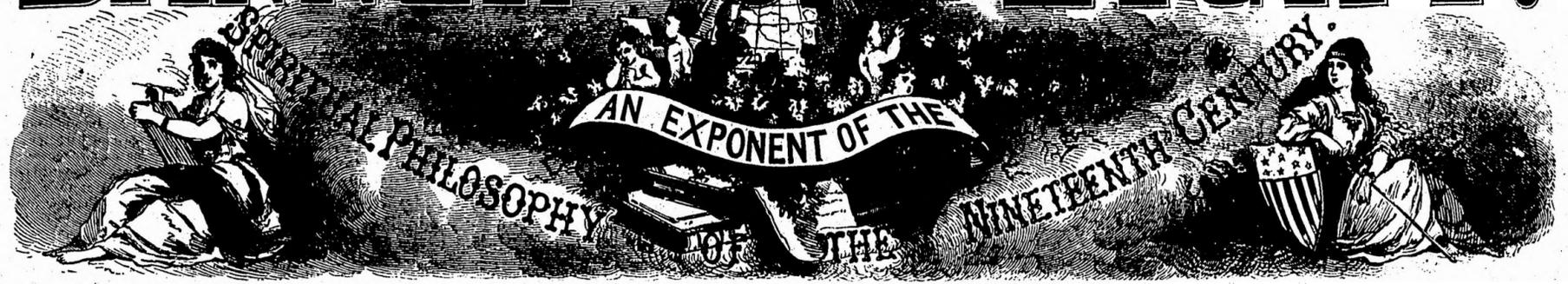


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 13.

Spiritual Phenomena.

ACCREDITED MANIFESTATIONS.

THE SCREAMING WOMAN.

(Extract of a letter from a respectable merchant at Manheim to his friend.)

MY DEAR CHARLES—You remember that when, in obedience to my father's wishes, I consented to a commercial life, this place was pointed out to me as one in which I might settle with peculiar advantage. To Manheim I accordingly came; and though much of my time has been engrossed with mercantile duties, yet sufficient intervals from business have presented themselves to sanction a continuance of those philosophical pursuits in which, when at school, we delighted to indulge. The various transactions into which business has led me, were sensibly and honorably conducted; facts to which I advert merely for the purpose of proving that neither my probity nor my judgment are reduced, in any degree, below the level at which you were accustomed to rate them. If so, the revolution that has occurred in my sentiments on a certain subject, account for it how you will, is not to be explained away by suspicions of my being a fool or a hypocrite. My mind spurs, too, the imputation of cowardice; and I assure you, Charles, that the deep and gloomy influence to which it now submits is unattended by the smallest portion of inquietude or alarm.

I had occasion to visit a neighboring town, about twelve months since, for a purpose with which it is unnecessary to acquaint you. My stay was unexpectedly prolonged till a late hour; and, having promised to be at home before night, I was compelled to set out on my return much after the period at which it ought to have been commenced. Part of my road lay through a thick and lonely forest; and I confess that the task of traversing it would have been more agreeable at an earlier opportunity. My spirits were affected from some indefinite cause, and the chill, dark journey I was preparing to take did not tend to raise them. I swallowed a hasty cup of coffee with my friend, shook him cordially by the hand, and, mounting my horse, was soon at a considerable distance from his house.

To you, whose sensations are congenial, I shall find no difficulty in describing my state of mind at this nature. My blood ran cold and sluggish, seeming to lay like a crust in my veins, and there was a dead fearfulness pressing upon me, of some trouble that I could neither define nor avert. I strove hard to disengage myself from this cheerless condition; but the effort was unsuccessful, and I rode on, a prey to my wretched surmises, writhing like a victim of the vast Indian bird (the roc) when first overshadowed by the stretch of its mighty wings.

I was approaching the verge of the forest, and had just entered a narrow outlet from it, when I heard the roll of distant thunder, and felt the wet and heavy droppings of a copious rain. Having scarcely a league further to travel before I reached home, I determined to urge my horse to the utmost, and escape, if possible, by his speed, from the impending storm. He broke at once into a gallop, when I struck him with the spur, but had scarcely gone a hundred paces before I was thrown from the saddle, by his abrupt stopping, and pitched with the greatest violence to the ground. I lay stunned for a few moments by the fall; the first thing that brought me to a sense of my situation was a hoarse scream, uttered by some person, I could almost have sworn, who breathed close to my ear. The rein, which I had continued to grasp in falling, was at that moment torn violently out of my hand; I heard the noise of my coursers' hoofs as he started back; the scream was repeated, and something rushed past me, that clanked as it went like a horseman's heavy, iron-cased sabre. I sprang up from the earth and threw out my arms to ascertain if any individual were actually passing; but the avenue was so narrow that I touched the hedges on each side of it, and felt instantly convinced that nothing human could have gone by. A recollection now flashed upon me that there was a tale of extreme horror connected with this part of the forest; and, in spite of the principles which I summoned to my aid, it was in a mood of mingled desperation and amazement that I reflected on the circumstance with which my memory supplied me.

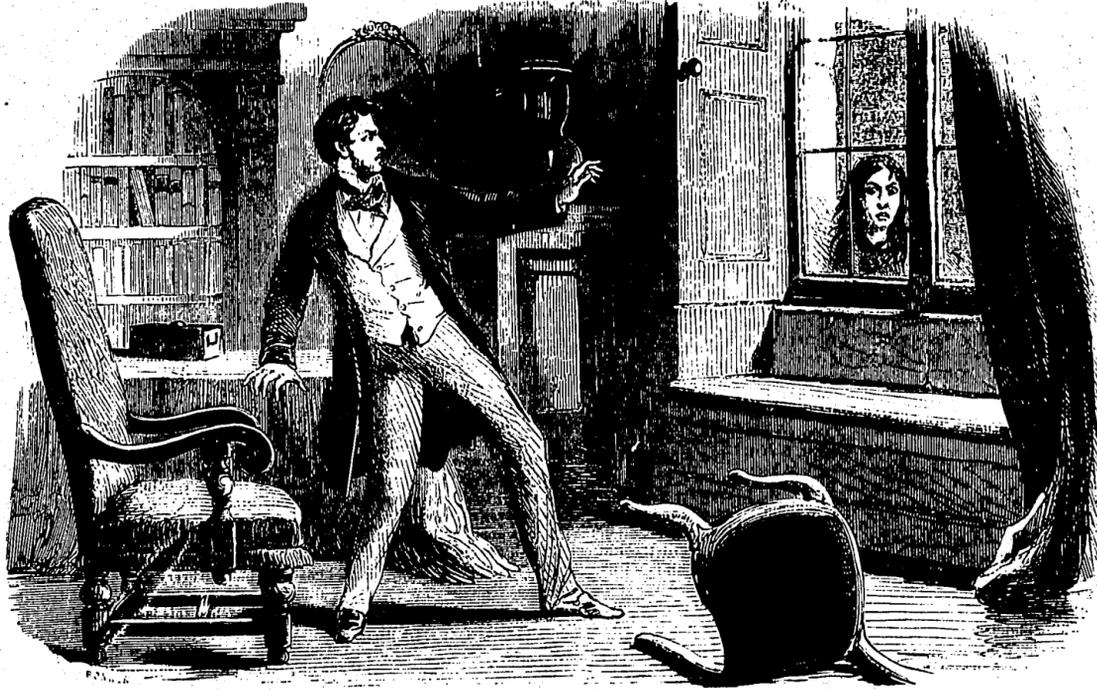
The infirmary of Manheim, about twenty years ago, contained a female patient who was known by the name of Martha, and had been admitted to that asylum at the instance of a stranger. He stated himself to be her husband, and assured the director of the institution, with an appearance of the deepest sorrow, that she labored under a lunacy of the most stubborn sort, which nothing but the very severe discipline attributed to his house was likely to abate. He advanced a large sum for the maintenance of this unhappy creature, saw her lodged in one of the strongest cells of the establishment, and, having recommended an unsparring application of the scourge, thought proper to depart. His meaning was not misunderstood. The shrieks of poor Martha were heard, day and night, in the vicinity of her dungeon, and suspicions soon prevailed that she was being sacrificed to the cruelty of her merciless keepers. An investigation of the case was proposed by some humane and spirited people, but a calamity of the most awful kind put a stop to their endeavors. Martha was found dead on the borders of the forest, at the very spot I have described to you, a piece of ragged iron being clenched in her grasp, with which she had torn and gashed her throat in a very dreadful manner. The escape of this wretched being was never well explained, and hints were dropped that she had not left the prison alive. Her bloody, and mangled remains excited a strong sensation among those who inspected them. Marks of the chain and the whip were conspicuous on every part of her body, and long tufts of her thin, gray hair were glued to-

gether by the stream that had issued from a deep fracture in her head. The tokens of suicide were, however, undeniable, and the remains of the poor maniac were in consequence hastily buried near the place where they were found.

This occurrence had scarcely ceased to be the subject of conversation, when the whole town of Manheim was agitated by events of a yet more appalling character. Hoarse screams were heard

in the still, dark hours of the night, and a pale, bloodless face was seen pressing against several of the chamber windows. Fraud or delusion were naturally suspected in a business of this nature, and the most scrutinizing inquiries were made into the evidence on which it rested. No detection took place, and the screams soon became so frequent that not a person continued to question their existence. I have heard various inhabi-

tants of this town describe the thrill that ran through them whenever these noises were heard; and though they had ceased altogether just before I established myself in the town, yet first nothing was more talked of when I arrived than this mysterious story of Martha, the "Screaming Woman." Our fortitude and incredulity were once reciprocal in such cases, and yet—my flesh creeps along the bone while I avow it—yet I,



THE VISION OF THE SCREAMING-WOMAN APPEARS AT THE WINDOW.

Charles, have witnessed one of these unearthly visitations we so much courted and despised.

It was midnight when I reached home, exhausted by anxiety and fatigue; and being provided with a key to my own apartments, the people of the house had not waited up to receive me. I drew off my boots and upper coat, as a preliminary to the act of undressing, and seated myself in a large, antique chair, from which, when divested of my clothes, I usually stepped into bed. Here I fell asleep, owing to excessive weariness, and may the next slumber that is likely to end in so horrible a way be never broken. A dream was upon me full of blood and death; the shrieking maniac flitted through my brain in a thousand forms, and seemed, at one time, to stand over me, brandishing a sword of fire. The next moment I lay benumbed, as it were, in my seat, while the maniac advanced from the dark corner of the room, bearing in her right hand a human skull replete with some poisonous sort of drink. This horrible potion was lifted to my lips, which seemed to shut in vain against it, the long, bony fingers of the phantom being thrust into my mouth, so as to force a passage for her accursed mixture. It trickled down to my very heart, in slow, cold drops; and, when lodged there, seemed, by a sudden transition, to burn and glow like the flames of Etna. Spell-bound as I was, such extreme agony passed my powers of endurance. I uttered a frantic cry and sprang up from the chair, darting toward the hag by whom my torment was inflicted. The glare of her red eyes grew stronger as I advanced, and a lean, sallow arm was put out to repel me. Fearing the detested touch, I hastily drew back; some article of furniture intercepted me; I fell, and was plunged from the fall into a chasm, which opened through the floor. The shock of this awoke me, and the first proof I obtained of my actual perception was the sound of that hoarse scream which, a few hours before, had been uttered in the forest. This scream was again repeated; it seemed to issue from the window; I heard the casement flap as if a strong wind were shaking it; and, though my sinews shrank and withered at the noise, yet I staggered to this window as fast as my feet would carry me. A ray of light flashed in as I reached it, and there, pressed close against the glass, I saw the same pale, bloodless visage that had been already figured to you. Maddened by the sight, I clenched my hand and drove it fiercely at the apparition. Its lips quivered; the scream rang again through the apartment—I was found next day without sense or motion, my hand dreadfully cut, and the window almost shivered to pieces.

THE WIFE'S APPARITION.

There was living, in the summer of the year 1802, in the south of Ireland, a clergyman of the Established Church, the Rev. Mr. Hill, now deceased. His first wife, a woman of great beauty, sister of the Governor of Jersey, was then alive. She had been recently confined, and her recovery was very slow. Their residence—an old-fashioned mansion, situated in a spacious garden—adjoined on one side the park of the bishop of the diocese. It was separated from it by a wall, in which there was a private door.

Mr. Hill had been invited by the bishop to dinner; and as his wife, though confined to bed, did not seem worse than usual, he had accepted the invitation. Returning from the bishop's palace about ten o'clock, he entered, by the private door, already mentioned, his own premises. It was bright moonlight. On issuing from a small belt of shrubbery into a garden walk, he perceived, as he thought, in another walk, parallel to that in which he was, and not more than ten or twelve feet from him, the figure of his wife in her usual

dress. Exceedingly astonished, he crossed over and confronted her. It was his wife. At least he distinguished her features in the clear moonlight as plainly as he had ever done in his life.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

She did not reply, but receded from him, turning to the right toward a kitchen-garden that lay on one side of the house. In it there were several rows of peas, staked and well grown, so as to shelter any person passing behind them. The figure passed round one end of these. Mr. Hill followed quickly, in increased astonishment, mingled with alarm, but when he reached the open space beyond the peas the figure was nowhere to be seen. As there was no spot where, in so short a time, it could have sought concealment, the husband concluded that it was an apparition, and not his wife, that he had seen. He returned to the front door, and, instead of availing himself of his pass-key as usual, he rang the bell. While on the steps, before the bell was answered, looking round, he saw the same figure at the corner of the house. When the servant opened the door he asked him how his mistress was.

"I am sorry to say, sir," answered the man, "she is not so well. Dr. Osborne has been sent for."

Mr. Hill hurried up stairs, found his wife dead, and the nurse senseless in a fit. The body of the former was still warm, as if life had only departed a few minutes previously.

MUSICAL SEANCE.

On Monday evening, May 24th, 1869, the reporter for the *Banner of Light* visited the rooms of Mrs. H. W. Cushman, 92 Warren street, Charlestown, for the purpose of witnessing the musical phenomena usually exhibited at her regular circles. About thirty persons were present, including the medium and her husband. At eight o'clock the controlling influence manifested itself, and the time was consumed in describing spirits in attendance or standing around the various individuals of the party, till nine o'clock, when the unseen musical performers claimed sway over the medium.

Mr. Cushman brought in a guitar and violin. The guitar was taken possession of by Mrs. Cushman, her right hand grasping the upper and extreme end of it, most distant from the strings; this hand—and the part of the instrument it held—was put under the table, the remainder of the guitar being in plain sight of all present, in the light. The left hand of the medium rested upon the table, also remaining in sight of all during the performance. The violin, being played upon by Mr. Cushman, was immediately accompanied by the guitar, perfect time being kept by the invisible musicians.

The strings were seen to spring in their places in the same manner as when touched by the fingers of any one playing, and the touch sometimes was very forcible, causing the instrument to move violently about. Several present saw an electric light playing about the strings during the performance. At the request of the medium several ladies and gentlemen sang songs, which, though totally unknown to the medium, were accompanied in perfect unison by the guitar. At the conclusion of the performance, the right hand of Mrs. Cushman, which had been constantly in contact with the upper end of the guitar, was found to be cold and rigid, and was clasped so tightly that several minutes elapsed ere the fingers could be disengaged. This medium is totally unacquainted with the guitar, being unable to play the simplest air herself. The instrument used was freely exhibited for examination, both before and after the performance. This phenomenon can be produced in the presence of Mrs. Cushman upon any guitar.

The medium is evidently meeting with good success in her work of demonstrating spirit presence through this novel method. The proceeds of one circle per month are generously given by her to assist the First Spiritual Association of Charlestown in the sustenance of lecturers. This would be a good example for others to follow, both in that city and elsewhere.

During the first part of May Mrs. Cushman gave some very successful sances at Fall River, Mass., in Page's Hall; the audience on the last occasion numbering two hundred persons. The most respectful silence was preserved, and the greatest interest manifested by all present, which was eminently gratifying both to the medium and those operating through her organism.

A REMARKABLE TEST.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Allow me to present to the numerous readers of your paper one of a large number of wonderful tests of the power of spirit vision which I have lately received.

Having had occasion, when in the city of Charlestown, S. C., to employ a prominent attorney of that place to examine the title to a valuable piece of real estate, and having been assured that all was perfect and without incumbrance, I applied to Mrs. Adelaide Coombs, a Boston lady, now residing in Pittsburgh, Penn., having by former tests learned to place great confidence in her extraordinary mediumistic powers. Received reply that the title was good, but that a very small incumbrance existed, which could and must be removed in order to make everything clear. This puzzled me, after having received the assurances of my attorney, and the statement of the grantor, that he never had a dollar of a claim of any kind recorded against him. He owned several other valuable pieces of property. A few moments after receiving the above report, having by appointment repaired to the lawyer's office to receive an abstract of title, with certificates from the various offices of record, what were my thoughts on being presented with the various certificates—all except one—and being informed that a small claim of thirty-two dollars stood unsatisfied upon the record. Although settled twelve years before, satisfaction had not been entered on the record, and the claim still held as against the estate; the evidences of its settlement having been destroyed during the war. Here was a legal matter that had escaped the notice of the whole force of legal lore, and as soon as discovered was immediately attempted to be enforced by the party interested; yet a medium, who had never been within many hundreds of miles of the State of South Carolina, in which it occurred, immediately discovered it. The medium also described the personal appearance, nativity, and general characteristics of the parties in the transaction, including the seller, buyer and attorneys, and even the plantation and buildings, in as perfectly clear and thorough a manner as though personally present. This, to a recent convert, was "confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ."

Yours for progress,
LAW.

GOOD RULES.—A good man once said: The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the following rules, which I have laid down myself in relation to such matters:

1. To hear as little as possible what is to the prejudice of others.
2. To believe nothing of the kind until I am absolutely forced to it.
3. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.
4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed toward others.
5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given.

The Lecture Room.

The Way to be Happy.

A LECTURE BY PROF. WILLIAM DENTON,
In Music Hall, Boston, Mass., Dec. 27th, 1868.
Reported for the *Banner of Light*.

On Sunday afternoon, Dec. 27th, 1868, Prof. Wm. Denton lectured in Music Hall. He commenced by saying: Ships were we on the ocean sailing; the port we sought to gain was happiness. Pilgrims over life's rugged way, we journeyed on in pursuit of the city of happiness. The desire for happiness was to mortals what the influence of the sun was to the solar system. Obedient to its decree the human race moved onward in its orbit as the planets moved in theirs. For happiness the sailor mounted the reeling mast, and dared the storm and tempest, as he pursued his idol over the far-off waves. For her the traveler dared the frozen regions of the north or the blazing sand of the tropic desert; for her the miner delved beyond the light of day, the aeronaut mounted beyond the confines of the clouds; for her the poet sang, the lawyer pleaded, the parson prayed. Even the robber who whistled his knife for the throat of his victim—though far from the true path—was seeking for happiness, and obeying this hidden impulse of the human soul. But how many ships never reached the port; how many wrecks were scattered on the shore; how many travelers failed to reach the city for whose sight they toiled. False charts led the sailor to hidden dangers, by-paths lured the traveler at every side. He (the lecturer) proposed in the present discourse to erect a beacon for the sailor in his voyage for happiness; to put up a guideboard for the traveler, directing him to the city for which he was bound.

At first sight it would appear that we all had a fair chance for happiness on this planet. Nature seemed to offer the greatest happiness to the greatest number. Such was foreshadowed in the operations of her laws, as they ministered to the pleasure of man. How the clouds, like ships of every kind and color, floated across the ocean blue, to gladden the poetic soul. And when night threw her mantle over the weary world, how the beautiful stars looked down into our hearts. Why might not man be happy? Why was he unhappy? Why were we not in harmony with these beauties of Nature? One reason was that the race was yet young on the planet, and had not learned the secret of the way to be happy. We had made many mistakes, and among them was the idea that any one thing could make a human being always happy. The poor man, breaking stone in the highway, on seeing Mr. Shoddy go rolling past in his chariot, with his sons beside him sitting on crimson cushions, might say, "There! that man is happy indeed!" and on the strength of that persuasion might resolve to become rich that he also might be happy. And if he did so resolve, in nine cases out of ten, in this country, he would succeed, if he had ordinary health and the length of days requisite for the fulfillment of his purpose. He must make it his business to add cent to cent, dime to dime, dollar to dollar—each in its turn becoming the seed for future increase; and finally house to house, and farm to farm. He must watch his tenant as a good man's conscience watches his acts, and see that nobody ran away without paying his rent. Wealth had its laws, and if he obeyed them he might amass a fortune. He started with the idea that happiness would smile on him when he had saved fifty thousand dollars, but when he gained it and said: "Happiness, come to my arms!" the coy maiden replied: "No, sir, not for less than one hundred thousand!" And the poor wretch must start off again to raise the amount. In a much shorter time than before the money would be his, and he would again approach the charmer, but she would refuse to come for less than a million, and when that was raised was he happy? Not at all; led by his life-long toil into habits of penuriousness, the poor wretch could go on heaping up riches till Death clutched him by the throat, and he died a miserable millionaire!

"Ah!" says the Christian world, "that man made a terrible mistake; his life was given for naught—he rejected the true treasure." "What, then, my Christian friend, is the true treasure?" "Why," says the Christian, "it is religion." "It is religion that can give sweetest pleasures while we live. It is religion can supply bold comfort when we die. After death its joys shall be lasting as eternity!"

"Well, then, we must have religion." Surely, if religion could do such wonders it was necessary to man's happiness, and its votaries hastened to show the questioner how it was to be obtained. Heaven must be assailed with groans and cries and tears. We must believe ourselves hell-doomed, and our only hope of salvation from the abyss of woe must be to embrace Christ, and through his atoning blood become joint heirs with God. And under the influence of this exaltation the devotee would sing:

"My God is mine, and I am his;
What can I want beside?"
But, poor wretch, he would soon find that he needed something more. When the excitement attending the process of "getting religion" subsided, he would find himself a prey to an agonizing fear lest, after all, he had not gotten the true article, and his soul having become a pendulum, swinging alternately between hope and despair, he would for his moments of elevation bless God, and for his hours of depression blame the devil and himself.
Therefore no man could be happy even by what our Orthodox friends called "getting religion." No one thing could make us happy. We owed our existence to the observation of various laws, such as eating, drinking, breathing, sleeping, exercising, and the like, and so in order to be happy we must attend to many things. He

(the lecturer) had no magic pill to give to his hearers, no universal panacea which should banish care at a draught, and bid their troubles fly away. All things depended upon plain, simple rules, dictated by experience, some of which he would proceed to state.

First of all he would lay down the rule "Be Healthy." If he were going to write a table of ten commandments this one would be the first of them. But the Christian might say: "We haven't anything to do with health. God gives it to us as he wills. If he desires us to be well he bestows the gift, and if he rules otherwise we should bear ill-health with fortitude, as becomes his loving children; for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." He (the lecturer) did not believe it; if it was so, he had rather be a little more healthy, and not quite so much loved. But the truth of the matter was, that in nineteen cases out of twenty, we made ourselves sick or well by the disobedience to or observance of natural laws. We had this matter of health in our own hands, generally speaking, and could be healthy if we obeyed the laws of our being. And first we must breathe pure air. Eight pounds of blood passed through the lungs of a full grown man every minute, and required for their purification ten cubic feet of pure air, otherwise the poisonous blood would go back to the heart, to be transmitted from thence all over the system, bearing disease wherever it went. Poor ventilation was the great trouble in our halls of assembly, our school-houses, and our sleeping rooms. But some one might say, "Why! you would not have us breathe night air, would you?" What should any one breathe but night air in the night? It was true at this season it was very cold, but it was better to sleep under a stack of blankets, and give the body a chance for air and consequently health. A well-regulated sleeping-room ought to be as pure in the morning as it was at night before being used.

Then we must have light. Suppose we tried to raise a crop of corn in a cellar, or in the parlors of modern civilized life—it would be pale and puny, and our effort would be of none effect; but out under the glorious sunshine, no matter how rugged the ground, the blades would rustle in their glorious green. And so the puny, pale-faced ladies of the drawing-room needed a dose of sunshine, administered by Nature herself. Suppose it did make them brown; they had better be brown as berries, than remain as they were; health would come to them then, making them better mothers. Let such think how Nature lured the sick from their desolate chambers, when they had no power to enjoy her charms. Let them hear the tremulous voice of the invalid saying in the morning, "Would God it were evening!" and at evening, "Would God that it were morning!" Let them then strive to lay the foundation of health, and choose the beauty of Nature before the beauty of fashion. Any sensible man would prefer the bloom of health to the pale radiance of a weakly constitution.

Another point to be observed was the diet, which was, after all, the most important of all. Most of our diseases were connected with our stomachs. How the people of the United States suffered from the abuse of this important member. We had too much on our tables; when we sat at breakfast, if we were to remove one-half the dishes, and at dinner two-thirds of them, we should enjoy the remainder in a much more healthful manner. He would present a form of "grace" or blessing which would be far better than any now in use, viz: "From all pies, cakes, pickles and preserves, good Lord deliver us, Amen." If this was strictly adhered to in our daily lives, we should receive a healthful answer to our prayer. At present our women were turned into roasting, basting, frying and boiling machines, whose business it was to load the table with dishes manifold; which it was the duty of the men, husbands, brothers, cousins, &c., to manfully devour, even if they got sick thereby, and were obliged to send for a doctor to come and give them health by the spoonful. The stomach, by its complaints, proclaimed man to be a sinner. How many on the Christmas just passed had sinned against this member, and not repented? These sins were visited not only upon us but upon our children.

Again: we ate too fast. Our teeth were not put into the mouth to scare the victuals as they went down, but were inserted as the means of preparing food for the action of the gastric juices. But at present, by the aid of cups of hot tea and coffee, we ruffed down our food, hastily silencing any resistance which individual particles might make, by a gulp, of these fluids. Dickens relates, in his facetious story of "Skitzland," that when the coach stopped at the inn, each traveler took out his stomach and gave it to the waiter, who filled and returned it to its owner, after which the carriage moved on. Now, if the people of this country could only get such a stomach as that, they would be gratified indeed. As it was now, while they were eating, they were constantly in fear that the dollar might run, and somebody else catch it.

We could not expect to be healthy while these vile habits and practices were going on. It was a subject, the truth of which needed to be dinned into people's ears from morning till night. King David in his Psalms prayed for his enemies, "Let their table become a snare before them; and that which should have been for their welfare, let it become a trap." And from present appearances it would seem that we were all David's enemies, and that his prayer was answered. There was scarcely an individual listening to him who had not been trapped. Ladies set the traps, but it was the men who furnished the materials, and who grumbled if they were not properly made. We could never be healthy, therefore, and consequently happy, while we sinned against our organs of digestion. A man with a stomach growing at him, would grow at his wife, and she in turn at the children, spreading discord and in-harmony through the home-circle. It might be objected that this was rather plain talk for Sabbath afternoon, and some one might suggest that perhaps a little more time should be spent in the consideration of spiritual matters, but he (the lecturer) believed in looking the question of human life squarely in the face, and dealing with its solution. We must talk of our earth, as well as describe the glories of heaven.

But the observance of these rules was not all that was necessary to a state of happiness. A man might be as healthy as the untamed steed of the prairie, and yet be full of sorrow. The soul needed to be healthy, also, and in order to be healthy it needed to breathe, and the air it needs is freedom. The race in general, and woman in particular, were sadly deficient of this moral freedom. Woman had been robbed of her freedom under the sanction of the Bible, and that old bachelor, Paul, had a great deal to answer for in this connection: "We must have freedom for man and freedom for woman; freedom for them to follow the dictates of their individual judgment, provided they do not injure their fellows. Unless this was done, the fair share of happiness was denied to each person so constrained. To

any man who should propose to limit his (the lecturer's) freedom, he would say, "Hands off, you pirate!" and the freedom he claimed for himself was the equal portion of all the children of mortality. Man was free, of necessity; it was his primal right, however he had been deprived of it, and all other rights, without this one, were but mere pretences. Freedom we must have first, last and always. Give a devil freedom, and he would mount to the ramparts of heaven; rob an angel of it, and heaven would be an intolerable hell. Put an oak tree into a flower-pot in a lady's conservatory, and it would be a useless, sapless failure; but set it out on the moor, where the bleak winds of winter might howl through its branches, and it would expand to majestic proportions, and be the pride of all the neighboring land. Exactly so with man. Away, then, with bonds and limits—we must have room that we may grow. No man, or set of men, could make him (the lecturer) happy by making him their slave. He had rather not be happy, than accept such a proviso. If man cooped up a river, he got a stagnant pool for his pains, but give it a continent to roam over and it became the blessing of thousands. Put an Arabian harp in the grave and not a breath would come forth from its silent strings; but let the wind blow upon it and it would give forth sweet melody, which would almost awaken a soul under the very ribs of death. Heaven dawned upon man in proportion as he possessed freedom.

Then we must have freedom of the mind, provided the freedom of one did not interfere with that of another. The starry universe gave liberty to all her children, even the eccentric comet. We must have freedom to go to heaven, to interrogate God; we must be free to descend into hell, to examine the condition of the devils. The gods of the past must come up for our inspection. We have seen how Jupiter failed to stand the test of man's advancing reason; he fell, and the Christian world did not trouble itself about it. Jove, the man-made God of the Roman, tried at the bar of reason, had been thrown overboard; should we fear to examine Jehovah, the man-made God of the Jew?

This was a day of successful advance toward freedom. What a step had been made in the last ten years. He (the lecturer) saw some before him listening, at least, to truths which a brief time before would have shocked them like an electric battery. There could be no happiness without freedom. The churches of to-day were full of unhappy slaves, whose reason was at war with the dogmas they professed to believe. Even while the minister was declaring the truth of a certain theologic point, many of the worshippers heard within their souls a voice which said, "It is not so," but instead of heeding the warning, they cried, "Down, busy devil down!" and trembled for fear they had committed some offence unpardonable. Thus the fear of hell, the fear of God and the fear of the devil, were used to keep down the spirit's aspirations after light, and its constant questionings made the creedist unhappy. He tried to banish the questioning soul far from him, and get the milk of faith—terribly mixed with water—which the priest endeavored to supply to him from the lessons of the church. We had had too much of this; this was the day of radicalism, and nothing could stay it. Was there anything high? We must mount to examine its cap-stone. Was there anything low? We must delve till we find whether it be founded on the everlasting rock of reason, or upon the shifting sand of popular prejudice. What a delight to climb up the mountain of truth, above the fogs of error, and see spread out before us the glowing landscape, and to feel that we were here on this planet for ourselves—that no Moses could come between us and Nature, and no Jesus work upon us save as our teacher. We must not receive one feather weight of authority upon our backs. Should we listen to Nature's teachings at second hand, when her divine volume was spread before us individually?

Another thing which was necessary to happiness was to be at all times at peace with ourselves. We should endeavor to have at all times a good conscience. How could a man be happy when his soul was momentarily writing villain on his brain? He must hear the God within saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant," if he would enjoy internal rest and peace. We might go to the furthest Ind, or the distant pole, but there we should find conscience, recording faithfully every thought and action, and from her judgment there was no escape for man. Some one had said "a good conscience is the best night-cap." The lecturer would recommend it as the best day-cap also. And how should we have a good conscience? Only by at all times obeying it. But some one might object to this, saying that conscience was a thing of education—that a man might do wrong and yet act in accordance with the regulations of his conscience. That was true, but when judgment said it was right, conscience said do it. If there were present before him (the lecturer) a good Orthodox brother whose conscience told him it was wrong to listen to the discourse, to such a brother he would say, "There is the door; your business is to obey your conscience, not mine. If you think a thing is right or wrong, you must do it." We should do that which we thought right, even though the whole world was opposed to us; for in some cases it had been proven that the whole world was wrong, and that one single brave individual was right. Suppose that individual had succumbed to the blast of opposition, how far back would the world have been to-day? To such characters he felt to cry out, "Brother, hold on! Don't budge an inch." It was better that man should heed the voice within himself, and faithfully obey it, even if it led him in the wrong path, than to follow in the path of right blindly, trusting to another. He who gave up his conscience to another man lost his place in the universe, and was powerless, without aid from without, to solve the problems of existence; but Nature had so constituted life that the path of wrong-doing was hedged about with thorns and briars, and the soul who traveled it would soon learn that it was on the wrong road, out of harmony with creation, and would be led to hasten back to its point of departure. And the lessons learned by these experiences made stronger the purposes for good within the mind of man. Therefore we should obey conscience firstly, lastly and always.

In order to be happy we should also be busy. It was a true saying that "an idle man tempted the devil," but a busy man ran so fast that the devil could not catch him. "Find thy work, and do it," said Carlyle; that was the best gospel ever preached to mankind. Yes, find your work, and then put into it. Oh, how happy Galileo was when with the first rude telescope he saw the moons of Jupiter first revealed to mortal eyes. If people would find their work, and do it, happiness would attend them as closely as the shadow at their side. The lecturer had once felt, while a lad, that there was no place for him in the world; but when he obtained a knowledge of what his work should be, he was never so happy as when following it. There is happiness in occupation,

everywhere; the farmer plows it up as he turns over the sod fresh with morning dew, and his merry whistle speaks his pleasure; the blacksmith tells its presence as he stantly tolls at his sparkling forge, till

"the village rings
To the song his anvil sings."

Let us be busy, then, but be sure we have something worthy of our work. He was sorry to see so many women frittering away their time, cutting paper into differing shapes, working dogs in worsted, or perusing love-sick novels for the sake of excitement. These remarks of course referred to those women whose wealth placed them above the necessity of ordinary labor, which laid a heavy claim upon the energies of their toiling sisters. Better for them to get at something more worthy their attention; better for them to interest themselves in taking little children out of the streets and trying to make them true men and women. He had seen the experiment tried, and with good success.

Again: we should get rational ideas of religion. How could the Orthodox be happy in their contemplation of an angry God who condemned nine-tenths of his children to everlasting perdition? whose wrath toward the sinner was so hot that for one sin unrepented of, because of a lack of opportunity, he would plunge a hitherto good man into an infernal hell forever? He (the lecturer) felt that if human reason only had the chance for one moment it would work more wonders than Samson of old, and pull down this temple of falsehood in eternal ruin about the ears of the priesthood. It was time we had a God for our worship who was as sensible as a good man. If a man's religion taught him of a God who was not so good as himself, he had better get rid of that religion as soon as possible.

Then the horrible ideas heretofore connected with death must be done away. The mourning apparel, the solemn-visage when friends passed on, were not types of the soul as it should be when it fully considered the subject. We were placed on this planet by life, and we must go hence by death—that was the only avenue of egress, and was just as natural as life. If all the inhabitants of earth for even a thousand years were on this planet, we should be crowded for breathing room. There, too, were the old fogies, who never would be convinced of new truths as long as they lived; let them die, that the good and the true might come. Death brought nothing worse to us than night and sleep brought. When we slept we died as much as we should ever die. If we mourned for our friends when they died, we also mourned for them when they were absent from us while in the form. But we knew those friends had not gone far away; that they could still communicate to us; that they whispered to the soul by day and night. He (the lecturer) was certain of this, and felt sorry for the man who had not this sublime assurance. How comforting, how blessed this conviction! Come what, come sorrow, come danger, come death, we should not fear, for we carried within us all that was necessary in the universe, and wherever we went there it should be, till in the glorious world of the spirit we heard the welcome of the angels, "Brother, sister, all is well!"

Written for the Banner of Light.

"HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL."

BY JOHN WILLIAM DAY.

"And Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was."—Exodus xx: 21.

Oh pitying Source Eternal
Whose form we may not see;
Whose boundless power is written
In all immensity—
Blind atoms of the spaces
Our souls to thee would cling
Who stay'st the earthquake's roaring march
To hear the insect sing!
When sorrow's gloomy midnight
In sombre garb arrays
The heart that sadly glances
To joys of other days—
Let Hope her gladning story
Of joy and mercy tell;
For He who rules the furthest star
On earth doth "all things well."
When from old Sinai's turret
The crashing thunder tolled;
And clouds of ebon blackness
Around its summit rolled;
Thy love sustained the Hebrew
Amid the sulphurous air,
And taught a nation's trembling heart
Thy power and glory there!
And shall thy love be wanting
To humbler needs below,
When round the spirit's Sinai
The thunders whirlwinds blow—
When from the fearful vision
Faith seals her trembling eyes,
And all the garnered hopes of years
In blazing ruins lie?
Not up life's quaking mountain
Our bleeding steps are bound;
And angel feet are pressing
With ours the smould'ring ground;
Hark! from the smoke-veiled summits
Lo! Eden voices call:
"The cloud is but his temple veil,
Whose love is over all!"
Boston, Mass., May, 1869.

Singular Case of Instinct in a Horse.

We do not remember ever to have heard of a more remarkable exhibition of equine intelligence than was communicated to us a few days since by Mr. Allen, of this place. The circumstances, as they were related to us, were as follows: Mr. A. has had for a considerable time a span of sprightly little horses that he has never separated. In the stable, in the field, in the harness, they have always been together. This has caused a strong attachment to grow up between them. A few days ago he went with them out to Lake Minnetonka, on a fishing excursion. Taking them out of the carriage, he led them down to the lake and tied them with stout ropes, several rods apart, on a strip of grass that grew upon the shore, and left them to feed. Returning to the shanty, he threw himself upon the floor to await the return of the party who had repaired to the lake to fish. Not much time had elapsed before the sound of an approaching horse's feet attracted his attention, and, a moment after, one of his span appeared at the door. The animal put his head in, and giving one neigh, turned, and at a slow gallop, yet under evident excitement, returned to the spot where, but a few minutes before, he and his companion had been fastened. Surprised to find his horse loose, and struck with his singular conduct, Mr. A. immediately followed, and found the other lying in the water, entangled in the rope and struggling to keep his head from being submerged. While Mr. A. proceeded to disengage the unfortunate horse, his noble benefactor stood by, manifesting the utmost solicitude and sympathy, and when his mate was extricated from its perilous situation and again upon its feet, the generous creature exhibited the most unquestionable signs of satisfaction and joy. That this intelligent animal should have noticed the misfortune of his mate, that he should know where to apply for rescue, and, in his efforts, should sunder a three-fourths of an inch rope, and finally, that he should exhibit so high an appreciation of the event, are circumstances to astonish us and commend themselves to the thoughtful consideration of those who would limit the power of reasoning to the "genus homo."—St. Anthony's Express, Minnesota.

Original Essay.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF RELIGION.

BY DYER D. LUM.

No. I.—RELIGION INTUITIVE, NOT ADVENTITIOUS.

In all ages and among all nations man has ever felt an inextinguishable desire to penetrate the mysteries of life; to know and understand the nature of his relations with powers manifest though unseen. This desire, this ardent longing of the soul, is inherent in our nature. It is as much a part and parcel of humanity as the feelings of love, gratitude, self-gratification, etc.; and this natural longing of man's inner-self we style "religion."

A "system of religion" is but the apparent gratification of this intense want, the outward expression of this inner feeling; the subjective rendered objective and palpable.

The benighted savage, bowing to stone or wood, the Parsee before the sacred flame, the Oriental sun-worshiper, the ancient Greeks and Romans, with their innumerable deities, as well as the Christian or Mahometan adorer of One God, possessed alike the glorious elements of true religion. Each and all in their worship but sought to express this longing, and thereby be drawn nearer to the great Font of Truth. It matters not what their ideas of truth were, if they but lived in accordance with their highest conception of it, they lived a truly religious life. And in so doing, they realized more comfort and true peace than the most enlightened skeptic of our day who tramples upon and stifles this ever-growing aspiration of the soul.

While this desire exists man is inevitably led to manifest some expression of it in one form or another, and this manifestation, however uncouth or paradoxical it may be, is a religious one. Says the Rev. Dr. Peabody: "Being has its cause, its laws, there are reasons for the existence of things as they are; and, this cause, these laws, these reasons, are religion; * * * it defines our unseen relations."

If we turn to our grammarians and lexicographers for the meaning of the word religion, we only obtain doubtful or erroneous derivation. It has been generally said to be derived from *religare*, to rebind, as expressive of its agency in binding anew the soul of man with his Author, and defining the relations existing between them. But Cicero, who undoubtedly understood his own language full as well as many later students, expressly states that *religio* is derived from *relegere*, to re-peruse, as expressing the natural tendency of the human soul to ponder seriously and intently into whatever concerns its own being. Reflection, thought, being incidental to our nature, religion is, in the highest sense, more a matter of feeling than of opinion. The religion of the cultivated and thoughtful is always emotional, and in all ages the same, being subjective in its origin and nature.

"Religion," said quaint old John Selden, "is like the fashion; one man wears his doublet shaded, another laced, another plain; but every man has a doublet; so every man has his religion. We differ about trimming." While admitting that in a general sense this is true, we must not fall into the popular error that it is also true in particulars; that religion, like a doublet, may be taken off and laid away, or donned on special occasions. Such is the legitimate deduction from popular teaching.

The motives and actions of man in pre-historic times we may fairly estimate and judge, by observing his conduct and opinions in the short space of time in which we have records of his actions. The history of the intellectual, moral, and even political advancement of all nations, bear such a close analogy to each other, that we can now, from our intimate knowledge of events characterizing their growth, and of the peculiar nature of their climate, soil, and food, safely generalize the great laws which shape and mold all institutions and modes of thought. And when these causes are accurately understood and clearly defined, the mode of a nation's development will be foreseen, and their intellectual, moral and political course more or less definitely mapped out.

Historians no longer enumerate their pages with mere relations of battles and court intrigues alone; no longer are they filled with events caused by this one's weakness or that one's firmness; nor do we read of battles won and national calamities averted by providential interposition. On the contrary, we are led to ascribe every event in the action of men and nations, as well as in the inorganic world, to a natural cause.

Thus by means of well known and attested facts, we can arise to a knowledge of the course of humanity in pre-historic times. The thoughts, motives, actions of man being thus deduced from the existing circumstances which surround him, we are enabled to apply the same laws to man while the human race was yet in its infancy, and before they had acquired the knowledge necessary to transmit to others the result of their experience.

The dim records left of primitive man, preserved in cave-gravel and peat, show us that he was ignorant and uncultivated, and more nearly allied to the animal world than the most degraded races of to-day. "As has been truly observed," says Mr. Lubbock, "man, in the earlier times of which we have any relics, appears to have been not only a savage, but a savage living under Arctic conditions," and yet they had conceptions of religion and a life hereafter, as we shall show in our next. In all traditions and modes of worship of ignorant and barbarous peoples, we find the anthropocentric idea to be the basis of their religious structure. Man finds himself the highest development of animal life on the earth, dependent upon a variety of causes for even an existence, whose workings being unknown to him, he ascribes to higher powers, invisible, but powerful beings. That such has been the progress of humanity, from the low and groveling to the higher and more experienced conditions, seems an obvious truth; yet to bolster up the credibility of what Prof. Lesley has called "a hotch-potch of old Hebrew legends," we still hear it asserted by theological ovils, that man's first condition was a comparatively high one, and that he subsequently lapsed into barbarism and error. That able philosopher, David Hume, thus most clearly exposes this fallacy:

"As far as writing or history reaches, mankind, in ancient times, appear universally to be polytheists. Shall we assert that in more ancient times, before knowledge of letters, or the discovery of any art or science, men entertained the principles of pure theism? That is, while they were ignorant and barbarous, they discovered truth; but fell into error as soon as they acquired learning and politeness. * * * It seems certain that, according to the natural progress of human thought, the ignorant multitude must first entertain some groveling and familiar notions of superior powers, before they stretch their conception to that perfect being who bestowed order upon the whole frame of Nature. We may as reasonably imagine that men inhabited places before huts and cottages, or studied geometry before agriculture, as assert that the Deity appeared

to them a pure spirit, omniscient, omnipotent and omnipresent, before he was apprehended to be a powerful though limited being, with human passions and appetites, limbs and organs. The mind rises gradually from inferior to superior; by abstracting from what is imperfect, it forms an idea of perfection, and slowly distinguishing the nobler parts of its own frame from the grosser, it learns to transfer only the former, much elevated and refined, to its divinity."

In every system of religion we find occupying a prominent place an expectation of a coming Saviour—one divinely commissioned from the Most High, to relieve and soften the miseries and woes of humanity, and usher in a millennium of happiness. In the savage and barbarous races, this saviour was to come as a conqueror, trampling their enemies under his feet and placing the spoils of the vanquished at their disposal. This saviour indicated the predominant traits of character in the minds of his worshippers. Brute force, military rule, kingly power, or the law of love, according to their ascendancy in the minds of the people, became incarnated in their saviours. He became the reflection of the religious element in their mental constitution; the expression, the objective manifestation of that deep-seated longing of the soul, inseparable from human nature.

Further evidence, if such were needed, could be produced in the historical fact that from the lower grades of humanity to the most accomplished scholars and profound thinkers of our race, we find an almost universally expressed desire for and belief in a future existence. Back through the ages, past the age of the Vedas, beyond the pyramids and tombs of Egypt, even to the early "stone age" of Central Europe, thousands of centuries ago, we have preserved direct evidence of this instinctive feeling for immortality. It seems from its universality not to have been any direct impression upon man, no revelation from without which inspired his faith and hope, but a natural and necessary outgrowth of his spiritual unfolding. So firmly seated has been this faith in the minds of our race, that we find many nations depositing in the tomb with the body articles of food, dress and weapons, for the departed's future use, also making offerings and addressing their supplications to the souls of departed relatives.

In every age and in every clime we find this the great ruling idea. The poet, the statesman, the architect and the reformer, have ever been indebted to it for their inspirations. No form of government has existed which has failed to recognize this element of our nature in its laws. Through its progressive development philosophy had birth; thinking, reflective minds, awoke to a sense of pervading order and unity in the universe.

This religious element in humanity has ever been manifested in the numerous temples and mausoleums built by nations long since passed away into oblivion; and this, the only trace left of their existence, proclaims in unmistakable language that it was the grand absorbing thought of their architects. Under every form of worship, in every age, we find this sentiment pervading their daily life; the most ignorant as well as the most enlightened, felt and manifested this all-pervading impulse. However different the outward manifestation, we have seen that the inner craving, that inextinguishable desire and longing of the soul, existed in all; the outward manifestation of it being various, owing to the varied conditions by which mankind were surrounded.

What a bright and glorious truth is this, and how highly we should prize it! Stepping out from the shadow of the gloomy dogma of man's inherited depraved and carnal nature, where his every thought is sinful and debasing, into the glowing, heart-cheering truth that accurate research and analysis teach us, that by the gradual and natural unfolding of this religious element inherent in our souls, we have been and are still ascending from a state of sin to one of holiness, from darkness to light; in other words, from an ignorant and be-uttered condition to one more closely in accordance with the spiritual laws of the universe; and that the nearer we come to this condition, the closer our souls are drawn into communion with the Infinite Soul, the more perfect will be our life.

"The soul's deep longing for sublimer truths;
Its thirst for knowledge of itself beyond
The narrow fact of being; the desire
To grasp the infinite, and bind it down
To finite comprehension; and, besides,
The adoration of exalted good
Enthroned above all more than those,
A love for all humanity, expressed
In loving actions and heroic deeds,
(True acted prayers, more eloquent than words.)
We call religion, and its standard raise
Higher or lower, as the soul is powerful or weak,
Which rules our souls is powerful or weak.
What men call creeds are atoms of the whole;
Stars which round one common centre move,
In circling orbits, some of them more near
And others further from it; but not one
Embracing all things in itself alone."
[To be continued.]

A Worthy Tribute to Poe.

It is understood that the following letter is from the pen of C. Edwards Lester. It appeared in the New York Daily Times, May 10th:

ITEM OF HISTORIC INTEREST—A NEW STATUETTE OF E. A. POE.—Edgar A. Poe seems to readers of to-day to have belonged to a past age. And yet much less than a generation ago he attracted the gaze of the authors and readers of his time. Even now we often hear of his strange, original and unique works being translated into foreign tongues. The glarion notes of his muse struck but few ears, but they vibrate still. He could never reach the multitude, except through the propagandism of his worshippers. Had Poe husbanded his genius, his works, his fortune and his fame, no man can tell how high he would have stood in his lifetime, how long he would have lived, nor how steadily and brilliantly his name would have blazed from "beyond the tomb." But this could not be. There are men to whom we can no more prescribe rules of conduct than to earthquakes or tempests. They are exceptional in all respects, as were Shelley, Keates, Chatterton, Byron, Burns.

In Poe's occasional indulgences, depressions and in-fingeries, after periods of exhaustive labor and frenzy of passion—in his weird and astounding creations, in his loves and hates—moving as long as he chose in the highest circles of wealth and culture, and descending at will to the basest—all through his checkered *chiaro-scuro* life, till he met his pauper death among strangers, Poe was an enigma—a warning, and an exception to his race. His whole life was an erratic mission of alternate blaze and darkness. He was too strong for earth, or earth was too strong for him. But it matters not which now. He has filled but one grave—and ten thousand hearts, where his memory will live green a long time.

It takes a while for the dust to settle, and the *mirage* to pass away from such names, before we can trace the spiritual outlines of character. But those who wish to remember only the good and beautiful in genius, as in scenery, can contemplate Poe now with just admiration. We were glad to learn that Mr. O'Donovan, one of our young sculptors, (from Virginia,) had executed a statuette of Poe which is to go into bronze. It will not sell like works of some of the popular men of the day, perhaps, but there are niches in our country and among other nations which Poe's statuette alone can fill. We may hereafter give a minute account of this work. L. New York, May 8, 1869.

A lady whose family were very much in the habit of making condumms, was one evening asked by her husband, in an excited tone: "Why are those doors always left open?" "I give it up!" instantly replied the wife.

Killing time—shooting a centry.

UNSEEN, BUT EVER NEAR.

Suggested by a loving and much loved spirit's plaintive utterance, through a medium, "Oh, that they could believe I was so near them, and so grieved that I could not communicate convincingly!"

Oh thou, so truly loving, Still o'er thy dear ones hovering; Reading their thoughts, so full of sad, sweet memories Of thee, knowing how fondly their remembrance stories Thy every act and word, till set with love's pure glories Seem to pass being.

And, as in summer hours Of fruits and fragrant flowers, Thou seest them standing in the old, familiar place, Wondering if thou still canst see a beauty and a grace In the opening buds and roses that so lovingly enlaced Earth's fading flowers;

And midst the winter's snow, As they gather in the glow Of the warm hearth, the vacant chair then noting, Thou touchedst sadly earth, "Oh, is there no returning? Will she never more to the call of our hearts' yearning Come to us here below?"

How doth thy soul respond, And long to break the bond That so encircles thee, and the thick veil withdraw, That they with holy joy, not with a shivering awe, Might feel and know 'twas thine own smile they saw, And never more despond.

But know that thou art there, In the same sweet summer air, Or gliding near thy seat by the hearth-stone fire; That thy home is raised to a sphere a little higher; In life and love, to which their own souls may aspire, And reach o'er while here.

And love's messages may go With the soul's thought to and fro, Or by moved lip or finger its constant care express, That their own spirit's form may be medium of address, As the will of that dear one whose wisdom will, no less Than its love, guide the flow.

But not it may not be! And thy griefed soul doth see Their fearful hearts cannot receive the tokens given; Holding such messages for faith's trust too faint and broken; So will they, never answering, greet thee, till, in heaven, Their spirits, too, are free. E. M.

Free Thought.

FUTURE PROBATION.

BY T. L. WAUGH.

It is asserted by the Orthodox denominations that this life is the limit of probation—no future state being allotted thereto. It is easy to see the unreasonableness of such a claim; a man's better judgment will convince him of its fallacy. A poet has expressed the sentiment:

"Fixed in an eternal state, They have done with all below."

How illogical is the conclusion how unjust the belief! The earth-life is but the dawning of a higher state of existence. The soul will have a loftier field of usefulness in which to range, when it has passed beyond the material confines of earth, and its aspirations, instead of being forever quenched, will be toward a state of greater unfoldment.

But we hear it remarked that a belief in this doctrine has an immoral tendency. It is said that it tempts people to defer duty until the future.

How is this? Does not Spiritualism teach that this life affects that which is to come, and that for every transgression of Nature's laws, a penalty follows? In what then does its immorality consist? It is in the highest sense moral in its teachings. But would it be wisdom to condemn one to eternal ruin because such an one had taken a wrong course through life? If men will take a reasonable view of things, it will be easy to understand that which puzzles the theologian.

The spirit-world is doing much to scatter the darkness of false theology, into which many have been indoctrinated from early childhood. Their testimonies are worth more than all the sacred books, so-called, put together. And the subject under consideration is thoroughly refuted by them, as well it might be. The heaven of truth must ultimately permeate the whole theological superstructure of religious ideas. Then prejudiced shall vanish, and the Harmonical Philosophy be the accepted religion of the age. The human race will then be fitted for a higher rank in a future probationary state. It is just as certain that probation will continue in another sphere of being, as it is that man will have a future existence; and it seems strange that one can come to any other conclusion. Thanks to those noble reformers who have dared to accept truth as their guide; they are the pioneers in the cause of social and religious reform. As they speak to us truths inspired by the angel-world, which tend to ameliorate the condition of mankind, may they have the assurance that their beneficent labors are appreciated, and they sustained by the friends of progress.

"Truth is power, and will prevail; Although superstition's sway Becks the minds of men to veal, Yet one long 'will pass away."

Every reform has been unpopular, but accepted afterwards by its opposers, and such will always be the case. Religions must progress with the spirit of the age, else they are a dead letter. The existing theologies will eventually be a thing of the past, since revolutions never go backward.

We can see that the spiritual element is slowly, but surely, forcing its way into the churches, in spite of the opposition to the Spiritual Philosophy. We no longer hear "infant damnation" preached, as formerly. Literal hell fire we hear little said about. And in many other respects we find that there is an advancement in religious opinion. These things are ominous of good for the future. Free thought is more common, and the charge of infidelity avails little to prevent the investigation of truthful ideas. What means the skepticism of the present time? Independence of thought; manly devotion to one's highest ideal of truth. They are the heroes of our times, who, discarding the errors so long venerated through a superstitious age, seek to be enlightened by a more genial and natural system of religion which is being presented to the world. Spiritualism is like the lighthouse, that sheds forth its beams on the surging billows, and points the mariner to the rocks and shoals which lie in the distance.

It unveils the future of man's destiny, substituting knowledge for faith, and assurance for fear. It teaches that the other life is but the outgrowth and the continuation of this in a different sphere. Rightly understood, it is preeminently of a moral tendency—promotive of virtue and happiness, here and hereafter.

WANTED:

Copies of the Law and Constitution of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The undersigned has often been the unhappy witness (yet powerless to avert) of unwanted cruelty to animals, or, heartless, rushed away, leaving them to the sport(?) of their tormentors. And recently a man—no, a biped being—checks and countenance glowing with hilarity, told me, "We are going to have rare sport in town to-

night; we have caught a great he coon, and there are bets of seven dollars it will whip," stating a number of dogs. I reasoned with him as well as I could, but I think to no avail. I never inquired the result of the sport, but resolved to make an effort to have an efficient law in Ohio to protect dumb animals, of every kind, from unnecessary suffering, even in slaying the same for food or other purposes; and I know of no better medium through which to reach the humanitarian heart in Ohio than the Banner of Light. What I want is cooperation in the work, to be commenced now, in getting subscribers to memorials to the next Legislature, and I want some kind brothers to send me several copies of the Law and Constitution of said Society in Massachusetts. Now do not every one think some one else will send me one, for I want a number for distribution and use. In behalf of suffering brutes, Yours fraternally, JNO. F. LUKENS, West Mansfield, Logan Co., O., May, 1869.

CRITICISM.

Thinking it not good for man to be alone, I lately wrote an article advising the "Republic" to marry and to leave out of the marriage ceremony that most contemptible word in that connection, "Obey." This article a Boston editor published, May 8th, placing at its commencement these words—"Leave out that contemptible word obey." And in his column of "Briefs" of the same issue, he says:

"Non-compliance with that contemptible word obey," caused the expulsion of Eve with her husband from the garden, to whom it was said, "thy husband shall rule over thee." Gen. iii: 16.

Which the editor meant, whether Eve, or garden, is not clear to me, but I will not be critical. In the same paper the editor also published, perhaps somewhat injudiciously, the following: "We are prone to evil, as the sparks fly upwards."—Pilot.

Who is the author of this true old proverb? Job, in the Catholic version of the Bible, is represented as saying, "Man is born to labor, and the birds to fly." The Protestant version has it, "Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upwards." As born to labor, and born to trouble, neither of them signify what the proverb, quoted by the Pilot, does; whence, then, we repeat, its origin?

As labor is as likely to be pleasure as trouble, and as there is a marked difference between birds and sparks, it would seem that the original text, whatever it was, left a wide margin, or it could not have been translated so variously, and it becomes a matter of interest to inquire what was the original reading of that other text, which, so far as a text could do it, has enslaved all the womanhood which has come under its power, viz., "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

Perhaps it originally stood thus: "The desire of thy husband shall be to thee," (which reading is abundantly supported by fact,) "and thou shalt rule over him."

This probably was the true reading, the first clause only of the prophecy being yet fulfilled; and this supposition accounts fully for the ignorance in which women have been kept—for if they had shared the education bestowed upon boys, they would have been likely to discover the fraud practiced upon them. It only needed a transposition of words, which the translators were perfectly able to make, and perfectly safe in making, to render it as it now stands.

The original of the Bible appears to have been of such loose material, that the translators of all periods have been able to do about what they wished with any sentence which contained words, the meanings of which resembled each other as nearly as labor resembles trouble, and as sparks resemble birds. (1)

If I remember my reading correctly, among those persons chosen in the time of James II to translate the Bible, for the simple purpose of being "read in churches"—its claims to worship not appearing to have been then set up—Lively was the only person who understood the Hebrew language, and he died five or six years before the translation was completed, leaving the other translators to wade through the difficulties of a language of which they were ignorant as they best could, and I think we see the results.

I would not speak irreverently of a book supposed to have been furnished to a few of us for our sole guidance in the way of salvation, but as it has been understood more variously than any other book ever was, giving rise to over one thousand religious sects, each of which thinks all the others wrong in some respect or other—as it has caused the martyrdom of many good people, whose belief, founded upon their own understanding of such translations as they could obtain, might have exceeded or fallen short of such points of belief as were required of them by those in authority, and as it is acknowledged by its worshippers of the present day that it still contains three thousand errors, which its author undoubtedly knows—it appears to me that it would be a deed of mercy if not of justice for the Creator to re-write his book without the blundering interference of any of his creatures, so that it might be clearly understood by all, and by all alike, provided this is necessary to them.

He is supposed to be omnipotent, and able, if he should so choose, to produce his Bibles as he does his mushrooms, so that they could be gathered in the morning by those who have not seen them grow by the regular earthly process of book-making.

If I had written an important work, intended especially as a guide to some of my children, in regard to their highest interests, and should discover that it was not written clearly, but was liable to much misconception, I should feel it my duty as well as my pleasure to make it clear to their understanding, at whatever sacrifice to myself. But "God's ways are not as man's ways"—or woman's either, I suppose.

ASPIRATIONS.

Our aims are all too high; we try To gain the summit at a bound; When we should reach it step by step, And climb the ladder round by round. He who would climb the heights sublime, Or breathe the purer air of life, Must not expect to rest in ease, But brace himself for toil or strife.

We should not in our blindness seek To grasp alone for grand and great, Distinct and smaller good. For trifles make the aggregate, And if a cloud should hover o'er Our weary pathway like a pall, Remember God permits it here, And his good purpose reigns o'er all.

Life should be full of earnest work, Our hearts upheld by fortune's crown; Let perseverance conquer fate, And merit seize the victor's crown. The battle is not to the strong, The race not always to the fleet; And he who seeks to pluck the stars, Will lose the jewels at his feet.

Last year a Polish gentleman having caught a stork upon his estate near Limburg, put round his neck an iron collar with this inscription, "Hico ex Polonia" (this stork comes from Poland) and set it at liberty. This year the bird returned to the same spot, and was again caught by the same person. He had acquired a new collar of gold with this inscription, "India cum donis remittit eccliam Polonia" (India sends back the stork to the Poles with gifts).

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

By.....WARREN CHASE.

FRUIT HILLS OF ILLINOIS.

South Pass, Union County—known by railroad men as Cobden, being the station name on Illinois Central Railroad—is the heart and centre of what is known as the fruit hills of Illinois, and the point from which is shipped more fruits than from all other stations within fifty miles of the place. There are about three hundred acres of strawberries to ship this year, the pickings from over one thousand acres of peach trees, and a very large breadth of apples, pears, grapes and vegetables, filling from three to six cars daily for the Chicago market in the best fruit season. The value of these hills for fruit has been known but few years, and for a large part of the time a strong prejudice prevailed against them on account of the character of the early settlers of this section of the State, and what was supposed to be its unhealthy climate; but on trial the climate proves as healthy to Northerners as any section of the State, and the old inhabitants move away or slowly conform to the changes and improvements of better society and a higher social life. We do not wish to present this or any section of our country as a paradise for the poor or laboring classes, for it is not exempt from the many disadvantages of all sections. We have in our extensive acquaintance with many parts of the country, found the advantages and disadvantages about equally balanced in all agricultural sections, those which have great specialties, as this for fruit, being not the most favorable for laborers and the poor generally, and usually better for speculators and more frequently cursed by them. They have, however, pretty much run through with or abandoned the fruit hills of Illinois, and hence it is a better place for good, permanent, and industrious settlers. Lauds are not high, and crops are more certain as the variety increases.

It does not, however, matter so much where a laboring man or woman—and especially those with families—gets a spot of ground, a village lot, or farm, provided one is secured; but from long years of experience and observation we urge all industrious poor persons to get out and keep out of the large cities, and to secure as soon as possible an anchorage in the soil by an unencumbered title to a piece of land, and keep it as free from all incumbrance, using it as far as possible to supply the needs of social life in a home and its comfort. We would not advise persons to run much after speculators and large story-tellers, but to secure without too much waste of time or money a home, and improve it wherever they can do so. There is no paradise on earth for the poor laborers, but there are home comforts and happiness in all parts of our country, and not more in this region than many others.

DEATH BY VIOLENCE.

It is not probable that murder and suicide will ever be less than crimes, or ever find general justification, as wars do, in the consciences of the people, or that honest, upright, and virtuous people will ever look upon such men as Sickles and Cole as any less than morally convicted, though legally acquitted murderers; but it is also certain that a great change must follow the knowledge which has come through Spiritualism of the fate, condition and destiny of both parties in murders, and the effects of suicide on the poor victims of such maladies.

When a man knows that by murder, whether for revenge or not, he places himself in the immediate presence and society of spirits, whose condition is like his own at the time, and that he cannot escape their society by night or day, even though his victim may not be with them, and when he also knows that of the two the murdered party is in the best condition, so far as the act effects him, and is not destroyed nor removed nor even silenced by the act, this knowledge must create a change in public sentiment that will ultimately in a suitable modification of the law of penalties for such crimes. Suicide, although registered as a terrible crime, of course cannot be punished with penalties here, yet many believe that God, offended by the act, will punish the poor creature in the next state of existence. For ourselves, we believe that all such acts carry ample punishment with them, from which the parties cannot escape, and that no act, sentence or decree of God or man is really necessary to ensure all that is just and equitable as penalty for every crime. We do not mean by this that we would remove all criminal laws and all penalties for what are recognized as crimes, but we mean by it that the decision of a court and the execution of its decrees do not constitute the true and real penalty. We firmly believe that such men as Sickles and Cole, though acquitted by our laws, really suffer far more, because more intelligent, than many who are hung, and that their crimes are greater or less, and the consequences greater or less severe, in proportion as they are more or less enlightened and intellectual. Both internal and external influences bring about this result, with corresponding time for fulfillment.

ONWARD.

Over obstacles almost insurmountable our cause has triumphed, many of them inside our own ranks and some outside, and yet the light has constantly spread and increased, and at no former period with more, if as much, speed as at present. On visiting Southern Illinois we find it has got a strong hold of the fruit growers, which comprise the most intelligent part of the population, and church-members have become mediums and worked out the truths among themselves without the aid of speakers and mediums from abroad. The old settlers of this region, long known as Egypt, are of course not yet sufficiently enlightened to receive and appreciate Spiritualism, and still continue to listen to the nonsense and blundering absurdities of their stupid preachers of old theology. Only a few of the new settlers in this region adhere to the theological organizations, and most of them use it as a shield and protection to cover "some moral or intellectual defects, or to hide them from the piercing light of the new philosophy. We shall soon look over other regions of the West, and, no doubt, find still more flattering prospects for the cause of the angels.

IOWA.

New Hall for the Spiritualists.

DEAR BANNER—Knowing that you and your many readers would be glad to hear of the prosperity of Spiritualism in this city, I gladly write to inform you that there has been a "shaking" among the "dry bones" of this prosperous city. Globe Hall has been leased, and is now passing through a cleaning process, painting, papering, and a general refitting throughout. When completed we shall have under our control the largest, the best hall in the city, (aside from theatre buildings,) which it is the purpose of the friends to make the best use of for the advancement of a rational religion. The first of June the hall will be ready for dedication. No definite arrangements have been made as to course of proceed-

ure. We have no organization, no Lyceum, but trust the time is not far distant when we can report a success in both of these departments. The first and most essential step is taken; we have a home where all are invited to come and eat of the bread of eternal life and drink of the pure influences of the angel world, and be baptized with their baptism; hear and be heard if they choose to speak on this glorious subject, which is moving the minds of the whole religious world. Never, I am told, was there a time when the prospect looked so encouraging for disseminating the beautiful truths of Spiritualism in Dubuque, as now. There is very little opposing element—the harvest is ready for the reapers.

Now what we want is good test mediums. Who can we find them? We want good speakers, too. Who can we get? If any of our eastern speakers purpose coming west this year on a lecturing tour, we would like to correspond with them in regard to visiting Dubuque, one of the most healthy and romantic cities on the banks of the Mississippi.

With the best wishes for the success of your valuable paper, of which I am a weekly reader, I subscribe myself, Dubuque, Iowa, May 25th, 1869. M. M. CHANDLER.

CALIFORNIA.

More Tests—A Lady Announces Her Own Death, etc.

Take from my personal tests of spirit-presence and identity, and lose the child-cornerstone of our glorious temple, toward which millions of eyes are directed as the highest and best hope of the world for its amelioration and salvation. Take away these and you leave us, comparatively, a body without a soul; it would be like the play of "Hamlet," with Hamlet lost out; it would be to blot out our pole-star, leaving us upon a wide sea of doubt, with the churches, without chart or compass, victims of speculation and of blind faith as to life beyond the boundaries of the grave.

It is this view that induces me to dwell so much upon this phase of Spiritualism. At the risk of wearying you, and boring your readers, I will give one more case where the identity of a disembodied spirit is so well established as to leave no room for doubt or equivocation.

Last Sunday morning, during my temporary absence from my home, the gentleman I have so frequently alluded to in my previous correspondence as being a medium for spirits, called, and during his call wrote upon the margin of a newspaper at his elbow the following:

STARR R.—I called this morning to see the Colonel, but find he is not in. Give my kind regards to him. Tell him I will call again. I have been disembodied nearly one year. (Signed) MARY BAKER, Formerly Mary Barr, of Visalia, Tulare Co.

On my return, my wife called my attention to the message. I acknowledged at once to have known her in 1861-5 at that place, where I was stopping. Mrs. Dr. M. Baker, formerly Miss Barr, but according to my best knowledge she was still an inhabitant of the physical body; that I had not heard of her having left it, and did not believe she had, unless it had occurred very recently, as I must have heard of it, inasmuch as I was meeting persons of that place almost daily, who would have posted me as to her death had it taken place. This had the tendency of throwing "a damper" upon my companion's ardor. However, here the matter, for the time, rested. In the evening of the same day, a few friends being present, the medium among them, we concluded to give the invisibles (to dull eyes) a chance to be seen and heard. Immediately our medium saw and described very minutely a female spirit; saw her pass around the room and take her place at the table around which the company was sitting, and commenced rapping. When it came my turn to inquire, "Was it a friend or acquaintance of mine?" the answer was in the affirmative, and while I was trying to establish for the communicating spirit a "local habitation and a name," the medium was controlled to re-write the name that had been given in the morning. I replied as I had on the previous occasion, that I did not believe it "was an honest ghost." She, or it, protested, and desired me to inform myself and I would be satisfied. Almost the first person I met on going upon the street the ensuing day was a young man well acquainted in Visalia, and knew Dr. Baker and his family, and he informed me that Mrs. B. had been dead several months. I then procured a file of the Visalia Delta, and on running back through its numbers, in the issue of June 10th, 1868, read the following notice: "Died, in Visalia, June 9th, 1868, Mrs. Mary C. wife of Dr. M. Baker."

The above is a fair specimen of constantly recurring cases, here and elsewhere, and I would ask the opponents of Spiritualism, in all candor, how will they dispose of them? How evade the inevitable conclusion that the voices sounding through them are—what they purported to be—from our friends on the "other side of the river of death"? Of course the case above is no evidence to them further than their faith in the reliability of the narrator goes; which, by the way, goes for very little now-a-days. Testimony relating to matters improbable, absurd and unreasonable, written by us, and which, while statements by our neighbors, and solemnly sworn to or affirmed; will excite, at best, but ridicule and contempt. We will swallow at a gulp the "fish story," the "quail do," the "miraculous immaculate conception," or anything else quite as preposterous, not to say impossible, when found embedded in dust and columns of age, while repudiating as unworthy of credit or credence the testimony of the most reliable persons, in ordinary matters, when testifying of things not ordinary in their occurrence, but entirely within the scope and range of reason and of physical possibilities. I ask our skeptic friends, therefore, not what they will do with the case I have detailed above, of purported identity of a disembodied spirit, but how dispose of one equally strong in all its parts and aspects, coming to them as this came to me, where I was informed of two things before unknown to me: 1st, that the death-name of the spirit was Mary, and, 2d, that she had departed this life; to be assured, beyond a quibble or a doubt, as I am, that neither the medium nor any other person present ever knew or ever had before heard of the individual spirit controlling. This is a strong case of identified spirit-presence, but no stronger than the thousands of others on earth's children; and if one like it should come to you, my question is, what would you do with it? Would you close your eyes and attempt to laugh it out of countenance? say it was a devil, a snare, a delusion? or, like an honest person, "acknowledge the corn," ask to be forgiven, and place yourselves where your consciences and not your vanity prompted you to go?

It still with us. Since my last he has spoken thrice. Subjects, "The origin (or genesis) of the soul," "Life after death," "What is religion?" It is not only a disgrace and scandal to professing Spiritualists, but to humanity, that one so capable of teaching the higher and better way of ethics and morals should so manifestly and so meanly sustain as is this gentleman here. Numerically we are, inclusive of "infidels" and "free-thinkers," stronger by a good deal, than any church sect in this city, and in financial ability not a whit behind the best of them; and yet we wince and sneer more potent with persons who do right from no higher motive or impulse than the fear of punishment than is the sulphurous fire of the "bottomless pit." This soil, held in terror, never fails in its work with those needing its salutary offices, and nowhere than here do the Spiritualists need it more earnestly and more promptly than here.

It is, however, but justice to the great body of our friends to state that the failure to give Mr. Finney an opening commensurate with his learning, his eloquence, and his personal worth as a man, will better lie at the door of those who have attempted to lead the movement than it will against the people for any lack of liberality in their contributions. The whole thing, from first to last, has been a series of blunders.

MISSOURI.

Dr. D. C. Dake in St. Louis.

A correspondent writes: The Spiritualists of St. Louis have a fine and prosperous Lyceum, ably officered and well conducted in this city. Dr. D. C. Dake, the celebrated electro-magnetic healer, has arrived here. The Doctor is an educated physician, as was his father, but he is highly medicinal, and performs most of his cures through the aid of invisible spirits. By their assistance he has triumphed over disease, in many instances where drug treatment entirely failed. The Doctor blesses his spirit guides, and says, "Shame on those who are afraid to be recognized as Spiritualists." I enclose the following letter, received by him since his arrival in St. Louis. It is from a most estimable lady, who has been a great sufferer. It is worth printing, for the benefit of others:

DR. D. C. DAKE, 709 Chestnut street, St. Louis, Mo.: DEAR SIR—Just to you, the afflicted, and the cure you so nobly espouse, together with my heartfelt thanks for the great benefit I have received at your hands, imperiously demand this testimonial of my appreciation of your remarkable healing powers. For three years previous to meeting you, I had been a constant sufferer; the nerves of my entire left side were diseased. My sufferings were always increasing and wasting, and often rendered me almost helpless. When the pain was around my heart I became nearly paralyzed, and would lie for weeks unable to move myself; for five months at one time I could not sit up or have my position changed in bed without intense suffering. My limbs were weak, and I had used crutches two years. During this time I was in care of one of our best physicians, but did not find relief. My disease was so complicated and hidden, it did not yield to the remedies employed. Six months ago, when you commenced treating me, I was suffering dreadfully. My nature was nearly exhausted, and my friends had quite despaired of my recovery. You seemed to understand my condition readily, and could control my spasms of pain medicine failed. I have constantly improved, and can now resume my home duties. Words cannot express the gratitude of my heart. Never in all the course of my future life shall I cease to remember with feelings of deepest gratitude your noble efforts in my behalf, and never shall you cease to hold a prominent place in my respect and esteem. May God bless and reward you, and may you, through the beautiful profession you have chosen, and the gift you have, be over useful in relieving suffering humanity. Respectfully, JENNY W. CONKLIN, Coldwater, Mich.

It can't be doubted that many Spiritualists are prematurely cut loose from the wholesome restraints of the Christian's hall. Food in excess is injurious; it is injurious; so is liberty; but either in moderation is healthful, productive of physical and moral dyspepsia and delinquency. If men cannot be kept in the traces of justice and propriety by "moral suasion," induced to do right from love of the right, it is better for society, at least, that they be forced into the "straight and narrow path." There are no restraining influences in the "new world" that persons who do right from no higher motive or impulse than the fear of punishment than is the sulphurous fire of the "bottomless pit." This soil, held in terror, never fails in its work with those needing its salutary offices, and nowhere than here do the Spiritualists need it more earnestly and more promptly than here.

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that can never "give under his feet," leaving him to blind ch. or blinder faith.

A little incident occurred in the presence of Mrs. Foye at a private "sitting" a little while ago, and has recently been ventilated by the press of our city, that so well illustrates the force and potency with which the truths of our glorious philosophy are brought home to unbelievers, that I must outline it to you for the benefit of your readers and of humanity still in the "gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity." A distinguished D. D. of this place, officiating as a pastor of one of our churches, born in India, and well versed, it is said, in the native languages and of the ancient Sanscrit, conceiving the to him laudable desire of "holding up" Spiritualism, and confounding its media, advocates and adherents, went to her like the "Archdeacon of the night, and inquired. He propounded all his questions to his friends in Hindoostanee, Sanscrit, Arabic, and other outlandish and unknown (to the medium) characters and languages. All the questions were correctly and promptly answered. The learned doctor, before he arose from the "sitting" at which he had presided, and in a case of victory, discovered that he was captured, and the enemy whose scalp he came to take was his captor; however, it would "never do to give it up," and as he arose to depart, he spoke a little piece to the medium, which he alluded to as a "telling one," said he, "Behold, and well do I do of the devil," and followed up the thrust with an earnest, if not an honest exhortation to "quit the business. When it came the turn of the lady to "take the floor," she replied in substance as follows: "Sir, I presume you are a minister of some church in this city; you are paid for informing, or trying to, the people of a life hereafter; I am simply, in my way, doing the same thing, and for doing that, I receive pay sufficient for my needs. You charge that I am actuated by the devil. I will not return in kind, but suggest that as the questions to your friends were correctly answered, as you admit, in languages unknown to me, does it not prove that your friends are in close relationship with the 'Father of lies'?"

The doctor, who he was "sold out," and defeated at all points, and immediately proceeded to bow himself out. When I hear of a second assault of this sort (?) upon our holy religion, I hope I may be there, see and report. San Francisco, April 21, 1869. VIOLETTE.

INDIANA.

On the Wing.

This is a changeable world. Indeed, all things and conditions, at individualities are changing. Change is the law of progress. Stock brokers are not alone "on change," for the universe of nature is on changeable terms, and constantly varying its forms of expression. Whatever the manifestation of nature, it is an expression of the universal Law, Life—God. God, then, is the author of change. Who shall dare to dispute the beauty, harmony and infinite necessity of this law? Although there be truth in the adage "a rolling stone gathers no moss," it is equally true that inert matter (were such condition a possibility) precludes the law and the power of growth. Much sooner the friction of action and change, though at the expense of worldly accumulation, than that "floodness" which involves the rust and moth of spiritual stagnation, even with the weight of worldly honor and puff. Who so bold and indiscreet as to deny change?

Appropriate to these thoughts on change, permit me to announce that we have changed our residence (again?) and, consequently, our address, from Palmyra, Mich., to LaPorte, Indiana, box 382. In these oft-remembered changes we are governed by our guides, the good spirits who control our "mission," and not by what the world of humanity may think—friend or foe. Some eight years ago, we enlisted under the banner of Spiritualism, for a life-work devoted to reform, entering into a compact with the intelligences who guide us; and under the favor of "Providence," we intend to be (as we have been) faithful to the obligations assumed thereby. This work of reform was intended and expected to bear upon our own conditions as well as extend to all human needs. We know that we have been faithful to the conditions and necessities which have borne upon us, and done "the best we could," under all circumstances; and it matters not how blind or skeptical any or all others may have been or are to this fact, yet we must—we shall obey the dictates of our own conscience and judgment, under the inspiration of these "sanctified" ones, in whom we repose full confidence as to ability, purity and wisdom. This position may be claimed, by some, to be selfish. We do not mean to be in and do not feel that we are inordinately selfish; but plead an intense love for selfhood. Not narrow, conceited, egotistical assumption, but broad, liberal, unflinching self-love, which grants to each and every other the same right and duty, be faithful to the integral necessities of organization, conditions and circumstances, which we claim for and intend to exercise on our own behalf.

Did so-called reformers feel the force of this, one of the essentials of a reformer, there would be less harsh criticism, unjust censure, and unreasonable suspicion. May reformation go forward in the selfhood of each reformer, that through the impetus of reformation be

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Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All business connected with the editorial department of this paper is under the exclusive control of LUTHER COLBY, to whom letters and communications should be addressed.

Shaker Convention.

Among the pleasantest features of anniversary week in Boston, was the convention of Shakers, composed of delegates from eight or ten societies, located in various parts of the country.

The charm of their singing, which with short addresses comprised the exercises at each session, is in that natural melody common to the religious songs of the early Methodists, the "spirituals" of the negroes, and generally to the unscientific, but spontaneous expression of hope, joy and gratitude, in simple chords, by loving hearts.

The remarks made, both by the brothers and sisters, evinced more than average intellectual discipline, and were intended to make clear to their hearers the peculiar doctrines or principles of the Shaker faith—not to make proselytes, but to answer such questions as unsatisfied and inquiring souls are constantly asking, as to their reasons for professing to live in a new and divine order.

The Convention was numerously attended, many of the audience being of our most intelligent and cultivated citizens. Elder Evans presided, and the week-day meetings were extremely interesting, both from the public view of the mode of conducting meetings by this secluded class of people, and from the peculiarity of the principles and tenets which they hold in common.

It had been previously proposed to the audience that answers would be freely returned to any proper and pertinent inquiries that might be sent up to the platform in writing, and from those replies we quote as follows: The Shakers believe implicitly in the inspiration of the race. The recent awakening of the patriotic element of the country and the general conviction of great wrongs in the social system, were evidences of what might be expected in an awakened spiritual life.

To a question which was handed in, "Do you preach salvation through personal faith in Jesus Christ?" Elder Evans replied at considerable length. In substance, his answer was that they did not believe in Jesus as Christ or as God, and that men are as susceptible of inspiration as was Jesus.

To another question, whether the Shakers fairly and squarely accepted the Bible as the word of God? he answered "that they did not believe it was the word of God. The Bible might be a record, but not the word of God, and men wanted the inspiration which caused the record to be made."

Rochester. There were at that time hundreds of mediums among them, and they closed their intercourse with the world outside, because it was Orthodox. To the question whether it was a fundamental doctrine of the Shakers that spirits commune with mortals, he said they did fully believe it.

On Sunday evening Music Hall was entirely filled, although a fee of ten cents was taken at the door. The principal address was made by Elder Frederick W. Evans, of Mount Lebanon, N. Y., whose recent "Autobiography of a Quaker" in the Atlantic Monthly, has been extensively read and copied.

They believe the deific life to be both male and female—not three male persons, as in the Trinitarian theology. Theodore Parker, whom the speaker eulogized in terms of high appreciation, after visiting their societies and becoming acquainted with their views upon this subject, always used in prayer the term "Our Father and our Mother."

Another theory will be, that being partially, or at times, in the exercise of medium power, wholly unscrupulous so that he puts money in his purse, the medium does not hesitate to "help the spirits" when they are backward, or when he thinks he can cheat without being detected.

The last, and perhaps the most charitable theory will be, that the spirits themselves sometimes do not scruple to trick the medium, and leave him in a dilemma like the present, from malice or wantonness, or to subserve purposes not readily obvious; or because they really employ his physical organs in some rapid, inexplicable way.

That there have been instances where physical mediums, of the genuineness of whose powers there has been the most ample proof, have been unaccountably made, at times, to do by apparent cheater what we all know them to have done previously by no such agency, there can be no doubt.

The second anniversary meeting of the above Association was held in this city, anniversary week, O. B. Frothingham, of New York, presiding. He opened the Convention with remarks of a liberal character, and was followed by other speakers, such as Rev. Wm. J. Potter, Rev. Francis E. Abbott, and Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Mr. A. M. Powell, editor of the New York Standard, followed in strong support of the position of Prof. Denton, endorsing his declarations, and referring to the urgent need there was of dropping sects from view and looking to the inner sense alone. Rev. Mr. Blackwell pursued the same line of remark, giving much satisfaction by the spirit of his speech and the wholesome and timely truths it contained.

The Human Nature says the Conferences at Gower Street, London, Eng., are still maintained with unabated vigor. Mrs. Emma Hardinge has contributed much to their success. Mr. Home has occasionally lent his aid.

The Daybreak has come out in a new dress, as a penny monthly broadsheet, and styled: "A Popular Exponent of Natural Theology, Religious Progress, and Spiritual Development."

very cordial manner expressed, in behalf of the Convention, their gratitude and pleasure in the reception and attention which they had received from the people of Boston. This feeling was often expressed by them, and was, at the close of the meeting, embodied in a resolution, including, also, thanks to the press for the just and fair reports which have been published.

The Case of C. H. Read, the Medium.

It is stated that at an exhibition on the 25th ult., at Waterbury, Conn., by Mr. Read, the well-known physical medium, he was detected in trying to "help the spirits" in some of the extraordinary performances with which he has been very generally credited.

Those persons who have made physical manifestations a study for the last twenty years will not be surprised or disturbed at this occurrence, whatever their opinion may be as to the actual powers of Read as a pedium.

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The newspapers of Connecticut have some of them treated the recent exposé with remarkable candor. The Waterbury American has published articles pro and con, thus evincing a truly loyal and honorable desire to promote the cause of truth by a fair and searching examination, and by presenting all that could be said in behalf of those who have had, and perhaps still have, no doubt of the mediumship of Mr. Read, even if all that is claimed for the recent exposé is literally true.

Free Religious Association.

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The Medical Society and Spiritualism.

The Massachusetts Medical Society had an annual meeting in Bumstead Hall on the 2d of June, when Prof. Munroe delivered the annual address, written by Dr. Alfred Hitchcock, who was unable to speak. In the course of his address, according to the report in the Boston Post, he said that "the special science of medicine is indebted to the radical light and influence of Christianity."

But there are three opposing sins; first, "clairvoyance or Spiritualism." So clairvoyance is Spiritualism, and clairvoyance is a sin. How well read this professor must be in physiology, which is a science, though modern medicine is so far from it.

But clairvoyance is Spiritualism—not necessarily; clairvoyance simply demonstrates the existence of this spirit, whose existence after death Spiritualism demonstrates. This medical professor should examine, for a few minutes at least, a subject which he thus undertakes thus summarily to denounce.

Our good friend, D. A. Eddy, promptly replied to the patronizing slur of the Cleveland (O.) Herald, on the subject of Spiritualism, and deserves the thanks of all believers for his most effective manner of doing it. The editor of the Herald had previously said, in speaking of our twenty-first anniversary, that he "could see nothing more sensible in the manifestations of to-day than when they were confined to knocks and raps under the table in a dark room."

A Thorough Confutation.

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So far as talent on this continent, as well as Europe, can go to sustain the claims of Spiritualism, we have a majority of the scientific minds of both continents. In support of this we need not go outside our own city or State. Even in Cleveland we embrace, from the humblest walks in life to the highest official position within our municipal boundaries, lawyers, judges, doctors, milliners, ex-ministers of State, and women of private life, whose ability and soundness have never been questioned.

We have now five power presses in the United States, with ten weekly papers well supported, devoted to spiritualistic, scientific and philosophical. Our country has a large circulation in Europe, where they have been translated into French and German.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davis and Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan visited the Boston Children's Lyceum in Mercantile Hall, Sunday forenoon, May 30th. Mrs. Tappan closed her remarks with a beautiful inspirational poem.

A New Ministry Called For.

In the accompanying remarks from the New York Evening Post—William Cullen Bryant's journal—the reader will discover a full confession of a lack in the modern ministry which, we fear, no new theological theorizing can precisely supply. If, as the Post admits, the ministry of the Church is unfitted to cope with the great problems of the time, and thus to win over new converts, while holding securely the old believers, it does not follow that a reeducation of the clergy is going to prove the most efficient remedy.

The revival of an old superstition which we supposed that Christianity had conquered, has done nothing, such an extent that the number of those who pin their faith to the revelations of rapping, table-tipping, demonology, witchcraft, and other forms of spiritual communications, is far greater in the United States than the number of the adherents of any single form of the Protestant faith. This is a startling fact. There is in process of consolidation a school of scientific Materialists, composed of men of the rarest talent and ripest attainments, whose influence is felt wherever the English tongue is spoken or an English book is read.

New England Women's Club.

The annual meeting of the New England Women's Club was held on Saturday, May 29, in Chickering Hall, Boston, the President, Mrs. Caroline M. Severance, in the chair. At the opening Mrs. Severance read an address, containing suggestions as to the policy and purposes of the club. Miss Lucy Goddard read the report of the Executive Committee. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe read the report of the committee on art. The first duty of the committee had been to set apart Monday as the day for the meeting of the club, the first Monday of the month being set apart for literary purposes, and the report gave an account of the lectures delivered during the year, and also of all their different entertainments and works.

A Newspaper's Influence.

It is a child's objection to a paper, advocating unpalatable views, that it is dangerous to be read. How many times must it be repeated that truth need fear no foe; it will stand after everything of the nature of falsehood gives way. The Pall Mall Gazette, of London, having been recently overhauled for some of its opinions, and noticing that the public had been warned against reading its columns, comes out squarely on the timid prejudices which suppose they can hold truth within their own limited sphere.

Plenies to Come.

Mr. A. E. Carpenter's picnic is to take place at Framingham, Tuesday, June 23d.

The Boston Children's Lyceum are to have their picnic at Walden Pond Grove, Concord, Wednesday, June 23d.

The Spiritualists of Charlestown and vicinity are to have theirs on Tuesday, June 23d, at Walden Pond Grove.

The warm weather makes every one feel like spending a day in the groves, and we doubt not many will avail themselves of the above opportunities for enjoyment in good company.

South Scituate.

Our friends in South Scituate have been very successful in their efforts to form a Children's Lyceum. On Sunday, May 23d, friend Wilder, Conductor of the Hingham Lyceum, accompanied by other officers of the Lyceum, visited Scituate and assisted in inaugurating a full Lyceum, which is now in charge of competent and energetic officers, and bids fair to thrive as well as those in larger places. Success to all such laudable efforts.

Schooling for Factory Children.

The two annual reports of Gen. Oliver on the condition of the factory children of Massachusetts, who are required by statute law to attend school three months in every year, set forth such a state of things as to make one seriously thoughtful about the consequences. They show, at any rate, that large numbers of young children are still allowed to grow up in ignorance, far too many not knowing how to read and write, and of course offering but poor promise for themselves or for society. The summing up of the whole case presents something like this: there are from five to six thousand factory children in the State, of whom about twelve hundred fall to comply with the requirements of the statute in reference to attendance on school. Gen. Oliver finds that much of this enforced absence is due to the downright poverty of parents, and much to the cupidty of mill owners. If that be so, no more argument is needed to show that a Commissioner should be all the time kept in office by the State, whose duty shall be to see that the statute is thoroughly enforced. It is a piece of outright barbarism, with such richly endowed educational institutions around us, and the people taxed so heavily to support common schools, that so large a number of poor operative children, who are compelled to earn a large share of their parents' living, and sometimes the whole of it, should be allowed to exist in a state of dense ignorance, with no more training or culture than if they lived thousands of miles off, among the rudest people of the earth. It is manifestly beginning at the wrong end, for society to establish in its midst these rich and costly institutions of learning, to pamper the false tastes of the mind in far too many instances, while it is cognizant of the existence, close by, of a race of little Huns who are very certain to pay off their wrongs at some future day by invading the same society that now denies them a knowledge of the first elements of civilization.

Planchette.

Those interested in the simple piece of mechanism known as Planchette, through the aid of which the invisibles communicate with the people of earth, when the conditions are favorable, will read the following letter with interest: EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—The inquiry that seems to be generally asked now in America as to the wonders of the Planchette and its origin, induces me to say a few words by way of useful information in regard to that instrument made use of by spirits for intercourse between the visible and invisible worlds. The instantaneous cure of my wife, through the Planchette, at the house of Mr. Bartolacci, at Passy, near Paris, about thirteen years ago, as well as the wonders of this phenomenon in an intellectual, conversational and religious point of view, based on the Scriptures, made me at once decide to take up the Planchette as a medium of investigation. We were initiated into this practical mystery by Mr. Bartolacci, who is the originator of the Planchette, under special spiritual guidance. A great deal of patience and perseverance was required at our hands, for some months, under the teaching of our guardian spirit monitor, Luis. The collective harmony and unity of sentiment of the mediums is an important condition to success in this spiritual cooperation of these sitting round, in communion. It was after we had made considerable progress in the use of the Planchette that we made the acquaintance of the Hon. Robt. Dale Owen and Dr. H. F. Gardner, who appeared sensibly struck with the intelligent power of our Planchette, although no notice was taken of it by Mr. Owen in his "Footfalls," published subsequently. The progress, however, that we made in the development of the phenomena was marvellous, in a curative, intellectual and religious point of view, and far beyond what the two American gentlemen witnessed at our house in April, 1858, now eleven years ago. We have often had direct writing, and letters written by the Planchette "arabours" (backwards), forbidden of course for us to read, and which were simply posted. We are now in possession of a mass of Planchette-writings, on nearly every subject, some of which have been pronounced excellent, and published in the English and French Reviews, respectively. I shall be glad to send you a few essays, if agreeable, and remain, Messrs. Editors, yours truly, A. KYN, Grand Duchy of Baden, Baden, 12 Sophien Strasse, 11th April, 1869.

Catholicism on Spiritualism.

Our holy faith is working so rapidly and effectually into the Roman Church, both at home and abroad, that we should expect a writer like Dr. Brownson to assail it with all the vigor of his wearied pen, long devoted to advocacy rather than the search for truth. In the "Catholic World" for June occurs an article from his hand, entitled "Spiritism and Spiritualists." If this cutting down of the noble word Spiritualism suits him better, let him have all the pleasure it confers. The facts he is forced to admit! But he deceives himself more than any one else, when he ascribes communications, not to disembodied spirits, but to Satan and fallen angels. If one class of spirits have the power to communicate, why not the good at least equally with the bad? He thinks their views are those of the Pagan elysium rather than the Christian heaven—which is prejudice altogether. Some of these views are as "heavenly" as anything the Doctor will be likely to meet with in heaven, though he stay there a thousand years. He of course hates the woman movement, and regards Planchette as "the mouth-piece of Evil." All of which pseudo explanations indicate a far deeper superstition than any which he ascribes, or can ever ascribe, to Spiritualists.

Not So.

The Investigator sometimes allows its correspondents a little too much license. For instance, in that paper of May 26th we find the following introductory to an alleged exposure of Fay's deceptions in Lynn last year: "It may be a question whether there is not some truth in Spiritualism, there is the question as to the desirability in its name ought to be exposed, but the Spiritualist papers are not inclined to do this—therefore it must be done by other journals." The truth is, we have repeatedly cautioned the public against the pretensions of this individual. The last time we adverted to him, we advised Spiritualists to have nothing to do with him, for we had no faith in his reliability as a medium for the physical manifestations. We also previously published a column in regard to Fay's contract with Barnum to expose the Davenport's, etc., which article Prof. Gunning read to an audience in England for the purpose of preventing Fay from deceiving the Spiritualists there. Having a high opinion of the editor of the Investigator, and knowing his desire to do all parties justice, we trust he will correct the misstatement of his correspondent.

Lecture in Mercantile Hall.

Horace Seaver, Esq., editor of the Investigator, will lecture before the Society of Spiritualists in Mercantile Hall in this city, Sunday evening next, June 13th. Mr. Seaver is a fine speaker, and an excellent discourse may be expected.

We publish in this number of the Banner of Light a letter from Judge Edmonds, in answer to an editorial which recently appeared in the Boston Journal, derogatory to the Judge and his belief in Spiritualism. This letter, written in the Judge's terse style, will be read with interest by every Spiritualist in the land. This attack of the Journal upon Judge Edmonds's sanity, reminds us of a capital anecdote pat to this occasion, and we give it. A case was on argument in the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, when one of the counsel cited a decision by the Supreme Court, of New York—Opinion by Edmonds, Justice of it, as being by that "crazy New York Judge." "Rumph," said the Chief Justice; "I wish we had more such crazy Judges."

Religio-Philosophical Journal.

This ably conducted exponent of Spiritualism should be in every household in the land. Its publisher deserves the thanks, as well as the patronage, of the many friends who have enlisted in our glorious cause, for his arduous efforts, against opposition from within and without, to make successful the institution established by him in Chicago several years ago. We are pleased to know that Bro. Jones is still exercising his energies in the same direction, for we learn by his advertisement in another column, that he will send out his paper on trial for three months, for the nominal sum of FIFTY CENTS. Surely this is a very liberal offer, and should be responded to at once.

Salem, Mass.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum have changed their hour of meeting from 10 1/2 to 12. The Lyceum Association have lectures, commencing June 6th, in Hubon Hall, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock P. M.

Ready for Delivery.

Rev. Moses Hull's book, "THE QUESTION SETTLED—a careful comparison of Biblical and Modern Spiritualism." Orders by mail promptly attended to. For full particulars see advertisement.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The reader will of course peruse the report of Prof. Denton's able lecture, "The Way to be Happy," which we publish in this issue of the Banner of Light. Thanks, friends, for your beautiful feral contributions for our Free Circles. We are often more cruelly robbed by those who steal into our hearts, than by those who steal into our houses. The fourth edition of "Pro-Admitte Man" is nearly exhausted. Those who wish to secure a copy of this remarkable work should send for it now. Andrew Jackson Davis and his amiable wife, Mary F. Davis, and Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, the popular lecturers on Spiritualism, visited Boston anniversary week, and took part in the Woman's Suffrage Convention and the Free Religious Association meetings. Col. S. F. Tappan was also in attendance. Mr. and Mrs. Tappan spend the summer at Manchester, Mass. After a few days sojourn, Mr. and Mrs. Davis returned to their home in New Jersey, much refreshed, we hope, by their brief visit to the "Hub." The Gallery of Paintings, in the Studio Building, Boston, is really worth visiting. Works by Lilly M. Spencer, DeHass, Colman and Shattuck, are to be seen there. The first edition of "The Seers of the Ages" is nearly exhausted, though it has been in the market but a few weeks. Our city is filling up with strangers, attracted here by the Musical Peace Jubilee. The reader's attention is invited to the advertisement of the Globe Gold and Silver Mining Company, in another column. Charles W. Elliott has accepted the presidency of Harvard College, and resigned his position on the Board of Overseers. What is the difference between an editor and a wife? One sets articles to rights, and the other writes articles to set. Why are eyes like persons separated by distant climes? Because they correspond, but never meet. Great eaters never live long. A voracious appetite, so far from being a sign of good health, is an indication of disease. Some dyspeptics are always hungry, and feel best when eating. Why is a room full of married folk like a room that is empty? Because there is not a single person in it. A late number of the Springfield Republican, under "Religious Intelligence," gave a long list of ministers who have resigned their pastorates. What is the matter with the reverend gentlemen? Are the people dissatisfied with the pabulum doled out by them each Sunday? Very likely. Leverrier, the astronomer, has a daughter whose voice is said to be far superior to Patti's. Men would not be afraid to see spirits if they were better acquainted with their own spirit. It is because we live so entirely in the body that we are startled at a revelation of the soul.—Lydia Maria Child. At Prague it is proposed to celebrate this year the five hundredth birthday of the reformer, John Huss, and to erect a monument to his memory at Constance Baden, where he was burnt alive. Mormonism is flourishing in England. The bass drum, manufactured expressly for the Peace Jubilee, measures six and a half feet across the head. Dr. R. R. Roberts is "healing" in California. Mas. LYDIA MARIA CHILD wrote twenty years ago—Animal magnetism will come out from all the shams and quackery that have made it ridiculous, and will yet be acknowledged as an important aid to science, an additional proof of immortality, and a means, in the hands of Divine Providence, to arrest the progress of materialism." She meant by "materialism," probably, mammon, which the Christians worship almost exclusively. Vide their expensive churches with lofty spires, their velvet cushions and showy pulpits, to say nothing of the large salaries of their ministers. Materialism is too holy a word to be used in this connection. Good Enquiries.—The late Franklin Smith, of this city, the well-known undertaker, left in his will, among other bequests, two that are worthy of imitation. One was \$1000 to the "Old Ladies' Home," and the other, \$1000 to the "Widow and Orphans' Fund," of Bloom Lodge I. O. O. F., of which he was a member. Cooling off suddenly when over-heated has sent many to an early grave. The United States has 42,295 miles of railroad. More than any other country in the world. Religious liberty has completely triumphed in Spain. A cable telegram from London, received June 1st, says: "The Protestant Congress, which assembled at Worms, May 31st, was attended by twenty thousand persons, including representatives from all the States of Germany. The Congress, by a unanimous vote, resolved against the Papal command to return to the Roman Church, and in condemnation of the Encyclical letter and syllabus. The idea of forming a united German Church is mooted. A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man, but remember that the poorest man in the world is one who has money and nothing else." The Swedenborgians have commenced public worship in Lynn, Mass. The Young Men's Christian Union does not consider women good enough to belong to it, so rejects them. MRS. MARY'S MUSEUM.—The publisher announces that the first chapter of Miss Louisa M. Alcott's new story, "An Old-Fashioned Girl," will appear in the July number. COMPLIMENTARY.—The Chicago Children's Lyceum unanimously adopted a series of resolutions deservingly complimentary to Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, on the eve of her departure for the Pacific coast. The committee in the Massachusetts Legislature to whom was referred the petition of Aurora Phelps and others, asking for lands from the Commonwealth for the erection of cheap homes for workwomen, requested that the same be referred to the next General Court. We trust the people will send to the next Legislature men who will have courage and independence enough to handle these reform questions effectively. "Are you fond of tongue, sir?" "I was always fond of tongue, madam, and like it still."

Does he believe in ever giving credit to human testimony? If he does, will he be so good as to tell us why we may not believe in facts already sworn to by men and women whose integrity and intelligence are unquestioned, and which can be testified to by thousands of others equally reliable? And if we may not receive human testimony, will he tell us how we are to keep out of harm's way for a moment? Whether, in his view, he is more insane who does receive and can weigh such testimony, than he who is incapable of either? and whether he is more sane who forms an opinion in ignorance, than he who forms it with knowledge? If our belief is insanity in us, will he be good enough to tell us what it is in Socrates, Cicero, Josephus, Pope, Dryden, Milton, Addison, Samuel Johnson, Blackstone, John Wesley, George Fox, Southey, Howitt, Byron, Walter Scott, Tennyson? In India, Burma, Siam and Lapland? among the Esquimaux, Mexicans, American Indians, the Mahometans and Roman Catholics, in the past and the present? Verily, it seems to me, that if we are to be sent to herd among lunatics for our belief, we shall be in rather more agreeable, if not better company, than in the sanatorium of such a newspaper editor! But why, when in the short space of twenty years our number has swelled up, in this country alone, from half a dozen believers to millions—why waste words upon the subject? For this simple reason: There are people who are conscious that if this thing is true, there is an intelligence at work in it that can read our most secret thoughts and can reveal them to the world around us. They dare not believe in spiritual intercourse; and to them any resort, even to the stale and worn-out cry of delusion and insanity, is better than the conviction that language has lost its power of concealing thought, and vice and hypocrisy have no hiding places left. The tide is swelling rapidly upon us, and the time is not distant when this fact shall be general, if not universal, among mankind; and then, indeed, will Othello's occupation be gone, to all those who depend upon concealment for impunity. Then there are others, who, from defective education or organization, can receive no thought except through the medium of their senses, who have no more conception of a spiritual idea than a hog has of a homily. To such, the telegraph and the locomotive are profound and unfathomable mysteries, and the revolution of the earth an absurdity, because we should all fall off! Which of these two classes is most to be pitied, it is hard to tell. We must wait and see, for it may be Goldsmith's mad dog story, after all. There, you remember, "The man recovered of the bite, The dog it was that died."

Yours, &c., J. W. EDMONDS. P. S.—While writing this, I am in the receipt of a letter from Mr. S. C. Hall, the English writer. It was written in London on the 13th of May, and I give you the following extract. Verily, our goodly company of the issane is increasing! "I should not, however, trespass on your time, if I had nothing to say but that. I have a fact to relate, apropos of the trial of Muller—particulars of which have reached me. "It is this: "A few days ago, sitting with Daniel Home and seven other friends, my venerable and truly Christian sister, who passed from earth about eight months ago, was enabled to be visible to me, and those who were with me. "She was not only not a Spiritualist, but strongly and stercorally objected to the principle, as anti-Christian or demonic. She had never been present at any manifestation, never would be. But not long before her departure, I said to her, 'I am sure God will permit you to visit me after you leave earth. You will be permitted to do so for my comfort, and as a helper on my way to Christ. I wish you to promise that you will do so, if God gives you the power.' "She did not absolutely make me the promise; but she did say, 'My dear brother, if it be for your good, and God permits it—and He may do so—I will be with you when he has called me from earth.' "When she appeared to us in my drawing-room, her face was so healthy—so full of the red and white that exhibits health—that at the moment I did not recognize her; for she had been two years confined to bed, 'died' of cancer, was

Correspondence.

Letter from Judge Edmonds.

New York, May 31, 1869. DEAR SIR—In sitting down to answer yours of the 25th, in which you ask me to notice the article in the Boston Journal which you send me, it would seem to me, if I had not in a measure got used to it, to be one of the queerest things in the world that at this late day I should be called upon to prove my own sanity! Yet the article referred to, in speaking of my having said that I had seen spirits, says: "Such declarations as 'these seem to impose upon us the necessity of 'doubting either the honesty or the sanity of those who make them. And yet they are often 'put forth by men who, as in Judge Edmonds's case, are unquestionably truthful and certainly 'sane upon at least all other subjects.' It is now over fifteen years since I made a public avowal of my belief in spiritual intercourse. I was then so situated that the soundness of my intellect was a matter of public interest. I had just retired from serving my term in our Court of Appeals—the court of last resort in this State. I was then the Presiding Justice of the Supreme Court in this city, with the power of wielding an immense and destructive influence over the lives, liberty, property and reputation of thousands of people. The soundness as well as the integrity of the administration of public justice was involved, and all had an interest in watching it. The cry of insanity and delusion was raised then, as now. I remained on the bench long enough after such avowal to enable people to judge how well founded the clamor was; and for the fifteen years that have since elapsed, I have been somewhat before the world, as a lawyer in full practice, as a politician, somewhat active in the first organization of the Republican party, in a literary aspect as the author and publisher of several works, professional and otherwise, and as a public speaker, thus affording to all an abundant opportunity of detecting any mental aberration, if there was any in me. The writer in the Boston Journal, wiser than all his fellows, has discovered it in my belief that the spirits of the departed can be seen by and can hold communion with the living! Does this writer believe in the Bible? If he does, will he be so good as to tell us wherein the nature and capacity of man have so changed that we of to-day cannot as well see spirits as did Hagar, Abraham, Lot, Moses, Balaam, Elijah, the two Marys at the sepulchre, Mary, the mother of Jesus, the shepherds, and Peter, and James, and John? Does he believe in ever giving credit to human testimony? If he does, will he be so good as to tell us why we may not believe in facts already sworn to by men and women whose integrity and intelligence are unquestioned, and which can be testified to by thousands of others equally reliable? And if we may not receive human testimony, will he tell us how we are to keep out of harm's way for a moment? Whether, in his view, he is more insane who does receive and can weigh such testimony, than he who is incapable of either? and whether he is more sane who forms an opinion in ignorance, than he who forms it with knowledge? If our belief is insanity in us, will he be good enough to tell us what it is in Socrates, Cicero, Josephus, Pope, Dryden, Milton, Addison, Samuel Johnson, Blackstone, John Wesley, George Fox, Southey, Howitt, Byron, Walter Scott, Tennyson? In India, Burma, Siam and Lapland? among the Esquimaux, Mexicans, American Indians, the Mahometans and Roman Catholics, in the past and the present? Verily, it seems to me, that if we are to be sent to herd among lunatics for our belief, we shall be in rather more agreeable, if not better company, than in the sanatorium of such a newspaper editor! But why, when in the short space of twenty years our number has swelled up, in this country alone, from half a dozen believers to millions—why waste words upon the subject? For this simple reason: There are people who are conscious that if this thing is true, there is an intelligence at work in it that can read our most secret thoughts and can reveal them to the world around us. They dare not believe in spiritual intercourse; and to them any resort, even to the stale and worn-out cry of delusion and insanity, is better than the conviction that language has lost its power of concealing thought, and vice and hypocrisy have no hiding places left. The tide is swelling rapidly upon us, and the time is not distant when this fact shall be general, if not universal, among mankind; and then, indeed, will Othello's occupation be gone, to all those who depend upon concealment for impunity. Then there are others, who, from defective education or organization, can receive no thought except through the medium of their senses, who have no more conception of a spiritual idea than a hog has of a homily. To such, the telegraph and the locomotive are profound and unfathomable mysteries, and the revolution of the earth an absurdity, because we should all fall off! Which of these two classes is most to be pitied, it is hard to tell. We must wait and see, for it may be Goldsmith's mad dog story, after all. There, you remember, "The man recovered of the bite, The dog it was that died."

Yours, &c., J. W. EDMONDS. P. S.—While writing this, I am in the receipt of a letter from Mr. S. C. Hall, the English writer. It was written in London on the 13th of May, and I give you the following extract. Verily, our goodly company of the issane is increasing! "I should not, however, trespass on your time, if I had nothing to say but that. I have a fact to relate, apropos of the trial of Muller—particulars of which have reached me. "It is this: "A few days ago, sitting with Daniel Home and seven other friends, my venerable and truly Christian sister, who passed from earth about eight months ago, was enabled to be visible to me, and those who were with me. "She was not only not a Spiritualist, but strongly and stercorally objected to the principle, as anti-Christian or demonic. She had never been present at any manifestation, never would be. But not long before her departure, I said to her, 'I am sure God will permit you to visit me after you leave earth. You will be permitted to do so for my comfort, and as a helper on my way to Christ. I wish you to promise that you will do so, if God gives you the power.' "She did not absolutely make me the promise; but she did say, 'My dear brother, if it be for your good, and God permits it—and He may do so—I will be with you when he has called me from earth.' "When she appeared to us in my drawing-room, her face was so healthy—so full of the red and white that exhibits health—that at the moment I did not recognize her; for she had been two years confined to bed, 'died' of cancer, was

a great sufferer, and was naturally reduced to a skeleton—so to speak. "Suddenly I said, with an exclamation, 'It is my sister.' "Three blows were (—) struck on the table. "The eyes were closed—she had been blind during the last ten years of her earth-life—possibly but for that I should not have recognized her; there was so marvelous a contrast between the face, as I saw it on her 'death' bed, and the face as I saw it then; so beautiful, so beautiful, so happy, smiling, but the likeness was exact, for I recognized every feature after my exclamation; the hair, exactly as she wore it, or plaited back, and the cap exactly as she wore it also, which the master of Lindsey, the Hon. Mr. Lindsey, called a 'Mutch', i. e. the cap of the old Scottish model. "She remained before us thus palpably for about two minutes—certainly more than one. "Long enough for any photographer to have made a photograph of her; and I am very sure there would have been no difficulty whatsoever in making such photograph, if the apparatus had been ready; that it would have been at once recognized by any person who knew her during her 'life' here, and that it would have been as distinct and palpable as any photograph of any (so-called) living person. "I have no doubt that each of the eight persons present would make exactly the statement I have made. "Dear sir, I have already expressed my hope that in thus trespassing on your time, I shall give you pleasure rather than annoyance. "You are discharging a duty, onerous, troublesome, nay, dangerous, in so far as the world's estimate is concerned, and I have felt impelled to stand at your side, with aid as far as it can be given you, not far, indeed, but with earnest fervor. "I pray you accept from Mrs. S. C. Hall and myself, expressions of cordial and affectionate regard and esteem. We are your fellow-workers, though in a humble way. May God give us strength to be more effective laborers in spreading the light that comes from his new revelation. Your faithful servant and friend, S. C. HALL, F. S. A., Barrister at Law."

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Prof. Wm. Denton lectures in the Town Hall, Foxboro', Mass., Sunday afternoon, at 5 o'clock, June 13th. J. M. Peobles had large audiences in Lowell, Sunday, May 30th, and also in Lawrence the 31st. He goes to Portland for the month of June. E. V. Wilson is announced to speak in Yates City, Illinois, June 8th, 9th, and 10th, in the evening. Mrs. Carrie M. Cushman is lecturing in Springfield, Mass. She commenced her labors there May 23d. Miss Susie M. Johnson lectures in Kalamazoo, Mich., during June. Address, care of E. L. Warner. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes lectures in Central Hall, Charlestown, June 20th and 27th. A. B. Whiting will speak at Underwood's Hall, East Abington, Mass., Sunday, June 13th. Dr. H. B. Storer lectures in Central Hall, Charlestown, Sunday afternoon and evening, June 13th. Cephas B. Lynn can be addressed No. 70 Chelsea street, Charlestown, Mass. C. Fannie Allyn created quite an interest in Houston, Texas. The Union says: "Mrs. Fannie Allyn was greeted last night by a large, intelligent and fashionable audience, mostly composed of ladies. The lecture was exceedingly interesting, and we doubt if an address has ever been made in Texas when so much food for thought was given in so short a time. Indeed, there are few minds susceptible of comprehending a discourse so compact and complete. It is amusing to notice the wriggling and plunging of old foggy editors, when speaking of the wonderful powers of Mrs. Fannie Allyn." A. A. Wheelock speaks in Slatersville, Ohio, July 11th. Warren Chase was announced to speak in Cleveland, June 6th.

"Tale of a Physician."

Andrew Jackson Davis's new book is receiving general commendation by the press, and individual readers. The Lyceum Banner speaks of it thus: "It is the latest contribution to the rational, philosophic literature of the day, and is from the pen of one of the most remarkable of living writers. Mr. Davis had seemingly explored the entire field of rational inquiry in his previous works, and in this book he has opened an avenue for the thoughtful in a new direction. Adopting the form of a tale, and investing his story with all the interest and romance of a novel, he has woven within its pages the outlines of one of the most remarkable truths of nature. 'The seeds and the fruits' are, he claims, the natural results of planting the seeds by unrighteous hands in an unrighteous soil; that evil lives, and evil deeds, and evil men, are the products of anti-natal influences, and of organizations themselves the results of causes operating before and beyond the primary existence of the individual. But as this is not a book for children, we do not feel like entering at length into its merits. We can only say to our little ones, ask your parents to procure it, for while it is both interesting and instructive, it will give them a new idea of their duties and obligations in life, their relations to their fellow-creatures, and their responsibilities concerning their character and their lives."

The Spiritual Harp in the Churches.

Some of the liberal churches are using the "Spiritual Harp" in their devotional exercises. This fact speaks volumes in its praise. With many, Spiritualism is far more palatable when sung in a fashionable choir than when witnessed in manifestations or listened to in lectures. Several Unitarian congregations are using the Harp. A correspondent, under date of May 20, writes: "I have been so busy with using the songs of Peobles and Barrett's Spiritual Harp that I've had no time to examine Tucker's and other recent musical works. There are no spiritual meetings here in —, of any kind. When you see Peobles and Barrett tell me I have been singing their spiritual songs in the Central Methodist Church, corner of — streets. I endeavor to render the words and sentiment of these songs, so that they are made very attractive, and they wonder where I select so many beautiful hymns. But the choir, of which I am leader, (yet not a hymn singer, but through my songs, do them good,) is about to purchase half a dozen copies of the Harp."

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cts. THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. B. Jones, Esq. Price 50 cts. THE HARMONIC: A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Harmonical Philosophy. Published by Hull & Jamieson, Chicago, Ill. Single copies 20 cts. THE PRESENT AGE: Devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy. Published by the Michigan Spiritual Publication Company. The 6th volume. THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O.

Married.

In Houghton, Mass., by George Talbot, Esq., May 20th, 1869, Mr. F. M. Faine, of Houghton, to Mrs. Susan M. Crannin, of Easton. In Chicago, Ill., on May 22d, by the Rev. Mr. Trowbridge, at his residence on Michigan avenue, Mr. Charles A. Huskell, formerly of Galen, Ill., and Mrs. Salome Young, formerly of Boston, Mass. Boston papers please copy.

IMPORTANT TO ALL WHO WISH A SAFE AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.

GLOBE GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY.

Incorporated July, 1868, under the General Laws of California. CAPITAL, \$650,000, IN SHARES OF \$10 EACH. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$5. UNASSESSABLE. "It looks as though Providence had bestowed upon us a BROTHERHOOD, the precious metals locked up in the sterile mountains of the Far West, which we are now forging the key to unlock."—Hon. Grant's Inaugural. "The mines of this county are one of the GREAT ELEMENTS OF NATIONAL WEALTH, and their successful development is of the greatest importance, the production of Gold and Silver being particularly desirable in view of our present financial position."—Letter of Secretary of the Treasury to Committee on Mines and Mining, II. of H. THE property of this Company is situated in Monitor District, Alpine County, California, on Monitor Creek, one mile east of the main Carson River, forty miles south of Carson City, the capital of Nevada. It consists of 3000 feet on the HICKOCKS LODE, a massive vein of Gold and Silver-bearing Quartz more than 100 feet in width, and 400 feet on the ANK LINCOLN LODE, parallel to and adjoining the Hercules. A tract of 160 acres, bounded on Monitor Creek (with its water privileges), and including the spring and stream of pure water from Globe Basin, together with the timber on the mountain above the mine, have just been located (April, 1868), for the benefit of the Company—greatly increasing the facilities and enhancing the value of the property. The developments already made and in progress on the GLOBE MINE (the new tunnel, now in 200 feet, having cut several small but valuable veins of ore, prove, beyond doubt, that it is one of the richest, as it is the most extensive, bodies of mineral anywhere to be found on the Pacific Coast. THE ADVANTAGES OF INVESTMENT In the stock of this Company are of a PECULIARLY FAVORABLE CHARACTER, viz: 1. The location is FAVORABLE BY ANY OTHER for easy development and profitable working; the abundance of Globe Mountain presenting most EXTRAORDINARY FACILITIES for opening the MINE to a great depth by a short tunnel of about 500 feet. 2. The Hercules is the Central or Mother Lode in a Mineral Belt, two miles wide, the richness of which, in SILVER, GOLD and COPPER has no parallel in California or Nevada, when the abundance of the ore is considered. 3. The shares are FULL PAID and FOREVER UNASSESSABLE; therefore the holder of ten shares is as thoroughly protected as is the owner of ten thousand, from any possibility of "freeing out." 4. The President and Managing Director is the holder of a Controlling Interest in the Company; therefore the operations are under the absolute direction of a SINGLE COMPETENT AND ENERGETIC HEAD, insuring all the efficiency of an individual business, and increasing the measure of success, while at the same time giving to stock holders the highest guaranty of responsibility. 5. The ores of the GLOBE MINE are of APPROVED QUALITY, incalculable in QUANTITY, and can be worked at a cost not exceeding \$15 per ton. The dividends, therefore—after the works are put into operation—cannot be less than 50 per cent. on the actual investment, and probably will be more than 100 per cent. Dividends will be payable quarterly in New York, in gold coin or its equivalent.

PERSONAL TESTIMONIALS, AND NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

"We print herewith an account of Mines and Mining in the 'Washoe' or Carson River portion of California (geographically a part of Nevada), prepared at our request by Mr. J. Winchester, a permanent and energetic miner in different parts of the Pacific region. It embodies most precise and pertinent information with regard to mines and mining in that quarter than we ever before met in so narrow a compass. We sincerely hope that Mr. W.'s sanguine expectations of speedy and ample returns to the miners of his section (himself included) will be realized. * * * We know that his enterprise, energy, temperance and assiduity are unsurpassed, and that whatever he undertakes he does with all his might. The good faith of his statements may be implicitly relied on."—HOBACK GREGGLEY, Tribune. "WINCHESTER'S MINING COMPANY.—We invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the GLOBE GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY, which will be found in this number of The Record. * * * We have been personally acquainted with J. WINCHESTER, President of the Globe Company for nearly a quarter of a century. He is one of the few men whom we have known so long without having our best estimate of the individual character qualified by the observation of deeds which demand the exercise of forbearance, and the charity that veils the weakness and unworthiness of men. During all this period Mr. Winchester has proved himself to be a man of STERLING INTEGRITY, superior intelligence, liberal and comprehensive views, and ENTERING INDUSTRY. With a nature as warm and free as sunlight in summer, he has a will that—in the fullness of conscious power—manfully grapples with the most formidable obstacles. He never spares himself, but pursues his object with an industry that is persevering and untiring to THE LAST BREATH. Whatever appears to him to be a noble and worthy enterprise, he enters with glowing anticipations of future results; all who know him as we do, will cordially credit the STRICT VERACITY of his STATEMENTS IN RESPECT TO EVERY MATTER OF FACT. Those who may be inclined to take an interest in the 'Globe Company,' may rest assured that these essential elements and potential forces are strongly individualized in the worthy President of that Company."—DR. S. B. BURTAN, Newark, N. J. "J. W. WINCHESTER, in this issue, lays before our readers an advertisement of his Silver-Mining Enterprise, which we cheerfully commend to their attention. The statements of Bro. W. can be implicitly relied on, and we may safely promise that all who have occasion to transact business with him will find that they have dealt with an HONEST, AN UNBENDING GENTLEMAN AND BROTHER. Look and intimate acquaintance with Bro. W. justifies a hearty endorsement of the testimonials of Mr. Greggley and Prof. Brittan."—American Odd Fellow. "GLOBE GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY.—We would call attention to the above corporation, which is represented in our business department by Mr. J. Winchester, of No. 36 John street, New York. The respectability and commercial position of this gentleman is a guarantee that he would conduct his name with no questionable enterprise; and interested parties who are seeking investments may consult him with full confidence in his reliability and integrity. In these days of novel speculations, and irresponsible parties connected therewith, who are not always known to be introduced, it is well to look only at such investments as are introduced by men of FAVORABLE AND WELL-KNOWN HIGH CHARACTER."—New York Weekly Day Book. "MINING IN CALIFORNIA.—We have at various intervals, during the past few years, read with much interest various letters on this interesting subject from J. WINCHESTER, who is an old Californian. A THOROUGH, PRACTICAL AND RELIABLE man, understanding Mining in all its branches and in all its various phases."—Wall-St. Journal. "GLOBE GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY.—The reader will find published elsewhere the advertisement of this Company, offering a portion of its stock for sale. The mines of Alpine County, California, have attracted considerable attention of late, and the Globe Company—one of the oldest organizations in that locality—is particularly distinguished for the enterprise of its management. We see by The Alpine Miner, published in that locality, that the work is being vigorously pushed at the mine, and definite results may soon be expected."—Am. Jour. of Mining. "From The Alpine Miner, April 3, 1869. "GLOBE.—This claim is in encouraging circumstances all around at this time. The rock in the face of the tunnel continues to permit good progress in its onward movement toward the ore deposit ahead. "Judge Clark, Superintendent of the GLOBE, recently took an average sample of a lode from the main lode, cut some distance back in the tunnel, and procured an assay thereof, resulting as follows: Silver, \$14 06; Gold, \$12 40—averaging \$26 46 per ton. "At the same time assays were made of ore selected from a tunnel now being run in the MAIN LODE, of which the GLOBE is a continuation across the Creek, which went over TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS PER TON. We consider this 'indication' a very flattering one, and that the GLOBE COMPANY HAVE EVERYTHING TO JUSTIFY A BRIGHT HOPE FOR THE FUTURE OF THEIR MINE."

For New Advertisements see Eighth page.

J. WINCHESTER, No. 36 John street, New York. June 12—3w

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was claimed as spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant, while in an abnormal condition of the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But the leaves of life for a new world are eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles. These Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOON. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.

Persons so inclined, who attend our Free Circles, are requested to donate natural bouquets of flowers, to be placed on the table. It is the earnest wish of our angel friends that this be done, for they, as well as mortals, are fond of beautiful flowers, emblems of the divinity of creation.

Invocation. Almighty Spirit, thou infinite and perfect God, thou whom no prayers can change, whom no wisdom can analyze, thou who art our Father, and our Mother, thou, once again, through human lips, we come with our prayers and our praises, and, laying them upon the sacred altar of human life, we ask thee to bless them, not as we choose, but as thou dost choose; not in accordance with our wishes, but in accordance with the wish of the great infinite spirit of all wisdom.

Wallace Sanborn. Will you be kind enough to say that Wallace Sanborn, of Greensboro, Ala., who was killed at Gettysburg, will be very glad to communicate with his mother and sister? Say also, that the reports given of my death are not correct. I was actually present at the battle of Gettysburg, and was taken into the Union camp, or hospital, and for want of care died there. I do not think I lived over twenty minutes after I was wounded. I can give my mother a satisfactory account of my death—I am quite sure I can—if I can only speak with her. My hope, sir, in coming here is to attract her attention, with the hope of reaching her and being able to speak with her as I do here. I know your platform is free to all, and my mother need not think strange that I come here. She must remember this is the only place where I can come and be sure of reaching her.

Wallace Sanborn, to Hannah L. Sanborn, I wish my message to go, and I intend to speak. [He says you need a way to send it.] Yes, I thought I was sure. I saw plenty of 'em coming back, before their bodies were cold, hard, and I knew, you see, so much about it, I thought I was sure in saying inside of a week—I thought I was setting it a good way off. But here I am, and I've tried every corner, and cravice, and rat-hole to come back, but it was no go. And then back to wait; get laid on the shelf for three months after I was looked for this place. Just my luck! I never was in search of any good thing that it did not just then take occasion to move off a little ways further. But I'm all right now; so let's see what I can do toward straightening out things.

Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Whatever propositions you may have to offer us, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to consider. QUES.—In the Atlantic Monthly for February is an article from James D. Whelpley, entitled "What is the world coming to?" He says: "Let us suppose that the solar system moves into the influence of an enormously extended dark nebula. This extended dust-cloud is cold beyond conception—a fathomless abyss of cold. It would strike a chill into the system. The earth would be covered with blankets of snow, generating glaciers; and these would remain until the exhaustive influence had gone by, as a protection against it. This idea, although conjectural, is not in discord with any known conditions. We know of no reason why dark matter may not be accumulated in certain parts of space. That such vortexes have existed is certain, since planetary and solar systems have been formed by them, and it is not certain that others may not be in progress. What we desire to know is, whether or not such vortexes have really existed, and if so, are others in progress?"

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tent, must be connected with matter. Thought ever expresses itself through matter. Matter is the vehicle through which spirit or thought expresses itself, sometimes in one way and sometimes in another. We see thought expressing itself through animals, through the human, through this article of furniture (the table), through the clouds, through the earth, through the rocks. Everything that can come in the range of thought is capable of being acted upon by thought. Now, so far as thought is concerned, in connection with human intelligence, it may be called matter; but if you judge it from a standpoint outside of that it is purely spiritual, a something that can never be analyzed, never be definitely understood. But it is enough for us to know that we shall never understand thought, only by and through this vehicle of expression, matter. Your correspondent is, in many points, I believe, right. Thought, or the matter by which thought is conveyed from one mind to another, varies in color and in form according to the quality of the thought. That thought passes through space, we know. Thought is constantly traversing space, we are sure. The science of mesmerism proves that. Behold the operator and his subject. For illustration: the operator says to himself—now, mark you, it is not an audibly expressed thought, it is simply taken form within his own inner life—he thinks, for instance, of an article of furniture, a table if you please. Having balanced his mind and centered it upon that one thing, he holds it, for an instant, stationary; and, as quickly, his subject gets the thought and says, "I see a table." Now if that thought did not traverse through space, how did it reach the subject? and, if it did traverse through space, was it not clothed with material form? All spirits who come within your atmosphere are clothed with material form, and it is that material form that your media oftentimes see. It becomes apparent to your physical senses. A certain writer has declared that thoughts were God, and so I believe. A certain other writer has declared that matter was God's other expression. That I believe to be true. A certain other writer has declared that thought and matter were one and inseparable. That I also believe to be true.

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more cleverly inclined toward these things. I cannot remember of having any special cooperation with them, but it was general promise that I would come back and overthrow their skepticism inside of a week. I come as soon as I could, and now all they have got to do is to inaugurate a force by which I can come into closer communication with them, and we will carry on our dispute without difficulty—or rather, not to call it a dispute, if I cannot give them any light perhaps I can get some. For I am just about as much in want of light as I was when I was here. I do not think I am perfect here in this spirit-world, and should be very glad to get some light from any source where light comes from. If they can give me any it is their duty to, that's all.

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There are some things that are outside the pale of human possibility; and that which some of my friends in mortal have requested me to do as a test of my presence, and continued interest in the things that I was interested in before death, is one of them. They ask that I will make myself visible to the world—that I will take my abode in some place in Congress, and will be to all intents and purposes, a tangible intelligence. They say, "We have heard that you have purported to communicate in Boston. Now if this is true, why can you not go a little further, and demonstrate your presence, and your power, where it will be better understood, and result in far greater good, than it could by any possibility result in by your coming and simply speaking through a medium, and having it published as it has been?" Now it would illly become me to censure those friends for calling upon me to do what it is simply impossible for me to do. For looking into the mirror of my past life, I behold myself even in the present, with my brow still damp with the fogs of my earthly experience. I had no faith in these things when here. I rejected them as unscientific and irreligious. Therefore I have no word of complaint for those who have no faith. Nor do I expect to materially change their mental condition by responding in this way to their call. But I do expect to throw some light upon that dim shadow, Spiritualism, for it is such to them, and perhaps by-and-by in the future it may grow into a reality and become a blessing to men.

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SALT AND ITS OFFICES.—Some modern agricultural writers have doubted the necessity of giving animals salt. The following remarks as to the effect of salt upon health, by Prof. Johnston, may be relied by those who still pat salt in their own puddings, and allow their cattle a little now and then: The wild buffalo frequents the salt licks of Northwestern America; the wild animals in the central parts of South Africa are a sure prey to the hunter who conceals himself behind a salt spring; and our domestic cattle run peacefully to the hand that offers them a taste of this delicious luxury. From time immemorial it has been known that, without salt, man would miserably perish; and among horrible punishments, entailing certain death, that of feeding culprits on saltless food is said to have prevailed in barbarous times. Maggots and corruption are spoken of by ancient writers as the distressing symptoms which saltless food engenders; but no ancient or chemical modern could explain how such sufferings arose. Now we know why the animal craves salt: why he conceals himself behind a salt spring; and why he conceals himself behind a salt spring; and why he ultimately falls into disease if salt is for a while withheld. Upward of half the saline matter of the blood (77 per cent.) consists of common salt; and as this is partially discharged every day through the skin and the kidneys, the necessity of continued supplies of it to the healthy body becomes sufficiently obvious. The bile also contains soda as a special and indispensable constituent; and so do all the cartilages of the body. Still the supply of salt, therefore, and neither water, nor any other thing, can properly be digested, nor allow the nutriment to be built up again as fast as they naturally waste.—Journal of Chemistry.

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