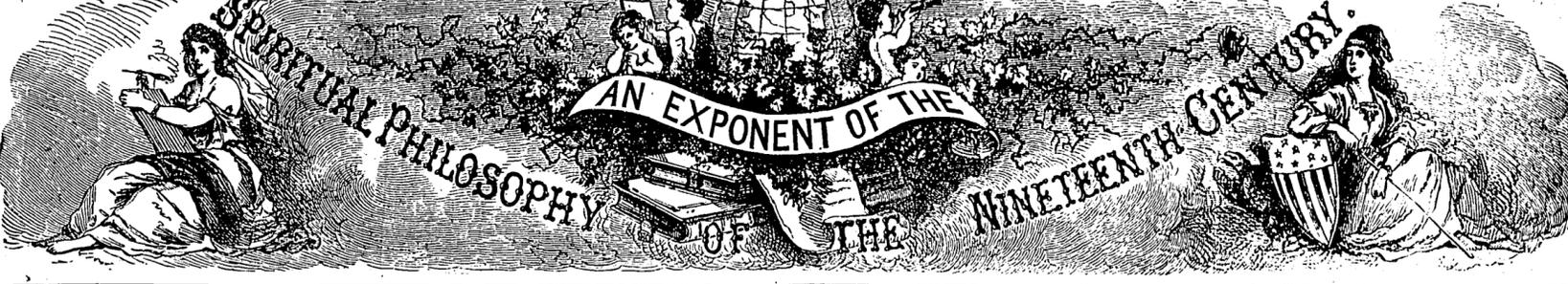


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Spiritual Phenomena.

SOME OBSERVATIONS OF SPIRIT-MATERIALIZATION.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have heard that you copied an account of the formation of diamonds and other precious stones, as well as gold and silver, written by my wife for the London Spiritualist, and it has been suggested to me (by a materialized spirit) that you might like to have some further account of the series of seances in which such phenomena have been observed. I therefore give you, as clearly as I can with due brevity, this statement of facts: Willie Eglinton, the medium, is a young Englishman, twenty years old, of fair education and abilities, and good habits. I have known him for a year, and for half that period he has been an inmate of my house, and patient. With these opportunities for studying his character I feel that I can vouch for his perfect integrity and honor.

His family were Materialists, or what in England are called Secularists, and, of course, unbelievers in Spiritualism; but when Dr. Sexton, a Secularist lecturer, became a Spiritualist, they had the curiosity to go and hear him tell the reason why. He told his story, and advised his hearers to form circles at home, and see what would come. The Eglintons followed this advice, and sat round a table for a long time—all but Willie, who preferred what seemed to him a pleasanter way of spending his leisure; but being strongly urged one day by his father, he sat with them, and the result was some remarkable manifestations.

So much I give from hearsay, but no more. I shall now describe only what I have seen, heard or felt.

Coming to London from our residence at Malvern in the summer of 1877, we invited Eglinton to call at our lodgings in Cecil street, Strand, where we invited two or three friends to meet him. Of course I examined him closely—a fair English boy, with hazel eyes and florid complexion, of medium height and stoutness, and with strongly marked individualities of voice and manner.

We sat about a heavy round table in the light, and it was moved and raised bodily into the air. A gentleman present sat upon the table and it was raised with him; the united weight settling the question of feet action. Some paper and a piece of lead pencil were placed upon the table under its thick cover, and after a few moments writing was found upon it in four languages, only one of which is known to the medium. On turning down the gas, a musical box, with perfectly enclosed works, was wound up by invisible hands, and made to play, stop, go on, and answer questions by striking one or three notes—the hands of all present being held by each other. A person, also, who was not the medium, or any one of us, talked familiarly with us all, touched us often, and played on a mouth-organ, while both the medium's hands were held, as he did later, at Malvern, with the medium's mouth filled with water, or carefully sealed up with gummed paper. I may say here, once for all, that I have used every precaution and test I could think of to make deception impossible.

A closet opening out of the room formed a convenient cabinet, into which the medium retired, and out of which a moment after—that is, in twelve seconds—came tall figures in white drapery, some known to persons in the circle, some unknown. One day, a lady who very much wished to be convinced of the reality of the spirit-life, had brought some of her own note paper and laid it on the table. A spirit-form took a sheet of this paper, found a pencil which had fallen on the floor, knelt beside a small side-table and wrote a note of some length to this lady, which he handed to her with a graceful bow.

Willie Eglinton's health in the early summer required fresh air, change and rest, and we invited him to Malvern, where he stayed for some months, taking baths, riding on his bicycle, climbing the hills, and living upon a pure diet; the spirits not directing his treatment, but stringently keeping him to it, and rapping loudly on the table when he was tempted to exceed the prescribed quantities.

In the fine air of Malvern we had some remarkable manifestations. They were in a little room on the second floor, or third story from the ground. It had one door carefully locked, and one window perfectly secured, besides being thirty odd feet from the ground. We knew every article in the room. No fraud was possible. My study was the room under it.

Here the spirit-forms brought their own lights. Sometimes they were flattened globes, masses of pure light, like starlight, partly enveloped in folds of transparent drapery, like the finest gauze.

Sometimes they were in the form of a cross of light, about four inches high, by two and a half inches across. The light of either disc or cross clearly displayed the features of those who brought it. I have had those lights held within a foot of my eyes, so that I could carefully examine them, and the cross, which was a flat surface like a drawing on a card, was pressed against my face.

Two of the materialized spirits not only came among us in this familiar way, but talked with us. One is always grave and serious in his discourse. He has given us lectures or sermons of ten or fifteen minutes' duration. In one of these he recited a poem of about fifty lines. He is called "Ernest." Another spirit, "Joey," is very different in voice and manner, which is generally jocular, but also sometimes serious and even pathetic. "Joey" appears to manage most of the manifestations. He whirls the musical boxes through the air. He touches people when all hands are hidden. He brings round his card—"JOEY," in letters of light, about an inch and a half long. And he shows us how the drapery in which he clothes himself is made. Several times, in a good light, he has sat on the floor, ten feet from us, gathered a sort of white mist from the atmosphere with rapid motion of his hands, and woven it into a glistening, gauzy, or filmy tissue before our eyes, making many yards and tossing it along the floor as a draper does his dry goods until we could take it in our hand. Then we have many times seen it vanish.

Some of the tests given us were very good. I made a drawing on paper which "Joey" cut out in the dark. Sitting in the light by a table, he dipped his finger in ink of a very indelible character, and wrote on paper with the finger, and made me examine the hands of the medium, which I found unstained. Medium and materialized form are often both seen at once. The medium sometimes sits before the curtain when a form comes from behind it.

We have had some tests of the power of spirits over matter and space, which were interesting. A gold ring of very peculiar form I fastened in a drawer of a writing-desk in Malvern. It was dropped upon a table in London, one hundred and twenty miles distance. On opening the drawer—which I found firmly sealed up as I had left it—the ring was gone, and in its place was a box which had mysteriously disappeared, and for which I had been looking for days. At another time, as we sat in Malvern, in perfect darkness, "Joey" asked for a sheet of note-paper to write a letter to a lady in London. There was none in the room, and I volunteered to go and fetch some. "Never mind," said "Joey," "I will get a sheet from London." There was perhaps fifteen seconds of silence. Then we heard writing on the table round which we sat with all hands joined. When the writing was done a folded paper was placed in the hand of a lady, and when we got a light we found a very nice note, written to a lady in London, on a sheet of her own note-paper, bearing her own crest. Now no blank sheet of her paper had ever been in our house; in fact, not one of us had ever been in her house, one hundred and twenty miles away, so that when she got the note by next day's post it was the strongest possible test to her.

Our slate-writing has been, so far as I know, peculiar. Some months ago we took a lease of the house in London from which I write, keeping our Malvern house for summer visits, and for invalids who require its bracing air. Here, a few nights ago, while the medium was lying on a sofa, "Joey" came forward in a subdued gas-light, and took two small new school slates from the mantelshelf, and brought them to me, saying, "please to chain them." I did so very carefully. "Now for a pencil," he said. There was none in the room. "Floy," to a young lady, "have you got a slate-pencil?" "Yes, Joey, in a pocket of my dress at the top of the house. Shall I get it?" "Never mind; I will send for it," then, holding out one of the slates near the gas-light, he said, in an undertone, "there, hand it down," and something dropped on the slate. He took it, and putting it in his mouth, bit off, as we could plainly hear, two small pieces, laid them on one slate, covered it over with the other, and shook them for us to hear the bits of pencil rattling inside. Then he found a piece of twine. "Doctor," said he, "get ready to lend me your knife." I took it from my pocket and opened it. He came and took it from my hand and cut the strings, after neatly tying the slates together. "Now for some sealing wax." There was but one stick in the house, in a writing-desk in a distant room. It came, however, in an instant, as the pencil had come, locked door and barred window being no obstacle. Then "Joey," putting the stick of wax into the gas globe, set it alight, and neatly sealed the string round the slates in two places.

"Now, doctor, bring forward your chair," said "Joey," and I advanced it toward the centre of the room. He brought another, and we sat near the central gas light face to face. We held the slates, "Joey" and I, by their two corners, he with his right hand, and I with my left, while I laid my right hand on his left, with a film of his air-woven drapery between, but not hindering my feeling his small, warm fingers. In a moment we heard and I also felt rapid writing, which lasted, I judged, a minute and a half. The slates were left in my hands. When I turned on the gas full, and cut the cords, in the presence of the six persons present, we found on one slate a short message in the peculiar handwriting, and with the signature, well known to three of us, of "J. B. Ferguson," who was with the Brothers Davenport fifteen years ago in England. On the

other slate was a longer message, in an entirely different handwriting, which had at the bottom a line in Greek, and another in French. "Ernest" having told us that we should find a message in three languages.

The writing, which occupied less than two minutes' time, I could not do in less than twenty minutes. Three witnesses would swear to Dr. Ferguson's signature. There was no possibility of fraud. "Joey" is as distinct an individuality as any person in the room. He is as distinct in character from the medium as I am. They differ in feelings, opinions, and in knowledge. Whoever or whatever he may be, it is certain that he is quite distinct from the medium, and from all the persons who have been in our circles. He is five times as strong. He can take up a heavy chair or table by the leg and flourish it in the air as I can a light wand. I have seen him appear and disappear. In one instance the matter of which his body was made condensed into a small mass of vapor, from which was instantly formed another and a quite different person. In other cases I have seen his body fade out, leaving in the air the collapsed drapery, which was also quickly dissolved.

A few months ago I took a week's holiday in Paris. One of the spirits at Malvern promised to meet me there at a seance with Count Bullett and Mr. O'Sullivan. He gave me the signal agreed upon, and shook me heartily by the hand. The conditions differed in some way from ours, and I was allowed not only to look closely at the spirit lamp, a round ball of light, but to feel it and smell it. It has a surface like alabaster, very hard and solid, not seeming hollow, but a mass of light. The odor resembles that of the heliotrope. The molds from spirit-busts—the entire head, neck and shoulders, of life-size—are very wonderful.

The health and strength of Willie Eglinton were greatly improved by the pure air of Malvern, and the pure diet adopted by him and all our circle, which I have no doubt increased the facility and power of the manifestations. All the members were morally and physically improved, and tests were given to the skeptical of so surprising a character that I have not yet seen my way to make some of them public, because there are things which must be seen to be believed.

But as I thought it my duty as a scientific explorer to make these observations, I cannot do less than so far to give my testimony for the benefit of whom it may concern.

Faithfully yours, T. L. NICHOLS, M. D.,
(An old Bostonian).
32 Popstone Road, Earl's Court, London, S. W.

"THE PHENOMENA OF SPIRIT-MATERIALIZATION."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Perhaps now that Mrs. Boothby and some half-dozen or more of our best materializing mediums, are undergoing their periodical exposures at the hands of the Philistines, the following communication that I received yesterday morning from Mrs. Fanny A. Conant, through the mediumship of a trance speaker of this city, may be perused with some interest by a portion of your readers. It was taken down word for word as delivered:

"At this time, when the phenomenon of materialization is so shrouded by skepticism and unbelief, I feel it my duty to raise my voice against the wholesale denunciation of mediums through whom it occurs.

Permit me to say that the so-called Spiritualists are responsible for all the trouble that is now transpiring throughout the country. When they enter the circle of the materializing medium they bring with them a condition of doubt and distrust that is a deadly poison to the magnetism by the controlling spirits of the medium. This opens the way for a flood of undeveloped and unskillfully dark spirits, who overpower the guides, and assume control of the seance.

With such powers let loose how is it possible to get perfect manifestations? May we not refer them to the saying of old, 'do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?' Will not the honest investigating mind be able to draw a lesson from this saying without further comment from me?

Now let me say to you personally, that you have for years sought to get at the bottom facts of Modern Spiritualism! You have come to us in the proper condition of mind! You understand that we have better opportunities to obtain knowledge out of the form than those who still inhabit it! Thus you place yourself in the condition of a little child who seeks knowledge from a higher source than itself! This places you in a most favorable condition, which gives to us a positive condition whereby to give you tests that we could not do were you in a positive condition.

If Spiritualists, so-called, could understand this, they would receive just as remarkable tests as you do when you are alone with a medium.

Go on, dear friend; be as you have been in the past, a benefit to all mankind, and strive if possible to place the testing power in our hands, for by so doing we will give to you, and to others more than they could ever ask of us.

FANNY A. CONANT.
I have been in this city some three weeks investigating the Bliss exposure, and hope to arrive at the bottom facts before I leave. Suffice to say for the present that I am willing to stake my life on the fact that Mrs. Bliss is one of the most powerful and truthful mediums that the angels ever used for the promulgation of divine truths to mankind, and that since my sojourn here I have received at several public and private seances in her presence tests from the spirits of so convincing and astounding a character, that they need only to have been witnessed to have convinced every honest mind in the world of their genuineness. Beyond the possibility of doubt, even were all the evil powers of earth and hell leagued together to blind mankind and gain-say their angelic origin and truth.
Yours truly,
THOMAS R. HAZARD.
Philadelphia, May 22d, 1878.

Literary Department.

ONLY A MEDICINE: A TEMPERANCE TALE.

Written for the Banner of Light,
BY GRACE LELAND.

[Conclusion.]

The sad vigil of that night did the work of years upon those stricken parents. The anguish of their souls was written in silvery lines on the heads of both. Tenderly Edith washed the stains from the flushed face, and smoothed the rich masses of chestnut hair. They watched that deep, dreadful slumber of intoxication, till, leading his wife into the next room, Mr. Percy placed her on a sofa, and seating himself on a low cruet before her, drew her head to his bosom, and the two wept the bitterest tears that life can wring from suffering hearts!

Morning dawned. Allen still slept that fearful sleep. Urgent business called Mr. Percy to his office, or he would not have left Edith at such a time. Ere long Allen moved uneasily. He opened his eyes, and their first glance fell upon his mother's pale face. His look of inquiry and amazement was quickly followed by an expression of anguish, and he buried his face in his hands.

"Mother! oh, mother!"

The agony revealed in the tone of his voice no words may tell. The mother's heart read it all! "My poor, precious boy!" was her only answer, as, gently removing his hands, she laid her cheek fondly upon his, and pressed his lips in a warm, lingering kiss. He said not a word more, but the sobs that burst forth seemed the only language that a breaking heart could find. His mother smoothed his hair tenderly away from his burning forehead. She knew that silence was best now for them both. Then she stole noiselessly from the room.

When she was gone Allen sprang up, and paced the floor hurriedly. His tears ceased, but the clenched hands, and firmly set teeth, and convulsive breath, gave vent to his sorrow in a more fierce expression. Mrs. Percy entered with a bowl of gruel.

"Oh, mother!" Allen stopped in his excited walk.

"Drink this, Allen, first; then we will talk. You need it." She spoke tenderly, but firmly. He drank a part of it, then, leading his mother to an easy-chair, seated himself on a low ottoman at her feet, and buried his face in her lap. He sobbed again, but more quietly than before.

"Oh, mother, it will kill you! Your heart is breaking, and you say not one word of reproach!"

"My poor Allen, my precious boy!" It was all she could say yet, but she drew him to her, and folded her arms about him. She laid the poor head against her bosom, and fondly, soothingly passed her fingers through his curling locks.

"Mother, if I could only die!"

"Nay, my son, wish not for death, but rather make life beautiful and grand by retrieving this one error. You have taken one wrong step. But turn around manfully, and all will yet be well. You will yet make our hearts rejoice, Allen, for you will resist the temptation after this."

For a moment there was silence; then, with sudden vehemence, he exclaimed: "Oh, mother! save me from myself! Where can I go, what can I do to be saved from this haunting misery? Mother, you don't know it all—how, ever since my earliest remembrance, something has gnawed and burned at my very vitals! Such a craving for something, but for what I never knew till three years ago, when I first saw whiskey. A boy came to me with a bottle of it, and offered it to me. I did not taste it, but the instant I smelt it I knew it was the one thing I had craved all my life; but I thought of you, and father, and Laura, of my pledge, and dashing the bottle to the ground, I sprang upon my horse, and started him into a gallop. The people there thought I was crazy; and oh how mad the boy was because I spilled his whiskey! I saw him a few weeks after, and paid him the price of the whiskey, and told him never again to offer me anything of the kind, for it would be treated in the same way. Oh, mother! you don't know how the want of whiskey has haunted me ever since then!"

"Why did you not tell us, dear child, so that we could help our poor boy to guard against the danger?"

"I could not bear to trouble you; and I thought I could the better fight against it if you did not know it. Oh! I did not mean ever, ever to touch it, and I never have till now. The accursed thing! Mother, down deep in my heart are curses I dare not utter on the man who tempted me!"

The quick, deep, labored breathing, showed plainly the pent-up feelings which he might not express in words.

"My dear boy, would that we had known this before. We can help you to overcome the appetite, and you will grow stronger and happier by-and-by. God and the angels will help you, my son."

"Oh, mother! life is so sweet, so grand, if it were not for this dark fiend that walks beside me, giving me such fear for the future! It makes me fear to live. If I could only die! Will death free me from it, mother?"

"God grant that it may! I believe that it will, Allen. Yes, if you struggle against it firmly,

relying upon God to aid you, you will in time root it out from your nature, and it will not cling to you there."

"But, mother, how came it here in my nature? I have heard you say that intemperance had never entered our family, and here am I under the curse!"

For a few moments Mrs. Percy was silent. Many times had she asked the question during the past night, as she had gazed on his unconscious face; and now, as Allen repeated it so anxiously, there came, as it were, a flash of conviction, a revelation of cause and effect, an intuitive insight, or clear-seeing on this subject, for the first time in her life. She needed not to reason upon it. It was all clear to her now. And, faithful to her ideas of right, she answered her child, as before the bar of God, truthfully:

"My son, this moment is the mystery solved in my mind. Never before have I seen it thus, but it must be true. When, in the earliest stages of your yet unconscious existence, you lay beneath your mother's loving heart, she took whiskey for the doctor's prescription to keep up the needed strength. That precious life in embryo was tainted by the poison. And again, when a beautiful, innocent babe, you drew your nourishment from your mother's bosom, your daily food was poisoned by the same deadly thing, still prescribed by the physician as a benefit both to mother and child. Oh, my son! my son! I, who strove each hour to write upon your unfolding spirit only lessons of purity, and love, and truth—It was your mother who dealt out poison to her darling child!"

The last words died away in a whisper as his soul sank forward in a swoon, so death-like that Allen called the servant for assistance, and sent for his father.

Too heavily had the burden pressed on the loving heart of the mother, and the knowledge that she had unconsciously forged this fatal chain, and fastened it around the spirit of her child, was too terrible! For weeks she wandered on the verge of mortal existence, almost pushing aside the curtain that hides the land of souls from earthly vision, almost catching glimpses of the peace and blessedness of that home of rest! But the exceeding love of husband and son following her spirit into the shades of death, wooed it back, by the Divine permission, to earthly scenes, back into the shelter of their loving hearts, and Edith did not die.

At the request of both Mr. Percy and Allen, Laura was with Mrs. Percy during her illness, and a model nurse she proved herself to be. Allen did not enter college. He devoted himself to his mother with a tenderness and assiduity that knew no weariness. Those weeks of watching, anxiety and sorrow, but bound more closely together those young loving hearts in a pure and tender relation.

If before the tie uniting mother and son had been an unusually tender one, it was doubly so now. Each possessed a peculiar recognition and appreciation of the other's feelings, a deeper insight into heart and soul.

Mr. Percy, too, realized the fatal mistake of Dr. Phillips, which had been silently working out its deadly mission through long years, and now brooded like a fearful pall over their once happy home.

A year and more went by, and Allen Percy wrote upon the eternal pages a record of tireless endeavor and earnest achievement, the record of a pure heart and blameless life, and a love which made that life holy. He was pursuing his studies with a clergyman in their own village, and was soon to enter the Sophomore class at Yale.

It was evening. Christmas was near at hand, and Laura in her own home was embroidering a pair of slippers as a gift to Allen. It was past nine, and, going into the next room, she laid away her work. As she passed a window she observed a figure leaning against the fence near the house, directly in the light reflected from the windows. Something—it was hardly a resemblance, for the manly bearing was gone—struck a foreboding chill to her heart. Throwing a shawl about her she hastened out.

The eye of affection had not been deceived.

"Allen, dearest, what is the matter? Are you sick?" she asked anxiously.

As he slowly raised his head she met the stupid, drunken stare which she would rather have died than to see on his face!

Into the present woe slid the memory of that sad hour in the past, when, led by his high sense of honor, Allen, almost heart-broken, had told her of his weakness and the disgrace which it had once brought upon him, offering to release her from her promise to unite her life with his; and she, knowing the purity of his soul and the strength of his principle, had said to him: "No, we will not part. Let me help you, Allen!"

For a moment now she stood terror-stricken; then, rallying from unknown depths of the soul strength to face the agony, she said tenderly yet firmly:

"Come, Allen, I am going home with you." She took no notice of his noble attempts to free himself...

"Merry Christmas," the blippiest they had ever known, had hung on the walls of memory opened to them, and the weeks flew by on music notes of gladness.

The intense cold and the deep snows of the winter of '18 - will long be remembered. Early in February, Mr. and Mrs. Percy were called to a distant town to see a sick relative.

She reached home. She had not been missed. She hid her great sorrow from the loving eyes that met hers, and, giving her parents the accustomed good night kiss, hastened to her own room.

The hours of night wore slowly on while she wrestled with her agony. The sun of her happiness had set, and night, child, rayless, and fearful, had wrapped its gloom about her.

"My poor child!" He could scarcely speak, as he took both her hands in his, and looked down upon her with his sad and pitying eyes.

Lara did not hesitate. Not many minutes passed before she ascended the steps of Mr. Percy's dwelling. Allen and his mother had seen her approach, and Mrs. Percy met her at the door.

Allen decided not to go to college. He dared not meet the temptations which would await him there. "Lead me not into temptation" was the prayer of his soul.

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Through the sweet harmonies and the sunshine into which their lives were woven, they felt no chill of the approaching agony.

He was successful in his business, and was hastening to the station on his return home, when he was startled by a groan, as from a person in pain.

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UP HILL. How the road will open up the way! How the road will open up the way!

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fore he left the chair; the other spots are a part of the flowers—the centres of roses—the cover being figured stuff, the predominating color being red; in the cluster of flowers, which is repeated every six or seven inches both ways of the cloth, are two roses, and a spot nearly one-eighth of an inch in diameter represents the centre, and these spots are nowhere else but just in the centre of these roses, and are on the under side of the cushion as well as on the upper.

most wonderful artist in the world has ever seen if he can throw in the dark one particular drop into the centre of each particular flower, and not waste a shot in striking anywhere else.

The scenes go right on. Joseph Kinsey, Esq., (President of the Cincinnati, Rockport and Southwestern Railway, and also President of a Smelting company in Cincinnati,) and his wife, being on their way to the Pacific coast, and entire strangers to all here, attended a séance on the 7th ult., three days after the outrage, and they said several of their children appeared and identified themselves, and a brother of Mr. K., who was killed when a boy in a mine, came, gave his name, and described the accident by which he lost his life. Any one can address Mr. K. at Cincinnati.

Memphis, Mo., June 1st, 1878. We, the undersigned, attend a séance at Mr. J. H. Mott's on the evening of May 31, 1878, the circle consisting of J. H. Mott, H. D. Harding, and E. P. Pitkin, and ourselves. One of the strong assistants, Mr. Mott, to a low one of the spirits to sit in the cabinet with Mr. Mott, and Harding was selected as the one to be put into the cabinet, and they would take the words of the cabinet.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of June, A. D. 1878. I was commissioned for a term expiring June 15, 1878. JNO. T. MACKAY, Notary Public, Scotland Co., Mo.

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CHICAGO MATTERS. I herewith enclose you a copy of the Resolutions and "Hints" which have been almost unanimously adopted by the Spiritualists of Chicago. A goodly proportion of the prominent Spiritualists were either personally present or represented by others.

At a meeting of Spiritualists held in the parlors of the Third Unitarian Church, Wednesday evening, May 22d, the following resolutions with regard to Messrs. Bastian and Taylor, and also with reference to mediums in general, were adopted with but a single dissenting vote:

Resolved, That we will not give countenance, encouragement, or aid to any investigation, or to the publication of any article, or to the use of any medium, which is not in accordance with the following suggestions:

1. A genuine, honest and intelligent medium will, in his own interests, desire that the tests of the phenomena made be so stringent as to preclude suspicion or doubt. He will wish to have such conditions as no mere impostor can submit to.

2. The minute a medium begins to show irritation at the reasonable and respectful exactions of investigators, he shows, unless he can give fair reasons to the contrary, that he is not coöperating with the truth-seekers, and becomes justly an object of distrust. Suspect that medium!

It is hard to state generally the absolute test conditions for all cases. We have given two examples for particular phenomena. Investigators must exercise their reason in fixing absolute conditions.

Where several investigators are present, it often happens that the responsibility of scrutinizing closely is so divided that no one person gives to the medium's movements all the attention required. Each thinks that his neighbor will make up for his own deficiencies, and that in the aggregate there will be certainty. This is a delusive supposition; and so the most successful results (as in the case of the slate-writing phenomenon) are often obtained where only one investigator is present with the medium.

Investigators who are jointly investigating should consult together in advance of the sitting, and each take his particular share in the general scrutiny. Until a medium is thoroughly tested, take nothing for granted. Trust not to smooth words or fair looks. Some of the deepest villains have the art of appearing frank, open-hearted and guileless. Impose such conditions that it shall matter not to you whether the medium is honest or dishonest.

When you have had one successful séance, before publishing it to the world as conclusive, try another, and still another, varying the conditions if possible, but not making them less stringent.

Trust the medium who would have you think that he must have his own particular room, because of its "magnetism," for his manifestations. The genuine medium will almost always let you choose your own place for a sitting, provided there are no obvious objections to it. Investigators should carry with them the most harmonious personal conditions possible, and approach the presence of the medium with a feeling of kindly interest. Absolute test conditions may be imposed upon mediums for physical manifestations without subjecting such mediums to physical injury, pain or discomfort.

Do not give hints, submit them to the medium, and learn from him or her what objections, if any, he or she may have to any part of them. Give not too much credence to excuses for modifying strict conditions.

On Sunday morning, May 26th, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond prefaced her regular trance discourse before the First Society of Spiritualists, at the Third Unitarian Church, Chicago, by a brief reference to the present discussion—the controlling intelligence being her regular guide, known in earth-life as Rev. A. A. Ballou. We are indebted to a correspondent in Chicago for the following verbatim report of the protest:

"Before the spirit 'Phoenix' delivers his morning address, the usual controls of this medium were placed in the hands of the audience. A movement has transpired within the last few weeks, culminating during the past week in this building with reference to certain mediums (Bastian and Taylor) in this city, who are accused of fraud. While it is not our province to interfere with an investigation, pursued honestly, of any people, and while every manifestation of every medium must depend upon its own merits, we protest earnestly and emphatically, against any class or body of people declaring that party a fraud & forbidding who will not submit to their particular dictation.

Spiritualism is not a man made movement. The manifestations do not come at the dictation of any human being. No human being can justly declare under what circumstances manifestations shall take place. If the manifestations take place under circumstances not satisfactory to the investigator, all that he can do is to withdraw, or to say that they are not satisfactory.

But the same spirit which prompts the declaration that has taken place in the past week, and has been published to the world, is precisely that spirit of persecution that would have hung every medium a hundred years ago; that two hundred years ago would have put to death, in some countries of the world, all professed Spiritualists, and would have subjected to the censorship of individuals every class of manifestation purporting to come from the spirit-world.

Every honest investigator has the use of his faculties to determine for him (or herself) the satisfactory or unsatisfactory nature of the manifestation, and we cannot countenance any public movement, nor remain silent whilst any body of men or women, or both, shall pronounce, without adequate investigation, upon the character of any medium.

This is our vote of protest, and we warn investigators, as well as Spiritualists, that the conditions for manifestation must be controlled by the spirit-world; that if you place yourself in accord with them, ample satisfaction will no doubt be given. But no man can tell the sun to shine this or that way, nor say that the stars shall move in this or that direction, nor that there shall be discovered different planets in the heavens, or new properties within the vegetable kingdom; but if he place himself in accordance with the law, nature reveals herself unto him; if he place himself in harmony with the spirit, the spirit responds."

Free Thought.

THE PATTEE RAID.

Pattee and party contradict themselves many times, and utter palpable nonsense. In a statement in the Kokuk Gate City of May 17th, signed by Pattee, (and which I corrected in a communication to that paper, but which was rejected) in order to make it appear that the wall might have been stained close to where the medium's head is when sitting in his chair, he says: "When I saw the stream strike the pretended apparition, I turned the stream downward to saturate the clothing, as it was the opinion of many who have attended séances there that the apparitions were masked faces." But in their first statement he says he recognized the features of Mott in the face. He continues: "The stream veering to my right, brought it on the left lapel of his coat, and across his shoulder, and that portion that passed by his arm to the east wall at an angle of forty degrees." After floundering along through what is as clear as mud, he returns to the old standpoint of trying to account for the stain on the wall on the hypothesis that Mott was at the aperture, saying: "Mott stood there and took it all until the stream veered round to my right far enough to pass his left shoulder and arm, and that angle would bring it to within about a foot of the south-east corner," &c. Of course no one will doubt Mott standing there and taking it all, although in Pattee's first statement he says he dodged to the north. And Mrs. Pattee writes to the Religio-Philosophical Journal that he instantly dodged. But on the dodging theory, would he have been likely to dodge north when his chair was south? Hardly. Pattee no doubt had a purpose in that: his subordinates, Harding and Wells, had told him that the stain was twelve to fifteen inches north of the medium's head when sitting in the chair, and as his head must be about that distance from the south end, as the chair leans against it, it would carry the stain some thirty inches north of the south wall, almost to the middle of the east wall; it being six feet three inches long. And although it would have been the most natural thing in the world for Mott to get to his seat as soon as possible, Pattee probably thought it would look to the reader, if he made him go to the chair, that he might have intercepted the fluid on its way to a point thirty inches north of the south end. His reason, or to use a Carlyleism, his unreason for making the medium execute such an absurd movement, may be best known to himself; but in trying to "A-oll Seylla he has fallen upon Charybdis." The bottom of the aperture is on a level with Mr. Mott's chin when he stands inside—these outside have to use a movable step about six inches high. Well, Pattee says the face was twelve to fifteen inches from his hand, and Mrs. Pattee says, in her letter to the Religio-Philosophical Journal, "the left hand," in which he held the apparatus, "was on top of the right, and both resting on the shelf." Very well; let us now see where the stream would have gone in accordance with these explanations. Pattee says the face was from twelve to fifteen inches from his hand, and Mrs. Pattee says the hand which worked the machine was on top of the other, which would have raised it three or four inches above the shelf at the bottom of the aperture, and the aperture is about twelve inches above the stains on the medium's coat and arm, which did not streak down and out any more than would have been natural had he sat in his chair, which, according to geometrical science, would have carried the fluid downward to an angle of forty-five degrees from the horizon, and instead of staining the wall on a level with the medium's head when he sits in his chair, as it did, would have struck the floor before reaching the east wall near the corner. Thus they are condemned not only out of their own squirt-gun, but out of their own mouths.

Having attended over one hundred séances, I am as well satisfied that the whole thing is a base fabrication as I am that I am writing this. I have been favored with scores of tests which were in no degree dependent on the honesty of Mr. Mott, or the point about test conditions. But were he disposed to use deception, he has no occasion to. Much good is already manifest from this affair, and Mr. Pitkin and myself have been favored with inquiries concerning the matter from parties resident in all sections of the country.

There are various reasons—more than one—why Pattee & Co. acted as they did, but as there is evidence enough to signify the nature of the complot without entering into the mere details in the lives of individuals, I do not think it necessary to bring them before the public eye.

Yours, as ever for the cause, STEPHEN YOUNG.

P. S.—In regard to the "stains on the cushion," these are the facts: there is but one solitary stain on it, and that is of a purplish tinge, and the size of the end of one's finger, and if made that night resulted no doubt from a diluted and large drop falling from the cloth or basin while the stain was being removed, a part of which was done before he left the chair; the other spots are a part of the flowers—the centres of roses—the cover being figured stuff, the predominating color being red; in the cluster of flowers, which is repeated every six or seven inches both ways of the cloth, are two roses, and a spot nearly one-eighth of an inch in diameter represents the centre, and these spots are nowhere else but just in the centre of these roses, and are on the under side of the cushion as well as on the upper.

most wonderful artist in the world has ever seen if he can throw in the dark one particular drop into the centre of each particular flower, and not waste a shot in striking anywhere else. The scenes go right on. Joseph Kinsey, Esq., (President of the Cincinnati, Rockport and Southwestern Railway, and also President of a Smelting company in Cincinnati,) and his wife, being on their way to the Pacific coast, and entire strangers to all here, attended a séance on the 7th ult., three days after the outrage, and they said several of their children appeared and identified themselves, and a brother of Mr. K., who was killed when a boy in a mine, came, gave his name, and described the accident by which he lost his life. Any one can address Mr. K. at Cincinnati.

Memphis, Mo., June 1st, 1878. We, the undersigned, attend a séance at Mr. J. H. Mott's on the evening of May 31, 1878, the circle consisting of J. H. Mott, H. D. Harding, and E. P. Pitkin, and ourselves. One of the strong assistants, Mr. Mott, to a low one of the spirits to sit in the cabinet with Mr. Mott, and Harding was selected as the one to be put into the cabinet, and they would take the words of the cabinet.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of June, A. D. 1878. I was commissioned for a term expiring June 15, 1878. JNO. T. MACKAY, Notary Public, Scotland Co., Mo.

The first literary effort of Flavius Josephus took has been made public by his old teacher. It takes up the subject of "The Cow," and discusses it as follows: "The cow is a good animal. She has two horns, and two eyes, and gives milk which is good to eat. She has four legs, and eats grass and hay. Some cows are red, and they have long tails. There is very little to be said by way of criticism of the production, except that it bears evidence of the writer's immaturity. His information is correct, but his way of putting it betrays the fact that it was written before he had become erudite and competent to address a Boston audience acceptably.

Doubtless he meant to say that the female of the bovine genus is a beneficent mammal; that this ruminant quadruped is possessed of corneous protuberances projecting from the occiput; that her vision is binocular, and that she yields an edible and nutritious lacteal exudation; that she is quadrupedal and herbivorous, assimilating her food in both the succulent and exalted state; that some of them chromatically correspond to the seventh color of the spectrum, and that they are endowed with caudal appendages of exaggerated longitudinality.— Worcester Press.

Rev. Mr. Pirratt's statement is a minister in New Zealand and when a native can pronounce his name without wincing he is considered a converted man, and they dress him in a pine hat and revolver.—Ez.

* Kate Sabornie asks, "Will the coming man chew?" He probably will if he chews, etc.

