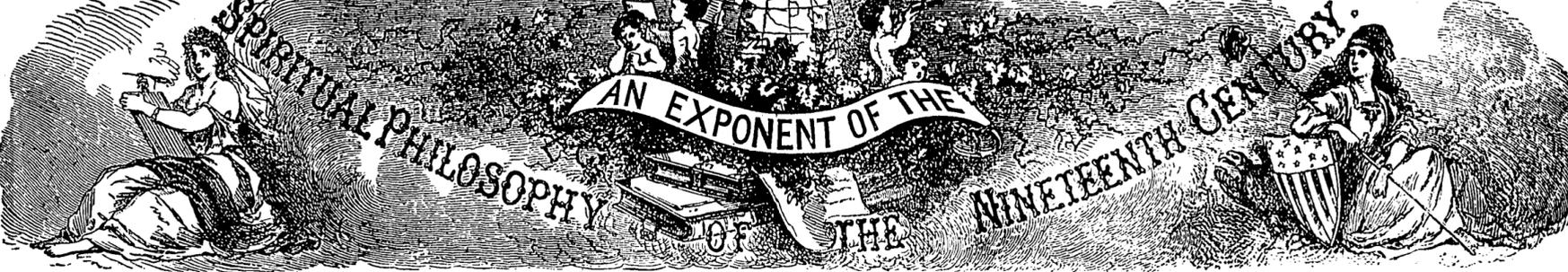


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Spiritual Phenomena.

THREE REMARKABLE MATERIALIZING SEANCES IN PRESENCE OF THREE DIFFERENT MEDIUMS.

FIRST SEANCE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Not long since I attended an evening séance in Boston, the medium's husband and myself being alone present. A well-formed stout boy, apparently some twelve or fourteen years of age, was the first spirit that materialized. He intimated by raps and pantomime that his name was "Jim," and that many years ago he tended woolen carding-machines in a manufactory of mine. He came in his shirt sleeves, (without coat or vest,) and wore dark pants. His features and form were fully developed, and very distinct, but I failed to identify him. I have, however, no doubt had scores of "Jims" in my employ.

When the boy retired, my wife opened the curtain (that was hung across a partly-opened folding-door to darken a back parlor where the medium was seated,) and came out, beautifully clothed in white.

She soon gathered sufficient strength to approach and stand beside me. After making, as usual, a profusion of fine white lace, with which she enveloped her head and the upper part of her person, she placed quite a pile of the lace on and around my head, face and throat, and commenced manipulating those members, especially my throat, which was at the time a little inflamed and sore. This, as intimated, was designed to be a healing operation, in which the elements in the lace were said to enter as a part of the process. As was usual on such occasions my wife sat on my knee, with her arms about my neck, and tenderly embraced me, laying her head also on my bosom for some considerable time. The conditions of both the atmosphere and the circle were so good, that there was no discernible resemblance in my wife's features to those of the medium, which, with the color, texture and arrangement of her hair, together with her complexion (a clear brunette), were exactly as they were in the prime of her womanhood in earth-life. Her hands were (on this occasion) of natural warmth, as were also her lips, which were repeatedly and fondly pressed to mine as we exchanged kisses, as sensibly, warmly and naturally as were ever passed between husband and wife in earth-life. Before retiring, my wife walked in a circuitous route (to avoid articles of furniture,) to the further side of a centre-table, that stood beneath a chandelier, and essayed to reach the key of the gas-light, which after one or two efforts she succeeded in doing, when she turned on apparently all the gas, and withdrawing her veil showed me her face in full gaslight, shaded only by a newspaper; she then turned down the light to its previous gauge, and after a little while repeated the same operation of turning the key to and fro, and walked back to the front of the curtain. As she kissed me good night, and was about to retire, I asked her if she could not open the curtain and let us see the medium at the same time with herself. In answer to my query my wife intimated a wish to have the alphabet called, so at the same time standing in plain sight outside the curtain, with a hand placed against a panel of one of the folding-doors. On calling the letters she rapped out on the door with her fingers the word "soon." The raps sounded precisely like ordinary spirit raps, and accompanied the movement of her fingers.

My daughter Fanny (a blonde with very fine light curly hair) came next, and stayed out some time, embracing and kissing me as usual before leaving. My daughter Anna was the next to come, her tall, striking figure and graceful, free and elastic movements being at once recognized by the gentleman present and myself. With scarce any hesitation she walked with a firm step to the further side of the centre-table, and at the first attempt reached the gas-key and to all appearances turned off and totally extinguished the entire light. She however immediately reversed and turned the key the other way, when, contrary to my expectation, the full light instantly blazed forth again, in which she stood for some considerable time, showing me every expressive feature of her beautiful face so distinctly that it was impossible I should mistake her identity. The dark color of her hair and brunette complexion were also in striking accord with those features when in earth-life.

As Anna was about to retire, I remarked to her that she seemed so strong that I thought she might show us the medium simultaneously with herself. Upon this Anna threw three several times the curtains apart their full width, and showed the medium to us each time, sitting in her chair a little on one side and back of where she stood. By my request the spirit next placed herself erect against the folding-door, that I might mark her precise height, which I did with a pencil on the panel of the door, and after the séance found it to be, by a tape-rule, exactly five feet four and one-half inches.

My daughter Gertrude, who, unlike her mother and sister Anna, was of light complexion and fine brown hair, was the next to show herself—greeting me on her coming and retiring with the customary kisses and other tokens of endearment. She, too, as her mother and sister Anna had done, turned on the light in full, that I might more fully identify her features, which seemed the more singular, as I tested her height as I had done her sister Anna's, and found it to be but exactly five feet. She, too, before retiring put the curtains wide apart and showed us the medium sitting in her chair.

My daughter Constance, a child of premature birth (or one, rather, lost in embryo), was the next to come. She is of the complexion of Gertrude, and very much like her in form and color of hair. She also turned the gas on in full and off again to its usual position, as her sisters had done, although on measuring her height I found it to be but five feet one and a half inches. Before retiring, Constance raised the curtain (instead of putting it aside as her sisters had done), and not only showed us the medium but permitted me to take her shawl in my hand.

Another daughter, who also passed away in embryo, came next. She was of a brunette complexion, with dark hair. She did not venture to turn on the gas, but permitted me to take her height, which was exactly that of her sister Gertrude, and also showed me the medium with herself. On retiring she kissed my forehead instead of my lips, as her mother and sisters had done.

My daughter Mary, who passed away at the age of twenty-seven months, came next. She was tall, slender and very graceful, and turned the key of the gas-burner without effort, although, as her sisters and mother had provisionally done, it was always turned at first in a wrong direction. This, I think, was not the result of accident, but in accordance with a law in the spirit phenomena that I have witnessed in other directions, which I think Robert Dale Owen somewhere in his writings partially explains. I think the mistake was made in accordance with a principle that enables many spirits to write from right to left with greater facility than from left to right, as is often the case, as if the power was applied from the under side of the paper. Mary was rather the tallest of all my daughters, being, by actual measurement, five feet four and three-quarters inches in height. She, too, threw the curtains apart before retiring, and showed to us very plainly the medium sitting in her chair.

Last of all came a spirit purporting to be a sister of my wife's, by the name of Agatha. I have but little doubt of her identity, although her features were not sufficiently distinct to be fully recognized by me. Before retiring, another female spirit (apparently a girl scarcely arrived at her teens) showed herself in company with Agatha, just within the folds of the curtain.

I asked that we might be permitted to see the medium at the same time with the two spirits. This was twice attempted, but not with full success so far as my observation extended, although the gentleman present said he saw the two spirit-forms at the same moment that he saw the medium. I, too, saw the medium and one fully materialized spirit-form at the same time, whilst what purported to be still another looked to me simply like a white garment (flitting to and fro. After the séance was over, we measured the distance from the front of the curtain to the gas-burner, and found it to be in a straight line on the floor thirteen feet and four inches, and in the circuitous direction pursued by the spirits, something over twenty-one feet. We also took the height of the medium, which was five feet three and one-quarter inches. Standing where the spirits did, she was unable to reach the key of the burner by several inches, and said she always stood on a foot-stool to turn it. Either the medium's arms were not so long as those of my wife's and daughter's, or the latter had the power to elongate theirs when necessary.

SECOND SEANCE.

Whilst in New York last winter, I received the following letter from a Boston gentleman with whom I was entirely unacquainted, never, to my knowledge, even hearing his name mentioned before:

"BOSTON, Feb. 18, 1879.
MR. THOMAS R. HAZARD—At a séance I had a few days ago with a medium, your spirit-friends joined with mine in a request for me to write and invite you to attend a séance for spiritual manifestations. The medium is not a public one, but my acquaintance with many mediums for twenty-five years past, I think, justifies me in saying that this one is the most powerful and satisfactory of any I have known or read of. If you will do me the favor to call on me, I will give you further information. Our séances for materializations are held once a week only, and are strictly private, only three being present, including the medium, who sits with us. No curtains, no cabinet. Yours very truly,

I accordingly made arrangements to attend one of these sittings, and some weeks afterwards, for the first and only time, found myself in company with the writer of the foregoing letter at a materializing séance, at the rooms of the medium just alluded to. Two rooms (on a second floor) were used at the séance, the one being perhaps ten by twelve feet in dimensions, in

which the medium as well as the company sat (all with clasped hands), the latter consisting of two elderly gentlemen and myself. A light, shaded as is usual at materializing séances, stood on a table in a corner of the room, just to the right of where we sat.

An apartment perhaps twelve feet square was used for the spirits to materialize in. In this there was no light except what was admitted through two partially darkened windows that looked on a public street. There was a doorway between the two rooms directly in front of us, that was open during the whole séance, there being no curtain or other blind of any kind. There was only one other door in this room, which I bolted on the inside—after the medium had taken her seat in the circle—and I know there were no fraudulent contrivances, so far as my senses after a close examination enabled me to decide.

A very few minutes only elapsed after we were seated, when a materialized form, purporting to be the mother of one of the gentlemen present, walked out of the open door before us and conversed in an audible voice some time with her son. On her retiring a finely-formed Indian warrior came out, clothed apparently in dressed buck-skin, ornamented very tastefully with variegated materials of darker hue. He came close to us, and gave us full opportunity to examine his form and features. He certainly was to all appearance a genuine North American Indian. Occasionally he would throw himself gracefully at full length on the floor and place his ear close to it as if listening to hear the footsteps of an enemy, and then spring to his feet and dart forward as if fighting with tomahawk in hand and uttering war-whoops.

As the Indian was about to leave, I observed a female spirit, clothed in white, coming from the open doorway directly toward me, accompanied by a thick-set old man, clothed in black, and of an exceedingly sombre countenance, with a heavy beard. The female spirit claimed to be my daughter Mary, and manifested the like affection for me she is accustomed to do through other mediums, although I was not able to identify her features, which were veiled. She was also larger in person than she generally appears when she comes through other mediums. I felt sure that I recognized the old gentleman as Nathaniel Minturn (to which he assented), a great-uncle of my deceased wife. On my querying with him, he told me in audible voice that my daughter brought him with her, and that he "came from the church." I was struck with the latter expression, though at the time I did not probably comprehend its full meaning.

After my daughter and her old uncle had retired, a singular-looking tall form came to us wrapped entirely in a black surplice, or dress of like appearance. Approaching within a few feet of us, he lifted aloft a part of his surplice (as if with his extended hands) and, with his face still covered, commenced pronouncing in solemn, doleful tone, occasional snatches of some chant (apparently) or other Latin ritual of the Catholic Church. The idea conveyed to me by what I saw was that the spirit of the materialized form then present was very dark and unhappy in the other life, and I was not a little surprised to learn from those present that it was Archbishop Hughes, who I was told often came to the circle in other guise, and was really a progressed spirit. This I too had learned from more than one other medium through whom he has communicated with me. The thought was then impressed upon my mind that it was the mission of the gloomy spirit who said he came "from the church" to represent the creedal teachings of the Protestant churches, which led its votaries into comparative spiritual darkness, the countenance being rendered dark and gloomy thereby, though still visible, while the doctrines inculcated by the Romish Priesthood shut out all light from the souls of those benighted masses as was represented by the Archbishop, he being enveloped entirely from head to foot in a dark mantle impenetrable to the light. Since the séance where the above manifestations occurred, I have been told, through other media, that such was the lesson intended to be conveyed to us, and that the first spirit represented Protestantism, as its doctrines are inculcated in the pulpit, and the other Catholicism, as taught by the hierarchy of the Church of Rome.

My daughter Fanny came next, and like her sister Mary, threw herself on my breast, and fervently embraced and kissed me, expressing unbounded satisfaction in my coming there to meet them.

A niece of one of the gentlemen present came next, accompanied by her little child of some two years old. After the child had sat some time with its uncle, I took it on my knee, and petted it. On my telling the little creature that I would ride it "Jack horse" on my foot, as I used to my own children, it manifested pleasure, and smiled, as was observed by its uncle, and the medium who sat by my side. I then placed it on my foot, and tossed it in the air, as I repeated, probably for the thousandth time, the delightful melody, though no doubt distasteful to some dignified, "respectable Spiritualists" (whose ambition seems to be to sit next to the white throne when they go aloft):

"Hide a Jack horse,
To Baubury Cross,
To buy little baby a plum;
When we got there
The trees would n't bear,
And so we came joggling hum."

As I finished the stanza I tossed the delighted child on its feet, when it started off with its mother, but remembering how often over "credulous ignorances" and "senile," "superannuated old fools" like myself have been imposed upon by fraudulent mediums and "rag babies," I called the child back, and again taking it in

my arms, I drew the veil from off its chubby little warm face, and kissed not only its lips, but cheeks again and again, and although the cunning little "fraud," purposely no doubt, with *malice prepense* and sinister intent, kept its eyes fast shut and "make *blere yo s'erp*," still I am willing to place my hand on the Good Book, and swear, before any court in heaven or on earth, that I believe it was not a "rag baby," but a real (flesh and blood materialized) spirit child.

My wife was the next spirit to come, accompanied by her brother, the late Lloyd Minturn. She manifested the same ardent affection as it is usual for her to do through other mediums: speaking fluently and very distinctly, as our daughters had done. Still her form was not so slender as it should have been to conform with its earth characteristics, or with that she generally appears in before other mediums. When spirit-laws are better understood, we may possibly be able to understand why these apparent discrepancies occur in spirit materialization.

It would fill many pages to narrate all that was said and done by my wife and daughters at this séance, so I will forbear, and proceed to speak of her brother Lloyd, who, unlike my wife and children, presented himself on this occasion so exactly like himself when on earth—in height, face, form, bearing, attitude, expression and clothing, that it would have been impossible that I should not have fully identified him on first sight. He stood back for some minutes with his eyes intently fixed on my face while my wife was conversing with me, and in an attitude—with his hands partly thrust into the outside pockets of his coat—that was absolutely unmistakable. He was a well-bred gentleman, as was exemplified on the occasion by his unobtrusive demeanor as he quietly stood in courteous attitude, politely waiting for his sister to finish her interview with me. He was dressed in a fashionable Broadway promenade suit, his coat, pants and vest being all made of a broad, cross-barred woolen stuff, and in the style of the day such as I perfectly remember seeing him wear on many occasions more than forty years ago. His dark whiskers and hair were none other than his own, as was the high beaver on his head. Lloyd Minturn was of the most fearless nature I ever knew possessed by any man, and of great pride of character, which characteristics were now marvelously expressed in his countenance and method of handling himself. He was a passenger on board the ill-fated steamboat, *Henry Clay*, that was burned many years ago on the North River, many perishing both through fire and water. He himself reached the shore in safety, when he immediately obtained a boat and rowed to the burning wreck and at great risk of life and limb rescued several of the passengers from death, receiving severe wounds in his endeavors, from which he never fully recovered. If I recollect right Mr. Minturn was the only materialized spirit that manifested at this séance who did not converse, and I feel pretty sure that the power of speech was thus dispensed with that he might the more completely exhibit his other personal attributes. At any rate, I feel as entirely sure that the materialized spirit I there saw was Lloyd Minturn, a brother of my deceased wife, as I do that I ever saw him in earth-life. For some time I tried on the occasion to induce him to tell me his name. He however persistently refused making any intimation of his proper identity until I remarked that I knew he was no other than Lloyd Minturn, when his countenance lighted up with an eager, delighted expression as he made several steps toward me, bowing his head in token of the correctness of my recognition, as he advanced.

A very intelligent, light-complexioned Indian squaw (apparently of mixed blood,) called "Starlight," (a familiar of the circle,) came next. She was tastefully clothed in variegated Indian costume, and wore a pair of beautiful moccasins made apparently of soft yellow buckskin and ornamented with rows of beads. She seated herself on the floor before us, and went through the motion of braiding some material, and made herself interesting in many other ways, chatting frequently in semi-Indian dialect.

Pete, a Virginia negro, was the last spirit that appeared on this evening. He was a familiar of the circle, and evidently its hero. His shrewdness and knowledge of men and things seemed to be without limit, whilst his courteous demeanor and bearing placed it beyond doubt that he had passed his earth-life in the service of cultured gentlemen, and had, as it were, become to their "manner born." No subject could be started that he seemed not able to discuss understandingly, whether it were Sherman's refunding the four per cent. bonds, the fame and pedigree of race-horses, or the quality of wines and liquors. His account of the Long Island Union Course races some half a century or more ago, in which the famous Eclipse was matched for a great sum against all Southern colts, was more graphic than any pen can describe. He seemed not only familiar with the name and speed of every horse on the course, but also with their owners, including Colonel Johnson, and all the boys who rode, not excepting the world-wide known Purdy. Pete acknowledged, however, that he himself was not a professional jockey or rider, but only a "rubber," who came to care for some of the Southern contestants on the course, and rub them down after each heat.

Pete's description of being once driven over one of the Alleghany Mountain stage routes by a famous driver by the name (I think) of Foss, was inimitable. The mountain road at the time was so covered with glare ice that it was necessary to keep the horses on a full run in descending, otherwise the stage might slide off perpendicular rock precipices a thousand feet or more in height. Pete said that so fearless and expert was Foss, that to show his dexterity

he purposely brought the wheels of the coach sometimes within two or three inches of the precipice. Pete also told us as a fact that although his hair was uncommonly curly for even one of his race, such was his fright on the occasion that when the stage reached the bottom of the mountain every spear on his head stuck out as "straight and stiff as a tallow candle." I forget, however, that in repeating Pete's undignified anecdote I may be wounding the tender sensibilities of some of the exquisitely nurtured would-be "leaders" of "respectable Spiritualism," and may, perhaps, be by them classed among "the diabolical" ones, for whom they seem to cherish such mortal antipathy—so I forbear.

At the risk, however, of shocking beyond endurance "respectability" and "leadership," and long-faced Orthodoxy in general, I must narrate a most extraordinary instance of the spiritual phenomena that occurred on this memorable evening in connection with the irrevocable spirit Pete. I forget exactly in what connection our conversation happened to turn on the subject of ardent spirits, but on occasion of Pete's saying that he had a recipe worth five thousand dollars for the making of old-fashioned punch, I in a playful vein said that I should like to possess it. Pete told me in reply that he would not only give me a recipe for making the punch, but that if we would furnish him with the money to buy the necessary ingredients he would treat us all round with some old-fashioned punch of his own making!

This we agreed to do, and some change was put by each gentleman present into a little box or basket handed round by "Starlight" for the purpose indicated, amounting in all probably to less than a dollar. Thus furnished with the means of purchasing the materials for the punch, Pete departed, as he said, for "Young's," where his appearance would excite no special notice, the servants in that hotel being most or all of his race and color. I forget what transpired in the circle after Pete's departure, further than that "Starlight" remained with us until he returned, some ten minutes after, bearing with him a white quart pitcher filled with hot punch, which "Starlight" poured out for us in half-pint white mugs, handed her also by Pete. That the punch was both good and strong I had ample proof, as the half-pint that fell to my share (in which there were two half lemons floating, sensibly affected my head for some hours or more after I drank it. Before I had finished my mug, Pete called for the pitcher and mugs, that he might return them to their owner. I told him that I had not finished drinking mine, when he politely told me not to hurry, as he would take what was done with back, and make a second trip when I had emptied my mug. Strange as readers may think it, that this was a real spirit manifestation I have not the slightest doubt, as I know there was no possibility of any human being obtaining access or egress to or from the room without it being perceived by all the sitters present, whilst the only fire on the premises was in the apartment where we were sitting, and close to us.

One of the gentlemen in the circle mentioned to me that, on a former occasion when he happened to express a wish to have a little wine on account of a temporary ailment, (Pete and the medium being there present,) he was requested by Pete to take an empty goblet from off the mantel-piece and hold it behind him. He did so, and when directly after he was told to examine the goblet, he found it half full of the wine he had asked for. It is worth noting that Pete had not performed this "miracle" a century or two ago, as he would no doubt have then been burned by "The Church" for blasphemy in thus presuming to turn out *water* but *air* into wine—that is, provided the priests of the day could have caught him! On my asking Pete to explain how he obtained the punch, he told us that he materialized his form at Young's, and after getting and paying for the beverage, by an act of his own will, in less than a quarter of a second of time he was back to the séance-room with the punch all made to his hand. The punch was evidently composed of several kinds of liquors, which on my request Pete gave us the proportions in drops—something as follows, (though I do not remember the exact proportions,) say, ten drops of Santa Cruz rum, twelve drops of Jamaica, fourteen drops of Medford rum, sixteen drops of Bourbon whiskey and eighteen drops of old Cognac brandy. On my asking him the age of the brandy, Pete playfully said "It was made in the year one, when Adam was a rag baby and lived in a house shingled with pancakes."

During the hours these wonderful manifestations were transpiring the medium sat quietly by my side in the circle, never leaving her seat but on two occasions, when she passed for perhaps ten or fifteen seconds across the room where we sat and back to her seat, fanning the air with her hands as she went and returned, for some purpose that she herself did not seem aware of. Perhaps it was to convey mediunistic elements to the atmosphere. She seemed to take as much interest in the manifestations as any of us. From what I witnessed on this remarkable occasion, I am more and more convinced that we are on the very eve (as I have been again and again assured of late by many of our most intelligent communicating spirits, such as Parker, Channing, Owen, Edmonds, Lincoln, Joan of Arc, and others,) of the most wonderful outpouring of spirit power the world has ever witnessed, in which our spirit-friends will be enabled to materialize their spirit-forms so permanently that they can stand forth and address multitudes from the platform; show themselves at noonday in the air in close proximity to the earth, and walk side by side with harmonious individual friends in the streets of

[Continued on eighth page.]

Foreign Correspondence.

WORDS OF GREETING

I would gladly send you findings of spiritual progress...

Mr. Thomas Waller and I have kept the ball rolling...

Save and except the embarrasments which every industrious servant of the spirits is liable to suffer...

Seven months of my time were passed in Melbourne, five in Sydney...

Both Mr. Waller and I have visited as many places outside the two great cities named above as we could afford to do.

As I have stated in former papers, the lecturers in Australia, with rare exceptions, are called upon to bear the expenses of their meetings themselves...

One thing is certain: Spirits, the invisible wire-pullers of Spiritualism, will endure no associative motion or authoritative combinations until those who compose the mass, and assume the dictation, are thorough Spiritualists in principle and practice...

In respect to Mr. Shale's visit to Australia, I have every reason to believe he effected many conversions, and succeeded in convincing many persons of the truth of spirit communion.

Permit me to say in my own behalf that I have added to my own public duties the task of writing and publishing two small volumes, and several tracts, since coming here.

And this brings me to the last and main purpose that now lies before me. My career as a public exponent of Spiritualism on the rostrum is to close, as my beloved guides inform me, even when the powers conferred upon me to move the masses are at the maximum of their force.

I am even now en route for the last station of my long pilgrimage, leaving finally left Australia for New Zealand, at which place I am now located in the beautiful town of Danedon, and from whence I send you one of many highly dattering accounts of my debut last Sunday, also a brief notice of a generous and beautiful testimonial that was presented to me on the occasion of my last lecture in Melbourne.

As I find, to my deep regret, that Herman Snow and his indefatigable companions have been obliged to relinquish their company, &c., in San Francisco, those friends who desire to communicate with me will please address me to the care of Mrs. Ada Foye, P. O. Box 177, San Francisco, Cal.

Several weeks since we received a letter from our correspondent, Mrs. Louisa Andrews, of Springfield, Mass., who, at the time of writing, was in London, Eng.

menting myself to all who kindly remember me, I remain, Yours for the truth,

EMMA HARDING-BRITTON.

P. S.—Having received from my spirit-guides a commission to follow some leisure months in the future to the preparation of a large and comprehensive record of the modern spiritual movement...

A WORD FROM "OVER SEA."

Several weeks since we received a letter from our correspondent, Mrs. Louisa Andrews, of Springfield, Mass., who, at the time of writing, was in London, Eng.

THE BASIS OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

At last we have occasional days of sunshine, even in the midst of London, where for so many weeks not one ray penetrated the clouds, smoke and fog!

On a recent Sunday I attended afternoon services at the chapel of the Foundling Hospital, on Gutterford street. The organ was very good, and the choral singing by the children very pleasing to hear.

It seemed truly a pity that all these girls and boys, whose minds might so easily, and by such simple words, have been led into the light, and their hearts fed with sweet and strengthening food, should yet be left in the darkness of error and ignorance...

The extracts spoken of above were made at this point, and the lady closes her letter by reference to "the pictures painted through the hand of Mr. George Sutherland, a wealthy and educated gentleman here, who is said to possess wonderful power as a spirit artist."

"A Distressed Clergyman" writes: "The English language is wonderful for its aptness of expression. When a number of men and women get together and look at each other from the sides of a room—that's called a society. When a hungry crowd call upon a poor minister and eat him out of house and home—that's called a donation party."

DR. BABBITT'S "PRINCIPLES OF LIGHT AND COLOR"—CLAIRVOYANT DISCOVERIES IN SCIENCE.

BY WILLIAM EMMETTE COLEMAN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the Banner of Light of May 1st Mr. Franklin Smith begins an interesting article upon "Basic Principles in Science" with the following passage: "William E. Coleman, in alluding to Dr. Babbitt's great work on the 'Principles of Light and Color,' says that 'its 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 realms of the atoms, and shown their exquisite mechanical structure and the refined forces by which they are vitalized and actuated."

After stating that Dr. Babbitt's "Light and Color" was one of the most important contributions to nineteenth-century literature, and that in its peculiar field it was unique, though its foundation-principles were not therein for the first time announced, I went on to specify the foundation principles which had been heretofore given to the world, and where they might be found.

It will be seen, therefore, that in naming the principles found also in Mrs. King's work I did not include those bearing upon the structure of atoms and the mode of operation of the ethereal forces vitalizing them. The many details upon these subjects found in "Light and Color" are original with Dr. Babbitt, and for their presentation he is entitled to due credit.

Mrs. King's work distinctly posits the so-called impalpable elements, light, heat, electricity, magnetism, etc., as material, etherealized substances, and gives some general indication of their mode of action. It does not, however, explain the configuration, structure, etc., of atoms and groups of atoms, nor elaborate the modes of motion of the various grades of ethers (which ethers, though, are often spoken of by it) circulating through and around the atoms, productive of the various forces of nature.

Dr. Babbitt has formulated an elaborate theory of atomic structure and ethereal action; but how know we that his theory is true? It may be a demonstrated verity to him, but before it can take its place among the recognized truths of science it must be demonstrated as true to others.

It is well known that Dr. Babbitt's work is largely due to his clairvoyant researches into nature's occult principles. It is significant that in Mrs. King's "Principles of Nature" may be found a prophetic anticipation, as it were, of just such discoveries, through clairvoyance, as have been made by Dr. Babbitt.

application of the finer forces and potencies of nature.

"Clairvoyance," says Mrs. King, "is a gift vouchsafed by nature to individuals of particular temperaments and constitutions, by means of which they may study the secrets of nature, may discover the action of the invisible elements, the life-forces of nature; therefore men are not left without the means of studying nature's most intricate methods. Are the discoveries of the astronomer, the chemist, of value to man? Not less so are those of the clairvoyant. Are the telescope and the microscope products of art and of nature combined? So is well-directed, cultivated clairvoyance; and if men prize the former, and avail themselves of discoveries made by their means, they should no less prize the other and avail themselves of discoveries made by its means. Man has no more right to deny the discoveries made through clairvoyance than those made through the telescope or microscope, it ranking with these as a product of natural law, and therefore its discoveries not possible to be set aside. Man cannot truthfully say, 'We have no means of testing the truth of principles, of propositions relative to the action of nature's invisible agents.' They may trust the revelations of the clairvoyant as well as those of the telescope, which latter they do not pretend to deny from want of personal observation."

"The educated clairvoyant may behold in the beams of the morning sun the grades of the electric fluid (or ethers) and their action upon each other; also the effect of that action. He can behold atmospheric atoms eliminating light, and he may behold that the effect of the rapidity of this action is the effect of heat; therefore he unavoidably arrives at the conclusion that chemical action of atoms of light produces an effect, which is heat. Thus as he observes—as he perfects his clairvoyant sight by practice, by art—he may discover the most intricate processes of nature, and arrive at just conclusions concerning the methods and the results of these processes by the use of his reasoning faculties."

Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

THROUGH THE AGES:

A LEGEND OF A STONE AXE.

O'er the swamp in the forest The sunset is red, And the sad, reedy waters, In their mirrors spread, Are aflame with the great crimson tree-tops overhead.

With his blue eyes agleam and— His wild, russet hair Streaming back, the Man travails, Unwearied, unware Of the little shape that crouches, the green eyes that glare.

There is a rush through the fern fronds, A yell of fright, And the Savage and Sabre-tooth Close in fierce fight, And the red spears and blackens to night.

In the class-room blue-eyed Phemie Sits, half listening, bushied and dreamy, To the gray-haired, plucked Professor droning to his class of girls.

And the leafy, golden tremor Whitches so the blue-eyed dreamer That the room seems filling straightaway with a forest green and old;

And the old man turns the pages Of the weird, limned ages, Tracing from earth's mystic miasms the antiquity of

Not six thousand years—but eras, Ages, eons, disjunct as Cropping back we touch the system where the Human first began.

Centuries, as we retrogress, are Dwarfed to days, says the Professor, And our lineage was hoary ere 'Eve's apple-tree' grew green.

At what point man came I know not, Logic proves not, fossils show not, But his dim, remote existence is a fact beyond dispute.

Look! And from among some thirty Arrow-bands of quartz and chert he Takes the flint head of a hatchet, and the girls grow flushed and mute.

Old, he says, art thou, strange stone! nor Less antique thy primal owner! When the Fens were drained this axe was found below two forests sunk.

Where some Aloupin Savage left it in a half-hewn trunk? Does the old Professor notice Large eyes, blue as myosotis, Raised to him in startled wonder as those fateful words are said?

But for Phemie, through the trees In Her dream forest, fact and reason Blend with fancy, and her vision grows complete and clear and dread:

Free Thought.

Mr. Henry Kiddle's "Spiritual Communications."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Will you permit me to give vent, in as few words as possible, to the Impression I received from Mr. Kiddle's letter in a late issue of the Banner of Light? I confess that it did not improve his cause in my eyes, and I am sure will not with those of my Spiritualist friends with whom I had occasion to exchange views on his book.

The arguments used by Mr. K. to explain and excuse the insignificance, shallowness, shortcomings, generalities, and even absurdities, in the messages, as he says coming from people like Moses, Luther, Napoleon I, Washington and others, are a futile attempt at removing the objection that they really come from malevolent or evil spirits, or at least from that class which, as we know, make use of their spirit-power for the mere purpose of their own individual amusement whenever they find mediums and sitters credulous enough to become the subjects of suggestion and to take brass for gold.

There is no hiding, in this case, behind the human insincerity of the medium, because of spirits such as Mr. K. introduces into the world we have a right to expect that, basking in a higher light, they would be fully aware of the limits of the power of any medium, and would not impress any others but such as would prove, at least, approximately able and equal to express their ideas in substance and form.

In my opinion, the only thing which is really praiseworthy in Mr. K.'s book is the sincere conviction, firm resolution and undaunted courage of its author, but I cannot help fearing that just because of the prominence his position gives to his work, this will produce more injury than benefit to our great truth. Against one thousand converts it may count for nothing, but against the thousand enemies in their hatred and opposition to Spiritualism, and provide them, as has already been the case, with new weapons of scorn and ridicule against facts which they do not understand at all, and Mr. K. has thus far understood only very imperfectly.

Yours very faithfully, DR. G. BLOEDE.

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 31st, 1879.

The Council of Nice.

Here was a convocation beside which presidential conventions, Berlin conferences, and even the latest Vatican Council, are their mere trifles. The principal object of the Nicene Synod was to settle on a permanent basis the true doctrine of the divine nature of Christ and his precise relation to the "Almighty Deity of the material universe." The history of this matter arose from the then dominant Aryan controversy. The convention went beyond merely settling this vexed question, and fixed for all coming time the canon, the discipline and the general order of the priest and the laic. The Council of Nice, which codified the common law of the Church. These fundamental laws are collected in this volume and presented in a popular style. The accurate accuracy of the historical statements is well attested by a critical reading of these few comely and most entertaining pages. These dogmas of the convention contain the substance of all Catholic doctrine as understood and practiced to-day.

Mr. Dudley has in this little book of one hundred and twenty pages contributed a valuable chapter to the golden volume of this greatest of the world's conventions and the choicest portion of the world's history. There is no attempt to raise the author above the theme, nor to crowd the eccentric speculations of an individual against the collected wisdom of the ages. This is the more noticeable and the more commendable in the writer's approach to the subject, for the pages, if not a positive free-thinker, at the least a halting believer in supernatural truths. Clear statement and sound learning everywhere abound, and good taste is in general the presiding genius of these pages. Just how much of this material is original, the author can hardly lay claim to do not feel entirely competent to decide; nor is his decision essentially necessary to a reasonable settlement of the question of the value or merits of this contribution to historical knowledge. He who collects in due order and puts in popular and correct form the latest results of all research which had preceded is a gleaner in such a field of no mean pretensions, and he should not be condemned because he is not an original. The sum total of original contributions is quite limited, and the number of great original authors may be counted on our fingers' ends. But this author has evidently done much more for the Council of Nice than to gather what others have sown. He is himself an historical student of the pure culture, and he has in these few pages presented what the general reader might in vain search for in ponderous volumes whose numbers are legion.

The fascinating interest of these Imperial, historical studies can be felt better than described. All other studies are, in the comparison, mean and contemptible. These furnish the history of faith and the record of humanity. Whoever, with a learned spirit, dives into the depths of these studies, secures the greatest of the great men in the world's history, judged by the canon of ideas, of actions, of results, will find greatness, not in Caesar or Augustus or Napoleon or Washington or Blumack, but the rather in a Constantine and a Charlemagne whose names are emblazoned in the world's faith. Hence, Gibbon, as quoted by Mr. Dudley in his closing period, wisely said of Constantine: "He ever considered the Council of Nice the bulwark of the Christian faith and the prelude of his own reign." The philosophical significance of this union of greatness with goodness and faith has ever been, and will continue to be, the groundwork of divers opinions among deep-thinking men. Some have seen in this the first origin of faith and the supreme manifestation of the Church, and a perpetual recognition of the sublime principle of Edmund Burke, that man is, by instinct, a religious animal. Others have seen in all his history the contribution to historical knowledge, which is a Spiritualist in earnest, and of course a thorough disbeliever in the hautes of the ancients. The work closes with three really good "trance poems," inspired by the spirits of Robert Burns, Theodore Parker and Edgar A. Poe. The book is nicely bound, printed on tinted paper, and refreshing to wearied humanity.—Lansing (Mich.) Republican.

Banner Correspondence.

New Hampshire.

NORTH WOODSTOCK.—John W. Mansfield writes: "Lately there has been much abuse and ridicule heaped upon the cause of Spiritualism by skeptics and those who are so wicked that it is for their interest to prove it false. Many facts in relation to manifestations appear at first sight calculated to disturb an investigator and throw him back, but when understood fully, are not at all objectionable. In the way of illustrating the phenomena, I cite one instance to illustrate my meaning: I was present when a medium was deeply under the control of a spirit who was talking upon this very subject. Staff the spirit: "People in the earth-life have no idea of the difficulties which spirits have to contend with while endeavoring to manifest themselves through media. For instance, I find while controlling this man that I continually graduate with my thought, a thing I never do while on earth. I seek for the cause of this, and I ascertain that this medium is left-handed. Now if I should endeavor to identify myself through him, a person who knew me would doubt that I was the controlling spirit upon seeing this marked characteristic. In the medium's mind and knowing that it was very unlike me while in earth-life. Would it not be well to publish from time to time a series of simple facts like the above to illustrate more fully this most important of our manifestations? Your many readers would gladly contribute their various experiences; and it seems to me that it would do an immense amount of good if the subject can only be started in the columns of your excellent paper. There are many instances where a control is effected by the mind of the medium, if he or she be not perfectly passive. These facts must be discussed, and the laws, if possible, understood, in order to strike the controlling and rule which Spiritualists have to bear from skeptics and from materialists."

MANCHESTER.—R. H. Ober writes, June 9th: "I have recently heard of the exit of Moses Reed, of Ware Center, Vt., April 25th, aged seventy-two years. He was strictly temperate in his living; the poisonous tobacco never polluted his mouth; he was an early abolitionist of the Garrison school, and a believer in the equality of women and men. For many years he was a successful priest for the spirits, and he derived benefit and consolation. His amiable wife passed to the new life some five years before him, and I doubt not met him with loving embrace as his sainted spirit winged its way to the purer realms. Friend Reed was a most interesting and successful in all his walks in life, and beloved by all who associated with him. He left a sealed letter with directions for his funeral services, requesting that all should be simple with no sectarian priest for the spirits, who he doubt was hovering over the remains. His neighbors met and expressed their sympathy and heartfelt sorrow that they were to see his cheerful countenance among them and hear his words of cheer and love no more in physical life."

Pennsylvania.

TITUSVILLE.—O. H. Judd, President Spiritualist Society, writes, June 9th: "In reviewing my late communication to the Banner of Light for May 21st, I find that I omitted to mention Judge R. S. McCormick, of Franklin, Pa., as one of our speakers. He lectured for us on an average one Sunday in each month for more than a year, refusing any compensation for his services, adding largely to the interest of our meetings and to the growth and upbuilding of the cause in this place. Judge McCormick is a deep thinker and reasoner, and an earnest, conscientious and fearless advocate and exponent of the phenomena and principles of the Spiritual or Harmonical Philosophy. He has been intentionally done him an injustice by the omission, and ask you to publish this correction."

PHILADELPHIA.—Ed. S. Wheeler writes, June 9th: "During the interim of our lectures we are having at the hall of the First Association of Spiritualists a series of Sunday Conferences. Yesterday, C. P. Langling being in the chair, a number of very pertinent addresses were made, all of which seemed to evince the moderation, charity and aspiration for harmony and truth which are the very basis of the Spiritualist Philosophy. Something better than the spirit of 'toleration' seemed to pervade the meeting, and the freedom of statement of conviction was unimpaired. Among the speakers, Mr. Fare was in a most interesting and instructive manner. Various proclamations upon the phraseology of the various systems, Mr. Hare asserted the claims of Spiritualism as a stupendous fact, and pointing out the attitude of Mr. Crookes as one of the Council of the English Society, and Mr. Varley as associate member of the same, he urged Spiritualists, in the name of many such men he had met, to prepare themselves to wield the vast power they held, as the great majority of the human race fully represented the very vortex of evil that is here and in Europe. To this end he commended prudence, and a fearless yet ineffective course toward honest opposers, but stern and crushing rebuke to all proven hypocrites and frauds. He said that he had seen the angry and sin not, said he. He also urged care to avoid crude radicalism of expression merely for the sake of sharpness, and counseled a life in harmony with pure and ennobling inspirations."

Michigan.

JACKSON.—W. D. Taylor writes: "Your article in the Banner of Light for 'The Mediums' is to the point. The multitudes read and know far more clearly and profoundly by the help of phenomena, than when carried up and away on the wings of speculation and theory. The fact of it is, we have had too much speculation; speculation in regard to the 'unknown' does not help us. Show the people what is known, and they will know, not believe, for where knowledge enters belief disappears."

PLANT.—Mrs. Ellen A. Parker writes, June 9th: "The Spiritualists of this place invited Sister M. C. Gale (formerly of New York) to deliver a course of lectures here. Her response to our call was cheerful and promptly given, and she has now been with us four Sundays, speaking morning and evening, at Reform Hall. The audience the first day was rather small, but at each succeeding lecture the numbers increased, and now the hall is filled with an attentive and inquiring throng. The week-day evenings are spent in holding circles, and inviting friends from the ranks of Adventism, Universalism, and a fair sprinkling from the different churches. She has given great satisfaction, not only to the spirits, but to all who have heard her. At the close of each lecture she gives opportunity for any one to ask questions, and thus far answers have been given promptly, and with great satisfaction. She has also given much of her time to the relief of our loved ones. She is engaged to speak at our State Camp-meeting, and at several good meetings, but will answer calls to lecture when not otherwise engaged. Her present address is Plant, Mich., P. O. box 145."

Massachusetts.

SAUGUS.—Charles D. Brown writes that Mrs. J. G. Jones, of 76 1/2 Cambridge street, Boston, a good test medium, held a séance at the house of Bro. Cook, in Saugus, June 17th, which was very satisfactory to an audience of twenty. The tests were often so unmistakably clear as to be readily recognized. Full names, residence, &c., were given.

MONTAGUE.—Harvey Lyman, Esq., writes from the Lake Pleasant Camp-ground: "I am here preparing the buildings to receive the large crowds which we expect will seek this place as a summer resort before the camp-meeting commences. Mr. Norris Henry takes charge of the grounds in the interest of the railroad. Mr. Steadman is to feed the people this summer at the reasonable sum of one dollar a week. The camp-meeting opening day, June 1st, a free fish-chowder, which was very nice indeed. The painters are here and are improving the appearance of the boats and Pavilion. I have never seen the grove look so well as at present."

Iowa.

LOCKIDGE.—Mrs. Sarah Wagie, in renewing her subscription, says: "I am now in my eightieth year, and soon expect to pass to that happy Summer-Land, where sorrow and death never come, where the eyes never grow dim, where good will be rewarded, where toil and privation are not known. Life has a new charm for me every week, as the old Banner of Light appears, and I am glad to give it to my friends. It is so richly deserves. Press forward, brothers, in the good cause; and when the time comes for you to put off the old garment, and put on the new, may it be said of you, 'good works and deeds, well done, then good and faithful servants.'"

Ohio.

GINGINATI.—A correspondent writes, June 4th: "Mrs. Dr. Abbe E. Cutter expects to leave the West for Massachusetts on or about the 1st of July. She would like to make a few lecture engagements between here and Boston. Persons wishing to hear of her experience in materializations at Terre Haute, Philadelphia, and Memphis, can now have an opportunity by addressing her at once. Letters directed to No. 209 Chestnut street, Chelsea, Mass., or to 128 Third avenue, Louisville, Ky., will be immediately forwarded to her."

Wisconsin.

STOUGHTON.—Nelson Greenbank writes: "Enclosed please find P. O. order for three dollars and fifteen cents, for one year's subscription to the Banner of Light, as the same has been fully expired. May you be in the cause in the use of humanly be amply rewarded, both in this life and that to come."

CHICAGO.—A correspondent writes from this city, briefly reverting in high terms of commendation to the work being done there by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and her guides. He also speaks highly of the Spiritist

Record, published by the Society for which she labors, and which gives weekly the Sunday afternoon address and poem delivered by her. He hopes the managers might see their way clear to enlarge the Record, so that the morning discourses may also be printed each week, also the wonderful questions and the more wonderful answers heard at Mrs. Richmond's Friday evening receptions, together with other spiritual matter."

Mrs. Hamann's Mediumship.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: She has just left for California, said Cutter. I was sorry to hear that, for she was a remarkable medium, and I wanted to see more of her. Still, why should she not go if so inclined and if for her interest? I believe she had a louder "call" to settle there, as the minister once said who was tempted by a \$1000 increase, and mediums, you know, like ministers, are very human. My only regret is that I did not see more of her while she lasted. Well, what I mean by all this is, I was told by a friend that I had better go and have a sitting with Mrs. Hamann, who was living on Harrison avenue. I intended to, but I did not go, being pretty well satisfied with the few of these endoric individuals who were already in my heart, especially when I know that it is not gold that matters, and not everything that pretends to glitter, glitters. I did send two or three individuals to her, as a medium, one in particular whom I was interested in as a new convert, of great respectability. I did not know whether he went or not, as he had no report. I learned through Mrs. Bagley (whom I have proved to be a remarkably good test medium) that he had been, and was well satisfied, his departed wife, who was my friend, telling me of it with some circumstances that were a credit to both Mrs. Bagley and Mrs. Hamann as mediums. These circumstances had an influence, and I went to see the latter lady without delay.

This Mrs. H. was from California; had been here some three months, and having strong inducements to go back, has just done so, though very likely she may be here again in the fall. I feel after this interview that I ought to make this note for the good of the cause, so that seekers after truth may know that the avenues or wires of communication with the other world are still in good working order. The Banner, also, will follow her across the continent, is read pretty extensively out there, and if this notice will do her or any one else any good it will pay me for my trouble.

At this sitting I had good evidence that she is one of the best test mediums I have ever sat with. She goes into a trance, and is ably controlled, or she answers in extenso any question written on a slip of paper, and folded up, she not seeing it or knowing its import. Mr. Dalton, of California memory, and Jim Plisk, of New York, are her controls; of course the identification is an open or a doubtful question, but of the fact of spirit control there is no question. This much may be said in their favor: when thus under control she (using street language) was the best posted person on stock matters and movements that I ever talked with. I will venture to say the information and points that the former (Mr. Dalton) can give on California stocks would prove to any expert that he was at home on the subject, and could give points that would command the attention of experts in the business. This lady said she did not sit much for social or family matters, but considered her specially a business medium. During her entrance I talked with her distinguished controls, and satisfied myself that there was the ability of an active proficient, and though not inclined myself to rely much on spirit advice in matters of business, I am always willing to listen to and be hospitable to spirit advice, but an always my own executive, never going against my judgment. I prove all things, listen with an attentive ear, and then hold fast to what appears to me to be good.

Perhaps from a desire on my part, perhaps from the spirit's knowing my wishes, this sitting drifted from a business to a social one, and I had intercourse with many of my spirit friends and relations. It would make too long an article for me to go into the details, which even to me were quite remarkable, making me feel that I was really in the presence and interviewing some of my loved ones "over the river." I am sure the circumstances that I refer to could not have been known to her; the almost forgotten peculiarities of some, who in their peculiar and quaint way sent messages to others in the form, naming them, were deeply interesting. They would tell me of things in detail with the clearness usual only with mortals. Of course it is now too late for any one to have this experience, so you must take my word for it. I felt that I ought to write this note, as I have said, for the good of the cause, and only feel sorry that some good spirits, who generally so easily influence me, did not spur me up to get this experience when Bro. Cutter first introduced her name to me. As it is I am well pleased, and very likely may draw from it to brighten some of my future "Pneumatic Cogitations."

Reception to Mrs. Brigham.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: The eighth and last reception of the season of the First Society of Spiritualists was held this evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Newton, on West Forty-Third street. The evening was very fine, and the former receptions having been so pleasurable a large number gathered for the interchange of thought on the questions of the day and for a season of social enjoyment. All seemed to be in the best of humor, and Mrs. Brigham was cordial and happy in receiving her many friends. (On Tuesday last Mrs. B. spoke at Morrisania, and on Wednesday at Yonkers.) Upon entering the parlors we noticed on the centrestable an imperial photograph of Mrs. Brigham, which had been deftly touched with the painter's brush. It was the gift of a lady friend, and the picture was pronounced to be a good one. The frame was unique and rich. Mr. Henry Kiddle was present, and naturally, as his book has been so much before the public, he was the observed of all observers. Though we believe it is the first time he has attended any of the receptions, yet he appeared quite at home, and apparently enjoyed the evening to the full. He was accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Emma Weisman, who, it will be remembered, was the principal medium through whom the matter came which he has given to the world in his book. Dr. J. V. and Mrs. Mansfield were also among the guests.

The company having spent a couple of hours in pleasant social communion, Mrs. Sarah V. Van Horn, by request, varied the programme by giving a recitation, selecting the piece entitled, "Conception of Agnello," by Ivet Harie. The lady received the closest attention, and the recitation was an intellectual treat. The audience were then favored with a violin solo by Mr. —, Mrs. Weisman playing the accompaniment on the piano. The selection was, "The Sixth Air Varié," De Beriot. The piece was received with hearty applause. "The Wake of Tim O'Hara" was then given with a good deal of spirit by Mrs. Jessie Yenil, and to a recall she recited "Kittie McGee," creating much mirthfulness. Miss Mary Croley followed with "The King of Denmark's Ride," and was fully appreciated. "Along the River of Time I Glide," was sung by Messrs. Alfred Weldon, Edwin Leach, Dr. D. J. Stansbury and Mrs. M. A. Newton, the latter also playing the accompaniment.

At the conclusion of the singing Mr. Newton announced that he would receive subjects for Mrs. Brigham to speak upon and also for a poem. The subjects selected were "The Brotherhood of Man," "The Social Element," and for poems, "The Spirit Meaning of Flowers," and "Nature's Anthem to the Infinite." We give the closing sentences as follows: It was said by one gifted by nature that the true sculptor saw in the rough block of marble the true ideal of loveliness, so in this great brotherhood of man we find the good, the true, the beautiful impersonated. That which man has to do as his greatest work is to strive by all his aspirations, by all his endeavors, to enable his moral and religious nature to unite, until from this rock, which is undeveloped unity, shall come the state of the brotherhood of man. It is not for us to enter into the mysteries of this matter to-night. Only this would we say, that in this great and beautiful development of the brotherhood of man there must be a perfect development of individuality, the bringing out of the highest elements. In all that can blend you in the true development of this harmony, and in the bringing out of the greatest self-control, shall you find the best impulses to develop to that grand and perfect work, the brotherhood of man.

PRE-NATAL MOLDING.

Not long since I met with a venerable lady, of marked intelligence and spirituality, who had formerly been for many years a preacher in the Society of Friends. From her I obtained a narrative of the life of her mother, in her pre-natal history, as she had derived them from her mother. They were to the following effect: Some months previous to her birth, and while anticipating that event, her mother, who was a Quakeress, had become exceedingly despondent and oppressed with gloomy forebodings, in consequence of severe domestic trials. Poverty, privation and disgrace seemed to stare her in the face, in connection with this expected increase of family. While in a state of mind laboring on despair, a prominent Friend called upon her one day, bringing with him two or three copies of a new book just published. This was the journal of a distinguished Quaker preacher, then recently deceased, who had passed through great vicissitudes and dangers in the performance of the mission to which he had felt himself called, but had been wonderfully supported through all by an unflinching trust in God.

The mother at once seized upon one of these books, with a strong interior feeling that in it was help and hope for her. She obtained a copy, and almost literally devoured its contents. It brought to her the needed help. In its perusal she seemed to be lifted up into intimate sympathy with its author, and to partake of the same calm trust and unflinching faith which had sustained him in life. Her fears and forebodings were banished, never again to return, and she received in some way a promise that her forthcoming child would be a daughter, and would prove a great help and comfort to her through life. This promise proved true. The daughter at an early age showed a remarkable predisposition to spiritual concerns, and in due time became an acceptable preacher in the society, notably resembling in many respects the one who had so long ago so deeply impressed the mother during the period of gestation; and she was able to provide a pleasant home for her mother for more than fifty years of her later life.

This narrative is valuable for the suggestion it gives of possible aids that may be available by mothers in the most important work of pre-natal culture. The psychological influence which a mother may exert over the embryo in exalted mental and spiritual states, induced by reading, meditation or aspiration, is now generally understood and admitted, and it is surely a powerful instrumentality for good. But it is possible there is something more than this. Readers who believe in a future life of love and service for those who have passed within the veil—that they who have delighted to labor for and bless humanity while in the flesh may do so hereafter to minister to those they leave behind, and that they may pass the portal of the higher life—certainly will need have no difficulty in supposing that benign immortals will be glad to render their services when practicable and desired, in so momentous a work as the ante-natal shaping and molding of a human being for a career of distinguished usefulness on earth.

The mother above alluded to became deeply conscious at times, as stated, of close rapport and soul-communication with the esteemed friend whose biography she had just finished reading. Many of her own sad and singular experiences as regard departed friends. Nothing is more reasonable than that two souls thus sympathizing should gravitate to each other, even though one has thrown off the incumbrance of the flesh. And if the departed preacher was thus drawn to be actually present with this mother at this important period, it would be scarcely avoidable that he, through her, should not exercise a powerful spiritual influence over her, thus forming embryo. And this would explain why the daughter developed a tendency to become a preacher of the same type as himself. I might add that this lady informed me that in later years she had received evidence which fully convinced her, not only that such a spiritual influence was exerted by the disembodied preacher, but that he purposely selected her while in the fetal state, watched over and prepared her for the special service of becoming his mouth-piece in this world, and in his earthly work, and in due time had employed her for that purpose. And this fully accounts for the completeness with which she had represented him in her public ministrations.

To some persons such a conviction will doubtless seem wild and incredible; but to the thoughtful and spiritually-minded, I am sure, there is nothing intrinsically improbable in it. It is in any way in the ancient promise, "He shall be loved by his angels, his angels, &c., &c., in any more important matter can their guardian care be exercised than in that of assisting a conscientious mother in her most responsible work of molding a young immortal for a life of usefulness and honor? When mothers shall come to feel the true dignity of the office of maternity (if worthily entered upon) they may know that all the powers of good in the universe are on their side, and ready to contribute to a noble and successful issue.—A. E. Newton, in the Alpha for February.

Woman Suffrage—Just What to Do to Vote.

The women of Massachusetts are to have the right or privilege of voting, next Spring, for School Committee only, at first, but we trust with such good results in that particular as to command the bestowment, in the near future, of the unrestricted right of the elective franchise. Naturally the women of Massachusetts desire to know exactly what steps they must take to make their rights as electors sure. The following preliminaries are the proper ones to this end. They have been carefully prepared by Judge Russell, whose active support of the new law just passed was largely conducive to its passage: 1. Women who have paid a State or county tax within two years of election, need not take any action, except to demand registration. This demand may be made in writing, in any town, on or before the 1st of August, at other cities, seven days before election. (2) In towns, at any time up to Saturday before election. If the tax has been paid by parent or guardian it is sufficient. If the tax is not paid, the woman must properly stand in her name, it is sufficient, although paid by the hand of another. 2. If a woman has paid no tax, she must on or before Sept. 1st give written notice to the assessors that she desires to pay a poll tax. This notice must be furnished by her in writing, in any town, on or before the 1st of August, at other cities, seven days before election. (3) In towns, at any time up to Saturday before election. If the tax has been paid by parent or guardian it is sufficient. If the tax is not paid, the woman must properly stand in her name, it is sufficient, although paid by the hand of another. 3. If a woman has paid no tax, she must on or before Sept. 1st give written notice to the assessors that she desires to pay a poll tax. This notice must be furnished by her in writing, in any town, on or before the 1st of August, at other cities, seven days before election. (3) In towns, at any time up to Saturday before election. If the tax has been paid by parent or guardian it is sufficient. If the tax is not paid, the woman must properly stand in her name, it is sufficient, although paid by the hand of another.

Jesus.

"We have heard so much preaching about his journeys and sorrows and miracles," says the *Merrimack Visitor*, "that we are apt to think of him more as a wandering priest, who when he was thirsty turned water into wine, and when he was hungry made bread of stones, than a mechanic, the carpenter of a Jewish village, busy with his saw and hammer, and seldom going away from his home. As the representative of humanity he took the condition not of the few, but of the many; and though his heart may have gone out for the rich, he had no promises to give them, while his hand was ever extended to the poor, and upon the working masses were his blessings showered continually. There is no character in history, throwing out all considerations of his divinity, that impresses so much to the student as that of Jesus, the laboring man, that of Jesus. To them he was plow, harrow, and saviour; to them he was love and wisdom, and to them he was light and life. He drew near to them in their humblest estate; and he drew them near to him—to his very bosom and fondest embrace. He sat at meat with them, slept in their cottages, and wept over their sufferings. We can see how a rich man might be infidel to the teachings of Jesus, and why any poor workingman should be in passing strange."

New Books.

HISTORY OF THE COUNCIL OF NICE, A. D. 325, With a Life of Constantine the Great; Containing, also, an account of the Scriptural Canon, as adopted by the Christian Church; the Vote on the Divinity of Christ; the appointment of Sunday as a day of rest; the Eastern Empire; and a general exhibition of the Christian Religion in the days of the early Fathers. By J. H. DREYER. Second Edition. Revised and corrected. With a portrait of Constantine, and many other illustrations. The first edition was published in 1869, and was adopted by various learned and highly approved authorities; in fact, by all those of importance in the history of the Council of Nice, and the subsequent exhibition of the Christian Religion in the days of the early Fathers. From the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, June, 1879. This work upon the Nicene Council is one of a great deal of research, and at the same time, the author has been careful to give the approximate reward of a very interesting and highly approved history of the Council of Nice, and the subsequent exhibition of the Christian Religion in the days of the early Fathers. From the *Vermonter*, Dec. 11, 1879. The author has not only received such a reward from him, but having enjoyed its acquaintance for a number of years, we had no doubt that he was specially fitted to do this history. He has not only received such a reward from him, but having enjoyed its acquaintance for a number of years, we had no doubt that he was specially fitted to do this history. He has not only received such a reward from him, but having enjoyed its acquaintance for a number of years, we had no doubt that he was specially fitted to do this history.

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TO BOOK-PURCHASERS.

COLBY & RICH, Publishers, Boston, Mass. keep constantly on hand a large assortment of Religious, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books...

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT, PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY COLBY & RICH, 15 N. BOSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

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THE MISSION OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM IS TO ENTER INTO EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LIFE, to bring forth a new and more elevated order of things...

There is no way by which Spiritualists can so effectively commend and recommend Spiritualism as by faithfully living it out in thought, word and deed.

When the heavens are opened, it is the Spirit that descends; and the Spirit will inevitably show where it has made its descent by the great change in the lives which it freshly and powerfully inspires.

It is for a comprehensive reason that Spiritualism includes in its cure the cause of both private and public morality.

As soon as he could comprehend the fact his mind reverted to his experience of the previous hour. As soon as possible he went to the house of the medium, rang the bell, and the two again met.

Not by words of appeal; not by learned arguments and finely woven theories; not by books and tracts; but by actual, real, tangible facts; facts that the simplest mind can grasp and the most highly educated be forced to accept as indisputable evidences of its truth.

The Banquet of the Commercial Club of Boston, in honor of the Commercial Club of Chicago took place at Horticultural Hall, this city, on Saturday evening last.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.—Henry G. Atkinson, F. G. S., writes to the London Spiritualist from Boulogne, France, May 21st, 1879, as follows: "Mr. John de la Montagne, late American Consul here at Boulogne, told me yesterday that on the 3d and 4th of this month he had a fearful dream, which was repeated, that a friend in New York was in great trouble; that he was pursued by a man (a judge) with the determination to kill him; and that he received a letter, dated the 22d May, from his friend, relating his anxiety and other circumstances precisely as in his dream."

We shall print next week another number in the series of Dr. G. L. Ditson's reviews of our foreign spiritualistic exchanges.

The Silent Advance.

The additions to the ranks of the believers in Spiritualism are constantly being made, but in quiet and private way that the public gain no idea of the rapidity with which this army of Truth and Liberty is growing.

As for them, worshippers in a temple made with hands, they will be brought to a sense of their situation not until the underpinning of their fabric has rotted away, and they find themselves and the steeple of their church one heterogeneous mass of rubbish in the cellar thereof.

An incident has just come to our knowledge which is but one of thousands daily occurring illustrative of the way in which converts to the angel faith are being made.

A medium of this city was called upon a short time since by a gentleman who introduced himself as a total disbeliever. "I know it is all a fraud," said he; "I know it is deception from beginning to end; and yet I would like to see something of these spirit-manifestations upon which a few over-credulous friends of mine base their belief in the ability of the denizens of another world to communicate with those of this."

The medium was greatly surprised at his remarks. That the gentleman was honest was quite evident. He did not profess to be what he was not. He was no wolf in sheep's clothing; seeking the lambs of the fold; but, open-hearted, he approached the subject boldly and said what he thought concerning it.

In a few moments the medium said, "I see a lady standing by your side," and then proceeded to describe a spirit-form so minutely that the gentleman hastily arose and exclaimed with considerable emphasis, "There, there! it's no use! It's just as I said! It's all a fraud, and I told you so. The person you describe is an exact resemblance of my wife. If she stood before you you could not better describe her; but then she is not dead—she is living, and is hearty and well." Much more he said to the same purport; but all his assertions did not discompose the medium, who again and again declared such a spirit stood by his side.

As he was about to leave he offered the lady a dollar, but she refused to accept it under the circumstances. He passed into the hall; and as he did so the medium, controlled by some new influence, held up her hand and counted the thumb and fingers, saying as she touched each, "One, two, three, four, five," which proceeding the skeptic thought to be another evidence of fraud and exhibition of tomfoolery.

The door closed. The gentleman walked leisurely down town to his place of business, and as he entered his counting-room was met by a clerk who handed him an envelope. It was a telegram. He broke the seal, opened the despatch and read: "Your wife died five minutes ago of heart disease."

This was a shock that nearly unmanned him. As soon as he could comprehend the fact his mind reverted to his experience of the previous hour. As soon as possible he went to the house of the medium, rang the bell, and the two again met.

Not by words of appeal; not by learned arguments and finely woven theories; not by books and tracts; but by actual, real, tangible facts; facts that the simplest mind can grasp and the most highly educated be forced to accept as indisputable evidences of its truth.

Are there Judge Sewalls on the Massachusetts bench to-day? We should think so, if the account of the recent arrest and conviction of an old man and his son in Danvers is true.

A German correspondent writing from Texas informs us that he has perused the Banner of Light for several years, and considers it the "best reading" he receives.

Mr. William Eglington has returned to London from Cape Town, South Africa. He is to pass an examination for registration as a Surgeon-Dentist.

Friends in New York State: Do not forget the claims of the Camp-Meeting to be held at Schroon Lake, (Adirondack region) in September, C. F. Taylor, manager.

Number Three of PENUMBRAL COGNATIONS, by John Wetherbee, Esq., will appear next week.

Care of the Insane.

This vital subject continues to be discussed in this and other States. A petition signed by many of the most prominent citizens of New York was recently drawn up for the consideration of the legislators of that Commonwealth, asking for an investigation of the entire system of insane-asylum management in the State.

There has lately sprung up a general and marked discontent in the public mind with regard to the management of our insane asylums. From the nature of the case, the internal mechanism of these institutions being more or less secluded from public scrutiny, it was not to be expected that the popular feeling could point to any special fault in the system as its cause.

Lessons in Spiritualism.

The London Spiritual Notes for June says: "The paper read at the Discussion meeting of the B.N.A.S. on May 27th, was from the pen of Mrs. Louisa Andrews, of Springfield, Mass., U.S.A., the London correspondent of the Banner of Light."

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Opening Day at Onset Bay Grove.

A preliminary gathering of the friends most interested in the summer season at this home by the seaside was announced as a Basket Picnic, to be held on Thursday, June 12th. Many of the cottage owners have already taken possession for the summer, and were making ready for the entertainment of friends and summer boarders, and it was thought a good time for those who wished to purchase lots, or to see the place with reference to engaging quarters before Camp-Meeting time, to anticipate the season a little in enjoying a lovely June day in the woods by the shore.

But the skies were overcast on Thursday morning and seemed to threaten rain, which Old Prob. himself sanctified in certain localities, and not knowing that Onset Bay might not be just one of the "localities" indicated, the people feared to go home.

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The Case of D. M. Bennett.

On our eighth page the reader will find a petition to the President asking that the pardoning power of the National Executive be put forth in behalf of Mr. Bennett, as it was in the case of Mr. Heywood—no logical reason existing, as the Boston Herald puts it, why he is not "as much entitled to clemency, as the author of the book" himself. This petition head should be cut out and pasted upon a sheet of paper, circulated for signatures, and sent to the office of The Truth Seeker, 141 Eighth street, New York City, at once. We give below a card from Mr. Green, the recommendations contained in which are also worthy of consideration and adoption:

Every Liberal of the United States should not only sign and circulate a petition for Mr. Bennett's pardon, but should write to President Hayes personally, and call his attention to the great crime that has been committed, under the forms of law, against the freedom of speech and of the press. Ten thousand such individual appeals should be sent to the White House during the next ten days.

The One Hundredth Anniversary of the battle of Stony Point, N. Y., will be celebrated on the 16th of July next, on which occasion definite measures will be taken toward erecting a monument to Gen. (Mad Anthony) Wayne, on the government grounds at that place.

Justice Miller has refused to reverse the decision of Judge Dundy, of Omaha, in the habeas corpus case of Standing Bear and his little band of Ponca Indians, whom the military powers had arrested for the purpose of returning to the reservation in the Indian Territory, and the cause of the red man has achieved an important triumph, unless future legislation shall deprive the race of the right of expatriation, which this case accords to it.

A prominent Spiritualist in New York City writes to us in a business letter as follows: "I trust your large and warm soul may be sustained by angel-power; and I know that there is a blessed reward and a triumph for you in reserve."

John W. Mansfield, of North Woodstock, N. H., makes some very sensible remarks under our correspondence heading in regard to matters appertaining to spirit-control, which facts are but little known by even a large class of Spiritualists.

Saturday, June 14th, we were agreeably surprised at meeting at our office in Boston with that genuine journalist, uncompromising Spiritualist and whole-souled man, Fred. F. Cook, Esq., of the Chicago (Ill.) Daily Times.

The Committee having in charge that worthy enterprise, which is an honor to the head and heart of this city, viz: the Poor Children's Excursions, are making calls for donations that the present season may be as successful as the last.

Messrs. James S. Dodge and J. Manning announce that "Should the weather prove fair, the Spiritualists of Boston, Chelsea, Lynn and Stoneham will unite in holding a Grove-Meeting at Howard's Grove, East Saugus, on Sunday, June 22d.

Dr. Sarah E. Somerby writes: "The Conferences at Republican Hall, New York, will be kept up through the summer; there is a large attendance, and they were never more interesting than now.

A firm and unflinching Spiritualist, writing to us from the West, says: "Dr. J. Rodes Buchanan and Mr. Epes Sargent are considered, all through our ranks, as the deepest and most philosophical thinkers we have."

It will be seen by his brief letter in another column that Bro. Harvey Lyman means to fully accommodate and please everybody who may visit the Lake Pleasant Camp-ground the present season.

Read the announcement on our fifth page concerning the Spiritualist Camp-Meeting to be held at Webster's Grove, Bonair, Ia., July 2d-26th.

Read the card of The Western Homestead magazine on our fifth page.

Grove Meetings at Lake Walden. To the Editor of the Banner of Light: On account of my business and with a desire to accommodate the Committee who have in charge the arrangements for the Poor Children's Excursions, I have waived my right to convene a camp-meeting at Lake Walden Grove the present season, but will, instead of the proposed camp, hold a series of grove-meetings at this place on Sundays, commencing the first Sabbath in July and continuing until the first of September.

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our cities, so as to be seen and recognized by all passers-by who know them when in earth-life. This same class of spirits have repeatedly assured me of late that the enemies of truth have insinuated into our ranks treacherous foes, who, under the guise of earnest workers in the cause, are secretly striving with infinite cunning to obtain mastery over the spiritual world, and either deflect our attention from the great truths, or to make them tributary to an anti-spiritual organization, or totally uproot and crush them out of existence, and thereby destroy the only path on which the super-structure of Modern Spiritualism is founded. They tell me that the former war now being waged against Spiritualism has not reached its climax, and that Spiritualism is yet to pass through a darker period; but that it will, nevertheless, in the end, rise triumphant over all opposition, and assert beyond cavil or contradiction its divine mission to become the lasting Saviour of the world.

These extraordinary seances one of which I have given some account of I understand have been regularly conducted once a week in presence of the same medium for about four years, during which times her spirit-guides have forbade the enlargement of the circle, which consists of but two sitters besides the medium, lest the manifestations should be marred or destroyed by the entrance of inharmonious minds. The idea of fraud being connected with the proceedings seems hardly admissible in any sense, when we reflect that the whole compensation of the medium is as I understand, but four dollars per week; whilst to say nothing about the cost of confederates—I am satisfied the expenses I saw exhibited during the seance last evening would cost, if furnished by earthly artists, many hundred dollars. Apart from this no person of sound mind and honest intentions, I feel sure can attend one of the seances and witness the surroundings and arrangements without feeling assured that, under the circumstances, fraud is impossible.

At the close of the last seance I have just described, one of the two sitters present, a man who wrote me the letter which had an invitation for me from the guides of still another materializing medium to attend a seance on the next evening, Tuesday, the 22d of April, at which the manifestations were very similar to those I had just witnessed. He said further that the last named medium had sat for that place of the phenomena but a few times, and that he himself was the only person who attended the seances under the guidance of the medium in any case, extended a particular invitation to me. I accordingly went to the place designated, where I met the gentleman before referred to, who, with the medium, had just concluded the seance. Everything was arranged as usual, and in the night position, the two sitters being seated in front of the medium, who sat in the center of the circle, and the medium sitting with one of her hands on her forehead. The manifestations that occurred resembled so much the seances I had just witnessed that I will not dwell upon them. The first spirit that came out purported to be the Rev. Dr. Taylor, of New York, and he remained in the seance room, occasionally being placed at the Old Grace Church, that famous old corner of Belee street, a block below Trinity Church, now rebuilt near Tench street on Broadway. He was a simple, after the manner of his order, and had something to say, but I cannot at present recollect the substance.

My daughter, I learned some next, then my wife, and after her my daughter Mary, all of them very much after the manner of the last evening, except that my wife and the two daughters, when they came, brought me bouquets of flowers, all very appropriately, with dew, which they told me they brought from their own gardens in spirit-life, and materialized them after they came to the seance-room. (This I feel to be a violation in its proper place.) They were in form and appearance very much as they appeared on the evening before at the other seance. On my asking my wife to let me see her features more distinctly, she took the lamp from the stand and held it near her face whilst she removed the thin veil from over it. Her eyes were closed and her complexion very much paler than when in earth-life—otherwise the shape of the face and features was not unlike hers.

A very tall squaw, who claimed to be the wife of one of Custer's friendly Indian scouts, came next, and stayed quite a length of time, conversing very intelligently and distinctly. She told us she was killed in the massacre of Custer and his men.

Next came a very dark-complexioned Frenchman, who claimed to be the husband of Fanny Ellsler. He was dressed in a dark coat, vest and pants, and talked a good deal, mostly in French. Miss Carey I think I should be the next to come, dressed in pure white. She conversed considerably on various subjects, and appeared to be a highly cultured spirit.

After her came Horace Greeley, with an old white hat on his head, and a coat of nearly the same hue, with his two outside coat pockets stuffed with newspapers, sticking out, with some also in an outside breast pocket. He looked very much as I have seen him in earth-life, but he had but little to say.

Next walked out of the cabinet a tall, strong, forbidding-looking man, who talked very fluently, and told us that his name when on earth was "Urey," or something like it, and that he used to be the great farmer and cattle-leader of Illinois. — Alexander, stock-broker in New York, selling or disposing on every Monday of not less than eight hundred head of beef cattle on *Academy's* account, whose farm in Illinois I think he said was thirty miles in length. He seemed to be an exceedingly shrewd, efficient and sensible man on other subjects beside those of his immediate earth-calling. So natural was he in manner, appearance and speech, that no stranger unacquainted with the character of the manifestations would have suspected him of being other than a mortal man had they been present in the circle.

Ellen Jewett (the murdered cigar girl) next came out and approached us after "Urey" retired. She was slender in form, and wore fine white robes. She had something to say in connection with her murderer, Robinson, but I forget its purport.

A sturdy, strong-voiced spirit, purporting to be the renowned John King, came next, clothed in a dark suit, with a large tin speaking-trumpet in his hand. His voice and ways were like those of other John Kings I have seen at the Holmeses, Mrs. Seaver's, and elsewhere, although his dress was different. He greeted me cordially with a vice-like grip of his powerful hand that fairly made me writhe with pain, and afforded pretty

good testimony in favor of his identity. He also called all hands on board to duty, with his stentorian voice and trumpet.

Next came a graceful female purporting to be a sultana, enveloped entirely in a black mantle from head to foot. After drawing this partially one side from her face, she threw it open and showed her form clothed in beautiful white garments graven with thin white lace.

A magnificent lady, clothed in resplendent white, with a crown or coronet encircling her brow, that sparkled seemingly with diamonds and precious stones, next walked out of the doorway. She was recognized by the gentleman and medium present as being known to them as Marie Antoinette, having appeared at the circle before. She took the lamp from the stand, and holding it near her face, she removed her veil and exhibited to each of us in succession every feature, including her eyes, as distinctly as if she had never passed from earth-life. Her complexion was very fair and delicate, her eyes exceedingly bright, and her features, which were of the Grecian type, were altogether highly dignified in expression and very beautiful. She removed her coronet from her brow and placed it in succession on each of our heads, allowing me to take it in my hands and examine it minutely. I could not determine of what material it was made, whether of metallic or vegetable substance. It seemed curious that after I took the coronet in my hand it ceased to sparkle as if with jewels, but assumed that characteristic when placed again on the spirit's brow.

A spirit calling himself Frank Sealey came next, attired in a dark coat, vest and pants. After him came the madroom squaw, Starlight, and the irrefragable Pete, both of whom seem to be familiar spirits of this as well as the last circle I attended. Pete wore an immensely broad-brimmed straw hat, in which he playfully tucked his right hand, the punch to the other circle on the previous evening. I think he must have obtained the hat somewhere south of Mason and Dixon's line, as I do not think so broad a brim could be found in all Boston, especially one newly made, as Pete's hat which I examined closely seemed to be.

Both Pete and Starlight were witty and talkative, as on the other evening. Pete offering to bring us another pitcher of punch if we would furnish him with money to pay for the ingredients. We did not, however, accept his kind offer, being fully satisfied of his ability to perform the feat by what we experienced on the evening before. There was seldom a time, during either this evening or the last, when two or three materialized spirits were not to be seen at the same moment. On several occasions at the first seance I could see in the dim light of the materializing seance-room spirits apparently assuming form to appear in. At both seances, when the spirits retired within the open door, they sometimes stood on one side for a short time, and then suddenly vanished out of sight in an upward direction, as it was said by some present, although I myself did not observe that particular phase of the manifestations. On some occasions I noticed the retiring spirits standing back in the materializing-room, and gradually fading away for a time, and then suddenly disappear. During the whole of the last seance on Tuesday night the medium never once left the place from where she was sitting, with one of us on each side of her. She seemed to take as much or even more interest in the phenomena which occurred, as any one present. On this evening there were no less than sixteen human forms exhibited as plainly as they could have been had they all been in earth-life. Nearly every one of these conversed audibly and naturally.

How many other seances of the kind I have described are held in Boston or elsewhere at present I know not, but I have scarce a doubt that nearly or all materializing mediums would meet with like success in their mediumship, provided they would place themselves under the entire direction of their spirit guides, and firmly resist the approach to their seances of all persons whose presence they objected to.

Recollections of Olden Times.

The interesting volume by "Shepherd Tom" Thos. R. Hazard, issued from the Newport (R. I.) Mercury office, is the recipient of very flattering notices from the press of that State. We append the following from the Providence Journal:

"The readers of the Journal need no introduction to 'Shepherd Tom,' and they will find this book of recollections of the Narragansett country as full of local history, told in a simple style and embellished with a delightful illustration by the artist, as any of the volumes ever published in the Journal, and there need be no other recommendation than that the reader should read it. It is a history of the life of Rowland Robinson and his unfortunate daughter, Hannah, whose story is told with a very vivid pathos, and it may be said, in a light much more favorable to the irascible and high-spirited but noble-natured father, than some accounts that have been published. There is a vividness in the description of the day of the unfortunate lady's return to her father's house, which we do not know where to find surpassed, and altogether, although the style is not strictly correct, and a family reminiscence and is much taken up with genealogy, which cannot interest the general public, it has as much graphic and interesting material as any book of personal recollections, which has attracted a wide readership. It is a volume as well as a valuable contribution to the history of our State. 'Shepherd Tom,' as the author loves to call himself, now in his eighty-second year, has been witness to many stirring events in his day, and he knows how to tell them to the best advantage. The volume will be prized by a multitude of people besides the particular families named, and will increase in value with passing years."

In the Providence Press of recent date we find the following regarding the "Recollections":

"A very interesting volume of local history has just been published by J. P. Sargent, of Newport, entitled 'Recollections of Olden Times,' by Thomas R. Hazard, 'Shepherd Tom,' and is for sale by Mr. S. S. Rider. It is splendidly printed, and reflects great credit upon the publisher. The binding, by Messrs. H. M. Coombs & Co., is an elegant specimen of the art, and a credit to the State. But the book itself! We were so greatly interested in it that we laid it down at midnight with a keen regret. It is rich, racy, spicy, anecdotal, historical, amusing, instructive, peculiar, like sparkling champagne. In its exuberance, and unlike every other book which has passed under our reading, what wonderful vitality, elasticity, snap pervades its paragraphs! And then it is so possibly! When we have finished the reading we shall have something to say to our readers about it. It is a genuine Rhode Island book, and we are so glad that its nature and sprightly author gave it birth. We send our heartiest congratulations to our venerable friend 'Shepherd Tom,' and the hearty wish that his years may yet be many among us."

The *Newport Daily News* says of the book:

The well-known Thomas R. Hazard has, as many of our readers know, been engaged for a long time in preparing for the press these *Recollections*, which embrace the lives of the Robinsons, Hazards, and Seaver families of Rhode Island. The result of his research appears before us in this handsome volume of about three hundred pages just published at the *Mercury* office in this city. The book is not merely a genealogical record, but otherwise as well a valuable contribution to the history of our State. 'Shepherd Tom,' as the author loves to call himself, now in his eighty-second year, has been witness to many stirring events in his day, and he knows how to tell them to the best advantage. The volume will be prized by a multitude of people besides the particular families named, and will increase in value with passing years.

Like a beautiful flower, full of color, but without scent, are the fine but fruitless words of him who does not act accordingly.—*Dhammapadam.*

INTERESTING FROM NEW ORLEANS.

The Evil Spirit of the Press.

A Voice from the South—The New Orleans Times—The Editor's Diatribe—Balaam, the False Prophet—A Four-Footed Scoundrel and Speaking Medium—The Ancient Miracles—Its Possible Repetition—Look and See—Our Mediumship—Manifestation from Solomon.

The Editor of the *New Orleans Times* occupies an entire column, in large type, with his cheap comments on the departure of Mr. Kiddie—his name (which does not suit the writer) and his correspondence with the other world. This editorial diatribe furnishes a fair illustration of his class; and as he represents so many others as well as himself, we may be pardoned for giving him the notice which individually he scarcely merits at our hands. As a further evidence of the feeble capacity of leading journalists, employed in the vain attempt to write down Spiritualism, we extract the following:

"A man named Kiddie might for half a century command the respect of the world despite his name, and yet the truly thoughtful and philosophic mind would calmly and unwaveringly await an act of folly suitable to that name. . . . If a man has an exceptionally foolish name, he, therefore, fated to do something correspondingly absurd, what is more natural than that he should seek a fulfillment of his inevitable destiny in Spiritualism! Some years ago, before the unclean and clumsy hordes of impostors had been thoroughly spotted, a man could not secure the most prompt and cordial and universal recognition as an ass by showing that he honestly believed in 'manifestations' and 'communications,' etc.; but he can do so now. It is enough in these illuminated times for a person to avow a sincere belief in what is called Spiritualism in order to receive the contemptuous compassion of his fellow-creatures. As regards the special case of Kiddie, it is only necessary to peruse a few extracts from his book, to measure the depth of folly to which he has sunk, and the extent of the wreck his intellect has suffered through a prolonged struggle with the influences of 'Kiddie.'"

This editor may have been born of pious parents—we should not wonder—since he gives some distant suggestions of a religious training. He has read the Bible, and has a lingering but confused recollection of the account given of Balaam had acquired some reputation as a prophet, even in his own country, yet the *ass* proved to be the better medium of the two. His clearer vision enabled him to see the angel standing in the way; and he was further developed as a speaking medium of good Hebrew, for the purpose of rebuking the stupidity and cruelty of his master. This is perhaps the most remarkable case of the kind on record; but we solemnly admonish our down-south critic, that *this fact by no means warrants the conclusion that the rest of the species are inspired.* We all know that the ass daily opens his mouth for garbage, but seldom as a moral and religious teacher. If the good Lord, for the sake of the unbelievers in New Orleans, has really made another notable exception to the rule—if the ancient miracle has been duplicated in the person of the Editor of the *Times*—we surely want to know it. It will afford another striking illustration of the truth that Providence often takes "the foolish things of the world to confound the wise."

Our Southern critic devotes a large part of his aimless drivel to finding fault with the name of the Superintendent of Schools, and with ridiculous assumptions of some imaginary and undefined relation between the name and the mental condition of the man. He thinks that "the truly thoughtful and philosophic mind would calmly and unwaveringly await an act of folly suitable to that name." Since being informed that there is so much significance in a name, we have looked at the head of the Editor's columns, and we find that he expatiates under the broad, elongated cognominal of ISAAC N. STOUTMEYER! Now one would naturally expect to find considerable meaning in this name, judging from its literal measure and complex character. Our Hebrew masters tell us that Isaac means *laughter*; and we apprehend this must be the reason why the man whose surname is Stoutmeyer makes himself so very merry at the expense of Mr. Kiddie and the spirits. X may stand for *natural*—and merely suggest that it is constitutional with this class to exhibit unbecoming levity, and to laugh at subjects of the most serious nature. In the story of the "Stout Gentleman," by Washington Irving, the term *stout* is used to represent a fat man; and according to the lexicographers, stout rather means "bold, vigorous and lusty." Shakespeare accepted these definitions when he said:

"A stouter champion never handled sword."

We cannot be positive as to the precise derivation of *meyer*; and therefore can not affirm that it is either from *mycelium*, a mushroom, or from *myceltes*, a term employed to represent a species of the quadrumania, familiarly known as "the howling monkey." Both terms are derived from the Greek, and are profoundly significant; but of the two, it seems to us that the last-named is the more suggestive and forcible as an expression of the character of the subject to which it is to be applied.

Arriving at a final conclusion respecting the real significance of our critic's name, it is important to observe that everything in Nature and among the elements of human language is sure to be modified by its surroundings—by everything to which it sustains intimate relations. Alas! it is for this reason that we yield to grave doubts respecting the future fortunes of our Southern contemporary. We find Isaac, the naturally funny man, otherwise known as Stout the bold, firmly stuck in the *meyer*, where we must leave him to wallow and worship the unclean gods of modern materialism.

We do a little in the medium line, now and then, and we are looking for further developments. On raising the question as to what spirit inspired the answer to Isaac, a venerable sage, with comely person and courtly mien, appeared, standing within the circle of our mental vision. The strong lines of his features gradually relaxed with a playful smile, in which benignity and mischief were wonderfully blended. And then appeared this text in plain letters before the writer: "ANSWER A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY, LET HIM BE WISE IN HIS OWN CONCEIT." (Proverbs xxvi: 5.)

Hoping that the manners of several editors—as illustrated in their treatment of Spiritualism—may be improved by wholesome correction, I remain, Yours truly, S. B. BRITTON.

New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June—Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston, 220 Devonshire street, Whitport Square, Boston—opens with an article purporting to be a "Study of a New England Factory Town"; a singular conception christened "Thymes in Many Moods" follows, in the shape of eleven sonnets—the names of Edgar Poe, C. P. Cranch, et al., appearing prom-

To His Excellency, R. B. Hayes, President of the United States:

Sir—Whereas I, D. M. Bennett, Editor of a weekly newspaper called *The Truth Seeker*, author of several books, and a publisher and bookseller of many years standing in the city of New York, was at the March term (1879) of the criminal branch of the United States Circuit Court in the city of New York, Judge Charles L. Benedict presiding, tried and convicted on a charge of depositing prohibited matter in the United States mail, to wit, a pamphlet by E. H. Heywood, of Princeton, Mass., entitled "Cupid's Yokes, or the Binding Forces of the United States Constitution," the said matter being an Essay on Marriage, and the said conviction and fine of \$500, now, therefore, I, D. M. Bennett, a law-abiding citizen of the United States, who, in the more than sixty years that I have lived, have endeavored to live a good life, to be loyal to the Constitution, and to do no injury to my fellow-men, ever leave to submit to you the following considerations why I should so persistently and so bravely resist your attempt to enforce the said statute under which this arrest and conviction were effected in contravention of the spirit of American Liberty, the Constitution of our country, and the policy which successfully governed it nearly one hundred years. It infringes the freedom of the press by establishing an espionage upon, and interfering with, the circulation of printed matter in the mails. The Constitution does not confer upon Congress the right to set up indirectly a censorship over the press, nor to take cognizance of the moral, political or religious quality of the matter that passes through the mails, and does not authorize a law requiring that letters, papers, or books to be mailed must conform to any prescribed rule, nor to any stereotyped set of opinions. The United States Government, until recently, has not deemed it its duty to take care of the literature, the opinions, and the morals of the people.

The passage of this statute was originally obtained in the Forty-Second Congress, not after reasonable publicity, but principally by the secret influence of a certain theological society and the exhibition of indecent books and pictures. The enactment of the statute was not called for by any considerable number of the American people, as they had lived for a century without anything of the kind. The proposed statute was not publicly discussed, ever, in the press of the country, or on the floors of Congress. The millions of the people of America knew nothing about such a bill being before Congress; it was hurriedly passed, and without debate. In the expiring hours of the session, when some two hundred and sixty bills were rushed through in a few hours, and several of them such bills as are largely thought to be no credit to an American Congress, I believe that to this day nine-tenths of the people of the country either know not that such a law is upon the statute books, or are entirely ignorant of its character and consequences.

I have not endorsed and do not endorse the opinions of the pamphlet for which I am convicted. I believe the author of it is strictly honest and sincere in the expression of his convictions upon the subjects treated, and that he has a perfect right, as an American citizen, under the Constitution, to write and print and circulate his convictions by mail upon any subject, and is answerable for any abuse to the Courts of the United States. But while I regard the pamphlet as crude and in bad taste, and as presenting its arguments in a harsh and somewhat objectionable manner, I do not regard it as obscene, either in a general sense or even within the intent of the statute under which I was indicted. Thousands of American citizens, including authors, artists, editors, publishers, lawyers, physicians, and people of every grade of education and intelligence in the various walks of life, have written and published, and are publishing, books and pamphlets, and are presenting them to the public. The pamphlet is classed merely as a social polemic, written in language as unobjectionable, in the view of the author, as he could employ in treating the subjects discussed. Nor did I sell the work secretly nor clandestinely as obscene books are usually sold, but openly, as I sold all other books I have kept in stock. I have sold it repeatedly to the largest publishers and dealers in the country, but never to dealers in obscene literature, and I can call no name for it.

My accusation and arrest were induced by a spirit of revenge and hatred, by the decoy informer, Comstock, and is but one of a long series of persecutions by him. Instead of bringing the case under the State Law, as he could readily have done, for there was no concealment, he used the United States mail and a needless self-indulgence, merely to get the case under a United States law and a Judge where he boasts he never loses a case.

The rulings upon the trial were such as to work manifest injustice. I was not allowed to present my case upon its merits. The testimony of authors, scholars, and expert judges of literature, to show in what light the pamphlet was held by them, and that they do not regard it as obscene, was ruled out. The testimony of publishers and book dealers, to show what are the uses of the word, and that it is not to be classed with lewd and indecent books, was ruled out. An effort to show why I sold the pamphlet—to vindicate the liberty of thought, and of the press and of the mails—was ruled out. The effort to offer evidence to show what was the animus of the instigator of the prosecution, and of the numerous threats he had made in reference to my person, and the vindictive press he had exhibited, was ruled out. The effort in rebuttal to show that he had perjured himself in the evidence he gave—which could have been done by three truthful witnesses—was ruled out. The effort of my counsel to read the pamphlet in evidence to the jury to let them judge whether it is obscene or not, was ruled out. Only such few disjointed and disconnected parts as the prosecuting attorney had marked were permitted to be read, though the entire pamphlet was included in the indictment. The reading of the last page, even, which contains the gist of the entire pamphlet, was ruled out. In short, everything was ruled out that my counsel deemed important to a fair presentation of my case. His efforts, in summing up, to show that the condemned passages compared favorably with much of the standard literature of the day, were also ruled out. The effect of the law, as ruled by the Court, was only to punish me, as though some terrible offence had been committed.

The charge of the Judge, after his rulings had excluded all possible defence, had the effect to coerce the jury against their better judgment. A part of the jury have affirmed since the trial that a verdict of acquittal would have been rendered but for the remarkable definition of the Judge, under which there was no alternative but to find me guilty. This definition of obscene, which was the first and only definition of the word, and was practically a re-enactment of the statute by the Court against certain "tendencies." The same ruling applied to general literature would utterly condemn thousands of volumes by standard authors; nearly every publisher of daily and weekly newspapers, nearly every publisher of books, and nearly every bookseller in the country, would be sent to prison. The Bible is certainly "non-mailable" under it. Finally, this prosecution has been waged against me not because I sold obscene books more than other book-dealers of the country, but because my theological views do not harmonize with current opinions. The charge of "obscenity" was the merest pretext, as I can abundantly show. I believe myself to be as honest in my convictions as any man in the country, and it has been my object to lead a good and useful life. I verily believe I have never sold a book, or written a word, that has done me any harm, or that has injured any other person. I have defended my right as an American citizen, and I did it to vindicate that right. I cannot regret that I have endeavored to defend the freedom of the press and the freedom of the mails. These I will sustain and defend to the close of my existence.

Believing that the *Executive* of the United States will not allow any laws to be stretched in order to oppress and degrade one of its humblest citizens on account of his theological, philosophical, scientific, or social opinions, and believing that I have not, in what I have done, transcended the rights guaranteed by the Constitution to every citizen in our country, I respectfully ask the President to give my case due consideration and to extend to me an early pardon.

D. M. BENNETT.
141 EIGHTH STREET, NEW YORK.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

Sir—We, the undersigned citizens of the United States, regard the conviction and sentence of D. M. Bennett, editor of *The Truth Seeker* for sending by mail the pamphlet called "Cupid's Yokes" in the regular course of his book business, to a decoy name used by Anthony Comstock, as a grievous wrong upon him committed under the forms of law, and as an outrage against the freedom of the press and the constitutional right and privilege of every citizen.

We, therefore, respectfully petition that a pardon may be issued to him without delay. And as good citizens, we will ever pray, etc., etc., etc.

Among the writers thereof; Geo. M. Beard then gives his view of the "Physical Future of the American People"; Charles Dudley Warner discourses on "The People for Whom Shakespeare Wrote"; W. D. Howells has an amusing and at the same time truthful sketch of the experiences of a friend in "Buying a Horse"; and additional articles by T. B. Aldrich, Richard Grant White, and others, together with the departments, "Contributor's Club" and "Recent Literature," make up a strong and brilliant number.

A. WILLIAMS & Co., 283 Washington street corner School, furnish us with the June numbers of SCHUBERT'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, and ST. NICHOLAS, which they have on sale. SCHUBERT'S starts out with "The Fine Arts at the Paris Exposition" illustrated; Edwin M. Fox furnishes the first in a brief series of articles which have "Edison and his Inventions" for a theme; "Piercing the American Isthmus," "Madame Bonaparte's Letters from Europe" first installment; "The Mediterranean of America," "With Stonewall Jackson," "The University of Berlin," and other articles are worthy attentive perusal. The poetry includes a notable classical poem entitled "Mennon," by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, an undergraduate who now makes his first appearance in the magazines; "Invocation" by Mrs. Charles de Kay, and others by Mrs. Platt, and Messrs. W. F. Smyth and Irwin Russell. The departments are up to the usual high standard. In the course of one of Madame Bonaparte's missives mentioned above under date of Cheltenham, Eng., Sept. 23, 1815, she thus speaks to her father concerning English and American appreciation at that time of the great Napoleon:

"He [Napoleon] was the object of their admiration and dread, and in his hour of adversity they gloried in the existence of France as a nation. They do not in England pretend to revile Napoleon, as some persons in America have done. His stupendous abilities are admitted—his misfortunes almost respected by his enemies. I listen with anxiety to any discourse in which he bears a part. I easily perceive that he has more justice done him here than with us."

ST. NICHOLAS for June has a dreamy yet vivid frontispiece—the seeming contrariety of terms can be allowed—denominated "Summer has Come!" Among the many good things which crowd its teeming pages may be cited "Bossy Ananias," a touching sketch of Southern life; "Anna Letitia Barbauld" (with portrait of this favorite of the children of long years ago; "How the Lambkins went South" (a ludicrous and mirth-provoking versification); "Longitude Naught" (a valuable epitomized treatise on longitude and from whence computed); "The Royal Bourbon" (with choice illustration by Walter Shirlaw, etc. Very small readers have a large-type story, with seven pictures, about "Two Little Mothers"; and "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," "The Letter-Box" and "The Middle-Box" contain things quaint, playful and puzzling for readers of all tastes and all ages.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON for June—published at 309 Main street, Springfield, Mass.—has the following table of contents: "At Home from Church," Sarah O. Jewett; "How Civilization Favors our Birds," Ernest Ingersoll; "Four Elements of a Great Art," George T. Ladd; "Was He a Traitor?" Eliot McCormick; "Decorative Day, 1879," Thomas S. Culler; "The Conflicts of Labor and Capital in England: Trades-Unions, their Origin, Development and Action," Ad. F. de Fontpretz; "Letters from Cape Cod," L. K. Black; "Old Catholicism in its Own Point of View," Wm. Chauncy Langdon; "Republic and Church in France," Geo. M. Towle; "An Experiment and What Came of It," Helen Campbell; "Calvin the Sinner," X., XI, Josephine R. Baker; "The New Minister at Brayton," Ellen M. Smith; "The Still Hour"; "Editor's Table," "Literature."

WIDE AWAKE for June—D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, 30 and 32 Franklin street, Boston—has for its frontispiece a little maiden who postures as the leader of the wild bird orchestra, as if saying, "Oh larks! sing out to the thrushes!" An explanatory poem, "Little Mary's Secret," by Mrs. L. C. Whitton, follows; Susan Fenimore Cooper has a fine sketch entitled, "The Wonderful Cooke"; "The Poor Children's Excursions and the Country Week," is a narration which ought to awaken in the mind of every reader a desire to peculiarly help on this really worthy undertaking for the benefit of the little ones of Boston, whose only glimpse of country life is obtained through this yearly pilgrimage; Walter Shirlaw is the subject of "Our American Artists" series; and "Dr. Johnson and his Times" is the theme of the "English Literature" course; other poems, stories, in large print as well as the ordinary size, puzzles, little folks' letters, music and good pictures, fill out the number.

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