nations of the East from serfdom; those who have striven to release Italy from the double thralldom of servitude and priestcraft; those who have striven to release Europe from the thralldom of the laws that inflict heavy penalties upon the poor, while they sustain the rich; of those who wish everywhere that human life shall be held sacred, and that no human being shall arrogate to himself the right and privilege of taking away that which he cannot confer upon his fellow-being. I believe that our aim toward this object has brought about largely the results which have ensued upon earth. Representative minds from all the nations of the earth, coöperating together in spiritual existence and then again impressing those that sit in legislative halls upon earth, cannot fail to produce results.

Therefore I say that when slavery has been abolished in England and in America, when serfdom has disappeared from Russia, when the peasantry of France have risen to a higher estate, when Italy has been disenthralled measurably, when the East is being rapidly redeemed from her crimes and servitude, and when the Western land is glowing with a promise of loftier civilization and freedom for man, I say there is encouragement for the spirits in the sphere of beneficence to which I belong to continue our efforts in that direction and carry forward our earnest appeals to the minds of such legislators upon earth as are ready. Your own Charles Sumner (without detracting from his own aim for the uplifting of the slave) could not fail to be a mouthpiece of the sphere which his brow already touched. Over in England, Cobden, and now the Brights, Sir Robert Peel, risen to our own estate, carrying forward the aims that were a portion of my own life, could not fail to reach the sphere which I inhabit, even in their places in Parliament. We commence with earthly minds, when they are not aware of it. We sit near in solemn council and wait for the opportune moment when a breath may encourage a word that otherwise were not spoken. If the opportunity were lost, if the heart were faltering, if the mind hesitated, then we might bring a power that would make that courage greater. Abraham Lincoln, signing the emancipation proclamation, might not have done this but for a voice that came from that sphere of risen souls who gave him the strength that human legislation hesitated so long to give. The hand that released the serfs of Russia might not in the face of Europe and her rivalries have dared to do this but for the power impelling, and warning that it is not safe to hesitate to do a good deed when the hour is ripe, fearing the consequences. The Geneva arbitration, promising peace to the nations of the earth where war has been the custom, might be considered a precedent not safe to establish in the face of the agitating causes of political strife in Europe and in America, but whether safe or not, the precedent is there, and he is held all the more responsible who violates a compact that has been possible to be formed in the face of great irritation. We gained these points by slow degrees. The inhabitants of earth are wont to think by many deviating methods; sometimes they are of policy and sometimes of fear; but a good act or a good law once proclaimed upon earth, remains there to face the violators of it, and even if the nation fall back, the law is there for the encouragement of future generations. The massacre of San Domingo was considered evidence that slavery should not have been abolished—an insurrection of a race brought about by severe cruelties and agitation of long years; but was it not rather a comment on slavery itself that could have so crushed and stung a race as to lead them to such deeds?

All honor and praise to that race that, seemingly held by some omnipotent hand, waited the hour of their deliverance in your own land. All honor and praise to that piety which trusted to the God of deliverance instead of to the hand of violence for the release of slaves, and who made the first transgressors of human rights also the first transgressors against the last and highest of human rights, that of human life. If men must go to war, the condition that sows the seeds of strife had better be reaped by those who sow them than by those who sow them not. If you have sown in the wind it is better to reap in the whirlwind than to bring others into the tornado to gather your harvests for you.

The great work of human emancipation and elevation is not political merely; it becomes narrowed down to the limits not only of State and Church, but to those municipal laws and local legislations that make up largely the happiness and prosperity of communities. Nay, more than this, I find it narrowed down to the very small compass of the individual human life, and that for proper legislation we must have proper legislators, we must have proper individuals, and the individuals must have the right thoughts, and must not be taken because available or because it is the best policy. The temporizing policy of many nations has put off the day of battle, but culminated the day of earthquake. The temporizing policy of many people causes the wound to be healed over that should be probed and cured, and brings about destruction to the nations and to the social fabric of life. The real basis, I find, must be with the individual; the real tenderness to the criminal, and not to the crime. We do not need to ply jails and penitentiaries; they are made of wood, or stone, or iron; but the man that is in there is the object of our commiseration—his crime we condemn. Let us exclude the crime by uprooting the cause of it. We never destroy a tree by chopping off the branches. Let us find and root out those subtle influences in human life that lead to misery and poverty and ignorance and crime. Let us disseminate knowledge. Let us spread abroad useful moral information. Let us have schools that will establish this information to the eye of even the poorest and most degraded being. Let us make the conditions of moral growth possible in the world. Let us have all invitations to the higher and loftier. Ay, this is the secret—the tenderness for the individual is forgotten in the condemnation of the offence. We forget the love while we remember the justice. We forget the human being while we remember the wrong inflicted upon other human beings.

The great power of beneficence is compassionate as well as just—heals the careless child, or the wayward, while at the same time condemning the waywardness, the folly or the crime. Between the offence and the offender the law has drawn no line. In the sphere where I dwell the offence is a moral condition, and not the individuality. The culprit passes into the shadow; the shadow may remain there for others to pass into, but the culprit must be rescued from it. He who goes into a crime does not intend to go there forever; he goes blindly and with passion, or is driven on by ignorance and lack of moral power. We have no business to say that because he is there we shall make him stay forever. We

have no right because a man chooses to drown himself, not to offer him means of assistance; it is our business to save him if we can, and restore his moral sanity, and teach him that it is braver to live than to die. What would the world say if an unfortunate man or woman on the brink of destruction, led by their own folly, were left to drown because they chose to take that step themselves? Suicide has been made a crime; of course it is a madness, and is not all crime a species of madness? Shall we not rescue a man from moral suicide as well as physical? Shall we add murder to suicide? I think not. I think that in the more enlightened ages the gallows will be unknown. I think that in the more enlightened period of time penitentiaries in their present form will be unknown. You have inebriate asylums, blind asylums, asylums for the deaf and dumb, and the whole world is an asylum in case of war. Is not the daily warfare of life as trying to mind and heart and spirit as the one great battle that leads heroes on to moral or physical victory, and maims them when they are proud of it? Do not these people, falling all about you in daily existence, struggle as manfully, strive as bravely, and wish to overcome yet cannot?

The sanitary board is abroad when the tocsin of Waterloo, or the Crimea, or the American war is sounded; the moral sanitary board of nations is not alert in the daily battle field of life. We let men go down through indifference, through inertia, through care for ourselves, through the various things that occupy, when a word, a suggestion, a helping-hand would turn the scale with them. This is the great moral power that is to be abroad in the world—that you are never to forget your responsibilities to one another; that you are never to forget that you are on life's battle-field, and that the suffering and the sinful and the various kinds of moral obliquity in the world are to be met and overcome by you. There are helps to do it everywhere, aiding hands extended from the skies, willing minds reaching down; but we cannot reach all the way. You do not begin to build an edifice from the top—we cannot put on the dome until you have laid the foundation and made the walls. The structure of moral and social life of earth must be commenced here by you. What the spirit-world can do is to encourage the laborers, point out the aim of the edifice, show the immortal obligations that lie beyond, and wait with the stary-crowned dome of perfect social and political life for you at last to possess. But here on earth your own deeds, and lives, and perceptions, educated and prompted by us, must lay the corner stone. You must fashion the walls, and if they are not secure and crumble away you must fashion them again, until finally upon an tiptoe, as far as you can reach with every lofty aim and endeavor you rear the social fabric, lay its foundation in human equality, in human justice, in human love; then the hands of spirits engaged in the same work reach down from their height and crown the edifice with the dome that they have fashioned.

We are building this way. It is our aim in the future, wherever there is suffering or sin, to find the cause and assuage it; and the great moral healing of the world shall go on when every mind and heart feels his and her responsibility in presenting this fabric for the angels to crown.

THIRD STATE (CHANGE OF CONTROL).

From that divine estate
Where souls must move and live
In a supreme accord,
Where guardian angels, bending, ever wait
To scatter far earthward
The one, the blessed word:

From where the portal opens just beyond,
To show the glimmering light that glances through,
And unseen splendors, beautiful yet fad,
Reveal the light that Heaven gives to you;

From where the soul, forgetful of all pain,
Isen beyond its doubt, beyond its fear,
Beyond its hope, beyond all it may gain,
Waits only, in that stillest atmosphere,
For the bestest of the one Perfect Mind
That rules and governs by supreme power,
I come, your varying thoughts in love to bind,
And wisdom, at this drear and darkened hour.

The three-fold life that, in the spheres above,
Is pictured to your minds and thought to-night,
May here, by charmed work of truth and love,
Be made to gleam with loftiest influence bright;
Each soul, up-growing from its lower state,
May fashion out of kindly deeds its home,
And then beyond may touch the pearly gate
Through which the innermost of light must come,

Oh, not in hope and fear, nor yet in woe,
But through the pathway of a blessed control,
That leads no path, no torture here below,
So to perform the great work of the soul!

To do the thing that God intends you to:
To act your part in the great play of life;
To let sunlight or tempest glimmer through,
While you go on with hope and purpose rife;
To do the duty nearest to your best white,
Asking nor praise nor blame from human mind,
But only strength, that the divine command
May all your purpose with its purpose bind.

To ask not whether mortal joy or woe,
Based upon lower nature, man shall gain,
But whether in the upward, onward way
The truth may not sometimes be wrought with pain;
Whether to take the step and plant the germ
Within the future's not a higher thing
Than charity; we, stooping, view the worm,
And find no bird upon the lofty wing.

Ah! I must climb if we would gain the height!
We must unfold by whatsoever pain
The thorns of life must bring us, or the night,
And never ask if 't will be dawn again,
But only, pressing forward in the dark,
Feel that a hand is 'round us everywhere,
And, whether silent, cold, voiceless and stark,
There still is something in the silent air
That bids us go and do our best white,
Set off in unknown seas, and vanquish them,
While all the time the spirit's loving smile
Waits to receive us with its diadem.

We know it not; we must not seek the gems
That wait the soul along the shining strand;
We only know that all along the home,
Of life's shores are the weary wastes of sand,
And stones that pierce the feet and heart so sore;
But still we bear, and tread, and suffer on,
Nearing the light, and the soul evermore
Finds strength and sustenance to lean upon.

Strength for the martyrs, heavenward driven by flame,
Strength for the prisoner, from the dungeon cell
Wrested without a hope on earth, or name,
We know that from the heaven to lowest hell
The law of life and God's love intervenes,
And souls by slow degrees reach that estate
Of triumph, where the spirit ever leans
Across the bars of heaven—inty must wait
For God's one word to cast the stone hebest,
Set off in unknown seas, and vanquish them,
Yet do all that is needful, seek the best,
That you can think and that your souls can know.

The beauty seen is partly in him who sees. Kindness has
resistless charms.—Rochester.

Spiritualism.

The Rationale of Spiritualism as Set Forth by an Old Investigator: Why Exposures of False Mediums do not Shake the Faith of the True Believer: The Attitude of Science and Religion Toward Spiritualism: Its Progress During a Quarter of a Century: The Status of Spiritualism.

(The following article on Spiritualism, which we copy from the Chicago Daily Times, is in the form of an interview with an old Spiritualist; but we venture to guess that this form is but a disguise adopted by the writer, whom we suspect to be Mr. Frederick F. Cook, a well-known investigator, and for many years connected with that journal.—Ed. B. of L.)

The 31st of March was celebrated in every part of the civilized world as a day held in high esteem by Spiritualists—denoting the twenty-fifth anniversary of the famous Rochester rappings.

Whatever origin may be attributed to those disturbances, it cannot be denied that they have made a noise in the world. Whether the result of trickery, as many believe, or produced by supernatural intelligences, as others fondly hold—whatever the cause, it must be confessed by partisan and opponent that they have wielded an influence, followed up as they have been by other phenomena, either genuine or spurious, that, for good or evil, is making itself felt in the world.

The past two or three years have put Spiritualism to a very severe test. "Exposures" have followed "exposures," until one would think that there was not a medium left in the country that was recognized as genuine—even by Spiritualists themselves. With a view to feeling what may be called the Spiritualistic pulse, the writer visited a well-known investigator considerably identified with the cause, and a pleasant interview followed.

In the course of the conversation the writer remarked, "How do Spiritualists feel about these exposures? Are they not afraid that what has been the fate of so many will be the fate of all mediums?"

"The world at large," he answered thoughtfully, "seems to have a very crude notion about the matter. I am not surprised at this—indeed, I should be exceedingly astonished were it otherwise. I can assure you that the so-called 'exposures' do not affect Spiritualists in the least. I will tell you why. Spiritualists are made up of two classes—those who are naturally ready to believe anything and everything that has the least supernatural flavor about it, and their diametrical opposites. The former you cannot shake because they are bound to believe anyway; the latter you cannot shake because they have been persistent and gone down to the very bottom, and are not to be surprised by one, a dozen, or a thousand 'exposures.' For the reason that all along the path of their investigation they met the very thing with which you now confront them, and 'frauds' are as familiar to them as the genuine. When you ask an old Spiritualist like myself to discontinue my belief in spirit-communication, because of the exposures now current, it strikes me a good deal like advising a banker to discontinue his business because there are a lot of spurious bank-notes in circulation. The fact that new counterfeits are almost daily discovered will not deter him. Very properly he will answer you, 'My dear sir, I am well aware that there is much spurious money in circulation, but there is also just as much good as there ever was. My business, carried on these many years, has familiarized me with both. I can discriminate between the good and bad at sight. Now and then, perhaps, the bogus will for a little time deceive the very elect, but, believe me, all frauds are short-lived.'"

"The banker," continued the spiritual investigator, "has many peculiar ways by means of which he sorts the genuine from the spurious. Sometimes it would puzzle him to tell you how he does it, but he seldom errs. It is so with an old investigator. About true mediumship and spirit-communication, which you and by-and-by come to recognize, and, knowing it, though a thousand tyros cry, 'It is a fraud,' your experienced perception informs you that it is genuine, and you will feel disposed to stand up for it. I have heard it said that Spiritualists are not the proper persons to conduct an investigation. This, too, is said by scientists. Let me expose the fallacy of this argument by answering that scientists are not the proper persons to make scientific investigations. To have a man talk, one would imagine that Spiritualists were barking dogs, and the belief in the supernatural was a part of their inheritance, when the fact is that not more than one-tenth are what you might call natural believers—contributions from the churches—while the other nine-tenths are recruited from the ranks of infidelity and materialism. These constitute the investigators. Perhaps a majority of them began their investigations with a strong prejudice against what they were disposed to call 'an old disease breaking out in a new spot.' To their surprise they found something they could not explain by merely giving it a materialistic explanation, 'unconscious cerebration,' 'psychic force,' 'pre-disposition,' or even 'a mixture of delusion and humbug.' Being candid, they continued to investigate. They made slow progress, perhaps, but went steadily forward, and by-and-by accumulated such vast stores of evidence and experience, that to doubt longer would be to deny supremacy to reason and the senses; and when a Spiritualist is so constituted, the exposure of a pretended medium here and there gives him no sort of concern.

"No more does it shake a Christian's belief in the morals of his religion to learn, as he almost daily must, that the members of the ministry are discovered in the character of pedestrians in 'by and forbidden ways'; mediums are often wrongfully accused—more often, for they have as yet not the respect of the general public, as have men of the cloth—and hence you must not take it amiss if Spiritualists sometimes prefer to make their own exposures, assuming that they are better qualified for the task than the individual who 'exposes the entire business' after the experiences of a single sitting."

"Still, you must admit," the writer took occasion to remark, "that these reported exposures of prominent mediums injure the cause?"

"What I will admit is this: that these reported exposures for a time somewhat affect the making of propaganda. That is to say, converts are slower in announcing themselves. In fact, however, converts were never so numerous as they have been during this 'exposure' excitement. The reason lies at hand. A person reads in a paper that so-and-so a medium, has been 'exposed.' Now he has a friend who is a Spiritualist—a fact that has grieved him sorely—and he imagines that if he can only 'expose' a medium at home, he will cure his friend of his delusion. He repairs to the nearest 'spirit shop,' and before the course just has fairly left his lips he is dumfounded, if not convinced—though it may happen that his skepticism will be only the more confirmed, for the experiences of no two investigators are just alike. To an old Spiritualist the professional 'medium-exposer' is always a pleasant sight. He knows the 'exposer's' advent is sure to be followed by a season of earnest inquiry. Having seen the 'exposure,' a person is naturally anxious to witness somewhat of that which it presumes to 'expose,' and mediums flourish never so well as when there is a 'professional exposé' about, or just after some one in their own ranks has been 'exposed' in the newspapers. But, after all, the public medium does not cut nearly the figure with reference to Spiritualism that most people suppose. Expose every public medium in the country if you will, the citadel remains unshaken. Public mediums are but the outworks. It is upon them the attacks are made. Now and then a weak or ill-defended spot may be found and a breach effected. But within all remains serene. If there is any truth in Spiritualism whatever, it behooves us to think that in their wisdom Spiritualists choose to work in a peculiar way—not according to the accepted way of the world—and while it may sound strange, I am prepared to say that I believe that spirits themselves have assisted to bring about an appearance of fraud—and I have no doubt for a

beneficent purpose, for what is the martyrdom of a medium here or there when compared with the welfare of a great social, moral, religious and scientific revolution, Spiritualism, indeed, meaning all these things? The public medium is the red flag that is flaunted in the enraged Orthodox and pseudo-scientific face. They fly at it, tear it to tatters, and then sound the good news abroad that the enemy has been completely routed, and thereafter Spiritualism is left alone for a while. By and-by, however, it makes a noise once more; the Orthodox and pseudo-scientists again combine, another red flag is trampled in the dust; the fury of the assaults abates because of the lacerated victim, and peace once more reigns in our religious and scientific Warsaw. Did these valiant defenders of 'true' religion, and what not, really appreciate that their labors up to the present are worse than vain, they would make still more determined efforts to suppress what they are pleased to term a superstition. One day the whole world—at least the Orthodox religious world—will be engaged against us, but that will not be until Spiritualism is so strong that it can afford to accept the challenge. Until it is sufficiently powerful for this, spirits will apply their wisdom to keep the 'true' religion and its delusion that he is really stamping it out. Where there is one professional medium before the public, there are no less than a score, and perhaps fifty or a hundred, about whom the outside world never hears a word. Members of this vast army of 'workers' are lodged in every community.

"At the quiet fireside mediumship comes unsought to daughter, son, or mother, and having produced a certain result, in a quiet way, goes no further, and when forced out of its legitimate sphere, often results in a so-called 'exposure'—that is to say, the spirits refuse to operate, thinking it not wise, and the person with mediumistic power, unavailable for the nonce, is pronounced a fraud, because it is assumed that a thing that has been done once can be done again at any time. I am here admitting you into what may be called the rationale of Spiritualism. The study of this is as important as that pertaining to the phenomena itself, but as yet it is rather backward for Spiritualism is still young."

"Then you hold that Spiritualism is under an intelligent supervision, working for its best interests?"

"I do most certainly. I am not at all surprised that such scientists as Huxley, Darwin and Tyndall should pronounce it a fraud. Many Spiritualists find fault with men of this class for not giving the matter more attention, feeling assured that if they did good results would follow. I am disposed to deal more fairly with these gentlemen. I will give many of the leading men of science credit for excellent intentions toward Spiritualism—and if they are not convinced of its verity they are not to be blamed. The fact is that Spiritualism is not yet prepared to receive the endorsement of science in the aggregate, and with few exceptions, when noted scientists investigate, the result is a *non-pro*. Hence it is that they should be blamed for writing it down a fraud. Such a conclusion is but the candid result of their observations. It would be a difficult task for me to tell you why I think that the phenomena are purposely withheld from many leading scientists who have made attempts to investigate. I can only indicate my argument: Science has its own battle to fight. The church at large is arrayed against it, just as it is against Spiritualism. With what may be called the liberal public, however, science is in high favor, and is thus doing a grand work for the cause of rational ideas. It is only within a few years that science has dared to assume the aggressive. Huxley it with this ill-favored Spiritualism, and it would lose much of its laboriously-acquired vantage. Spiritualism is the friend of science. It will never make war on it, for science, when it is science, means truth, and with us Spiritualism means truth—that or nothing. If you can convince me that it is not truth, I am your debtor. I seek truth only. Another point. Should the leaders of science, or a majority of them, announce themselves as Spiritualists, just imagine what a hubbub it would make! In spite of strenuous opposition from some quarters, the army of investigators would be swelled enormously, and the world would be literally turned upside down. This must not be, and no wise dispensation, having a controlling influence, would countenance the precipitation of such a crisis, when the work can be done far more effectually, and in good time, by gentler means. Spiritualism, like all great truths, has its dangers. I have ever been fully alive to them, and nothing would grieve me more than to see a sudden, overwhelming outburst of phenomena. It might not cause a bloodshed—at least not in America or England—but it would scatter against sun, husband against wife, brother against sister. Spiritualism is iconoclastic, as are all genuine religions. Up to the present time it has not cost a drop of blood—but for the evils that a new religion, let loose upon an ill-prepared community, will drag in its train, one need only study the history of early Christianity, when wives left their husbands without compunction; when maidens fled their homes to meet certain death at the stake, or to become the prey of wild beasts in the arena, and when tens of thousands rushed into the desert of Syria, stood for years in solitary pillars, and sought themselves out of all semblance of humanity. Many centuries elapsed before the Christian religion settled down into a beneficent state of quietism. The advent of Christianity was a mere preparation. It lacks the element of self-propagation. It is limited to the boundaries of creed—broad and beautiful, but still a creed. It is furthermore tied to the dead corpse of the old Jewish dispensation, and, struggle as it will, it cannot rid itself of this burden. Finally, it rests on miracle, claimed to be outside of natural law. In this it is grand and most successful."

"But is not Spiritualism based on something very similar to the old miracles?"

"Not at all. Spiritualism decisively rejects the mores suspicion that there is anything in this world outside of natural law. Christianity says, 'Believe,' Spiritualism says, 'Prove.' This is not a believing age—it is a proving one. All things must submit to the ordeal of investigation, and if anything fails to meet the test, it must go by the board. We hold that Christianity is not meeting the test of the age. 'We are still equal to its mission it would not be supplanted. It is a rising, falling, and its teachings of the world is rapidly being faded. All science is arrayed against it. The world calls for absolute proof—and give this is the mission of Spiritualism. Before this was the state of mind of a considerable portion of mankind, Spiritualism had no mission. It could only brew mischief. It could only furnish martyrs for the stake and gibbet. But with the advance of mind a new religious era became possible, and the result is a religion based on demonstration."

"But does not a belief in Spiritualism lead to superstition?"

"On a few minds it produces what might probably be called superstition—that is to say, non-believers would give it that name. Although I am convinced that the spiritual controls use discrimination in their work of conversion, still all who become Spiritualists are not mentally prepared for so powerful a solvent, and the illuminated vistas of thought that are opened up before them bewilder and daze them for a longer or shorter time. Superstition is a relic of Christianity imported into Spiritualism. Under Christianity was propagated the ghost and hobgoblin idea, and fear of the dead is still a controlling influence. Superstition has an element of heredity in it. It is transmitted from one generation to the next. The virus of the dark ages is still in the veins of many people, and whatever they touch is overcast by the hauntings of that dread past. But the amount of mischief that thus ensues is really quite inconsiderable. I am surprised that it is not ten-fold greater. It is a noble age that can welcome and accept Spiritualism. It is the perfection of the rational mind that can commune with the dead as it does with the living. To this advance we are indebted to the spirit of skepticism. It removed all rubbish, and standing on the ground of denied dogmas, it discovered the new-comer, a calm, reflective mood, and it is in this temper the living should meet the so-called dead. Spiritualism wants no revivals. The revival element is at best a dangerous one; and if coupled with Spiritualism, it would set the whole world in a blaze.

It is well that Spiritualism should meet with frequent checks. It will meet with them as often as the influences controlling it deem best. A few of the leading Spiritualists have learned the lesson to make haste slowly, and are in no hurry to 'push the good work'; but the majority, and especially new converts, are ever eager to organize and carry the war into Africa. But all such efforts are, at least for the present, futile. Every forward movement, unless made with discretion, will be followed by a reaction, until such time when man, both as an individual and in the aggregate, shall be able to handle this social and religious nitro-glycerine without causing an explosion."

"According to your view, the position of a Spiritualist is not altogether an enviable one?"

"Every rose has its thorns. With the boon of a positive knowledge of the life hereafter, come painful duties and trials. I would advise no one to investigate Spiritualism at this juncture unless he feels equal to putting his shoulder to the wheel—in fine, unless he is conscious of having something of the spirit of a martyr in him. It was not every body who could be an abolitionist twenty-five years ago. It is not every body who can be a Spiritualist now, and save respect by doing his duty. Truth brings with it obligations. Those sands are believers, but dare not own it. To such their knowledge brings little pleasure. A still, small voice is ever active in them, calling them cowards, potlorns, slaves to worldliness and public opinion. Better never possess the knowledge than to acquire it and tacitly disown it."

"Then you would have all believers boldly announce themselves?"

"Far from it. It is purely a matter of individual conscience. As such—in a few instances—it may entail more martyrdom to refrain than to announce the fact. This position applies with force to the case of several ministers in Chicago. They are confirmed Spiritualists as myself, and would announce themselves as such to-morrow if they did not feel that their duty lay in an opposite direction. At present they occupy large fields of usefulness. By degrees they are bringing their flocks out of the regions of exclusiveness and illiberality. In this they are doing a nobler work for mankind than they could possibly do as Spiritualists, without pulpits, and hence, as I have myself taken occasion to tell them, it is their duty to stick to their posts as long as they can do so without losing the last vestige of self-respect. The fact of the matter is nowadays, when you scratch the back of a liberal minister you are very near the outside of a Spiritualist."

"If your theories are true, you present a difficult problem to the human mind. What are Spiritualists to do? How shall they discover whether or not they are in harmony with the purposes of those intelligences who, according to your view, are guiding this movement?"

"They will find it if they seek it intelligently. But a single factor enters into the problem—the human mind. If they will study this in all its ramifications to the past, the present, and the future, they have the key. Surely history is replete with lessons. What constitutes a statesman? Where does he derive his lessons? He studies the human mind, its operations in the past, and appreciating that under similar conditions the mind will operate similarly, he shapes his course accordingly. Statesmanship is composed of about equal parts of a knowledge of history and human nature, which I have designated as mind. The spiritual problem is the problem of the statesman, combined with that of the moralist and the reformer. The true statesman is never a one-sided man. He blends the radical with the conservative; he does not tear down before he is ready to build; he holds both the old and the new at their true value; he does not heedlessly shock public sentiment, the web and woof of all our passions; he studies the public temper, and never dashes forward to the point where his attack would involve a collision. Like a skilled engineer he saps and mines, and while the enemy is asleep he enters the citadel and possesses himself of it without the shedding of a drop of blood. So complex a subject can only be treated in a general way except specific cases are presented for solution—to my mind at present Spiritualism would be promoted by an aggressive conservative course. I would sap and mine rather than indulge in assaults."

"Spiritualism is peculiarly an American institution, is it not?"

"What is known as Modern Spiritualism—for Spiritualism under other names is as old as the hills—had its birth here twenty-nine years ago, but now it can no longer be called an American institution. The heaven is working in every part of the globe. In regions where there were once the more narrow Methodist, Presbyterian or Episcopalianism are unknown. Spiritualism is a vital fact. In Mexico, in Central America, in South America, there are not only many Spiritualists, but they even have their printed organs. At Cape Town, Africa, the Spiritualists own the finest hall in the place. In New Zealand a flourishing paper is published; likewise in Australia. In Russia it is strong at court and among the nobility. In a quarter of a century it has spread all over the world—no, this is wrong; almost simultaneously it dropped down in every part of the world. Other religions may be compared to the more narrow Methodism, Presbyterianism or Episcopalianism are unknown. Spiritualism is a vital fact. 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TO BOOK-BUYERS.

The attention of the reading public is respectfully called to the large supply of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works which we keep on hand at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKS-STORE, corner of Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Notices of meetings, lecture appointments, etc., should be forwarded to this office as early as Monday of each week, in order to insure publication in the Saturday edition of the Banner.

Banner of Light.

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MODERN SPIRITUALISM—The key which unlocks the mysteries of the Past, explains the Present, and demonstrates the Future existence of man.

War and Its Results.

The war which Russia has at last openly declared against Turkey is a religious one, so called. Russia accuses Turkey of not being sincere in her promises to execute certain reforms in reference to the condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte; while the latter, on the other hand, answers that it is carrying out the internal reforms which it promised Europe as fast as it consistently can, but insists that it shall not be interfered with in its own dominions.

Both armies are now moving forward from the north and the south, to meet one another in the shock of battle. At what point the encounter will take place it is difficult to predict with certainty; still, great military operations cannot in the very nature of things occur far from the recognized highways of human travel.

By crossing the Rivor Pruth, which runs almost straight south into the Danube, the Russians enter one of the three states which compose Roumania, which principally the Danube separates from Turkey on the south. Parallel with the Danube lies the Turkish province of Bulgaria, and below that, almost parallel again with the Danube, stretch the Balkan Mountains. So that the Danube, with its strongly fortified Turkish towns on its south bank, constitutes the first line of defence for Turkey, and the Balkan Mountain range, with its fortified passes, the second line.

Shunlike lies between in the open country, connected directly with Varna on the Black Sea, and is the great fortified camp of Turkey on the north.

We need not indulge in any speculations or prophecies in respect to this war: it will prove no different in one sense from every other; and that sense is, that from its beginning, no one can foresee its ending. The better opinion seems to be that it will be the greatest war of centuries, and will result in changing the map of modern Europe.

For ourselves, we expect that it lasts long enough, to see an entirely new state to become the result of it, that shall stretch to the east and south of Austria to the Adriatic to the Black Sea. And it is not impossible, if Germany becomes engaged in it actively, as doubtless she already is passively, that Austria will have to part with all her remaining claims in South Germany and move her chief capital eastward from Vienna to Pesh; or, at any rate, to take up her position in the future to the east of where it is now.

Germany must stand behind Russia in this encounter, or the latter would not show such alacrity in making war in the present deplorable state of her finances. And it looks very much as if both Germany and Russia were resolved to involve England in the conflict. It is morally certain that England will never stand by and see Constantinople fall into the hands of the Russians.

And moreover, there is little doubt that Russia would be glad to see England paid off, as France already has been, for her part in the Crimean war. Where Russia cannot work by herself she can through Germany. They two are today the powers that aspire to command Europe. But France is excited, and England feels stung by the Russian manifesto; it would be no dream for England to make common cause again with France, this time against Germany as well as Russia; and a formidable Mahometan confederacy in Asia, having its origin with the Khans and extending into British India, is already one of the ominous suggestions that combine to make this the most stupendous war in modern history.

Augustus Day, of Detroit, Mich., writes: "Allow me to say that after twenty-seven years of investigating Spiritualism, by reading at least twenty thousand pages of books, visiting mediums and circles, and attending all the lectures I could when at home and when in other cities, it is my candid opinion that for the money paid, the Banner of Light exceeds all other methods for information upon the subject. I would sooner miss my dinner than its appearance each Sunday."

Mr. D. Mackenzie Wallace, in his new work, "Russia," universally declared to be the fullest and most valuable account of the great northern empire yet published, incidentally remarks (Vol. II, p. 452): "I have long known Mr. Aksakof, and have never in any country met a more honest and truthful man."

Dr. Winslow on Insanity from Spiritualism.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, a physician of some note in London, recently came out with an attack on Spiritualism, in which he asserted that there were ten thousand lunatics, made such by Spiritualism, in confinement in the United States; also that there were twenty thousand mediums, and that these gradually became "haggard idiots, mad, or stupid."

In reply to these loose and ridiculous assertions, Dr. E. Crowell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., one of the most honored names in Spiritualism, collected from the Superintendents of the various American hospitals and asylums for the insane, elaborate returns entirely refuting the statements of Dr. Winslow. A copy of his admirable Reply to Dr. Winslow was sent to the latter by M. A. (Oxon.), with the request that Dr. W. would make the proper amend, and acknowledge his obvious error. But he evaded the demand, and no satisfactory answer having been obtained from him, the correspondence closed with the following letter from M. A. (Oxon.) which, it is hardly necessary to say, Dr. Winslow has not yet found it convenient to answer:

March 29th, 1877. To Dr. L. S. Forbes Winslow: SIR—It is hardly necessary for me to spend further time in endeavoring to force from you a confession of your fault. You cannot justify your position; yet you decline to set yourself right by abandoning it, and apologizing for your error.

You "see no reason to doubt the accuracy of the returns" which even the organ of your own profession (the Lancet) contemptuously throws over. It matters very little, for your statements have been already so discredited, and your tactics so exposed in the Standard, that to pursue the matter further seems almost like "hitting a man when he is down."

Englishmen do not like that, but they like as little the course of conduct which has laid you open to castigation. And your discredited pamphlet would be unworthy of notice altogether, were it not that it is a type of the spirit prevalent among certain persons who think themselves justified in treating Spiritualism in a way which they would never apply to other subjects, and Spiritualists according to a code of honor not current among gentlemen.

Those of us who know that such a delusion as exists with respect to the phenomena known as spiritual or psychical is purely on your side, are determined that you shall not add to this further delusion that you may pursue these tactics with impunity.

The pamphlet you have printed, and the manner in which you have sought to defend the misstatements it contains, are alike contemptible. It is wonderful that a physician, who must be supposed to know something of his profession, should ever have committed himself to such a farrago of nonsense.

It is a still greater marvel that any man who has the right to put L. S. in the wrong should have written a pamphlet in such English as any fourth-form school-boy would be able to correct, and would be ashamed to use in one of his exercises.

But the greatest marvel of all is that a gentleman in your position should condescend to a line of defence such as that which you have thought proper to adopt.

If those hypothetical statistics of yours ever see light, I shall be happy to deal with them. Meantime I shall consider myself at liberty to use this correspondence as I find occasion.

Yours,—The Lancet is the chief organ of the profession in England; its contemptuous pamphlet reprinted in the Spiritualist Newspaper, together with a very damaging correspondence, in the London Standard, between a clergyman and Dr. L. S., Forbes Winslow.

Appeal for the Indians.

A delegation of Quakers recently called on President Hayes at the White House, to say a word for the peace policy toward the Indians, and were favorably received. Among the party was the venerable Mrs. Wharton, who is now nearly ninety years of age, but is still interested as ever in the cause of humanity.

This lady, with great dignity of bearing and a sincerity which won the hearts of all present, read the following address: "My Dear Friend, President Hayes—Righteousness exalteth the people, but sin, if allowed, destroyeth the nation; and oh, I beg thee to use all thy power to prevent it! When a little girl in Philadelphia, I was accustomed to seeing the Indians come into our city, delegated to the Government, meekly seeking for peace and fraternity. I felt much interested in their cause. That was seventy years ago, and during my long life I have not ceased to feel that my prayers should be stronger the persecution the deeper my sympathy, and I still hope to see them established in the hearts of their fellow-men before my long life shall have performed its mission on earth.

As a member of this general committee, I have visited the Indians in their homes in the Western wilds, and been in the wigwags of the seven agencies of our branch of the Society of Friends, and I know we are doing much good. Our men and our young women are with them, away from their refined and pleasant homes, whilst sewing societies in all the meetings are working for the unclad heathen. And oh, my prayers to learn from thy own lips to day that thou canst sympathize with us in our work of peace and love. Be true to thy promise, and hold up our hands. Thou art at the head of the greatest nation on earth, upheld by thirty-eight sovereign States and forty-five millions of people, surely possessed of too much virtue to go against the humane spirit evinced by thee in our presence to-day. Farewell! We go back to our homes in joy, peace and hope."

A New Song Book

It has just been brought out by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. It is entitled "THE GOLDEN MELODIES," and is a new series of words and music for the use of Lyceums, Circles and Camp-Meetings. S. W. Tucker, known to the public by his superb songs, "Evergreen Shore," "My Home Beyond the Tide," and others, is its author. This little book, published in convenient form, is not a collection of old music re-published, but the contents are mostly original, and it has been prepared to meet a want which is now felt all over the country. For contents, see advertisement elsewhere.

A Convention of the Liberals of Canada was held at Toronto, the 14th, 15th and 16th of April. It was the first Liberal Convention ever held in the Dominion. Measures were adopted to sustain Liberal lecturers, encourage the sale of books, and to start and support a free-thought journal at Toronto. J. J. Evans, of that city, a well-known business man, presided over the deliberations of the Convention, and among other workers Wm. McDonnell, author of "Exeter Hall," took an active and earnest part in the proceedings. An address was given each evening by B. F. Underwood, to very large audiences. Mr. Bell, of Boston, was also one of the speakers. Before the Convention adjourned, it organized what is to be known as the "Free Thought Association of Canada."

Thomas Lees Informs us (in a note which arrived too late for insertion last week) that in consequence of the immense success of the exhibition, on March 31st, by the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Cleveland, O., that organization will hold a grand May Festival on Friday evening, May 4th, at Turner's Hall.

"Spirit, Embodied and Disembodied in Some of its Modes of Action."

Under this title, a new and important work by M. A. (Oxon.) is now complete, and will be published as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to secure the writer against absolute loss. The following brief outline will show the comprehensive and highly interesting character of the work:

Introduction defining the scope of the work, which will mainly be: To present a view of Spiritualism in its various aspects, and to give the reader a summary of typical work under each section. It will commence with a general treatise on the Claims and Pretensions and Present State of Spiritualism. A bird's eye view will be given, elaborated in the six following sections, the italicized book being reviewed and illustrated from others named with it.

SECTION I. HISTORICAL.—Epes Sargent's Planchette; Wallace's Miracles, &c.; Howitt's History of the Supernatural; Shorter's Two Worlds; Judge Edmonds' Tracts; E. H. Dondry's History.

SECTION II. SCIENTIFIC.—Crookes's Researches; Tuttle's Arcana; Hare's Spiritualism Scientifically Explained; De Morgan's From Matter to Spirit.

SECTION III. PHENOMENAL.—Oleott's "People from the Other World"; Epes Sargent's "Proof Palpable"; Wolfe's "Startling Facts"; SECTION IV. CLAIRVOYANCE, PSYCHOMETRIC.—Denton's "Soul of Things."

SECTION V. RELIGIOUS.—Crowell's "Primitive Christianity"; Robert Dale Owen's "Addresses to the Clergy"; (Debatable Land,) S. C. Hall's "Use of Spiritualism."

SECTION VI. OCCULT.—"Art Magic"; "Ghost Land"; Mme. Blavatsky's "Vail of Isis." (An original chapter examining the claims of magic, and sketching its history.)

In addition to the above there will be a concluding treatise on the "Trans-corporeal Action of Spirit," illustrated by authentic records, with special reference to spirit action at the time of death, in the case of apparitions, &c., traced to its source and motive spring.

M. A. (Oxon.) is one of the ablest and most single-hearted workers in the cause of Spiritualism. To high, scholarly culture he unites medial power, and is consequently thoroughly in earnest, as he knows that our representative facts are true from both his inner and outer experience and study. No more devoted and self-sacrificing laborer has yet appeared. He has never made, or aimed to make a penny out of Spiritualism, and we will venture to say that he is not likely to vary in his feelings and purposes on this subject.

The proposed work will cost ten shillings (English) a copy. Five hundred subscribers are needed, and about half this number have been obtained in England. Cannot American Spiritualists furnish the rest? A subscription paper is now open at the Banner of Light office, and we hope that names will be speedily sent in. A compendium of all the truly valuable matter in the leading works on Spiritualism is much needed; and the proposed volume will undoubtedly supply it.

The Cat Let Out of the Bag.

A Rev. G. H. Humphrey, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Birmingham, Pittsburgh Co., Penn., has braced up his nerves to swearing or concert pitch, and issued a pamphlet with the title that no doubt exactly expresses his feelings over the situation of things. Unable longer to restrain his wrath at seeing the current which progress in religious matters is taking, he sits down to write. We can see him as he seats himself at his desk to try to indite his feelings rather than his thoughts. They leap involuntarily to the point of his pen. "HELL AND DAMNATION" is his mental exclamation, and he puts it down in black and white before him, because his hand refuses to let him say anything less.

It is one of his "happy thoughts," no doubt. He opens up to it, in fact. He confesses that he purposely uses this sulphurous title on an innocent pamphlet, "because it is exactly the subject of the treatise," and "because there is need of reaction from the sickly mawkishness that prevails on this subject." He wants simply to force people to get rid of that "sickly mawkishness." He prefers to revel in the healthy delights of "hell and damnation." It is with perfect satisfaction that he exclaims—"there is a hell"; and he gloats over his statement that "lost souls are gone to the tough darkness of the second death—the smoke of their torment ascendeth forever and ever." What a happy wretch this Rev. Mr. Humphrey must be! How invaluable as a consolator at the hour when heart and flesh faileth! We sincerely hope he may have all the "hell and damnation" he sighs for himself, and not be making other people unhappy in different spheres.

A Noticeable Ceremony.

A pleasant occasion was the marriage of Miss Dora Fish to Mr. Van Darrow, at the residence of the bride's father, Milan, O., on the 6th of April. Hudson Tuttle, officiating, is reported by the local paper to have said, after the usual questions:

"I need not tell you that the contract you have made is more than a civil agreement; that the obligation you have taken is the most sacred it is possible for human beings to assume. It not only affects yourselves, but all with whom you are related. By no possibility can you through it evade or avoid the infinite responsibilities it will bring. It not only will endure until death, but we fondly believe will bloom in immortal beauty on the evergreen shores of eternal life. Knowing that you fully understand the character of this obligation, and are willing to share the burdens as well as happiness it may bring, I pronounce you husband and wife; and may your life-lives be cast in pleasant places, and may you ever be true to yourselves."

The departure of the happy pair to the train which bore them to their Western home was the cause of many tears from friends and relatives mingling in the overflow cup of joy.

Professed Controls.

Information is wanted by a correspondent as to the identity or past history of the following persons, now supposed to be in the spirit-world, and professing to control an English medium who has given evidence of superior scientific knowledge while subject to influence:

Walter Tracy, claiming to have been a student in Yale College; enlisted as a Federal soldier; was at Bull Run; lost a finger while cleaning his musket.

William Tracy of Utica, N. Y., cousin of Walter Tracy, a lecturer on temperance. In connection with him there is reference to 'old Judge White, who knew him.'

Giles B. Stebbins, Esq., of Detroit, Mich., is, we are informed, busily engaged in compiling a volume to be entitled "Poems of the Life Beyond." He has recently had, during the Sundays of April, a highly successful campaign as a lecturer in Battle Creek, Mich., but is now at home in Detroit.

"Lawrence v. the Queen."

This case was brought up, April 14th, before the Lord Chief Justice, Queen's Bench, (London) and Mr. Justice Mellor. After a brief parley, during which Mr. Ignatius Williams endeavored to show the erroneous nature of the verdict and judgment on this indictment against the medium, Lawrence, and both justices lowered their dignity by not only laughing themselves, but by allowing renewed peals of derision (at the expense of the prisoner and his cause) on the part of those present to disturb the gravity usually attendant on the simplest order of legal proceedings, the judgment of the court below was sustained. The Spiritualist for April 20th says of this action:

"It is more likely than not that the prison doors have closed upon an innocent man. The effect of the decisions in the Lawrence case will be to bring home the knowledge to many thousands of Her Majesty's subjects, that it is quite possible for ignorance and a priori ideas to condemn an innocent man in British law courts. Directly the judges pronounced the decision Mr. Massey rose from his seat among the barristers, and shook hands with Mr. Lawrence before the whole court. All we can do in these matters is to record in these pages the names of the judges, men of science, and other persons ignorant of the nature of psychological phenomena, who nevertheless pronounce decisions thereon. In the future, to the honor of themselves and their families, they will occupy the same place in history as those who condemned Galileo. They act in good faith, but they are ignorant."

The present Conservative Government has spent great sums of the money of British taxpayers in the prosecution of mediums, the only result being the awakening of great sympathy for the mediums, and the national disgrace of the fettering of scientific investigation. What can be done to remove the ignorance of psychology of those who administer the law? A few weeks ago Mr. Eglinton, the medium, expressed the wish that Mr. Flowers, the magistrate, would see him up to the neck in a sack, and in the presence of responsible witnesses, test the phenomena which take place in his presence. Mr. Flowers refused.

In our opinion the Spiritualists' Defence Committee should still further fix the historical responsibility of the imprisonment of Mr. Lawrence upon the Government by applying for his release, and in short and sharp words pointing out that there is no evidence of any difference whatever between what took place in the presence of Mr. Lawrence, as testified by ignorant people, and the phenomena certified to be genuine by those who understand the subject, including Messrs. Crookes and Varley, Fellows of the Royal Society.

"Hold the Fort."

The Religio-Philosophical Journal, of Chicago, has under the editorial head of its issue for May 5th a kind and soulful letter from Andrew Jackson Davis, wherein he counsels Col. Bundy, the earnest and enterprising editor of that paper, to "stand by" his guns, and speaks many words of hopeful cheer and practical advice which we are sure will find an echo in the heart of every well-wisher of the cause who may peruse them. To this epistle from the truly Harmonial Seer, Col. B. replies in kindred tone, declaring it to be his intention to carry on, to as successful an issue as it may be given him to do, the work inaugurated by Mr. S. S. Jones during his life in the form. Among other straightforward things Col. Bundy writes as follows, while referring to the duty now imminently pressing upon Spiritualists:

"With strong, well organized local societies, hard-working, high-minded lecturers, and pure literature, we can not only strike the shackles from the slaves of error and superstition, but we can do far more: we can attract their attention and respect. We can teach them what we ourselves know, that nothing is so ennobling, so elevating, and so powerful for good as a knowledge of the grand truths taught by Spiritualism."

We heartily join with Bro. Davis in wishing our contemporary, the Religio-Philosophical Journal, the fullest measure of success, and trust that the hands of Col. Bundy will ever be strengthened by ample pecuniary supplies for the arduous work into which he has entered.

Many of our people—the very best—have of late had sittings with Mr. C. H. Foster, (the test medium,) now at the Winthrop House, 31 Bowdoin street, this city. Several clergymen have likewise visited him, not one of whom have pronounced him otherwise than a "wonderful man." No person attending his sittings can tell what his or her test may be. Not long since, to a stranger who visited him, the medium remarked: "A spirit who calls herself Susan, says you have something in your pocket that belonged to her. What is it?" The stranger took from his pocket two artificial teeth, which he had carried for about forty years. He seemed greatly surprised at the incident, and considered it a capital test, especially as the name given by Mr. Foster of the person who owned the teeth was correct.

The "Tabernacular" services in Boston closed Sunday, April 29th. The Herald for Monday, in commenting upon his work says of Moody: "His theology is a relic of barbarism. His doctrinal sermons have been the assertion and reiteration of dogmas which the civilization of the age has left behind, and which the evangelical pulp generally has allowed to fade out. His stern realism has arrested attention, and his vigorous assertions have had some effect on the people brought up in the old doctrines, in the way of reviving their superstitions. . . . Mr. Moody's theology, carried out to its logical conclusion, would put an end to all science and philosophy, all progress of the race through the intellect."

Dr. Carter Blake, a prominent English Spiritualist, with whose name our readers are familiar, has been called of late to suffer much in the way of physical illness. Late advices from Great Britain inform us that though much prostrated his condition has slightly improved. Spiritualism can spare none of its workers, and we therefore hope our transatlantic brother will be still spared to give of his influence and effort for the advancement of the cause.

We wish it distinctly understood that Mrs. Rudd, the medium engaged at this office, takes no fees for spirit communications. She sits exclusively for us, is paid by this establishment for her services, and the messages given through her instrumentality are printed from week to week in these columns. As we freely receive from the spirit-world, we as freely give to the inhabitants of earth.

The Spiritualists will hold a two days' meeting at Hardin City, Hardin Co., Iowa, on the 19th and 20th of May. The friends are cordially invited to attend and bring provisions and blankets. The meeting will be conducted by O. H. Godfrey, and others.

The fine essay on Spiritualism, by John Wetherbee, Esq., read at a recent meeting of the Boston Radical Club, will appear in the Banner of Light for May 12th.

The Ordeal of Spiritualism—A Doctor Bringing Fagots to the Fire.

Every now and then some doctor of physic meets with a case of spiritual mediumship in his practice that furnishes the occasion for a new essay on popular delusions, or an opportunity to theorize on the abnormal possibilities of human nature. Having no idea that there is anything of man but his body, and following the lead of such scientific ignis fatuus as Dr. Hammond and Dr. Marvin, they rush into the papers and at the same time ventilate their science and their ignorance. The latest example of this kind is presented in the case of Dr. James McHenry Smallwood, of Baltimore, who published in a recent number of the New York World a two-column account of the phenomena presented in the case of a lady under his treatment. That she is neither ignorant, subject to sudden impulses, morbidly sensitive nor unduly imaginative, but on the contrary highly intelligent, extremely cool and severely rational, we learn from the explicit testimony of Dr. Smallwood himself. On these points we quote the following paragraph from his letter:

"Mrs. — is a lady of excellent judgment and rather mature intelligence. She has been well educated, having graduated at the Peepack Institute while it was under the charge of Mrs. Lincoln Phelps, and she has exercised a natural taste for literature by reading the best books. There is nothing mystical in her temperament; she is cheerful and of equable disposition, rather unpretentious and retiring, and her impulses are more unobtrusive than quick or violent. Her intellect seems as cool, as calm, as bright as a sabbath noon in December, and here is a logical aptness and cogency in her methods and scope of thought which have often made me regret that Mrs. X did not sacrifice her woman's life and domesticity to the loftier fields and more ethereal rewards of intellectual pursuits. If her powers of expression had at all come near her ratiocinative forces, and been properly cultivated, she would have had few peers amongst the great women of the country."

This lady claims that she is "a spiritual magnet," and that her nature is so polarized as to be sensitive to the influence of other spheres. She entertains the idea that she is in "sympathy with the hidden pulses of humanity," and what was at first but "a simple vibration," an occasional "wave or shock" has become "a permanent condition" by "an unbroken and continuous current that forms a telegraphic communication between her consciousness and the sphere of inward principles and the realities of a spiritual life and world." She has periods of preternatural wakefulness, followed by deep sleep, resembling profound lethargy or a state of magnetic coma, during which all the functions of the vital organs are performed with their usual regularity. All the suffering she experiences results from her own instinctive efforts to resist the mysterious power or influence that from time to time assaults her sensation, consciousness and will. Dr. Smallwood testifies that if a death occurs in the immediate neighborhood coincidentally with one of these attacks, she is simultaneously relieved; but the beneficial effects do not continue after the process of decomposition supervenes. The Doctor has experimented on his patient by taking her "to death-beds, to cemeteries and ever to hospitals and dissecting-rooms, always being struck by some strange phenomena which she exhibited."

It is said that the lady is not a Spiritualist, though her husband, who is a lawyer, "is a half-hearted believer in that inane faith for the dolrums." It is admitted that the "patient has a distinct, novel and ingenious demology of her own." She is clairvoyant, and to her own vision the veil of the temple of her spirit is rent; in other words her body is transparent, and she can perceive the organic action of the whole vital apparatus. The Doctor tells us that "this is by no means the ordinary clairvoyance of the disciples of animal magnetism"; but he offers no evidence in support of his assumption. The truth is that clairvoyance, as the word implies, is the power to see clearly, and clear sight is everywhere, and at all times, essentially the same power, whether developed in an artificially induced sleep, or otherwise by the psycho-magnetic action of spirits on the faculties of the human mind.

Some idea of the lady's system of demology, which her physician characterizes as "distinct, novel and ingenious," may be derived from the following extract:

"The contents of the actual immanent existence and presence around us of a race of 'spiritual beings,' in their nature neither friendly nor hostile to man, yet mingling in and interfering with human concerns for their own purposes and in pursuit of their own business. These spirits derive their existence and take on substance from the mental energies of man, his will, his consciousness, his streams of no matter what form of nerve-force, by a process of re-entrance and re-process of re-entrance the physical potentials of grain and other food-sources, and turning to our own use the forces that would otherwise have sprung from the sun, as well as a means of restoring nerve waste, is one of the immeasurable but most enormous potentialities of nature. So, what is the meaning of the re-entrance and re-process of re-entrance of human brain-force and energy by their frustrating devices must be, upon her hypothesis, an entirely incalculable potentiality of man. It is not a case of parasitism for Mrs. X. adults, I believe, the superiority to man of the spirits pasturing upon him, in the same sense that he concedes the superiority of the ox to the grasses which he crops from the meadow."

These are interesting suggestions, in which we recognize some of the elements of a profound philosophy. In the estimation of Dr. Smallwood these views are the offspring of disease; but he nevertheless makes them the ground of certain improbable speculations about the harvests the spirits reap in "great desasters, battles, plagues, pestilences, when men suddenly die with brain-forces in full sap." In the course of his reasoning, from premises furnished by his patient, he refers to the "rape of the flower" by the bee, and suggests that it may possibly turn out that the ravishment of our brain-forces may be only the provident weeding of an over-full garden with a view to a more perfect growth of what remains. The idea seems to be that these spirits, like vampires, feed upon or absorb the vital forces of the living and the dying.

The Doctor admits that his patient is accustomed to combat these notions, "making the point that, in her observation, the spirits only seize upon the active and developed mental energies, the will, the consciousness and the like," and that "they never seem to want a thought until it has sent up its fruit stalk, and is at least in flower." This would seem to indicate a decided preference for thoughts and ideas that are prolific of practical results. Herein is the evidence of a wonderful degree of intelligence and discrimination, quite equal to the discovery and refutation of the fallacious assumptions of a learned doctor of medicine. And yet these superior powers are, after all, presumed to be only the manifold forms of disease. All these hypothetical spirits are nothing else but the curious crotchets and phantom shapes of a disordered brain.

Dr. Smallwood's patient is a spiritual trance medium; but in the name of science we are required to believe that the very sources of this amazing intelligence are the accidental quirks and quavers of the "nervous system unstrung"; the peculiar method of the lady's madness, or the morbid and monstrous creations conceived and born of the imagination of a sick woman!

We have thus disposed of this last sample of the Smallwood employed to renew the fires of the opposition to the grandest truth ever announced on earth. S. B. DARTMAN.

Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free-Circle Meetings...

We also published this page reports of Spirit Messages given each week in Baltimore, Md., through the mediumship of Mrs. SARAH A. DANKS...

These messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil...

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine but forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason...

The Banner of Light Free-Circle Meetings are held at No. 9 Montgomery Place, (second story) corner of Province street...

As most of the messages given at the Banner of Light are published on this page...

Questions answered at these Free-Circles are often propounded by individuals among the audience...

Donations of flowers solicited.

LEWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JEANIE S. RUDD.

Invocation.

Oh, thou Father and Mother God, wilt thou hear us as we come before thee? Will thou bless us and guide us as we return to earth...

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have any questions, Mr. Chairman, we will now consider them.

Q.—It is true that as a man dieth so he is. He goes to his own place, and his individuality is sustained through eternity...

Q.—I would like to ask a question relative to the Summer-Land. Is it located upon this or upon some other planet?

A.—Your Summer-Land is above your world. We can only simplify the idea by saying that it is terrace above terrace...

Q.—[From the audience.] If we are born into the spirit-world as we are born here, naked, who or what clothes us?

A.—We deny, Mr. Chairman, that we are born into spirit-life just as we are born into earth-life...

Q.—In the life of Newton, from four years of age on to thirty, there seems to be a great stride in progression...

A.—From four years upward was a big stride; you can contemplate it for yourselves...

Q.—Can spirits, returning through media, remember names, incidents, &c., with which they were once familiar...

A.—This, perhaps, Mr. Chairman, is one of the most important questions we could have given us...

Stephen Develin. I come from New York City, sir; my name is Stephen Develin...

Katie. I desire, Mr. Chairman, to send a message to my husband—a nearer friend I cannot expect to reach...

Frank. There is a bright immortal path through which all must walk, through which each individual, however besotted, however sinful...

its name; many of you may understand something of this. Then, again, you occasionally try to recall a name which you say to yourself you know perfectly well...

Sabra Louisa Brown. I want my friends to know that I have come. My name is Sabra Louisa Brown...

Samuel Cooper. I do not think I understand the whole of this subject. You open this room, I understand that, and furnish it according to the ideas of spirits...

Susan Jordan. Can anybody come? [Yes.] Well, I've got in now. I got hold of this lady's head...

George L. Davenport. I wish you to say, sir, if consistent with your management, that George L. Davenport, of Dubuque, comes here...

Mary Defoe Grath. My name, sir, is Mary Defoe Grath. I come, sir, not because I expected to do any good...

John Bliss. My name is John Bliss. I come from New York City. I wish to say to my friends that I am here...

Stephen Develin. I come from New York City, sir; my name is Stephen Develin. I wish to say to my friends...

Katie. I desire, Mr. Chairman, to send a message to my husband—a nearer friend I cannot expect to reach...

Frank. There is a bright immortal path through which all must walk, through which each individual, however besotted, however sinful...

ing for you to come. The curtain shall fall down so lightly that you yourselves can push it one side and see into the great beyond...

George Allen Pray. I find some difficulty in coming here this afternoon, and yet I felt that I would like to come, because I know that I still live...

Hattie E. Williams. Will you please say, Mr. Chairman, that Hattie E. Williams, who passed away in Denver, Colorado, returns to day...

George Shaw. I wish you would say, sir, that George Shaw, who passed out from New Orleans over two years ago, came to this Circle Room...

Helen S.—Mr. Chairman, I have been in spirit-life some years, yet I have had but little rest...

Dr. Albert Riggs. If you have space in your columns, I would like you to say that Dr. Riggs, of Chelsea, has returned here and says to his friends...

John Norris. Will you please say that John Norris, of Boston, who passed away some ten years ago, would be glad to communicate with any friend...

Dr. P.—There is a great change in life. One can stand upon the platform in your life and can condemn his fellow-man, and say he is wicked and unjust...

George Stevens. I'll give my name, sir, as George Stevens, of Detroit. I promised a friend of mine, about two weeks ago, that if it was possible, I would make my appearance at this circle and give my name...

George D. Moore. A friend of mine in Atlanta has asked me, if it were possible for me to come back, that I would go to the Banner of Light Circle...

Fanny Spencer. Mr. Chairman, it will give me great pleasure to communicate here to-day, if you have room for my story, before I forget it...

Obad W. Bartlett. I've got a short letter to put in the post-office. If there is anybody that would like to talk to Obad W. Bartlett, of the Charlestown District...

Susan S. Bates. Is there any room to-day for little girls? I've come here with most of my whole family, and I'd just like to let the folks know that I can come...

Annie Jenkins. Verily, friend, [to the Chairman,] thee has a pleasant gathering. I am glad to meet thee. I come with difficulty to-day—hope thee will excuse me...

Jimmie Stiles. I can't sit and talk about love; nobody never did, and I'm not. Did I tell that's sure. My name, you can't catch me again if they try...

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Eunice. Mr. Chairman, can I claim your indulgence this afternoon? I feel that I would like to speak to my father and mother. My mother does not feel at all well, and I know no other way of reaching her directly...

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to say to you that what seems evil may be undeveloped good, and that though you may feel it is just to put your fellow-man in prison, and to hang him by the neck till he is dead, yet I, who was sent into the spirit-life by the hand of another, find that I was as culpable of his death as he was of mine...

Chin Pau Shu. Me want to come muchee good; Me know muchee of the Melican's comee. Me want to comee muchee. Me want to speakee muchee. Me want to sayee Chin Pau Shu do comee...

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better condition than at present. I shall rap you out good pretty often. I'd like to have you visit my wife and children. If they think it's wrong to receive me, all right; I'll wait until they can. I never expect anybody to swallow anything except they've got a mouth to swallow with. I don't expect to put a quart of anything into a pint measure. I can wait until they can receive me. I want this friend of mine—Henry—to look out for me.

George Lunt. Will you please say that George Lunt, of Savannah, called here to-day, if he may awaken in the minds of his wife and children a desire to know something of this philosophy? It will be sufficient for me to send this word, for I have a friend who will present the paper to them.

Dr. J. Mitchell. I can't really understand, Mr. Chairman, why I came here this afternoon. I have heard of your Banner Circle, many times, and I have not cared to communicate, feeling that nobody would, perhaps, receive me if I did; but there seems to be a magnetism here to-day—in fact, Mr. Chairman, I have been here a great many times, and have looked you over and over, and there never has seemed to be a magnetism which gave me a power to control. I knew something of religion. I supposed I understood it pretty well. I believed in the "salvation of man through the blood of Christ," that only through that could he be saved. I knew something of medicine, and the workings of the human body. I know that we physicans are apt to look pretty shabby, but I never allowed a skeptical thought to come up, if I could help it. I ever tried to be faithful to my Sunday school class, to all who came within the reach of my influence. I certainly had a good deal of experience with quite a rough class of men, and yet I have seen the infidel pass away just as happily as I ever saw those denominated Christians! Yet, for myself, I saw no beauty in aught but religion. I felt that they passed away in ignorance. But to-day I return here, for as I said before there is a magnetism that brings me here, and I return hoping to tell the truth when I say to those who come in contact with me in earth-life, I was conscientious in my belief that I was an conscientious in my statement to-day. I know that this great philosophy is true, and I feel as if I would like to return to earth and enter our old church and tell my story, tell of my entrance into this Summer-Land, and tell them all I've seen and heard; but I know well that I might not be allowed to speak it. For the third time I repeat, there is a magnetism here which helps me to work. I will record my name as Dr. J. Mitchell. They knew me well in Chelsea, Mass., where I once lived.

John D. Williams. John D. Williams, who died in New York City some nine years ago, returns here to-day to say to some who have attracted him to come back at times to the old club room, Good-bye! I have got something better to do. Don't think of me; don't ask for me. I want to be a man. I want to get up there where my wife, May, is. I want to get hold of my sister Lucy's hand. I want to progress. I have been down here long enough, attracted by the old influences. I want to say "Good-bye." I've tried to get away, but I couldn't. I was informed that if I would call this place that would from me, if so, Mr. Chairman, and you ever come up here, you shall be well paid for the privilege I have enjoyed in coming.

Zekie. It's a rainy day, ain't it, sir? And on rainy days all the little folks can come, can't they, sir? I've been twice before; can I come three times? I want to send a message to mamma, and send it right away, so papa, too. I want to say that Grandpa has come home—Grandpa Brooks. Eva comes, too, and Eddie come with me and holds my hands. Tell mamma not to worry any more, but to feel that we are all round—Pearlie and I are taking care of her and papa. I want her to be real happy. I can't get to her any other way, so I have come here to the Banner. If she'd only get smart, so she'd be able to go to some mediums, I would not come to the Banner so often. Please say I am glad to come. I am growing real fast. I've seen both grandmas—three of 'em. I want papa and mamma to feel that I am there every night. I love baby ever so much. My name, Zekie.

Tom White. Ho, massa. [How do you do?] Dunno, dunno how I do. Guess don't do nuffin'. Can't tell whar I be. I see dunno what to say, now I see got here. I see dunno what I cum for. 'Spect nobody care wader I cum or not. Do you care? [You are welcome.] Don't see nuffin' of my massa or missus here. 'Spect it's too fur for 'em to cum, ain't it? You know whar dey live—Baton Rouge? I used to live down dar. I b'long to massa and missus White. Dey was white all over, beside de name, but dey did n't used to be white-hearted no more dan I be; and massa James up here ain't whiter dan I be. I see jest as white as he. Can't put no horsewhip on me ef I don't hold de horse jest right for him—can't help hisself. I won't hold it at all no more.

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he can. Say to him he need not fear that pride of position or love of power has actuated the individuals through whom we used to communicate, but that they are ever ready to lend their aid and hold the hands of all that need their assistance.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN. James Lynah. James Lynah was my name. I died at Chesnut Hill, Philadelphia, but I was from Charleston, S. C.

However practically he may talk, however romantically he may speak, still he never speaks with confidence regarding that wonderful change called death; I hold myself with others. When we are children we talk as children; when we are men we are called upon to act as men.

I died, passed from this life to a better, a finer and a purer one, but I started not on my journey with fear of meeting my eternal Father; and why? I weighed it, I measured it, and I analyzed it in my silent meditations, and the whispering angels came, unseen by others, but not unfeeling by me, and told me of the home beyond the grave; made me acquainted with its plots and its plans; and when I entered into that luminous city I was not a stranger there, I met those I once knew.

I died near the Black Horse Tavern, in Harford County, Maryland. My name was Ann Purdy. You see I did not live there all the time. I was formerly of Baltimore County, and now comes the juice to the lemon.

I was just about eighty years old when I went away from here, and really it seems strange to me how I got out, and where I am, and what is going to become of me. There's two sides to this question. I'm a spirit, and still I know, see, and feel. Now how does that come about? Is it on account of some of my nerves being relaxed, or is it coming here and going and seeing and feeling—is it to be of any use to me or use to others? I feel strengthened in my mind, for it was weak and feeble with age and infirmities which seemed little by little to pass away, and I appear to comprehend the use of another life, with all the beauties attached to it.

Am I ever to go on in this way, expressing myself from point to point, or will the time come when the wearied soul will find rest? Angels hover near me; now they bathe me in sweet odors; now they bid me raise my mind from earth to heaven where the angels dwell, and they will guide the weary feet and they will give rest to the wearied mind, and teach me, and that, that death is not so hard as once I thought it was.

I feel the zephyrs fan me as once they did in my bright girlhood days. Oh, ye who placed me in the coffin, and lightened down the screws, and lowered it in the ground, and gave dust to dust and ashes to ashes—I am not there! I am tolling in the spirit to manifest God to myself as well as to all of you who sometimes gave me kind words and at others gave me harsh ones. It is not well to live beyond the years of usefulness, for then you become troublesome and tiresome to others.

I am going away now. I have done my work. I do not know that I shall come again; if I do will I welcome? [Always welcome.] Kind, generous feeling brought me here to-night, to pour out the joyous tidings. Even though we die, we carry the senses with us to the beautiful world of spirit.

Harriet Burts. In Charlestown, Massachusetts. Harriet Burts by name. I was born in Richmond, Virginia, but for many years I lived in Charlestown, Massachusetts. My father's name was John; my mother's name, Mary Giddelet.

The bundles universe is mine. I am not hampered on either side by circumstances. Who honesty of purpose do I now return from the green fields of Eden to spread the beautiful thought of a life beyond the grave—with perpetual youth and beautiful unfoldment intellectually.

God, the infinite mind, the eternal ruler, the founder of all things, earthly or spiritually, sits not upon a white throne; he has his seat in the heart of every one who is a friend to himself and a friend to his neighbor. Why, there is nothing more pleasant than to die, when the conscience is clear and the mind has its purpose for good; then no preacher need come to pass you through the realms of light eternal, for the work has been done and must be done by yourself. Oh, I had some years, I had some experiences in the material world. I had some pleasant surroundings. I, too, like others, sometimes wept over things which seemed to me dark; but now I can see that it was for my ultimate good, for I am now enjoying that peace which passes the understanding of man.

Infante Judge, when thou didst call me I did answer. Thy home now is my home, with all that beauty, with all that grandeur which words from myself can never convey to the human mind. Blessed are they who die in themselves, for they shall inherit the kingdom not made with hands.

I think I had reached somewhere near the age of seventy-five. 'Tis a golden thread of life that gives me power to step back and take up my womanhood. Are you going to give this to the world? [Certainly; I will send it to the Banner.] Some will term me erratic. What care I for that? I am only working out my nature.

Captain Butler. Captain Butler, of Galveston, Texas, aged thirty-four; formerly of Edgefield, South Carolina. When a man dies, either with length of time spread out before him, or with shortness, he finds he still has time and place to search and find out what he is, who he is, and whence he came; but hard work to find out whether he is going!

It is a matter that concerns nobody but myself—as regards this affidavit which I am making; nor do I understand the letter of the law. I will do the thing as well as I can, because I am being learned by some one else. It takes a stouter heart to live than to die; for in the living we are constantly whipping and being whipped by the

material action of life; but when we spring out into the spiritual we have time for thought and meditation. In this world we are not cramped for time.

Well, what of it? If I was a captain I was not harsh or unkind. I only had to be obeyed, for the laws of ships demand it. Well, the storms are over, the rains have fallen, the winds have blown, the ship has been tossed to and fro, and I have at last been landed on the shore of immortality. That's all I've got to say.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED: GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

James Eaton; Deane Jeremiah Kuhn; Willie; Col. Everett Peabody; John Brown; Tom; Julia Coles; Cora M. Knight; John D. Bolmont; Clara Augusta; Gov. Andrew. Edward F. Ward; George Bowers; Mary D. Frost; Henrietta F. Miller; Emeline D. Wadsworth; Herbert Tisdale; Alfred Sawyer; Elias D. Penniman. James Lynch; Annie Cassan; John S. Lake; Sarah J. Kirkwood; George A. Trewhinn; H.; Charles H. Mary A. Duren; George Sawyer; Nicholas Tower; Lydia Bates; Chandler Clapp; Nathaniel Joyce; Lucius D. Westmore; William S. Hasgood. Andrew P. Foster; Miss M. Miles; John S. Smith; Charlie H.; George N. Wilcox; Daniel Dolan; Lee. Alden D. King; Friend P.; Austen Kent; Emeline Matthews; George W. Fiske; Lucy Damon; Seth B. Channing; Eben Simmons.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

Lucia Hazen; Dennis; Edward Coleman.

Advertisements.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENT.

SARAH A. DANSKIN, Physician of the "New School," Pupil of Dr. Benjamin Rush.

Office, No. 70 1/2 Saratoga Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

DURING fifteen years past Mrs. DANSKIN has been the pupil and medium for the spirit of Dr. Benj. Rush. Many cases pronounced hopeless have been permanently cured through her mediumship.

The American Lung-Healer, Prepared and Magnetized by Mrs. Danekin. Is an unfailing remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. TUBERCULAR CONSUMPTION has been cured by it.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis. May be addressed till further notice: Care Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

DR. WILLIS may be addressed as above. From this point he can attend to the diagnosis of disease by hair and handwriting. He claims that his powers in this line are unrivaled, combining, as he does, accurate diagnosis with keen and searching clairvoyance.

Ann Purdy. I died near the Black Horse Tavern, in Harford County, Maryland. My name was Ann Purdy. You see I did not live there all the time. I was formerly of Baltimore County, and now comes the juice to the lemon.

I was just about eighty years old when I went away from here, and really it seems strange to me how I got out, and where I am, and what is going to become of me. There's two sides to this question. I'm a spirit, and still I know, see, and feel. Now how does that come about? Is it on account of some of my nerves being relaxed, or is it coming here and going and seeing and feeling—is it to be of any use to me or use to others? I feel strengthened in my mind, for it was weak and feeble with age and infirmities which seemed little by little to pass away, and I appear to comprehend the use of another life, with all the beauties attached to it.

Am I ever to go on in this way, expressing myself from point to point, or will the time come when the wearied soul will find rest? Angels hover near me; now they bathe me in sweet odors; now they bid me raise my mind from earth to heaven where the angels dwell, and they will guide the weary feet and they will give rest to the wearied mind, and teach me, and that, that death is not so hard as once I thought it was.

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Mediums in Boston.

NOTICE THE CHANGE OF PLACE.

DR. H. B. STORER'S

New Office, 29 Indiana Place, Boston.

MRS. J. M. CARPENTER,

Medical Clairvoyant.

WE TREAT all forms of Chronic Disease with remarkable success, by direct applications to the nerve centres of the spine, and by the use of...

NEW ORGANIC REMEDIES.

Resolvent, Detergent and Nutritive.

Clairvoyant examinations, by full name, age and lock of hair, when present, if possible, with full directions for treatment, sent to all parts of the country as heretofore. Dec. 23.

I. P. GREENLEAF

Medium Clairvoyant and Homeopathic Physician.

OFFICE at 8 1/2 Montgomery Place, Room 4, Boston.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Prescriptions given and Medicine sent when desired. Patients visited at their homes. Parties joined in marriage. Funerals attended on notice. May 5.

Dr. Main's Health Institute,

AT NO. 60 DOVER STREET, BOSTON.

THOSE desiring a Medical Diagnosis of Disease, will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. All Medicines, with directions for treatment, extra. April 21.

Mrs. S. E. Crossman, M. D.

CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN;

also Trauma Medium. Specialties: Curing Cancers, Tumors, Female Complaints, Etc. Examined any day. Terms \$2.00. Also Midwife. Magnetic Paper \$1.00. 77 Tremont street, Boston, Suite 5. April 21.

Mrs. Maggie Folsom

WILL still continue giving Medical Examinations and Business Tests at 41 Dover street, although not as formerly in partnership with or under supervision of Dr. H. B. Storer. Dec. 16.

Susie Willis Fletcher,

TRANCE MEDIUM, 7 Montgomery Place, Boston. Office hours 9 to 5.

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER,

THE world-renowned Spiritual Medium, has returned from Europe. 48 Beach street, Boston, Mass. Hours 11 to 7. April 21.

MRS. JENNIE POTTER,

MEDIUM—Test, Medical and Business—136 Castle St., near 200 Tremont st. Hours 9 to 9. Sundays 2 to 9. May 5.—4w

MR. HENRY C. LULL, Business and Medical

Clairvoyant, Rooms 93 Washington street, cor. Indiana street, Boston, Mass. Office hours 9 to 5. General consultations, terms one dollar. Circles Thursday and Sunday evenings. Admission, 25 cents. 13w—April 17.

M. M. HARDY,

TRANCE MEDIUM, No. 4 Concord Square, Boston. Office hours from 9 to 7. 13w—March 23.

A. S. HAYWARD, Vital Magnetic Physician,

45 Davis st., Boston. Office hours 9 to 5. General consultations, terms one dollar. Circles Thursday and Sunday evenings. Admission, 25 cents. 13w—April 17.

MRS. J. C. EWELL, Inspirational and Healing

medium, suite 2, Hotel Norwood, cor. of Oak and Washington sts., Boston, (entrance on Ash st.) Hours 10 to 6. April 7.

SUSIE NICHOLSON-WHITE,

TRANCE AND MEDIUM, 130 West Brookline street, St. Kimo, Suite 1, Boston. Hours 9 to 4. Public sittings Sunday evenings. Feb. 17.

MRS. JENNIE GROSSE, Test, Clairvoyant,

Business and Healing Medium, Six-questions by mail, sent by return of mail. Whole No. 100, 221 1/2 St. Louis, 75 Dover street, Boston. 1w—May 5.

FANNIE BENICH,

Spiritual and Physical Healing, 322 Tremont st., Boston. April 22.—2w

AUGUSTIA DWINELLS, Clairvoyant,

Trance and Prophetic Medium, 31 Oak st., Boston. April 7.—6w

CLARA A. FIELD, Magnetic Physician, In-

spirational Speaker, Poet, Test and Business Medium, 23 West street, Boston, Mass. 4w—May 5.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No.

40 Dwight st. Dr. G. will attend funerals if requested. March 8.

MRS. C. H. WILDES, No. 8 Eaton street, Bos-

ton, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. Hours 10 to 12 and 2 to 4. 2w—April 23.

SPIRIT POWER!

MAGNETISM IN SPIRIT MEDICINE! Chronic and Acute Diseases Successfully Treated without Medicines.

MRS. EMMA EMERY,

Spiritual Medium and Magnetic Healer, 204 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

INTERNALLY—by magnetized bands and paper, in-

ternally—by magnetized powders, prepared through her mediumship, by the direct action of spirit-physicians. A séance with the spirit-lamp is held for each special case, and their directions implicitly obeyed. For one month, \$2.00. For a lock of hair, for name and age, and \$1.00 for examination. Magnetized preparations for one month, \$2.00.

MRS. EMMA EMERY will magnetize ladies only, and treat them at their home when desired.

Address, Mrs. EMMA EMERY, 204 Washington avenue, Chelsea, Mass. 4w—April 21.

THE NEW MOLA;

OR,

The Spiritual Mystery.

ALSO,

The Ghostly Land,

BY THE LATE DR. P. B. RANDOLPH,

Author of "Edith," "Pre-Admitted Man," "After Death," "Rosalie," etc.

EVERYBODY should read these works which care for

the truth, the immortality of the Human Soul, the Progression of Earthly Life, and the attainment of Mental and Moral Perfection. The "Ghostly Land" will be sent to one more.

Both "Mola" and "Ghostly Land" will be sent to one more.

For 75 cents.

For a copy of P. B. RANDOLPH may be had by addressing K. C. RANDOLPH, 105 Missouri street, Toledo, Ohio. 13w—April 7.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VOICE OF ANGELS, edited and managed by

the Boston Herald, published monthly, containing nothing but messages from spirits of all grades of progression, will be issued the 1st and 15th of each month from its office of publication, 5 Dwight street, Boston, Mass., commencing January 1st, 1877. Price per year, including postage, \$1.50; less time in proportion. All letters and mail for the paper (to receive attention) must be addressed (post-paid) to the undersigned. Spectators invited free. The "Halo," an autobiography of the undersigned, for sale as above. Price \$1.00, postage 10 cents.

Dec. 16. C. C. PUBLISHER VOICE OF ANGELS.

Mercantile Savings Institution,

No. 581 Washington street, Boston.

DEPOSITS made in this Institution will draw interest quarterly, commencing on the first day of April, July, October and January in each year. Dividends payable in July and January. The Institution has a paid-up guarantee fund of \$200,000 for the protection of its depositors, in addition to the amount required to be set aside semi-annually by the new Savings Bank law. 6m—Feb. 3.

Do Your Own Printing.

NO EXPENSE, except for ink and paper, after procuring GOLDING'S OFFICIAL PRESS and Electro-types for printing Cards, Labels, Circulars, etc.

Outfits from \$1 up.

Send 3 cent stamp for new Illustrated Catalogue. GOLDING & CO., 40 Fort Hill Square, Boston. April 23.—4w

DR. J. R. NEWTON

POSSESSES the power of healing at a distance, in a degree never equalled. However great the distance, Dr. N. performs cures at wonderful by magnetized letters as never made by personal treatment. Fee for magnetized letter, 5 dollars. In most cases one letter is sufficient; but if a perfect cure is not effected by the first treatment, magnetized paper will be sent at one dollar a sheet. Register your letters. P. O. address, until further notice, East Avernore Mills, Maine. April 21.

Dumont C. Dake, M. D.,

PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN and Magnetic Healer.

Cures Chronic Diseases incident to both sexes when all other methods fail. Offices 115 Hubbard Court, Chicago. Remedies sent to any address. March 3.

\$39 Each week to Agents, Goods Staple, 100,000 Treas-

ures. J. WORTH & CO., 100 N. Main st., St. Louis, Mo. 13w—April 22.

OUT AT LAST

THE SEVENTH BOOK, TRANSLATED FROM THE HEBREW, 30,000 sold. Price \$1.50. Circulars for stamp, J. G. Stauffer, Beckmanville, Pa. April 22.—4w

SPIRITUALIST HOME,

46 COWLES, Proprietress. April 14.

Miscellaneous.

J. H. RHODES, M. D.,

Clairaudient and Clairvoyant, Medical and Electro-Magnetic Healer.

PAD'S the interior condition of his patients with perfect correctness, pointing out every diseased condition more readily than the patient could detect. Dr. Rhodes is a regular graduate of the Medical School, thus making the conditions necessary for receiving knowledge and power of the spirit doctor or spirit-healer. He has for the last ten years been practicing in the city of Philadelphia, and is acknowledged and enrolled as such by the Board of Health.

Spirit Physicians Examine the Patient.

Dr. R. will, on receiving full and exact name and address, age, married or unmarried, and \$2.00, request a spirit doctor to examine the person named and report all the diseased conditions, also the mode of treatment necessary for the most speedy and permanent cure, and will warrant satisfactory results if directions are strictly followed.

Medicine sufficient to last one week will be sent by mail, and two spirit magnetic treatments be given, and whatever else the spirit doctor may direct. (All cases of treating patients at a distance successfully, letters from the patient or a near friend should be received as often as once a week, so as to keep up the magnetic current which flows from the healer to the patient.)

Magnetized for each special case, is one of the most potent remedies, and often the best mode of giving magnetic treatment, as it involves no feeling of delicacy to a sensitive person. He has had the best of success in curing all the spirit-healing cases, such as Rheumatism and Migraine, and, or any diseased part where it can be applied. Price, six sheets \$1.00, with full directions.

Liver and Blood-Purifying Pills,

Composed of the best known Anti-Bilious and Blood-Purifying properties in the vegetable kingdom, and made by hand while under the magnetic current, thus giving them the spirit-purifying power which is the only force that can throw off disease and revive and build up an exhausted system. Price \$1.00 per box of 50 pills.

The Doctor has made diseases of women and children a special study, and has had the best of success in treating them, and has received many testimonials.

J. H. RHODES, M. D.,

250 North 9th street, Philadelphia, Pa. Feb. 17.—3m

The Scientific Wonder!

THE PLANCHETTE.

THE WRITING PLANCHETTE! THE WRITING PLANCHETTE! THE WRITING PLANCHETTE!

SCIENCE is unable to explain the mysterious performance of this wonderful little instrument, which writes intelligent answers to questions asked either aloud or mentally. These answers, which it would be astonishing that some of the results that have been attained through its agency, and no domestic circle should be without one. All investigators who desire practice in writing mediumship should possess this instrument, which is the only force that can be consulted on all questions, as also for communications from deceased relatives or friends.

The Planchette is furnished complete with box, pencil and instructions, by which any one can easily understand how to use it.

Pentagraph wheels.....\$1.00.

For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass. 1f—Dec. 18.

MEDIOMETER,

or,

Planchette Attachment.

A SIMPLE and ingenious apparatus for the development of writing mediumship. It can be readily attached to any Planchette, and will enable the student to detect all cases of fraud and unconscious muscular action on the part of the medium. All persons who can successfully write Planchette, can do so with this attachment. With this attachment, Planchette becomes a scientific instrument for investigators.

Price of Medimeter.....\$1.50.

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THE

Boston Investigator,

THE oldest reform journal in publication, will enter its 15th volume on the 1st of the 25th of April, 1877. Price \$3.50 a year.

\$1.75 for six months.

Now is your time to subscribe for a live paper, which discusses all subjects connected with the happiness of mankind. Address J. P. BROWN, Boston, Mass.

Investigator Office, 47 State Street, Boston, Mass.

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Dr. E. D. Rabbitt has prepared a large, handsome Chart of Health, over a yard long, to hang up in the home of every one who is desirous of knowing the laws of health, and the laws of nature. The Chart contains the following information: The Law of Health; The Law of Power; The Law of Harmony; How to Promote Health; How to Destroy Health; How to Cure Disease; How to Dress; How to Eat; What to Eat; How to Sleep; How to Breathe, etc., teaching people to be their own doctors on the powerful scientific principles of Nature.

Price 50 cents, postage 10 cents.

For sale by COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass. 1f

PATENT OFFICE,

46 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

BROWN BROTHERS, SOLICITORS.

BROWN BROTHERS have had a professional experience of fifteen years. Send for pamphlet of instructions. April 14.—6m

Dr. Garvin's Catarrh Powder.

A SAFE and reliable remedy for the cure of Catarrh in the bladder. Dr. Garvin, a celebrated Physician of this city, says: "I would not take five thousand dollars for an ounce of the Powder in case I could not procure any more. I was reduced very low

