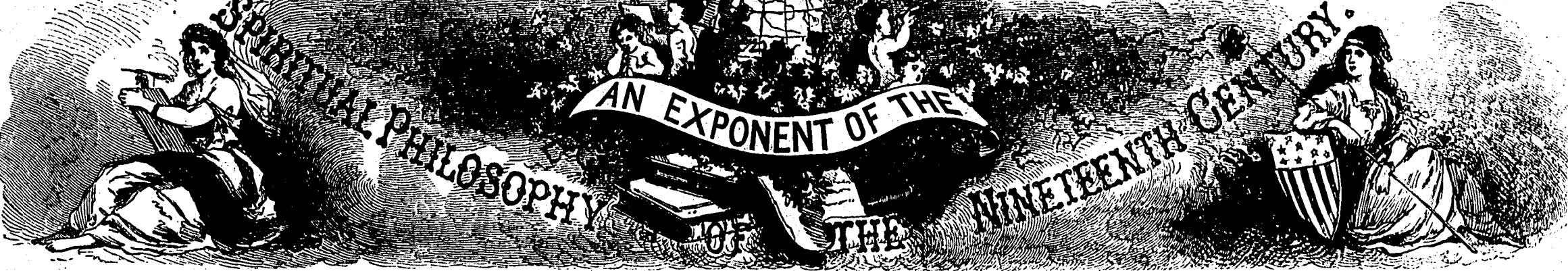


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXVI.

{WM. WHITE & CO.,
Publishers and Proprietors.}

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1869.

{\$3.00 PER ANNUM,
In Advance.}

NO. 3.

Spiritual Phenomena.

ACCREDITED 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. Oshaguet 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 dagger-type 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 a Mr. Suman 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 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 on 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. Minier, 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. SIMKINS, OF WOLVERHAMPTON, ESQ., TO THE TRUTH OF SPIRITUALISM.

To the London Dialectical Society:
GENTLEMEN—In accordance with the expressed wish of your committee, I herewith furnish, in writing, the substance of my testimony to the truth of Spiritualism, as given by me at your meeting at the residence of Dr. Edwards, Fitzroy Square, London, on the evening of Tuesday the 15th of April, 1869.
T. M. SIMKINS.
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 mesmeric 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.

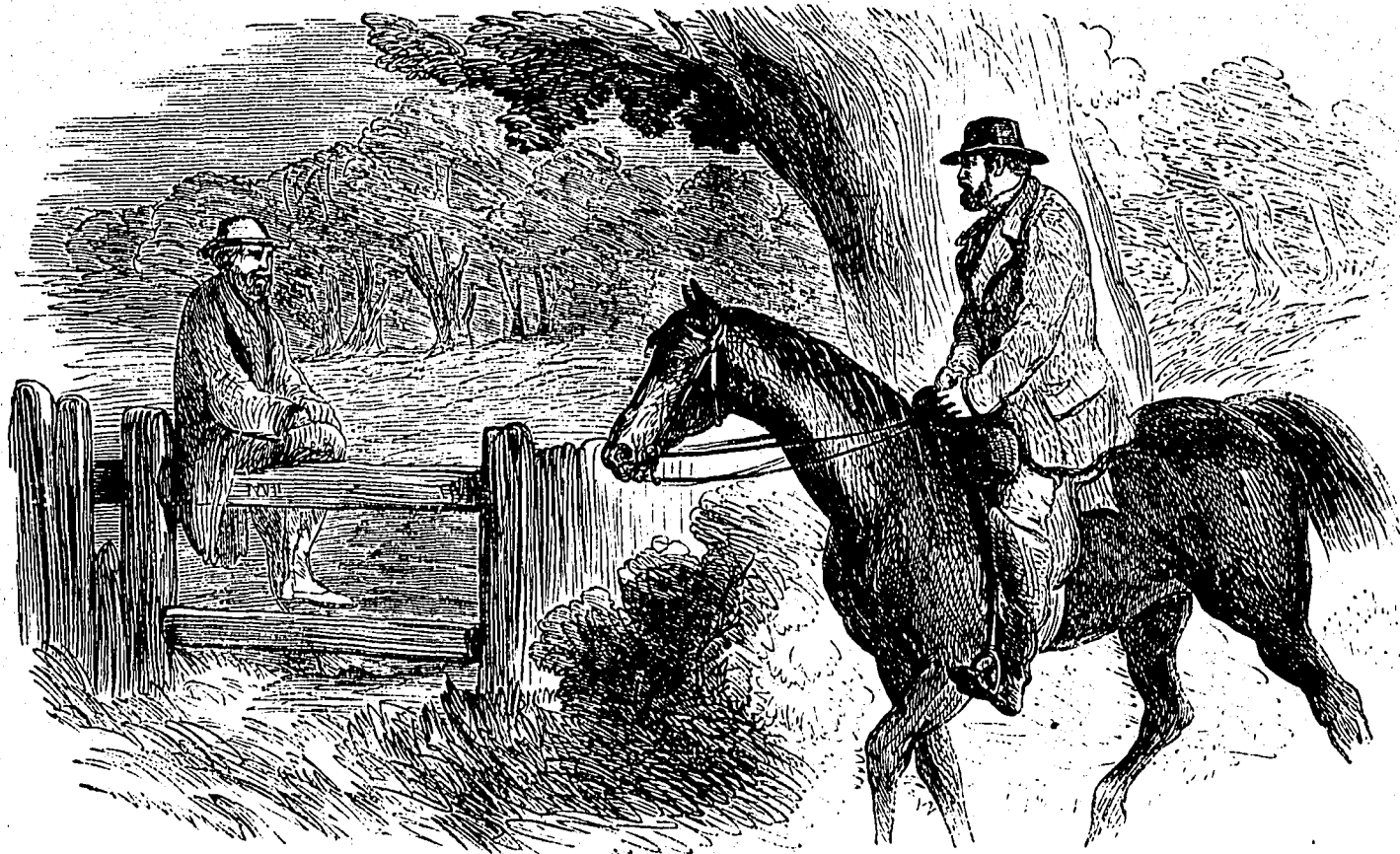
I have never been able to witness any independent physical manifestations, (i. e. without contact of the medium,) which would admit of efficient testing; so that I am generally skeptical as to the reality of this branch of Spiritualism. Though I have not seen any reliable physical manifestations, I have witnessed a great number of neurological 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 dead, have still a conscious existence, and can, by operating through the nervous systems 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 recognized me, 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, 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 being 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 logic 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 smudge 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 copple. Here he bored the earth in several places with a ramrod, smelling the point every time, 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 copple, 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 collar of the house. This dream cooperating 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 was in company. She not only saw them, but occasionally gave 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 he was 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, "Who is that; I have seen that face before." "Don't you know?" said I. She replied, "Oh! it is that spirit that I saw last week; it's Father F." What a good likeness it is!

On another evening we went in 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 "Annibale Carnaro," who 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 Encyclopaedia I found his name and profession rightly given. She has correctly described the details of dreams of many ancient Greek and Roman spirits, such as the tunic, toga, 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 high smothered the pure form of "MAN THE SPIRIT," I think it useless at present to enter, as the chief object of this investigation 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, while 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 die shall he live again?"—by the very fact of spirits coming and predicting the future, definitely, 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 led 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, although I have never been in the least carried away by them. I recollect we had many sittings at my house and there were when 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 resting in the air, which all the world has heard of, 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. I recollect that Mr. Home sat on my right hand, and beside him there were six others round one half of 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 and higher 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 fancy?' cried her husband. Three raps responded: 'Yes,' and the lady put a faint smile on her face, it seemed trying to take. 'Give it the handle,' said the husband. The wife obeyed, and it commenced fanning her with much grace. 'Could it fan the rest of the company?' some one 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—patted 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 had had. It is interesting to know that the effect is not to create supernatural terrors and morbid feelings. My children, who knew 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, for the nerves fill not only each tissue of the 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 the spiritual body. A further refinement might bring us to what I understand 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 its 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, for the vision had lasted but 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 is our darling, then, so soon to be taken from us?' I pacified her 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 of 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 in 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, 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, 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 hunt 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 lost diamond. 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 was not the least fiction about this 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. Hardy, one of the Group Leaders:

Every one truly and understandingly believing in the continued existence of the soul 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 he may give him. You will find such among the Buddhists, the Chinese, the Hindoos, the Egyptians, 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 don't really believe anything about it. For lack of evidence to base their faith upon. Let the Athiest question them, and they are at once unimpressed. 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 they are far 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 immortal degree. And I believe so much really, truly, and unhesitatingly, that I am ready nine-tenths of the way, a Spiritualist, for to believe all this and deny that such can return to their loved ones here in the mortal form, still sympathizing, assisting and guarding as before, would show a dullness of reasoning that would put stupidity to the blush. Besides, I have 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 communion with departed ones, just as truly and as fully as I commune with you now. Peter, James and John 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 it is 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 this will it ever be. Will you tell me then, that I am not growing, and strengthening with our strength till the very last, are not ultimately to receive a full and generous supply? Mother Nature, ever true, ever just in all her ways and works, rejects such a base imputation, and declares to us in a thousand ways that every demand she creates 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 centuries to that home "which gleeth 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, &c. What a noble and useful employment! If Spurgeon was a Spiritualist, he would soon learn there were 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 thinker, 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.

Written for the Banner of Light. AUTUMN.

The summer has put off her joyous 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 wide, devouring jaws, and hungry maw, Angry, remorseless as the cruel Fates, Forever following on our weary track, At length overtakes us in the march of life—As Fanny's wave with splendor rolling on, Created with nodding plumes of foam, And uttering sullen threatenings to the sky, Overtakes the lated 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 ever bearing in thy plenteous hands The fruitage of the waning year; The sons of men do bless thee evermore; 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 toil. Through all the seasons that precede thy reign; For thee the days of winter, cold in snow, And brilliant 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 really fades away, And night with stars comes up the eastern sky—Like a crowned empress from her royal bowers—Scenters with lavish hand, along the fields And listless groves, her wealth of crystal dew, To reinvigorate their wasted strength—Which sunk beneath the waves of heat, That radiates from Phœbus' car of fire, Wheeling its course across the azure 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 blade 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, Fostling on sweet, 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 thy 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 praises for aye, In notes whose sweetest strains are for our outcast The countless melodies that march along In night-dreams through the poet's gifted mind; The which (though all unutterable) remain To each 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 ministerial spirit from the other land Strikes the glad lyre to ravish mortal ears.

Oh, Autumn! with thy robes of gorgeous hue; With thy leaves of gold and crimson fields, Or when the forest 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 blending pen of sheep, And populous farmyards, where the meek-eyed kine Send forth their answer to the herdman's call; Oh! Autumn, with thy overflowing barns; And garner, filled with Earth's rewarding fruits, And woods, all vocal with the farwelling songs Of birds that follow Summer in her flight To the far regions of the central zone, And the voice of squirrels, that the livelong 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, Whence the cuckoo's note and the brook's rills Commingle with the lonely 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'erlooks Thee, and with ruthless fingers searches round To curb the current of thy bounding blood—And we, with hearts overflowing, turn away From all the troubles that filled our earlier days; From all the troubles and the caring cares That chased our spirits with the restless east; 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 to 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 crested hills, Shoot up "like vital flames into the blue." Over thy hills and o'er thy faded meads, From the cold regions of the frozen North, Soon shall we hear the blasts of Winter rave, 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 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 for and in 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 superficially 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 the 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 siphoned 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. L. 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 Biles, of Hume, Allegheny 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.

A. C. and Mrs. ELIZA C. WOODRUFF, Eagle Harbor, N. Y.
 Mrs. JULIETTE YAW, Northboro', Mass.
 Mrs. FANNIE T. YOUNG, trance speaker. Address, Three
 Oaks, Mich., care S. Sawyer.
 Mr. & Mrs. Wm. J. 10140, Boise City, Idaho Territory

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 impartation 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.

SPIRITUALISM AND ITS EXPOUNDERS.

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 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's 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. 22d, 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, and 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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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1869.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

AGENCY IN NEW YORK,
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 112 NASSAU STREET.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, LITHUR COLBY, ISAAC H. RICH.

For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All mail must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.

LITHUR 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 this 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 illusion, "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 flour 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 flour 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 man'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, knock 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 knot, and entirely beyond reach of his 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, by the committee, the bodies of 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 to be in 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, and 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 their 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 as before. The committee examined the ropes, and declared them more securely bound than when they had tied them themselves. I then 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 ends being drawn back to the ends of the ropes, and 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 back, and tied to the ropes underneath the seat, which bound the hands. This last 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 seats, measuring from the back of the seat to the back of the neck, and from the back of the neck to the front of the seat. 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 rope in the box with the Boys; 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 mouths, 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."

Ah! 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 well 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 half an hour, at the same time an audible, grating voice speaking through it, saying, 'What do you think 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 a chair, the tambourine was hung up on a nail in one corner, out of reach of any person 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 discovered in still a 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 *clat* 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 abatements and allowances and siftings, that compels such men as Burton, 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; bulles and beaus 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 cider 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 Irishman) 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 shrunk 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 less a growing love of fairness, but simply to the keenness of a scent that is rarely missed 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 *Mechanics' 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 (?) invention, 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 Ahen, 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. Kreles, 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.

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" 2—Mission of Galatia.
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tion into Rome.
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- " 21—Voyage of the Prisoner Paul.

72—A Glance at the Work of Paul.
Price \$1.75, postage 20 cents. For sale at the BANNER
LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston.

THE FESTIVAL NIGHT:

AN Inspirational Poem, given through the mediumship of Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson. Price 8 cents, postage 2 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, Washington street, Boston.

Message Department.

RECEIVED Message in this Department of the **BANNER OF LIGHT** was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday Afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.

Mrs. Conant receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

Benquet 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, O 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, O God, we bring before thee 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, O 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 thy own conscience. May the angels guide us; may each thought be answered by increased intelligence; may each prayer find an echo somewhere; and, O 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. Sept. 6.

Questions and Answers.

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

Q.—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?"

A.—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 had 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, 'No! nor ever will.' For there are none, either in this world, nor in the future state of existence, nor anywhere else. (Spirits are 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 today 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 do not know as that will make any very great difference in his happiness hereafter, whether he does 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 this place, and I believe 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."

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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, and I came with him 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 and mine, which I do not relate to you. [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. [Very likely; 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 the time. [What did you do at the office?] Well, mister, I was in 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 remember me, and I would be remembered. [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 James that I had a brother, and I want to know where he is, and I want to communicate with him, and tell him that I'm very well off. 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.] I want to say, I don't know any better than for me to speak of the \$5 I borrowed from him and never paid; not because I did not 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 such like, but it's all right, suppose I 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'll 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, and I was born there, I think, twenty years ago. My father's name was George. When I was here before I died, he was away; he was second officer on board the bark "Elba"; and 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 Savior, and she says, "That's all you need." That's all you need; I don't believe in anything since Annie died. But you tell him I'm here, won't you, on the earth. He don'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 like 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 realize 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 the robes of love—everywhere thy Spirit is spread before us. Father Spirit, Mother Love, receive our prayers and accept our praises, and in thine own name, do thou, O Lord, continue to bless us. Amen.

Sept. 7.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—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 a preventive, or remedy? I find the opinions of learned men differ, and I am in doubt as to which to follow. I am in this life as varied as some are investigators."

A.—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 I have heard 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 composing the soil—in that part of the country, the disease would 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. 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