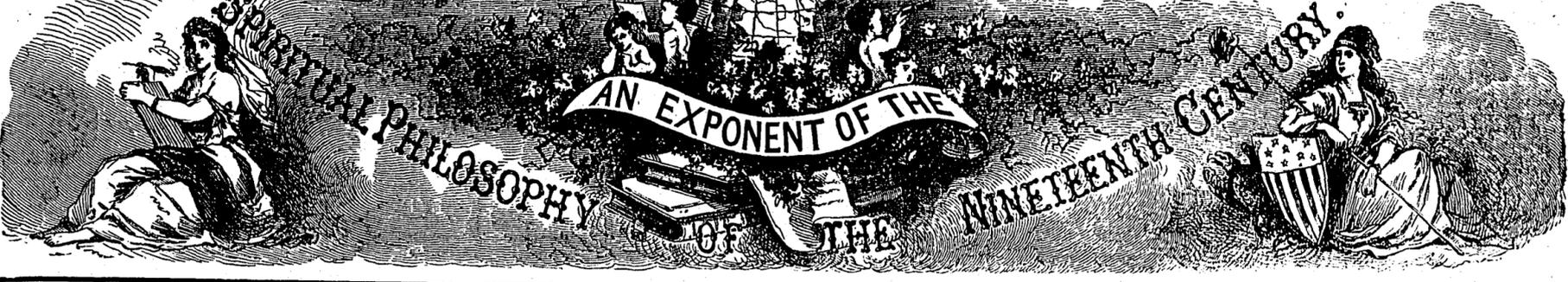


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Banner Contents.
FIRST PAGE.—Original Essays:—Spirit Stratagem. Heredity.
SECOND PAGE.—Essay:—Joseph Cook and Theodore Parker. Poetry:—The Ballad of Constance. Vermont State Convention. Spiritual Phenomena:—Satisfactory Spiritual Tests. A Cherokee Indian's Vision.
THIRD PAGE.—Spiritualism Abroad:—Dr. Carpenter's Theories and Dr. Carpenter's Facts. Free Thought:—Methods of Medical Exorcism. Banner Correspondence:—Letters from New York, Indiana, Massachusetts, California, Kansas, Minnesota, New Jersey and Oregon. Poetry:—Thank God for all Kind Hearts. Obituary Notices, etc.
FOURTH PAGE.—Editorial Articles:—President Mahan on Spiritualism. The Complaining Churches. Verification of Spirit Messages, etc.
FIFTH PAGE.—Brief Editorials, New Advertisements.
SIXTH PAGE.—Message Department:—Spirit Messages through the Mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Radd and Mrs. Sarah A. Danks.
SEVENTH PAGE.—Advertisements:—"Mediums in Boston." Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.
EIGHTH PAGE.—Foreign Correspondence:—Echoes from England. Letter from Warren Chaso. Presentiment—Remarkable Experiences Claimed by an Ohio Man. An Appeal from Emma Hardinge Britten *in re Art Magic*. Brief Paragraphs, etc.

Original Essays.

SPIRIT STRATAGEM.

BY ALLEN PUTNAM.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
 Many years ago there was published and widely circulated a marvelous account of such deception practiced by spirits for alluring a mortal to the loss of his life, as was very hard to reconcile with prevalent perceptions of what truth and honor require of both mortals and supernals; and which, almost necessarily, brought in question the truthfulness of either a large number of mediums or that of their controllers.

The prominent points presented in that old account may be stated thus: In vision, a medium saw and heard a large band of spirits in earnest consultation, whose leader indicated desire to bring about the death of a particular Spiritualist, residing somewhat east from Boston, and who was known to be in the habit of consulting mediums extensively in reference to the results of his worldly schemes and projects. This clairvoyant medium heard the leading spirit question his attendants as to the most feasible method by which the offensive man's death could be effected. Some of the band advised one method, and some another for awhile, but none that was acceptable, till a spirit stood forth and said, "I will accomplish your wish." "How?" said the leader. "I will," replied the spirit, "go myself and force every medium whom he shall consult to predict that he will be successful if he will prosecute a certain enterprise which he has in contemplation, though in doing thus he shall be killed."

The deluding course—the stratagem—advised by this spirit was approved by his superior, who directed its suggestor to go forward at once and put the beguiling plan in execution. He accordingly went and forced all the mediums consulted upon the matter to predict alike and favorably. Among those consulted was the very one who, in vision, had previously learned that supernals had resolved upon forcing false predictions through mortal lips, and his own mouth gave forth the same as flowed from the mouths of the others. The beguiled man trusted the concordant predictions, undertook his contemplated enterprise, and in the prosecution of it lost his life. Such, as nearly as memory retains them, were the chief points of a narrative read many years ago. The above statements, if credited, will probably lead many, if not most, minds to infer either that clairvoyance was faulty in its perceptions, or that the disembodied host seen and heard was a band of demons, and to feel that such features of Spiritualism are very revolting. A stronger probability is that most readers will regard the work referred to as pure fiction, having no basis on facts, and never having been met with before in all their reading.

A few extracts from I. Kings, chap. xxii, with a few connecting and explanatory clauses, may cause recollection of the above account by many to whom it seems new, strange and incredible. Ahab, "the king of Israel, gathered prophets together, about four hundred, and said unto them:—
 "Shall I go up against Ramoth-gilead to battle, or shall I forbear? And they said, Go up; for the LORD shall deliver it into the hand of the king."
 Jehoshaphat, king of Judah, was then a guest, and was willing to be an ally of Ahab. When the band of prophets had given their response, Jehoshaphat asked Ahab if there were not another prophet. Ahab replied:
 "There is one man—Micalah—by whom we may enquire; but I hate him, for he doth not prophesy good concerning me, but evil."

Micalah, however, though hated, was sent for, and when brought into the presence of their majesties was asked the same question that had been put to the four hundred; and, in harmony with their response, said, "Go and prosper; for the LORD shall deliver it into the hand of the king."
 Micalah was advised by the messengers who called him to the king, to let his words be like those of the other prophets. They proved to be so; but not by his own intention; for, in response to the implied intimation that it might be wise policy on his part to prophesy in harmony with the others, he said:
 "As the LORD liveth, what the LORD saith unto me that will I speak."

That declaration indicates that he believed that the words of his prophecy were given him by his LORD. Their truth or falsity was no concern of his as a prophet, for, as such, he was only a mouthpiece of the LORD. This prophet may

not have been on terms of cordiality with the others—he seems not to have been present with them when they were consulted; seems also to have incurred Ahab's distrust. Probably he was more true in uttering his perceptions of events future than was pleasing to that wicked king. For some reason not stated, Ahab, apparently, was distrustful that Micalah was holding back something, or was deceiving him, even when his prophecy was like that of the four hundred. For the king said to him:
 "How many times shall I adjure thee that thou tell me nothing but that which is true in the name of the LORD?"

Thus adjured, the prophet, now obviously himself dictating the words his lips uttered, described a previous vision, saying:
 "I saw all Israel scattered upon the hills as sheep that have not a shepherd; and the LORD said, these have no master; let them return every man to his house in peace."
 Such a statement implied that Israel was about to lose its king. And Ahab said to Jehoshaphat, "Did I not tell thee that he would prophesy no good concerning me, but evil?"

Roused by that allegation Micalah continued:
 "Hear thou, then, the word of the LORD. I saw the LORD sitting on his throne, and all the host of heaven standing by him on his right hand and on his left: and the LORD said, Who shall persuade Ahab that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-gilead? And one said on this manner, and another said on that manner. And there came forth a spirit and stood before the LORD, and said unto him, Wherewith? And he said, I will go forth and I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets. And he said, Thou shalt persuade him, and prevail also. Go forth and do so." Micalah added: "Now therefore behold the LORD hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of all these thy prophets."

Micalah was sent to prison, not for the false prophecy which the lying spirit forced through his lips, but for narrating mediumistic perceptions which subsequent events verified. Ahab, lured on by the lying spirit, went up against Ramoth-gilead, and was slain in battle.

Thus authority which carries in itself full conviction to the minds of a large class in the Christian world, that whatsoever it states is absolutely true, such authority clearly teaches that some LORD, backed by a "host of heaven," once resorted to stratagem and falsehood for the accomplishment of a particular purpose against a mortal. We move that a committee, consisting of firm believers in the plenary and infallible inspiration of the Scriptures, be appointed to investigate and report upon the doings of that LORD and his aids at that time. We cannot serve on it, for we are not of that class. We credit the truth of the allegations of stratagem and lying, but have little faith that the parties perpetrating them were residents in eminently high spheres of morality and spirituality. Their doings bespeak them very like some of the unseen intelligences who to-day work upon men with much williness, and sometimes accomplish their ends in very mysterious ways.

Be that biblical account pure fiction, or be it veritable history, or a mixture of the two, one learns from it that resort to craft and falsehood by unseen operators upon men and mundane affairs, was either fancied or believed long ages ago. Therefore should the supposition be now made that some invisible operators in modern assemblies and séance-rooms at times play the trickster, the assumption will be nothing new in kind. Belief that mere exit from the mortal form revolutionizes character is not warrantable. There may be great diversity of methods resorted to by the several managers and executors of the vigorous movement now being made in spirit-realms to force man's cognition of the action of supernals upon men and human affairs. Those workers are not all demure saints, nor is their leading purpose purely religious, but, in the main, broadly educational, involving trust that intercourse between dwellers in the material sphere and those in the spiritual ones will enlighten and aid both classes. Courses of action to which their traits and inclinations habituated spirits while they were in mortal forms, they are prone to slip into after their departure, when their augmented powers enable the wily ones to be more persuasive liars and more adroit deluders than before. Also the strategist of noble aims is abler in his specialty on the other than on this side of the sphere-dividing line. The mortal intriguer who undertakes to entrap a spirit's assistant or spokesman is very liable, in the end, to find himself the baffled party. Some dwellers beyond the veil are competent to outwit the wildest human opposers of spirit advent.

The story of Ahab and Micalah testifies to the fact of spirit utterance—even forced utterance—through the lips of mediums; but with equal clearness it shows that such utterances may be false. Omitting to give it direct application, we will ask, who doubts that a quiet gleam may spontaneously creep out from the soul of a reflecting Spiritualist, and diffuse its radiance over his face, when he sits down in slippared repose and ruminates upon a recent exposition at Music Hall?
 Fancy will bring before him some bright, jovial spirit, who, having found a very flexible mortal, a facile tool for any spirit, concludes to exercise his mirthful propensities through it on some stage in the outer world. He is a spirit of culture and refinement, who wants none other than an elite company of witnesses. Consequently, veiled in the form of his tool, he goes boldly to prominent D. D.s, M. D.s, Profs. and magistrates many, and persuades them that he can outdo them all in crippling that prowling monster, Spiritualism. Such a helper they have long desired, and to this one they give cordial welcome and flattering commendation.
 Fancy helps our loungers: In dressing-gown to

a vision of hosts of religionists, scientists and their affiliates, flocked around their protégé, in wide-mouthed wonder, gazing upon the feats he performs in revealing the occult ways by which faith in dreaded return of departed loved ones has been generated and spread world-wide. That work is done—the curtain drops—the actor is seen no more.

But fancy has not finished her task with the lounging ruminator; she helps him to a perception of the exultant smiles and congratulations which the assembly manifests as soon as propriety permits free expression of satisfaction at having found a little Bishop, who, in one short hour, has done more to paralyze Spiritualism than had all the Doctors of Divinity, Medicine and Science with their compeers, since the day—almost twenty years ago—when Harvard Professors, trying their hand at it, became so tongue-tied that they have never yet been able to tell their promised tale of the result.

Nor is this all: fancy keeps at work and shows the lounging mediator a report—wonderful for minute detail and exhaustiveness, speedily made, printed and sent abroad with the greatest dispatch possible, so that the world should not lose an unnecessary moment in learning, not only how Spiritualism had been suppressed in Boston—how the new-found assault of it had outdone all our local giants of Theology and Science in such warfare, but also the exact methods by which victory had been obtained here, and can be in any other city or land.

Heads that devise plans which bring about occasional presentations of such phases or adjuncts of Spiritualism as the secular press everywhere hastens to put before the eyes of those who seek to ignore a class of facts because, for more than a score of years, they have proved unresolvable in the retorts of prevalent science, know what they are about when thus attracting the world's attention and joggling its memory, and the modes of such planners often make merry the hearts of those who trust them.

426 Dudley street, Boston, Mass.

HEREDITY.

BY J. DILLIE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
 The law of reproducing after its kind is so fixed and universal that it may be regarded as one of the constants of nature. All the researches of Darwin and those who have adopted his hypothesis have not been able to produce one instance of the change from one species to another in the processes of generation. Another law is equally universal, that nature never produces two things precisely alike; modifications in form, in color, in quality or in something, though often the difference is very minute, always exist between every two productions of nature. Yet those modifications are always within the range of not only the species, but of the variety. Such differences in their extremes are ever within the terms of the kind. In all the historical and in all the geological periods no exception to this rule is found.

The Rev. Mr. George Henslow (in the *Scientific Monthly*), in a paper on *Genesis, Geology and Evolution*, says, "Fresh difficulties were still in store, which must be overcome if the former theory of creation is to obtain any longer—horticulture, floriculture, agriculture and the breeding of animals have risen rapidly to become important and flourishing occupations. From their pursuit it was soon discovered that kinds produced their like *never did so absolutely*, but that offspring appeared always to differ from their parents in some trifling if not considerable degree." [All true so far.] "This property in Nature, to which also the human race is invariably subject, man has seized upon [still true] and by judicious treatment can almost mold his cattle to whatever form he pleases, or stock his fields and gardens with roots of any form or flowers of any shade of color required." The latter part of this last sentence is a careless statement and gross exaggeration, and the facts of the case will not carry the reverend author to his conclusion. That plants, animals and man will improve under culture and judicious treatment is what I contend for, but the limit of improvement is within the species, and no instance can be cited in which the change has exceeded that limit. No gardener has produced a blue or violet rose. It may yet be done. A century ago the transmutation of metals was believed in, but the age of alchemy has gone by.

But it is the effect of heredity on man that we propose to consider here. The judicious farmer or stock-grower will take more pains to improve the quality and value of his crops or cattle than of his children. Man is as susceptible of improvement in form, in heart and in brain, as the cow or the horse, and similar influences will affect all in one way or another. No one would expect to see a superior horse proceed from the lowest grades of his kind at a single step, but by patient care and judicious (not natural) selection great improvements will be perceptible in a few generations, and when conditions of climate, food, and that intelligent care which associates higher and more refined ethereal forces to develop symmetry of form, strength of muscle, and a higher organization of brain, with all its concomitant results to make a beautiful and useful animal, combine, we see the perfection of the equine race; so of all other domestic animals.

In the present social state all the children that are born are merely accidents. Neither parent feels the responsibility of the position, or seeks the gratification of passion. In fact, that motive too often prevails in the matrimonial pairing; and where it is not the leading motive it is associated with others equally low and unpropitious. Adhering to our thesis, it may be confidently affirmed that every thought, every passion, every habit, every impression, every idiosyncrasy is a force which may, and often does, affect the offspring, physically, mentally and morally. A abundance of facts may be adduced in support of this proposition from the most reliable authors, and the general observation of mankind in every community and in every age. Darwin gives a great many instances of this kind, and other authors have collected well authenticated facts to show the effect of maternal impressions, dur-

ing the period of gestation, upon their offspring. In marks, malformations and even monstrosities. Dr. Daniel H. Tuke, in his "Illustrations of the Influence of the Mind upon the Body," cites the following cases:

"A woman aged two-and-four, of good constitution, and the mother of a healthy child, went to a fair and entered a show place where was exhibited a collection of living and stuffed animals and monsters preserved in spirits, among which was a long-winged ostrich. As she looked at it she saw a white she-wild to leave the place, crying out, 'How horrible! It is just like a child.' Her companions later afterwards sought and fastened upon her remarks. Eight months afterwards she had a child, stillborn and hydrocephalic.
 "A woman, during the second month of her pregnancy, saw a cart passing containing three men condemned to death. One of them, faint, had his head inclined to the right; his appearance, indicating the most complete morbid contraction of the body, gave birth to a child having the head inclined to the right shoulder—a morbid contraction which was permanent.
 "A woman, during the fourth or fifth month of her pregnancy, experienced early in her fifth pregnancy various nervous sensations to which she was a stranger; such as spasms and tonic contractions of the muscles. Toward the third month of her sixth pregnancy she had a dream which, though long not gratified until the end of a week. When, however, she saw them, it was the place of death, and ever afterwards she felt and fastened upon her remarks. Her accompaniment was easy; the child, however, had a mark upon its left leg of violet color, of the size and appearance of a mouse's tail.
 "A woman, when en route, witnessed a fire in the direction of her father's home, and was much alarmed, as the event proved not without cause. As the place was many miles distant, she had a strong desire to turn back. This anxiety acted powerfully upon her imagination, and she constantly saw a flame before her eyes. Toward the end of her pregnancy she had a dream which had on the forehead a mark, red, pointed and undulated like a flame. The mark was not effaced until she was seven years of age. In fact, in reporting this circumstance, she says that she does so because she has the best means of knowing all the details, seeing that the boy was his own sister, and that he had heard her complain in her infancy of an accompaniment of these marks on her eyes."

He states a case, reported by Dr. Child, from the *Lancet*, too long to quote entire, of "maternal impressions." A woman at a penny show saw a horse fire off a gun at a rabbit, and a dummy thrown out with the back of its head bleeding. It frightened her very much, and as she was in the second month of her pregnancy, the impression continued with her till the child was born, having the head of a rabbit, with the wound, and instead of nails had claws like a rabbit. [*Lancet*, Nov. 7th, 1863.

Another case, stated by Malabranch, is given of a woman, two months in pregnancy, who saw a criminal broken on a wheel. On the birth of the child it was found that every limb in its body was broken, like those of the malfactor, and in the same place. The poor child lived in a hospital till it attained the age of twenty.

Dr. T. Smith, in the *Lancet* of Aug. 17th, 1867, in a paper on "Mother's Marks," observes, "One cannot doubt that these marks occasionally appear on children in connection with mental impressions received by the mother during pregnancy," and gives this case: "The child was admitted into St. Bartholomew's Hospital in 1865. She was then about twelve years old. The left upper extremity and the greater part of the corresponding side of the trunk and neck were deeply stained with dark brown pigment, from which grew an abundant crop of dark, brown, harsh, lank hair, varying in length from one to two inches. The skin was rough and harsh; the arm was long, thin and withered, the scapula was abnormally prominent. In fact, the upper limb, shoulder and back, bore a strong resemblance to the corresponding part of a monkey. The mother stated that when three months pregnant with the child, she was much terrified by a monkey attached to a street organ, which jumped on her back as she was passing by." Dr. Smith concludes, "I need hardly say that such a case does not stand alone. There are many well-authenticated cases where marks and even bodily deformities in the fetus can be fairly attributed to strong and persistent impressions of the mother."

The medical profession are not agreed upon the subject of maternal impressions upon their embryon offspring. Dr. Fisher says he "made it a practice of asking his patients whether they expected deformity in the child, which one thousand two hundred admitted, and the result was only two cases of malformation. Hunter had two thousand cases of similar expectations, not one of which was realized. We have no meter by which to gauge the intensity of the impression necessary to produce such a result, and it appears that, to produce such result, the impression should be made during a particular period of gestation: say from the second to the fourth month. Besides, the cases cited by Fisher and Hunter are merely negative, and amount to nothing.

Dr. Tuke, in closing his remarks upon this subject, says, "Although, however, we may not be prepared to accept the evidence in favor of the production of special marks in the child, answering to definite mental images in the mother, we must admit that the mental condition in the latter may, through the blood, affect the nutrition and, therefore, the vitality of the former."
 I may add here several cases that have occurred in my own neighborhood, well attested by respectable physicians and accounted for by the mothers. Mrs. C. dreamed that her child would be born club-footed. This was early in her pregnancy. The dream affected her much, and the result verified her dream. Mrs. H. was alarmed at a monkey which broke from its keeper and entered her window. Her child was neither man nor monkey, but a compound of both. It lived to be twenty years old.

Mrs. F. H., a lady whom I well knew, was horribly disgusted, early in her pregnancy, by seeing a man with a bad hare-lip. It deeply impressed her for weeks. The impression by degrees wore off, but when the child was born it had a hare-lip. During her second pregnancy, at a similar period, the fear grew upon her that she might again be subject to a like mortification, and the original impression came back upon her with full force, and she gave birth to a second child disfigured in the same way.
 A colored woman of my acquaintance, whose husband removed with her to M., in Ohio, (her case was reported to me by her brother-in-law, about 1830) when in the third month of her pregnancy, went to see a menagerie that came to the village, where she was much interested in the elephant. While standing near, he threw his trunk around, and bit her, which frightened her so much that she left at once for home. When the child was born its nose extended like the proboscis of the elephant.

Dr. Brice, father of the late Paymaster-General, told me of the case of a woman, during her pregnancy, who wished to see a disgusting idiotic girl. She walked five miles to see her, and found her in the yard, where her appearance so shocked her that she at once turned away and went home. Her child was a singularly disgusting idiot.
 I might cite other cases of persons known to me, but do not deem it necessary at this time.
 Like instances are common among domestic animals. Some forty years ago an intelligent observer proposed the theory that no animals were capable of domestication, that did not in the domestic state become var-colored—that is, lose the fixed color of their feral state and have progeny of diverse colors. We can only account

for such change of color by some impression made upon the dam during the period of gestation. Jacob, it seems, understood this effect, and used it so successfully that he made serious inroads upon the flocks of his father-in-law, under the contract between them.

Sheep furnish notable instances of this kind. In new countries, where the forests are removed by burning the wood upon the ground, leaving a great number of black stumps, the proportion of black sheep amounts to a large percentage in a flock; while on the Western prairies and on old farms, where no stumps or black objects remain, black sheep are very rare. The sheep is one of the most timid of animals, and most easily impressed by fright. The natural color of the sheep is white, and where no such influences exist to change it, that color is maintained.
 The ass is so stolid that a change of color seldom occurs. Horses are timid, and their progeny show the effects. So with cows. Hogs and geese seem easily impressed in this way, and so with domestic fowls. But it is probable that atavism, or descent from ancestors, has much to do in changing the colors of these animals.

If the popular idea of the cause of these effects is well founded—that is, that they were produced by mental impressions upon the mother during the period of gestation—Dr. Tuke's explanation that it is the effect of a change in the circulation of the blood, giving insufficient nutrition to an organ, is not very satisfactory, if intelligible at all.

If maternal impressions, like those and many others that might be cited, produce such effects upon their unborn offspring, those impressions evidently acted as a force, and what force—electric, thermal, luminous, electrical, or magnetic? Clearly no one of these. The mind is a force differing from them all, which when greatly excited, modifies the force of heredity and the form of the fetus, in some respects. These cases, however, are only exceptional, and if the popular theory is well founded, what a large number of children are born whose mental capacities and moral proclivities, for good or for evil, have been influenced by the condition of the mother's mind or affections during the period of gestation. How important it is that all the conditions thrown around the expectant mother, while in that delicate and susceptible state, should be favorable to the development of a human being that will be an honor to the parent and a blessing to the world. The father has grave responsibilities cast upon him during that interesting period. It is a time when the mother is naturally sensitive and subject to a depression of spirits, to anxieties and fears. If the unborn infant partakes of any of these influences, they will act as clues upon his spirits or his mind during his life. Anger, distrust, or any low passion, may be inherited in this way, and a peevish, petulant, ill-natured child may be the result. It is a time that demands the patient support, sympathy, and encouragement of the husband. Instruction and devotional books should be fully supplied, read, and discussed, in such a way as to secure the interest of the mother. Social intercourse of a cheerful and instructive character should be sought and enjoyed, with agreeable and beautiful natural scenery, flowers, and whatever will keep the mind elevated and in a joyous active mood should be indulged. Let the husband thus act and patiently cherish his wife, and who can doubt that it will fell favorably upon his children? Parents who practice thus in their families will imitate the sagacious and prudent grower of horses and cattle, who is so successful in improving his stock and who is so well paid for his care.

If these conceptions are granted, how important it is that it be universally known and practiced. Every social and public influence should be exerted to impress it on every mind. The press, the pulpit, the medical faculty and the statesman, each from his own standpoint should labor earnestly, incessantly and intelligently, until the duty is received as a religious, moral, sanitary and political creed in every house, and by every man, woman and child.

Papillon, in his paper on "Heredity and Race Improvement," says: "In other times it may have appeared difficult or ill-advised to import into questions touching the reproduction of man, figures and estimates not unlike those of zoötechny, where selection has been long practiced. But now such scruples must give way before the dictates of necessity, which tells in the most unmistakable way that we cannot afford to commit one blunder more."
 It touches a point here of great delicacy and importance; that is, the prudent and proper mixing of the sexes in matrimonial alliances. Ill-matched pairs cannot hope to be honored in their children. Antagonistic forces will be so mixed up in them, that they can neither be happy in themselves, nor desire to make anybody else happy. Conflicting characteristics will be inherited, that either parent would wish to avoid, and regret to see reproduced in the offspring. According to Darwin, natural selection tends to improve, but according to practice, fashionable selection tends to degenerate the human race. Run over the families of the distinguished and men of modern times who have risen to eminence as statesmen, jurists, orators, poets and scientists, and how large is the proportion who were the sons of farmers, mechanics, and some even of common laborers. A Webster, a Gay, a Corwin, an Ewing, in our own country, and many others, could be cited, and every country in Europe can number them by scores. There are some families in which distinguished ability has been perpetuated for several generations. The Adams family is an instance, and in all these cases a strong good sense on the part of the parents secured a succession of worthy and vigorous-minded children. What! will it be asked, do I hold that the weak minded should not marry and have children? Yes, if both weak and wicked, the State should interdict the union for its safety. But it is better that the State should provide for the education of all its youth, not only by the cultivation of the intellect, but also of the body and the heart, and thus work out imbecile minds and base natures. The restraint from doing wrong is no abridgment of liberty, for every well-regulated State punishes its criminals, but encourages the perpetuation of evil by permitting the worst to reproduce themselves; a great wrong to the whole body politic. Heredity is a force, and too often a very active force, that not only transmits evil by descent, but also by communication.

The rush to be rich, to the neglect of the proper rearing of children, is one of the evils of our civilization. Fathers too often throw the whole responsibility of the moral and mental education of their children upon the mothers. If the mother is endowed with a due sense of her responsibility and seeks to meet it with judgment and discretion, the duty may be well discharged. But too often it happens that the mother is wanting in qualities both of head and heart for her position. The liabilities to err are so various that

they occur too frequently. An undue sensitiveness, and blindness to her children's faults, is a very common weakness; the allotment of fashionable life and the giddy whirl of excitement to the neglect of maternal duties, prepare both parents for an old age of regret and sorrow on account of their sons and daughters. The nurturing of a proud and haughty spirit, on account of wealth or position, is another evil growing out of parental teaching; then the neglect of restraint, suffering them to go and come at their will, without accountability, is another. It is needless to enumerate further. But every consideration or view we can take of the question, shows the importance of a good influence on the part of the mother.

As Burns says:

"And mother, dear to every wife
That watches her young life,
Not for her husband's sake,
Nor for her own, but for the sake
Of being independent."

The routine of fashionable life, the displays of style and equipage, the luxuriant living, in dress, in eating and drinking, the social gambles, at theatres, balls, and the like, are all inconsistent with maternal duties. It is said by physicians that to be idle is a common vice now. But it is very doubtful whether it should be called a vice in women who thus disqualify themselves to meet the responsibilities of maternity.

The mother who studiously discharges her duty in producing and rearing her offspring is most to be admired of all God's creation, and when she is properly supported by the father, who by the judicious exercise of authority leads up his children in the path of purity and virtue, by an intelligence and gentle control, there may we find a happy and worthy family.

There is much truth in what Victor Cousin says: "Not only inhuman actions and wicked actions, but the thoughts, the emotions, the desires, that are culpable, which we nourish, and which we cherish in the interior of the soul, under the reserve that we will not degenerate them into acts; these are the thoughts, these emotions, these desires, which will have their punishment. There is not an action, a thought, a desire, a sentiment that is vicious, which will not, sooner or later, be punished in just measure; on the contrary, every thought, every action, every resolution, every sentiment that is virtuous, every sacrifice, carries with it its own recompense."

When we consider that every thought, every desire, every sentiment is a force which sets upon matter and incorporates itself with matter, we may have some conception of the law of heredity. The children may thus be punished for the sins of the parent, and the parent may actually do so, and transmit to his posterity the evils of his own character, and bring upon his distant progeny the punishment he has had to suffer. Heredity is a fixed law of organic being. The expression of countenance, the form of features and general outlines of the person, with the east and capacity of intellect, are traits of inheritance universally acknowledged.

The different races of the human family and the different tribes of each race, have each their peculiar forms, facial angles and physiognomy, which were transmitted from generation to generation for indefinite ages. In civilized communities, thought, business habits, and more especially a greater commingling of individuals from remote regions, and intermarriages between different tribes or nations, have tended greatly to modify such ethnic differences. But the heritage of character will remain long after the original tribal features and form have disappeared, unless a higher degree of intelligence has associated a sound moral principle and an amiable character in the line, and changed the force of inheritance. This is one of the great ameliorations of human character effected by Christian civilization. But too often, through the influence of avarice, the old family trait reappears, and the struggle is to be encountered anew. Where strong convictions of right and principles of morality have been inculcated the triumph is comparatively easy, if the evil proclivity is met at the threshold; but let it once assume the force of a habit, and the devil will be dislodged with difficulty. His victim is in his hands, bound firmly, as with fetters of iron, and he can only escape by supernatural force. I care not what the inherited evil is, it may be appetite, passion, cruelty, vice of any kind, or tendency to crime of any species, it is liable to reappear in the offspring, so remote that the character of the ancestor from whom it was inherited is forgotten. Even the complexion of a remote ancestor, as of the African or Indian, has been known to reappear after several generations, when it had ceased to be known or remembered that there was a trace of foreign blood in the family.

These facts are cited to show the importance of the utmost purity of heart, of thought, of mind and morals in all who would assume the responsible position of parents. The formation of human nature must be effected by convincing every man, woman and child of the responsibility that rests upon each. It is a force, as well as rightness of mind, that comes from without, and may, like disease, take such possession as to doom its victim to ruin and endanger his posterity. Surrounded as every one is by forces of an elevating character, we have but to will it and we breathe them in and they become part of our nature. When we become sensible of our responsibility, and have a desire to meet it fully and faithfully, the first step is made in the right direction; then to feel assured that if we seek we shall find, that but to "hunger and thirst after righteousness" is in itself, the act of being filled, is the security and success of the person. Right and wrong are antagonistic forces that strive within us. Right has the inward approval of conscience, wrong the strong motive of selfishness, which too often prevails. Selfishness is an active force in every organism, and if properly directed in the human subject it is an emboldening influence, and makes all that is grand and magnanimous in the human character. It leads the martyr to elect between the stake and his conscience, the true hero to hazard life and all he holds dear for the public good and the rights of his fellow-men, and it influences the mother to sacrifice society, comfort and health for the well-being of her children. A broad selfishness, which seeks happiness in promoting the happiness of others, is noble, heroic and of heavenly origin. It comes from the pure and refined ethereal regions in which angels breathe, and in which the human soul may acquire the character of the brute upon which he feeds, or he may attain to the higher character of the children of God. A narrow selfishness produces a disregard for the rights of others; destroys sympathy for others, demoralizes the heart, weakens the judgment and depraves the whole being. When we narrow our happiness to what is good only to ourselves, we are wretched in our greatest success.

From all the facts of heredity we see that passions, appetites, mental proclivities and even thoughts are entities, things that once having a being continue to exist even after the individual who gave them conception ceases to exist, and may be reproduced in remote posterity. This is true of all animality, and in the lower animals is perpetuated with little variation, making of a tiger a tiger, of a sheep a sheep, of an eagle an eagle, &c., and is what Fabre d'Olivet calls the efficient will-faculty. Man differs from other animals in the greater variety and extremes of individual characteristics. This is especially so as man rises in the scale of intelligence by education. Among savages of the lowest grade there is little difference between one and another, and the differences increase in extent and number in proportion to their increase in mental capacity and range of thought.

How these forces are perpetuated, and how they can remain latent through generations and then reappear, one of the marvels of organic being. We know that it must be transmitted through the germ cells of the male or the female. But both of these are too minute and dissolve too rapidly for us to know much of either. The human spermatozoon is so small that it takes six to seven hundred, placed end to end, to measure one inch, and about five thousand lying side by side for the same measure. Now mark what potentialities are embraced in that infinitesimal colloid mass: A human being, with the form, the members, brain, mental fac-

ulties, complexion, even to the color of the hair and eyes, with all the complicated physical structure, and added to all these the passions, affections and appetites of his race. Then super-added to all this, the little mass may be burdened with some characteristic, physically, morally or mentally, of a remote ancestor. The physical reversion, we may admit to the materialist, is connected with matter, and leave him to give the *raison d'être*, but the moral and mental we must refer to a force, or forces, which are indestructible, and as Byron says of the forger of steel blades:

"But if a dagger's from its heat,
Let him who smelt it heed its edge beware."
"And what thy thoughts, thy thoughts are heard in heaven."

Nay, more, they may survive us here on earth, they may return to trouble, to pervert or involve our offspring, near or remote.

Kant said, "Two things fill me with awe, the starry heavens and man's moral responsibility." "The responsibility arises from the character which the immortal essence of man, forms for itself by means of its affections. The soul must have its constituent materials as well as the body, and like the body it grows with what it feeds upon, by assimilating new elements from without. It has been frequently suggested that matter is prepared for higher vitalization by passing through a long series of organisms, from the lowest up to man. Every organism is a compound of matter and ether, and man is the only being who is permitted to select his ethereal constituents. The selection is made through his affections. If he loves what is low, groveling and base, he thus forms his character, and he may form a character that is lower than that of the brute, or he may, by assimilating to himself more refined ethereal elements, make up for himself a character that is but little lower than the angels. Character is quality, and the quality of anything we know is made up of its constituents.

The most filthy races of mankind are the furthest from spiritual development. Their thoughts, their practices, their affections are all low and debasing. They are treacherous, false and cruel, a prey to superstitious fears, without natural affection, and have no conception of purity, of truth, and of love. There are whole tribes of men as low in the scale of being as this; and there are individuals in the midst of our most refined civilization quite as low and debased.

Every character is composite. The venomous serpent is a composition of matter and ether. So is every human being. The serpent is of necessity what he is. His venom secretes itself in the coils connected with his fangs without his will or wish. It is no matter of volition with him, but man takes in the qualities which make up his character, at his will, through his affections. He may have inherited from his ancestors evil affections. But he is at liberty to cherish or reject them. The child of a murderer need not commit murder. He may be tempted, but he may resist the temptation, and he may rise so far above it as to be shocked at the very thought. All our ancestors were once wandering, cruel, false and instinctive savages, and it has been the work of ages to raise up our race to our present civilization. The progress has been slow; new and higher elements of character have been added, one by one, by individuals and communities in the successive generations, as they were prepared to receive them. What a difference there is in Christian civilization at this day from what it was three centuries ago, when to think an independent thought was a crime worthy of death at the stake. Michael Servetus was a martyr, then, in Protestant lands, as was Huss before him under Roman Catholic power.

Now, whence is this change? Is it wholly ethereal, material, the result of chemical, magnetic, electric or the natural forces? Or have higher forces of a more refined nature intervened, become constituents of human characters, adding intellectual and moral elements, imparting new energy and conferring new powers?

Contemplate the whole world, and mark the progress from century to century and from age to age. Then the progress of the present century, by what force was it accomplished? By the force of intellect undoubtedly. Intellect, then, is a force more effective, more directive, and withal more potent, than the grosser forces which are supposed to correlate. Should I attempt to enumerate the achievements of the intellectual force during the present century, it would require a volume just to glance at them. But it is needless. It will not be pretended that this mighty intellectual force will correlate with the lower forces, and if there are two forces that will correlate, the chain is broken and the theory falls to the ground.

Like all the other forces, the intellectual force is ethereal; it has a great work to accomplish—it is now engaged in it. Its agents are manifold—the school, the press, the bar, the mart, the artist's studio, the artisan's shop, the power of steam, the railroad, the telegraph, the flower garden, the farm, and last, though not least, the pulpit—in fine, whatever tends to elevate man in the scale of virtue, intelligence and true dignity. This force has been serving man from the beginning, and left its footprints in the archeology of both continents from the earliest pre-historic ages down to the present day. It forces its light upon the nations and tribes of men who have secluded themselves in greater or less darkness, and is making material, moral and mental revolutions throughout the world.

But there is as great a difference in the constitution of human souls as in human bodies. They differ in tastes, in grasp, in strength, in propensities and proclivities, in receptivity, in originality, and in aspirations. Before and without the researches of Reichenbach, every physician and every observer knew that some persons were more sensitive than others, and a few well recognized the fact that some were so sensitive as to perceive what was imperceptible to all others. Then as to receptivity, the difference is equally great, which has been always known. As a general rule, women are more receptive than men. These two properties of the human soul have been silent agents in forming the religious systems of the world.

All Christians, Jews, and Mahometans believe that God, through his angel, talked with Adam, Noah, Abraham, Job, Moses, and the prophets, and also with some of the apostles. And all through the later historic ages, from the oracles of Greece down through the Christian period, we have accounts of marvelous revelations through spirits. God changes not, and man is the same being, only developing more and more in the scale of intelligence. As the education of youth increases the power increases, because it has been well said "knowledge is power," and education opens the windows of the soul to the external light and ethereal forces. Step by step will the light advance upon the world. The impossible of one decade is a realized fact in the next.

While a very logical writer on psychology claims to prove that mind is but an evolution of material organisms, invisible intelligences are manifesting conclusive proof that they exist, without material organizations, and certify their identity to their friends and others, in the most conclusive manner, by stating facts unknown to any one in the flesh, save the person addressed.

These manifestations are on the increase, and exhibit their presence, not among the ignorant and credulous, but among those who require substantial proof before they believe. "A little leaven will leaven the whole lump." The great fire of Chicago broke out in an obscure stable, but it spread from house to house, carried forward by flames and brands until the conflagration was general. Like all other sweeping forces, a conviction becomes general as the tide carries forward its overwhelming demonstrations which cannot be resisted, and the great truth of immortality and communication with spirits will ere long be universally accepted. The day comes, first the dawn, then the twilight, and finally the rising sun, which is seen to gild the hill-tops; but as he continues to ascend, the valleys are glowing, and soon the whole landscape is lighted up. The progress, material, intellectual, and spiritual, of the present half century, has manifested to us the auroral dawn, the brightening twilight, and even now the sun maintains as beautiful as they

of the morning's first beam."

We know that if man has an immortal essence

it must carry with it intellect and his affections, which cannot be composed of ordinary matter. Thought is not matter; mind is not matter; the affections which proceed from the soul are not matter. Our intellectual friends die, and his corpse before us is but a lump of the elements of matter. His mind and affections either survive him, as they existed in the body, or they are extirpated. That they are not extirpated, the largest portion of mankind believe. In one view of the case, I may say that all, except the lowest and most unprogressed savages, believe in a future state of existence. For our materialist-scientists contend that force is indestructible. Well, intellect is a force, and the world is full of its effects—in the archeology, from pre-historic man to the present day, in all the works of the ages, and in our books and libraries, and the affections have been operating through all time, and the perpetuation of our race is the result. The soul, if it has an existence, is an entity, and like the body, must be composite in its nature. Of what, then, is it composed? It must be of ethereal elements, with power to think, to act, to communicate, to love, to aspire, and to enjoy. We may, then, believe that in the more refined, ethereal elements is to be found the substance of which the soul is composed, and the most refined of all is the Self-Existing, Eternal, All-Creative Spirit.

Thus I have imperfectly sketched the facts and arguments upon which my theory is based. I am aware of its imperfections. I could not be otherwise, working as I have in the intervals of the public service, a much of the time in very poor health. And I submit it to the candid reader, whether I have not produced more facts to sustain this theory—facts which bear directly on the subject and tend to prove my conclusions—than Darwin, with all his ponderous volumes, has to support his, or than Grove adduced to prove the correlation of forces?

Truth and utility are inseparable. By that test, what benefit will the world derive from the demonstration of Darwin's hypothesis? All that we get is an ignoble descent and a void and gloomy future. He invites us to a great feast, prepared with immense labor, gleaned from all time and from all places, and we sit down to it, but find nothing to nourish the body or cheer the soul. And the correlation of forces renders doubtful and uncertain all our applied sciences. The practical man cannot feel assured, that the force upon which he relies for his processes or his work will not, Proteus-like, change into another form and ruin his enterprise. The theory here offered is full of practical utility, full of progress, full of hope, and will tend to elevate man and bring him nearer to his Maker.

JOSEPH COOK AND THEODORE PARKER.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Hoping that Theodore Parker may soon find opportunity for a direct personal response to the recent critical lectures upon his "Absolute Religion," according to his desire expressed in the Banner of week before last, may we venture, meanwhile, to offer a few thoughts in his behalf?

That Theodore Parker was an acute metaphysician, probably he would be the first to deny. Doubtless, too, in his eager delivery of truths born of the spirit, he was not always sufficiently careful in the use of terms to be safe against such criticism as Joseph Cook's analytical mind has subjected him to. He was too full always to measure out his ideas in exact philosophical statement. That deep longing for freedom, commended so frankly by Mr. Cook in its outworking for the liberation of the African race, had a wide range, opposing itself to every form of thralldom to which humanity is subject; not least to the bondage of old theories, which had too long held in check true freedom in things of the spirit. But admitting the charge to be well made, that Theodore Parker was careless in definitions, and so used expressions that would bear scientific analysis, does it follow that he was therefore entirely wrong in his Absolute Religion?

The term "Instinctive Intuition," so criticised by Mr. Cook, is perhaps confused, and under his definition of intuition, is incorrect. But change the expression to the words *instinctive perception*, and the case assumes a different aspect, without any real change of Mr. Parker's position. As Mr. Cook does not venture to give a definition of the word *instinct*, which he says Parker confuses with intuition, we must define it for him, in this connection, as the *innate perception of truth in spiritual things*, corresponding to the innate recognition of causes which, in the lower animals, leads to various wonder-workings on their part, without any apparent intervention of reasoning power. Taken in this sense, the foundation of Theodore Parker's absolute religion is not so vain or contracted as charged, Mr. Cook himself recognizing, as well as metaphysicians generally, that there is in the human mind an *instinctive recognition of God, of immortality, and of the moral law*, though it cannot be scientifically classed as *intuitive*. It was on this inner perception, however hazy, that Theodore Parker built up his "absolute religion." Mr. Cook's charge of error in definitions, with all his argument drawn therefrom, fails to touch the real issue; rather does he not, indirectly, by admitting an *instinctive*, if not *intuitive*, perception of God and things of the spirit, yield to Mr. Parker the whole matter in question?

But, says Joseph Cook, if Parker had dug deeper and wider he would have found that the natural school of theology should include the fact of sin in human nature, and, therefore, recognize the need of the atoning sacrifice in Jesus Christ; the result to which his studies in natural religion have brought Julius Müller, whom Mr. Cook calls the greatest of modern theologians.

It is the old difference. Man does what conscience forbids, and thereby commits sin, says Mr. Cook, and is at enmity with God. The sin is not, in most instances, committed for the sin's sake, says Parker, but from weakness of the will to resist evil; and so man is not willfully at enmity with the Source of all Good. Mr. Parker did not, could not deny the fact of sinful conditions in humanity, but held that these conditions were superinduced from various causes, such as the earthly elements surrounding the spirit in the body, or possibly, sometimes, they were from tendencies of the spirit itself, where long habit or unhappy inheritance had given proclivities amounting to a second nature. The fact that humanity never falls so low as to lose all recognition of the difference between right and wrong, however unable or unwilling to choose the right, was argument, to Parker's mind, that the spirit, when free, would seek the right as its highest good. Parker recognized that erring men need help; but in the necessity for the great, evangelical, atoning sacrifice, for reconciliation of God to man, he could not believe. He would have given his own life willingly for the cause of truth, but he nevertheless felt that it would be a libel upon God to maintain that such sacrifice was to be taken, in any sense, as a propitiation of offended Deity, or a satisfaction to the majesty of broken law.

That Theodore Parker did not properly distinguish between the *supernatural* and the *unnatural*, as charged by Mr. Cook, we who have accepted the light of Modern Spiritualism, which never fairly reached Mr. Parker's mind, may

well admit. We cannot feel, however, that Joseph Cook, with his knowledge of things of the spirit limited to the manifestations given two thousand years ago, holds any very advanced position, in this direction, before Theodore Parker's denial of the old miracles.

The third lecture on Theodore Parker gives opportunity for Mr. Parker to assume the aggressive. Never was there a plainer instance of an acute mind being warped by theological prejudice, than is shown in Mr. Cook's series of postulates; some of them so fair and candid, and others so shaped to sustain the old Moloch doctrine of sacrifice to offended Law and angry Deity—as, for instance, his fourteenth and fifteenth propositions. Men do fear the consequences of their wrong doing until those consequences have been more or less worked out in what is called punishment. It is fear of this punishment and sense of having put ourselves out of the fold, rather than recognition of any obligation to satisfy the injured majesty of violated law, that gives conscience the power to

Make cowards of us all."

Again, what a monstrous exception to the law of correspondence Mr. Cook has ventured to uphold, in denying that the "Sun behind the sun" shines upon the righteous and the unrighteous, just as the sun of material Nature shines upon the just and the unjust! Yet he must make this denial to save his theology, when he knows, in his heart, that the Spirit of Love, which was illustrated in the parable of the prodigal son, and which rejoices more over one sinner that repenteth than over the ninety and nine who never went astray, makes no call for the atoning sacrifice, but to the sincerely penitent seeks rather to alleviate the punishment. The spiritual sun of God's love must and does shine equally upon the righteous and the unrighteous; but, as in external earth life, the sun does not shine upon the unjust or the just, if they shut themselves up in abodes that have no windows to let the light in, so in spirit-life, the men or women who have built about them, by their course on earth, mansions or clothings of the spirit, with doors and windows closed against the love that longs to greet and help them, must remain in darkness, until they can begin to be opened to the benignant light. But the light and the love are, all the while, beaming upon them and their habitations, just as the external sun shines upon the abodes of the just and the unjust in earth-life.

Mr. Cook admits that he cannot, by reason, prove the fact of the evangelical atonement; but claims that he can prove the need of it. In our judgment, he cannot prove one more than the other. He who proclaimed the law of love to God and man, as containing all the law and the prophets, gave up his life out of his great love, not from any call to appease offended Deity. To help his fellow-man to find the Father, not to propitiate an angry God, he suffered on the cross of agony. Strange as it may sound to Mr. Cook, we yield to none in appreciation and love of that Elder Brother whose great life and teachings have done, and will yet do, so much for the uplifting and regeneration of humanity, in spite of the theology that has so cramped and limited their beneficent outworking. T. B. II.

THE BALLS OF CONSTANCE.

With diamond dew the grass was wet,
"Twas the prettiest and the fairest weather,
And all the birds of morning met,
And carolled in her heart together.
The wind blew softly o'er the land,
And every flower was fragrant;
He walked beside her on the sand,
And gave and won a heart's devotion.
The thistle-down was in the breeze,
And the white clouds were floating;
His fortune called him to the sea,
And on the shore he left her sighing.
She saw his barque glide down the bay,
Through rough seas and fears she could not banish;
She saw his light sail on the air,
And she saw him vanish.
And "Go," she said, "for winds are fair,
And love and blessing round you hover;
When you sail home, come through the air,
Then I will trust the word of lover."
Still ebb'd, still flow'd the tide of years,
Now chilled with snow, now bright with roses,
And his sails were hauled to tears,
And his sombre morns to radiant closes.
And many ships came gliding by,
With many a golden promise freighted;
But he would not pass, he would not fly,
Came low to bless her heart that waited.
Yet, on, by tender patience led,
His sacred footsteps walked, unbidden,
Where sorrow and care and shame are hid,
And they who saw her snow-white hair,
And dark, sad eyes, so deep with feeling,
Breathed all at once the change air,
And bowed to him, as though he were a king,
Till none, at shut of autumn day,
In marble chill she passed and harkened,
With startled gaze, where far away
The state of his soul he had discerned.
There, for a moment, faint and wan,
High up in air, and harkward striving,
Spirits, a spectral barque came on,
And heeded not the world's din.
Then something out of night she knew,
Some whisper heard, from heaven descended,
And peacefully as falls the dew,
He long and lowly came and ended.
The violet and the huckle-berry rose
Maked glad the grass that dreams above her;
And freed from time and all its woes,
She trusts again to meet her lover.
—William Wither, in the Galaxy.

Vermont State Convention.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
The Vermont State Spiritualist Association met in Quarterly Convention at Cuttingsville, on Friday, Jan. 5th, closing on Sunday evening. The extreme cold weather and great depth of snow at the time prevented an attendance of more than a few friends. On Saturday, however, the hall was well filled, through the day and evening. Saturday night brought a severe storm, which prevented a large attendance through Sunday. Still a number were present, and although the Convention was a very harmonious and profitable one, Dr. E. A. Smith, President of the Association, was in the chair, and the Convention was held in the presence of a large number of friends. The speakers present who gave addresses were Dr. H. B. Storer of Hallowell, Dr. E. H. Holden, Mrs. Mary Albertson, Abouzo of Hallowell, and Dr. E. H. Holden. Dr. Storer performed a great amount of work, and in the afternoon he addressed the Convention on the subject of "The Spirit of the Law." Dr. E. H. Holden gave a very acceptable address. The Doctor is a sharp thinker, and being very conscientious and straightforward, he delivered his address at the mark, leaving no one in doubt as to his meaning. Mrs. Albertson gave two addresses. She spoke well. She is in truth a speaker of no ordinary merit, ready and apt, and her address was one of personal experience, and was very handsomely given. As a circle medium, regard her as one of the best that I ever met. Her address, which was well received, Mr. Hubbard is one of our best men. He honors in his life the cause which he espouses. In conference he is ready, and not unfrequently gives evidence of a keen wit. The conference meetings were well sustained. Aside from the speakers already named, Harvey K. Howe, Mr. J. H. Cole, H. D. Dillingham, Mr. Spaulding, Mr. Kelly and others contributed earnest words. Mr. Kelly (I have not his Christian name) favored the Convention with a poem which elicited considerable applause. The recent law of our Legislature, "regulating the practice of medicine," was fully and sharply discussed, and a large amount of valuable and to be commended petitions praying for its repeal at the next General Assembly. An editorial article on the subject in the Banner of Light, signed by the Rev. E. H. Holden, was read and well received. The usual vote of thanks was extended to the Railroad Company for their return checks; to the host and hostess, the speakers and all present. And I would be permitted to speak in high praise of the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Todd in providing so generously and abundantly for the needs of their numerous guests. Every want was anticipated and provided for. The Convention adjourned to meet at the Wilder House, in Hallowell, on the 25th day of June next. L. C. STANLEY, Secy. Leicester, Ver., Jan. 21st, 1877.

Washington Society has some peculiar wrinkles.

A lady's visiting or invitation card signifies that the lady is the wife of a member of Congress, a member's daughter, and a lady's other relative or friend, inmates of a member's family.

Spiritual Phenomena.

SATISFACTORY SPIRITUAL TESTS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Allow me to forward you the following remarkable communication which some time ago I received through the mediumship of our faithful brother, J. V. Mansfield.

I called to see him one morning, simply to obtain the address of a friend of his who had lately changed his residence, and I had not the slightest idea of receiving any communication from my spirit-friends through his mediumship; but when I was at the point of leaving he asked me if I had not some questions I wished to ask of any of my spirit-friends. I told him "Yes, but at present I could not afford it, times being too hard to spend any money except for actual necessities." But he told me to sit down and write any questions I wished, and if answered they should be so free of charge. So I wrote the following:

"MY DEAR FATHER—Do you advise me, to the best of your knowledge, to go into the advertising business with Mr. N— or not?"

Your affectionate son,
NOEL."

While writing the question, I was seated at a separate table, several yards from the medium, and am sure he could not see what I wrote. I then folded and fastened it up, and handed it to him; and he then, in my presence, keeping his left hand flat on my letter lying on the table, wrote the following answer:

"MY DEAR SON—As your father is not at this moment present, I will say what I consider to be your duty. I think your father would approve of my judgment in the matter. I do think, as times are, it would not much improve your trade by making the change you contemplate. Your book business is as good as any other at this time; none is good for anything at present. I would not embark in any business, advertising or what not, for the present. Get along as cheaply as you can. By-and-by we may advise a change, but not now.

Your father and I often visit dear old Grantham; last time we did so we met Sir Isaac Newton, looking over his boyhood school place. We then wandered up and down the main streets, then down by the Malting-houses, down the canal, and then to our spirit-home.

Your mother, C."

I will here state that I am very little known to Mr. Mansfield, and a stranger in this country, being English. He could not possibly know anything about me or my antecedents, and I never had any conversation with him on the subject. You will perceive that, after answering my question, my dear mother then proceeded to establish her identity, which she very successfully accomplished, and the following is an explanation of the latter part of the communication. My father passed into spirit-life in the year 1860, holding the office of Mayor of Grantham, Lincolnshire, at the time. My mother passed to the spirit-world about sixteen years previous. When lying on this planet, my mother always spoke of Grantham as "dear old Grantham," and some few years before my father passed to the "other side" he was the chief means of having a statue of Sir Isaac Newton erected at Grantham, and thus was there a bond of sympathy established between them, Sir Isaac Newton having been born at the village of Woolthorpe, near Grantham, and received his early education at Grantham College. The town also contains two main streets—High street and Watergate, and the Malting houses spoken of are "Lee's Malting-houses," well known in the town and vicinity; and on the banks of the canal mentioned, called the Grantham and Nottingham Canal, are situated the Gas Works, which are about a mile from the town, and of which my father was manager, and also secretary of the Gas Company. Thus my parents were naturally attracted to their old associations; and finally, the communication was signed "C.," my mother's name being Caroline.

None of our family are now living at Grantham, being scattered in different directions since the death of my father.

Yours very sincerely,
NOEL WINTER.
New York, Jan. 19th, 1877.

P. S.—Also some months ago, during a sitting with Mrs. Read, an excellent trance medium of this city, I was informed that an aunt of mine, lately living in London, giving her name and relationship, had passed to the spirit-world three days previous to the sitting. In course of time I received letters confirming the fact.

I notice in Banner of Jan. 6th a communication purporting to be from Mrs. Mary Nichols. I was stopping at Bath, L. I., at the time of the accident, and all the facts mentioned in the communication are correct. N. W.

A Cherokee Indian's Vision.

From our valued cotemporary, the Cherokee Advocate, we learn that a Cherokee of advanced age lived at the mouth of the Salsaw, where he recently died. He was an "old-time Indian"—of quiet habits, who so loved his home that he rarely left it to attend the public gatherings of his district. He was independent, outspoken, and evinced his unbelief in spiritual things because he had no positive evidence of them. He was known as Ned Justice, and while in excellent health, before reaching his farm one bright morning, he met a small man, a stranger, who seemed to be surrounded with a light different from any before seen.

The stranger said: "Those who have lived and died are thought by many to disappear from earth altogether, and to live hereafter, if they live at all, at a great distance. That is not so. They do continue to live, but they live here all around you, though you cannot see them. You can now see for yourself, for yonder they are." He pointed to the left, and the Indian saw a number of people in painful agitation. He again spoke, and repeated what he had before said. "Yet those who have lived on earth live still after they are said to die, though they are unseen, they are everywhere and all around you. Look," said he, pointing again, but this time to the right, where Justice saw a multitude engaged in the most pleasant and friendly intercourse—perfectly happy.

The Advocate says that Justice was a man of few words, and had an excellent character for truthfulness and other good qualities, and that when he related that morning's experience he did it with reluctance, remarking the disposition of the public to disbelieve statements, coming from whatever source, deviating from an established faith.

The Advocate further says that the only question asked the little stranger was, whether parties who had lived as man and wife here would continue their relations after death, to which he replied that it would depend wholly upon the parties themselves, and their adaptation to each other's society.—The Indian Herald, Pawukka, Indian Territory.

The contention before society is not one of Spiritualism, but of personal liberty, the right of free inquiry without the officious assistance of policemen, however active or intelligent; the right of the individual to examine controverted subjects for himself, without legislative "dry nursing" in any form. Let this be generally enforced at the present juncture.—WILLIAM VOLCKMAN, in Medium and Daybreak, London, Eng.

Spiritualism Abroad.

DR. CARPENTER'S THEORIES, AND DR. CARPENTER'S FACTS.

BY "M. A. (OXON)."

"But you must confess that he has a great mind."

"A great mind! a great intellect! a great bladder for dried peas to rattle about in!" said Mrs. Cadwallader, visiting Mrs. Casabon, according to George Elliot's voracious record in "Middlemarch."

Forty years this "great mind" has been concerning itself with the fallacies of Spiritualism and kindred subjects. During forty years it has fastened upon all phenomena that came in its way, and so, Dr. Carpenter would have us to conclude, has eminent claims on attention.

Here are some of his "dried peas": Inherent Impossibility.—What you say is inherently impossible, and so I reject it. Why? Because it is. A good feminine reason; but before Dr. Carpenter has a right to use it, he must be able to affirm that he knows all the laws of nature, and therefore can state that these phenomena do not occur in accordance with any of them.

Self-Deception.—Mediums are victims of hysteria, fond of unhealthy notoriety, shamming to gain attention. Well, and what of the people who attest the phenomena? Are they hysterical too? Do men watch the evolution of these phenomena day by day for years, and that not in open circles, where inducements for deception may be presumed to exist, but in the seclusion of their own families, and then maintain silence about them in public, lest they should be annoyed by gossip and idle questions and this for the sake of notoriety? Was there ever such a "dried pea" as this? If Dr. Carpenter knows as much as he would have us to believe he does of Spiritualism, he would know that there are hundreds of private circles where all these phenomena which he disputes are daily occurring, and he will not persuade the members of them that they are all self-deceived. They will tell him that "the boot is on the other leg."

Intentional Deception.—Nor will they be prepared to hear with patience that their wives and daughters, sons and husbands, are intentional impostors; that the baby who can't speak has learned conjuring tricks in its mother's womb, and is now engaged in a successful attempt to impose on its fond mother's credulity. To them it will seem very nearly "inherently impossible." Nor, putting all other considerations out of view for the moment, will they entertain a high notion of the case of an opponent who is reduced to such arguments to bolster it up.

Unconscious muscular action.—This is a very dry pea indeed. Dr. Carpenter has had it in his pocket any time these forty years. Ideo motor action is its alias, and it comes out of the same pod as unconscious cerebration. The one explains all physical, the other all mental phenomena. Well, as a matter of fact, they don't explain anything but a very small proportion of cases. The ideomotor pead does not touch cases of motion without contact, such as the present writer has seen and carefully observed in scores of cases. The other does not touch the best and most trustworthy cases, of which I could narrate a score on the spur of the moment, which have occurred in my own personal experience, where information undoubtedly external to my mind has been communicated from without. And my conclusion is also that of a number of others, who have had facilities for observation. Indeed I do not know any man who has had proper means of investigation, and who has used them without "prepossession," who has not arrived at this same conclusion. Dr. Carpenter does himself injustice in insisting as he does on his prolonged investigation of these occult facts. They can, by their nature, be exhaustively investigated only by those in whose presence they occur, or by "sensitive" who can be produced to order, and Dr. Carpenter can't have them ready for him when he finds time to call and look at them. So he misses them, and he has not seen in his forty years a tithe of what a man who has a sensitive in his house may see in one year, or less.

Statement of half facts.—A dangerous expedient largely resorted to by the lecturer himself. In all this pea-rattling he has only skirted the fringe of the subject. He either does not know or has suppressed allusion to all the more important phenomena of Modern Spiritualism; and even when he is forced into a corner, and obliged to promise that he will investigate facts brought under his notice, he eagerly avails himself of any loophole of escape. This was so in the case brought before him by Dr. Wyld, respecting which that gentleman castigates him in the Daily News of Dec. 19. This was so in Slade's case. Prepossession causes him to be a great offender in this respect of ignoring inconvenient facts, and stating the half-case only that makes for his "dominant idea."

Dominant idea.—Here is another "dried pea." "What," says Dr. Carpenter, "you persist in saying that tables move of themselves, when I have shown you that you move them yourself! You persist in regarding clairvoyance as a fact, when I tell you it is a delusion! You persist in your belief in the evidence of your senses! You are a monomaniac—the victim of a dominant idea—the sport of a prepossession!" Here is a glorious rattle! What does it mean? Simply this, that we have a prepossession in favor of our facts, and Dr. Carpenter against them. Undoubtedly we have; but, as I have before pointed out, there is this difference between us: ours is the prepossession born of repeated observation, his the prepossession which rests on prejudice and dislike. We have seen, therefore we believe. He has not seen, therefore he does not believe. That is all.

And now what does all this pea-rattling amount to? We are deceivers or deceived; we are ignorant, and foolish to believe what we think we see, but what Dr. Carpenter knows we don't. Above all, we are inaccurate as to our facts. Quis tulerit Græcos de editione quarantes?—Who is it that talks of accuracy? On a certain memorable occasion an F. R. S. delivered a lecture, in which he attacked another F. R. S. in his absence, and attempted to demonstrate the falsity of an experiment made by him to prove the existence of a force called Psychic. The history of that controversy may be read in the "Researches in the Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism," by W. Crookes, F. R. S." The inaccurate expositor who was so completely exposed was Dr. W. B. Carpenter.

"At the late meeting of the British Association, this same accurate man of science quoted from memory an account of the singular phenomena which occurred under such perfect conditions in the house of Dr. Spicer. The Doctor had detailed the formation of the cross in a closed room, as a good case of motion without contact. In his reproduction of the record, given to him with the strictest scientific accuracy, as I can testify, he so transformed it that every point was alleged, every statement falsified, and then calmly proceeded to adduce it as a proof of Dr. Spicer's incapacity for observation. Dr. Spicer exposed the misstatements, but they have not been withdrawn and apologized for. Again the delinquent is Dr. W. B. Carpenter.

Yet again, in this second London Institution Lecture occur statements respecting Mr. A. R. Wallace and Dr. Wyld, which were characterized in the Daily News of Dec. 19 in terms that should make Dr. Carpenter look to his own glass house before he throws stones at other people's. Mr. Wallace says, "It is hardly too much to say that every one of the more important statements which Dr. Carpenter puts before the public as evidence in his favor may be shown to be equally opposed to the actual facts of the case," as a statement which Mr. Wyld had just before shown to be utterly untrue. And again, "The most charitable view we can take of Dr. Carpenter's persistently ignoring or misstating all facts opposed to his own stereotyped theories, is that he is the slave of a dominant idea."

Dr. Wyld convicts him of "three very important mistakes" in one paragraph, and concludes with Mr. Wallace that the Doctor's prepossessions have made a monomaniac of him by placing him "under subjection to a tyrannically dominant idea."

Even Mr. Lankester had to call on Dr. W. B. Carpenter for an apology for misstatement, an apology which, by-the-by, he never received. So that on all grounds, and on the witness of his own friends, brothers in that sacred mutual admiration brotherhood, the Royal Society, Dr. Carpenter should be the last man to charge other people with inaccuracy, especially when that inaccuracy does not exist. It is he who is inaccurate; it is he who is literally exact.

It would be of no moment whatever to note these glaring facts, were it not that there are still a number of people who take their ideas from men who, like Dr. Carpenter, rattle the peas loudly enough; sheep who jump after the bewitched, persons who cannot or will not think for themselves. It may be well to warn such that they must not swallow everything that Dr. Carpenter tells them. He is not a trustworthy guide in all things, and when his prepossessions are stirred he is less trustworthy than ever. Just now he is especially to be distrusted, for, like his brother F. R. S., Prof. Lankester, he has shouldered his mop and joined that crazy band of enthusiasts of whom Mrs. Partington is the immortal type.—Medium and Daybreak.

Free Thought.

METHODS OF MEDICAL EXORCISM. Why the Spirits are Determined to Remain.

BY PROF. S. B. BRITTON.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

An extract from an old number of the New York Medical Review is traveling around, as lies generally do, on nimble and numberless legs, and bristling all the while with more quills than "the fretful porcupine." The writer assumes that Spiritualism is an epidemic and incurable disease; that there are nearly three millions of hopeless cases in this country alone; that there are seven-and-a-half hundred lunatics now living whose insanity "may be directly traced to Spiritualism; that the victims are now almost altogether from the vulgar and illiterate classes"; that "scientific men do not seem to be liable to the contagion"; and that the "few men and women of talent and genius," said to have fallen victims, "were attacked years ago"; that "it has lost its hold on the higher classes, and is now spreading with fearful rapidity among the rude and illiterate," so that "whole communities are given over to its influence."

Here are something less than a dozen oblique statements, collected together like a nest of vipers. The animus of the whole is to deceive the public. The sectarian pulpit, that fulminates small thunder against every free and fearless investigator, has something to do with this very questionable business. Thanks to the New York Observer and other unscrupulous journals that quote the statements of the Medical Review approvingly—they give currency to mischievous errors and falsehoods. Each and every one of these little vipers is thus made to travel with more legs than a tarantula. Of course the most unprincipled falsifier of the facts may tell some truth by accident, and the Doctor in the Review says, "I have watched many cases of genuine Spiritualism, but do not remember to have seen a chronic case permanently cured."

Here the writer told a truth the significance of which he did not exactly comprehend. But why should he expect to succeed? He has made no proper diagnosis, and his prescriptions are worthless. Spiritualism rests securely on the broad bases of eternally existing laws and the world's experience. When one's convictions repose on such a foundation, you can neither get the truth out of him by physic nor surgery. The stupid attempts of many doctors consist chiefly of bold and bitter denunciation of the believers, and of vain efforts to expel the spirits by the puerile methods of professional exorcism. It is not likely that spirits would prefer to settle down permanently either in a chemist's laboratory or an apothecary shop; we should hardly think they would find the most agreeable society among the bigots in theology and medicine; we have no evidence that they are especially interested in professional butchery and the drug business; but we have often had occasion to notice the fact that they do not get out of a man at the bidding of his family physician. This is fully confirmed by our medical reviewer, who admits that his skill is unavailing, and that the spirits have been too much for him every time.

Now there must be some reason for this wonderful pertinacity on the part of the spirits. They submit to be peppered with pills and powders, showered with all sorts of vile and nauseating decoctions, and yet they remain in possession of the citadel, and seem to bear this abuse with infinite composure. How shall we account for this extreme amiability under circumstances involving the greatest provocation? Here is a profound problem for our solution. It is so intricate that we are little disposed to dogmatize on the subject. We can only offer a single suggestion for what it is worth, and then leave the whole matter to the judgment of the reader. Here is our thought concerning the solution of the problem under consideration, and we offer it freely, but with diffidence: Probably one reason why the spirits remain in spite of the doctors is that they may ascertain—if that be possible—about how low learned ignorances can stoop in playing the fool for the world's amusement.

A maiden lady said to her little nephew: "Now, Johnny, you go to bed early, and always do so, and you'll be rosy checked and handsome when you grow up." Johnny thought over this a few minutes, and then observed, "Well, aunt, you must have sat up a good deal when you were young."

Banner Correspondence.

New York.

BINGHAMTON.—A correspondent writes, Jan. 29th: I wish to furnish an item to aid in proving Spiritualism and the immortality of the soul. Near Binghamton, a few years ago, a family by the name of Saydam lost, by diphtheria, two children, a boy and a girl. The little girl, being only twenty-two months old, had never had her picture taken, and it has been the earnest desire of the parents to obtain, through spirit mediums, a likeness of their lost darling. A few weeks ago a Mrs. Steele, of Cortland, a drawing medium, who is being developed by her spirit-guides, came into the place to visit some friends. She was invited by this family to spend a short time with them for the purpose of investigating this glorious truth. But to the test: She commenced by arranging the family, consisting of the parents and one son, around a small table—on which were arranged the paper and crayons—with their hands placed thereon. In a few minutes' silent watching, as it was in open daylight, the medium became entranced, her hands began jerking violently, and the inside of the right hand turned purple and icy. She held a pencil in each hand, and after magnetizing the paper by rapid passes over it the drawing commenced. The pencils were placed close together at the point which was to be the top of the head, which was nearest the medium, and with a quick but steady movement the outlines of mouth, eyes, and some other minor portions were drawn. At the third sitting the picture was finished, to the great joy of the parents, as it was a perfect picture of the little Gracie—with laughing eyes and curly hair, and even the beads and dress in which she was buried—who, in spite of the teachings of theology, they believed lost to them forever.

Oh! how glorious will be the welcome of such mediums to the summer-land, when they are the instruments of furnishing such tests to prove the truths of Spiritualism.

NEW YORK.—G. Sweet, 204 East Seventeenth street, writes: "Dr. Slade is well known to thousands of good, honest and intelligent persons in this country, as a medium for phenomena which no conjurer, no trickster or pretender can produce or perform under the same circumstances or conditions. I have had two or three interviews, or sittings, with him, and besides the phenomenon of slate-writing, which was accomplished in the ways described by many of your correspondents, I will mention only two things which I have not seen mentioned by others: The day was bright with sunshine, the room was perfectly light, and I could see everything in the apartment as distinctly as I ever could in any room and at any time in my life. In connection with the slate-writing, and immediately succeeding it, the Doctor took out his pocket knife, a very common and ordinary one, and placing it on the slate asked the spirit (Owasso) if he would take it off. The raps answered in the affirmative. Slade then held the slate under the leaf of the table, but not so far as to prevent me from seeing his hand all the time. In a second or two the knife came out from the other side of the table, opposite us, and rising, passed over and fell upon the table. He then asked if the spirit would open the knife; three raps signified yes, and laying the closed knife on the slate he deliberately passed the slate under the edge of the table, as before. I watched it closely, and instantly on its disappearance from my sight I looked at the other side of the table, and saw the knife come up, and over, falling on the table opened. The period elapsing from its disappearance closed, until its appearance open, could have been one second, and all the time Slade's hands were in sight.

We then stood up, putting both of our hands over the top of the table near the middle, letting the tips of our fingers touch it lightly. The table instantly rose up about eighteen inches, and remained so suspended until I counted "forty-four," which must have taken at least twenty seconds, from the deliberate way in which I counted. After sitting down, and while we were talking with each other—being at least four or five feet apart—myself and my chair were suddenly pulled backward nearly six feet, and in a direction away from Slade, who remained perfectly still. I then placed my feet upon the rounds of the chair, and asked to be moved back to the table, and the same invisible power moved me up to the table again. I had previously examined the table and furniture of the room. Will not some of the vaunted so-called exposers of mediums and the spiritual phenomena do the world a service, and explain to me and the public how the above things were done? and further, will they not perform them under like conditions, and so save us from our "infatuation" and folly?"

Indiana.

LIGONIER.—J. M. Bare writes: I am young in the cause of Spiritualism, having only taken the Banner a few weeks. I like it first rate. There is a reality in Spiritualism that I am satisfied with. The first number I received of the Banner of Light did me more good than anything I ever read. It has cured me of using profane language, while the reading of orthodox religious journals had no effect on me. I will just say my belief in Spiritualism is contrary to the way I was brought up.

WHEELING.—M. N. Dunlap writes that he notices with amusement the avidity with which the press throughout the United States hastens to seize upon and parade before the public the statement that Spiritualism is the prolific mother of million-formed insanity; just about so often a paragraph to that effect, with the name of some noted doctor (either of medicine or divinity) tacked to it, is set afloat by some unprincipled scribbler for the press, and is at once given the right hand of fellowship alike by country weekly and city daily. Why is this? when the facts in the case have uniformly proven the falsity of the charge, whenever any one who is possessed of an unprejudiced mind has examined into hospital, poor-house and penitentiary statistics! The story is false from its first proposition to its closing period; and our correspondent thinks is only after all a "weak invention of the enemy" to hide the fearful inroads which undue excitement in credul matters makes from time to time upon the reason of the community.

Massachusetts.

DORCHESTER STATION.—P. C. Mills writes, Jan. 31st, that he has been privileged to witness much matter of a convincing nature, as presented through the instrumentality of Mrs. Clara A. Field, whom he considers to be one of the best mediums in Boston, although, owing to her retiring disposition, she has not occupied the prominent place in the knowledge of the public to which she is of right entitled. He says: "She came to this city last April, and is, therefore, a comparative stranger, and I think it but due to her that I should call the attention of the people to her ability as a medium, a clairvoyant, and a magnetic physician. In all these specialties she is a decided success, as many can testify, myself included. I will cite one instance to substantiate my declarations: A gentleman from out of town, and an entire stranger, came to Mrs. Field for a séance recently. His mother controlled her and requested him to have his brother call and see the medium; and a few days later the brother came in alone. The mother taking control of Mrs. Field, and calling him by name, proved her identity beyond a question. (The brothers do not resemble each other in the least respect, and the medium was ignorant of any relationship between them.) These two brothers have used many methods to test her genuineness as a medium, and have proved it to their entire satisfaction.

She has lately developed a (to her) new phase of mediumship, namely, that of answering questions written on slips of paper and rolled in solid pellets, by placing them upon her forehead, after

the manner of Charles Foster. She has answered many questions in this manner, and, as far as my experience goes, seldom fails to give correct answers, as she has afforded me a number of good tests in this way, and as readily as Mr. Foster, with whom I have had several sances. Societies wishing to engage a first-class speaker and test-medium will do well to investigate her claims. She can be consulted or addressed 28 West street, Boston, Mass."

California.

SAN FRANCISCO.—A copy of The Chronicle of this city, sent us by a correspondent, contains the following epitome of one of Dr. J. M. Peebles' discourses. The lecture, upon the topic given, was delivered in Charter Oak Hall:

"Mohammedanism: A Belief Involving Seven Heavens and Seven Other Places."—He described the howling and dancing derisives of Stamboul, and said that some of them, as he witnessed, possessed remarkable magnetic power, standing the flow of blood from an ugly wound by a touch, and healing a pushed arm. They claim miraculous power, and agree with the Shakers and Quakers that divine inspiration has not ceased. Mohammedans reject the doctrine of the trinity and that of the atonement as irrational, and claim that every sin has its punishment, from which there is no escape. They believe in seven heavens and seven heavens, shading insensibly into each other, and the difference between the highest hell and the lowest heaven is no more than between any two heavens or hells. They are very strict in honesty and temperance, except in the cities, where they have become somewhat demoralized by contact with European Christians.

Passing to Palestine, the speaker described Joppa, a Turkish seaport town, the streets narrow and dirty, but many of the dwellings very richly furnished, and surrounded by beautiful gardens. The plains of Sharon, over which they passed on their way to Jerusalem, were fertile, artificially irrigated, and reminded him of the plains of the Sacramento valley. Passing over the rough and comparatively barren hills, they came in sight of Jerusalem, and were filled with emotion in prospect of the place with its holy memories, till coming to Jaffa they stumbled upon some larger beer saloons, when their pety and poetry met with a sudden check—it seemed so like home. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, with each of four denominations worshipping apart within, and the Mosque of Mt. Moriah, with Jews intoning their prayers inside, and Jews waiting outside, were next described; and the tomb of Adam, where Mark Peavin shed such bitter tears, that for a brief moment, as the tomb of Absalom, at which every Jew that passes casts a contemptuous stone, accompanied by a curse. Then came the Mount of Olives and the Valley of Jehonon or Gethsemane, in plain English, hell, contrary to the Orthodox impressions of his early youth, he found oranges and figs growing there, and was satisfied that the literal hell was quite a nice place after all.

A similar change came over the spirit of his Sunday school dreams upon taking a bath in the Dead Sea—a handsome sheet of water, clear as a crystal, but of specific gravity so great that it was impossible to sink therein.

At Bethlehem he saw sheep and goats feeding on the house tops. At the convent there, he experienced great kindness from the monks, and blessed them for their care for the poor children. Amid varied superstitions he had received many kindnesses from men of all nationalities and all faiths; but he would say that foreigners—particularly Germans, Italians and Frenchmen—were much more courteous, obliging and warm-hearted to strangers than our American people."

Kansas.

WICHITA, SEDGWICK CO.—S. W. Richmond writes as follows: Hurrah for Wichita! The most progressive and liberal city of the Union! I stood upon the sidewalk and presented the Memorial to our Minister in England in favor of Dr. Slade to the citizens as they flocked around me, and procured the names of two hundred and twenty out of the two hundred and twenty-five to whom it was offered. Four professed Christians and one materialist refused to sign it. Not one-fourth of the names are professed Spiritualists, which fact shows the liberal spirit of our people, as a whole. Their eagerness to record their firm protest against the use of the criminal law to stifle free thought and investigation of any subject, however unpopular, is creditable to their manhood.

Our city is nearly seven years old and numbers about five thousand inhabitants. A large business is done at this point. We are blessed with a salubrious climate, good natural roads, and the best of agricultural lands. A large number of avowed Spiritualists reside here; but we are really in need of mediums. We will answer all questions and give all desirable information to mediums who propose coming West; also to all Spiritualists who wish to invest their money in very desirable property, such as town sites, or valuable mill property. Such should write me before investing elsewhere.

Minnesota.

FARMINGTON.—As I have now actively engaged in my missionary duties, I desire to hear from every society or friend in the State where it is possible to have a lecture, either in a church, hall, school house, kitchen or parlor. I have been called here to work, and I most earnestly call for work to do, whether it pays in dollars and cents or not. I illustrate and present spiritual truths scientifically, and with chemical experiments. I want to visit all the places in my way, and as many as possible out of my way. Address as above, Thomas Cook, State Missionary.

New Jersey.

BEVERLY.—F. H. Gregory writes us, speaking in terms of praise concerning the mediumship of Dr. W. L. Jack, of Haverhill, Mass., with whom it has been his privilege to enjoy an extended acquaintance. Inspirational speaking, impersonations, the giving of tests, also clairvoyance and the power of healing, are all, so says our correspondent, embraced in the doctor's development. Paraffine molds, the stigmata and independent writing, have also been obtained at times in his presence. Dr. Jack is now at his home in Haverhill.

Oregon.

ASTORIA.—David Ingalls writes, Jan. 7th: Dr. J. E. York was with us in December, and gave us eleven lectures on Spiritualism in his grand and fearless style, commanding good audiences to the last. His addresses awakened in the minds of many a desire for more light on this subject.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THANK GOD FOR ALL KIND HEARTS.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Thank God for all kind hearts and deeds, That blossom forth in winter time, That meet their fellow-men's large needs, And change to summer polar clime. And hands that gave with willing heart, Ne'er count your good as ever lost, For all is gain that ye impart, And free from every blight and frost. Let all the beauty of your love Come forth in life in spite of men, And never yet recipient prove, As giving not your love again. And let no breeze your feeling freeze, The soil is rich with seeds of flowers, And when you've crossed these summer seas, The shore will rise with rosy bowers. The greatest pleasure is to do good by stealth, and have it found out by accident.

Passed to Spirit-Life!

From West Newbury, Mass., Jan. 24th, 1877. H. F. Carr, aged 51 years 5 months.

Mr. Carr had long been troubled with the asthma, and had not been able to be in bed for twenty years, but was obliged to get what rest he could in his chair. For the last six weeks he has been confined to his room with what was called consumption of the blood. He was a firm believer in the Spiritualist's doctrine, and had no fear of change of life, and he desired to stay in this world of suffering, except for his family. He was a person of noble impulses, and possessed a generous and sympathetic heart. He had a large family of children, and he had a large circle of friends and neighbors, who also felt they have met with a great loss, and that a good neighbor and useful man has been taken away.

From the residence of his son-in-law, Charles Nownes, West Liberty, Iowa, on the 13th of January, 1877, Horace Clark.

Mr. Clark was an avist to his daughter, from his native State, Vermont. He was a man of kindly nature, honest and conscientious, a kind father, and an obliging neighbor. In his later years he was an interested reader of the Banner of Light, and books upon the Spiritual Philosophy, and he was much interested and liberalized by such reading. Although not a confirmed Spiritualist, he had no prejudices against the doctrine, and thought the Bible favored the views of Christian Spiritualism, and earnestly desired the faithful evidence of its truth that thousands so fully enjoy. We shall miss him, but we know our loss is his gain. We hope to hear from him occasionally, in his new home, and in the meantime to prepare ourselves by good works for a companionship with him in the Heavenly Kingdom. W. M. W.

From Berkeley, Cal., Mrs. Battle, only daughter of Mrs. Julia Carlton, and wife of W. L. Hamilton, Esq. Mrs. Hamilton, nee Carlton, will be remembered in love as a teacher in the Berkeley Normal School. She was a noble and highly gifted woman, a firm and faithful defender of Spiritualism. Mother and child were laid in one grave. Mrs. Hamilton's death was a great loss to her family. We trust our sister's earthly life is not ended. The world has need of her and like souls. PILENA A. PULIST.

From his late residence in Healdsburg, Cal., Dec. 9th, S. C. Burgess, aged 75 years. He was a firm and consistent Spiritualist, ever ready to advocate the cause with friends of foes, and took great pleasure in reading the Banner of Light. He leaves a wife and daughter to mourn his departure. Their loss is his gain. (Religio-Philosophical Journal please copy.)

(Editorial Notice not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When they exceed this number, twenty cents for each additional line is required. A line of equal type averages ten words.)

New Books.

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Ought Christians to Debate?

LECTURE DELIVERED BY W. F. JAMIESON, IN PARKER BROTHERS HALL, BOSTON, MASS., Sunday Afternoon, Oct. 11, 1874.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1877.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street (Lower Floor).

AGENTS FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 19 NASSAUST STREET, LONDON, E.C.

LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS pertaining to the BANNER OF LIGHT should be addressed to COLBY & RICH, 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE, BOSTON, MASS.

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It is a sad and melancholy fact, that in our country, as in many other countries, there is a general disposition to regard the supernatural as a mere fancy, and to regard the spiritual as a mere superstition.

President Mahan on Spiritualism.

A new edition of a work on Spiritualism, published some twenty years ago, from the pen of the Rev. Asa Mahan, D. D., President of Oberlin College, has recently appeared. His theory is akin to that of Sergeant Cox, who thinks that "psychic force" explains all the marvels.

When Dr. Mahan, many years ago, entered upon his investigations, it was with the avowed and distinct impression that all the phenomena were the exclusive result of trickery and imposture. "Soon," he says, "we were confronted with phenomena wholly incompatible with such a supposition. We met, for example, with evidences which we could not resist and maintain our integrity of the reality of physical manifestations, of a very startling and impressive character. We ourselves personally witnessed such facts as we could account for by no reference to conscious or unconscious muscular action.

And why necessitated? That one word shows that the good Doctor's mind was preoccupied with a theory—the theory, namely, that the phenomena could not be spiritual. He was "necessitated," therefore, to leave the truth right before his eyes, and go afar off in search of an explanation which would better suit the speculative understanding. But he is obliged, after all, to admit substantially what wholly neutralizes the theory that psychic or odyle force can account for all the phenomena. He claims to have established the following positions as probable:

"That the immediate cause of these manifestations is some force, by whatever name it is called, a force existing in the world around us; that this force is controlled in the production of these phenomena by some intelligent cause or causes; that the cause of a portion of these phenomena is the minds in the circles; that the controlling cause of the remaining phenomena is the minds in the circles or of disembodied spirits out of the same; that in the production of communications this force is controlled, consciously or unconsciously, by the mental states of the minds constituting these circles. Spiritualists, on the other hand, while admitting the existence and agency of this force, maintain that it is directed and affected by the mental states of disembodied spirits."

Here it will be seen that the difference between Dr. Mahan and Spiritualists generally is very slight indeed. Undoubtedly many phenomena are attributed to spirits which are the work of the psychic or odyle (spiritual) forces of the medium and the parties present. No experienced Spiritualist doubts this. Dr. Mahan admits that "disembodied spirits" may be the controlling cause of some of the phenomena, and in making that admission he, in fact, yields all that is essential. It merely becomes a question of which of the phenomena are from spirits in the flesh and which from spirits out of the flesh.

Dr. Mahan lays a good deal of unnecessary stress upon the fact that the spirits bring us no "new truths or principles." He says: "Whatever inexplicable facts may be connected with these manifestations, the total absence of any new truths or principles, and the undeniable presence in them of mere pre-existing human opinions only, render demonstrably evident their exclusively mundane origin. It is the height of folly to refer mere mundane facts to extramundane causes. A greater absurdity cannot be conceived of than to suppose that the great minds from the upper spheres have descended to earth, to retail as new and eternal verities old and hackneyed thoughts with which mankind have been familiar for ages."

All these objections have been so often answered by Spiritualists that it seems almost puerile to bestow much notice upon them again. What "new truth" in morals—could the highest seraph bring us, higher than that of love to God and to one's neighbor? What higher principle could he enforce than that which tells us that conformity to God's laws is the real salvation, and the violation of those laws the real perdition? Because humble, commonplace intelligences come to us from the spirit-world, and the higher sort are few and far between, this is to be taken

as a proof that the manifestations are not spiritual! Just the contrary is the fact. The propositions that hold in this world hold in the immediate next. The good and great are the very few there as well as here. The undeveloped and the depraved are the vast majority. Have we not repeatedly urged that the very lesson which God, through his ministering agents, would enforce upon us by these phenomena is, that the transition of death works no change of the interior affections and propensities; that condition follows character *spiritually* in the next world as it does *spiritually* here?

And yet the main stress in all the doctor's opposition to Spiritualism is laid upon facts which we freely admit, but which, unlike him, we cite as proofs that Spiritualism is in strict harmony with the laws of nature and of the human mind! Hear how he argues in favor of Spiritualism, while he imagines he is arguing against it:

"In the infidel and kindred circles, the spirits of Orthodox ministers appear, and with expressions of the deepest regard, abjure their earthly teachings and ministrations. In the few Orthodox circles—and we could multiply them by thousands and tens of thousands; yes, we could fill the world with spirit-voices if we chose—Infidels and Universalists of every grade, as from the world of despair, affirm every article of the Orthodox faith, and abjure their own earthly opinions, as being nothing else than 'the doctrines of devils.' Now what evidence can be conceived more conclusive of the truth of any proposition than is here presented of the exclusive mundane origin of these communications in the two undeniable facts before us, namely, that in these communications none but *mundane opinions* appear, and that the former vary as the latter do? No questions pertaining to this world, or the next, can be settled by any evidence whatever, if this question is not to be admitted as settled by the evidence before us."

There is much truth, mixed with much exaggeration, in all this. To the experienced Spiritualist the facts afford the strongest evidence that the phenomena are of preter-mundane origin. Because a spirit calls himself Wesley or Swedenborg, Channing or Thomas Paine, are we bound to believe him? "Try the spirits." Our reason must be left free; and the first lesson the man of common sense learns, in investigating these phenomena, is that he must not pin his faith to the *dictum* of a spirit any more than of a mortal. May not "mundane opinions" be spiritual preter-mundane opinions also?

The other objections brought by Dr. Mahan—not to the spiritual theory, for we have seen that he believes in that, but to the belief that many of the lower phenomena are of preter-mundane origin—are not of sufficient force or importance to require our notice here. He attempts to show that the same responses and the same evidence of spirit presence can be obtained from the spirits of individuals yet alive, but supposed to be dead, as from the spirits of persons actually dead. This, if true, would seem to show that we are spirits even *now*—just what we claim to be the fact. It is no argument whatever against the hypothesis of disembodied spirits. The spirit of a mortal may, for all that we know to the contrary, be disembodied for a time.

He also takes up the subject of visions and premonitions, and shows that they often proceed from the spiritual powers of the medium—all which we are swift to admit, and claim as showing that the spiritual theory is true.

We ought not to find any more fault with Dr. Mahan's book, for it is written with fairness and sincerity, though often from wrong premises, and will do much more to help than to harm the cause of Spiritualism.

The Complaining Churches.

The difficulty of raising money enough to defray current expenses is the great cause of complaint now among the churches. In almost every so-styled religious newspaper this trouble is freely ventilated. Perhaps the idea is to excite popular sympathy from the "wicked world," when the effect more often is a very different one. But the moaning over the situation is really getting to be pitiful. Only a short time ago the churches were insisting in their most positive tones that all ecclesiastical property should be exempt from its share of taxation; in other words, that the body of tax-paying people ought to shoulder their load besides their own. Now they are complaining because that same tax-ridden people do not pile up the greenbacks and larger silver coins on the parish plates when they are passed, but content themselves either with a few soiled dimes and nickels, or else a negative shake of the head.

The recent sale of pews in Beecher's church lets out the secret of the situation with sufficient clearness. So do the raps by our Boston ministers at those persons who are called "dead-head" church-goers, strolling from one place to another with a view of hearing the best singing and preaching without paying for it. It is to be observed that in every instance the ministers vigilantly keep the *paying* idea before their view, making that the pivot of all the rest of their operations. The management of churches has become more than it ever was before, a mercenary operation. The stereotyped inquiry—"Will it pay?"—is the primary one raised in connection with all church enterprises. It is with one eye solely to this question that operative choirs perform and dramatic preachers are set up in the pulpits. And now, after the experience of between three and four years' commercial distress, it is being discovered and confessed that the churches are having as hard a time as everybody else. And why should n't they? If they have embarked in the business as a speculation, they ought not to be surprised if, as in the case of all other speculations, the times are against them.

The fashionable churches, which necessarily include those which carry high and heavy mortgages, are suffering more severely from the hard times than any other. The further the distance from the ground of spirituality, the more complicated are the pecuniary troubles. In New York this state of things is extremely conspicuous, though in Boston more than one minister has given notice of *quit* on account of the difficulty of carrying heavy church mortgages. Our Back Bay churches are all of them more or less embarrassed with debt and burdensome current expenses. But in New York it is much more apparent. "Though the rents of pews," says one of the journals of that city, "are already large, in certain cases the pew-holders have been assessed an additional sum to help along the embarrassed churches." And it adds its opinion, that these pew-renters are neither able nor disposed to bear any such burdens, and they are throwing up their pews in consequence.

But the drought that has set in among the churches is a spiritual as well as a pecuniary one; in fact, the former has a good deal to do with the latter. Apathy is reported to prevail in all the denominations, in spite of the efforts of

the ministers and the "religious" weeklies to create an opposite impression. In New York, the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches are conceded to be uninfluenced by the situation, because of their being powerfully entrenched peculiarly, and not relying, as the Roman Catholics do not, on the intermittent excitement of revivals. But the Baptist and Methodist churches are set down as being far from prosperous. The time for revivals is the winter, and we are in for a three months' campaign here in Boston, under the Moody ministrations. It is chiefly from what are distinctively known as the evangelical denominations that the Moody work expects to draw its vital sustenance. But the real value and permanency of the Moody and Sankey service for the churches is yet to be proven. They may be welcomed as allies, but it looks as if, in order to be benefited, the churches had got to come out doors to them altogether, and from that day ecclesiasticism is in a state of flux and uncertainty that is equivalent to the laying down of its sceptre.

"Save Old South."

This caption was the heading to Petticoat Bishop's card, the person who was brought to Boston to save the Old South by exposing (?) Spiritualism. Have the days of Cotton Mather come again, that any of our people should resort to such questionable shifts as the Bishop fiasco, to preserve an old building on account of its historical celebrity? The Old South Church corporation is very wealthy, we understand, their real estate on Washington street alone extending from Milk street to Water street. Has this corporation any *soul*? If it has, four millions of such souls could dance on the top of a mustard seed, and then have room to spare! How long is this "exhibition"—of our shame!—(to collect money enough to pay in full for the revolutionary relief)—to last? The following is but one of many specimens of the expediency-method resorted to to "Preserve the Old South." "Among the interesting relics," says a contemporary, "is a pair of scissors, loaned by the town of Concord! To make the scissors 'draw,' (as theatre men express it,) the following bit of history is published in the daily press: 'A young English staff officer was frequently sent to Concord to the house of Col. James Barrett, on business connected with the commissary department, and while waiting for a reply would amuse himself by talking loyalty with James Barrett's oldest daughter, Millicent, to hear her rebel replies. He asked her what they would do if it should become necessary for the Colonies to resist, as there was not a person that even knew how to make cartridges. She replied they would use their powder horns and bullets, just as they shot bears. 'That,' said the young man, 'would be too barbarous. Give me a piece of pine and I will show you how.' After whittling the stick to the proper form, he took these scissors and cut the paper for the pattern cartridge. The sequel shows how apt a scholar she was, for all the cartridges were made under her superintendence by the women of Concord, her only male assistant being her younger brother, the late Maj. James Barrett, who drew the last load of cartridges from the house after the British came in sight of the 19th of April, 1775.'

A Prayer for Moody.

Brother Moody is praying for the poor, deluded Spiritualists. We ought to return the compliment. Some such form as this (not to say it irreverently) might be appropriate: "And oh, Spirit of Truth, visit, we beseech thee, the mind of Brother Moody, and give him of thy light. He tells us that the God of the universe keeps a hell prison-house, where all human beings who do not hold certain speculative beliefs, such as Brother Moody and his sect approve, are to be kept in eternal torment. God forgive the man for uttering such fearful blasphemies against the Just One and the Benignant! God lead him out of such medieval superstitions into the light of science and a rational faith. We are finite and weak, oh, Lord, but all that is within us, all that can find utterance in reason and love and the sense of justice, protests against the horrible blasphemy which would make the Eternal One punish any one of his creatures for inability to violate the laws of reason by believing what to him is incredible. Save this man, oh, Lord, from the remorse which he must some day feel for spreading such false and mischievous views of the Divine character among the unthinking many."

The Vermont Medical Law.

This "gag-law" upon all systems of medical practice save the regular (?) method was pressed upon the legislative Solons at Montpelier with the most unseemly haste, and found its way upon the statute book of the Green Mountain State with a rapidity which fully justifies the apothegm, "The evil cannot brook delay—the good can well afford to wait." Before the Liberals in that locality were aware of it the whole business was settled by its partisans, who feared nothing so much as to be surprised at their work by some keen questioner in the interests of justice. But by reference to our second page it will be seen that the Spiritualists, at least, of that Commonwealth are moving in the matter, and that a committee was appointed at their late Convention to draft and circulate petitions praying for the repeal, at the next General Assembly, of this unjust and tyrannical measure, looking toward the circumscription of the right of any citizen of that State to seek for health through whatever channel of remedial advice he might choose. We trust the liberal element in Vermont will work actively in the time specified toward the removal of this stain from the escutcheon of their State.

The Memorial to the American Minister.

In England, which we printed in our issue of Jan. 13th, asking his favorable action in behalf of Dr. Slade, as a citizen of the United States unjustly held under legal surveillance in a foreign land, was circulated by the friends to as great a degree as the short time they had to work in would allow, and as a result we are pleased to announce that we were enabled, through their combined lists forwarded to our office, to send the document to London on Feb. 1st, with two thousand seven hundred and sixty signatures thereunto attached.

William Lawrence, of London, whose arrest and its concomitants have been classed in press vernacular as "the East End Spiritualist in House of Correction. The Judge refused his appeal; so that by this time he is probably serving out the term.

Zenas T. Haines, of the editorial staff of the Boston Herald, is now at Manatee, Florida. We are happy to announce that his health is beginning to improve.

Verifications of Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free-Circle Meetings, through the Mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT: I saw in your issue of Dec. 23rd a communication from George Hill, and I thought I would write and verify the message as true in every particular. I feel free to tell more of the particulars than he did, for the family spoken of are not of the weak-kneed sort, but mostly staunch Spiritualists. George Hill lived in Russell St., Lawrence Co., N. Y. The lady he speaks of is well known there. It is true she lost a little boy by drowning. She is now the Matron of a deaf and dumb institution in Rome, N. Y. Her father lives in Russell, N. Y., and he told me while on a recent visit there that it was the best she had ever received in that way. Such tests are not without their effect in the minds of thinking people. Yours, &c., E. W. SMITH. St. Johns, P. Q., Jan. 14th, 1877.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT: In the Banner for Jan. 6th is a communication purporting to come from Cephas Parsons. I was intimately acquainted with him, being a neighbor for about thirty years. I remember his little boy who was killed by death by a horse. I have often heard him speak of the perfect union with him and his first wife, and he believed that she would be his eternal companion in the life beyond the grave. I knew that he would use articles of food which his better judgment forbade. In short, the whole communication is very much like him in all its particulars. He visited me after he left Northampton, Mass. He died about eight years since, in Dover, Delaware, of a serofulous complaint. I was also well acquainted with Mrs. Cynthia Dodge, who died in Rochester, Minn. Her maiden name was Cynthia Nettleton. She left Montague some thirty-five years ago. J. D. HULLTIG. Vineland, N. J.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT: I was much interested in reading last night the communication from Cephas Parsons, formerly from Northampton, Mass. My sister, who is now with us, was a resident of Northampton for thirty years or more, and was conversant with some of the facts mentioned. She was living not far from him at the time his little boy was killed by the kick of a horse; it was at noon, and while her family were at the dinner-table. She also is conversant with the fact of his marrying a second time, and afterwards moving South. Yours truly, JOSEPH BEALS. Greenfield, Mass., Jan. 7th, 1877.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT: It was with no little interest that I read in the Banner of the 6th inst. a communication from Cephas Parsons. We were members of the same church for many years. And after we became believers in the Spiritual Philosophy we often sat in the same circle to commune with the loved ones who had passed over. No one who knew Bro. Parsons as I did could doubt the message as coming from him. Every point is truthful as it relates to him as an individual. He had long been a leading spirit of a rich and popular church, and when he embraced the Harmonical Philosophy, out of pure love of truth, it was tearing asunder many tender ties of past memories. And many were not broken, after all, while he remained in the form. ESTHER A. LOOMIS. Vineland, N. J., Jan. 16th, 1877.

NATHANIEL NEWCOMB—MRS. HODGES. TO THE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT: You have repeatedly requested that persons recognizing the communications of people with whom they had any acquaintance would notify you of the fact, and in pursuance of that request I would say that in the last issue of your paper you published a message purporting to be from Nathaniel Newcomb, of Norton. The communication referred to is peculiarly characteristic of Mr. Newcomb when with us. I have known him for over thirty years. He was a plain, blunt man; did not believe in any of the so-called religious teachings; was a man of large wealth, and always prided himself in his ability and desire to pay his bills. He has some friends in Milford, who though not Spiritualists acknowledge the communication to be perfectly characteristic of the man.

There is also a communication from Mrs. Hodges in the same issue of your paper. I boarded in this lady's family in Bridgewater in 1838. She was a refined and thoughtful lady, and a constant attendant at the Unitarian church in that town, and I think a member. I recognize her communication as one she would be likely to make on such subjects. I write this believing it to be the duty in these days of trial to our mediums for all who can to say what they may to encourage them when they are subject to every kind of attack from those who should be friends of as well as those who are opposed to their work. I am fraternally yours, GEO. B. BLAKE. Milford, Mass., Jan. 17th, 1877.

REV. JOHN JAMES ROBINSON. TO THE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT: On the 20th of October, 1876, I attended one of the regular Banner Circles, and a message was received from the Rev. John James Robinson, formerly vicar of Mowcop. On the following day, I visited the Boston Public Library, and there ascertained that Mowcop was a place containing a population of about 2500, in Staffordshire, England. Upon consulting a list of the clergy of the Established Church, I found that Mr. Robinson became vicar of the parish in 1844. From the same volume I learned that the Rev. I. T. Jeffcock was vicar of the neighboring parish of Stoke-on-Trent. Without disclosing the source of my information, I wrote to Mr. Jeffcock that a rumor of Mr. Robinson's death had reached America, and inquired whether the report was true or without foundation. The following answer was received on the 18th of December last: "DEAR SIR: Mr. Robinson died at Mowcop about last June, and was buried in Holywell Cemetery, Oxford. He had a slight stroke before Easter, but had apparently recovered. He died at last, I think, of bronchitis. I am, Sir, very truly, I. T. JEFFCOCK. Stoke-on-Trent, Dec. 18th, 1876."

The parish of Mowcop is within the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Bishop of Lichfield, and a similar note of inquiry elicited the following reply from the secretary of that prelate: "DEAR SIR: The Rev. J. Robinson died on the 4th of June last. He had been ill for some time, I believe, from threatening of paralysis, but I do not know the particulars of his last illness. I only know that he was greatly respected by his parishioners, and I believe most deservedly so. Yours faithfully, FRED. THATCHER. The Palace, Lichfield, Dec. 25th 1876."

While Mrs. Rudd was delivering the message, I noticed that she pronounced the first syllable of the word "vicar" with the long sound of i, as in pine. This pronunciation was new to me, but I have since found it in dictionaries published in England. If Mrs. Rudd has never visited our mother country, which I understand is the fact, this circumstance may perhaps be considered an additional test. Yours, in search of truth, A. B. WEYMOUTH. Medford, Mass., Jan. 17th, 1877. [The reader will find the message of Mr. Robinson on the 6th page of the present issue.—Ed. B. O. L.] WILLIAM BRADBURY. Mr. George E. Ridler, of Chelsea, Mass., informs us that he recognizes the message of William Bradbury (printed in the Banner of Jan. 13th), and pronounces it correct as far as it goes; adding that Mr. B. was a member of Winnisimmet Lodge, I. O. O. F., (which Society went to Newton Centre and united with Waban Lodge, on the occasion of his funeral ceremonies, in July, 1874); also that he was engaged in the flour business in Boston, and formerly lived in Chelsea.

Readings and Discussions on Spiritual Science, New Era Hall, 170 Tremont Street.

The fourth regular meeting under management of Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, was attended last Sunday evening by an appreciative audience, who listened with interest to the selected readings from "Art Magic" by this lady, and to her exposition, which followed the reading; and also to the brief but pertinent addresses of Messrs. Wetherbee, Williams, Lee, Rhoades, Campbell and Bacon. On Sunday evening, Feb. 11th, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten will give the fifth of her readings from "Art Magic," on which occasion, and by desire of the numerous strangers in attendance at last Sunday's meeting, Mrs. Britten will give a lecture on a resumé of the previous readings, including "Sex, Solar and Serpent Worship." Questions and ten minute speeches by the audience. Chairman, John Wetherbee, Esq. Vocalist, Mrs. Clapp, the popular and accomplished soprano singer. The services will commence at 7:30 P. M.

Medical Bigotry in Nebraska.

The desire to "regulate the practice of medicine" by law has cropped out in Nebraska, a bill having just been presented in the Legislature of that State by one Neville, which provides for the usual fine or imprisonment of all persons who, attempting to practice the healing art within its boundaries, are found to be wanting "the degree of doctor of medicine" endorsed by a "diploma from a chartered college." "Regular practicing physicians" may, however, give certificates to their pupils. A. C. Tyrrel, of Madison, Neb., referring to this proposed measure, shows up its animus as follows: "A magnetic healer at Crete, near the capital, has been performing wonderful cures, hence the bill. Isn't it time Spiritualists were up and doing?"

An Anecdote for Brother Moody.

At one of our theatres the other day there was a quarrel between a carpenter and a scene-shifter about religion. One was a Jew, whom the other, a Christian, abused as belonging to a bloodthirsty race. "Why am I bloodthirsty?" replied the Jew; "when my forefathers conquered Palestine they killed their enemies, the Philistines; and so do your people kill each other when they get into a fight. We are no more bloodthirsty than you." "That is not what I hate your people for," said the Christian; "but they killed my God, they did." "Did they?" retorted the Jew; "then you may kill mine—if you can catch him."

A Good Spiritual Epitaph.

The following capital epitaph, which may be found in one of our New England graveyards, though written a century ago, must have been from the pen of some good Spiritualist. The subject of the verses was one Solomon Pease: "Under this sod, And under these trees, Lieth the body of Solomon Pease; He is not in this hole, But only in this hole; He shelled out his soul, And went up to God."

The Slade Defence-Fund.

The following epistle, forwarded to us by Mr. Wylde in behalf of the Slade Committee, tells its own story: MESSRS. COLBY & RICH: Gentlemen—I beg, with many thanks, to acknowledge the receipt of your second remittance, viz., £100 9s. 6d. (one hundred and six pence nine shillings and sixpence) in aid of the legal defence of Henry Slade. Yours very truly, GEO. WYLD. 12 Great Cumberland Place, Lyde Park, London, Jan. 17th, 1877.

Parker Fraternity Hall.

Boston readers will please remember that Mrs. Scattergood, the trance speaker from England, will give her second lecture at this place next Sunday afternoon, in the course conducted by Robert Cooper.

The Memorial of the British National Association of Spiritualists, in the matter of Henry Slade, to the Right Honorable R. A. Cross, Secretary of State for the Home Department, received an answer to the effect that the proceedings in this case before the Magistrates were not initiated or conducted under any order or direction of the Secretary of State, neither did the Solicitor of the Treasury in any way interfere in the case in its progress through the Court below; but that it was the practice in cases of appeal against the decisions of the Metropolitan Police Magistrates, for the Solicitor of the Treasury to act on behalf of the respondents, who would otherwise be unrepresented before the Court of Appeal, and he could see no reason for altering such practice. One forwarded to the Queen received the following curt reply: "Buckingham Palace, Jan. 14th, 1877. Lieut.-General Sir T. M. Biddulph is directed to acknowledge Miss Kinslingbury's letter to the Queen, with printed papers, and a memorial to the Secretary of State relating to an appeal coming on before a court of law. Her Majesty never interferes in any way with legal proceedings of the courts of justice."

A correspondent writing us from Cortland, N. Y., encloses a poster commencing after this fashion: "Spiritual Manifestations: Henry Cummings Fay, the eminent physical medium, former companion Brothers Davenport, respectfully announces to the citizens of this city that he will give one of his wonderful parlor séances, etc., etc., and expresses his belief that this 'H. C. Fay' is none other than H. Melville Fay, with whose claim to have been a traveling companion of the Davenport Boys our readers have been made familiar in past years. It is a strange thing to notice the tergiversations resorted to by parties of this ilk in their efforts to gain a livelihood by their wits at the expense of the holy cause of truth. We have often cautioned the public concerning this 'eminent' Mr. Fay, and hope our readers will now keep a watchful eye upon the delusive efforts of this his evident 'double.'"

INVESTIGATOR HALL.—The lecture by Julia E. Wright on "Pestilent Superstition," in reply to Dr. Bellows, was very ably presented on Sunday morning, Feb. 4th, and was discussed by an intelligent, critical audience. By a unanimous vote of the people present, this lady was invited to occupy the platform again. Read the advertisement on our fifth page wherein the new pamphlet by Prof. S. B. Brittan, M. D., on "Rational Spiritualism," etc., etc., is recommended to the public attention. Mrs. Eliza H. Blanchard, of Readville, Mass., an old and valued correspondent of the Banner of Light, passed on from the scenes of earthly experiences on Tuesday, Jan. 30th.

Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public... through the mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd.

The Banner of Light Free-Circle Meetings... held at No. 211 Broadway, New York, on Saturday, Feb. 3, 1877.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

Invocation.

Our Father, there is sunlight and shadow in the material world to-day, and we come from our spirit-homes with strong hands and warm hearts to take hold of the children of earth and bid them come up to a brighter and higher plane of existence.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Are there any questions to-day, Mr. Chairman?

Q.—If wise and benevolent spirits know that negative minds are subject to the control of selfish spirits, and through that law the innocent continually suffer for the guilty, why do they not develop mediums to educate that class of spirits?

A.—We would be very glad to bring mediums forth and develop them for the education of that class of spirits in the body. Would that those who to-day profess to know something of spiritualism, and to understand its teachings, really understood what it is to be a medium, and stand with uncovered head before the spirit-world, ready to be acted upon by the innumerable hosts of spirits that live in the summer-land.

Q.—If you were standing on the corner of a street, and should see a man reeling along with unsteady steps, you might say, "That man is drunk." But if you had clairvoyantly read his condition, from conception up, you would have found that, step by step, link by link, a habit had been formed, first by inheritance, and then by association, and he was really a creature of circumstances.

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just like these—[a bunch of roses on the table.] I've seen 'em fade, the leaves fall off, one by one, wither and grow old, and yet there was a sweet fragrance to them even then, and I said to myself, notwithstanding all these years of mine, notwithstanding that the leaves of my life are being withered, and that they are dropping off, and that I have seen one after another of my beloved ones drop and go down to the grave, yet it must be that we live hereafter. And when the last struggle was over, and I left him whom I loved and cared for in the days of my youth, and came here to the spirit-life, I had a desire to return when I realized that I could return; that there was no such thing as death; that all life was immortal, no matter whether it was vegetable, animal, mineral or human life, it was immortal, and I said, "Where shall I turn? where shall I go?" And really, I had no distinct idea, until one of my dear friends and neighbors showed me the way, and said, "Come, I will go with you where there is a universal post-office, where we can send messages to earth." Then I said, "I will go, and I will tell 'em I still live, and that I am not dead." Nancy L. Mattoon, Greenup, Ill. I don't know that they will care for what I say, but I wanted to say it, and I have done so.

John James Robinson. Truly the Lord is good; we hear his voice as he speaks to us in thunder tones. Truly, we feel his presence when the bright sun rises in the morning, and sheds its light on all the world around. Truly, if we would be pure in heart we must seek the Lord God of Hosts; we must bow before his presence, and we must feel his great and mighty power. I came into the spirit-world but a short time ago, and I have felt a desire to return and make known my presence to my people, and to the friends I have left behind me; not that I have left them, but rather that I am more to them to-day than I ever could have been before. I endeavored while here to teach my people all that I knew, all that I felt, and all that I could get from the inspiration of the great Father of all; and I fear not, but trust that in the coming future I shall receive whatever reward seems best to the great Father to give me. But since I have been here in spirit life, I have felt a strong desire to visit earth to speak to the children of men, and to tell them something of the beautiful land where I now dwell. I never supposed for one moment that I should ever find a home as beautiful and pleasant as the one I left on earth. But my expectations of the future have been very much changed, for I find that your earth is simply an imitation of ours; we have the same landscape, you have; we have forests, rivers, lakes, and all the beauties of nature which you enjoy. And I felt that if I reported at this distant place my friends could have no hesitation in recognizing me, consequently I have come here to-day, Mr. Chairman, not on the ocean telegraph, but on the spiritual railway. I have crossed old ocean, and I am to-day in your Circle Room, and I beg leave to address my people and my friends, and to give my name, John James Robinson, of Moscow, Virginia. I came across the water from the English shore.

Minnie Armstrong. I don't want to talk. I wanted to come here and look around. [Can't you tell us who you are?] Lor! that's the first thing they allers ask me. I am I am. I've heard that ever since I can remember. If I went anywhere, if I looked anywhere, it was, "Who are you?" Well, I just as lives tell my name as not. I aint ashamed on it. I never did much that I was ashamed on; guess I never had much to be ashamed on. They called me Old Aunt Minnie Armstrong. I've been gone a good while, and do not know as they'll remember me down there in Richmond; maybe they will. I used to work round among 'em. I aint black; I'm white. Yes, you can call me "poor white trash" if you want to. I do not care nothin' about that; I'm poor enough. I never meant to say a word when I come here. I don't know how I got here, but I've come, and as I was looking round here I guess I looked too hard, and the first thing I knowed I spoke right out in meetin', and here I am, sir, and if you want to do what a good man has done afore, you can open the door and tell me to clear out. I've been gone a good while. I went out when the fighting was well, I'm glad I come, I guess. It's the first kind and pleasant word I've heered. I know you're laughing at me, but I don't keer. You've got my name, have n't you? [To the reporter.] [Yes, they never'll know if you write it that way [phonographically].] [I'll make that all right.] I'm going, now. [Call again, sometime.] Thank you, sir, I'm obliged to you. Do you mean it? [You will always find a welcome here.] I'm really obliged to you. You're a real gentleman. I won't trouble you no more.

William Tarbox. It's hard to get away from anybody's self, and that's what I've been trying to do for the last year; but I can't, for everywhere I turn there's a looking-glass; and now I've come here to-day, and there's a half dozen here. The harder I try to get away from 'em the plainer they are. I'm tired and sick of 'em, and yet there's an old gentleman here, [pointing to Mr. Parker's portrait] he said if I'd come here I'd get away from 'em. Well, now, the first thing when I got here and sat down in this chair, there was a looking-glass in front of me, and it doesn't read well for me. I reads naughty things; it tells me that I have n't lived the life I ought to; it tells me I didn't do as well as I might have done, and I don't like that.

Now I've come to send a word to my son William, to ask him if he won't do better than he is doing. Tell him I know he inherits it, and that can't be helped. Never mind if he does. I want him to try with all his might and power to stop there—to hold on—to stand still where he is, and not go any further. I, his father, will help him, and Phebe, his mother, will help him too. My name is William Tarbox. Count me from Illinois. That's enough. He'll get it, I'm sure.

Major Daniel Scully. This, I understand, sir, is the general post-office, is it not? [It is, for you spirits.] Then we have the advantage of mortals. I know I am a spirit, or I never should have got here. I come here to-day a stranger, feeling my inability to control satisfactorily to myself, for I know but little how it is done. In fact, I am only here a few weeks, and I am learning so much and I see such a vast amount to learn, that I feel like saying, I don't know anything. I recollect in the days of my childhood an old school-teacher, who once told me that when a boy began to feel he knew nothing at all, then he came into a passive condition, and he was able to teach him something. Now, because I feel this way to-day, I trust I am going to learn something. If I do, it will afford me a great deal of pleasure. That this philosophy is true, I have demonstrated; that it is a grand philosophy I feel in every part of my nature, and I know that I shall enjoy communion with earth if I can bring the matter about.

I was born in London, Eng., about the year 1820, in the month of August. I have resided in New Orleans about thirty-five years. I have oftentimes heard of this thing, and had considerable curiosity about it, with but very little knowledge; yet I am free to say that I consider it the greatest privilege of my life that I can demonstrate fully that I, Major Daniel Scully, still live; and if there is anybody that would be glad to hear from me I trust they will put me in a way or show me how I can put them in a way whereby I can communicate with them. I am anxious to take hold of some of the old friends again. I really want to greet them.

John Paine. Well, sir, I'm not Tom Paine. I don't mean to say I have n't had a great many pains in my life. I think I had. I think I was rightly named John. I don't know the meaning of the word John, but I think it means to suffer. I think it means to be misrepresented and misunderstood. I don't know, but I believe it's so.

Now, I come here to-day to right a wrong.

Do you believe in that? I don't s'pose you do. I do n't s'pose you think there's anything wrong. I do n't. I know "whatever is, is right." At the same time I have had a curious experience in my life. I have been taken, as the boy said, unawares, and I have had influences poured upon me when I was too weak to resist, and they upset me; I would have upset them if I had understood the thing; but I didn't, consequently they had things all their own way. I know, and they know, what my mind was in regard to my affairs. I don't know as I can right the thing by coming here, but it does seem, if I come among strangers, where nobody knows me, and where the individual I now control has no more idea of me than she has of the "man in the moon," that they ought to believe it was me. I don't know as they will. I doubt very much whether they will. They'll say there's some chicanery at work, some spiritual unfolding at work that they don't understand, consequently they won't believe it; but nevertheless I am here, and am going to have my say. Now I say to my wife: "Go ahead; don't you father, don't you flinch. If I had had had the wits I've got now, I should n't have executed the document I did." I say to Edward: "Go ahead; help your mother all you can, and you'll work with you, and do everything I can for you." Now, Mr. Chairman, I am as anxious as can be to get my message put into the Banner right away. I want my folks to understand that I am away—doing everything I can to knock over what occurred when I did n't know what I was about, when I was half in and half out of the body. If they will go ahead, I will help them. I came from Leicester, Vt. I guess my folks'll know I am round. You'll send the message? That's all I've got to ask, but let it go in first thing. My wife, she's kind of anxious, you know. She wants to hear from me, and she'll know I've come if you let her see my message. She knows there's nobody else like me in God's world. I'm glad of it. I can't help being natural if I try.

Andrew Boland. I am a small boy, sir. I would like the privilege of coming, if you have n't any objection. My name is Andrew Boland. I want to say to my sister Katie that I have never left her. I have always helped her all I could. I tugged all I knew how, just as she used to tote me when I was a child. We used to live way down in Kentucky, on the Licking River, and she used to help me all she could. She has had a great many cares and a great many troubles, and she's grown up to be a big woman, now, and I don't suppose she ever thinks her brother Andrew comes to her; but he does, and I want to help her all I can. I want to say that I've brought a beautiful wreath of water lilies—she knows she used to like to go boating. When will my letter be printed, sir? Can't it come out right off? I wish it could. My sister don't live a great way from here, and there's a lady that will give it to her. You can direct it to Katie. She lives pretty near here, in the Charlestown District. I do n't know her number.

Simoon Flint. It has been asked if Simoon Flint, of Salem, Mass., could return to the Banner of Light. I wish to say that he can—he does—and he would be very glad to shake hands with any friend who may be disposed to take him by the hand. Yes, I know all, I understand all, I realize all; still, I try to be happy. I come here to-day, not of my own accord, but drawn by those friends who wish to hear from me.

Nehemiah Leonard. I have felt for some weeks as if I would like to pay a visit to this Banner of Light office. I well remember when I was young, that the old ideas about the Creation were quite interesting to me, but were mysterious. I know more now than I did then. I know more before I passed away, for the great light of Spiritualism was open to my view, and I basked in the sunny influence of spirit communion; and I knew that I should live again, and I should be able to talk. I had many positions, in this life, of trust, and I tried to do all I could for the benefit of others. And since I have come here to spirit-life I find a new field to work in, and a nice home; and every doubt that I ever had as to whether I should live on through demity has been dispelled, and I feel joyful and happy. I have longed to get back, and to say to some of my old friends that I am here. I think it will be three years next May since I was born again, from the town of Shrewsbury, Mass. My name is Nehemiah Leonard. I was over eighty years old. For the last few years I never ceased to believe that the angels were with me. It was not only a great source of comfort to me, but it was a guiding star, and I believe it can be to everybody. I want my friends to remember this, that it is a fact, that it is a truth. It is a religion worth living, as well as talking about. You cannot live pure lives and be true Spiritualists. I want my friends remaining here on earth to remember this.

Alfred Adams. I do n't know just what to do, sir. Do I write the letter? [No; say what you wish to, and the reporter will write it down for you.] I want my letter directed to Lexington, Mass. My name is Alfred Adams. I went out of the house, that is, they carried my body out of the house, last August. I didn't go away; I stayed round. I'm very anxious to have them talk to me, but they don't seem to hear me. Somebody, I don't know who it is, a gentleman that used to live in Lexington, came and said, "there was a place down here where you'd hear me." When I first came I talked loud, but you didn't hear me till I put my hand on the lady's [the medium's] head, then I could hear my voice, and I know you hear me. You will please give my love to the folks, and tell them I am very anxious to talk with them. Father's a doctor—Dr. A. B. Adams; mother's name is Susan. I was thirteen years old. I died last August.

William H. Guest. Mr. Chairman, I am happy to meet you here to-day. I am happy to meet these friends, although they are strangers to me. I have only been gone a few days. I hardly know what day of the month it is, but I know 't was about the 16th of October that I passed out of the mortal form. My name was William H. Guest. I presume you may think I am a strange sort of a guest, but I know that I am no ghost. Why? I feel as though I had the same body that I possessed in earth-life, it seems to me, and yet I know that old body is buried. I've got hands and arms, a brain, head and body; and yet, as I stand here to-day and look at myself, it seems to me I am clothed about with the garb of a woman. I cannot understand that fully. I don't know why that is, but I'll try and feel as easy as possible while I tell my friends that my mission will still hold good. I am told by those in spirit-life, whom I knew well in earth-life, and by a dear old friend who assisted me many times, that I can still perform my mission. I was much interested in orphans, and I tried to do all I could for them. I was a superintendent of an Orphan Asylum; and I find many orphans up here, as well as in the material world, strange as it may seem. And yet the people of earth are not contented with sending out into the mortal world, out-they are sending them into the spirit-world to be cared for by benevolent spirits there. I have gathered about me to-day many little ones, with cheerful, bright faces; but, tell my friends, that even in the few days I have been gone, I have learned wherein I could, were I to live in the form again, change materially the plan of our old home, and make it pleasanter. I have learned much, and I didn't know where to go that I might communicate, until a friendly hand pointed me here. I find here one who is interested in all the good works of life. I am glad to meet him, glad to take his hand, and I am glad that he has an interest in this affair. I went out from Oshkosh, Wis.; my age, about sixty-eight.

I am not infirm. I am an old man, but I feel almost young to-day. Perhaps the few days I have been gone have strengthened me. I know I still live, and that I can still be useful.

I thank you, Mr. Chairman, for the privilege I have enjoyed. I trust my message will reach some parties, so they may know I am still around, and hope they will be careful of the little ones, and give them more privileges than ever.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

During the last twenty years hundreds of spirits have conversed with their friends on earth through the mediumship of Mrs. Danskin, while she was in the entranced condition—totally unconscious.

Mrs. Danskin's Mediumistic Experiences. (Part Fifty-six.) BY WASH. A. DANSKIN.

Clairvoyance and clairaudience, when sustained by respectable testimony, should, I think, command the attention of the scientist, not only because of their phenomenal character, but because they open up a new and more interesting field of research than the merely material world can offer.

The scientist gathers facts, classifies them, and studies their true relation to each other and surrounding facts. In doing this he does not rely solely upon himself, but uses the knowledge obtained by those who have preceded him. Now what a grand opportunity is offered, through the employment of these two quickened senses, for some man of eminence in the schools to make for himself a world-wide fame, and confer a boon upon his race that would make all the great discoveries of the past seem insignificant in comparison.

The facts of clairvoyance and clairaudience are as real and unmistakable as any other facts of our experience. Some twelve years ago, as Mrs. Danskin and myself were sitting, after dinner, in social converse, she said, "What can this mean? I see before me a number of small, very minute black pills, not larger than a pin's head. Why are they thus presented to my sight?" She then added, "Dr. Rush says, 'You will find them all ready prepared at a drug store not far distant. Get them at once, as there will be immediate use for them.' I made application at the store named, describing the pills, and the druggist exclaimed, 'How did you know we had them?' They are compounded from a *primo de caps*, and known only to the person for whom we make them, and to ourselves. He does not live in the city, and I cannot imagine how you learned of our having them."

I told him frankly how they had been brought to my knowledge, and he said, under such circumstances, he would let me have them. I had scarcely reached home before Mrs. Danskin was sent for by a lady who was suffering extreme pain. Two or three pills, administered at intervals of twenty minutes, relieved her, and soon she was in a quiet slumber.

Dr. Rush afterward informed me that he would have preferred to have magnetized the different constituents separately, but the case was urgent and time not sufficient, so he procured them already prepared. Here was not only practical but beneficent evidence that sight and hearing existed, with one person at least, independently of the external organs. And if with one, cannot they be cultivated in all?

Nelson Burneston.

My name is Nelson Burneston. I died at Rocky Point, Baltimore County. I was the son of the late William and Maria Burneston. Why I came here I cannot tell, unless it be to say a word to those who scattered flowers around my grave, to let them know that I live and have power to see that, with them, memory holds me dear. If any one could view the standard of this interior life, there would be no mourning or grief for those who are called dead; for the dead arise, with powers unfolded, to the mansions in the sky, where angels dwell. If I was asked the question, "Would you return and be made manifest in the flesh again?" my answer would be, "No, I am a traveler now in that land where beauty lies, where grandeur and sublimity are, where the dazzling beauty of the orbs that float above me is beyond the power of language to describe."

I feel gifted with power beyond myself to tell mortals not to fear the change called death; for in it we are revived in thought, spiritualized in feeling, educated in faculty and unfolded in capacity to appreciate the grandeur and the glories which the overruling Soul has spread before his children. My kingdom is not of earth, but of heaven, where the blessed are; where the white-robed angels throng to meet and welcome you to the shores where time is no more known.

Seeing others gathering here, I thought I would try if I could transmit thought to those I've left behind. I've told my story, feeling confident that some who read will recognize the speaker, who know that it is I, Nelson Burneston.

Philip Verplanck.

It is as it should be, for it cannot be any other way. My name is Philip Verplanck, and the sequel of this is, I died at Boulder, Colorado, at the age of thirty-three. Every man should register his name at his death, just as much so as if passing to the polls. There are many stations on the wayside—this is one. I am here to report the destiny of the human soul after the vegetable matter becomes decomposed. That which belongs to the body goes back to pay its tributes; that which belongs to the soul is taken up, particle by particle and atom by atom.

First dissolved, analyzed, afterward formed into that noble thing called spirit. The spirit then goes on and on, making its vows at every station by the wayside. Having performed acts noble, charitable and free from selfish taint, one more ascension is made. It still goes on, and as it advances it demands its attributes and privileges. On the way there stands a delegation formed for the benefit and unfoldment of such spirits as are ignorant of the laws. Thus we pass on toward intellectual unfoldment. Asking you are answered, and thus you gain knowledge of the life into which you have passed.

I being a novice, this mode of education may appear strange and beautiful to me, but possibly not so to you. I feel grateful to the divine ruler of all universes for having in my youthful days taken me away from the surroundings of earth and placed me where contamination can neither sear the body nor play upon the soul. I am a thirder after knowledge. I will dive into the seas, or soar to the upper heavens, if necessary, so that I may be fired with the grand inspiration that was given to the olden prophets. Though I died, still I am vigorous, full of vim, full of thought, devoted to the beautiful, and aspiring to make myself in image like my Creator. Having done this I will rest, for a time, from earth and all her toils, for the tangle of life is broken. Farewell. Memory may hold me, and I may trip again toward earth.

Ann Porter.

Are you ready to give circulation to this ere piece of information that I am going to give you? [Yes, I will send it to the Banner.] Well, I died in Williamsburg, New York, and my name was Ann Porter, and I was a very, very old woman, in years. I had a son, and his name was William, and he formerly lived in Baltimore. I was up somewhere about a hundred; I don't know exactly how much. Everybody that knew me, respected me, for I respected myself.

No one was gladder than myself when the messenger came for me to lay away the old body and be young and free again like I once was; but I know they will all be on tiptoe to hear about me, for some of the people that knows me and of me, has got some kind of an inkling after this kind of thing; and I am awfully happy in the prospect of using this kind of way to let my friends know where I am, and who I am, and how I am. I am very happy indeed. I am just like a baby would be, a reaching out at every step for kind-

ness and protection, and I am not disappointed, for at every new station I reach the light is brighter and brighter, and the people are more and more friendly. And if you was to see me, you would not say I am dead. I was dead when I was a creeping around depending on others, but now I am getting to depend on myself.

Time is not known here or felt. My life is full of treasures, not treasures of silver and gold, but treasures that thieves cannot take away, and that moths cannot destroy.

"Happy!" did you say? Yes, I am happy in doing the will of my Father, who is kind, tender and merciful. Heaven is not a place of slumber, nor of idleness; you must be up and doing. The more you do, the brighter will be your station. And now I think I have done all I can, and I must go, for the musical voices of the angels call me, and I obey.

Samuel Sands.

I am young, but not too young, I think, to come and speak. My name was Samuel Sands. Eleven years old, I died with the typhoid fever at Lake Roland—there's where my folks lived. My mother's name was Florence and my father's name was William. I am so glad to come and tell my parents that I am happy and out of harm's way. Now maybe if I had lived, and grown to be a big man, I would n't be as well pleased and as well off as I am now, for I've got a beautiful home, not made up with chairs and looking-glasses and sofas and bedsteads—but beautiful birds and flowers, and such pretty water. Everything is beautiful, and gets more beautiful the more you look at it. And I've got nice company, and I'm not down in the grave at all. I'm just up above, where I can see everybody, but they can't see me. This is a beautiful place, and I don't want to come back to earth any more and stay and play down there. My mother and my father think it hard, but it's all for the best, for a beautiful lady tells me so—right over here along side of myself—and she looks like my mother; but she aint my mother, she's some relation to my mother.

Now I can't say any more, I'm going back again with the one that brought me down here, and I'm not sorry to go, for I like my new home.

Sarah Littig.

I died in Harford County, Maryland, in the sixty-fifth year of my age. Sarah Littig, and I was the wife of William Littig. Kind, tender, and devoted husband, no actual separation has taken place between you and I; it is only seeming, for the day and hour. It is very beautiful to pass on to the other side of life and be contented. I do not look back repining, for I full well know my work has been fulfilled. How can I tell you of my happiness? I am so limited in language I cannot find words or sentences to convey to your mind an idea of the beautiful, simple life I am leading. All I ask is that you remember me in all my good qualities; if I was deficient in any of the duties of life, overlook my deficiencies—lay them to the cause of ignorance, not of willfulness.

My voice is feeble, my language faint, and in the confidence of the little innocent child I will ask the Spirit All-Divine to search my heart and make me what I should be. Oh Father God, let me rest my spirit sweetly and gently in thee, and when this work is done open unto me yonder gate, just before me, and let me view the grand, eternal city.

I knew not of this method of converse, but one who is kind and gentle has brought me, or I have followed in her footsteps; thus it is I speak through human lips, and, like others, say Good-by, good-by.

George Dobler.

At Three Rivers, Mich., I died of apoplexy. I was the son of George and Ann Dobler, in the thirty-eighth year of my age. In the suddenness there was perplexity and wonderment for the time, but as old things faded out, and new ones came in their place, I became somewhat familiar with the ins and the outs of that problem called death. The human mind, with its dull capacity, at the present can neither weigh nor measure the distance that exists between the spirit and the mortal. The rules and regulations of this life are, in part, like those which I left behind me. I am not yet fully capacitated to be an educator in the laws of spirit-life and existence, though there is a vibration of exquisite joy to myself in thus passing ideas upon the electric currents of the atmosphere. It is wondrous in its beauty and in its utility.

I have not gone hence to sing psalms, or give praises eternally to my Heavenly Father, but to perform the work laid out for me. This, to my friends and acquaintances, may seem extremely ridiculous, for they would expect from me, being a plain, matter-of-fact man, a full description in words, according to their understanding, of how I feel, where I am, and what I am doing. Not so, not so; this, in the vast universe where I now stand, is not possible; it would be like asking children about the toys they play with, to try to gather from the spirit what it is individually doing or is likely to do. In this world of reality we dare not deal merely with specialties; we must, if we desire to enhance ourselves in knowledge, become universal in our ideas, and educate the minds of mortals to that standpoint.

Now, inquirers, I have not felt either the cold winds of a wintry storm, nor have I felt that strong heat of which we were told as prepared for the wicked. God's world is like your own, only more fine, more beautiful. Educate yourselves in simplicity of heart and in the utility of knowledge, and when the spirit gives up the body there will be no darkness for you. This is my experience—take it for what it is worth. With this I close.

Robert Bertine.

At Amenia, Dutchess County, New York, I, Robert Bertine, died of pneumonia, in the seventy-fourth year of my age. To know and feel while walking in the earth-life that every day and hour brings you nigher to the home of the invisibles, and yet have no defined conception of the change! This was my case. Like other mortals I cast the thought of immortality behind me, and when it came I was, like the many, a stranger to its conditions. Having passed the river and tasted of this new life I return to earth without a burden, to apprise others of the fact that the way is open and clear for every one. Heaven, to my perception, is not a walled-in locality, where you must remain forever, without having power to soar upward nor the privilege to pass downward. It is a plane of inspiration, aspiration and advancement. To my perception there is no partial God-head to whom one has to pay vows.

The heart of the man must be tutored in freedom, the brain must have its culture, then, hand in hand, he can go on with the angels, viewing the various points of the life, designating his home and his surroundings.

This to me is heaven, and I bless the day and hour when I learned that individuality is mine and can never be stricken out. I am now like the little warbler, I can sing praises to my Creator, not fearing comments or condemnation from my neighbors, for in this beautiful life there is harmony, peace and concord of purpose, one acting in concert with the other, and thus the heart, through all eternity, goes on rejoicing.

Those whom I have left behind may receive or reject, according to their intellectuality. I am but what I was, only more refined in thought and purpose. If ever shades of night did follow me they have gone, and now

