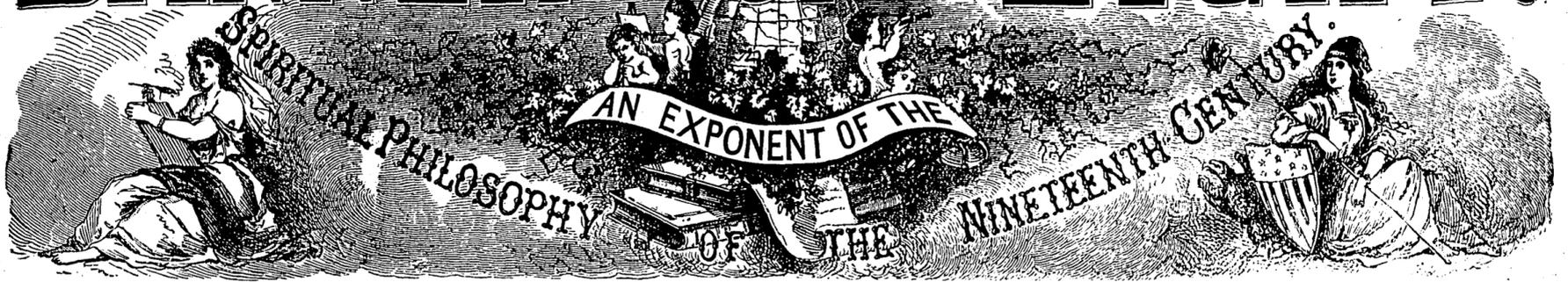


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Spiritual Phenomena.

### WASHINGTON NOTES.

BY A. E. NEWTON.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

During a recent visit to the National Capital, I had the pleasure of witnessing numerous demonstrations of spirit presence and power, some of which may be of interest to your readers.

Let me premise that I found the Spiritualists of Washington are not maintaining public lectures for the advocacy of our philosophy at present; but from what I witnessed and learned from various sources, I judge the knowledge of spirit communion and the realization of some of its uses are nevertheless constantly and steadily extending among the people, through the more quiet instrumentalities of the séance-room and of private interviews with gifted mediums.

You have already mentioned, in your issue for March 8th, the remarkable demonstrations which we unitedly witnessed at the séance-room of Mrs. Love, on the evening of Feb. 20th. It was my privilege to be present at the same rooms on a previous evening, when the manifestations of spirit presence were equally if not more convincing. Of some of these I will endeavor to give a brief account.

The phenomena consisted chiefly of talking, singing, writing, and playing on various musical instruments, apparently by direct spirit action, in total darkness. I have not usually been favorably impressed with the results of "dark circles," especially when promiscuously attended and where no positive safeguards against fraud existed, and I have rarely participated in them of late years. But this occasion was exceptional. Not only was the company select, but the demonstrations were of a character, for the most part, which rendered the supposition of fraud on the part of any member of the circle preposterous. Yet it is impossible by words to convey to persons not present any adequate idea of the convincing nature of these occurrences as witnessed. The voices, in singing and talking, seemed at times to emanate from the level of the floor, or very near it; at other times they appeared to be at the height of the knees, and again they would come, seemingly, from the atmosphere as high as our heads, or higher. There were children's voices and those of adults, male and female; some spoke plain English, others in the broken accents of foreigners. Two or three different children's voices (there were no visible children in the room when the door was closed) asked permission to sing songs which they had learned; and on its being granted we were treated to the

### MOST EXTRAORDINARY MUSIC

which ever greeted my ears. I have no words in which to describe the tiny, slender baby-tones, so weird and altogether unearthly, which seemed to spring up from near the floor, rendering the words of "I Want to be an Angel," and other childish songs, in the most simple and infantile way! My imagination is utterly at fault in endeavoring to conceive of the medium, or any adult person such as composed the circle present, performing such a feat as this as a piece of deception.

The singing by adult voices was scarcely less extraordinary. At times, while the company present were rehearsing familiar pieces, strange voices would join in, beginning softly and apparently near the floor, and then rising in height of position and volume of tone, until they poured forth torrents of sound, the like of which I never heard from human throats. Both masculine and feminine voices at different times astonished us in this way. One spirit, who claimed to be a Southerner and to retain his southern sympathies, asked permission to sing "Dixie," and on its being granted, he executed that favorite air of the South with vim and vehemence that I never heard equalled.

At times several voices would be heard conversing with different persons in the circle simultaneously—the medium meanwhile almost incessantly coughing in her seat, in consequence of an irritation felt in the throat, supposed to be produced by the draft made upon her vocal organs by spirits to enable them to speak.

### A STARTLING VOICE OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

At one point, while considerable noise was being produced by the efforts of different spirits to converse with their friends around the circle, also by musical instruments which were apparently being handled by others—for the room seemed full of the invisibles—I was startled by hearing, seemingly emanating from the dark-

ness just in front of my face, a loud whisper, expanding into a singular voice, and uttering these words: "Myrtilla—Myrtilla—Myrtilla Miner! Mrs. W—, do you not know me?"

This name was familiar to me, but it was evidently addressed to the lady who sat next me (at whose invitation and in whose company I had attended the séance, but whose name I have not permission to use). As the lady's hearing was somewhat defective, she did not at once catch the words, and I repeated them more loudly in her ear. A most joyful and unexpected recognition followed, and then succeeded a conversation with this strange voice of the intensest interest to both the lady and myself, and which seemed to prove beyond question the presence of one who long since had laid aside the garment of mortality and had gone to dwell with the angels.

A few words of explanation will give the reader some idea of the immense significance of this unexpected interview in the dark, to both my friend and myself.

Many years ago, when the dark pall of slavery rested over the southern section of our country, shutting out the blessings of freedom and of culture from millions of the population, there lived in Western New York a young lady of more than common culture and energy of character, whose name was MYRTILLA MINER. She had been to Mississippi, under engagement as a teacher in a young ladies' seminary, but had there witnessed such wrongs inflicted upon a portion of her countrywomen, for the crime of color, that her soul was sickened, and her body prostrated by a nervous disorder, from which she with difficulty recovered. While thus prostrated (if I am rightly informed), her mind became spiritually illuminated, and she became conscious of the presence and communion of the angels, and she solemnly resolved to devote the remainder of her life, if spared, to the education and elevation of the down-trodden race. Recovering her health, she determined that the National Capital was the place for her work, and she set herself, with unparalleled energy, to gathering means for its accomplishment. Against all discouragements, she succeeded in raising a few thousand dollars, went to Washington, purchased a square of ground with a small wooden building on it, in the north-western suburbs, and opened her school. This was several years before the war of emancipation. Of course she met with violent opposition—was threatened, mobbed, her house set on fire, and every possible means used to deter her from her work. But, with a single assistant of her own sex, she heroically persisted, scorned all threats, armed herself for defence against mobs, put out the incendiary fires, and went on with her school. A gentleman who visited the school in those troublous times described it to me as something altogether extraordinary in its discipline and its results.

But at length Miss Miner's health broke down, and she became a victim to consumption. Leaving her school, she traveled for a time in the far West, in hope of recovering the lost boon; but that was denied her, and she returned to Washington in 1861, only to survive for a few days. It so happened that the lady who sat by my side at the séance was one who attended upon her in her last hours. From her I learned the interesting incident, that as the end approached, Miss M. requested all her friends to leave the room. "I wish to be alone with the angels," she said; "in half an hour I shall require your services." The attendants withdrew, as desired, and Miss M. was heard for a time conversing with her celestial visitors. In half an hour her friends reentered her apartment, to find that she had gone with the angels!

This was the glorified spirit whose name so unexpectedly greeted our ears in the darkness. I should add that Miss Miner left her property in the hands of trustees, to carry out her intentions. Of late, this property has greatly increased in value—the square being now surrounded by palatial structures, of which the magnificent residence of the British Minister is one, and recently the trustees sold it for \$40,000. With the proceeds they have erected an elegant large school building, costing \$30,000, which is appropriately named the "MINER SCHOOL." In this, as I found on a visit to the building, are now conducted eight free colored schools of the lower and grammar grades, and a free Normal School, in which a fine class of young colored men and women are now being trained for the profession of teaching, according to the most approved modern methods, and by teachers from old Massachusetts! Such, at length, is the noble outcome of this young lady's heroic and persistent efforts, inspired thereto, as no doubt she was, by the higher powers, whose presence she recognized, and in whose strength she labored.

I had never met Miss Miner in the body, but had heard much of her and her courageous deeds; and while residing in Washington had the honor to be a member of the Board of Trustees having charge of the property she left. Mrs. W—, the lady at my side, had also been greatly interested in the furtherance of Miss Miner's purpose, and is at present, if I mistake not, a member of the same Board of Trustees. These facts afford a sufficient reason for her being attracted to us on that occasion, and it was probably for the very purpose of speaking of that matter of mutual interest that she presented herself—though nothing could have been more unexpected to us both, since she had not been referred to or thought of in connection with this séance. Suffice it to say that she expressed great gratification at what had been accomplished in the promotion of her wishes.

As the interview was about to close I said, "I am very happy to meet you, Miss Miner, for the first time." "No, not for the first time," was the prompt response, intimating, doubtless, that she had been accustomed to be present (unseen)

at the meetings of her trustees, which, by the way, were held, while I was a member, in the same house where she had breathed her last.

It will be difficult, Mr. Editor, so long as I remain of sane mind, for me to conceive that this incident, which with its surroundings I have very imperfectly described, was the product of imposture on the part of any one present in the body, or of delusion of any kind on my own part. In the presence of such facts, Dr. Beard, with his "six sources of error," and Dr. Carpenter, with his "unconscious cerebration," *et id omne genus*, seem the shallowest of charlatans.

I must omit other incidents of perhaps equally convincing character, as I wish to speak of the

### REMARKABLE WRITING.

My friend, Prof. Lyman, well known to the readers of the *Banner of Light*, who was present on the occasion, took from his pocket a postal-card, which he held on the palm of his hand, and asked the spirits if they would write upon it. "We will try," was the answer, and then a voice requested him to count, while the writing was being performed, in order that we might estimate the time occupied in its performance. He assented, and we soon heard the pencil in the darkness, moving with almost lightning rapidity on the surface of the card. The Professor had counted, rather rapidly, as far as *hee* when the sound ceased, and the writing was done. We estimated that from three to four seconds were used. After the séance Prof. L. permitted me to examine the card. I found a message of several lines written across it, embracing *twenty-six words*, with a signature in a peculiar perpendicular chirography, almost microscopically small! I do not think I could have written three words of average length, and in my usual style, in the time occupied, and not even one word in the minute and delicate characters that there appeared.

You will recollect, Mr. Editor, that a similar card was written upon in the same way, while held in your own hand, on the evening when you were present. This contained a message of thirty-three words, in the same minute chirography, and was written, as we estimated from your count, in about five seconds. And all this in total darkness!

Prof. L. has a large number of cards, written upon at different times in a similar way, which he preserves as tangible and incontrovertible proofs of spirit-communication.

After the above-described experiment I ventured to ask if some spirit would write for me. A voice answered, "We will try." I took my memorandum-book from my pocket, opened it at random, and held it for some time upon my knee, while various demonstrations were going on. No one in the circle could have known this. At length the book was suddenly taken from my hand and was not returned. At the close of the séance it was found in the lap of a lady who was a stranger to me. On examination, I found on the last leaf, printed neatly with a pencil, in childish fashion, the following words: "Daisy Love with her love."

This name I understood to be that of a little spirit-daughter of the medium—one of the child-spirits who had entertained us with the remarkable songs spoken of at the beginning of this account. Looking further, I found on another page the names "William White" and "Al. Newton." The former, you have assured me, closely resembles the signature of your former partner in publishing the *Banner of Light*. I was not acquainted with his chirography. I will say, however, that at an earlier period in the evening referred to, the medium (who was an entire stranger to me till that occasion) remarked that she saw standing behind me the spirit of a tall man, and saw written in letters of light the name "William White" or "William Whiting," she could not tell which. As to the other name, I once had a brother named Alvin, deceased more than forty years ago. I did not think of him on this occasion, and had no other intimation of his presence. But this may have been intended for his sign manual.

These are but a portion of the incidents of that memorable séance. But I must not enlarge. I will only add, before turning to other matters, that Mrs. Lowe must be regarded as a medium of remarkable capabilities, and the phenomena occurring in her presence as well worth investigating. I trust that our highly capable friend, Prof. Lyman, of the Treasury Department, who, I understand, is making a careful and thorough observation of these phenomena, will in due time give the world the benefit of his investigations.

### A CHILD MEDIUM.

One method by which the knowledge of spiritual truth will be rapidly advanced in the future, is indicated by the following occurrence. Children will be born mediumistic, to a greater extent than heretofore, and "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings" the truth will be confirmed.

An intelligent lady, who is a Spiritualist, informed me that she was called upon not long since to visit a family, the heads of which are prominent members of a Baptist church, for the purpose of advising with the parents in regard to a child who was acting very strangely. The mother, with much anxiety, stated that her little daughter, six or seven years old, if I remember rightly, often claimed to see persons about, when she (the mother) could see no one. The child insisted that other children came to play with her, and brought their dolls and other playthings, and she would seemingly have great frolics with them, while no such children or objects were visible to the mother. More than this, the child begged to be allowed a bed to herself, so that there would be room for these (invisible) playmates who came to sleep with her, and whose company she preferred to that of any other. The mother feared the child was becom-

ing untruthful or demented, and wanted advice as to what should be done with her.

The lady took in the situation at once, and gave such advice as she thought appropriate to the case. I did not learn the results, but it is easy to understand what they *might be*, under intelligent and judicious guidance. Another similar case will be mentioned further on, in connection with

### A REMARKABLE PICTURE.

During a previous visit to Washington, I obtained possession of a small photograph, produced in a very singular way, strongly indicative of spirit-interposition. Having on this recent occasion secured some further details relative to its production, I feel moved to lay the account before your readers.

I have been for many years acquainted with a Washington lady of marked intelligence and strict truthfulness, who has been at times subject to unconscious trances, in which she is made a medium for interesting spiritual phenomena. As she occupies a somewhat public position, she does not care to have the possession of this peculiar faculty known, except to a few intimate friends. I cannot therefore give her name, but for the purposes of this narrative will call her Miss A. In her trances she is often controlled by a very intelligent spirit, calling himself Dr. W—. In former years, I have had many interesting interviews with this spirit, who always appears conscientious and truthful, and he has frequently given medical examinations and valuable advice to the lady's friends.

On one occasion, some time since, this Dr. W—, while holding control, requested the friends of Miss A. to induce her to go to a certain photographer then in Washington, who was reported to have taken spirit-pictures in some instances, saying that if she would do so, he would endeavor to give her likeness. She consented, and was accompanied to the photographer's rooms by a gentleman friend, with whom I am acquainted.

When about to take her seat before the camera, Miss A. was suddenly impressed to ask the artist if she might not be allowed to sit until her own image should become entirely burnt out upon the plate, as she did not wish to have it appear at all, but only that of the spirit, should one present itself. The artist remarked that he had never taken a picture in that way, but she might try it if she chose.

She sat for several minutes, as she thinks, and when the plate was brought out (it was an ordinary ferrotype), behold, to the astonishment of all, *no trace of her likeness was upon it, but in its place, on the centre of the plate, was the picture of a man with a full beard!* This was as clear and bright as photographs of that class usually are.

There was one puzzling thing about it, however. The hair and beard had a quite gray appearance, as if denoting age, while the face was plainly that of a comparatively young man. At a subsequent entrance, the spirit declared that the picture was a good likeness of himself, except that the hair and beard should have been black—the gray appearance being caused by some action of the light which could not be controlled.

Neither Miss A. nor any of her friends had ever known this Dr. W— in the body, and hence could not identify the picture. But a singular corroboration of the spirit's testimony as to its correctness soon presented itself. Miss A. and her sister took apartments in a house occupied by a family in which was a young girl of four or five summers. This child was very delicately organized and sensitive, and it was not long before the mother consulted the sisters in regard to some strange peculiarities manifested by the child. Like the one spoken of previously, she often claimed to see persons in the house when the mother declared there was no one there; and insisted that other children came and played with her when there was no other child about! As in the other case, the mother, knowing nothing of mediumship, feared her daughter was becoming addicted to telling falsehoods, or was hallucinated by a too lively imagination, and she anxiously asked advice as to whether she ought not to correct these tendencies by the application of Solomon's method—the rod! She was advised to take no such harsh measures, but to study the case, and to ascertain if there was not some reality to the child's perceptions. In the mean time the sisters became acquainted with the little girl, noted her conduct, and were much pleased with her simple and artless ways. One day, while she was in a room with Miss A., she seemed to become suddenly alarmed, and ran into the next room, where the sister was engaged, exclaiming, excitedly, with bated breath, "Who is that man in there with Aunt H—?" (a name by which she had learned to call the lady.)

"Oh, there is no one there that I know of," was the reply.

"Yes there is!" she insisted. "I saw him standing right close to her chair."

"Well, perhaps it is Dr. W—," (beginning to suspect the truth,) "but you need not be afraid of him; he is a good man, and likes little girls."

The child was pacified, and soon went down stairs to her mother. Miss A. now bethought her of this photograph, so curiously obtained, and thought perhaps if it was what it purported to be, and if there was any reality in the child's perceptions, she might recognize the likeness. So, placing the picture where the little girl would be likely to see it on her next visit to the room, she awaited the result. The next day the child came again, and without any reference being made to the occurrence of the previous day, or her attention being called to the picture in any way, her eyes fell upon it, and she at once exclaimed, "Why! is that Dr. W—? It looks just like the man I saw standing by you yesterday!"

Could a better identification be asked for than that? I have this picture before me as I write. It has faded somewhat, but still its features are distinctly discernible. Am I not justified in considering it a remarkable production, and a pretty conclusive evidence of spirit interposition?

A skeptical but puzzled photographer to whom I once exhibited it, suggested that the artist might have fraudulently "fixed up" this plate beforehand, and adroitly substituted it for the one-actually used in the camera. But aside from the extreme improbability that an artist could have "fixed up" beforehand a picture so exactly and singularly adapted to the occasion, while in utter ignorance that anything of the kind was wanted (as I understand was the case), I have the positive testimony, in writing, of the gentleman who was present and witnessed the whole process, that "the idea of the plate being changed is perfectly absurd; for," he says, "I had my eye upon it the whole time. You may rest assured there was no deception."

I must beg leave, therefore, to think that the evidence in favor of the genuineness of this picture is clear and overwhelming. What follows? Why, that *there are spirits* and a spiritual world, with all its boundless possibilities of progress and enjoyment, awaiting us all—the gloomy doubts and negations of stolid skepticism and "scientific" materialism to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mr. Editor, I have devoted this long letter exclusively to "manifestations," which a (would-be) high authority among us has recently declared, reproachfully, to be "the first and last and all that goes between of Modern Spiritualism." I need not say that I repudiate emphatically this uncharitable definition, and that I am not, and never have been, a devotee of mere phenomena. My whole course as a "Modern Spiritualist" for more than twenty-five years disproves that. But I must say that notwithstanding the full and unwavering conviction I have enjoyed of the reality of spirit communion during all these years, I find it useful and profitable occasionally to have my convictions refreshed by new and cumulative proofs—fresh demonstrations of the spirit and of power. They not only strengthen me for the contest against "the powers of darkness" as embodied in the materialism, whether groveling or cultured, of the time, but they furnish material to thoughtful minds to be used in the scientific solution of the great problem of the relations of spirit and matter, and of the powers of spiritual beings.

Albion, N. J.

### From the Melbourne (Australia) Argus, Feb. 15th, 1879. SPIRITUALISTIC FACTS, OR SKEPTICISM BEWILDERED.

In the first place I must preface what I have to say with the remark that had you gone through Sydney you would hardly have found a greater skeptic than myself, but at the same time I must also state that I did not sit calmly down and laugh at Spiritualism as "jugglery, humbug, and imposture." No! I, like many others, wanted to see and hear the arguments of the other side, and took every opportunity of so doing. I heard Mrs. Britten, and admired her lecture immensely. I listened with wonder and awe, not unmingled with reverence, to the words she spoke, but still that did not convince me. I wanted a manifestation, something real, something tangible, and I GOT IT.

Of all the phenomena connected with Spiritualism I think that of "slate-writing" is the most wonderful, and though people are apt to slur it over, and do not attach much importance to it, still what can be more wonderful or more convincing to what is fast becoming an acknowledged fact, than written messages from those we've "loved and lost," making one feel that they are "not dead but only gone before."

Now, before I proceed with the details of my experience, I must state that wherever I have used names in full I have permission to do so, and the parties concerned are well known in Sydney, and with this explanation further proof of my words may be obtained, if necessary; and I hope that your readers will pardon the rather frequent use of the letter "I," but being a personal narrative it is difficult to cut it out.

Last Saturday fortnight I was proceeding along York street, Sydney, and in passing Dr. Slade's house, I was suddenly taken with the idea to go up and see him. There was no previous intention of my doing so, as, five minutes before, he had not been in my mind. I had never met him, and was, in fact, a perfect stranger to him. I reached his room and found him alone, with the window open, and the blind drawn up. I did not introduce myself, but only asked for an appointment the following week, which was granted for Wednesday afternoon. I was turning to go away, when I thought I might have one "all to myself," and this he readily acceded to, saying, "Possibly you might get more personal messages alone." We closed the door, and I examined the table. It was a very plain deal, with a wide ledge, had four legs, was steady and strong, and had no apparatus concealed in any part of it. It was not hollow, as I have heard suggested, for I tapped it and sounded it thoroughly. We then joined hands on top of it, the window being still open (it was a calm, clear day; immediately raps were heard, as if by the wood, dull, heavy thuds. Then the doctor said, "Tap like this," producing a sharp sound with his nail, and it was imitated at once. He then asked, "Will you write?" and was answered by three raps, decisive and loud. "Are you ready?" three raps again; this meant "Yes."

All this time Dr. Slade was sitting sideways to the table, with his feet and legs well away from it, and in full view. After the answer last given, he turned round and picked a slate of a side-table, cleaned it with a sponge, and placed a chip of pencil on it, and held it under the ledge, clamped it there, in fact, by placing his thumb on top of the table. He then put his left hand on my two, and at once we heard writing on the slate. Now I just wish here to reiterate the fact that the Doctor and I were perfect strangers, and that he knew nothing about me and my affairs. I am most positive. Three raps announced the completion of the message, and with some difficulty he slid the slate from the table (it seemed to be almost glued there) and handed it to me.

The slate contained a message from my wife (now dead eight months) congratulating me on having come to the medium, and using terms and words—"pass-words" I should more properly call them—familiar to us both during her life. The writing on this first mes-

sage was not like hers at all, with the exception of the signature, and that, instead of being her Christian name, Jessie, was written as we were often called her name, Jessie, and in a similar way to that on her letters addressed to me. I received a second message from her referring to her two children, the existence of whom Dr. Slade knew.

Dr. Slade then asked if any of the spirits were present, and this time he held the state downwards on top of the table, with the pencil centered in the intervening space. Immediately there was written a large "W. Slade." I followed, my knowledge of the initials, and then I tried to think of some one answering to them, still I could not. "Never mind," said the doctor, "we will ask you if you can put the state down again." He said, "Will the spirits please give a name?" Then we heard the writing again, and then the taps signifying the conclusion. He turned the state over, and there written in quite a different hand to the first message were the words, "I am your Uncle, William Hay and." "Hed I don't," this must have moved it, as it was not a reading, slanting, slanting, or will force hand. In the next place, my wife did not give the signals, and in the next the doctor did not know it, and still this was a fact. "William Hay and, my father's brother," was shot in the gold resort in New South Wales twenty years ago I almost forget. I should think of it eighteen or twenty, and when I was a child I had the name of that message as a marvelous test.

Now I will home and told Mrs. Robinson my mother-in-law all this, and she, who was like I had been a disbeliever, wondered at it greatly, and finally said, "I'm going into town on Monday, will you come with me and see him?" Of course I would, and I told her that sometimes spirits had been in ladies' hands, and she had been informed, and so she had better take an extra one.

On Monday morning we went at 11 o'clock. Mrs. Robinson taking with her a lady's friend. We entered the room, and I made no introduction, simply saying, "That is the lady who wanted to see me." This time we shut the door, and at 12 o'clock, Dr. Slade, with Mrs. Robinson sitting down with the book on the table, and her lap on one side, Dr. Slade sitting sideways, as before, and myself opposite him. We bowed hands on top of the table, and at once strong taps announced the presence of the spirits. I was touched in the knee and on the side, Mrs. Robinson's chair was twisted round, she fell, and her bonnet strings and ribbons were violently pulled and untied, and all this in the next five or six minutes, and many things, and Mrs. Slade took a state and after holding it a while, she said, "Oh, it's gone," and immediately held up on edge of the opposite side of the table, and of each of my one but myself. "Bring it back," she said, and the state disappeared, and she held her hand never once dropping the book. "I think," said the doctor to Mrs. Robinson, "that the spirits want you to hold the state yourself." She took it from him. He put his two hands on the top of the table, and Mrs. Robinson held the state across just under the table in front of her. Writing was distinctly heard, and soon it stopped, and we took the state from her to read the message. It proved to be from my daughter, my wife, and was addressed, "My dear mother and husband." It then went on to speak about private affairs of her father, who was present with her, of her children, and how happy she was. I kept on writing Mrs. Robinson's hands, which lay still unmoved in her lap, and we looked at each other, as if I had had been told on our knees. "One time there was written on the state, 'My dear husband, I was I thought of you.'"

For one instant I had my eyes off the book, and when I looked again it was written up, and I started in two enormous and small knots, one in each end. Dr. Slade so read as much as he could as we were, and holding the state downwards on top of the table, he asked, "Who told the handkerchief?" and the answer came, "Father." This was splendidly written, and was so like my wife's handwriting that we could not doubt its truth, but what followed was the most singular part of this apparently talking book. "Why," said Mrs. Robinson, in an almost bewildered state of astonishment, "that is most strange. Do you know," she said, "my husband's name, when he was alive, was the name JOHN B. SLADE, with the initials J. B. S.?" He used to make my hands reach out of my pocket, and the name J. B. S. I never saw what can keep it, say this. I give it up. I have that handkerchief at home, and have shown it to dozens of people.

The next fact I remember, taking them *seriatim*, occurred on the following Wednesday, the appointed day, when I visited the doctor in company with two gentlemen, one a well known Sydney engineer, Mr. T. S. Parrott. We took a folding book-state with us, and obtained messages inside it, the state being held on top of the table. We had also held manifestations of the presence and power of the spirits, but in this article I only wish to mention in few words as possible what struck me as the most wonderful and most convincing proof of Dr. Slade's truthfulness, and further to impress on your readers the fact that they may all go and see these things themselves, and it is for this purpose that I seek publication of my statement in a paper where it will be read by thousands and tens of thousands, for this will not only be published in Melbourne, but every journal throughout England and America that is essentially an organ of the people will place before its readers my experiences, which, as far as in me lies, I have put past doubt, by taking my oath before God and the world, are true.

But to pass on to the next interesting experiment: A gentleman in Sydney called on Dr. Slade, and took with him a compass. Placing it on the table, he requested the doctor to put his hand on it, but, contrary to his expectations, the needle moved not. They then joined hands, and the doctor putting one hand to the needle, covering his vision's hands with his other one, was astonished himself to see the needle deflected more than sixty degrees. The day following I was up again to see him, and he told me of this, bearing out exactly what my friend the scientist had said, and turning round to his side table he took a small compass from him, and placing it between us joined hands with me and said, "This is the way we did it," but to his surprise the needle did not move. "Why," said he, "that is curious; it moved yesterday; but perhaps the spirits want you to do it." I disengaged one hand from his and held it toward the needle, and it immediately followed my finger whichever side I put it. He then pushed the compass far from us, to the extreme edge of the table, and we sat away but in full view of it. "Now," said Dr. Slade, "will the spirits please give the needle, if we wish it?" Three rays answered him, and the needle, with no one near it, turned round several times. Perhaps scientific men will explain this; but before they attempt it let them take their own compass, and the doctor will, I doubt not, be only too happy to convince them. There is only one thing for them to bear in mind, and that is, as in a CONFIDENTIAL AND GENTLEMANLY MANNER when you go, and not as some have done, and by so doing disgraced themselves, treat him as a swindling rascal and a rogue of the deepest dye.

Outdoors, those who have not seen Dr. Slade, and look on Spiritualism as through trash and nonsense are apt to judge rashly, and many speak in a mysterious "stage-aside" voice of wires, electric batteries, will-power, etc., etc., and goodness knows how many other forces, and further still, if one mentions Dr. Slade in their hearing, they immediately answer significantly, Professor Baldwin, Maskelyne, Cooke, and I forget how many other conjurers. But all I ask in simple fairness is that before they speak of what they have not seen and do not know—in fact, before they make fools of themselves—let them see Dr. Slade, and I'll guarantee that neither Baldwin nor any of the others can produce writing on a locked-up book-state under the same conditions that Dr. Slade has done, and prove, as they profess to do, that it is not spirit agency and power that is at work.

Dr. Slade has been in my private house, and on my own table, with a common school slate, and in the presence of my friends, received written messages of love and happiness from relatives that he could not possibly have known of in any way, and I make this statement partly in justice to him, but more so that others may share in some of the blessings awaiting them. But perchance they may not get personal messages, and will then be disappointed. Let them take heart and try by themselves in their own family circle—try with planchette, or some other means, that I, among many, have too long looked upon as toys and trifling objects, and

then their eyes will be opened, as I thank God, mine have been.

In closing this article, I wish to state that it is by no means a complete list of all I have witnessed, but only a selection of the most remarkable and wonderful tests in my experience. Others, no doubt, have seen better, and they should in justice give them to the world. I shall write further details of this great blessing for the *Banner of Light*, who, having the cause at heart, I know are only too happy to publish such experiences. If people would only send them.

There is another thing that is very curious with regard to Dr. Slade's mediumship, and that is, that it does not signify whether he be in Russia, China, Fiji, or any other foreign country, the messages written on the slate are, with few exceptions, in the language of the people so addressed.

I. Edwin Cyril Haviland, of Sydney, New South Wales, do solemnly and sincerely declare that the phenomena and occurrences, as stated in my paper, "Spiritualistic Facts, or Skeptical Bewilderment," are true, and took place in every particular as I have therein set forth, and that Dr. Slade used no apparatus to produce them, and that I carefully examined the table and states used. And I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of an Act of the Parliament of Victoria, rendering persons making a false declaration punishable for willful and corrupt perjury.

I. Edwin Cyril Haviland, of Melbourne, in the Colony of Victoria, this seventeenth day of February, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine, before me, Henry Penheth Peagle, notary public, also a commissioner for taking affidavits, &c., in the Supreme Court of the Colony of New South Wales, in Melbourne, in the Colony of Victoria.

HOW DID SHE KNOW IT?

In the round of professional duties the following incident came under my observation very recently, which may be of interest to the readers of the *Banner of Light*.

Mrs. H., a widow, nearly seventy-six years of age, came under my treatment about the middle of January. Her husband passed away last autumn. Three or four of her children are in mature life, while several passed away in early childhood. Mr. and Mrs. H. were persons in humble life but much respected by their neighbors. Mr. H. was a member of the Unitarian Church. It has rarely been my privilege to witness in any family a more devoted wife and mother. She probably never gave any thought or attention to the subject of Modern Spiritualism. It is true that, during the last few weeks of her life, her mental faculties were at times much impaired, but it is also true that there was hardly a day in which some part of the time her mind was not perfectly clear. More than once she has assured me, when her mental faculties seemed perfectly clear, that her deceased husband and children seemed as really present to her as when in earth-life. Repeatedly, when left alone in her room, she has been overheard conversing apparently with some person present, and when her nurse came in, would be astonished that she the nurse could not see her husband, whom Mrs. H. assured her was present.

Three or four weeks before Mrs. H. passed away the nurse was performing her usual duties in the room when Mrs. H. calmly inquired when the funeral was to take place. "What funeral?" inquired the nurse. "Why, John's funeral. John is dead." John was her son, and lived in New Jersey, and Mrs. H. had not the slightest knowledge of her son's sickness. The nurse vainly endeavored to convince Mrs. H. that her son was not dead, but to no purpose. Mrs. H. calmly replied with all the positiveness of absolute knowledge that he was dead. A few hours later the family received a telegram announcing the son's death the day before.

There is an event, occurring in a family having no sympathy with Spiritualism, which may well arrest attention. By no means of communication recognized by so-called scientific men was this humble woman made certain of her son's decease. Those who are satisfied with believing that this happened, and that there is no law by which such intelligence can be communicated, are welcome to their belief. Since similar and equally surprising incidents are of daily occurrence in all parts of the world, it is not easier to believe that there is some mode of communicating intelligence, by most persons unrecognized, than to believe they happened?

R. S. PORTER, M. D. *Deerfield, Mass., April, 1879.*

SOUL QUESTIONS.

BY M. F. THREAVEL. Do you hear the angels calling? Do you hear them, oh, my soul? Do you hear their glad tones falling From life's highest, truest goal? Whither every soul is tending, Every one in his own way, Though some travel through the darkness, Others by the light of day? Do you hear the whispered voices, Do you hear them, oh, my heart? Thrilling with their joyous sweetness, Making all my life-blood start? Do you hear the songs they utter? Do you hear the songs they sing, Floating down from yonder heaven, On Love's bright, ethereal wing? Do you note the snowy blossoms Falling downward from on high? Do you mark the heavenly blessings Floating downward from the sky? Blessings to enrich each mourner With the wealth of Paradise, Hid within the cup of sorrow, Holy blessings in disguise. Do you hear the wondrous story, Do you hear it, oh, my soul, While glad streams of golden glory From each sentence brightly roll? Hear the story of Progression, For each soul on Life's vast plain, Working upward through the darkness, To the realms of light again? Do you hear the music swelling, From the angel choirs above, Strains of harmony foretelling Of that universal love That shall bind each human being In one grand eternal chain, That shall link each living spirit To the Father's soul again? Do you hear the strains prophetic, Do you hear them, oh, my soul? Telling how each human fragment Shall comprise the perfect whole? Telling of that time approaching, When the heavens with earth shall blend, When the inner laws of being Can be trusted to the end? Do you hear the angels calling? Do you hear them, oh, my soul? Do you hear their sweet tones falling From life's highest, truest goal? Do you hear the words they utter? Do you hear the words they say, "Come up higher, come away, We will guide you from the shadows To the realms of endless day?"

The Anniversary.

Anniversary Celebration in Brooklyn, N. Y.—Morning, Afternoon and Evening Exercises—Phenomenal Spiritualism, etc., etc.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

(Concluded from last week.)

At the conclusion of Dr. Atkinson's address Mrs. Clara Allyn sang "Angels Ever Bright and Fair."

In introducing the next speaker, Mrs. Helen M. Slueman, the Chairman said, though Mrs. Slueman did not need any introduction to an audience of Brooklyn Spiritualists, he could not refrain from mentioning that twenty years ago she was President of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association, and in all the intervening years had been an earnest and able worker in the cause of Spiritualism. Not only this, but in another great reform movement, contemporary and in alliance with Modern Spiritualism—woman's suffrage—Mrs. Slueman had been, both on and off the public rostrum, a most effective worker. Mrs. Slueman spoke substantially as follows:

Mr. President—Thirty-one years ago to-day the question which interested mankind more than any other was this: "If a man die shall he live again?" At that time the great thinkers of the past as well as some unknown country into which the loved of all the ages had been gathered—if it were true that they still lived, and had learned the way back to tell us of that other land?

No gospel ever came with such glad tidings to the world, and none ever made such rapid progress. The ministers became alarmed, for of a very truth the gospel was being preached into the heart of the world, and the old religion, which had been the basis of the world's civilization, was being overthrown. The new doctrine and slander and persecute its promulgators. After the lapse of the first ten years Spiritualism had made its inroads into all denominations, and among all peoples, and its adherents could be numbered by hundreds of thousands.

Noble men and fearless came out boldly in its defence; their peculiar interests were sacrificed, and they were persecuted, but they faltered not. Professors Mapes and Hare braved the criticism and sneers of their brother scientists; Judge Edmonds lost place and power; Gov. Tallmadge and scores of such men braved public opinion for these new truths; Charles Partridge poured out his thousands without stint for their promulgation, and Prof. Brittan, one of the bravest of them all, gave up the fairest prospects ever open before any brilliant young man, and preacher, that he might be true to himself.

Fearless thinkers like Dr. Hallock, Dr. Gray, William Fishbough, and others of their kind, went boldly into the work of investigation, while mediums, seers and speakers sprung up on every hand. The spirit-world, as if to administer a stern rebuke to past usages for holding women in chains, took young girls and beautiful women before their eyes, and through their lips gave utterance to eloquence such as no man could surpass.

Such was the condition of things at the close of the first decade of what is called Modern Spiritualism, and it was just at this time that the great "Free Convention" was called in Rutland, Vt. A few men, inspired by the needs of the hour and by the value of the truths which were being revealed in their full light over society, determined to hold a convention of all earnest reformers of whatever name or belief, that they might hold solemn counsel together. There were gathered Henry C. Wright, Parker Pillsbury, Earnestine L. Rose, Prof. Brittan, A. J. Davis and Mary, Francis D. Gage, Joel Tiffany, Elder Frederic Evans—and scores more of the brave philanthropists of that time. It was while the anti-slavery excitement was at its height, and the world was in a ferment, that this convention was held, and it was being measurably agitated, but it soon became a great event, to the great body of people there convened, the idea of Spiritualism was the dominant and favorite idea; one which contained within itself the elements of not only freedom for slaves and for women, but freedom in its largest and noblest sense—freedom of mind as well as body, for all nations, tribes and peoples, and for all colors of the skin. Such a meeting had never been held in this or any other country, but the public journals, exhausted their stock of opprobrious epithets in their endeavor to vilify and misrepresent it and its objects. Business men found their business falling off directly as a result, and the reputations of men and women were slandered without stint; yet nearly every leader of that movement, if not then a Spiritualist, has since become one, and in the long run to put to shame their calumniators, though a few of the world's reformers have been one of the officers of that Convention, who for his fearless advocacy of the truths of Spiritualism lost them, and during the years immediately following, an ample fortune—but you see he remains a Spiritualist still. I refer to Mr. S. B. Nichols.

Following this Rutland gathering, an effort was made to hold meetings in the town of Granville, in the town of Granville, N. Y. The young, beautiful and able speaker, Mr. W. C. Bowen, was engaged to deliver a course of lectures, but no place could be procured for the meetings except a hotel hall, and into this, deacons, lawyers and priests followed, in order to disturb and break up the services. As a result of this persecution, my husband and a few friends with him built a hall and had it dedicated to humanity. Though there were nine churches in the town, the service of God, this was the only place open for the service of man. Meetings were held here for nine years, and each year an anniversary celebration, to which hundreds came from all the adjacent counties. These leaders, however, were not without their persecutions. For the first few years, priests and laymen united in their misrepresentations and slanders, but these fearless men were not disturbed or discouraged, and now though the old hall is tenanted, yet when occasion requires the church opens its doors even for the self-same Fannie Davis (Smith), and the respect which belongs to her is duly shown.

What Spiritualism needs to-day is more of that moral courage which was manifested by its pioneers. We hold a power in our hands, against which the theological masses cannot prevail, provided only that we place them always upon the defensive, instead of being ashamed of our belief, and hiding it, or apologizing to our conservative friends for entertaining it—as a large body of our believers do at the present time.

Were we always to maintain a solid front of calm, dignified, open independence, those opposed to us would be compelled to fall back. It is because they present a firm, assured and aggressive front, while we shrink away, that we have not already conquered the bigotry and superstition of the world.

In the coming time how much brighter will shine the names of Prof. Brittan, and the other sterling leaders in this cause, than will the name of Henry Ward Beecher, who investigated the phenomena in the early days, and knew the truth, but never dare openly avow and then stick to the facts. Had he been possessed of moral courage, and openly expressed his belief that that time was the time for us to set forth the greatest religious leader of his age. He faltered in his hitherto noble career, and from that hour the grandeur of his star began to pale, and he must be content to rank in history second to many who have not feared to sacrifice other more popular names for that of Spiritualism. Let us encourage and carefully protect the mediums of our children, so that they may be convinced, and that they may be true. There have been, it will be a protection in their development to be surrounded by home guardians and home influences, and enable our own guides to get a hold upon them which will help them to

resist temptation, and to be strong against the adverse magnetisms of the world. Especially should we guard them against the orthodox Sunday school influence for other guides than those we would wish to take them in charge if we neglect our duty, and in after years not only shall we have cause to regret our negligence, but our children will be compelled to suffer more than words can tell in their pathway out of error into truth, and upon us will they cast their reproaches.

Capt. Vandercrook sang, with an inspiring effect, "Beautiful Home of the Soul."

Capt. H. H. Brown, the regular speaker of the Brooklyn Society, closed the afternoon exercises with a brief address and an impressive benediction.

Announcement was made from the platform that persons desiring to continue in the building during the interval between the afternoon and evening services were privileged to do so, and that, as there were several mediums present, spirit-rites would be organized. Quite a number remained over, nearly all joining one or another of the circles.

Noticing the eagerness with which every available seat in the circles was sought, I infer that phenomenal Spiritualism has not yet reached its period of decadence. Said an old and prominent Spiritualist with whom your reporter had a brief conversation on this subject, "What is the meaning of the fierce warfare that is now going on among mediums and Spiritualists? Can any position be more illogical or absurd than for one making the slightest pretension to the name of Spiritualists, to join in the bitter and denunciatory spirit which is now indulged in for the purpose of bringing discredit on spirit-manifestations? What are we doing here to-day?"

Evening Exercises. Capt. H. H. Brown was the first speaker. His address was well adapted to the occasion, being a summary of the achievements which Modern Spiritualism has won. The compiler of this account expected to have seen Capt. B., and obtained from him a report of his excellent and most remarkable address, but, not having done so, is under the necessity of giving precedence to such addresses as were furnished. As the evening's address concluded a two months' engagement of Capt. Brown with the Brooklyn Spiritualist Society, the President tendered him thanks for the acceptable manner in which his duties as the regular speaker of the Society had been discharged.

Capt. Brown was followed by Mr. W. C. Bowen. Mr. Bowen speaks frequently at the Spiritual Conference and occasionally for the Society. He contrasted the teachings of Spiritualism with those of Old Theology, the latter suffering badly from the comparison.

While Mr. Bowen was speaking Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis came into the hall, and was invited by Mr. Miller to the platform.

Mr. Wm. Fishbough was then introduced, the substance of his address, in condensed form, was as follows: I am happy to stand before so grand and intelligent an audience as this on the occasion of the Thirty-First Anniversary of the birth of Modern Spiritualism. Especially do I congratulate myself upon my good fortune of having been one of the very first born of the Spiritualists, and on having witnessed the progress of the cause from its inception to the present moment. My pleasure is enhanced by meeting on this platform my dear old friend and boon companion of those early years, Andrew Jackson Davis. Memory goes back to the time when he, Dr. Lyon and I were wont to sit daily in an upper room in Spring street, to receive and record words that were spoken to us from another sphere of existence. A mere boy he was then, uneducated, inexperienced, and—I do not want to hear this, but I will whisper it to you in confidence, a little green. Yet when a few magic passes were made over him by the hands of Dr. Lyon, there sat before us the wise philosopher—you might have thought him a Solon, a Socrates, a Plato, or even a greater than these. This was part of a wise plan, foreshadowed in several remarkable prophecies of previous years, of which I have sometimes spoken in your conferences, and whereby this age was to be illumined with general and open communication with the ether world. Mr. Davis, himself, in his side remarks to us from his superior state, unrepeated, frequently impressed upon our minds the expectancy of some grand and demonstrative opening of spirit intercourse some time in the very near future. This prophecy is clearly set forth in his book, *Nature's Divine Revelations*, in the declaration, "The opening of the interior of men and the establishment of communication between the two worlds, will ere long present itself in the form of a living demonstration." (p. 67.) This open communion, therefore, was purposed, planned and determined in the councils of the high heavens, and by a Power which could certainly command and control it. We must not, therefore, imagine that it was intended merely to afford an occasional evening's amusement for the amusement of the masses around a table and ask, "How many children did my grandfather have?" and "Will my aunt rap on the number of years old she was when she died?" but no other purpose could comport with the dignity of its supernatural origin than that of the salvation of a world. But as God sometimes makes use of the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, so in this instance he made use of the most obscure and humble instrumentalities to establish his incalculable dispensation, arousing his attention to the world by a "little tiny rap."

Attention at its birth was a little child; but its cries were soon heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, across the great ocean, throughout Europe, and in less than seven years throughout the civilized world. The sound went out into all the earth, and its words went to the ends of the world. Science, falsely so-called, sneered and eagerly assumed the role of the exposer, but only to be itself exposed, confounded and humiliated. Secular theology set up one universal cry of denunciation against this audacious intruder upon the dominion of old creeds; but still the new power went forth conquering and to conquer. It may be admitted that in its childhood Spiritualism was made up of all the crude elements of the child; it spoke as a child, it understood as a child, it thought as a child. In its further but still immature development, it manifested some thing of the lawlessness of the sturdy youth, endeavoring to break away from the restraints of parental authority, but yet not being wise enough to be an authority to himself. But from these crude stages of its early progress, Spiritualism is already beginning to emerge. It is growing wiser and better year by year, and the most conscientious minds of the world are now not only listening and more eagerly after state of existence, but are seeking its counsels as to the correct ordering of their moral and spiritual lives. The sectarian churches find themselves no longer able to ignore the mighty power which it is wielding over the minds and hearts of mankind. Their wise ones—their preachers—like the Pharisees of old when confounded by the wonder-working of the apostles, are secretly whispering to each other, "What shall we do? for that indeed a notable miracle hath been performed is manifest to all them that dwell in Jerusalem, and we cannot deny it."

That's the great trouble, they cannot deny it. And so, unlike the Pharisees of old, who resolved to overthrow the disciples that they might speak no more in that name, these, their modern representatives, have resolved to keep silent themselves, knowing full well that the more they quibble the subject, the more the truth concerning it will prevail. And so the sound of opposition has died out from all the pulpits, except perhaps those in remote localities where facilities for correct information are limited. During this silence of the pulpits, members of the churches, observant of the spiritual demonstrations multiplying all around them, are looking at each other from the corners of their eyes, and thinking, "What do you think of it?" and "What do you say?" They are becoming more and more sensible of the beauty and consistency of our faith, and of the absurdity and repulsiveness of old orthodoxy; and oh, when the fence is fairly down, what a rush there will be to our fold! The better minds of the churches will then flock in from all quarters to swell the army of Spiritualism—which in any event will march on to the conquest of the world, the establishment of the universal science, the universal religion, and the universal law, and the uniting of the kingdoms of the world under the government of heaven. Speed on the blissful day

when the veil of the covering cast over all nations, shutting out the light of another world, shall be taken away; when death shall be swallowed up in victory; when war, and bloodshed, and cruelty shall be known no more; when brotherly love shall bind all hearts together, and the tabernacle of God shall be with men on earth.

Mr. Davis being called upon declined to make an address at so late an hour, but compromised the matter by "making a few remarks." He indulged in some pleasant reminiscences in connection with his youthful career—that period when Fishbough described him as "a little green." Passing in the humorous to the serious, the leading thought of Mr. Davis's short speech was that interior unfoldment was a paramount duty in each and every individual's life.

Mrs. Julia Hindley, a most excellent and reliable test medium, had been invited, and announced to give tests from the platform, but the lateness of the hour prevented. Mr. Miller explained the matter in a manner worthy of a "little green." Passing to the audience and Mrs. Hindley, Mrs. H. renewing her engagement for the next Sunday evening. This engagement was fulfilled on Mrs. Hindley's part, the raps being heard by the audience in all parts of the large hall, and under her Indian control a short but effective address was given.

The singing in the evening, as in the afternoon, was under the direction of Dr. A. E. Cooke. Our anniversary celebration was, in every respect, most satisfactory and successful—large audiences, good singing, good speaking, and a degree of interest and enthusiasm which, notwithstanding many drawbacks, marks the steady progress of the great cause.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The First Spiritual Union Society of San Francisco celebrated the Thirty-First Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism in a grand two-days' meeting in Charter Oak Hall. The remarkable resources of San Francisco for rare and beautiful flowers during the whole year were made to contribute to the occasion, and the hall was a literal bower of blossoms, ivy, &c. Mrs. Laverne Mathews presided, and called the meeting to order at 2 o'clock p. m. After singing by the quartet choir, Mr. Charles M. Plumb was introduced and made a most able and eloquent speech of half-an-hour. It was a logical exhibit of what Spiritualism teaches, what it has done and what it is doing for humanity. It was, he held, a constant help in time of trouble, a gospel of gladness and joy; the great motive-power in the world, and a prime factor in human progress. His address was listened to with marked attention and approval.

The President read a letter from Mrs. Parry, of Oakland, on the life and noble work of our risen friend and sister, Mrs. Fanny Green McDougall (who passed on from Mrs. Parry's care on the occasion of the Thirty-First Anniversary of the birth of Modern Spiritualism. Especially do I congratulate myself upon my good fortune of having been one of the very first born of the Spiritualists, and on having witnessed the progress of the cause from its inception to the present moment. My pleasure is enhanced by meeting on this platform my dear old friend and boon companion of those early years, Andrew Jackson Davis. Memory goes back to the time when he, Dr. Lyon and I were wont to sit daily in an upper room in Spring street, to receive and record words that were spoken to us from another sphere of existence. A mere boy he was then, uneducated, inexperienced, and—I do not want to hear this, but I will whisper it to you in confidence, a little green. Yet when a few magic passes were made over him by the hands of Dr. Lyon, there sat before us the wise philosopher—you might have thought him a Solon, a Socrates, a Plato, or even a greater than these. This was part of a wise plan, foreshadowed in several remarkable prophecies of previous years, of which I have sometimes spoken in your conferences, and whereby this age was to be illumined with general and open communication with the ether world. Mr. Davis, himself, in his side remarks to us from his superior state, unrepeated, frequently impressed upon our minds the expectancy of some grand and demonstrative opening of spirit intercourse some time in the very near future. This prophecy is clearly set forth in his book, *Nature's Divine Revelations*, in the declaration, "The opening of the interior of men and the establishment of communication between the two worlds, will ere long present itself in the form of a living demonstration." (p. 67.) This open communion, therefore, was purposed, planned and determined in the councils of the high heavens, and by a Power which could certainly command and control it. We must not, therefore, imagine that it was intended merely to afford an occasional evening's amusement for the amusement of the masses around a table and ask, "How many children did my grandfather have?" and "Will my aunt rap on the number of years old she was when she died?" but no other purpose could comport with the dignity of its supernatural origin than that of the salvation of a world. But as God sometimes makes use of the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, so in this instance he made use of the most obscure and humble instrumentalities to establish his incalculable dispensation, arousing his attention to the world by a "little tiny rap."

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That's the great trouble, they cannot deny it. And so, unlike the Pharisees of old, who resolved to overthrow the disciples that they might speak no more in that name, these, their modern representatives, have resolved to keep silent themselves, knowing full well that the more they quibble the subject, the more the truth concerning it will prevail. And so the sound of opposition has died out from all the pulpits, except perhaps those in remote localities where facilities for correct information are limited. During this silence of the pulpits, members of the churches, observant of the spiritual demonstrations multiplying all around them, are looking at each other from the corners of their eyes, and thinking, "What do you think of it?" and "What do you say?" They are becoming more and more sensible of the beauty and consistency of our faith, and of the absurdity and repulsiveness of old orthodoxy; and oh, when the fence is fairly down, what a rush there will be to our fold! The better minds of the churches will then flock in from all quarters to swell the army of Spiritualism—which in any event will march on to the conquest of the world, the establishment of the universal science, the universal religion, and the universal law, and the uniting of the kingdoms of the world under the government of heaven. Speed on the blissful day

when the veil of the covering cast over all nations, shutting out the light of another world, shall be taken away; when death shall be swallowed up in victory; when war, and bloodshed, and cruelty shall be known no more; when brotherly love shall bind all hearts together, and the tabernacle of God shall be with men on earth.

Mr. Davis being called upon declined to make an address at so late an hour, but compromised the matter by "making a few remarks." He indulged in some pleasant reminiscences in connection with his youthful career—that period when Fishbough described him as "a little green." Passing in the humorous to the serious, the leading thought of Mr. Davis's short speech was that interior unfoldment was a paramount duty in each and every individual's life.

Mrs. Julia Hindley, a most excellent and reliable test medium, had been invited, and announced to give tests from the platform, but the lateness of the hour prevented. Mr. Miller explained the matter in a manner worthy of a "little green." Passing to the audience and Mrs. Hindley, Mrs. H. renewing her engagement for the next Sunday evening. This engagement was fulfilled on Mrs. Hindley's part, the raps being heard by the audience in all parts of the large hall, and under her Indian control a short but effective address was given.

The singing in the evening, as in the afternoon, was under the direction of Dr. A. E. Cooke. Our anniversary celebration was, in every respect, most satisfactory and successful—large audiences, good singing, good speaking, and a degree of interest and enthusiasm which, notwithstanding many drawbacks, marks the steady progress of the great cause.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The First Spiritual Union Society of San Francisco celebrated the Thirty-First Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism in a grand two-days' meeting in Charter Oak Hall. The remarkable resources of San Francisco for rare and beautiful flowers during the whole year were made to contribute to the occasion, and the hall was a literal bower of blossoms, ivy, &c. Mrs. Laverne Mathews presided, and called the meeting to order at 2 o'clock p. m. After singing by the quartet choir, Mr. Charles M. Plumb was introduced and made a most able and eloquent speech of half-an-hour. It was a logical exhibit of what Spiritualism teaches, what it has done and what it is doing for humanity. It was, he held, a constant help in time of trouble, a gospel of gladness and joy; the great motive-power in the world, and a prime factor in human progress. His address was listened to with marked attention and approval.

The President read a letter from Mrs. Parry, of Oakland, on the life and noble work of our risen friend and sister, Mrs. Fanny Green McDougall (who passed on from Mrs. Parry's care on the occasion of the Thirty-First Anniversary of the birth of Modern Spiritualism. Especially do I congratulate myself upon my good fortune of having been one of the very first born of the Spiritualists, and on having witnessed the progress of the cause from its inception to the present moment. My pleasure is enhanced by meeting on this platform my dear old friend and boon companion of those early years, Andrew Jackson Davis. Memory goes back to the time when he, Dr. Lyon and I were wont to sit daily in an upper room in Spring street, to receive and record words that were spoken to us from another sphere of existence. A mere boy he was then, uneducated, inexperienced, and—I do not want to hear this, but I will whisper it to you in confidence, a little green. Yet when a few magic passes were made over him by the hands of Dr. Lyon, there sat before us the wise philosopher—you might have thought him a Solon, a Socrates, a Plato, or even a greater than these. This was part of a wise plan, foreshadowed in several remarkable prophecies of previous years, of which I have sometimes spoken in your conferences, and whereby this age was to be illumined with general and open communication with the ether world. Mr. Davis, himself, in his side remarks to us from his superior state, unrepeated, frequently impressed upon our minds the expectancy of some grand and demonstrative opening of spirit intercourse some time in the very near future. This prophecy is clearly set forth in his book, *Nature's Divine Revelations*, in the declaration, "The opening of the interior of men and the establishment of communication between the two worlds, will ere long present itself in the form of a living demonstration." (p. 67.) This open communion, therefore, was purposed, planned and determined in the councils of the high heavens, and by a Power which could certainly command and control it. We must not, therefore, imagine that it was intended merely to afford an occasional evening's amusement for the amusement of the masses around a table and ask, "How many children did my grandfather have?" and "Will my aunt rap on the number of years old she was when she died?" but no other purpose could comport with the dignity of its supernatural origin than that of the salvation of a world. But as God sometimes makes use of the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, so in this instance he made use of the most obscure and humble instrumentalities to establish his incalculable dispensation, arousing his attention to the world by a "little tiny rap."

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Foreign Correspondence.

Interesting Letter from London.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: I attended lately a meeting of the Psychological Society, and listened to an address by its President, Sergeant Cox. There were not many persons present, and nobody had much to say in the way of discussion. Indeed the chief characteristic of the meeting seemed to be a lack of vitality, and an oppressively respectful dread of saying anything at which science or the world generally might cavil. The experiments of Dr. Charcot in Paris were spoken of—the producing of catalepsy and somnambulism by placing the patient before an electric light and desiring her to look at it. From somnambulism the speaker proceeded to treat of various abnormal nervous conditions, and of clairvoyance especially, but objected strongly to the use of the term clairvoyance, or clear-seeing, saying that seeing meant using the physical organs of sight. He did not give us any term by which to designate the power which recognizes size, form and color, (even to the exact hue and shade of objects) when the eyes of sensitives are bandaged, or the object out of their range of vision. Nothing more definite than the word perception was suggested; nothing to distinguish between the hearing of sounds and the seeing colors, when this hearing or seeing was independent of the physical organs. Apparently he would have us say, not that our mediums see visions, but that they perceive perceptions, it being impossible to designate more definitely the nature of the perception without taking something for granted, and that, at every cost, must be avoided. Seeing, we were told, was an impression produced upon the brain by pictures or reflections upon the retina; without such pictures there could be no seeing.

It is not, however, the reflection on the little mirror at the back of the eye which constitutes sight, for that may be thrown upon it when the eye is removed from the head; and if the same kind of mental impression may be produced without the intervention of this mechanical contrivance, we may surely be allowed to use the only word we have which expresses the kind of impression or perception of which we desire to speak. We do not touch or smell a color; and if we say we perceive it, we use a word which applies equally to all the senses, meaning distinctly to designate one of them; so that we must take refuge in indefiniteness rather than venture to use an expression which is the only one in the language that expresses our meaning. Sergeant Cox would have rebuked Hamlet for talking about seeing "with the mind's eye," informing him that as there were no eyes of which we had any knowledge except those of the body, he should not offend against scientific taste and accuracy by speaking of seeing, instead of perceiving. Possibly, however, if we perceive an idea, we may say, metaphorically, that we see it; but if we perceive a form or a color we are shut out both from the literal and the figurative use of the word, and must either be silent or speak vaguely, since the term which, according to the President of the Psychological Society, we have a right to use, and which expresses our meaning, has not yet been invented. Anything is better than calling a spade a spade when future scientific investigation may determine it to be a shovel. Of course the word soul or spirit was quite inadmissible, and the nearest approach to it which our psychological instructor permitted himself to use was "conscious self." To my unscientific mind the great difficulty which the learned speaker evidently experienced in finding expressions to which no objection could possibly be made was decidedly funny; but that, of course, was because I did not sufficiently appreciate the unpardonable sin into which we simple-minded folks fall when we occasionally take something for granted, and use the only words that clearly express our meaning, without reflecting that "things are not what they seem," and that we ought to wait till we know all about everything before giving a name to anything. The difficulty of speaking intelligently on psychological subjects when they who speak do not feel justified in claiming to have, or to be, living souls, is great; and the result of such superabundant caution appeared to me to be a flatness and deadness tending toward intellectual asphyxia. All vitality and impulse seemed to be lost in the effort to say nothing to which the most scientific or materialistic critic might object. The experiments of Dr. Charcot, alluded to above, seem likely to prove valuable in giving a much-needed insight into the nature and causes of various diseases, which hitherto have been so little understood and so ignorantly maltreated.

The anniversary meeting at Cavendish Rooms on Sunday evening, the 30th March, was well attended and altogether pleasant. Mrs. Nosworthy gave us recitations from Shakespeare, E. A. Poe, and other poets, and told us how, through the experiences of her father, Mr. George Thompson, in America, and through dissatisfaction with the theological creeds with which she had been familiar from childhood, she had been led into Spiritualism. Mrs. Fletcher spoke in relation to the liberalizing and elevating influences of Spiritualism on thought and life, and of the results it had produced during the last thirty years. Her short, extemporaneous address was so good and so well delivered, that I think every one regretted that she had to be so limited as to time. Her attitudes were so graceful, her voice so sweet and well modulated, and she was so happy in her choice of words, that it was a real pleasure to look at and listen to her. She was warmly applauded, and it was evident that the audience generally appreciated her admirable gifts as a public speaker. Those destitute of the power to "wreak their thoughts upon expression," without effort and without preparation, look with admiration, and almost with envy, on one to whom the right thought and the right word come, together, just at the right moment. At least, I know I was tempted to feel as if it were rather hard to be so poor in all but appreciation of these natural gifts, which ought not, one would think, to be so rare as they are.

Mr. Fletcher told us of his determination to secure Steinway Hall for his lectures, and gave a graphic description of the effect produced, when, after having made arrangements for hiring the hall which seemed mutually satisfactory, he revealed the fact that the subject of the lectures to be there delivered was Spiritualism; the shock experienced by the questioner, and the sudden change of front—it becoming all at once impossible to let the hall on any terms whatsoever—had evidently affected Mr. Fletcher as being extremely ludicrous, but by no means alarming; since he had apparently been inspired, from the first, with an unwavering faith that in Steinway Hall he should stand to teach the people something of that Spiritualism which bigotry so feared and ignorance so mis-

conceived. All Spiritualists must feel that it is a triumph for truth and for Mr. Fletcher, its able exponent, that a hall considered especially aristocratic, and which a year ago never would have been thought of as attainable for such a purpose, is now secured, the first lecture of the course to be delivered there to-morrow night. Several of the provincial papers are noticing Mr. Fletcher's lectures. In the *Sussex Daily News* of April 4th appears the following paragraph: "Mr. J. W. Fletcher, the reigning favorite among mediums, has been drawing large and influential audiences to the Cavendish Rooms on Sunday evenings during the last quarter, and is now about to shift his quarters westward to the Steinway Hall, one of the very best in London. Last night, too, a *soirée* was given in Cavendish Rooms, which proved that the Spiritualists are by no means ascetic or averse to the delights of ordinary mundane existence. Song and recitation followed each other briskly up to 9:30, when the terpsichorean Spiritualists took to dancing as merrily as their own animated tables. It was to me a new phase of the subject, and, I must confess, a very agreeable one."

I regretted very much that I was prevented by indisposition from attending the *soirée* alluded to, but am told by those who were there that it was a perfect success. Many, I hope, were glad to see this week the *Medium and Daybreak* restored to its usual dimensions; but it does seem as if our spiritual newspapers and periodicals, both in England and America, might and should be better supported than they are. There certainly must be, among Spiritualists, the means to sustain these organs, the loss of which would be so severely felt. I do not understand why it is that the efforts of our editors are so little appreciated. The feeling that those who ought to be sufficiently interested in their work to give it their cordial and generous support hold back and manifest only a cold indifference is very discouraging, and must tend to deprive the bravest workers in the editorial field of that hope and courage so necessary to make the result of their labors satisfactory to themselves or others.

The *Psychological Review*, which was so excellent, and so exactly what was wanted, as one would suppose, by the more educated and thinking class of Spiritualists, could not be kept up in its original form, because the support it so richly merited was withheld. There is certainly something wanting in those who are so ready to criticize and complain of every imperfection in our newspapers and other periodicals, and so backward in giving any evidence, in action, that they estimate properly what is good; as they certainly would be impelled to do, were they really capable of appreciating it. It is full time that a better spirit should be aroused, and a more genuine and hearty interest manifested in the cause we are so ready to uphold, when only words, not deeds, are required as proof of our fidelity to it.

LOUISA ANDREWS. London, April 7th, 1879.

A WORLD WITHIN A WORLD.

A Globe within a Globe doth now appear; The former one, according to our plan, Awaits the future destiny of man. Wouldst thou find the golden mine? Oh, then obey The needle's course—West it clearly points the way. From San Francisco West a well-named fleet The *Kuro Sivo* in its course may meet, And, on its passage to the Northern Pole, May find an entrance to this heauteous goal; A somewhat winding channel, free and clear, That plainly leads to Earth's interior sphere, A shell, or crust, of certain depth is seen. The outer and the inner world between, The latter one—Oh, could we now portray, What scenes of beauty meet the eye and ear. A self-illuminated realm, whose aural gleams Through the mysterious aperture now streams; And with the brilliance of its light informs A gazing world, lost in its glowing charms. Oh, heauteous realm! Oh, clime, wherein to dwell, The future race may realize full well! For, 'tis a truth, well-founded and defined By those of most prophetic turn of mind, That coming ages, in their glory, will Demand a wider, more expanded ground Than this our own discovered, whose design Was planned and measured by a Power Divine. —Miss Eliza A. Pittsinger.

Our Indian Policy.

Mrs. Blake's Protest Against Our Treatment of the Red Men—Robbed, Tortured and Deprived of Their Lands—Legalized Crimes—"Standing Bear's" Pathetic Appeal. From time to time, during the past winter, the readers of our journals have seen accounts of the protests of the Northwestern Indians against their forcible removal from the breezy hunting-grounds of their forefathers to the enervating heats of the Indian Territory. Sometimes these protests have come in the form of passionate appeals, sometimes they have taken the form of angry bloodshed, and brave, though hopeless revolt. But whatever their expression, they have been listened to in indifferent silence, and the wild, heart-broken cry of the Indian for his home, his desperate entreaty for justice, have produced no more effect than the faint echoes of the caracaras that dash down the Rocky Mountains, or the sigh of the north wind through the pine forests of the Black Hills.

INDIAN WRONGS. Robbed, tortured, deprived of their lands, and driven from their homes, the wrongs of the Indians cry out bitterly for vengeance, yet no man hears. What would we think if such trials came home to us? The Nez Perces, the Poncas and the Sioux have lived for generations in the braeing climate of Wyoming and Dakota Territories, Territories lying in the latitude of New York and New England. They are now forced to abandon their wonted haunts, the rivers and the mountains, that are dear to them as one's native surroundings are dear to every loving heart, and driven, literally at the point of the bayonet, to the Indian Territory, lying in the latitude of North and South Carolina, and warmer in its climate than those States by reason of its distance from the sea. Put ourselves in their place, and ask what we would do if any foreign Power came to force us from our homes here and oblige us to go and live in Raleigh or Charleston. Would not we protest? Would not the mothers among us weep over the danger to our children from the change of climate? Would not the fathers take up arms to resist the cruel soldiers who came to enforce the decree? Yet our wrongs would not be so great as theirs. The Indian loves his home with the intensity of a savage instinct—such an intensity as has often caused the poor negroes of Africa, when taken from their homes, to drop with steps growing feebler with each one that bore them from their familiar places, and to sink at last and die, though they were stalwart men, literally heart-broken with the pain of homesickness. Then, again, the Indians have less power of adaptation than we, and, worst of all, these most cruelly wronged people have been deprived of houses, cattle and comforts, and sent away to a strange place, without any money given them in compensation wherewith to purchase others.

LEGALIZED CRIMES.

If such crimes were committed by individuals, they would be called swindling and robbery of the worst description. What shall be said of the government that permits them? Is it any wonder that the savages, rendered desperate by their wrongs, have turned to bay like hurt wolves, and fought desperately, hopelessly, fiercely, careless if they were killed themselves, so they inflicted some pain on their tormentors? Last winter we turned sick with the account of how an officer of the United States had kept the Indians here was forcing southward, and who were in fact his prisoners of war, ten days without food or fire; this in the dead of the cold, cruel winter, and this infamous outrage inflicted not alone on stout men, but on the sick and the wounded, on women and children. They caused the mad outbreak of the poor captives, their reckless flight, desperate resistance, and, of course, utter destruction. The survivors are being dragged to their death and

doom by the gallant General Crook and his soldiers. What can be more pathetic than their protest recently printed? The story of the chief's son who was reared at the North, who drooped and died in the enervating Southern climate, the eloquent words of Standing Bear:

"I want to go back to my old place North. I want to save myself and my tribe. My brothers, it seems to me as if I stood in front of a great prairie fire. I would take up my babies and run to save their lives; or, as if I stood on the bank of the overflowing river, I would take my people and fly to higher ground. Oh my brothers, the Almighty looks down on you, and knows what I am, and knows my words! May the Almighty send you a good spirit to watch over you, to move you to help me. If a white man had land and some one should swindle him, that man would try to get it back, and you would not blame him. Look on me! Take pity on me and help me to save the lives of the women and children. My brother, power which I cannot resist, crawls me down to the ground. I need help. I have done."

I HATED ABOVE. Another chief, Buffalo Childs, who had honestly tried to live in the Indian reservation, said in protest against his being dragged back again to the heats from which he had fled: "Any one knows that to take a man from a cold climate and put him in the hot sun down in the South would kill him. Seven lodges refused to go down there. We afterward went down to see our friends and to see how they liked it. Brothers, I come home now. I told my brothers and friends, and came back here. We went to work. I had hold of the handles of my plow again. It looks this way: The government wants me to go back. I think it would be a better plan for me to go to work to raise something to live on next winter. Down there it weakens me all over. My hands drop down by my side and I cannot use them. We all feel sick all the time. I desire to stay here, where I can work and raise plenty to eat for my family." And Gen. Crook, after listening to his statement, admits: "I have heard all this story before. It is as they represent it. It has all been reported to Washington."

INDIFFERENCE OF POLITICIANS.

They know it, then, these men who make laws for the government of the country. They read these sad words, but they heed them not; they will not listen to these faint pleadings. Of what consequence is it to them that these "wards of the nation" are suffering and dying? What thought have they for the terrible record of wrong that is inflicted on those far-away helpless ones? The Indians are not voters, and these politicians, in their comfortable arm-chairs in Congress, care for nothing but partisan measures, and some truckling or higgling that shall build up their own chances for success. The white men of the Black Hills are voters, and they must be conciliated, no matter how much wrong be inflicted on the misrepresented, non-voting Indians. These masculine demagogues have no thoughts, no souls, no sympathies for anything but their selfish purposes. How long must it be before in the councils of the nation the women of the land have a voice, before the tender mother's heart shall have power as well as pathos in its pleadings? If our matrons had seats in Congress there would be eloquent tones to plead for these poor Indian mothers and children. If womanhood controlled manhood's legislation the present fraud and brutality in our dealings with the Indians would be changed for prightness and mercy. How long must the nation wait for the era of justice? LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

A Good Medium.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: In these times of inquiry, when thousands upon thousands are investigating the various phases of the Spiritual Philosophy, the query is frequently propounded, "Where can I find a good and reliable medium?" Hence, when an honest and truthful medium can be found, and especially one through whom our spirit friends can manifest in a variety of ways, it is well to make it known. Such an one is Dr. W. L. Jack, of this city, and we venture to say that no private medium is more extensively or favorably known in the New England, Middle and Western States than the Doctor.

His experience in the different phases of mediumship has been more varied and wonderful than that of any other one I have ever known during an investigation of more than twenty-five years. He is an excellent trance and test medium, diagnoses disease from a lock of hair, is clairvoyant and clairaudient, his body has been levitated in broad daylight, the blood-red letters have appeared on his arm, and other parts of his body, independent slate-writing has been produced in his presence under the most positive and satisfactory conditions, etc., etc.

A few incidents of one or two of the varied phases of his mediumship may not prove uninteresting to your readers. Some months since he was influenced to advise a friend, a prominent merchant in Philadelphia, to obtain additional insurance on a cottage he owned at Cape May, for, as things then appeared, it would soon be burned. The gentleman, having confidence in the medium and his controlling intelligences, acted upon the advice. The cottage was soon burned, as predicted.

A similar prediction was uttered through him in reference to a fashionable hotel at a popular sea-side resort in Maine. It had been occupied a number of years, but never insured. It was burned soon after, and the proprietor having neglected to obtain any insurance, lost all.

The Doctor is an educated man, and holds a diploma from the Surgical and Medical College of Philadelphia. He is not only used for diagnosing disease, but frequently performs cures by "the laying on of hands." A few days since, while sitting alone in his office, he was strongly impressed or directed to go to the foot of the stairs leading to his office, to assist some one. He heeded the direction, and met a gentleman he had never seen before, who was evidently quite lame, and who told him he was looking for Dr. Jack. The Doctor helped him to his room, where an examination revealed the right leg swollen to the knee, and almost entirely useless from what the physicians pronounced rheumatism, and probably "incurable." A few treatments from the Doctor effected a cure.

Some months since he was called to a boy who was suffering from what some of the physicians pronounced tape-worm. A clairvoyant examination by the Doctor revealed the presence of a button which the lad had swallowed some time previous. Two or three treatments caused the button to pass from him, and he was troubled no more by the "tape-worm."

A year or more since he was called to a young man in a neighboring town, who was suffering from some disease which had badly crippled him. He had been treated by the old school physicians for a long time, but without any beneficial results. A few treatments by the Doctor completely restored him, and he has continued well to this day.

In the summer of 1877 he was called to an engineer in this city, who was suffering from a serious rheumatic difficulty. He was confined to his house, and was almost entirely helpless. The members of the medical fraternity who had been called to him could do nothing for him, and his friends considered his case almost hopeless. A few treatments by the Doctor completely restored him, much to the gratification of the patient and his friends.

Cases similar to the above might be multiplied, but it would only occupy too much of your valuable space. The names of the parties referred to have been withheld, but persons interested can obtain full particulars by writing to the author of this article, whose address is with the editor of the *Banner of Light*. ORONO. *Essexville, Mass., March 10th, 1879.*

Vaccination Devoid of Scientific Foundation.

Dr. Josef Hermann, head physician at the Imperial Hospital, Vienna, from 1858 to 1864, a few years ago declared: "My experience of small-pox during these six years of bedside attending has given me a right, or rather has imposed on me the duty, of taking part in the bold and spirited onslaught on vaccination which is now being carried on in Switzerland, Germany, England and here in America. I am convinced that vaccination is the greatest mistake and delusion in the science of medicine; a fanciful illusion in the mind of the discoverer; a phenomenal apparition devoid of scientific foundation, and wanting in all the conditions of scientific possibility."

There is not any one vice incident to the mind of man against which the world has raised such a loud and universal cry, as against Ingratitude.

New Books.

Spiritual Manifestations.

BY CHARLES BEECHER. CONTENTS. CHAP. I. The Movement. 2. Myriambic Phenomena. 3. Planchette. 4. Visions. 5. Remarkable Conversations. 6. Historic Method. 7. Anecdotes. 8. Trances. 9. Ebon. 10. Theories. 11. Theosophy. 12. The Hypothesis. 13. Plurimedial Spiritism. 14. The Dawn of Prophecy. 15. The Titans. 16. Rise of Polytheism. 17. The Priest. 18. The Temple. 19. The Tabernacle. 20. Balaam. 21. Canaan. 22. The Judges. 23. Solomon. 24. The Prophets. 25. The Exile. 26. The Return. 27. The Exile. 28. The Ancient City. 29. The Incarnation. 30. The Oracle. 31. Resurrection. 32. Resurrection. 33. The Fall Rent. 34. Apheleion. 35. Evolution. 36. Eschatology. 37. Portheology. The author announces that the object of this work is to discriminate between the uses and the abuses of true Spiritualism, to investigate the relation of the material system to the spirit-world, and to present some hypothesis of theory which will consistently account for all known facts. He is a profound thinker, a careful and industrious writer, and his book is full of calculations, facts and prophetic utterances that will interest all Spiritualists. (Cloth, 32 pp., Price \$1.50, postage 10 cents. For sale by COLBY & RICH.)

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN Animal Magnetism.

BY J. P. F. DELEUZE. Translated by Thomas Hart-shorn, Revised Edition, with an Appendix of Notes by the translator, with Letters from eminent Physicians and others descriptive of Cases in the United States.

The reader of general literature is aware that during the past two or three years there has been a revival of investigations of all kinds touching the nature of mesmerism, and animal magnetism, and the outbreak of the controversies which have occupied so small amount of the attention of such men as W. R. Carpenter and A. R. Wallace, Professor of Physiology, because a large number of persons in Europe and America were meanwhile quietly applying it in different ways, but mainly to the alleviation of painful affections. Now, these facts were not known to the scientific world, and he in his pride was disposed to rebuke the whole subject to a contemptuous neglect or derision. When men of acknowledged worth, both as regard moral integrity and shining attainments in science, like Professor Crookes and English, acknowledge that man possesses a property or quality of wonderful attributes, and spend much time in the attempt to discover its nature and laws, and although failing to reach the end, confess that they feel forced to ascribe value to it, it is not strange that other observers should be looking into it, and endeavoring to unravel its mystery. A great deal is known concerning the process and qualities of magnetism, but very few practical, verifiable truths have been published, and this notwithstanding the prevailing curiosity of the continent for a large and increasing number of years. A careful examination of the extensive volume whose title is given above warrants us in saying that it stands alone among treatises on this subject, and is the most practical and useful of its kind. It is an exceedingly careful and intelligent account of the processes and qualities of animal magnetism, and for the application of animal magnetism to the treatment of disease. Dr. Deleuze's suggestions are given in every case that is likely to occur, and all the known phases.

The work contains chapters on the following subjects: Life of Deleuze; Introduction; Chap. I. General Principles and Indications; 2. Of the necessary means to increase the Magnetism; 3. Of the necessary means to decrease the Magnetism; 4. Of the necessary means to increase the Magnetism; 5. Of the necessary means to decrease the Magnetism; 6. Of the necessary means to increase the Magnetism; 7. Application of Magnetism to Diseases; and its connection with Diseases; 8. Of the necessary means to increase the Magnetism; 9. Of the necessary means to decrease the Magnetism; 10. Of the necessary means to increase the Magnetism; 11. Of the necessary means to decrease the Magnetism; 12. Of the necessary means to increase the Magnetism; 13. Of the necessary means to decrease the Magnetism; 14. Of the necessary means to increase the Magnetism; 15. Of the necessary means to decrease the Magnetism; 16. Of the necessary means to increase the Magnetism; 17. 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PSYCHOGRAPHY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DIAGRAMS. BY "M. A. (OXON)." SYNOPSIS OF CONTENTS. List of Works bearing on the Subject. Preface. Introduction. Psychography in the Past: Golden-rod, Crookes, Personal Experiences in Private, and with Public Psychics. General Observations on Evidence. 1. That Attributed by the Senses. 2. Of Sight. 3. Of Hearing. 4. Of Smell. 5. Of Taste. 6. Of Touch. 7. Of Temperature. 8. Of Force. 9. Of Weight. 10. Of Color. 11. Of Sound. 12. Of Light. 13. Of Heat. 14. Of Cold. 15. Of Electricity. 16. Of Magnetism. 17. Of Gravity. 18. Of Air. 19. Of Water. 20. Of Earth. 21. Of Fire. 22. Of Spirit. 23. Of Ether. 24. Of Matter. 25. Of Energy. 26. Of Force. 27. Of Power. 28. Of Motion. 29. Of Rest. 30. Of Change. 31. Of Continuity. 32. Of Discontinuity. 33. Of Unity. 34. Of Diversity. 35. Of Simplicity. 36. Of Complexity. 37. Of Order. 38. Of Disorder. 39. Of Harmony. 40. Of Disharmony. 41. Of Beauty. 42. Of Ugliness. 43. Of Goodness. 44. Of Evilness. 45. Of Rightness. 46. 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DR. BRITTAN'S LETTER.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Even scientific men often jump at conclusions from very inadequate premises. We have a remarkable instance of this in the case of the discovery made by Dr. Jenner, from which multitudes, including the members of the medical profession, were led to anticipate the final extinction of a disease which has been a scourge to the human race.

After over eighty years' experience in the practice of vaccination, the ravages of small pox are increased rather than diminished; while other diseases—often of a more terrible nature—are constantly communicated by the attempts to arrest its progress.

The Norfolk County (Mass.) Gazette comes to hand with Mr. A. E. Giles's answer to the question, "Ought vaccination to be enforced?" On this subject he finds important statistical information in a letter addressed by Mr. Pearce to Mr. Booth of the British Parliament.

The importance of this subject can hardly be exaggerated, and the material facts should have the widest publicity. The idea that vaccination affords any certain security against disease, is a delusion under which the profession and the community have already labored too long.

The writer's observations in this department force the conclusion that vaccination produces more disease than it prevents, and that Jenner's discovery has not proved to be a blessing, but a curse. The blood of families is daily corrupted by scrofula and venereal poison for all time, through the carelessness of practitioners who should be regarded as criminals.

Mr. E. W. Wallis, the medium lecturer, has removed from London to Birmingham.

W. J. Colville's Meetings. The spirit guides of W. J. Colville lectured in Paine Hall, Appleton street, Boston, on Tuesday, April 29th, on "The True Position and Divine Mission of Woman."

Meeting in Paine Hall. Henry C. Lull lectured in this place last Sunday afternoon to a good audience which listened with attention to his utterances. In descending on "True Progression" the lecturer said that man, notwithstanding the avowments of theology that he was totally depraved, was a progressive being in spite of himself.

Spirit-Photographs in Rochester. It is said that a female photographer of Rochester, who is also a medium, has just discovered that she is likewise a spirit-artist, and can produce a perfect likeness, through photography, of your dead relatives.

in feeling, thought and life. On the contrary, the same phenomena result from the intense passion excitement of the most sensual and depraved natures. People who are paralyzed are not as a rule the most spiritual persons.

The Evening News, of Detroit, of a recent date, contains an anonymous article entitled "Mule Driver's Convention." The writer's playful irony flashes in the face of the medical profession, and lights up the crucifixion and autopsy of reason.

London Spiritual Notes. Miss Emily Kisslingbury has left the Association of Spiritualists, and is teaching children. Mr. J. William Fletcher is meeting with brilliant success; his halls are crowded nightly with the élite of London.

Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1. Amory Hall.—The services, to-day were brief, though interesting. The ten-year-old child, Ford, and removed to the better home his little daughter, the exercises were conducted by Mr. Burrill, the assistant.

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Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

AMORY HALL.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 holds its sessions every Sunday morning at this hall, corner West and Washington streets, commencing at 10 o'clock. The public cordially invited. D. S. Ford, Conductor.

AMORY HALL.—The People's Spiritual Meeting (formerly held at Eagle Hall) is removed to Paine Hall, 176 Tremont street. Services every Sunday morning and afternoon. Good mediums and always present.

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speaks in East Templeton on Thursday evening, May 1st; Gardner, on Friday evening, May 2d; and on Sunday, May 10th, in Manchester, N. H., as well as on Sunday, May 14th. Permanent address at Maplewood, Mass.

Mrs. Clara A. Field lectured in Quincy, Mass., Sunday afternoon, April 27th. She speaks there again on the afternoon of May 11th, and in Amory Hall, Boston, May 4th. Would like to make further engagements. Address 7 Montgomery Place.

Dr. H. P. Fairchild has been lecturing with good success for the last three weeks in Worcester, Mass., and a general revival in spiritual things is the result, with an organization for practical work. Dr. Fairchild will lecture in West Duxbury, Mass., Saturday and Sunday, May 3d and 4th. Would like other calls to speak wherever his services may be wanted. Address Greenwich Village, Mass.

Mrs. Laura Holloway of the editorial staff of the Brooklyn Eagle, and an occasional contributor to this paper recently delivered a very able and interesting lecture in New York, her theme being Charlotte Brontë. It was a perfect success.

The first ten-year endowment policy of \$1,000, annual premium \$104.58, issued at age 30, payable at age 40 or previous death, which contains a definite agreement, that (for example) if only three payments are paid, the Company will continue the insurance, under the terms of the policy, to the end of the ten years, and if the party lives to be forty years old, will then pay him \$18,135, as issued by the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company.

On Wednesday evening, May 7th, at 8 o'clock, Mr. W. J. COLVILLE will deliver a public lecture under the auspices and for the benefit of the Brooklyn Spiritualist Society. Subject: "THE TRUE STATUS OF WOMAN IN MODERN SOCIETY."

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ROCHESTER, N. Y. BOOK DEPOT. JACKSON & BURLEIGH, Booksellers, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

CHICAGO, ILL. PERIODICAL DEPOT. SMITH'S PERIODICAL DEPOT, 122 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill. The Banner of Light and other Spiritual and Liberal Papers always for sale.

NEW YORK PERIODICAL DEPOT. S. M. HOWARD, Agent, Bookseller, 51 East 12th street, New York City, keeps constantly for sale the Banner of Light.

NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT. D. M. HENCK, Publisher and Bookseller, 10 Eighth street, New York City, keeps for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

NEW YORK BOOK AND PAPER AGENCY. T. O. STRANDBERGER keeps for sale the Banner of Light and other Spiritual Papers and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich, at Republican Hall, 35 West 3rd street.

ADVERTISEMENTS. ANDREW STONE, M.D. Physician for the Last Twenty-three Years to the Tiao Lung and Hygienic Institute.

ONSET BAY GROVE. A WELL-BUILT COTTAGE, Containing FIVE ROOMS, FOR SALE, With or without furniture.

HAY-FEVER. VERBLOOSING. All sufferers should use this medicine, which has relieved so many from the tortures of that disease.

ITCHING PILES—SYMPTOMS. Although pin-worms were crawling in the parts diseased, particularly at night, the cause was not worms.

THE SICK CURED Without Drugging the Stomach! MARVELOUS RESULTS attest the superiority, mildness and certainty of the

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SPIRITUALIST LECTURERS.

TO be useful, this List should be reliable. It therefore behooves those who have any interest in promptly notifying of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever and wherever they occur.

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SEISE NICKERSON WHITE, trance speaker, 130 West Brookline street, St. Elmo, Suffolk, Boston, Mass.

Advertisements.

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

Mediums in Boston.

MRS. A. W. WILDES, Electro-Magnetic Physician. DR. H. B. STORER, Office 29 Indiana Place, Boston.

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Spiritualism Abroad.

REVIEW OF OUR FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC EXCHANGES.

BY G. L. DUNSON, M. D.

The March number of La Ilustracion Espiritista, of the City of Mexico, continues its researches in the "Comparison of the rites and ceremonies of the Christian religion and the religions that have preceded it." Under the head of "Infallibility of the Catholic Church—Sixth VIII, origin of the custom of kissing the feet of the Pope," the writer says: "The use of genuflections and other frivolous testimonies of respect which had become so common in Europe in the seventh and eighth centuries, to distinguish themselves from the other earthly potentates, the Popes required their feet to be kissed as an item of respect and faith, the clergy adapted the custom, and even kings submitted to this exterior sign of deference." Canonization is next considered: "In the history of the first ages of the Church there is no mention whatever of any religious honors bestowed on those whom to-day we call saints. This word then had none of the significance which was given to it afterwards; it was used indifferently for all the friends members of the Church, as is seen in Paul's epistle to the Colossians. It was Pope Adrian who, in 785, first instituted it. Gregory I. had already dedicated churches to the ancient saints, and created 'feasts' in their honor, without thinking perhaps that it was in imitation of the Pagans, who had established apotheosis for their heroes and demigods, and consecrated to them temples and altars. In January the Greeks had feasts in honor of Mercury, Hermes, and of the Sun, Nephthys; the 10th of this month has been dedicated to St. Hermes and St. Nicanor. In February Bacchus was adored as Sabaz, or Saviour, and Apollo as Efebos; now we have St. Sotero and St. Efebo. March was anciently the point of departure for the year, and it was then appropriate vows and felicitations were made, we have on the 7th of March St. Procopius and St. Felicitas. In May were the 'feasts' of Ceres, Diana, Minerva, Minerva palladia; we have Santa Flavia, Santa Pudentiana and Santa Patada. To go through all the months thus would take too much space, and I would refer to other matter."

Regarding the plurality of habitable worlds the Ilustracion says, after quoting John A. S. W.: "In my father's house are many mansions." "It is two thousand years since Lucretius said: 'This visible universe is not all there is; a world of nature, and we ought to believe that there are other regions of space and other earths, other natures of beings and other men.' The most ancient books that we know as the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Zend Avesta, profess the doctrine of the plurality of abodes of the human soul, rising more or less according to its works. The religion of Zoroaster considered the universe in the same light. Egypt, cradle of Asiatic philosophy, taught to the wise this ancient doctrine, and the greater part of the Greek sects promulgated the same."

"That there is no Devil," and "that there is no Death," a "Monologue from Beyond the Tomb" and communications from the world of spirits are all noteworthy articles in the Ilustracion, but I must limit myself to a word or two on D. Joaquin Cabero's analysis of the dogmas of the positivists and the "Science from a Philosophical Point of View," by M. Litre, whose sophistry founded on the property of matter seems wholly baseless, if I understand the writer. "Thought," says D. Cabero, "is not a vital function of the organs in which they manifest themselves; they have special laws, whose knowledge constitutes what is properly called psychological science, and is not a physiological branch, as many arbitrarily affirm. These two sciences have something in common, having principles also which radically differ," and "positive philosophy has been so afraid of finding the primary causes in the investigation of spiritual properties considered in themselves, it has been thought desirable to reduce psychology to the studies of experimental physiology, to an action purely organic."

La Razon, of Toluca, has an article bearing somewhat on the subject just referred to, purporting to come from a spirit. It says: "Your forefathers are the seat of an indelible majesty—the majesty of thought. Your bodies will perish, not a vestige will remain; but thought, ever united with your being, ever conserving its selfhood, will mount from ladder to ladder till its sentinellations, star-like, blaze in the great realm of light. The sun has his corona of stars; God has his corona of intelligences. The sun is the king of space without limits; God is the king of the infinite." On the subject of the "Necessity of Education," another spirit says: "Ignorance is the worst of slavery. The ignorant is a slave to himself. Think he cannot; of what can he think if he in himself does not know?" has no knowledge. "You who speak of progress, who have an idea of the way that goes hence to the infinite, destroy all the obstacles; break down the barriers; remove all inconveniences; but how? By instruction. The first duty you have to perform, if a friend to progress, is to prepare all the way. Ah, my children! vanity, pride, interest and self-love are the only incentives to human action."

What does the New Testament say about whitened sepulchres? It is not the first time this comparison has been made: "Truth is a pearl, a pearl at the bottom of the sea." You, my children, seek it in instruction, and come to us bringing the pearl of truth." A Catholic paper of Mexico, La Ilustracion Catolica, referring to La Razon, says: "We have another periodical of the spiritual circle, whose editor, D. Jesus Baez, seeks to spread the gratuitous system of Allan Kardec; i. e., a new error against the truth."

The Leyd Amor, of Yucatan, has ceased to be published for the present; and the Vera Cruz spiritual monthly has not come to hand.

**SOUTH AMERICA.**  
The Constancia, of Buenos Ayres, continues its translation from the Banner of Light, of "Avadi," by Peary Chand Mittra. Following this is the "Inauguration in Dolores of the society of Spiritualists, named 'La Divinidad.'" "Memorable will be forever," says the writer, "this date, for on this day we have laid the foundations of a temple that is to rise to the doctrine salvadora, Spiritualism. The discourse pronounced on the occasion was not only a profession of faith, but a programme of a philosophical study which unfolded a plenitude of ideas for our consideration, and weighed our truths in the face of the enemy we are to encounter. 'These are solemn moments,' said the speaker, 'for they mark a new epoch of work and progress. Amid the derisive smiles of many, and the indifference of others, we come together animated by a single desire—our own perfection-

ment and that of the society of which we form a part. . . . The progress of humanity has not had a firm base, because it has not been in relation with the moral sentiment of society. This has been losing ground gradually; science has dispersed those errors that different religions raised in former times of obscurity and retrogression." After portraying with much force the "grand conflict" that has been going on between science and the dogmas of the church, he said, "The spirit of moral reconstruction, the spirit of truth, is now among us; the way has been prepared by science; humanity is in a state to receive the Great Consolator that Jesus promised should descend upon us."

"Spiritualism in Buenos Ayres" occupies several columns of the Constancia, and is of the most encouraging character: "Spiritualism," says the contributor, "has acquired in this city, heretofore so refractory, a letter of citizenship. It is fully authorized. We have allied with us the most eminent of the scientists, the first lawyers, doctors and officers of our colleges and universities." But in the midst of much gratulation they have to publish a letter from Seville, announcing the suppression there, by order of government, of the semi-monthly periodical El Espiritismo; but it will probably reappear under another form. Under the head of "Freemasonry and Spiritualism," many reasons are given—parallel cases of sympathy and generous objects in view—why they should be in harmony.

"Spiritualism and Materialism" are here also ably discussed by Z.; and most assuredly, all the theories pertaining to the latter are as void of solidity as bubbles, if the former be demonstrable. In one of his closing paragraphs he says: "Today, the cemeteries are for the Spiritualists only depositories where each spirit delivers up the material that our Mother Earth has loaned for an envelope during our mortal abiding. But to thus draw a single thread from a beautiful woof is anything but gratifying. Further contributions to this very inviting periodical are 'Magnetism and Somnambulic Mediumship'; 'A Reality that Appeared to be Sleep,' and an ode on 'Liberty,' and a poem on 'Yesterday and Today.'"

Revista Espiritista, of Montevideo. January number. The able editor of this progressive monthly, D. J. de Espada, writes in the present issue of "Those who respect not others respect not themselves," expressing the noblest sentiments, and proclaiming such laws as should regulate our conduct toward society; manifesting the true spirit of the mission of journalism. Important and palpable truths are rendered in a succinct and genial way, so that the vilest only could read them without being benefited. The "Angel Guardian" contributes also much that should be heeded, with such epigrammatic sentences as: "No arm is useless before the work undertaken"; "To desire is power"; "Educate, but the word should be accompanied with good works." Lady Analia Soler has here a short poem, and one of her felicitous articles on the relations of fathers and children; selfishness characterizing early life and abnegation generally the later. "International Christianity," having the same high moral tone as the preceding, concludes the number in hand.

La Luz de Bogota. Many periodicals have appeared with many more pages, but few with so much good material. The "Introduction" to a work by a Catholic priest, who seems to have departed from his old faith, once before noticed, is given in full in La Luz. The letter kills but the spirit vivifies," is the title of the writing under which the padre expresses his convictions—his devotion to the church blinding him, the new faith giving him light. "Man depraves himself when he is obliged always to dissemble the thoughts his heart cherishes." Benj. Constant: "The truth does not belong to me, and I have no right to cede a part of it to secure the rest." (Aime Martin.) Thus the padre Esmerjana sends out his vanguard, and then confesses: "It is with trembling hand that I essay to trace these first lines as if about to attempt something sacrilegious; but my profound conviction compels me to repeat here what too often my conscience has told me in secret: 'Who are you that should question these sacred and fundamental doctrines; you, born in the church with its august titles,' etc., etc. Adopting what I could not comprehend nor conceive; repudiating my reason as a gift of my sinful nature, . . . the church was my mother absolute," etc., etc.; but, when he came to know himself, to use the reason God had given him, "war with the infallible church" was a necessary consequence. I could not, however, without quoting in extenso several pages of La Luz, portray the towering better faith and the profound erudition which characterize the padre's enunciations.

Here, too, I find a beautiful poem on "Prayer," and that through a medium. (L. R. R.) Quoting first Lord Byron's "God of Israel and God of my fathers," it revels in a divine harmony such as we often find in effusions from the lips of Mrs. Cora Richmond. I will translate the sentiment of the first and last two lines: "What is prayer? It is the chain of gold that links our earth to heaven. . . . It is the flower whose fragrance the deity himself inspires." But this is only the conclusion of a lengthy communication entitled "The Sublimity and Efficacy of Prayer, According to Jesus."

**SPAIN.**  
El Esquiritista, of Madrid, the official organ of the Grupo "Musical," which has been the cause of jealousy and discredit ill feeling, contains nearly forty pages of important matter in fine print. "I will begin with its short articles and go backward to its more lengthy, and quote as space permits: 'We shall soon give, in extenso, that letter in the Banner of Light written by Mr. Hazard concerning the phenomenon materialization.' "In many towns they continue their sermons against Spiritualism. Nothing could better prove the advancement of our cause in Spain, and nothing contributes so largely to its propagation. . . . The persecution of media is also in vogue. The greatest mediumistic power, like all great ideas, must pass through the crucible of false accusations and persecutions." . . . "We have received notices of various private 'circles' which have been formed to study and propagate our rational and consoling doctrine." . . . "We have received a fraternal letter signed by more than forty members of the 'Circulo Cristiano Espiritista de Tarragona,' in sympathy with our cause and the noble medium who, though much slandered, has given her time gratuitously for our advancement." . . . Santa Clara, Cuba, is mentioned as taking action also in this cause. . . . The publishers, Messrs. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, have kindly remitted to us the notable work by Mr. Chas. Beecher, Spiritual Manifestations. We give our thanks to the aforesaid publishers for this handsome volume, and shall soon notice it further." . . . "From Havana, Cuba, we are informed that the Spiritualistic periodical published there for a short time and suppressed, will soon be re-

sumed." . . . "Mr. Luther Colby, the senior editor of the Banner of Light, the oldest of our periodicals, publishes a touching letter respecting the distinguished medium, Mrs. Conant, whose suffering, tears and resignation here, will have a recompense hereafter." . . . "Various spiritualistic centres have begun to establish libraries containing the works pertaining to our doctrine." Before the Congress of Deputies, Sr. Castelar, the eminent orator, referred to Spiritualism as established in the land: "but even that incomparable tribunal, indeed no person suspects the reality of the great number of Spiritualists to be counted in this nation." Phenomena occurring in San Francisco, in Titusville, in Willimantic, are briefly named. In an article by Viscount Solano, on the causes of insanity, Dr. Crowell's highly valuable researches in that matter are referred to, with a further affirmation that "Spiritualism, far from being productive of this malady, is soothing to those produced by ordinary causes." Captain Morales, of the Guards, of Santa Clara, Cuba, writing to Viscount Solano and thanking him for the favor of witnessing the phenomena at the "Grupo Marietta," says that after the doors were sealed, and all necessary precautions taken respecting the medium's participation in what respected, objects were brought, and direct writing and materialization occurred. D. R. Rieux, of the Spiritual Society of Bogota, expresses also his satisfaction at receiving, at the same "circle," some direct writing. The Espiritista contains many other letters from remote regions, all breathing admiration for what Spiritualism has accomplished, the enlightenment it had brought, and its brilliant prospects in the future.

**ITALY.**  
Annali Dello Spirittismo, Turin, February and March produces a second and third translation of chapters from Viscount Solano's very popular work, "Catholicism before the time of Christ." Brahmanism, the "Caste," and the Brahmans, with explanations of the Vedas, the chakra, yajna, sutra; views of the life of Manu, and notices of the "divine sutra," (revelation) are a valuable addition to this valuable periodical. We can most of us agree with the sentiments of the editor, and in what he quotes from M. Jaouliot differing from a recent writer as quoted in the Banner: "that the Egyptians, Jews, Greeks, Romans, in brief all the ancient world, had copied the Brahmanic society in its 'caste,' theories, religious opinions, adopting Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, and their priesthood, as they had adopted the language, legislation, and the philosophy of the Vedic peoples." After a dozen pages or so, given to extracts from other magazines, there is a startling warning thrown out to all Spiritualists—an announcement that in a few months there is to be a combined and powerful effort on the part of the Jesuits to break down this "most odious Spiritualism, that in twenty years has grown to be a gigantic power." They will resort to "calumny, lying, rage, persecution, corruption, menace, subterranean mines, and whatever may seem efficacious to the servants of Loyola." The editor of the Annali, however, feels sure they will not succeed in the end, except perhaps to aid the progress of our cause. A letter from Spain, to the editor of the Annali, signed by a number of the most distinguished, the titled of that country, reiterates this fear. In the March number of the Annali, Mr. Epes Sargent's letter, which appeared, I think, originally in the Banner, respecting his séance with young Watkins, is given in full. It relates to the presence, manifested by independent writing on a slate, of Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, of his own father, &c. Other valuable matter, which I can only name, appears, as Propaganda Spiritista, "International Christianity," and several replies to attacks in Catholic papers.

**FRANCE.**  
Revue Spirite, Paris. This valuable periodical continues in its present issue (March number) its important contribution to our literature—a careful study of ancient faiths, dogmas, etc., under the head of "Apropos de Leibnitz." "The dogma of metempsychosis, as we have said, is a product essentially sacerdotal. One does not find it as an integral part of the bases of any people's religion. . . . The Greco-Latin populations, in separating from the parent stem and going westward, took with them notions of the migration of souls, as did all the branches of the Aryans—notions vague, badly defined, it is true, but yet persisted in, guarded with some care in spite of the foreign influence that came to modify their primitive belief. . . . At the epoch of Plato, the philosophical domain had been already for a long time divided between a good number of rival sects, occupied, at least for the most part, in a disinterested research for the truth," etc. Following the above is a translation for this magazine of the account given in American papers of the final disposition, in Drulic form perhaps, of the remains of Baron de Palm—throwing his ashes into the sea; then "Free Thought," in which occurs a line that will find a response in the heart of every good Spiritualist: "Every elevated soul suffers; suffers because war destroys the people; suffers in seeing the weak oppressed by the strong; suffers in seeing evil reign as master;" and, "It is the struggle, the grief, the devotion, the sacrifice that aggrandizes the soul." M. René Caillie has given to this subject the dignity and force of much thought and learning. "Spiritualism in Sicily" comes next; and as this is the first notice I have ever seen concerning our faith in that island, I will translate more fully than usual what is before me: "Our little group of Spiritualists is the only one that exists in the island of Sicily, and is making great progress. We have already three writing mediums very remarkable, two others who promise much, and a healer who is doing marvelous things, and filling our town with emotion. . . . We have been honored lately by a visit from a noted medium, M. François Sofia, of Calabria. By his astonishing powers he has revolutionized the public sentiment of his place and neighboring villages. The people there knew nothing of the doctrine or the moral that flows from this teaching. M. Sofia himself has no knowledge of the works of Kardec. Recently one of the phenomena taking place in his presence was rain, veritable rain in a chamber closed on all sides. The spirit of Martin Luther dictated through him a work of the highest philosophical import, and which M. Sofia will probably publish. He promises to return to us, if permitted, for the production of phenomena still more surprising, such as apparitions, the bringing of objects, and a solar light in the room. . . . Apropos of the clergy: I forgot to say that at Catane I have within a few days met with a priest named Giuseppe Djello, who is a clairvoyant and psychograph. He assured me that the materialization of spirits was realized with him; which was confirmed by ocular testimony. This medium, like the former, knew of the teachings of Allan Kardec. All that pertains to the experience of Prof.

Zöllner with Mr. Slade is of much moment, and the Revue continues its account of it with a minuteness that cannot fail to carry conviction to every honest heart. "Considerations of Materialism," a "Response to Dr. Charcot" who has been ignorant enough to deny the phenomenon of somnambulism, with many minor items of no little interest, make the present number of the Revue more than ever attractive. It seems that the Paris Figaro had published an article on the subject of somnambulism, in which it was claimed that M. Charcot had resuscitated it, taking it from the hands of the empiriques; assuming in fact that it was properly in its grave, where the Academy had put it, till he had given it life. His assumptions are sufficiently riddled by Dr. Tony Durand. On the "Art of healing by the imposition of hands," Dr. De Hohenberg gives his views in the journal in hand. I will quote a few lines: "He who comprehends best the soul will best heal the body; . . . the body is a simple effect; . . . one should attack the cause." After defining our intimate relation with the source of all life, he says: "Thus it is that prayer makes vibrate in the ether" (the astral light of the "adepts") "the fluids that awaken the attention of the divine agents. These agents, these guides, your friends in space, bring nearly always to the medium the mode the most simple for healing by the hands. . . . To obtain all its force the healer should love his neighbor, should respect himself, should be pure."

As I am now upon the subject of healing, it may be well here to notice a remarkable and neat brochure published at Marseilles, by Mr. Daniel Strong, an American healer, who has accomplished as much perhaps in his profession as any other in the world. In his pamphlet nearly a hundred "certificates" are given, bearing testimony to his marvelous powers. Among those whom he greatly benefited, I am happy to see the name of the Princess Woronsow, from whom I received many civilities during my stay in southern Russia and the Caucasus, then governed by her husband. Dr. Strong's "Introduction" to his work is one of great historic importance—laying bare indeed many of the fallacies of the old school, and quoting the eminent writers, Messrs. Claude Bernard, Bouchardot, Marchal, Boerhaave, Broussais, Auber, Deleuze, Delaunay and others, in support of his opinions.

**BELGIUM.**  
Le Messager, of Liege. Three numbers (up to March 15th, of this valuable little journal are in hand, and though full of just such material, as would interest the readers of the Banner of Light, I can give to it but a limited space. Miss Fancher's case, as reported in the New York Sun, occupies several pages of the Messager. A few paragraphs are bestowed upon Mme. Blavatsky, in this wise: "The mysterious author of Isis Unveiled, a person sui generis and unique, an enigma as difficult to decipher, it would appear, as are to us the doctrines of the Theosophists. She is large, black," (on the contrary, quite a blonde,) "and with the aspect of a Tartar; has fine health and teeth, though eighty-two (?) years of age. . . . has a fine rich nature, but manifests an unreasonable aversion to and an intolerance toward the Christian sects; but has great veneration for her masters in India, with whom she has spent some thirty (?) years," etc. "Free Religion"; "Spiritism"; "Séances at Cape Town"; M. G. Damiani's letter in the Banner on the Doctrine of Reincarnation; a paragraph from the Revista of Barcelona which says: of a Catholic priest to his parishioners, "Do not hire houses of the Protestants; it is necessary to let them die of hunger; and those who would aid me should refuse them work; thus would we rid ourselves of this terrible plague and insure eternal life"; "Pope Leo XIII"; "Is Man Descended from the Ape?" and "God and Creation" are the principal features of what remains to be here credited to the Messager.

"Acta Sanctorum." This work, commonly known under the name of "Bollandistes," is composed of seventy folio volumes. It is written in Latin. M. Monseigneur Guerin, wishing to render this accessible to the public, has made of it a French translation in seventeen 8vo. volumes. It is published by Bloud & Barral, under the title of "Les Petits Bollandistes." "Though made in a party spirit," says the Messager, "we recommend it to our brethren who, we are persuaded, will find in it documents useful in the history of Spiritualism."

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

LET IT PASS.  
[No. 2.]  
If for good you've taken ill,  
Let it pass!  
Oh! be kind and gentle still:  
Let it pass!  
Time at last makes all things straight:  
Let it pass!  
The brighter gliter on the wall:  
Let it pass!  
Did your anger to depart,  
Let it pass!  
Lay these heavy words to heart.  
Let it pass!  
Follow not the giddy throng;  
Better to be wronged than wrong:  
Therefore sing the cheery song—  
Let it pass!  
Let it pass!

Toddles is now supremely happy. He edits a newspaper.  
"I don't believe in fashionable churches," said a lady recently, "but after all, considering that we are all to go to the same heaven, it is better to keep up the social distinction as long as we can."

He who knows only his own side of the case knows little of that.—J. Stuart Mill.  
Miss Letitia Rist, late of So Odessa road, Forest lane, near Stratford, Essex, Eng. left a will which, with the exception of some small legacies, bequeathed the bulk of her property in trust to certain parties named, they to apply the income from time to time in purchasing gravel and sand, which is to be used in grading or sanding "when certain roadways in the city and east end shall be slippery, to enable horses or other animals to better keep their footing."

**IN EARLY SPRING.**  
The tiny snow-drifts melting fast—  
The breath of south-wind floating past—  
The crimson in the maple show—  
The golden crocus at the foot—  
The yellow on the willow wand—  
The green of grass along the pond—  
The swelling buds, the bluebird's note—  
The dandelion on the moist—  
The earthy color of the stream—  
The warmer flush of sunrise gleam—  
The dappled on the hilly mound—  
The new life in the open wood—  
The song of bird, the hum of bee—  
The dawn of woodbine melody—  
The brighter gliter on the hill—  
The rapid rush of little rills—  
The morning hear-frost on the hedge—  
The Monday dews upon the seige—  
The changing color in the vine—  
The fresher hue of mountain pine—  
Are things that tell to eye and ear.  
That summer days are drawing near.

Four States of the Union have unconditionally abolished capital punishment.  
A canoe, said to be prehistoric, has been found in the Lake of Neuchatel, of finished workmanship and better preserved than any hitherto discovered in Switzerland. It is hollowed out of a single stem of oak, says Galtmann, is thirty-six feet in length, thirty-six inches

wide and twenty-six inches in depth. The stern is in the form of a spur, and the stem is curved like a hook, probably for the purpose of mooring the canoe with a rope. There is no provision for catching the oars, but the seats of the rowers can be traced.

**ISLANDIA.**—Among the manuscripts recently forwarded in competition for the prize offered in London for the shortest and best poem on the sad fate of the victims of the English *faux pas* in Zululand, (they call it a "massacre," just as Gen. Custer's failure to kill Sitting Bull and his warriors was called a "massacre" by the Americans), was the following "anti-Jingo" lyric in four lines:

"Six hundred Englishmen are dead:  
They cost a thousand pounds a head.  
We'll at our fingers, till  
The government sends in the bill."

A bill to authorize cremation has been introduced in the Illinois Legislature.

All that we are is the result of what we have thought; it is founded on our thoughts; it is made up of our thoughts. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him like a shadow that never leaves him.—Bhadranipada.

People who are swift to condemn are in hot water pretty much all the time. They should remember there is some good in all, and that they themselves are not perfect.

**THE INDIANS.**  
Exterminate the red-headed yolk!  
The egg's white part exclaims:  
I am the clearer, better part  
Of what the shell contains.  
The yolk is treated with disdain.  
As though it were a stain,  
But when the hatching season comes,  
Behold! an added egg.  
Exterminate the Indians!  
Concealed Avarie cries—  
Deceming himself, of all the Race.  
The fittest to survive.  
But on the Indian Ovar's fate,  
The Race may now depend,  
For its advance in every grade,  
Or—Inimicitious end.  
—[Robert Sluickson,  
Trenton, N. J.]

Make but few explanations; the character that cannot otherwise defend itself is not worth vindicating.

"He might have been a Russian," but he wouldn't want to be in times like these, when innocent people in that barbaric empire are imprisoned at the rate of a thousand a day.—Transcript.

There are people in America who would if they could serve innocent people here in a similar manner that "that barbaric Empire" is now treating its subjects.

A lady in Fair Haven got her foot stuck in a soft spot in a concrete walk. Sing "hey the merry maiden and the tar!"—Yale News.

Little hopeful to papa who had been absent: "Papa, I was run over yesterday." Papa: "What! you were not hurt? How did it happen?" L. H.: "Oh, I was run over by the Elevated Railroad." (Papa wonders if his heir won't some day be President.)

Wash a baby up clean and dress him up real pretty, and he will resist all advances with a most superlative crossness; but let him eat molasses gingerbread and fool around the coal-bud for half an hour, and he will make his dear little dirty face close up to your clean shirt-bosom, and be just the loveliest, cunningest little rascal in all the world.—New Haven Register.

Robble-Shillaber, the grandson of Mr. B. P. Shillaber, whose death was recently announced, was born on the morning of April 18th, 1855, the centenary of the battle of Lexington, and his decease occurred just one day after his fourth birthday. He was a bright, winsome and vivacious little lad, the picture of health and the pet of every one, and the suddenness of the bereavement has made it all the harder to bear.

It has been observed that although "birds in their nests agree," whales often come to blows.

It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.

"What a beautiful spring!" said the kangaroo.

A certain lawyer was compelled to apologize to the Court. With stately dignity he rose in his place and said: "Your Honor is right and I am wrong, as your Honor generally is." There was a dazed look in the Judge's eye, and he hardly knew whether to feel happy or fine the lawyer for contempt of court.

A farmer's boy, on being asked to yoke up the cattle late at night, replied, "I'm not used to such midnight hay-gees."—New Haven Register.

"Oh, how my tooth aches," said the wife of a henary man. "Pullet out," was his characteristic reply.

A bad boy stole his mother's jelly, confessed his guilt, and got his marm-alayed.

Thomas Paine was born one hundred and forty-two years ago. If his admirers and censors did but live up to his motto, this globe would be a more decent place than it is. Paine formulated the grand sentiment: "This world is my country, and to do good is my religion."—Indianapolis Sun.

It seems to us to be a very un-Christian method of civilizing people by doing it with the sword in the right hand and the bible in the left.

No Costiveness, Diarrhoea or any Bowel complaints where Hop Bitters are used.

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