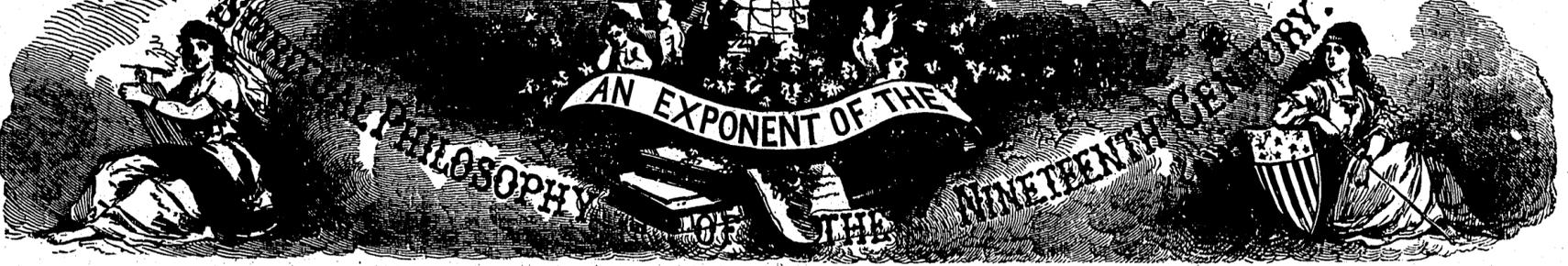


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

THE WARNING.

BY E. F. ELLET.

There was always something to puzzle me in the behavior of a young man whose acquaintance I made while traveling in Norfolk, Eng., many years ago, and to whom I became much attached, though there was really little about him to attract particular regard.

He had not much talent, nor any great personal advantages, though not deficient by any means. I suppose my attention was at first drawn to him by observing in him some peculiarities by which my sympathy was awakened. He was occasionally moody, unequal in his humors, and took no pains to conceal any emotion that chanced to affect him. I have seen him, in the gayest circles, suddenly become silent, and remain rapt, as it were, in sullen meditation for hours together.

The name of my young friend was Darcy, and it was evident he had been delicately brought up and carefully educated. His health, with the exception of these strange habits, was pretty good; but the eccentricities I have mentioned were serious drawbacks to his enjoyment of society. I have noticed him, in the midst of conversation in which he had joined with apparent pleasure, suddenly grow pale, start up, and rush precipitately out of the room.

I observed, too, that he was troubled with an ingenuousness that led him too often into the betrayal of his thoughts to persons who could not appreciate or sympathize with him. This kind of imprudence struck me unfavorably, till I perceived that his want of tact arose not from stupidity, but from the too intense earnestness of his own feelings. He could not bear the least trifling or jesting on subjects in which he felt interested. Of course, with this unhappy sensitiveness, he was unfit for general society, and usually avoided it. I began to pity his loneliness, and I learned to value the confidence he seemed to repose in me beyond others. I saw, ere long, that he regarded me as his only friend. I gave him the advice he sought concerning his affairs, and spent hours in his company frequently. He never manifested the slightest reserve with me, except on one subject—his family and relatives.

We were at a country town when a body of troops passed through; and we dined in company with several of the officers. The evening was delicious, and our festivity unbounded.

We were not, however, to separate with hearts as light as when we met. I noticed that Darcy drank an unusual quantity of wine; and I regretted it, knowing that a single glass always produced a perceptible effect on him. Repeated draughts irritated him to absolute frenzy. He fell into a violent dispute with Colonel T., and before any of the company could interfere blows had been exchanged. Both the parties were half intoxicated; but I could see that the quarrel would not be forgotten with the return of cool reason, at least by Colonel T., to whom the headstrong young man had used some inexcusable expressions.

I had reason for the fears I entertained. Early next morning Darcy sent for me. He had received a challenge from the Colonel, which he was in honor bound to accept. I found him plunged into remorse for his own behavior; and I called on Colonel T., in the hope of adjusting the affair. But he would listen to no offer of compromise. Nothing, therefore, was to be done but to arrange the preliminaries of the hostile meeting. I was Darcy's second.

I went to consult him about the necessary arrangements, and found him buried in the deepest dejection. I had never seen him so melancholy; and it was contrary to his usual deportment. In moments of danger, where I had seen him repeatedly, he had shown the most exalted courage, even when the spirits of others were drooping. Had he misgivings as to the right of duelling, or was he trembling for the result?

But his honor was involved. He had provoked the encounter by his imprudence, and there was no receding. The meeting was to take place the next morning.

I strove to cheer and encourage him, and remained with two or three acquaintances in his company till late that night, talking of everything likely to interest and animate him. He became more and more gloomy and abstracted. I was beginning to lose patience, when, as the clock struck eleven, he suddenly sprang to his feet, trembling, and pale as death, and hurriedly motioned us away.

"It is the last favor I shall ask," he said, gaspingly. "Leave me, friends! I entreat you leave me immediately!"

His white face worked with emotion, and he appeared so violently agitated we dared not stay to ask his reasons for so abrupt a dismissal.

At the appointed hour I went the next morning to his lodgings, prepared to accompany him to the place of meeting, but fearing I should find him in the delirium of illness.

What was my astonishment when he met me at the door with a cheerful and joyous look, shook me by the hand, and spoke as jestingly of the coming duel as if he were anticipating a pleasant morning walk. This strange hilarity, coupled with the gloom of the preceding night, suggested to me doubts as to his sanity. I watched him closely, but could perceive nothing to confirm my suspicion, except the fact that he had made no preparation of any kind for the possible result of the encounter. I alluded delicately to this imprudence. Darcy laughed lightly, and said he had no ill-boding fancies. Colonel T., he said, was no great shot, and he was, luckily, a thin person! I was shocked by his recklessness.

This mood lasted to the end. He sang and jested as we walked to the ground, and till Colonel T. and his party arrived, taking his place as



THE VISION OF THE GRAY KNIGHT.

if it had been in a quadrille. With the same lightness he awaited the fire of his adversary. The ball grazed his hat; he raised his own pistol, and fired in the air.

The Colonel naturally interpreted his cool composure as contempt, and was incensed beyond measure. He insisted on another shot, and, though both seconds objected, Darcy silenced us, consenting to it.

Another and another shot was exchanged without effect, Darcy always firing in the air. Colonel T.'s agitation probably prevented his taking aim as he wished. It was manifestly unfair to allow such a combat to proceed, and we positively prohibited a fourth trial. Colonel T. was compelled to submit; but he rejected Darcy's frank overtures of reconciliation, vowing that he would yet have his revenge.

"You cannot now," returned his opponent, with a peculiar expression of countenance. "I knew you could not; I knew my time was not yet come."

The words struck me as singular; and the same evening I sought my young friend, and was fortunate enough to find him alone at his lodgings. I urged a request for an explanation of his strange conduct.

He seemed unwilling to give it, till I reproached him, and said the only alternative was to suppose him devoid of feeling. Then he promised to be candid, and alluded to his former reluctance to speak of his family. He passed lightly over the account of his early years, hastening to what he said had colored his whole life.

"You will not wonder," he continued, "when you hear all, that I should be what fate has willed to make me. My father's favorite place of residence was, of course, the patrimony of his ancestors—his country seat not far from B. The water scenery was very fine, and I loved to indulge my fancy for solitude and quiet. At this time I was eighteen years of age. My father's health was feeble. He had to spend much time in B., but he had promised me that, as soon as he could arrange some important business, he would return and pass the winter in our old home. My time was occupied in devising and carrying out improvements upon the estate. One night I was sitting up late, drawing plans for some of the buildings. I had been anxious all day, not having received expected intelligence of my father. The clock struck twelve; and, smiling to think how rapidly the time had flown, I put aside my papers, and threw myself into an easy chair by the fire. I know not what impulse or accident moved me, after a few moments of thought, to glance toward the table. Conceive my amazement to see, standing in the middle of the room, the figure of a knight in gray armor, with visor closed. From my childhood I had heard the traditional tale of the apparition of one of my ancestors—a knight in gray armor—visible always at midnight, on the eve of the death of some one of the family. So much I had heard of this phantom that I was as familiar with its figure as if I had seen it. I had often dreamed of it in my boyhood, though, as I grew older, I had learned to look upon the whole story as a nurse's fable. My father and elder brother had often spoken of the spectre, having heard of it; but, like me, they had no actual belief in its existence. It seemed as if I was the one of the family selected for its visitations! Their active life had probably effaced the impression of the story heard in former years. I was delicate in health, and had been brought up a student; for it had been my father's desire to fit me for one of the learned professions. To me, then, the spectre chose to appear, though I was the youngest of the three surviving members of the family. These thoughts and recollections swept through my mind with the rapidity of lightning, and there before my eyes stood the legendary phantom. I do not expect to be believed with the same intensity of conviction I myself have of its reality. Yet my first thought, too, was that the appearance was a deception—a mere trick, perhaps, to test my courage. The very thought drove me wild. I sprang up and rushed upon the figure, endeavoring to seize and

unmask it. I grasped but the empty air! Again I saw it; it stood by the door, and beckoned [me] to follow it! Astonishment, terror, and an impulse I could not resist bound me in absolute thrall to the will of the phantom—for such I now knew it to be. I followed it—I know not how; for my senses, even my consciousness, were wrapped up as in a dream, and fixed on one all-absorbing object of attention. At length we stood in the chapel. The vaulted arches resounded the bones of so many of my ancestors was before me. Its iron-barred door, the black darkness within, and the solemn associations of death and the grave were sufficiently appalling at that solemn hour; and how much more so the presence of such a companion! I now perceived three ill-omened emblems of our race, as I well knew—in relief against the darkness of the vault; but whether painted against its iron face, or actually blooming within, and seen through the spaces of the bars, I could not distinguish. I saw the figure of the spectre-knight stride slowly, very slowly, toward these. I saw him crush the central and largest lily in his hand. Then he vanished through the door of the vault, as if he had passed within. I felt, at the same moment, a rush of cold air upon me, and fell insensible upon the pavement.

"You shall tell me no more, Darcy!" I exclaimed; for I saw that he was agitated and dreadfully pale. But he shook his head, and proceeded as soon as he had recovered some degree of composure.

"I have little now to say. The next evening came the intelligence of my father's death. He had died suddenly—the same hour I had seen the spectre. On my brother devolved the management of his affairs, which were in far greater embarrassment than either of us had anticipated. To be brief, our expectations of fortune were delusive. I am now poor, as you know; but it is not that which has cast the shadow over my life, which has rendered me so moody, capricious and wayward. It is the calamity that the phantom will again appear to me. I know, as well as I know my own existence, that the spectral figure still pursues me. It is visible, even in dreams, to my imagination, and will again be seen by my bodily eyes. This knowledge haunts me continually, and has changed my whole character. I know that the Gray Knight will again stand before me, to announce my brother's death or to foreshadow my own. The anticipation of this sight is a perpetual horror to me. I cannot close my eyes at night in peace. It is not—I pledge you my word—the fear of death which thus overwhelms and unmans me; for, could I hope to die without seeing the phantom, death would have no terrors for me. Why should I cling to life? It can offer me only misery and dread. When moonlight approaches, I shrink in supernatural horror. I drove you all from me the other evening, because I expected the awful visitant on the eve of the duel. Far, far worse than the most frightful ideas of human dissolution is the thought of once more encountering that terrible being, whose presence fills my soul with horror, unutterable, inconceivable!"

I would not allow my poor friend to speak another word. He was fearfully disturbed. His strange behavior was now altogether explained.

Darcy suffered from a fever for many weeks after this, and was brought to the borders of the grave. I attended him till he was pronounced out of danger, and then left him with deep regret; for my impression was that he had not long to live, and that even the short time remaining to him might be blighted by the access of the disease to which he was predisposed.

We did not correspond during the time when I did not see Darcy; nor had I heard anything of him. But I never forgot him or his strange history.

My life was a busy one, and I passed through many changeable scenes. When I found myself, for the time, a resident in B., the first thing I did was to make inquiries about my former friend and his brother. I learned that his brother was dead, and that the younger Darcy, the sole survivor of his family, was living at his ancestral

country seat. It was a rough and tedious journey from B., but I did not hesitate to take it. I went on horseback, and arrived at a cluster of small farmhouses not far from the old and still stately mansion that had once been the pride of the region about it. Leaving my tired horse at one of the houses, I walked the rest of the way, anticipating the pleasure my unannounced and unexpected visit would confer on Darcy, whom I had not seen for a period of upwards of three years.

I rang the bell at the gate with an assured hand. It was answered by a page, who told me his master was not well.

I went into the house without ceremony, and desired to be shown to my friend's room, simply sending my card up to prevent a shock of surprise. The shock was on my side when I saw how woefully changed was the poor fellow.

He was lying on a lounge by the window, so pale, haggard and emaciated I should not again have known him. He welcomed me most cordially, and pressed me to stay with him.

"I shall not be here long," he said plaintively. Suddenly he caught my hand, and said, in a loud whisper, "The Gray Knight came again! I knew he would! It was to tell me of my brother's death. He had the lily, and looked steadily on me as he crushed it. By the next post I heard the news that my brother had perished. Then I took possession here."

My poor friend was so urgent that I should not leave him that I made up my mind to make his house my headquarters; but I had to take long journeys now and then. Returning from one of these, I found the lonely house in commotion. The physician had been summoned; Darcy had been suddenly taken ill. He had gained sufficient strength to go out occasionally to ride. On returning home that morning, he had been attacked by an unusual paroxysm of weakness. As the evening came on, he became worse, till the housekeeper resolved to disregard his prohibition, and sent in haste for the doctor.

The physician arrived. His aid restored my friend to sensation, but not to consciousness. He lingered in this state several days.

One night, as I sat by him, thinking sadly of his hopeless condition, I saw his eyes fixed on me with an expression that told me he had recovered his senses. I pressed his hand eagerly, and stooped to hear if he had anything to say. He asked faintly for some restorative drops.

These were quickly administered, and my hopes began to revive. I bade him refrain from speaking, and try to sleep. A natural sleep might restore his faculties.

"I must speak," he said, in a strangely hollow tone; "I have seen it again, and for the last time!"

"Seen what?" I exclaimed, forgetful of all for the moment save the dying man's symptoms.

"My ancestor, the Gray Knight. He came to summon me. He held the last lily, crushed, in his hand!"

"For mercy's sake!" I cried, "do not give way to such fancies. There is one Ruler who alone holds the issues of life and death, and who orders all for the best."

He smiled and closed his eyes. I knelt by the bed, and read solemnly the prayers for the sick out of a volume bound in crimson and gold that lay on the table.

I thought he had fallen asleep while I was reading. I heard the clock strike, and then first realized how late it was, as I closed the book and resumed my seat.

As I did so, a startling change passed over the face of my friend. It was now bright with expression, though deathly pale. Slowly he lifted himself from the pillow, leaning on his left arm. His right arm slowly rose, and the finger pointed to something in the centre of the room.

"There!" his white lips articulated.

I looked in the direction indicated, but saw nothing. They turned to the dying man. He was still pointing to the invisible object.

Spiritual Phenomena.

D. HOUGH, THE "BOY MEDIUM."

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Having business in Philadelphia this week, I called on Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard, where I found the boy D. Hough. I was invited to spend the evening with them, and was most kindly entertained, both materially and spiritually. A few friends came in, and we had a wonderful time.

Of all I have heard and seen from spirits, the phenomena on that occasion were the most varied and interesting, showing the power of spirits to act upon material things under right conditions.

We were placed within five or six feet of the medium, he being seated on a lounge opposite us, and the rest all clasping hands, making deception out of the question, as he was almost all the time under the control of an Indian spirit, was continually talking, and could not have moved without our knowledge. The light was turned down, and the invisibles began playing upon the guitar, carrying it around the room, touching each on our heads and limbs—often being quite outside of the circle, and ten to twelve feet away from the medium, and in an instant place it in our laps; again they would play finely upon it while still, and then whirl it around the room, producing a heavy current of air in its rapid progress. They also performed upon a snare drum, carried it around the room, and placed it upon our heads when asked to do it. The lady had some oranges and a plate of cake upon the table; they distributed these to us all, bringing the plates singly, and taking a knife and cutting the refreshments in pieces, we hearing the knife cut through on the plate. One of the party complained of being thirsty. Immediately the pitcher was heard against the glass. Water was poured out, and each one was presented with the goblet to our lips, with as much precision as any one could do by broad light, and without spilling any. We were then touched by spirit-hands of different sizes, one, a delicate female hand, patting me gently all over my face and head. While this was going on two other spirit-hands of different sizes were at work. My foot was caught up, and my boot drawn off by them much quicker than I could have done it myself. They took out my eye-glasses from my vest pocket, drew them out of the case, put them on a gentleman's nose, and presently brought them back and put them on mine; they then put them back in the case and pocket where they found them; took another's pocket-book from his pocket, gave it to his wife, and soon took it away from her again and returned it to the owner, thus showing they were honest spirits. The controlling spirit claims to be a Colonel Perkins, of the 16th Connecticut regiment, killed at Lookout Mountain. Whoever he may be, he can, through the Hough boy's mediumship, do many wonderful things.

The next evening we had a little larger gathering, and as if to outdo all previous performances, the spirits took down a good-sized looking-glass from the wall, and placed it in a lady's lap next to me. They made spirit lights, carrying them around and about us, and bringing them over the looking-glass, making a fine reflection in the same. While this was going on the boy was still, and the voice through a trumpet said, "Go and examine the boy on the lounge!" We found him fully entranced, lying partly on his face, his coat off, when we supposed he had it on; and immediately on sitting down, his watch was brought me, my vest unbuttoned, the chain fastened in the button hole, the watch put in my pocket, as quickly, or more so, than I could do it myself. Many other wonderful things were likewise done. Mr. Stoddard and others informed me they had a wire helmet made for the boy, covering his person down to his waist, and his arms and hands both encased in the wire, when the invisibles put rings on his wrist, untied his neck-tie, took it off, and placed it outside of the wire; they also put a gold ring alternately on his nose, ear, finger and lap, while he was tied tightly to his chair, so as to preclude any chance of deception. The medium is promised to visit New York soon.

A. A. THURBER.

Corner 5th street and 3d avenue,
New York, April 21st, 1871.

WHY I AM A SPIRITUALIST.

BY LUCRETIA CUNNINGHAM.

When I was a child, about eight years of age, I was taken sick, and remained upon a bed of suffering for several months. One afternoon I heard my physician say to my mother that she must not let me get into a sound sleep. Soon after, I fell into a half-dreamy state, but heard every word and knew everything that transpired in the room where I was. As often as I became partially asleep, the attendants would waken me; but that night, my mother, fatigued for want of rest, lay down upon a bed in the same room, leaving an aged sister of hers to watch with me. Soon my aunt, also overcome with weariness, fell asleep. The next thing I was conscious of, was that I seemed to be standing at the opposite side of the bed from my dear aunt, and looking down upon the little faded mortal form which I appeared to have just left. I had no idea of death, but was perfectly happy. I walked around the room, and then went to look again at my former body, wondering in childish simplicity that I could have two, exactly alike, only that when one slept the other could walk about, and see and know everything. I ran to tell my mother of my discovery, but as I approached her, she awoke, cast one searching glance at the pale form resting upon the bed, and sent up a cry of anguish: "Oh my God! my God! I pray you give me back my child!"

In a few moments my earthly body was immersed in hot water, and then covered with cataplasms of mustard; all the while my second

body was standing by my mother's side, begging her not to cry, and saying: "Do not you see, mamma, I've got another body!" When I awoke, as I finally did, under the influence of the restoratives, I was in the arms of my aged uncle. I tried to tell what I had seen, but could not till the next day. My first words then were: "Mamma, where is my new body? I want to see it." Since that strange hour thirty-three years have come and gone, gravating their record of grief and joy upon my heart, but I have never forgotten its lessons, and feel assured that when this mortal body shall moulder in the dust, my spirit form shall live on the brighter shore of the eternal world.

Again: some few years later, I was once more brought low by sickness, and was, for the space of ten days, unconscious of earthly surroundings. It appeared to me, during that time, as if I had a journey to make, and as I drew near the end, I came to a beautiful brook, and as I stood entranced with happiness at viewing its glories and the beauties beyond its shores, I saw, standing on its further bank, two very dear friends who had passed from earth-life some years before; but in my vision I did not seem to know that they had left earth-life. They called me by name, and invited me to cross and walk with them. The beauties of that land no earthly language can describe. Coming to some fine fruit trees, my friends plucked four apples and gave them to me, bidding me return, and to eat one, give one to my husband and one to each of my children. They told me I must send my baby George to live with them. I crossed the little brook and awoke, finding, on my return to consciousness, that my friends were preparing my body for its final resting-place. On my regaining my speech, I asked for my little ones. They were brought, and, as I kissed the babe, only five months old, I said: "Yes, darling, mother will give you to live with the angels." Those who so did said, "Her mind is wandering," but two weeks from that day my baby went to join the immortals beyond the river. I recovered only to hear the angels calling again, and to find that consumption had seized upon my husband. For three long years I watched and waited by his side, and saw him fade from me, till, one bright afternoon, as I sat with his pale, thin hand clasped in mine, I saw the cold, damp dews of death as they gathered upon his emaciated brow. He turned to me, and, with a countenance bright with heavenly joy, said, "Darling, don't grieve for me; I am ready and willing to go. Our baby George is here, and I see the angels all around me."

In a few hours he had crossed the "little brook," and I was left alone to struggle with the world and care for my first-born—a noble boy—for twelve years. When the war broke out, and all hearts trembled with apprehension and sorrow, I heard the angels call again, and he, my only son, laid down his mortal body amid the bloody clouds of the battle-field. But I know that his angel form dwells in a bright eternity, and is ever near to bless and comfort me in my mission here below. The same year that my darling boy passed on to the shining shore, Spiritualism was presented to me, for the first time, through its phenomenal phase, and I believed it with my whole soul, knowing, though earth be lonely, that the friends of other days are waiting for my coming, and will joyfully greet my advent in the summer-land.

Haleyondale, Scriven Co., Ga.

Correspondence of the Chicago Times.

MYSTERIOUS DAGUERRETYPES ON WINDOW-PANES.

MILAN, *Ohio*, April 15th.—Milan for the past two months has had a reputation, has been the centre again of a good deal of talk and interest, owing to the fact that there has come upon the glass of certain windows there the appearance of pictures of human faces that look some like daguerreotypes that were taken twenty years ago, before the art was brought to its present high state of perfection. The first appearance of the glass is a stony steel color, interspersed with a dull ashen color. Or it has some the appearance of water that has tar or crude oil mixed with it, and one can see the oily substance floating on the top of the water, giving it a variety of colors. When this discoloration of the glass is first noticed, there are no clearly-defined outlines of the human face, but gradually, day by day, in the centre of the discolored appearance, a face begins to take shape and form, until it requires no stretch of the imagination in order to see the well-defined features of an individual, who appears to be looking out of the window from the room within. You go into the room, and look out through the glass that has the picture as noted, and you see the face. The picture is just as clear, apparently, as when it came from the maker's hands. Most of the rooms containing the windows having these pictures upon them are vacant ones, and have been for some time, although they have appeared upon the windows of rooms that are occupied. The plainest picture is that of a middle-aged man, with a high forehead, a building in North Milan, across the Huron River. It was built for a hotel, and used for that purpose for a long time, but is falling into decay now, and is used as a dwelling-house and occupied by a Mr. Horner. On the window of an unoccupied room, fronting east, is the picture, plain and well defined, of a man, with a high forehead, nose, mouth and whiskers as clearly as any of the old daguerreotypes that I have mentioned before. How this picture came there, or by what agency it was produced, no one can tell. We cross the river and enter Milan proper, and going in front of Andrew's Hall look up to one of the windows, stepping on the sill in order to get the light angle, and the light shall fall directly upon the glass we are looking at. Ah, we have it now, and we see a face that some say is Washington's. It is the well-defined picture of a man's head and shoulders. The head is covered with a military three-cornered hat, slightly shading a broad forehead, while the deep-set eyes, straight nose, firm lips, and the hair, which is a reddish ashen color are plainly to be seen. How it came there, or by what agency it was produced, no one can tell.

Deacon Ashley, a member in good standing in the Presbyterian Church, and a worthy man, keeps a jeweler's store on the south side of the square, in Milan, and the other day he happened to show himself upon one of the upper windows of his store. The deacon protested, but day by day it continued to develop into the features of a negro woman. The deacon called in the services of soap and sand, but that would not eradicate it; and, finally, despairing of disposing of it in any other way, he took down the window, and hid it out of sight by painting the glass over, letting it remain so for a number of weeks, and then removing the paint from the glass, when he found that it was still there as plain as ever; and now he has come to the conclusion to let it alone, as he says it is growing plainer every day, so that one can see the ruffles around the border of the old negro's dress.

On two of the windows in the Exchange Hotel, in Milan, there are also two pictures, one of which resembles Major Marsh, who died there soon after coming out of the army. The above I have from those who knew the major before he died; but to me the features are not so plain as the other three I have described. The picture on the Exchange Hotel has three female figures in it, who seem to be sustaining a man in a reclining position, as though he had just escaped from the tolls, cares, vexations and sorrows of earth-life, and was yet too weak and enfeebled to open his eyes and senses to the beauties and angel influences that surround him. The picture on the Exchange Hotel has three female figures in it, who seem to be sustaining a man in a reclining position, as though he had just escaped from the tolls, cares, vexations and sorrows of earth-life, and was yet too weak and enfeebled to open his eyes and senses to the beauties and angel influences that surround him. The picture on the Exchange Hotel has three female figures in it, who seem to be sustaining a man in a reclining position, as though he had just escaped from the tolls, cares, vexations and sorrows of earth-life, and was yet too weak and enfeebled to open his eyes and senses to the beauties and angel influences that surround him.

Spiritualism.

The Spirits Concerning Spirits.
With hardly an exception, trance, clairvoyant and clairaudient media accept the reasonable teaching that in future life there are no pains and pleasures; that is, artificial spirits, and that there are artificial, selfish and evil-minded men upon earth. Such spirits remain in those dark conditions till through mental suffering, repentance, aspiration and spiritual progress they attain the more heavenly altitudes of truth and harmony. These are the logical positions entertained by Emma Hurling, Wm. H. Edwards, T. E. M. Davis, P. Pierce, Mrs. Conant of the Banner of Light, Judge Edmond, D. D. Home, &c. They have reached these conclusions through their individual mediumship, through the general testimony of spirits and the positive evidence of their own interior senses in connection with reason and consciousness.

The same general line of teachings obtains in England. In the issue of the Daybreak and Medium, March 17th, published by James Burns, London, Eng., several important questions are answered. The medium, Mr. J. J. Morse, is a very candid and every way excellent young man. The controlling intelligence, a Chinaman, *Tien-sien-wei*, is a reflective and rational reasoner. Mr. Morse, at these Friday evening sances in London, passes into his superior condition—a deep trance state—and answers questions. Here follow samples:

Q.—Did Swedenborg, after being intruded into the spiritual sphere, return to the human and temporal prior to writing out his recollections and statements? A.—Yes, as we have them, unaltered and modified by his surroundings.

Q.—The writings of Swedenborg came from the plane of the external memory. Intuition and inspiration depend for their perfectness upon the adaptability of the organic formations, and these are modified by education and position. Hence it would be idle to suppose that the revelations of any seer were absolutely true.

Q.—Could the spirit give us any gauge by which to measure the reliability of low and undeveloped spirits? A.—By practically investigating the statements made.

Q.—Is there a possibility of physical manifestations becoming dangerous to life or limb? A.—Only in cases where the phenomena are produced by a *vengeful or malevolent spirit*, as motives guide our actions both worlds.

It is not the body that does vile deeds, but the conscious man that does. And this same man of moods, tendencies and vicious propensities, when out of the body, does not lose his identity by death's severance of the partnership; neither does his "malevolence" change to kindness, his revenge to love and his folly to wisdom in the twinkling of an eye. Nature is not given to ridiculous tricks or foolish humors. It is the element of the seer, and the chemical death-strapper of the speculator, are equally untenable and unphilosophical.

Man is not a thing to be washed, not a rag to be rinsed, not a sponge to be hastily squeezed through coffin and grave into glory; but a moral being, a moral actor in a moral world, and whether in this or in the world of spirits, he acts from the plane upon which he is on.

Lecturing in Troy, we had an evening's interview with Mr. Chandler, who has in charge the estate of John Allen, reputed the "wickedest man in New York." Mr. C. related to us much of the revolting part of this man's life, and how he very nearly approached to "total depravity." His professed profession of religion at one time was all a sham, over which, before his death, he frequently made merry. He was guilty of nearly every crime in the calendar. Besides living in depraved positions with a number of women at different times, he became a member of a church, and a relation with a few ladies. He was degenerate, drunk, and quarrelsome. Vulgar, vicious, profane, licentious and murderous he lived—and thus he died! Coming to consciousness in the world of spirits, was he good or evil? That is the question. If good and pure, what purified him? How was the mighty miracle wrought? Did those few spirits who strove to insist that there are no evil spirits like this spirit for an immortal guide or a constant inspiring intelligence? This is putting their philosophy to a practical test. But admitting that he and this class of human beings retain their moral status immediately, and for a season after coming a future state, the moral status is unaltered by the Orthodox position, that God, while permitting multitudes of deceiving demons from the pit of destruction to walk the earth and communicate, prevents good spirits and angels from holding converse with mortals. Neither God nor angels govern by arbitrary laws. Our safety lies in living pure, noble and elevated lives, and in the words of the apostle John's injunction.—*J. M. N., in American Spiritualist.*

The Lynn Reporter on Spiritualism.

The Lynn Reporter, having had its attention drawn to the subject of Spiritualism by the lectures of Mrs. M. S. Hooley, descends on the spiritual philosophy and trance speakers in the following liberal manner:

"The Sabbath discourses recently delivered by this eloquent lady have continued to draw large numbers of hearers, and the church has been filled to its utmost capacity every Sabbath afternoon and evening, many being obliged to go away without gaining admission. Her speaking is remarkable for propriety, elegance and force, while she seems to have a perfect comprehension of whatever subject she may have under discussion, and to be able to give an account for premeditation. Indeed, it requires a much greater stretch of credulity to believe that any of her discourses are given from memory, than to concede that they are what they purport to be, namely, the productions of the spirits of men eminent upon the earth for their scholastic attainments and literary acquirements. If she is dead, yet speak to us through human organisms."

It is very easy to cry "humbly," and attribute this wonderful phenomenon to the devil, but not quite so easy a matter to prove it. Is it any more improbable that good spirits can thus influence mortals, than that the devil and evil spirits can do such wonderful things? A Methodist preacher says to his hearers: "Brothers and sisters, when you are tempted to do wrong, you are not aware how much you are influenced by evil spirits." But why concede all this power to evil spirits, and deny it to good spirits? We have seen a person completely under the control of the evil spirits, and under the control of the good spirits; and is it unreasonable to affirm that this power of the mind is still retained and can be exercised even more powerfully by the spirit after it has left the "earthly house of this tabernacle"? Who can successfully disprove it? It may be said that these learned and eloquent lectures are the result of a close application to study by the lady. In reply to this we would say, that instances are well known where young ladies of scarcely ordinary scholastic ability and scientific attainment have been, as we may say, literally impelled by a power they could not resist to go upon the platform, when they would deliver sermons, lectures and exhortations, with a power and eloquence that no one could have dreamed of. The most eminent scholars and orators in the land! Verily, it seems to be 'given them what they shall speak!'

This phenomenon, so to speak, is the wonder of the nineteenth century, and the revelations it brings in regard to the spirit-world are consoling to mourners and to all sorrowing hearts, and the common people hear it gladly. Indeed, even members of our 'evangelical' churches and societies venture to hear Mrs. Hooley in the evening; and if they are not fully convinced, are free to confess that they are very much confounded! She appears before the large audience with perfect ease and self-possession, as if fully assured of the supernatural power she claims to receive, and often takes subjects to discuss which are presented to her after she takes the platform. She is also ever ready to answer any proper questions in theology, science and philosophy. In advocating reforms, she lays the axe unto the root of the tree, as will be noticed by those who were at her temperance lecture in Battle Hill. If there were no pipe-smokers and tobacco-chewers present on that occasion, who still persist in those disgusting and destructive habits, we shall at once give them over to 'hardness of heart and a reprobate mind.' Calvinistic theology trembles at her touch, and

disappears before the fire of her keen logic. Even our vaillant Bro. Cook would hardly dare to risk his reputation, as a scholar and controversialist, in an oral debate with so powerful and honorable an antagonist. She closed her labors here for the present on Sunday evening, April 30, by delivering a very eloquent and impressive discourse from these words of the Saviour: "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." We hope that when she returns a more spacious hall will be provided for her, that more of our citizens may listen to her surpassing eloquence."

Lecture by J. M. Peebles.

From the Baltimore American, May 28th.
After the exercises connected with the Children's Progress Association, and after the preliminaries as reading, singing and prayer, the speaker selected his text from the first chapter of Isaiah: "Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord."

The lecturer said that pure reason pertained to God, while investigations and reasonings belonged to the human mind. "Come now and let us reason together,"—and endowed the same with reasoning faculties and rational powers. Accordingly, men should use their best judgment concerning all matters relating to science and religion. The man that would not investigate—that would not reason, was a bigot; the man that would not, was a coward, and the man that would not, was an imbecile. As this was an age of thought and mental freedom, men in all enlightened countries seemed to be in search of truth. This was commendable. And yet, philosophically speaking, there were no new truths. Our conceptions of them were new, but truths themselves, as phenomena, were nothing absolutely new in the world—dream, trance, vision and prophecy had run like silver threadings through the inspired writings of antiquity. Zoroaster told Cyrus, King of Persia, that he with magic could disentangle all themselves from their bodies and go to the other side of the globe. Pythagoras and Plato taught that celestial beings held the guardian care of mortals. Jesus was a very remarkable Spiritualist. On the Mount of Transfiguration he conversed with Elias and Moses, who had been long in the world of spirits. Jesus chose the twelve Apostles because they were mediums possessed of spiritual gifts. The phenomena called Spiritualism was nothing absolutely new in the world—dream, trance, vision and prophecy had run like silver threadings through the inspired writings of antiquity. Zoroaster told Cyrus, King of Persia, that he with magic could disentangle all themselves from their bodies and go to the other side of the globe. Pythagoras and Plato taught that celestial beings held the guardian care of mortals. Jesus was a very remarkable Spiritualist. 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In quoting from the Banner of Light, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of free thought, when not too personal; but of course we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

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Wendell Phillips on Labor.

Everything that falls from the lips or flows from the pen of this intrepid reformer, especially on so interesting and important a topic as that of Labor, is worth a careful perusal and serious consideration. In a recent issue of the National Standard he gave free and rather full expression to his thoughts on the subject, and from the somewhat extended article we make such brief and broken extracts as the present. He said that "cheating a man of a dollar is often starving a soul as well as a body. But there are better ways to prevent the cheat—more efficient and surer ways—than to quarrel over tariffs or fight with banks. In those matters the workingman's crusade does not seek to mend an old method; it supersedes it by one wholly different in principle. It does not busy itself to better turnpike roads; it supersedes them by railroads. It does not waste time in trying how much canvas a certain hull will bear; it replaces sails by steam engines. Laws to protect Labor from Capital, and employer or from his workmen, will be needless when each man is both capitalist and workman, equally interested as employer and employed." Of the means and agents required to consummate a purpose so necessary to man, he remarks that "woman holds half the brain and half the heart of the nation; and at such a time we cannot afford to excuse her from her civil responsibilities. Beside, the woman's claim can hardly succeed until the great working class is conciliated toward it. In fact, the Labor movement presupposes, if it does not include, the ballot for woman."

On the subject of property and its distribution Mr. Phillips entertains sentiments like these: "We do not expect ever to see men's possessions exactly equal. Neither do we believe that a real Christianity and a true civilization permit men in a hundred to be rich, and forty others, thrifty, sober and vigilant, to stand just this side of want. A just finance never resulted in having two-thirds of our rich men come from those who trade in money and swap stocks, and only one-third from those who trade in things God created. Every fair-minded capitalist will allow that our money system and our laws give him great and unfair advantages in his dealings with those who have only time to sell."

He denounces what is known as the "truck system" in paying wages, prevalent especially in Pennsylvania, "which pays a man in orders for food and clothes, and never trusts him with an actual dollar lest he mount it and ride away." The entire wage system is his abomination. "We do it better," says he, "in the wages system. It never got out of a man more than half the work he could really do, and it demoralized his nature, at the same time, by tempting him to skulk and cheat. It never resulted in any fair division of the joint profits of labor and capital. We grant that trained and active brains have a right to a larger share than mere average capacity, average interest in one's work or mere bodily service. But a capitalist worth forty millions, accumulated in one man's lifetime, and many of his workmen, of different grades, living in humble rooms, anxiously chasing each hour to wrench from it the bread or the necessary which that hour must furnish, or they go without it; obliged to give nine-tenths of their waking hours for comfortable food and clothes; humbly, at fifty years old,

and grateful for the permission to feed their children by paying their whole lives for the means—this is not a result of just partnership. It is the lion dividing the spoil and taking three-quarters for his share, without asking advice or consent to the division."

His faith is that this great evil of unjust distribution of property and a grossly unfair division of the product of labor will eventually be secured by the adoption of the plan of Co-operation. "Co-operation will cure that evil," says Mr. Phillips. "If there is any use in colleges, and if Christian rules are really binding on millionaires, then education and wealth are bound at once to plan and set on foot methods by which this system may be introduced and the laboring class educated up to it. And in that system of co-operation we do not believe that the underlying principle should be for labor to have but a small share of profits; on the timid principle that unless a man is kept all the time moderately hungry he will never work, but lie and doze in the sun—and that he must not have any leisure, for he will be sure to spend it in a grog-shop. No. In our system of co-operation, the method of dividing profits will not leave it possible even for brains to clutch millions, nor will it leave any faithful and painstaking industry without some fair share of the world's best opportunities. Leisure, books, travel, quiet enjoyment of nature, a fair share of the world's comforts, will be considered the due of every man of average ability who puts his best energies honestly into his work. This will not allow a son to have ten per cent. for twirling his thumbs and permitting living brains to use what his father's dead brains and self-denial hoarded. He shall have something. But a just finance will hold a more even balance between interest due for what somebody did yesterday, and the creative force which is doing something to-day."

Spiritualist Convention in Boston.

Our friends should bear in mind that the Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists hold a Convention in Elliot Hall, this city, on Thursday, June 1st, forenoon, afternoon and evening. The officers of the Association have invited a goodly number of able speakers to be present, and undoubtedly the best offered will be soul-refreshing.

BRIDGEFORD, N. J.—B. F. McCollister writes that there is a growing interest in the Spiritual Philosophy in that place.

"The Wolf in Sheep's Clothing."

With this most significant and timely title, Moses Hull has issued a pamphlet for the million, completely unmasking the design of Orthodoxy in its concerted efforts to introduce God into the constitution, or, in other words, the Church into the State. Spiritualists are warned, in this pungent production, of the perils of indifference when exertions of the most resolute sort are called for in opposition to this treachery to civil liberty. The men who are at the bottom of the movement of course profess to be "doing God service," and doubtless many of their followers are sincere, though deluded. In that very sincerity lies the greater danger to public sentiment. The same professions of Christianity that would see all men made good are to be employed upon relentless political machinery to compel them to be good—nominally, at least—and thus to raise up the larger number of hypocrites and knaves. This is the language in their call for a convention: "We have strictly no oath, no law against blasphemy, Sabbath-breaking or polygamy." That means simply that, as soon as such a law can be had, they intend to enforce it to the extent of their power. They are aiming, therefore, at power, in the name of religion. We hardly need review the grounds of opposition to so wild and destructive a scheme, conceived, as it is, by men who prefer ecclesiastical rule to equal rights and perfect civil liberty.

What they demand, in their call, is "Christian laws"; that is, laws like swords in their own hands, to compel all people to subscribe to their particular creed, under penalty of being disfranchised, incapacitated for holding office, or thrust into prison. The fraud lies in pretending to seek one thing while really aiming at another. If this plot succeeds, we are to be told next that Christian of course means Catholic; and then follow those fearful scenes of conflict between the two wings of the Christian church which, in the Old World, have wet the soil of many a country with human blood. It was to steer clear of priestcraft as well as kingship that our fathers framed the existing constitution with such care, taking special pains to keep off the itching hands of both alike. It was an instrument designed solely for the establishment, preservation and perpetuation of the common and equal rights of the people, without regard to creed or condition. This movement of the priests and their followers is one that aims to subvert the work of the fathers entirely; it is designed to let into the framework of the fundamental law precisely what was kept out with such watchful jealousy. If their precautions did not manifest their own merit in their day, later events, certainly go to demonstrate it now. They guard against the excitement of the very ambition, the very design and the very passions which we see appealed to to-day.

It is high time that a general stir was made by the people—Spiritualist, Unitarian, Quaker, Jew, Liberal and Universalist—against a dogma that, if pressed to its legitimate consequences, will assuredly rob them all of their civil rights, degrade them as members of the State, and menace them continually with the loss of their personal liberty. The proposition is merely one to compel all men to subscribe, whether sincerely or hypocritically, to the Orthodox creed. It is monstrous. If it is done by consent of the people themselves, before they can be made to realize what is the purport of their action, it will be putting back the hand on the dial, and reversing the order of progress and development for the human mind. Instead of emancipation for thought, we are threatened with its enslavement. That it is made in the canting phrase of a Christian profession does but make it more dangerous. If we are to have a church resting on the shoulders of civil government, it will be a hard time for dissenters, who compose the great mass of the people. It will not be allowed us to deny our faith in the dogmas of a Trinity, a hell, an atonement, and, in fact, any that a Jonathan Edwards could weave out of the wanderings of his thought. As Moses Hull says, in his telling pamphlet, "We could have our choice—accept the churches, baptism, and partake of the Lord's Supper, or go to the State Prison." And he adds, with truth, that this is the time to rebel.

The Methodists.

The Providence Annual Conference of Methodists has been in session in Norwich, Conn., and discussed a variety of matters of interest especially to the denomination. Among other things said and done, the committee on the periodical literature of the church presented their report, which strongly endorsed and commended Zion's Herald, published in this city, and earnestly appealed for the establishment of a new Methodist magazine to help in the work of neutralizing the free religious issues of Boston, if it could undertake to do nothing less. A new missionary paper was also called for, to stand forth the more exact and full embodiment of the wants of the Methodist denomination. Dr. Haven, the editor of Zion's Herald, made an earnest appeal to secure an increased circulation to the paper conducted by him. The subsequent discussion was aimed chiefly at Romanism and its alarming growth, and a unification of all orders of Protestantism was urged, in order to meet and match its advancing power. So that our readers can see at a glance how industriously the churches are working to maintain their foothold, and can realize how great is the need of effort to keep down those ecclesiastical assumptions which already confess to being successfully challenged by the champions of liberal religion. Spiritualists have good reason to take courage and press stoutly on.

Elder Grant among the Mormons.

The Elder has recently visited Utah, and gives the readers of The Crisis nearly three columns of his "experiences" among the polygamists. We have only room for a brief quotation from the Elder's jottings, which is a fair sample of the whole. He "was treated very kindly by President Young," the "President" even paying his board at the hotel. So he says: "The Mormons appear to be a quiet, honest, temperate, industrious, sincere people; opposed to vanity and the follies of the world. We were pleased with the modest, Quaker simplicity exhibited by the women. As a people, they are opposed to the use of all intoxicating liquors, tobacco, tea and coffee and rich food. The men and women look more healthy than in any other city we have ever visited. After careful observation for some days, we came to the settled conclusion that there is less licentiousness in Salt Lake City than in any other of the same size in the United States; and were we to bring up a family of children in these last days of wickedness, we should have less fears of their moral corruption were they in that city than in any other."

The Picnic Season.

As the season of recreation is near at hand, many of our people are looking forward to excursions into the country, to while away a brief hour among the groves set apart for picnics. Dr. H. F. Gardner's first grand excursion to Island Pond Grove, in Abington, will take place the latter part of June. Full particulars in our next issue.

Theological Tyranny.

Moses Hull, of The Crucible, has been warned by a Baltimore jury that he must not preach "infidelity" any more by preaching Spiritualism. In the columns of his paper he tells his story of arrest and warning in that city, once the seat of religious liberty under the Calvert and Baltimores of former days, but now sadly degenerated by the indurating power of Orthodoxy. The occasion of the public offence was his speech on the anniversary of the birth of Spiritualism, in which he indulged the remark, not so frightfully incendiary one would think, that according to Moses it could not be held that Jesus was strictly Orthodox. For such language he was presented to the Grand Jury, who were asked to fine and imprison him, but on due consideration concluded to do no such thing. They however warned him against the freedom of making any such statements for the future; and so he gratifies his own sense of liberty and manifests his respect for them by coming out plumply in the Crucible, published in Baltimore, with a deliberate repetition of his dangerous statement, with arguments and reasons duly appended.

After quoting the law under which he is to be condemned, and has already been warned, which prohibits, with a penalty annexed, the writing or speaking anything esteemed blasphemous or profane respecting Christ, the Trinity, or any of the "persons" composing it, Bro. Hull goes on with his statement, and tells the Maryland authorities that if this be blasphemy or profanity, they are welcome to make the most of it. He says distinctly in reply to the statute, "we do not believe in the three-headed god of orthodoxy," and proceeds to put the "god-makers" of the State a few pertinent queries. Such, for example, as these:

1. Is the Father when unaided by Jesus and the Holy Ghost, God?
2. If not, please tell us what he is when taken separately from the other two?
3. If he is, there do not the other two make him something more than God?
4. When the three are taken separately, are they three Gods?
5. If not, are they three men, or three angels?
6. Three of what will it take to make one God?
7. Did the law-makers of Maryland ever read the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States? If our memory is correct, it reads something after the following manner: "Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of any religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."
8. By what authority do they violate our National Charter by seeking to establish the Trinity by law?
9. Will the Supreme Court of the United States allow the Commonwealth of Maryland to prohibit us from exercising our own conscience in teaching that Jesus was the son of man—a reformer, who dared dispute Moses, and preach his heterodoxy, though at the expense of his life?
10. Once more: will the people of Maryland understand that while our pen moves, our tongue speaks, or our brain acts, we shall consult but one man's conscience as to what we shall speak or write?

"Discomfiture of the Spiritualist Home."

A letter is going the rounds of the American press, which first appeared in the London Standard, and purports to have been written in St. Petersburg, Russia, minutely detailing a séance held at the University there with the professors. As soon as Mr. Home saw the letter in print he sent a note to the editors of the Standard, saying that the statements in the letter from their St. Petersburg correspondent were "so utterly at variance with the truth that he felt compelled to request them to publish a denial." He then specifically denied statement after statement, closing by saying, "I am not certain that the latter part of his letter may not be treated as a libel; that it is an unwarrantable and most gross falsehood is certain." The Standard of the following day also published a letter from Prof. Crookes, a gentleman of high standing in the scientific world, in which he defends Mr. Home and condemns "the unjustifiable statement of the St. Petersburg correspondent." After quoting portions of a letter he (the Professor) had received from Prof. Boutlerow, of St. Petersburg—who stated that he had "attended Mr. D. D. Home's séances and become convinced of the reality of mediumship, and looked upon Mr. Home as perfectly honest and perfectly serious"—Prof. Crookes closes his note as follows:

"When a Russian professor writes in this manner, and when his opinions are corroborated by those of many equally eminent men in this country, it is more consistent with the proper function of the press to educate the public up to the point of believing that there are probably more forces in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their philosophy, rather than to crush down free inquiry by throwing ridicule on every endeavor of competent investigators to push the boundaries of human knowledge a little further in a direction hitherto almost untrodden. I am, sir, your obedient servant."

WILLIAM CROOKES, F. R. S., &c. Chemical News Office, Ludgate Hill, April 14.

More Physical Mediums.

We understand that three young men, residing in New Hampshire, have recently been developed as mediums for the physical manifestations. The iron ring feat is one of the most remarkable features witnessed at their private séances. A heavy ox-yoked ring was brought into the room one evening by a skeptical friend, and in a moment it was placed around the neck of one of the mediums by some invisible power, to the astonishment of all present. The invisibles allowed the ring to remain where they had placed it during the evening, much to the annoyance of the medium, who possessed no power himself to remove it, except by mechanical means. He retired to bed with it around his neck; but in the morning it was found upon the floor of his room, the wearer not having the least knowledge of the time of its removal. Other feats of a like astounding nature have been performed in the presence of these mediums. We have been promised full particulars of the manifestations, from a reliable source, for publication.

It is very evident that the phenomenal phase of Spiritualism has not yet done its work, nor is it "dying out," as some imagine. Thousands will yet be led to the light by this means. Our informant stated that many people in his neighborhood have been fully convinced of the truth of Spiritualism by witnessing these manifestations.

Rev. Dr. Newman's Prophecy.

F. J. Burlingame furnishes the Crucible with the following extract from a sermon preached recently by Dr. Newman, of Washington. In speaking of infidelity he used the significant language here quoted: "Neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, yet I venture this prediction: Within the next decade, ay, within the next five years, Christianity will be tried as it has never been tried before. There are men in England and America to-day, who will bring to the assault a ripeness of scholarship, a power of intellect, and a breadth of view unequalled by the past. These assaults will continue, and there are men and women before me to-night who are destined to have their faith terribly shaken."

To do something, and to have that something felt, should be the end and ambition of every man.

WONDERFUL AND INTERESTING MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRIT POWER.

DEAR BANNER—A brief account of some of the very wonderful and interesting manifestations of intelligence and power from the unseen world that have occurred in this city, at the residence of our much-esteemed friend and fellow-citizen, Nathan M. Woodman, Esq., may not be devoid of interest to your numerous readers. To us, they demonstrate immortality; and if belief in such evidences of continued existence beyond the grave constitutes us "miserable dupes or more miserable knaves," according to St. Carruthers, then must we be "counted in." If "demons" produce such results, that venerable clergyman would do well to investigate the subject, for they are simply obeying the injunctions of Jesus to his followers: they are "preaching the kingdom of God," "healing the sick," and bringing to suffering humanity the choicest blessings from "our Father."

In the early days of March last, while walking from his paper mills to the depot in Yarmouth, Mr. Woodman was suddenly stricken with temporary blindness, and was compelled to sit by the roadside. While sitting there, he declares that he saw four persons who once lived on this earth, viz: his wife, his two sisters, and the wife of his friend, Mr. Mansfield, who talked with him, warning him to arrange his business affairs, because "something would happen to him ere long." They could not, or did not, tell him what that "something" was to be. The temporary blindness vanished, but the occurrence created a profound impression upon his mind; the more so, perhaps, because the strange and startling experience was entirely new to him, as he had never thought himself mediumistic. On the 24th of March, about three weeks after this experience, just after twelve o'clock, while engaged in the loft of his store, he lost his balance and fell through the scuttle, a distance of twenty feet, striking, it is supposed, upon a bale of bags which providentially lay there, and which undoubtedly preserved him from instant death. Here he was found, a short time afterwards, in an insensible state, and conveyed to his residence, where he remained in an unconscious condition for about seven hours, until his wife, who was in Brunswick at the time, returned. Meanwhile, his faithful friend, J. W. Mansfield, stood by and literally held him, magnetically, in the body. Two physicians were called, but did nothing. When Mrs. Woodman returned, Dr. G. B. Hopkins, clairvoyant physician, was summoned, who, with his attendant "demon" (vide Carruthers), restored the sufferer to consciousness within half an hour. But it was found that the spine was injured, a rib torn from its place, and other internal injuries caused by the fall, so that he was unable to turn himself in bed without aid, and even now is unable to step or bear his weight upon his feet. This fact I wish the reader to bear in mind while reading what follows. It was soon discovered, also, that the magnetic conditions surrounding him were exceedingly delicate and remarkable in their character; and on the evening of the 29th of March, five days after the accident, he was entranced by the same band of spirits who stopped him at Yarmouth, and was controlled by Amanda, his former (and sister to his present) wife, who gave the names of her companions. These gentle and loving spirits held long converse with their astonished auditors (Mrs. Woodman and Mr. Mansfield), speaking of and giving instructions relating to Mr. Woodman's business affairs, and informing them that only by extreme care could he be restored to comparative health; and even then, with all that could be done by his friends both in and out of the form, months must elapse ere that could be accomplished. Their little band would do their part. After thus controlling him for more than an hour, the "demons" left him, and he awoke as if from a sound sleep, expressing himself as being much refreshed.

For two or three days he had been feeling an increasing soreness and pain in his left side; and the next evening after the first entrancement, in the presence of the same persons then present, he was again entranced. The controlling spirit then said that the "cause of that soreness was, that the intestines had been jarred out of their natural position, and in that spot one of the small intestines had been thrown across another obliquely, causing inflammation and consequent soreness and pain. Unless these could be restored to their natural position, the inflammation will increase, and mortification must ensue." "Now," said she, "if you"—addressing those present—"will do your part, we will do ours, and try and restore the dislocated parts. We want you to be passive, and permit us to do as we please." This being promised, the physical form of Mr. Woodman, under this control, deliberately turned down the bed-clothes and stepped upon the floor, wrapped a blanket about him, and walked the floor briskly for about twenty minutes. He then stepped upon the arm of the lounge, and the controlling intelligence requested Mr. M. to place his hands, one back and one front of the sore spot, and press with all his strength. This request was complied with, when, swinging his arms, he leaped some six feet, coming down upon his feet on the floor with a shock that shook the whole house. Clapping his hands with great vehemence and joy, the spirit exclaimed, "We have done it! It is now restored to its natural condition." The astonished spectators of this wonderful demonstration were then instructed, after the patient should be returned to the bed and awakened from the trance, to bathe his side with diluted rum, and apply the poultice "we ordered two days ago. This we want to remain one hour and ten minutes, and no longer; after which, he will experience no more difficulty from that dislocation." The patient was then placed in bed by the good "demon," and soon after awoke. As before said, he was much refreshed by his sleep, having not the slightest remembrance of what had transpired, and feeling no inconvenience from the violent exercise to which he had been subjected. The directions received were obeyed, and he then fell into a natural slumber. At the expiration of the prescribed time, he was still asleep; and Mrs. W., being engaged at the time, thought it would make no particular difference, and did not disturb him. At the end of two hours he awoke. Upon going to remove the poultice, to her intense surprise she found it was not there, and it was found lying in a chair in a distant corner of the room, nicely rolled up and pinned. The soreness was entirely removed, and he has had no recurrence of it since.

We respectfully submit to Dr. Carruthers whether this was a "pretended communication," and whether there was any "sense" left to those "supposed disembodied friends" of the injured man. Is he a "dupe or a knave" because his sufferings were relieved by these "demons"?

Since that time there have been repeated manifestations, which our space will not permit us to give at length at this time. While in his normal condition, he was and still is unable to bear his weight upon his feet; yet, when under this influence, he is exercised violently by walking and by lifting and carrying a heavy man with ease. On

one occasion, after being thus exercised, and standing more than five feet from the bed, he was lifted five feet from the floor, carried over the bed, where he was placed in a horizontal position and dropped thereon without disturbing a single fold of his nightdress. At another time, his body was balanced on the foot-board, on the "small of the back" (the injured part); and then, turning a somersault, he was placed on the bed, with his head on his pillow. At another time, when he was suffering from a spasm induced by rashly disobeying the strict injunctions of his invisible physicians and nurses, his wife distinctly saw a goblet, containing what appeared to her to be a liquid, held to his lips by a hand belonging to no human form. This liquid he evidently swallowed, and immediately recovered from the spasm, exclaiming, "Oh, how bitter!"

The magnetic conditions surrounding him are exceedingly delicate. The entrance into his room of a stranger, or conversation upon business or other exciting topics, will break them, and produce these spasms which endanger his life; but when the instructions from "what is called the spirit-world" are obeyed, he is not subject to them, and has been constantly improving under their care and the devoted attention of his estimable wife and other friends in the form. Phosphorescent lights, produced by some unseen power, are frequently seen in his room, and manifestations so wonderful in their character as to seem almost miraculous are daily taking place. And yet a venerable clergyman, claiming to speak for God to a benighted people, has the temerity to denounce such as "doctrines of demons," or "pretended communications from supposed disembodied friends of miserable dupes or more miserable knaves."

If desirable, I will give more explicit statements relating to these wonderful demonstrations at an early day. JOSEPH B. HALL, Portland, Me., May 16, 1871.

Trial Postponed.

On Saturday last Judge Churchill, of the Municipal Court, in this city, issued a warrant for the arrest of two of the officers of the "Boston Young Men's Christian Association," upon a charge of assault and battery preferred against them by Rev. J. L. Hatch.

It will be remembered that, some time last March, Mr. Hatch was complained of for distributing liberal tracts in front of Tremont Temple, where the Young Men's Association have their rooms. Judge Bacon tried the case and acquitted Mr. Hatch. A short time after, Mr. Hatch went into the free reading-room of the Association and took up a paper to read, when he was suddenly seized by Rowland the Secretary, and Gray the Librarian, rushed out of the rooms and thrown down upon the stairs in the entry with such violence as to bruise and lame him. He made application at the time for a warrant, but withdrew it with the expectation that the case might be settled in another and better way. Failing to secure such settlement, he renewed his complaint, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of the parties implicated—L. P. Rowland (Secretary) and J. E. Gray (Librarian). Tuesday, the 23d inst., was the day appointed for the trial. Only one of the accused parties was present, Mr. Rowland having left the city previous to the issue of the warrant for his arrest, to fulfill engagements in Washington. Mr. Gray stated this fact to the court; and, after consultation with counsel, Judge Bacon postponed the trial until the 13th of June. Gray gave bonds for his appearance at that time, and was discharged.

Silver Wedding in Haverhill, Mass.

The parents of Mary E. Currier, the celebrated musical medium, (late of Charlestown, but since removed to her former home, Haverhill) celebrated the 25th anniversary of their wedding, at their residence, No. 7 Nichols street, on the evening of Wednesday, May 17th. A large party, filling the house to overflowing, was the result—persons attending from Boston, Charlestown, Chelsea, Roxbury, Melrose, Cambridge, Groveland, and other places, together with large delegations from the immediate neighborhood.

The exercises of the occasion were conducted by Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown. The opening services were performed by Rev. W. H. Brunton and Dean Clark—the former in addition to his speech reading an original poem by himself, congratulatory to the parties concerned, and the latter making the presentation address. Mr. C. A. Young, of Harvard Divinity School, J. B. Hatch, of Melrose, D. N. Ford, and C. W. Sullivan, of Boston, J. S. Dodge, of Chelsea, James Morrison, of Haverhill, Dr. Richardson and other friends made remarks, after which Mr. Currier returned thanks for the fine array of presents; and refreshments were partaken of. Singing, conversation, and circles for spirit communications occupied the time till nearly 1 A. M. of the following day. Flattering notices of the event appeared in the "Haverhill Tri-Weekly Publisher" and the "Essex Banner." May the recipients of this testimonial receive additional encouragement in their labors for the diffusion of the knowledge of phenomenal Spiritualism through the remarkable mediumship of their daughter, by this proof of wide-spread esteem and appreciation among their friends.

Edward H. Ruloff

Was executed at Binghamton Jail, N. Y., in the presence of some two hundred spectators, during the forenoon of Thursday, May 18th, (in obedience to the provisions of capital punishment), for the murder of Frederick A. Merrick, on the 18th of August, 1870. The case of this criminal was a strange one, when his great learning—especially in the department of philology—was considered. He having been examined by Gov. Hoffman's medical committee, and being reported as perfectly sane, suffered the penalty of the law, conducting himself with the greatest firmness to the end. His body was delivered to Mr. Becker, his counsel, whom he, in his last interview, desired to take charge of it, to await the orders of his brother.

Spiritualism in Memphis, Tenn.

A correspondent writing under date of May 10th, says: "As our city has lately been putting forth some rather startling 'ghost sensations,' as they are called by our city papers, I deem it proper to the lady whose name I herewith present, that she should receive honorable mention at our hands—Mrs. Jennie Ferris, that very excellent lady and powerful physical test medium. Coming among us as she did just on the eve of the Binkley College revelation, the minds of many were ripe for investigation, and the result has been, that besides convincing many of the great truths of spirit communion, it has awakened an interest in Spiritualism that will never die."

The National Convention.

It will be seen by the official call in another column that the next National Convention of Spiritualists is to be held in Troy, N. Y., commencing on Tuesday, Sept. 12th, 1871.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was written by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of...

Mr. J. H. Conant, while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life...

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...

Invocations. Thou Father, Son and Holy Spirit, to thee we pray, asking for a special blessing to rest upon this hour; asking that these souls dwelling in the darkness of mortal life...

Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, I shall answer them. Q.—(From a correspondent.) In the Banner of Light of the 28th ult., the first question asked in your Public Circle...

Charles Brown (Artemas Ward). I am here to say to my relatives, one and all, that the story which has been circulated to this end, that I left a large fortune, is entirely without foundation...

Col. William H. Humphreys. If a man die, shall he live again? is a question I have solved to my entire satisfaction; but when here, I confess it was to me a problem past solving...

Invocation. Oh thou who art without beginning or end, nameless, yet having all names, formless, yet having all forms, we praise thee. In our semi-savage intelligence we praise thee...

Questions and Answers. Q.—How do the spirits view the Darwinian theory? A.—With absolute favor. Q.—In that case, it is not the individuality which remains, although it advances...

Questions and Answers. Q.—Spirits differ, then, according to the organization through which they manifest themselves. A.—Yes; but in essence all souls are alike. The soul of the Bushman is like unto the soul of the Anglo-Saxon...

expression, and that expression is dependent upon the external organism and upon soil, climatic influences, influence exerted upon it by all the heavenly bodies...

Darwin Emerson. I promised to come here, but my promise, I am aware, is well-nigh outlawed; still, I have come, hoping to give a word of cheer to those I love. It is about three years since I died. My father believes that I can return...

Jonathan Nickerson. I was young about a minute before I came here, but I find myself now feeling as I did a week ago; I feel as if I do now, and I had seen many years here. I think every willing soul that has the power to come back, ought to, and help overthrow the untruthful notions of the other world...

Charles Brown (Artemas Ward). I am here to say to my relatives, one and all, that the story which has been circulated to this end, that I left a large fortune, is entirely without foundation...

Col. William H. Humphreys. If a man die, shall he live again? is a question I have solved to my entire satisfaction; but when here, I confess it was to me a problem past solving. I never hesitated to avow my disbelief in all things pertaining to another life on every occasion...

Invocation. Oh thou who art without beginning or end, nameless, yet having all names, formless, yet having all forms, we praise thee. In our semi-savage intelligence we praise thee. Looking out through the darkness of our own individuality to the glory of eternity, we are dazzled and confounded...

Questions and Answers. Q.—How do the spirits view the Darwinian theory? A.—With absolute favor. Q.—In that case, it is not the individuality which remains, although it advances. A.—No; you do not possess the same individuality to day that you possessed yesterday...

If it leaves this world in that state, will it occupy the same relative position in the spirit-world, or will it go back to its previous perfect state as before the disease or accident?

ANS.—There are no accidents in Nature. Everything is governed by law, and law admits of no accident. Now these incidents which are happening to the body physical, do not happen correspondingly to the body spiritual...

Q.—Will the intelligence explain the difference, if any there is, between the power exercised by Jesus Christ in healing the sick, and that manifested by Dr. Newton and others at the present day in curing the sick?

A.—The only difference exists in the difference of physical life, in the difference in the age of the planet, in the difference of location, of climate, and of all the incidents pertaining to material life.

Q.—(From the audience.) I would like to inquire in reference to the first question, is it to be understood that a person being maimed or injured in any way, or weak through physical disease, that the soul is not injured thereby?

A.—No; not to the smallest extent. You might as well talk of injuring God by the faults and follies of human life.

Q.—Is the celebration of Christmas an outgrowth of Paganism? A.—Yes, doubtless it is a reflection of Paganism. All the different religious beliefs that are in existence on the earth are connected—every one of them—with past legends and traditions...

Q.—Are there spirits in any other world than this? A.—Why, certainly. Every world that is far enough advanced to sustain human life, sustains it. There are millions of worlds so far in advance of this little world, that you may to them—the inhabitants thereof—appear as pigmies in intellect...

Q.—Do spirits visit these other worlds as they visit this? A.—They do. Q.—Do the spirits from these other worlds mingle with the spirits from this, and converse with them?

A.—They do. Q.—Then they have the same language there that we have? A.—There is a universal perceptive language in the spirit-world, known to all. It is neither the English language nor the German, nor any that exists on the earth, or ever has been...

Q.—Is America more favorable for spiritual development than England, Germany or France? A.—I believe that it has been so determined. Q.—Do the spirits from other countries come here?

A.—They certainly do. I presume among your unseen audience there are representatives from all parts of the world. I think I may venture upon that statement as a fact, because I know that upon former occasions, when I have been an observer, I have determined that there was present a representative from every known race upon the earth...

Q.—Can they make themselves known to us? A.—They can and they do. Q.—Is it because of the climate being different, or because of the different degree of intelligence, that America is more favorable?

A.—Partly both; and, again, America contains a greater amalgamation of species than any other part of the world. Q.—Are there any individual spirits that have never lived in any world? A.—I know of none.

O. K. Goodale. [How do you do?] Miserable enough! Yes, I am miserable enough! [What occasions that?] The life I lived here. The very happiness that I see enjoyed by others makes me miserable—yes, it does! I might have been happier if I had only had a little different body than what I had. That I did not, makes me curse, even here; yes, it does. [There is hope that you may retrieve your fortunes?] Yes; that is about as encouraging as some of the small talk when I lost an earthly fortune. I never did retrieve it, and I don't know as I ever shall my spiritual fortune. If a man has not the power to obtain happiness, I suppose he can't have it, if your theory is correct. I saw a good many coming back, and I fell in with an old friend of mine, that had been here several times. He induced me to try the experiment; he said he had got great good by it, and that I would. I have been away from earth about a month, and I feel as though I had been here longer. I begin to feel as though I wanted some kind of light. I hope my children will do different from what I did, because, if they don't, their quarters in this life won't be very good. Here you can't get a drop of rum unless you haunt some old "bummer" that you can get into communication with; and you want it just as much. [Is that the case?] Yes, that is the case; that is one of the troubles. I suppose there are worse places than I am in—my friend says there is; he has seen them; so I suppose I ought to be very thankful that I am no worse off, but I don't like it for that. He says I ought to know that it is as good as I deserve. Well, I do know it, but I am not any better contented with it for that. I had to rough it when I was here. I did not have an organism that was fitted to grasp at the good things, but it always got to the bad things. If there was anything bad I was sure to get it. I suppose it is a fixed fact that I have got to work out my own salvation. Well, I've got something to do, then, for there's a good deal of rubbish to clear away, I can tell you. I lived here a considerable more than half a century, and I can't look back upon half a dozen good things in all my life. I made my bed in hell, and I am there. [You can get out of it any time?] Well, I take your word for it. [If you don't find it to be true, come to me, and I will try to help you bear your punishment.] That would be cowardly; I would rather bear my own. [If you try sincerely you will certainly better your condition. It is by doing little deeds of goodness—] How the devil are you going to do deeds of goodness here? [There are a great many in the spirit-world that need your aid just as much as those on earth. There are thousands that you can aid by helping them]

just as your friend has helped you.] That looks a little reasonable; but I thought there was nothing to do now. Good God! I don't see anybody but what is better off than I am. [You will see others much worse off than you are.] Then I will have something to do. I ought to ask forgiveness of a good many whom I have wronged, I suppose; but I can't make out a list, so I lump them all together, and ask that they will forgive me, for I am conscious of having wronged them, and am sorry for the same. I am aware that I have got to pay the penalty, and I don't suppose that I will be left with half a fine; that is what they told me when I first got here. [Not a single farthing can you get removed until you remove it legitimately by doing good works. You will have to do every soul you have injured some good in some way. You can do it in good time.] You don't mean that I can aid those that are here? [Yes.] The devil I can! How is that? [You will find out as soon as you seek instruction.] Come back here and do them good? [Certainly; you can go to people whose tendency is to do wrong, and influence them to do right.] But how shall I do this? [You will come in rapport with them if you persevere. You may not be able to see their bodies, but you will see their spirits.]

Well, where is this place? [Boston.] I died in Medford. I kept a fish and oyster place; before that I kept a rum-shop in Boston. So you see I have got something to answer for—for the rum I sold. Well, it has dragged me down to hell, and I have got to get up as I can, I suppose; but I don't see what is the trouble. I have the same trouble in speaking as I had when here. [Because when you come back and take on an earthly body, you experience the same difficulties that you had in the body.] I did not always have it—only a few years. [You have no sickness on the other side?] No, but I got it here. [If I can aid you in any way I will do so.] I am much obliged to you; I need aid bad enough, but don't know how to get it now.

It is best for everybody to live an honest, upright spiritual life, if you do not want to be as unhappily situated as I am. I can assure everybody, from my own experience, that rum and tobacco will lead you into every miserable condition that the earth knows anything about. Rum and tobacco lead you to hell here, and to hell hereafter; so you had better leave them alone; that's my advice; and I speak from experience—a pretty good experience, too—more than fifty years. Well, I'll be going. [Come again some time.] I don't know what is before me—how far I can go, or how much rope I've got.

William Cutter. I had not intended to come here, in this way, but in assisting an old friend I found myself in such close proximity, that when he left I was immediately absorbed by the medium, so that I am obliged to take fair control, in order to leave squarely. The trouble with my friend Goodale is this: he never aspired to rise out of the condition he found himself in. And now he finds that all his sources of enjoyment are cut off; consequently he is in hell. And then again, he has been favored with a view of a picture of all the misery he has caused through the traffic of rum, and that has thrown a shadow over him; and the shadow is so dense that it is oppressive. It is like a nightmare, and he is struggling to get out of it; but the powers of every soul are equivalent to its necessities, and he will just as surely rise out of his darkened, miserable condition, as that he has been here communicating to-day. So his friends need offer no prayers in his behalf, although they are not Catholics, nor shed any tears, for he won't get any more than his just deserts; and he will get them; and having obtained them, he will rise out into a sphere of usefulness, and will be redeemed from the evils that now surround him.

The careless observer may determine that this one or that one is getting more than they deserve, but those who look beyond the surface down into the needs of the soul know better. I remember how it was with me when I first came into this new life. Like him, I was in shadow; perhaps not so deep a darkness fell upon me, but I had enough. But the soul fortunately in this life recognizes its capacity to rise, its power over evil, and, recognizing it, it is very apt to put it in action. I know I did, and the result is, that I am in the way of doing good, and of getting good—in a far better state than I ever was here, or ever would have been if I had remained here a thousand years, for society is so organized with us that when once the soul exhibits a wish to rise out of darkness, it finds plenty to aid it, and nobody to knock it down. The society on earth does not do this; but I suppose that of earth must be earthly—that of heaven must be heavenly; so it must be all right.

Lydia Fisher. I come to thank you for the aid you rendered to my daughter in giving a message at this place which was intended for me, but which I never received. Now it seems my daughter told me I was soon coming to her, that she should meet me, and that the life in the spirit-world was far more beautiful than the life here, and that I should not regret the change. [Was the message given recently?] A few months ago, but it was withheld from me, for fear it might hasten my death. Then my family were not believers, nor was I. [Then your family knew of it?] Yes; I have learned this since I died. I have passed on as my daughter predicted to me. She was the first to meet me; all that was given in that message was true. I have been wanting, ever since I made the change, to come and thank you, for the reality of return for myself. Mrs. Lydia Fisher, wife of Warren Fisher, Dedham, Mass. Jan. 31.

Minnie Dutton. I feel so strange here! I want to say that I live in a beautiful home—that I am not away off, and that I have everything I need to make me happy; and I would not come back here if I could—not to live. And I want to say that I was just what Nature and God intended I should be. Some of my friends have strange ideas about me, but not one of them are correct. My sister Dollie is a medium, and some time I am going to speak through her. I have controlled her in other ways, but I am going to speak through her, and nobody need be afraid, for I would not harm her. [Does she know she is a medium?] No, sir. I am Minnie Dutton, of Middleboro', Mass., sister to Dollie Dutton; don't you know? I need to be carried round, I was so small; but I didn't die—I live; and I've got a body no bigger than when I was here; that size of body was natural to me, as yours is natural to you. It was not the coffee that killed me; I should have died if it had not been for that. Jan. 31.

Scéance conducted by J. B. Ferguson; letters answered by William Berry.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED. Thursday, Feb. 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Richard Olney, to his friend Ezra Imbmann, of Boston, to her father; Emma Brooks, of Boston, to her mother. Monday, Feb. 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; John Moore, to his father; Jacob Bell, to his brother in Constantinople; Nettie Walker, of Camden, N. J., to her mother and sister. Tuesday, Feb. 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; "War Bonnet," of Laramie, to Henry Phillips; Susie Hill, of Cincinnati, O., to her mother; William Marcho, of Indiana, to his netter. Thursday, May 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William Henry, of Boston; Adah Isaacs Menken; Henry Judson, killed in Westland. Thursday, May 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Samba, to his master, Simon Brown, of Georgia; Moses, a Koolon, from Beirut, Syria, to Dr. Smith; Henry J. Raymond; Edith Walters, to her mother. Monday, May 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Andrew Sitton, of California; Mary Elizabeth Waterhouse, of Portland, Me., to her daughter; Anna Williams, of Boston, to her mother.

Indiana State Spiritual Association. To the Spiritualists of Indiana, Greeting: We would announce to the friends of the harmonical philosophy throughout the State, and elsewhere, that the Indiana State Spiritual Association will be held at Masonic Hall, in the city of Indianapolis, commencing Friday, June 15th, at 10 o'clock A. M., and continuing in session on Sunday. Each local Indian Society within the State will be entitled to three delegates, and one additional delegate for each ten members of the Society. Those who are not so entitled will be entitled to three delegates. The friends of the cause generally are cordially invited to be present, assisted in making this Convention a pleasant and profitable one. Good speakers will be procured for the occasion. An extended program is expected to be presented to the interest of the Convention. Half fare arrangements will be effected with the railroads, as far as possible. Good board has been arranged for at one dollar per day for all who may attend the Convention, provided they remain three full days. J. R. BUSSELL, Sec'y of Indiana State Spiritual Association. Indianapolis, Ind., April 15, 1871.

Notice. The Semi-Annual Convention of the State Association of Spiritualists of Minnesota will meet at Farmington, Dakota County, Minn., June 24, 25, and 26, 1871. All who desire attending will please notice the following rules of Railroad Companies: On St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad, excursion tickets will be sold by agents of the railroad station (return tickets included) for full fare one way; on Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, including Hastings and Dakota Railroad, parlor tickets will be sold from the station of Convention for 50 per cent. of full round trip fare; on Lake Superior and Alton and Superior Railroad, full fare delegates, including return fare, will be paid full fare over that road when going to Convention; on the St. Paul and Northern Pacific Railroad, a Convention ticket in the hands of the conductors on the train only. Delegates can get board at the hotels in Farmington for \$1.00 per day. It is expected that Peter West of Chicago, will be present. HARRIET E. POPE, Sec'y of Association. Morristown, Rice County, Minn., April 15th, 1871.

Speakers' and Mass Convention. As Chairman of the Committee appointed by the North-Western Speakers' Association, I am requested to call a Speakers' and Mass Convention, to be held at Smith's Opera House, Decatur, Ill., on the 25th and 26th of June, 1871, to commence its first session on Friday, June 24, at 10 A. M., and continue for the three days, as directed by the Convention. This Convention is called to continue the progressive work of the Association; to establish a permanent office; to arrange for the people of the earth. Invitation is extended to all to be present. Those who attend will receive cordial reception by the friends of the cause. For a more complete information about the entertainment of speakers and others will inform the Secretary of the Committee of Reception, Decatur, Ill., at 222, Decatur, Ill. By request of Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, Moses Hall, Dr. W. Hall, Harvey A. Jones, L. R. Samuel, Underhill, and A. J. Ballou. I. S. BROWN, M. D., Chairman.

Three Days' Meeting in Sturgis, Mich. The friends of progress, free thought and free religion, will hold their Anniversary Meeting and Convention on the 18th days of June, at the Free Church in the village of Sturgis, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., on Friday the 18th, and continuing until Sunday evening the 20th. From abroad will be in attendance to address the people. Ample provision will be made to accommodate strangers. Those who attend the meeting, and are given to all to be with us on this occasion to discuss questions that concern humanity at large. Sturgis, Mich., May 28, 1871.

Grove Meeting. The Spiritualists of Oregon will hold a four days' meeting at Bailey Station, on the 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th of June, at north of Salem, Marion County, commencing on Thursday, June 25th 1871. A general invitation is extended to all, especially to speakers and mediums. By order of Committee, JOHN S. HAWKINS, R. V. SHOUR.

BANNER OF LIGHT: AN EXPONENT OF THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NO. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, "FAIKER BUILDING," BOSTON, MASS. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Proprietors. WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY, ISAAC B. RICH.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE. For Year.....\$3.00 Six Months.....1.50 Three Months......75 There will be no deviation from the above prices. In remitting by mail, a Post Office Order or Draft on Boston or New York payable to the order of WILLIAM WHITE & CO. is preferable to Bank Notes, since should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender. Subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. Subscribers in Canada will add to the terms of subscription 30 cents per year, for pre-payment of American postage. Post-Office Address.—It is useless for subscribers to write, unless they give their Post-Office Address and name of State. Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always give the name of the Town, County and State to which it has been sent. Specimen copies sent free. Subscribers are informed that twenty-six numbers of the BANNER compose a volume. Thus we publish two volumes a year. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at twenty cents per line for the first, and fifteen cents per line for each subsequent insertion. All communications intended for publication, or in any way connected with the Editors' Department, should be addressed to the Editor. Letters to the Editor, not intended for publication, should be marked "private" on the envelope. All Business Letters must be addressed to "BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON, MASS.," William White & Co.

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Publishers who insert the above Prospects three times in their respective papers, and call attention to it, will be entitled to a copy of the BANNER OF LIGHT, if they will send the order and receipt of the paper, with the advertisement marked.

Banner of Light.

THE WEST.

Warren Chase, Corresponding Editor.

Office at his Spiritual, Reform and Liberal Bookstore, 601 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

FACTS FOR THINKERS.

It is asserted, if not fully established as a fact, that matter is particled, and exists wholly and forever in a particled condition, from which it can never be forced by any chemical combination of particles.

This is the theory we have applied to human spirits in our unpublished work on preexistence, in which we hold out the argument that the Divine Mind is also particled, and each particle distinct and eternal in duration, and that the soul-germ of each human being is a particle of the Divine Essence which never can quite touch another particle, nor be united with another in such close affinity that it will not separate, and each be a single and separate finite intelligence through eternity, although not always possessing the necessary instruments for thought, feeling and consciousness, but ever in the eternal rounds of its existence working out in a human form the organs more or less perfect for its expression of all its finite powers, which are ever perfect and complete in the Infinite Whole.

We do not believe man is one-half of a pair of shears and woman the other half, and that the two, when properly put together and united by a God-ordained priest, can never be separated; but we believe man is male and female in the soul-germ, which is not begotten nor created by earthly or heavenly parents, more than Jesus was by the Holy Ghost, for the Christians assure us that before the world was he was existing in heaven quietly with his father till the rebellion of Mr. Satan, long after which he came voluntarily to the earth, and was only introduced by the Holy Ghost to his earthly mother, who gave him birth and nursing.

We are not satisfied on the subject of organization of bodies, whether circumstances can or cannot change or determine the sex of the forms in which the soul-germ may be clothed, or whether every germ is in itself male or female, and must forever ultimate its own sexuality. There are certainly many womanly men and manly women, and somewhat of a mixture of sexes in this life, and still circumstances may account for them all, and the germ which stands back of even the protoplasm may be permanently sexed. However, sexuality in this life is not a matter of the deepest importance, since we are so nearly related that we depend each on the other.

NEEDED HELP WAITING.

We have received several letters lately, one of which, just received, lies before us, asking advice about donations and legacies for the cause of Spiritualism. These letters are from parties wishing to appropriate means to the cause, or to deservingly persons engaged in the spread of this new gospel. The one just received is from an honest and conscientious person whose name we are not at liberty to use, who asks us to answer through the Banner, which we cheerfully comply with. We have given private answers to those who wished them, and the best we could suggest under the circumstances. It is to be regretted that we have not an organization in which all can have the fullest confidence, and which could serve as a reservoir for all contributions for the cause; but since our best efforts in this direction have failed, we turn to several local and partial efforts that are highly and truly deserving.

Several small donations have been made to Mr. Davis and others for the distribution of his or other books, which, we believe, have always been satisfactory to the donors, and no doubt, useful to the cause. Several sums have also been contributed to the Banner of Light, for the free circulation of the paper to the poor, and this, we believe, has given universal satisfaction to those who have thus contributed. A fund for sending the spiritual papers to the poor would be a source of consolation and satisfaction highly desirable. The Liberal Tract Society of Boston is now a highly commendatory enterprise, and deserves support from the friends of the cause. We have one friend in St. Louis, a poor man, who, instead of using tobacco, spends thirty cents a week regularly for tracts, which he distributes to the best advantage he can. An immense amount of good could be done in this way with little money. Next comes the Children's Lyceums. Many of these are permanently and legally organized, and deserve the aid that can be spared for their support and encouragement. The Lyceum is a heaven-born institution, and is almost the only really practical work we have yet organized and set in working order. All should help it who can.

There is one more really needy and deserving institution which is doing a vast amount of good at private expense, and which should be imitated in many places. It is the Banner FREE CIRCLE, of Boston, which has been doing its work successfully for years, at large expense to a few persons, who know, as we do, the great good it is doing. This is not all; but we leave the subject with a closing remark that there are many very needy and very deserving mediums and lecturers in the ranks, that could be made doubly useful by a limited supply of money from those who can spare it.

SPECIMENS OF FAITH IN POETRY.

Rev. J. B. Thompson, while criticising and condemning the very popular hymn, "I would not live away," as heartily recommends the following, as breathing the true Christian spirit and as deserving "to be better known":

Jesus, I live to thee, The loveliest and best; My life in thee, thy life in me, In thy best love I rest. Jesus, I die to thee, Whenever death shall come; To die in thee, is life to me, In my eternal home. Whether to live or die, I know not which is best; To live in thee, is bliss to me, To die is endless rest. Living or dying, Lord, I ask but to be thine; My life in thee, thy life in me, Makes heaven forever mine.

For the moss on a log or the mistletoe on an oak-bough this might be appropriate, but for a human soul, possessed of eternal life in itself, it is sheer nonsense, as silly as a majority of the sacred songs of the churches. The author, Dr. Harbaugh, will himself be as much ashamed of it as was the author of "I would not live away,"

who wrote, some years after, a postscript to it as follows:

I would not live away, no longer I sing; Live away I shall, while Jesus is king; United to him, his righteousness shall mine; My life bound to his no face shall untwine. Ne'er, till I see enter heaven, and death yields his rod, Defiant, enthroned in the palace of God— Not till heaven's a grey day, and the angels shall cease in his glory, and with him to reign.

Showing some progress in his mind, but still a want of rational consistency. The old hymn-books, including the Psalms of David and Songs of Solomon, with Watts's collection, all need as much revising as the Bible, and probably will get it soon, as this is an age of improvement, even in Christianity. The following poem, from The Interior, is a fine specimen of poetry worthy our age:

THE UNKNOWN GOD.—BY DR. C. B. MACLAY.

Lines suggested by reading Huxley on the "Unknown and Unknowable," and Paul, "I found an altar with this inscription, 'To the unknown God,'" and Job, "Canst thou?" etc.

"Canst thou by searching find out God? The Almighty to perfection?"

Ah, yes, most willingly we would, If by some wise direction, We could but grasp, by hand so bold, The robes that Dolly unfold; And rashly bare, to mortal sight, The rays of uncreated light.

But 't were in vain such hopes to feed, A fond but weak delusion; For as, by scientific lead, Although in some confusion, We tread our way in patient mood— Nor can the truth our grasp elude— Yet from each problem that we solve, A hundred more at once evolve.

And thus, though patiently we plod In our investigation, We lose within "the sun-baked clod" Each rationalization.

With frantic energy we ply, And prove the syllogistic "why?" Yet ebbing waves do soon flow back, And wash away the new made track.

But girding up our loins once more, Possessed by new ambition, The darkest truths we shall explore, Nor once forget our mission: From "this life juice" to human brain, We'll prove the weird electric train, And teach the world that Life supreme Dissolves the crude, religious dream.

Then rear at once the marble stone, And write this dedication, "To the unknown God!" Yes, God, unknown By prophet's inspiration!

And now thy lead, O spirit, prepare To bow, and own the soul's despair; Yes, dry the penitential tear, For there is none to love or fear!

Can you repress the swelling heart, And still its beating? A cold philosophy impart, Its fond hopes cheating?

Ah! hold! "There is a path," I ween, "The victor's eye hath never seen," And trusting in "the will" and "find A holy Presence in the mind."

GOVERNING BY BEAU IDEALS.

Humanity is more governed by likes and dislikes than by reason and justice. From this has come Beau Ideals such as the ten commandments and the moral precepts, "Do unto others as you wish to be done unto," &c. Legislation has done its utmost to compel men to obey these Beau Ideals by an organized system of penal laws, in which great intelligence and shrewdness are displayed. Likes and dislikes arise in the mind of man as easily as joy and sorrow, and just as easily he perceives that he ought not to steal, murder, &c. He naturally prohibits the commission of such acts, and in the course of time an immense system of prohibition is organized and becomes established as the supreme power and authority over mankind. Being directed against what every one dislikes and considers as evil, it is respected and submitted to by all. Experience teaches us, however, that there are many things beside human beings which hurt humanity, and many other evils beside those which come forth in human conduct, that are not taken into account, by legislation. These evils exert a power over mankind which in many cases is superior to that of legislation, making men despots, tyrants, swindlers, thieves, murderers, adulterers, &c. They create and organize armies of robbers, murderers, and dens of criminals of every kind. Society is surrounded by them, baffling legislation and making it. It very frequently happens that these undefined evils—whatever they may be, for there is no name for them but the general one of necessity—transform even the government of nations into dens of thieves and murderers, over which there is no authority or power of restraint. By this it may be inferred that the mere prohibition of evil and the persecuting of it by the most powerful means devisable is not adequate to the realization of the Beau Ideal which every one sets up to worship. The whole philosophy of the thing is, evil is but the absence of goodness, just as darkness is but the absence of light. It is unattainable, for the simple reason that it is not a reality. Man has a moral instinct aspiring to a state of well-being, and tending to lead his mind far beyond what practical actualities will permit him to realize. Under its influence, a Beau Ideal has grown up and developed which men endeavor to put into practice by the most cruel and arbitrary means. A Beau Ideal is very easy to conceive and elaborate, but very difficult to reduce to practice. A code of laws as set forth in the ten commandments, does not require much brains to conceive, nor does it require any extraordinary capacity of mind to bring forth the moral precept, "Do unto others as you wish to be done by." It is very easy to say love thy neighbor as thou lovest thyself. The question is, how to be able to do so. The cheap and easy process of the ten commandments, and moral precepts to suit them, has been considered as all-sufficient to enable men to be righteous in all the concerns of life. If men were mere guests on earth, where they had been invited to sit down and enjoy themselves, then obedience to the ten commandments and moral precepts would be easy. It is also very easy to conceive that men have certain inalienable rights. But the question is, how to get the benefits of these rights. It is because the ten commandments, moral precepts and the rights of man, as set forth in a liberal philosophy, are correct, and have the approval of all, that people so readily think that men are naturally wicked and depraved; and because this Beau Ideal is not complied with, they ought to consider that there may be many obstacles which prevent men from acting in perfect accordance with the Beau Ideal. And if there are, we should strive our utmost to remove them, especially if they are not fellow-beings, legislative and ecclesiastical institutions seem to be the sum total of human machinery, and they deal with man as if he was a ferocious and depraved being. They have not yet attempted to remove one single obstacle which stands in the way of human righteousness. They have been exclusively confined to the control and government of man much in the same way that brute animals should be controlled if language could reach them instead of the lash. The management of things in accordance with the Beau Ideal which every one commends and approves, has never been known to be necessary by legislative and ecclesiastical institutions. They think there is nothing more to be attended to in order to secure practical righteousness, than to punish the transgressor and frighten others from the crime, and to renege the Beau Ideal of community. As the individual has to conform by his conduct to what

the conditions of society require of him, the true course to follow is to judge these conditions by the Beau Ideal of righteousness and correct whatever is contrary to it. The individual should be left alone, and not made responsible for the faults which exist in these conditions, which he has neither the power to correct, nor the power to disobey what they require. All unrighteousness comes from the imperfect social conditions, which must and will be changed, notwithstanding all the efforts of legislatures and the lectures and sermonizing of priest and philosopher. With goodness we can attack nothing, nor can we make use of it to punish any crime or persecute any individual. If we attack, punish and persecute as a means to extinguish evil, we are simply employing evil against evil, which is just as absurd as striving to expel darkness by darkness. The employment of evil by legislation, causes legislation itself to be a cruel and evil institution, proof of which is found by the dread and fear all people have of the laws enacted, which are so many ferocious monsters. Law is a perpetual pestilence in the land, ruining its multitudes of victims every year, and establishing enmity among men, rather than discouraging it. Just as men endeavor to prohibit what they dislike, they endeavor to realize what they like, impatient to enjoy the benefit of the moral precept, "Do unto others as you would be done unto." Compulsory means are resorted to in a religious form in order to render men righteous. Here again the evils arising out of necessity come forward and baffle the best endeavors, corrupting even the ecclesiastical authorities themselves, and creating moral and religious enmities among men. Legislative and ecclesiastical institutions are notoriously unscientific, and are but the supreme expression of human endeavor to avoid what they dislike and obtain what they like, without the use of science and its discoveries. All this is the logical result of striving to govern men by the Beau Ideal of authority from likes and dislikes. W. H. St. Louis, May, 1871.

A TEMPLE OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

This subject of providing a temple of religious liberty for meetings, mediums, libraries and various other purposes, has been agitated in St. Louis for some time, and only lacks the united effort of some dozen or more wealthy men and women of the city, who are firm believers in spirit-life and intercourse. How to secure this unity of action and combined effort is not yet settled, but there is no doubt of sufficient outside aid to accomplish the work if this point can be secured. We have hoped St. Louis would make the first move of this kind among the great cities, and take the initiative step in a work that is to become general in the next half century, of establishing such temples of true religion in place of the many houses of bondage that are devoted to sectarian purposes and darkening the human understanding. We are watching and waiting the proper movements among those that are able to do it.

CRITICISM ON THE THEOLOGICAL IDEA OF DEITY, BY M. B. CRAVEN.

Some time ago we received from the author a copy of this book for notice, and although delayed in the reading and notice of the work, we are prepared to make the author our best bow and acknowledge that he has furnished the public with one of the ablest works on a rational religion we have yet seen, and one we most heartily recommend to our friends. The work shows plainly, and by the best authority, the superiority of the religious ideas and the ideas of God entertained by other nations over those of the Jews and early Christians, and traces our rationalism, and the most advanced ideas of modern Christians, to a better source than the Bible. The book is the result of much research, and has many collections from the best authority extant. It is free from superstition, and food for the best intellects and reasoners, and just such a book as the times demand for the young students and thinkers. We hope the author will find a larger sale for this than he did for his able little work, "The Triumph of Criticism," which is among our best pamphlet literature, and has long been on our table and for sale by us.

CEPHAS B. LYNN AND SPIRITUALISM.

MESSRS. EDITORS—In your issue of May 27th, Mr. Lynn notices a brief note of mine, published in the Index, and while it can be of no possible interest to your numerous readers to know "what Dyer D. Lum says," still, in justice to myself, I cannot pass over his remarks in silence. He thinks I must have had a "slight touch of 'unnecessary sensitiveness,' else he never would have felt it incumbent upon himself to write 'a word of encouragement' to Mr. Abbot. We found no fault with the management of The Index." In the article that prompted me to write, Mr. Lynn marveled "that Mr. Abbot should put such a paragraph in his paper," and not only proceeded to inform your readers how much Mr. Abbot was himself indebted to Spiritualists for his success, and that "his audiences would be very small were it not for the presence of this class," but in a measure threatens to keep a sharp lookout for any remarks derogatory to his conception of Spiritualism. Mr. Lynn is still young. It seems but a short time since he left the Lyceum to take the rostrum, but he cannot be ignorant that there are a large number of persons who are Spiritualists who delight in reading or hearing the thoughtful essays of Mr. Abbot, for the very reason that he does not dwell upon such themes as "spirit communion, the planes of life in the heavenly world, clairvoyance, psychometry, mediumship," etc. Is A. J. Davis the less a Spiritualist because he objects to the "nine errors" of the common belief of Spiritualists, and opposes "circles as injurious and harmful in the extreme"? Or Prof. W. D. Gunning in declaring mediumship detrimental to "mental and moral health," and its cultivation not desirable? Mr. Lynn further remarks: "Mr. Lum endorses the ideas of The Index correspondents." [Reader, please re-peruse that quotation.] Spiritualism, according to that statement, must be a very unhealthy thing for Mr. Lum.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS FOR JUNE.

Our young folks for June is received. Excellent, as usual.

THE NURSERY FOR JUNE is one of the finest illustrated numbers yet issued. It is the idol of the little folks.

THE BRITISH FEMALE COLLECTOR GHOST STORY is the title of a pamphlet giving full particulars of the singular manifestations which occurred in Memphis recently, the findings of the jar, &c. Published by J. R. Robertson, Memphis, Tenn.

of my own spirit and the acquisition of knowledge. Whether this world and its writers, or the spirit-world and its inhabitants, present the best means for culture and intellectual growth, is a matter each must decide for himself or herself; and however much I may regret what I conceive as erroneous conclusions in others, it is not for me to "crack the whip" over them, or to defend Spiritualism as if my conception of it was alone correct. Mr. Lynn's purpose I know was good, and I always enjoy reading his "Locals," and though differing essentially with him, and am not prepared to denounce Spiritualism as "unhealthy," still I cannot recognize him as an authentic exponent of what Spiritualism is, but must rest content with my own conception of it.

Yours truly, DYER D. LUM.

Portland, Me.

New Publications.

THE HOLLOW GHOST; or The World's Agitator and Recorder. A Treatise on the Physical Conformation of the Earth. Presented through the Organism of M. L. Sherman, M. D., and written by Prof. Wm. F. Lyon. Chicago: Religious Philosophical Publishing House.

The above title is sufficiently full to fairly describe the character and objects of the volume under notice. It must be admitted by us that we have not ourselves been able to give its contents, which are very varied and provocative of speculative thought, that careful attention which would alone entitle us to anything like a just estimate of the scientific, and therefore harmonizing value of the work; yet a cursory review of its pages, which has been attended with undeniable interest, authorizes us to speak of the general design and spirit of the speculation as deserving of the widest regard. Whether sufficiently well based or not, (and no one can positively deny unless it is in his power to do so positively affirm,) it is a series of suggestions, impressed from high sources that may serve to dissipate many of the fogs that now cling about the subject of the structure and destiny of the planet we inhabit, and to beget a train of thinking that may result in more fixed notions of the physical being of the globe, and therefore of its probable relationship to external and exalted forces and influences.

There are thirteen chapters to this book, as follows: Scraps of History; The Open Polar Sea; The Igneous Theory; Volcanoes; Earthquakes; and Material and Spiritual Forces; Gravitation; The Sun and its Influences; Inherent Powers; Who are the World Builders? The Moon; and Vision. Thus the reader will see, at a glance, that an immense subject has been herein presented, certain of the chapters embracing topics that really touch the vital points of creation and its unaccounted mysteries. This treatise is not so dogmatic as it is inquisitive. Its spirit is that of investigation that is inquisitive. Over its pages are scattered many rich seed-thoughts that should germinate in the mind of every careful and reflective reader. The special theory sought to be evolved from this example of research we leave the reader to approach and appreciate for himself, satisfied merely that its study will tend to the release of the human mind from the fetters of superstition and its expansion in a new realm of knowledge and delight.

HIS MANGONIC TRANSMISSIONS; HIS DIVINE PYRAMIDER. Also, The Asiatic Mystery, The Smaragdine Table and the Song of Brahm. Edited by Paschal Beverley Randolph. Boston: Rostreucian Publishing Company.

This collection of the mystical lore of the farthest East—Pyramider meaning "Shepherd of Men"—has been produced in the truly elegant style of typography and binding that befit its character. The editor, who is known wherever this rich mine of literature is known, dedicates his collection to "The Best Woman," and asserts for it that it is "a divine revelation," that it opens the way from the world of shadows to the realm of spirit. It treats of knowledge, truth, the human soul, regeneration, immortality, and God. The first title of the book is the author of the "Pyramider," of whom the present editor declares that "farthest back in the twilight of history his name looms up like the Pyramids of his native land," and that it has outlived all contemporary records. He compressed into his writings the wisdom of Egypt, that which Moses himself boasted of having learned, and with which sagas and philosophers like Thales, Pythagoras and Plato sought to become familiar. It is claimed that from these ancient Egyptian fields of learning and wisdom were culled the fairest flowers that adorn the Hebrew and Grecian writings. This much is endorsed in the Preface, over his own hand, by Alfred E. Giles, Esq., of this city, a scholar in spiritual, as in other studies, whom it would not be easy to controvert. We cordially recommend a studious reading of this remarkable book of wisdom to the mind that would stretch and recruit its faith in divine things, while feeding its appetite on the speculations of a dim past.

Peterson & Brothers republish Wilkie Collins's novel of "BARI; or, the Crossed Path"—an author too well and widely known to need a special notice in any of his numerous productions. For seventy-five cents the reader has his spirited fiction, from a master's hand, in good type and paper covers. The novel of Wilkie Collins are being reproduced by the Petersons in uniform style with the fictions of Dumas, Lever, Cockton and George Sand—a collection that will engage the attention of all readers.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June contains several papers that properly go with the season. Among them is "Botanizing," by Wilson Flagg; the Shifting of Power; A Virginian in New England Thirty-five years ago; Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada; American Life in France; with tales, poems, critical notices, and, above all, Mr. Field's "Whispering Gallery," in which he gives us confidential revelations of Charles Dickens. It is, as a whole, a superb number.

THE RADICAL for June offers articles by Wm. J. Potter on "The Doctrine of Immortality in the Light of Science," by J. Stahl Patterson on "Natural Selection in regard to Man," by John W. Chadwick on "My Pagan Friends," by T. W. Higginson on "The Buddhist Path of Virtue," and by C. A. Barber on "Seven Years." There are additional contributions, with "Notes."

THE SPIRITUAL ANALYST for June—J. H. W. Toohy, editor—opens with an article from his own pen on "The Dualism of Theology and Science," and follows up with "Nature," "Illumination," "The Spiritual Poems of E. A. Poe," "Conclusions and Generalizations," "Spiritual Doubles," and Scientific Record, Reports and Notices, Book Criticism, and "Common Sense and its Issues," by the editor.

LITTERCOTT holds out to the magazine reader for next month an attractive list of contents, of prose and verse, fiction, and essay, among which we cite "A Provence Rose," "Shopping in Paris," "A German Popular Lecture," "The Monarch of the Gila," "Still Waters," "Wild Ireland," "The Freedman's Bureau," "The Murder Stone," "Servantism in Virginia," "Prof. Lowell as a Critic," and Monthly Gospel, and Literature of the Day. It is an attractive and the number.

A. Williams & Co. have for sale SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for June, whose illustrations in wood are peerless. Nothing exceeds them on this continent. We name some of the more attractive articles among the contents as follows: "The Wonders of the Yellowstone," "Lights and Shadows of the War," "The Mother of the Emperor William," "Lepidoptera and its Fall," "The Illinois and St. Louis Bridge," "The Freedom of the Pulpit," and "The Clothes of a Ghost."

THE GALAXY for June continues the story of "Lady Judith" goes upon "Words and their Uses" again; progresses with the story of "Overland," which is written with unmistakable power; sketches in a second paper "The Campaigns of Robert E. Lee;" gives us a fifth article on "The Nether Side of New York," relative to Casual Criminals; presents the history of "Reputation;" proceeds with Mrs. Edwards's tale of "Ought to be Visited Her?" gives us "Gascen Stories" offers "Peters and Lures;" and adds to so rich a literary feast "Drift-Wood," an article on "Gulch," whose portrait is prefixed, "Scientific Miscellany," "Current Literature," "The Galaxy Club-Room," and "Notes." The Galaxy is among the most uniformly strong and brilliant monthly issues of the American press.

PETER'S MYSTICAL MONTHLY for June—containing thirty-six pages of choice music—has been received.

HOME AND HEALTH is the title of a new health magazine published in New York by W. R. DePoy & Brothers, 805 Broadway.

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THE BRITISH FEMALE COLLECTOR GHOST STORY is the title of a pamphlet giving full particulars of the singular manifestations which occurred in Memphis recently, the findings of the jar, &c. Published by J. R. Robertson, Memphis, Tenn.

Eighth National Convention—The American Association of Spiritualists.

The Eighth National Convention will meet in Troy, N. Y., on Tuesday, the 12th day of September, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and continue in session three days. Each active State or Territorial Organization of Spiritualists within the limits of the United States of America, shall be entitled to one delegate for each fractional fifty members of such organization, and of each working Local Society and each Progressive Lyceum within the boundaries of such State or Territory, provided that only one general organization shall be entitled to representation from any State or Territory. Each Province of the American Continent shall be entitled to one delegate for each working Association within its limits, and the District of Columbia shall be entitled to two delegates. Each active Local Society, and each Progressive Lyceum of any State, Territory or Province which has no General Association, shall be entitled to one delegate for each fractional fifty members.

These Associations are respectfully invited to appoint delegates to attend this meeting and participate in the proceedings thereof.

HANSNAH F. M. BROWN, Chicago, Ill., President.

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., 64 Race Street, Philadelphia, Secretary.

Notice.

The Spiritualists and liberal friends of Pleasanton, Linn County, Kansas, will hold a three days' meeting, commencing on the 24th day of June, for the purpose of having a good time generally, and also a good time especially in the dedication of Bro. Stephen Decker's new hall to the cause of mental freedom on earth, and the summer and autumn and Pleasanton lies on the railroad twenty-five miles north of Fort Scott, Kansas. Free entertainments will be given to the friends as far as possible. E. N. WHEELER, M. D.

Convention in Maine.

The Spiritualists of Hancock County, Me., will hold their Third Semi-Annual Convention in Ellsworth, Me., Saturday and Sunday, June 24th and 25th, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. Provision will be made for those who come from a distance. Friends are invited to come and help us! Per order of Committee, MOLLAY KINGSMA, Secy., Mariaville, Me., May 20th, 1871.

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