

THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

NO 2

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1. Good effect by the audience to the tune of, "Hail to the Chief."

I admit that it is not a perfect religion; but look how many centuries passed before astronomy, phrenology and every other system of science reached its present state of high advancement. Now, if it took these sciences so many centuries, what can they expect of this twenty-seven-year-old child? Spiritualism combine

[Continued on eighth page.]

A song by Mrs. Mary Ann Lang (*née* Sæbø) followed, after which Mr. J. B. Hatch (who presided over the evening meeting) stated that

The facts of a spiritual life hereafter, of a possible and actual interchange of intelligence between the inhabitants of the two worlds—the philosophy of a spiritual life and of a spiritual communion, were now established verities. What else came Spiritualism to bring? The speaker discoursed in this connection concerning the book of Jesse Pomeroy, and the punishment with which it was proposed to visit him by the legal authorities, and said the lad was a legitimate outgrowth of the conditions surrounding him, and that his case was an additional index, which pointed Spiritualists to the importance of bringing forth children who should have good, healthy, normally balanced bodies, and should thus possess the best opportunity for development. If “Diallak,” so called, were manufactured in this world it was not wonderful that their existence was traced in the next. Both states of existence would be benefited by a cessation of the conditions under which such abnormal growths occurred. Spiritualism came to be an educator, to teach mankind to lead such lives on earth as would enable them to attain to the highest and best conditions when they passed into the beyond in obedience to the mandate of change, and this rule applied to children as well as adults. Spiritualism came to undo the error which the body had so deeply inculcated when it belittled the human body in its frantic efforts to “save the soul! Spiritualism was as much related to this physical world and its conditions, as to the other world and its conditions. Spiritualism was at war with all that undermined the body, the health of humanity to-day; therefore theology with its false ideas of man’s physical nature was not the only devil which its adherents must oppose; they must also grapple with abnormal appetites and passions, as cultivated in the “rubbish” and kindred centres of darkness. Spiritualism, founded upon the rock of truth, was indestructible; it not only presented a more divine religion, science, philosophy, and was an educational agency which tended to individual elevation, but it taught the duty of its followers to bestow upon others the light to which they had attained. He would not have them endeavor to do this in the mere spirit of proselytizing, but with an earnest desire to present the truth in the action of the free reason of humanity. I urged upon the Spiritualists the necessity of organization for work in the dissemination of its principles. It was time for them to play the

Hallowed revelation to morturers outlasting—  
 Born in the house of the lowly and true—  
 How shall ye hail thee, thou bright ally! lining  
 Spread where the death-cloak veils loved ones from view?  
 Pure as the Eden springs  
 Where their translucent wings  
 Leave the bright birds in the summer-laud morn,  
 True as the violet queen,  
 Glist'ning with sapphire sheen,  
 Bright streams thy radiance to mortals forlorn,  
 Rich plenum gift from the Father Supernal,  
 Dight with his signet of glory and power,  
 Stern is earth's conflict with passions infernal—  
 Love's light joyous and celestial—hoor!  
 Honest hearts faint and die,  
 Lo! up the lurid sky  
 Mount they as drops in the sun drawn afar,  
 Yet thou with guileless soul  
 Buckler'd from Fear's control,  
 Surely shalt win though the continents jar!  
 Mighty Evangel! through death-guarded ages  
 Minds have toj'd upward 'mid travail and pain;  
 Blood-stain'd the link of their sorrowful pages,  
 Sad and funeral their marching refrain!  
 Slowly the chains were riven,  
 Yet hath each future given  
 Thunder of glory for chariot of flame!  
 Such be thy destiny,  
 Crown of the brave and free—  
 Right's wailing seraph shall emblazon thy name!  
 Thou art eternal, no measure can meet thee,  
 Traced in veiled ether, earth's earliest time,  
 Sphered in man's dearest traditions we greet thee,  
 God's morning-star on the fore-front of time!  
 Thine was the power that will'd,  
 Thine was the strength that fill'd  
 Life's keenest struggles from monad to zoe,  
 Yet is thy modern way  
 Lit by a clearer ray  
 Shot from the nimbus of truth's rising throne!  
 Souls 'neath thy tutelage seek Life's demanding—  
 Gone are the myths—teak too hoary and old;  
 Lo! the dark hair-cloak of credulism unstriding,  
 Shew hidden truths bright as African gold!  
 Hope looks afield to thee,  
 Outcrop of Liberty  
 Thou art restlessness, thy triumph is nigh!  
 Sweeten her story tales,  
 Suck Love the chorus swells:  
 Thine is the torrent that bears earth on high!  
 Spectrum-wing'd! gleams afar, through heaven real soaring,  
 Scorns thee, thou helper benignant and wise;  
 Chemistry gray, or ætærnal flames poring,  
 Marks not from substance a spirit arise;  
 Yet art thou king of all—  
 Lo! how their theses fall,  
 Analyst stern, at thy Prospero wand!  
 Stilted Pretension dies,  
 Low-brow'd Assurance flies,  
 Naught may the power of thy logic withstand.  
 Knowledge for faith, joy for terror thou bringest;  
 Vainly pours Chaos its Lethæan wine;  
 Man, at thy call from the green shade springs,  
 Armed for Eternity's labor divine!  
 While in thy presence now  
 Rev'rent our spirits bow  
 Fill us with charity, union and love;  
 Teach us—whose'er we may reap  
 While we but gleanings keep!  
 Sure is our freehold in regions above!

A song, "Greeting of Spring," was then rendered by Mrs. Lang and Misses Read, Jackson and Browning—Miss Curtis being the accompanist.

J. B. Hatch pleasantly alluded to the happiness which had attended the celebration thus far, and signified that a pecuniary return would greatly help on the enterprise; at his suggestion a contribution in aid of the anniversary fund was taken up, Mrs. Dr. Richardson and Mrs. Foster being of Charleston District, officiating as collectors.

Alonzo Danforth, Conductor of Children's Lecture No. 1, then read the call for the preliminary meeting looking toward the formation of a "Conservatory of Spiritual Philosophy."

Dr. T. B. Taylor was then introduced as the closing speaker for the evening. Referring pleasantly to the dancing which was to follow his remarks, and to the psychological influence in favor of which that came to him from the audience, he announced that he should be brief what he had to say. He spoke of the disintegration of the creeds which was so surely going on at present, and looked hopefully forward to the

"It is related that a certain African chief, who was a prisoner, took from the platted braids of his hair a certain substance, and offered it to his captors as a ransom. Theology, made prisoner by the modern demand for free thought in matters relating to the soul, is in a similar position. In the face of their existence, the few truths or points of value around which its extraneous system has crystallized—said to be the basis of all religion—must be abandoned. Spiritualism, which it professes so much to despise,



## Spiritualism Abroad.

## REVIEW OF FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC LITERATURE.

Prepared by the Editor of the Banner of Light.  
BY G. L. BLOED, M. D.

So overflowing with good things—beside the wonderful spirit photograph of Madame and Monsieur Kardec—was the January number of our favorite French periodical, much in it had to be passed over unnoticed.

The Baron Kirkup, an old resident of Turin, Italy, has recently allowed to be published the following facts. At the time of the particular occurrence here specified the Baron had for nine days been a grandfather. His own statement is briefly this: "My invisible friends have begun a correspondence with me. Three rap upon the wall when I am alone, indicate that there is a letter for me in our secret post-office. This office is behind a picture, where my replies are also placed. I know the writing of four of the spirits: Regina, Annina, Isacco and Dante. I have at least a hundred of their letters. As if to try my faith, they announced that they would cause my little nine-days' old grandchild to write, and I invited in six friends to witness the phenomenon. Pencils had been prepared and hidden away in an obscure corner. My son seated himself at a table with the infant, who already had a pencil in hand, holding it like a penholder. Paper having been arranged, the child immediately wrote J. A. I. D., initials of my above-named four friends. The pencils then fell from his little grasp, and I thought its task completed; but my son exclaimed, 'He has the pencil again!' and Regina wrote these words in Italian: *Non nutrate questo bambino prima che egli si ubbriacchi.* Adieu. (Do not call this a good test, the thing which we had told you of. Farwell.)

"That no doubt could attach to the above," the Baron wrote the following (in Italian), which was signed by his friends present: "We testify to having seen the infant Valentina, of nine days, write as above; the pencil having been placed in his hand by some invisible power. (Signed)

Fortunata Carboni, Teresa Beltrami, Teodoro Ciani, Paulina Carboni, Imogene Kirkup Ciani, Vittorio Beltrami."

A letter comes to the *Revue* from St. Pierre, Martinique, which says that a man in the country there, having been bitten by a serpent, and hence prostrated on his bed with a fever, sent off to procure the aid of an old negro who had the reputation of a sorcerer. "Tell the patient," said the negro, "to go about his business; I will take care of him." Sure enough, whether by faith or otherwise, he soon recovered, and by that which is here called the treatment *par fétiche*. Remark on this, the editor of the *Revue* says: "The spirits reply that in our groups there are mediums who often cure at a distance, through the aid of (or, à la demande of) an intermediary."

Mons. Loiseau, 5 Lanery street, Paris, writing of Mons. Bugeat's spirit photograph, says that he is assured of the genuineness of the phenomenon following Mons. B. in all his operations, till not a particle of suspicion of the honesty of the operator existed. Under such scrutiny there came upon the plate not only his own portrait, but that of another, extended partly over him, while over his face fell a transparent veil. "All the operations," repeats the writer, "were made in my presence; and M. Bugeat kindly offered to allow me to manipulate the whole thing myself, using his instruments or others; his presence only being required as medium."

From Chercheff, Algiers, comes an excellent criticism of a sermon on cremation, pronounced in Westminster Abbey by the Bishop of Lincoln. It is shown that the most ardent adversaries of cremation in England are the clergy, who fear, if cremation is generally adopted, losing the best part of their revenues. "It is truly inconceivable," says the critic, "that the clergy can be so ignorant as to maintain that cremation will be dangerous to the doctrine of the resurrection of the body—the Bishop of L. believing that at some future day all human beings who have existed on the earth will be resurrected with their actual bodies." A chemical analysis of the body then follows, showing how much of it is gas, and must pass off into the atmosphere under the ordinary form of decomposition, and what weight of solids might mingle with other earthly matter. The *marade* of the thing is then considered and ably digested.

The *Revue Spirite*, February number, contains a photograph of M. Blanckeman, of the French army, who writes as follows:

"M. Bugeat received me with great affability, and placed me in position at once. On the plate were two spirits. I was at first disappointed, as I had earnestly desired my father's presence; but on looking at it anew I recognized with joy one of my uncles, my father's brother, while the other spirit was doubtless his daughter, whom I had known when very small. She had a marked resemblance to the wife of my uncle, which caused me to believe that this was my cousin."

Mons. Blanckeman is seated at a table, resting one hand upon his sword, the other upon his knee. On his left is the spirit figure of a pretty young lady, who lifts with her right hand a transparent veil, which not only falls over a portion of the officer nearest the table, but about the whole table itself. Just over the right shoulder of this spirit appears the bald head of another, who, from the resemblance to the former, may well be taken for her father. They are both in unusual miniature, but very distinct.

Prince Emile De Wittgenstein favors this number of the *Revue* with a long communication, principally a translation of the able and interesting article published in the N. Y. Graphic, from the pen of the Countess H. P. Blavatsky, in reference to the Eddy manifestations. The Prince says he knew the Countess when in the Caucasus; that her husband was for many years Governor of Erivan; that she speaks a number of the transcaucasian idioms, and that he can bear testimony to the apparent truthfulness of the *couleur locale*, the language, the costumes—of all she reports having seen and experienced at Chitenden.

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, I feel a deeper interest in these parties, and in the strange, Oriental figures and costumes that appeared at the Eddys' in the presence of the Countess Blavatsky than most of your readers will; for I was in Georgia, the home of Madame B., when she was a beautiful young lady; and I doubtless met at the soirees of Prince Woronzoff, Mons. the Prince Wittgenstein. That a Georgian, a Persian, a Kowli, should step out from his shadowy haunt and walk the rude stage in this far-off land, is not only a weird and wonderful phenomenon, but it shows how, wherever we may wander, however much of a stranger we may feel ourselves to be

mid peoples differing from ourselves in language, costumes, habits, religion, the spirits of dear ones gone before, and of those even whom we perhaps have only casually known, but have found something in us that has touched a sympathetic chord—it shows how (and it should cheer all in their lonely moods) these are really with us, walking in our pathway unobserved, and watching by our pillows while we sleep. May the good angels draw nearer and nearer!

The long and able defence of Spiritualism by M. T. Tonopah, which opens the present number of the *Revue*, has an extract from Madame Pfeiffer's "Second Journey Around the World," published in Paris about the year 1851: "At the residence of Cheriton, in the Island of Java, at the close of day, in a certain chamber and from all quarters, there began to rain down stones. They fell close to persons in the room, but hit no one; they seemed more particularly directed against a little infant. The Government, hearing of the affair, sent an officer to examine into it. He placed a guard about the premises, then entered, and taking the child on his knees awaited events. At the usual hour down came the stones, falling in a shower about him and his little charge. He took the stones, marked them and hid them away in a far distant place (*bona fide*). It was all in vain; the same stones fell again in the same place and at the same hour. To put an end to this incredible history the Government had the house torn down."

*El Critico Espiritista*, of Madrid, begins its January number with a review of the progress of "Spiritualism in Spain." During the past year, it says, much seed has been sown—carried by the winds of publicity, to fructify in ground already prepared, through the propagation of the magazine, the book, the controversy, public lectures and private conversation. A "memoria" of the Board of Directors of the Association of Spiritualists, claim that the principles of Spiritualism have gained access to places formerly denied them, that they are respected where they were once denounced, and are judged with impartiality by those who once scouted them; that they have acquired this enviable position by contending tenaciously with ancient prejudices, overcoming the indifference of the masses and the opposition of the lesser body, maintaining the enthusiasm of the few in the midst of so many political convulsions of the nation—advancing calmly but firmly, combating successfully the most malevolent criticisms, and sustaining themselves against the formidable assaults of the schools of philosophy.

In confirmation of the statement that our cause is advancing in Spain, and that its literature is consequently in demand, there is added to the article in question the names of some twenty works (several translations, but mostly original) that have recently been published in that country in the advocacy of, or by believers in, Spiritualism.

"Celestial Chemistry" and a letter on "Spiritualism in England," occupy much of the present number of the *Critic*. Several touching tributes to the departed, (from this life,) with minor items—including a notice of a new periodical, *Common Sense*, that is now published in Lerida against Spiritualism—add to its interest.

Two more numbers of the *Buda-Pest* (Hungary,) magazine of Spiritualism, *Reflexiones aus der Geisteswelt*, are before me; but I need only briefly notice their contents, for they are mostly devoted to communications through media; and however deeply interesting and valuable each article may be—such as those written through "Adelma," for instance, and on "Spirit-Nature" by Clara—the phenomena is nearer the American tone of thought, and we are hardly satisfied if some startling fact is not forthcoming that may even challenge our wide-mouthed credulity.

That our Buda-Pest friends are thoroughly acquainted with spiritualistic literature is evidenced by their announcement of books on sale; such as "Studies about the Spirit-World," by Baron A. Von Vay (and two or three others by the same author); *Das Buch der Geister*, by A. Kardec; the works of Alex. Aksakow, of Goldenstube, and of A. J. Davis.

*La Rustracion, Espirita*, (Mexico, February 1875), edited by Sr. Don R. I. Gonzales, comes in such a large, imposing, handsome form, that it challenges columns of respectful consideration instead of a paragraph or two. Its "Objections to Spiritualism" occupy about five of its pages, and is an able reply to a Dr. Rice who seems to think that if Moses and Elias did appear on the Mount, and Samuel possibly (but doubtful) came at the entreaty of Saul, these are the only but by no means sufficient grounds on which to base a reasonable supposition that spirits do return to earth. A. Kardec is then quoted—"A Reply to our Detractors," this is followed by, "Are Spiritualists Christians?" "The Seven Sacraments of the Roman Church;" "Roma and the Evangelio," that has made so much stir in Spanish circles; an interesting historical sketch of vampires and witches (so called), of their great influence on the habits, thoughts, religion of many Oriental people, including the ancient Greeks and more modern Silesians, Moravians, Hungarians—quoting D. Calmet as authority for one fact stated, which he says he received from a trustworthy source; the fact being, in brief, that "there was seen to enter and seat himself at a table, to the dismay of a family, the father of the master of the house, who (i. e., the father) had been dead and buried for the space of ten years." Count de Cabrera being an interested party. It is worthy of note, also, that one of Col. Oleott's letters, which appeared in the Graphic, Oct. 30th, in relation to the Eddy manifestations, returns to us here in its pleasing Spanish garb—losing nothing of its charm by its long journey and its foreign drapery.

The *March* number of Don Gonzales's elegant periodical (may its shadow never be less!) has come to hand; also the *Dagbladet* (Scandinavian), and the February number of *El Critico*, and will receive further attention in my next.

The *Licht Welt* of Allentown for February and March is also before me, with such a variety of entertaining matter (and all for five cents), its German readers must be proud of it. Its leading articles are; a summary of Spiritualism in England and a communication from Dr. G. Bloede. Minor items, (if we may so call) "Heaven and Hell," "What is Spirit?" the "Harmonical Philosophy," and correspondence from all quarters, add the required spice.

And is not Spiritualism the new car of Juggernaut that we have set agoing by steam? When I read of its progress, when I see those crushed who throw themselves under its wheels, when I see those swept away who strive to stop it, when I hear the shout of its devotees, (maybe sometimes misguided, sometimes full of folly and madness,) when I witness the satisfaction its priesthood experiences at its triumphant advance, I recognize a similitude to that Hindu expression of a faith.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

## SPIRITS ENJOYING HUMAN FOOD.

BY DR. G. BLOED, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The pretty story told in No. 22 of the *Banner*, by "One of the Family," of a spirit "grandpa" eating grapes and apples, prompts me to communicate to your readers a similar case, which came recently under my own observation.

A select circle of friends of Spiritualism in Brooklyn has been some time developing a new medium for physical manifestations, a young lad of fifteen years, of respectable relations. He already exhibits the most remarkable mediumistic powers, equal, if not superior, to those of the Davenport Brothers. I shall have to report more fully about this promising medium, hereafter, and will therefore abstain for the present from giving names and particulars, and only mention the curious and amusing coincidences which occurred in the presence of this medium a few weeks ago, and which could at any time be attested to by five or six reliable witnesses.

The principal controlling, or rather helping or executing spirit, under whom Willie—as I will call the medium—has thus far exhibited his physical manifestations, is that of a Southern plantation-negro, who had gone to California and was killed there. He gave his name as James Thomas, and the slang-like character of his negro idiom, in which he keeps up a lively conversation from inside of the cabinet, and his inclination to fun, merriment, and even wit and satire, known as a characteristic of his race, afford sufficient grounds for believing in his genuineness. In this mood he once mentioned the predilection he had had when in life for mince-pie. This prompted me to ask the question, "Why, James, if I should bring you a mince-pie next time, would you eat it?" His answer, coming quickly enough, was, "To be sure I would!" "Well, James, you shall have one the next time we meet," was my reply.

A week from that evening I did not fail to keep my promise. Eager to make a new untried experiment, and not having told any one about it, I carried a small mince-pie, just bought at the baker's, and wrapped up in the inevitable crackling yellow straw paper, to the house, hiding it there in another room, and not seen by any one, under my overcoat. But sure enough, after the medium had been in the cabinet for some time, and entranced, James asked in a loud voice, "Where is my mince-pie?" To the great amusement of the circle, I then assured James that I had kept my part of the agreement, and it was now his turn to do so. He expressed his willingness in energetic terms, and the pie was brought from the other room, handed in through the curtain of the cabinet, and still in its original paper put on a small table in front of the medium. Immediately after, we heard the crackling sound of the wrapping torn off and crumpled in the hands of somebody, soon followed by other sounds, which could be taken for those of a person eating.

A few minutes later James said, always in his funny slang, "I will not eat it all alone, but will divide it with the company," and called for a knife. This was shoved in through the curtain and put upon the table, and we soon perceived that it was handled by some one. Soon afterwards we were bidden to remove the curtain and come into the cabinet, where we found that a crescent-shaped piece of the pie (about the fifth part of it) was missing, as if bitten out by human lips and teeth, and the rest of the pie cut with the knife into two equal halves.

Now every one not acquainted with the concomitant circumstances and the condition the medium was in at the time, will say: "What was there wonderful in this? of course the medium tore off the paper wrapper, ate the missing piece, and cut the rest of the pie with his hands, as any clever baby beyond the period of the cradle could have done!" But I regret to be obliged to assure the skeptical reader that this wise suggestion would not go very far to solve this puzzle here brought before our eyes in a tangible form. The fact is, the medium, besides being in a deep trance, had, as is always the case, been put in the cabinet in a condition which excluded every earthly possibility of using either his limbs or his mouth in the common way. The medium was not only fettered, body, arms and legs, by three or four strong ropes, and firmly tied to a chair, so that he could not reach forward with his head more than a couple of inches, but his hands and arms, fastened to the side rounds of the chair, were also encased in a pair of long hose, secured above the elbow by a few stitches; his mouth was also completely gagged by a handkerchief drawn through it and behind the teeth, like the bit of a horse, and tied firmly at the back of his neck, being also secured in its position by other bandages running upwards from the chin and tied on the top of his head.

I need scarcely say that in a few minutes after we had heard the handling of the knife, we were called into the cabinet, and found the two halves of the pie, with the piece missing, of which not the least trace could be discovered, as well as the knife on the table, and the paper, crumpled, lying on the floor; also the described condition and position of the medium, on close examination, were found not in the least altered—ropes, knots, hose, gag and bandages all undisturbed and in their proper places—not the slightest sign could be discovered of any meddling with the condition in which we all had seen the medium the very moment before the experiment commenced.

Here are some more facts to be attested to by unexceptional witnesses, which would seem apt to tax the acumen of the "philosophers," and wholly inexplicable except by the spiritual theory of materialization, including at the same time the power of dematerializing, unless it should suit the "philosopher" better to presume that a lad of fifteen should possess a perfection in sleight-of-hand which would baffle the skill of the most celebrated wizard of the age, or that half a dozen sober, healthy and honest men should at once and all at the same time be liable to a fit of "hallucination," making them see what there was not, and not see what there was! The independent reader may take his choice.

## SEANCES AT DR. SLADE'S.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Being in New York City not long since, myself and another called on Dr. H. Slade, 25 East Twenty-first street, widely known as a remarkable test medium, to witness some of the manifestations that occur through his mediumship. We were first allowed the liberty of examining everything in the room. We sat at a common square table. A small piece of slate pencil was

placed on the table and covered by a common framed slate. In response to my question raps were heard, and the pencil began writing on the under side of the slate what proved to be a message, with my son's name signed thereto. A clothes brush was then seen to leave the mantel shelf, without visible hands, and proceeded to brush our clothing vigorously, during which time I felt hands patting me. A very white hand was now laid upon my bosom for a moment, and then disappeared. I said, "My son, was that you?" The hand then came again and pulled my face violently, and made an effort to remove my bracelet.

The Doctor then held an accordion half its length under the table with one hand, the other lying on the top of the table. The music from it was very fine. The instrument now disappeared under the table, and the strains were repeated. Another message written on the slate closed the seance.

In the evening, at 8 o'clock, we attended another seance. We took our seats at the table. A black cambric curtain about five feet high and six feet wide, with an aperture about one foot square, was suspended between the table and wall, about three feet from the wall. After sitting ten minutes, a female head, with beautiful black hair, appeared at the aperture, which I recognized as my niece. Then came a person who was recognized by my friend; next came an angelic face, with a beautiful halo of light around it. I next heard a voice at my side, which said very distinctly, "Dear mother, I am so glad that you came here," and gave me some advice. To a question which I asked, another voice answered in a very loud tone, and lastly the voice of my guide, the Indian girl, King Flower, was heard chattering away in high glee, in her own tongue, to the great amusement of the Doctor. The truthfulness of the manifestations at Dr. Slade's is placed in my mind, by the above mentioned facts, beyond a doubt.

MRS. JENNETT J. CLARK.

Boston, March 22d, 1875.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## A VISION.

BY MRS. M. E. WALKER.

I was in a valley lying  
Deep between the mountain's steep.  
In that valley, dark and gloomy,  
I had cast me down to weep.  
I was heavy with my sorrow,  
Borne through many a weary hour;  
Now it racked me—overwhelming  
Was the fury of its power.

Low crouched I in my fierce anguish,  
Sore I moaned, in bitter tears—  
Tears of pain, of saddest wailing,  
O'er the failure of my years;  
O'er the hopes I vainly cherished;  
O'er the dreams I dreamed for naught;  
O'er the utter desolation  
Of my lone and cheerless lot.

Came a light into the valley,  
Came a radiance like the day!  
Looked I up, in terror seeing  
One who came adown the way  
Wrapped in white, of ardent splendor,  
In a glow of silvery flame;  
Blinded, I, in all my vision,  
As it closer, closer came.

Spoke the angel words of cheering,  
In a voice that, like a bird,  
Flew into my soul, and nestling;  
All my inmost being stirred.  
With a sense of blessed comfort  
Did my soul uphold its hands  
To be filled with truths of heaven,  
Sent from bright celestial lands.

"Why, because the clouds hang heavy  
Over all the gloomy sky,  
Should you droop? Behind the shadows  
Still the sun is soaring high.  
Why, when dark and lone the pathway,  
When your feet are worn and sore,  
Should you faint? A little farther  
Shall you find the open door.

"Rouse ye from the past's deep darkness;  
Dead are they who backward cling;  
Look ye over all the landscape,  
Watch the coming of the spring.  
If the world be dark and cheerless,  
Go to where the sunshine waits;  
Let it enter, bright and glowing,  
Through your spirit's long barred gates.

"Crown your days with flowers of loving,  
Plucked with patience, won with pain;  
Dear the flowers won from sorrow,  
Free are they from earthly stain.  
Clasp them, then, upon your bosom;  
Clasp them with the might of prayer;  
Let them ope their pure white petals  
In their stainless beauty there."

Sweet and low, as music stealing  
O'er some purple, twilight sea,  
From the harping of an angel,  
Came the last words back to me;  
Sank and died, and I awakened  
With a sense of deepest bliss;  
Had the veil been partly lifted  
"Twixt the other world and this?

Oh, we know not how they linger,  
Those pure spirits from above,  
Close beside us, warning, cheering,  
With their soothing words of love.  
So, oftentimes, when very gloomy  
Does the rugged pathway seem,  
They are near us. Ah, not always  
Do we merely simply dream!

## Extract from Channing.

In view of the present interest on the subject of Spiritualism, the following extract from one of William Ellery Channing's sermons, delivered in 1831, will be read with interest:

"Perhaps it may be asked whether those born into heaven not only remember with interest but have a present immediate knowledge of those whom they left on earth? On this point neither Scripture nor the principles of human nature give us light, and we are of course left in uncertainty. I will only say that I know nothing to prevent this knowledge. We are indeed accustomed to think of heaven as distant, but of this we have no proof. Heaven is the union, the society of spiritual higher beings. May not these fill the universe so as to make heaven everywhere? Are such beings probably circumscribed, as we are, by material limits? Milton has said: 'Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth, both when we wake and when we sleep.'"

It is possible that the distance of heaven lies wholly in the veil of flesh which we now want power to penetrate. A new sense, a new eye, might show the spiritual world encompassing us on every side."

The above quotation is taken from a sermon on the "Future Life," and may be found in Vol. III., pp. 227-8 of Channing's complete works.

## The Rostrum.

## THE MEDIUMISTIC EXPERIENCES OF N. FRANK WHITE.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

A large and intelligent audience assembled at Rochester Hall, Boston, Sunday evening, March 28th, to listen to the widely known medium and speaker, N. Frank White, who, according to announcement, related his personal experience as a medium for the past twenty-six years. After a song from Prof. Locke, which was well appreciated, H. S. Williams, Esq., President of the Boston Spiritualists' Union, introduced the speaker, who was received with hearty applause, and prefaced his discourse by reading an appropriate selection from Lizzie Doten's poem, "The Inner Mystery." Another song followed by Prof. Locke, after which Mr. White commenced by a brief relation of his early history.

Educated with a large family of children, by strict Presbyterian parents, in the strictest of Presbyterian States, Connecticut, his earliest recollections of religious instruction were anything but pleasant, while the impressions of that instruction led him to look with horror upon any approach to liberal thought in religious matters. Leaving his home (Seymour, Connecticut,) at the early age of thirteen, he took up his abode in the city of New Haven, to do for himself, with only the limited education which he had received in a country school up to that time. Coming soon after under the influence of a religious revival in a Methodist Church in that city, he represented himself for the prayers of the church, and recognized his first consciousness of susceptibility to outside impressions as having a beginning there through the powerful mesmerism influence of the revival preacher—an influence then misunderstood, but since plainly manifest in different directions. A few years after joining the church, and a little over a year after the first manifestations of raps through the Fox girls, at Hydesville, N. Y.—of which he had only heard the common, garbled reports, and in regard to which he of course was unfavorably impressed—he became interested in a series of lectures upon psychology, by Drs. Benton and Rainey, in New Haven, entered thoroughly into the investigation of that subject, and soon became not only fully convinced of the reality of that science, but also a susceptible subject.

He visited these gentlemen shortly after in Bridgeport, Conn., and while sitting with one of them alone in a room in a hotel, they both noticed a peculiar vibration or rap upon the table, which each at first supposed the other made; after explanations to the contrary, the raps continuing or stopping as requested, and imitating sounds, they were somewhat astonished, and the gentleman (Dr. Rainey) jokingly remarked it must be the "Rochester rappings," in which, however, he had not a particle of confidence, believing that the Fox girls were impostors, whose tricks would soon be exposed. He then, still in a joking way, commenced calling the alphabet as they were said to do, and, as the letters were responded to, put them upon paper. As these letters were written in capitals, and no division of words was made, there seemed to be no sense or sentence, and the communication finally ceased, leaving the impression upon the minds of both that there was no intelligence connected with the rap or sound, and they entered into conversation upon another subject. While thus conversing, the paper with the letters being upon the table before Mr. White, he accidentally observed a combination of letters which formed a word, and immediately starting with that key found that they had a complete sentence, and that the sentence was a communication from a departed sister, of whom Dr. Rainey had never heard, giving the names of husband and children, and also her own at the close. Mr. White at once became startled, informed his friend of the discovery, and an investigation at once commenced. The raps readily responded again, and the Doctor soon received, in the same manner, a message from a departed child of whom Mr. White, until then, had never heard. Another gentleman, called in to listen to the remarkable phenomena, received a lengthy message from an acquaintance of years gone by—whom he had forgotten and did not know was dead—giving many facts in regard to his life and death, since the acquaintance ended, and which were afterwards, by mail, fully verified.

After this recital, which was clear, concise and complete—the speaker recognizing its importance as the commencement of his conscious mediumistic life—he gave a humorous account of his adventures that night with the invisibles, in which his superstitious fears were considerably aroused. He then sketched rapidly his mediumistic life since—going to New York, working at his trade as an engraver, sitting with friends for investigation; being exposed to scorn and reproach and open abuse from the ignorant and bigoted; and spoke of the different phases of mediumship which constantly developed through his organism, such as writing through mechanical control of the arm in many different languages, including Greek and Hebrew; writing most freely and completely while in conversation upon other subjects; speaking in the unconscious trance, &c. Going West to Beloit, Wis., to avoid the importunities of friends that he should take the rostrum, he was discovered there and finally induced to speak; he pictured his embarrassment and the final triumph of the invisibles eighteen years ago, since which time he has been in public life, speaking in most of the cities of the United States from Maine to Texas. The lecture developed during its course a narrative of scenes and facts which were intensely interesting and keenly appreciated, as was attested by the almost breathless silence of the audience, only broken in upon now and then by the involuntary applause of his listeners.

The speaker then related some exceedingly interesting incidents of spirit manifestations through his mediumship in Texas, North Carolina, and in this city, all of them giving conclusive evidence of spirit power and intelligence beyond the medium and those seeking communication. During the recital of his early experience considerable excitement was manifest in the audience at the unmistakable response of raps all about the speaker upon the platform, and which were distinctly heard from many parts of the hall. Mr. White closed his discourse by declaring his earnest determination to trust still to the invisibles to do instrument for the emancipation of that work so long as his strength would permit; he spoke gratefully and feelingly of the Indian or physical influences which had controlled him at times and given such important assistance, appealing earnestly to all mediums to welcome such influences, as only through their aid and the consequent building up of a good physical condition, could they do their work completely and successfully.

A hearty round of applause followed the closing of the discourse. A few earnest and pointed remarks from Dr. Storor complementary to Mr. White, whom he had long known, and a song with a few words from Prof. Locke, closed the exercises of the evening.







**To Book-Buyers.**

At our new location, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street, Boston, we have a fine bookstore on the ground floor of the Building, where we keep on hand a large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works, to which we invite your attention.

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**"The Proof of Immortality."**

At a time when the public mind is being so deeply agitated with regard to spirit-materializations and kindred phenomena, we would call the special attention of the reader to that admirable work by E. S. Sargent, Esq., whose title heads this article. The volume embraces within its pages the solution of the most important question which ever claimed the attention of the human race, viz: the existence of the spirit after it leaves the mortal form; and, as it is the fruit of one of the most active and reflective minds in America, it should receive the attention of the great mass of investigators and Spiritualists alike.

In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of unpopular free thought; but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

**Banner of Light.**

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**Forces at Work.**

It is not with noise and parade, but in silence, that the exerts of life develop and grow, and finally burst into notice. People who do not know the laws of these operations are content to take things at hearsay, without individual recognition, and superstitiously. If they have any idea on the matter at all, it is that events somehow project themselves upon the world's attention, no inspiring power being within and no directing power behind. They just as much worship idols as the Chinese, their Supreme Power being a blind one entirely, giving forth no answer, and constantly enveloped in mystery. They suppose that certain things are accomplished by certain forces; but beyond this they are, as much in the dark as they are respecting the character and conduct of the forces themselves.

Whoever will meditate and reflect on what has already been compassed within the last quarter of a century, must be impressed with the sovereign fact that there are powers ruling in the affairs of the world, with designs and purposes, perhaps incomprehensible to us, yet compelling human attention. It is for our elevation and progression that these invisible forces attract our notice and challenge our thought. They are not blind, if we are. They work intelligently, if we cannot compass and comprehend them.

Look along the line of human affairs since Modern Spiritualism made itself manifest. Who dare say that this stranger in the life of the world has accomplished nothing since its unheralded advent? Is the state of the church now what it was twenty-five years ago? Has politics undergone no change? Do the workingman and workingwoman as quickly submit to the encroachments of soulless capital as formerly?

It is common to say that we are in a transition state, passing through a cycle of wholly new experiences. What does that mean, if not that some Power has been silently and steadily at work all this while on the minds and hearts of the great body of the people? Not upon the people in a mass, but upon them separately and individually? It was one man in a certain church who was touched with a convincing impression sent directly to him from the unseen spirit-world; it was one woman who suddenly felt the presence of a truth she had long been secretly yearning to realize and companionship with. Others saw the dawn at a later period; until there came about an exchange of views and experiences, and all believed in a larger way than before. Whether they continued with the church or came out from it, the work in the church went on the same, those remaining in it becoming silent missionaries to the lump and infuse into it the life of higher doctrines.

Political parties are visibly feeling the influence of these active forces, which many, for lack of a clearer and firmer conception of them, term forces of the air. Party leaders may scorn to admit a recognition of them, may disown all knowledge of them, but still may be and positively are under their dominion. Not that these invisible influences are tyrannical, by any means, or bent on exercising a power contrary to the will of human agents. But they succeed in so working on the minds of public men that the latter are conscious of no loss of their freedom, even while cooperating zealously with the invisible powers to attain the ends at which they aim. The work must be done by men themselves in order to be what is for the highest good of man; that it is guided by spirits to a noble purpose does not make it any the less the work of men. If the latter only recognize those who aid and inspire them, how effectually is that work done!

In education itself is to be plainly seen the effect of these superior influences, reconstructing the whole system upon a larger basis. Here is where they are able to get at the very spring and fountain of the future of society; to color and control the thought of both Church and State; to inspire and shape the institutions that are to steadily supplant those now held precious for their antiquity rather than for their intrinsic worth. The new forces manifest themselves in the columns of the daily press; the writers console themselves for an enforced restraint by attacking the influences which they thereby acknowledge the existence of. Assaults or defenders, it makes no difference; either way means a confession of the great and grave fact of the time. The preacher sees and feels them at

work in his congregation, and he thunders his denunciations at them only to attract wider attention to them and prepare the way for their final admission into the hearts of his people.

Workers with the invisibles! let reflections of this character bring you rich and frequent consolation when the world's cares and troubles weary and tend to dispirit you. Hold fast and true to your faith, for it is through these intermittent struggles of the soul, permitted of Heaven for wise ends, that the joy of belief is communicated. It is no idle, dreamy speculation that engrosses you. It is a great truth, in which are included all the interests and events of human life; something that is vastly more real than the entire sum of our so-called realities; the Power that changes institutions and forms, and re-creates them at pleasure, ruling and reigning above us continually, whether we remember or forget, and bent on making human affairs yield a harvest of blessings in place of what tends to discord and confusion and misery. Let us work with these forces and all will be well.

**Attended Persecution in Troy, N. Y.**

Those who doubt that the spirit of bigotry is not alive and abroad in the land, had better read the article which we quote below from the columns of the Troy Whig of March 30th. Failing to dislodge Mr. Foster through attempted exposures(?) of his mediumship, a plan was adopted to intimidate him through fear of the law. That he was alarmed thereby we think no one will for a moment imagine who reads his rejoinder to the official summons:

A LETTER FROM FOSTER—THE "MEDIUM" ON A CITY OFFICIAL—HIS SEANCES AS "RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES"—HE WILL NOT PAY A LICENSE AS AN EXHIBITOR.

Editor of the Daily Whig: My attention has been called to the following item in last evening's Press:

"Foster, the medium, has been notified by L. E. Griffith, private secretary to the mayor, that he must procure a city license as an exhibitor. The charter makes it unlawful for persons to give exhibitions for pay without procuring a license."

This statement is true. But for the sake of the rash boy who, seemingly without the knowledge of his genial and gentlemanly superior, made this ridiculous demand upon me, I hoped that his folly would not have become generally known in Troy. I am a spiritual medium, and have been so for the last twenty years, tested by college committees, scientific societies and the most learned and distinguished men of Europe and America. I give no "exhibitions" in Troy except private seances in the private house of a friend, the purpose of these seances being to demonstrate the one central hope and claim of all religions in the world, the immortality of the soul.

My "exhibition," therefore, is one of the religious observances of a very large body of the American people, the spiritualists, who are already counted by millions. When some petty official sends a notice to all the clergymen in Troy that they must procure a license as "exhibitors" of the truths of immortality, he will carry out to the full extent the mandate of his impertinent note to me, to which, of course, I shall pay as little attention as I pay to the nameless mountebanks who pretend to imitate by physical tricks a process through which I receive and impart revelations that can by no possibility be known except to the visitors who sit with me and their departed friends. I am not naturally a martyr, but merely a plain man of the world. If the people of Troy, however, desire a test of religious liberty, as late as the year 1875, I shall be happy to give them enough of it.

C. H. FOSTER.

No. 35 North Second Street.

**Diakism.**

Since Bro. A. J. Davis's little work upon this subject first made its appearance, there has been much speculation, *pro and con*, in the public mind as to the class of spirits denominated Diakia, their locality in the supramundane sphere of life, etc., etc. Many correspondents having questioned us upon the subject, we in turn questioned several of our spirit friends, with the following result: They inform us that all the spirits of the so-called dead who once inhabited bodies of flesh on this planet, many of whom communicate with us through media, here it matters not whether they passed on in a high or low, educated or uneducated condition—are inhabitants of the spiritual planet Zandia; that there is no distinct or separate "Diak" world; that each and all are still human beings, subject to the same likes and dislikes they possessed while here; and that that country is the "Summer Land;" and that those ignorant ones whom Mr. Davis calls "Diakia," are capable of being educated the same as children on this planet are taught, and who, when thus taught, become good and useful citizens—a blessing, instead of the reverse, to humanity there and here.

Rev. Washington Gladden in the Congregationalist newspaper of this city takes a very unfavorable view of the religious life of the negro population of the South. "Almost universally," says this writer, "these Christians, whose songs are so sweet and whose prayers are so fervent, are leading lives of gross immorality; that their religion has not the remotest relation to their conduct; that the notion of any incongruity between piety and theft or adultery scarcely enters their heads; and that no such thing is ever heard of as disciplining a church member for outrageous vice, or even crime. A prominent negro politician, who was postmaster of one of the principal Southern cities, was removed from his office for appropriating the public funds, and also for keeping, in a most shameless manner, a concubine in his office. Immediately after he was expelled from his position of trust the leading negro church in the city chose him as its pastor. His offences were well known, but they were not considered disqualifications for the ministerial office. I am assured that these are by no means exceptional instances. The kind of religion which prevails in the negro churches of the South is fairly indicated by them." And these are the sort of Christians who aided in depriving a Spiritualist of his seat in the North Carolina Legislature upon the allegation that he was an Infidel! What a mockery of religion!

We have on file for publication a fine lecture by Prof. J. R. Buchanan, entitled "MORAL EDUCATION." It is one of the Professor's very best productions. It was delivered at the Teachers' Educational Association, of Louisville, Ky., Jan. 13th, 1875. The Courier-Journal says: "It contains the elements of the ideas that must yet raise our schools out of their present unsatisfactory condition of routine and formality."

It is a very easy matter to call mediums humbugs; but quite another thing to prove them such. Those possessing genuine mediumship should not feel in the least annoyed by self-appointed censors. Justice ever comes uppermost. Place firm reliance on your spirit-guides, and they will scatter your enemies like chaff before the wind.

**"People from the Other World."**

Col. Olcott has here produced a work for which he deserves the thanks and support of every Spiritualist. It is eminently a book of facts; an account of authenticated phenomena, in the investigation of which the author has spared no pains and yielded to no bias or prejudice. The elimination of the truth, without fear or favor, seems to have been his one controlling purpose; and at every step we feel that we are under the guidance of a thoroughly sincere and earnest explorer, who allows no preconception or partiality to sway his judgment or influence his conclusions.

The author confines himself almost exclusively to the phenomenal side of Spiritualism; to those facts which must elevate it sooner or later to the position of an established science. He says to the world: Here are certain stupendous facts, admitted by many thousands of intelligent persons in all ages and countries, but never by so many as at the present time. I have availed myself of my opportunities to investigate them, to weigh, measure, test, and probe them as far as it was possible to do so. The result is the irresistible proof of the occurrence of certain inexplicable phenomena, repudiated for the most part by leading physiologists and psychologists, but which are nevertheless thoroughly well established as facts, and which must sooner or later revolutionize opinion on a variety of questions relating to the nature of man.

After several weeks of investigation at the Eddy household at Chittenden, Vt., Col. Olcott narrowed down the question of the occurrence of the phenomena to the following point: Granted that certain forms, apparently differing in size, color, costume, sex and age, present themselves on the platform, they must be either (1) deceptive personations by one man, or (2) the manifestations of an occult force. "There is no escape from the syllogism. The battle must be fought out at that cabinet door."

Col. Olcott truly remarks that no investigator's report of experiments made in the testing of spiritual phenomena is worthy of a moment's serious consideration until he proves that he has disembrassed the problem of the element of *deceit*. Having divested the case of this feature, we have only one alternative to consider, namely: Whether the materializations are real, or the figures merely personated by the medium. Neglect to rule out the possibility of this element of confederacy brought upon Mr. Owen and Dr. Child the humiliating necessity of publishing a Card that throws unnecessary suspicion upon every genuine phenomenon they witnessed during the summer of 1874.

For an account of the ingenious and conclusive tests by which Col. Olcott and his assistants repeatedly satisfied themselves that there could not possibly be any confederacy aiding in the production of the Eddy phenomena, we must refer the reader to the full and deeply interesting details of his book. The processes by which he further proves that the medium himself could not have personated the great variety of figures that appeared on the platform, spoke, sang, danced, suffered themselves to be weighed and measured, and then disappeared, leaving no trace of their bodies or their clothing, are also clearly described, and cannot but leave the most favorable impression on the reader's mind as to the thoroughness and skill practiced in the investigation.

And so at length the author arrives, by gradations in which a sufficient reason is exhibited for every step he takes, at the following conclusions: "Confederacy, disproven; personation, discredited; spontaneous generation of the apparitions, impossible; mind-reading, by the medium; followed by his creation of the shades of our deceased friends, absurd. Result: A possibility that, by some occult control over now unknown forces of Nature, beings, other than those in the body, can manifest their presence to sight, touch and hearing."

Although nearly two-thirds of the volume are devoted to an investigation and discussion of the phenomena at the Eddy household, Col. Olcott has added largely to the interest of the work by his account of his thorough testing, in February last, of the genuineness of the materializations through Mr. and Mrs. Holmes; and also of his experiences at Havana, N. Y., where Mrs. Compton was the medium.

The conclusions to which he was brought by his investigation of the Holmes case, are thus fairly summed up:

(1). While it may be possible that either Eliza Widda or somebody else assisted the Holmeses to deceive the public by personating Katie King, the evidence hitherto attainable does not enable us to designate any one of the phenomena observed and described by Mr. Owen or Gen. Lippitt, as probably fraudulent. The accuser of the Holmeses is apparently successfully impeached, and her indorser, Dr. Child, shown to be incompetent to testify.

The decision of the mooted question being, therefore, of necessity, made to depend upon the issue of my own course of experiments:

(2). The real mediumship of both Nelson and Jennie Holmes, and especially the appearance of materialized spirit-forms through the same, seem to be demonstrated.

(3). The Philadelphia experiments have a most important bearing upon those of Mr. Crookes in London, and of myself at Chittenden, Vt., and Havana, N. Y.

(4). The very grave question whether the visits and behavior of spirits are within human control, is forced upon our attention. Its examination, moreover, involves the verification or rejection, by modern scientific processes, of the Biblical, historical, and traditional accounts of intercourse between man and the angel-world; the definition of the laws of so-called magic and sorcery; the formulae of evocation and exorcism; and the moral effects of this intercourse upon humanity.

We cannot afford that another day shall be lost. The Hour is come: let the Man step to the front.

The title of Col. Olcott's book is "People from the Other World." It forms a large 12mo. volume of 492 pages, and is magnificently illustrated with some sixty engravings, consisting of portraits, groups, landscapes, interiors, diagrams, *fac similes*, &c.; all of which add greatly to the interest of the text. The style is animated, frank, engaging; and a cumulative dramatic interest is given to the narrative of events by the literary skill manifest in the preparation. Still there is no attempt at sensationalism. A reason is given for everything; and even the stories of their past lives, got from the Eddy family, though necessarily such as the author could not verify, have their fit place and bearing in the general narrative, and afford interesting matter for psychological speculation. The volume is published by subscription by the American Publishing Company, Hartford, Conn. Surely it is time for the phenomena here presented, with such irresistible force of evidence and reason, to attract the attention of all persons who are not afraid to examine and think for themselves.

**Treatment of Criminals.**

It is not necessary to disavow a morbid sentimentality toward the criminal class, in order to put in a demand that they shall be treated with justice and without cruelty. The case of Stockvis, in New York, has sent a shudder through the heart of that community, and raised the question whether such barbarous treatment as he was subjected to can be permitted among a civilized people. Prof. S. B. Brittan addressed a very pointed communication to the New York Herald on the whole subject of the treatment of arrested persons, very many of whom are as far from belonging to the criminal class as those who never saw the inside of a cell. He shows up the iniquity of the treatment administered to arrested persons by careless and revengeful officers in the colors that they really wear, but which are concealed from the public in the dismal gloom of prison associations. Men are often arrested on merely malicious accusations, frivolous pretexts, or from a misapprehension of their condition, and they are put through a course of physical and mental torture to which nothing is comparable but the doings of the old Inquisition. The place of their incarceration is a perfect pandemonium of insane shoutings and ravings, foul with accumulated filth and obstructed wastepipes; while the coarse abuse of the keepers intensifies the horror excited by the howlings and wailings that make night hideous all around. Men, women and children, says Professor Brittan, who are spotless compared with their persecutors who rob them of liberty, suffer and are silent; and we are asked to reverence the majesty of the law, and to honor the bench of justice.

Take the following from the New York Herald's report as an example of the manner in which "justice" is dealt out at the City Court before which the occupants of the City Prison are brought:

"The early adjournment of the Courts on Saturday caused a deal of work on the Sunday returns at the Tombs. In anticipation of the rush, Judge Kane was early on hand and at work. The returns from the different precincts reported at the Tombs contained about three hundred and fifty cases, all of which had to be disposed of before the Judge got any dinner. At half-past twelve—in two hours and ten minutes—the last case was disposed of and the Court adjourned."

To which Prof. Brittan replies:

"And has it come to this, here, in democratic and Christian America, that an inferior magistrate, 'dressed in a little black robe,' may deprive men of the sacred right of personal freedom as freely as the heathen executioner of an absolute despotism may whip off heads? If there is an other way to continue this shameful thing, let us inaugurate a peaceful revolution that shall turn out all the old law-makers and the administrators of the justice that is not only blind but impotent to defend the right."

How could there well be a more perfect mockery of justice? The average time given to a case less than half a minute! This is in no sense following the spirit of right, but of rank revenge, rather. It might as well be announced from the Judge's own lips that the sole purpose is to get these "miserable creatures" out of the way, off his hands. No matter for the sensitiveness of any one of them to his reputation. No matter for the loved ones at home whose hearts are full to bursting with apprehension. It is the doctrine of hate that deals thus with all arrested persons, whether criminals or innocent persons. Who says that it is not time to begin a reform of such gross abuses, that a person may at least feel that the law works for his clearance as fairly as for his conviction? At the present rate prisons will have to be built without end; society will become more and more a great lazaret-house. How long are truth and justice to be kicked about by the gamblers for power and those who live but for profits?

**Testimonials to the Workers.**

Since the advent of the month of April three meetings in honor of public workers in the cause have been convened, with the most pleasant results. The first two occurred on the evening of April 1st, and were held, respectively, at 27 Milford street and 46 Beach street, Boston—the first to congratulate J. J. Morse on his return to the city after his eastern engagement, and the second to express kindly sympathy with Dr. T. B. Taylor. At the first named meeting speeches were made by J. P. Greenleaf, A. C. Carey, J. William Fletcher, Mrs. Susie A. Willis Fletcher, Maj. H. C. Dane and Mr. Morse; and after a short intermission for social converse, Mr. Morse was controlled by his guides, "Ten-Sen-Tle" and "The Strolling Player." At the second meeting, Mrs. A. H. Richardson and Samuel Grover, John Wetherbee, M. V. Lincoln and others, expressed their friendly sympathy with Dr. Taylor, and that gentleman feelingly responded. A fine bouquet was presented to Dr. T. by Mrs. Mary A. Charter, medium, 125 London street, East Boston.

The third meeting—which was a surprise arranged and conducted by Mrs. Maggie J. Folsom and Dr. H. B. Storer—was in honor of Maud E. Lord, the well-known physical medium, and was convened at her residence, No. 26 Hanson street, Boston, on Monday evening, April 6th. Many fine bouquets were bestowed upon this worthy lady by her visitors, Mr. Goodwin, Mrs. Charter and others being among the donors. An interesting programme, consisting of appropriate remarks by Dr. H. B. Storer—who presided—Dr. A. H. Richardson, J. J. Morse, John Wetherbee, Dr. T. B. Taylor, E. G. Brown, Hattie Wilcox, George A. Bacon, Mrs. M. A. Charter, J. P. Greenleaf, Mrs. Mary M. Hardy, Mrs. S. Dick, J. William Fletcher, and others; recitations by Willie S. French and Miss Lizzie Thompson, and singing by Misses Cora Stone, Nellie M. King and Cora Hastings, Mr. Wentworth and Dr. Young, was well carried out, and the words spoken by Mrs. Lord in reply to the multitudinous good wishes of her visitors were indeed from the heart. During her stay in Boston Mrs. Lord has, by her quiet, unassuming ways, won the respect and esteem of a large circle of friends, of which those who convened to express their regards on the night of the 5th were—however numerous and enthusiastic—after all but a segment.

**Meetings in Portland, Me.**

The Spiritual Fraternity holds meetings in Arcana Hall, Congress street, every Sunday, at 3 P. M. The following are the officers of the society: James Furbish, Esq., President; William Williams, Vice President; George C. French, Secretary; William Thayer, Treasurer.

E. Addie Engle, Secretary First Association of Spiritualists at Philadelphia, Pa., writes April 3d, informing us of a good showing of progress for the cause, and stating that during the month of March Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, of Baltimore, has been laboring in the City of Brotherly Love, and has, in the course of that time, "won many encomiums from all, and kindled feelings of admiration, veneration and friendship in the hearts of many. Our regret at her departure is softened by the assurance that she will be with us again in May."

**Letter from Edward S. Wheeler.**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The welcome you have given my former letters from this latitude encourages me to trespass further upon your patience, and perhaps upon the attention of your readers, unless your usual good judgment should intervene to prevent. By-the-way, referring to that matter of good judgment, how many of your readers are aware how much of it is essential to continue your publication, and keep up the character of such a journal as the Banner of Light?

Having learned from experience how much discrimination you are compelled to use, I can but wonder at the attitude of some of our intelligent friends. One bitterly denounces your publication of an article in which he is called in question. He will not answer on your pages, although knowing your columns are open, but professing himself aggrieved, forgets long years of cooperation in the service of a common faith because you must publish both sides of every public debate of which any of the aspects and phases of Spiritualism are the subject.

Meantime the authoress of the offensive publication denounces you just as bitterly as the subject of her criticism, because you have held back her second communication, written in still sharper condemnation of the silent brother aforesaid! Now I have known you "a good many moons," and think I know your faults like an open book; however, I cannot fully appreciate all the criminality to which I am an unwilling witness. Intending to be slow to condemn, and being by nature tardy and reluctant to endorse the verdicts of hasty and austere judges, you, mindful of the imperfections and weakness of human nature, may not have been as harsh at times with the weak; the erring, and even the designing, as untimpered justice might demand. However, to prove that your policy has been exceedingly, or even excessively charitable, is not to demonstrate that forgetfulness of principle has ever made you reckless of the right or regardless of truth, and cowardly and mercenary in the course you have been inspired to take.

It has been said: "Small minds detect differences, but great souls perceive harmonies;" certainly it is easy to find faults anywhere, and not difficult at any time to denounce; but they who assiduously garner the wealth of comprehensive human experience in the record of progressive good and spiritual glory, serve the race in a more agreeable if not better manner than all the self-constituted and generally incompetent "detectives" who demonstrate every day the obvious fact—that folly and knavery are still as rife as human suffering, that crime and misery are extant with ignorance and ungrowth, and the full grown, full blown millennium is still far away; only "coming up the steep of time," not here!

"The world," said Emma Hardinge, long ago, in Bumstead Hall, Boston—"the world is paved and covered thick with human hearts, and we should walk carefully and tenderly along the way of life." I can never forget the utterance or the speaker, so thrilled was I then with the teaching. As we are immortal let us be patient; yes, even with wrong, more so with the pitiable culprit! A sterling love of truth and robust sense of justice may make it almost impossible to forgive those who, by fraud, obscure the light with which the angels seek to illuminate the mind and bless the heart of this age; but still we must not be rash in our indignation. The explosion of wrathful nitro-glycerine has not lifted the icebergs from our rivers; nor could a thousand tons of it blow night from the sky. The dawn will come, the sun of truth arise, and, melted by charity and love together, we shall flow, naturally, in peace to the sea!

We need to concern ourselves but in this—that keeping our souls pure and bright as a heavenly mirror, we reflect the rays of truth far and wide, giving currency to facts, the processes of our argument. We need not stop to chase every rogue to his haunts, or hound down every lie; more or less the wheat and the tares grow together yet awhile—nor should we tolerate imposition. Every cheat deserves considerate justice. Missing it, injustice is done the honest and the cause of progress wounded in the house of its friends. I am not solicitous of office, either as informer, judge or executioner. "Tis very well and easy to cry, 'Let justice be done though the heavens fall,'" yet I think those having the responsibility of journalism do well to be very sure they are right before they "go ahead." Realizing the wisdom of the old Roman maxim: "It is better a thousand criminals escape than that one innocent citizen suffer," let all receive their due, but let us avoid pettishness and insane haste, and, above all, refrain from a blow at old comrades and champions, because our conceit of what they ought to do is not always and at once made their rule of action.

It is not my function to intermeddle with the private affairs of friends; I am not assuming to direct in regard to details of which I am ignorant; I am no apologist for corruption or fraud, but in an important matter of a public nature having regard for old friends at issue, and being concerned only for truth, justice and good sense, and committed simply to an earnest wish for general good understanding and profitable cooperation for the aid of progress, I wish to remind all concerned not only of the facts in the case, but of the principles by which we, as Spiritualists, should be governed. I may be as tired of all such occasions for appeal as your seven-year New York State subscriber is of "the Holmes exposé," but weariness is no excuse for any degree of indifference, when the facts of Spiritualism, the character of public mediums, the sensibilities of a worthy elder brother, and the reputation and veracity of distinguished co-workers are involved.

Therefore in love and sympathy for all I have written from the soul. Mayhap from the land of souls I would, were I influential, lead up to mutual appreciation and forbearance, to justification if possible; in any event, to carefulness before condemnation; and if, unfortunately, truth compels severe judgment and criticism, then I seek to quicken perception of the good inherent in each and all, with remembrance of the true work done by every one, to the end that we may pause only to breathe one sigh over our own faults, before we hasten to condone and forgive all we are in justice forced to confess of the error and weakness of others.

E. S. WHEELER.

Philadelphia, March 31st, 1875.

Jennie Leys is enlightening the people of California on the subject of Spiritualism, and gives great satisfaction. The noble gospel of Spiritualism is spreading everywhere, and all such devoted lecturers as the one named above should be well paid and otherwise encouraged by every true Spiritualist who hears them.















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