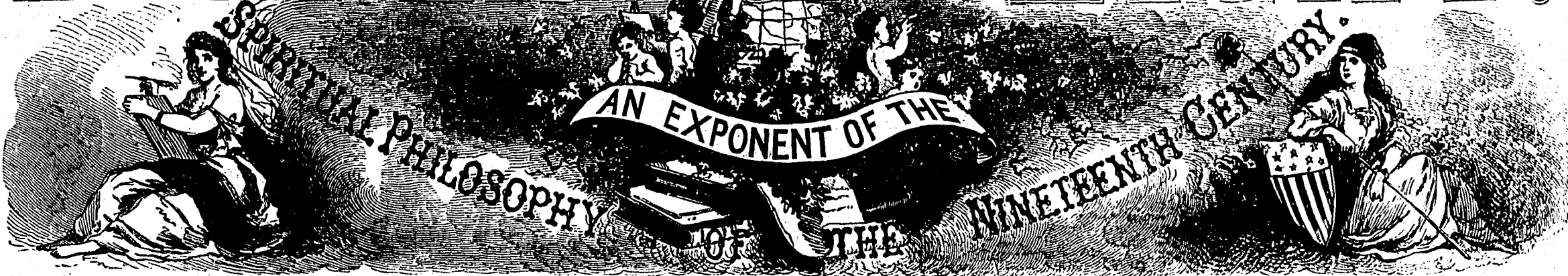


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 3.

Spiritual Phenomena.

ACREDITED MANIFESTATIONS.

STILL MORE WONDERFUL.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I have recently stated in the columns of your invaluable paper that a beautiful flower and a small cane had been brought to me by a spirit-hand, the doors and windows of the parlor where I was being closed at the time; but I did not mean to say that they could not have possibly been cautiously introduced into the room by the disembodied, and hidden there immediately preceding our séance, though from all the contingent circumstances bearing upon the phenomenon I have no reason to doubt that they came in after we were seated. M. Swedenborg stated to M. Cabagnet that material substances offer no resistance to spirit. How far material substances may be made to partake of this diaphanous or intangible nature through spiritual chemistry, (such as seems to be employed in the iron-ring manifestations,) I am unable to say—though, from the wonderful expressions of spirit-power with which I have been favored by heaven, I am prepared to believe that spirit is *all in all*, and rolls our planet, as well as adorns and perfumes a flower.

At a recent séance—my wife at the piano, Miss Fox at her left hand, and I at her right—a daguerreotype was brought by spirit-power from the opposite side of the room and laid on my arm. I asked of whom it was. The spirit replied, "One whom you love, but have never seen." Subsequent examination proved it to be of a very beautiful young lady, Colonel Seawell's wife, who died at the age of eighteen, soon after her wedding. I had never seen her, but had learned to love her from her picture, and from many accounts I had had of her very amiable, angelic character. She now often comes to our séances, and plays for us the guitar, the one she played when in the form; touches us with her gentle fingers; removes a handkerchief from my hand and returns it to me again; and in other ways makes manifest her divine and most welcome presence.

Franklin also came, illuminated his hand and laid it firmly in mine, after mine had been covered with a handkerchief as requested. He allowed me to examine his hand by bringing my face near to it, and, fearing, it would seem, that I might still be in doubt about it, he separated his fingers, and raised them slowly before my eyes. He then asked for my pencil. I handed it to him. He attempted to write something with it on the palm of my hand, but seeming not to like that, seized my hand with his, turned it over and wrote his initials on the back of it; then he illuminated the pencil, made it visible to the two other sitters, and so returned it to me. I casually remarked, when the hand had been withdrawn, that it did not appear to be so large and strong as I had inferred it was when he previously touched me. In a moment a firm spirit-hand grasped my arm and lifted it in air, as if to convince me that it was the same, and no other. He came many times afterward, and with his illuminated hand touched me, patted me on the breast, or arm, and took paper and returned it to me after he had written upon it some instructions, some words of cheer, some expressions of happiness, of hope or gratitude. Sometimes he would take his hand directly from me to the guitar, which was a little distance off against the wall, and then would sweep the strings; so that we could not but be convinced that it was a veritable spirit-hand that touched the cords. Once he offered an apology which was both tender, touching, and delicate. He had asked for paper. I handed him some, but he took it so hastily, snatching it, as it were, I feared I had been awkward or dilatory, and remarked that Franklin seemed to be angry with me; I felt hurt. Immediately a hand came up along my leg, rattling the paper. I put my hand down to receive the latter, and was allowed to take hold of it; then it was slowly, gracefully withdrawn, and I knew full well the courteous intent.

One evening when Mr. Seman was present, (Mr. S. is an optician here, a highly-educated, gentlemanly person, who has seen much of the world, and was once a pupil of Baron Du Potel,) my mother put the tips of her illuminated fingers into my hand. The music-box was then carried by spirit-power from a side-table to the one where he (Mr. S.) and Miss Fox were sitting, (my wife and myself standing in the distance,) and it was there wound up, then taken to the floor by the side of the guitar, where it was again and again wound up, while the guitar played an accompaniment. Mr. S. was also favored with many other manifestations of angel-presence, and he saw Franklin's illuminated hand as it lay on my breast. But Mr. S. thought that darkness was always necessary for these exhibitions; on that account, doubtless, we were ordered into the dining-room, (two rooms distant,) where there was a strong gas-light. Hardly were we seated when he was told to cover his hand and put it under the table. He did so, and received a pencil that had been left on the table in the parlor when we quitted it. The loved Aunt Susan, the Mrs. Seawell above-named, also came, and with her usual gentle touch placed her fingers on mine. We were then sent back to the parlor, where other agreeable expressions from the angel-world greeted us. When this séance was closed, I was told to look at my handkerchief. I took one from my breast-pocket, and was much disappointed at not finding a flower done up in it, or some mark upon it. I again put my hand in the pocket, where I found another handkerchief, and at the corner of it the well-known initials B. F., which had doubtless been written there, I know not how, in the course of the evening.

During Miss Fox's stay with us we had three quite long written communications from Dr.

Franklin, one from my mother, and one from Dr. Minter, who recently died at my house. The chirography of these documents was characteristic, and as unlike each other as would be likely ever to occur from three different hands. They were all written in the dark; we distinctly heard the writing in each instance, and when they were completed they were handed to me by fingers that sometimes touched mine, and were not those of any mortal present.

One morning in my garden I was told to pluck three spears of grass for an evening exhibition. I obtained them, nearly two feet in length. That night, just before leaving the parlor, we were told to stand by the table where the grass was laid. Soon after, on turning up the light, we found the three spears had been joined by a knot at one end, and then braided into a kind of chain and wound up into a coil.

When speaking to persons about these marvel-

ous phenomena, they often say, "I wish I could see them; do let me know when another medium comes?" Wishing that they might see, I have occasionally invited the wondering in; and what has been the result? One large man begged the spirits not to touch him; another was afraid to cross the room at the request of a spirit-son whom he felt sure was present; a lady hid her head in my wife's neck, and trembled at the thought of a spirit-hand. Think you, with such harmony

suspected him to be the culprit, and determined to examine the bundle, in which they found the shawl of the lady. The man was, of course, immediately taken into custody, and was brought to trial at the approaching assizes. He was convicted and executed."

The medical gentleman added, that when Mrs. Brooks had finished her narrative, she declared that she felt the pressure of the man's hand on her neck while she related it, and that her throat had gradually contracted from the time when the melancholy event occurred. At length her throat became so contracted, that she was hardly able to receive the least sustenance.

[Last week we received a note from Mr. Simkins, enclosing the following interesting testimony in regard to the truth of Spiritualism, which the readers of the *Banner of Light* no doubt will be glad to peruse.]

VERA VINCENT.

OR THE TESTIMONY OF T. M. SIMKISS, OF WOLVERHAMPTON, ENG., TO THE TRUTH OF SPIRITUALISM.

To the London Diocesan Society:
GENTLEMEN—In accordance with the expressed wish of your committee, I herewith forward in writing, the substance of my testimony to the truth of Spiritualism, as given by me at your meeting at the residence of Dr. Edmonds, Fitzroy Square, London, on the evening of Tuesday the 13th of April, 1869.
T. M. SIMKISS.
Wolverhampton, May 1st, 1869.

I have been a Spiritualist for nearly sixteen years, and have examined the various phases of mediumship, with all the critical research of which I am capable. I am not myself a medium, in the common acceptance of the term, though I have tried hard to become one. I have tried in a variety of ways to see, hear or feel spirits myself; by sitting frequently in circles as passively as possible, by submitting myself to repeated magnetic manipulations, and by sitting alone in the dead of night for many hours in a room that was used for some years exclusively for the purpose of spirits and mediums, and might be considered to be thoroughly permeated with spiritual magnetism, but all with no apparent effect.

I have, however, been able to witness any independent physical manifestations, (i. e., without contact of the medium,) which would admit of efficient testing; so that I am generally skeptical as to the reality of this branch of Spiritualism. Though I have not seen any reliable physical manifestations, I have witnessed a great number of neurologic spiritual manifestations; and after deducting the greatest possible percentage for mesmerism, for imposture, and for hallucination, there remains for me no possible alternative but to acknowledge that some persons who are physically healthy, have still a conscious existence, and can, by operating through the nervous system of certain sensitive individuals, called mediums, give unmistakable evidence of their identity.

I will quote a few marked instances out of a great number, of which I have had personal experience: Sixteen years ago, being in the city of Philadelphia, in America, skeptical as to future existence, and quite unacquainted with Spiritualism, except by report as the last American humbug, I went to see Henry Gordon, a noted medium. The instant I entered his room he became entranced, and his body appeared to be controlled by some intelligent power other than himself. He immediately extended his hand to me, saying quickly, "Tom, how are you? I am glad to see you here; I am your old friend Michael C." After a pause, "I and others have influenced you to come here, so as to give you proof of immortality, which you have given over believing in." Michael C. was a college friend of mine who had been dead more than three years. I had then been in America only six days, and was a complete stranger to all around me. I had never mentioned the name of Michael C. to any one in America, nor had I thought of him for some weeks before that time. On subsequent occasions, through Henry Gordon, Michael C. related many incidents of a private nature which completely established his personality in my mind.

On the next day after my first visit to Henry Gordon, I went to see a lady who was not a public medium, Mrs. Chase, the wife of Dr. Chase, one of the Professors of the Eclectic Medical College of Philadelphia, and who was said to see spirits. On my entering her drawing-room she said, "Oh! Doctor, there are several spirits come in with this gentleman; one is a tall, thin, young man, with brown hair, and only a little whiskers by his ears; he stoops and coughs very much, and died of consumption; but he has already communicated through some other medium." This, I recognized as being a correct description of Michael C. Mrs. Chase then continued: "On the other side of him there is a young girl, apparently about sixteen or seventeen years old, with very white skin; her hair appears to be nearly black, and hangs in ringlets; she has a broad square forehead and square shoulders; you know her very well when alive." I could not recollect any one answering to that description. "She is very merry and rather fond of teasing, and is amused at your not recollecting her, as you used to know her so well." I was still perplexed, and began to think that Mrs. Chase was playing with my imagination. After a few more tantalizing remarks I began to get tired of the affair, when Mrs. Chase said, "She is now going to say something by which you will know who she is." After a pause she continued, "You bore me to the grave." This remark, originated by the spirit herself as a sign of recognition, was a perfect test to me. I had never in my life, up to that time, been present at the funeral of any young girl except at that of the one of whom Mrs. Chase had just given me such a perfect description, both as to her appearance and playfully teasing manner, all of which this test brought fully back to my mind, though I had not thought of her for at least two years previous to that time. She had then been dead nine or ten years.

For the past three years my wife has been a medium. Constitutionally she is quite healthy, rather wiry and energetic than actually strong, with a quick circulation, strong-nerved, never been subject to fits or fainting, almost insensible to fear, and of a skeptical turn of mind. She was first entranced almost immediately on her sitting in a circle of Spiritualists, to which she went out of curiosity. Afterwards she was frequently in the unconscious or trance state, and easily possessed by spirits, who could have full control of her organization for their own peculiar modes of speech and gesticulation, and were apparently as much at home as if in their own bodies. One spirit who at this time very frequently possessed her was that of a Scotchman, who invariably spoke broad Scotch through her, which she is quite unable to do in her normal condition.

This trance state, unsurpassed as it may be for test purposes, is detrimental to the nervous system if much persisted in. In the case of my wife it appears to have been a transition stage that she passed through as means of developing her interior senses, so as to enable her to see and converse with spirits, without the closing of any of her external senses. She is now as wide awake



THE SPIRIT OF FISHER, AS IT APPEARED TO THE SETTLER.

and conflicting feelings, anything satisfactory would be likely to accrue? All should know that the first great requisite is harmony; the second, and hardly less important, is the preparedness of each individual for these manifestations. I found, this summer, as I did last summer when Mrs. Kane visited us, that the developments were progressive. At first, for example, the music-box was wound up but little, then it was entirely wound up. At first, Franklin touched me cautiously, but when he felt that all fear had turned to pleasurable emotions, and he had confidence in me—confidence that I would not clutch at him to disturb him in his great efforts to manifest himself, he placed his hand squarely and fairly in mine; a brother Mason could have hardly done it with a more friendly aspect.

An editor came to one of our séances—he was doubtless disappointed; but I will pledge my life to him and to all others, that if he and they will pursue this subject with a simple, sincere desire for the truth—will pursue it under the same favorable circumstances that I have—bring to his or their circles the same harmony, the same self-preparedness, the same good mediumistic influence which I have found necessary, they will be fully, entirely satisfied that the spirits of departed friends do revisit us, and make themselves known to us, the bigoted clergy to the contrary notwithstanding.
G. L. DITSON, M.D.
Albany, N. Y., Sept. 6th, 1869.

P. S.—A gentleman just from Buffalo says that at the Convention there I was called for as a delegate from this State. If I was really appointed a delegate, I was informed of it yesterday for the first time. I trust that this declaration will be a sufficient apology for my seeming neglect.
G. L. D.

AN AUSTRALIAN "GHOST STORY."

The following statement is copied from a respectable London periodical, *Reynolds's Miscellany*: Some few years ago, a free settler, named John Fisher, who had long successfully cultivated a grant of land in a remote district, and was well known to be possessed of a considerable sum of money, had been missing for some time at the nearest market town, whither he had been in the habit of repairing with cattle and produce for sale. An inquiry was instituted by his acquaintances; and his head servant, or rather assistant on the farm, a convict, who had lived many years with him in that situation, declared that his master had left the colony for some time on business, but that he expected him to return in a few months. As this man was generally known as Fisher's confidential servant, his assertion was believed, although some expressed surprise at the settler's abrupt and clandestine departure; for his character for honesty and sobriety was good, and, as far as was known, he owed no money in the colony. The month's wonder, however, soon subsided, and Fisher was forgotten. His assistant, meanwhile, managed the farm, bought and sold, and spent money freely. If questioned, which was but rarely, he would express his surprise at his master's delay, and pretend to expect him daily.

A few months after he had first been missed, a neighboring settler, who was returning late on Saturday night from the market town, had occasion to pass within half a mile of Fisher's house. As he was riding by the fence, which separated the farm from the high road, he distinctly saw the figure of a man seated on the railing, and at once recognized the form and features of his lost neighbor. He instantly stopped, and called to him familiarly by name, but the figure descended from the railing, and walked slowly across the field toward the farm-house. The settler, having lost

sight of him in the gloom, pressed on his journey; and, on his arrival at the plantation, informed his family and neighbors that Fisher had returned, and that he had seen and spoken to him. The news soon spread from farm to farm, and most of the neighboring settlers repaired, the next day, to visit and welcome their old friend. On inquiry, however, Fisher's assistant declared that he had not arrived, and affected to laugh at the settler's story, insinuating that he had probably drunk too freely at the market. The neighbors were not so freely satisfied; their dormant suspicions were awakened by what they now began to consider a preternatural apparition; and they applied to the magistrate of the district, who directed an immediate and strict investigation to be instituted.

Several natives of well-known sagacity and fidelity are attached to the Paramatta police, as constables, and are of invaluable service in tracing and pursuing bushrangers; and other criminals who have absconded. One of these, known by the name of Sam, was ordered to examine Fisher's house and farm, and endeavor to find traces of him in the bush. He set off, followed by most of the settlers belonging to the Nepean and other neighboring districts, who had been collected by curiosity and intense interest. The farmer who had seen the figure resembling Fisher, pointed out the exact spot; and the black, having examined the railing, discovered a dark brown stain on the split timber, which he scraped, smelt, and at once declared to be *white man's blood*. He then, without the least hesitation, set off in full run, after the manner of a staunch blood-hound, toward a pond not far from the house. A little dark scum was floating on the surface; he scooped some off with his hand—smelt—tasted it—and cried out, "White man's fat!" Having tried the field, backwards and forwards in different directions, as if to recover the scent, Sam led the chase to a small copse. Here he bored the earth in several places, until he paused, pointed to the ground, and said, "White man here!" The spot was speedily dug up, and a corpse, sworn to by the neighbors as that of Fisher, was discovered, with the skull fractured, and in a state of rapid decomposition, evidently many weeks buried.

The guilty assistant was immediately arrested, and tried at Sydney, on circumstantial evidence alone—strong enough, however, to convict him, in spite of his self-possession and protestations of innocence. He was sentenced to death; and, previous to his execution, made an ample confession of his guilt. He declared that he had murdered Fisher while sitting on the very rail that the settler had pointed out, about three months before the appearance of that extraordinary apparition; that he had in the first place dragged the body to the pond, where the black constable had discovered traces of it; but that, after it had been some days immersed there, his apprehension of detection had impelled him to remove it to the copse, where he had buried it by night, and alone.

TWO EXTRAORDINARY DREAMS.

The celebrated Charles James Fox, in order to attend the House of Commons, had taken an apartment in St. Anne's Churchyard, Westminster. On the evening when he took possession, he was struck with something that appeared to him mysterious in the manner of the maid-servant, who looked like a man disguised, and he felt a very unpleasant emotion. This feeling was strengthened by a similar deportment in the mistress of the house, who soon after entered his room, and asked him if he wanted anything before he retired to rest. Disliking her manner, he soon dismissed her, and went to bed, but the disagreeable im-

pression made on his mind by the maid and the mistress kept him long awake; at length, however, he fell asleep. During his sleep he dreamt that the corpse of a gentleman, who had been murdered, was deposited in the cellar of the house. This dream co-operating with the unfavorable, or rather repulsive, countenances and demeanor of the two women, precluded all hope of renewed sleep; and it being the summer season, he rose about five o'clock in the morning, took his hat, and resolved to quit a house of such alarm and terror. To his surprise, as he was leaving it, he met the mistress in the entry, dressed, as if she had never gone to bed. She seemed to be much agitated, and inquired his reason for wishing to go out so early in the morning. He hesitated a moment with increased alarm, and then told her that he expected a friend, who was to arrive by a stage-coach in Bishopsgate street, and that he was going to meet him. He was suffered to go out of the house, and when revived by the open air, he felt, as he afterwards declared, as if relieved from impending destruction. In a few hours after, he returned with a friend, to whom he had told his dream, and the impression made on him by the maid and the mistress; he, however, only laughed at him for his superstitious terrors; but, on entering the house, they found that it was deserted, and calling in a gentleman who was accidentally passing, they all descended to the cellar, and actually found a corpse in the state which Mr. Fox's dream had represented!

Some years ago a medical gentleman residing in Hackney was called in to attend a Mrs. Brooks, of the same place, and who suffered under a contracted throat, which occasioned her great difficulty in swallowing. She said that she traced the cause to the following circumstance: "When she was a young woman, and in bed with her mother, she dreamt that she was on the roof of a church struggling with a man, who attempted to throw her over. He appeared in a carman's frock, and had red hair. Her mother ridiculed her terrors, and bade her compose herself to sleep again; but the impression of her dream was so strong that she could not comply. In the evening of the following day, she had appointed to meet her lover at a friend's house, from which he was to conduct her home when the amusement was ended. She had passed over one field in hopes of meeting the gentleman, and sang as she walked along, when she entered the second field, and accidentally turning her head, she beheld, in a corner of the meadow, just such a man as her dream represented, dressed in a carman's frock, with red hair, and apparently approaching toward her. Her agitation was so great, that she ran with all her speed to the stile of the third field, and with difficulty got over it. Fatigued, however, with running, she sat on the stile to recover herself; and reflecting that the man might be harmless, she was afraid that her flight, on seeing him, might put evil and vindictive thoughts into his head. While in this meditation, the man had reached the stile, and seizing her by the neck, he dragged her down, and she remembered no more. It appeared that he had robbed her of her watch and chain, her purse and her shawl, and thrown her into an adjoining ditch. Fortunately, a gentleman came to the spot, and observing a body above the water, he hailed others who were approaching, and it was immediately raised. The female was evidently not dead, and some of the party remarking that the robber could not be far off, went in pursuit of him, leaving others to guard and endeavor to revive the body. The pursuers went different ways, and some, at no great distance, saw a man sitting at a public house with a bundle before him. He seemed to be so much alarmed at the sight of the gentlemen, that they

and fully conscious when seeing spirits as any person with whom she is in company. She not only sees them, but occasionally gives the full names, both Christian and surnames of total strangers, and by this means has convinced many persons of the truth of Spiritualism and immortality, about which they were previously doubtful.

One evening, in the midst of a general conversation, my wife suddenly said to me, "Here is a spirit who says his name is Father F—," she went on giving me a correct description of his personal appearance, and told me where and under what circumstances we were previously acquainted with each other. A week afterward I took an opportunity of testing her with regard to this spirit. Seeing his photograph in a shop where I was making some other purchases, I bought one; my wife not being with me, I afterward caused her to see it in an accidental manner, without her having any suspicion of intention on my part, by showing it to another person. She looked to see what I was showing my friend, and said, "What is that? I have seen that face before." "Do not know," said I. She replied, "Oh! it's that spirit that I saw last week; it's Father F—, what a good likeness it is!"

On another occasion we went by invitation to visit some persons who were strangers to us; during the evening my wife described a spirit, a deceased relative of theirs, which description they said was accurate; and he gave his name as "Tommy." To this I was paying but little attention, not being acquainted with their family connections, when my wife said to me, "Tommy says he used to know you very well." I then inquired of the lady of the house as to the former residence and business of her uncle, the spirit Tommy, and found that he was quite correct. I was officially connected with him when alive, and knew him well, but never had any idea that he was any relation to the persons whom we were then visiting. Some six months afterward she saw an oil portrait of this person at a house in another part of the country, and instantly recognized it as "Tommy," whom she had seen on the evening above mentioned. My wife has given me the names of spirits of historical personages, many of whom I am quite certain that she had never heard of, and in several cases that I had never heard or read of until I searched various Encyclopedias to find if such persons had ever existed. One instance, that of "Antiochus," which she said was an Italian artist. Not being given to artistic pursuits or literature, I did not know of such a person; but on looking out for him in the Encyclopædia I found his name and profession rightly given. She has correctly described the details of dress of many ancient Grecian and Roman spirits, such as the tunics, togas, sandals, &c., of which she was previously quite ignorant.

Into the various ontological theories and speculations, which inevitably grow up in the philosophical mind from the consideration of metaphysical subjects, or into the theological paraphernalia with which ecclesiastical dogmatism and superstition have invested and well-nigh smothered the pure form of MAN, THE SPIRIT, I think it needless to present to the chief object of this presentation is to elicit well-authenticated facts, and thoroughly to sift them, to see if they can be accounted for in any other manner than by the agency of departed human beings.

In my experience I have met not only with success, but with very many disappointments; and now rarely waste much time upon the spirits, vainly waiting for them to communicate; for I know that if they choose to withhold themselves, they will not come when we do call, whilst on the other hand, they will sometimes manifest themselves at times and in places the most unexpected.

Beyond solving the important question "If a man shall live again?"—by the very fact of spirits communicating and proving their identity, there is to me little that is consistent or reliable in what is revealed through different mediums. And perhaps this is very wise. For if man were to rely much upon spirits for advice, his own judgment and energy would be in danger of being weakened thereby.

T. M. SIMKISS.

EXPERIENCES OF POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

In a previous issue we gave a brief extract from an article in *Appleton's Journal*, written by Dr. Bellows, entitled, "Sittings with Powers, the Sculptor." Below we give the balance of the conversation, in which Mr. Powers relates the following spiritualistic experiences:

"These spiritualistic phenomena have always interested me, though I have never been in the least carried away by them. I recollect we had many 'séances' at my house and others where Home was here. I certainly saw, under circumstances where fraud or collusion, or prearrangement of machinery, was impossible, in my own house and among friends incapable of lending themselves to imposture, many very curious things. That hand floating in the air, of which all the world has heard, I have seen. There was nothing but moonlight in the room, it is true, and there is every presumption against such phenomena under such circumstances. But what you see, you see, and must believe, however difficult to account for it. I recollect that Mr. Home sat on my right hand, and beside him there were six others round a circular table, the empty half toward the window and the moonlight.

All our fourteen hands were on the table, when a hand, delicate and shadowy, yet defined, appeared, dancing slowly just the other side of the table, and gradually creeping up higher, until, above what would have been the elbow, it terminated in a mist. This hand slowly came nearer to Mrs.—, at the right side of the table, and seemed to pat her face. 'Could it take a fan?' cried her husband. Three raps responded, 'Yes,' and the lady put a fan near it, which it seemed trying to take. 'Give it the handle,' said the husband. The wife obeyed, and it commenced fanning her with graceful grace. 'Could it fan the rest of the company?' she exclaimed, when three raps signified assent, and the hand passing round fanned each of the company, and then slowly was lost to view.

I felt, on another occasion, a little hand—it was pronounced that of a lost child—patting my cheek and arm. I took hold of it. It was warm, and evidently a child's hand. I did not loosen my hold, but it seemed to melt out of my clutch. Many other similar experiences I have had. It is interesting to know that the effect is not to create supernatural terrors and morbid feelings. My children, who know all about it, and were present, never showed any signs of trepidation, such as ghost stories excite in sensitive and young people.

I have always thought that there was something yet inexplicable about the nervous organization which might eventually show us to be living much nearer to spiritual forms than most believe, and that a not impossible opening of our inner senses might even enable us to perceive these forms. When we see a man in his flesh and blood we see his outward robes. If his nervous system alone were delicately separated out from his body, it would have the precise form of his body, but extend even to the enamel of the teeth and the fibres of the hair. There is no part of the human frame that is not full of these invisible ramifications. Show us a man's nervous system, and flung as it might be in parts, his form would be perfectly retained, even to his eyes. Now this is one great step toward his spiritual body. A little further refinement might bring us to what is beneath the nervous system, the spiritual body, and it might still have the precise form of the man. I believe it possible for this body to appear, and under certain states, to be seen. I do not often mention a waking vision I enjoyed more than twenty years ago, but I will tell it to you. It happened five and twenty years ago.

I had retired at the usual hour, and as I blew out the candle and got into bed, I looked upon my infant child, sleeping calmly on the other side of my mother who also was sound asleep. As I lay broad awake, thinking on many things, I became suddenly conscious of a strong light in the room, and thought I must have forgotten to blow out the candle. I looked at the stand, but the candle was out. Still the light increased, and I began to fear something was on fire in the room, and I looked over toward my wife's side to see if it were so. There was no sign of fire, but as I cast my eye upward, and as it were to the back of my bed, I saw a green hillside, on which two

bright figures, a young man and a young woman, their arms across each other's shoulders, were standing and looking down, with countenances full of love and grace, upon our sleeping infant.

A glorious brightness seemed to clothe them, and to shine in upon the room. Thinking it possible that I was dreaming, and merely fancying myself awake, I rose the next morning in about the time I have been telling you the story, and left me wondering. I felt my pulse to see whether I had any fever. My pulse was as calm as a clock. I never was broader awake in my life, and said to myself, 'Thank God, what I have been longing for years to enjoy has at length been granted me, a direct look into the spiritual world!' I was so moved by the reflections excited by this experience, that I could not restrain myself from awaking my wife and telling her what had happened. She instantly folded her child to her bosom, weeping, and said, 'And our darling, then, so soon to be taken from us?' I peeped, lying by telling her there was no evil omen in the vision. I had seen that the countenances of the heavenly visitants expressed only peace and joy, and that there was nothing to dread or harm to our child. And so I found it. I have longed much since to have any similar experience, but I never had it.

I believe in the fact of spiritual manifestations, animal magnetism, and the moving of solid bodies, by means as yet unexplained by purely scientific men. I believe we are now at the threshold of a new era of discoveries, very unlike the past."

RECOVERY OF A LOST DIAMOND RING THROUGH A DREAM.—A few nights ago a lady, while taking a walk, lost a valuable diamond ring from her finger some unaccountable way. Diligent and extensive search was made, without any clue to the ring, and the lady gave it up as gone "for good and all." Before daylight the following morning the lady was surprised by the calls of her nurse, a small negro girl. On being admitted to her mistress, the girl, who had not heard of the ring being lost, said she had just had a dream, in which she was apprised when, where and how the jewel had been lost, and that, if allowed, she felt sure she could find it. She then described the place and manner in which the ring disappeared, and begged her mistress to go with her and test the dream. This strange circumstance was made known to the household, but all treated it with the utmost incredulity. It was afterward concluded to humor the girl, however, and she and several white members of the family proceeded to the designated spot, more than one hundred yards from the house. Here the dreamer told her mistress that, as directed in her dream, she must drop another ring, and it would roll as a guide to the missing one. A plain gold ring was handed the girl; she let it fall, and sure enough, it rolled and stopped within two inches of the lost diamond ring, which had got into a crevice between two bricks of the pavement. It may be imagined that the ring hunters were somewhat astounded at the miracle. There is not the least fiction about this curious dream and its result.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

The Lyceum.

"WHY AM I A SPIRITUALIST?"

At a recent meeting of the Boston Children's Progressive Lyceum, among others the following answer to the above question was given by Mr. Harly, one of the Group Leaders:

Every one truly and understandingly believing in a continued, intelligent existence after the change commonly called death—who believes that death is not the king of terrors taught by the church, but only a kind friend whose mission it is to usher us into our future home—is really a Spiritualist; he can be nothing else, whatever name you give him. You will find such among the Buddhists, the Chinese, the Indians, and now and then one in our Orthodox Churches. Such are superior to the religion they are striving to believe. The great difficulty is that thousands who pass for true believers in the churches of the land, are not believers at all—they only think they believe.

They have a fine-spun, beautiful theory of a heaven filled with stationary saints and angels, golden pavements, and harps and marble thrones; but they do not really believe anything about it, for lack of evidence to base their faith upon. Let the Atheist question them in regard to their reason for their belief in this point, and they are at once nonplussed. Their house is built upon the sand, and disappears when attacked by the floods of truth. Such are not Spiritualists. They would be frightened, indeed, at the sight of one of the angels they think they believe in, and talk so much about; and a tiny rap from one of their spirit friends would completely upset their nervous systems.

I am a Spiritualist, because I have ample proof that if a man dies he will live again; and that he will retain all his powers, faculties and affections in an intensified degree. And one believing so much really, truly, and understandingly, is already ninety-nine per cent. a Spiritualist; for to believe all this and deny that such can return to their loved ones here in the mortal form, still recognizing and regarding them as before, would show a dullness of reasoning that would put stupidity to the blush, besides giving the lie direct to the positive assertion of writers in both the Old and New Testaments, as well as hundreds of authenticated facts in the history of all nations. And to say that they do not desire to come, would serve to show a great degeneracy in the affectional natures of those who have passed on before.

One may be a Spiritualist and disbelieve most of the Bible; but it is utterly impossible for one to believe in the Bible to that degree existing in the churches, and not be a Spiritualist in the strictest sense of that term. Why am I a Spiritualist? Because I have communed with departed ones, just as truly and familiarly as I commune with you now. Peter, James, and John were never communed with Moses and Elias on the mount—who had been dead a thousand years—more really than you and I have with our dear ones in the Summer-Land; and thousands and tens of thousands give the same testimony. I am a Spiritualist because I am both natural and rational to be one; because I know that the aspirations of the race can never be realized fully and completely in this life. The wisest, greatest and best pass away with intense longings, and unbounded aspirations, and thus will it ever be. Will you tell me these demands, growing with our growth, and strengthening with our strength, are to be very last, are not ultimately to receive a full and generous supply? Mother Nature, ever true, ever just in all her ways and workings, rejects such a base imputation, and declares to us in a thousand ways that every demand she has created in our souls shall receive its full fruition; I am a Spiritualist because Spiritualism and that only furnishes a solution to this seeming contradiction, both reasonable and rational—heavening us to a land where every faculty of man's being may be expanded, unfolded, gratified, and where the loves, affections and sympathies may be exercised fully without let or hindrance.

More Light! More Light! were the dying words of a great German Philosopher. Think you those words passed all unheeded—an unmeaning prayer, never to be realized? or was it a great prophecy reaching across the river into that home "which needeth not the light of the sun nor moon, for the glory of the Lord doth lighten it." Think you the heaven of old theology would have fulfilled the aspirations of his great soul, where the only employment is the striking of harps? Even the soul of little Spurgeon was not satisfied with this. Not being much given to music, he declared that he would spend ten thousand years viewing the wounds in the right hand of Jesus, and ten thousand in viewing the wounds in his left hand, and twenty thousand in viewing the wound in his side. What a noble and useful employment! If Spurgeon was a Spiritualist he would not have been so long in the other employments in Summer-Land than spending forty thousand years in looking at some physical wounds.

I am a Spiritualist, because I must be that or an Atheist. A person who never took the trouble to think on such matters may call himself anything he chooses, but a real thinking, reasoning, investigating man will either sink into atheism, or culminate into a Spiritualist.

It is said to be a common practice in Paris to hire people to attend fashionable churches, so that the preachers may say that they always have crowded houses. Two or three cents pay for a worshiper.

Autumn.

The summer has put off her gorgeous robes, And, clad in faded colors, gone away To that sad region of departed hopes. The past; that treasure-house of things we love, Of holy memories and enraptured dreams; That cruel monster that with steady step, And wild, devouring jaws, and hungry maw, Angry, remorseless as the cruel Fates, Forever following on our weary track, At length o'ertakes us in the march of life— As Fanny's woe with splendor rolling on, Crested with nodding plumes of foam, And uttering sullen threatenings to the sky, O'ertakes the "laid wanderer on the sands, Which ebb tide left of waters bare, and smooth As trodden highway to his straying feet, And bears him, struggling in its giant grasp, Out to the Ocean's secret caves of gloom, No more to walk amid the haunts of men.

Along the hills the sullen winds complain— Moaning like homeless spirits through the gloom, Or heralds sent from the abodes of grief, To warn the world, awakening from repose, Of awful desolation nigh at hand. Through the bright forest aisles they sadly go, And strew the pathways with the withered leaves, The warp and woof of robes the trees put on— Robes in whose varied beauties brightly shine The vapory splendors of the autumn sky. As though some artist's gifted hand had caught The colors from the clouded dome above And on the leafy canvas spread them out, To charm and please the souls that love his art. Oh that decay such beauty e'er should wear!

Oh Autumn, with thy glorious garments on; Crowned over with the sheaves of ripened corn; And over bearing in thy plenteous hands The fruitage of the waiting year: The sons of men do bless thee o'er and o'er; Thou art to them the goal of every hope That looks no higher than the things of earth; Thou art to them the consummation grand Of all their watchings and their toils. Through all the seasons that precede thy reign; For thee the days of winter, cold in snow, And bristling round with icicles and frost, In silence hide their stores of subtle strength. In the hard bosom of the frozen earth, For thee the springtime glories blossom forth, And clothe the earth with chaplets of bright flowers; For thee the plowman drives his team afield, And tears with cruel share the yielding soil, Or patient covers with his careful hand The seed of future harvests, that thy crown May still be bound with plenty, and thy hands May scatter blessings to a grateful race;

For thee the summer pours her burning rays, And, when the daylight riddle fades away, And night with stars comes up the eastern sky— Like a crowned empress from her royal bowers— Scatters with lavish hand, along the fields And leafless groves, her wealth of crystal dews, To reinvigorate their wasted strength— Which sunk beneath the waves of heat That radiates from Phœbus' car of fire, Wheeling its course across the brazen sky;

For thee the fields put on their richest green, And woods and orchards don their kingliest robes; For thee the farmer bears the burning blaze Of summer noon-day, living out the curse God gave of old, in Eden's sacred bound, To him, the earliest father of our race: "By labor shalt thou earn thy daily bread," Oh blessed curse—that gives to human kind An aim, an end, in this else aimless world; That takes us, dreamers drifting down the stream, Feasting on sweets, no bitter in our cup— In blissful ignorance—mere human moths— And lifts us up to fellowship with God, The mighty architect of all we see—

Makes us co-workers in this erring world, With him who made the universe of worlds, And makes us heirs, if faithful to his work, Of all the glories that he hid from sight. In that far region where his throne is set, And angels with their shining wings stand near To do his holy bidding, and, with harps Of wondrous tone, to sing his praise for aye, In notes whose holy sweetness far outvies The matchless melodies that march along In night dreams through the poet's gifted mind; The which (though all unutterable) remain To cast their influence o'er his tuneful days, And swell at times the measures of his song To such immortal heights that half we deem Some minstrel spirit from the other land Strikes the glad lyre to ravish mortal ears.

Oh, Autumn! with thy robes of gorgeous hue; With thy brown hills and craggy fields, Or where the frowzy cattle roam at will, Gleaners that follow where the harvest stood, To gather up perchance the scattered ears Left by the careless reaper in his march: Oh! Autumn, with thy bleeding pens of sheep, And populous fanneries, where the meek-eyed kine Send forth their answer to the herdsman's call; Oh! Autumn, with thy overflowing barns, And garner, filled with Earth's rewarding fruits, And woods, all vocal with the farrowed songs Of birds that follow Summer in her flight To the far regions of the central zone, And the voice of squirrels, that the living day Run chattering up and down the trunk Of some old forest monarch, that has stood The storms and shocks of centuries of change, Bearing into his hollow trunk the fruits That on his spreading branches grew, As store of food against the wintry days, When all the earth, wrapped in her cloak of snow, Affords no sustenance for man or beast; Oh! Autumn, with thy dreamy whirl of sounds That fill the air with melodies untold, Wherein the voices of the brooks and rills Commingle with the lone, winds that stray Along the meadows and among the glens And rugged hills, and gather, as they go, The songs of birds, the droning of the bees, The squirrel's chatter, and the farmyard's din, The pheasant's drumming, and the woodman's stroke, And children's laughter as they roam abroad To shake the nuts from off the fruitful tree; Thou art the emblem of our later days, When all the promises of hopeful youth Have fruited, and adorned our whitening brows With crowns of glory, harvests of success; And all our ripened powers shine brightly forth With splendor that too soon must fade away— As all thy beauties perish and depart.

When Winter, with his touch of ice o'ertakes Thee, and with ruthless fingers searches round To curb the current of thy bounding blood— And we, with hearts o'overflowing, turn away From all the toils that filled our earlier days; From all the troubles and the carking cares That chafed our spirits with their petty ills; From all the joys that lightened o'er our lives, And forward look, with calm, expectant eyes, To the cold winter of our closing years. Oh! Autumn, with thy vapory skies, And dying verdure, and short, dreamy days, Thou seem'st a herald of all the sensuous life That grew in Spring's delightful hours, And throbbled in Summer's fiery reign; And purified, thou standest, while thy trees, Along the slopes and on the craggy hills, Shoot up "like vital flames into the blue," Over the hills and o'er thy faded meads, From the cold regions of the frozen North, Soon shall we hear the blasts of Winter roar, And, with regret, beside our blazing hearths, While the grim Storm-King revels on without, Binding all Nature in his icy chains, And wraps the Earth in her cold shroud of snow, Speak of thy glory and bewail thy loss.

A lady must think she has something valuable in her head, if we may judge from the number of locks she keeps upon it.

Original Essay.

THE LABOR INTEREST—INTEREST.

Professor Denton, Wendell Phillips and Frederick Robinson assert, in the *Banner of Light*, that "interest on money is a crime."

This is one assertion; but when Mr. Robinson says, "No one has a right to draw wealth from the community without returning to the community an equivalent for what he received in personal labor, either of body or brain," that is another and very different assertion. The second proposition may be admitted without in the least proving that interest on money is crime.

Before uttering the sweeping assertion, without reservation, that interest on money is crime, it may be well to consider what is money, and what is interest, and what is crime.

Money is a representative thing; what does it represent? It represents labor; it is, in fact, hoarded labor. It is the result of so much labor performed, if honestly obtained, by the person who owns it. And if dishonestly obtained, it is the result of some other person's labor, notwithstanding the dishonesty. It represents so much labor, and as such representative it may command other labor—pay for other labor—all the time, simply because it is always the representative of labor; and for no other reason. It is true that a person may labor and may store up his surplus labor in the shape of money, and may give or bequeath this money to another who has not labored. Every one has the same right to give or bequeath money that he has to give labor or any other representative of labor, which may be in the shape of money, or it may be in the shape of a house or improved land, or jewels, each and all of which constitute so much hoarded labor. On the other hand, although any one has a perfect right thus to labor for the benefit of others, he is not necessarily under any obligation to do it; instead of giving the house, or land, or jewels, he may loan them—or lease them or rent them, for a consideration. That is to say, he may bargain to lend, or lease, or rent so much hoarded labor in one form or in another consideration of a certain amount of labor in another form; the parties contracting being presumed to know better than any one else the relative values in the exchange.

How can we undertake arbitrarily to distinguish between different kinds of hoarded labor? Why should we say a man may work hard till he has built a house as the result of his labor, and that he may rent that house to another who needs it and who is willing to pay say six per centum annually out of his labor for the use of the same; and yet deny the right of another man, who may have his hoarded labor in the shape of money, to rent his money at the same rate per centum per annum? The principle in the two cases is identical. Indeed, in the very first year, or at any time the relative position of the two, the house-owner and the money-owner, may be reversed, for the one may exchange his house for the money of the other. You may call it buying and selling, or what you please, it is but the exchange of one species of hoarded labor for another species of hoarded labor.

This sufficiently explains what money is. Secondly, what is interest? Interest is the price of the rent, or lease, or loan of so much hoarded labor. If that hoarded labor is in the shape of a farm, or a house, the price agreed to be paid annually in the shape of other hoarded labor is called rent; if that is to be paid in the shape of some other representative of hoarded labor, for example, money, it is called interest. It can be no more of a crime for an individual to receive interest on money lent, than it is to receive interest on a house lent, or a farm, or anything else. There is no particular charm in the word "interest." Usurious interest is but another word for high interest; an exorbitant rent for a house is precisely the same thing as an exorbitant rent for money. Usury, it is true, has come to have a distinct technical meaning, but it is no more than high, or exorbitant interest. A proper rate of interest cannot be rigidly determined, all the world over, any more than a rate for house-rent. Supply and demand would generally regulate both, if fairly treated, and not unduly legislated upon. In some countries, the proper rate of interest will always be more than in others, owing to a variety of circumstances. The same difference exists as to the proper rate of labor—of a day's work of a man; it varies greatly in different countries and at different times, from many causes.

Interest, therefore, in itself, does not partake of the nature of anything criminal; for in fact it may be, and has been, in millions of cases, a great favor to one individual to be allowed the use of money, by paying interest; and thus the borrower of this year may become the lender of next year, through the advantage gained from the use of the borrowed money.

Thirdly, what is crime? Crime is willfully and knowingly doing a wrong or an injury to some other sentient being, or to something that belongs to some other being or beings. Society is but the aggregation of a number of human beings. The proposition is, that "every one who takes from this aggregation of human beings anything for which he does not return an equivalent, is a thief."

It ought to be clearly understood what it is that belongs to this aggregation—to this society; and also precisely what is meant by "taking" from it, and what is meant by an "equivalent" for what is taken. It should likewise be clearly understood what is meant by "drawing wealth from the community." If one man, no matter from what concatenation of circumstances, is so placed that ten men choose to pay him yearly a portion of their hoarded labor in consideration of something loaned, or something done for the ten by that one, nothing is "withdrawn from the community." The community, which includes these eleven men, is as rich as before, or richer, if the ten earned any surplus, whether it be paid to the one, or retained by the eleven. If we say that no man has a right to earn or to have any more than any other man, we might then claim that no man has a right to become rich. But Providence has not constituted mankind so much alike that all may do just the same thing, and realize the same amount of happiness or misery. On the contrary, God has made the minds of men so very dissimilar as to lead naturally and inevitably to all the variety which now marks the affairs of men and women.

It may be, as Mr. Robinson says, that "money is designed as a measure of value, and to pass from hand to hand in the exchange of commodities." Of course it is this; but, as we have shown, it is something more than this; it is, in itself, hoarded value. But this something more Mr. Robinson seems to lose sight of altogether, when he claims that he ought to pay for the use of everything else, but not for the use of money. It cannot be criminal to own a thousand dollars in the shape of money, any more than it is to own a thousand dollars that that money would purchase in the shape of a house. If the house has

been obtained through some wrong act, it is just as criminal as if it were in the shape of money. The argument of Mr. Robinson, then, against money honestly obtained, is good, against a house or other property honestly obtained. It needs no argument to prove criminality, in the case of money, house or other property dishonestly obtained.

Mr. Robinson, referring to the individual having money, remarks, "The lender may loan it or not, just as he pleases." So it might be said, "The borrower can borrow it or not, just as he pleases." This is a very inadequate view of the question.

Why should there be borrowers in the world? If there were no borrowers there would surely be no lenders. Men do not borrow for the purpose of benefiting the lender, but for their own benefit. There always will be borrowers and lenders, because of the inherent differences among men, some saving, some spending more than all they earn.

Again, when Mr. Robinson says, "The making of money is one of the most important prerogatives of sovereignty," the statement should be accompanied by some clear exposition of what is meant by "making money." "Congress does not make money, does not create money, does not create anything. Congress may, according to the organic law of the people, define money, define what shall be legal as money, between the citizens. But money, now and forever, can only be the representative of labor, no matter what its form. Money, or in other words, the hoarded labor of the masses, may by class or unjust legislation be flung from the hard earnings of the great body of our people who are laborers, and put into the pockets of politicians and capitalists. This has already been done on a grand scale in the United States, and is going on all the time that Congress is in session. But this is entirely another matter, foreign to the question of the equity of charging interest for the use of money. We have a legitimate taxation, which, even if managed in the most prudent, economical and honest manner, will be very heavy upon our people. A nation cannot 'play soldiers' with millions of men taken from producing and changed into consuming occupations without entailing upon it enormous taxation. It must be paid by the labor of the survivors in the land.

But whether we, as a people, have ten millions or ten thousand millions of such a national debt, Congress cannot make one dollar, more or less, of actual money. Congress may strain the credit of the nation, and eat up the substance of the people; but Congress cannot add to or take from actual human production, save to a limited extent through encouragements or discouragements of individual industries.

It is questionable whether the action of Government in interfering between individuals respecting their private transactions in an arbitrary manner is ever beneficial. It may be proper that Government should define a legal rate of interest—to be the guide in all cases where no special bargain is made; but it should leave individuals to make such bargains as they think proper for the use of money, the same as for the use of anything else. Why not?

The concluding part of Mr. Robinson's argument is curious. He says: "We would be all rich if we could. It is the interest tax which I assail, which leaves us the only alternative either to ride or be ridden, and then of course every one will ride if he can."

This is but an epitome of all the movement of the world. "Every one will ride if he can." Of course. Those who want to borrow money would like to borrow it for nothing, if they could, so that they could become millionaires. Prof. Denton, Wendell Phillips and Mr. Robinson will have to take the world as it is; they may, it is true, stir it up, and make trouble; many do that; but if they can make money to be anything else than hoarded labor, they will be smarter than our Congressmen.

EXAMINER.

Dr. Newton's Work in New York.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—On the 6th of the present month I was an eye witness to some very remarkable cures by the laying on of hands, performed by Dr. J. R. Newton, at his rooms in the Bloomer House, Buffalo, N. Y. Two of these cures I wish to report, as a tribute of respect to the Doctor, and also for the benefit of the readers of the *Banner*. First, I will mention the case of the wife of Elijah Bliss, of Hume, Allegany Co., N. Y. She is forty-eight years old, but in consequence of much suffering appeared to be sixty. She had spinal disease and female weakness. Had not walked in nine years. Had not been dressed in six years, nor had on shoes, and had not been able to sit in a chair during that time. Her limbs were entirely paralyzed. In ten minutes after she was brought into the Doctor's room she was completely restored, and walked through the house from room to room shouting and praising God, while tears of joy were streaming down her cheeks. Her husband and two daughters accompanied her. One daughter, nearly eleven years of age, had never seen her mother walk before, and only knew her as an invalid, unable to leave her bed; and as her mother now walked across the floor and grasped the hands of her children, all present were affected to tears; many were witnesses of the scene. The facts concerning the patient's past conditions for nine years were given me by herself and eldest daughter.

The other case which I wish to relate is that of a deaf and dumb girl, about eighteen years old, who had not spoken since three years of age, and was totally deaf for the same time. She was fully restored to speech and hearing in ten minutes, and all present heard her speak and saw the Doctor test her hearing, by standing one side and partly back of her, so that she could not see his lips move, and at the distance of three feet from her, when she could hear him whisper, and would answer questions and repeat names, &c., after him. The facts concerning her past condition were given me by her sister, who was with her. I made the journey to Buffalo, a distance of near two hundred miles, mainly to visit Dr. Newton, who is truly my benefactor in an especial manner, for which I am truly grateful. I became acquainted with Dr. N. two years ago, at which time he restored my sight from total blindness, an account of which wonderful cure I purpose to give to the readers of the *Banner* ere long.

Fraternally, E. W. WATSON.

McLean, Tompkins Co., N. Y., Sept. 10th, 1869.

Once in a while there is a woman who can by no means be called the "weaker vessel." The exploits of one young New Yorkess are thus stated, and indicate muscle and endurance: She went to the theatre and two parties in one evening, and carried on three flirtations at each. The next day she refused three offers of marriage, accepted two, and broke off three previous engagements, read four novels, wrote two letters and one hundred notes of invitation, practiced her music lesson, made herself a new waterfall, ate breakfast, lunch and dinner, took a walk on Fifth avenue, bought two pounds of French candy and ate it, rode to the Central Park with one of her lovers, and walked home with the other.

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CONDITIONS OF SPIRITUAL INTER-COURSE.

1ST.

The revealed possibility of communion with spirits, through unfolded spiritual faculties, naturally attracts attention to the conditions of such communion.

Permanent conditions would not be desirable for any person, however agreeable or useful they may temporarily be found.

Progression is the law of conditions, and mental states, as well as of the forms and combinations of matter.

It is well, however, to derive all possible profit from any condition which the soul finds to be agreeable and beneficial.

Observation of conditions, at first spontaneous and involuntary, can alone guide the investigator to a knowledge of the laws of such communion.

When discovered, voluntary cooperation with spirits must necessarily perfect the methods of communion between the two spheres of existence.

Every known obstacle to such communion, whether originating in personal habits or unfavorable surrounding circumstances, should be conscientiously removed.

Fidelity to the revelation made within the soul of the investigator, is the first, last and constant requisite.

The unfolded spiritual consciousness should be carefully guarded, lest at any time the cares of physical life, and the allurements of sensual gratification, close up the avenues of this communion, and thereby retard growth and usefulness.

There are degrees of enjoyment, discrete in their relation, pertaining to the use of the various faculties and organs of sensation, and the purest enjoyment is necessarily the product of the highest faculties.

The internal memory takes cognizance of the difference which exists between one class of sensations and another. Hence the judgment is enabled to decide which to choose, and the will is inspired to act through the highest and best.

Habit, however, induced by inherited tendencies, false instruction, and the influence of surrounding circumstances, often prevents the individual spirit from acting in accordance with the demands of his highest nature.

In such instances, it is in accordance with the methods of nature, and the wisdom of intelligent spirits, to lead the idle, inattentive, or sensual soul through a disciplinary experience.

They often intensify the action of the life-principle upon or through the lower faculties, so as to satiate, disgust, or even to destroy the power of their subject and scholar in those directions.

As the lower faculties cease to afford satisfaction, their over-action inducing reaction, paralysis, suffering or death—then the pleasure-loving soul seeks through new channels to delight itself with what is intrinsically better.

It is a comforting fact that "the wages of sin is death," and that when transgression has paralyzed or destroyed the organs by which gratification was obtained, it is forced to seek out new channels through which the life principle may express itself.

Helplessness begets aspiration—aspiration induces sympathy—sympathy involves the imputation of the vital principle by others whose superior quality of life necessarily attracts and assists the sufferer to a higher plane of existence.

Angels, or ministering spirits, can only do their divinest work when the aspirations of needy, suffering souls prepare conditions into which or through which they can pour the tides of their own superior life.

H. B. STOKER.

SPIRITUALISM AND ITS EXPONENTS.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—My business this summer has led me much among Spiritualists, and I have had the pleasure of reading your *Banner*, and was first attracted by it to the beautiful philosophy which it teaches. I have heretofore deemed your system of a piece with the more common attempts to spiritualize the world. I have lately met with many astonishing proofs of spirit identity, and often through children who were mediums; but the most wonderful part of my experience has come through the lecture-room. I have had the pleasure of listening many times of late to the lectures given by or through Austen E. Simmons. Mr. Simmons is a Vermont, and they tell me he is a farmer, although he does not look like one.

When he is himself, he seems like any quiet, well-bred gentleman, is rather retiring, wears a face which bears a touch of melancholy, but a close observer would at once detect his eye, which looks as if it might "flash along a line of bayonets." When I first saw him I was struck with the absence of anything about him that looked like a "minister," as he came upon the platform with a light, bold step; and when he came under the influence, he, as usual, called for a "subject," and then came a rich treat indeed. He seemed to be at home, whether in science or history, and had the rare faculty of stating the arguments of the opposition better than the opposers could themselves; then he took up the points one by one, until not so much as a shred was left. His powers are truly wonderful. I have heard many of the great masters of oratory, but I have never heard anything that went beyond Mr. Simmons' lectures. His power of expression is grand. At times the keenest expressions leap from his tongue like a sword from its scabbard; then logic as bold and invincible as a Brougham; then the most grotesque and quaint conceits; and then, when we are ready to shake our sides with laughter, he is stringing pearls with the deft skill of a Dickens; and with the tenderness of a woman he binds up the wounds he has made. I would give all the wealth of this world if it were mine for his "gift," yet he told me a short time since that he would freely give me his gift! Are mediums unconscious of their power, or are they ungrateful?

What is this strange thing, if it is not what it purports to be? Is it a new development of latent mind?

Gentlemen, I do wish you God-speed in your work.

Yours fraternally,

JOHN G. EDSON.

Claremont, N. H., Sept. 23d, 1869.

"Soul Reading."

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Being a firm believer in Spiritualism and soul reading, I take pleasure in informing your readers that I have been furnished with a "delineation of character," by Mrs. A. B. Severance, and that, so far as the leading temperaments, character, disposition and past life is concerned, it is true to the very letter. I am a phrenologist, but psychometry is far above phrenology. Reader, send for spiritual papers and a delineation of character.

G. TORGERSON, M. D.

Farmington, Minn.

More horses are lamed from bad shoeing than from all other causes together.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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"The Davenport Juggle."

Such is the title which Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson gives to a communication in the *Independent*, in regard to the Davenport Brothers; his conclusion being that "of all juggling exhibitions this is the most commonplace, the most obvious, and the least interesting."

Having read thus much in regard to an exhibition, the marvels of which had interested, astounded and baffled some of the best jugglers in France, including Hamilton and Rhys, not to speak of the hundreds of intelligent persons both in America and England, comprising Prof. Loomis, Prof. Mapes, Dr. Gray, Capt. Burton, the celebrated African traveler (who had seen the best jugglers of the East), and many other well-known gentlemen who have acknowledged themselves non-plussed, we could not but be struck with admiration at the entire facility with which Mr. Higginson sees through the whole mystery, letting us know that it was perfectly "obvious" to his superior faculties. We felt as humbled as Candide did before the learned Pangloss when the latter pronounced Milton a stupid old ignoramus and no poet. "How great must be the man," thought Candide, "who can look down on Milton!" How great, we may add, must be Mr. Higginson, when what is such a mystery to hundreds and thousands of patient investigators, is not only "most commonplace," but "most obvious" to him!

It does not appear that he had to go more than once to look into the thaumaturgic performances. Nay, so readily did he pluck out the very heart of the mystery, that he "did not stay to the dark scene;" and he pleasantly adds, with the confidence and the truthfulness which naturally spring from his alacrity in seeing through mill-stones, "I was no longer in the dark."

The reasons which Mr. Higginson gives for his precipitate conclusions are of the most slender, inconsequential and unsatisfactory character. He does not throw even the slightest ray of light upon the *modus operandi* in the case of all the most important phenomena. He has a theory, it is true, in regard to the phenomenon of the appearance of hands. He was allowed to put forth in the hands of the Brothers, and split it over them. Important consequences, he tells us, followed. "I could see, in the dim light, no floor on the hand; but every time it appeared there was a trail of flour perfectly apparent on the curtain." Even if this were so, it proves nothing whatever. It has been repeatedly shown in the case of similar phenomena, that printer's ink, or some adhesive substance, may be transferred from the medium's hands, when it has been proved it could have been done by no agency of his own. Instead of jumping to his hasty conclusions from an evening's imperfect experiments, why did not Mr. H. vary his tests and his opportunities? He would have found his suspicions dissipated, perhaps, by a more searching and patient mode of proceeding. Frequently in these phenomena the confident theory of one sitting is entirely annulled by the experiences of another. The "flour on the curtain," which was such a revelation of trickery to Mr. H. at his first and only sitting, may have been wholly wanting at the next, and he might have been compelled to seek for some new mare's nest to account for the mystery.

"Every one," says Mr. H., "familiar with the lives of eminent criminals, knows that there are men whom no handcuffs can hold. Their hands are so slender and flexible, or their wrists so large, that they can slip on or off the tightest ligature. For the handcuff, substitute a square knot in a clothesline, and you have the Davenport Brothers."

Here Mr. H. begs the whole question. The obvious theory of every one who goes to see the phenomena is that the Brothers slip their hands out from the ropes. How they do it, even under this theory, is the question. All these suggestions of flexible wrists and easy knots are familiar to nine-tenths of the spectators. The people who have been puzzled for the last sixteen years by the phenomena, are not simpletons, though Mr. Higginson, in his off-hand way, would seem to set them down as such. His theory is, that the Davenports slip their hands out of the knots, flourish them at the window, kneecap committee men on the head, &c., and then thrust those swift-moving hands back into the knots in the few seconds that are allowed for the operation. "The quickness with which they perform their feats," says Mr. H., "is remarkable;" (rather!) "but years of practice gives quickness."

"Why did we not test the question whether they really slipped their hands out?" asks Mr. H. "Because," he says, "we were not allowed by the performers to do so. A bit of thread or sewing-silk tied above the elbow of each Brother, carried through the knots at the wrist, and tied above the elbow again, would have settled the whole matter. But this we in vain asked leave to use."

How far will these suggestions account for the phenomena as described by Prof. Loomis, a man of science and not a Spiritualist, who some years since prepared a full and elaborate account of his experiences, from which we extract the following passage?

"After being thus tied by his hands, he was seated at one end of the box; and a second rope being passed around his wrists, was drawn both ends through the holes in the seat, and firmly tied underneath. His legs were tied in a similar manner, so that movement of his body was almost impossible. All the knots were a peculiar kind of sailor knots, and entirely beyond reach of the Boy's hands or mouth."

The other Davenport Boy was tied in a similar way by another member of the committee. After being tied, I carefully examined every knot, and particularly noticed the method in which he was bound. The knots were all beyond the reach of his hands or mouth. He was as securely bound as the other, the only difference being that the ropes were not as tight around the wrists. This one, as the other, was tied to his seat; the ropes being passed through the holes, and tied underneath to the ropes attached to his legs.

Thus fastened, one at one end of the box and one at the other, they were beyond each other's reach. Thus far I was perfectly satisfied of three things: 1st, There was in the box no person except the Boys, bound as above described; 2d, It was physically impossible for the Boys to liberate themselves; 3d, There was introduced into the box nothing whatever besides the Boys, and the ropes with which they were bound.

These being the conditions, the right-hand door was closed; then the left-hand door; and finally the middle door was closed. At the same time the gas-lights were lowered, so that it was twilight in the room. Within ten seconds, two hands were seen by the committee and by the audience, at an opening near the top of the middle door; and, one minute after, the doors opened of their own accord, and the Boy bound so tightly walked out unbound, the ropes lying on the floor, every knot being untied. The other Boy had not been released; and a careful examination showed every knot and every rope to be in the precise place in which the committee left it.

The doors being closed as before, with nothing in the box besides one of the Boys, bound as described, hand and foot, with all the knots beyond the reach of his hands or mouth, in less than one minute they opened without visible cause; and the Boy walked out unbound, every knot being untied.

The box being again carefully examined, and found to contain nothing but the seats, the Boys were placed in them unbound, one seated at one end, and one at another. Between them on the floor was thrown a large bundle of ropes. The doors were then closed. In less than two minutes, they opened as before; and the Boys were bound hand and foot in their seats. The committee examined the knots and the arrangements of the ropes, and declared that they were *severely and truly* tied. Then they themselves made a careful examination of the manner in which they were tied, and found as follows, viz., a rope was tightly passed around each wrist and tied, the hands being behind the back; the ends were then drawn through the holes in the seat, and tied underneath, drawing the hands firmly down on the seat. A second rope was passed several times around both legs and firmly tied, binding the legs together. A third rope was tied to the legs and then fastened to the middle of the back side of the box. A fourth rope was also attached to the legs and drawn backward, and tied to the ropes underneath the seat, which bound the hands. This rope was so tightened as to take the slack out of the others. Every rope was tight; and no movement of the body could make any rope slacken. They were tied precisely alike. I also examined the precise points where the ropes passed over the wrists, measuring from the processes of the radial, ulnar, and metacarpal bones. I also carefully arranged the ends of the ropes in a peculiar manner. This arrangement was out of reach and out of sight of the Boys, and unknown to any one but myself. The examination being ended, the following facts were apparent: 1st, There was no one in the box with the Boys; 2d, There was no thing in the box with the Boys except the ropes; 3d, It was physically impossible for the Boys to have tied themselves, every one of the knots being beyond the reach of their hands or mouth; and the Boys being four feet apart; 4th, The time elapsing from the closing of the doors to their opening, less than two minutes by the watch—was altogether too short for any known physical power to have tied the ropes as they were tied."

Al! but, says Mr. Higginson, "Years of practice gives quickness!"

If there is anything more than another in these phenomena that is convincing, it is the wholly preternatural rapidity with which results are produced. Any patient investigator will testify that the explanation as to a skill in movement acquired by years of practice fails to meet the problem; and that this quickness can never be manifested under simply normal conditions and in the light. There are mediums in plenty through whom phenomena similar to those of the Davenports have been accomplished; and yet not one of them, however poor in purse, and, we may add, however unscrupulous, whatever sum of money might be offered, has been able to parallel, under normal conditions, this peculiar velocity of movement which is produced when the conditions are such that the supposed spirits or spiritual forces can lend their aid.

Capt. Burton, the celebrated African traveler, writes as follows in respect to certain explanations very similar to those of Mr. Higginson, and, in fact, embracing his whole theory: "I have spent a great part of my life in Oriental lands, and have seen there many magicians. Finally, I have read and listened to every explanation of the Davenport 'tricks' hitherto placed before the English public; and, believe me, if anything could make me take that tremendous jump 'from matter to spirit,' it is the utter and complete unreason of the reasons by which the manifestations are explained."

Mr. A. C. Bagley communicates to the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* his own experiences with the Davenports in Cincinnati in 1861. "After a long discussion," says Mr. B., "one of the Boys looked me full in the face, and asked me, 'What will satisfy you that we have no physical agency in these manifestations?' My reply was, 'Nothing on God's earth unless you let me hold you.' This proposition was accepted; and the following is Mr. B's account of the result:

"The hour having arrived and everything prepared, six persons beside the Boys took seats in a parlor lighted with gas, the external light being entirely excluded. I placed a common card-table beside the wall, and seated the two Boys, one at each end of the table. I then took a large tin horn, a violin, a tambourine, a banjo and a triangle, exhibited them to the company present, so as to satisfy them and myself that there were no wires or strings attached to them, and marking them with the phosphorus, laid them on the table. I then took a seat in front of the table, grasping firmly the two thumbs of the Boy on my right, in my right hand, and the two thumbs of the one on my left, in my left hand; the feet of the two Boys were placed close together, with my right foot on the feet of the one on my right, and my left on those of the one at the other end of the table. With these preparations, I ordered the gas turned off, and in an instant, the tin trumpet raised from the table and struck a severe blow on the top of my head, the effects of which I felt for more than a week, at the same time an audible, grum grum speaking voice was heard. 'What was your first thought of that, old fellow?' I replied, 'that it was a striking, if not a convincing argument.' The trumpet fell on the floor back of my chair; and at the same instant, all the instruments on the table rose from it and commenced moving around the room, playing the familiar tune of Yankee Doodle; the tune was not performed very artistically, still the music was tolerable. The lights produced by the phosphorus were distinctly visible as the instruments made the circuit of the room. The music ceased, and the gas was lighted, when the instruments were discovered in various positions about the room; the banjo was balanced on the top of my head; the tambourine was hung up on a nail in one corner of the room; and the violin was in the room; the violin was resting in the lap of one of the ladies present. The instruments were again placed on the table by some one of the party, myself still holding on to the Boys. The second time the tune selected was Auld Lang Syne; and when the gas was lighted, the instruments were disposed of in an entirely different manner. As many as five or six different tunes were played during the sitting, and I have positive knowledge that the Davenport Boys exercised no physical power whatever in producing the phenomena that astonished every one present."

Now we never supposed the Davenport Brothers to be either saints or enthusiasts. We think it not at all unlikely that if they thought they could give additional *éclat* to a manifestation by some extra effort consciously their own, they would not hesitate to put in the power, especially if it could be done without risk of being found out. Intelligent persons who examine into these things take all this for granted. It is the resid-

uum of testimony to the marvelous, that remains after all these abatement and allowances and siftings, that compels such men as Barton, Hamilton, Rhys and Loomis to frankly own, that the thaumaturgy is inexplicable. Mr. Higginson has merely offered the very obvious theory which thousands of other persons have offered before him, both in this country and in England. He has proved absolutely nothing; and his whole account is strangely lacking in minuteness and precision. Even if he had proved, what he has not, that any one of the phenomena was wholly or in part a trick, it would not affect the validity of the rest in the minds of those who have carefully studied these things. To have it announced that the Davenports had been detected in a palpable trick would not in the least affect our convictions as to their medium powers. We are left at the mercy of no such possibility in the important inferences we have drawn from well established physical facts.

In justice to Mr. H., we should add that he frankly admits, while setting down the performances of the Davenports as tricks, that he has "seen many wonders of what is called Spiritualism, that are too hard for his explanation."

The Annual Gathering at Salisbury Beach.

On the 16th we attended the grand yearly gathering at Salisbury Beach; and such a gathering! Visitors came from the surrounding country in all sorts of vehicles, numbering, in all, some two thousand carriages. Pedestrians lined the dusty roads for miles; while boats, loaded with both sexes, came down the Merrimack. Ox teams, with children and banners and music, brought up the rear. At the grand old beach the multitude gathered, a novel sight to behold. All along on the clean, smooth sand, for miles, could be seen squads of young and old of both sexes, partaking of their basket "grub"; horses tied to the tails of wagons, feeding; belles and beaux making love to each other, peradventure, by "the ever-sounding sea"; while, inland, the hosts were collecting to listen to the martial music of the band, and hear the "orators of the day." All along the road to the beach were tents, where clam chowder and sweet cakes and candy were offered for sale; auctioneers selling bogus jewelry; others, "sweet elder at five cents a glass! walk up! walk up!" and so on, *ad infinitum*. In all there were from between fifteen and twenty thousand persons, of all grades, present. Speech-making commenced at three o'clock, but as no notables appeared, it was a sorry affair, as those who did speak (to use an Irishism) had nothing to say. Thus ended the September full moon festival, for the people did not leave the seashore, many of them, until the earth's satellite lent her mild rays to "see them safely home." It was simply a very orderly concourse of people, who came from the surrounding country to look at each other and enjoy the invigorating sea breeze. That was all.

The pious souls who inaugurated the "gathering" at Salisbury Beach, some one hundred and fifty years ago, would have shrank back in holy horror, had they looked on the scene of the 16th with their natural eyes, and pronounced their descendants a "Godless set," fit subjects for his Satanic Majesty, for no prayers were heard nor praises sung from that vast throng of old and young.

"Mine host" of the "Atlantic" did the honors well, considering the "under-tow" that endeavored to sweep him out to sea as driftwood. Newburyport came in for all the glory of the enterprise, and overdid the thing. Next year we hope Salisbury and Amesbury will look after the intellectual part of the programme, and not allow it, as on this occasion, to dwindle into "airy nothingness."

Four Hells.

In an attempt to extricate Dr. Miner from his free use of the word "hell" on a certain occasion in this city, the *Gospel Banner*, of Maine, comes up with perfect boldness to the confessional, and admits that the Universalists believe in "hell"—yes, even in "four hells," which it declares are all scriptural. The *Gospel Banner* avers that Universalists strictly believe in the "pains of hell," the "sorrows of hell," the "fires of hell," the "depths of hell," and sundry other uses of their favorite term. It allows that it need not be regarded as "endless," but as for its reality and its sufferings, in these it believes to the uttermost. It is an admission made at an important time, when people are inclined to believe that there is no need of any "hell" whatever, whether "endless" or "deep," or anything else. As we now understand it, the Universalists acknowledge to the existence of "four hells," according to the organ of that creed just quoted.

Spiritual Literature.

A comparison of the manner in which Spiritualist books are now received by the secular press, with that of their treatment of similar publications ten years ago, will demonstrate to any one the marked change which has come over that press, even against its prejudices and its will. We ascribe it to nothing like a growing love of fairness, but simply to the keenness of a scent that is rarely amiss in discovering its own interests. Whatever be the reason for it, it is evidence conclusive of a general advance in the popular sentiment which compels a very different mode of speech respecting spiritual literature than formerly prevailed. Of the numerous valuable books that are to be found on the shelves of the *Banner of Light* bookstore, there are none which do not now challenge the respectful attention of journals that would readily slur them, if public opinion would so permit.

Portland, Me.

A correspondent sends us the following items from Portland: N. Frank White is giving a fine course of lectures here, which are worthy the attention of every one interested in the Spiritual Philosophy. Our highly esteemed citizen, Jabez C. Woodman, Esq., is at present in feeble health. This is to be regretted, for he is a shining light in our ranks, and we all pray for his speedy recovery. Mr. A. S. Hayward, who heals by vital magnetism, has opened an office here in Congress Hall. He will be likely to do well, for he has a good reputation that will win him the confidence of the afflicted—an important point. He will remain here until October 9th, when he will return to Boston. The Spiritual Philosophy is working slowly but surely into the affections of all classes of our people, though no very active demonstration is apparent on the surface just now.

The Mechanics' Fair.

The eleventh triennial exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association was opened in this city on Wednesday, Sept. 15th, in Faneuil and Quincy Halls. Both halls are filled to excess with an endless variety of the productions of manufacturers and artists, worth in the total several millions of dollars. The fair will continue a week or two longer.

The Fire Extinguisher.

The *Mechanic's Magazine*, printed in London in 1824, gives an account of a "Plan for the Speedy Extinction of Fires; by Capt. Manby," which is very similar to the alleged late (?) inventions, denominated "Fire Extinguishers." Accompanying the article are engravings illustrating the *modus operandi* of putting out fires. The first is a "fire cart," so called, which resembles the common wheelbarrow, with the exception that it has two wheels, but the handles and legs are the same. Between the wheels is a square box with six compartments. In these the engines are kept, charged with the fluid, in order to be speedily used at a fire. When the first engine has expended its store of antiphlogistic fluid, a supply of others in succession may keep up a constant discharge until regular engines and plenty of assistance arrive, should the fire not be entirely subdued by these first efforts. The fluid used was pearl ash dissolved in water, which was considered the cheapest and most effective. The machine was charged with compressed air. The extinguishing properties were known as long ago as 1734, and experiments were made by a German physician, M. Fuchs. Also in 1761 Zachary Grey used the same process, in which were alum, sal-ammoniac and other saline substances with water. In 1792 M. Von Aben, of Stockholm, made numerous public experiments to show the effects of several combined ingredients to render materials entirely incombustible. He is stated to have subdued an artificial fire by two men and forty measures of preparation, that would have required twenty men and fifteen hundred of the same measures of simple water. In the same year M. Nil Mosheim made many public exhibitions to confirm that combustible materials might be made perfectly incombustible.

S. J. Finney a Legislator.

The *Troy (N. Y.) Daily Whig* of Sept. 20th says: "Mr. Selden J. Finney, formerly a resident of this city, has, we learn, been elected to represent San Mateo County, in the California Legislature, for the ensuing term of two years. He ran on the Republican ticket, of course, and beat his Democratic-opponent badly. He will also represent the Fifteenth Amendment when he takes his seat among the law-makers of the Golden State. Considering the fact of Mr. Finney's brief residence in San Mateo County, we infer that he must have made friends very rapidly. Indeed to secure his nomination and election. His many Trojan friends will congratulate him on his successful political career. He was formerly lecturer for the *Troy Spiritualists' Society*, and is a man of ability, and possesses considerable eloquence and power as a public speaker. His ability as a political speaker no doubt aided him largely in winning votes for his ticket."

The *San José Mercury*, speaking of Mr. Finney's election, says: "He is one of the purest men and best reasoners in the State. While such citizens will consent to become candidates for office, there is good reason to hope for the honor and prosperity of California. He will be not only an ornament to the Assembly, on account of his talents, but a credit to his constituents for his moral worth."

Mr. Finney is now a resident of Pescadero, San Mateo County. We congratulate our friend in his new sphere of duty, for we know he will be eminently useful, and work as heretofore for the elevation of humanity wherever his lot may be cast.

A Magnetizer and the Doctors.

The Fall River *Daily News*, speaking of a lecture in that city by Prof. Stearns, the Psychologist, says, "he had an immense audience last night, and kept them in a roar all the evening. The Professor impersonated an Indian chief last night, and shot at five young men sitting in a row facing the audience, with an imaginary arrow. They all fell in an instant, mortally wounded to all appearance. He then invited physicians to come and examine them, and make them stand if they could. Dr. Kreiss, while the Professor was talking to the audience, brought one young man out of it, and was walking off triumphantly when the Professor stopped him and wanted him to bring the rest out. After pinching one on the jugular vein, causing great pain, and offering him ten dollars if he would stand, he had to give it up, and although the rest of the doctors did not report to the audience, they failed in their efforts to make the young men stand until the Professor said *all right*, when they rose to their feet in an instant, apparently as well as ever, amid a thunder of applause. Truly this is a wonderful science, and will bear investigation."

New Criminal Law.

In England a new law has within a few months come into force, which aims to keep habitual criminals under police surveillance for a stated time after having received their sentence at the hands of the courts. For instance: in addition to the sentence of such a criminal, he receives another, declaring him to be under the observation of the police for seven years, during which time he is to live above suspicion and also show that he is earning an honest living. Should he be unable to prove this, it is to be taken for granted that he has relapsed into his old ways, and it is then competent for a magistrate to imprison him for at least twelve months, with or without labor, and he is not allowed to be seen lurking about premises, with intent to commit crime or to aid in committing it. This is one way, but measures of prevention would be infinitely better and more efficacious.

The Harvest of Violence.

And still the work of murder goes on. Is it not of sufficient importance, with such shocking details as it has to furnish, to suggest to the galleys advocates the urgent need of revising their old and inefficient theories, and of inventing something better to suit the times? What good does the galleys do as a warning, when we see so many persons taking murderous weapons into their hands for reckless use? Is there, then, no way of arresting this alarming evil? If not, society is in absolute peril of dissolution. If there is, it belongs to the best minds of society to devise and instantly apply means adequate to the work required.

The South End Lyceum

Holds its meetings at Springfield Hall, 80 Springfield street, Boston, each Sunday forenoon, commencing at half-past ten. Conductor, A. J. Chase; Assistant Conductor, Dr. York; Acting Guardian, Miss H. A. Dana; Guards, J. W. McGuire, G. E. McNeil. Sixty names are to be found on its roll of members, and appearances are very flattering for its fall and winter meetings. On the occasion on which it was visited (Sunday, Sept. 19th) the exercises consisted of those usually found in such organizations, together with answers to the question, "What is true religion?" declamations by Master Warren Chase and Misses Flora White and Ella Chase, and music by J. Bright.

Remarkable Cases of Healing.

From the Kansas State Record, Sept. 14, 1869.
LEAVENWORTH, Sept. 12.
There is considerable excitement in town just now over the marvelous cures of Dr. J. R. Newton, the great magnetic healer. He is stopping at the "Planters", has two rooms and a private secretary. He treats all who come to him, and only takes money from the rich. I heard so much of his healing that I went to the Opera House this morning to see and hear for myself. It was nearly full of a very respectable appearing audience. The Doctor is a man about sixty years old, of portly appearance, with gray hair and whiskers. He has an excellent physique, and would pass anywhere as an honest, upright man. After talking a short time, explaining his mode of treatment, which is purely magnetic, he proceeded to heal. People with all manner of diseases came forward and were treated, and went off apparently satisfied. Some eight or ten were cured of deafness, among them was that of a woman who had been totally blind for three years. She lives in the city, and is well known. The Doctor told her that he thought her case was past cure, but she insisted upon being treated, saying that she had heard of him, and had faith that he could cure her. He operated upon her about twenty minutes, when she opened her eyes, and a white film that had gathered upon them came off, and she could see quite plainly. She could distinguish the audience, and other things around her. Her little boy, about ten years old, led her to the house when she came, and almost the first thing she did after her sight was restored was to look at him and exclaim, "What a pretty fellow." She then hurried home to see five more children that she had not seen in three years. I am told that he has healed to-day at his rooms a woman that has been bed-ridden eleven months, and that she walked around the house, and got into the wagon alone.
Dr. Newton will close his office in Leavenworth Sept. 30th, and return to Buffalo, N. Y., and resume practice at the Bloomer Hotel, Monday, Oct. 4th. During his brief tarry in Buffalo, and on his way to Kansas, he made some very remarkable cures. We will mention one of many, as worthy of special notice. Mrs. Mary Bliss, of Huron, Alleghany County, N. Y., had been paralyzed for nine years, and not able to leave her bed for the last six years; was restored by the Doctor in about twenty minutes, so that she was able to leave her bed and walk from one room to the other without help. Her little daughter, nine years of age, expressed much joy at this event, and said she could not remember of her mother's ever being able to even sit up in bed.

New Subscribers.

Since our last issue we have received thirty-five new subscribers, forwarded by our old patrons, who are endeavoring to procure one or more new ones. Our helpers' names are as follows: W. H. Edwards sent one new subscriber; A. Day, one; Isaac Hoag, one; Dr. A. W. Hager, one; C. Pierce, one; D. S. Chapin, one; Thomas Pollock, one; Mrs. D. B. Frost, one; V. Belup, one; Joseph Hidy, one; Silas Frink, one; H. J. Dadmun, one; Samuel D. Hopper, one; H. P. Webb, one; Friend, one; Mrs. E. E. Stout, one; Mrs. M. Lewis, one; Lucy Stokney, one; John Wells, one; E. Stebbins, one; C. A. Reed, one; John A. Elliot, one; W. R. Rhodes, one; Miss A. Turnaciff, one; J. D. French, one; Timothy N. Brown, one; Mrs. M. F. Thompson, one; Samuel H. Hebard, one; Benjamin Pond, one; R. S. Poole, one; John W. Lewis, one; D. R. Gates, one; Samuel R. King, one; A. Stark, one.

Show Weddings.

The papers abound with highly colored scenes, depicted in the churches, before bridal altars, representing happy couples, gorgeous apparel, unstinted wealth, jewels, gifts, show, and ostentatious mummery. They style it Marriage; but how is it possible for human hearts, in the blaze and glare of such a hot sun of fashion, with self-consciousness uppermost, and pride and vanity usurping all the room, to go out in silent love and sympathy one to the other, testifying in language deeper than words can utter, that here is a union indeed—the union of life and soul, of thought and purpose, of faith and endeavor? When will the world discover that these shows are worse than senseless, when they cease to symbolize what they are professedly designed for?

Secession of Father Hincinthe from the Church of Rome.

Paris papers of September 21st, says a cable despatch, publish a letter from the preacher monk, Father Hincinthe, addressed to the Father General of his Order at Rome, announcing that he abandons his convent, and ceases henceforth to preach in the church of Notre Dame at Paris. As a reason for this radical step he declares that he cannot obey the orders of the Holy See. He protests before the Pope and the Council against the doctrines and practices of the Romish Church, which, as he contends, are not in accordance with the principles of Christianity.

Beautiful Picture of Autumn Leaves.

The season has again arrived when the early autumnal frost traces its brilliant designs on the hitherto vernal foliage of summer. Visitors to our Free Circle Room will find on exhibition a beautiful wreath representing a collection of such leaves as are now to be seen strewn about the walks in the country. This drawing was executed by Mrs. J. D. Wheeler, spirit artist, of Berlin, Mass., while in an unconscious trance, with her eyes tightly closed, excluding all light—the time occupied in its execution being five hours. Considering the circumstances under which it was drawn it is a wonderful production.

Charlestown Meetings.

The First Spiritualist Association of our neighboring city resume their regular meetings in Union Hall, Hall Block, Sunday afternoon, Oct. 3d, by a lecture by Mrs. Fanny B. Felton, at 2 o'clock. In the evening, at 7 o'clock, Rev. Rowland Connor will lecture on the subject of "American Religion." The public will be anxious to hear him on this theme. He is a free, out-spoken man.

Salem, Mass.

Our friends in Salem have commenced their lecture season again in good earnest. The new officers of the Children's Lyceum have taken hold of their work in a manner that promises good results. The Lyceum meets in Hubon Hall at half-past twelve o'clock. The lectures are given in Lyceum Hall at three and half-past seven P. M.

"The Spiritual Harp."

The commencement of the fall meetings of spiritual societies has created a new and lively demand for this first-class singing book. It is almost indispensable wherever there is a gathering of Spiritualists.

The overseers of Harvard University have been discussing whether the students should be required to attend divine worship twice each Sabbath. The result of the discussion has been to let the students do pretty much as they choose, which is an exceedingly wise measure. Better abolish these rules and hire such preachers as the students will love to hear.

New Publications.

THE VOICES, A Poem in three parts, by Warren Sumner Barlow, has passed into a new and greatly improved edition, a large number of changes having been made by the hand of the author, who has been at studious pains to perfect a production whose aims are so single, high, and far reaching, yet practical and familiar. There is scarcely a page on which this laborious care of the author has not been expended as a work of love, and the book is all the better for it. This work is really polemical, while poetical, and endeavors to express ideas which, whether confessed or not, do find hospitality in the human heart. Its purpose is to undermine and upset the old religious superstitions, the fetiches that subject human belief to their degradation. If the more fastidious critic may say that the poetry is not in every respect according to the rules of high art, he will have to allow that the work is well and studiously done which was aimed at, namely, the demolition of idols that are of infinitely worse influence over the mind than all the breaches of literary rules that could be counted. Whoever peruses the author's different "Voices," beginning with the Voice of Superstition, in which he shows so clearly the absurdity of the common conception of God, and of the myth that the Creator of the world uses it for a more battle ground with an enemy he cannot successfully overthrow—and follows him faithfully through his Voice of Nature, in which reason and philosophy set aside the ignorance which goes hand in hand with superstition, will have to admit that the task proposed has been skillfully done, and with genuine power, and the further fact that he has hit the mark in the very centre. This single quotation will give a proper taste of its quality:

"More just conceptions of God's perfect plan. This life is but our rudimentary sphere. We barely learn our ignorance while here; Yet Hope is born with unattained desires, And to immortal life each soul aspires. In this important truth all tongues agree That man was made for immortality. Death kindly comes, and opens wide the door, And lights our passage to the golden shore; O'ld paths the gulf while on we tread The silent pathway of the living dead. Then let earth join with aspirations high, Proclaim this glorious truth—*we never die!*"

LIFE OF ST. PAUL. By Renan. New York: Carleton. It cannot be necessary to call attention to the value of a book from the pen of Renan, the man who has given to the world the Life of Christ, and the Lives of the Apostles. This volume of his series of what are known to all the world of civilization as sacred characters, will command a wide circle of readers at once. There has been a general eagerness for the appearance of the book. Its contents are set forth elsewhere in the body of an advertisement, to which we direct the reader's attention. The volume discusses the preaching and the wanderings of the great Apostle, gives an account of his writing his several epistles, describes with a lifelike minuteness and a fine imaginative glow the scenes with which his foot were familiar, and sets forth with circumstantial accuracy the various personal experiences of Paul during his stirring, laborious, and not unromantic career. Of the captivating style of Renan we need not say a syllable. In the present volume it forms not the least attractive part of a narrative, a discussion, and an exegetical performance, which will secure attention that might not be attracted to the more substantial, but not less characteristic, parts of the work.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard send us "THE INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS, with illustrative anecdotes, from the French of Ernest Mennault." The text is likewise accompanied with illustrations. On these fifty-like pages the animal kingdom manifests its powerful claims to be recognized far more affectionately by man than is his wont. Birds, beasts and insects are here made to cross the stage of observation, and each deliver itself of the proofs of the highest intelligent intellect it possesses. It is noticeable that the marvels of animal intelligence are at present claiming much wider attention from observers than ever before. One cannot read so simple yet comprehensive, a recital of the habits of the creatures specified in this little volume, without wondering at the divine instinct that is as well illustrated in the ant and the bee as the man who is styled lord of creation.

THE ATLANTIC for October is without any sensation, such as the Stowe-Byron affair, but it is freighted with a charming variety and freshness which makes it even more attractive and satisfying. There is "The City of Brass," an awful piece of covert satire, done in the nearest way: "The Exquisite in Life," by the lecturer, Giles; "German Songs," by Walter Mitchell; "The Brick Moon," one of Edward Everett Hale's ingenious impossibilities; "Pennsylvania Ditch," a fine piece of picturing, and what little is positively known about; an article of real value on "The Increase of Human Life," by Edward Jarvis; a paper by Mrs. Agassiz, on "A Dredging Excursion in the Gulf Stream," and several other pieces, in prose and verse, including tales and essays, all which together make handsomely into a monthly issue with which any enterprising publishers may well feel satisfied.

THE GALAXY for October is handsomely illustrated, bright, varied and entertaining, while likewise instructive. Mrs. Edwards contributes her story of "Susan Flanders"; Justin McCarthy discusses, "The Real Louis Napoleon"; there is a sketch of a Journey in Northern China; "Little Boopie" is finished; Charles Reed continues his "Put Yourself in his Place"; there is a paper giving the reasons "Why Thieves Prosper"; Frank Norton reports his experience of "Ten Years in a Public Library"; Grant White discusses on "Shakespearean Mares Nostre"; and there is miscellany in abundance, and of excellent quality, to match. We can cordially commend this number of the Galaxy.

POTNAM'S MONTHLY for October gives an interesting contribution from the publisher, embracing reminiscences of his acquaintance and dealings with well-known American authors—Poe, Paulding, Prescott, Cooper, Margaret Fuller, and others. Mrs. Hawthorne also writes about English scenes—"Old Boston and St. Botolph's"; Tuckerman dips into some sketches of Italy; Cranoe sets forth "The Dream of Pilate's Wife" in blank verse; and the remaining articles are characterized with the usual sprightliness and vivacity which make Potnam such a truly magazinish Magazine.

LIPPINCOTT for October entertains us with another part of Trollope's story of "The Vicar of Bullampton," a tale from the German—"The Lovely Ones," "What I saw on the Suez Canal," Dale Owen's "Beyond the Breakers," "The Freedman and his Future," the conclusion of "Magdalena," Karl Blind on "The Democratic Movement in France," "The Pleasures of Poverty," and the editorial miscellany. Lippincott has issued few more vivacious numbers than this of October.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for October continues Mr. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy," rumored to be an autobiography; and has additional articles of snapping interest to the juveniles, from such favorites as Helen C. Weeks, E. E. Hale, J. H. A. Bone, Mrs. A. M. Diaz, Mrs. Agassiz, and others. It is a chirpy number.

"ONWARD" for October sustains Capt. Mayo Reid's proposed plan in its establishment of a juvenile magazine, and shows great care and superior tact in general preparation and management.

FETTERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for October is a pleasing collection of the customary plates of fashion, the popular tales, essays, and poems, and the miscellaneous editorial entertainment and instruction, which has made that monthly magazine so wide a favorite. It is a most attractive number.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for October is received from Messrs. Crosby & Damrell, (successors to A. Williams & Co.) It has a steel-plate frontispiece, the usual fashion plate, a good lot of fresh illustrations, a varied and attractive quality of letter-press, and a valuable and suggestive editorial department.

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have just published the "International Boat Race Galop," dedicated to the gallant Harvard crew; music by M. Massier; on the title page are excellent likenesses of the crew—Loring, Fay, Lyman, Burnham and Simmons. "Florence Schottisch," by Wm. J. Lomon, is also just issued by the above firm.

Elmira, N. Y.

J. H. Mills informs us that Mr. J. William Van Namee has located in Elmira, and intends to remain there for the present. He is an excellent speaker, clairvoyant and test medium, and "has already made hosts of friends." He is the means of stirring up a fresh interest in regard to the subject of Spiritualism. Address him care of J. H. Mills.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

A Speakers' Convention, it will be seen by a call in another column, is to meet in the Court House, at Racine, Wis., on Thursday, Sept. 30th, at half-past two P. M., and continue the following day.

B. B. Russell, of this city, publishes another of his exquisite little steel engravings, entitled "Good-Morning," representing a little dog, "Fido," clambering up at the crib of his child mistress and friend Alice, and saluting her as plainly as an animal could do—with what he expresses but cannot speak—a pleasant "Good-morning." It will make a pretty picture for home walls where children abound, and is very cheap for framing at two dollars.

Prof. William Denton's lecture on "The Deluge in the Light of Modern Science," is selling rapidly.

Mrs. R. Collins, clairvoyant physician and healing medium, is still practicing the healing art at 19 Pine street, Boston, and is meeting with excellent success.

Some young Paris snobs have actually started the fashion of wearing bracelets. Rogues are often obliged to adopt the style, whether in or out of fashion.

Bishop Cox, of Buffalo, has a father, Rev. Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox, a scholarly man, a genius, and a Presbyterian well known to fame. It happened once that this revered father visited his son, the bishop, and the following dialogue ensued on Sunday morning: Bishop—"Father, you know that I would like to have you preach for me, but then, you know that our church does not recognize your ordination, and I must keep to the order." Dr. Cox—"May God forgive me for being the father of a fool."

Louis Napoleon's illness has been, it is said, largely occasioned by excessive smoking. Some time since he smoked sixteen cigars a day.

Saturn and Venus are now near together in the evening sky.

Mill's book on the "Subjection of Woman" is having a great sale in England. It has been translated into French, and, we believe, into German. In this country it has not attracted all the notice it deserves. Thinking minds, however, devour it with a relish.

Not many years ago a certain Vermont church was in need of a pastor. One Sabbath the minister supplying the pulpit, well known for his eccentric turn of mind, prayed for "a man for the Lord" in this fashion: "Send us not an old man in his dotage, nor a young man in his gossamerhood, but a man with all the modern improvements."

CO-OPERATION.—A cooperative tailoring establishment was organized last June in New York, with a capital of \$2500, in shares of \$10 each, contributed by one hundred tailors and one hundred and fifty friends of the enterprise. At first the Society did job work for the stores, but in a month's time private orders began to come in, and the business is now very extensive. The workmen earn full wages, with a prospect of a handsome dividend at the close of the year, and the customers obtain clothing at a low price, the charges being ten per cent. above the cost of labor and materials. The men earn on an average \$24 per week, and women \$10 to \$12. They work twelve hours per day, and their customers are chiefly mechanics.

Maggie Mitchell Paddock has resumed the theatrical profession again.

Farmers near the seashore in Maine, it is said, have learned that fish make as good food as hay; and that one fish makes a full meal for a sheep.

HOW DRUNKARDS ARE MADE.—The Boston Congregationalist says: "We heard a fact related the other day, upon unquestionable authority, which saddened and amazed us. It was to this effect, that at a late 'birthday' given by a little girl, and attended by her playmate boys and girls, five different kinds of wine made a portion of the entertainment, which was partaken with great gusto by the happy crowd. This was supported by another fact—that a little boy, whose birthday was approaching, and who greatly desired to give a party in honor of it, was deterred from so doing by the parental interdiction of wine as a portion of the feast, and by feeling that so many unpleasant remarks would be made if such a party were given without wine, that it would be preferable to ignore the occasion altogether."

DR. D. C. DARE, "the Healer," has closed his offices in St. Louis, and in response to calls, has made some appointments in leading cities in the West. The Doctor is a member of a distinguished family, of that name, in New York, many of whom enjoy eminence as physicians. Although educated to the medical practice, the Doctor openly declares that he receives marked aid from the spirit-world in treating the sick.

Situations are like skeins of thread. To make the most of them we have only to take them by the right ends.

"Good manners are the blossom of a plant. Of which the roots are truth, love, purity. And last, not least, an even-balanced wisdom. Let the roots flourish, and the flower will bloom. In its own shape and color; not the same. In every plant, but always beautiful. The very soul branched outward to the senses, But manners thrust upon us from without. Aro like the tinsel flowers they make in France, All of one hue and pattern, lifeless, scentless, Bearing no seed within their painted cups, And ending with themselves."

THE VOICES.—The New York Revolution, in a lengthy criticism of Barlow's new book of poems, with the above title, says: "It has real ability, and is radical in the extreme, and that is beginning to be regarded as real merit. The writer is an iconoclast of the boldest and most intrepid description, and will waken thought in some, as well as stir the wrath, or rouse the fears and apprehensions of others."

A wag, seeing a door nearly off its hinges—in which condition it had been for some time—observed that when it had fallen and killed some one it would probably be hung.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

A. B. Whiting lectures in Washington Hall, Philadelphia, during October. He will attend to calls for week evenings. Address him at 227 Sixth street.

Mrs. Abby M. Laffin Ferree has arrived at San Francisco, Cal. Address her accordingly.

Isaac P. Greenleaf lectures in Leominster, Mass., Oct. 10th.

Andrew T. Foss will speak in Montpelier, Vt., on the three last Sundays of October—17th, 24th and 31st; Nov. 14th in Leominster; Dec. 5th and 19th in Fall River, Mass.

Mrs. Mary E. Withee will speak in Sutton, N. H., Oct. 24 and 17th.

Bridgeport, Conn.

The Spiritualists of Bridgeport, Conn., have organized a Society, adopted articles of association, and elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: John S. Shattuck, President; Mrs. Otis F. Porter, J. H. Bloomer, Vice Presidents; Otis F. Porter, Secretary; Robert Dawson, Treasurer; David Shattuck, H. Glines, A. J. Strong, Trustees; E. Gardner, J. H. Smith, J. C. Small, Finance Committee.

PREAMBLE.

The people of Bridgeport and vicinity interested in the promotion of good morals, science, general education and liberal opinions—which work for the good of all—are invited to subscribe to the following articles of association and help promote the above objects:

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE 1st.—Section 1st.—We, the undersigned, inhabitants of Bridgeport and vicinity, desiring to avail ourselves of the advantages of association for advancement in the knowledge of truth, elevation of mind and progress in wisdom, do hereby agree to form ourselves into a body corporate, under the name of "Friends of Progress." Sec. 2d.—Recognizing the necessity of charitably judging each other's opinions as being the best they have, and desiring better in the future respecting the natural right of all to think and act as they judge best without injury to others, we look forward in hope for the salvation of the human family from ignorance and its results, by instructive lectures and discussions on spiritual, scientific, literary and educational subjects, and by means generally which will promote the above objects. 3d.—The elective officers of this Association shall be a President, two Vice Presidents, a Secretary and Treasurer, and a Board of three Trustees. The appointed officers shall consist of a Finance Committee of three, and two others. 4th.—A sum for transaction of business shall consist of eight members, elected officers included. 5th.—All members shall be required to pay \$3.00 a year as dues, payable in monthly installments, in advance, of 50 cents each. 6th.—No part of this Constitution can be altered or amended, amended, except by a motion made in writing, which shall be referred to a committee of five members appointed by the President, whose report shall lay over until the next regular meeting for action. A two-thirds vote shall be necessary to make such alterations.

Charity Fund.

Moneys received in behalf of our sick and destitute brother, Austin Kent, since our last report: A Friend, Baltimore, Sept. 16.....\$3.00 A Friend, Sept. 23.....\$1.20

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] D. C. B., PORTLAND, ME.—Only his small pamphlet, twenty cents. J. LOGAN, DUNDALK, N. Y.—Goods shipped Oct. 6th, per bark "A. A. Dechert." W. H. TRENT, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Goods shipped Sept. 20th, per bark "Agate."

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

THIRD COURSE OF LECTURES.
The next course of lectures on the philosophy of Spiritualism will commence in Music Hall—the most elegant and popular assembly room in the city—on
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, OCT. 10th, at 2 o'clock, and continue twenty-nine weeks, under the management of Lewis B. Wilson, who has made engagements with some of the ablest inspirational, trance and normal speakers in the lecturing field. Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan (late Daniels) will lecture through October, Prof. William Denton in November, Mrs. Emma Hardinge in December, Thomas Galus Foster, probably, in January, to be followed by others whose names will be announced hereafter.
Season ticket, with reserved seat, \$4; single admission, 15 cents. Season tickets are now ready for delivery at the counter of the Banner of Light Bookstore, 158 Washington street.
A season ticket without reserved seat, for the convenience of those who do not like the trouble of paying a fee at the door every Sunday, can be obtained as above for a less price than single tickets will cost for the course.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zolistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents. THE KANSAS-PULLMAN JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by B. E. Jones, Esq. Price 8 cents. THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. The Journal of the GYMNASTOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF BOSTON. Devoted to the advancement of the knowledge of the domain of science. Price 25 cents. DAYBREAK. Published in London. Price 5 cents.

Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. 4w. \$25.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

MISS M. K. CASHEN answers sealed letters at 185 Bank street, Newark, N. J. Terms \$1.00 and 4 blue stamps. 02.

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps. \$18.3w

THE BEST PLACE—THE CITY HALL DINING ROOMS for ladies and gentlemen, Nos. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. Open Sundays. 02. C. D. & I. H. PRESNO, Proprietors.

Mrs. S. A. R. WATERMAN, box 4193, Boston, Mass., Psychometrist and Medium, will answer letters (sealed or otherwise) on business, to spirit friends, for tests, medical advice, delineations of character, &c. Terms \$2 to \$5 and three 3-cent stamps. Send for a circular. 02.

WHAT CHANGES! Who'er heard such a thing before? Ten years ago—and little more—GEORGE FENNO kept a little Store, At twenty-four Dock Square: Sometime in eighteen fifty-nine He thought he'd advertise in rhyme, And ever since about that time He's heard of every where; His trade of late has so increased, A splendid Store "up-town" he's leased, Which has the people so much pleased, Their Boys they now "CLOTHE" there, CORNER OF BEACH AND WASHINGTON STREETS.

Special Notices.

Herman Snow, at 410 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal., keeps for sale a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books at Eastern prices. Also Planchettes, Spence's Positive and Negative Powers, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. May 1.—1f

Notice to Subscribers of the Banner of Light.—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires: i. e., the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume and the number of the paper itself, then know that the time for which you paid has expired. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to send receipts. Those who desire the paper continued should renew their subscriptions at least as early as three weeks before the receipt figures correspond with those at the left and right of the date.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment in advance.

For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Tuesdays.

R. M. SHERMAN

I am prepared to examine and prescribe for the afflicted at a distance. The assurance he gives his wonderful cures in the past. He will diagnose disease in person or by letter. Give name and residence of patients. All those wishing prescriptions and examinations will please enclose should renew their subscriptions at least as early as three weeks before the receipt figures correspond with those at the left and right of the date. 2w—Oct. 2.

DRUNKARD, STOP!

C. C. BEERS, M. D., 25 Decatur street, Boston, Mass., has a cure over TEN THOUSAND with a medicine given him by the spirit world. Send stamp for circular. Oct. 2.—4w

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM,

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

Consumption, Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, And Croup.

AS AN EXPECTORANT

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

It is composed of the active principles of roots and plants, which are chemically extracted, so as to retain all their medical qualities.

Ministers and Public Speakers.

Who are so often afflicted with throat diseases, will find a sure remedy in Allen's Lung Balsam. Lozenges and wafers sometimes give relief, but this Balsam, taken a few times, will insure a permanent cure.

Will all those afflicted with Coughs or Consumption give this Balsam a fair trial, they will be pleased with the result, and confess that the SURE REMEDY IS FOUND AT LAST.

IT IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Oct. 2.—2w

DR. J. R. NEWTON

Will heal the sick in

BUFFALO, N. Y.,

At the

BLOOMER HOUSE,

ON AND AFTER TUESDAY, OCT. 4TH.

For a few weeks.
Dr. NEWTON repeats his visit to Buffalo in consequence of the multitudes of cures performed there on the 4th, 5th and 6th of September, and at the solicitation of many prominent citizens of that city. Oct. 2.

MRS. R. COLLINS, Clairvoyant Physician and Healing Medium, 19 Pine street, Boston. 12w—Oct. 2.
MRS. LIZZIE ARMSTRAD, Test and Spirit Medium, 232 Washington st., corner Kneeland, Boston. Oct. 2.—1w

E. LONGFIELD, Test and Writing Medium, 418 E. O'Farrell street, facing on Market, opposite Third street, San Francisco, Cal. Fee \$1 per hour. Aug. 7.—12w

MONEY MADE WITHOUT RISK.—Send for an Agency of the Positive and Negative Powers. See advertisement of the Powers in another column. Address: J. PAYTON SPENCER, M. D., BOX 5617, NEW YORK CITY. 16w—Aug. 21.

THE INGENUITY OF MAN has never devised a remedy for the Fever and Ague, or Chills and Fever, equal to the GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY, Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powers. I have known a single box to cure two or three cases radically and permanently in 24 hours. For terms, prices, &c., see advertisement in another column. 16w—Aug. 21.

AN INTERESTING WORK.

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AND

ITS HIDDEN HISTORY.

"Hearts! Breaking hearts! Who speaks of breaking hearts?"

A BOOK FOR

WOMEN, YOUNG AND OLD; FOR THE LOVING; THE MARRIED; SINGLE; UNLOVED, HEART-BREFT PINING ONES;

A BOOK FOR

UNHAPPY WIVES, AND LOVE-STARVED ONES OF THE WORLD WE LIVE IN!

By the Count de St. Leon.

THE statements contained in this book are indeed startling. Its exposure of simulated and morbid love and the monster crime of this age are withering, and will go far toward changing the current of the thought of the century upon matters affectional, social and domestic, for a

FIRM, VIGOROUS HEALTH

Pervades Every Page.

APPEALS FOR WOMAN,

AND

Consolations of Wounded Spirits,

Are tender, pathetic and touchingly true and eloquent.

ADVICE TO WOMEN.

So often the victims of misplaced confidence and affection is sound to the core,

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Gannett.
while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-plane in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in those columns that do not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.
These Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The Circle Room will be open for visitors from two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.
Mrs. Gannett receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

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

Invocation.

Our Father, thou spirit of the heavens and the earth; thou infinite presence whose right hand doth ever reach out to us through the darkness of ignorance; whose strong arm doth ever uphold us; whose love is ever around us, in our weakness we would call upon thy name, imploring thee to save from temptation. We seek, oh Father, to understand thy being; teach us that we cannot. We aspire to know thee through our own senses; oh, Lord, show us that this can never be. May we be content to read the Scriptures of our being, which thou hast shown us; may we worship thee by doing well. Thy love bringeth forth fruits and flowers in due season; and these our praises, oh God, we bring before thine altar, (referring to the floral decorations on the table.) Oh may our every act be acceptable unto thee, and approved by thy holy angels. Infinite Spirit, let thy blessing descend upon us; may we learn to worship thee in spirit and in truth. Protect us, oh Lord, amid the temptations incident to our growing life, and may we ever be found worshipping thee wherever the lines of our lives be cast. Receive the prayers and praises of thy children; may each one lay them on the altar of their own conscience. May the angels guide us; may each thought be answered by increased intelligence; may each prayer find an echo somewhere; and, oh our Father, may thy children, who have gathered on this occasion, know that they are thy children, and worship thee by kind deeds all the days of their lives. And may they feel that thy love is with them, and thy holy spirit descending upon them forever. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready to consider your queries, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—A correspondent from Middleboro', Mass., writes: "In the Banner of Light, of July 17th, 1869, there is a communication from one Samuel Warren, of this town, killed in the battle of the Wilderness. Now we have questioned the families by that name, and have also carefully examined the town records, with the assistance of the town clerk; we have found recorded names of all soldiers, where they died, were buried, &c., but have not discovered any by that name. Will you please question the spirit, or lay this letter on the table at the next public circle?"

Ans.—Samuel Warren is present, and declares that Middleboro' is his native place; that he enlisted in Iowa, and went from that State, but was told on coming here he must give the place of his nativity.

Q.—G. W. Wyandott, Kansas, asks: "What evidence have we of the spontaneous growth of vegetation; or how may we convince the unbelieving that vegetation will spring forth from the earth without a deposit of seed in it?"

A.—That vegetation does spontaneously spring forth is a well established fact; because long before there were any husbandmen to sow seeds there was vegetation.

Q.—By L. A. F.: Truman Philo, a lad about twelve years of age, left his home in Batavia, N. Y., about sixteen months since. Will the controlling spirit ascertain his whereabouts, whether on the earth or spirit-life, and confer a lasting obligation upon his afflicted parents?

A.—He is not in the spirit-world; we will try and learn his whereabouts, and report.

Q.—A correspondent writing from Northfield, Minn., says: "In the Banner of Light of Aug. 14, 1869, in reply to the question, 'Do spirits eat food?' &c., &c., we find the following answer, viz: 'Spirits have need to eat as you have.' Now please turn to the Religio-Philosophical Journal, of August 9th; in reply to the question 'Is food required in the spirit-world?' you will find the following answer, viz: 'We do not require food to sustain and maintain the spiritual body.' Will you please give an explanation of this, to me, plain contradiction?"

A.—We certainly do not require that kind of food which you require; but we need to be sustained. We have bodies material, and they demand material sustenance. We obtain that material sustenance from the earth and what the earth provides—those of us who had our dwelling place on the earth prior to the change called death. If we were always giving out and never receiving we should soon be exhausted.

Q.—A correspondent from Chicago, Ill., writes: "In Life's Unfoldings, or the Wonders of the Universe Revealed to Man," by the spirit guardian of David Corlies, in part second—Mysteries Revealed—the question is asked, 'Do we ever see a spirit?' The answer is, 'Not ever will. For there are none, either in this world, nor in the future state of existence, nor anywhere else. (Spirit is life, and you can see life only in the outer form.)' Is not this directly contrary to the teachings of modern Spiritualism?"

A.—No; it is not contrary to the teachings of modern Spiritualism, but in perfect harmony with them.

Q.—By F. T. Y.: How are we to distinguish, at all times, between our own impressions and those given us by spirits?

A.—You cannot always distinguish between the two. Sometimes spirit impressions are so clear and distinct that you know them; but at other times they are not, and then you cannot decide between what belongs to you or to your neighbor.

Q.—By same: After listening to a tune or song, we sometime afterward seem to hear or feel the same on our brain, as perfectly as before, but cannot give it expression. Why is this?

A.—The brain vibrates in harmony with the vibrations of music wherever it is, providing the brain is in a receptive condition to music. There are chords of harmony in our inner being which must of necessity vibrate to all things musical that are objective to us.

Q.—(From the audience.) Do our friends in the spirit-world recollect the promises they agreed to fulfill when in this?

A.—It is to be presumed that they do; under some circumstances, however, they may for a time forget them.

Q.—(From the audience.) Does the spirit retain its material body, or does it become clothed upon anew at the change called death?

A.—Your spirit is clothed with its spirit-body, and its material body; when the change takes place the spirit-body does not become separated from the spirit.

Q.—If then I should be shut up in an air-tight iron casket, through what manner would the spirit make its escape?

A.—There are different degrees of materiality; the spirit body of which you speak is so subtle that it can readily pass through any of the substances of which your senses can take cognizance. There is no substance known to your senses through which this spirit body cannot readily pass.

Q.—Are the terms spirit and soul synonymous?

A.—They are.

Q.—Then do not you confuse our ideas on the subject?

A.—Soul and spirit are the same to me. Your terms in the earth-life are so ambiguous that it is very hard to make you understand what we wish to.

Q.—Does not the term body imply an inner existence of which it is the covering?

A.—Certainly.

Q.—What term do you apply to that existence?

A.—We may call it the soul, the spirit of life, the divine principle—and still after all it is only the life—the motive power of the man or woman. Q.—In accepting God as a principle instead of a person, will the controlling spirit tell us that which we should love with our whole heart.

A.—Everything that is lovely, that appeals to your highest sense of the beautiful and true. Love a good act with all your soul, for it is of God; love a divine thought, love everything that will aid you in climbing up the hill of life; love everything that will make you better—everything that appeals to your highest conceptions of good.

Q.—Does the substance of the spirit-material body diminish or reduce itself in order to pass through a given enclosure?

A.—It is not reduced by passing through any material substance; it loses nothing of itself; it is superior to the things that appeal to your human senses. You cannot hold thought—you cannot bind it in a casket; thought travels wherever it will, and this spirit-body referred to is thought—thought in form. When you come to consider that this same spirit-body is so divinely organized in all its parts and portions as to be entirely and thoroughly superior to all the lower things of time, you will easily determine that it finds no resistance from wood, iron, stone, gold or any like material substances. It cannot be confined; you may as well think of confining God, as the spirit or its body.

Q.—Does the spirit on going out of the casket I have before referred to, pass out through any single pore, or does it occupy more room in its passage than any single pore affords? I do not question its substance.

A.—It occupies all its fullness of dimensions, without any regard to pores. I should not be obliged to pass through the key-hole of your door in order to enter your closed room, because the walls would offer no resistance to me. The will-power of spirit is capable of passing the spirit through all substances known to you. That is superior to all substances known to your human senses, and being superior, it can pass through them. All substances are absorbents to spirit, and are in one sense impervious to spirit.

Sept. 6.

Arthur C. Starkey.

I am from New York, sir. I was born in Albany. At the time of my death I was seventeen years and two months old. I went into the army not because I was obliged to, but because I wanted to. I first lost an arm, and was getting well, I thought, of that, and then I got a fever, and after being sick for three or four weeks, I died. I have been very anxious to come back again since I came here, but many of the boys said it was like dying over again, and I did not like the process. But I have come to-day and will try it.

My name is Starkey—Arthur C. Starkey. I have a father who is no believer at all in any hereafter. My mother died when I was quite young, so I have her assistance here. She is very anxious that my father should believe that there is another life beside this, but I don't know as that will make any very great difference in his happiness hereafter, whether he believes it or not. I have two half-sisters and a brother. My father's last words to me were these: 'Arthur, remember you go of your own free will—I do not compel you; you will find it a hard life, no doubt, and you had better consider well beforehand, and make it a sure thing.'

I have been told of some of the stories that have reached my father, about my sickness and death; they were all false—every one of them. It was said that I was starved to death; that is a mistake. I was fortunate enough to meet with good friends—had very fair care, and went out under very favorable conditions.

Say to my father, if you please, that I do not return to convince him of a hereafter, but because I want to return, and something also forces me to do so. Say to him that the package he sent to me just before I was wounded I never received, but I heard about it since my death. It did the poor fellow who got it a good turn, and I am glad he sent it, because he needed it, and I did not.

Sept. 6.

Elizabeth Atkinson.

I was born in Tamworth, England. I came to America nineteen years ago. I was at that time an orphan, and I came here with my uncle. My name was Elizabeth Atkinson, and I came with my uncle, Charles Atkinson. I was thirteen years old at that time. Some time after our coming to America, my uncle was called back on business, and was detained longer than he expected, and unfortunately, or fortunately, perhaps.

There is a strange story connected with my life—perhaps I had better not relate it here. [You can do just as you please; if you think your friends will recognize you better by telling it, it would be well to do so.] No; I think not. I want to reach my uncle by coming here, if I can. They say there is a possibility of it; he is in this country, and I want to reach him. He has full faith in another life, but he does not know of the spirit's return. Tell him from me, that his father, John Atkinson, (whose oldest son he is)—and also that my father, Edward Atkinson—are most anxious to communicate with him about that which is of the utmost importance to himself. Good-day, sir. [Is that all you wish to say?] Not one-half; but I wish to say what I have to say, to him.

Sept. 6.

Peter McCann.

(This spirit after looking around confusedly for a moment, turned to the Chairman, Mr. Wilson, and said, 'I don't know, mister, at all, but it seems to me I have seen you before. [Can you state where?] Well, mister, I don't know; but I think at the office of the Daily Bee. I was like you; I published such a paper. It is all of twenty years ago. [What was your name?] McCann. Peter McCann. I was in my sixteenth year at that time. [What did you do at the office?] Well, mister, I was at the office about four months; I was a kind of a porter. You told me

I was not experienced enough in the business, and was not strong enough. And I said, try me, and see; and you said I might stay a week, and you would see. Do you remember me now? [I remember the incident, but had forgotten the name.]

I want to communicate with my brother, and tell him about the world I'm living in; I don't mean the world where you live, but the spirit-world. I was told by Father Fitz James that I'd stand a fair fight to find my brother by coming here; his name is James; he is older than myself, and he wants to communicate with him, and tell him that I'm very well. We have five of us in the family in the spirit-world, and five of us on the earth, and we wish to send good-will to those who are left here.

It seems like I was traveling back again all this time, twenty years, and perhaps some more, when I come here to-day. Now, mister, if you please, tell me what I can do any more; what is there I have to do to get my message to my brother? [Nothing more than to tell some little incident of your past life that will refresh his memory, so that he will recognize you.] Well, sir, I don't know anything better than for me to speak of the 25 I borrowed from him and never paid; not because I didn't intend to pay, but because I was unfortunate. He said to me, 'Now this is the last time I will give you any money.' I think I was born under some unlucky planet, or much like, but it's all right, I suppose. Tell him I'll pay him when he comes here; not in the way they do on the earth, but in some kind of a way—I don't know at all how. [Did you live in Boston when you died?] Was I in Boston? No, mister, I wasn't. Faith—and I may as well tell where I was; well, then; I was on the Island—a disgrace, I suppose they will say, and I'd better stay away. All right; I'm changed now, and am different than when I was here. Good-day, sir.

Sept. 6.

Annie Eldridge.

[How do you do?] I am from New Bedford, sir. My name was Annie Eldridge. I was ten years old. I been gone two years. My father's name is George. When I was here before I died, he was away; he was second officer on board the bark 'Elba'; he's left that now, and I don't know where he is. I've been trying all this time to come, and I don't want to come for nothing. Mother says I'm in the arms of the Saviour, and in heaven; father says, 'That's all nonsense; I don't believe in anything since Annie died.' But you tell me, I'm here, and I'm not dead. He doesn't believe in any kind of a religion now; says he was inclined to, but now he isn't since I have died—he don't think it's done him any good.

I had the fever, sir. I can't tell you how long I was sick; I was out of my head almost all the time. But you say I want to come, and I want to talk to him, won't you? [Yes; don't you want to say something to your mother?] It would make her afraid. I could say many things to her, but it would make her afraid. When she isn't, then I shall. Good-by, sir.

Sept. 6.

Invocation.

Our Father, do thou draw so near to us on this occasion that we shall not be able to find any distance between thy providence and our lives. Fold us closely about with the mantle of thy strength, thy wisdom and thy love, and cause us to read thy truths understandingly and well. And may we go out from this place better able to know thee. May our crosses become crowns, and each trial be but the avenue of added power. Our Father, and our Mother, too, we praise thee for thy blessings; those that come to us clothed in flowers and sunlight, (referring to the bouquet on the table), and those that are robed in shade. We behold everywhere about us the evidences of thy power and wisdom. Do we look at the heavens over our heads, where thy glory is unrolled in splendor; do we gaze upon the earth under our feet—behold them then hast stamped the signet of thy beauty. Wherever we turn we see tokens of thee—everywhere thy Scriptures are spread before us. Father Spirit, Mother Love, receive our prayers and accept our praises, and in thine own name, do thou, oh Lord, continue to bless us. Amen.

Sept. 7.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—B. W. W., of Monrovia, Kan., writes: "There is a disease in this country known as the Texas or Spanish fever, which has been the cause of the death of a great many cattle. From whence is its origin? Is it contagious? If from the Texas cattle, in what way? What can we do for prevention, or a remedy? I find the opinions of learned and scientific men in this life as varied as there are investigators."

Ans.—And so it is with regard to the opinions of learned and scientific men in our world; as each sees from a different standpoint, there will always be some difference. I have listened to a discourse recently upon the subject of the diseases incident to climate, and the one you have laid before me was brought up on that occasion. It was the opinion of those who seemed to have an understanding of the matter, that the disease was incident to the climate, indigenous to the soil, and that until climatic influences were changed by a change of the soil—a change in the aggregation of particles constituting the soil—in that part of the country, the disease must continue in existence; and if it was in existence cattle would just as naturally breathe it in as they would receive the particles comprising their food; they believe it to be impossible to put cattle in that part of the country without their taking it, and all who came into contact with them would have it also. Now if this be true, Texas is so placed to raise cattle; because it is not only unfavorable to those who are raised there, but it is also unfavorable to the higher types of life, viz., humanity. Everything that is inimical to health, certainly is unfavorable to humanity. There is another class of intelligences who declare it to be an altogether different influence, and that the disease is taken proper care of the animals. For my own part, having only taken a superficial view of the subject, I can give but a passing opinion; and that in reality is gained from the brain of some one else.

Q.—Is the disease confined to any particular part of Texas?

A.—No; all but the extreme eastern and southern portions of that State are affected at certain periods of the year.

Q.—As spirits have bodies answering in all respects to the physical body—as they eat, drink and perform all the other functions of the physical body, it is a natural inference that spirits increase of and by themselves. Is this inference correct?

A.—Yes. It is correct, but there is no way by which I could demonstrate its correctness to you, because the demonstration depends upon contrast, and there is nothing in this life that will afford me the assistance that I need to demonstrate it to your senses as a positive reality. Q.—I have been informed through a medium in the trance state, that there are both spirits and angels; that angels are of an inferior order, and that they are servants to spirits. If this is correct, are angels limited to a fixed number, or are they, like spirits, constantly increasing, and if so, from whence comes the increase?

A.—For my own part I know of no such class of beings as angels; and the term is defined by humanity, and is generally understood as being a class of beings having an existence without contact with matter; having been born into intellectual life without ever having had a material body. I have never met with any such class of intelligences, and therefore can give no light concerning them. I do not believe they exist. Q.—H. E. H., Benicia, Cal., says: "Dr. Child, in his pamphlet entitled 'Soul Affinity,' puts forth the theory that for every soul born into the earth life, its counterpart, or 'affinity,' of the opposite sex, is born at the same time in the spirit-world, and the two are inseparably connected in love forevermore. Has this theory any foundation in fact?"

A.—I believe that intellectually, physically and spiritually, the divine power has created us, and we are male and female, as one, not as two; having two distinct bodies, to be sure. One, all nature demonstrates to be incomplete without the other; therefore there must of necessity be a counterpart of the opposite sex for every spirit that has an existence with you. That counterpart may not be found with you here, or perhaps during ages of the future, but the two must of necessity

gravitate together sometime, in obedience to natural law.

Q.—Are they born at the same time?

A.—I should hardly be willing to make such an assertion. It may be true, but I should hardly venture to make it.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—I propose to make, on this occasion, a criticism upon a discourse delivered a short time ago in Burlington, Vt., before the Society for Religious Inquiry, by Rev. Dr. William F. Warren, of the Boston Theological Seminary. The theme of that discourse was "The Issue between Christianity and a Christless Theism." I do not propose to criticize the discourse entire, but only to take up certain points in it and pass them in review. I do this because the allusions made to myself on that occasion had a tendency to place me in a very false light before his hearers and the public.

The speaker endeavors, on one hand, to show that Theism and Christianity occupy the same religious basis; and on the other hand he widely divides them. In the first place, to my understanding, there can be no such thing as a "Christless Theism," because Theism is not another term for natural religion, and it is a well-known fact, at least with some—certainly with me—that Christ, preached and practiced a natural religion. In speaking of Christianity, I do not mean that spurious article that is held in reverence by the churches of to-day; I mean that pure and undefiled Christianity, or natural religion, that belonged to Christ. The speaker said that they—Christianity and Theism—occupy nearly the same religious basis, or entirely so; well, I so believe, but I deny that Theism occupies the same basis that Christianity which has an existence in the churches of to-day occupies, for there is nothing natural about it—it is artificial from base to apex. To me, it has hardly one ray of the pure natural light that shone through the Christianity taught by Jesus the Christ.

The speaker said on that occasion, that Mr. Parker believed in a personal God. That statement was as far as it went, was true; but it left his hearers in blindness and darkness as to what kind of a personal God Mr. Parker believed in; they understood him to believe, no doubt, in a personal human being, like ourselves, occupying some local heaven, seated on some far-off local throne. I never did believe in the personality of God in this sense—I do not believe it now; but in another sense I do believe in the personality of God; I believe that he speaks through his works, the flowers, the beautiful earth—and no more through the human form than any other.

The speaker made a statement to this effect: that Christianity, or the God of Christianity, possessed the largest liberty, the broadest freedom, and was in no wise capricious. Well, let us see, I have conceived this Christianity to be that which belongs to the churches of to-day—not the Christianity that I receive as such—and the speaker says the God of this Christianity is not capricious, he possesses the largest freedom. He furthermore says the God of Theism is capricious, has very little liberty, very little religious freedom. Let us see about this God of Christianity. He goes to work and makes a world, or millions of them, and peoples them with human beings fashioned in his own image. After he has finished his work, he, according to the record, pronounces it to be "very good." Suddenly he is aroused to the fact that they are not "very good"; they have been born in infancy and sin; and he says something must be done to save them from their sin. And as he happens to be fashioned after the Moses ideal, he demands blood for the removal of sin, he says: "I will give my beloved Son to wipe these stains away. There is sin in the world, and blood alone can wash it out, so he shall be sacrificed for the sins of humanity; and they who believe that I have thus sacrificed him, and believe in the efficacy of his blood to save them from their sins shall be saved, but all the other unfortunates shall be damned!" You see caprice and folly stamped upon every lineament of this God—every one can see it; even the little child will argue against the changeableness of this God. So much and very much more might be said about the caprice of the Christian God. Now let us see about the God of Theism. Theism says the work displayed in the flowers, in the grass, and in every thing back and forth, and the flowers are always good. Theism says God dwells in all things naturally and divinely, and never takes it back. Theism sees God wherever there is life—proclaims this God to be very good, and trustfully relies upon his power. It never has cause to change its opinion because his Scriptures are never sealed; they are always open; the little child can read them, and old age need not stumble in understanding. Christ taught this natural religion. Let us see if he did not by the record: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory, and in all his riches, did not clothe himself like one of these." Thus clearly recognizing the personality and properties of God; and beholding in the lily a leaf in the great Scriptures of Deity. It is sometimes extremely difficult to ascertain what religious standpoint certain philosophers of the life occupy. They tell us in one breath that God is good, omnipotent in justice and love and power, and then that he is capricious, and calls forth his creatures but to destroy them; that he fashions, and then is sorry for having so fashioned; that he makes men and women so that they cannot do otherwise than sin, and then sends them to eternal damnation because they have sinned; his flag goes forth over all his creatures, and yet his course is felt so terribly by those who happen to be unfortunate.

The speaker on that occasion declared that Mr. Parker believed in a natural religion—and he gave out the idea that Mr. Parker endeavored through his life to separate Theism, or natural religion, from Christianity. Well, according to his idea of Christianity I did, but to mine I did not. To me Christianity is that pure and undefiled natural religion that belonged to Christ, and not the artificial, spurious Christianity that belongs to the churches of to-day. Of course I could do no otherwise than to show that there was no religion but Theism in Christianity, for Christ was a Theist in an eminent degree, and they who would follow in the steps of Christ cannot be otherwise than Theists.

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Sept. 7.

Rachel Toppin.

Friend, I have acquaintances and relatives in Philadelphia who are very anxious to become convinced, provided they can do so in their own way, of the truth of modern Spiritualism. And I have been invited to come back and give some proof that shall satisfy them that spirits can return. Now I do not know as I can give any that will be satisfactory to them, but I will do the best I can.

My name was Rachel Toppin. I have been in the spirit-world eighteen years, and four months. I lived here in this life sixty-three years and between six and seven months. My maiden name was Frasier. In early life I married Samuel Toppin. They say they would be satisfied if I would return giving the last words that I ever uttered here on earth. Well, they were these, in reply to this question: "Aunt Rachel, are you satisfied to go?" Are you happy in going? My an-

swer was, "Yes; God worketh well!" Now they think that will satisfy them, but I don't know. The human mind is so constituted that when it gets one crumb of bread then it wants another—one proof only provokes an appetite for more. Some of my family once said, "If I could obtain twenty thousand dollars I would be satisfied, and never want another mill." This was obtained, and then they thought of what they could do with more if they had it. Twenty thousand dollars more came, but they only thought of what was to come, and were still unsatisfied. And so it is with regard to all kinds of knowledge—you get little and you want more. This is right; you would come to a standstill if you did not have this desire. And when my friends say they will be satisfied—and I know it will be very satisfactory—they will want more. I am going now. [Come again.] God bless you. Good-by.

Sept. 7.

Stephen H. Cobbin.

How do, stranger? [How do you do?] I'm all right, as high as I can reckon. [That is a happy condition to be in.] Well, name, to begin with, I suppose. Mine was Cobbin—Stephen H. Cobbin. [How do you spell it?] C-o-b-b-i-n! There! I'm always make my things right as I go along. I'm from Alton, Illinois. [Indeed. How long since?] Four, five, going on six years. I "denied" it in Oregon for about sixteen years. [Did what?] Why, I "denied" it—that was what all my folks used to say, when they wanted me to come further east; they said they wondered when I would get through "denying" it among the Indians. They said I went into winter quarters like a bear, and stayed till spring, and then came out rejuvenated, don't know whether I would rather live that way, and attend to my own business, than to be always meddling with other people's; some do that thing, and are always in hot water. I lived well enough; I had plenty to eat, a place to sleep; sometimes I was alone, and sometimes I wasn't. They say I took up this life because I was disappointed, but that's my business, not theirs. That's one of the troubles of too thick civilization.

I read a great deal, stranger, and I read something about Spiritualism. I read of this place, stranger. First I thought it was rather a wild story; then I thought I'd wait till I was dead, and then I'd pay you a visit. Now some of my folks that are in Illinois and Missouri and Massachusetts, they have an idea that I was very close and miserably and that I've left a good deal of property if it could only be obtained. Here's a result of the way you live, again. Have to use so much money to keep up popularity that they are searching to get more everywhere. They are ready to hop into a fellow's clothes before he's dead. They reckon on what you are worth while you are dying, and say, "I wonder who he'll leave it to—or I wonder if he'll leave everything all straight." I got sick of such life, and I went to live with the wild Indians and the bears.

I'm glad that my folks think of me; but will you be kind enough to say to them, that I give part of my property to the friendly Indians who needed it—they've got their hands full of it. Oh, my property in Illinois? I have not got it. They said I had thirty thousand dollars in Illinois. It's all a lie—I had not a cent there. The most went to the friendly Indians, and if there is a balance I'll take care of that. They need not trouble themselves about it—need not lose any sleep over it—I was smart enough to take care of it when I was here, and I can now. They'll not call on me again in a hurry, I reckon. I'm just as I used to be. You can't make an apple out of a turnip by planting it. There's no fooling me, I come up just as my body went down. [Who wanted you to come back?] A brother I have, and two of his sons, and some more interesting relatives—guess they'll have enough of me. Well, stranger, good-day to you.

Sept. 7.

Jennie Edmunds.

[How do you do?] I'm pretty well now. I'm Jennie Edmunds, of Fairhaven, Connecticut. Please say that—that father isn't dead, and I ain't dead. Father parted with his body, and I died with mine, but we live just the same. And won't you say, too, that we want to come to mother, and tell her that little Walter is here? He isn't so little now as he was. He was a baby, I suppose, when he died, but he's a bigger now than any. [Was he here before you were born?] Yes, he do not like to have anybody think we are dead, and so we want mother to know that we are alive; and her grandfather, that was a minister, (my mother's grandfather—he was a minister) he says that he used to preach death and the resurrection, and now if he was here he would preach life and perpetual resurrection. Mother thinks a great deal about him; she used to think that he was very holy; but he tells her she had better think more of the religious wisdom of her day, and less of what he gave. He shall do all in his power to impress her to do so, because she is trying to live very well. [She does not understand that you can return?] No, sir. I don't, neither, till I die. [Was he here before you were born?] Yes, he do not like to have anybody think we are dead, and so we want mother to know that we are alive; and her grandfather, that was a minister, (my mother's grandfather—he was a minister) he says that he used to preach death and the resurrection, and now if he was here he would preach life and perpetual resurrection. Mother thinks a great deal about him; she used to think that he was very holy; but he tells her she had better think more of the religious wisdom of her day, and less of what he gave. He shall do all in his power to impress her to do so, because she is trying to live very

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