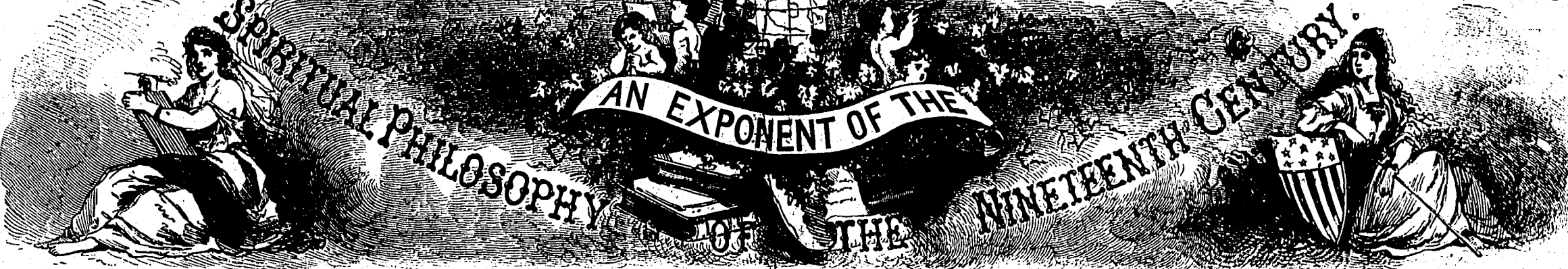


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Spiritual Phenomena.

ACCREDITED MANIFESTATIONS.

THE RESCUE AT SEA.

[The following narrative, taken from Robert Dale Owen's book, and drawn from nautical life, exhibits coincidences unmistakably produced by some agency other than chance.]

Mr. Robert Bruce, originally descended from some branch of the Scottish family of that name, was born, in humble circumstances, about the close of the last century, at Torbay, in the south of England, and there bred up to a seafaring life. When about thirty years of age (in the year 1828), he was first mate on board a barge trading between Liverpool and St. John's, New Brunswick.

On one of her voyages, bound westward, being then some five or six weeks out, and having neared the eastern portion of the Banks of Newfoundland, the captain and mate had been on deck at noon, taking an observation of the sun; after which they both descended to calculate their day's work.

The cabin, a small one, was immediately at the stern of the vessel, and the short stairway, descending to it, ran athwart-ships. Immediately opposite to this stairway, just beyond a small, square landing, was the mate's state-room; and from that landing there were two doors, close to each other, the one opening aft into the cabin, the other fronting the stairway into the state-room. The desk in the state-room was in the forward part of it, close to the door; so that any one sitting at it and looking over his shoulder, could see into the cabin.

The mate, absorbed in his calculation, which did not result as he expected, varying considerably from the dead-reckoning, had not noticed the captain's motions. When he had completed his calculations, he called out, without looking round, "I make our latitude and longitude so and so. Can that be right? How is yours, sir?"

Receiving no reply, he repeated his question, glancing over his shoulder and perceiving, as he thought, the captain busy writing on his slate. Still no answer. Thereupon he rose, and, as he fronted the cabin-door, the figure he had mistaken for the captain raised his head and disclosed to the astonished mate the features of an entire stranger.

Bruce was no coward; but, as he met that fixed gaze looking directly at him in grave silence, and became assured that it was no one whom he had ever seen before, it was too much for him; and, instead of stopping to question the seeming intruder, he rushed upon deck in such evident alarm that it instantly attracted the captain's attention.

"Why, Mr. Bruce," said the latter, "what in the world is the matter with you?"

"The matter, sir? Who is that at your desk?"

"No one that I know of."

"But there is, sir; there's a stranger there."

"A stranger! Why, man, you must be dreaming. You must have seen the steward there, or the second mate. Who else would venture down without orders?"

"But, sir, he was sitting in your arm-chair, fronting the door, writing on your slate. Then he looked up full in my face; and if ever I saw a man plainly and distinctly in this world I saw him."

"Him! Whom?"

"Heaven knows, sir; I don't. I saw a man, and a man I had never seen in my life before."

"You must be going crazy, Mr. Bruce. A stranger, and we nearly six weeks out!"

"I know, sir; but then I saw him."

"Go down and see who it is."

Bruce hesitated. "I never was a believer in ghosts," he said, "but if the truth must be told, sir, I'd rather not face it alone."

"Come, come, man. Go down at once, and do not make a fool of yourself before the crew."

"I hope you've always found me willing to do what's reasonable," Bruce replied, changing color, "but if it's all the same to you, sir, I'd rather we should both go down together."

The captain descended the stairs, and the mate followed him. Nobody in the cabin! They examined the state-rooms. Not a soul could be found.

"Well, Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "did not I tell you you had been dreaming?"

"It's all very well to say so, sir; but if I did not see that man, writing on your slate may I never see my home and family again!"

"Ah! writing on the slate! Then it should be there still." And the captain took it up. "By heaven!" he exclaimed, "here's something, sure enough! Is that your writing, Mr. Bruce?"

The mate took the slate; and there, in plain, legible characters, stood the words, "Steer to the north-west."

"Have you been trifling with me, sir?" added the captain in a stern manner.

"On my word as a man and a sailor, sir," replied Bruce, "I know no more of this matter than you do. I have told you the exact truth."

The captain sat down at his desk, the slate before him, in deep thought. At last, turning the slate over and pushing it toward Bruce, he said, "Write down, 'Steer to the north-east.'"

The mate complied; and the captain, after narrowly comparing the two handwritings, said, "Mr. Bruce, go and tell the second mate to come down here."

He came; and, at the captain's request, he also wrote the same words. So did the steward. So, in succession, did every man of the crew who could write at all. But not one of the various hands resembled, in any degree, the mysterious writing.

When the crew retired, the captain sat deep in thought. "Could any one have been stowed away?" at last he said. "The ship must be searched; and if I don't find the fellow, he must

be a good hand at hide-and-seek. Order up all hands."

Every nook and corner of the vessel, from stem to stern, was thoroughly searched, and that with all the eagerness of excited curiosity, for the report had gone out that a stranger had shown himself on board; but not a living soul beyond the crew and the officers was found. Returning to the cabin after their fruitless

search, "Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "what the chance do you make of all this?"

"Can't tell, sir. I saw this man write; you see the writing. There must be something in it."

"Well, it would seem so. We have the wind free, and I have a great mind to keep her away, and see what will come of it."

"I surely would, sir, if I were in your place. It's only a few hours lost, at the worst."

"Well, we'll see. Go on deck and give the course north-west. And, Mr. Bruce," he added, as the mate rose to go, "have a look at the glass; let it be a hand you can depend on."

His orders were obeyed. About three o'clock the look-out reported an iceberg nearly ahead, and, shortly after, what he thought was a vessel of some kind close to it.

As they approached, the captain's glass dis-

closed the fact that it was a dismantled ship, apparently frozen to the ice, and with a great many human beings on it. Shortly after they hoisted, and sent out the boats to the relief of the sufferers.

It proved to be a vessel from Quebec, bound to Liverpool, with passengers on board. She had got entangled in the ice, and finally frozen fast, and had passed several weeks in a most critical situation. She was stove, her decks swept—in fact, a mere wreck; all her provisions and almost all her water gone. Her crew and passengers had lost all hope of being saved, and their gratitude for the unexpected rescue was proportionally great.

As one of the men who had been brought away in the third boat that had reached the wreck was ascending the ship's side, the mate, catching a glimpse of his face, started back in consternation. It was the very face he had seen three or four hours before, looking up at him from the captain's desk!

At first he tried to persuade himself it might be fancy; but the more he examined the man, the more sure he became that he was right. Not only the face, but the person and the dress exactly corresponded.

As soon as the exhausted crew and famished passengers were cared for, and the barge on her course again, the mate called the captain aside. "It seems that was not a ghost I saw to-day, sir; the man's alive!"

"What do you mean? Who's alive?"

"Why, sir, one of the passengers we have just saved is the man I saw writing on your slate at noon. I would swear to it in a court of justice."

"Upon my word, Mr. Bruce," replied the captain, "this gets more and more singular. Let us go and see this man."

They found him in conversation with the captain of the rescued ship. They both came forward, and expressed in the warmest terms their gratitude for deliverance from a horrible fate—slow-coming death by exposure and starvation.

The captain replied that he had but done what he was certain they would have done for him under the same circumstances, and asked them both to step down into the cabin. Then, turning to the passenger, he said, "I hope, sir, you will not think I am trifling with you; but I would be much obliged to you if you would write a few words on this slate." And he handed him the slate, with that side up on which the mysterious writing was not.

"I will do anything you ask," replied the passenger; "but what shall I write?"

"A few words are all I want. Suppose you write, 'Steer to the north-west.'"

The passenger, evidently puzzled to make out the motive for such a request, complied, however, with a smile. The captain took up the slate and examined it closely; then, stepping aside so as to conceal the slate from the passenger, he turned it over, and gave it to him with the other side up.

"You say that is your handwriting?" said he.

"I need not say so," rejoined the other, looking at it, "for you saw me write it."

"And this?" said the captain, turning the slate over.

The man looked first at one writing, then at the other, quite confounded. At last, "What is the meaning of this," said he. "I only wrote one of these. Who wrote the other?"

"That's more than I can tell you, sir. My mate here says you wrote it, sitting at this desk, at noon to-day."

The captain of the wreck and the passenger looked at each other, exchanging glances of intelligence and surprise; and the former asked the latter, "Did you dream that you wrote on this slate?"

"No, sir; not that I remember."

"You speak of dreaming," said the captain of the barge. "What was this gentleman about at noon to-day?"

"Captain," rejoined the other (the captain of the wreck), "the whole thing is most mysterious and extraordinary; and I had intended to speak to you about it as soon as we got a little quiet. This gentleman"—pointing to the passenger—"being much exhausted, fell into a heavy sleep, or what seemed such, some time before noon. After an hour or more, he awoke, and said to me, 'Captain, we shall be relieved this very day.' When I asked him what reason he had for saying so, he replied that he had dreamed that he was on board a barge, and that she was coming to our rescue. He described her appearance and rig, and, to our utter astonishment, when your vessel hove in sight, she corresponded exactly to his description of her. We had not put much faith in what he said; yet still we hoped there might be something in it, for drowning men, you know, will catch at straws. As it has turned out, I cannot doubt that it was all arranged, in some incomprehensible way, by an overruling Providence, so that we might be saved. To him be all thanks for his goodness to us."

"There is not a doubt," rejoined the captain of the barge, "that the writing on the slate, let it have come there as it may, saved all your lives. I was steering, at the time, considerably south of west, and I altered my course for north-west, and had a look-out aloft, to see what would come of it. But you say," he added, turning to the passenger, "that you did not dream of writing on a slate?"

"No, sir. I have no recollection whatever of doing so. I got the impression that the barge I saw in my dream was coming to rescue us; but how that impression came I cannot tell. There is another very strange thing about it," he added.

"Everything here on board seems to me quite familiar; yet I am very sure I never was in your vessel before. It is all a puzzle to me. What did your mate see?"

Thereupon Mr. Bruce related to them all the circumstances above detailed. The conclusion they finally arrived at was, that it was a special interposition of Providence to save them from what seemed a hopeless fate.

AN APPARITION OF THE LIVING.

During the autumn of 1837, Mr. Daniel Muller, a young American gentleman, after having traveled throughout Germany, was returning to the United States in a Bremen packet.

One tempestuous evening his mother, Mrs. Anne Muller, residing near New York, knowing that her son was probably then at sea, became much alarmed for his safety, and put up in secret an earnest prayer that he might be preserved to her.

There was residing in the same house with her, at that time, one of her nieces, named Louisa Allen, who was in the habit of receiving impressions of what might be called a clairvoyant character. This niece had heard the expression of her aunt's fears; but, like the rest of the family, she was ignorant that these fears had found expression in prayer for her cousin's safety. The day after the tempest, she had an impression so vivid and distinct that she was induced to record it in writing. It was to the effect that her aunt had no cause to fear, seeing that the object of her anxiety was in safety, and that at the very hour of the previous evening when the mother had so earnestly put up a secret prayer for him, her son, being at the time in his state-room, had been conscious of his mother's presence.

This she read to her aunt the same day, thinking it might tend to comfort her.

And then she waited with great anxiety for her cousin's return, when she might have her doubts resolved as to the truth or falsehood of the mysterious impression regarding him.

He arrived three weeks afterwards, safe and well; but during the afternoon and evening that succeeded his arrival, no allusion whatever was made by any one to the above circumstances.

When the rest of the family retired, Louisa Allen remained, proposing to question him on the subject. He had stepped out; but, after a few minutes, he returned to the parlor, came up to the opposite side of the table at which she was sitting, looked agitated, and, before she herself could proffer a word, he said with much emotion, "Cousin, I must tell you a most remarkable thing that happened to me." And with that, to her astonishment, he burst into tears.

She felt that the solution of her doubts was at hand; and so it proved. He told her that one night during the voyage, soon after he had lain down, he saw, on the side of the state-room opposite his berth, the appearance of his mother. It was so startlingly like a real person that he rose and approached it. He did not, however, attempt to touch it, being ultimately satisfied that it was an apparition only. But on his return to his berth he still saw it for some minutes, as before.

On comparing notes, it was ascertained that the evening on which the young man thus saw the appearance of his mother at sea was the same on which she had so earnestly prayed for his safety—the very same, too, which his cousin Louisa had designated in writing, three weeks before, as the time when he had seen the apparition in question. And, as nearly as they could make it out, the hour also corresponded.

The foregoing history is taken from Robert Dale Owen's remarkable book, to which we have before been indebted; and that gentleman adds:

"The above narrative was communicated to me by the two ladies concerned, the mother and her niece, both being together when I obtained it. They are highly intellectual and cultivated. I am well acquainted with them, and I know that entire reliance may be placed on their statement."

SECOND SIGHT.

The celebrated German author, Zschokke, writes thus of his singular gift of second sight:

"If the reception of so many visitors was troublesome, it repaid itself occasionally, either by making me acquainted with remarkable personages, or by bringing out a wonderful sort of seer-gift, which I called my inward vision, and which has always remained an enigma to me. I am almost afraid to say a word upon this subject; not for fear of the imputation of being superstitious, but lest I should encourage that disposition in others; and yet it forms a contribution to psychology. So to confess."

"It is acknowledged that the judgment which we form of strangers, on first meeting them, is frequently more correct than that which we adopt upon a longer acquaintance with them. The first impression which, through an instinct of the soul, attracts one toward or repels one from another, becomes, after a time, more dim, and is weakened, either through his appearing other than at first, or through our becoming accustomed to him. People speak, too, in reference to such cases of involuntary sympathies and aversions, and attach a special certainty to such manifestations in children, in whom knowledge of mankind by experience is wanting. Others, again, are incredulous, and attribute all to physiognomical skill. But of myself:

"It has happened to me occasionally, at the first meeting with a total stranger, when I have been listening in silence to his conversation, that

his past life, up to the present moment, has been many images of a particular scene in it, have come across me like a dream, but distinctly, entirely, involuntarily and unsought, occupying a duration a few minutes. During this period I am usually so plunged in the representation of the stranger's life, that at last I neither continue to see distinctly his face, on which I was idly speculating, nor to hear intelligently his voice, which at first I was using as a commentary to the text of his physiognomy. For a long time I was disposed to consider these fleeting visions as a trick of the fancy; the more so that my dream-vision displayed to me the dress and movements of the actors, the appearance of the room, the furniture, and other accidents of the scene; till, on one occasion, in a gamesome mood, I narrated to my family the secret history of a seamstress who had just before quitted the room. I had never seen the person before. Nevertheless the hearers were astonished, and laughed, and would not be persuaded but that I had a previous acquaintance with the former life of the person, inasmuch as what I had stated was perfectly true. I was not less astonished to find that my dream-vision agreed with reality. I then gave most attention to the subject, and, as often as propriety allowed of it, I related to those whose lives had so passed before me the substance of my dream-vision, to obtain from them its contradiction or confirmation. On every occasion its confirmation followed, not without amazement on the part of those who gave it.

"Least of all could I myself give faith to these conjuring tricks of my mind. Every time that I described to any one my dream-vision respecting him, I confidently expected him to answer it was not so. A secret thrill always came over me when the listener replied: 'It happened as you say,' or when, before he spoke, his astonishment betrayed that I was not wrong. Instead of recording many instances, I will give one which, at the time, made a strong impression upon me.

"On a fair day, I went into the town of Waldshut, accompanied by two young foresters who are still alive. It was evening, and, tired with our walk, we went into an inn called the 'Vine.' We took our supper with a numerous company at the public; when it happened that they made themselves merry over the peculiarities and simplicity of the Swiss, in connection with the belief in Mesmerism, Lavater's physiognomical system, and the like. One of my companions, whose national pride was touched by their raillery, begged me to make some reply, particularly in answer to a young man of superior appearance, who sat opposite, and had indulged in unrestrained ridicule. It happened that the events of this very person's life had just previously passed before my mind. I turned to him with the question, whether he would reply to me with truth and candor, if I narrated to him the most secret passages of his history, he being as little known to me as I to him? That would, I suggested, go something beyond Lavater's physiognomical skill. He promised, if I told the truth, to admit it openly. Then I narrated the events with which my dream-vision had furnished me, and the table learnt the history of the young tradesman's life, of his school years, his peccadilloes, and, finally, of a little act of roguery committed by him on the strong box of his employer. I described the uninhabited room with its white walls, where, to the right of the brown door, there had stood upon the table the small black money-box. A dead silence reigned in the company during this recital, interrupted only when I occasionally asked if I spoke the truth. The man, much struck, admitted the correctness of each circumstance—even, which I could not expect, of the last. Touched with his frankness, I reached my hand to him across the table, and closed my narrative. He asked my name, which I gave him. We sat up late in the night conversing. He may be alive yet."

"Now I can well imagine how a lively imagination could picture, romance-fashion, from the obvious character of a person, how he would conduct himself under given circumstances. But whence came to me the involuntary knowledge of accessory details, which were without any sort of interest, and respecting people who for the most part were utterly indifferent to me, with whom I neither had, nor wished to have, the slightest association? Or was it in each case mere coincidence? Or had the listener, to whom I described his history, each time other images in his mind than the accessory ones of my story, but, in surprise at the essential resemblance of my story to the truth, lost sight of the points of difference? Yet I have, in consideration of this possible source of error, several times taken pains to describe the most trivial circumstances that my dream-vision has shown me.

"Not another word about this strange seer-gift, which I can aver was of no use to me in a single instance, which manifested itself occasionally only, and quite independently of any volition, and often in relation to persons in whose history I took not the slightest interest. Nor am I the only one in possession of this faculty. In a journey with two of my sons, I fell in with an old Tyrolean who traveled about selling lemons and oranges, at the inn at Unterlaudenstein in one of the Jura passes. He fixed his eyes for some time upon me, joined in our conversation, observed that though I did not know him he knew me, and began to describe my acts and deeds, to his no little amusement of the peasants, and astonishment of my children, whom it interested to learn that another possessed the same gift as their father. How the old lemon-merchant acquired his knowledge, he was not able to explain to himself nor to me. But he seemed to attach great importance to his hidden wisdom."

Don't kill the loads. They are among the very best friends of the gardener. They are the uncompromising foes of insects and worms, and aid materially in keeping these pests in check. Protect them; carry them into the garden, and never drive them out or injure them.



ASTONISHMENT OF BRUCE UPON BEHOLDING THE STRANGER.

Original Essays.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF RELIGION.

BY DYER D. LUM.

No. VI.—A Glimpse of Vedic Poetry.

The Vedas of David have ever excited the admiration of the world for their deep spirituality in an age when Baal and Moloch worship were still in their ascendancy, yet the Rig-Veda is of far greater antiquity. Back through the centuries, beyond the days of Moses, before the Israelites had wandered into Egypt, before Abraham had left Chaldea, before the Hebrews had as yet become a language, hymns were sung and prayers offered to him who "at sundry times and in divers manners" revealed himself to the hearts of men before a *Jee* had trod the earth. Prof. Max Müller has pertinently remarked:

"Let us only consider what these doctrines are. They are not theories devised by men who wish to keep out the truth of Christianity, but sacred traditions which millions of human beings are born and brought up to believe in, as we are born and brought up to believe in Christianity. It is the only spiritual food which God in his wisdom has placed within their reach."

We have seen that the Dawn was a prolific source of hymns. The following is one of their hymns addressed to this personification:

HYMN TO DHANU.

"1. She shines upon us, like a young wife, rousing every living being to go to his work. When the fire had to be kindled by men, she made the light by striking down darkness.
2. She rose up, spreading far and wide, and moving everywhere. She grew in brightness, wearing her brilliant garment. The mother of the cows (the mornings), the leader of the days, she shone gold-colored, lovely to behold.
3. She, the fortunate, who brings the eye of the gods, who leads the white and lovely steed (of the sun), the Dawn was seen revealed by her rays, with brilliant treasures, following every one.
4. Thou art a blessing where thou art near; drive far away the unfriendly; make the pasture wild, give us safety! Scatter the enemy, bring riches! Raise up wealth to the worshiper, thou mighty Dawn.
5. Shine for us with thy best rays, thou bright Dawn, thou who lengthenest our life, thou who love of all, who givest us food, who givest us wealth in cows, horses, and chariots.
6. Thou daughter of the sky, thou high-born Dawn, whom the Vashishtas magnify with songs, give us riches, high and wide; all ye gods protect us always with your blessing."

These repeated prayers for wealth, riches, addressed to the Dawn must of course be for such wealth as the dawn brings, or, in other words, for a fair day, a bright day, synonym of a prosperous day; let the day be propitious! The following reveals this more clearly:

"Morning! child of heaven, appear!
Dawn with wealth and with joy cheer!
Thou that spreadest out the light,
Dawn with food and glad our sight;
Gracious goddess! hear our words—
Dawn with increase on our herds!
She hath dwelt in heaven of old,
May we now her light behold!
She, dawning brightly from afar,
Strengthen up the harness of war.
Morning comes! the nurse of all—
Like a matron, at whose call
All that dwell the house within
Their eyes and hearts begin.
Morning! shine with joyful ray!
Drive the darkness far away!
Bring us blessings every day!"

In the *Attharva-Veda*, a more modern collection, yet containing "fragments of ancient poetry," we find the following hymn:

"1. The great lord of these worlds sees as if he were near. If a man thinks he is walking by stealth, the gods know it all.
2. If a man stands, or walks, or hides, if he goes to lie down or to get up, what two people sitting together whisper, King Varuna knows it, he is there as the third.
3. The earth, too, belongs to Varuna, the king, and this wide sky with its ends far apart. The two seas (the sky and the ocean) are Varuna's loins; he is also contained in this small drop of water!
4. He who should flee far beyond the sky, even he would not be rid of Varuna the king. His spies proceed from heaven toward this world; with thousand eyes they overlook this earth.
5. King Varuna sees all this, what is between heaven and earth, and what is beyond. He has counted the twinklings of the eyes of men. As a player throws the dice, he settles all things.
6. May all thy fatal powers, with no end, spread out seventy-seven and three-fold, catch the man who tells a lie, may they pass by him who tells the truth."
The inextinguishable feeling of dependence and reliance which distinguishes man from the rest of the animal world, that profound consciousness of our shortcomings and need of divine assistance, never found utterance in more inspired strains than these:

"Without thee, oh Varuna, I am not the master even of the twinkling of an eye. Do not deliver us unto death, though we have offended against thy commandment day by day. Accept our sacrifices, forgive our offenses, let us speak together again like old friends."
HYMN TO VARUNA.

"1. However we break thy laws from day to day, men as we are, oh God Varuna,
2. Do not deliver us unto death, nor to the blow of the furious, nor to the wrath of the awful!
3. To propitiate thee, oh Varuna, we unbend thy mind with songs as the charioteer a weary steed.
4. Away from me thy fies despoiled, intent only on gaining wealth; as birds to their nest.
5. When shall we bring little the man who is victory to the warriors, who shall we bring Varuna, the wide-seeker, to be propitiated?
6. [Thy (Mitra and Varuna) take this in common; gracious, they never fail the faithful giver.]
7. He who knows the place of the birds that fly through the sky, who on the waters knows the ships!
8. He, the upholder of order, who knows the twelve months with the offspring of each, and knows the month that is engendered after wards;
9. He who knows the track of the wind, of the wide, the bright, the mighty; and knows those who reside on high;
10. He, the upholder of order, Varuna, sits down among his people; he the wise sits there to govern.
11. From these perceiving all wondrous things he sees what has been and what will be done.
12. May he, the wise Aditya, make our paths straight all our days; may he prolong our lives!
13. Varuna, wearing golden mail, has put on his shining cloak; the spies sit down around him.
14. The God whom the scoffers do not provoke, nor the tormentors of men, nor the plotters of mischief;
15. He who gives to men glory, and not half glory, who gives it even to our own selves;
16. Yearning for him, the far-seeker, my thoughts move onwards as mine move to their pasture.
17. Let us speak together again, because my money has been brought; that thou mayest eat what thou likest, like a friend.
18. Did I see the God who is to be seen by all, did I see the chariot above the earth? He must have accepted my prayers.
19. Oh hear his calling, Varuna, be gracious now, longing for help I have called upon thee.
20. Thou, oh wise God, art Lord of all, of heaven and earth; listen on thy way.
21. That I may live take from me the upper rope, loose the middle, and remove the lowest!"

Consider the following precepts taken from the *Rig-Veda*:

"His path is easy and without thorns, who does what is right."
"Let man fear Him who holds the four (dice), before he throws them down; (i.e., God, who holds the destinies of men in his hand); let no man delight in evil words."
"We find in the *Veda*," says Prof. Max Müller, "what few would have expected to find there, the two ideas so contradictory to the human understanding, and yet so easily reconciled in every human heart: God is just and God is merciful; law is of right and wrong; he punishes sin and rewards virtue, and yet the same God is willing to forgive; just, yet merciful; a judge, yet a father."
The consciousness of sin is a prominent feature in the religion of the *Veda*, so is likewise the belief that the gods are able to take away from man the heavy burden of his sin; and when we read such passages as "Varuna is merciful even to him who has committed sin," we should surely not allow the strange name of Varuna to jar on our ears, but should remember that it is but one of the many names which men invented in their helplessness to express their ideas of the Deity, however partial and imperfect."

HYMN TO VARUNA.

"1. Let me not yet, oh Varuna, enter into the house of clay; have mercy, almighty; have mercy!"

"2. If I go along trembling, like a cloud driven by the wind; have mercy, almighty; have mercy!"

"3. Through want of strength, thou strong and bright God, have I gone wrong; have mercy, almighty; have mercy!"

"4. First came upon the worshiper, though he stood in the midst of the waters; have mercy, almighty; have mercy!"

"5. Whenever we men, oh Varuna, commit an offense before the heavenly host, whenever we break the law through thoughtlessness, punish us not, oh God, for that offense; have mercy, almighty; have mercy!"

In the following hymn addressed to *Mitra* and *Varuna*, personifications of Day and Night, we can behold traces of their original Element-worship and primary cause of imperfection:

"The Sun, common to all men, the happy, the all-seeing, steps forth; the eyes of *Mitra* and *Varuna*, the bright; he who rolls up darkness like a skin."

He steps forth, the enlivener of men, the great waving light of the Sun.

Shining forth he rises from the lap of the dawn, praised by singers, he goes; *Saritar*, stepped forth, who never misses the same place.

Where the immortals make a walk for him, there he follows the path, soaring like a hawk. We shall worship you, *Mitra* and *Varuna*, when the Sun has risen, with praises and offerings.

Will *Mitra*, *Varuna*, and *Yamyan* bestow favor on us and our kin? May all be smooth and easy to us! Protect us always with your blessings!"

Again we find a more divine character ascribed to these same deities, as, for instance:

"When the Sun has risen I call on you with hymns, *Mitra* and *Varuna*, full of holy strength; ye whose imperishable divinity is the oldest, moving on your way with knowledge of everything. For these two are the living spirits among the gods; these are the gods; do you make our fields fertile. May we come to you *Mitra* and *Varuna*, where they nourish days and nights?"

There are bridges made of many ropes leading across unrighteousness, difficult to cross to hostile mortals. Let us pass, *Mitra* and *Varuna*, on your way of righteousness, across sin, as in a ship across the water."

Among the very oldest of the hymns in the *Veda* we have this beautiful illustration of early Hindu piety:

"1. In the beginning there arose the Golden Child. He was the one born lord of all that is. He established the earth and this sky. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

"2. He who gives life; He who gives strength; whose commands all the bright gods reverse; whose shadow is immortality; whose shadow is death. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

"3. He who, through His power, is the one King of the broad earth and opening world; He who governs all, man and beast. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

"4. He whose greatness these snowy mountains, whose greatness the sea proclaims, with the distant river; He whose these regions are, as it were, the two arms. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

"5. He through whom the sky is bright and the earth firm; He through whom the heaven was established—nay, the highest heaven; He who measured out the light in the air. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

"6. He to whom heaven and earth, standing firm by his will, look up trembling inwardly; He over whom the rising sun shines forth. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

"7. Wherever the mighty water-clouds went, where they placed the seed and lit the fire, thence came He who is the sole life of the bright gods. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

"8. He who by his might looked even over the water-clouds; the clouds which gave strength and lit the sacrifice; He who alone is God above all Gods. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

"9. May he not destroy us, He, the creator of the earth; He, the righteous who created the heavens; He also created the bright and mighty waters. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?"

The most ancient Hindu doctrine of man's future state was simple, rude, and unlike the forms of more modern times. The references in the *Vedas*, though sparse and incomplete, are full of interest, and we turn to them with more than ordinary interest. Prof. Whitney, whose authority in Sanscrit is second to none in America, says:

"They had a hearty and healthy love of earthly life, and an outspoken relish for all that makes up the ordinary pleasures of life."
"Yet death, to them, was surrounded with no terrors. They regarded it as only an entrance upon a new life of happiness, in the world of the departed. Somewhere beyond the grave, in the region where the gods dwelt, the children of men were assembled anew, under the sceptre of him who was the first progenitor of their race, the divine *Yama*. No idea of retribution was connected with that of the existence after death. It was only a prolongation of the old life, under changed circumstances."

Varuna is the Supreme Judge of all. The good ascend to heaven with a shining spiritual body, the wicked descend into an undescribed darkness. The following are extracts from the Vedic hymns relating to the rites of burial:

"Approach thou now the lap of earth, thy mother. The wide-extending earth, the ever-kindly. A maiden soft as wool to him who comes to her, she shall protect thee from destruction's bosom."

Open thyself, oh earth, and press not heavily. Be easy of access and of approach to him; As mother with her robe her child. So do thou cover him, oh earth."

Another extract reveals their conceptions respecting death:

"The living have removed him from their dwellings; Carry him hence away, far from the village; Death was the kindly messenger of *Yama*; Hath sent his soul to dwell among the Fathers."

But having already occupied more than our allotted space in quoting from these interesting relics of a nation's faith, conceded to be four thousand years old, and claimed by Baldwin, in *Pre-Historic Nations*, to be nearer seven thousand, we will close by citing two translations of an ancient hymn to *Soma* on the subject of Immortality.

For an article on a Book which says, "He who gives alms goes to the highest place in heaven; he goes to the gods," and, "The kind mortal is greater than the greatest in heaven," would be woefully lacking if no reference were made to so glorious a theme, which excited the reverence and desires of men in that early age:

"Where there is eternal light, in the world where the sun is placed, in that immortal, imperishable world, place me, oh *Soma*!"

Where King *Yamavata* reigns, where the secret place of heaven is, where these mighty waters are, there make me immortal!"

Where life is free, in the third heaven of heavens, where the worlds are radiant, there make me immortal!"

Where wishes and desires are, where the bowl of the bright *Soma* is, where there is food and rejoicing, there make me immortal!"

Where there is happiness and delight, where joy and pleasure reside, where the desire of our desires are attained, there make me immortal!"

This beautiful hymn has been versified with strict fidelity to the original:

"Where glory never-fading is, where is the world of heavenly light.
Where *Yama* reigns, *Yamavata*'s son, in the inmost sphere of heaven's light.
Where those abounding waters flow—oh, make me but immortal there!
Where there is freedom unrestrained, where the triple vault of heaven's light is bright.
Where worlds of brightest light are—oh, make me but immortal there!
Where pleasures and enjoyments are where bliss and raptures ne'er take flight.
Where all desires are satisfied—oh, make me but immortal there!"

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

UNION OF THE PRIEST, POLITICIAN AND JOURNALIST.

The resolutions passed by the "Mediums' and Speakers' Convention" in Western New York, are timely and appropriate. That there is a conspiracy formed by the leaders of more than one of the old persecuting churches to root what is called "modern Spiritualism" out of the United States, there can be no doubt. Nor is there any doubt that the lives of not only the spiritual mediums and speakers, as well as others, would be sacrificed, if necessary, to accomplish their purposes, should the conspirators proper in their designs. The claim by which it is proposed to substitute the Bible for our national constitution, if adopted, will surrender everything to the priestly element in the United States. Under its ruling, as it has ever been, there will be adduced from that volume precepts and examples for every species of cruelty and abomination that has defiled the earth, under ecclesiastical rule.

The suggestion made in the second resolution of the Convention, that Spiritualists should cease to patronize, in any way, the periodicals and newspapers that by "misrepresentation, stigmas and burlesques," seek to bring spiritual Christianity into contempt, should receive the thoughtful consideration of every friend of religious liberty. The same idea repeatedly suggested itself to our mind in reading the reports of the late trial of Mumler, whose persecution there is little if any doubt was conducted by tools of the predominant religious sect in New York. Until recently, our journalists have considered it indecorous and improper to express any opinions calculated to influence the decision of court or jury during the pendency of the trial of even the worst of criminals. This rule was reversed in Mumler's case, by what may be properly called the four leading public journals in New York, the *Tribune*, the *World*, the *Herald* and the *Times*. During the whole proceedings, the editorial corps of these journals vied with each other in striving to create a public opinion adverse to Mumler, strong enough to overwhelm truth and justice, which there is little doubt would have been accomplished were it not that the court room was filled, whilst the proceedings were progressing, with intelligent and acute minds, whose subsequent action, in case of a condemnation of the prisoner against all the rules of evidence, would have rendered the judgment an injury rather than a benefit to his persecutors' cause. We speak advisedly, having carefully read every word relating to the subject in these journals during the pendency of the trial. As a sample of their general character, we would adduce the following editorial remarks, from the four great dailies alluded to.

It will be remembered that the *World*, the leading organ of the leading political party of the leading church in the city, had the honor of being used as a cat's-paw to institute the prosecution, by complaint of one of its reporters to the Mayor, charging Mumler with a criminal offense.

In the early stages of the trial (April 20th) the court was instructed in its duties and given to understand what was expected of it by the controlling powers that stood concealed behind the throne.

"The object," says the editor of the *World* of that date, "is not to ascertain whether his (Mumler's) pretensions are well or ill founded, but to break up the business. It is the beginning of the removal of one more of the swindles by which innocent people are deluded in this city."

Exactly so. The object, says the inquisitor to his tortured victim, is not to learn whether your pretended belief is well or ill founded, but to punish you for heresy. In this view of matters affecting religion, the *World* and the *Inquisition* are agreed. But again the *World* says it is but "the beginning" of what is to follow, without, however, telling its readers what it is that is to follow.

The *Tribune*, the leading organ of the leading national party, and also an aspirant for the favors of the leading church party, does most emphatically reveal to its readers what these objects hinted at by its conductor, ("with a difference,") the *World*, are. On the 24th of April, (four days after the *World's* dictum and hint,) its editor thus lets the cat out of the bag, which he is made the cat's-paw to hold by the ecclesiastical power secreted "behind the throne."

"There is no man, (says the editor,) who ever proposed anything so absurd that nobody can be got to believe it. There are several rascals in this city who profess to work miracles, in the way of healing by power obtained directly from God. Of course, they are liars, and of course, if they are looked up for swindling, they will say that they are persecuted, and that they are like *Socrates*, *John Huss*, *Kidley*, and *Latimer*, and *Gallio*. For all that, they are vulgar impostors, and silly people must be protected from them, notwithstanding their outcries that they are being martyred. If they are right, they must be content with canonization at the hands of posterity."

Now, poor "silly Spiritualists," read that over again without holding your breath in wonder, if you can, and then resolve whether it is proper that you should patronize a journal which, if its conductors (whether visible or invisible) could obtain power, would "look up" all the healing "rascals" in your ranks, (say, and torture, and burn, and crucify them, too, by regular sequence from the premises, as has ever been the case), and leave it to posterity to canonize your martyrs for the truth, as taught by that same Jesus of Nazareth whom you all love, and whom your persecutors profess to regard as God.

The *Tribune's* religious logic carries us centuries back to the siege of Beziers, in France, a heretic city of sixty thousand inhabitants, who were every man, woman and child of them massacred, because most of them were "rascals" in their religious ideas; and when the general appealed to the Pope's legate, (who was present) to learn how he should distinguish the Catholics from the Huguenots, or heretics, he was ordered to slay all, and God would himself select those of the true church out of the slaughtered multitude.

It is true, however, that the *Tribune* showed great fairness to the spiritual side of the question, just after Mumler was acquitted.

Spiritualists, however, would do well to read a fable of *Æsop*, the moral of which is never to trust a man who only proves himself to be a friend in prosperity.

Three days after the *Tribune's* ecclesiastical logic of the dark ages was announced, (on the 27th,) the *Herald* egged the ball on with a kick

of the same quality. Alluding to the testimony of a witness for the prosecution, the editor of the *Herald* says:

"Throughout his testimony nearly every one of his statements created a sensation among the numerous crowd of Spiritualists present in the court room, and the defendant blushed occasionally, and at some answers the flush would burst fully upon his face, as if the statements were deeply affecting him."

It is pretty evident that the editor who wrote this for the *Herald*, must have obtained his idea from reading some of the trials that used to take place in the underground cells of the prisons of the *Inquisition*, where it was a practice to set a light near the victim on the rack, so that his tormentors might notice the effect produced on his features while being questioned in the intervals of torture. The remarks of the *World*, *Tribune* and *Herald*, all bear unmistakable evidences of their clerical origin, both from the sentiments expressed and terms used. Two days after the above appeared in the *Herald*, the *Times* of the 29th came out with some editorial comments on the proceedings in like strain, but vehemently tinged with Yankee idiom:

"While the proceedings began (says the *Times*), the auditors were not so numerous as on Monday, though, as the examination proceeded, the ghostly array of lean, lank and brawny believers in spooks and goblins was supplemented by numbers of like character, who, from time to time, filed in by detachments, took seats and watched the progress of the case with extreme interest."

This was intended, no doubt, for the coup de grace by the press, and was tantamount to telling the court it had nothing to fear from the clamors of such a half-crazy set of spectators.

If readers should wish to learn the why and wherefore of the hostility shown by these four great New York journals to the liberal element in the United States, and its prostitution to the Church, we would recommend them to peruse an article that appears in *Putnam's Magazine* for July, 1869, and also some editorial remarks in the *New York Evening Post* early in June. By this it appears that the Pope of Rome, through the agency of his bishops, holds now nearly fifty millions of untaxed property in the State of New York, (although, as is well known, the prisons and poor asylums are filled with Catholic criminals and paupers.) It appears by the *Post*, that since 1847, not less than three million dollars' worth of real estate has been given by the city to the Catholic Church, ostensibly for charitable purposes (untaxed of course). This is rapidly increasing in value. St. Patrick's Cathedral is now being erected on some of this property. In 1849 there was bestowed thirteen thousand dollars on that Church, but its influence has so extended and exerted itself, through the polls and offices, that last year, 1868, the city authorities bestowed upon the hierarchy five hundred thousand dollars, "with (says the *Post*) the frank generosity of those who give of other people's goods."

It also appears from the *Post*, that, by persistent effort, the hierarchy of the Church has nearly obtained control of public education, and "now vehemently urge that all secular schools shall be abolished as mere seminaries of Atheism." The *Catholic World*, their leading organ, has announced its hope that universal education will soon be put upon the same ground in New York as it has been in "Italy and Spain," but "dislodged in violence from Austria and France."

To show the actual supremacy of the Romish Church in New York, the *Post* instances the following list of high office-holders at the end of 1868:

Sheriff.
Register.
Comptroller.
City Chamberlain.
Corporation Counsel.
Police Commissioner.
President of the Croton Board.
Acting Mayor and President of the Board of Aldermen.

Clerk of the Common Council.
Clerk of the Board of Councilmen.
Clerk of the Board of Supervisors.
Five Justices of the Courts of Record.
All but two of the Police Justices.
All but two of the Police Clerks.
Three out of four Coroners.
Two Members of Congress.
Three out of five State Senators.
Eighteen out of twenty-one Members of Assembly.

Fourteen-nineteenth of the Common Council, and
Eight-ninth of the Supervisors.

"In no European country (says the *Post*) has the clergy of a Catholic establishment its hands more nearly closed upon the whole system of public education than here in New York. Nowhere in Europe is the hierarchy of an establishment appointed by the Pope seen in such absolute independence of the Civil Government as here."

From the *Post's* array of facts, it is evident that the *Tribune*, *World*, *Herald* and *Times* are struggling in the cause of American liberty amidst too many difficulties ever to hope to be successful, so long as the conductors of these recreant journals are controlled by the passions of avarice, ambition, and love of position and place; and it would be well for all Spiritualists, as well as other friends of personal and mental freedom, to take into consideration the propriety of withdrawing all countenance and patronage from these sheets, and bestow their advertisements and subscriptions on some one paper in New York, which, with their aid, may be able to speak out honestly in behalf of truth and liberty, regardless of the secret and malign influences that have been brought to bear upon the politicians of New York State generally, and of the city and the city editors of the *Tribune*, *World*, *Herald* and *Times* newspapers in particular.

SAVANAROLA.

POETICAL EXTRACTS.

Oh, Abraham! my son! my son!
His fleece was white as snow;
He stole a pig and away he run
To the Bay of Biscay, O.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
And smoked his pipe of clay,
And bet his money on a bob tailed nag,
When the moon had gone away.

I'm lonely since my mother died—
The ice is round her tapers, O,
With the sword of Bunker Hill.

It is the hour when from the boughs
I kissed my Molly Ann,
So, run, Bunker, and bury up Pomp;
Yes, or any other man.

Oh, what are the wild waves saying?
I cried the long night through;
And a voice replied far up the height,
A little more eldier, too.

The harp at nature's advent strung
Is coming through the rye!
Then kiss me quick and go, my honey,
Said the spider to the fly.

My Willie's on the dark blue sea,
With five hundred thousand more;
And my days are gliding swiftly by
To the old Kentucky swine.

One result of the new activity of woman in measures of social reform is seen in the increased interest taken by the public in plans for preserving infant life. The prevention of infanticide and the care of foundling children are taken more to heart than formerly, and this chiefly through the instrumentalism of women.

Never kick nor scream at a horse, nor jerk the bit in his mouth.

Correspondence in Brief.

CALIFORNIA.—M. W. Parson, writing from Columbia, Tuolumne Co., says the cause of Spiritualism moves slowly but surely there. The spirit of progression, like the great tidal wave, moves all else as it goes.

MAINE.—William Barker, writing from East Madison, states that notwithstanding the assertion of a clerical gentleman, (which was recently copied into the *Banner of Light*) that "Spiritualism is dying out of existence, and that the faithful seed sown by Mrs. F. L. Price at the two-day's picnic at East Madison, in May, is springing up and bearing good fruit. Meetings are frequently held in that town, and Mrs. Price is engaged to speak there, and at the Sabbath School. A large audience assembled to listen to her remarks at the first meeting of the course, which occurred June 27th, at the church in East Madison. The next meeting will be held at the same place, July 25th.

Mrs. WAINWRIGHT, of Canton, Me.—Our people having been familiar with the writings of Sister Lois Wainwright, had somehow got the idea that her speaking could not be equal to her writings; but we have been very happily disappointed; and when she came to the city, she was met by a large and enthusiastic audience. Her book, entitled "Alice Vale," is a gem, the characters true to life. Friends, Janie Ferris, and the author to lecture on her neighborliness. No matter what their prejudices may be, her honest, earnest manner will command their attention. That her labors with us will result in much good, I am very sure. To-morrow she goes east, to work for the cause of humanity.

ANDREW BARROWS.

MORDECAI LARKIN, DOWNTOWN, Pa., writes: For many years I have been receiving the *Banner of Light*, and a sense of duty bids me acknowledge my admiration and esteem for those who have made it what it has become. I am a speaker, but after the unanimous opinion of a large audience who listened with deep interest to her able discourse, Sunday, June 28th. Her book, entitled "Alice Vale," is a gem, the characters true to life. Friends, Janie Ferris, and the author to lecture on her neighborliness. No matter what their prejudices may be, her honest, earnest manner will command their attention. That her labors with us will result in much good, I am very sure. To-morrow she goes east, to work for the cause of humanity.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.—One of our subscribers, J. W. Haynes, writes from St. Joseph, Mo., under date of June 28th, as follows: Some two weeks ago, I gave a series of lectures in our city, and held séances for physical manifestations, which were truly wonderful. She stopped with us two weeks, and gave an entertainment every evening, to our entire satisfaction. She was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Ferris, and her husband, the musical instruments are floating all around the room, and touch nearly every person in the circle. While her hands are being held firmly, a solid iron ring is placed on her arm, and she is holding it as if it were a piece of wood. We take pleasure in recommending Mrs. Ferris as a physical medium. She came here alone, and had no assistance in performing these manifestations. Mrs. Ferris is a lady in every respect, and is doing good in all her actions. We take pleasure in recommending Mrs. Ferris as a physical medium. She came here alone, and had no assistance in performing these manifestations. Mrs. Ferris is a lady in every respect, and is doing good in all her actions.

Mrs. GEORGE G. CATHERAL writes: In every change of my later years—though at the time it seemed but darkness and uncertainty—thus far I feel that Spiritualism has been a great blessing to me. I have been able to see the light in its (to me) science. There are few of the most rigid church members but are willing to look at it in that light; and then the way is opened for their spirit friends to be acknowledged and welcomed. I believe I may, without vanity or pride, partly give some sorrowing child a glimpse of the invisible world, whose "Gates" stand "Ajar." Mr. Forster's lecture, which I sent for, has been circulating for some months. Thus far, all like it. It gives them a different view of the subject of Spiritualism. The various tests I have received from my dear loved ones strengthen and cheer a mother's heart, and I cannot do for a moment that they live in spirit-life, and strive to comfort me when I am weary and anxious. The earth love is not severed, but like an electric chain from one to the other it is still united, and they come from their happy spheres, reminding me that the veil is not a mist but merely a vision that separates.

FARMER'S STATISTICAL, CLINTON CO., O., June 20, 1869.—This finds me here, dear *Banner*, at the residence of Henry Baum, a gentleman full of good sense, kindness and hospitality. I lectured in the school-house to-day, at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M., to fine audiences, made up mainly of Spiritualists and freethinkers. My audience were kind, respectful and very attentive. The arguments in proof of Spiritualism were drawn mainly from nature, ancient history, and from the Old and New Testament Scriptures. I well knew the people satisfied, that the best citizen would call upon me at any time that suited my convenience, assuring me that I would be welcome, and should have a good audience. Henry Baum (a German, as the name indicates) was brought up a Jew, and is a convert from Judaism to Spiritualism. He is a man who adorns his profession by his walk and his conversation, and is beloved by all, judging from the large amount of good company that seek him out, and frequent his house. He assures me that he never knew what genuine happiness was until he became convinced of the truths of Spiritualism.

NEW YORK SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

EDUCATION FOR GIRLS.

We are told that at the meetings of the trustees of Cornell University this year, the admission of women to the institution was one of the first questions under discussion. By the terms of the charter, State scholarships are not limited to young men; so that it is possible for a young woman of proper character and qualifications to gain admittance, if she presents a State certificate. But no provision has yet been made for the accommodation of such students. "It will be hard," says the *Post*, "to find convenient homes, accessible from the buildings; and some think it will be harder to secure entire freedom from annoyance, for one or a very few young women, in a community of nearly six hundred young men."

Thus the way is hedged about, as it has always been in the best institutions of learning, for the admission of women. Instead of provision having been made, in the beginning, for the education of our daughters side by side with our sons, by one who said: "I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study," girls were left out of the account until the institution should be fairly under way, and now it will be found extremely difficult to bring about the changes necessary to their admission. And yet here is a University which really marks the beginning of a new epoch in education. It is broad and comprehensive in its plan. It represents no sect, class, or theory. A man may there learn to be a tiller of the soil, a mechanic, or a scientist; and at the same time ample provision is made for classical, scientific, and literary discipline for such as choose it. As usual, women have made splendid donations to this institution, which has as yet invited no woman to share its advantages. Miss Jenny McGraw has bestowed upon it a chime of pine bells, and to these Mrs. President White has added a great bell of five thousand pounds. Like other colleges, it is a nucleus toward which gifts and endowments flow freely; and already it has an extensive library, ornithological collections, workshops, drill-rooms, and laboratories, and scrip representing 200,000 acres of land.

To young women these advantages should be made as free as to young men. And to all these is added the advantage of a moderate outlay for those of limited means. Several young men have paid their way during the past year by giving a portion of their time to industrial pursuits, and others have not exceeded three hundred dollars expense. There are hundreds of young women, daughters of farmers and artisans throughout the States, who hopelessly aspire to just such opportunities for laying hold, with their own ready hands, of the means of culture. The most timid and sensitive girl, thirsting for knowledge, should be welcomed to those halls, instead of being made to feel that she is pushing her way obtrusively to advantages to which she has no right to aspire!

A mother made the following appeal to the Trustees of Cornell University in behalf of the education of her daughters as well as her sons; an appeal which not only they but all others who have charge of schools would do well to heed:

"The subject of education is to me as dear as life itself, as I was born with an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and which, thank God, does not grow less with increasing years. I cannot better express my views on this subject than by giving a little of my own experience. My father was a poor man, with a large family to support, and all the education he could give his children was what they could get in a country school, and one term each in a New England Academy, where we hired a room and boarded ourselves, but paying our tuition. My sister and myself attended the Black River Academy, at Ludlow, Vermont, where one of the teachers became so much interested in our progress, that at the close of the term he made arrangements for us to work for our board, and offered to become responsible for our tuition, we remunerating him, provided circumstances rendered it reasonable. We went home and laid the plan before our parents and other members of the family, and it was decided we could not go, as my mother was quite worn out doing the work, and in fact they could not afford it.

It was a turning-point in my life. My health was rather delicate. I had never before more than a dollar a week in teaching a district school, and fully realized my own inability to accomplish much in the way of earning an education. I had such a passionate desire for knowledge, from infancy, that I had never before realized but that in some way my intellectual longings were to be gratified. I felt that a part of my life had gone out, and that the bright star of my existence had set and henceforth there was nothing for me but to plod on mechanically, with a soul crushed and lifeless. I hardly need add, though I have never attended school since, that books and periodicals have done much to atone for it—thanks to the earnest and true men and women who write for them, thus reaching the common people, and a new impetus to cultivate in themselves all that would make them desirable companions for noble and learned men, ay, even more, help to fit them to become the mothers of a race worthy the destiny of American people.

Feeling as I do the importance of this movement to the youth of both sexes, and only of this generation, at those who are to follow in the footsteps, I do most earnestly entreat you not to leave us out. Let me add, in the name of justice and humanity, and the progress of the nineteenth century, do not crush out the little germ of self-respect that is taking root in the hearts of the women of America by so great an act of injustice.

The scrap of experience given with true pathos in this letter, indicates the heart-burnings and despair of many a poor girl who has seen the best means of discipline beyond her reach. "Reading, writing and arithmetic" used to be thought sufficient for girls, while boys of the same family perchance were sent to college for a four years' course, and then three or four additional years were allowed for professional discipline. When I consider the difficulties that have always stood in the way of women's true education, I am struck with amazement, not that they do not know more, but that they know so much thoroughly. What opportunities have they had for the highest culture save what they have wrought out for themselves? At the age of sixteen, Margaret Fuller gathered around her a brilliant group of literary friends in Cambridge, where she had access to the college library, and revelled in the rich stores of French, German and English literature; but were the doors of Harvard open to her? No; even though two of her brothers afterward went honorably through that College under her supervision. When twenty-four years of age, and still intent upon study, instead of being safely sheltered within the walls of an University, where the cares of study might alone engage her attention, she was hemmed in by hindrances which would have crushed a less dauntless spirit. She wrote in March, 1834:

"Four pupils are a serious and fatiguing charge for one of my somewhat ardent and impatient disposition. Five days in the week, I have given daily lessons in three languages, in geography

and history, besides many exercises on alternate days. This has consumed often eight, always five hours of my day. There has been also a great deal of needlework to do, which is now nearly finished, so that I shall be able to devote more time about it when everything looks beautiful, as I did last summer. We have had very poor servants, and for some time past, only one. My mother has been often ill. My grandmother, who passed the winter with us, has been ill. Thus you may imagine, as I am the only grown-up daughter, that my time has been considerably taxed. But as well as merry, I must be always learning, I laid down a course of study at the beginning of winter, comprising certain subjects, about which I had always felt deficient. These were the history and geography of modern Europe, beginning the former in the fourteenth century; the elements of architecture; the works of Alfieri, with his opinions on them; the historical and critical works of Goethe and Schiller, and the outlines of history of our own country."

Who can wonder that under such a herculean burden the outlines of womanly character should become somewhat distorted, or that the toll should sink with its weight? On reading the appreciative biographical sketch of Charlotte Price Dawes, written by T. W. Higginson, I was deeply moved at the picture therein drawn of a gifted young woman's struggle with poverty and illness in her endeavor to attain high literary culture. In this effort her body failed, and a brilliant soul passed on. "She would always have been hampered," said her biographer, "by the want of early mental training, and by the absence of sound health." For her no Yale or Harvard threw open its doors and bade her welcome; for her no State scholarship or individual bequest secured a scholarship in any first-class university.

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, twenty-five years ago, was denied admission to all the medical schools of New York, Philadelphia and Boston; but her great perseverance at last opened for her the doors of Geneva College, from which starting-point she has gone steadily onward to her present honored and influential position. But it is needless to multiply examples. Their name is legion. Furthermore, there is a change going on in public opinion which will ultimately make the education of girls of paramount importance in the estimation of all classes. God speed the day of this awakening. Vassar College is one of the signs of its coming; and another is the universal agitation of the question: "Shall women learn the alphabet?" with all its correlatives and consequences. Thirty-four graduates went forth from Vassar College at this year's close, and they, with the Alumni of past and future years, will represent a higher type of womanhood. Let woman be truly educated, and we may confidently prophesy a higher type of humanity, since she is the Mother of the Race.

Because this mighty power to sway the destinies of the world is garnered up in the nature of woman, she should be educated and privileged to the fullest extent of her capabilities and claims. All the advantages that ever accrue to human beings in the best state of society should be secured to her without reserve or limitation, that she may stand side by side with the noblest and most cultured; for on her thorough development and perfect freedom depend her own happiness and the redemption and elevation of mankind.

The Annual Picnic

of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists of New York will take place on Friday, July 23d, 1869, at Elm Park, entrance opened street, west of Eighth avenue. The Spiritualists of New York and vicinity, and all friends of progress and liberty, are invited to spend the day with us on this occasion. Good speaking and vocal and instrumental music may be expected. At about 3 o'clock P. M. the platform will be cleared for dancing, which will be continued until 9 P. M. Mr. George W. Allen's Quintette Band has been engaged for this purpose. The gate of the Park will be open at 9 A. M., and the cars of the Eighth Avenue Railroad will run within a few rods of the grounds every five minutes and continue. Gentlemen's Tickets, 50 cents; Ladies' and children's, 25 cents.

Board of Managers of the Society—Dr. R. Glover, Pres.; John J. Tyler, Vice Pres.; P. B. Farnham, Secy.; J. B. Doubleday, Treas.; David Parker, Lewis Kirtland, John R. Ames, E. S. Creamer, W. S. Barnard.

N. B.—Should Friday prove stormy, the picnic will be postponed until the next day (Saturday).

Canandaigua, N. Y.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Our beautiful village has for the first time been visited by a trance speaker. Mrs. C. Fannie Allen gave us an extempore lecture on the spiritual philosophy, on Thursday evening, July 1st, which has had its good effect. I enclose a few very just comments from the *Ontario County Times*, that mediums may know that justice will be done them and a liberal hearing will be given them, should they give us a call. We select the following. A good physical medium would do well in Canandaigua.

L. B. B.

SPIRITUAL SEANCE.—Mrs. Fannie Allen, who was announced in our last issue to give our citizens an opportunity of witnessing her wonderful powers whilst in a trance, gave a free exhibition last Thursday evening, in the Town Hall, before a crowded house. She gave us one of the most interesting literary feasts which it has ever been our privilege to listen to. Several subjects were given by the audience for impromptu poems and speeches, while in the trance state, the first being "The Religion of the Future," and the second as an inspirational poem; the second subject given was for a prose speech: "Is it safe to believe in Spiritualism?" and the closing pieces were "The Pacific Railroad," and "General Grant," which she gave, by request, in the shape of a poem, and in a manner that electrified almost the entire audience. As audience she exhibited a number of spiritistic photographs, after the style of those we gave a description of in a long and interesting article on our first page several weeks since. We think Mrs. Allen would meet with a good reception here should she come again.

The Camp Meeting on Cape Cod.

Messrs. Editors.—I see in your paper that our good friends on Cape Cod are to have a Camp Meeting, commencing the 20th of July, and continuing five days.

Nothing need be said to those who were present at last year's meeting to induce them to attend this season, for they will certainly do so if possible. To those who were not there last year I would say: Go down to the Cape, if you want to enjoy yourselves at a Camp Meeting as you never did before. Ample arrangements are being made to entertain all persons in the best style. The grounds are fitted up finely, the committee being determined to make everything agreeable and comfortable for the large company that will certainly be in attendance.

Many of the best speakers in the ranks of Spiritualism are already engaged, so there will be no lack of good talking to interest and instruct the people in our beautiful philosophy; besides, several of our mediums for physical and other manifestations will be with us. Some persons may object to going because the meeting is held in the hottest part of the season, but to such I would say, that it is never oppressively hot in that section, even in the warmest weather. There is always a sea breeze constantly stirring, that gives the air a delightful coolness which is very agreeable. The hospitality of the Cape Cod people cannot be excelled, as I can testify by personal experience. None of us need fear to place ourselves in their hands. We shall surely be well provided for.

There is no doubt—should the weather be auspicious—that this will be the most interesting and successful Camp Meeting ever held by Spiritualists.

A. E. CARPENTER.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY,
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OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1869.

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orders must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
LEWIS B. WILSON, 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.Massachusetts Association of Spirit-
ualists.

The members of the Executive Committee of the Massachu-
setts Association of Spiritualists are requested to meet at the
office of the *Banner of Light*, 158 Washington street, Boston,
Wednesday afternoon, July 21, at 3 o'clock. A full attend-
ance is requested, as important business is to be considered.

WILLIAM WHITE, President.
H. B. STORER, Secretary.

The Silent Martyrs.

It is not so very difficult to stand up in the ad-
miring gaze of the public, and gain credit for suffer-
ing on account of one's belief; but to carry the
burden about unseen, without friends, without
sympathy, and never hoping to be rewarded with
so much as a syllable of approval for one's con-
science—this is to be a martyr in the sense which
few know much about in these days of persistent
and noisy proclamation. The martyrdom of the old
time was an easy affair, in one sense; since it
drew upon the one suffering it the admiration and
sympathies of others, and made him sure of a
large share of renown in the future, his name
going down with a certain distinction of glory to
posterity. There was reward enough in this to
serve in some degree as compensation. A person
can endure suffering with a sort of stoicism when
he knows that the eyes of the multitude are
drawn to him. And when he is supported in-
wardly by a deep and strong religious faith, get-
ting the mastery of his thought and action to-
gether, his ejaculations for help from on high are
responded to with fervor by sympathizing spirits,
and thus his fortitude is maintained and his
strength actually doubled. This is the martyr-
dom of the olden times. Brought into the experi-
ence of our own day, it becomes comparatively
an easy thing to bear.

But how many can go through the trials of a
martyrdom that has no element of admiration or
sympathy in it? Where there is no such inducement
as this to call one forth into the field of suffer-
ing, how many volunteers will crowd to take
the front rank in this army? The world has
changed about so completely, it is not the same
thing now to oppose one's self to the ruling op-
inion that it used to be. Nowadays, most people
are infected with this spirit of opposition, so that
what was formerly martyrdom, has gradually be-
come the controlling side. If we would find any
more martyrs, then, we must go into out-of-the-
way places to look for them. Where are we to
go? Has the real spirit of martyrdom departed?
Is there nothing left in the world to suffer for?
Have all the arrangements of social life grown
so smooth and harmonious, and is justice and
right dealing so very common, that no single
complainer is still to be found for the search?
Ah, believe it not. The world has not so greatly
changed that suffering is not yet abundant and
omnipresent. But the downtrodden do not now
parade themselves as formerly. Their part is a
silent one. It is reformation that loudly asserts
itself, but martyrdom finds no voice. As soon as
the martyr is spoken of, the charm of the charac-
ter appears to have been lost.

If, however, we would see such examples of
this spirit of martyrdom as would put much of
the old manifestation of it to the blush, we need
but look at the case of the wife who suffers from
a drunken and brutalized husband. Perhaps she
married against the advice of her family friends,
and so has lost their sympathy entirely now. Or
if not that, they may have neglected and fallen
away from her, nevertheless, from a natural feel-
ing of social mortification. She is thus isolated
and exiled from all the consolations of sympathy
when it is most needed. None know or care
for her case, apparently. She bears her heavy
trouble alone and in silence. Day by day she
suffers from the increasing brutality of the one
she still calls her husband, her pride gone, her
affections trampled under foot, her only worldly
support and stay stricken down by the power of
his own folly, and no prospect opening on the
dark horizon so effectually shuts in all her
hopes. Still she endures in silence, without im-
punity, without so much as repining. She feeds
on the sweet, though dried leaves of the memory
of the old love. The past is all that affords her
any comfort or solace, and she gladly makes the
most of it, sorrowful as the task is. Nothing re-
mains for her to anticipate, but rough treatment
and sad thoughts. Yet she remains true to her-
self, to her undying affection, and her virtue.
Who shall presume to say that here is not a mar-
tyr such as no fire of faggot ever consumed?

There is always a large army of such martyrs,
not enrolled on the pages of any book of martyro-
logy, but none the less existent and daily suffer-
ing. All social vices, all wrongs persisted in, all
heinous crimes practiced and done by inconsider-
ate husbands, produce this array of silent and
unseen sufferers. Mounting the scaffold, in the gaze
of a sympathizing and admiring multitude, is easy
in comparison with bearing uncomplainingly such
a lot as this. And so in other ways. It is as easy,
at times, for a man who is resolved to live for the
right, and to establish the rule of purity in his
being, to go to the stake to be burned, as it would
be to stand the jeers, the scoffs and the contempt
of his companions of years, merely because he is
resolved to quit courses of conduct which he is
very sure will end in his and their ruin if persist-
ently followed. So it seems perfectly easy for a
man to live and speak the simple truth every
day of his life; but there shall come occasions, al-
ways surprising him, too, when the hardest thing
of his life is what may appear to be but the sim-
plest, and when plain and homely virtue is a
harder prize to secure in action than it would be
to be stretched on the rack or tortured with any
of the other instruments of the old time inquisi-
tion. Let us, then, not be in too great haste to
believe that the age of martyrdom is over. It is
competent for any one of us, who sincerely de-
sires it, to become a martyr every day that he
lives.

The Crime Against Nature.

It has not been in vain, we rejoice to say, that
the *Banner of Light*, some considerable time ago,
held up to public denunciation the abominable
and unnatural crime of feticide. The physicians
furnished us, in their discussions, with some most
impressive statistics to supply the basis for our
commentaries, and human nature finally revolted
at the astounding disclosures. Since then the Ro-
man Catholic and Episcopal bishops, together
with the Presbyterian clergy and the woman con-
ventions, have openly denounced the crime, and
warned their flocks and followers against its
practice on the peril of their souls. The Episco-
pal bishop of Western New York found it neces-
sary to warn the members of his diocese against
the habit a second time, and in a formal pastoral
letter. "If any doubts existed heretofore as to
the propriety of my warnings on this subject,"
said he, "they must now disappear before the
fact that the world itself is beginning to be hor-
rified by the practical results of the sacrifices to
Moloch which defile our land." It is rather a new
thing, says a New York journal, for the church
thus to be bidden to reform itself lest the world
should be shocked by its practical impurity; but
doubtless the reproof was well deserved. "Again
I warn you," continued the bishop, "that they
who do such things cannot inherit eternal life.
If there be a special damnation for those who
'shed innocent blood,' what must be the portion
of those who have no mercy upon their own
flesh?" The Roman Catholic archbishop and
bishops of the Province of Baltimore a month or
two since published a pastoral letter, denouncing
in set phrase "the daily increasing practice of in-
fanticide, especially before birth," and declares
the notoriety which this "monstrous crime has ob-
tained of late, and the hecatombs of infants that
are annually sacrificed to Moloch to gratify an
unlawful passion, are a sufficient justification for
alluding to a painful and delicate subject, which
should not even be mentioned among Christians."
"If," exclaims the letter, "it is a sin to take away
the life even of an enemy—if the crime of shedding
innocent blood cries to heaven for vengeance, in
what language can we characterize the double
guilt of those whose souls are stained with the in-
nocent blood of their own offspring?"

The Old School Presbyterians say, "The hor-
rible crime of infanticide, especially in the form of
the destruction by parents of their own offspring
before birth, prevails to an alarming extent." And
they ascribe it to impure publications and false
ideas of marriage and its duties; and solemnly
declare that they regard "the destruction by
parents of their offspring before birth with ab-
horrence, as a crime against God and against Na-
ture;" and "as the frequency of such murders can
no longer be concealed," they "warn those that
are guilty of this crime that unless they repent
they cannot inherit eternal life." It is none too
soon for all the sources of influence and authority
over the public mind to utter plain words against
so wicked a practice in a community styling it-
self both civilized and Christian. The prevalence
of this crime is far more common than would be
generally credited. There surely should be some
other remedy than the mere law; it ought to burn
a woman's conscience for a lifetime to thus in-
humanely lend herself to the wanton destruction
of her unborn offspring.

The Revolution of Labor.

It is claimed, not without good authority, that
the recent elections in France were a vindication
of the rights of labor alone. In a total poll of
8,000,000 votes, the Government was able to se-
cure a majority of but 800,000. The new Corps
Legislatif is plentifully sprinkled with Reds—
that is, Radicals—and in all the chief cities there
have been serious disturbances. Napoleon has
an excellent opportunity now to see precisely
where he stands. The Empire is not Peace, un-
less some concessions of a substantial character
are made to labor. It is the extremists, and not
the moderates, who lead and control, and in fact,
constitute the legislative assembly now. They
have already made their demand for the estab-
lishment of a Ministry having its root in the peo-
ple. We find, in a letter from France to the New
York Nation, what is the real significance of this
election. The movement is one that is to result in
the overturn of existing labor systems in France and
throughout Europe, and in good time is bound to
shake to their foundations every social structure
in the civilized world. French workmen see and
sympathize with the designs of German work-
men, and likewise with what organized labor is
rapidly doing in England, and the United States.
The belief is profoundly established, that capital
has for centuries wrung from labor the lion's
share of profit; that labor has been kept under;
that capital could combine, while labor was de-
fenceless; and that redress is now within reach
through the instrumentality of universal suf-
frage, or by the agency of trades unions. And we
shall certainly witness great and surprising
movements in our day.

Early Cut Hay.

Dr. Nichols, the judicious editor of the Boston
Journal of Chemistry, records an experiment on
this subject which cannot but have great interest
for farmers. He says that he had one acre of
grass, red top and clover, that was cut June 19,
and the hay stored by itself. On the first of last
March he put his herd of ten cows upon it, and
the immediate increase in the flow of milk
amounted to ten quarts per day. The hay fed
them before was of the same variety, but cut after
the middle of July. The early cut hay "spent"
fully as well as the later cut, no more of it was
consumed, and Dr. Nichols estimates that the
money value of the product from this hay, fed to
ten cows, was greater by near a dollar a day than
that from the other. Dr. Nichols also repeats the
opinion he has expressed before, that most hay is
dried too much, and declares that, if grass is en-
tirely freed from external moisture, as that in the
form of dew and rain, it will cure better in the
mow than anywhere else, provided enough ex-
posure to wind and sun is had to cause one-half
of the water circulating in the vessels of the plant
to be evaporated. This is accomplished in six or
eight hours of favorable weather.

Spiritualism in Colorado.

We learn from the *Boulder Pioneer* that the
Spiritualists and progressivists held a two days'
meeting, July 3d and 4th, at the grove on the
farm of David H. Nichols, Esq., in Boulder. Mrs.
Hannah F. M. Brown was the principal speaker.
Mr. Nichols is a strong man in those parts, and
his influence in the cause of Spiritualism will be
felt effectively.

Prof. Wm. Denton

Is to deliver an address at the Spiritualist Picnic
in Harmony Grove, South Framingham, July
16th. Mr. A. E. Carpenter's card, in another col-
umn, will give full particulars concerning the
fare, time of starting, &c.

The Read Controversy.

It can hardly be necessary for us to state spe-
cific reasons for declining to transfer to our col-
umns the letter of Mr. Charles H. Read, which
appears in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, and
the reply which was published in the *Waterbury*,
Conn., *American*. The entire correspondence we
conceive to be too much in the spirit of assault,
on each side, to really merit wider publicity. We
do not for a moment presume to question the per-
fect sincerity of the respectable gentlemen who
append their names to the article headed, "The
Other Side"; but we are equally well apprised of
the genuineness of Mr. Read's physical manifes-
tations, by the conclusive testimony of such men
as Dr. H. B. Storer, of this city, Mr. A. E. Car-
penter, of Connecticut, Thomas R. Hazard, Esq.,
of Rhode Island, and other individuals of equal
responsibility. But, as already hinted, our chief
objection is to the spirit of undisguised animosity
which has controlled the controversy. Wherever
this is permitted to have sway, there can be no
really healthy criticism, such as we all require,
much less any of that spirit of love which supplies
the sustenance for all teaching and all growth. It
is the latter which we would everywhere, and on
all occasions, most earnestly inculcate. It belongs
to professed Spiritualists, more than to any other
class of men and women, to possess charity and
practice it. That Mr. Read may have rendered
himself obnoxious to the people of Waterbury,
we should not like to dispute, in the face of their
united assertions; and none can more sincerely
regret the circumstance than ourselves. It is not,
however, with him as an individual that we have
to do. We advert only to his medium powers,
which are abundantly attested. And with such
conclusive testimony before us, we could not non-
estly brand him as an impostor, so long as a sin-
gle reasonable doubt remained that he is not one.

The Relation between Editor and
Writer.

It gives us pleasure to transfer to the columns
of the *Banner* the following sensible remarks of
Bro. Hammond, which we find in the columns of
the last number of the *American Spiritualist*:
"The faithful performance of the duties devolv-
ing upon editors, requires watchfulness and firm
decision. They succeed in this much more by
what they reject or modify than by what they
accept; and it is not unfrequently the case that
they must offend those whose personal friend-
ship they prize, (and whose support they can ill
afford to lose,) or else deviate from the path of
conscientious and impartial journalism. To fully
appreciate any number of any good periodical,
the reader should examine the editorial waste-
basket, and then the accounts of the editor. Just
as originally written. People generally reflect
as little upon the wearisome labor required to
present a readable sheet, when they read it, as
they do upon the drudgery of the kitchen, while
they are feasting upon culinary delicacies.

But the exercise of a wise discrimination as to
the literary merits of contributions, though im-
portant, is not the principal consideration. Just
how far the managing editor has a moral right to
tone down radicalisms, or to expunge common-
places, no two persons will agree, but that he
should do so to some extent, none will dispute.
However, certain usages obtain which appear to
have their origin in the general consent of writers
and editors—certain customary guarantees of the
rights of each. For example, the editor has the
undoubted right to exclude personalities, no mat-
ter how great the importunity, and the writer has
the equally obvious one of demanding that no
prominent sentiment of his article shall be sup-
pressed, or materially obscured. When there is
conflict in this regard, the manuscript should be
returned to its author, with the suggestion of am-
endations. If the changes are not conceded, the
latter has no right to demand publication."

Dover, Me.

A correspondent writes: "We have just got
through with our picnic celebration of the third of
July by the Children's Progressive Lyceum. The
day has been pleasant, and the whole thing a per-
fect success. We had addresses from Mrs. Wals-
brook and others. Charles A. Hayden speaks here
the two last Sundays of this month, and H.
P. Fairfield all the Sundays in August, after-
noon and evening. The Lyceum will hold its
sessions as usual, at 10 A. M. E. B. Averill has
resigned his place as Conductor, a position he has
long filled with great ability, and A. K. P. Gray,
Esq., has been chosen to fill the place. Miss Annie
B. Averill has been chosen Guardian of the Groups.
The Universalists are a little exercised in their
minds occasionally on account of the efficient work
our good brother, Rev. E. B. Averill, is doing in
the cause of Spiritualism, and I am not at all dis-
posed to blame them. It is provoking to see a
church and Society and all the *finings* sliding out
from the fold after all the labor and anxiety ex-
pended in making them secure."

Music Hall Meetings Next Winter.

Arrangements are being made to secure able
lecturers for the third course on the Spiritual
Philosophy, to be given in Music Hall, Boston,
next season, commencing Sunday afternoon, Oct.
10th. Among the number we may mention Mrs.
Corla V. Tappan, Prof. Wm. Denton, Mrs.
Emma Hardinge, (now in England,) and Thomas
Gales Forster. Other names will be announced
hereafter. Those desiring to secure season tick-
ets, with reserved seats, would do well to make
application at once at the counter of the *Banner*
of Light—personally, or by note. Tickets will not
be ready for delivery till the middle of September.

Williamsburgh, N. Y.

A correspondent assures us that Spiritualism is
increasing quite rapidly in the above named city.
The Society of Spiritualists is gradually filling up
with those who take a deep interest in the sub-
ject. All the expenses for the year ending with
June have been paid, and the prospects for an-
other year are most encouraging. Our correspond-
ent adds—"We are indebted to the late ministra-
tions of Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham far beyond any
words of praise and admiration I can express.
Large audiences were delighted with her fine lec-
tures."

Who are "Heretics"?

Rev. John Weiss says: "I do not believe in a
single alleged supernatural fact in the life of
Jesus or any other man." The object of those
who wish to get a religious clause inserted in the
Constitution of the United States is to obtain the
power to put such "heretics" and "free-thinkers"
to the rack. None but religious bigots would
then be safe. William T. Alger would not
escape, for already the *Watchman and Reflector*
denounces him as "a known and acknowledged
denier of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Pecuniary Results of the Peace
Jubilee.

According to a printed statement supposed to
have emanated from the Peace Jubilee directors,
the great festival netted \$110,700. A large portion
of this is to be divided among the subscribing
towns, for the benefit of the widows and orphans
of deceased soldiers. Mr. Gilmore has been pre-
sented with a house and lot worth \$25,000, in ad-
dition to the receipts at his benefit, which amounted
to over \$20,000.

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called 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 those who leave the earth-plane in an undeveloped state, 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. 155 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Afternoons. 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. Mrs. Conant receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

Bouquets of Flowers.

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.

We pray thee, our Father, to deliver us from the selfishness of sin and the sin of selfishness, for then, and then only, can we be just unto others. can we practice that golden rule taught us by the sages of all ages. Then, and then only, can we understand ourselves, and our relations to thee. Our Father, baptize us with thy light. Dispel the darkness that clusters around our being, and turn the shades of night into morning. May we behold the radiance of the spirit of wisdom filling our sphere, causing us to do deeds of kindness, prompting us to holy acts and holy thoughts. Our Father, thou hast been pleased to return us to earth again, that our coming may be of good. May we gain something of light, and wisdom, and truth. May we part with some of our errors. May we bestow something of truth upon those to whom we come. We pray thee that the shades of error, of every degree, may speedily pass away from the earth, and may the souls therein rejoice in the morning of truth. May they be glad because error is no more; and yet in asking, our Father, for this blessing, we know that we must wait for time. We know that in accordance with Nature's law this may not come at present, but we are satisfied to wait. Thou hast taught us to ask for things that we need, and since we behold the need of strength, of wisdom, of truth, we pray that these gifts will come to us like holy dew falling upon the dry places of our being, causing the buds to blossom, and the seemingly dead vines to bud forth new shoots. Our Father, we thank thee for all thy blessings. We praise thee for death and for life—two names, but one degree of being, for there can be no death where thou art, and thou art everywhere. Oh, we pray thee, our Father, that our mission may be long upon the earth. Send us where sorrow abounds, and freight us with holy love, so that we may do thy will, and perform thy work in ministering to the needs of those who dwell here. Our Father, may the hearts of thy children everywhere turn toward truth. May they open the chambers of their inner lives, that the sunshine of truth may stream in, making glad their lives. Oh, our Father, may the faces of those who have passed beyond the shades of the change that men call death, peer through the darkness of doubt, and cause thy doubting children on earth to doubt no more. May they know of the hereafter, and no longer be seeking the promised land, but may its green shores and its clear waters be present to their view, cheering the darkness of their present life, and causing them to worship thee anew in spirit and in truth. Amen. May 31.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, I am ready to consider them. **QUES.**—Is it wise for mortals here to consult with spirits on questions of a purely business nature? Is their advice likely to be valuable, and can we trust it more than the advice of mortals on the earth?

ANS.—There are a large class of spirits freed from the mortal form who are intensely interested in the business of this physical life. They find their heaven here, and are never more happy than when acting out the desires or peculiar conditions in which they find themselves placed. They are attracted to your business sphere. They have never been cut loose from it. They revolve in it as motes revolve in the sunshine, and under favorable conditions they may be good advisers to those who dwell in mortal, because they can see further than mortals can. They can reach the thoughts of your friends, of your enemies, can see their secret motives, can understand what they intend to do, what moves they intend to make in life; while you, with your human senses shrouded by mortality, might not be able to determine concerning the thoughts that might be revolving in the brain of your neighbor, they might be able to determine concerning all. And yet it would be poor counsel to advise that you lay down your own powers of perception at the feet of any spirit, in or out of the body. Advice is most excellent, but it is not always well to appropriate to our own use all the advice that may be given us, whether it comes from the world of spirits out of the body or in the body. There are some minds who consider it very impious to call upon spirits to aid them in the things of this life. That is a mistake. Since they move in that sphere yet, it is not at all unright to call upon them to act for you. But again I say, have a care how you lay down your own power, how you fail to use your talents when you have them, but are ready to use those that belong to another.

Q.—Notwithstanding the advent of Spiritualism, is not materialism on the increase, and mainly through the study of the science of matter?

A.—Spiritualism cannot become a reality to those dwelling in physical life only through materialism, and that crude kind of materialism that physical senses are able to recognize. Spiritualism and materialism progress, not only so far as physical life is concerned, but I might go still further, and say so far as all life is concerned, for spirit and matter, so far as action is concerned, are one and inseparable. Spirit and matter act eternally together. Spirit rising through matter perfects matter, carries it along with it. Do you not behold it in the vegetable kingdom, in the floral kingdom, in the mineral kingdom, in the animal kingdom, in all the kingdoms and degrees of human and divine life? Do you not perceive this? When we undertake to separate spirit from matter, we undertake to separate God from his works, which we cannot do. Matter, you will by-and-by learn, is the scripture of the Infinite and all-pervading spirit, and no other is reliable. Scientists are fast determining concerning this truth. They tell you it is vain to seek to separate spirit from matter. You cannot.

God, the Infinite, hath joined himself to matter, and you cannot divorce him.

Q.—How can a physician best study the methods of curing the sick by magnetism? Is there such a force as we call vitality, and what is it? Where is it formed or made?

A.—Magnetism was called by the ancient sages, the regenerating fire. When properly understood, it is thoroughly able to dispel all disease—to overcome all disease. And when we, in our intellect, are positively harmonious with our magnetic life, we cannot be diseased, because the harmonious magnetic life prohibits disease. And when change comes, and we have finished our mortal course, we should not pass out by disease, but according to the order of Nature. Disease is not of natural law. It is the result of a misunderstanding of Nature's law. Medical men have only glanced at the surface. Very few of them dare to look beyond the signs. They all ask: "Give us a sign. We can tell how you are diseased, only give us a sign." They would not be obliged to call for a sign, for it would be apparent to them, if they would but go down below the surface to the life of things—the magnetic and electric life, the centre of physical being, the great motive power which, if in order, will prevent disease, if in disorder will cause it. The present age offers large inducements to the scientists of this day to probe beyond the surface to the life of things. There never was an age when the facilities were so great, so perfect for all classes to gain an understanding concerning occult sciences as in the present; and who ever refuses to hear the voice and to behold the light will do it at their peril. Those who claim to be teachers of the people should understand something more than the shell—something more than the sign. They should understand the inner, the subtle force that moves the hand, that acts upon the brain that moves them, and that sends out souls to the other life by thousands and tens of thousands, at every breath. It is vain to say this is one of the mysteries and cannot be understood. It is not. It hath pleased our Father to open the books to us, and if we refuse to read them and study them and ponder upon them till the truth dawns upon us, it is our own fault; by no means the fault of the great Infinite Spirit moving through Nature. Yes, there is such a force as you call vitality, and it is the electro-magnetic aura, or gas, which is the same to the human body that hydrogen is to water, or oxygen is to the atmosphere. It is generated by the functions of the body, and its power and quality is also determined by the same.

Q.—How can one impersonate spirits, either in or out of the form, so as to be recognized by persons under magnetic influence?

A.—Knowledge is power; and when a spirit is possessed of the knowledge requisite to the carrying out of its desires, it can carry them out. The air holds within its embrace everything that is requisite to the forming of a material body. Spirits can gather from the air those elements they need to materialize or externalize themselves so that they can be perceived, recognized by friends in the body. If, as a spirit, possess a certain quality of positive, magnetic and electric life, I can control your physical forces, whether you will or no. I can render your spirit subservient to myself; and not only that, but your physical form subservient to my wishes. I can be, to all intents and purposes, so far as my spirituality is concerned, myself through you.

Q.—I am a psychologist, and impersonate the living as well as the dead, so that my subjects see me and describe me as some person they know in the form. How is this?

A.—I do not believe that the power rests wholly with yourself, but that you are acted upon by outside intelligences; that they assist you; knowing your wishes and the wishes of your friends, they become assistants. They, knowing the law, take advantage of it.

Q.—Is it possible for a person or spirit in the form to control a medium?

A.—It is, certainly. That fact is demonstrated by mesmerism, so called.

Q.—Not unless spirit-friends will allow it. I have always found that spirit-friends could prevent it. Am I correct?

A.—Not always. The law is greater than the individuals composing the law. It is a self-evident fact that certain persons possess a psychological power they can use over negative minds at will. They psychologize them to see, to hear, to feel this or that at pleasure. This is nothing new.

Q.—You said just now, the law is greater than the persons composing the law. Was not the meaning intended to be expressed that the law was greater than the persons acted upon by the law?

A.—I believe that all intelligence is but fragments of the law. Therefore I said that the law was greater than the intelligence acted upon.

Q.—When you pray to the Father, how do you expect that prayer to be answered? Through the means of spirits, or by the Father himself?

A.—I believe that God is ever present with us; that the Infinite Spirit makes all things to serve us; and when we pray we do but make ourselves receptive to the highest good. We fit ourselves to receive blessings, and they come to us. We pray for truth, and our very desire for truth fits us to receive it. May 31.

Sylvester Hunt.

[Ah! have you waked up?] Yes, I've waked up. I never was fond of taking too much sleep. Took a very short nap, a few hours, and got in very good trim to return and announce myself as newly dead. Yes, that is what I mean. Just what I mean—newly dead! I have friends here in Massachusetts who always considered me as a strange type of humanity—a sort of not-being, worshipping at no particular shrine, and having no particular God to worship. When I started for the Western country, which I did some nine years, yes, it is ten years ago, I thought I might possibly bring up in Salt Lake—well, I mean in Salt Lake City. My friends seemed determined that I should be a Mormon, whether I wanted to or not. They said I was a sort of religious outlaw, and I'd better join Brigham Young's church. Well, I wandered West, thinking I'd go out and look at the old fellow; but I ain't got there yet. I had a pretty fair offer at business in my line shortly after I went out to Oregon, and I done pretty well there. So I wasn't at all inclined to pay my respects to the old saint. I wrote to some of my friends and told them I had n't become a Mormon yet, but didn't know how soon I should. They answered my letter in something after this strain: "Why, I supposed by this time you had got to be one of the leaders of the Mormon church."

Now they will say it's only one of my wild fancies—this coming back. But they must admit that I have come back, because they will have ample means of testing the truth of what I state here, so far as my death is concerned. I was killed yesterday morning between nine and ten o'clock, by a party of Indians that were coming over the Smoky Hill route. I had nothing against them, but they seemed to have something against me,

and so they played at me with their arrows till I could n't stand it any longer, and I gave up beat. But I am here to-day as good as new, just as good as new. The body as yet remains unharmed. I am not disposed to find any particular fault, nor disposed to feel very bad over it. I always thought that the other life was a sort of well, I thought this, here, was a kind of photograph of that; that was the real, and this the unreal, and I used to tell my friends so, and they laughed at me. Well, I was right, tell them, for I am just as much a real personage now as I ever was. See here! My name, of course, is requisite. Sylvester Hunt. I was born in Wellfleet, Mass., and I graduated to the higher life, as I told you, yesterday morning, Sunday. A good day to come. Now, you see, it's not at all out of the course of nature—my coming back. I didn't profess to know much about these things, and what I did know; come sort of intuitively. I read a few Spiritualist books, but I had no definite ideas, such as you Spiritualists have, and when I came across and found how the thing was, I was possessed with such an intense desire to return just as quick as I could, before they could get the news—hear that I was dead—that I suddenly found myself asking those near how I should come back, and a party of little children led me here—little children. [That was good.] Yes, I think so, too. They said, "Come, we will show you where to go, and we will help you, too." Sure enough, they did. I followed in their wake, and they brought me up here. I had heard of the place, so you see it didn't take me entirely by surprise.

Well, stranger, I've nothing particular to say again—our copper-colored neighbors for the compliment they paid me—nothing at all to say again. They done just what I suppose I should have done if I had been in theiroccasins. In the first place they demanded my horse. Well, I didn't see how I could give that up and get along very well, so I declined. Then they demanded what I had to eat. I could do very well without that, so I gave it up. Then they demanded my ammunition. I could n't do without that very well, so I said I reckon not, can't have that. So they demanded tobacco, and that I didn't use at all, so I could n't give it. They demanded what money I had, and I shelled out. That didn't seem to satisfy them. They thought they would play at me with their arrows, just for the fun of the thing, I suppose, to see how well I'd take it. So I've no fault to find with them at all. I know very well that this government has been playing the deuce with its wards ever since it was a government, and if I was a redskin I don't know, stranger, but what I should annihilate every white man, woman and child that came within my territory. Government gives the right of squatter sovereignty to whites, but denies the same to the Indian. Where is the justice of that? I never could see it. Government will say they only do as they have to do. They will infringe upon the whites. Better be looking after what the whites is doing to them—stealing their very eye-teeth from them. Just as soon as they get 'em cut, they steal 'em. I know all about it. I've seen the thing done. Some of my western friends used to say, "You defend the cause of the infernal redskins, and by-and-by they will pay you for it." All right. They have. I am satisfied. I pocketed the compliment, and have come here, fast, to shell it out. To my friends West I want to say, "I hope you won't get any worse treatment at their hands than I got, and I hope you will only be as fortunate when you get across as I am. That's all. See to it you don't carry too many traps with you in the way of church-creeds, bundles of tracts, bibles, and all them foolish things. I talk plain, stranger. I used to when I was here, and ain't got over it yet. Ain't been out long enough. Maybe I shall improve when I have."

Now, if there's anything better on the other side than this coming back, I am ready to receive it; but I wasn't ready to receive it, not the first farthing, till I'd been here. Now if my friends in Massachusetts would like to hear from me in a nearer quarter, say so, and I'm round. If they don't want to, I don't know whether I'll be round or not. Don't forget the day, will you? Yesterday morning, between nine and ten o'clock by my old watch. The red-skins got that. Hope they will know how to wind it up. It had to be wound up about every three hours to make it run. I was thinking of going somewhere to get it fixed, but I had n't got round to it. I hope they will learn how to take care of it, because it would be a valuable acquisition to their savage life. Good-day, captain, general, or whatever you are. May 31.

Elizabeth Moore.

I have only been in the spirit-world between four and five months. Elizabeth Moore was my name. I died of consumption, in Boston. I was born in Concord, N. H. I lived there between sixteen and seventeen years. I lived in Boston about as long. I took a severe cold a year before my death, and was all that time sick. My friends had no idea that I was to die so soon, and they have still less idea that I can return. I am particularly anxious to return on account of my sister. She had a most terrible fear of death, and I am very anxious to do what I can to change that fear, to make her know that death is not what it has been represented to be, and that this spirit-life is but a part of this earth-life. We live in the shadow here, but in the hereafter, in the spirit-life, we live out of the shadow. We are not obliged, in the spirit-world, to work ten, twelve, perhaps fifteen hours, for our daily bread each day. If I had not been obliged to work as I was, I might have lived perhaps many long years here. But I have no complaint to make, not for myself; but I have for those poor souls who are dragging out miserable existences here in your attics and cellars, who are, in their misery, calling upon God and kind spirits to deliver them. When the question is asked: Why so many die so early in life?—why consumption seizes so many and hurries them to the spirit-world?—the answer can be given by those who employ nine-tenths of the persons who die thus, giving them scarce enough to hold spirit and body together. They must toil all day, and sometimes all night, for enough to pay their scanty way through this life. Is it right? No, it is not right. I have no complaints to offer for myself, for I am free; but I have for those who are still suffering under the yoke. I am glad that the women of this age are rising everywhere, and demanding their rights. Have they had them? At the hands of some noble souls they have, but at the hands of others they have not. There are more slaves than those in black skins.

There is one individual in this city to whom I have a word to offer. I worked for that person many, many months. I served him well as seamstress. When disease was upon me, and my means were exhausted, not knowing what to do, I sent to that person to borrow ten dollars, that I might sustain a little longer perhaps without starvation. The reply came back: "We do not owe you anything, and we cannot afford to

lend. If we answered your call in charity, we might have to answer many others." I said: "The time will come when I shall be able to rebuke that spirit of selfishness in love." The time has come. I do not ask that any avenging angel outside of the good angel that dwells in every human soul may come to chastise him; but I do ask that that good angel may spur him, and all others situated as he is, on to justice, so that they may not have to dwell in darkness in spirit-life; so that remorse may not be like a heavy millstone about their necks to prevent them from rising, and making everything dark and unpleasant. Oh, people had better keep their spiritual garments clean and unspotted here, if they would enjoy the life that belongs to the spirit after death. Farewell, sir. May 31.

Albert Wedger.

I was asked by one of my friends, a few nights ago—one of my friends in this world—if I was "engaged to participate in the Peace Jubilee, the coming grand humbug." I said yes; and I should endeavor to do my best there. They asked if I would not come and report here—tell what part I was going to take. I told them I would, if I could.

Well, I don't know as I can call into existence the old violin I used to have here, but I can improvise one for the occasion. I don't know—I don't expect to do much to help along that "humbug," but I'll do what I can. I don't know as I shall be leader-in-chief, but I may bring up in the rear.

Hallo! You don't know me, do you? Albert Wedger. That's my name—used to be; suppose I'll have to claim it, but it's like a fellow taking to a suit of clothes he has thrown off about sixteen or seventeen years ago. Rather out of date with me, but I have to do it every time I come back here. Some of the folks want to know why I can't materialize myself so as to give better satisfaction all round. Well, I don't know but what I could, but it's pretty hard work, and I never was fond of working very hard—always liked to take the easiest things for my share.

I hope I have n't trespassed on anybody's time coming here. You see, I was kind of anxious to answer the call of my friends before the grand rinkum. [Do you intend to be there?] Why, yes; I intend to be there. I always did take a particular fancy for pushing along any real gigantic humbug. There's a fun in it, you know. [Where shall we look for you up or down?] Well, you may look for me from below. Don't like to aspire too high, for fear I might get invited to take a seat a little lower. Then, again, you know, there might be a smash-up, and I should n't have so far to fall. [You do n't anticipate anything of the kind, do you?] Oh, no. I shan't get my head broken, not at all. I'm safe. I can't say as much for the rest of you, though, if you happen in there. But all right. I'll do my best to entertain you; and if any of you happen to get across on the line of music, why, I'll just play a funeral dirge in good shape. Now, is that generous?

Marm will say I'm worse than ever, coming back here talking this way. Well, I don't know as I've made any progress. Ought to get ahead some in eighteen years, but somehow I kinder take a liking to this world, and don't see fit to get out of it entirely. But I'm a happy customer—was when I was here. [Did you reside in Boston?] Did I? Yes; I resided in Boston—North End. Down Unity street. Yes, that's the place; will draw you down there for sixpence.

Well, I'm happy, you see; I'm right happy. Good-day. The Lord bless you; and if he don't, I'm sure I don't know how I'm going to. May 31.

Samuel Warren.

I was killed at the battle of the Wilderness. Samuel Warren, from Middleboro'. Was in my twenty-first year. I knew nothing about these things before my death, but have been trying the best I could to learn about them since I died. I've been travelling all round to the different persons or ways by which we can come; and I went to that man in New York who answers letters for us, and find I can go to him first-rate, and I'd like to have my friends send me a letter, and I will answer it in that way. If I don't give satisfaction I shall be much mistaken. I believed, I suppose, in religion, in the hereafter, in God, and heaven, and hell, but I don't see any such things any more than when I was here. And I rather think we were all mistaken on that point, very much mistaken. My old grandmother was a very liberal Universalist, and she was brought into that faith by my grandfather. I don't remember her. Some of the folks used to think that as good as she was, she never would enter the kingdom of heaven. She is one of the most beautiful spirits I've met here. She is well posted on all matters of return, and is well posted in almost anything that you ought to know to make you happy. I tell you I was glad to meet her; I was glad to know I had such a friend to welcome me to the other life. Though she said it was a very poor way to come, yet it was one of the results of human ignorance, and we must have charity for the ignorance, but it was best to dispel it by wisdom. She did n't blame me for entering the army and doing as I did, for I did the best I could. She found no fault with me. She did n't tell me that there was any hell ready to swallow me up, or an angry God ready to wreak vengeance on me; but she told me that spirit-life was a life where the soul could perfect itself in harmony much better than here in this earth-life. Tell my friends that the Bible I had was buried with me; my watch was taken by some of my comrades. I cannot tell who—and all the rest of the things I had did n't amount to much, any way. Say I am happy in spirit-life, and I wish to show them that I can return and give them some information in regard to it. Nothing would make me happier than to be able to do so, if they will only give me a chance. Fare you well, sir. May 31.

Scance conducted by William E. Channing; letters answered by H. Marion Stephens.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, June 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Simon Will, of Boston, to his friend, Mr. Farquhar; George William Oyster, of New York city, to his mother; Peter Denno, of his brother James; Emma J. Norris, of Indianapolis, died in Kansas. **Thursday, June 3.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Edward J. Nickerson, of Brewster, Mass., 88th Mass. Co., A. to his friend Elizabeth McKean, of Derry, N. H.; Mrs. Sally Endicott, of Salem, to her friend. **Tuesday, June 8.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: John Randolph of Bonanza; Johnnie Jole; William Cheney, 34th N. H. Regiment, Co. I, to his friend Sam Richardson; Menel Allen Kardec, of Paris; Mary Evangeline Jerrold, of New York. **Monday, June 14.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Isaac Robinson, of Montgomery, Ala., to his children; Eliza C. Perkins, of Canaan, N. Y., to her friends; Dennis Hogan, 5th N. Y., to his brother James; Betsey Farber, of Newmarket, N. H., to her children and grandchildren; Silliman David Gillette. **Tuesday, June 15.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Felix Zollicoffer, to his friends in the South; Aunt Jean, to David Gillette; Franklin, N. H., to Mary Adelaide Thompson, of Bangor, Me., to her sister in Boston; Thomas Leighton, of Portsmouth, N. H., to his son Thomas; James Riley. **Wednesday, June 16.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Charles Pierce; Gracie Sharrard, of Boston, to her father and mother; Willis Barnabe, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Alexander Hamilton, of New York; Co., A.; Adelaide Seaver, of New York; Dennis Stanton.

A SINGULARLY SEALED LETTER ANSWERED.

Mrs. Sarah Briggs, of Springhill, Whiteside County, Ill., informs us that she wrote a letter to her daughter in spirit-life, asking several questions, and sent it to J. V. Mansfield to be answered. To prevent the possibility of his opening it, she sealed it up in the following unusual manner, feeling sure that if answered satisfactorily the test of spirit aid would be unquestionable. In writing the questions every precaution was taken to prevent Mr. Mansfield from knowing that the spirit addressed was any relative of the sender of the letter. The questions were sealed up securely, and the envelope was then spread all over with glass cement, and put in another envelope, and a hot sad-iron was placed on it until it became as solid as a board. In this condition it was sent to Mr. Mansfield. The questions were satisfactorily answered, and the package returned in precisely the same condition it was when forwarded. It had to be broken to pieces before the contents could be examined by friends who wished to compare the questions with the answers. Not much chance here for even a quibble.

From the New Philadelphia (O.) Democrat.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION.

JOHN HOWARD, LATE SHERIFF OF TUSCARAWAS COUNTY, RETURNS TO EARTH AND TALKS TO HIS FRIENDS—THE LETTER AND ANSWER PUBLISHED BY REQUEST. **FRIEND MATHEWS.**—Without endorsing your views on Spiritualism, I furnish you the following request for publication in the Democrat. The consent of Mr. Howard's family has been obtained for the publication of the "communication" referred to. It is proper to say that the signers of the request (comprising almost every shade of religious belief), do not intend thereby to endorse or express of their conviction that where there is such wide differences in belief there ought to be toleration—and not proscription. Toleration begets good will and friendship—proscription stirs up hatred and strife. Let us have the spirit of kindness and brotherly love. And let those who are convinced that they have departed from their side, have no fear that it will be destroyed by ERROR. The truth, on whichever side it may be, will come off victorious in every encounter with falsehood. Yours for the Right, V. P. W.

NEW PHILADELPHIA, O., May 17th, 1869. **MR. C. H. MATHEWS.**—Sir: Learning that you have recently received a communication purporting to be from the spirit of JOHN HOWARD, late sheriff of Tuscarawas County, we hereby request its publication in your paper, with the consent of the family of Mr. H. We make this request in the name of our belief or disbelief in the doctrine of "modern Spiritualism," but simply because we believe in free thought, free investigation, and a free press. Hoping that you will comply with the request herein contained, we are,

Respectfully, &c. **GEORGE ANOLD, ALBERT BATES, MORRIS SHULER, SAMUEL SCHWEITZER, L. A. CORNET, O. H. HOOVER, GEORGE RIKER, THOMAS DIXON, JACOB DORNBACH, JEFFERSON DELONG, JOHN BROWNING, A. W. PATRICK, ADAM MILLER, CHARLES GENTSCH, NICHOLAS MONTAG, R. S. SHIELDS, A. T. RAEFF, G. W. RINGHAUT, DAVID JUDY, ANDREW PATRICK, JOHN BURNBY, JOEL WARNER, V. P. WILSON, CHARLES STROSE, ISAAC ANGEL, J. J. ROBINSON, J. COX JONES, W. B. THOMPSON, JOSEPH SHULL, ALVIN VINTON, AUGUSTUS BEYER, JACOB DEGRIF, JOHNSON ELLIS, ANDREW P. RISHER, E. P. BUEL, J. A. ROSENBAUGH, JOHN MURPHY, J. A. THOMPSON, GEORGE N. JOSS, W. V. RICHARDSON, JAMES MOFFITT, EDWIN BULTZLEY, E. WARDLE, SAMUEL FERRIS, JOHN SARGENT, JAMES E. GRAHAM, WM. B. WINCH, DANIEL KORS, T. J. QUINN, JOHN ENGLISH, town, S. P. JENKINS, ABRAHAM KATZ.**

We take pleasure in laying the following correspondence before our readers, at the request of so many of our friends. It is given through the mediumship of James V. Mansfield, Esq., of New York City, who is a good medium, and a reliable gentleman. The letter containing the questions was without superscription, and it was returned from the medium with the seal unbroken, and was opened for the first time in the presence of a witness and Mrs. H., who made no objection to the publication. We submit the facts, without comment, merely remarking that no doctrine put forth by spirits, whether in the body or out of the body, ought to be accepted as true, unless it comports with man's highest attribute, REASON. M.

MY DEAR JOHN HOWARD: I hope you will pardon me for addressing you so soon after leaving the body.

Will you do me the favor to answer the enclosed questions? Hoping soon to hear from you, I remain, yours for the Truth, C. H. MATHEWS. New Philadelphia, Ohio, May 9, 1869.

MY DEAR MATHEWS: Yours of Sunday is before me. Surprising as this mode of communication is, yet I embrace this, the first opportunity, to assure you I have a conscious existence beyond the mangled clay tenement that reposes in yonder cold grave.

QUES.—Have you seen our brother, D. W. Stambaugh, since your death, or have you seen any other spirit that you knew prior to leaving the body?

ANS.—My imperfect control* at this time you may be enabled to account for, from the fact of my short stay in spirit-life. For it really seems but yesterday I was riding over the county with my dear, now sorrowing, wife, who came so nigh losing her life at the time I received those injuries which cost me my life in the body. The shock my nervous system received was too much for nature, assisted by the physicians, to overcome; hence I passed on. From that time until the 10th inst. I was not conscious of the change that had taken place. But on awakening to consciousness, I looked about me, and the first one that spoke to me was Hebbard Hill, the next was John Dearth, and then our dear God-fitted Stambaugh, who took me by the hand, and welcomed me with his usual friendly salutation, saying, "Howard this is earlier than we expected you, yet we welcome you with joyful souls."

Q.—Were the doctors mistaken in regard to your injuries, and if so, what were the nature and extent of those injuries?

A.—The shock my nervous system received had more to do toward terminating my earth existence, than from that received by broken bones. I ruptured some blood vessels within, which no doubt was the final cause of death. Dr. Horace A. Ackley, once of Cleveland, Ohio, gave it as his opinion, and I think it reasonable.

Q.—Please give me such information in regard to your earthly affairs as may be of benefit to me and also of benefit to my family?

A.—You ask about my earthly affairs. As to them, I am not yet able to explain how they stand. After a while I hope to be better prepared to do so.

Q.—Will you give me some suitable test (to be taken by your skeptical friends,) in relation to the great future upon which you have now entered?

A.—It is no use now. They are too much wedded to their idols, or preconceived ideas, to listen to any new revelation, especially when they run contrary to teachings known as stereotyped theology. Then keep your colors unfurled to the breeze, that those passing by your office may read, "G. V. Mansfield, Esq., dares to proclaim his honest soul convictions; and while he claims this individual right for himself, he has charity for all such honestly differing with him." Bro. Mathews, you must not expect everybody will see through your spectacles; for it is as natural for mortals to differ in opinions of a theological nature, as it is to differ on political economy.

The time is rapidly approaching when present

* Of the medium.

