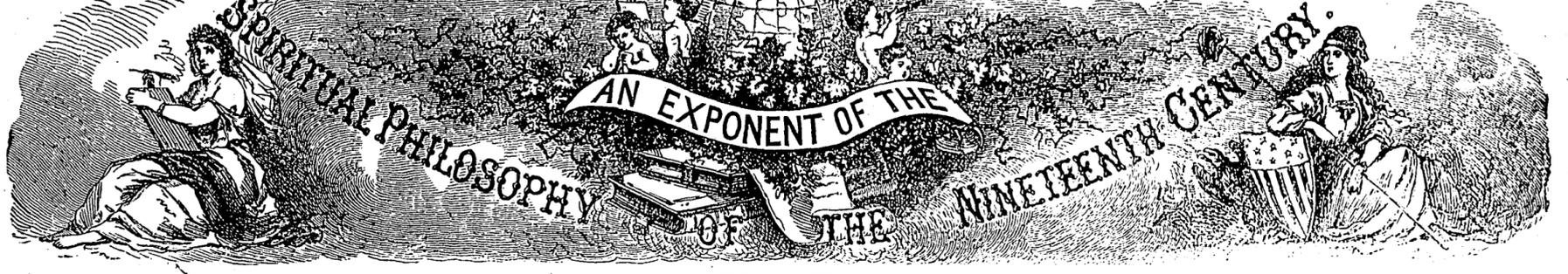


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1879.

THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF A HARVARD STUDENT.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light.

PART ONE.

Some time ago a young man was quietly pursuing his studies in the Divinity School connected with Harvard College. He belonged to one of the oldest families in Cambridge. His maternal grandfather was one of the founders of the First Baptist Church of that city, and for a long time the meetings for religious services on Sundays were held in the large parlors of the old homestead—at that early day quite a stately mansion.

In his boyhood he was a quiet, reserved child, sensitive to the last degree, very delicate in organization, and rather effeminate in tastes.

His mother died at his birth, and all the circumstances attending his pre-natal development conduced to make him as sensitive to all influences, both physical and spiritual, as the mimosa is to contact.

He was reared by a devoted grandmother in the strictest tenets of the Calvinistic Baptist faith—the real close communion, iron-clad form—but he was a born heretic, and before he was fourteen years old he had reasoned himself entirely away from the stern theology of Calvin, and the works of Channing and Parker having fallen into his hands, he read them with avidity. They opened up to him a new world, revealed to him a new gospel, and so filled his young soul with enthusiasm and zeal, that his one aspiration was to go forth into the world as a preacher of this new gospel of love in place of hate, of tender compassion instead of vindictive vengeance.

He became acquainted with some of the prominent Unitarians of the day, who became interested in him because of his enthusiasm in his new faith, and felt that he had talents eminently fitting him for a liberal clergyman. This resulted in his preparing for Cambridge, under the supervision of the brilliant and lamented Thomas Starr King, with whom he was a student nearly four years.

Finally, when ready to enter Cambridge, after four years of preparation, his health failed, and physicians said only a voyage to a foreign clime could restore it. Bitter was the disappointment. He was examined and accepted at Cambridge, and then sailed for South America, to be gone a year.

On the voyage he was excessively sea-sick for many days, was reduced to a shadow, and brought very near to the immortal life.

During that illness on shipboard, he had many strange experiences. He heard raps about on the walls of his state-room, and on his berth; saw tender, loving faces beaming upon him from clouds of mist. And on several occasions felt the soothing touch of gentle, magnetic hands, upon burning, aching brow, and tired, restless limbs.

On recovery, all these strange experiences were set aside as the fantasies of a sick brain, and nothing more was thought of them. And yet the young man was conscious of a subtle, mysterious change having taken place in him during this severe illness. He began to be conscious of the thought of absent friends; knew when a letter was on its way to him, just when it would arrive, who it would be from, and in several instances its exact contents. He found, also, that he had become strangely sensitive to individual spheres. Taking a person's hand in the ordinary ceremony of introduction, he would receive a revelation of the mental, moral and physical condition of that person that would fill him with wonder and awe, and at times make him feel that he was the victim of some satanic influence.

After a year's sojourn in the sunny, magnetic climate of Brazil his health seemed fully restored, and he returned to Cambridge; and while quietly pursuing his studies in the cloistered seclusion of Divinity Hall, having heard nothing of Spiritualism save condemnation, never having witnessed a manifestation, not knowing a person in the entire circle of his acquaintance who was a Spiritualist, and sharing fully the intellectual contempt cherished by those about him toward the pitiable delusion, he was suddenly awakened to the startling fact that he himself was its victim.

Like a flash of lightning from a clear sky came

the revelation that he was a medium for startling phenomena that he had regarded as fraud or delusion.

The first manifestation of this strange power was wholly unexpected. He was sitting, one afternoon, with some friends, in conversation upon his travels. The western sunlight was shining broadly into the room. To the amazement of all present the heavy table upon which he was resting his hands rose from the floor entirely, and remained suspended several minutes, then gently fell to the floor.

This was followed within fifteen minutes by mechanical writing. While thinking of the strange thing he had seen, against his will, stricken with amazement not unmingled with terror, trembling violently, he felt his hand seized by this mysterious power and compelled to write sentences that his mind took no cognizance of, filling the four sides of a large sheet of paper.

This writing proved to be a series of communications purporting to come from different individuals in spirit-life, all entirely different in style and chirography, each addressed to some person present and signed by the name of some friend of the person addressed who had left the mortal life. The signatures proved to be *fac similes* in several instances, and one entire communication addressed to the young man himself, proved to be a *fac simile* of the handwriting of the young mother who died giving him birth, and whose handwriting, up to that hour, he had never seen.

From this one accidental sitting his development as a medium went on with wonderful rapidity, passing through all the various phases of mediumship known as physical, rapping, writing, trance, clairvoyance, clairaudience and healing.

At the house of the late Alvin Adams, large and brilliant assemblages thronged his drawing-room one night in each week for months, to witness the marvelous exhibitions of spiritual force through this frail-looking young student from Harvard. Scores of Boston's upper ten, who would have scorned the proposition to visit a professional medium, were delighted to avail themselves of the opportunity so generously afforded by Mr. Adams to witness these startling phenomena.

In the rear of Mr. Adams's spacious drawing-room stood a grand piano-forte, weighing ten hundred pounds at least. At this instrument the medium would take his seat, and running his fingers over the keys, the whole instrument would rise from the floor, and keep perfect time with every variation of the player. Four or six heavy men would seat themselves upon it, without in the least impeding its movement. Again and again have over two thousand pounds in weight been lifted by this invisible force, and swayed about as if it were a feather.

One evening a gentleman advanced the idea that the medium got his knees beneath the instrument, and obtaining a purchase lifted it by leverage. Immediately rising, the medium pushed away the music-stool on which he was seated, and knelt upon the floor in front of the instrument. Breathlessly the company, who had drawn about the piano, watched for the result, and when the heavy instrument began to rise with its burden of heavy men upon it, the lightest of whom pulled down one hundred and eighty pounds, and kept time apparently with as much vigor as ever, the medium kneeling in full view upon the carpet, they could not refrain from vigorous and hearty applause.

On another occasion a gentleman said: "Oh, this is plainly biology. You don't see the instrument move, you only think you see it. You are biolozed."

"Very well, sir," said the medium: "the next time you think you see the piano move, won't you please put your foot under the leg of it?"

The man was sincere in the advancement of his theory, and so he did as requested; but alas for his theory, it suddenly came to grief, and so also did his foot, and he limped for a week as lame as his theory.

Scores of people witnessed this, and other startling and beautiful manifestations, at the house of Mr. Adams.

On one occasion, while a circle was formed about a table, a lady present who had heard that green leaves had been presented at a séance, thought that flowers could be brought as well, and she questioned the spirit of a little son whom she held communion with by means of the raps, if he would bring his mamma some flowers.

"Yes," was the response.

"Will it be to-night?"

"No."

For five or six successive weeks this question was put, with the same response.

Finally there came the response, "Yes, I will bring them to-night."

The séance had continued from eight o'clock till half-past eleven, in a warm room, with closed and locked doors and windows, and although the manifestations had been many and varied, there had been no sign of flowers.

Disappointed, the company rose to separate for the night, when suddenly the medium was seized with a deathly chill and sank into his seat. The members of the circle re-seated themselves. The medium grasped a pencil and a sheet of paper lying upon it, and writing something upon it very hastily, carried it beneath the table and placed it upon the floor. All eyes were fastened upon it. Suddenly a dark shadow was observed to fall upon it, and as that shadow struck the paper, the fragrance of fresh flowers filled the entire room. The medium was impressed to take up the paper and carry it to the mother, who sat at the opposite side of the table from him. On it was a large handful of heath, heliotrope, and fragrant geranium leaves, as fresh as if just cut, and beneath the spot where

they lay was written the sentence, "Darling mother, Johnnie has brought you flowers."

On another occasion, the medium had been to the theatre with a friend, who was also a Harvard student. As it was late, they did not return to Cambridge that night, but stopped together at the house of a friend, and shared one bed. It was a bitter cold night in midwinter. At about one o'clock the medium, who had been chatting with his friend, turned from him saying, "Good-night," when he was struck with the same deathly chill just described, and clinging to his friend, who was frightened, thinking he was going into convulsions, they felt something moist and cool, and charmingly fragrant, dropping about and upon them. Springing from the bed, the friend lighted the gas, and there upon the white counterpane were thickly strewn rose-buds and violets. It was at a time when it was next to an impossibility to find these flowers in the city in any profusion, as they were exceedingly rare.

On another occasion, the medium rapped upon a young lady, the daughter of a friend, who was dying of consumption. As she stood over her at parting, there came dropping, as if from the atmosphere about her, the loveliest flowers, that were literally showered upon her. It was a beautiful manifestation from the angel-mother of the dying girl, who in a short time was with her in the land where flowers never fade.

One very stormy Saturday night, the rain descending in torrents, a few friends gathered at the house of a well-known merchant in Indiana Place. After sitting an hour or more, a variety of manifestations having taken place, there descended upon the table, as if dropping from the ceiling above, several white camellias. Their petals were loaded with rain-drops, which fell off upon the table as they came down. It was as if they had been borne through the rainy atmosphere outside, and brought into the room covered with rain-drops.

Instances of this form of manifestation were of frequent occurrence with this medium, and often under conditions that rendered collusion utterly impossible.

At an early period in the history of the remarkable mediumship we are considering came the materialization of hands of various sizes, from the tiny hands of little children to those of brawny, muscular men. Repeatedly at the house of Mrs. Gov. Davis, and also at Dr. Benjamin Heywood's, in Worcester, the exquisitely-formed hand of a lady was seen sweeping the strings of a guitar.

On one occasion the medium was so shocked and horrified, on looking beneath the table during some of the manifestations, to see a hand, perfectly formed, streaming, as it were, from his foot, that he nearly fainted.

The hand was delicately and beautifully formed, and seemed connected with his foot by long, slender, phosphorescent rays that seemed dense and elastic, so that the hand could reach to the remotest points of the circle without breaking the connection with the medium. What shocked the medium was not alone the weird, strange appearance of the manifestation, but the feeling that if any one else should see it they would suppose at once that the medium produced this effect by means of some apparatus concealed upon his person.

These materialized hands were often so perfectly formed as to seem like human hands in every respect save that usually they were cold as marble.

Occasionally, probably owing to conditions connected either with the medium or his sitters, they would be misshapen and deformed, so that it was unpleasant to touch them. For the most part, however, they were perfect.

On one occasion a gentleman present drew a knife from his pocket with a long, keen blade, and taking no one into his counsel, watching his opportunity, pierced with a violent blow one of the psychic hands. The medium uttered a shriek of pain. The sensation was precisely as if the knife had passed through his hand. The gentleman sprang to his feet exultant, thinking he had made a most triumphant *exposé* of trickery, and fully expected to find the medium's hand pierced and bleeding. To his utter chagrin and amazement there was no trace of a scratch, even, upon either hand of the medium; and yet to him the sensation was precisely as if the knife had passed through muscle and tendon, and the sensation of pain and soreness remained for hours.

On one occasion, a gentleman was present who, a year before, had lost, as he supposed forever, a beloved wife. He had no faith in immortality, and to him death was indeed the blackness of an endless night, and the grave an abyss that had swallowed forever his most precious treasure. A hand was formed and placed in his, and he started with the exclamation in thrilling tones of "Oh, my God!" and burst into tears. He recognized the hand of his wife, and felt upon two of the fingers *fac similes* of the betrothal and marriage rings he had placed thereon in those days when life was a bright and joyous morning with him, ere death had changed it to a rayless night.

After his agitation had subsided, he received from this phenomenal hand test proofs, one after another, of the most convincing nature, that he could not resist, and the night of his sorrow became illuminated with the beautiful rainbow of hope, and before long he was a new being in his new faith. The stone was rolled forever from the door of the sepulchre, and a radiant angel had shown him that the place was empty. "Oh, blessed Spiritualism! The work thou hast done in this one direction reveals thee as the Comforter promised to sorrowing hearts ages ago. 'I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you,' is the eternal promise of the spirit so tenderly, so lovingly, so gloriously fulfilled in the manifestations of Spiritualism.

It was twenty-three years ago that these materializations of hands occurred. Did they not occur under the great law of form materialization that has been operative through all the ages from the days older than Abraham, who had three full form materializations at one time in his tent upon the plains of Manure, down to the materialization of Moses and Elias upon the mount in Judea?

And if a hand, or even a finger, can be materialized, can the workings of the law be limited to that, so that it shall be pronounced impossible for the full form to stand out in the perfection of human proportions? Is not the one the sure prophecy of the other?

Independent writing was frequently obtained at this early day, by placing paper or a slate upon the floor beneath the table, all hands being joined above it.

On one occasion the medium was at the house of the late Mrs. Gov. Davis, in Worcester. It was midday. Having had a remarkable séance the night before, in the presence of a brilliant company of Mrs. Davis's friends, he was much exhausted, and was lying upon the lounge in the sitting-room asleep. Mrs. Davis sat sewing at a table the opposite side of the room. Seeing that the medium was sleeping she thought she would place paper and pencil upon the floor, and see if she could not get independent writing. She placed the pencil and paper at least six feet from the medium, and as many from herself, and returned to her chair. Looking toward the paper occasionally she, after a time, saw the pencil moving, and going to it she found, on taking it up, that the sentence "God is love" had been written upon it in a remarkable *fac simile* of the handwriting of her father, Rev. Dr. Bancroft.

On another occasion, while at Mrs. Davis's, one morning at about ten o'clock two lady friends of her's, who had been present at a sitting the night before, called to talk it over.

One of the ladies was a Spiritualist; the other, her sister, was not; and she was advancing, with a good degree of positiveness, the theory of the reflex action of mind upon mind, or that nothing was ever obtained from a medium purporting to come from spirits that did not exist either in the mind of the medium or of the recipient of the communication.

The medium had been answering her objections by relating facts from his own experience that her theory could not be made to cover, when Mrs. Davis, who was always ready to assist at a séance, proposed that they sit at the table, saying, "We can converse just as well there, and perhaps the spirits will vouchsafe some explanation of the matter."

So saying she took a sheet of foolscap and a pencil and laid them in the centre of the table, and the company took their seats about it—Mrs. Davis, the two lady guests and the medium. It was a large, old-fashioned, mahogany dining table at which they sat, with fall-cases, both of which were raised. No human hand within two feet of the pencil and paper.

The discussion was resumed. Suddenly Mrs. Davis exclaimed, "The pencil is moving!" All eyes were turned toward it. Distinctly it was moving, with an armorial hand near it. Gradually it rose until it assumed the position it would occupy if held by a human hand in the act of writing, and before the astonished gaze of those present commenced to draw, with a great deal of delicacy of touch and skill in shading, a pestle and mortar. On a line with the base of the mortar were the letters en—min, separated by a blank space between the syllables. The pencil then fell to the table.

The paper was eagerly seized by Mrs. Davis, who examined it, and could make no interpretation of it. She passed it to the two ladies, who in connection with the medium could make nothing of it. It was an enigma to all present.

At Mrs. Davis's suggestion, it was returned to the centre of the table, when the letters "ja" were inserted, and the mystery was revealed. The pestle and mortar formed the capital letter B, or rather was drawn in the place of it. The missing link having been supplied, the name stood forth recognizable at a glance as Benjamin, the name of the spirit-father of the two ladies present, who in earth-life was a druggist, and took this ingenious method to convince his skeptical daughter that her theory could not be made to cover the facts. Nothing could have done it more thoroughly than this remarkable and beautiful manifestation.

On another occasion, at a séance on Mount Vernon Street, in Boston, at which the late Hon. Anson Burlingame was present, there occurred a striking instance of independent writing. A sheet of paper was selected by Mr. Burlingame, who satisfied himself that there was no mark of pencil or pen upon it, and then made his own private mark upon it, and with a pencil it was placed upon the floor beneath the table, and the company joined hands, the room being brilliantly lighted, as was the case at nearly all the séances given by this medium. Under these circumstances, a loving message of comfort was written, addressed to a young lady present, who mourned with inconsolable sorrow the death of an only brother, to whom she was devotedly attached. The message was signed by the full name of the spirit-brother, which was known to none present but herself and father, and to them it was indeed a voice from beyond the grave.

Many of the mechanical writings of the medium were very remarkable. Repeatedly, to give proof of their independence of his own mind, he would engage in conversation with those about him, while his hand was rapidly writing out a message addressed to some member of the circle. Several times he took a book in his left hand, and read aloud page after page, while his right hand was engaged in writing an essay or a poem, or a personal communication.

At the house of a well-known merchant then residing in Hayward Place, on a certain even-

ing a large and brilliant audience was assembled. Among the number was one of Boston's most noted physicians. The manifestations on this evening consisted for the most part of written communications. The medium was suffering from a headache, and for this reason the gas was turned down so low, that while every movement of the medium was plainly visible, it was impossible for any one to see the rulings upon a sheet of paper. This dim light was an exception to the general rule. Communication after communication was written more rapidly than thought can be eliminated from the mind by the most rapid thinkers. Every line of the ruling was followed exactly. The movement of the medium's hand under the control was like lightning in its rapidity.

The physician already alluded to asked permission to attempt to hold the hand and arm of the medium, for the purpose of seeing how much force it would take to restrain it. Permission was granted, and he—a strong, muscular man—used all the force he dared and not risk breaking the arm; and under those circumstances a poem, some thirty stanzas or more in length and of marked intellectual merit, was most rapidly written, the lines of the ruling accurately followed, every i dotted and every t crossed, and the whole correctly punctuated. During the whole process he had hold of the medium's arm, endeavoring with all the force he dared use to prevent the writing, but without avail. When the poem thus marvelously produced was read to the astonished witnesses of the transaction, Dr. P.—who went to the house entirely skeptical upon all such matters—exclaimed: "All I can say is, it is a miracle!"

A gentleman, one evening during the progress of these mechanical writings, suggested that the medium take in his right hand by the closed blades a pair of scissors and put a pencil down through one of the bows. He did so, and, to the astonishment of himself and all present, a communication was written out under those conditions.

Hundreds of these communications were given under varying circumstances and conditions, from spirits of whom the medium never heard; many of them wonderful in their strongly marked individuality, and containing positive and convincing test-proofs of identity; and by them hundreds of hearts have been lifted from out of the gloom of the shadow of death, and made to rejoice in newness of life through a demonstrated immortality.

We have found in our intercourse with sorrowing hearts, first as priest and then as physician, that a theoretical immortality is of very little account in the dumb presence of death when the soul sits desolate in the midst of its gloom. And outside of the demonstrations of Spiritualism there is nothing but theory and speculation concerning the hereafter.

(Concluded in our next.)

At the close of Mr. Charles Bright's course of free-thought lectures (which have been well attended on Sunday evening, Feb. 14th, at Dunedin, New Zealand, he was presented with a purse of gold amounting to £21 22, by the chairman, Hon. B. Stout, who in the course of his remarks said:

"In making this presentation I may state that we all recognize the difficult position in which a free-thought lecturer is placed. Any one who ventures to address the people on religious or on philosophical subjects, untrammelled by creeds, must always expect to meet with some kind of persecution. This has happened in all times and in all countries of the world. History tells us that even Christianity began, the early Christians were subjected to a very direful persecution. They were accused of teaching doctrines that tended to immorality, and regarded to subvert the whole social and political system of the world, and those who were not Christians believed that they would be doing God a service by having them put to death. And I have no doubt that if we could get here in Dunedin some of the old Pagans who persecuted the early Christians they would tell us that the Christians shrank their sense of propriety, and that they did right in persecuting them. The attitude that has been taken up in regard to scientific subjects has always been the same also. From Galileo, when you have mentioned to your able lecture tonight, down even to the present to Darwin's time, we find that some churches fancy they are doing God a service by sneering at and if they had the power by persecuting any man who proclaims a new theory or new view of Nature's workings. Free-thought lecturers know, then, what they have to meet. But I am glad that in this community there is such a tolerance present; that the persecution which some would wish to see young friends would have subjected to has not been received very well in Dunedin. I think the attitude a free-thinker should take to those who imagine that truth can be advanced by persecution is a pitying one, and we should, therefore, strive to show those who think that they are in the dark and require more light, and in fact that we should treat them just as we would a blind man groping about the streets—not quarrel with them for not walking erect, but try and educate them to our view."

But the multitude of immature children which die, what of them? Are their souls lost? Why, if they continue to live, have they been deprived of the benefit of this world's education?

It is a proverb that all sorts of people are required to make a world. It would be a deplorable character which did not exist. Nevertheless, we must admit that there are limits of spiritual possibility. Certain general principles of human nature must be diffused through all souls which are intended for mutual intercourse. Such is mathematical truth, which wise men accept as absolute. Experience justifies the assertion that all forms of mind required in this world are here to be found. How will it be with the greater demands of the future world? Where is the supply to come from? Why not from the immature spirits which began their existence here, where there is marriage and offspring, and the ready way of life and teaching, with, perhaps, under our own guidance in the different circumstances of the celestial world?—Prof. Benj. Pierce of Harvard College before the Lowell Institute, Boston.

Mr. Tibbles, who befriended the unfortunate Ponca Indians, and secured through legal assistance the decision of Judge Dundy that the Indian possesses the inalienable right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," is the editor of an Omaha newspaper, who conceived the idea that the treatment of the Poncas was not exactly in accordance with that profession of liberty so loudly made by this country among other nations. All honor to the name of Tibbles!—Boston Herald.

Free Thought.

COMMENTS ON DAVIS'S "NEW DEPARTURE."

In your issue of April 5th, 1879, I read with great interest Mr. A. E. Newton's communication on Mr. Davis's "new departure." It seemed to me to be a calm, clear, brotherly, judicious and able comment on the great "crisis," (2) When closely looked at, however, neither the "departure" nor the "crisis" seem to be so momentous after all. But it is with feelings, nevertheless, almost akin to pain that I perceive that Mr. Davis thinks that there is a "crisis," and that there ought to be a "departure." But I think he is mistaken, and if led to such a conclusion his manliness will compel him to own up to it.

That everything is as harmonious in our spiritual house as we could wish, I find no judicious man claiming but that everything is tending in that direction almost every one capable of taking a comprehensive view of the movements of Spiritualism believes, and that the object and effort of all good men within its ranks is to bring about that large time when "God's will shall be done on earth as it is done in heaven." This is not to be brought about in a day, nor a year, nor even in thirty years. But it will come to pass, and we believe in a great measure, at least, through the spiritual philosophy.

When a man for the first time enters a vast machine-shop and looks at the various movements of the machinery, it all seems to be running in one direction, and another in another, apparently no unity of motion, yet we know there is a unity and a design in all. One motive power gives action to all the work.

Notwithstanding all the manifest harmony of the universe, we are surrounded with so many apparently discordant elements it is sometimes hard to persuade ourselves that there is an infinite, beneficent design at the back of them that will ultimately bring everything into harmony and happiness for the human race. Nevertheless, we believe that is the ultimate design. Such, too, we believe will be the result of Spiritualism, in spite of all the seeming discordances and distractions in the movement of the spiritual philosophy.

The longer I live, and the more I reflect, the clearer I seem to see that the "balling wire" (3) from the known and unknown is the same. Now what is it that seems to be troubling the pure soul and elevating the honest heart of Bro. Davis? These "manifestations"? These "physical manifestations"? I confess I have but little for such things today. But I once did, and I thank God for it; and if for nothing more, because they first led me to study the works of Bro. Davis.

Physical manifestations laid the foundation; Davis's works put some of the corner-stones on the building and are helping to complete it. I am aware that spiritual things are spiritually discerned. But frequently the spiritual is seen through the physical, and still more frequently can only be seen through the physical. Jesus taught his truth, not infrequently, through signs and wonders. And so long as the bulk of mankind remain on the physical plane they must be met on that plane by physical manifestations, against which I think I shall never have any reason to lift my voice or to use my pen. It may have been that I had but little of the faculty of spiritual discernment, but I am free to confess that the study of Bro. Davis's works alone would never have converted me to Spiritualism. Once converted, they have been my food and my delight ever since. I pray God, therefore, to multiply and protect physical manifestations, and purify and bless our mediums. For them I have an inextinguishable sympathy. They are like harp, on which every wind that blows, whether laden with the sweetest odors of heaven or burdened with deadly miasma, breathes—and influences for good or for evil. Such is the susceptibility of their natures, in virtue of which they are mediums. The wonder to me is that there are so few morally bad mediums—so few tricksters. How soon all would be changed for the better, were our mediums cared for as Orthodox ministers are. Why should they not be so cared for, and put beyond the fear of want? Mediums droop left to shift for themselves as best they may; if they can make a living, well and good; if not, they are left to starve.

God is said to have been willing to save ungodly Sodom if only five righteous were found in it. I know there are more than double that number at least of righteous mediums; for their sake I would save and protect all the rest. I am no more in love with the unholiness or disharmony that may be found in our ranks than Bro. Davis. Therefore it does not seem to me that his action is going to mend matters, but rather augment the evils; therefore I am opposed to his movement. Remain with us, Bro. Davis. We will work with you, and have been working with you as a body to bring heaven on earth; and in time we can do it. Suppose we cannot all run in your groove, what then? Perhaps we may be working at different tangents of the same arc of the circle, but it is the arc of a true circle, and therefore when produced and completed will form a perfect sphere. We may not see it to be so now, but it must be so in the end.

I am in hopes that Bro. Davis will have reason to change his mind. If so, we will rejoice; if not, we shall yet say, Go your own way, and God bless you in your work. We shall meet you on the other shore and smile over our mistakes, and wonder that we could have been so shortsighted and so full of unbelief that we could not persuade ourselves that the powers which are at the helm of the spiritual ship could guide her over the sea, through the storm raged and rocks were near, and bring her safely into port.

One word more, Mr. Editor, and I am done. I do not often trouble you with communications,

but there are times once in a while—and this is one of them—when I feel deeply, and must write my thoughts. For many years I have been a reader of the Banner of Light, and shall probably continue to peruse it as long as I live. Permit me to say here and now that I have ever been in love with it. Take it all in all, I am persuaded that there is no paper published in the interests of the Spiritual Philosophy—and I am acquainted with several—that is to be compared to it, whether we regard its matter, its appearance, or the wise spirit in which it is conducted. Continue, sir, to conduct it as you have done, and fear nothing. No schisms in our ranks can ultimately and permanently harm it. So long as it is faithful to Truth and true to the cause of the Spiritual Philosophy, all will be well.

BASIC PRINCIPLES IN SCIENCE.

BY FRANKLIN SMITH.

William E. Coleman, in alluding to Dr. Babbitt's great work on the "Principles of Light and Color," says that "his foundation-principles are not therein for the first time announced." No writer upon scientific subjects, before Dr. Babbitt, that I have ever heard of, has gone down into the realm of the atoms, and shown their exquisite mechanical structure and the refined forces by which they are vitalized and actuated.

There are plenty of writers upon science, both in as well as out of the spiritual ranks, who have told us of positive and negative forces, of attraction and repulsion, and of electricity and magnetism, but not one of them has explained their *modus operandi* or their constitution. We also have philosophers who have talked of ultimate principles, how everything could be traced down to force, and back of that we must try to go, as that in itself was "unknowable," but they all stop in some occult principle that would be, if it could be made the resting point, the annihilation of all progress in science. And we know no more of the invisible operations of Nature, of the hidden springs in the atomic realm from whence all material phenomena flow, for all these learned and worldly disquisitions.

If science is the explanation of things by revealing their causes, then to find their foundation-principles we must know something of the mechanism by which these phenomena were evolved, something beyond the mere fact that certain properties are manifested in the process of evolution of these phenomena, which are the products and results instead of basic and primary causes.

To tell us that material phenomena are caused by electricity and magnetism does not enlighten us much without they can tell us something of how these elements work and by what mechanical principles they move matter. And the same is true when writers upon science talk of attractive and repulsive and positive and negative forces.

But Dr. Babbitt, in his "Principles of Light and Color," has penetrated to the very atoms themselves, revealed their exquisite mechanical structure, with the refined and subtle ethers which flow through them, making the universe alive with those wondrous and beautiful processes which give the flowers their bloom, everything its appropriate form, and clothed the whole with a mantle of living beauty in the form of an endless variety of colors.

He has shown how, from their peculiar spiral mechanical structure, they are joined and fastened together in diverse ways, for the various chemical compounds that compose all objects, by the fluid ethers which circulate through these mechanisms, and radiate their distinctive influences. And further than this, he has also shown how, through the medium of the refined ethers that hold them in their embrace, at the same time act upon our organs of sense, giving us a knowledge of their existence, and properties and characteristics. His work also exhibits the relation which different kinds of atoms, with their corresponding ethers, sustain to the several departments of the human organism, and shows the connection and relations between the colors of different substances and their chemical and therapeutic qualities. The practical benefits arising from this branch alone cannot be highly enough estimated. See his article on this subject in the Banner of Light of May 19th.

And in all this he has, for the first time in the history of science, discovered the foundation-principles upon which the whole scientific structure must rest, and they must revolutionize the prevalent conceptions of force and matter upon which the great circle of concrete sciences are based. This work inaugurates a new era in science, and it becomes a most momentous and interesting question as to how ready scientific men may be to forsake their present and past ideas, founded upon the most material view of Nature, together with a basis of metaphysical abstractions. But it is only a question of time. It overthrows completely the position of many leading scientists, that all our scientific inquiries must be confined to matter with which our external senses alone come in contact, and demonstrates conclusively that the realm of Nature extends far beyond what our senses realize, by showing the scientific modes of its action. Indeed, these discoveries of Dr. Babbitt's open up an infinite and entirely new field of scientific inquiry in all departments of science, because they exhibit to us the mechanism by which the refined ethers, the messengers and agents of the living God, seize upon the atoms which constitute all matter, and combine them together into all the forms which compose and adorn the material universe. They enable us not only to investigate the hitherto locked and sealed departments of atomic action, but also even to extend our inquiries into the beautiful sphere of psychic influences, by whose operations the great living world of human souls is pervaded and controlled.

Dedham, Mass.

ACCOMPLICES IN POSSIBLE MURDER.—Mean-time, some children are dying of vaccination, and a much greater number are deformed and diseased. We have one number before us of The National Anti-Compulsory Vaccination Reporter, which contains particulars of eighty-eight cases of "vaccination murders." For less than this Parliament passed an act against inoculation, which had previously been accepted and enthusiastically advocated. It is admitted on all hands and by the highest medical authorities, that fatal blood-poisoning has followed vaccination in many cases; yet it is made compulsory by law. Parents are fined or imprisoned, not only once but dozens of times, for refusing to be accomplices in the possible murder of their helpless offspring.—Dr. J. L. Nichols, in Herald of Health.

Scene in a horse-car: A roughly-dressed man, a new-made husband and his wife, are the occupants. Car goes off the track, and rough man says "damn." Up jumps "hubby," saying, "How dare you say damn before my wife?" "How did I know your wife wanted to say damn first?" she replies.

THE PRELUDE.

Waded down from spheres celestial, Through the corridors of space, Are the poet's thoughts and fancies, Threads—with which his song to grace.

I was dreaming, fondly dreaming, That an angel bright and fair Walked and talked with me in silence, In the fields of light and air.

Gilding over hill and valley, Not of earth we seemed to be; Fields Elysian were around us, Filling us with harmony.

Moving onward, by direction, Till at last there came to view Belongs of such sweet perfection— Joyful faces that I knew;

Came they forward all to greet me, Each a flower within the hand, Saying: "Bathel, peace be with thee, Welcome to the spirit-land!"

Even as one were all their faces, Yet within the mirrored sphere I beheld the sweetest graces, Signs of welcome everywhere.

From the harmony between us, Lo! the sphere became a shrine; Then I saw as in a vision Glimpses of the great Divine.

Thus transplanted to Elysium, I beheld in burning name The great record of creation Lamented by its mighty fame.

While I stood entranced before it, All my hopes and fond desires Flashed across my soul's great Spirit, As it vivified by fires.

Until all the sphere around me By attraction's law had drawn Every kindred thought about me, Ready for the coming dawn.

While unenchanted, beaming faces Of the soul's great Spirit state Shed around my sphere their graces, Graces of the Most state,

Until all with one accord Flashed a united thought of worth, Which shall open out the Word— And spread its brightness o'er the earth.

Are the fancies all ideal Which the poet loves to sing, And which seem to him as real As the beauteous flowers of spring?

Kindred Spirits will uphold me When I say the poet sings Of the undiscovered planet— Where the thoughts are real things.

If our fancies lead us heavenward, Onward, to the Spirit shrine, Who can say that we are wayward When we seek the great Divine?

Thoughts are primal and supernal— Who can solve the subtle chain? Only He who is eternal, He who rules the great domain.

Jerby, England. T. W. WALSH.

The undiscovered planet does not refer to what is generally known as the "spiritual kingdom," the word therefore may be literally taken as they stand.

Light at Last—What Dying People See.

Frances Power Cobben in an article in the Contemporary Review gives the following interesting narrations:

A few narrations of such observations, chosen from a great number which have been communicated to the writer, will serve to show more exactly the point which it is desired should be established by a larger concurrence of testimony.

The following are given in the words of a friend on whose veracity every reliance may be placed: "I have heard innumerable instances of dying persons showing unmistakably by their gestures, and sometimes by their words, that they saw in the moment of dissolution what could not be seen by those around them. On three occasions facts of this nature came distinctly within my own knowledge, and I will, therefore, limit myself to a detail of that which I can give on my own authority, although the circumstances were not strictly named, many persons to me, which I believe to be actually true.

"I was watching one night beside a poor man dying of consumption; his case was hopeless, but there was no appearance of the end being very near; he was in full possession of his senses, able to talk with a strong voice, and not in the least drowsy. He had slept through the day, and was so wakeful that I had been conversing with him on ordinary subjects to while away the long hours. Suddenly, while we were thus talking, he became silent, and fixed his eyes on one particular spot in the room, which was entirely vacant, even of furniture. At the same time a look of the greatest delight changed the whole expression of his face, and, after a moment of what seemed to be intense scrutiny, he said to me, in a joyous tone: 'There is Jim.' Jim was a little son whom he had lost the year before, and whom I had known well; but the dying man had a son not yet born, named after him, whom he had sent, and I concluded it was of John he was speaking, and that he thought he heard him arriving, so I answered: 'No, John has not been able to come.'

"The man turned to me impatiently, and said: 'I do not mean John. I know he is not here; it is Jim, my little lame Jim; surely you remember him.'

"Yes, I said, 'I remember dear little Jim who died last year, but what is he then?' 'Don't you see him then? There he is,' said the man, pointing to the vacant place on which his eyes were fixed, and when I did not answer, he repeated, almost fretfully, 'Don't you see him standing there?'

"I answered that I could not see him, though I felt perfectly convinced that something was visible to the sick man which I could not perceive. When I gave him this answer he seemed quite amazed, and turned round to look at me with a glance of indignation. As his eyes met mine, I saw that a film seemed to pass over them, the light of intelligence died away, he gave a gentle sigh, and expired. He did not live five minutes from the time he first said 'There is Jim,' although there had been no sign of approaching death previous to that moment.

"The second case was that of a boy about fourteen years of age, dying also of diphtheria. He was a refined high-spirited child, who throughout his long illness had looked forward with much hope and longing to the new life to which he believed he was hastening. On a bright summer morning it became evident that he had reached his last hour. He lost the power of speech, chiefly from weakness, but he was perfectly sensible, and made his wishes known to us by his intelligent looks. He was sitting propped up in bed, and had been looking rather sadly at the birds singing on the trees outside the open window for some time. He had turned away from this scene, however, and was facing the end of the room where there was nothing whatever but a closed door, when all in a moment the whole expression of his face changed to one of the most wondrous rapture, which made his half-closed eyes open to their utmost extent, while his lips parted with a smile of ecstasy; it was impossible to doubt that some glorious sight was visible to him, and from the movement of his eyes it was plain that it was not one but many objects on which he gazed, for his look passed from end to end of what seemed to be the vacant wall before him, going backward and forward with ever-increasing delight manifested in his whole aspect. His mother then asked him if what he saw was some wonderful sight beyond the confines of this earth, to give her a token that it was so by pressing her hand. He at once took her hand and pressed it meaningly, giving an intelligent affirmative to her question, though unable to

speak. As he did so a change passed over his face, his eyes closed, and in a few minutes he was gone.

"The third case, which was that of my own brother, was very similar to this last. He was an elderly man, dying of a painful disease, but one which never for a moment obscured his faculties. Although it was known to be incurable, he had been told that he might live some months, when he would suddenly die. He was lying on a dark January morning. It had been seen in the course of the night that he was sinking, but for some time he had been perfectly silent and motionless, apparently in a state of stupor; his eyes closed and his breathing scarcely perceptible. As the tardy dawn of the winter morning revealed the rigid features of the countenance from which life and intelligence seemed to have quite departed, those who watched him felt uncertain whether he still lived; but suddenly while they bent over him to ascertain the truth, he opened his eyes wide, and gazed eagerly upward with such an unmistakable expression of wonder and joy that a thrill of awe passed through all who witnessed it. His whole face grew bright with a strange gladness, while the eloquent eyes seemed literally to shine as if reflecting some light on which they gazed; he remained in this attitude of delighted surprise for some minutes, then in a moment the eyelids fell, the head drooped forward, and with one long breath the spirit departed.

A different kind of case to those above narrated by my friend was that of a young girl known to me who had passed through the miserable experiences of a sinful life at Aldershot, and then had tried to drown herself in the river Avon, near Clifton. She was in some way saved from suicide, and placed in a workhouse, where she was kept for some time, but her health was found to be hopelessly ruined, and she was sent to die in the quiet old work-house of St. Peter's at Bristol. For many months she lay in the infirmary literally perishing—piece-meal of disease, but exhibiting patience and sweetness of disposition quite wonderful to witness. She was only eighteen, poor young creature! when all her little round of error and pain had been run; and her innocent pretty face might have been that of a child. She never used any sort of cant (so common among women who have been in refuges), but had apparently somehow got hold of a very living and real religion, which gave her comfort and courage, and inspired her with the beautiful spirit with which she bore her frightful sufferings. On the wall opposite her bed there hung by chance a print of the lost sheep, and Mary S., looking at it one day, said to me: 'That is just what I was, and what happened to me; but I am being brought safe home now.' For a long time before her death her weakness was such that she was quite incapable of lifting herself up in bed, or of supporting herself when lifted, and she of course continued to lie with her head on the pillow while life gradually and painfully ebbed away, and she seemingly became nearly unconscious. In this state she had been left one Saturday night to nurse in attendance. Early at dawn next morning—on Easter morning—it chanced—the poor old woman who occupied the other beds in the ward were started from their sleep by seeing Mary S.—suddenly spring up to a sitting posture in her bed, with her arms outstretched, and her face raised, as if in a perfect rapture of joy and welcome. The next instant the body of the poor girl fell back a corpse. Her death had taken place in that moment of ecstasy.

A totally different case again was that of a man of high intellectual distinction, well known in the world of letters. When dying peacefully, as became the close of a profoundly religious life, and having already lost the power of speech, he was observed suddenly to look up as if at some spectacle invisible to those around, with an expression of solemn surprise and awe, very characteristic, it is said, of his habitual frame of mind. He was in the act of uttering a word, but he died before the word had time to falter or change, the shadow of death had passed over his face, and the end had come.

In yet another case I am told that at the last moment so bright a light seemed suddenly to shine from the face of a dying man, that the clergyman and another friend who were attending him actually turned simultaneously to the window in surprise.

Another incident of a very striking character occurred in a well-known family, one of whose members narrated it to me. A dying lady, exhibiting the aspect of joyful surprise to which we have so often referred, spoke of seeing, one after another, three of her brothers who had long been dead, and then apparently recognized, last of all, a fourth brother, who was believed to have died years before he still lived in India. The couple of such a name with that of his dead brothers excited such an awe and horror in the mind of one person present that she rushed half senseless from the room. In due course of time letters were received announcing the death of the brother in India, which had occurred some time before his dying sister seemed to recognize him.

Again, in another case, a gentleman who had but little more than some years previously, and who had recovered from the affliction, exclaimed suddenly when dying, with the air of a man making a most rapturous discovery, 'I see him! I see him!'

Not to multiply such anecdotes too far—anecdotes which possess a uniformity pointing to a similar cause, whether that cause be physiological or physical, I will now conclude with one authenticated by a near relative of the persons concerned. A late well-known Bishop was visited by his sister, and his eldest sister bore the name of "Liz." They had both been dead some years when the youngest sister, Mrs. W., also died, but before her death appeared to behold them both. While lying still, and apparently unconscious, she suddenly opened her eyes and looked earnestly across the room, as if she saw some one entering. Presently, as if overjoyed, she exclaimed, 'Oh, Charlie, and then, after a moment's pause, she said, as if with a new delight, as if she had been joined by some one else, she went on, 'And Liz!' and then added, 'How beautiful you are!' After seeming to gaze at the two beloved forms for a few minutes she fell back on her pillow and died.

How the Women Vote in Kansas.

A Hoosier sees in Kansas many new and unfamiliar sights, but none more interesting than that of the ladies voting. They have the privilege of voting in all matters pertaining to schools. As far as my observation goes, the ladies here have minds of their own. They are not so much influenced by the men, nor do the one husband tell them to vote for, unless the candidate is, in their own opinion, the proper one. Their votes cannot be bought.

They are universally on the side of morality and temperance, and hence the temperance cause are warm advocates of equal suffrage. Election days pass quietly. If there is any drinking or fighting done, it is not at the polls. Everything is orderly there, notwithstanding the numerous reports circulated by anti-suffragists in the Eastern States.

Candidates keep carriages running for the accommodation of the ladies, but a great many walk up and deposit their votes. As the result, so far, has been very satisfactory, even the men, who probably will be but a short time until equal suffrage is granted. The gentlemen show their gallantry and faith in the ability of the ladies by appointing them to office. The enrolling clerks of the legislature are ladies; also a large proportion of the county superintendents, who, in every instance, discharge their duties in a manner that gives universal satisfaction.—Indianapolis Herald.

They have in Massachusetts, at a place called Andover, a kind of minister-factory; and every professor in that factory takes an oath once in every five years—that is as long as an oath will last—that not only has he not during the last five years, but so help him God, he will not during the next five years intellectually advance; and probably there is no oath he could easier keep. Since the foundation of that institution there has not been one case of perjury. They are so good that even the first taught when the foundation-stone was laid, and now when they send out a minister they brand him as hardware from Sheffield and Birmingham. And every man who knows where he was educated knows his creed, knows every argument of his creed, every book that he reads, and just what he amounts to intellectually, and knows he will shrink and shrivel, and become solemnly stupid day after day until he meets with death. It is all wrong; it is cruel. These men should be allowed to grow. They should have the air of liberty and the sunshine of thought.—Col. R. G. Ingersoll.

Letter from Henry Kiddle, Esq.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In your issue of May 17th I find, with great surprise and regret, an editorial notice of me and my recently published book, which I cannot but consider most mistaken and ungenerous. You say that, acting on my "own unenlightened experience, I have precipitately rushed into print." I cannot believe that you have read the book with sufficient care to be able to form a proper opinion of the experience narrated, or to know to what extent it was enlightened or "unenlightened." If you had done this, you would have perceived that the editor had studied this subject of spirit communion for at least five years before this experience commenced; and, as to "reflex of the editor's religious sympathies," &c., the remark appears to me to show a spirit that I do not care to characterize. I must say, however, that if it had emanated from any of the organs of bigoted sectarianism or sneering materialism, I should not have been surprised; but in the Banner of Light it appears entirely out of place.

Why, the spirits themselves, through Mr. Colville, have reviewed the book and pronounced the communications genuine; and can you, a representative of Spiritualism, without discrediting everything you are striving to defend, condemn these messages on the paltry, shallow arguments of the secular press, enveloped as it is in gross and willful ignorance upon every topic pertaining to this grand subject?

Have you properly and fully considered all the facts as narrated in this book? Have you fairly considered the many tests referred to? Have you justly weighed the reasoning by means of which the editor arrived at a belief in the genuineness of the communications written? You cannot have done this. I fear you have read only the garbled extracts given in the newspapers, the editors of which, of course, have striven to throw ridicule upon this book, instead of fairly studying it in its entirety.

It is true that the communications are Christian—they recognize Christ and his teachings, and they fearfully depict the sufferings of the spirits in hell, as they also show the glories of heaven; but none of this more than Allan Kardec's books, which you are commending constantly. I perceive that some persons are interested only in phenomenal Spiritualism, and cannot appreciate the far greater light to be obtained from the impressions and inspirational phases. Spirits of a low grade can work miracles (to us); but those of the Christ-sphere can alone give us the true religious light; and Christian Spiritualism is now, as I see, gradually superseding every other phase.

You, sir, may sneer at the literary merit of these communications; but if their authenticity is to be judged exclusively on this basis—if this is to be the sole test of all such writings, I can show you that many valuable spiritualistic works would have to be condemned; and, moreover, what would become of many of the messages published weekly in your paper? The mode of identifying the spirits communicating is explained in the book; but all this you have chosen to ignore. Certainly, a man who has received so many hundreds of messages—presenting so vast a diversity of characteristics—and from mediums whose reliability cannot be questioned, is entitled to some credence; and his opinion must be more valuable than that of him who has seen nothing of the matter referred to; and that opinion should not lightly be set aside.

As to the messages being unworthy of those from whom they purport to come, that point was well treated in the inspirational words of Mr. Colville (an entire stranger to the editor), a few evenings since; and the messages were accepted as genuine by the spirits themselves. A proper analysis of the thoughts expressed and the information communicated by these messages will show, according to a proper standard, that they are entirely worthy of those by whom they are said to have been inspired. They are so decidedly pure and holy, and accompanied with such attestations, and written in such a way, that they cannot be the offspring of "lying spirits"; nor are they the "reflex of the editor's or medium's mind"; for information has been given that was previously unknown. And, besides, why the wonderful difference in the style of writing? Moreover, those that came from well-known persons or relatives are perceived to be perfectly characteristic of those persons.

In condemning this book, dictated as it has been by the spirits, you have put into the hands of your enemies, and the malicious enemies of Spiritualism, a keen weapon which you will soon feel; and again I say your article is most unfair and ungenerous, and certainly "precipitately" written; while its conclusions are as false as false can be, as I can show you still more clearly if you will come to New York, and see for yourself.

This book will be vindicated more fully hereafter, and I feel confident will be placed on a foundation so firm that no amount of envy, malice or bigotry will be able to overthrow it. Respectfully, HENRY KIDDLE. New York, May 19th, 1879.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS. 12mo, pp. 322. By Charles Beecher. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1879.

It is a curious fact in the progress of thought—and one the full significance of which is not generally recognized—that, despite the most obvious inductions of science, the manifold exposures of the charlatanism of mediums, and the antagonistic attitude of the Christian Church, the belief in the interposition of agencies distinctively spiritual, and supermundane, and in a realm of being where the deceased of our race live again, and from whence they are able to revisit us, is on the increase.

The book of Mr. Charles Beecher on "Spiritual Manifestations" will, therefore, receive a kindly welcome. The author makes no attempt to conceal his own views, confessing himself at the beginning of his volume a Spiritualist, and dedicating the work "to all sincere Spiritualists without regard to name." He is evidently what has been termed a "Christian Spiritualist." While he aims at the strictest candor, and recognizes the sources of fallacy in studying spiritualistic phenomena which have been pointed out by the physiologist, such as illusions and hallucinations arising from brain irritation, he does not confine himself to the scientific method of confessing himself at the beginning of his volume a Spiritualist, and dedicating the work "to all sincere Spiritualists without regard to name." He is evidently what has been termed a "Christian Spiritualist." 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Spiritualism Abroad.

REVIEW OF OUR FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC EXCHANGES.

Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light. BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

Le Messager, of Liege (1st and 15th April), continues its publication of the extraordinary Fancheur phenomena, as portrayed some months since in the Banner of Light. In the charming foreign language in which it appears it loses nothing, but rather gains in piquancy and a touching pathos which our harsher tongue hardly imparts to it. Miss Fancheur's simple statement of being occupied reading a book while it was hidden away under the bedclothes from all human sight; her ability to distinguish colors; her wonderful workings in wax without being able to see what she is doing, border on the marvelous and unaccountable, yet are known to be as true as strange.

Under the head of *Causas Medicas* is developed some of the littleness of which the human mind is capable, arising from envy, conceit, ignorance or bigotry. A few lines will explain the matter: "Mr. G. Edard has been subject to much judicial annoyance for having healed without a diploma. . . . For the sole reason of having cured by magnetism those rebellious diseases, which ordinary medicine had failed to cure, he has had to sustain five processes, three appeals, eight judgments, arbitrary arrests and three months in prison. . . . The one incident that made me the epitome of the world."

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Mr. Edard is not only an author, but the inventor of several of the most valuable applications of magnetic fluidity.

M. Fenwick, writing of "Scientific Inquiry" concerning the life beyond the tomb, says: "In effect, Modern Spiritualism, or Spiritism, pursued according to the scientific method, is no other than the experimental method. Leaving the old theological dogmas, it involves only the facts. See, for example, these terrible phenomena. They are all in the reach of all. Explain them, then, if you can." With the force of a magnet, M. Fenwick fertilizes his premises. Electricity, magnetism, etc., perhaps the material of souls, as it is related to the material of souls, and what has been the result of them, are made use of with credit and liberality.

But, while much remains to be quoted that has a world-wide interest, I must confine myself to a few instances of an interesting "The Electric Woman," the remarkable woman who has attracted a large number of people to her, having used electricity for a magnetic fluidity, but with a more limited effect. After the fact of her being able to read the minds of others, she had recourse to the battery. Entering a dark room on a cold evening, to inquire she discovered that her own feet were surrounded by a phosphorescent light, while a luminous train passed through her feet, which she drew through her hair. "Examples of this nature were not lacking to ancient times, both among men and animals. Mr. Henry Martin, in his history of magnetism, and electricity in past ages, announced in connection with a magnetist, Damascus, head of the school of Algiers, that the Roman physician, Serapion, at Alexandria, had a case that united facts which, when rubbed together, produced a Phosphoric light. This had been the same that Valentin, companion of Aristotle, called the great Theophrastus, emitted sparks from himself. It comes to me, also, though rarely, says Damascus, when I put on or take off my garments, to see a quantity of sparks fly from them, while they sometimes appear to be covered with a flame. Strabo says that a little while before the death of Caesar the hands of a man appeared to be on fire and emitted sparks. Pliny also says that men have had sparks fly from their heads, which was a disease of the greatest violence. The aged historian, Valerius d'Andrieu, says that flames were seen in the hair of Servius Tullius while in his cradle, and about the head of L. Marius when, in Spain, after the death of Scipio, he exhorted his Roman soldiers to vengeance. Virgil attributed poetically the same marvel to the young Aeneas and Evandrus. John of Lydia adds that a like thing happened to Constantine the Great. Julius Obsequens reports in the year 630 of Rome, that the tomb of a slave seemed to be on fire, but without harm to it." Reference is then made for further information on this subject in connection with Spiritualism, to the researches of Messrs. Wm. Crookes and L. Fignier, and to the history of Angélique Cottin. I may add that I know a lady here whose garments are often luminous as her husband informs me, when she lays them aside at night.

From a very impressive discourse pronounced in Liege, by Mr. Adam, at the grave of an estimable deceased brother Spiritualist, formerly a Catholic, the orator said: "The burial of our friend, Mr. Parent, without the aid of a priest, may lead some to conclude that he did not believe in a God, nor in the immortality of the soul, in fact that he had no religion; and this may seem natural in our times when certain intelligent parties have introduced the usage of qualifying as infidels, as unbelievers, those who did not practice according to the established religion. But this is a great mistake, for Mr. Parent believed in God, in the immortality of the soul, and in a responsibility for our acts during our present life."

Revue Spirituelle, April number, has many attractive articles, among which I may briefly notice "Free Thought," by M. Caillé; the "Strange Existence of Mary Fancheur"; the celebrated preacher Loysen, who is still attracting in Paris much attention, not only on account of his departure from the rules of the Catholic church by marrying, but by his new *Gallienne Eglise*; a "Curious Case of Obsession," and scenes with Mr. and Mme. Hugo d'Alesi. Regarding what is termed here a case of obsession, but which the editor thinks may be better explained by an anterior existence which the subject may have had, there is in it a striking resemblance to the two sisters, in a story by Perrault, one of whom was recompensed, the other punished, by the fairies. Lady Anna Bolime, daughter of a Russian general, translates for the *Revue* this remarkable case. She was acquainted with a Countess D., who by education and taste was extremely fond of pictures, but who, on being presented to an artist, or on being shown a painting, would first hurl out the most abusive epithets—"execrable, abominable," &c., then, as if by force of will, become amiable, and with appreciative and generous remarks manifest the lady. When presented to the Empress Eugenie

she exclaimed, "You are a vulgar beast," (or words of a like import), but in an instant apologized, and in language the most refined, gave a different expression to her true sentiments. What adds to the strangeness of this is the fact that the Countess had a sister who was in all respects like herself. A previous humble existence, a low life, might perhaps be the first to well up and make itself felt ere the accomplished and wealthy dame, as she is now, could arouse herself to restrain it; a previous existence, indeed, where every thought and expression ran in a low and debased channel, stamping the soul with indelible vulgarity that the heroism and culture of a subsequent good fortune in a new birth could not wholly eradicate.

"Spiritualism in Algiers" so seldom claims our attention that I must ask more than usual indulgence. I will abridge, as well as may be, from the *Akhbar*, some foreign opinions upon the subject of our faith: "Some people in Algiers have been disturbed by the expressions of M. Cazeneuve against Spiritualism. One of these has addressed to us the following communication, which our impartiality, without seeking to understand the matter, leads us to publish: 'Much noise has been made about a celebrated prestidigitateur; but the Commander Cazeneuve, it appears to me, is in no way justified, when Spiritualism is in question, without investigating it, though many treat it with derision as a superstition and a folly. Mission of science—to study, to sound.' To elude a phenomenon, to refuse to pay it the attention it has a right to, to thrust it to the door and turn the back upon it, is to bankrupt the truth; to leave for protest the signature of science.' M. Auguste Vaequerie says: 'As to the existence of spirits I have no doubt. I have not that faculty of race which deceives that the scale of being stops with man. Their existence admitted, their intervention is but a detail; why can they not communicate with mortals? But these immaterials cannot move matter; but who told you they were immaterial?' Spiritualism does not plant its banner upon the territory of any religion, but it calls before the members of the whole human family. Spiritualism, unjustly ridiculed, has its public organs, its reviews, its journals, its *Revue*, and its books. A society for psychological studies, authorized by the Minister of the Interior, has been formed in Paris, with the following members: MM. Bouquet, *ancien député*, President; Baroux and Rou-Caille, *ingénieur*, Vice-Presidents; Chas. Lomou and Camille Clafrenau, men of letters, Secretaries, with others, as 'Baron du Potet, Dr. Conan, Colonel Doyonnet, and the historian Bonnemere.' Reference is then made to what has been accomplished through Dr. Shade in Germany, Russia, and in the works of Messrs. Crookes, Chimney and others. To-day, however, the Commander Cazeneuve pretends to combat and to declare false the spiritualistic phenomena; but why does he always abstain from visiting the sciences, who he can get to fight the false miracles and the fables of Spiritualism? And there have been physical manifestations at Oran, and of which the *Moniteur de l'Alger* speaks under the head of 'The Devil at Oran.' But if this Spiritualism is such a force, why do they abstain from making the same war upon the miracles of Lourdes and of Salette, and of the fable of the pilgrimages at which the French Republicans have shrugged their shoulders? Is it because it is delicate? Is it that Rose Tarnisier and Mdlle. de Lamouliere have found grace before it? Go on with your *anti-spiritist* demonstrations, Mr. Cazeneuve; Spiritualism is *enveloppé* against your blows. In spite of your attacks we see it needed, prepared. But Spiritualism, like all ancient and modern discoveries, must submit to persecution; there is always a struggle in the field of progress." And this still leaves much unsaid.

Cases of obsession, numbering more than twenty, are reported also from Algiers in the *Revue*. The physicians think that they do not arise in common hysteria, but alimentary or other natural ordinary causes. A dozen of them live in Chénais, and eight in the village of Verzénis. They are all women except one, and are from twelve to forty-five years of age. "For some hours they are tranquil, but at a certain moment they give themselves up to the most extravagant acts, often indecent, accompanied with indecent words—the more strange as these women have always heretofore been noted for exemplary character."

At a recent *séance* in Paris, Mme. Massion asked Mr. d'Alesi if he could paint mediumistically the portrait of her father, who had a long time since departed this life. Placing himself under the guidance of his spirit instructor, Donato, he produced the likeness, which was so striking that Mme. M. recognized it at once, and with no little emotion.

So very remarkable and entertaining have been the *scènes* of the celebrated Hungarian media, Mme. and Mr. Hugo d'Alesi, that quite a number of pages, in fine print, of the *Revue* are devoted to them. *La Revue Magneque*, Paris, (April 1st), appears with a new cover, ornamented with a view of a room in which a magnetizer is operating upon his subject. It detracts from rather than adds any value or dignity to this important publication. The distinguished astronomer, author, Spiritualist, M. Camille Flammarion, is the first contributor to this present issue, and treats of "Animal Magnetism" with that intelligence which distinguishes his other writings. "The public experiments of Mr. Donato," he says, "which the Parisians have now for two years enjoyed, and those with which Mr. Charcot has for some months favored the medical students at the Salpêtrière, have attracted a new and general attention to the phenomena of human magnetism. After having been radically denied by the doctors and physiologists, it seems today to be accepted by a certain number of its old adversaries. . . . The sciences of observation admit nothing *a priori*; but the observed facts ought to take rank in the domain, always enlarging, of human knowledge, though they remain unexplained in the actual state of their knowledge (*connaissance*). It is precisely here where the reflections of Arago are admissible: 'The doubt,' he says, 'is a proof of modesty, and it is rarely hurtful to the progress of science. One cannot say as much of incredulity. Our senses, in spite of twenty-four centuries of study, of observation, of researches, are far from being an exhausted subject.'" The writer then treats of *sommambulisme*, "which ought not to be rejected *a priori*, above all by those who are cognizant of the recent progress of physical science." He afterwards explains how through seven different states, the beautiful Lucille, "veritable type of Rubens's Virgin," passes under the magnetic influence of Mr. Donato; and he finally makes a comparison between what is here witnessed in this gentle subject, and like phenomena that have in past ages attracted so much attention; as, for example, the young *religieuses* of the convent of the Ursu-

lines of the village of Loudun in 1632, who accused the priest, Gaudrier, of bewitching them, and caused him to be burned; also, the "exorcismes of the sister Agnes," and the "convulsions of Saint Medard."

Under the heading *Thérapeutique Magnétique*, M. A. Bud, after showing that both iron and quinine produce greater evils than those for which they are prescribed, gives a very interesting case where a young lady, daughter of the Baroness de N., was cured by magnetic treatment when all else had failed. A young life was going out, a pale emaciated creature, dying of chlorosis, came into the hands of Mr. B., who soon restored her to society, to her family, with all the bloom and the vigor that seemed naturally to belong to her.

M. H. Durville has a short article on the Fakirs of India, illustrated by a figure floating in the air, taken from Baron du Potet's *magie dérobée*. The voluntary insensibility obtained by them he considers to be the same as that of foals, lizards, and other animals, which, imbedded for centuries in rocks, revive on coming to the air. Saint Augustine speaks of a priest of his time, admired for the state of insensibility which he could bring upon himself. His name was Restitutus, of Calama; and pricks, burning even, had no effect upon him till he came back to his normal state. In a work by Father Kircher, published in Rome in 1638—*Arts magna lucis et umbra*—the influence of the imagination of a hen on her actions is demonstrated, and is a very curious and instructive experiment: Fasten the feet of the fowl with a cord, and when it has ceased its efforts to be free, draw a chalk line from its eye outward, then loosen her, and she will not even, if urged, seek to get away, but will fixedly watch the line. A learned Jesuit, Daniel Schevener, of Nuremberg, relates the same experience. Cagliostro was the first, among us, who obtained over certain persons perfect insensibility produced by gazing into a bottle of water. In 1821, Baron du Potet experimented before the *corps médical* at the Hôtel-Dieu and other hospitals and Académie Commissions, and scientifically demonstrated actual anesthesia in those put into the mesmeric sleep, or in those strongly *sommambulized*.

A word or two from the Zouave Jacob from a letter to the editor of the *Revue*: "Jesus, Plato, Baron, Swedenborg, Deleuze, (and many others), from the height of their celestial abodes, let fall a tear of pity on the dust of our earth, stained with blood, to call to our minds that we are children of God. Spiritualists, magnetizers, healers, who are still subject to persecution and the sarcasm of ignorance and bad faith, lift up your souls to the divine source whence come all power and light."

A paragraph from a Russian paper announces that a "sorceress has been burned alive"—an "act of savagery," says the writer. Among the country people of Wratschwa (government of Novozorod) there gained renown a prophetess named Azrefeno Ignatiowna. She was highly venerated and received fees from the credulous. Finally, an accident or malady was attributed to her influence, while the sick invoked her aid. Her powers of sorcery were so generally admitted that she was arrested and condemned, and in the presence of the authorities, authorized by the burgomaster, she was on the 16th of February last burned alive. And this would happen to me in my town to-day, if some of the ignorant who surround me could have their way; and this in this enlightened (?) age.

El Criterio Espiritista, of Madrid, (March number) is largely taken up with the "Inaugural Session and the Anniversary of Allan Kardec"—with the interesting proceedings which took place on the 25th of March, at a reunion of the *Sociedad Espiritista* at their new hall in Barquillo street. At the appointed hour the President, Señor Garcia Lopez, opened the meeting, explaining the objects which the Society had in view; and was followed by General Bassols, the Society's Secretary, with an able and lucid discourse. Señor Lopez again addressed the meeting. Señor Palacios also spoke, and Lady Doña Adela de Garcia read part of a poem, which the Society proposes to publish, written by D. A. Hurtado. Much enthusiasm was manifested, and the large and highly respectable gathering, embracing many ladies and gentlemen of rank and learning, was one that will long dwell in the memory of its participants.

A very curious case of "Natural Somnambulism," with many more very extraordinary phenomena, finds a lengthy record in the *Critica*, and in some respects resembles what has transpired with Miss Fancheur. The young woman's faculties changed from time to time from extreme sensibility to complete insensibility, and she was enabled occasionally to see through opaque bodies.

Under the heading of a "Review of the Spanish Press," the *Critica* says: "The *Revista de Barcelona*, *El Buen Sentido* of Lerida, and *La Reclamacion* of Alicante, have always been distinguished for the high tone of thought they express, and they continue in their noble mission of teaching and propagating our doctrines." At a recent session of the Spiritual Society it was stated that a bottle of magnetized water had caused several holes to be burned through the cloth of the pocket in which it was carried and the clothing in the immediate region of it—smoke issuing therefrom and thus attracting attention. Another communication throws much doubt upon there being in the *scènes* celebrated as the "Marietta," any genuine spiritualistic manifestations. The noted phenomena are declared to be all imposture, which time will reveal. The *Buen Sentido* of Lerida informs its readers that a teacher in the normal school of "Los Palomos" (Grau Canaria) had been dismissed for professing and propagating Christian Spiritualism.

La Constancia, of Buenos Ayres, opens with an excellent discourse by D. Hiermano Mayor at the reassembling of the "Society and Grupo Constancia." He says: "And our hopes, expectations, enlarged, are being realized; new societies and *grupos* are being formed here and in the country villages, and they will come by and by to fraternize with the brethren of *la Constancia*. Dolores, a city of some importance in this province, has just founded a society under the name of *la Divinidad*. Here in Buenos Ayres we have another called *la Caridad*, before which notable phenomena are produced." He then referred to the progress the cause is making in North America; also, in England, Germany, Russia, &c. Following this, is a notice of "Spiritualism in Spain"; of the "Central Association" there, and some vigorous sentiments in respect to the "Grupo Marietta." The writer says that "Advance!" is the first word on our banner. "Faith" in our ideas, and "Hope" in their complete triumph, because they embrace the "Truth," and make manifest to us "charity" and "science" as the only roads by which we can reach perfection, which is advance-

toward the deity." The accomplished poetess Da. Amalia Soler furnishes a lengthy poem to the *Constancia* addressed to "My Invisible Enemies," and the astronomer Flammarion has also several pages on "The Force of the Will and of Intelligence as Independent of Matter." Space, however, forbids attempting any synopsis of this lengthy and erudite contribution. "A Medium Floating in the Air," etc., (referring to Mr. Eglinton) is an article from the *Banner of Light*, and to which the *Constancia* gives credit.

Revista Espiritista, of Montevideo. Two numbers of this able periodical are in hand (March and April 15th), with several valuable contributions from its editor, Juan de Espada. "Yesterday, To-day, and Perhaps To-morrow," is the heading under which J. de E. dwells upon our human ingratitude; how Jesus was paid for his love to his fellow-man; how Cristobal Colon (Columbus) was paid for giving a new world to Spain, etc., etc.; and as Spiritualism is a gigantic progressive step, an apostle of the truth, demonstrating so much good in its public and private life, in actions, thoughts, desires, overcoming the malevolence of ignorance, calumny, and the very odium which was once attached to the religion of Christ when it was new. Lady Da. Soler contributes also to the March number of this magazine a very interesting story, one of singular pathos, and of a high spiritual character, such as graces always her much courted pen.

La Razón, of Toluca, is the only publication which has reached me this month from Mexico. "Spiritualism in the Nineteenth Century" is continued in the present issue, with some speculations regarding "those phenomena which correspond to the moral order: what quantity of thought is equivalent to a quantity of the will? how an idea can transform itself into determinate cause of action? can we convert a recollection (*un recuerdo*) into an emotion, and vice versa?" A short chapter, "An Introduction to the Doctrine of Spiritualism," an extract on "Heaven and Hell," from Allan Kardec's work, and a poem by Hurtado, all tending with careful study, must make this little paper attractive to the Tolucans.

La Doctrina, of Bogota, should have been reviewed with the other South American periodicals; but it is not too late to say that the number in hand, the sixty-fifth, is the first I have ever seen of this publication; and probably for the reason that it is almost wholly political. The exception to this last expression is to be found in a lengthy letter "from a Catholic," in which Spiritualism is made to take superior rank to the dogmas or teachings of the Roman pontiff. The communication is dignified, without bitterness, but makes the contrast between the Romish faith and spiritual knowledge strikingly in favor of the latter. He states that the Spiritualists believe in the "Scriptures," believe that they emanated, not from God but from a high grade of spirit, liable to err—the many errors therein discovered, and the diabolical deeds ascribed there to the deity, being sufficient to establish the opinions of the writer. And he says, "Spiritualism is not a religion, and does not pretend to be, for the knowledge of absolute truth is very far from man. Divested of a vain presumption, of a mad pride, they call it a school of practical philosophy, and make no pretensions other than the study of psychological facts to arrive at a knowledge of the truth to which humanity aspires. In Catholicism faith is dominant, and its adepts are thus led in a false road, into obscure paths. In Spiritualism reason predominates, that is, observation and experimentation of all the facts and theories which have had so great an influence on the destiny of our race."

With much less reason Catholicism exists to-day; it has finished its object, and should give place to modern ideas; not only conforming to the spirit of the age, but more immediately coming to a recognition of the truth." ITALY. *Annali Dello Spiritismo*, of Turin (April number), though overflowing with good things must claim but little space here at present. It publishes Chap. IV. of the celebrated "Catholicism Before the Time of Christ" (which dwells principally upon Brahmanism), then takes up "Religion and the State," making a distinction between the church of the State and the religion of the State; following it very appropriately with (the important difference between) "Knowledge and Faith," and some interesting events related by D. Rinaldo Dall'Argine: This gentleman says he was in an old mansion in Florence in a well-lighted room, with a number of persons who sat together around a table, and joined hands upon it. Ere long he felt a hand grasp his knee, and though he did not see it, he could see the impression made by it on his pantaloons (of white linen). Speaking of it to the medium it was suggested that he should put his hand on his knee under the table, and doing so felt in his warm pressure of a feminine hand. Then wishing a proof that one could come of whom he was thinking, he had placed in his hand the hand of a child, a little one that had had the growth only of a year, filling him with inexpressible joy, for his little Carlino had departed this life when only a year old, and whose death, as he was wont to call it, had been the cause also of his wife's decease. I hope to return to this in my next, and notice other articles.

Letter from Washington.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
It is so rare that anything from this locality appears in your columns that it must be supposed by most of your readers that the capital of this great nation is too gross and sensual to admit of the refinements of spirit culture. Perhaps it is true that our denizens generally are too busily engaged in getting bread to feed the body (for their food means getting and keeping office or rigging purchases by which to lift money from the people's Treasury in one shape or another) to devote much time to the progress and development of the spirit. Political capitals are not likely to become the "hotbeds" of spirit culture until some money-making or ambition-gratifying feature of the philosophy is developed. At present the doctrines taught by our philosophy smack too strongly of the humanitarian and too little of self to be palatable to the avaricious and the ambitious. If we had media here who could and would foretell accurately—the future, and could and would, for money, inform those applying how to carry elections and "bull" or "bear" the stock markets, or how to steal or appropriate to their own use the entire trust funds and appropriations for the Indians, they could revel in all the luxuries of wealth and be extolled by the political and secular press as the greatest among the prophets, utterly regardless of the purity of their private lives or the means by which they acquired their information. But when they come declaring that they are simply unconscious instruments in the hands of spirits through whom unseen intelligences are able to make known their existence and condition in the after-life; that they are not necessarily more truthful or pure than their lives on this earth would fit and prepare them to be; that their houses and clothing there are manufactured by their works on earth; that their new or spiritual bodies are made or marred by their earthly spiritual lives; that

the selfishness that accumulates large wealth, and after thus wringing it from the hard earnings of their fellow-men, hoards it to leave to children who have been taught to worship it as the one thing needful, only begets spiritual poverty in the future existence, and leaves the most horrible scars and wounds and deformities in the spiritual bodies, which appear in tatters and perhaps without a roof to cover them. When these media recite this honest story they are denounced as false teachers, or as "wizards" and "lunatics." Nevertheless there are many Spiritualists here who continue to investigate and to develop in a quiet way.

There is no organization here, and perhaps not sufficient unity of sentiment and harmony of feeling among the Spiritualists to warrant an attempt at organization. There is still much of the old Adamic spirit or weakness among the subscribers to the new Philosophy, and it is extremely difficult to find any who do not much prefer the amusements and their vulgar medium and their familiar spirits to those of any of their neighbors. Now, if this lack of unity will only lead to household or neighborhood levity, as I trust it may, instead of the past practice of calling upon every medium that appears for more and more tests, I shall fancy that I have discovered the amount or real limit of harmony, a device of the spirit-world to encourage the development of media more rapidly than it could be done by other or organized methods. If media are the doors which swing each way, opening between the two worlds intelligent communication, then the more we have of them the better, so long as we are prepared to receive what is communicated through them. And we are all of us much more likely to credit strange phenomena coming through the agency or medium of members of our own households, than if they came through strangers of whom we know little or nothing. We have several mediums now developing privately in this city, from whom or through whom strange reports are heard of the near future. Indeed, the spirit-world seems to be longing and laboring for our earnest cooperation in the work of not only holding the gates ajar, but also of multiplying the gates. In my next letter I will give an account of my sittings with Mrs. Bliss, whose materializing *scènes* were very satisfactory. Washington, May 22d, 1879.

New Publications.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 283 Washington street (corner School street), Boston, furnish us with a copy of a well-executed pamphlet of some 92 pages, issued by M. J. Hollbrook & Co., New York City, under the title of THE SEVEN GARDENS, gives the personal experience of Dr. Schwab, director of the Vienna Military Gymnasium, etc., in the introduction to practical use of the provision of the Austrian educational law of 1859; regarding experimental gardens to be attached to the schools of that empire. The work contains much practical information, and is rendered into excellent English from its patronymic German by Mrs. Horace Mann.

RECEIVED: THE TOURISTS' GUIDE to Colorado and Leadville, by L. Cass Carpenter, 80 pp. This well-executed pamphlet contains much information for inquirers concerning Western progress. We select the following as a good specimen from among other items of interest:

"Denver can boast of four daily and ten weekly papers, all of which compare favorably with newspapers of any city in the West. The *Tribune* and *Rocky Mountain News* are morning papers, and the *Times* and *Democrat* are issued in the evening. The *Tribune* and *Times* are Republican in politics, and the *News* and *Democrat* are Democratic. The *Rocky Mountain News* is the oldest journal in the Rocky Mountain region, the first copy having been issued April 22d, 1858."

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