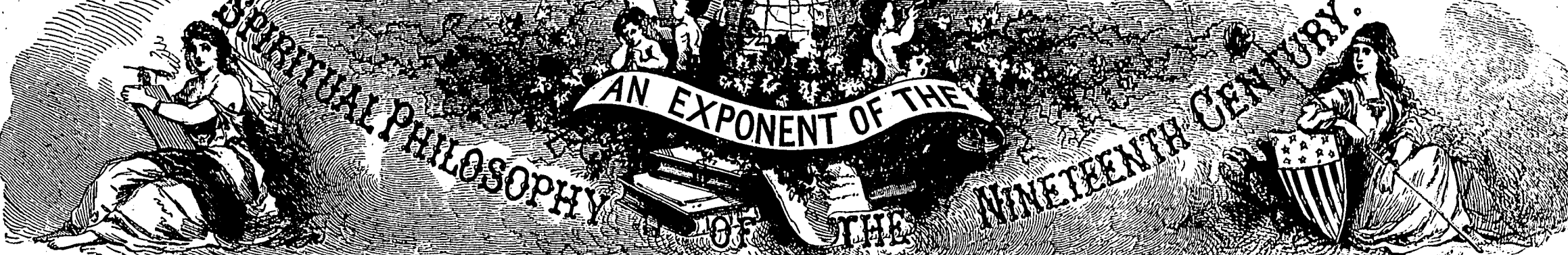


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The Rostrum.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

MRS. TAPPAN'S ORATION AT CAVENDISH ROOMS,
LONDON, SUNDAY EVENING, FEB. 21ST, 1875.
Lesson: Matt. xvi. 9-13.

Our proper theme to-night is "Metempsychosis," under the various forms of transmigration, re-incarnation, re-embodiment, or what is known of the soul of man in its external form. You will remember the beautiful poem of Schiller, in which he asks:

"Were once our spirits linked, and intertwining,
And for that life are still our spirits pining,
Bound as together in the days of yore,
Sighing still to be bound once more,
Where without sound still pour?
Yes, it is so; and thou wert bound to me,
In the long-vanished years, eternally,
And from the troubled tablet of my soul
Unwind this beautiful and blessed scroll,
One with thy love, my soul."

Bound us in waters of delight forever
Beautifully flowed the heavenly nectar river,
And where the sunbeams bathed Truth's mountain springs,
Quivered our glancing wings.
Weep for the Godlike life we lost afar,
Weep! Thou and I lit scattered fragments are,
And still the unquenched yearning we retain;
Sigh to restore the long and banished reign,
And grow divine again!"

It is not simply in the imagination of the poet, nor does it belong merely to the vague reminiscence of some departed Arcadian dream of earth, that this thought abides. You are all well aware that the theory of souls re-embodiment themselves in outward form was an accepted idea among all the nations of the East, and that whenever a spirit represented diviner attributes than the majority of men appeared to have, it was supposed to be a re-appearance of some ancient prophet, or seer, or poet restored again to mortal life. You have not forgotten that in mythology nearly every character reappeared again in some form or other; that the sweet Philomel sings her love-lorn lay because of an ancient and long unrequited wrong. You have not forgotten that nearly every ancient myth bears upon its surface the semblance to some thought of Divine re-incarnation, separately repeated and intended for the benefit of man. Whatever mistrust and materialism may have done to overshadow the ultimate thought from whence this idea sprung, it must be inevitable to every thought which has borne with it so many witnesses, and has seized hold of the imagination and theory of so many nations, has some foundation in truth, and that somewhere is the key to unlock the seeming mystery and incomprehensibility connected with this thought. The word "metempsychosis" simply means the transition of the soul from one state of being to another, without naming that state. Transmigration of souls, on the contrary, which was adopted in all the countries of the remote East, was a belief in the separate re-embodiments of the individual soul, either in the form of men or beasts, and it was believed that the souls of inferior men would come again to earth and suffer torments in some of the lower forms of existence for sins committed while they existed in the form of man. It was also believed that the diviner souls would not require to be subjected to these punishments, but would only come again to earth as teachers, prophets, or even as Messiahs appointed to fulfill a high and holy function. This belongs to the Platonic theory, and is incorporated in the idea of the Divine Cosmos. It also belongs to even a more ancient period than that of Plato (Pythagoras), and was believed in by all the worshippers of Zoroaster, is incorporated in the Bible of the Indies, and is believed in now by the Brahminical worshippers in the form of Buddha, who appeared three several times in human form, bearing with him additional messages and powers of salvation to man.

You will remember that in previous discourses we have stated that the primal condition of the soul itself bears little relation to its individual outward expression on earth. We state again that the soul in its essence, although identified, is not individualized in the usual sense of external individuality, and that between the thought of personality and identity there must be a line drawn; personality meaning that which distinguishes you one from another in your outward form; identity being the actual individual consciousness of the soul itself. It is undoubtedly a fact that the more spiritual your natures become, even while upon earth, the less personal you are—we mean that you become impersonal to the degree of caring less and less for your especial individual foibles, less and less for the especial town or country in which you may have been born, less and less for your habitation and the particular things which mark your individual positions, until finally this impersonality extends itself in those larger minds to the degree of comprehending and including the whole earth in the consciousness of thought. Plato's "Cosmos,"

Humboldt's "Perception of Science," the infinite variety and perfection of those gigantic minds that have led the nations of the earth, prove that personality vanishes as identity increases, and that he is the most individualized who has fewest of the particular and personal qualifications that make up the ambiguities and contradictions of humanity. Therefore the first thought that presents itself to the mind, that the soul, if it be embodied in more than one kind of human form, must lose its identity is a mistake. It may become less and less personal, or only take on personality for the sake of expressing it; but as soul is a principle, it can no more lose its identity than can the ultimate atom of matter when incorporated many times in many forms. As the theory of evolution undoubtedly forms one part of the process of creation, and only a part, so there must be a corresponding spiritual theory or science to supplement the physical science. This theory is that of the soul itself. First, the soul is immortal. If immortal, it must have existed in a past eternity as an identified existence, since immortality is not valuable except in connection with identity. If identified, it must have existed in connection with some form of expression, either angelic or human; and, if thus existing, it must within itself retain every thought, feeling, and emotion which that expression has given rise to, or the primal extent thereof.

It is no answer to suppose that because the external memory of the physical body does not retain consciousness, there has not, therefore, been consciousness. You will remember the dual consciousness between the sleeping and the waking hours. You are all aware of a separate and distinct life: and in some organizations, such as of those who are called somnambulists, there are two parallel lives keeping pace with one another and equal in point of identity—one in sleeping and one in waking—between which there is no interchange of consciousness excepting that the sleeping life, or the state of somnambulation, is a superior state; for in the state of sleep the somnambulist remembers what takes place in waking hours; but in waking hours the somnambulist does not remember what takes place in sleep, proving that in this dual existence of the somnambulist the state of sleep represents the state wherein a two-fold capacity still is revealed, while in the waking hours the spirit is dependent upon such external memory as will remind it of something that has previously transpired externally before it can possess what is called remembrance or consciousness. You also fail to remember everything that occurs to you in physical life. The perfume of a flower, a snatch of song, or a peculiar coincidence of events will recall to mind things which your memory has utterly forgotten until that time, proving that there is a storehouse within the spirit where all things are placed in regular order and are not again thrust forth into consciousness until some external circumstance reminds you of them.

Souls having had an eternity of experience can no more force that eternity of experience into an external form than you can live your eternity in these external forms instead of becoming spirits. It would be just as reasonable to suppose that the human form can retain its existence on earth, and fulfill the immortal destiny of the spirit, as to suppose that the human form can recollect that which has not been in the nature of its experience, and which the body cannot express because it has not passed through. But it would also be equally absurd to say that the soul has not existed because the external memory does not retain it, as to suppose that there is no immortality because the external man does not perceive it. If you predicate an immortality upon any thought of present concentration or consciousness, it must extend backward as well as forward to make the complement of the soul itself. Why compare the soul, therefore, to a central light of existence, which is under the care and dominion of an appointed angel, and the soul, containing all sublimated powers and qualities, takes upon itself the quality of volition, which is the desire and will to exist or express itself in outward form. That volition or will is accompanied by, and begins with, the identification of the soul in connection with any particular planet. For the purpose of taking to itself an external form, there must be consciousness, volition, the power and knowledge of identity, and all other qualities in a perfect degree which are imperfectly manifested in the physical system; and the soul must, by a series of evolutions, have passed from its innermost to a more external state before it can take upon itself this consciousness. It, therefore, passes through the regular succession of cherubim, seraphim, archangels and angelic hosts, down through the spiritual spheres of soul-existence until it reaches a planet, this earth being, of course, only one of many planets, and not being especially selected for its age or spiritual advancement, but being in progress of development under the administration of souls, angels and divinities.

The soul, then, in its contact with matter, expresses itself in its most external form. It expresses itself only in one or perhaps a few directions; but you are all aware that if you could take the sum total of human intelligence and incorporate it into one individual, you would then have all the intelligence that could possibly be concentrated in human life. Whenever a soul manifests the least of these properties of intelligence, it is because it has the least experience of the control of the matter of the earth which it inhabits. Whenever a soul manifests the most of these qualities of intelligence and the greatest variety of attributes, it is because that soul is most accustomed to contact with matter; and whether it be on this planet or in connection

with some other planet, it has most frequently molded and shaped an organism to its control; and you can just as easily determine the ancient souls that inhabit the earth as you can, by a knowledge of ancient inscription, determine the meaning of the Sanscrit records upon the tablets of history. Emerson says in one of his essays: "You look upon that child and imagine yourself its teacher. Why, that child may be a thousand years old." Undoubtedly a thousand thousand years, since in the records of the soul there can be time only in connection with matter, and that which has ever existed must ever express its qualifications according to its wonted custom. The difference between souls, as expressed in human form, must therefore be the difference in the manner and mode of expression, as arising from the fact of there being an accustomed or unaccustomed will, which must have shaped the destinies of the soul according to the knowledge which that person is found to express. Every genius possessing qualities and expressions of soul above the average of humanity must be a soul that, having existed in some other form on earth, or on some other planet, has been accustomed to express itself after the manner which the genius indicates. Mozart at three years of age possessed the consciousness, as it is termed, of musical harmonies. The fifths and thirds were known to him, while many a gray-haired man feels it impossible, to have the perception of music instilled into his mind. There can be no doubt that the accustomed soul in the direction of harmony has shaped the organism and adapted it to its purposes. You cannot account for the many inequalities existing in humanity, unless you make these organic structures—which after all are not sufficiently different to make up for the inequalities of expression and spirit—superior to the mind and soul itself.

There can be no doubt that, from the beginning of the most ancient spiritual dynasty upon earth, there have been certain souls which at certain times have reappeared among men, and that have been permitted so to reappear because of their superior qualifications and power over matter. These have reappeared in correspondence to spiritual laws, as betokened by the extract read from the Testament to-night, in which it was expected that Elias would again come upon earth, and in which it was asked of Jesus if it were Elias, or if Elias were not yet to come, and he answered, "He had come." In another of the gospels John himself denies that he is Elias, but that Elias was expected. The idea of re-incorporated prophets, or re-incarnated divinities, was a theory having its foundation in the fixed religion of the countries of the East, and which, having such foundation, must have represented a primal truth. The idea among the Egyptians was that Osiris represented one of the many images or forms in which Deity (Jupiter) expressed himself to man. The idea also was that all great divine souls related to the gods would reappear upon earth with divine attributes, and lead and teach their fellowmen. The idea among the Brahminical worshippers is that Buddha himself has appeared many times, and that his expressions each time have been from the same central soul.

As we cannot deny, all souls must have equal opportunities in eternity; and if the expression of human life on earth or in any planet is valuable to any soul, it is equally valuable to all souls. Since all souls do not have equal opportunities in a single expression of life, since some die in infancy, and others have maimed, deformed and useless bodies, certainly the experience in connection with an earthly existence is invaluable, and if invaluable, it is equally valuable to every soul; and if valuable to every soul, then each must possess, at some time or other, equal opportunities for receiving the benefits of such inhabitation in earthly life; else souls that go out of spiritual existence in infancy cannot, by any possibility, be said to have reaped the advantages of earthly experience; for some exist only for an hour, a day, a year, or a few years at most, and are again thrown into spiritual life with the feeble mark of earthly identity upon them. Such as these would be like pale flowers grown in the darkness, and without the distinct attributes of individuality of life upon them. Such as these would be sighing through all the years of infinite spiritual existence for that palpable and distinct experience that makes the God-like man or woman the vanquisher of material substances. All are babes, comparatively. Here is an inebriate, and there a weakling. Who shall make up to this pauper for his poverty and lack of power, and who shall atone to yonder idiot for his imperfect organism? Every soul in the great cycles of eternity must have equal opportunities of advancement and perfection; and if it be important that any one soul shall meet, grapple with and vanquish matter, it is important that every other soul shall do the same; and sooner or later every individual spirit embodied upon earth must, either upon the earth in connection with its presiding angel or upon some other planet, possess as perfect a form, be endowed with as high attributes, and possess as gigantic qualifications as the greatest that have risen among men.

It is given to soul to know of its existence through the chains of analysis, a few of which we shall point out to you. The mystery of reminiscence sometimes forces itself upon the human brain or organism. In all such instances the souls have previously lived upon earth. You will find instances in history, and perhaps there are a few hundred individuals upon earth to-day who will positively declare that they recollect existing upon the earth before. Of course this is denied by logic; science says it is impossible, and religion pronounces it blasphemy. It is no

more blasphemous, if it be true, than any other truth, even though it be unusual. The person who does not possess the gift of music may just as well deny its existence on earth because he or she does not possess it; or he who is endowed with a peculiar gift must be denounced and despised because he has the gift, since others have it not, unless we take also the exceptional things of earth for their due weight. Now, it chances that not among the obscure, but among the loftiest of earth's minds this thought has prevailed. Plato himself believed that he had previously lived and talked; Socrates, his master, believed that he was once incarnated in human form, and possessed similar thought in complete powers, like those which are possessed again on earth; Pythagoras taught it; and others, of still more recent date, have firmly believed themselves to have existed on the earth before, and to have some connecting link with their preceding existence in the embodiment that has come down to history—and there are perhaps more individuals than you are aware who have either a positive conviction or a vague and dreamy recollection that they themselves have existed upon the earth before.

We will refer you to symptoms. In reading history you are each aware that at some particular point of the reading particular characters have appeared to you as familiar, and you have a vague consciousness that you were with Alexander or Pharaoh, or some of the ancients, and to a youthful imagination this amounts to the wish to emulate the ancient hero whom he most admires. If you will watch your sensations closely, you will find that when reading of certain incidents in history or certain characters which you have not been especially taught to venerate, and which have not been in any way specially pointed out to you, you will have a peculiar thrill of consciousness that you were there and witnessed the scenes there portrayed. We know of one intelligent clergyman who, when it was stated that "the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy," declared with the utmost gravity that he was there, that he was conscious of being one of the angels, and that he then knew he should dwell upon earth and teach men. Nor was this man a monomaniac, or in any respect different from his kind, except that he had a singular sweetness and serenity of spiritual nature. Every one of you will also remember that in certain typical characters of history it seems as though the wholeage which had preceded them had been concentrated in their minds, and that they represented the culminating waves of certain periods of thought. Your leading poets have all exemplified this. Milton, Shakespeare, Cowper, have all, in a greater or lesser degree, expressed the culmination of a wave of thought that preceded them. Each one of these borrowing an inheritance from some existence which their outward form did not express, must have undoubtedly represented a greater familiarity with the thought expressed in poetry than usual minds are endowed with. And when this hope and this reminiscence is resolved into a distinct science, the cycles of eternity are repeated upon the several planets by various angels and spirits; all these experiences will finally constitute the possession of the soul, and when the soul itself retires from external consciousness it is aware of these experiences. To illustrate: You are told sometimes by mediums that when you enter spirit-life you will find that the scenes are all familiar to you; that in vision, or dream, or in some hour of spiritual communion, you have been conscious of those spiritual states that you cannot by outward consciousness remember. Such is the recollection of the soul concerning its eternal estate. When you are within, retired into the very innermost of the spirit, you become the master of the seal of silence which is set upon your outward consciousness. All these states are revealed to you, and are your possession, but you do not express them externally for the very reason previously stated, that the soul cannot imprint upon external matter anything which it is not accustomed to express materially; and if it has been re-incarnated many times in contact with matter, it can express more perfectly the thought of the soul than if it be incorporated for the first time. This of course refers to the earth, since the soul must have existed elsewhere before coming to earth.

In this centre of innermost consciousness, also, the soul may, even while it is in contact with matter, abide. For instance, none of you whose attention is now directed to the words expressed, pretend or can declare that your whole soul expresses itself in your outward comprehension to-night; but there are always strivings to make the physical brain and body do more than it will. You are all conscious that in some innermost estate you possess qualities, attributes, powers which, if you but had another chance, would make the world conscious of your greatness. No human being ever passes from earth who does not think, "If I could only begin my existence now, I would show the world the benefit of my experience." It is given to the spirit to fulfill and express its uttermost wish. If you do not reappear upon this earth, be sure that in some other planet your power will be tested, and you will have the opportunity of knowing whether it be a fact that you can express a better and nobler life. This is the key to the difference between the man of genius or of godliness, that stands exalted above his fellows, and the man of passion or of material life, that grovels his whole lifetime in the earth, and in dying has no aspiration beyond.

We stated in previous discourses that the power of each distinctive angel is a millennial period

of what was in the ancient calendar six hundred and sixty-six years, and that between each messiah or each visitation of a mighty angel, there transpired a period of about two thousand years. You will all understand, then, that these angels or souls that have passed through every variety of expression in matter, understand and are capable of guiding and directing other souls, as a father is capable of directing his children, and will permit and encourage the individual to reappear again in outward form, saying, "Take on yourself again these powers and functions of materiality, and by these means you become aware of the loftier and higher powers of the spirit." But you say, the soul would not knowingly again enter into a condition, first of infancy, and perhaps of imperfect organism in outward life. The whole history of the earth denies it. Men leave the utmost happiness and comfort in pursuit of knowledge, plunging the seas, traversing distant forests peopled with wild beasts, and conquering Gorgon-headed terrors, and beliefs of all descriptions, to wrest from the earth the secrets in her possession. The whole history of the earth denies it. All the continents are peopled, and all the waves and all the wildernesses vanquished by this element of conquest in man that enables him to meet and become master of all the possessions of the earth.

In order, then, to gain the priceless heritage of becoming a perfected angel, who shall have charge through having gained knowledge over the earth and over planets and worlds, what would prevent the soul of man from taking on again and again the bodily form that would enable him to express the attributes within him? It is feeble and futile to deny that the soul will do anything for the purpose of gaining knowledge and the expression of it. It is feeble and futile to say, "I will not again exist upon earth." You are not obliged to unless you wish; but you have no consciousness, while in this material body, of what you will desire to do when the soul within itself is conscious of its past and future possibilities. You say to-day, "I will not do such and such a thing." To-morrow, or in another year, your added knowledge or power prompts you to desire the very action you formerly rejected. You will therefore do in spiritual life, which is eternal, just that which is best adapted to bring forth and ripen to perfection the qualities within your soul. You cannot, while having one human form, possess another also, but you can, in spirit, when having accomplished or failed to accomplish a certain work, exercise your power over the earthly and material substances, according to the order in which we have stated. It is not necessary to know why man exists in order to prove that he exists at all; so if you resist again and again in external form, it is no answer to it that you do not know what it is for; for eternity itself may fail to solve the ultimate of a question that derives its chiefest fascination from the fact that you do not know what it is for. The simple truth is that existence is eternal; that during that existence you must necessarily do something; that you do that which, according to the stage of your spiritual existence, best expresses your spiritual state; and that always in the past or in the future you will continue to do, as an individual spirit, that which is in accordance with your then state of existence or development.

The great thought is that you will lose your identity. You lose your identity every seven years. You are not the individual you were when you were a child. You only remember that there were certain indications within you of what you now are, and some of you are not even aware of that. Physically, you have lost every atom that belonged to you as children; but you are no more in danger of losing your spiritual identity because you take on another form, than you are because you go to spiritual life, or because you move to another habitation, or take on another suit of clothes. You are not judged spiritually by the outward garments you wear; and those persons that are in earthly life so desirous of retaining the particular individual personality of Smith, or Brown, or Jones, must remember that these are only convenient cognomens for external uses and expressions, and will no more be required in spirit to identify you than the number of your door or the exact position of your place of business.

The truth is the external form is but the outward office or dépôt where the soul for the time being expresses itself for outward purpose, but that the real habitation is within; and he who would know of what his soul is composed must possess other powers of gaining that knowledge than the simple external appearance, than the words of the mouth, or even the look of the eye, and must know the thought and the source of it. That which is really you is not the external individual that constitutes the doorway of the soul for the time being, but the you lies beyond, holding in its grasp and power loftier possibilities and diviner attributes than anything which has yet expressed itself in your outward consciousness. If you look at the possibilities of what the earth is and may become, and of what your souls may be, you are not to look at the feeble and patchy efforts which make human life in its temporal and transient state seemingly a failure, but to the completed and perfected souls that, upon the heights of time have set the example to all mankind of what they may become. Such have been the saviours, such have been the messiahs of earth, such the prophets and seers that, with thought intent on loftier theme than you now can boast, have revealed to man the possibilities of existence.

These are prophecies of every human soul; and howsoever lowly or remote the position, by what-

soever ways deviously led, the spirits may now be sitting by waters of grief and complaining; by whatsoever paths, long and rough, where sorrow seems forever to prey upon the soul, be sure that if any human being has ever been happy, it is your province and your prerogative also to be happy. That if ever any human being has seemed to gain perfection and sit upon the heights of knowledge, holding the keys of converse with the innermost soul of things, that inheritance, and that possession is also yours; and that not always will you wander by the weary wastes complaining and in bitterness, but sometime in the innermost of your spirits you will gather up the shining sheaves of life, and find them complete, even as are those of the mighty angels.—*The Medium and the Medium.*

ECCE RESPONSA.—IV.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

"So you think, upon the whole, I had better give up wasting time on spiritual manifestations, and stick to Jesus Christ and the Bible as the more rational of the two? This was the condensed substance of a letter I received from a personal friend who had had a sitting with a medium. This man had heard me relate some of my experience, and had lately lost a father—he was a sensible man and had faith in my judgment and honesty, and he wished me to put him in the way of seeing some manifestations, or rather (in the form the subject took) of getting some communications.

I planned a sitting with a first-rate test medium, one through whom I had had some very remarkable tests. At the appointed hour, this man, who lived in a neighboring city, joined me to wait upon this medium. It was understood the sitting was to be for him more especially, though being connected with me there would be no conflict of influences to push for utterance, for his spirit-friends were mine, and mine were as generally his.

I was sadly disappointed at the result of this two dollar investment. His hopes were great from the experience I had told him, but it amounted to nothing. If he had been "Diogenes" (who holds the lantern over mediums), she would have been proved like so many others—"weighed in the balance and found wanting." But this very medium had at other times in public circles and in private sittings given me many unmistakable tests. On this occasion with my friend it was a failure, a real "Diogenes" experience. A "Mary" came, and some few other general names; they were rather misfits; a father came also, but nameless. "Marys" are common property, and it is safe to report spirit fathers and mothers to gray or bald heads, but such reports without circumstances are no tests. I do not propose to describe this failure, only to say the filtering of true from questionable mediums is perhaps one of the duties of Spiritualists, but as this sitting was a weak one, would "Diogenes" have been wise or just in reporting the same, and thus casting a doubt on one of the best public test mediums I ever saw? If Homer and Shakespeare and, as the poet says, why may not a medium? I had rather apply this rule: "better let ten guilty escape than one innocent be punished."

We do not know enough of the principles of mediumship, or the dynamics of this great subject, to gauge it arbitrarily. I shall be glad when the time comes when the quality will be more definite, even at the expense of quantity. I am sure now that sometimes the fault is in the sitters, or investigator, or both, or in their relations. I have fooled away both money and time with "Diogenes" results, but sometimes have picked up a "nugget" where others have found only "beggars' gold." Of course I am not finding fault with one of the first duties of Spiritualists, viz., to be cautious; but I would not print the names of so-called mediums, unless I had positive evidence of fraud. Failures to give tests are not always evidence of pretension.

My friend wrote me the advice with which I began this response, and I said to myself, I do not blame him; I should do the same on his experience, minus, however, the evangelical part of his advice. It is very singular and unfortunate, that with a good disposition one cannot always command the right conditions. I have almost given up trying to put people in the way of spiritual satisfaction, because so often, like the instance quoted, some "screw is loose," and the matter is not equal to expectations, and the consequence is, the new seeker wonders I can believe so much on so little. I want people to know and understand that I am a Spiritualist on satisfactory evidence, and evidence that any man, however critical or skeptical, would consider satisfactory. I cannot help believing, and no man of brains could help believing with the evidence which I have had, and if for some cause the whole phenomena should become suddenly extinct, and all this generation of mediums be detected in fraud, I should still be a believer on the evidence that I have had. I think any person having the honest desire to have proof of the nearness of the intercourse with the spirit world, can get it, if he seeks it with a real desire for it. He may have to seek for it a long time, and with many apparent drawbacks, but he will find the proof, and giving time enough he will find some of the drawbacks to have been his misconception, not the "twaddle" of the spirits.

I will add to the foregoing, and appropriately under this heading, an incident. I attended with a party of friends a few weeks since a materialization séance at Mrs. Hardy's. We made the conditions very good, to insure honesty, but the manifestations were very inferior—I think I never saw them poorer, and the skeptical part of the company I know were not satisfied. I am sure a different company under the same circumstances would have had better manifestations. I cannot now stop to theorize on the reason why, even if I could throw any light on it.

A short time after, one or two of the same party said they would like to see a "thing" once more, having only a few, say four or five. I felt as if the time would be wasted, but liking the individuals, I arranged for such a séance, and we have just had it, and it was very satisfactory. The persons to whom I refer were very skeptical and infidel in sentiment, or rather they were Materialists. I managed to have the balance of the circle (some five persons including myself,) to be of that constitutional make (a Spiritualist will understand what I mean) that would balance the negative effect of the two referred to; and to them the materializations this time were very wonderful and very genuine; but I am not proposing to be at all cumulative on this subject, but simply note in this, as in dietetics, what is one man's meat is another man's poison, or rather

what seems poison one day may be meat the next.

A slate after-piece was added on this occasion, and, as evidence of disembodied intelligence, was very unmistakable. We sat around the table, nothing on it, and nothing under it; we were sure of that; a common slate, with nothing written on it, and no pencil used, was held under the table by one hand of the medium and by one hand of the party who was to have the communication. The party at once felt the effort of writing, and all who listened could hear the "ghostly" pencil write. Three raps with it signified finished, when the slate was taken out and the message read. All had one or more of these communications; they were intelligent, distinctly and differently written, and appropriate to or from the persons interested. Some of them were very remarkable. Repeating them will make this letter long; suffice it to say they were the most satisfactory slate communications I ever saw. To suppose any possible fraud or sleight-of-hand deceived us in these manifestations—a plain table, no contrivances, a light room, parties all known and with open eyes—is simply puerile and silly.

In my mind there is no more doubt that these messages were written by the spirits of men and women who have lived on earth, as our fellow-beings, than there is doubt that this scribe is now writing these notes. How the spirits are able to write distinctly without a pencil I do not know. If the same thing had been done with a pencil, with ghostly hands, in the way this was done, it would have been satisfactory evidence of a disembodied, intelligent power.

Let me note one of many of the messages. Most of these communications were from relatives and friends; the one I propose to quote was of a different kind. The slate was taken from under the table, and on it was written, "Hear I am, and alive.—E. Jones." None of us knew E. Jones. The person receiving the message (who was one of my two skeptical friends) said nothing, and some one of the party said: "Put the slate under the table again, and let him say who he is." This was done, and there was written very distinctly, "Don't you want to buy some crockery?—E. Jones." Then said the holder of the slate, "That is singular! Jones was an old friend of mine who died a few years ago. I was not thinking of him, and there was no reason why I should. He was one of the early partners of Otis Norcross & Co., crockery dealers, but retired years ago, and died, an old man, a few years since."

No one can say positively that that was E. Jones; still the circumstances give his identity the inside track in the supposition. But that it was a man who was dead and buried physically, there is no room to doubt, and the parties present (under the circumstances and the evidence) thought not all belonging to the spiritual order, did believe so. Speaking of identity, a message on this occasion came to me signed W.—B.—. It was not a very long message, not over a dozen words, but it was a demonstration of his identity and presence; and what W.—B.— said then, and what he has said on domestic matters within the past few years would make me a Spiritualist if it bounded my whole experience.

But I must close this letter, asking my friend who kindly writes me so scripturally, and to others whose questions are more or less answered by this response, not to consider me as being a Spiritualist on his or their evidence, but on my own; and they, living or dying, will find out I am not wandering in dreams when talking on this subject.

Written for the Banner of Light.
TRUTHS.

BY W. I. GORSUCH.

As when Confucius wrote, or Jesus taught, This truth divine within our being wrought, So now we find it still both good and true: "Do unto men as they should do to you."

If we this aphorism bear in mind, Never shall we complain of human kind, But always find them, like the God above, So filled with justice, tempered mild with love. Let us, then, also, always do what's right, And we shall see man's acts in other light. Than that in which they now to us appear; For God we'll see in sin, nobility in fear. The human passions, in their truest use, Each one is Godlike; 'tis but the abuse. That casts a shadow o'er the sunlike dial Which shows a holy use in every trial. Each trial we have in life must holy prove; It is the law of cause, effect and love. That makes us reverence, adore or hate, And from each trifling act shapes out our fate. Then let our actions all be good and true; Act out the goodness God implants in you. If you your mind do study, and your heart, You'll find that God exists in every part; And, if you do your mind and heart obey, You'll never go from path of right astray. But find it leads you nearer unto day, E'en though through rugged paths and darker way.

Than that which leads to error and deceit— The road that's trod by many willing feet. Though disappointment seemingly may blind, And deepest darkness gather o'er your mind, Still put your trust in God who rules on high; And when the clouds of error veil the sky He'll pierce the clouds with truth's divinest eye, And lift you with him, o'er the sky to see The "Sun of Truth," refulgent, clear and free, With ray invincible, stern, and yet kind, Strike at the heart of evil in mankind, And all the darkness of a midnight hell Turn into noonday brightness that shall tell The cony'ring power of truth and love, and roll In thunder notes the tale from pole to pole.

John Colly, "preacher of the gospel, who was called 'the young Whitfield of New England,' some sixty years ago, was born in Sandwich, N. H., in 1787. When he was eight years old he is reported to have had the following vision (as he relates himself in his autobiography, printed in 1815):

"In the dead of night, while deep sleep was upon me, I dreamed, and lo! a man entered the door of the apartment where I lay, with a loaded musket in his hand; and while I lay looking at the man, to my great surprise he took aim at me and fired. The explosion was loud as thunder, and the fatal charge pierced my heart. An awful scene immediately presented itself. My body began to decay and fade like the flower of the grass, until it returned to its mother earth and fell into silent repose. The soul was forced out of the scene then appeared eternal, and as I was about to take my flight to unknown worlds, and leave everything behind me, I awoke, and behold! it was a dream. This thoroughly convinced me that the soul existed after the body was dead."

Children's Department.

WHY THE SWALLOW BUILDS ONLY HALF A NEST—A FABLE.

I confess that I had a very ugly trick when I was a little girl—a conceited, a forward trick. It was this:

If any one began to show me how to do a thing, or corrected me in my reading, I murmured, "Oh, yes," "To be sure," "I know," when really I only half knew. Now, even if I had quite known, it would have been much more grateful in me to have received the instruction or the correction silently and gratefully. It is pleasant to everybody, when they are trying to do a kindness, to feel that it is really a kindness, and not almost an intrusion. And so, even if the correction or the instruction, as I said before, only reminded me of what I had known, but forgotten, it would have been so much better if I had left out my "To be sure," and "I know," and so on.

Once we had a lady staying with us, and she most kindly offered to help me in some knitting which I was learning, and in which she saw the little girl was puzzled. I thankfully came and stood beside her, and she laid down her book and cheerfully entered on that most worrying of tasks—teaching knitting! Every way but the right did the little fingers go; every time the lady pushed back the knitting after setting it right, the little eyes and head forgot, and it was at last only by getting her own needles and holding them, and knitting before the child, that she was able to get on. And yet all the time had the favorite little words, "Oh yes—I know—To be sure—Of course," been slipping from my lips at each correction. Suddenly the lady stopped, laid down her sock, and took up her book, and said, "Oh! if you know; then I need not trouble you with my teaching."

"Oh! but, please, I don't quite know—please!"

But Miss — was miles off on her travels in Upper Egypt, and only cleared the table to spread out the large map at the end of her volume, and I departed feeling most heartily ashamed of myself.

Next day my kind friend gave me some writing, saying:

"I have been writing out a little fable that I heard years ago; perhaps you may like to have it."

I thanked her very much, and asked her to read it to me, as I could not read writing very well, and she began:

"It is said that when the Swallow was first created, she saw no pleasure in her long wings, and her forked tail, and her swift flight; that she did not set about building her nest in proper time, and it quite went out of her head how to build one at all. So at last, after many attempts, she thought she would go to some good natured bird, and ask for a little help. Of all the birds she met she thought the Thrush looked the most good-natured, and she told her difficulty to the Thrush, and asked for advice."

"Oh, yes," said the Thrush, "I'll soon show you. First take a few 'bents,' as we call these old grass stalks."

"Oh yes, to be sure," said the Swallow.

"Then get a lump of clay, and then another—"

"Of course."

"To plaster them."

"Ah, yes, I know."

"Plaster them so—"

"To be sure—"

"And then—"

"Oh yes, I know," said the Swallow.

"I'll then turn it up so," said the Thrush.

"To be sure—oh yes."

"And then," the Thrush tried to say—

"Of course," interrupted the Swallow.

"Well," said the Thrush, "you seem to know all about it quite as well as I do, so I need not delay any longer, but go off to my eggs. Good-bye!"

But they had only built half round the nest, and for the life of her the poor Swallow could not make out how to do the other side. So she stuck the side she did know how to build upon a wall, and pretended to be very content; but the other birds often make little jokes upon "the bird with half a nest."—*J. E. C. F., in Ill. Christian Weekly.*

THE CATS AND THE CLOVER.

A STORY AFTER "THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

Once upon a time there was a farmer who had a great many clover plants, and was also very fond of cats, and had a great many of them round the house. But his wife hated them, because she was always very neat and clean, and the cats were not always like her. So one day when the farmer was away she told Jim, the hired man, to drown all the cats, and she would take the consequences. When the farmer came home and found that all his cats were dead, he was very angry, but he soon forgave his wife and forgot all about it. Neither he nor she ever knew that drowning the cats had ruined him. For that autumn there was a draught which killed most of the old clover plants; and, owing to the drowning of the cats, the clover set no seeds, and so no new plants sprang up in the fields to take the place of the old ones. So when summer came the farmer had no clover to sell, and so could not pay the interest on the mortgage on his farm. So his creditors foreclosed the mortgage, and he and his wife were turned out of house and home, and were reduced to beggary; and all because his wife told Jim to drown the cats!

And this is how it came to pass: Red clover is fertilized by the humble-bees. They go from flower to flower to get honey, and, being very clumsy, knock the pollen dust from the anthers on to the top of the pistil, and so the clover gets fertilized. But these bees build their nests in the clover-field, in the ground, and feed mice like honey very much, and so eat up the poor bees' nests, young ones and all. So where there are many mice there are few humble-bees; and where there are few humble-bees the red clover is not fertilized; and so when you sow it nothing comes up. But where there are many cats there are few mice; and where there are few mice there are many humble-bees; and where there are many humble-bees the red clover is fertilized. So you see that when Jim drowned the cats, the mice multiplied in the farmer's field, and the bees' nests were eaten, and the red-clover was not fertilized; and when the farmer's seed was sown he got no crop, and so got no money, and so got turned out of house and home.

1. This is the field of clover.
2. This is the mouse.
3. That fertilized the clover.
4. This is the cat.
5. That killed the mouse.
6. That ate the bee.
7. That fertilized the clover.
8. That had the wife so neat and trim.
9. That drowned the cat, &c.
10. That told the farmer, which his name it was Jim.
11. That went for that purse, so lean and slim.
12. That belonged to the farmer so stout of limb, &c.
13. And last, these are the creditors, hungry and grim.
14. That went for that purse, so lean and slim.
15. That belonged to the farmer, so stout of limb.
16. That told the "help," which his name it was Jim.
17. That drowned the cat.
18. That killed the mouse.
19. That ate the bee.
20. That fertilized the clover!—*Christian Register.*

THE "SILVER" RULE.

You all know the Golden Rule—"Do unto others as you wish them to do to you." Here is a rule which is almost the Golden Rule, but which we will put by itself, and because of its value call it the "Silver Rule." "Think and say all you can of the good qualities of others; forget and keep silent concerning their bad qualities." You have observed how such a course will heighten your happiness and raise you in the esteem of your mates. Did you ever think any more of a boy or girl because he or she found fault with others? Never call your schoolmates or playmates ugly or cross, neither in their faces or behind their backs. If they are ugly or stingy

or cross, it does not make them better to talk or think about it, while it makes you love to dwell upon the faults of others, and causes your own soul to grow smaller. Rather tell all the good you can, and try to think of some good quality.

LITTLE THINGS.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick and then another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

A little—'tis a little word,
But much may in it dwell;
Then let a warning voice be heard,
And learn the lesson well;
The noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft repeated effort
Have been patiently achieved.

A little theft, a small deceit,
Too often lead to more;
'Tis hard at first, but tempts the feet,
As through an open door;
Just as the broadest rivers run,
From small and distant springs,
The greatest crimes that men have done
Have grown from little things.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A MATERIALIZING SEANCE AT THE EDDYS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I send you a brief statement of what took place at a séance held by William Eddy for spirit-materialization on the evening of March 10th.

The medium entered the cabinet at 7 o'clock. Soon the curtain over the doorway of the cabinet was moved aside, and a spirit, whom we recognized as St. Mary, one of the medium's controls, stepped out in full view. She was dressed in a robe of dazzling whiteness; across her shoulders were dark-colored straps. She walked to the south end of the platform, some eight feet from the medium, and then stopping, reached out her right hand toward Horatio Eddy, who sat at one end of the circle, who advanced close to her and took hold of her hand. She then raised her left arm in an attitude of asking a blessing upon him. She then walked back to the cabinet and passed to the inside.

William Brown, who controls in the cabinet, spoke in an audible voice, saying, "A spirit would appear for the first time this evening, called the 'Lady of the Lake,' who was one of the medium's controls. As soon as he finished speaking, from out the cabinet door bounded a young Indian squaw, dressed in a short white dress, a belt around the waist, leggings of a drab-colored fur; the head had a covering that resembled a turban; her hair was long and black, flowing over her shoulders. She came down on to the floor, close to the circle, and commenced to dance and move around among the company in a very lively manner. She now went to Horatio and invited him to dance with her. He stood up, and both danced together for several minutes. She then passed beyond the circle some ten feet.

In going back to the cabinet she went over the benches upon which the company were seated, and sprang over the railing in front of the cabinet, at a bound. (From floor to top of railing is nearly five feet.) Entering the cabinet she remained inside for a short time, and again appearing, walked to south end of platform, descending the steps to the floor. Stopping at the window she stooped down and materialized a beautiful rose-colored shawl, which she threw over her shoulders, and wore it whilst she remained materialized. She now crossed over to the north side of the room, close to Joseph Rugg, and stood by his side for an instant, then, stooping down to the floor, materialized a shawl of a dark color. She then danced for a few moments, then withdrew to inside of cabinet.

The next spirit that appeared was Honto, the Indian squaw. She was greeted with a hearty good evening from all present. She walked down from the platform to the floor. Stooping down, she materialized a shawl which she arranged upon her head. This shawl looked like silk, with stripes of green and black. She then went to the north end of the circle, and, sitting down on the bench by the side of Mrs. Cleveland, put her arms around her. Leaving Mrs. Cleveland, she danced with Horatio Eddy, keeping close to the circle, and at times her dress would touch those sitting in the circle. She put her arms around Horatio, when dancing, and whirled him around in a lively manner. Honto then walked back to the platform, and, sitting down on a chair, took up the guitar and played upon it. After laying it down she danced whilst Horatio played upon the concertina. She soon finished dancing and passed into the cabinet, bidding all good night by waving her hand and bowing.

The next spirit that appeared was the "Witch of the Mountain," who is the controlling spirit of the band. She was dressed in a gown of the purest white, over which was a short cloak of lace-work; around her waist she wore a belt that had fastened to it in front a small, luminous casket. Her hair fell loosely over her shoulders and was of a dark gray color. She appeared to be old, but had a majestic look as she stood before us. She stepped several feet from the cabinet, then spoke in a loud voice, saying the time had come for her to reveal who she was. She said, "My father was a king and my mother was a queen, yet there was no record of her, as she was banished to the mountains by her father for being a 'witch,' and she lived there in a cave during the rest of her life." The writing that appeared on the wall at Belshazzar's feast (*Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin*) she said was done by spirits through her mediumship, and that she was Belshazzar's daughter. After speaking much more than I have recorded she withdrew to the inside of the cabinet, and was seen no more during the evening.

William Brown, the controlling spirit inside of the cabinet, then spoke and said a brother of the "Witch of the Mountain" would show himself next.

The curtain was raised, and a spirit stepped out of the cabinet. He was about five feet eight inches in height, and dressed in white with a short white cloak over his shoulders, and knee-breeches; his hair and beard were long and gray. This spirit had no covering on his head but what nature gave him.

The next spirit that came was an ancient Roman soldier. The body of his dress was white velvet, and the breeches of purple velvet. He had on his head a crown-like covering. He was large, full-size, and about six feet in height.

Next came an ancient Arabian spirit, dressed in a light-colored gown and dark breeches; hair

and beard long and of a dark color. He soon returned to the cabinet.

Wieka-chee, an Indian chief, came next, dressed in a dark-colored suit of velvet, trimmed with pearls and shells. He came down on the floor, went beyond the circle some twenty feet from the medium, then went to Horatio, took hold of him and shook him; then they walked together side by side, keeping close to the circle so as to be plainly seen. Wieka-chee now returned to the platform; where he stood for a moment; he then beckoned to Horatio, who went on to the platform, and both took up swords and went through a regular fencing exercise, which lasted two or three minutes. Wieka-chee then bowed good night and withdrew into the cabinet.

The next to come was an Indian chief known as Awanda. He was dressed in a suit of black velvet, trimmed with pearls and shells. He danced for a while, then passed into the cabinet. William Brown, one of the controlling spirits, showed his face, and spoke in an audible voice, saying all would be revealed to us just as fast as we were able to receive it. He closed the séance by bidding all good night. I recognized William Brown as my father, who passed to spirit-life on the 9th day of February, 1874, in the borough of York, York Co., Pa. I have given you only facts.

Yours for truth,
EDWARD BROWN.

Spirit Vale, Chittenden, Vt., March 11, 1875.

(From the London Spiritualist of April 2, 1873.)
THE PAINTING MEDIUMSHIP OF MR. DUGUID, OF GLASGOW.

BY WILLIAM OXLEY.

On Thursday evening, March 25th, by the arrangements of our kind friends "within" and "without," I was privileged to witness a phase of spiritualistic phenomena unique, so far as I know, namely, the production of oil paintings in the dark, and without any action whatever by embodied human beings.

There were five present besides the medium, in whose house we met at 8 p. m.; being asked if we had any choice as to the character of the manifestations, we replied that we left it to our invisible friends to do what they thought the best.

A prepared or grounded card, about eighteen by nine inches, was then arranged upon the easel, and Mr. Duguid was soon off in an unmistakable rapture. I do not think it would be possible for any one to imitate this; the pupils of the eyes are turned high above the centre line, and the upper lids drawn over so as to exclude all light from the optical parts, the white part only being exposed on the under side; in this position they are fixed till the influences are removed and the medium is restored to his normal condition.

The medium then placed himself at the easel, and prepared his palette and color box. When the gas was turned off and the room was in total darkness, we heard the pencil scratching for a few minutes, when the raps from the table instructed Mr. Bowman to turn on the lights; we then saw the outlines of a landscape in strong, bold marking; this preamble occupied about three or four minutes. The gas jet was then left burning, when the medium dashed off—or rather on—the coloring, and in about twenty minutes the painting was finished, the medium's eyes being fixed all the while as before mentioned. The painting itself was a very fair production, being a lake scene, with three mountains in the distance, and bold rocks in the foreground, with trees on the right.

"Steen," the controlling representative spirit, now ordered that the medium should be tied in his chair, which was done by Mr. Bowman, both arms being fastened by kerchiefs, and the wrists as well, all firmly knotted so that the medium could not possibly use his hands. Before being thus fastened, six plain cards, *carte size*, were placed on the table, when a piece was torn off the corner of one and given to one of the sitters; the gas was then turned off. It was afterwards ordered to be turned on again, and Mr. Bowman was told to do the same to a second card, the piece torn off being given to me; the gas was then turned off again. We sat in darkness for about three minutes, when the raps announced that the gas should be lighted (in the darkness the sitters all sat with locked hands); the two cards were not to be seen; in fact they had disappeared, the medium being fastened in his chair just as he had been tied. The gas was again turned off; we sat in total darkness for about five minutes, when the raps ordered the gas to be lighted. To my astonishment the two missing cards were now on the table, the one with a minute landscape, the other with the bust of a young girl with golden-colored hair, and a blue dress, the oil paint being quite wet, and the medium exactly as he had been fastened. That Mr. Duguid could not have done them is certain, from the fact that he had not moved, and the painting utensils had previously been all put into the box, and all the paint cleared and scraped off the pallet. That none of the sitters could have done them was equally certain, from the fact that every hand was clasped, and every one of the whole was done in pitch darkness, even if they could have done it the feat would have been none the less wonderful. The gas being once more turned off and the medium fastened as before, two musical boxes, one a small, the other a large one, started off playing alternately, and the small one floated away to what appeared to be a considerable distance, the effect of which was very fine. We each were then favored with perfumes, the aroma of which was simply exquisite, being a combination of the best eastern spices. Steen was now asked if he could say who the portrait represented, to which he replied that he did not know, but that the "old ones" were telegraphing to me. The "ancient one," Hated, the Persian magician, one of the "wise men of the East," then told me through Steen who it was to represent, and he further gave me some particulars respecting the communications he had given through the medium, but which I fear to note, as they would not at present be understood.

The communications, which have been taken down by Mr. Nisbet, as they were uttered through Mr. Duguid, the medium—the accumulation of five years—purport to be a history of the earth-life and spirit-life of Hated, Prince of Persia, and will form a volume of not less than five hundred and fifty pages (demy 8vo), and enriched by copies of a series of drawings, done by direct spirit agency, illustrative of his history. This work, if Mr. Nisbet meets with efficient encouragement to publish it, will form one of the most valuable additions to the already rich spiritualistic literature of our times, and will be one of its rarest treasures.

Mr. Duguid is a man of gentle and unpretentious appearance, and no one who is a discernor of spirits can be in his presence without feeling that they are in the presence of a man who is "not without guile." May he long be spared to be an instrument for the cultivation of such a glorious work as he has been gifted to perform.

Higher Broughton, Manchester, March 27, 1875.

Re-incarnation.

"Jesus answered Nicodemus and said, Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Allan Kardec, according to a translation of his "Book on Spirits," quotes the above text as corroborative of the re-incarnation theory, a theory which reduces immortality to a series of alternate life and death, life and death indefinitely.

How the text, "Ye must be born again," can be in any way supposed to refer to the revolting dogma of re-incarnation, it would be exceedingly difficult to show. If Jesus had contemplated the theory in question, and had designed to promulgate it, he would not, probably, have so simply "Ye must be born again," but, "Ye must be born again and again." At the same time it is not impossible that he would have stopped anywhere short of that.

H. N. S.

Plymouth, April, 1875.

To Book-Buyers.

At our new location, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street, Boston, we have a fine Bookstore on the ground floor of the Building, where we keep on sale a large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works, to which we invite your attention.

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Banner of Light.

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ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Letters and communications appertaining to the editorial department of this paper should be addressed to LUTHER COLBY, and all BUSINESS LETTERS TO ISAAC B. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

"People from the Other World."

As will be seen by reference to the advertisement on another page, COLBY & RICH, No. 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE, BOSTON, now offer for sale this new and remarkable work from the pen of Col. H. S. OLCOTT, and are prepared to fill all orders for the same on the part of their patrons.

We have frequently adverted to this wonderful book, both during the process of its preparation for the press, and since its publication, although what has been said by us can necessarily convey to the mind of the reader but a faint idea of the great value of the evidence adduced in substantiation of the reliable character of the spiritual phenomena by this talented author, who writes from the standpoint of an unbiased questioner, and gives a reasonable basis for each and every conclusion at which he arrives.

The book is in the form of a large 12mo volume of 492 pages, and is illustrated with upward of sixty fine engravings which bear directly upon the subject matter in hand, which we have previously stated treats of the long continued and carefully tested sances held by Col. Olcott at the residence of the Eddy mediums, at Chittenden, Vt., and his experiments going to show the genuineness of the phenomena occurring in presence of the Holmes mediums, at Philadelphia, Pa., and Mrs. Compton, of Havana, N. Y. The truth expressed in the laconic summing up of the evidence by the author is, to our mind, the conclusion which will be arrived at by many who read his interesting narrative, and are willing to allow their reason to have uncontrolled sway; viz: "Confederacy, disproven; personation, discredited; spontaneous generation of the apparitions, impossible; mind-reading, by the medium, followed by his [or her] creation of the shades of our deceased friends, absurd. Result: A possibility that, by some occult control over now unknown forces of Nature, beings, other than those in the body, can manifest their presence to sight, touch and hearing."

We believe the perusal of this book will inevitably tend to create an intense interest in and to multiply the number of investigators concerning the phenomenal phase of spirit intercourse; and it therefore should receive the widest circulation at the hands of the well-wishers of the cause for the advancement of which it is destined, to prove so powerful an ally!

The Indian Game.

We are treated to some plain talk on this subject by the New York Times, in a recent article entitled "Taming the Savage." It sets out with saying that there are two methods of dealing with the Indians: one is styled the manifest destiny policy, which concedes to an Indian no rights that a white man or a white man's Government is bound to respect; never saying "Turkey" to the Indian; offering him no future but that of extermination; remorselessly appropriating his hunting-grounds; wantonly killing the game on which he subsists; civilizing him enough to make him appreciate whiskey, and swindling him when drunk out of every valuable he possesses—annuities, blankets and rations—that agents and contractors may grow rich upon the spoils; trespassing on his reservations, and when he resents it, declaring war on him; closing in upon him on every side, and leaving him no resource but that which the wild beast has, that turns at last upon the dogs which are mercilessly pursuing him. Then this Christian Government turns around and calls him "a savage," declares him incapable of civilization, and leaves him to the fate which an unfriendly and dominant race is ever ready to believe is the destiny of an inferior people.

That is one policy; the other one is that of humanity. This treats him like a human being, with rights clear and indisputable as an original inhabitant of the continent. It concedes to him a part of the territory he once wholly occupied. It admits his right to be governed by laws, and to have some share in the real civilization of this century. It would keep the stricter faith with him because he cannot enforce his own claims to justice. Realizing that he is not as he is depicted in romance, it does not forget that he is as much a man and a brother as he of the darker-lured race, "over whose wrongs Congress legislates, parties divide, and armies are moved by our Executive vigilant in executing the laws." The dispossession of the Sioux of their own territory of the Black Hills, secured to them forever by solemn treaty, is a fresh illustration of the double-dealing that has marked the course of the Government for years. First fire the imagin-

tions of adventurers with stories of rich findings of gold and silver, as the Custer expedition purposely did, and then pretend to keep back the fierce currents of immigration that are prepared to seize the coveted territory and make good their claims by the breech-loader and the knife. Such a deliberate contempt for a solemn treaty by the Government ought to be expected to rouse the suspicions and inflame the resentments of the red men. They prove that they are human by looking upon it with a dissatisfaction that it is not easy to repress. An Indian war, already prophesied, especially if the Sioux refuse to accept the proposals for the purchase of this reserved territory.

Already meetings have been held in several Atlantic cities, and inducements held out by designing men to adventurers to form unlawful military companies and proceed at once to the Black Hills. Such a company is said to be organizing in Boston as an artillery force, but Gov. Gaston has not, as yet, had one word to say against this illegal expedition.

And still later we have news from Washington to the effect that the swindling Indian ring has its headquarters in the Interior Department, the corruption having been traced direct to the Secretary's family, papers which established the fact being already in the hands of the President.

The name of John Delano need not be longer withheld as one closely associated with the corruptions and frauds in the Indian service, says the New York Tribune. No one familiar with the circumstances believes his father innocent of either knowledge or complicity in the outrageous practices that have been going on both in the Indian service and other branches of the department. It is not at all probable that either Mr. Smith, Solicitor of the Interior Department, or Mr. Smith, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, will be retained in office.

We cannot conclude this article more appropriately than by quoting a portion of the editorial remarks of the Boston Herald, of Tuesday last, upon the Black Hills movement. "Of course there's money in it," says the Herald; "the trade in miners' outfits, in horses and mules, in camp equipments and clothing, in whiskey and firearms will be lively in Sioux City if the present excitement can only be kept up and increased, and this is more than half the secret of the whole uproar, as a good many people will find when it is too late. And an Indian war, with this hopeful town as a base of supplies, would bring in yet more money which the Government would be forced to expend. But Sioux City by no means has the field to itself. A Cheyenne paper comes to us with a marked article, showing how much nearer that lovely place is to the golden hills, and pointing out the difficulties of a march over the dreary alkaline wastes which travelers from Sioux City must traverse. These people must be supposed to know their own business. All we want is that it shall be understood that it is not pure benevolence which organizes a raid into the Indian country, and that those who go there this year are likely to pay for all they get."

Sance with Mrs. Mary M. Hardy.

On the evening of Wednesday, April 14th, we attended for the first time one of the materialization sances held by this prominent medium, with which the readers of this paper have been made familiar through the frequent descriptions thereof that we have printed in the past upon the authority of reliable witnesses. The company was small, comprising only John Wetherbee, Prof. Whipple, and their ladies, and a few others, the object being to hold a private sitting under the most harmonious conditions.

The light was at no time turned entirely out, but during the entire sance all objects in the room were distinctly visible. The arrangement of the table, the box over the aperture, and the screen, were minutely examined before commencing, one of the party being present as a spectator during all the steps taken in preparation by Mr. Hardy.

The table was arranged at that end of the dining-room which is nearest the front of the house; around said table the guests were placed in a small semicircle, Mrs. Hardy taking her position with her left hand close to the wall of the room, and herself occupying the seat at her right, and holding one and sometimes both of her hands, so that throughout the whole sitting we were able to watch closely in order to perceive any motion on her part; suffice it to say that we were not able to detect the slightest vibration of her person during the manifestations. On the side of the table opposite us sat Mr. Wetherbee, Prof. Whipple being in the centre of the semicircle, at equidistance from us, and the space between being filled by the ladies.

The light being reduced, but still of sufficient power to render every object clear to the sight, the manifestations began, the hands shown at the aperture ranging in size from that of a small child to an adult, and the array of white being diversified by a red or Indian hand, and the gigantic fist of "Big Dick," the African athlete. We touched these hands repeatedly, and found them, though soft, to be quite cold and unlike in feeling to the ordinary human palm or fingers.

After awhile the box over the aperture was removed, and a simple piece of cloth was nailed over the space between the leaves of the table, an opening being made temporarily for the hands, so that they could be thrust upward in a vertical direction. While the cloth was so arranged, a slate held by John Wetherbee and myself was thrust into the opening, when a power beneath the table which was unmistakable, seized said slate and drew it forcibly from our grasp. The same slate was presently returned to us, while our hands were inserted in the dark space, and again wrested from us by some invisible power evidently not human. One of the party desiring to examine the space beneath the table was allowed to pass rapidly under the screen, but nothing save the handkerchief of Mr. Wetherbee which lay on the floor, it having been passed through the opening to be knotted by the invisibles, and a call-bell (which had been placed there before the commencement of the sance), could be found.

After the materialization sance had been brought to a close with results highly satisfactory to the party in attendance, the sitting was changed as to character, and the guests were ranged around the table in a circle for the witnessing of the "slate-writing" phenomenon. This order of manifestation has been so often described that we will not at the present time repeat its portraiture. The messages (which were mostly the embodiment of facts of a nature personal to the party) were assuredly written by fingers inflamed with some power not of the party—that was self-evident under the circumstances. Spirit hands also touched individuals present,

while the hands of the entire company were in sight, those of the medium being held at the time by one of the guests.

As will be seen by an announcement elsewhere, Mrs. Hardy is shortly to visit England for awhile. We wish her a happy and pleasant voyage, and deserved success in her new field of mediumistic labor.

Fairfield's "Ten Years with Spiritual Mediums."

Since the celebrated "Moon Hoax" of Richard Adams Locke, we have had nothing quite so clever in its way as Mr. Francis Gerry Fairfield's "Ten Years with Spiritual Mediums," a volume of 182 pages, recently published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Mr. Fairfield begins by admitting all the marvels recorded in the history of Spiritualism; raps, levitations, cases of prevision, clairvoyance, spirit-hands, full form materializations—all are freely accepted as true and unquestionable phenomena. Mr. Fairfield professes to have had rare opportunities for studying the phenomena; and from certain marvels in his own experience he leads us to infer that he, too, is something of a medium.

For instance he gives us a specimen of some "strange and unreal poems" which he wrote under influence. He asks us to compare it with Poe's ballad of "Ulalume," and "to bear in mind" that at that time he (Mr. Fairfield) had never read Poe's poem. He then presents for our edification the following bit of unmusical doggerel:

"The night it was misty and phantasmagorical,
For the sun had not as yet
Of his beams shorn, and ashen as lead;
And many a shadow of ancient memorial
Came up from the tombs of the dead—
Came up on its mission phantasmagorical,
From the tombs of the legendary dead."

"Hold! enough!" the reader will be likely to exclaim; but Mr. Fairfield gives us two pages of this "strange, unreal" poem, in which all the laws of metre and melody, not to speak of common sense, are set at defiance. The author may be quite sincere in his belief that he had never read Poe's poem; but it had been some years before the public, and he may have read it, or read some parody or imitation of it, without recalling the fact. The doggerel has no psychological value whatever.

Mr. Fairfield, in admitting the facts of Spiritualism, rejects the theory. Borrowing his notions partly from Rogers, Gasparin, Cox, and others, who suppose that the phenomena may be wrought unconsciously by a sort of out-come of nervous fluid from the medium, he adds a new absurdity which he gravely advocates in language so ingeniously phrased that the reader is wholly unsuspecting that he is the victim of a new scientific hoax.

Mr. Fairfield affects to explain all the marvels, even to the walking forth of a recognizable materialized spirit-form, conversing rationally, appearing and disappearing, materializing costumes and causing them to vanish—all, by what, think you? Why, by epilepsy! Does not that make it all clear? The following is a fair summary of his views:

"He finds no pathological difference in the trances incident to mesmerism, Spiritualism, and epilepsy or cataplexy. He discovers an aura or atmosphere surrounding the patient subject to epileptic derangement, which partakes more or less of a mental or physical character, according to the temperament of the patient, or the nature of the nervous or cerebral lesion from which he is suffering. Within this aura, in the case of mediums of strong vital temperament, great physical power may be extended without muscular contact, as in table-tipping or the moving of heavy objects; and in mediums of more cephalic temperament, clairvoyance, spirit-seeing, &c., may result. This aura is more or less subject to a vibration of the medium; it is susceptible to transformation into luminous clouds, and may take the form of a spectral hand or face, or even a full form; and it enters into such intimate relations with the nervous organisms of other persons than the medium, that it may transmit to the mind of the latter what is known or remembered by the former."

This is truly a rare example of an attempt to explain the obscure by the more obscure. Why not credit the phenomena to dyspepsia, lumbago, pneumonia, or Bright's disease? As for Mr. Fairfield's assumption that nearly all the persons manifesting mediumistic powers are epileptics, where one case to prove it could be given, a dozen to disprove it could be adduced.

The phenomena of epilepsy, we admit, are often accompanied with somnambulism and other symptoms, in which abnormal powers are manifested. And so there are other diseases in which there is a development of accelerated nervous power. But to say that the aura (if there is an aura) developed in epilepsy, can account for such a phenomenon as that recorded, for example, in the Banner for March 27th, by Mr. Theodore F. Price, of Indiana, in which the spirit Belle Burgess leads forth the medium, Mrs. Anna Stewart, from a detached cabinet, in the presence of some thirty spectators, converses and consents to be weighed, till she reduces her weight from one hundred and fourteen pounds to fourteen pounds, and then to nothing at all—to say that epilepsy can explain a marvel like this, is to outrage the common sense of common people by a rank absurdity.

A writer in the Boston Globe well remarks of this book: "We suspect that Mr. Fairfield, like other amateur scientists, has been rather superficial in his study, both of the facts which he undertakes to account for, and of the morbid conditions from which he concludes that they spring, and that he reaches his conclusions by easy jumps rather than minute and laborious tracing of each fact to its origin, or following of each nervous state to its consequences. There is a vagueness and incompleteness about the presentation of the subject which gives ground for this suspicion."

The temper and tone of the book are good, but we cannot help thinking the author has put it forth more as a scientific hoax than as a sincere and honest theory. In classing it therefore with the Moon Hoax, we have intended no injustice to Mr. Fairfield. We cannot suppose him serious in all that he admits and all that he deduces.

In Col. Olcott's book, "People from the Other World," the author says, in commenting upon the responsibility of scientists in connection with the Spiritual Phenomena, that "The pusillanimity of the men of the laboratory has been as great as the blind violence of the clergy. The one have not dared to pursue investigations that might bring upon them the censure of an ignorant public; the other have denounced as devilish, if not trivial, a series of phenomena that, if true, will soon be the last refuge of the church from the destructive engineering of the sappers of science."

Read the letter of President Starbuck, and the resolutions of the Troy Society, concerning Charles H. Foster, which will be found on our third page.

Sittings with Doctor Henry Slade and J. V. Mansfield; Remarkable Manifestations both on the Mental and "Material" Plane.

During the opening days of April it was my privilege to enjoy a brief respite from business, and, with my wife, to visit New York City. While there I determined to improve the opportunity offered to make myself practically acquainted with the singular phenomena occurring in presence of Dr. H. Slade, accounts of which from various correspondents have heretofore frequently appeared in the columns of the Banner of Light.

Accordingly, on the morning of Saturday, April 3d, in company with Mrs. Rich, I called on the Doctor at his residence, 25 East 21st street, and requested a sitting. The sance which followed was held in open daylight, and the manifestations occurring were manifold as to number, and of deep interest as to nature. Among the most remarkable was the forcible treatment experienced by a heavy marble-topped table which was situated in a portion of the room distant from that in which we were seated; this table without the action of any visible agency was moved for a space of fully five feet at a time, coming to a halt with a resonant jar, which was plainly perceptible by the visitors. Spirit-hands also touched myself and wife, while those of the entire mortal party were in sight upon the table; single slates held beneath the table were written upon after the manner so frequently described as peculiar to Dr. Slade's sances; and a slate was several times brought up to view from the floor where we had deposited it, by spirit-hands—said slate making its appearance always at that side of the table which was directly opposite to where I sat, and furthest from the medium; a pencil, dropped on the floor by one of the party, was raised up and placed upon the table by a hand which I was able distinctly to perceive, but which had no visible arm; and an accordion held in my hand was also manipulated by the spirit-fingers.

Dr. Slade then requested the unseen ones to write upon a double slate, in the light; and being informed of their willingness, the preparations for the manifestation were made as follows: a common double-slate, with brass hinges, was given into my possession; I examined it thoroughly, and found it to be clean, and entirely free from any species of writing; a very small fragment of pencil was put upon the slate; I then closed said slate, and upon one of its outside surfaces wrote my name, to insure its identity to my own mind. A corner of this slate I held with one hand, Dr. Slade supporting the one next to that sustained by me. The unoccupied hands of the Doctor and my wife (the only perceptible parties present save myself) were in my full sight during the entire proceeding, and I did not loosen my grasp of the slate (which was held above the table where all could see it) till the raps signified that a message had been transcribed within it. During the process of writing the movement of the pencil was heard plainly by us all. When this announcement was made, still grasping the said slate I drew it toward me, and opening it, found the entire interior surfaces covered with writing, which was executed in a broad hand, and read as follows:

DEAR FRIENDS—Many loving friends meet you at this time to bless you for your noble work for humanity. William White and Henry C. Wright are present. All send words of love to the Boston friends. I am truly,

A. W. SLADE.

Here was a most astonishing phenomenon, occurring in the broad light of day, to the truth of which the senses of sight and touch bore continued and unmistakable evidence. This slate can be seen by any one interested in these matters, on calling at the Banner of Light Bookstore.

Previous to our visiting Dr. Slade, we had called on J. V. Mansfield, the celebrated sealed-letter-answering medium, at 361 6th Avenue; while there, I received communications from spirits purporting to have borne while on earth the names of Theodore Parker and Charles Johnson (of which latter personage I shall speak more fully hereafter); and my wife received messages from her brother and her mother—her parent promising that she would accompany us in our various wanderings in New York, and especially to Dr. Slade's residence.

At the conclusion of our sance with Mr. Mansfield, we, as just stated, visited Dr. Slade's, with the above detailed results; and at the ending of our initial sitting with Dr. S., he asked if we had ever witnessed any of the so-called "materialization" phenomena. Being assured that we had not, but would be most pleased to do so, he requested us to name an evening wherein it would be most convenient for us to visit him, and for that purpose Sunday evening, April 4th, was so appointed.

Myself and wife constituted the only members of the party; we reached the Doctor's residence from our hotel at about half-past eight o'clock, and were shown into the apartment—the back parlor—where he is in the habit of holding sittings of this order. The same table at which we sat during our previous sance was arranged before us in close proximity to a blank wall, and the Doctor attached a string to nails that were driven into the sides of the building; upon this cord was fixed a small curtain-like piece of dark colored cloth in which was an aperture through which the faces were expected to appear.

Dr. Slade now turned down the gas, but not so low as to prevent a clear view of all objects in the apartment—in fact it would not have been difficult to read by the light afforded. He then asked us if we were ready, and on being answered in the affirmative, he raised the small cloth and drew tightly the cord suspending it, thus bringing the "cloth frame," so to speak, on a line with that of vision. Behind this veil, through the opening, was plainly to be perceived the solid wall of the house. Shortly there appeared to our gaze, in rear of this aperture, a misty form, which seemed to advance toward and finally stood at said aperture. This figure appeared to take on more and more the attribute of tangibility as it advanced, and we at once recognized its face as the fac simile of one shown upon a spirit photograph which had previously been given us by Dr. Slade, and which he claimed to be that of his deceased sister.

This apparition gradually dissolved, being soon succeeded by another spirit form, which, as it stood at the aperture, I at once recognized as the bust of my friend, Charles Johnson, who has been dead for some twenty years, and who, while in life, was a treasured companion of mine; since his entrance into spirit-life he has been described by various media as one of my guides. He seemed much gratified to see me, and the pleasure was mutual.

During the course of this "materializing" se-

ance—as at the previous one, for slate-writing—spirit hands frequently patted myself and wife.

When the form of Mr. Johnson finally disappeared, Dr. Slade asked the unseen operators if they would not make an effort to materialize a whole body, and was, after a brief delay on their part, answered affirmatively. He then untied the cord whereby the diminutive screen was suspended, and allowed both cord and screen to fall upon the floor, making the entire surface of the wall behind distinctly visible. While we sat, intently watching, we observed near the floor a misty vapor, apparently concentrating to more solid proportions, and gradually expanding in bulk and ascending in altitude; this process continued for a brief space, and as the result there stood before us the shape of a lady, who seemed to gaze pleasantly upon us. All at once, and with an involuntary cry, my wife exclaimed: "THAT IS MY MOTHER!"

The spirit form was unmistakably recognized by her as that of her parent, and it appeared as true to nature as if her deceased loved one had stood before her in the physical form she inhabited while in earth-life.

Here is a brief, unvarnished narration of the salient points of the experiences met with by myself and Mrs. Rich at the residence of Dr. Slade. The details here given I certify to be true. Others so minded might extend the limits of the story by deductions, but I will content myself with merely giving the prominent facts, and stating, in conclusion, that Dr. Slade was not aware that I had a friend named Charles Johnson, whether alive or dead, neither had he ever seen Mrs. Rich's mother, much less did he know she was deceased. ISAAC B. RICH.

No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.,
April 20th, 1875.

1775—Lexington, Concord—1875.

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled Americans stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world!"

—R. W. Emerson.

The One Hundredth Anniversary of the first battle of that revolution which gave the liberty and independence of national life to the struggling colonies in North America, has dawned and passed. It was welcomed with an outflow of patriotic ardor, and a feeling replete with reverent memory, which must have astonished many who have been accustomed to sigh incontinently over the "total depravity" of human kind, and the thorough decadence of all high public sentiment on the part of the American people.

The towns of Lexington and Concord, Mass., whose names are familiar as household words throughout the civilized globe, severally celebrated on Monday, April 19th, 1875, the one hundredth recurrence of the day sacredly cherished in their annals; and the town of Acton also held a separate celebration—the remaining localities from which the minute men who took part in that battle came, uniting themselves either to the Concord or Lexington procession, the project of joining all under one head being found to be futile. A splendid array of the military of the Commonwealth; a gathering of the people from far and near, which was something truly immense, and was estimated at over one hundred thousand; the fine decorations of streets, private residences and public buildings; the thunder of artillery; the "bugle's martial notes"; the presence of the Massachusetts Legislature, President Grant and many high U. S. officials; the eloquent words of George William Curtis, Richard H. Dana, Jr., Ralph Waldo Emerson, Gov. Chamberlain, of South Carolina; Gov. Gaston, of Massachusetts; Gen. N. P. Banks, Judge Hoar and others; the unveiling of the splendid marble statues of John Hancock and Samuel Adams at Lexington, and the consecration at Concord of the bronze "Minute-man" at the spot where Capt. Isaac Davis, of Acton, fell; and the rendition of hymns and poems written for the occasion by John Greenleaf Whittier, James Russell, Lowell and Julia Ward Howe, combined to make a series of events and services which will not soon pass from the minds of those who visited the scene of action.

Thomas Merriam Stetson, President of the day at Lexington, gave the following stirring paragraph in the course of his opening speech of welcome, which, for our mind, embodies "in good set terms" a surely established truth:

"And must we now and henceforth, omit to greet the men of '75? The funeral drums have long since heralded to the grave the last survivor of these venerable forms who so long attended our councils, and it is true that the dead ever revisit the scenes of their earthly grandeur, which invisible auditors throng around us to-day. Adams and Hancock, whose valorous deeds stand upon this platform, are with us. They are all with us. For of the rewards which Heaven gives to those who strive and die for their country, we can conceive no more present than the gratitude of a nation saved to liberty. THEIR HEAVEN TO-DAY WILL BE HEIRE. THE DEAD HEROES ARE WITH US IN OUR THOUGHTS. WE NEVER EXIST WITHOUT THEIR COMPANIONSHIP TO-DAY."

The following is the grand hymn, entitled "Lexington, 1775," which was sung at the meeting at that place on Monday, by the Boylston Club. With it, in view of the unusually extended reports afforded by the daily press, we will bring this brief sketch of an ever-memorable occasion to a close.

"No maddening thirst for blood had they,
No battle joy was theirs who set
Against the alien bayonet
Their homelike breasts in that old day.
Their feet had trodden peaceful ways,
They loved not strife, they dreaded pain,
They saw not, what to us is plain,
That God would make man's sin his praise.
No seers were they, but simple men:
It was results the future hid:
The meaning of the work they did
Was strange and dark and doubtful then.
Swift as the summons came they left
The plow, the furrow standing still,
The half-grown corn-grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the axe in cleat.
They went where duty seemed to call;
They scarcely asked the reason why:
They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all.
Of man for man the sacrifice,
Upheld by blood, save theirs, they gave.
The flowers that blossomed from their grave
Have sown themselves beneath all skies.
Their death-shot shook the feudal tower,
And shattered slavery's chain as well;
On the sky's dome, as on a bill,
Its echo struck the world's great hour.
That fatal echo is not dumb:
The nations, listening to its sound,
Wait, from a century's vantage-ground,
The holier triumph yet to come—
The bridal-time of Law and Love,
The gladness of the world's release,
When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace,
The hawk shall nestle with the dove—
The golden age of brotherhood,
Unknown to other rivalries
Than of the kind humilities,
And gracious interchange of good—
When closer strand shall lean to strand,
Till meet, beneath saluting flags,
The eagle of our nation's eagles,
The lion of our Mother-land."

Henry W. Dutton.

Senior proprietor and publisher of the Boston Daily Evening Transcript, passed suddenly out from the confines of the physical form which he had inhabited for seventy-nine years, on the 15th of April. His disease was caused by old age, and he was not confined to his bed till the 11th. He was born in Lebanon, Ct., April 17th, 1796, and served an apprenticeship as a practical printer; at the time of his decease he had followed the printing and publishing business for sixty-two years, working at press and case as apprentice, journeyman, foreman, proof-reader and master, and then as newspaper proprietor. He was a man of high worth and life-long probity.

