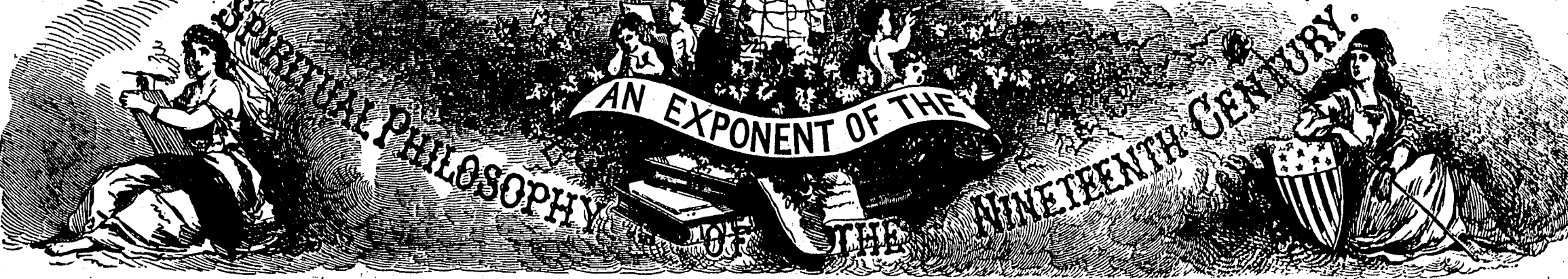


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XL. COLBY & RICH, Publishers and Proprietors. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1876. \$3.00 Per Annum, In Advance. NO. 4.

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Biographical.

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER, CLAIRVOYANT MEDIUM.

"'Tis human actions print the chart of Time,
And wrap a shadow round departed years."
—Montgomery.

The writer of this memoir, holding a brief before that great court of appeal—Public Opinion—is called upon to enter two demurrers: first, that he is not a pronounced Spiritualist, although he has passed many milestones in a journey of observation and survey on the road to that goal; second, in calling witnesses and furnishing evidence for his client, he disclaims any desire to act unfavorably to other mediums, either by comparison or oversight.

Mediums appear to be classified—each belonging to a particular genus—in accordance with their various organizations. In the presence of some, notably such as Mr. D. D. Home, material objects play outrageous pranks with the laws of Nature, as at present but little understood; with others, oratorical sublimity, which pales their known natural powers, indicates a strong abnormal influence that philosophy has yet failed to explain, unless the spiritual theory be accepted; while a third class, one which appears stamped with greater importance, and courts most admiration, is that of clairvoyance, which untombs the treasures of the past, lays bare the seemingly secret acts and utterances and even thoughts of living men and women of the present time, and reaches, as by a mental telescope, into what may not be unfitly termed "the memory of the future." Whether this "clairvoyance" be a subtle and keen faculty or instinct, entirely dependent upon and an inherent part of human organization, or an actual communion with departed spirits, is a problem yet unsolved by me; but two points may be safely conceded as the outcome of a close investigation, viz., the process is real and clear in the region of certainty; also, the facts are heavily in favor of the spiritual hypothesis. To comprehend the process as either "reflex action of the mind," "reflection as by a mental mirror," "collusion with personal friends," or "unconscious cerebration," all appear to demand a greater contention of the human mind than does that of swallowing hot-olus the whole draught against which I have been making wry faces for years.

The subject of this sketch was born of highly respectable parents at Boston, Mass., in 1846, and is, consequently, now thirty years of age. Her parents, who were rigid disciplinarians in the Roman Catholic religion, strict in their faith and example, placed her in a convent school in Montreal, Canada, that of Notre Dame, for five years, and afterwards at the convent of St. Vincent de Paul, Boston, for two years. After these seven years of preparatory training in the faith of her parents, her secular education was more specially provided for in a grammar school, following which, in her fourteenth year, she returned to the bosom of her family at Boston. In her childhood she was timid, nervous and sensitive; she was afraid of being left in the dark, and occasionally woke up in the night saying that the bedclothes were being pulled off her—a phenomenon common to many others who claim mediumistic power; but this was attributed to weak nerves; the idea of the supernatural was never associated with it. Spiritualism had never entered into her catalogue of articles of faith until after she had passed her twentieth year; indeed, notwithstanding that her career has been so remarkable for wonder, variety and success, her mediumistic powers date back only about seven years, during which period she has traveled all over the States of America, puzzling scientific and non-scientific people alike, dealing deftly with the private and public affairs of thousands of families, tried by a court of her own country and honorably acquitted, and has "won golden opinions" of all sorts of people. In clarity she has been as beneficent as in business profligate. Many of her public sittings have been given for benevolent purposes, the whole of the proceeds being devoted to the relief of the poor and the unfortunate.

Although a denouncer of alleged spiritual phenomena a few years since, she has been woven into the spiritual fabric against her former convictions and inclinations. Whilst at an evening party, some nine years ago, she was induced, along with others, to place her hands on a table, when she speedily became influenced, although not after the ordinary pattern through the waiting or vagarious movements of the table, neither by raps nor similar fantastic evasions of what is understood as material law. She gradually fell into a kind of stupor, which soon manifested itself into a state of "trance," her face giving indications of hysteria for a time, then subsiding; a state of apparent coma ensued, in which somnolent condition, as reported by the guests then present, she revealed a number of the private affairs of her family, and referred to circumstances attending her birth, which affairs and circumstances were hitherto as sealed books, except to a privileged few. Her parents gave no favor to this new order of things, but left her the liberty, due at her age and her advanced knowledge, to follow her own bent. Naturally, the first burst of information as to her magnetic sleep, as told by her friends, roused a strong desire to know more of the fascinating science to which she had hitherto been a stranger, and in the land of which she had not formerly even desired to be a pilgrim and sojourner. The thin end of the wedge had been driven, a stronger and bolder stroke soon followed; experiment succeeded experiment, and Lottie Fowler was frequently found to be "beside herself," under certain conditions. She yielded to the "influence," whatever that may mean, with the greatest of ease, and while under "control," on one occasion, she told the company present that there was an



MISS LOTTIE FOWLER.

Elisha in the room, following which statement she stepped up to a gentleman who wore a wig, knocked off his head-covering, and thus conveyed the idea that he had a bald scalp. For two years she had been living with a nurse, Mrs. Coulson Smith, under whose care she had been placed up to her seventh year, whose character and advice were much esteemed by her, and to whom she was indebted for much of her development; with the consent of the nurse, she regularly gave sittings to select families for two years, free of charge, at the end of which period she sufficiently felt her spiritual feet to warrant taking her stand as a public professional medium for business purposes.

Miss Fowler, as a seeress, had not long to "wait for a career," as our transatlantic friends quaintly term the turning of the tide toward popularity, nor did she force herself to the front after the manner of strong-minded notoriety-hunters. The event which made her the observed of all observers, and the one theme of gossip, grew out of her prophetic accuracy, and, although a business outcome, it had the merit of not being palmed on the public for business ends. Her messages from the sheeted dead had so strongly impressed many of her clients, and her unflinching depictions of the existing currents of life among these breathless listeners were so indelibly embossed by the guinea-stamp of truth, that the walls dividing the past and the present from the future were easily scaled. Her vision of the immediate future proved to have had no "baseless fabric" when she predicted the blowing up of a cartridge factory—or a portion of it—at Bridgeport, where eight hundred men, women and children were employed, at which village she was following her occupation of medium, seer, or prophetess, or all these rolled into one. To one of her clients—a girl employed at the Union Metallic Cartridge Works—Miss Fowler prophesied that an explosion would take place during the following week, and that one of the workmen would be sent to that bourne whence no traveler returns. The unerring revelations which the subject of this memoir had made respecting the past and present, and which proved unimpeachable, naturally commanded a strong faith in, as well as fear for, her declaration of the calamity about to ensue. It would not have been surprising if the prophecy had been ranked among "old women's tales," but such, however, was not its fate; for the statement, having spread among the workpeople, had the effect of prompting about one-half of the girls and some of the men and boys to avert the anticipated doom by absenting themselves from the factory on the Monday morning. The superintendent of the works was naturally irate at this partial stoppage of business just at a time when anxious governments were awaiting the execution of large orders for cartridges with which to smash up armies of men. To predict the destruction of one man, and to save the lives, by timely warning, of hundreds of work-people, was not consonant with the existing thirst for blood which made cartridge factories, in their opinion, a public necessity.

The aid of the police authorities of Bridgeport was courted. The chief constable waited on the lady, and charged her to give the district a wide berth by departing for new pastures, where faith in the unseen world might exist uninterrupted. No wonder that such a consternation among the workpeople, and the partial stoppage of one of the chief establishments of trade in the neighborhood, should have provoked official zeal, and have prompted the dismissal from their employment of several of the workpeople who had been instrumental in spreading alarm. But Miss Fowler's cessation of business did not efface the impressions of her prophetic chart, for the tide of events flowed on, and though powder, sulphur and phosphorus, &c., continued to be manipulated, and the huge building still reared its black head in apparent defiance of the science of clairvoyance and all its votaries, the direful day ultimately issued, and the prophesied doom ensued. The explosion really did take place, one of the workmen, as foretold by the seeress, was offered up a living sacrifice, and clairvoyant truth in the end prevailed. At this stage it is meet to note a peculiarity in the fascinating science, which is best explained by a paraphrase of

the idea given in Bailey's "Festus"—"Time is not counted by years, but by heart-throbs." Clairvoyance measures time by space, and not by Old Moore's Almanac; so that periods of time can scarcely be gauged. In this prophecy the explosion was anticipated at the beginning of the week, but the sure-footed messenger did not trample out the actual message until Thursday. Thus we see that the nature of the event may be forecast, while the period of its occurrence may be but hazily defined. The Bridgeport explosion became the "sensation" of the period; even the tortuous and complicated affairs of State succumbed for a time and became secondary in public interest to the all-absorbing theme of ghastly wisdom and clairvoyant utterances. Miss Lottie Fowler was, reputationally, a giantess in the land, and there were not wanting organized efforts to extirpate her professionally. The police ban no longer troubled her mind; she claimed the right to pursue a calling which she not only believed to be warranted, but one the legitimacy of which had been established by her accurate prediction. The legal guardians were challenged to combat, and the gauntlet thrown down by feminine hands was taken up. Captain Rylands waited upon the fair seeress, and politely requested her attendance at the police-station, rather than put her to the pain of arrest under *habeas corpus*; and the lady quickly complied, arranged her toilet, and offered herself up as a legal sacrifice. She remained but a few hours in this grim purgatory before a highly-reputed luminary of the Bridgeport bar was sent for, who undertook the conduct of her case, and after a short consultation became surety for her appearance at the trial, and she was at once liberated on bail. The cause was called on the next morning, and then adjourned; on its being resumed, Judge Bullock presided, Col. Sumner and Mr. R. C. De Forest appeared for the prosecution, and Messrs. Sandford and Stoddard for the defence. Crowds of interested spectators eagerly watched the case, which intensified day by day as it proceeded. The defendant was allowed a seat in court. Clothed in neat but handsome black attire, and bedecked with more than the average amount of jewelry, her pleasing and interesting countenance, coupled with the most intrepid confidence in the honor and uprightness of her position, provoked considerable admiration and sympathy in court. To charge such a lady with this contemptible offence, as though she had been a common adventuress, prompted the feeling that the dormant Blue Laws of Connecticut were being raked out of their dusty and twisted, and contorted with the most ignoble intentions.

The battle-question turned on the point of the defendant's ingenuousness. Had she palmed statements on her clients for the mere purpose of obtaining fees, and hazarded the probability of those statements being verified? or had she acted according to a well-founded theory, which had been proved to be beyond the region of guesswork? For the prosecution, no less than fourteen witnesses, chiefly girls employed at the cartridge factory, were pressed by their employers into the service, to prove that they had received statements respecting their past and current histories, and also predictions as to an explosion to occur in the factory. In each case it was admitted that the oracle was delivered in a condition of trance, and not in the normal condition of the medium. The aim of the defence will be apparent to the reader. After traversing the evidence for the prosecution, expert witnesses were called to prove the meaning of the term "clairvoyant," the distinction between a medium who spoke that which was conveyed through her organism by external influences, and the ordinary persons who guessed at prophecy without having any other basis than the squeezing of fees from confiding clients. It was shown that believers in Spiritualism included several millions of people in all classes of society; that mediums and clairvoyants were estimated to number fifty thousand in America, and that the practice of genuine clairvoyance was as legitimate a calling as that of any other belief in science or religion. Numerous evidences of the genuineness of prophecies were given, and the verdict of the court was for the acquittal of the

defendant without a stain on her reputation. The excitement and enthusiasm of the inhabitants were equal to that of a local jubilee rejoicing over some great national success, and the fever of joy spread far and wide, giving newspapers a sensational theme. Loud applause in court was followed by Miss Fowler being seized bodily by the people, and the placing of her in a carriage, in which she was conveyed to her hotel—the Atlantic—accompanied by shouts of delight. An acquisition of business naturally followed, and the fair medium's clientele has since included large numbers of the aristocracy, the nobility, and even royalty itself, in this country. Indeed, the "upper ton" are prominent among the many thousands who have wooed and won extraordinary unravellings of their many difficulties of the past and present, to say nothing of hints in which they have been enabled to watch the unfolding of futurity, although Miss Fowler distinctly avoids a guarantee of prophecy as a feature in her programme. Hundreds of instances might be quoted of relations quite as remarkable as the Bridgeport explosion—among others, the recovery of the Prince of Wales, at the time of his illness, which prediction, as well as that of the groom's approaching death, was forwarded to Sandringham; but as we have them from secondary and tertiary sources, I shall be content to quote simply my own experience.

On the philosophy of Spiritualism I wish it to be distinctly understood that I am not an avowed believer; on the facts, the phenomena, as indicated by the tenor of this article, whether they are to be interpreted by some hitherto-unknown science, by any of the multitude of explanations or isms which have been heaped up incongruously, or by the wider solvent, Spiritualism, I have not room to doubt. A virulent declaimer against the system, I entered the domain of investigation under pressure from an enthusiastic friend—a believer and an honest man—my determination being to "smash-up" this so-called science. Among other mediums whose subtle professions I undertook to unravel, was Lottie Fowler, the clairvoyant. As her *vis-à-vis* for an hour, I listened to an interesting verbal unfolding of the panorama of the leading events of a varied and chequered life, an accurate delineation of my own family relationships, an echo—a mirror of my eventful career—reminders of curious events which had escaped my memory for many years, an exposition of several problems unknown to any living person except myself. In reference to the past, events which had escaped memory clustered on her lips thick as stars in the firmament; she read the mystic chart, and traced me through tangled ways, seeming to say, *a la Prometheus*:

"All that would learn I will make clear to thee;
No tidings of my lips, but such straight words
As friends should use to each other when they talk."

At a second consultation, I was informed of changes which had ensued since my first visit, and a delineation of some of my own efforts in a particular business which I had never revealed beyond the precincts of my own bosom; and my identity and circumstances had never been made known to the lady, nor would I give her a scrap of information on which she could build a single theory—in fact, her delivery of the whole story was unprompted by me even by a single utterance. Her simple process is to give way to control, after which she declares her observance of phantom friends, trampling with muffled steps, who furnish her with materials for revelation. I have made several other visits. To Miss Fowler's credit and honor, I feel bound to make a statement at this stage, even at the risk of incurring her disapproval for making the fact public. On one occasion, when I was present, a letter arrived, enclosing a post for a guinea for a guinea, along with a list of questions on which advice was solicited. "I cannot accept this," said the lady. "I cannot do anything satisfactorily unless the person concerned be present. Will you be good enough to get the order cashed, and take out another in the name of the sender, when you are in the city, that I may send him his money back?" This course was adopted, from which it is evident that the medium is gifted with honor as well as occult sight, and that the temptation to make money by guess-work is beneath her dignity. Perhaps nothing could be cited which could better invest her clairvoyance with truth than this case of unimpeachable honesty, and it is only a single instance among many honorable and generous acts of which I have heard. On yielding to the power which compels her, the face assumes a juvenile appearance as though she had been transformed to a girl of ten or eleven years old, her face charged with primal childish innocence, which accords with the medium's declaration that she is influenced by a little German girl, "Annie." The latter being assisted by other spirits. Without the aid of crystals, frontlets, horoscopes, mirrors, divining-rods, or chemical chains, she at once darts into the mystery of her client's history, fathoms the innermost nooks, recesses, and corners of the human breast in the simplest and most straightforward manner, chaining the attention for upwards of an hour. Visitors, unaccustomed to the wonders of the science, have the satisfaction of knowing that all this is done without any trembling of the upholstery, wandering of tables or chairs, or any use of the paraphernalia with which a certain fallen angel is alleged by the "unco' guid" to work his potent charms. These facts are not more strange than true; their philosophy may be discussed with many honest differences of opinion even by the "stiff-necked and stubborn generation," to which, perhaps, over-cautiousness, I fear I still partially belong. Whatever may be the ultimatum of my earnest investigation into the "so-called science," which I undertook at the outset to "smash up," or to become a "full-blown Spiritualist," I am bound to testify to facts, even though they be against me, leaving students of the human mind to solve the riddle as to where human power ends and spiritual power begins. I can no more doubt my own experience in Miss Fowler's clairvoyant faculty than in the application of magnets, electric wires and potent drugs, the uses of which I understand, but the secret source of whose power no man has ever yet explained. Let these facts be added to the common stock of human intelligence; although they are the "fabric of a vision," they are far from being "baseless." Her breast, when under control, appears like a storehouse of departed time, whose very tombs have tongues, and one is led to exclaim:

"The atmosphere that circlet gifted minds
Is from a deep intensity derived—
An element of thought, where feelings shape
Themselves to fancies—an electric world,
The exquisitely toned for common life,
Which they of censorious mind cannot dream."

To give merely the names of persons the causes of whose mysterious deaths have been traced by Miss Fowler, the approaching sickness of others, the forewarnings of direful catastrophes, the almost innumerable tests of the presence of influences alleged and recognized by clients to be the departed spirits of their relatives, the remarkable

cures she has prescribed for apparently unmanageable afflictions, the revelations of events concerning the sitters, of which they themselves knew nothing, but which they have since fathomed and proved to have been accurate, the descriptions of residences of people of whom she knew nothing in her normal state, would make a catalogue of themselves sufficiently long to exhaust a whole number of *The Medium*; therefore we can only generalize. It is worthy of note that a gentleman at Bristol publicly declared his ability to simulate, by conjuring, all the tricks which Spiritualists could or did perform. Miss Fowler sent a challenge through the Bristol papers, stating that she would, in the event of the gauntlet being taken up, visit Bristol at her own expense; that twelve of the most reliable gentlemen of that city should be selected as a jury; that she would reveal to each juror the leading events and features of his career, and that the best of a century who could "simulate all the tricks of Spiritualists" should be called upon to play a similar part afterwards. That challenge still remains unanswered.

The success of my own consultations has prompted several of my personal friends to visit Miss Fowler, and in every instance her accuracy has been unflinching. In addition to her records of their respective past histories, she has penetrated innumerable crannies and nooks of secret character, verbally painted a whole gallery of portraits of their friends, unfolded the principal events, motives and acts of the sitters, carrying each listener through a maze of personal history and of daily life, and rousing him reverberations of deeds supposed to have been consigned long ago to the limbo of Lethe. In one case, she revealed to a lady friend of mine the existence of a disease within her, the nature of which the lady had been unable to fathom, and predicted the bursting of an accumulation within a few weeks, which announcement has been verified. Were not these facts irreproachable, and my friends—none of whom are professed Spiritualists—honest beyond impeachment, I might almost doubt my own sanity, and scarcely expect pardon for walking outside a lunatic asylum. I simply record facts, leaving readers to filter for themselves, moily though the stock may be. Mediumship is not the only thing which I do not understand. Although I do not feel called upon to chant the praises of Spiritualism, to hold up its mirror, to champion its cause before an army of skeptics, or to solve its riddle, I feel, nevertheless, at liberty to narrate its facts and wonders. Although a naturally cautious organization has prompted me to tread stealthily where such a fascinating study as that of Spiritualism invites credence, and to treat it with somewhat distrustful watchfulness, the fact is impressive that, whether true or untrue as science, whether wise or otherwise, philosophical or delusive, the fiery orator who shakes the drawing-room, the pulpit or the lecture-room, has been powerless to shake it down. Spiritualism has been kicked and cuffed, pelted with unsavory eggs, and dragged unpleasantly through the mud, notwithstanding which it lives and flourishes like a green bay-tree.

After a successful tour through the States, Miss Fowler visited Europe. Arriving at Liverpool, from Baltimore, she came on to London—a stranger and sojourner—in 1871, having but one person to whom she had the means of introduction—Mr. James Burns, the editor of *The Medium*. Without friends or clients she stood alone, and her first public act was to give a séance for the benefit of a poor man who had not the means of burying his deceased daughter, the result of which was the acquisition of about £6 for that charitable cause. Various séances were then held at the houses of several of the *Rate* believers in Spiritualism. Many members of highly aristocratic families—both English and foreign—and several of royal blood, repeatedly visited her for consultation. For a variety of reasons, Miss Fowler declines to hold public circles for business purposes, nor will she have more than one person, properly announced, to sit with her at once. By adopting this practice she avoids any cross influences which an antagonistic mind might produce, prevents exhausting herself, and thus secures a more accurate and reliable test of her own powers, besides ensuring strict privacy in the affairs of her client. The last-named is of great importance, and is the more satisfactory for the fact that on waking to her natural condition she is utterly ignorant of anything she uttered while under control—a truth which every stiffer feels whether believing in Spiritualism or not.—"Scribbler," in *The Medium and Daybreak*.

(From the New York Herald.)

Answer to Prayer.

Prof. Tyndall does not believe in the power of prayer to alter the material laws of the universe, and very probably he is right. We do not endorse him, for the reason that our knowledge of the universe is limited. But when Homer prayed that the sun might not rise and separate him from his beloved Juliet, the sun rose all the same, and divided the lovers forever. What a million of men pray for, another million of men pray against. One man wants rain, but another man wants sunshine. How can local interests affect the wisdom of Heaven? Is it possible that Providence hesitates between its clients, and says to James, whose arid potato field is withering for want of water, "Dear James, it will rain to-night," and to Smith, whose hay is not yet stacked, "Dear Smith, your hay will all be soaked." No, there are effects of prayer which are not logical in the mind, and so far the challenge of Prof. Tyndall, to have one hospital prayed for and the other prescribed for, must be held to be likely to result to the advantage of his theory.

M. D. Conway says: "As great despotisms have grown from small beginnings, so have oppressions for the human mind and conscience grown out of the bad habit which our ancestors had of putting their opinions into dogmatic shape. For where a creed is so made they who believe it commit their pride of opinion to it; they get a party to build schools and churches to teach that creed; then many people have pecuniary interests invested in such schools and churches, are furious with those who question the creed which props their power and wealth, and do them all the mischief they can. This is why the Church never burned people for immorality, but only for doubting or denying its creed. All this amounts to systematic discouragement of thought; and as the rationalist desires to encourage thought, he refuses to formulate his opinions as dogmas or creeds, or to build his organization on any corner-stone which may crush intellectual liberty beneath it."

[From the Harbinger of Light, Melbourne.]
SPIRITUALISM FROM A POETIC
POINT OF VIEW.

wheels seem constantly to cry out for human blood as the only patent lubricating medium of its progress.

^ We have said in the outset that all true and great poets are Spiritualists at heart; some, and these are the best, willingly and knowingly others, semi-consciously and half-wittingly; and a third class, of which Swinburne is the aptest

gins sufficient." It is true, as Bro. Peebles shows, that there are various contradictory accounts by

That man was not exactly a bad heretic who, on being asked to pray for one who had broken his leg, replied: "No, I am too busy just now, but you can go down into my cellar and get a couple of hams for his family."

"And oft shall come your birdie,
As falls the twilight hour,
To cheer and fill with song again
Her dear deserted bower."
Then joy's soft falling mantle
Was o'er her flung, and calm
From choral heights came stealing,
As sweet as far-off psalm.

These present was the editor of Olive Branch
and his lady, and Mr. Goddard, the veteran in
the Revolutionary War, from Michigan, one of the complete
new, and pronounced him genuine; and whether
convinced committed put his hand deep in his pocket
and gave him a photograph in the West a good
friend-off. The great untinkling mass, the super
of the people, who bury Spiritualism with a water

That man was not exactly a bad heretic who, on being asked to pray for one who had broken his leg, replied: "No, I am too busy just now, but you can go down into my cellar and get a couple of hams for his family."

(type averages ten words.)

Foreign Correspondence.

Dr. Slade and the Scientists—Letter from M. A. (Oxon.)

DEAR SIR—Before this letter reaches you, you will know of the storm which rages around Spiritualism in this country. The newspapers will have put you in possession of facts as they strike the outside world. But there is another side, which is more interesting to your readers, and, without knowing how far it may occur to others to describe this side, I venture to send you some details myself. I have seen a good deal of Dr. Slade since he came to this country, and I have, at any rate, felt a warm interest in his defence from the imputations made against him. The hearsay knowledge that I had of him before has been supplemented by personal experience, and I can speak at first hand.

When Dr. Slade landed in this country, he presented me with a letter of introduction from your able contributor and my valued friend, Mr. Epes Sargent, and I lost no time in making myself personally familiar with phenomena of which I had read many accounts in your columns and elsewhere. So far from finding the fraud exaggerated, I was surprised that there had not been more of the remarkable mediumship which I then first witnessed. My impressions (communicated to Mr. Epes Sargent) have already found a place in your columns, and I need not, therefore, say more than that I judged Dr. Slade's mediumship to be precisely that which I had long sought for, and hitherto in vain. I had long desiderated some means of convincing prominent scientists of facts well known to those who have familiarized themselves with the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. Any attempt to do this I found impossible so long as conditions—darkness especially—unfavorable to minute observations were insisted on. In my delight at finding a medium who could dispense with this condition, I challenged the attention of some of our leading scientists. The response I met with was, on the whole, fair. Among others, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, F. R. S., went to Dr. Slade's and frankly confessed that the theories which have made his name famous were not sufficient to cover what he saw. He professed his readiness to "spare neither time nor money in the investigation," and did actually arrange for further sittings at his own house. Other men, not less eminent in their several departments, were equally interested. The subject was brought up at the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and an animated and somewhat angry discussion ensued.

It was hardly to be expected that this open recognition of a hitherto tabooed subject would be acknowledged by unchallenged by those scientists who are also materialists—unfortunately a very large body. The attitude of these men is plain. They say, "We know nothing of spirit—our science cannot discover it. We can find no traces of it by the scientific method." That you talk of? It is a return to superstition which we thought long since dead. If you Spiritualists are right, we must revise our scientific beliefs. That cannot be thought of. Besides you say this was the uttering of the storm.

The way in which it burst was in this wise. Professor Ray Lankester, F. R. S., a well-known materialist, was induced to visit Slade, and incidentally grew wroth at what he was pleased to call open and stupid trickery. He could see the cheat, and undertook to expose it. He propounded the theory that the independent slate-writing was done by Slade himself, either by changing the slate for one on which the message had been already written, or by writing it on his lap while he distracted the sitters' attention by conjurers' patter; or by means of a small piece of pencil fixed under his finger-nail. He further gauded himself by saying that possibly there were other means used.

In order to put his theories to proof he took with him a personal friend, Dr. Dunkin, and they proceeded to Slade's with the understanding that Mr. Lankester should snatch away the slate at a time when no message was supposed to be upon it. He anticipated thereby to prove that Slade had already written the message which was pretended to be produced by spirit agency. He waited until Slade asked him to take hold of the slate, and at once snatched it away, discovering on it a short message. Here it is that testimony varies. Lankester and his friend assert that the slate was but the fraction of a minute in position, and that they had detected Slade's arm moving nervously in a way that led them to the conclusion that he was then writing the message which he held the slate on his lap. Slade asserts that he asked Prof. Lankester to hold the slate with him, saying at the same time, "The slate has just begun to write." However this may be, Mr. Lankester considered that he had got the desired evidence, and, without waiting to confirm his suspicions further, rose and denounced Slade. It would have been the part of a wise and patient investigator, some of us may think, to clean the slate on which writing manifestly existed, and to repeat the experiment, holding the slate himself. If, under those circumstances, writing came again, as most probably it would—such is my experience, at any rate—he would have seen the folly of rushing to conclusions.

As it was, he rushed off and wrote a violent letter to *The Times*, backed up by one from his friend. A long correspondence followed, which was remarkable only for the singular unanimity with which other observers testified that Prof. Lankester's theories would not cover that experience. Angry at this unexpected body of testimony, and driven into a corner, Prof. Lankester wrote another angry letter, in which he propounded the "scientific method" of dealing with "wild beasts," viz.: that they should be treated like "wild beasts," and (adding his theories into practice, he took out summonses against Slade and Simmons for conspiracy to defraud, and (to make certainty doubly sure) another against Dr. Slade alone under a statute called "The Vagrant Act," which is aimed against gypsies and such folk, who gull unsuspecting and ignorant people who cannot take care of themselves. The absurdity of applying such an act to Fellows of the Royal Society and other astute and learned people, is self-evident. But any stick is good enough to beat a dog with, especially when he has got a bad name and ought to be hung.

One of the sharpest practitioners in the Police Courts conducts the prosecution, and his opening speech shows the animus with which he is primed. Offensive jokes and flippant folly did duty for argument, and went down (that is the most melancholy symptom) with the Court unheeded. His business was to throw mud, and he handled it as if he loved it. A more dirty and stupid exhibition was never seen. Yet it seemed to strike nobody that this attorney was doing anything more than his duty. At the time that I wrote, only the first day's evidence has been taken, and it would be rash to prophesy the final result. But it is safe to say that so much as ignorance, prejudice, and dishonesty can accomplish, will be done. Our opponents will not be held by any modest considerations of fair play from stamping us out if possible.

We have done our best for the visitor who comes to us a stranger and without knowledge of our customs. The British Association of Spiritualists has now taken up his case, and will afford him the benefit of their advice and material support. At no time has he been left without friends, who have endeavored to show that they are not unkindly of the obligation laid upon them of consoling and supporting those in trial.

It will be plain from the tone of my remarks that I consider Dr. Slade to be the victim of a conspiracy, and not a conspirator himself. That is so. I have seen nothing in my investigations with him in any degree suspicious, while I have seen phenomena the most remarkable evolved under conditions the most simple. More than this—I have tested the phenomena one by one, with

Prof. Lankester's explanations before me, and have found that those explanations entirely fail to explain anything except that their author knew nothing of Spiritualism, and jumped violently to conclusions. I believe that any fair-minded man, who would patiently go through six sittings with Dr. Slade, would agree with me in that statement.

Unfortunately fair-mindedness is a rare virtue, and it flourishes most scantily in that atmosphere of scientific precision where one ought to find it at home. It is a grave indictment against scientists to say of them that, with rare and honorable exceptions, they display none of the candor and honesty which are necessary prerequisites of growth in knowledge. What they may do when they deal with their own domain of matter, I know not. They are in their respective grooves, and possibly cannot get far wrong. But once out of the groove, they seem to display those qualities most prominently which are least favorable to true scientific growth. Bigoted in antecedent opinion, their bigotry goes to lengths which witness discredited the inquisitors of medieval days. Wiggins, Firman, Leymarie, and now Slade! Dogmatic and unbending, their dogmatism is even more offensive than the dogmatism of priestcraft, for they at least ought to know better than to set up claims to infallibility. It is not from such that justice is to be sought, unless we can wring it from them for very shame. At any rate we will try, and in that trial I do not doubt that we shall have the sympathy of our American brethren, whom, with your kind permission, I cordially salute.

M. A. (OXON.)
London, Oct. 4th, 1876.

To Book-Purchasers.

We respectfully call the attention of the reading public to the large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works which we keep on sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, ground floor of building No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Provincestreet, Boston, Mass.

Having recently purchased the stock in trade at ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS'S PROGRESSIVE BOOKSTORE, New York City, we are now prepared to fill orders for such books, pamphlets, etc., as have appeared by name in his catalogue, and hope to hear from the friends in all parts of the world.

We are prepared to forward any of the publications of the Book Trade at usual rates. We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of Books on commission. Send for a free Catalogue of our Publications.

COLBY & RICH.

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 to the expression of important facts and thoughts; but we cannot undertake to correspond to the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1876.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE.
No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Provincestreet (Lower Floor).

AGENTS FOR THE BANNER IN NEW YORK.
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 119 NASSAULT.

COLBY & RICH,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Letters and communications appertaining to the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to LUTHER COLBY; and all BUSINESS LETTERS TO ISAAC B. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

"While we recognize no man as master, and take no book as an unerring authority, we most cordially accept all great men as lights of the world. The generations of men come and go, and he alone is wise who walks in the light, reverent and thankful before God, but self-centered in his own individuality."—Prof. S. B. Brittan.

The Assaults on Spiritualism.

There is no revolution going on in the facts or philosophy of Spiritualism, as a good many people would like to make others believe. Truth is truth just as much as it ever was, and what is false, no genuine believer in Spiritualism wishes to have power. The laws according to which spirit power works cannot be set aside by charlatanism nor overthrown by ridicule. The gist of a storm that is sweeping through the avenues which Spiritualism has opened for the human soul is not going to block them up so that there will be no more passing. Every new cause attracts mountebanks and impostors, who count on advancing themselves by proposing, to their directors. Nothing is in fact more easy than their detection, from the simple fact that they do not penetrate to the living springs of the movement nor possess any personal knowledge of its active principles.

But before noticing the fresh charges which are brought, with the collusion of fraudulent professors, against the sacred cause of Spiritualism, it is as well to regard the motive with which they are brought, that will show at a glance how heavily they are weighted. When we see the pulpits, seconded by a portion of the secular press that owes to the alliance its own substantial support, howling forth in a strange harmony the joy that fills them, because a few feeble persons of undoubted mediumistic powers have succumbed to temptation, and for paltry rewards shown themselves willing to betray their high trust, we are to pause to consider just how much respect is due to accusations brought in such a mocking spirit, and above all what particular weight is to be attached to those who manifest their glee at the prospect of immortality's being still longer obscured instead of being more and more fully brought to light.

It is this chanting peans of triumph over the alleged discomfiture of Spiritualism that forms the peculiar feature of the character of the pleists. The pulpits gladly welcome the most unscrupulous agents and allies. It would seem as if, trusting the ordinary church professions, any slip, fraud, connivance, or even accident that had a tendency to lessen or undermine the proofs of immortality, would be received by religious professors and teachers with unaffected sorrow. But now they explode in ecstasies, go off in perfect raptures of delight, to find that the phenomena of spiritual belief have been travestied and claimed to be exposed. They rejoice at any fraud that for the time seems to bring the evidence of immortal life into ridicule and contempt. Yet they know well enough that this knowledge of a life hereafter which Spiritualism has brought home to so many human souls has comforted and strengthened them when they were groveling in despair, and that through that knowledge infidels and scoffers have been changed in every fibre of their being, and renovated in every part of their conduct.

But this tempest of hostility that is at present beating with pitiless force on the citadel of Spiritualism is soon to expend itself and die. So far as it may tend to separate the wheat from the chaff, no true Spiritualist will fail to welcome its

visit. Yet it is to be borne in mind that it is not for the correction of any faults in practice which Spiritualism may be responsible for that it is beating upon our works with such angry vehemence. It seeks only its destruction, its annihilation. Spiritualists themselves are the ones best capable of making those corrections. They are better aware than any others can be of the shortcomings which need reproof and the inconsistencies which require the hand of discipline.

The Slade affair in England seems to be the culmination of all the sins which are charged against Spiritualism. Because certain *servants* have endorsed him, and another *servant*, with an assistant, has pretended to expose him, they are all out buying him and buying Spiritualism at the top of their voices, proclaiming that Spiritualism is thoroughly exposed and at an end. How they wish they could indeed believe their own words! Prof. Lankester was far too hasty; he got in between the fact and his too ready interpretation of it. He did not wait to obtain the proofs of the fraud which he alleged, but seized an opportunity before it had in fact occurred, and then cried up that he had "caught" the medium. The event simply shows that he sat down with Dr. Slade for the purpose of over-reaching him, but in no sense of investigating the truth.

And straightway the preachers, "religious" newspapers and the secular allies and agents join in a perfect ululation of delight, and call on all mankind to fall in with them and help make the riotous demonstration as uproarious as possible. There is a simultaneous outbreak of joy from saint and sinner. And this is the religion which they claim is so much better than Spiritualism! A religion of envy and malice, of spleen and hate, of anything and everything but love and faith and charity. All this, however, is not going to hurt Spiritualism. It will help it instead.

This whole movement is only an onset against the cause, which is to triumph all the sooner by reason of it. But not through boasting and self-conceit, but rather through watching and praying, sifting and weighing, judging and trying. The readiness to be deluded, which is alleged as the reason why so many are deluded in matters of the spirit, is not the fruit and result of Spiritualism. That takes men just as it finds them. If it finds them, then, superstitious and prone to be deceived, who is responsible for it but that Old Theology which has always held them in leading strings, and impressed them with its blinding beliefs?

Spiritualists have nothing to fear because the false is being separated from the true. Orthodoxy would do well to practice on a similar rule. But it prefers to find motives in other eyes to pulling out the beams from its own. And that is the best evidence that could be asked to prove that its own downfall is not far off. While Old Theology ridicules and shouts, and is in ecstasies over the belief that Spiritualism is at an end, it is unconsciously digging its own grave and preparing a welcome for its sure successor.

"A Staggering Blow."

If we may believe the Boston Evening Transcript of Oct. 14th, another "staggering blow" has been applied to Spiritualism. The following paragraph describes it:

"The Spiritualists are being crowded very hard just now by exposures. The worst sort of staggering blow for them is that kind dealt by a performer named Baldwin, in San Francisco, of all the wonders, such as writing answers to unseen questions, materializing, making letters appear on his arm, turning water to wine and back again; who all the while insists that he is a humbug, and that he knows nothing at all about spirits, except that they have nothing to do with his jugglery—which by all accounts fairly outdoes Foster's."

Our friends of the Transcript are behind the age. If they had read the Banner they would have understood very thoroughly the character of Baldwin and his performances. That the man (though a sort of medium) is a deceiver, his own words and letters abundantly show. The Transcript tells us, "he insists that he is a humbug." Sometimes he may do so, but at other times he will play the part of a severe exposé of humbugs, and claim that he is doing Spiritualism a service in showing up false mediums. One moment he will say that all so-called spiritual phenomena are fraudulent; and the next moment he will take the ground that Spiritualism is a fact, and that all he wants to do is to show up impostors.

The truth seems to be that the man, whether consciously or unconsciously, is really a medium for various phenomena. These he can never explain by duplicating them in the light and showing how another person can do them by the simple exercise of his normal powers. So, to keep up the face of exposing Spiritualism, he has to dodge all explanation of these. He does not frankly admit that they are inexplicable, and, for all that he knows to the contrary, spiritual, but he tries to convey the impression that they are successful feats of jugglery on his part. Ask him to prove it, and he will either "talk you blind" by his circumlocution and pretending to explain, or he will say he is too tired now; he will do it to-morrow; or he will declare that he would rather not do it at all, as he does not like to disclose all his secrets.

We have had proofs enough of these facts and of Baldwin's disingenuous, prevaricating, and deceptive courses. He finds it far more profitable to go round as an exposé of Spiritualism, than to exhibit, as genuine, inexplicable phenomena, some of the things that take place in his presence. Of course he supplements his performances, as far as he can, with trickery and jugglery. He is said to be a cleverer man than Bishop, who is playing the same game; using the little medial power he possesses to fool the public.

Letter from M. A. (Oxon.)

We need not call the attention of our readers to the excellent letter from M. A. (Oxon.), which we publish to-day. Few writers on Spiritualism bring more culture and vigor of thought to the great subject; and all that he says will carry weight with the many who know his reputation and are acquainted with his contributions.

We have a few copies of the fifth edition of Warren Sumner Barlow's capital work, "THE VOICES," which we will send by mail to any address on receipt of 75 cents. The book contains "The Voice of Nature," "The Voice of a Pebble," and "The Voice of Superstition;" and differs from the sixth edition only in that it lacks "The Voice of Prayer."

"The Pioneer Press," Minneapolis, Minn., speaks in good set terms of a lecture recently delivered there by the boy-medium Walker.

Spirit Communion—Verification of Spirit Messages.

Last week we gave a lengthy citation from the supply of letters we have from time to time received, recognizing the reliability of messages from the so-called dead which have been spoken at the Banner of Light Public Free Circle Meetings, Boston, through the trance mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd. We now append the following epistles in evidence of the truthfulness of certain communications given through the lips of Mrs. Sarah A. Danskin, of Baltimore, and printed in due course on our sixth page:

MISS MAGGIE BRANT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
You have often, through the Banner, requested persons knowing to the truthfulness of the communications through the Message Department, to report the same to you. I find in the Banner of March 18th a communication, through Mrs. Danskin, from Miss Maggie Brant, of Mattoon, Ill., which was a surprise to myself. I am well acquainted with all the circumstances, and they were in part published in our city papers last fall. It was a most distressing circumstance for so young and innocent a girl to commit such a rash act, and could not be accounted for. She first attempted self-destruction by taking poison at the Dole House; medical aid was called at once, and antidotes taken which friends on the poison, and her life was saved. Friends were sent for who took her home, and eventually she was more successful in her determined self-destruction at her father's house in Shumway, Effingham County. Now the question comes up for the doubter to solve—how did Mrs. Sarah A. Danskin procure her information? Was it through a correspondent, or was it through the published statements in our papers, or did she have direct communication with Miss Maggie Brant through her own spiritual organization? Yours for truth and progression.

A. J. MCNEIL.

Mattoon, Ill., March 21st, 1876.

WILLIAM LUSH WEBSTER.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
In the early part of April the Banner published a communication from the spirit of William Lush Webster, saying he went South for his health, and died on his way home; was buried at Enfield, Conn., &c., &c. It so happened that I was conversant with the facts. Was in New York at the time his body was taken through to be deposited at Enfield, Conn. I consider it a most excellent test, and if this acknowledgment will be of any service to the cause of truth, it is at your disposal. Yours, &c.,

DELIA AVERY.

Clinton, Oneida Co., N. Y., May 15th, 1876.

MARY MILLS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
The message that was published in the Banner of May 6th, from Mary Miles (it ought to have been Mills, though,) through Mrs. Danskin, I can verify as truthful. She says, "This converse is a problem that I knew nothing of," and well she might say it, for herself and her family were buried deep down in old theology. I sent the paper to her brother-in-law, who lives in Stratford, and he sent it to Fairfield, and said that the message sounded like her. She was a very practical and sensible woman. The message did sound just like Mary Mills. I knew her well in our younger days. Respectfully,

HELEN WHITING.

Stratford, Ct., Sept. 16th, 1876.

TREADWELL.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
In your issue of the Banner of Light of the 3d of June, 1876, I notice a communication from Treadwell, of St. Nicholas Hotel, N. Y. I knew Mr. Treadwell for many years—ever since he was on the corner of Dey and Broadway, when he kept the old Franklin House. The communication is characteristic of the man, and ought to be recognized by his friends in Connecticut. Yours respectfully, PETER P. GOOD.

Plainfield, Union County, N. J., June 14th, 1876.

CHARLES JEFFREY SMITH.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
The communication recorded in your Message Department of July 15th from Charles Jeffrey Smith, of Mastic, L. I., N. Y., I am able to state is strictly true. I knew him well. He was, by profession, a lawyer, and was possessed of a genial and happy spirit, attracting and holding many friends. His family have the advantage and prestige which respectable, high social position, and a long line of wealth, ancestry combine to give. God grant that his message may arrest their attention and affect their hearts, influencing them and helping them to a higher standpoint in spiritual views.

Spiritualism has a strong hold on the east end of our island. Good seed was sown here in 1865-7 by such preachers of the new gospel as Drs. S. B. Brittan and R. T. Hallock, Mrs. Bul-Jene, Rev. Adin Ballou and others, which has yielded a rich harvest of comfort and joy. Respectfully yours,

WM. C. BUCKINGHAM.

Peconic, L. I., Aug. 21st, 1876.

JOHN DUNLAP.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
In your issue of Aug. 19th we notice a communication from John Dunlap, which we feel constrained to acknowledge. Our son of that name passed to the higher life in May last, and while there is no convincing test, the names of persons and places given are correct, and the general tone and expression are such that we readily accept it as coming from the source it claims. He says we are seeking no tests to convince us of spirit-return, which is true. And now that we have learned the method, we hope to hear from him often, and in a way that will be more convincing to those of his relatives and friends than he is not so thoroughly convinced. With kind regards and hearty wishes for your future success, we remain your ever interested and instructed readers.

A. DUNLAP.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 6th, 1876. M. DUNLAP.

HENRY HAYEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I noticed in your last issue, on the sixth page, a message from Henry Haven, of New London, Ct., in which he says that he died on Sunday morning, that he was 61 years old, and that he was buried from the Congregational church. I immediately wrote to my son-in-law in New London, asking him the following questions, without giving my reasons for doing so: 1st. On what day of the week did Mr. Haven die? 2d. At what time in the day? 3d. How old was he? 4th. Was he buried from the Congregational church? This morning I received the following reply:

NEW LONDON, Aug. 23d, 1876.
MR. EDWIN LEACH—Dear Sir: Yours of the 22d is at hand. Mr. Henry Haven died on Sunday morning, April 30th, at 9 o'clock, aged 61 years. He was buried from the Second Congregational church on Thursday following at 2 1/2 o'clock, P. M.

You are at liberty to publish the above, with my name and residence in full.

EDWIN LEACH.

328 Delancey St., New York, Aug. 24th, 1876.

ALICE A. F. WEAVER.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Not wishing to take up too much space in your valuable columns, nevertheless I must acknowledge a communication from my wife, Alice A. F. Weaver, which was given through the mediumship of Mrs. Danskin, and appeared in the Banner of Light of last week; it is an excellent test, as my wife was not known by any person in Baltimore where the communication was given. Yours for the truth, A. A. WEAVER.

River avenue, below Market street, Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 17th, 1876.

MERITON YALE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I am happy to inform you that the letter in the column of communications in last Banner, Sept.

9th, from Mr. Meriton Yale, is identified here by me. My daughter attended his funeral services soon after we came here, which was June 16th, the funeral took place a few days after. It was in the Presbyterian church—Dr. Berry, pastor. His family reside here. He has built eight houses here together. I have often wished I could verify one of the letters and names. I assure you this message is a comforting word to me. I do not know how she will receive it, for it sends a bombshell into the heart of orthodoxy. I felt Mr. Yale desired me to send it to her. I remain with respect, H. E. BEACH.

Montclair, N. J., Sept. 11th, 1876.

ALBERT EASTMAN DALTON.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
In the Banner there appears a communication from the spirit of Albert Eastman Dalton, son of Sarah Dalton, Harlem, N. Y. The paper containing it was taken to the mother, who read the message and remarked that it was correct in all its particulars. She desired that the publishers of the Banner be informed of the fact. There were many personal tests in the communication that could not have been known by the medium. The communication was published in the number for September 16th, and was given through Mrs. Danskin's mediumship.

Philadelphia, Pa. A. S. HAYWARD.

In addition to the above we have received a letter from a lady (who for personal reasons desires that her name be not made public) recognizing the verity of the message of John Rae, printed in our issue for May 6th. She says:

"In the first part of May I seemed to hear a voice say that I must subscribe for the Banner of Light, which I had not previously done, so I sent to you for the Banner on the 4th of May, and the first number I received, dated 6th of May, had in it, to my surprise, a message from John Rae, spirit, and one addressed to come and see John Rae. I wrote to a prominent person (Spiritualist) in Morrisania inquiring, and his letter states 'There is no place by the name of Morrisania in Morrisania. There was a name who died at Melrose, on Mary street, by the name of John Rae, who was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, at the age of 82 years, who had resided here at Morrisania for about thirty-five years. He was a self-willed person, and on looking at the message in the Banner of May 6th, referred to by you in your letter, I should think it quite likely he had something to do with the message.'"

The lady assures us that she herself has the best of reasons for recognizing this communication as coming from the person claimed.

Mrs. Whitehead, of San Francisco, also recognizes the message in the Banner of Light for August 5, 1876, given through the mediumship of Mrs. Danskin by "Julia, the suicide." She pronounces it correct in every particular. The parties were all Jews, and well known in that city.

A. A. Thurber, 1066 Second avenue, New York, writes that he holds as correct, the messages from Mrs. Horace Meech, in the Banner for Sept. 30th, and that of Mr. Treadwell, in our issue for June 3d.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, writes from National City, Cal., as follows, in the course of a business letter under a recent date: "Frederick Underhill, San Diego, Cal., has reported himself through Mrs. Danskin. A man of that name died in this county last spring."

The Winsted (Ct.) Press of a recent date copies in full the message of Arilla Rockwell, as it was given, and while it says: "In publishing the above we do not wish to be considered as endorsing the claims of the Banner nor Mrs. Danskin," it yet admits that such a lady, wife of Reuben Rockwell, of Colebrook, Ct., did pass on, and that "the character expressed in the message is that of refinement and purity of life which is proper in this connection." The editor further remarks:

"There may be something more convincing to her friends and relatives than to those who are not conversant with all the circumstances where she says: 'I am not playing false to you. I am truthfully and honestly opening the door by which you may enter into peace and understanding.' If the message does contain convincing evidence of its genuineness not apparent on its face, we hope the friends, acquaintances and relations addressed will see if their duty to let the fact be known through the Banner, which is always glad to print such corroborations, or in some other public way. A matter of such import is not strictly a private affair, but one which the public at large has a right to take some interest in."

We received an order from Sampson George, Kier P. O., Buchanan Co., Iowa, some time since, wherein he called for three numbers of the Banner of Light for March 11th, and used the following language: "In it is a communication from my sister, Mrs. Margaret George Moulthrop, which I shall prize very much."

What Do They Mean?

A correspondent asks: "What is meant precisely by the phrases *a priori* and *a posteriori*, so often used in philosophical discussions?" The two terms signify literally "from a thing before," and "from a thing after." These are rather terms of common conversation and writing, than of logic, properly so called, so that they are seldom used by strict logicians. As an illustration of the common meaning of the terms, we may remark that we reason *a priori* when we infer the existence of a God from the general difficulties in the supposition of the hypothesis; but we reason *a posteriori* when we infer the same from marks of intelligent contrivance in this particular creation with which we are acquainted.

The term *a priori* is frequently used in a sense which implies "previous to any special examination" or "on grounds purely conjectural." When a sentence begins with, "*a priori* we should think," &c., &c., in most cases this will be found to mean nothing more than an expression of the leaning which the speaker found his mind inclined to, when he had only heard the proposition, and before he had investigated it. When Mr. Herbert Spencer says that he rejects Spiritualism on *a priori* grounds, he simply means that convictions in his mind, independent of all experience and acquaintance with the facts in question, forbid his entertaining a belief in the possibility of spirit-action, manifestation, &c.

A correspondent, and patron as well, in writing recently from New Jersey renewing subscription, says: "The Banner of Light is one of the blessings we enjoy beyond the power of words to express. The recent numbers have been full of interest."

Andrew Jackson Davis has a paragraph on our fifth page, (signed "Seer") which will be interesting to those who have read his pamphlet on "The Diakna."

William Foster, Jr., has been nominated as one of the Cooper and Cary electors for Rhode Island.

A short note of thanks from Cora Randolph to her Spiritualist friends will appear in our next issue.

CHEAP EDITION—ONLY \$1.00

 Read "Spiritualism from a Poetic Point of View," on our second page.

Again, in the sentence that follows the above the Press prints, "Under *these* existing circumstances or conditions," what should be, to conform with the original in the Banner, "Under the existing conditions."

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1. *Journal of Management Studies*, 1995, 32, 1, 1-14.

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No. 3 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (low
floor), Boston, Mass. cov

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