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The Lecture Room.

THE ORIGIN AND CURE OF EVIL GEOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED.

A LECTURE BY PROF. WILLIAM DENTON,
In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Nov. 28th, 1869.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

On Sunday afternoon, Nov. 28th, Prof. Denton closed his present engagement at Music Hall, Boston, by a lecture on the "Origin and Cure of Evil, Geologically Considered." A very large audience was in attendance, and the remarks of the lecturer called forth frequent applause. We give below an abstract report of this discourse:

"The origin of evil?" say some? "why, there is no such thing as evil; it has no positive existence; it is but the negative of good." But if we say there is no such thing as darkness, it is only the negative of light, we shall need lamps just as much, and our bills for gas will be quite as heavy. If we say there is no such thing as cold—it is but the negative of heat, it will be just as necessary to warm ourselves in winter, and furs will bring just as good a price. There is in the world what we have agreed to call evil, and to baptize it by another name does not alter its character.

That is an evil to the crystal which prevents its attainment of a perfect form, or mars it after it is attained; that is an evil to the plant or tree which acts upon it to retard its growth, or deprive it of strength and natural powers—such as a worm in the root or an imperfect seed to the flower, or a stroke of an axe to the tree; all those were evils to the forms suffering them. So that was in like manner an evil to man which tended in any way to injure his progress, physically, mentally, morally or spiritually; and that was an evil in man which led him to do this to himself or others. The great question comes up for consideration: whence came this evil which we find everywhere in the world—especially this moral evil which we so much mourn? In reply to this question we had a great many answers; theologians differed in their views, and could give no satisfactory account. The Yezidites, or "Devil-worshippers," of Asia Minor, said there were two potentates ruling the world between them: God, all good, and the Devil, who is all evil in his very nature. According to their theological ideas they never worshiped God; why should they? He was all perfectness and purity; it was just as natural for him to ray out happiness and good as it was for the sun to give its light to a waiting world. But the devil was a bad fellow; he was dangerous; he was the cause of all their woes; he must be appeased and made a friend at any price. The speaker thought the Orthodox way of accounting for evil was quite "of a piece" with the Yezidee idea. Somehow or other, in the mighty past, evil rose up in heaven, and Satan made war against God himself—no wonder, then, at wars on earth—and, as a result, behold a grand struggle which ended in his Satanic Majesty and his minions being hurled over the glittering battlements into that infernal pit which was "prepared for the devil and his angels!" But this aforesaid exiled archangel had been permitted by God to assemble his grisly cohorts on the surface of our globe, and all its children are now at the mercy of the archfiend, to be saved only by fleeing to the ark of "covenant grace."

Another class accounted for the evils to which we are heirs, by saying that this life is a state of probation; we had been great sinners in some past age and world, and were put here to learn how to behave ourselves better in future; and all evil was the result of our having failed and been corrupted in a previous condition of existence. Others say man has the power to do right or wrong as he pleases; and they say all the evil on earth is the result of man's unfortunate choice to do evil. Others say, no matter how the evil came here; we must get it out of the world. They believe with the farmer who chided his boy for not driving the cattle out of the field, instead of running about to see where they got in. But the speaker would here parenthetically remark that if they had known where the cattle got in it would have helped them the easier to expel them.

Whence the origin of evil—all these troubles, mental and physical, which afflict mankind? The speaker first proceeded to consider those troubles which come to us without any human agency, and pictured the farmer sitting at evening counting the gains which a fair June day promised at harvest time—the waving wheat, the lusty corn, the flowering orchard, and his heart is glad at the prospect of plenty spread before his eyes; but that night there falls from the sky a killing frost, and in the morning, when the farmer wakes, it seems to him that death has breathed on his fields, and all the hopes of autumn lie blackened in his path-way. The husbandman can do nothing but sit in despair, perhaps inwardly cursing his misfortune. But man had nothing to do with this; if a man had done it we could not find a name bad enough to apply to him. Again, there was a village, smiling and tranquil; up from its happy homes the voice of hope and thanksgiving ascended to the skies; but all at once came a rumble, a roar; an earthquake heaves; the giant mountain is cloven to its roots, and its vast, heaven-clearing pinnacle sways and topples in ruin upon all those scenes of domestic joy; the village is destroyed; young and old are crushed into an indistinguishable mass of quivering agony. Who did it? Man had nothing to do with this evil. A volcano becomes active; up from its smouldering breast ascends a black column reaching from its crater to the skies; the sun is darkened at noonday, and down comes the sifting shower of ashes, and along its blazing sides the burning lava cataract comes, sweeping all in common ruin, till cities are buried, thousands lose their lives, and the face of the country is blasted for miles around. Here is an evil for which man is not accountable.

Now, (said the speaker,) when I look for man's mental nature, it is younger. The early forms manifested no mind, and it was not till we passed through the three sub-kingdoms, radiates, mollusks and articulates, that we would begin to find traces of that which through reptiles and birds reached the lower mammals, the higher mammals, and finally man. Hence, to-day, from want of practice, this mental part of man's nature is weaker than the physical. Why is it that the moral and spiritual nature of man is still less developed? Because it is more backward in its opportunities than either of the others just mentioned. But little morality could be expected of the fish and the other forms of primitive life. Man's moral nature being the youngest

and weakest, and his physical nature the oldest and most fully developed, the animal propensities obtain the ascendancy over the reason, and hence results evil and the lack of religious sensibility.

The speaker said that what was true of man's nature was true of every part of it, and referred in high terms to phrenology, which he said was just as much a science of the mind as physiology was of the body. All the ordinary books which treated of the human mind were miserable failures compared to the poorest work on phrenology. Phrenology could not be claimed to be perfect, but it was so in its sphere, as much so as geology or any other science. The acknowledgment of the fact that when man used his brain in certain directions he did not use it all at once, but that there were departments for every faculty of the human mind, was a great step in advance; and the classification of the brain—the back part to animal propensities, the higher portion to the religious sentiments, and the front to the intellectual faculties, was to his mind a clear and comprehensive solution of the question. He claimed that man's tendency to evil morally was the result of the preponderance of this back brain over the other parts—his reason not having power therefore to control his brutal nature. The oldest faculties of man would be found, on examination of the subject, to be the most powerful. Take for example alimentiveness, which is the name assigned by phrenology to that desire for and appreciation of food, which seems implanted in every human being. It requires no instruction to make known the necessity for food—all seem to know instinctively that without it life could not exist; and so even in the lowest animal, the exercise of alimentiveness begins with life itself. The first forms of existence were little better than animalized stomachs, taking in whatever floated to them, and closing over them to enjoy their repast:

"They ate and drank and slept, and then,
They ate and drank and slept again."

And up through all the ages came this power, this attribute, losing nothing in the ascent along the scale of being, till at last reached mankind. We need not to enter into a long address to prove to our children the necessity of eating—give them the food and they would demonstrate the proposition very satisfactorily. No colleges or seminaries are necessary to teach people the art of eating. Millions of ages ago, that appetite was brought into existence; and no one could wonder at its general diffusion, who took the trouble to consider this fact.

Amativeness—the love existing between the sexes—was another ancient attribute, although not quite so old as alimentiveness. The first animals appear to have been destitute of this passion. The different species were propagated by budding. A bunch would appear as if attached to a larger form, and when sufficiently sizeable to take care of itself, it dropped off from the parent stock, and commenced its own individual existence. But after awhile the quality made itself manifest, and it continued through all the succeeding years, till to-day mankind had quite a large development of it. In the same way we might trace the origin of combativeness and destructiveness. There is no necessity to bring out these faculties; man has all of them that he needs to have, and the reason for it can be easily perceived. When we want to find a man who is a true moral man, a spiritual man, a man who sees into the soul of things as well as the external, where shall we look for him? The ages have failed to produce one—he has never lived on this planet, and the time is a long way off ere he will live. How is it that we have so many complete and well developed physical men, so many mentally advanced men, and no spiritual men?

The speaker could only account for it by taking man's origin into consideration, and tracing it to his present condition. When he wished to trace the origin of man's heart, he went back to the first mollusk in the early seas, and in a contracting and dilating muscular movement which sent the cold, colorless blood through its appropriate conduits, could be found the heart of man in the germ.

The outline of the human hand, in its first rude appearance, could be traced in the fins of the fish, then in the foot of the first reptile that ever set his feet in that sand which afterward became sandstone and bore the signet of his life, from the first fin that enabled the first fish to balance itself in the warm ocean of those times, to the artistic hand of to-day, there has been steady growth. Thus plainly could be traced the fact that man is a creature of development, and that these past ages were required to bring him to perfection.

The muscular part of man was the result of millions of years of action—so of his mental nature, but it was younger than the first. Why (said the speaker) are there so many good physical men? Because man's physical nature is the oldest. In the first monad that ever lived in the Silurian seas, can be traced man's first step in muscular existence; the fish developed it, the reptile handed it down in its turn, till reaching the lower mammals, and proceeding from thence to the higher order of mammals, man gets it after all this unfoldment in the mighty past—it has been in training through all these years, and is the result of such exercise.

Now, (said the speaker,) when I look for man's mental nature, it is younger. The early forms manifested no mind, and it was not till we passed through the three sub-kingdoms, radiates, mollusks and articulates, that we would begin to find traces of that which through reptiles and birds reached the lower mammals, the higher mammals, and finally man. Hence, to-day, from want of practice, this mental part of man's nature is weaker than the physical. Why is it that the moral and spiritual nature of man is still less developed? Because it is more backward in its opportunities than either of the others just mentioned. Only laborious practice for years could give to the student proficiency in musical composition or execution. In the early history of the world many ages passed ere sound appeared on

this planet through animal forms. The Silurian and Devonian periods were without even the chirp of a cricket or the croak of a frog. The tertiary period marked the commencement of musical notes, in the birds. Hence the faculty in man was much younger, and consequently more feeble.

The speaker referred to those organs mentioned in phrenology which bore upon the reasoning powers, and asked how many men in Boston to-day were governed by their reason in religious matters—not one in a thousand. And this in a city which was called the "hub of the universe." If so, the spoke must indeed be poorly off! The question in such matters is, what does the Bible say?—what did the Jewish Jehovah command?—or what did my father believe? And before those questions reason must "stand and deliver"—"your reason or your life"; for the man could hardly be allowed to live who exercised his reason in matters of religion. The reason is, because this faculty has had a little culture. How much could be found in the fish and their kindred shapes? Monkeys had more than any other class of animals below them. Reason has not had training necessary to give it the pre-eminence which is its due, and which it is to have by-and-by.

How about conscientiousness—that power which says, do right? Reason decides what is right, but conscientiousness says, do it. That faculty is feeble in the race to-day, I am sorry to say. How many men do right at all times, let the consequence be what it may? Very few indeed. How many, even among our public men—one editor of newspapers in the city of Boston—say always what is strictly true? And if they did, how many people would listen to their speeches, or how many patronize their papers? The very fact that these public individuals have to "knuckle down" to the ways of the world is a damning one, and tells its own story. (Applause.) Conscientiousness was essentially a human faculty, for there could none be found below man; it was weak from want of culture, and time must bring it to where it ought to be in the affairs of life.

The fact could thus be proved that those faculties in man which were geologically the oldest were the strongest to day, and those weakest, were the youngest geologically. War, the curse of every age, did not begin with man, but had its existence on this planet with the dawn of life—nearly as soon as living forms came here, there came also others to devour them; and man had not outgrown the powerful influence inherited from his primitive ancestors. The savages of to-day were men who had outgrown in a less degree than ourselves these inherited attributes—they had started out, but had not gained so great a distance as we, on the same road. The speaker referred to the lack of conscientiousness in the savages—said that their first business in life was the acquisition of scalps, and he who had the largest number was the best fellow in the eyes of the dark-skinned beauties of his tribe; that among the Fijian Islanders murder was an accomplishment at which they trained their young; that among the New Zealanders heaven was considered to be a place where they would always be fighting and always victorious; that among many of these nations prisoners were killed and eaten by their conquerors; that among the Fuegians, when pressed for food, the oldest woman of the tribe was suffocated and eaten; and when the warriors were asked why they did not kill their dogs, they replied, "Dog catch otter;" but the old woman couldn't, so she was eaten instead. We had grown out of that state during the lapse of time, and the day would come when the light which was poured on us should spread its kindly radiance over the wide, wide world!

Did any person cite intemperance as a cause outside the pale, and declare that no animal got drunk—man alone in that respect "alone in his glory"—the speaker would reply that such was not the case. Pigs, elephants and monkeys would get drunk, and if the rivers had run alcohol, instead of water, in old days, the early animals would have been drunkards also. As regarded intemperance in eating, the lecturer referred to many examples of gluttony among the primeval and present animals, to prove that they were as adept at it as the greatest human gourmand.

With reference to truth telling, David had recorded, "I said in mine haste, all men are liars"; and he might have taken time, and still had the same report to make at his leisure. It was not necessary to speak to tell an untruth, therefore those who supposed lying to be an accomplishment, invented by man, were much mistaken. If an individual were to ask the way to a certain town, he could be misdirected as well by a point of the finger as a spoken word. Animals, therefore, can lie as well as human beings, and they do on all practicable occasions. If any one approached the nest of the partridge, the mother bird would expose herself for their safety, and running along in front of the intruder, would pretend to have a broken wing; the stranger, hoping to catch her, would follow her rapidly away from her nest, till, having got at a safe distance, she would mount in the air, and, after many winding flights, return back to her young. The speaker also referred to a hare endeavoring to escape from the hounds; having found that it could run under a gate, while the dogs had to climb over; the sanguineous animal continued to double and return to the gate, till the dogs became discouraged and gave up the chase. Thus by adroitly lying did the hare preserve itself. So from the animal kingdom direct, descended the tendency to untruth manifested by the human race to-day.

This might be called up. But there was much of it in life which was not called so. The poor man might steal a dollar, but the rich aristocrats who grew corpulent in body and plethoric in purse at the expense of all the rest, were the greatest thieves of all. The speaker referred to the habit of thieving as exhibited by monkeys, and said that when a poor fellow was found who

could not keep his fingers from what belonged to another, we ought to remember the ancestors from whom he inherited this disability, and pity him for a propensity which neither he nor they could overcome.

We might thus go over every form of evil, and trace its origin in this way. The old Adam and Eve of days gone by, are now wrapped in oblivion; their fall, which was supposed to have been a terrible one, was in reality a great rise; we had been steadily advancing from the remotest ages, and should outgrow this nature of ours and come to that which essentially belongs to man. There was no need to look to Adam and Eve for this. Man is what he is to-day, and cannot be otherwise, considered geologically. But some might inquire, "Can't God do it?" Nor, he doubtless would have done it if he could. We cannot have a ripe apple till there are green ones. No doubt the worms in the fruit, as they toll and tug through the hard green substance, lament their fate, and wish God had made all apples nice and tender and ripe at once. So with human worms in this progressing orb of the earth—they must wait till it is ripe before they can expect it. The mellowing of maturity. Our business is to take this universe as we find it, and then to do our part toward amending its disadvantages. This is the work of the philanthropist.

When a man said, "What is the cure of evil?" the speaker would reply, "Development, culture; nothing else can possibly cure the evils of humanity." It was of no use to pray to God to take all the evil out of the world. We might as well blow on an apple seed and hope thereby to bring forth a tree and its ripened fruit. It is a matter of growth, first and last, and everything done to assist the race out of evil must be gradual means. The speaker here referred severely to those parents, who, finding their offspring inherited unpleasant qualities from themselves, endeavored to remove them by the process of corporal punishment, which only fastened deeper and gave more strength to the seed they sought to eradicate. For instance, combativeness and destructiveness in a boy should be met with kindness, not the rod; his moral faculties should be brought out and given the preponderance.

What a grand thought it is that the ages of the great future lie before the soul. Time to outgrow the brute, time to grow into the man. It cannot be otherwise. The mighty future shall make us all that man can conceive of in his holiest moments.

From London Human Nature for November.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUALISM:

GENTLEMEN—In a late number of *Human Nature* I am reported (in reply to your president's question—"How can you distinguish between a medium who is an impostor, and a spirit that is a liar?") to have said: "One cannot distinguish." If these are the words I uttered they ill express my thoughts; for such an answer implies the idea of some suspicion on my part of having, in the course of my investigation of Spiritualism, been made the dupe of unprincipled individuals, pretending to mediumship. If such an idea has been conveyed to your mind, I beg, in the interest of truth, that you may dismiss it. For I most emphatically declare that I have not the most distant suspicion of having, at any stage of my investigation of the new philosophy, in any country, by any medium or means, been made the victim of deception; and although it is humanly possible that I may have been so deceived, I have not the shadow of an idea that I was so deceived. Mrs. Marshall I suspected in the beginning, but after sitting with her scores of times, I found her perfectly genuine. This I say in spite of the assertions of Messrs. Addison & Co., who presume so much on the gullibility of the world as to suggest that it is possible for a woman to take up a pencil, place it between her toes, indite legible lines, written every time in a different too-writing, under a table, and without using hands or eyes; nay, more—that with a seven yard crinoline at her command, this *cunning witch* would allow Messrs. A. & Co. not only to *see* but to *catch her*! Fiel Mr. Addison—rude boy—you boast of having done that for which many a puerile adventurer has been soundly birched! It is easy to say you caught the foot, but you shall not so easily clean your hands! I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant.

London, Oct. 11, 1869.

A Noble Woman.

The *Woman's Advocate*, published in New York, says: "Mrs. Charlotte Lozier, of this city, the eminent physician and Dean of the Women's Medical College of New York, is entitled to public gratitude for upholding the dignity of the profession and administering a just rebuke to a wealthy Southerner, one Andrew Moran, who, with his victim, a relative, approached her to induce her to engage in malpractice. Although the infamous proposition was accompanied by the proffer of a large sum of money, Mrs. Lozier unhesitatingly refused to accede to the villainous request, earnestly counseling the unfortunate girl against resorting to such a criminal and dangerous remedy, and lodging complaint against the seducer which, we trust, will result in his trial and punishment to the utmost extent of the law. This act upon the part of Mrs. Lozier, although in keeping with her high character, is one of great delicacy, involving moral courage of no common order, but which, as a duty to society, will be unflinchingly performed."

The *Hebrew National* says there are 6,000,000 Jews in the world, of whom 1,300,000 are in Russia, 1,046,000 in Germany, 80,000 in France, 51,000 in Great Britain and 260,000 in America.

Railroad men are looking with astonishment at a trunk marked "11 worth, Kansas."

Free Thought.

SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

The famous "spiritualistic trial," as it was called, Lyon vs. Home, in which old Mrs. Lyon sought to recover £90,000 or \$300,000 from the medium Daniel Home, which sum she had made a gift to him, on adopting him as her son—in which attempt she succeeded, on the ground that Mr. Home was supposed to have worked upon her feelings by falsely pretending to communicate with her dead husband's spirit—has been the means of calling the attention of the Britishers to the subject of Spiritualism, with a seriousness which the matter would never have possessed as yet, in the eyes of this practical and sensuous people, had it not thus been forcibly brought before their notice in connection with the ordinary affairs of life, love and law.

And if Spiritualism does, as the Spiritualists claim, herald the advent of a new era, a new dispensation, as it were, in the religious world, this freak of a foolish, low-bred and unprincipled old woman, although so annoying to Mr. Home, would seem to hold the place of what is ordinarily called a "special providence." In the history of this fast advancing creed, Spiritualism, where before it numbered only its hundreds of half-secret adherents in the modern Babylon, now counts them openly by thousands; and whereas before it was regarded by the masses as a humbug, and its professors as charlatans, it is now attracting the serious attention of all classes of the community throughout the United Kingdom. I say all classes, for its supporters have as yet been numbered only amongst the *elite* of society, the upper ten of the West End and of the Provinces; the *oi polisi*, always the most ignorant, and therefore the most bigoted, have hitherto scouted it. It was a mob of the most barbarous portion of the savages of Lancashire, who maltreated the infatuated Brothers Davenport at Liverpool and Hull, but now even the great unwashed, and the great unlearned, whose home in the British Empire is Legion, are beginning to inquire into this matter; whilst their betters, who have hitherto kept their convictions in the background, are now declaring before all men the faith that is in them.

Nothing has been so characteristic of this progression of late years, as the open confessions of Messrs. Varley, Wallace and De Morgan, to their conviction of the truth that the physical phenomena of Spiritualism are such as can be satisfactorily accounted for on no other hypothesis than that of the immediate agency of the spirits of the departed. Sir David Brewster, at a seance at Cox's Hotel, in Jermyn street, London, at which Mr. Home presided, on seeing the table lifted some feet above the ground, palpably without the agency of any person present, exclaimed excitedly, "This is wonderful; this upsets the philosophy of a life time." He afterwards thought fit to retract this expression, and in writing an account of the phenomena, stated disingenuously that "the table seemed to be lifted up," but hinted that it must have been done by means of some trickery or mechanism employed by Mr. Home. Some gentlemen who were interested in the matter, wrote to Lord Brougham, who had also been of the party, and had expressed himself on the occasion much as Sir David had done, to confirm their account of the facts, and of Sir David's expression at the time; Lord Brougham, with more simplicity than candor, answered "that he did not wish his name to be mixed up in the discussion." With regard to the late pretended exposure of Spiritualism by Messrs. Toole and Sothon, no one who knows the characters of these gentlemen will attach the least importance to anything they may say on the subject; they have over and over again been convicted of practicing the most disgraceful and unprincipled practical jokes on women and aged persons, some of which they have carried so far as to endanger the lives of their unfortunate victims.

Lord Adare, a most intelligent and amiable nobleman, universally beloved and respected by all who know him, has, in conjunction with the Earl of Dunraven, just published a remarkable book, in which he thus publicly bears witness to the truth of some of the most remarkable phenomena which have manifested themselves at séances under the direction of Mr. D. D. Home, and in this he also prints the attestations of many well known and much respected names of members of the English Aristocracy, in confirmation of his own fidelity of narration. He here brings evidence which would about any other matter be considered amply conclusive; he adduces witnesses—whose testimony would convict any accused man of a capital crime and hang him—to the truth of Mr. Home's having been really elongated and shortened more than two feet; of his having often subjected his body to the influence of fire without being burned or harmed, and of his having floated in the air, as well as of many others equally remarkable, and, in the language of a passing age, miraculous occurrences which have taken place before their eyes and senses, in connection with this most remarkable medium, Mr. Home, over and over again. I, who write—moi que je parle—an personally acquainted both with Mr. Home and with many of his intimate friends, and I am quite sure that if a man is to be judged from the company he keeps, Mr. Home should take rank very high up indeed among the upper ten; whilst those who most steadfastly believe in him are none of them people who would willingly lend their names to or countenance a fraud or a deception, even in the shape of an innocent practical joke.

As to Mr. Home himself, I first made his acquaintance about four years ago. I called upon him at his rooms in a small, dirty street, leading out of Oxford street. I found him occupying the first floor of a very shabby house. He impressed me as being a highly nervous, weak-willed, sickly, but certainly an honest and straightforward young man. He had then lately lost his wife, who belonged to a noble Russian family, and was engaged in a law-suit seeking to recover some of her property, which, according to Russian custom, had, on her death, reverted to her relatives. He had then no ostensible means of living; his health was very bad; he was highly consumptive, and frequently spat blood; and he spoke feelingly of his position, and of the prospects of his only child, a boy, of whom he seemed very fond. I believe he was in receipt of an annuity freely given to him by one of his noble friends, but this was of a very small amount. I asked him why, as he was in great request as a medium, he did not charge a fee? He said he thought that this would be a prostitution of the power lent him for a better object, and that he would never use it for mercenary purposes; in fact, he hinted that he had been warned not to do so. He was then rehearsing at St. James Theatre, with the view of going on the stage; in fact, his first appearance had been placarded all over London. I visited him several times at rehearsal; I found him to get more and more nervous as the time of his appearance drew near,

and, at length, much to his chagrin, he broke down altogether. His disappointment was terrible, for thus every (to him) legitimate mode of making a livelihood and of educating his child, seemed to be closed up. Just at this time he fell in with Mrs. Lyon, a vulgar old lady—the illegitimate daughter of a low-bred north country man—who, although possessed of an enormous fortune, for which she had no use, as she had no direct heirs or near relatives, yet lived in lodgings in two miserable rooms in a second rate part of London. The old lady was ignorant, superstitious, and infatuated. She had been dabbling in Spiritualism for low and silly purposes, and she got, as she believed, messages from her husband advising her to adopt Home as her son, or, at all events, approving of such a course should she take it. She was fully old enough to be Home's mother. She adopted him, and made him (unconscious) a free gift, at the time, of £20,000. The acceptance of this sum was Home's great mistake. Whatever the nature of those messages from Mr. Lyon, or whatever the mode of their communication, he ought never to have condescended to form such a connection with such a person, for whom it was impossible for a refined man to feel any respect or affection, filial or other. But Home was "hard up"; he was anxious about his son's education; he thought every other mode of gaining a livelihood shut upon him with his failure on the stage, and he yielded. It was not, perhaps, a fault that any of us could throw very big rocks at him for. I think if any old lady would offer to adopt some of us, we should consent to call her mamma for £20,000 down, and twice as much in reversion, without much pressing; at all events, I'd feel it a great temptation myself. Home yielded, and he was deservedly punished, and bitterly he had to repent of his weakness and folly. The old lady soon grew dissatisfied with the coolness of his filial demonstrations of affection, and Home, I think, had to tell her more than once that he could not bring himself to be as demonstrative as he wished. At length they had a quarrel, and the old lady sought to recall her gift and to withdraw her adoption. Home held, but had not touched the money. The case went against Home entirely, on account of the foregone presumption of the court: that Spiritualism is a humbug from beginning to end; that all its believers are dupes, and all its professors, cheats and charlatans; consequently, that the £20,000 was not a free gift. It is very probable that if this same trial took place to-day, in the present position of the public mind with regard to Spiritualism, after the evidence adduced in its favor by the open confessions of such adherents as Varley, the electrician, Wallace, the naturalist, and De Morgan, the mathematician, and after the publication of such respectable testimony as that contained in Lord Adare's book, the decision of the court, would be greatly modified.

Mr. Varley is the first electrician in Europe, and is consulting electrician to the Atlantic and some of the other great lines of the world. Mr. Wallace is one of the first naturalists; he spent years on the Amazon and in the Celebes, collecting, and was probably the primary originator of the now celebrated Darwinian theory of the "Origin of Species"; while the name of Augustus De Morgan is known all over the world as that of the chief of modern mathematicians and logicians. His preface to his wife's book, "From Matter to Spirit," is one of the cleverest, deepest, and most logical demonstrations of the fact of spiritual agency in the production of these modern phenomena, that has ever been traced by human pen. He is a personal friend of my own, of long standing, and I know both him and his wife to be careful investigators, thorough analysts, and utterly incapable of anything approaching to exaggeration or prevarication of any kind.

During the course of the said Lyon vs. Home trial, many of Mr. Home's friends made affidavits in his favor and in support of the fact of his genuine mediumship, whose evidence, had it been given on any other matter but Spiritualism, would have carried everything before it. Mr. Home gave his testimony with the greatest possible clearness, decision and straightforwardness, although nervously, as his temperament obliged. Mrs. Lyon, whenever she was put upon the stand, fumed, prevaricated, and contradicted herself so shockingly, that the judge, who was frequently obliged to call her to order, characterized her testimony as disgracefully unreliable, and in his charge severely reprimanded her in powerful language, for her untruthfulness and ill temper. Yet so biased was he against Spiritualism, so impossible did he find it to believe that a medium could be anything but a rogue and a swindler, that he spite of all that was convincing in Home's favor, and all that was damnable of Mrs. Lyon, he charged strongly for the plaintiff, and she recurred—her gift without cause; and not only that, but Mr. Home, after repaying her the money with interest up to date, had to get an order of court to recover, with great difficulty, jewelry of his own—chiefly valuable diamond rings, the gifts of the Russian, French and Italian royal families—which this woman still held, and which were valued at some thousands of pounds. When I first knew Home, although very poor, he declined either to sell or pawn these useless trinkets, because they were gifts.

I was in India when I read the account of this singular trial, and knowing as much about the subject, and the parties to it, as most people, I was so astonished and indignant at the result that my astonishment and indignation found a vent in the following—I was going to say impromptu—which has never been hitherto read by any besides an intimate friend or two. Thinking that it might possibly amuse and enlighten some who are but imperfectly acquainted with the facts of this—hereafter to be historically celebrated—trial, I have sent it to our good friend of the *Banner of Light*, in the hope that he may see fit to give it circulation in the columns of his widely read and liberal journal, that I may thus do what little lies at my door to support a cause I believe to be a true and a progressive one, and to clear the fair fame of a friend whom I honestly believe to be a true, an honest, if a weak and an unfortunate man.

It is singular that it does not strike those Orthodox and excellent persons, who, like the just judge mentioned above, cannot bring themselves to believe in the possibility of what they deem "modern miracles," on any amount of perfectly reliable and trustworthy living testimony. How inconsistent is their conduct in believing implicitly—as I am sure they do—in the facts of ancient miracles of identically the same kind, and sometimes the same even in details. Yet, can they tell me why I should believe the evidence on this matter, of Daniel or Luke, whom "I have not seen," and still *per fas et nefas* persist in rejecting the testimony of men whom I have known for years, and whose veracity every acquaintance regards as unimpeachable, with regard to precisely the same class of events.

It has always appeared to me that this poor old lady in the Orkneys—of historical fame—evinced far more acuteness and common sense than such

hypocrites, who, when she was told by an earnest and enterprising missionary of the facts of the Saviour's suffering and death, asked, "And where, sir, pray, might all this have taken place?" "Oh, in a country very far away," replied the padre; "a place called Judea." "Ah," said the old girl; "very far away, you say, sir. And when, pray?" "Well, a long, long time—eighteen hundred years ago." "Eighteen hundred years! a weel, a weel, that is a long time, sure enough," said she; then, reflecting, added, "Weel, sir, 't is a dreadful story—poor young man 't is indeed; but 't was very far off, ye say, and a long, long time ago, so let 's hope 't is n't a true."

The worthy minister is reported to have left her in despair at the skeptical and illogical spirit she displayed; but I am sure the missionaries of Spiritualism have far more reason to despair of the illogical bigotry and want of common sense displayed by some very excellent and intelligent Christians on the subject of the infractions which are taking place, to-day, under their very noses.

The glaring unfairness, on the other hand, with which the scientific big wigs in England have always treated this subject, and, in connection with it, my friend, Mr. Home, is now a matter of history. I have mentioned above the ingenuous behaviour of Sir David Brewster and Lord Brougham, both of whom have by this time learned their mistake. Professor Faraday, during his lifetime, was repeatedly solicited by Mr. Home and his friends to attend a séance and examine for himself. He refused to do so or to be a party to any investigation of the sort, unless those gentlemen would dispense with darkness and furnish him with a programme of the performances, persisting not only in taking it for granted that Mr. Home was a rogue and a trickster, but also in thus rudely intimating to his friends that he thought so; and up to his death he persisted in this course, in spite of the representations of these gentlemen that the phenomena being altogether beyond their control or volition, they could not foresee or produce them, whilst, as far as they knew, they were produced through the medium of a fluid or force, called odyle, to which, under certain circumstances, a bright light seemed to be incidental.

Professor Tyndall, after Faraday's death, when the same proposition was made to him as to his illustrious forerunner, repeated both the illogical folly and the uncalled-for insult of his predecessor in almost identical terms.

AT HOME WITH THE LYONS.
When Daniel of old shut the mouths of the lions, And sat *tete-a-tête* with those brutes in their den, The puzzled professor of Chaldean science Demurred to a séance with Daniel then.

They wanted a programme, no doubt, or rehearsal, And glibbed at those lions, all holding their jaws; Till Darius got riled and gave them the reversal, The benefit, that is, of Medean laws.

They to judgment had brought this young Daniel in triumph, And, of feelings doveld, to their felins consigned. But when he stayed untasted Darius said, "Why, humph! Walk in, if ye please, gods, my lions alit dined." But as soon as they'd entered—these magi and mediums—To see these live lions on straw-litter fed, The unfledged brutes started from *ennui*'s dull sedums, And their bones on the paddly straw literally spread.

"Well out of that, Dan!" shouted, watching his greedy ones, The jovial director of this Sunday "Zoo."

You are welcome, my prophet, to preach us *te deums*, Since they've got small profit by peaching on you."

So, when Shadrach and Meshach and Bednego ventured To suggest slight improvements in Babylon's creed, Old Orthodox Nobs these heretics consigned.

As "Athests," "Infidels," "bad scamps" indeed.

Then he hoisted his *gryon* to have them well toasted,

A Spanish prescription, approved in such case;

But the bakers who set down this high-bred batch roasted,

Whilst the loaves loafed quite couly, unris, through the place.

Not did they get crusty with all this fierce baking,

But walked with good spirits, unsinged, midst the glow Of that white-heated furnace. The jailors stood quaking

To see their loos'd prisoners fortissimo go.

Not one hair of their beard frizzled up with calor,

Not a white turban scorched, not a toro the worse;

Yet the strong cords that bound them were nowhere; this—

—cholerie

King looked for their cinders, but found the reverse.

And Nebuchadnezzar was much disconcerted

To see such an end to his *auto da fé*;

When he deemed them done brown, admiration he blurted Out, finding himself done much browner than they.

So he ordered them out of those very warm quarters,

And started to find them not smelling of smoke.

Though *au fait*, like most tyrants, at all sorts of slaughters.

Yet he found baking Hebrews a mighty poor joke.

In disgust left cathedral and statecraft and palace

To ram in the mudds, autocritical as!

Formed a *pactum* for thlton, dropped murder and malice,

Forsook *almis*, and took like a donkey to grasse;

Till his hair like fowl's feathers stood up on his caput,

And rose from his poll like a cockatoos' crest;

His nails eagles' talons rasomblé; in habit

This talented king went extremely undressed.

And he dreamed of Abednego horrible nightmares,

Who to bed could go costly, sheathed with flame,

As he lay with his steeds in their clover, and light ears

Sat on the Houyhnhn this Yahoo to sham.

In the pride of his glory Belshazzar carousing

Pledged his generals and bishops in bumpers of wine,

No alarm for his state apprehension arousing.

Not one doubt of the Church he'd received as divine;

Till young Daniel, the medium, came in to his séance,

That Daniel who erst with those lions abode,

And the king had to put the next song in aheyance,

Yet, when spirits came rappin', he cried, "You blowed."

Till a spirit hand came forth, and wrote without passing,

With style free and flowing, with pencil of fire,

"Mene, mene, tekel, and lastly, upharsin"—

The sarang beheld, some suggested, "hell who;"

Some "mechanical dogges," "false bottoms," "trick lanterns,"

"Politechnical gohlin, and Pepper thorowith,"

And turnling to Daniel attempted to banter him.

Asserting "that spirits were only a myth."

Mene mene had meaning, he found, in his trouble,

And know spirit writing not always a sell,

For Darius the Medean, came down at the double,

And his spirit crede rose as his high spirits fell.

So our Magi, Chaldeans, and bulwarks of science,

Laugh the spirits to scorn from their lecture rooms' dais,

And girding at Daniel's at Home with the Lyons,

Had been awfully glad to have stod in his place;

Provided the Lyons were quiet as mousies,

Nor held them in chancyre with unfeeling wife,

Now seans object to devour widows' houses,

Though many might chafe perhaps at such a long trial.

But Daniel was patient, and bore with defiance

The feline mendacity Madama displayed,

Whilst a

GOD HELP THE POOR.
BY VIOLET.

Yes, God and all good angels help and pity them, for the rich will do neither!

What care they—reclining upon luxurious sofas, with soft, rich carpets beneath their feet, and warm fires in the grates—that others are compelled to live in old dilapidated hovels which they would think unsuitable stables for their well-groomed horses, through the crevices of which the cold winds creep—plereing the shivering frame as it hovers over a handful of dying embers? Perhaps they own those very hovels, and a part of the luxuries they now enjoy were wrung from the heart's blood of those poor tenants.

What cares the rich grocer, as he lays on the scales a half pound weight to counterbalance the tiny parcel which a poor widow has strained every nerve to procure?

He will not add another half pound to the scant pittance, but greedily clutches the last scrip the poor woman's purse contains.

What cares the aristocratic lady, clothed in velvet and sables, for the poor work-woman she has just met—with no protection from the freezing blast but a thin, well-worn shawl wrapped about her shoulders? She does not feel the cold, and as she passes her poverty-stricken sister, draws her furs more closely and takes one step aside, as if fearing contamination by a contact with so much poverty and wretchedness.

Oh, ye whom fortune has so abundantly blessed, how can ye lay your heads upon your downy pillows and sleep in peace, with so many suffering poor about you? How can you expect the smiles and approbation of those loving, pitying angels who are hovering around you, trying to impress your callous hearts with the divine love and sympathy of that Christ whose followers so many of you profess to be.

Christians! Christianity! Oh, base libel upon the lowly Nazarene! Why do not those ministers who preach so much about him follow his example by visiting the poor, and ministering to their temporal and spiritual wants? Doubtless they expect to go straight from their velvet-lined pulpits and frescoed walls to those "golden streets and pearly gates"—the only heaven that would suit their luxurious tastes, and take the bedecked and beweaved "christians" that they preach to, (appropriate apparel for such a heaven,) along with them. The souls of the poor are not worth saving—not their bodies either; in their poverty-stricken garb, they are not permitted to enter "God's house," so they crouch under its porticos in heaven's free sun, to keep from freezing, while the "gospel" is being peddled out to diamonds, and ermines, and brocade, at so many thousand dollars a year.

A "free," "a glorious" gospel, truly! Oh, Consistency! where art thou? Surely not in modern Christianity. If "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," methinks such hypocrisy and selfishness must make legions of angels weep.

When, oh, when will man learn to practice the blessed golden rule—given by that good old Grecian moralist and philosopher, Thales, and repeated 600 years afterwards by Christ, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," one of the divine purposes for which we were placed here? When the glorious gospel of Love shall permeate every heart, and selfishness, and bigotry, and hypocrisy be among the things that were, then, and not till then, will man "love his neighbor as himself," and give abundantly of the good things wherewith he was blessed. Heaven speed that glorious millennial day.

Worcester, Mass.

FUNERAL DISCOURSES.

"Who shall roll us away the stone?"

One of the most appropriate occasions to which the spiritual philosophy of immortality is applicable, is the gathering of mourning friends and neighbors to commit the tomb the body of some mortal who has passed to the higher life. If the consolations of our religion are over demanded, it is when friends are forced to give up the form that is seen, and turn their affections upon the unseen—the spiritual. It is then that the heart yearns for some evidence that death destroys nothing but the external form—some philosophical explanation of the relations of mind to matter—and of the mortal to the immortal life. Then, if ever, the minds of those who are ignorant of the subject, (the masses are so in every community,) and who misapprehend the great truths of Spiritualism, are open to conviction, and will listen to ideas which might never gain their attention under other circumstances. How important, then, that some one who is capable of explaining the subject clearly, should conduct funeral services.

These thoughts have been suggested by hearing funeral addresses given by the adherents of the old school theology, among those who claim to be liberal, but who, in reality, are generally conservative and far behind the times, and labor to keep the people in the same condition. Their discourses present no arguments or reference to the overwhelming proofs of immortality given by Christ's tangible presence with his disciples after his crucifixion, and the appearance of other deceased men as spirits, as well as the statements of Paul concerning the resurrection, the spirit-body, &c. They sometimes venture to enumerate incidents of a mental nature to show the probabilities of a future life, but present no philosophy or demonstrative evidence of the reality. They speak of the deceased as living, but cannot tell how it happens, or explain the nature of that life. To them it is a mystery—something supernatural, and not to be understood or apprehended. It is very evident that, whoever else may, the sectarian preachers cannot or will not roll away the darkness which hides the glorious future from the understanding of the poor heart-stricken mourner.

The clergy have a creed to defend and a church to serve, rather than to enunciate truths opposed to both. They are not so ignorant of the facts as their silence would indicate. Many of our leading clergymen have received excellent tests, and witnessed the most wonderful physical phenomena claiming to be of spiritual origin, and have confessed their astonishment and satisfaction that there was no collusion or deception. They have thus evidence of an unseen power and intelligence corresponding to that recorded in the Bible, and purporting to come by the same "spiritual gifts" enumerated by Paul, and they know that all revelation from the spiritual world in every age has come by means of "spiritual gifts." Yet when they are called upon to give assurance that death is not an eternal sleep, but a birth to a higher life, they are dumb and silent. Not a word to say about the evidence all around us that the dead live; that the spirit-world is all about us; that the ties of love and affection are not buried in the grave, but survive death, and inevitably attract the loved ones back to their friends on earth.

They are what the old prophet calls "dumb

dogs which will not bark." They prefer to dilate upon the darkness and mystery of death, and make the funeral an occasion to proselyte by presenting their peculiar religious ideas. It is evidently the design of the clergy, as a class, to ignore all reference to such evidence as plainly supports the spiritual philosophy, rather than hazard the damaging effects to their creeds of a plain avowal of the obvious truth upon the subject. In many localities it is very difficult to obtain any but sectarian ministers to attend funerals, and in all such cases it would be far better for the cause of truth, and less aggravating to the feelings, if Spiritualists, and all liberal minded persons, would refuse to employ such clergymen, even though they dispense with all formal ceremonies, or conduct them to their own taste. It is high time for Spiritualists everywhere to assert their independence (upon such occasions) of the dogmatic clergy, who are infidels to the great truths of Spiritualism, and determined to use their position to keep the people in ignorance of spiritual truths which cannot be made to subserve their sectarian interests.

G. ADAMS.
Franklin, Mass., Nov., 1869.

ITEMS OF PROGRESS.

BY J. H. POWELL.

Stopping a few days at the house of Captain and Mrs. Crocker, we have had opportunities of watching the dial of progress in this city of "saints" and "sinners." Your readers are already aware of the move the Spiritualists are making in this place, in erecting a temple to the cause of progress, at the cost of some forty thousand dollars. This is, I can assure you, Mr. Editor, an achievement which reflects credit on the few earnest souls who have combined capital and energy to secure a "meeting house" for others as well as saints.

Christmas, 1869, will be a memorable one for the Richmond Spiritualists. Prof. Wm. Denton is to dedicate the new hall, which will accommodate one thousand persons. The friends are all looking forward to the occasion with eagerness. To my surprise and pleasure, I met Dr. Dumont C. Dako, the healer, whom I met at Rochester, N. Y., in 1868. The Doctor is at the Tremont House, where he has been treating the sick on Spiritualist principles with more success than any other doctor who has visited this city. Business so pressed upon our healer, that he was obliged to telegraph for his father, C. M. Dako, M. D., of Rochester, formerly of Pittsburg. He has thus associated with him one of the most experienced physicians, diplomatised from both schools, who was Orthodox in medicine and Orthodox in religion, until his son came under the influence of spirit power. His eyes were thus opened by the results of spiritual healing, and he is backing his son with money and experience. I have enjoyed much a conversation with Dr. Dako, Sen. He is a power for our cause, and is writing a treatise on "Healing," which promises to be a work of great erudition and invaluable to students. The Doctor has been here two months, and his office is thronged daily. Not only Spiritualists, but clergymen, and persons of all professions, rich and poor, come under his healing touch. Among his patients are the Catholic priest, the Methodist and Baptist clergymen. This looks like progress. The big bonus is going down, not the patient's throat, but to "Tophet," wherever that may be, and spiritual remedies rising like the morning sun.

I always hail the worker in the ranks of progress, and am more than pleased when he can succeed as Dr. Dako has done, to a marvel. I speak from knowledge, having met some of the Doctor's patients, who tell their own story, "Whereas I was blind, now I see." I met an old lady, Phoebe Sofield—old, do I say? She is only 102 years of age, tall, straight, memory good, possessed of virtues innumerable, and a spiritual medium within, but, perhaps, she does not know it. A curious fact this same Mrs. Sofield, I never met one who could own such an earth term. Why do we all die off at forty or fifty years? What is the charm that holds this centenarian widow in the flesh? She does not know how to administer the life elixir to us. Would many of us like to be so old and dependent? Yet it is a great joy to her niece to see to the declining days of grandmother.

This novelty of the nineteenth century, Grandmother Sofield, God bless her, (I shook hands with her, and she told me that she remembered the first Fulton Steamship being launched,) was, a little while back, almost blind. Age is full of infirmities at best. But now comes the miracle. Dr. Dako heard of her, and gave her only one treatment. She walked to the door and declared she could see; and her sight continues as improved. The good old creature, God blesses Dr. Dako.

I need not here enumerate the many cases of cure made under spirit power by the Doctor. It is sufficient to say that the Richmond Spiritualists are pleased, and do not hesitate to express their pleasure at the good he is doing for our divine cause. The more healing mediums the better. I always believed and looked for others when the marvelous accounts were published in the *Banner of Light* and others' cures.

Well may the old school physician, like the Orthodox priest, shout "humbug." It is the crisis with them. Their case is dangerous. They may fight it out on this line all summer, and winter, too, but the spirits are sure to conquer, never fear.

The sick of body and soul alike need remedies. Surely, *Praecelsus* should not reign forever in the pharmacopœia. Poison and charlatany done up in Latin have almost had their day.

Richmond, Ind., Nov. 24th, 1869.

Toads Embedded in Rock.

EDITORS *BANNER OF LIGHT*—If you think these few lines worthy of a place in your valuable paper, you will please publish them.

While spending a few weeks in the city of Carbondale, Penn., the present fall, a very singular circumstance came under our observation. While one of the contractors was engaged in grading on the Jefferson railroad, that runs from Carbondale City to Zanesboro, on the N. Y. & E. R., there was a large boulder of rock weighing several tons that lay in his way, entirely above ground, and to remove it, it was necessary to put in a blast. For this purpose he set one of his men to drilling, and after working his drill down several inches, it dropped some four or five inches, so that they were obliged to get a lever purchase before they could get it out. They then put in the usual amount of powder, and the rock came apart, one dropped a toad. They then drilled several small holes, and with wedges split the rocks into blocks for the abutments of a bridge, and some fifteen or twenty toads were found alive, in separate cavities in the boulder, with no crevice or seam to admit a particle of air. The toads gave two or three jumps and died. We did not see the toads, but saw one of the blocks, with a number of the cells, varying in size from a goose egg to a cocoanut shell. One of the blocks was preserved by Engineer Blair. It can be seen at any time at his house, in Carbondale, Pennsylvania.

J. R. DURFEE.
Owego, N. Y., Nov. 29th, 1869.

INDIANA.

Missionary Labor in Indiana—Extraordinary proof of Spirit Presence.

Editor's BANNER OF LIGHT.—I am out on the wide ocean of reform with my sails all unfurled to the breeze, and battling successfully with the opposing obstacles. I left home on the 6th inst., for the purpose of attending a series of appointments in the interior and western portion of the State. Arrived at Crawfordsville on that evening about half an hour before the time appointed for the meeting; found some good friends waiting for me at the depot, who conducted me, via my lodgings, to the Court House, where I found an interesting and interested audience in readiness to hear me. My subject was "the many important, moral, religious, scientific and spiritual discoveries of the age, and the many rich practical blessings they hold in store for mankind, which they will be permitted to enjoy just so soon as the prejudices of the religious community subside, which always prevent for a time the acceptance of new discoveries." The historical facts my discourse elicited made a strong impression upon the audience.

On the next evening I presented the comparative claims of the Old Dispensation and the New—that is, the principles of the Christian religion as compared with those of the Mormon or Spiritual Brotherhood, with respect to their practical effect in the way of reforming the world and ridding it of its crimes and sufferings. The third evening was occupied in reviewing the Christian's plan of salvation, and contrasting it with the teachings of the New Dispensation with respect to our future destiny. The character and size of my audiences in this place impressed me with the conviction that Crawfordsville is "not far from the kingdom," as the mayor of the city and a number of professional characters, I was told, attended all my lectures and contributed to the funds. The mayor sought me several times with a smile and a warm greeting of his hand, which I think augurs well for our cause in Crawfordsville, considering that such offices are at the mercy of the public. While I witnessed the most conclusive demonstration of spirit presence that was ever vouchsafed me before in the whole history of my earthly pilgrimage. I enjoyed the highest gratification in witnessing a display and demonstration of the Mummer phase of Spiritualism—the impression of spirit pictures on photograph plates. The artist in whose gallery the pictures are produced (Alfred Willis) is, I believe, still a communicant in the Campbellite Church, and says he was much annoyed when this phenomenon first made its appearance on his plates, which was but a few months ago. At first the pictures were very indistinct, but are now quite plain. But few who sit obtain pictures—which held me to suppose that it is only those who possess mediomatic qualities that are successful in this way. As I obtained two, the inference is that I must possess mediomatic qualities. The last I recognize partially as being a deceased sister. Dr. Whitehill, of Attica, showed me several he obtained, which he says were recognized readily by many friends as being accurate likenesses of deceased children.

Leaving Crawfordsville, I journeyed toward Stone Bluff, for the purpose of attending the monthly meeting of the Fountain County Society of Progressive Friends, which was continued by adjournments for three days, to furnish me an opportunity of addressing them, there being no other speaker present but myself except Dr. Whitehill, who left at the close of the first meeting. The friends expressed themselves highly pleased with my labors there, and tried to obtain my promise to return. In fact, everywhere I go my meetings are well attended and my labors highly appreciated. I made several new friends, both at Crawfordsville and Stone Bluff, who will ever have a warm place in the recesses of my memory, among whom is Fisher Doherty, of the former place, and Jacob Rountree, of the latter, Secretary of the Fountain County Society. Both are lights set on a bushel, and if any wish to learn anything more about the character and success of labors in those places I recommend them to write to those gentlemen.

Daily experience fastens the conviction on my mind that I am much more successful than I have been at any former period since I entered or attempted to enter this field of labor, attributable principally to the subsidence of the disease which has heretofore on some occasions crippled my efforts at public speaking. I am now assured that this obstacle will never intercept my pathway again. And I earnestly solicit the friends of our cause everywhere to post me with respect to the condition of things in their respective neighborhoods, and the obstacles to be encountered (if any there be) in the way of holding meetings. If they do not, I shall consider myself more at liberty to leave the State, in compliance with promises of a more remunerative compensation. But I prefer to labor for the redemption of my own State.

K. GRAYES.
Buena Vista, Hamilton Co., Indiana, Nov. 20th, 1869.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Letters from Washington.

EDITORS *BANNER OF LIGHT*—The Supernatural in the History of the Church, was the subject for discourse in the Congregational Church—Dr. Boynton—to-day. He made excellent hits, going to show that the subject of Spiritualism is agitating thinking minds, although hid under strata after strata of theological formalities, bigotry and pharisaical self-righteousness. Let us say: Call Spiritualists what you please—gentlemen, devils, "snake-worshippers," or anything else, that you only search after truth earnestly and honestly.

The reverend doctor said flatly that the condition of the church of to-day was "that of the Jewish Church before the coming of Christ in dogmas and formalities from which life had fled in the absence of spirit-vitality." This statement he made in a previous discourse, "The Jews lived one thousand years and prospered by spirit-legislation. The Lord was their king and ruler, and as soon as they demanded an earthly king their glory and happiness, as a nation, departed." Jesus walked on the sea to prove that spirit-power had control over material matter" (a strong assertion, I think, in favor of "table-tipping," &c.). "This is an era of development of spirit-power in the church" (the Spiritualism of the day foreshadowing a spiritualized humanity).

He closed his interesting lecture with a warning of the "coming of the Lord." Convulsions of Nature, in form of earthquakes in the past twelve months, furnished material for brimstone, and for twenty minutes fallen humanity were favored with views of coming calamities which would have delighted "Woe Cummings."

E. J. S.
Washington, D. C., Nov. 28, 1869.

The cause of Spiritualism is advancing in Washington, notwithstanding the combined opposition of all the churches. Our congregations are large and respectable, and our lectures and conferences interesting. Dr. Boynton, late chaplain of the House of Representatives, has been preaching a series of discourses on Spiritualism, in one of which, after stating that "It is folly to deny the spiritual character of many of the manifestations," he said he believed if God should permit undoubted spirit-manifestations in any church in the city the rest of the churches would rise in hostility.

KENTUCKY.

Having noticed in your issue of the 13th inst., that our highly inspired and efficient co-worker, J. H. Powell, mentions having met myself and wife, in Cincinnati, on which occasion he spoke of having witnessed an exhibition of my medium gifts, and heard me speak of the extraordinary character of Mrs. G.'s development; and having read in your issue of the 20th inst., an extract from a correspondent from Louisville, in which an earnest desire for the presence of honest mediums here is expressed, I desire to say that, having moved recently from Aurora, Ind., to Louisville until spring, an opportunity will thus be afforded those desirous of calling and satisfying themselves of the truth of spirit communion

My wife, Mrs. Lizzie St. Clair Green, sees and describes spirits with great facility, and marked accuracy, and delineates—or rather, spirits delineate through her—the peculiarities of their sickness, health, &c., and often panoramic visions of events in life are presented to her, of the most striking and convincing character. Residence on High street, between 17th and 18th streets. Persons desiring to visit us may inquire at 284 High street, and they will be directed.

EDWARD H. GREEN,
Louisville, Ky., Nov. 21st, 1869.

OREGON.

From a letter written by Mrs. Rosina Dupee of Portland, we gather the following items:

The Oregon Central Railroad is completed for three miles; laborers are working night and day, at four dollars per day wages, rain or shine. The locomotive James B. Stephens, named after a liberal Oregon donor, has arrived, and will soon be on the track. Much excitement prevails, and real estate in East Portland is rising at fearful prices. The first rail was laid on this road, Oct. 24th, at East Portland. It was then declared by Senator Williams, that in three years Oregon would be connected by railroad with California and the Pacific Railroad. The prophecy is likely to be fulfilled, as work is being pushed on both ends of the route. It is a matter of great rejoicing here.

Indeed, it seems as if every one enjoyed everything this winter, from railroad matters to church, theatricals, opera, and spiritual lectures. Mrs. B. Todd is lecturing here, and gives much satisfaction as a speaker. She has full houses at most every meeting.

By-the-way, please tell me who the author of "Dawn" is, for I think it one of the best books I ever read. How earnestly it holds the reader's attention. It explains our harmonial philosophy, carrying the conviction to the mind, that if we but live in accordance to Nature and her "divine laws," there would be many more such beautiful characters as "Dawn."

I visited Milwaukee, Oregon, a short time since. It is a town of some three hundred inhabitants, and has a thriving Lodge of Good Templars. I met several Spiritualists in this town, among whom are Mr. and Mrs. Seth Snelling, both earnest advocates of our beautiful philosophy. They are sowing the seed for a future harvest. Mrs. S. is developing very fast as a healing medium. Even now, she rarely fails to cure any who seek her assistance. Mrs. Miller is also a healing medium, by "the laying on of hands."

TENNESSEE.

A correspondent writes: Here I am, among the dry shrubs of cold, bigoted Orthodoxy. The people are really starving for spiritual food, and do not seem to know how to get it. They attend preaching, but are indifferent, cold and selfish; yet I dare not teach them or tell them of the glory and beauty of the Summer-Land, and of the glad tidings and joy of communion with the loved ones who are gone before, and have returned to us of the joy of their homes beyond the veil. If I did, persecution and starvation for my family would be the result. On account of this I am now suffering. The ice, however, must be broken by some one who can be independent of the community. Oh! how I wish some good apostle of Spiritualism would come and break the ice of materialism or materialistic Orthodoxy, and let the people hear the glad tidings. May the *Banner of Light* ever wave its beautiful wings over the world, because, through its angels drop the tidings of peace and good will to man.

MICHIGAN.

Elijah Woodworth has arranged for a lecturing tour, with spirit dances, in connection with H. Ray Taylor, of Lenawee Co., Mich., a test clairvoyant and describer of spirits. They will visit, through December, Branch Co., Mich.; in January, Steuben Co., Ind.; in February and March, Lenawee Co., Mich., and Fulton Co., Ohio. Addresses, during December, Coldwater, Mich.; in January, Steuben Co., Ind.; in February, Fulton Co., Ohio; in March, Steuben Co., Ind.; in April, Monroe Co., Mich.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY,
13 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn, W.C.,
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KEEP FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND
OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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every Monday Morning preceding date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1869.

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LUTHER COLBY, LEWIS B. RICH, 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 must be addressed.

American Religion.

What is American religion? Wherein is it different from any other? We might make answer, that the American Constitution provides, very wisely, for all possible religions, and thus makes our Government perfectly tolerant. The established religion in the United States is such as men, acting within the law in all respects, choose to make it. Liberty, to be of any value or to have any political meaning, must necessarily leave men to worship their Creator in any manner they may think proper. Hence it is not surprising that there are numerous religious organizations holding different and sometimes conflicting views. So long as men's minds are untrammeled by compulsory law on the subject of religion, there will be various creeds, various forms and ceremonies, and different churches. All these, whether one hundred or one thousand in number, aggregated, present the sum of American religion.

Altars may not be raised to the "unknown God," yet each altar speaks the thought of each separate denominations, in harmony with the knowledge and the belief of each denomination.

The idea of a national creed, however natural it may appear, historically, in connection with the ignorant masses of ancient nations, is obviously an absurdity among a people as intelligent as ours. And if a national creed is absurd, so would be, if it were possible, a national religion. A national religion involves a national creed of some sort, and the attempt to establish one creed for all would of necessity destroy our boasted liberty and reduce American freemen to servitude. Hence, logically and inevitably, American religion can be nothing short of absolute freedom on the subject of belief.

Independently of this view of the question, we will find ourselves constrained to admit, not merely that religious belief cannot be made compulsory, but that even an individual has not the slightest control over his belief, and he in no degree responsible for his belief, whatever it may be—responsible, we mean, in the eye of Omnipotence. Nevertheless, men are responsible to God; but how? and to what extent? They, as individuals, can only be responsible, morally, in the eye of Omnipotence, for the exercise of such faculties and such knowledge as they possess. We cannot assume that God will hold a man responsible for the exercise of a faculty he does not possess; and on precisely the same principle an individual will not be held responsible for the exercise of knowledge he does not possess. And if each and every individual is only accountable for the exercise of his faculties, and to the extent of his knowledge, (no matter how acquired,) the idea that all men are alike guilty, in a moral world, whether they have personally sinned or not, is preposterous; and therefore the necessity of a vicarious atonement for the sins in general of a world of human beings, cannot be proved by fair reasoning.

In a free country, governed by a Constitution, which is only a name for necessary limitation of power in the hands of those who for the time being govern, it will not do to delegate to any man, or set of men, the authority to constrain the religious belief of any member of society. All that a free Government can do in that direction is to guarantee equal protection to all of its citizens in the enjoyment of whatever religion each may have been born in, or may have adopted.

Mankind by this time should have learned that the particular religious belief has very little to do with the moral acts of individuals as they daily occur between man and man. Christianity, in the aggregate, or in any of its numerous divisions or sectarian denominations, has not changed in the slightest particular the natural faculties or attributes of the human family, nor will it ever. It is civilization and humanitarian teaching and example, which soften the asperities of the human heart. This takes place in connection with the Christian as it does with other religions. The Christian, as well as other religions, must, in the long run, conform to the advance or retardation of this movement of civilization and humanitarianism.

Religious societies, since they never have changed the nature of the human race, we may logically assume were not designed by the Almighty for any such purpose. They, as part of the system of human government, tend to restrain men from evil, and to encourage them to good, and thus to give a higher moral tone to the human character. To this extent, and no more, they may be regarded as operative upon our human nature; they regulate its manifestations in the conduct of the individual.

Religious societies are as much a necessity as government—they seem to aggregate and unite men in systematic efforts to fulfill their duty to God and to their fellowmen; in fact, the whole duty of religion itself, in the very nature of the case, can only be to encourage or to constrain each man to do his neighbor as he would that his neighbor should do to him. There can be no other and no higher object in any religion, or in any law.

Taking the Bible as giving a true history of ancient religion, over a certain portion—though a very limited one, comparatively—of the earth, what do we learn? Does it show that those who are claimed to have been under the special guidance and hourly supervision of the God of the Hebrews were better than others? By no means. They are presented to us, from beginning to end, as ignorant people, entirely incapable of rising to the dignity of independent manhood. The history of the children of Israel, in and out of the wilderness, if it were possible to have been literally true, (which it is not,) is the history of a people who did not change or improve in the smallest degree for several hundred years, although they had Moses and the prophets to teach them.

God reveals himself to mankind in a variety of ways, and being invisible, men can see him only

in his works. Just in proportion, therefore, to our knowledge of God's works, he becomes less and less an unknown God; and we, as created beings, subject to his control, become more and more accountable to him, all of the responsibility and accountability always being proportioned accurately to the extent and kind of knowledge vouchsafed to each individual.

We hear a good deal and we read still more about faith. Does it mean faith or trust in the unknown? The only way that man can have faith in that which he does not know, is by having faith in some one that he does know, from whom he derives the thought.

In the nature of belief it cannot be possible that an individual has any option respecting what he believes—he cannot believe or disbelieve any matter merely because he may desire it to be true or otherwise; and if he does not believe a thing to be true, he cannot have faith in it, faith being, at least, to that extent, the synonym of belief. Hence, among an intelligent, thinking people, there will necessarily be a variety of religious creeds or beliefs, because of the variety which God has implanted in the minds of different men—partly for this very reason; and hence the utter folly of attempting to establish among such a people a homogeneous religion, or any one single prescribed mode of regarding Providence.

The wisdom of our forefathers was remarkable; and in nothing is it more clearly visible than in that clause of our constitution which separated once and forever religion from the State, whereby they planted the germ of American religion, which is, perfect freedom of thought in connection with religion, and which has now become a flourishing tree, supporting, instead of being supported by the State.

Why Seek Money?

Some do it with a purpose they cannot define. There appears to be a sort of insanity about it. One does it because another does. The millionaire goes ahead in his crushing, relentless, merciless style, because he knows no other excitement. There is a mysterious fascination about money making. It seems such a fine thing to be rich, and yet few rich men realize their power. If any thing, they employ it less than if they had much less money. Their original character appears to shrink in force and energy just in proportion to the extent of the pecuniary strength with which they buttress it. And then, our people are almost, if not quite, as eager in spending their money, as in making it. That is a matter which puzzles beyond account all foreign observers. "They see," says the New York *Sun*, "the same men who in their business are sharp, close-harngers, and indefatigable in searching out and following every new source of profit, equally execrative in their prodigality of their hard-won earnings. They wonder why it is that they do not try and save money with the same zeal that they labor to get it. The amounts lavished in fine houses and furniture and horses, and costly entertainments, would, if saved and laid aside, wonderfully increase the accumulated store of those who indulge in these luxuries; but that is not what they want. They want to do the very thing they are doing—spend their money; and they seek it for that purpose, and for no other. This, again, is not an altogether praiseworthy trait of character, but it is not by any means as bad as that for which our people usually get credit." And the same paper goes on to hope that one of these days, this energy of Americans in getting and spending money, will be more sobered and tempered than it is by sound principles. The ambition of our tawdry and Astors to wield vast masses of property, and the love of luxury displayed by lesser millionaires, will diminish; while the impulses manifested on occasions like that of the death of Gen. Rawlins and the Avondale calamity, will increase. People will learn that money is valuable not for the power or the sensual pleasure it brings, but as a means of doing good, of relieving want and suffering, and of promoting the welfare of society in general.

Cruelty to Children.

We may surround our children with all that gives their little minds security and a sense of happiness, but we are in the worst sense cruel to them, consciously or unconsciously, by telling tales of burglary, robbery, violence and murder in their hearing—by retailing hard scandal in their sensitive presence—and, above all, by putting in their hands a whole library of Juvenile books, containing hymns, ballads, tales, and sketches of most horrible and unnatural woes, set off with pictures that aggravate the evil immensely, and harrowing up their young natures with horrors not to be described on the pages that produce them. A writer in a recent number of the *Radical* overhauls this crime—for that is what it is—of poisoning, shocking, terrifying and distorting tender natures, by agencies no doubt intended kindly, yet the most wicked and cruel in their effects of any that could be devised. Among such agencies are many of Mrs. Sherwood's tales, Dr. Watts's "Divine Songs," the "Original Poems" of Jane and Ann Taylor, "Little Red Riding Hood," and a number more of like tendency. They frighten young childhood out of its wits, and give a sudden turn to tender feelings that can never be corrected. They teach children to fear animals, to dread the dark, to believe in hell, and expect the companionship of devils. Even so plain and simple a duty as charity is taught in the most forbidding manner, as by tattered beggars on the one side, and haughty persons of wealth on the other. If a reform is needed anywhere, it is just here, on this threshold of life from which the human soul consciously looks forth on existence. It is time that believers in the good and the true impressed youth with the beauty of both, rather than continued to frighten them out of faith in anything.

Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge was greeted by a large audience, notwithstanding the rain, Sunday afternoon, Dec. 5th, being her first appearance here since her return from Europe. Her friends were pleased to see her looking so well, strong and vigorous. Her rich-toned voice was heard in every part of the spacious hall, as she sent forth grand inspirational utterances in a style of eloquence rarely surpassed. In the introductory remarks she said she proposed to speak in the course of these lectures of four problems which the soul forever puts to itself, and the theme of the lectures might properly be called "The Soul and its Questionings." The subjects might be classed thus: "What am I?" "Who am I?" "Whose am I?" and "Whither am I bound?" She then proceeded with force and earnestness to elucidate the first named topic, greatly to the satisfaction of the audience. We shall print the report of the address in our next issue.

Next Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Hardinge will deliver her third lecture. No one should fail to hear her.

Prof. Denton has been secured for the first Sunday in January.

More Knots to Untie.

While Carbuncle is professing to clear up by jugglery what astute minds than his have for many years been utterly unable to explain after any such trivial method, more problems are handled in by the invisibles for the solution of such as think themselves wise above mortals in general. The Eddy Brothers are no sooner despatched, as supposed, by some acknowledged charlatan, than another comes up which puts the problem in a still different shape. We shall say no more here than to give the accompanying account of the manifestations of Master Hough, in New York, as given by a correspondent from that city to the *Harford Times*, and transferred from that paper to the *New York Herald*. It proceeds:

"The writer of this has for the last two weeks had an opportunity to investigate the singular and wonderful manifestations of invisible force in the presence of Master DeWitt C. Hough, of this city. We have not time to enter into a full description of what we have seen. But the time has come for a more candid and thorough investigation of these singular phenomena. The person who investigates candidly and carefully will find something in these manifestations not to be disposed of by the cry of 'humbug.'

We have left Hough in almost every conceivable manner, and have seen him tied by others with cords and strips of cotton cloth, and invariably the knots in the cloth have been secured through and through with the thread, in a manner to preclude the possibility of untying or slipping. The ends of the strips of cloth have been sewed in the most thorough manner to his coat sleeve and his coat, from the collar down, at least eight inches, and sewed together in a manner which ought to satisfy the most skeptical. Notwithstanding all this, iron rings are found on his arms, and above the tying and sewing. A small ring which a moment before is known by every one present to have been on the table, and certainly after the tying is found on his wrist and under the end of the tie which is sewed to his coat sleeve, and with all this explanation of tying and sewing his coat is entirely removed from his body without a stitch or tie being affected in the least. After a thorough examination of the coat by the persons present it was put back upon his person in the same mysterious manner, with no evidence of untying or breaking of stitches. We have tied him with a cord over twenty feet long, in a manner that would preclude the possibility of his getting his hands together, and the final knots were tied where it was utterly impossible for him to reach them, and notwithstanding all this, he would be untied in less time than it takes to describe the process of tying. Musical instruments are carried about the room with a velocity quite surprising. It is not in the power of the most scientific trickster to carry things about a dark room in such a manner without hitting some one."

The operating force ties the hands of Master Hough in various ways, and always with a tangle of "witch knots," completely bewildering in their complications. A sewing machine has been run in a room in which all objects were perfectly visible, Master Hough being three feet distant from it and positively no other visible person near it. Again we say, let this subject have a candid investigation. The parties concerned, cordially invite it. The subject is one not to be summarily disposed of by the stale cry of "humbug." The writer does not say that the operating force is by the spirits of men and women once living on the earth; and being unable to satisfy himself that it is not of spiritual origin, after a close and protracted investigation, he cannot accept the assertion of those who never did investigate that the devil does it. He appeals to those who are aware to investigate to do so, in order that God's truth may be known."

Co-operative Labor.

The practical method of securing a fair share of the fruits of its exertions to labor, is getting to be expressed in the phrase—Industrial Partnership. It avoids the confusion of many heads in managing a business or a trade, by leaving management and direction where it now is, but giving to labor the privilege, or right, to take, over and above its regular wages, a share of the profits. In this way all the energies of the laborers are enlisted on the side of the employer, because their interests become identical. We find one of the most striking illustrations of this new plan in the following account of the arrangement made between the proprietors and the workmen in the famous carriage establishment of the Brewsters, of New York. Their plan consists in establishing an "industrial partnership" with all their employees, first paying them the highest wages and then dividing among them, in addition, a certain percentage of the annual profits, giving to each man in proportion to his yearly earnings. This scheme will go into operation on the first of January, and a committee of the hands, in conference with the members of the firm, are engaged in maturing all the details of the plan; which Brewster & Co. are thoroughly assured must have the happiest results, not only in a pecuniary way, but in promoting harmony between labor and capital, and in creating an *esprit de corps* in the factory and throughout the trade, which must tend eventually to elevate the whole guild of carriage builders, and to attract to it the best mechanical talent in the country. About two-thirds of Brewster & Co.'s workmen are foreigners, and so many of them are Germans that lager beer is tolerated in the factory for a quarter of an hour twice daily. All stronger liquors, however, are strictly tabooed, and drunkenness is a deadly sin, procuring the offender instant dismissal. Brewster & Co. select their older boys and apprentices with the utmost care, taking from the public schools bright lads who have not been spoiled by cramming for the "Free Academy," and then encouraging them in every way to excel in their chosen vocations. There is a spirit of enlightenment and genuine philanthropy about this arrangement which deserves the approbation of all who are sincerely interested in seeing labor coming into possession of its own, and in the most immediate and practical manner.

Wit by the Thimbleful.

The *Round Table* has fallen into a namby-pamby way, and, unhappily, is not at all conscious of it. It objects to the Dialectical Society of London, and to the manifestations of Mr. Home; but it objects above all to the *Banner of Light's* use of the plural "mediums," when it probably thinks—though it dare not say so—we ought to say "media." On the same rule, it no doubt says, when speaking of several omnibuses, *omnibus*, and of course gets laughed at, as it deserves. This hypercritical twaddle which some persons try to pass off as wit. A whole column and more of that enterprising journal is devoted to the manifestations through Mr. Home, and to that particular one which consists in an elongation of his body. This the *Round Table* makes merry over until its little vocabulary is exhausted. It is doubtless the only way in which it thinks it worth while to meet and investigate phenomena, and the *Round Table* is probably contented to settle back on its pillow and declare that it has succeeded in squaring the circle.

No Franking.

The Postmaster General recommends that the Franking privilege be entirely abolished, and thus the ends of the Department be made to meet. There is now a deficiency of nearly five and a half millions, and if the Franking privilege, with its consequent abuses, can be done away with, there is no doubt that a long step will have been taken to make the income and outgo of the Department balance one another.

Oweena.

An inspirational poem, (given under the influence of a highly developed Indian maiden,) by Miss Lizzie Doten, in Chelsea, Dec. 5th, 1869, at the close of her lecture on "The Land of the Hereafter."

Reported for the *Banner of Light*.

Once, when Death, the mighty hunter,
Bent his bow and sent an arrow
Through the shadows of the forest,
Harming not the bear or Panther,
In the bosom of Oweena,
Fairest of the Indian maidens,
Was the fatal arrow hidden.

On the lodge of Massa-wam-sett,
Fell a deep and dreadful shadow,
He, the wise and warlike Sachem,
Mourned in silence for Oweena,
But the mother, Nah-me-o-ka,
Like a tall pine in the tempest,
Tossed her arms in wildest anguish,
Pouring her lamentation:

"Nean wo-ma-su! Nean wo-ma-su!"
Oh, my darling! My Oweena!
Mat-ta-neen won-ka-mat na-men,
I shall never see thee more!

"Ho-ho-mo-ko, evil Spirit,
Hiding darkly in the forest,
Making shadow in the sunshine,
You have stolen her away."

"She was like the flowers in spring-time,
She was like the singing waters,
She was like the summer sunshine,
Nean wo-ma-su! She is dead!"

"Hear me! Hear me, oh Great Spirit!
I will bring thee Bear and Bison,
I will bring thee Beads and Wampum,
Wilt thou give her back to me?"

"Nean wo-ma-su! Nean wo-ma-su!
Oh, my darling! My Oweena!
Mat-ta-neen won-ka-mat na-men,
I shall never see thee more!"

Ceaseless was her plaintive wailing,
Even when the fair Oweena
Slept beneath the Pine trees' shadow,
In the green and silent forest,
Where the birds sing in the branches,
Where the roses of the summer,
And the vines with slender fingers,
Clasped their loving hands above her.

From the lodge of Massa-wam-sett,
While the brave old chieftain slumbered,
In the silence of the midnight,
To the grave stole Nah-me-o-ka,
Pouring forth her lamentations:

"Nean wo-ma-su! Nean wo-ma-su!
Mat-ta-neen won-ka-mat na-men,
I shall never see thee more!"

Once, the tempest, on its war-path,
Painted all the sky with blackness,
Sped the arrows of the lightning,
And the war whoop of the thunder,
Made the mighty forest tremble,
But it moved not Nah-me-o-ka,
Only moaning, "Nean wo-ma-su!
I shall never see thee more!"

All the forest leaves were weeping,
And the black wings of the darkness
Brooding over Nah-me-o-ka,
Filled her with a chilling shudder;
And the thunder seemed to mutter
With a cruel exultation—

"You shall never see her more."
But thereafter came a whisper—

"I am with you, oh my mother!
For I cannot turn my footstep
To the land of the Great Spirit,
While I hear your mournful wailing,
Calling, calling me again."

"In the hunting grounds beyond me,
There is sunshine, peace and plenty,
But I wander sad and lonely,
In a land of death and darkness,
Listening only to your cry."

"Let me go to the Great Spirit,
To the lodge of peace and plenty,
To the land of summer sunshine,
That with life and strength and gladness,
I may meet you yet again."

Then the soft hand of Oweena
Gently lifted Nah-me-o-ka,
Who with wondering eyes beheld her,
Like a light amid the darkness,
And Oweena safely led her
Through the tempest and the midnight,
To the lodge of Massa-wam-sett,
Kissed her tenderly—and vanished.

From that time did Nah-me-o-ka
Dry her tears, and cease her moaning,
For she said, "I will not keep her
From the land of summer sunshine,
From the home

Blessing Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER or Letter we claim was spoken by the Spirit whose game 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, but that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere 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 her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—so more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY 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.

Mr. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P.M. She gives her private sitting.

Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room are solicited.

Invocation.

Oh thou Almighty Spirit, thou ever-present

God of our souls; thou who hast been with us in all past eternity; thou who art still with us, and

who will never forsake us; thou who doth change

our ignorance to wisdom, our weakness to strength,

our injustice to justice; thou who doth shape us

into an image of thyself, and finally will make us

one with thee; thou spirit of love and wisdom,

and Justice and truth, once again through mortal

lips we follow thee in prayer and praise, and laying

aside all that which would mar the sacredness

of our mission, we would seek on Lord, to worship

thee; and if we fail in thought or speech, oh,

guide us into the better way, and lead us by strong

hands and loving hearts out of the darkness of

error into the light of truth. Thou art kind unto us,

and hath ever been; thou dost love us, as we

know, for everywhere thou art bestowing rare

gifts upon us; everywhere thou art shedding the

dews of thy love upon us, quickening our

souls to action, and strengthening us now with

thy life. Thou art very wise, and knowest all

things—all that hath been, all that is, all that

ever can be. Thou doth fill all space, doth occupy

all time and all eternity. We cannot measure

thee; we cannot analyze thee; we cannot confine

thee. Thou art infinite, thou art measureless;

thou art the great all-spirit of Nature and of mind,

and we stretch out the arms of our soul toward

thee, seeking to come nearer to thee; seeking to

know more of thee; seeking to understand thy

holy scriptures of being aright. Father, dear,

sacred presence, we are here to praise thee; we

are here to pray, to ask thee for those things which

we need; and by we, we mean all the family hu-

man. We would leave out no soul, but we cover

them all in the arms of our love, because they

hast so taught us. Thou hast said, "Even as ye

love these, so do ye love me;" therefore, our Fa-

ther, we would cover them all—the great and the

small, the rich and the poor, the hood and the

free, the ignorant and the wise, the saint and the

slimer—and we bear their prayers, oh Lord, to

thee, each one differing from all the rest. We ask

thee to hear them, to answer them, to send holy

spirits who shall guide them away from their

error and give them truth and light, and teach

them to praise thee in spirit and in truth. Every

soul worships thee in its own way, and according

to its own understanding. Thou knowest thou hast

made us all to differ, therefore we cannot see thee

alike. Some see thee as Brahma, some as Jeho-

vah, some as a God of justice and love and in-

finiteness, while others behold thee as a God of

vengeance, ready ready to smite thy children. Oh

our Father, may our mission be to bring forth

that love which is of thee, which is in every hu-

man soul, and may we never tire nor cease to la-

bor till all shall see thee. Oh Lord, our God, we

know that thine is the kingdom, and the power,

and the glory, this day, and all other days. Amen.

Oct. 26.

Eliza Ashley.

How strange and mysterious is life. When I first came to be separated from my body, and was a living spirit, apart from mortality, I questioned one who had been in the spirit-life years before me, to know if he had ever been fully to understand life. His answer was, "Solve all those problems, child, that come to you, asking to be solved, and let all the rest go." Those which do not appeal to you for their unfolding you can never understand; but those which do, you can. When you are ready to solve them, they will come to you to be solved. So trouble yourself no more about the mysteries of life; take care of each as they come to you, and let all the rest alone." I had sought, during my earthly life, to know too much concerning the whys and wherefores of things; I was not contented to do what I could and do it well, but I made myself constantly unhappy because I could not know what God was, positively and perfectly. And my last words here in this life were, "Oh, may I go where I can know what life is?" I lived in England then, and for months I have been in an imperfect way endeavoring to return—endeavoring, as best I could, to shed some light upon my friends who are still here, and need light. They have heard of this great spiritual flood that has come from their inner life and threatens to overwhelm their outer life, so far as religion is concerned. They have called upon their friends in spirit, and finally I was called for. They are very anxious in seeking, but they do not desire that the outward world should know that they seek, till they are sure that this is a philosophy—a science—a something which is destined to be proved by the great laws of this life. They have promised—and with sacred vows—that when that time comes, and they are satisfied, that they will come out and let the world know of their faith; but if they are never satisfied of the truth of this philosophy they may forever remain silent, saying nothing against it, and nothing for it. Twenty-two nights ago the coming night, I was with them. I endeavored to counsel them, and they called upon me to give some test of my presence and identity. I said, "What shall I give?" They answered, after demurring somewhat, "Go to America and manifest there at the place in Boston, where spirits are said to come and manifest publicly; and we would ask this favor of you; that you will use no names—at least none of our names—you know our reasons; but give us your own in full, and make reference to this night. If you can do this, it will lead us far on our road of discovery; it will almost if not entirely convince us." Now I do not expect that they will be entirely convinced, because the human mind is so constituted that it requires a great deal. This much I feel it proper to say: there were seven in number (four gentlemen and three ladies,) some of them of high rank. On that occasion I endeavored to portray to them some of the realities of my present life; I endeavored to show them what a spiritual condition they would enter upon at death, provided they were to come then. If they did not materially or spiritually change, the same would wait for them after death. I endeavored at that time to encourage them to humility; and whatever pride of nature or of station they might claim, they should always wear the mantle of humility, and never ignore any living soul because it occurs a state a little lower than themselves. I gave no promise that I would come here, but I said, "I will try, and you are to look for my coming in a reasonable time; I will report from time to time if I can, and if I can give you hope of my being able to come there I will." I have on one occasion given hope, but nothing positive. Now all I have to give, in conclusion, is my name, which is Eliza Ashley.

Elisha Evans.

Before death, I believed in no life after that

one. It is quite obvious that I have changed my opinion, because I live, and I have died. I had

no more faith in a life after death than I have

that this table will be changed. In the twinkling

of an eye to a diamond. I was sure that there

was no other life, so imagine what my surprise

was when I came to know what an egregious

mistake I had made. I heard so much that was

set forth by church people, and so many foolish

things concerning the other life, that I quite early

in youth made up my mind that there was no fu-

ture state of existence. My father told me, when

I was a small boy, in answer to my question,

"What becomes of us when we die?"—he says,

"If we are good, we go to heaven; if we are bad,

we go to hell." "Well, father, where is heaven?"

"Oh, I can't tell; it's somewhere above the sky."

"Well, where's hell?" "Well, I don't know."

"It's somewhere under the earth." "Who's ever

been there?" He couldn't tell. "Who's ever

been to heaven?" "Well, I hope a good many

folks have—don't know, of course."

"Well, what is heaven like?" He couldn't tell.

It was a place where God resides—where the angels

live; and hell is where the devils lives. It's a

lake of fire and brimstone that burns eternally.

Well, I had a soul too old to believe any such

nonsense—boy as I was. So I told father I didn't

believe it. It's a lie—every word of it; and I

got a sound thrashing the next morning for it,

too. But that thrashing only served to fix me in it; it lashed it so deep into my spirit that there

was no getting it out. I never heard of any

reasonable kind of heaven or hell, so of course I

never heard of any kind of heaven or hell.

Q.—Where is the spirit-world?

A.—Here, right here. You and I, and all of us are in the spirit-world. Since your spirit could not exist outside of the spirit-world, and since that spirit is with you, you are that spirit, you must of necessity be in the spirit-world here. There is no getting away from it. The change called death is but a chemical change that affects the body. It does not necessarily change the locality of the spirit. It does not rob it of anything save the body. It leaves it right here in the spirit-world. When it is away—the shell—it sees the spirit of all those objects of which you see the material. It can go away, then, to the further star, because it is not encumbered with the flesh. It is a spirit, and therefore it is superior to all crude matter; it can float through what you call space, and by the exercise of its will, which is potent after death, it can go wheresoever it will. There are no fees charged for traveling in our life.

Q.—When were we created?

A.—We never were created; since we have always existed, there can have been no time when we could say, in the absolute, that we were created. I know there is a Biblical record stating that the race commenced an existence upon this earth, a little more than six thousand years; but I know it is false. Science proves it false; when she holds the scales in her hand the measurement is inexorable.

Q.—What particular good would it do a person to become a medium? Is there not danger that one would thereby neglect the commandment to work on six days?

A.—Under some circumstances I should answer in the affirmative; under some other circumstances I should not. Since we have no voice in the manner of our physical make-up, nor in the stern forces of Nature that are controlling us, which are the agents of the Infinite Mind—God—since, I say, we have no voice in these things, we cannot determine whether we shall be made mediums in the physical or not. It is not for us to say.

Look here, I sit down to a table with a man and say, "I play you for so much. Of course if I win you lose." It is fairly understood with him, open and aboveboard. We play. If I win of course I take his money; if he wins he takes mine. But how is it with these political gamblers and these pastor! gamblers? Oh, I know 'em well! How is it with them? Why, they will blindfold you, and fleece you before you know it. Yes, they will. And how is it with your gold gambling? Why, you have to take but one glance to find out. Government sanctions it because it's as deep in the mud as they are in the mire. That's where they stand. Government that would states prison a counterfeiter would do what is far worse. I consider my business here honest compared with theirs. It is like this: a man throws you a pile of goods. You can have this for so much. Well, it's a trade; an exchange is trade. Well, I say you can have this pile of money if you exercise so much brains and, therefore, are the winner. Where's the difference? So very little that I can't see it.

Now I have a brother who is a little inclined to my father's views. He has sent me to hell; I am there sure, according to his view. But where is he? Why, in trade, engaged in a gold speculation, a gambling scheme deeper than I ever dreamed of? Who is going to send him to hell? I shan't taunt my business to. But I rather think he will set the tables turned and the pile on the other side when he comes where I am. Some one asked him a short time ago if he believed in this Spiritualism. "Oh, no! oh, no! and it's a wonder the Government don't take hold and overthrow it!" I'd like to see the Government able to do it. There happens to be a Government beyond this miserable, puny, half-reptilian, half-monarchical Government, and it's more powerful, and a more just Government; don't stoop to gamble in gold stocks, by means.

The friend, the joker that asked him if he believed in Spiritualism, went further and said: "I didn't know but what you did, because with your religion I should n't think you could do just as you are doing. But the Spiritualists—they make no such profession as you do, consequently there ain't so much expected of 'em." Oh, no, he wasn't a Spiritualist! nothing of the kind! Well, I happened to be by and heard that.

Now I'd just like to ask him if he remembers the time when he sent out to San Francisco to loan him five thousand dollars. He was greatly in trouble, and wanted help. I immediately remitted a check for the money, and sent him a letter, telling him to be careful. It might burn his hands because it was a gambler's money! That was my occupation; I got it by gambling; however, he was welcome to use it. He borrowed it, mind you, but the sequel is, he never paid it. He a Christian! I a gambler! I always paid my debts—owed owing no man, not even a gambler.

Now I do not want to criticize his shortcomings, but since he has sent me to hell, I want him to see where he stands; want him to take a fair look in the glass of life and see what it will reflect for him. He often advised me to take a look in that direction, and I did. I saw as best I could what it reflected for me. I want him to do the same thing. There he is buying and selling widows' and orphans' tears, coining them into gold, speculating upon them, keeping genteel gambling shop, writing damnation upon his soul every day. That's what I mean. I don't mean eternal damnation, because the records of this higher life say he's no such thing, and I believe in them; but if he's no don't get some kind of damnation when he gets his eyes open to where he stands, then I shall be very much mistaken, and shall acknowledge the mistake.

Elisha Evans, sir. I went from New Orleans; been gone two years and half. Good-day. [Will he see your letter?] Yet; he has got plenty to employ in his face; would like nothing better to employ their time for half an hour.

Prayer and questions answered by William E. Channing; letters answered by L. Judd Pardee.

Miscellaneous.

THE GERRISH CABINET ORGANS.

These instruments are strictly first-class in every detail of construction, and are now offered at very low prices, so much a quality of work can be afforded. The following testimonials are simply sufficient to indicate their excellence:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 13, 1869.

W. H. GRUNNIN,
My Dear Sir: At the request of Rev. Mr. McKay, I have examined the instrument which he obtained of you, and I take pleasure in testifying to its excellent qualities. It is well made, substantial, and of good appearance. Its needs are simple and pure, and quite free from both the humbug and the affectation of the "spiritualist" in the use of the organs. The voting is excellent, and the general effect is musical. I can safely commend it to all who desire a good instrument.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.
BOSTON, July 6, 1868.

W. H. GRUNNIN, Esq.:
Dear Sir: We cordially and conscientiously express our unanimous opinion of the superior excellence of the Cabinet Organs you manufacture. We have had frequent opportunities for examining their merits, and pronounce them unsurpassed by any European or American instruments of the class, ever seen. The scientific principle upon which they are constructed is the sound, for the moral and physical character of the workmanship, together with your artistic voting, are a sure guarantee of a successful business, which your enterprise and ability justly merit, and which we heartily desire for you.

E. & G. G. HOOK.
Very respectfully yours,

John King; Henry Soulé, of Havana, Cuba, to his brother Joseph, in New York; Annie Stelle, of Georgetown, D. C., to her parents; Samuel Harper, of New York; Benjamin Martin, of Boston; William Cartwright, to his friend in Cambridgeport, Mass.; Elizabeth Perkins, of Buffalo, N. Y., to her friends.

Tuesday, Nov. 20.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

Wednesday, Nov. 21.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

Thursday, Nov. 22.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

Friday, Nov. 23.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

Saturday, Nov. 24.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

Sunday, Nov. 25.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

Monday, Nov. 26.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

Tuesday, Nov. 27.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

Wednesday, Nov. 28.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

Thursday, Nov. 29.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

Friday, Nov. 30.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

Saturday, Nov. 31.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

Sunday, Dec. 1.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

Monday, Dec. 2.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

Tuesday, Dec. 3.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

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Sunday, Dec. 15.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

Monday, Dec. 16.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

Tuesday, Dec. 17.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

Wednesday, Dec. 18.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

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Monday, Apr. 13.—Invocation; Questions and Answers;

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Banner of Light.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY WARREN CHASE
No. 45 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

REMINISCENCES.

Turning back the pages of our own history, and looking over the record in the *Journal*, of the Constitutional Convention of Wisconsin, held in 1846, we find in our early political experiences, that, although elected as a Democrat, we voted every time for equal suffrage to black and white, and against the article with restrictions, and yet we could not then have entertained for a moment the wild conjecture that in our lifetime colored men would vote in Alabama and South Carolina. We also introduced and tried to secure provision against capital punishment which seems now likely to go by the board in all the States, within a few years, as the experiments tried in the States without it seem highly successful, and even the substitutes seem capable of greatly advantageous modifications and ameliorations to the advantage of all parties.

On the question of Land Limitation, which was in our hands as chairman of a committee to which petitions were referred, we did in our report the following sentences, which we have as yet seen no reason to change—for the committee—that they believe the Government traveling out of its legitimate duties when it establishes and fosters a system of exclusive ownership and jurisdiction of the soil. That they believe the earth to belong to all mankind, and that each has a natural right to life and to a place to live. That they believe the system, as now practiced by the Government, of selling land in unlimited quantities to individuals for speculative purposes, to be not only wrong in principle, but very injurious in its operations upon the settlement of the Western States and Territories. That they believe the settlement of this territory to be materially retarded by the large amount of lands owned by non-residents, to the exclusion of many landless citizens. There is more of the same sort, but still we did not recommend any action in that convention, deeming it out of their power to institute the proper remedies. In accordance with the above sentiments, we still believe that man has individually a natural right to the use (not ownership) of so much of the earth as he, or she, wishes to occupy and use, until the whole is occupied, and no right to any portion of it not occupied or used directly or indirectly by himself, and we do not believe there is or ever was really a dollar of actual property value in the earth or soil thereof, except that put thereto by improvements or the natural products which can be made personal property and removed, such as minerals, natural fruits, &c.

If we could once renounce the enormous speculations and fictitious values fixed on land, and stop the frauds, swindles, monopolies and ruinous prices that cheat so many out of homes, we should soon have half the poverty, misery and wretchedness removed from society. It is much worse in the old countries, especially England, than here, but is rapidly, in our older settlements, growing into the same wholesale robbery of the poor of their natural right. Whether a more enlightened age will submit to it or not, remains to be seen. To us the signs of cooperation and organization among the laborers give signs of better promises.

FATAL CARELESSNESS.

A few rods below our office, on 5th street, stand the broken fragments of one of the finest buildings erected in this city the past year. It was a five story double front, on Olive and 5th streets, and was nearly completed, when it was discovered that two of the inside columns had settled and the cap had cracked. One had been raised and a new cap put in, and the workmen were engaged on the other, when, from the circumstances and testimony, it seemed they had jack screws of uneven thread and run them up one at a time, tipping the column so as to throw the enormous weight on one of the girders to the edge of the cap when it broke, and the roof and five stories and one end came down with a terrible crash, such as the city has seldom heard, killing the overseer and several workmen instantly, and severely wounding others, and leaving a frightful looking front on 5th street, which still hangs there, one week after the calamity. These great and fatal accidents (if they are such) seem to us to come with frightful nearness to each other, and in most cases, to result from unskillful carelessness.

Such was the burning of the Stonewall, as well as this and several others of recent date. There certainly is a recklessness of human life, both in private quarrels and great responsibilities, which has increased greatly in the last few years. What is to be done to stay it, we do not yet know, but something surely must, either by law or the press and public opinion. After several terrible accidents the law compels railroad trains to stop at the crossings of other roads, and before crossing drawbridges, and so far it seems wise; but if human life is worth preserving and protecting, there certainly is need of some further safeguard, even on the railroads. The law, too, has been made strict in regard to steamboats, and it seems the ill-fated Stonewall had complied and was fully supplied with life preservers, which were not used, or but very few if any of them; and she also had a good and capacious life-boat which was never launched but burned with the wreck on her upper deck. It certainly could have been launched and taken many persons ashore that never reached it alive.

It is astonishing how soon these terrible accidents on our great rivers are forgotten or disregarded, and the tide of business assumes its wonted channels both on routes and in the careless manner of doing it. A man takes a lighted candle and searches in a windy night and exposed condition, among bales of hay, for some article, and that on a boat crowded with passengers and freight in a wide river. How could any person do it, or, if in authority, permit it to be done, is to us the mystery. A man said to have been a good, careful and competent man for such jobs, is engaged in raising the columns on which rest a portion of a heavy building, and, so essential as to hold up a large part of the roof and floors, and he allows his men, or even helps himself, to raise one side so as to tip the column and let down the weight above, crushing out his own life with others. How can such accidents be prevented in the future, is the question now mooted; but we do not see the remedy except in individual caution.

A PAMPHLET FOR THE PEOPLE.

Our earnest and indefatigable friend, L. U. Reavis, has issued and largely circulated another pamphlet, with the above title, on the subject of the immediate removal of the seat of Government to the valley of the Mississippi. The geographical, political and commercial arguments we fully endorse, and consider them as sufficient to suspend at once all further expenditures of money in building at Washington for national

use, but we think he makes erroneous estimates of the increase of population in the nation from natural sources. There are too many like friend Reavis, bachelors, and the number of both sexes that do not marry is steadily increasing; and among those that do marry there are but very few who raise such families as did the generation now passing off the stage. Persons whose parents had six, eight, ten, twelve or more children and raised them, rarely have half the number, and of those born a much larger portion die, or are worthless if raised. Malthus's theory is not reliable, since he based it on physical causes and the physical nature of man only, and did not take into the account the mental and spiritual development which has already caused these changes, and no doubt will make still greater; and here, too, we think our friend Reavis falls to count correctly on the numbers. However, this does not materially weaken his argument, as it is strong enough without this calculation.

BOOK OF POEMS.

On our table lies a new, neat volume of poems, by Augustus Cooper Bristol, of Carbondale, Ill., and we have been once more surprised by the richness and beauty of language in measure by a lady in "Egypt." We have seldom found as many rich gems in so small a volume of poems, but as a better evidence of its merits than we can give in our own language, we snatch out a few lines from several elegant poems as specimens of the whole book:

"And woman's life no more shall be
The play-ground of hypocrisy,

But earnest, natural and free;

And Love shall stay unfrighted,
And reign in sacred, sweet content;

And offer reverent:

For marriage shall be sacrament.

When this old earth is righted,

Massachusetts, the fairest in working

The Heaven-given problem of man—

In her light how the nations creep after,

And follow the train of her plan!

All the people to God pressing slowly—

Massachusetts the first in the van.

Oh State! that is strongest in grasping

From hands of oppression the rod—

Use might in this as in former;

Sweep scalds away from the sod;

Tune the heart of the world in its throbbing

To the merciful pulses of God!

Deep are the chilings of God,

And heavy the Almighty rod.

That works a scaph from a cloud.

With that man's purse just over the way,

His own is a mean companion;

But counting his virtues in lieu of gold,

He, too, is a millionaire.

Then his white lips stole the purple of mine

In a long and clinging kiss;

And mine have moved with a sweeter smile,

From that day's hour to this."

The book is got up in the neat style of Adams & Co., and sells for \$1.25, and is richly worth the price to the lovers of natural poetry and the language of the heart.

ED. Our brother J. G. Wait, of the Sturgis, Michigan, *Journal*, takes us off in St. Louis rather sharply in the following item, but we think the ent would apply better to sections of country further East, where there is a much larger proportion of unmarried and marriageable females, as it is not difficult for a well qualified female, in the country west of the Mississippi, to find a partner without resorting to any trick:

"The women out in St. Louis are 'up to snuff'! When a dweller in the state of slugs blessedness, as a stranger, is taken sick in that city, it is customary for some young lady, whose good looks and fine accomplishments have not been sufficient to secure a husband, at once to volunteer to take charge of the afflicted individual, and if his life is spared, of course she has a claim upon it, and is not only willing, but expects to share it with the possessor. Indeed, where the ungrateful restored refuses to comply with this St. Louis custom, it is strong grounds for recovery in a suit for breach of marriage promise. We know a young fellow who is just now in a distracted state of mind, not knowing whether to run his neck into the matrimonial noose prepared for it, or take his chances in a suit for damages. So, if you don't want to get married, avoid being sick in St. Louis."

Opinions of the Press.

TALE OF A PHYSICIAN.—The class of minds rejecting all reformatory writings without any investigation, or dealing with subjects improper for mortals to investigate, is rapidly lessening, as the light of the age breaks in upon the old domain of ignorance and superstition. Ideas, once deemed heresies, are accepted by the world as truths; and, daily, new principles are unfolding, while to inquiring minds rare glimpses of the rich fields of thought beyond.

Among the various works which Mr. Davis has given to the public—and our memory goes back twenty years or more, to when, a hoy in the old farmhouse, we pore over the "Revelations"—we believe there is no one which is destined to exert a wider influence on liberal thought than the volume before us. The most important problems which can possibly affect society are discussed in a familiar and felicitous manner, in which, through the charms of narrative, the reader is made acquainted with the most vital truths. The book reveals two important aims: first, the *sacredness of the family relation*; second, that the *amelioration of society is to be secured through the elevation of woman, and a knowledge and application of hereditary laws*. In the startling events of the story, founded, the author states, "upon the facts, with only a thin veil between the reader and the real characters," Jacques Del Aragon, Capt. Nelson, and Dr. Worte, are traced through their career of crime, and the history of their paternal and maternal antecedents graphically delineated, revealing the reason that hatred for mankind is so often coupled with genius of intellect. Madam Sophia, rarely endowed with personal attractions and depth of spiritual sentiment, has, also, unfortunate hereditary tendencies and want of self-reliance. Her redemption is wrought out through suffering. Twenty years of severest trial were necessary to bring to her external recognition what she had spiritually discerned and unconsciously revealed while in the somnambulistic state, namely: that herself and the noble Dr. DuBois were soul-mates, destined to be the "happy companions of an eternal life." Dr. DuBois, an eminent physician of New Orleans, is the principal character delineated. He accumulates a large fortune, which is freely expended in the labor to which his genius is consecrated—the history of criminals connected with their maternal antecedents.

Having spoken thus freely of the merits of the volume, we must add one word of regret that the author has felt the necessity of speaking so unguardedly of evil, in the passages of the book, which we think should be more *inferred*; and, also, that any profanity, natural enough to the characters to which it is ascribed, should fully even one page.

The style of the book is fascinating, riveting the closest attention, yet appealing powerfully to the noblest sentiments of human nature. We hope for the volume an extensive circulation and a wide influence. —*Woman's Advocate*, (a monthly magazine, published in New York.)

OUR PLANET: Its Past and Future; or Lectures on Geology. By William Denton, Boston, Mass.

We are too late in this notice of a good and useful book, to add to the force of that which has heretofore been written in its favor. The new dispensation of common sense has no more earnest devotee than William Denton. Whether speaking or writing, his straightforward, unqualified statement of truth is as refreshing as it is rare. In his hands a spade is a spade, and the instrumentalities of science become weapons endangering the existence of shams of every age and condition.

We shall not attempt any setting forth of the scientific order of the work; its pages plainly explain themselves, and are so written that the interest of romance is developed in connection with a purely scientific study. To popularize Sci-

ence is to destroy superstition. Every honest scientist is a Radical, and no department of knowledge is so dangerous to those who would live and die in love with the old myths and fables. Mr. Denton has traveled much—met nature, and the public alike, and knows equally well how to reach the secrets of one and the mind of the other.—*American Spiritualist*.

TRUE TO THE HARMONIES.

On Wednesday, Dec. 1st, a good man changed his relations to earth. At the age of sixty-five, Mr. L. A. Huntington, of Charlestown, left his mortal form. On Friday, the 3d, funeral respects were paid to him; and, as he had desired, the principal services were performed by Unitarian clergymen, but a closing one by a Spiritualist.

Our brother Huntington had, for almost a score of years, been a firm believer in Spiritualism; a recipient of its lights, its helps, its moral and religious fruits. Though modest and quiet he was an unwearied and efficient laborer in this as in many other good causes. He found Spiritualism embraced within the facts and teachings of the Christian Scriptures. His own Christian faith lacked satisfactory fullness until it included the present ministering of angels.

His spiritualistic views involved no reasons for severing his connections with the church, or with any benevolent or philanthropic association with which he had been accustomed to act. He could be happy and useful in his relations with them; he remained a co-worker there, and, in his last days, felt that he was still with and one of them, and he wished them to take their appropriate parts in paying the last tribute of respect to his remains. Yet he desired more. On Saturday, 27th ult., he sent for his friend Allen Putnam, of Roxbury, to whom he expressed a wish that certain clergymen should perform the customary services at his funeral, and also the wish that Mr. Putnam should close the services by delivering the following words as from Mr. Huntington:

"I feel it a duty to leave my parting testimony in favor of the glorious truths and faith that have done so much for me—faith that, for almost twenty years, has been giving me most cheering light, and revealing heavenly beauties; that has been teaching and elevating us. Yes, I wish to state distinctly that the fact of intercommunications between spirits and mortals has been with me more than a mere fancy; it has been a *faith*—yes, a living FAITH—and it abides with me now, illuminating the pathway before me, and giving me unspeakable joy and peace.

Also I would distinctly state my faith in God as the good Father, who gives us all His blessings, and is most richly blessing me now in the kind and affectionate attentions of my family."

Such, substantially, were the words which came from his own whispering lips, while the body was weak, the mind clear and the spirit calm.

Mr. Putnam then said: "If I may venture a word of comment, it will be one which our friend, if here, (and he may be present,) would approve. It is this, viz.: That Spiritualism, as understood and lived by Mr. Huntington, myself and many others, makes no conflict with Christianity, has no tendency to subvert it; indeed, such Spiritualism is a useful part of Christianity itself, for Christianity properly expands so far as to embrace a present ministry of angels, and communions now between mortals here and the ascended spirits of just men made perfect.

Our friend believed in and enjoyed communions with the loved ones gone before, and his spirit was so prepared for its future home, that I feel to bid it God speed in its departure; to give it joy at its release; to see it entering into heavenly peace." Thus much at the funeral.

Our friend felt the harmonies of life; he loved them and sought to extend them. There was no jar between his own liberal Christian faith and his Spiritualism, and he wished it to be known that the two can co-exist in harmony in the same soul, and that the one was measurably a needful complement of the other. He loved them both, and loved each the better because of the beauties ravened in it by the light of the other. He wished to bear testimony in favor of both Christianity and Spiritualism; and in helping him to do that I have discharged a pleasant duty. His life deserves a fuller notice. —*ALLEN PUTNAM*, 426 Dudley street, Boston Highlands.

To the Spiritualists of New York.

The Spiritualists of the State of New York number perhaps half a million souls, with less than a score of organized Societies, and not half that number of speakers actively engaged. Shall this apathetic and discouraging state of affairs be allowed to continue? The Missionary Board of the New York Spiritual Association proposes that it shall not, and accordingly has voted to meet every Sunday at 10 A. M. in the Union Hall, corner of Fourth and 14th streets, and 2 P. M. in the Tabernacle Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets, and 7 P. M. in the Tabernacle Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS.—*Union Hall*.—The First Spiritualist Association of Charlestown holds meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. in the Union Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets, and 7 P. M. in the Tabernacle Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets.

CHICAGO, ILL.—*Union Hall*.—The First Spiritualist Association of Chicago holds meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. in the Union Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets, and 7 P. M. in the Tabernacle Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—*Union Hall*.—The First Spiritualist Association of Cincinnati holds meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. in the Union Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets, and 7 P. M. in the Tabernacle Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—*Union Hall*.—The First Spiritualist Association of Cleveland holds meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. in the Union Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets, and 7 P. M. in the Tabernacle Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.—*Union Hall*.—The First Spiritualist Association of Columbus holds meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. in the Union Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets, and 7 P. M. in the Tabernacle Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets.

DANVILLE, ILL.—*Union Hall*.—The First Spiritualist Association of Danville holds meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. in the Union Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets, and 7 P. M. in the Tabernacle Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets.

DENVER, COLO.—*Union Hall*.—The First Spiritualist Association of Denver holds meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. in the Union Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets, and 7 P. M. in the Tabernacle Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets.

DIXIE, ILL.—*Union Hall*.—The First Spiritualist Association of Dixie holds meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. in the Union Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets, and 7 P. M. in the Tabernacle Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets.

DOUGLASS, ILL.—*Union Hall*.—The First Spiritualist Association of Douglass holds meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. in the Union Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets, and 7 P. M. in the Tabernacle Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets.

EVANSTON, ILL.—*Union Hall*.—The First Spiritualist Association of Evanston holds meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. in the Union Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets, and 7 P. M. in the Tabernacle Hall, corner of 14th and 15th streets.