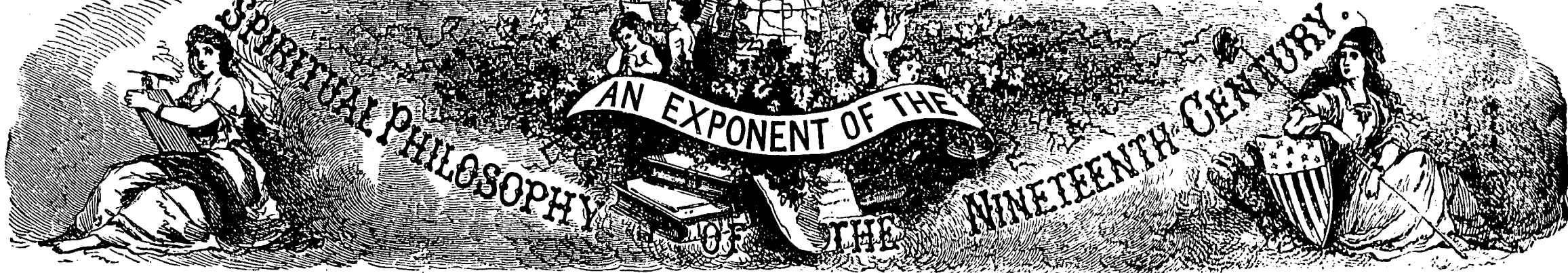


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Versus Dr. Carpenter.

THE PSYCHO-PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCES AND THEIR ASSAULTANTS.

[Continued from Banner of March 16th.]

BY JOSEPH RODES LUCHANAN, M. D.

And now, dear reader, as we have glanced toward a few astounding facts (which are not the thousandth part of what have occurred,) and the unimpeachable character of the narrators, what impression do they leave in our minds? We cannot get rid of them! We cannot believe that the enlightened, distinguished and scientific witnesses are insane—we cannot believe that skeptical scientists, and even men who believed neither in future life nor divine power, have surrendered their cherished convictions to any but overwhelming facts. We cannot accept the muddled absurdities of a Carpenter, which would require us to believe that a grand conspiracy in lying had spread through the world, embracing in its villainous meshes the scientist, the physician, the minister, the shrewd business man, the honest old farmer, and the women who are the loveliest, purest and most intellectual of their sex, compelling them by some demonic power to lie to their friends and the public, to lie against their own previously cherished convictions, and against their own interest and popularity, and even means of livelihood.

If the testimony of many thousands (rapidly approaching millions,) is worth anything in the ordinary business of life, if it is suitable material for history, certainly it is far more valuable, far more reliable, when it is given in the face of social opposition and against the previous opinions of the witnesses. We may therefore say that the testimony in behalf of psychic science is far stronger than the testimony in favor of other sciences now recognized as established, for it is testimony given as *compelled by facts*, in spite of the adverse prejudices of the witnesses.

It is quite amusing to see how flippantly such a mass of testimony and knowledge is waved aside by those who dislike to meet it. The editor of the Popular Science Monthly says: "When the so-called Spiritualist's hypothesis is offered for investigation on the same terms and conditions as the other problems of Nature, there will be no difficulty in getting it investigated." But is not psychic science offered precisely as all other sciences are offered? as geology is offered us in mountain strata, zoology in the fishes of the sea, birds of the air and beasts of the land, botany in the field and chemistry in the minerals ready for our experiments? The scientist does not demand that mountains, seas and forests shall be brought to him and "offered for investigation." He goes in pursuit of the facts and always finds them. So do scientists go in pursuit of spiritual facts, wherever they exist, and they find them; but *pseudo scientists* ask to have knowledge brought to them because they do not desire to learn. They imitate the lazy tramp who was hired to dig a field of potatoes, and when found by his employer at mid-day reeling asleep in the fence corner, waked up and reminded of his duty, responded by rubbing his eyes, glancing from his bottle to the field of potatoes, and saying, with a dignified wave of the hand, "If you want your potatoes dug, fetch 'em along."

The idea that anybody in the world is under any sort of obligation to hunt up and arrange facts to be "offered for investigation" to the very parties who have shown the least possible desire and capacity for investigation, is as amusing as it is presumptuous. The investigations of such persons are not needed; we simply demand that *until* they have investigated they shall not assail the conclusions or calumniate the reputations of those who do investigate.

Science needs no condescending patronage to-day. It is a power which is certain to move out of its way all organizations, creeds, philosophies and institutions that may be arrayed against it.

Let the honest clergyman beware that he does not dishonor and mislead the church by placing her organization across the path of the triumphal march of such truths! Let the sincere Christian beware that he does not dishonor and slander Christianity by saying that she is adverse in any degree to that spirituality which is her own vital spirit, and without which she would soon become a cold skeleton of lifeless creeds and theories. If there is any book in the world which sustains in the most complete and solemn manner all the pretensions of Modern Spiritualism that book is the Christian Bible. Let those who doubt it in the least read the admirable work of Dr. Crowell.

But granting the question settled as to the advent of the spirit-world into human life with a power and brilliance increasing every day, what then?

First, it is obvious that the carnal half-developed mind of man to-day is hardly competent to entertain this glorious reality. The spirit-world in its grandeur and its power of coming to the earth is so far beyond our modes of thought that we are not only staggered by its reality, but disposed to fight against its recognition.

Obviously, therefore, the mind of man has to be enlarged and elevated to place it in harmony with truth. The brain must grow; its convolutions must assume new and better forms and finer structure. It develops upon us, then, since we have discovered our certain imperfection, to undertake anew our own spiritual culture, to conquer our animalism, and to place ourselves in sympathy with the refinement and wisdom of the upper world by intercourse with its inhabitants—loving, reverent, religious association—seeking to know the truth, and live holy lives of service to our fellow beings, in accordance with it.

The prudent and reverential management of spirit-intercourse has been well illustrated by the Spiritualists of Nashville, Tenn.

They have a society of thirty or forty members, who have rooms for spiritual purposes, and maintain a medium, Dr. McFall, with a comfortable salary. The society has been six years in existence.

Rev. J. M. Peebles gave a graphic account of the society in 1876, from which I quote the following extracts:

"They meet nearly every evening in the week to practice singing, engage in reading, or listen to spirit-messages through the mediumship of Dr. McFall. Neither developing mediums nor getting communications are so much the purposes of this circle, however, as the unfolding and education of the soul. The members never resort to the spirits for instruction that can be easily obtained from other sources. No one from the outside world enters the sanctuary of this séance-room at once; but through well-directed effort and preparatory lessons from the directing intelligences, when found well qualified they are received by a full vote of the members and the approval of the spirits. Dr. Brown, a Yorkshire Englishman on earth, but long an inhabitant of the spirit world, in connection with Indians, is the immediate controlling spirit. And yet he, though wise and exalted, is but the pupil of an ancient Asian sage, who, when conditions permit, gives forth teachings that are as beautiful as profound and divine.

"The circle-room connected with this organization is a consecrated room. They meet at a regular hour. The unclean are not allowed to enter there to shed their filth. Each member has his or her appointed seat. The officers know their positions, the musical leader her duties. During the sessions the apartment is made dark, semi-dark, or fully lighted, just as the invisibles require. There is generally sufficient light, however, to write down the substance of the teachings. If the members, after candidly canvassing a subject, fail to agree, the matter is submitted to the spirits, and their decision upon the subject under consideration is final. Several connected with this institution assured me that whatever Dr. Brown had said to them of the future, whether relating to science or prophecy, had proven true. The cholera was prophesied of, and the members were warned to prepare for its coming. The Boston fire, financial crises, and the loss of both river and ocean steamers have been foretold, and the dates put on record. The medium is not allowed to receive fees, nor is he expected to take presents. The salary paid is ample for the support of himself and family. He neither claims, nor has, more rights than the others.

"Money will help no one into the Nashville organization of Spiritualists. The key-word is in the hands of the invisibles. The regular meetings, occurring twice a week, are for the members only. At other times strangers are admitted to the spiritual feast: Among the crowning graces of this organized circle are its reformatory influences. Not only has it convinced the skeptic and confirmed the doubting, but it has made the miserly more liberal; the inebriate, sober; the suspicious, trusting; the tobacco-eater, cleanly; the selfish, charitable; the sad, cheerful; and the irritable, calm and happy.

"Only in an organized circle of noble, unselfish spirits is there real safety for a medium; and only in an organized circle of mortals, with noble aspirations, can there be a practical and persistent manifestation of reformatory principles. Other conditions do little more than invite obsessions, and pander to the deceptions and unfulfilled promises of the demon-spheres.

"Mr. Stockell, of Nashville, a gentleman of fine culture, engaged extensively in the mercantile and manufacturing business, said to me: 'During one of our sessions we heard footfalls in our séance-room. And though in darkness, we could distinctly recognize a presence in the room, and even feel the moving of the atmosphere as he approached us. At length, holding the medium's hands in one of mine, and striking a match with the other, I saw, as the blaze flamed up, a man—a materialized, spiritual man, standing just forward of me, before the medium. Others also in the circle saw him. They were not only consciously awake, but critically observant. Soon tremulously approaching, he vanished, or rather was absorbed right into the medium.' Could there well be a more convincing demonstration?"

Spiritualism is another illustration of the grand truth of INFLUX.

It is by the Divine Wisdom displayed in creation that the human mind is developed from its germinal condition in infancy. Observation and study, as we necessarily open new chapters of the great book of Nature, bring our minds nearer and nearer to apprehending the Divine Wisdom. The grandest chapter ever opened is that which exhibits the spirit-world. Few are really prepared for its study. But it is to be studied in time by all, and the human race is thereby to reach a higher development than ever.

Nothing is clearer to a correct thinker than this—that the reappearance on earth of the departed is the *grandest fact in the world's history*, and that the nineteenth century will be distinguished in the world's history beyond all previous centuries as the period of the auroral dawn of an illumination from the heavens, changing the aspect of human life as the dark landscape is changed when the sun rises above the horizon.

Its roseate splendors are now breaking through the fogs of night, and those who are on the mountain-tops of observation and philosophy see a vast deal of the outspread splendor which is unknown in the gloomy valleys of skepticism, where only the midday sun can be seen.

I doubt whether the receivers of spiritual truths have even yet realized the grandeur of the new phenomena in an intellectual sense, however they may appreciate their beauty and benevolence. Most persons have approached this subject in a cautious and evasive manner, with so cold and critical a skepticism, looking for flaws or fraud, that they have failed to realize the grandeur of these glimpses of the supernal; nor can they be duly appreciated until that hostile and suspicious mood of mind is laid aside and we feel with loving reverence that we are approaching nearer and nearer to the holy of holies—to all that should command the love and worship of humanity—"Nearer, my God, to Thee!"

The intellectual grandeur of these revelations consists in this: that they have solved forever the problem of the ages, which, but for this supernal solution, would have vexed the brain and befogged the path of humanity in all coming time.

This problem is still, in the highest ranks of science and literature, discussed as doubtfully as in the infancy of speculation in Greece, without any progress toward a solution. All the world's science and so-called philosophy has not brought the modern leaders of the scientific corps any nearer to the truth than simple instinct or intuition—the consciousness of a truth that fills all nature—has brought men in all ages, even without the aid of education.

The crass materialism of the most eminent scientists of England and Germany has decided, not by reason, but by an animal impulse which is stronger than reason, that matter has in itself all potencies that exist, while men in whom the spiritual is in ascendancy over the animal, have decided by their common-sense that there is something more important than matter.

This great, unsettled question of the ages—whether Matter is Lord ascendant, the universe and all else is but the varied phases offered by matter, or whether there is something higher, greater and nobler than matter, of which matter is the phenomenal aspect—is the question which human reason has utterly failed to dispose of, and upon which reason might operate for a thousand years under the guidance of the scientific conceptions which dominate in England and Germany, without coming one inch nearer to the solution, unless it be a solution to pronounce matter the sole real existence and all else but phenomenal.

[To be continued.]

DR. CARPENTER ON SPIRITUALISM.

BY ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE.

[Continued.]

But again, Dr. Carpenter objects to the want of tests, and especially his pet test of using an electro-magnet, and not letting the patients know whether the electric circuit which "makes" and "unmakes" the magnet was complete or broken. How far this test, had it been applied, would have satisfied the objector, may be imagined from his entirely ignoring all the tests, many of them at least as good, which were actually applied. The following are a few of these: Test 1. Von Reichenbach arranged with a friend to stand in another room with a stone wall between him and the patient's bed, holding a powerful magnet, the armature of which was to be closed or opened at a given signal. The patient detected, on every occasion, whether the magnet was opened or closed. Test 2. M. Baumgartner, a professor of physics, after seeing the effects of magnets on patients, took from his pocket what he said was one of his most powerful magnets, to try its effects. The patient, to Von Reichenbach's astonishment, declared she found this magnet, on the contrary, very weak, and its action on her hardly more perceptible than a piece of iron. M. Baumgartner then explained that this magnet, though originally very powerful, had been as completely as possible deprived of its magnetism, and that he had brought it as a test. Here were *suggestion* and *expectation* in full force, yet they did not in the least affect the patient. (For these two tests, see "Ashburner's Translation of Reichenbach," pp. 39, 40.) Test 3. A large crystal (placed in a new position before each patient was brought into the dark room) was always at once detected by means of its light, yellowed and redder than that from magnets (*loc. cit.*, p. 89). Test 4. A patient confined in a darkened passage held a wire which communicated with a room in which experiments were made on plates connected with this wire. As these plates were exposed to sunlight or shade, the patient described corresponding changes in the luminous appearances of the end of the wire (*loc. cit.*, p. 147). Test 5. The light from magnets, etc., was thrown on a screen by a lens, so that the image could be instantly and noiselessly changed in size and position at pleasure. Twelve patients, eight of them healthy and new to the inquiry, saw the image, and described its alterations of size and position as the lens or screen was shifted in the dark (*loc. cit.*, p. 585). Dr. Carpenter's only reply to all this is, that "Baron Reichenbach's researches upon 'Oyle' were discredited a quarter of a century ago, alike by the united voice of scientific opinion in his own country, and by that of the medical profession here." Even if this were the fact, it would have nothing to do with the matter, which is one of experiment and evidence, not of the belief or disbelief of certain prejudiced persons, since to *discredit* is to *disprove*. The painful operations in mesmeric sleep were "discredited" by the highest medical authorities in this country, and yet they were true. But Dr. Elliotson, Dr. Ashburner, and others, accepted Reichenbach's discoveries; and some of the Vienna physicians even, after seeing the experiments with persons "whose honor, truthfulness, and impartiality they could vouch for," also accepted them as proved.

The fact of the luminosity of magnets was also independently established by Dr. Charpignon, who, in his "Physiologie, Médecine, et Métaphysique du Magnétisme," published in 1845—the very same year in which the account of Von Reichenbach's observations first appeared—says: "Having placed before the somnambulists four small bars of iron, one of which was magnetized by the loadstone, they could always distinguish this one from the others, from its two ends being enveloped in a brilliant vapor. The light was more brilliant at one end (the north pole) than at the other. I could never deceive them; they always recognized the nature of the poles, although when in their normal state they were in complete ignorance of the subject." Surely here is a wonderful confirmation. One observer in France and another in Germany make the same observation about the same time, and quite independently; and even the detail of the north pole being the more brilliant agrees with the statement of Reichenbach's sensitives ("Ashburner's Trans.," p. 20).

Our readers can now judge how far the historic and scientific method has been followed in Dr. Carpenter's treatment of the researches of Von Reichenbach, not one of the essential facts here stated (and there are hundreds like them) being so much as alluded to, while "suggestion," "expectation," and "imposture," are offered as fully explaining everything. We cannot devote much time to the less important branches of the subject, but it is necessary to show that in every case Dr. Carpenter mistakes facts, and sets negative above positive evidence. Thus, as to the magnetometer and odometer of Mr. Rutter and Dr. Mayo, all the effects are imputed to expectation and unconscious muscular action, and we have this positive statement: "It was found that the constancy of the vibrations depended entirely upon the operator's watching their direction, and, further, that when such a change was made without the operator's knowledge in the conditions of the experiment, as *ought*, theoretically, to alter the direction of the oscillations, no such alteration took place." Yet Mr. Rutter clearly states: 1. That the instrument can be affected through the hand of a third person with exactly the same result (Rutter's "Human Electricity," App., p. 51). 2. That the instrument is affected by a crystal on a detached stand brought close to the instrument, but without contact (*loc. cit.*, p. 151). 3. That many persons, however "expectant" and anxious to succeed, have no power to move the instrument. 4. That substances unknown to the operator, and even when held by a third party, caused correct indications, and that an attempt to deceive by using a substance under a wrong name was detected by the movements of the instrument (*loc. cit.*, Appendix, p. lvi.). Here, then, Mr. Rutter's positive testimony is altogether ignored, while the negative results of another person are set forth as conclusive. Next we have the evidence for the divining-rod similarly treated. Dr. Mayo is quoted as supporting the view that the rod moved in accordance with the "expectations" of the operator, but on the preceding page of Dr. Mayo's work other cases are given in which there was no expectation; and the fact that Dr. Mayo was well aware of this source of error, and was a physiologist and physician of high rank, entitles his opinion as to the reality of the action in other cases to great weight. Again, we have the testimony of Dr. Hutton, who saw the Hon. Lady Milbank use the divining rod on Woolwich Common, and who declares that it turned where he knew there was water, and that in other places where he believed there was none it did not turn; that the lady's hands were closely

watched, and that no motion of the fingers or hands could be detected, yet the rod turned so strongly and persistently that it became broken. No other person present could voluntarily or involuntarily cause the rod to turn in a similar way (Hutton's "Mathematical Recreations," ed. 1810, p. 711). The evidence on this subject is most voluminous, but we have adduced sufficient to show that Dr. Carpenter's supposed demonstration does not account for all the facts.

We now come to the very interesting and important subject of clairvoyance, which Dr. Carpenter introduces with a great deal of irrelevant matter calculated to prejudice the question. Thus, he tells his readers that "there are at the present time numbers of educated men and women who have so completely surrendered their common sense to a dominant prepossession as to maintain that any such monstrous fiction (as of a person being carried through the air in an hour from Edinburgh to London) ought to be believed, even upon the evidence of a single witness, if that witness be one upon whose testimony we should rely in the ordinary affairs of life!" He offers no proof of this statement, and we venture to say he can offer none, and it is only another example of that complete misrepresentation of the opinions of his opponents with which this book abounds. At page 71, however, we enter upon the subject itself, and at once encounter one of those curious examples of ignorance (or suppression of evidence) for which Dr. Carpenter is so remarkable in his treatment of this subject. We have been already told (p. 11) of the French Scientific Commission which about a hundred years ago investigated the pretensions of Mesmer, and decided, as might have been anticipated, against him. Now we have the statement that "it was by the French Academy of Medicine, in which the mesmeric state had been previously discussed with reference to the performance of surgical operations, that this new and more extraordinary claim (clairvoyance) was first carefully sifted, in consequence of the offer made in 1837 by M. Burdin of a prize of three thousand francs to any one who should be found capable of reading through opaque substances." The result was negative. No clairvoyant succeeded under the conditions imposed. The reader unaccustomed to Dr. Carpenter's historical method would naturally suppose this statement to be correct, and that *clairvoyance* was first carefully sifted in France after 1837, though he might well doubt if offering a prize for reading under rigid conditions was an adequate means of sifting a faculty so eminently variable, uncertain and delicate as clairvoyance is admitted to be. What, then, will be his astonishment to find that this same "Académie Royale de Médecine" had appointed a commission of eleven members in 1826, who inquired into the whole subject of mesmerism for five years, and in 1831 reported in full, and in favor of the reality of almost all the alleged phenomena, including *clairvoyance*. Of the eleven members, nine attended the meetings and experiments, and all nine signed the report, which was therefore unanimous. This report, being full and elaborate, and the result of personal examination and experiment by medical men—the very trained and skeptical experts—who are maintained by Dr. Carpenter to be the only adequate judges—is wholly ignored by him. In this report we find among the conclusions: "21. We have seen two somnambulists distinguish, with their eyes shut, objects placed before them: name cards, read books, writing, etc. This phenomenon took place even when the opening of the eyelids was accurately closed by means of the fingers." "22. It is not strange that the 'historian' of mesmerism, etc., should be totally ignorant of the existence of this report, which is referred to in almost every work on the subject? Yet he must be that ignorant, or he could never say, as he does in the very same page quoted above (p. 71), 'that, in every instance (so far as I am aware) in which a thorough investigation has been made into those 'higher phenomena' of mesmerism, the supposed proof has completely failed.' It cannot be said that investigation by nine medical men, carried on for five years with every means of observation and experiment, and elaborately reported on, was not 'thorough'; whence it follows that Dr. Carpenter must be ignorant of it, and our readers can draw their own inference as to the value of his opinion, and the dependence to be placed on his scientific and historical treatment of this subject.

More than twenty-five pages of the book are occupied with more or less detailed accounts of the failures and alleged exposures of clairvoyants, while not a single case is given of a clairvoyant having stood the test of rigid examination by a committee, or by medical or other experts, and the implication is that none such are to be found. But every inquirer knows that clairvoyance is a most delicate and uncertain phenomenon, never to be certainly calculated on, and this is repeatedly stated in the works of Lee, Gregory, Teste, Dolzenc, and others. How, then, can any number of individual failures affect the question of the reality of the comparatively rare successes. As well deny that any rifleman ever hit the bull's-eye at one thousand yards, because none can be sure of hitting it always, and at a moment's notice. Several pages are devoted to the failure of Alexis and Adolphe Didier under test-conditions in England, ending with the sneering remark, "Nothing so far as I am aware, has ever been since heard of this *par nobis fratrum*." Would it (to use an established formula) surprise Dr. Carpenter to hear that these gentlemen remained in England a considerable time after the date he alludes to, that they have ever since retained their power and reputation, and that both still successfully practice medical clairvoyance, the one in London and the other in Paris? To balance the few cases of failure by Alexis, Dr. Lee has given his personal observations of ten times as many successes, some of them the most startling kind ("Animal Magnetism," pp. 255-277). We can only find room here for two independent and complete tests. The first is given by Sergeant Cox, as witnessed by himself. A party of experts was planned to test Alexis. A word was written by a friend in a distant town and enclosed in an envelope, *without any of the party knowing what the word was*. This envelope was enclosed successively in six others of thick brown paper, each sealed, and the packet was handed to Alexis, who placed it on his forehead, and in three minutes and a half wrote the contents correctly, imitating the very handwriting. ("What an 12" vol. ii., p. 167.) Now, unless this statement by Sergeant Cox is absolutely false, a thousand failures cannot outweigh it. But we have, if possible, better evidence than this; and Dr. Carpenter knows it, because I called his attention to it in the Daily News. Yet he makes no allusion to it. I refer to the testimony of Robert Houdin, the greatest of modern conjurers, whose exploits are quoted by Dr. Carpenter, when they serve his purpose (p. 75, 112). He was an absolute master of card tricks, and knew all their possibilities. He was asked by the Marquise de Mirville to visit Alexis, which he did twice. He took his own new cards, dealt them himself, but Alexis named them as they lay on the table, and even named the trump before it was turned up. This was repeated several times, and Houdin declared that neither chance nor skill could produce such wonderful results. He then took a book from his pocket and asked Alexis to read something "eight pages beyond where I am aware, has ever been since heard of this *par nobis fratrum*." Would it (to use an established formula) surprise Dr. Carpenter to hear that these gentlemen remained in England a considerable time after the date he alludes to, that they have ever since retained their power and reputation, and that both still successfully practice medical clairvoyance, the one in London and the other in Paris? 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Written for the Banner of Light.
BENEDICTUS.
 BY MRS. J. L. SHANNON.
 Drop not beneath the weight of thine affliction,
 On weary falling soul;
 It is not for thee to be a benediction;
 Press onward to the goal.
 Look not on life with an availing sorrow,
 Be not so easily led;
 The gift of grace is the reward of sorrow,
 Thy waiting heart shall feed.
 The tears which thou hast shed like gems are shining
 In thine immortal crown;
 The clouds ere long will be thy shroud and lining,
 Lay not thy burden down.
 Hail, with a fervent trust, a brave endeavor,
 Art thou a noble part;
 So shalt thou rise above the cares of fever,
 And in thine inner heart
 Peace shall descend and dwell with thee forever;
 The heavens thou hast won with thee forever;
 The king thou hast sought with vain endeavor,
 Is thine own soul within.
 Take up the cross, oh life immortal;
 Thy mission is to die;
 Faith not! When now thou art near the open portal,
 Welcome golden for thine shoe.
 Lo! For a fall.

THE CAVE OF THE ECHOES.

AN APPALLING TALE OF RETRIBUTIVE
 JUSTICE INFLICTED BY AN EARTH-
 BOUND "SPIRIT."

BY H. P. BLAVATSKY.

In the older countries of Europe and Asia there frequently occur examples of interference by the dead with the living, to which American Spiritualists are as yet comparative strangers. The experience of many generations has taught the higher, equally with the lower classes, to accept this intervention as a fixed fact. With this difference, however, that as a rule, the former acknowledge the reality of the phenomena, find, to escape a dire, a convenient loop hole by attributing them to strange coincidences, while the latter, with less learning but more intuition, have no difficulty in divining the real cause. Tales calculated to freeze the blood with horror circulate in many of the lands I have visited, and more than once instances of the reward and punishment of good or evil deeds by occult agency have come under my own observation.

The story I am about to relate has the merit of being perfectly true. The family is well-known in that portion of the Russian dominions where the scene is located. The circumstances were witnessed by one of my relatives, upon whom it made an impression that he carried to his grave. My object in telling it is to illustrate one of the many phases of psychological science studied by Theosophists, and which must be studied by whoever would inform himself thoroughly upon the relations of living man with the silent world of shadows—that domain from which some travelers do return.

It may be taken as a case of mediumship of a most striking kind—in short, a *transfiguration*. It differs only in degree from that of Mrs. Markov—formerly Compton—witnessed and described by Col. Olcott in his work, and one of the most astounding ones on record. The physical body of Mrs. Compton was transformed alternately into the shape of a dwarfish girl and a tall Indian chief. In the present instance the haunting soul of an old man enters a child's body, and temporarily re-incarnating itself, becomes the agent of the terrible destiny. The intelligent reader will need no further hint to enable him to trace the lesson which my veracious narrative conveys.

In one of the distant governments of Russia, in a small town on the very borders of Siberia, a mysterious tragedy occurred some twenty years ago—a tragedy which haunts the memory of the older inhabitants of the district to this very day, and is recounted but in whispers to the inquisitive traveler.

About six versts from the little town of P—, famous for the wild beauty of its scenery, and for the wealth of its inhabitants—generally proprietors of mines and iron foundries—stood an old and aristocratic mansion. Its household consisted of the master, a rich old bachelor, and his brother, a widower and the father of two sons and three daughters. It was known that the proprietor, Mr. Izvertzof, had adopted his brother's children, and, having formed an especial attachment for his eldest nephew, Nicholas, had made him the sole heir to his numerous estates.

Time rolled on. The uncle was getting old, the nephew coming of age. Days and years had passed in monotonous serenity, when, on the hitherto clear horizon of the quiet family appeared a cloud. On an unlucky day one of the nieces took it into her head to study the zither. The instrument being of purely Teutonic origin, and no teacher for that specially residing in the neighborhood, the indulgent uncle sent to St. Petersburg for both. After diligent search only one such professor could be found willing to trust himself in such close proximity to Siberia. It was an old German artist, who, sharing equally his earthly affections between his instrument and a pretty blonde daughter, would part with neither. And thus it came to pass that, one fine morning, the old professor arrived at the mansion with his zither-case under one arm, and his fair München leaning on the other.

From that day the little cloud began growing rapidly; for every vibration of the melodious instrument found a responsive echo in the old bachelor's heart. Music awakens love, they say, and the work begun by the zither was completed by München's blue eyes. At the expiration of six months the niece had become an expert zither-player and the uncle was desperately in love. One morning, gathering his adopted family around him, he embraced them all very tenderly, promised to remember them in his will, and wound up by declaring his unalterable resolution to marry the blue-eyed München. After which he fell upon their necks and wept in silent rapture. The family also wept; but it was for another cause. Having paid this tribute to self-interest they tried their best to rejoice, for the old gentleman was sincerely beloved. Not all of them rejoiced, though. Nicholas, who had equally felt himself heart-smitten by the pretty German maid, and who found himself at once defrauded of his belle and his uncle's money, neither gloomed nor consoled himself, but disappeared for the whole day.

STARTING ON A LONG JOURNEY.
 Meanwhile Mr. Izvertzof gave orders to prepare his traveling carriage for the following morning. It was whispered that he was going to the Government town at some distance from here, with the intention of altering his will, though very wealthy he had no superintendent

on his estate, but kept his books himself. The same evening, after supper, he was heard in his room scolding angrily at his body servant, who had been in his service for over thirty years. This man, Ivan, was a native of Northern Asia, from Kamchatka. Brought up by the family in the Christian religion, he was thought very much attached to his master. But when the tragic circumstances I am about to relate had brought all the police force to the spot, it was remembered that Ivan was drunk on that night; that his master, who had a horror of this vice, had paternally thrashed him and turned him out of the room; and that Ivan had been seen reeling out of the door and heard to mutter threats.

There was on the estate of the Izvertzofs a great cavern, which excited (and still excites) the curiosity of all who visited it. A pine forest, which began nearly at the garden gate, climbed by steep terraces a long range of rocky hills, which it covered with a belt of impenetrable verdure. The grotto leading to the place, which people called the "Cave of the Echoes," was situated about half a mile from the mansion, from which it appeared as a small excavation in the hillside, almost hidden by luxuriant plants. Still it was not so marked as to prevent any person entering it from being readily seen from the terrace of the house. Inside the grotto, the explorer finds at the rear of an ante-chamber a narrow cleft, having passed which he emerges into a lofty cavern, feebly lighted through fissures in a ceiling fifty feet high. The cavern itself is immense, capable of easily holding two or three thousand people. A part of it was, at the time of my story, paved with flags, and often used in the summer by picnic parties as a ball-room. Of an irregular oval shape, it gradually narrows into a broad corridor, which runs several miles underground, intercepted here and there by other chambers as large and lofty as the ball-room, but, unlike that, inaccessible except by boat, as they are full of water. These natural basins have the reputation of being unfathomable.

THE ECHOES.

On the margin of the list of these was a small platform, with several mossy rustic seats arranged on it and it is from this spot that the phenomenal echoes were heard in all their weirdness. A word pronounced in a whisper or a sigh seemed caught up by endless, mocking voices, and instead of diminishing in volume, as honest echoes generally do, the sound grew louder at every successive repetition, until at last it burst forth like the report of a pistol shot, and receded in a plaintive wail down the corridor.

On the evening in question, Mr. Izvertzof had mentioned his intention of having a dancing party in the cave on his wedding day, which he had fixed for an early date. On the following morning, while preparing for his departure, he was seen by his family entering the grotto, accompanied only by the Siberian. Half an hour later Ivan returned to the mansion for a snuff-box which his master had forgotten in his room, and went back with it to the cave. An hour later the whole household was startled with his loud cries. Pale, and dripping with water, Ivan rushed in like a madman and declared that Mr. Izvertzof was nowhere to be found in the grotto. Thinking he had fallen into one of the lakes, he had dived into the first basin in search of him, and got nearly drowned himself.

The day passed in vain attempts to find the body. The police filled the house, and louder than the rest in his despair seemed Nicholas, the nephew, who had returned home only in time to hear the sad tidings.

A dark suspicion fell upon Ivan, the Siberian. He had been struck by his master the night before, and had been heard to swear revenge. He had accompanied him alone to the cave, and when his room was searched a casket full of rich family jewelry, known to have been carefully kept in old Izvertzof's apartment, was found under Ivan's bedding. Vainly did the man call to witness that the casket had been handed to him in charge by his master himself; just before they proceeded to the cave; that it was the latter's purpose to have the jewelry reset, as he intended it for a wedding present for his bride, and that he, Ivan, would willingly give his own life to recall that of his benefactor, if he knew him to be dead. No heed was paid to him, however, and he was arrested upon the charge of foul murder, though no definite sentence could be passed on him, as, under the old Russian law, a criminal cannot be sentenced for any crime, however conclusive the evidence, unless he confesses his guilt; yet the poor man had the prospect of prison for the whole of his life, unless he did confess.

A MARRIAGE.

After a week spent in useless search the family arrayed themselves in deep mourning, and, as the will as originally drawn remained without a codicil, the whole of the estate passed into the hands of the nephew. The old teacher and his fair daughter bore this sudden reverse of fortune with true Germanic phlegm, and prepared to depart. Taking again his zither under one arm, the father was about to lead his München by the other, when the nephew stopped him by offering himself as groom instead of his departed uncle. The change was found an agreeable one, and, without much ado, the young couple were married.

Ten years roll away again, and we find the happy family at the beginning of 1855. The fair, blue-eyed München had become fat and vulgar. From the day of the old man's disappearance Nicholas has been morose and retired in his habits. Many wondered at the change in him, for now he was never seen to smile. It seemed as if his only aim in life, since the catastrophe, was to find out his uncle's murderer or rather to bring Ivan to confess his guilt. But the man still persisted that he was innocent.

An only son had been born to the young couple, and it was hoped that this would have brought a ray of sunshine to the father's heart. But it was such a weak and puny little creature that it seemed scarce able to catch its breath; and so, according to the Russian custom in such cases, the family priest was called to christen it the same evening, lest, dying, it might go to the place prepared for unbaptized infants by Christian theology. The family and servants were gathered at the ceremony in the large reception-room of the house, and the priest was about to dip the babe thrice in the water, when he was seen to stop abruptly, turn deadly pale, and stare into vacancy, while his hands shook so violently that he almost dropped the child into the baptismal font. At the same time, the nurse, who stood at the end of the first row of spectators, gave a wild shriek, and pointing in the direction of the library-room used by the old Izvertzof, ran away in terror. No one could understand the panic of these two personages, for, except them, no one had seen anything extraordinary.

Some had remarked the library door swing slowly open, but it must have been caused by the wind, which was now walling all through the old mansion. After the ceremony, the priest, corroborated by the hysterically sobbing maid, solemnly averred that he had seen, for one moment, the apparition of the deceased master upon the threshold of his library, then swiftly glide toward the font, and instantly disappear. Both witnesses described the spectre as having on its features an expression of menace. The priest, after crossing himself and muttering prayers, insisted that the whole family should have masses said for the space of seven weeks for the repose of the "troubled soul."

It was a strange child, was this babe of Nicholas and München, and seemed to have an uncanny atmosphere about it. Small, delicate, and ever ailing, his frail life appeared to hang by a thread as he grew. When his features were in repose, his resemblance to his grand uncle was so striking that the members of the family often shrank from him in terror. It was the pale, shriveled face of a man of sixty upon the shoulders of a child of nine years. He was never seen to either laugh or play; but, perched in his high chair, gravely sat, folding his arms in a way peculiar to the late Izvertzof. He would remain so for hours, motionless and drowsy. His nurse was often seen furtively crossing herself, at night, upon approaching him; and not one of his attendants would consent to sleep alone with him in the nursery. His father's behavior toward him was still more strange. He seemed to love him passionately, and yet to hate him bitterly at moments. He never embraced or caressed the boy, but would pass long hours watching him, with livid cheek and staring eye, as he sat quietly in a corner, in his goblin-like, old-fashioned way. The child had never left the estate, and few outside the family knew him.

A MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER.

About the middle of July, a tall Hungarian traveler, preceded by a great reputation for eccentricity, wealth, and most extraordinary mesmerizing powers, arrived at P— from Kamchatka, where, as was rumored, he had resided for some time, surrounded by Shamans. He settled in the little town, with one of his sect, and was said to experiment in mesmerism on this North Siberian "sorcerer," as he was called by the inhabitants. He gave dinners and parties, and during such receptions, invariably exhibited his Shaman, of whom he felt very proud. One day, the notables of P— made an unexpected invasion of the domain of Nicholas Izvertzof, and requested of him the loan of his "Cave" for an evening entertainment. Nicholas consented with great reluctance, and with still greater hesitancy was he prevailed upon to join the party, among whom was my own relative.

The first cavern and the platform beside the bottomless lake glittered that evening with lights. Hundreds of flickering torches and lamps, stuck in the clefts of the rocks, illuminated the place, and drove the shadows from the mossy nooks and corners, where they had been undisturbed for many years. The stalactites on the walls sparkled brightly, and the sleeping echoes were suddenly awakened by a confusion of joyous laughter and conversation. The Shaman, who was never lost sight of by his friend and patron, sat in a corner, half entranced as usual. Crouched on a projecting rock, about midway between the entrance and the water, with his orange-yellow wrinkled face, flat nose, and thin beard, he looked more like an ugly stone idol than a human being. Many of the company pressed round him and received correct answers from the oracle to their questions, the Hungarian cheerfully submitting his mesmerized "subject" to cross examination.

A LOVING NEPHEW.

Suddenly one of the party, a lady, thoughtlessly remarked that it was in that very cave that old Mr. Izvertzof had so unaccountably disappeared ten years before. The foreigner appeared interested, and desired to learn more of the mysterious circumstances. Nicholas was sought in the crowd, and led before the eager group. He was the host, and he found it impossible to refuse the narrative demanded by a sympathizing guest. He repeated the sad tale in a trembling voice, with a pallid cheek, and a tear was seen to glitter in his feverish eye. The company were greatly affected, and encomiums upon the behavior of the loving nephew, who so honored the memory of his uncle and benefactor, freely circulated in sympathetic whispers. Suddenly the voice of Nicholas became choked, his eyes started from their sockets, and, with a suppressed groan, he staggered back. Every eye in the crowd followed with curiosity his haggard look, as it remained riveted upon a weakened little face that peeped from behind the back of the Shaman.

"Where do you come from? Who brought you here, child?" hisped out Nicholas, as pale as death itself.

"I was in bed, papa; this man came to me, and brought me here in his arms," simply answered the boy, pointing to the Shaman, beside whom he stood on the rock, and who, with his eyes closed, kept swaying himself to and fro like a living pendulum.

"That is very strange," remarked one of the guests; "why, the man has never moved from his place!"

"Good God! what an extraordinary resemblance!" muttered an old resident of the town, a friend of the dead man.

"You lie, boy!" fiercely exclaimed the father. "Return to your bed; this is no place for you."

"Come, come," interposed the Hungarian, with a strange expression of authority on his face, and encircling with his arm, as if in protection, the slender, childish figure. "The little fellow has seen my Shaman's 'double,' which roams sometimes far away from his body, and has mistaken the astral man for the outward phantom itself. Let the child remain with us awhile."

At these strange words the guests stared at each other in mute surprise, and some of them looked upon the speaker with real terror.

UNRAVELING THE MYSTERY AT LAST.

"By-the-by," continued the Hungarian, with a very peculiar firmness of accent, and addressing the public rather than any one in particular, "why should we not try to unravel the mystery hanging over that tragedy, with the help of the clairvoyant powers of my Shaman? . . . What suspected party still lying in prison? . . . What? . . . Not confessed till now? This is indeed strange. But now we will learn the truth in a few minutes. . . . My Shaman's second-sight, when properly directed, never errs. Let all keep silent!"

He then approached the Tehukthene, and

making as though drawing an imaginary circle with his hand around himself, the Shaman, and boy, immediately began his operations over the subject without so much as asking the consent of the master of the place. The latter stood rooted to the spot as if petrified with horror, and unable to articulate a sound. Except by him, the suggestion was met with general approbation, and the "Police-Master," Col. S—, was the first to approve the idea.

"Ladies and gentlemen," then said the mesmerizer in an amiable tone, "allow me for this once to proceed otherwise than as I generally do. I will employ the method of native magic. It is more appropriate to this wild place, and, I dare say, we will find it far more effective than our European mode of mesmerization."

Without waiting for an answer he drew from a bag that, as he explained, never left his person, first, a small drum, and then two little vials—one full of liquid, the other empty. With the contents of the former he sprinkled the Shaman, who fell to trembling and nodding more violently than ever. The air was filled with the perfumes of spicy odors, and the atmosphere itself seemed to become clearer. Then, to the horror of those present, he approached the Shaman, and taking a miniature, antiquated-looking knife from his bosom, quietly plunged the sharp steel into the man's forearm and drew blood from it, which he caught in the empty vial. When it was half filled he pressed the orifice of the wound with his thumb, and stopped the flow as easily as if he had corked a bottle; after which he sprinkled the blood over the little boy's head. He then suspended the drum from his neck, and with two ivory drumsticks which were covered with strange carved letters and signs, he began beating a sort of reveille—he said to drum up the Shaman's "spirits."

MAGICAL WONDERS.

The by-standers, half shocked and half terrified at these extraordinary proceedings, eagerly, yet half timidly, crowded around him, and for a few moments a dead silence reigned throughout the lofty cavern. Nicholas, with his face livid and corpse-like, stood speechless as before.

And now the mesmerizer magician had placed himself between the Shaman and the platform, and continued slowly drumming. The first notes were muffled, and vibrating so softly in the air that they awakened no echo; only the Shaman quickened still more his pendulum-like motion, and the child became restless. The mysterious drummer then began a low chant, slow, impressive and solemn.

As the unknown words issued from his lips the flames of the torches, lamps and candles wavered and flickered, until they began dancing in rhythm with the chant. A cold wind came wheeling from the dark corridors beyond the water, leaving a plaintive echo in its trail. Then a sort of nebulous vapor, which seemed to ooze from the rocky ground and walls, gathered about the Shaman and the boy. Around the latter the aura was silvery and transparent, but the cloud which enveloped the former was red and sinister. Approaching nearer the platform, the adept beat a louder call on his drum, and this time the echo caught it up with terrific effect. It reverberated near and far in incessant peals; one wall followed another, louder and louder, until the thundering roar seemed the chorus of a thousand demon voices rising from the fathomless depths of the dark lake. The water itself, whose tranquil surface, illuminated by many lights, had previously been smooth as a sheet of glass, became suddenly agitated, as if a powerful gust of wind had swept over its face.

Another chant and a roll of the drum, and the mountain trembled to its foundation with the cannon-like peals which rolled through the dark and distant corridors. The Shaman's body rose two yards in the air, and nodding and swaying, he sat, self-suspended, like a hideous apparition. But the transformation which now occurred in the boy chilled every one with fear as they speechlessly watched the scene. The silvery cloud about the child now seemed to lift him, too, into the air; but, unlike the Shaman, his feet never left the ground. The little boy began to grow as if the work of years was to be miraculously accomplished in a few seconds. He became tall and large, and his senile features grew older, in harmony with the body. A few more seconds and the youthful form had entirely disappeared: it was totally absorbed in another individuality! and, to the horror of those present who had been familiar with his appearance, this individuality was old Izvertzof!

THE PHANTOM.

On his left temple was a large, gaping wound, from which trickled great drops of blood. The phantom now moved directly in front of Nicholas, who, with his hair standing erect, gazed at his own son, transformed into his uncle, with the look of a raving madman. This sepulchral silence was broken by the Hungarian, who, addressing the child phantom, asked him in solemn voice: "In the name of Them who have all powers, answer the truth, and nothing but the truth. Restless soul, was thy body lost by accident, or foully murdered?"

The spectre's lips moved, but it was the echo from afar which answered in lugubrious shouts: "Murdered! murdered! murdered!"

"Where? How? By whom?" asked the adept.

The apparition pointed a finger at Nicholas, and, without removing its gaze or lowering its arm, retreated backward slowly toward the lake. At every step it took, the young Izvertzof, as if compelled by some irresistible fascination, advanced a step toward it, until the phantom reached the edge of the water, and the next moment was seen gliding on its surface. It was a fearful, ghastly scene!

When Nicholas had come to within two steps of the brink of the watery abyss, a violent convulsion ran through the frame of the guilty man. Flinging himself upon his knees, he clung to one of the rustic seats with a desperate clutch, and, staring wildly, uttered one long, piercing cry of agony, which rang through the ears of the crowd, but was unable to arouse even one of them from the lethargy into which they seemed all plunged. Like one in the clutches of a nightmare, they saw, heard, and remembered all, but were unable to stir a finger. The phantom now remained motionless on the water, and, bending its extended hand, slowly beckoned the assassin to come. Crouched in abject terror, the wretched man shrieked until the cavern rang again:

"Did not . . . no, I did not murder you! . . . Then came a splash, and now there was the boy in the dark water, struggling for his life in the middle of the lake, with the same motionless, stern apparition brooding over him, from whose very substance the child seemed to have dropped out."

"Papa! papa! save me! . . . I am drown-

ing!" cried the piteous little voice amid the uproar of the echoes.

"My boy!" shrieked Nicholas in the accents of a maniac, springing to his feet, "my boy! save, oh, save him! . . . Yes, I confess—I am the murderer! . . . I killed him!"

"Killed . . . him . . . killed . . . killed! . . ." repeated hundreds of echoes like peals of laughter from a legion of infuriated demons.

Another splash, and the phantom suddenly disappeared. With one cry of unutterable terror the company, released from the spell which had hitherto paralyzed them, rushed toward the platform to the rescue of both father and child. But their feet were rooted to the ground anew as they beheld amid the swirling eddies a whitish, shapeless mass, an elongated mist, wrapping the murderer in tight embrace, and slowly sinking into the bottomless lake!

On the morning after these occurrences, when, after a sleepless night, some of the party went to the residence of the Hungarian gentleman, they found it closed and deserted. He and the Shaman had disappeared. To add to the general consternation, the Izvertzof mansion took fire on that same night, and was completely destroyed. The archbishop himself performed the ceremony of exorcism, but the locality is considered accursed to this day. The government investigated the facts, and—ordered silence.

And now a few words in conclusion. I hope that, whoever else may be disposed to question the possibility of an occurrence like the above, it will not be the Intelligent Spiritualist. Not a feature in my narrative but finds in the records of mediumship its parallel. The apparition of the astral form like that of old Izvertzof at the baptism, is an every-day affair with clairvoyants. If the child was transformed into a man, in the sight of a crowd of people, so has a child-appearance been seen to emerge from Dr. Monck's side, and many children to step out of William Eddy's cabinet. If elongation of the body occurred in the boy's case, the same thing is alleged of various mediums. If a "spirit"—according to the accepted phraseology, an "astral man" as we term it—crowding out the undeveloped soul of the newly-born dual creature, took possession of his body, so have hundreds of other earth-bound souls obsessed the bodies of mediums. Interchange of "souls" has been noticed in living men unacquainted with each other, and even residing at opposite points of the globe. This may happen either from disease, which generally loosens the bonds between the astral and the physical man, or in consequence of some other occult condition. The levitation of the Shaman is no more a matter of wonder; and if his "double" wandered from his entranced body, so has the same phenomenon been oft reported in Spiritualistic papers as happening under our own observation. This Russian episode but confirms what investigators of modern phenomena have experienced. In it, throughout a period of ten years, the whole plot is developed by a real disembodied "spirit." Earth bound, he burned for a just but fiendish revenge, the planning and execution of which constituted certainly an insurmountable impediment to the progress and purification of the troubled soul. The "Elementals" play no part in my story, except when thrown into violent perturbation by the sounds of the magical drum and the incantations of the adept. The action of these creatures was limited to the flickering of the flames, the disturbance of the water in the lake, and the intensification of the awakened echoes. The phenomena at P— were produced and controlled by an adept-psychologist, working for, with and through a disembodied soul, upon a deliberate plan for the accomplishment of a cruel vengeance, which, though charged to the account of the unhappy, restless astral man, yet accomplished the ends of the unerring law of Retribution in punishing the guilty and rescuing the innocent.

Let the Spiritualist who would pronounce magic an exploded superstition, compare the methods of the "magician" with those of the "circle." The latter derives its very name from the most common arrangement of the sitters, required by the "spirits" themselves. This is found philosophical and necessary by the Spiritualists. To ensure the formation of a circular magnetic current, the sitters are obliged to take hold of hands. Most generally the medium will complain of being affected if this magnetic chain is broken. Instances are known where instruments floating in the air have fallen upon the breaking of this current. The "magician" either draws with chalk a circle around the spot where the occult forces are to be concentrated to produce phenomena—as Baron Dupotet is known by all France to do—or forms one in thought, by will power; and this cannot be broken unless his WILL gives way. The rhythmic drum-beats of the "magician" and his incantations are but another and more perfected form of the singing and music-playing of modern circles. In a word, the modern séance could be and should be made a school of magic, or philosophical, controllable Spiritualism. *Verb. Sap.*

New York, 1878.

Verification of a Spirit Message.

ELIZA DAY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
 I have just seen Mrs. Day, mother of Eliza Day, of Port (not Fort), Dickinson, Brown Co., N. Y., whose communication (given through the mediumship of Mrs. Sarah A. Dan- skin, of Baltimore), appeared in the Banner No. 6, Vol. 42, date Nov. 3, 1877, and she says the communication is correct and true in every particular. So characteristic is it that a sister of Eliza, a staunch Methodist living some distance away, at Athens, Pa., where Eliza formerly lived, wrote her mother about it, expressing much interest in the same, and affirming the perfect representation of Eliza's style and characteristics, and the marked accuracy and truthfulness of the message. The entire family, and all friends most familiar with her, attest the truthfulness and characteristic style of the message. It caused some comment and curiosity here among the "free-lance" philosophical, and "Unconscious Cerebration" has another fact to digest and assimilate and dematerialize in the interest of scientific dogmatism and superstition. One positive fact outweighs a mountain of negations and assumptions.
 Yours for the building of science on the substantial foundation of facts. LYMAN C. HOWE.
 Binghamton, N. Y., Nov. 16th, 1877.

WHAT WAS HE? or, Jesus in the Light of the Nineteenth Century. By William Denton, D.D. (near Boston). The Author, Price, \$1. The "light of the nineteenth century," in which the author studies Jesus of Nazareth, is the "new light" of Spiritualism. In this light, supplemented with actualizations of "psychometry," Mr. Denton proves to his own satisfaction that Jesus was a "medium" of considerable power—a clairvoyant, and a natural healer. In the latter capacity, however, he was hardly the equal of the "mediums" of a certain notorious "mediumistic bureau" whom he names, and whose "testimonials from the people" he reproduces. *The Popular Science Monthly.*

The railroad folks are not always "up" in the morning. For instance, they make a full stop at Colon, Mich.—Lowell Courtier.

Let them rest assured that they work against the very powers that govern the universe and distribute human destinies. Were they indeed permeated with spiritual influences they would never conceive a purpose so utterly futile. As well suspect the angels above of working for themselves in what they do, as suppose that any such conduct as theirs belongs to genuine Spiritualism. We must all of us rejoice to serve if we would be allied in any way to this great awakening movement of the century. It is a divine current that is running, and not a mere canal-stream for turning the wheels of private calculation. The private must give way to the universal. It is only as we place ourselves in relation with the great forces outside of us that we can accomplish anything noble or permanent. If we pray selfishly, nothing comes of it; but when we supplicate for power, wealth or position only as these may help us to be useful and a blessing to others, and in a spirit of perfect confidence that if withheld it is because we cannot ourselves see the end from the beginning, then all things will be increased unto us according to our capacity to receive them for the highest use. Spiritualism is all the while teaching this vital lesson. It opens to view the endless kingdom of uses. It seeks to acquaint us with what has properly been characterized as "an unfathomable, an unfathomable abyss of power lying outside of us all; endless and bottomless spaces of possibility, containing the pledge of all performance, the promise of all the future." In short, the one problem for angels and men is that of spiritualizing life, connecting man with the mea-ureless ocean of existence of which his selfish life is scarce a glimmering hint, and thus bringing about the millennium by merely changing ourselves.

We are informed that arrangements are being perfected for holding a National Camp Meeting during the coming summer at one of the popular groves in the vicinity of Boston. Mr. J. B. Hatch, who has been connected with the camp-meeting movement from the first, will have the entire management. Full particulars will be given at an early day.

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BY G. L. DUTTON, M. D.

MEXICO.

The really grand *Ilustracion Espiritu*, February number, has come with its accustomed regularity, bearing its rich burden of good things. Don Juan Cordero contributes the first article, "infallibility." This is followed by an interesting extract from a Belgian paper, "To the Incredulous"; and this by "*Consultas*" from the pen of Don M. Cruz on Catholic rites, dogmas, &c.; this again by two lengthy articles of much value on evidences from "Beyond the Tomb," scientific and otherwise; by Sns. F. Court and Godin, the latter a member of the National Assembly of 1871-5. No effort of mine short of an entire translation, could do these several contributions justice. From the minor articles of this journal I will take the following

BELOIUM.
Le Messager, of Liege, three numbers of which including that of the 15th of February, have come to hand, has several valuable articles on the "Congress of Gaud," on the "Union of Souls," "Catholicism Before the Time of Christ," "Correspondents," &c. The author of the first-named of these contributions says that on the day when he came to Liege to see Mr. Slade he met with a Doctor, a Burgomaster of Spa, and in conversation got him interested in the slate-writing phenomenon. The Burgomaster went to see Mr. Slade and obtained writings in Greek, French and English on a slate which he himself had cleaned, at which he knew had not been exchanged or tampered with.

The *Dagbladet*, Mr. Thrane's little Scandinavian paper, has again made its appearance after several months of suspension. It is published at Becker, Minn., at \$1.00 a year. An American Inquisition, is its chief article. Have we not it, in a moral sense?

AMPHILICAN CONFESION AND POPISSH NUNNERIES by Wm. Hozan, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, for twenty years a Confessing Priest, is the revised edition of a book of revelations on priestly habits in the Romish Church, whose fleshly perusal will sufficiently excite the thought of the reader. The object of it is to put the people on the guard against the practices alleged to be a part of the confessional and the nunnery. Published by D. M. Bennett.

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A fire broke out in a paint shop on Fourth street, above Arch, in Philadelphia, Monday evening, March 25th, and owing to a strong breeze, spread, destroying many business buildings in the vicinity. About thirty houses were more or less damaged, including the St. Elmo Hotel, damaged about \$10,000, and the total loss is estimated at about \$1,000,000.

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