

BANNER LIGHT.



VOL. XVI.

{ \$3.00 PER YEAR. }

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1865.

{ SINGLE COPIES. }

NO. 19.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
122 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
—Lionel Howe.

UNCLE PHILIP'S MISSIONARIES.

PART SECOND.

What a dismal room! No sunlight, no beauty, no good cheer. Great black, smoky timbers ran across the ceiling, from which hung spider's webs heavy with dust. On one side was a miserable bed with dingy coverings, and not far from it a row of shelves, on which were placed some broken crockery, an old pipe, some broken bits of bread, and all these were covered with dust and dingy with smoke. Curling over a few embers sat old Ith Sharp, wrinkled and cross, with no love-light in his eye, no smiles on his face, no beautiful hope in his heart.

"Oh," groaned he, "oh, dreadful cold. Pattle, build the fire. Pattle—oh, I forgot; Pattle's dead—dead—dead. Where's Tom? and where's little Pate? Why do they come? Oh, I forgot—all gone. Where's Ithie? He's gone, too; and here's only old Ith. Oh, oh! Ith will die soon. Oh, these dreadful pains! But, then, who'll care? Not old Ith himself. Do n't I remember when I used to see this room full of warmth and sunlight and gladness? The world has changed since then. No light now, no warmth, nothing beautiful. Dear, dear me! But hark! there are voices. Hap, rap, rap. Hush! I will let no one in. No body shall come here to spy out old Ith's misery."

Thus saying, old Ith screamed out:
"I know you. Begone. You come to torment me by throwing snow at my doors and windows, and calling out, 'Old miser! But I'll fix you,' and he seized a long stick, and opened his door. There stood Susan, who had been chosen by the children to make the first advance.

"What you want here?" said old Ith.
"Why," said Susan, "it's a cold night, and I thought perhaps you'd like a warm supper; so I just brought you a can of broth and some hot brown bread."

"What business had you to think I wanted hot broth and bread?" said Ith tartly.
"Oh, because I was hungry myself," said Susan. "But let me come in and fix it for you, in a bowl."

"I let nobody in at my door."
"I know it," said Susan; "but then it's cold standing here. Oh the broth is so nice, and the bread; and I ran so early to reach here while they were warm."

"Well, come in," said old Ith; and Susan entered and went toward the fireplace. She had a brave heart, but she felt a little frightened as she found the door closing upon her, and old Ith there alone. It looked so desolate, and old Ith frowned so, but she had been chosen to make the first efforts toward warming old Ith's heart, and she did not mean to be frightened from her work. She soon had the broth in a bowl, and the brown bread cut in nice slices, and she sat down on a little stool in front of the fire while he ate it. She kept very still, thinking it was best not to disturb his thoughts. He seemed to forget that any one was there.

"Oh, Pattle, you are very good to get me so nice a supper," said he, "and where are Tom and little Pate, and little Ithie? they want some. Oh, I forgot—all gone, and Pattle, too."
"But here is Susan," said she gently, "and she will build you a better fire, and brush up your hearth."

Old Ith looked up half frightened.
"No, no," said he. "I've no wood to spare."
"But we are going to bring you some. Rod is coming with a sled full, and Susan began to brush up the hearth, and to pile on the wood, which soon blazed and sent its cheerful light around the dingy apartment. It lighted up the blackened beams; it sent its glimmer to the dusty shelves, it shone on the darkened windows, and it made old Ith's gray hairs glow like silver. Soon there came a rap at the door. Old Ith started.

"A way with you!" said he. "I know what you have come for. You can't cheat old Ith. Begone!" and he seized his long stick.

Susan looked frightened, but soon she saw Rod's pleasant face looking in through the half-opened door.

"This is the wood," said he. "Come, Susan, help me pile it up beside the chimney."
"But I don't let boys in here," said old Ith. "All they want is to torment me, and throw snow at my door, and call me old miser."

"Yes," said Rod, "I know; but I have brought you and Susan a nice load of wood, and we'll pile it up nicely for you."

Old Ith sat down again in his chair; he seemed to be thinking of something afar off, and Rod and Susan piled up the wood, and then they brushed the hearth again, and Susan found an old broom and began to sweep the room. Rod sat down beside old Ith, and asked him if he had seen the last paper, and if he didn't want to hear the news. Old Ith seemed to forget himself, and said dreamily:

"Oh yes, yes. News about the battle of New Orleans. That was the year my Pattle came to live with me. What a bright fire we had then, and how warm it was. Come, Pattle—oh, I forgot—all gone."

Rap, rap, rap again at the door. Old Ith roused himself and seized his long stick.

"A way with you. I know what you've come for: only to torment old Ith. Begone, I say."

But Mary and Kate put their heads into the door.

"Here are some nice apples, and some cakes," said they; "and please let us come in and warm ourselves by your bright fire."

"Well, well," said old Ith, "I suppose you must. Oake? Oh, yes; we had some when Pattle first lived with me, and how Tom loved it, and little Ithie, and dear little Pattle. Why did they go away? Oh, I forgot—all gone."

"But we have come," said Kate, "and we are going to make your room look, oh, so beautiful! Come in Kitty, and Tom, and Louis, and William, and in came the merry company, each bringing their arms full of something.

Old Ith looked bewildered, and said:
"Where am I? I keep forgetting. Has little Pate got back? and Ithie and Tom?"
"Sit down," said Susan gently, "and let Rod read to you."

Rod read with a pleasant voice, and the children kept very still, for they had agreed that, if possible, they would get old Ith asleep, and then they would arrange things as they pleased. As Rod read slowly and quietly, old Ith began to doze; sometimes he muttered a few words about Pattle, but it was not long before he was fast asleep. Then what busy hands there were. The girls brushed down the long cobwebs, and lighted the candles they had brought, and opened the closed shutters and let in the soft moonlight. Kitty hung up some branches of evergreen over the fireplace, and Susan dusted the shelves, and Kate and Mary made up the bed. The boys arranged the furniture, and planned up white papers over the patched walls. There was many a low laugh, and many a merry twinkle of the eye, as the work went on. Rod piled up the wood higher and higher, until the room was warm and bright. It did not look like the same place, and as the children looked around on their work, they were quite delighted with their success. When they had done all they could to make the place comfortable, they opened their baskets of apples and cake, and nice bread and pies, and arranged them on the shelves; then Rod went to the window, and placed a candle in it. This was the signal for uncle Philip, who had agreed to come if all things worked well.

When he came in it truly seemed as if the light and warmth of the summer had entered. He brought in his hands a few flowers, cut from his own plants, and on his arm a nice dressing-gown. Old Ith slept so long that they had time to be quite impatient for him to awake; and, when he opened his eyes, and saw the change before him, he started, and then throw back his head and closed his eyes again, and they could see the tears trickling down his cheeks. There was no laughing now, for each one saw that old Ith had a heart, notwithstanding it had been so long hidden under the thick covering of selfishness.

After a time he opened his eyes, and seeing the happy group, and uncle Philip in their midst, he rose, put out his hands, and said:

"I've been dreaming. Yes, yes. I thought they had all come back, and that I wasn't cross any more, but let them all in, and Tom laughed, and little Pate climbed on my knee; but they are all gone."

"Well, well," said uncle Philip, while a tear stood in his eye, "things change in this world. But I thought I'd come over and have a little chat by your fire. Do you remember the time when we were boys together? Many a good time I've had in this very room. Do you remember how we used to play Fox and Geese? Come, children, let's have a game, just for the sake of old times; and soon the merry circle was formed, and all insisted that uncle Philip should be the Fox first.

Oh, what gleeful shouts echoed through the rooms. Old Ith laughed merrily, and as he did so his wrinkles seemed to disappear. His eye, too, had a brightness in it, and gradually there settled on his face a look of content and peace that no one had ever seen there before.

When they were weary with the play, they drew old Ith's chair up to the table, and all arranged themselves about it to share the apples and walnuts and popped corn that William had left outside in a big basket.

"I feel young again," said old Ith. "Oh, if only my Tom and little Pate were here, and Ithie!"

"We will send for them," said uncle Philip. "If they know you wanted to see them, they would come. I saw Tom one day in town, and a fine fellow he is, that any one might be proud of as a son."

"Oh, tell about him," said old Ith; and rising, he went to a drawer which he carefully unlocked. "Here's a bit of his hair that Pattle cut off when he was a baby. Just see how soft it is. Does Tom look like Pattle?"

"As like her as could well be," said uncle Philip; "he has just such loving eyes, and when he asked for you, and I told him, there came just such sweet patience in them as Pattle used to have. Shall I write to him to come?"

"Oh, yes; but then perhaps he would n't want to."

"Oh, but he will," said uncle Philip, "if you send for him."

Old Ith went back to the drawer again, and took out a long bag. His hand trembled as he did so, and he looked cautiously around toward the children.

Uncle Philip saw that selfishness was becoming stronger than love again, so he said:

"Tom is a fine fellow; he looks just as Pattle did when you married her. Tom said, 'Is the old gentleman well? and does he ever speak of his children?'"

"Here, take this," said old Ith, handing uncle Philip a ten-dollar gold piece; "send that to Tom, and tell him to come and see me."

He closed the drawer and looked it carefully, and put the key in his pocket.

"Let's play fortunes with our apple seeds," said Kitty. "Come, uncle Philip."

"Don't you remember, Ith," said uncle Philip, "how little Pattle used to come and climb on my knee, and get me to count her apple seeds; and when I said, 'Cast away,' and jumped her down on the floor, how she would laugh?"

"Cast away?" said old Ith. "Did she think that? Did she think I did n't love her? I wonder where she is? Would she laugh as she used to?"

"We will send for her, too," said uncle Philip, "if you wish to see her. She's a nice girl, taller than Susan, and as bright as a lark."

Ith rose slowly again, and went to the drawer. He opened the bag, and took out another gold piece, and then another.

"Yes, yes," said he; "send her this, and little Ithie one, too. I seem to see them now as they used to look when you came to see them, uncle Philip, for they did n't laugh when I came. I was cross, eh? Was I cross?"

"You forget that the hearts of the little ones are very tender," said uncle Philip; "but let us have a little dance. I will whistle, and you children will form just a set. We remember how this old room used to shake with the tread of merry feet years ago, don't we, Ith?"

The music began, for uncle Philip could whistle any tune, and he kept time by striking his hands upon his knees. Again merry shouts and laughter rang through the room. Old Ith, whose chair had been placed in the chimney corner, looked on with delight; the wrinkles smoothed from off his brow, his eye grew brighter and brighter; he kept time with his feet, and nodded at the changes in the dance.

It so happened that a meeting had been held that evening at a house just beyond old Ith's, and most of the neighbors were present. As they went home, they saw the lights in old Ith's room, and heard the merry shouts of the children. What could it mean? Some had heard that the children were going to carry him some food, but none had any faith in their gaining admittance; for it had been years since any one had crossed the threshold where Ith's father used to live. But at the sound of the merry voices, and the sight of the cheerful lights, all stopped, and soon some one was bold enough to rap at the door. One after another of the neighbors entered, until the dancers had hardly room for their changes. Each one greeted old Ith cheerfully. They wished him happy days, they talked of his health, they spoke of the old times when they used to have fun and frolic in this very room.

Old Ith's face grew brighter and brighter, his eye brightened more and more, as his neighbor after neighbor took him by the hand. It seemed to him that he had stepped back a quarter of a century, and had grown young again. As the hours grew late, there was a movement to depart, but old Ith was not willing to have them go. He said:

"It will be dark again and cold, and I shall think this has all been a dream."

But the children told him they had opened the shutters, and the sunlight would come in, and they promised to call before school and see if he was quite well.

"And," said Susan, "now you must return our visit; we will call for you to go up to uncle Philip's to-morrow; we are all going, and we shall have such a nice time. We are going to act charades, and you can be the old grandfather sitting in the corner. Will you go?"

"Are you sure you want old Ith? and will no one say, 'Here comes the old miser,' and throw snow after me?"

The children were all silent; for they felt ashamed at the memory of what they had said and done.

"You may be sure," said uncle Philip, "that we all want you, and soon we will have little Pattle and Tom and Ithie to join us. I am sure the children are all sorry for the pain they have given you; you must remember it no more, but call them all your friends."

"So I will, so I will," said old Ith. "Yes, I'll go, if you will all be sure and come here again."

"And if you'll let us dance, we'll come most any time," said Kitty.

The company departed one by one, shaking Ith cordially by the hand, except uncle Philip, who lingered a moment behind.

"Do you think," said old Ith, hesitatingly, "that you could find that boy—you know who—the one I got punished in my place? and could you tell him old Ith has been punished enough since, and he need n't wish him any more harm than he has had, and could you send him this?" and he went to the drawer again, and took out of the bag ten golden eagles. "Take 'em quick," said he, "for you know I love 'em; but somehow those children have made me love 'em less."

Uncle Philip departed, but on the way home he wiped his eyes to dry the tears, and then lifted them to the bright stars, and said:

"I bless thee, oh loving Father, for the love thou dost put into the hearts of little children."

The neighbors, on the way home, said:

"Did you ever know the like? Who would have believed old Ith could have looked so pleasant? Really, we haven't done just right to let him live all alone so. We must do better."

The children laid down to sleep with loving hearts beating within their weary bodies, and as they turned their last look before sleep to the soft moonlight, they were thankful that good uncle Philip had taught them how to be missionaries of love.

Uncle Philip sent for old Ith's children, and they all came, with forgiveness for the past and hope for the future. Even the one who had suffered the most—the boy he had had punished—sent him word of his forgiveness, and wished him happy days.

And love warmed up the heart of the old man; his children cared for him, and the old home was once more a place of sunshine and happiness. Uncle Philip's missionaries had done a beautiful work of love, and had the sweet return that always comes from loving deeds.

To Correspondents.

FRANK A. M. MILAN, O.—Thanks for your friendly letter. I do not often receive letters from

boys, because, I suppose, they have more skating to do, and do not like confinement; but I am always glad to know that I can, as you say, instruct as well as amuse. May the gifts you possess bless you by being put to noble use.

Your friend, L. M. W.

Enigma.

By S. E. C.

I am composed of eighteen letters.

My 7, 1, 9, 10, 14, 1, 6 is the name of a bird distinguished for thieving.

My 4, 12, 18, 5 is the queen of flowers.

My 15, 2, 13, 8 is a lady's name.

My 16, 12, 17, 9, 5 is a means of expression.

My 9, 12, 6 is a domestic animal.

My 15, 3, 16, 17, 9, 5 is too often unheeded by the young.

My whole is the name of a writer familiar to Spiritualists.

Spiritual Phenomena.

REMARKABLE SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

The following interesting narration of spirit manifestations which took place in Canton, Ohio, was sent to us by one of the circle, with the request that we publish it in the Banner, assuring us that "it is all strictly true." He adds that the account was printed in April, 1861, in the Ohio Repository, edited by an old school Presbyterian, shortly after the occurrences took place. We give it below with the editor's introduction. The reader will find it very interesting as well as remarkable.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION.—We started out a few days since to find something to put in print for the delectation of our readers, and finding the market for items poorly supplied, concluded to avail ourselves of the following statement which was furnished us by one of our citizens, whose veracity, where he is known, cannot be questioned. We publish it as it was told us, without comment, believing that the best plan is to let the story tell itself. We have long known that our town contained a large number of "downright, useful, and sincere" Spiritualists, who for years have been pursuing their investigations quietly, and treasuring what knowledge they could obtain, pursuing their respective avocations in their own way, allowing the utmost freedom of opinion, consistent with good morals, and in every respect entitled to confidence. We have frequently conversed with them on the subject of the spiritual manifestations that have from time to time been had, during their sittings, and have always admired the apparent truthfulness of their statements, and the sincerity in which they were always made. We make these remarks to satisfy the reader that if he thinks they are either knaves or fools, he is simply mistaken, and that the absurdity of his mistake will be mortifying to him should he ever make the acquaintance of either of the persons to whom reference is made in the following narrative:

On Thursday evening of the 20th day of February, 1861, a circle was formed for the purpose of obtaining spiritual manifestations at the house of one of the parties, whose initials we give, consisting of Messrs. G. B., J. L., A. F., Dr. C. M., Mrs. F., Mrs. L. and Mrs. B., the women being wives of the respective parties whose initials we bear. After sitting for some time and getting no indications whatever of the presence of spirits, the question was asked of the tenants of the spirit land, if the "bell could be rung?" An affirmative answer by raps was the immediate response. A small tea bell was at once produced and placed upon the table; no manifestations being had through that source, it was removed and replaced by a breakfast bell, much larger and of louder tone. At the suggestion of Mr. F., a circle was again formed as far as possible from the table—which was an ordinary breakfast-table—and was entirely unbroken. The bell was placed in an upright position on the table, and while in that position it remained quiet. It was then laid down, and the circle again formed, when it was observed to be in motion by every person present; it was then rung gently, then struck on the table with so much force as to leave indentations plainly perceptible, then taken up and again brought down upon the table with increased violence, then taken up and rung violently, when Mrs. F. became alarmed and removed it to an adjoining room. At this sitting no further manifestations were had.

On Friday evening, the 21st of February, the circle met again, composed of the same persons. After the circle was formed, the spirits were asked if they would "ring the bell?" to which, by raps, a negative response was made, and the circle was then formed around the table and this question asked: "Will the spirits write?" To this interrogatory an affirmative answer was had, a piece of paper marked with the Arabic numerals, four and nought, so as to read, forty, and a pencil were produced by Mrs. F. and laid in the drawer of a show-case in the same room, the pencil being carefully laid on the top of the paper. A circle was then formed and the spirits were requested as soon as anything was written, to give five distinct raps; within three minutes the raps were audible to every person in the room. On producing a light, a card about three inches in length, one and one-half inches in width, one side of a light pink color and enamelled, and the other side white, was found on the table. On the enamelled side was written in pencil in skillful and delicate

chirography: "The hands of spirits are now lifting the veil, fold by fold; be not afraid!"

On examination of the paper in the drawer of the show-case, it was found as left by Mrs. F., with the pencil on the top. This was supposed not to have been written on, but, on turning it over, an inscription was found, in substance as follows: "Perseverer you will have wonderful manifestations!" As soon as read, the paper was

left lying on the show-case; when the party dispersed it was inquired for, but could not be found.

On Sunday evening, March 3d, a circle, composed of the same persons, met at the house of Mr. J. L. At this meeting no manifestations whatever were had. March 5th, met again at Mr. B.'s; a circle was formed, composed of the same number, but not of the same persons, Mrs. L. being absent, and a Mr. C., a brother of Mrs. F.'s, taking her—Mrs. L.'s place. After forming a circle and sitting a short time, a card was found on the table, of the same material and color as the one we have already described, with two of the corners so cut off as to give it somewhat the shape of a diamond, on the pink enamelled side of which was written, apparently in the same chirography:

"On the south-west window of 'Madison Hall,' there is a message—depart ye hence and receive it. Take no light but the light of your faith. The key you will find hanging on a nail to the right, first door, (entrance) about four feet from the floor."

We ought to say, that up to the moment of receiving the last message, no member of the circle had ever known in whose custody the key to Madison Hall had been, or where it was kept. A description of the building known as Madison Block, in which the Hall is situated, will not be out of place. It is a large commodious three-story brick building, on the east side of Erie street, and is joined to another three-story brick building on the north. The entrances to the second story is by a wide flight of stairs, which start on the pavement. At the top of the stairs is a spacious landing, from which halls lead each way, north and south; on the opposite side is a flight of stairs, so that the Hall may be entered from either side of the block. At the landing at the top of the flight of stairs already described, are four stairs, at the top of which is the second story of the building, and also a narrow hall or passage, running east to the east side of the building. At the east end of the last described hall is a window, and also a door which opens on to a second wide flight of stairs, running west to another landing on the left, or south side of which is a door opening into Madison Hall. The room is used for public meetings, lectures, exhibitions, concerts, &c., and is, measuring at its size, 70 by 40 feet. On being directed to proceed to the Hall, Mr. C. and Mr. L. were dispatched to see what would be developed. Having been directed to take no light, and it being eight and a half o'clock, and the night as dark as Erebus, they were compelled to grope through the passages to the window where the key was. After a fruitless search, and becoming discouraged, and being about to leave, Mr. L., who was standing near the window, felt his arm raised without his will, effort or volition; his hand was guided to and placed on the key. He handed it to Mr. C., who unlocked the door, and the two proceeded to the south-west window as directed, where they found another card of a similar shape, but in all other respects like the former ones, on which was written, "Faithful Servants! What inconceivable pleasure it gives us to know how true, persevering and (here comes a word we cannot decipher) you are in your belief."

"A PROPHECY.—Some of you are to be to this earth as Elisha and Elijah were in olden days that long since have flown. Return to-morrow evening, at same hour, half past eight."

March 6th. The circle met at half past eight o'clock. A card was dropped on the table inscribed in very bad chirography, "half past eight." Dr. M., Mr. C. and Mr. L. at once went to Madison Hall. Mr. L. unlocked the door at the foot of the stairs leading directly to the Hall, and the three ascended the stairs to the door opening into the Hall, when it swung open untouched. The three were close together, and all saw a light in the south end of the room, at a platform there erected, and called the speaker's stand, at seeing which Mr. L. gave an exclamation of surprise; and immediately there arose, at the desk on the speaker's stand, a figure, which, after the manner of Leigh Hunt, we shall call a presence, in white drapery, of full size and features, plainly seen by all. It was surrounded by a halo of soft, mellow light, which was so brilliant, that Mr. L. assures us he could have seen a half dime on the floor.

At this juncture Mr. C. became alarmed, and sought safety in flight. Mr. L. was about to follow, when Dr. M. caught him by the collar, and told him he must see it through. During all this time the presence stood side-facing the visitors, with its right arm extended, the right hand clasping a roll, similar to a sheet of paper rolled to an inch or two inches; in size. Immediately to the right of the presence, and toward the south-east corner of the room, arose a second volume of light, accompanied with a slight hissing sound. As the sound ceased, the latter light faded away, then came a rumbling noise, like the heavy rolling of far-off thunder. On hearing that, Mr. L. broke for the door, the Dr. following, and both making the best of time. At the foot of the stairs, on the sidewalk, stood Mr. C., and the three went to Mr. B.'s and resumed the sitting. In a short time came another card, of the same kind of paper, inscribed:

"O ye of little faith! How it saddens our hearts that ye should flee at the critical moment, when important revelations were about to be made!"

The circle was then informed that further developments would be made at some future day.

On Saturday, the 9th of March, in the afternoon, Mr. B. went to Mr. F.'s residence to make a friendly visit. While there, and in conversation with Mr. F., distinct raps were heard on the table and in various parts of the room. Mr. B. made the inquiry whether spirits could furnish him a photographic likeness of a deceased son, who was killed about two years since by a kick from a horse. The answer was, "Yes, at some future day." He then inquired if on to-morrow evening they would give a photographic likeness of the presence that was seen a few evenings since, at Madison Hall. To that, as in the former instance, he received, by raps, an affirmative answer.

On Sunday, the 10th of March, in the evening,

the circle met at Mr. B's. At this sitting Mr. C. was not present, but his place was supplied by another person, whom we shall designate as Cor. R. A short time after the circle was formed, they received a card inscribed:

"The fulfillment of the revelation promised yesterday you will find in the window near the door that leads to Madison Hall. Give the bill to Father W."

And now comes a most inexplicable feature in our narrative. Father W. is a most estimable old gentleman, who has been a resident of this neighborhood for nearly forty years with little interruption. Twenty years ago he carried on the butchering business in this town, and in 1841 had a bill against a Mr. C., now a merchant in New York, residing in Brooklyn, amounting to some six dollars. The old gentleman presented the bill, which was paid on presentation by an order on a firm of merchants then doing business here, and it was so receipted and delivered to Mr. C., the receipt being in Mr. C.'s handwriting, which we recognized as soon as shown to us. We had been familiar with it, having often seen him write, and do not believe we could be mistaken. According to the direction of the message, two of the members of the circle went to the window, and as the circle had been told, they found a photograph, which, Mr. L. assures us, is an exact likeness of the presence seen by him, Mr. C. and Dr. M., in Madison Hall. We have carefully examined it, but from our ignorance of the art of photography, we are unable to give a description at all satisfactory to ourselves. It differs in every respect from any specimen we have ever seen. It is on white paper; the likeness and drapery are white. It has the position as described by Mr. L. in every particular; the background is a singular blending of light and shade, remarkable in its appearance, and wholly unlike anything we ever examined. The photograph was carefully enclosed in Father W.'s butchery bill, and which, according to the directions contained in the message, has been handed to him, and we were present when he examined it. He is now, we judge, seventy years of age; remembers supplying Mr. C. with butchery's meat, but has no recollection of this particular transaction.

When we commenced this writing, some weeks ago, we supposed we should get to the end some time this year; but as new manifestations are being had, we propose to furnish all that have presented themselves up to the present time. And now comes another phase.

About the 14th of March, a person well known to us, and whose veracity needs no aid from any source, a resident of this town, and whom, until the circumstance we are about to relate, had never made the subject of Spiritualism, so far as we know, a matter of the slightest inquiry, called at the house of a neighbor, where we have often heard that manifestations deeply interesting to Spiritualists have been had. After he left, a member of the family found on a table standing under a looking-glass, a card, in all respects similar to those herein described, from which we copy:

"Strive to develop your spiritual nature, and seek admission into the other more developed circle of brethren in your town, that through your united influence wonderful manifestations from the spirit-world may be produced. Spirit-eyes are upon you, spirit-hands are reaching toward you, seeking to lift the veil from your eyes, and to hold communication with you."

Whether similar manifestations had ever been had at that house previous to this one, we do not know. We think not, as the visitor was suspected of having tried to impose upon his neighbor. Of course, we do not know that he did not endeavor to excite their curiosity, or their suspicion; but we do know that he is the last man to be suspected of anything of the kind, and we do him no injustice when we say he could not write what we have transcribed, and the entire absence of motive repels the idea. As to any member of the family having done it, the thing is impossible. The card, the penmanship, and the arrangement of ideas are so like what we find on other cards, that we are constrained to say they all emanated from the same source, be that source what it may.

During all the sittings that have been had, there have been circumstances tending to present a full development of what seems to have been sought for. What those circumstances were, or what was sought for we do not know. We have never seen what are termed spiritual manifestations; never was present but once when those manifestations were sought for, and the result was too ridiculous to relate here.

In support of our opinion, we give the following, which we copy from a card received at a circle in this town, on the 24th. The circle was composed of a part only of the persons whose initials we have given:

"Be of cheer, for brighter days are about to dawn, and a new light shall envelop the world. Prepare for the coming glory by purifying your lives and conquering your evil passions. Let pure water be your only beverage. Let your raiment be plain and comfortable, without regard to fashion. Truth is light, and truth shall triumph. (Signed) MARY."

This message was received by a circle numbering six or seven, some of whom were children, some past middle life, and of both sexes. During all these manifestations it has been a matter of much concern to those composing the circle, to know whether they should be published. Inquiries have been frequently addressed to the spirits, to know what should be done in this respect. We copy from another card received by a circle at Mr. B's, on the 26th of February:

"Be ye faithful and proclaim to the world the things ye have seen and heard, for in the fullness of time men will believe in the wilderness: 'I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness: Repent, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand.' (Signed) JOHN THE BAPTIST."

The parties to whom these messages were delivered, still doubting the propriety of publishing them; met again on Thursday night, the 28th, at Mr. L's, and again they were ordered "to publish to the world the things which they had seen and heard," as appears by the following message which we copy from the original precisely as it was received, and which was handed to us by Mr. L.:

"O ye faithless ones, how long must we bear with your unbelief? Have we not manifested ourselves unto you? and have not some of you witnessed things which but few mortals are permitted to behold? and yet ye turned and fled at the moment when great revelations were about to be made? Have we not commanded you to publish these things to the world, and ye have not done it? Have we not commanded other things which ye have not done? If ye cannot keep these light commandments how can we trust greater ones to your keeping? Obey our directions at once, or we must seek another and more faithful circle through which to make our revelations to the world. (Signed) YOUR GUARDIAN SPIRITS."

The foregoing message was written on plain letter paper, with remarkable regularity and elegance, and will challenge competition with the highest style of epistolary writing. We have copied it just as we find it, punctuation and italics included. Another and more singular feature is that the Repository is selected as the organ through which the whole is to be made public. This, as well as much other matter, has been made known by rapping; hence we have no record from which

to copy. We have given faithful copies, and they may be taken for what they are worth.

At the sittings at which the last three messages were received, a young man, whose initials are P. W., was present. He, like the rest of the persons composing the circle, are fully authorized to say, where he is known, needs no endorsement.

In putting the foregoing in a shape for publication, we have, in every instance, given the true initials of the persons in whose presence the manifestations were had, and we are at liberty to introduce them to any one who may from proper motives desire their acquaintance, and for the purpose of obtaining any explanation not contained in our hastily prepared statement. Should it be understood that inquiries are made merely to gratify idle curiosity, no attention whatever will be paid to them.

We have endeavored faithfully to record all that has been communicated to us, and in closing our narrative, already too long, we reiterate our entire confidence in the intelligence and integrity of every one of the parties composing the circles at the several sittings, and were it not that we regard the facts and circumstances we have narrated so remarkable, should never suppose a question of veracity would be raised. Every possible precaution was taken to prevent mistakes as well as fraud, and if the truth of our statement be doubted, and its want of truth be sought to be shown, it must be on other grounds than a want of integrity of the parties concerned.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WINTER.

BY ALMA.

Pale Winter is here, like a conquering king, "Decay" on his banner, and "Death" on his wing; He oft murmurs low, yet his voice is still heard, And deep flowing rivers obey his stern word.

The bright birds of Summer have flown with his breath;

The face of fair Nature he changes to Death; He buries her low in a mantle of sleep; The soft gushing brooklets lie dumb at our feet.

The winter of life, too, is following fast; The summer is ended, "the harvest is past;" The fountain of youth is already congealed, Fond lips that have uttered love's accents are sealed.

Though wintry skies blacken and hoarse tempests howl,

Though clouds of misfortune may thicken and scowl,

Though chill press the snow-cloids o'er forms that we love,

We know a glad spring-time awaits us above. *Young America, Ill.*

Original Essays.

HINTS ON DRESS.

BY JULIE H. STILLMAN, M. D.

In order that the spirit may grow and develop properly, and make the greatest progress in unfoldment, it is necessary that the body should be kept in a healthy condition; and any means that can be taken to attain this end, should demand the attention of every true earnest worker for progression. In looking over the masses, we find everywhere sickness, suffering and untold anguish.

The old, the middle-aged and the young, are alike suffering from disease caused by the violation of some of Nature's laws; for without transgression of law there can be no suffering. We observe, too, that women suffer more from disease than men, and the question naturally arises, "Why is this?" I think one great reason is, that their dress is more cumbersome, more illy adapted to the wants of the human organism. The first object of dress should be to protect us from extremes in temperature, and maintain a uniform warmth over the whole surface. A person cannot be in a healthy condition unless the temperature is uniform and the circulation perfect. If one has cold feet, there must be a congested condition somewhere, corresponding in intensity to the lack of circulation in the feet. The blood must be somewhere; if not in the feet, it will be in the head, or some of the internal viscera; and if this condition long continues, chronic inflammations are the result.

Does the fashionable style of dress maintain a uniform temperature, or is it evenly distributed? Let us see. We will take a lady whose style of dress is least objectionable, passing by the bare necks, shoulders and arms. We see in warm weather, one thickness about the shoulders, the chest is usually enveloped in three thicknesses—aside from stays—while around the hips are, not unfrequently, eighteen or twenty breadths of cloth, while the hoops keep them aloft from the limbs, and three upon the feet. Now just look at this: and do you wonder that women have congestion of the stomach, liver, spleen, uterus, and all manner of diseases peculiar to the sex—better say peculiar to the dress? Do you wonder that so early women grow old, fade and drop away, or live to make all around them miserable by their diseased magnetism? If there is any part of the human organism that should be guarded from all pressure and weight, it is around the waist, when the frame does not protect the internal viscera.

Fashion is woman's God, and before her altar they bow in servile, slavish submission, and offer up time, money, health, and even life, and the lives of their children; and the men cry "Amen; so let it be," using not their stronger voices and wiser heads to remedy the evil. They do not say to woman, "We have limbs alike, chests alike, and it is equally necessary for you to exercise and breathe unimpeded, as it is for us." Instead of this he says, "You must dress in fashion, my dear, though it slay you; for if you should wear a reform dress it might injure my business, or we could not move in the same circle, or Mrs. Grundy might feel hurt." And then the woman who wears the most uncomfortable, inconvenient, extravagant dress, receives the most marked homage and attention, though she may have as little brains as a dummy, used to exhibit dry goods and millinery on. They know women are not as strong as they are, and they know that such a dress would be ruinous to them were they compelled to wear it. Yet for fashion will they sacrifice wife, sister, daughter or mother, and think they are doing God service, I suppose.

Is the present style of dress adapted to labor? I say, most emphatically, it is not. There is no kind of active labor with which I am acquainted, that cannot be performed with half the waste of vital power in the reform dress. A lady in the fashionable dress cannot even walk without using one or both her hands to engineer her dry goods, and then too to everything that stands in the way. Look at her gardenings, and what can she do there? If she goes to work among the plants, she destroys

everything for several feet around her with her clothing. In the morning, when all nature is gemmed with crystal dewdrops, she cannot go out and breathe in health and life from all surrounding nature, for her skirts would be drabbed and soiled, and in the way; and if she lifts them up, she must stoop her shoulders somewhat, and cannot throw back her arms and expand her chest as she ought. In stores and shops she is not employed as she would be if she was suitably clothed; in printing-offices she is objected to, because of her cumbersome and inconvenient dress. And ever, and everywhere, it hinders woman's progress and advancement.

In an extensive practice for the last seven years, I have paid marked attention to the subject, and I can conscientiously say that there is no other one cause so rife with direct suffering and disease, misery and death, as is woman's dress; it is enough to curse the world, aside from all other evils; and I should have no ray of hope for woman, were it not that the subject is being agitated, and great heads and good hearts are becoming interested in the matter. It only needs investigation to convince all who are worth saving, of the evils of the fashionable style, and the superiority of the reform dress over all others; and after conviction comes conversion. If there are any reformers who have nobly braved a corrupt public sentiment, who have worked faithfully through evil as well as through good report, to whom future generations will return their sincere thanks, it is those who have nobly battled for woman's redemption from the slavery of fashion.

The greatest objection we hear, to the reform dress, is lack of beauty. Let me ask, what is beauty in dress? One year it is a close cottage bonnet, long pointed waist, no hoops, and the fewer skirts the more genteel. The next year the standard of beauty changes, and the shortest waist possible, hoops large at the hips, bonnets, tiny things, "worn on the back of the neck," are all the rage, and every other style is unbecoming.

At one time since my memory, humps on the back were so very fashionable that bran was scarce in the market. Oh! how beautiful every humpback, if the hump was only in the fashionable place.

When I first wore the reform dress, thirteen years ago, my hat excited more attention and ridicule than my dress, "it was so very manish;" but who thinks it out of character now to wear a hat, even if you are a woman? We can think of no style ever worn that has not been admired. The greatest beauty in dress at the present time is, waist that you can span, long, sweeping skirts, sailing along the streets, wiping up tobacco juice and every filthy thing, and raising about as much dust as a lumber wagon, and the three-story bonnet with a flower garden on the top of the head.

"How perfectly charming!" How would such a bonnet have looked at the time of the close cottage style? So, you see, that fashion and not beauty rules; or whatever fashion says you must wear, society calls beautiful. I say whatever is not adapted to the purpose for which it is used, is not beautiful for that purpose, because no two laws of nature are antagonistic to each other; and if it is a natural law that dress should be adapted to the necessities of the system; that it should not impede respiration, circulation or locomotion, and a free action of all the muscles and parts of the body, then it follows that a dress which does obstruct free action cannot be a beautiful dress, because the law of adaptability is violated. Then let us strive to do away with this method of slow suicide by dress, and adopt some style adapted to our needs as human beings.

Whitewater, Wis.

PUNISHMENT OF CHILDREN.

BY DR. A. B. CHILD.

The punishment of children, in any means or manner of correction that gives pain to their little bodies, or sorrow to their little hearts. Every blow that punishes a child for doing wrong, is a seed planted in that child's nature to germinate some time afterwards, and unfold in sin, crime, revenge, and it may be, in open rebellion. Our country's childhood has been whipped into the wars of its manhood. All punishment that has been inflicted upon children in the past by parents, nurses, teachers and guardians, has done more than all else to make our warriors, our criminals, and our sinners of the present. Our system for the government of children in the past is chiefly the cause that fills the world with woe in the present.

For every tear that children shed under punishment, their manhood must shed a hundred tears. Tears that fall from punishment, are like seeds that fall in the ground: they spring up and produce many more seeds than were sown. Every wound of the lash, of the sword, of fire-arms, lives to speak in the future. Every sorrow made by punishment, or by what man calls justice, makes a record, invisible yet that shall sometime be read by humanity in sorrow.

Every punishment of man by man, multiplies woe in the human world. The punishment of children, unwittingly to the civilized world, is the primary school-house that educates and prepares men for the gore and glory of the battlefield, and for the bondage and degradation of the prison-house. The mother holds the guidance of manhood in the germ of childhood.

When a generation of men shall be brought forth without punishment in childhood, a generation of men will exist on the earth clothed in the garments of Christ, compassion, charity, attraction, and will live through earth-life without the need of prisons, of bloodshed or of the gallows.

Punishment schools and educates children for cruelty and crime, for rebellion, inhumanity and inhumanity to mankind. And these are the fruits we gather in the present for the treatment of children in the past.

Every punishment makes active and exercises the under faculties of the brain, whereby they are earlier developed than the higher faculties, and being thus early developed give direction to the future character of the child and man, and give the cast of crime and inhumanity to society we now have, instead of kindness and harmony that we would have.

Men and women are very apt to talk about what they have talked about before—to do what they have done before. So it is with the human faculties when the lower faculties have been once charged and surcharged with the magnetism of anger, ugliness and revenge—they will be easily excited again, and these faculties having the precedent will give direction and cast to the character of the child, instead of the higher faculties that lie asleep, and can never be called into action by punishment. Punishment is always an exercise of the faculties of cruelty in human nature—punishment, either for children or for manhood, is the basest manifestation of the human world. Reason and benevolence are always asleep in all punishments, both in the punisher and in the punished.

Every child has the faculties of reason and of benevolence; and for the correction of misdeeds or in children, when these faculties shall be ex-

ercised and exercised, children will be turned into the pathways of wisdom that will lead them away from the crimes and wars of future manhood, whereby the curses that afflict our country now with war and crime may be avoided. Therefore, to successfully promulgate the gospel of charity, the gospel of peace, the gospel of Christ, the beginning will be made in the cradle, and from the cradle go on to manhood.

All punishment is a blot on common sense—is a barbarism in civilization—is signally anti-Christ.

It has been well proven by Ray and others, that even horses are capable of being governed by kindness when whipping or punishment will not govern them. We may reasonably assume that children are more capable of being governed by kindness than horses are.

Sometime in the future history of the world, the sensitive reason of children will be exercised and educated before their baser faculties, from which there will be a quick response of power greater than the world has supposed. When judgment and kindness shall first give cast to the character of children, then they will take a direction in life entirely different from the direction produced by punishment.

When the punishments of childhood shall be all abolished and forgotten forever, and the reason be educated, we have a new era in our life; we have a revolution in the social, moral and political world that will open a new heaven for humanity.

DOES THE SPIRIT EXIST AFTER DEATH?

The Sadducees professed to believe the writings of Moses, but the Master told them they did not understand their own Scriptures; that the existence of the spirit after death was taught in the declaration of God, saying, "I am the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." The Saviour's comment is, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." As if he had said, if your doctrine be true, that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are dead entirely, the declaration of God is not true, for there would be no thinking, feeling, reasoning, intelligent spirits to recognize, acknowledge and worship God, and God would not be their God. Paul speaks of the spirits of just men made perfect; not to be made perfect in the far-off future, but already made perfect. When the angel had spread out the spiritual panoramas of events that were shortly to come to pass, before the spiritual vision of the enraptured Revelator, John was about to fall down and worship him; but the angel told him that he was the spirit of one of the prophets, saying, "See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow servant, and of thy brethren the prophets."

Paul says, "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." Not according to the popular idea, there is a natural body, and there will be a spiritual body, when the natural body shall be raised from the dead, after the spirit has been floating in the immensity of space for millions of years, having no spiritual body through which to manifest itself; but there is a spiritual body now, while the person is living here on this earth. When the natural body dies, it returns to the dust as it was; and we have the authority of the Apostle for saying there will be no future literal resurrection of the natural body, for Paul says, "Thou fool, thou sowest not that body that shall be." You may chance to sow wheat, or you may chance to sow some other grain; but in all cases the principle is the same; the grain of wheat or corn which is sown, dies, rots, is decomposed, and never reproduces itself. "So, also, is the resurrection of the dead." If the spirit is now enshrined in its spiritual body, and is now manifested through the spiritual organism, so to speak, of its spiritual body, and ultimately manifested through the brain of the outer or natural body, and if, at the death of the natural body, the spirit with its spiritual body is raised from this mortal to an immortal life, a state of incorruption, power and glory, what would be the utility of another spiritual body millions of years hence?

At the Transfiguration, the spiritual eyesight of certain of the Apostles—Peter, James and John—was opened, and they beheld the spiritual body of Christ, glorious and beautiful, the same in form or figure as his natural body, for the Apostles knew him. And to satisfy mankind beyond the possibility of doubt that the spirit exists after death, Moses and Elias were introduced as the representatives of the dead. They were alive, and were seen in the glory of their spiritual bodies. "And behold two men talked with him, which were Moses and Elias, who appeared in glory."

Peter says that Christ went and preached unto the spirits in prison. Peter gives not the slightest intimation that it was Noah who preached to these persons while they were alive in their natural bodies here on the earth, but declares, in the most direct and positive language, that it was Christ who preached, and that he preached to spirits; and that the time when he preached was after his crucifixion. And as if to guard this glorious truth against the misinterpretation of false teachers, the Apostle has annexed an explanatory clause, which places the question beyond the possibility of doubt or cavil. "For for this cause was the gospel preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit."

THE SPIRITS OF THE "DEAD" ARE WITH US.

BY LUCY M. SINCLAIR.

Is it not a beautiful belief, that spirits of the "dead" are with us ever? Is it not a belief calculated to give us comfort, when we are called to part with dear friends? Who can tell the agony of the hours when we stand by the bedside of the beloved, and see them struggling and panting for breath, racked with pain, and feel that we can do naught to relieve them, naught to save them from the fell destroyer—oh, the bitterness of the thought—and then to see them draw their last feeble breath; to behold them arrayed in the habiliments of the grave; to witness them consigned to their last resting-place; and then to return to our homes, deeply realizing that they have departed, never to be with us on earth again. Ah! what a cold and desolate feeling creeps over us as we feel that it is indeed so. But in this sad and lonely hour, the thought that though the earthly part of our friends has gone from us, yet that which we loved and prized is with us still, glides into our hearts, giving us comfort and peace. It is then we can appreciate the happiness of this belief; it is then we can realize the sweetness of the thought that, though "dead," they are with us still, communing with us as in days past; inciting us to faithfulness in the discharge of our duties; helping us to resist temptation; hovering around us to protect us from harm; and, finally, in the hour of our death, conducting our spirits to our Father in Heaven.

Who is there, so earthly that has not, at times, when retired from the busy scenes of life, felt a solemn awe creep over them, and a pleasant thrill run through their veins, as they feel the presence of guests from the spirit-land? We commune

with them in their own silent and appropriate language; we hear the rustle of their angel wings; we believe, and are happy. Is there not pleasure exquisite and pure in all this? If the skeptical deny it, they cannot doubt its beauty and comfort-giving power.

The thought that the "dead" are with us, be- holding us always, ennobles our minds, purifies our hearts, and makes us better and holier. Let us believe, and be comforted.

South Hardwick, Vt.

Written for the Banner of Light.

TIES AND NOW.

BY MRS. HARTY A. JONES.

Alone in the moonlight I walked to-night,
Back and forth in the cool, sweet air;
In the breath of the lilacs my spirit grew light,
And threw off a weight of dull care;
Through the window shone my lonely lamp,
But I turned my eyes to the lamp of the sky;
Up from the river the mists of lamp damp,
But cannot chill, for my pulse is high.

First go my thoughts to the absent loved,
Then to the Past, how swift the flight—
In other scenes where my feet have moved,
Under the stars in the dews of night.
Home of my childhood! thy altars profaned
By the footsteps of strangers! Their fires have
gone out.

Bitter the cup that my childhood had drained
With bitterest dregs—distraught and drouth.

Girlhood was brighter; but better I loved
My own wild haunts, than the gay, glad throng;
But further away were the shadows removed,
Little by little my faith grew strong.

Then the lore of love, how deep I learned
Its sweet, pure lesson my life must tell;
Long in the Fane, where its censurers burned,
I heard its psalms of harmony swell.

"Then" had I learned not that none must live
Alone, alone through the cycles that span
The infinite ages; that we must give
Each to the other in the glorious plan.
Love that comes welling from heart to the lips,
Swells to a song of thanksgiving and joy;
Death brings to life no total eclipse—
The immortal it veils, but cannot destroy.

The crown of Peace, Joy, Trust and Hope—
These for the "Now," though the shadows of
old.

Sometimes must fall in my horoscope,
And the lessons of sorrow must ever be told.
"Under the shadow," oh, more than friend,
Our paths have been 'mid earthly woe,
But skies of promise above us bend,
And purple hills in the distance glow.

Ann Arbor, Mich., 1864.

MY SPIRIT GUIDE.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

Not as a Christian bound to Jerusalem, not as Mussulman to Mecca, nor as Brahmin to sainted Pagoda, am I; but a pilgrim from a preëxistent state, tarrying for a season in this earth-hotel, to form acquaintances in physical life, aid my mortal brothers, gather experiences on the rougher side of the circle, and appropriate such intellectual gems from wisdom's fountain as shall light me out of this "far-off country" Paradise-ward.

I brought no furniture with me—except to my none out; and yet am rich; for every rill laurel for me, bird sings for me, flower blooms for me, and even the briars that pierce yield delicious berries. All from the Mount of Vision is beautiful. All mine, and all mine is Humanity's.

Though catching grand glimpses, now and then, of Alpine eminences in the distance, sure prophecies of a sunny future, I am measurably content with the present, though with weary wanderings my feet often bleed, and my soul cries for rest. Buds groan when swelling in spring-time, and acorns that fall must be buried ere they can feel a resurrection power reanimate and ultimate in oaks. All births are preceded by struggle, and all-enduring crowns are woven from the shattered and scattered fragments of crosses. Such are the conditions of incarnation into mortal life. I take the cup, drink of it, bathe in it, press its contents to my fevered brain; and yet each draught but increases my thirst for the heavens from which I descended, and intensifies in me an upward grasping after that soul-blending and unselfish spirit-fellowship that this earth fails to furnish. This thinking, thus pondering, partially puzzled, I wept—and prayed, like the ancient "man of sorrows," pleading for angel guidance; and lo! preceded by the divine affluence, streaming by the law of intromission into my very being's centre, there came a heavenly messenger, my spirit guide, saying, "Soul, like flocks of white-winged doves, descend, that they may ascend again, leading others upward and homeward to Paradise. The philosophy thereof I will unfold to thee in the future."

In celestial spheres above me,
There's a spirit bright that loves me,
And, white-robed, he turns earthward in evening time;
When surrounding souls are cheerful,
Mine all sorrowing and tearful,
He speaks musical as sainted vesper chime:

"Tell me, brother dear, why weep ye,
Since a teacher comes to greet ye
With seraphic words of love from realms afar?"
Then, with shining hand upon me,
He pointed stward, above me,
E'en to a golden temple with gates ajar.

Domes I saw, with arch and portal,
Shimmering o'er a home immortal,
Where bridal harpers breathed music soft for them,
Who, through soul-felt aspirations,
Trials deep and tribulations,
Were found "worthy" of the New Jerusalem.

There, 'neath skies serene and golden,
With saints, seers and sages olden,
Dwells an angel-brother, my immortal guide;
And though his soul circle throneward,
And his upward march is onward,
He comes to cheer in the gray of eventide.

His calm presence now is near me,
And his magic touch infills me
With a harmony so holy and divine,
That my soul with his seems blending;
While a pleading prayer's ascending,
Oh, thou blest inspirer! seal me ever thine.

As a brother speaks to brothers,
Thou art mine, and not another,
And I'll guide thee till life's journeyings are o'er;
When thy mortal's tending earthward,
And thy spirit bounding birthward,
I will meet thee at my open temple door.

Then was gone all earthly sadness;
And I sung for very gladness,
When fell the promise, as evanels of yore,
Soft as dews on eastern mountains,
Sweet as flowers by Kedron's fountain,
Still breathing, "Brother, Guide thee thenceward!"
Portland, Maine, Jan. 8, 1865.

Seance of Henry H. Allen, the Boy Medium.

By invitation of Mr. J. H. Randall, some eight or ten persons attended, a few days since, a private seance to witness the remarkable "spirit manifestations in the light" produced through the mediumship of this unopinionated young lad, at 8 Avon Place. Another circumstantial account of this peculiar exhibition may not prove amiss in continuing the interest which has been aroused in this community, the past few weeks, among the better class of skeptics, as well as confirmed Spiritualists, in investigation of these marvelous demonstrations of spirit-power over material substance.

One of the company seated himself with the boy, as usual, outside of the extemporized "cabinet"—a common clothes-horse covered with shawls—sundry musical instruments having been already placed upon a chair within; the light of the room was subdued by partially closing the inner blinds, and the company awaited the manifestations. Some twenty minutes elapsed, but the spirits made no sign. It was then proposed that some other person "take the chair," and the writer was substituted for the honor. Upon my repeating the previous arrangement with the boy, that is, he clinging firmly with both his hands to my left arm—all being screened from the light by my own coat thrown over them—so that by no possibility could his hands be disengaged without my instant detection of their movement, in the space of two or three minutes musical sounds began to proceed from one of the instruments within, as if the chords might have been swept over by some elastic substance, and yet appearing as if produced by pneumatic force, and resembling the notes of the reed organ. Immediately after this *ecstasy*, a large and substantial hand was shown at the opening of the enclosure above my head; it was plainly visible to all present, who did not doubt that they beheld what seemed a real and well-developed human hand. Upon placing my own right hand up over my shoulder, and partly within the aperture, it was repeatedly struck by a very solid and heavy hand, as that of a large and powerful person. Sometimes my hand was momentarily grasped by the other, or *spirit*-hand, but it did not remain long enough to allow me to return the grasp and retain it in my own. Otherwise the various touches were as palpable as any person in the flesh could make them.

While this hand exhibition was going on above, another hand, of different form, showed itself repeatedly at the lower front corner of the enclosure, on my right, being thrust out in plain sight of the spectators. A hand also seized me very forcibly by the clothing on my right shoulder, and pulled away for several moments in a very human-like manner. I noticed, as my hand was many times slapped, or familiarly patted by other hands, that these manifested no difference to the feeling, in temperature or otherwise, from any human hands. *There was no mistake or hallucination about it*; the whole demonstration was as palpable as could be wished. I felt entirely free from any excitement, but occupied my mind in coolly and critically watching and treasuring each new development. I did not turn my head to see the hands thus operating, yet all their movements were distinctly visible to the spectators, and freely discussed by them, at the same time they were manifest to my feeling.

Bells were rung within the cabinet, and then passed out to me, which I took from the hand presenting them. The guitar was also passed out to me, being placed upon my head for a few seconds and thrummed the while, and then passed further out for my hand to take it away. The dulcimer stick repeatedly tapped out responses to questions, being struck once, twice or three times, for negative, doubtful or affirmative answers. The boy's head was also smartly rapped in the same way, more to the edification of the witnesses, than to his gratification. These sticks were finally thrown out upon the floor.

Just before the conclusion of the entertainment, the dulcimer was thrown down upon the floor, and the chair on which it had rested was prostrated on its back. The clothes-horse was raised up entire and shaken about with a lively degree of looseness, considering that nobody, to be seen in the room, had the handling of it. It is well to mention, that the coat, covering the boy's hands and arms, was frequently taken off by the person sitting nearest to him, and he was each time seen clapping, with tenuous grip, to my arm.

The seance, though satisfactory to all present, was not regarded by Mr. Randall, the "boy," or some others who had been witnesses before of these exhibitions, as a *first-rate* manifestation; but, as far as it did go with the possible programme, I must confess that the *spirits* did a very handsome thing in the way of re-composing material elements to represent their former "members of clay," and with them to handle material objects.

On the day following the above seance, I was quite unexpectedly treated to another, and even more satisfactory demonstration than this. I called upon Mr. Randall to engage a private sitting for some friends, for that afternoon. Mr. R. was on the point of going out, and was conversing with his wife, the "boy" being the only other one present. Mr. R. said he had not been holding seances in the afternoon, and did not know but such a deviation might prove a detriment to the evening's entertainment. He proposed, however, to consult "the spirits," and an arrangement was at once made for this purpose. He hung a shawl over the backs of the rocking-chair and another chair placed on the right; the boy sat down on a chair at the left, and I was requested to sit with the boy, as I had previously done. The room was entirely light, no change being made with the blinds to darken it. The hands of the boy held firmly my left arm. Mr. and Mrs. R. sat on a lounge facing us. At once, on being seated, Mrs. R. called attention to a hand visible above the back of my chair, and upon my putting up my own hand, at her request, I had the satisfaction of being grasped by as good a seeming hand of solid flesh, bone and muscle, as ever touched mine. My hand was very familiarly handled, slapped smartly, so that the sound rang out in the room with perfect distinctness, patted and pressed, allowing me to return the grip frequently; and finally my forefinger was seized and bent backward for a few moments so forcibly, that I was glad to withdraw it from the more powerful grasp of the spirit. Indeed I could not retain the clumb or fingers that were lazily placed within my own; they were pulled away with the utmost ease, no matter how firmly I held hold of them. The spirit now rapped out responses to various questions by striking the *knuckles* of the hand upon the back of my chair, and upon the floor, behind my chair, in the same way. The decision was in favor of the afternoon sitting. Now this, extra, and entirely free-and-easy manifestation, was more than I could have anticipated, as the boy's mode of operation—or rather the spirit's—of communication, was unknown to me. I need only add, that, the afternoon seance proved a success, and was, in most respects, of

the same character as the preceding ones, the chair being occupied by myself, as before. The two other persons, for whose benefit this last sitting was held, distinctly saw different sized hands, and of quite opposite degrees in regard to color and delicacy of formation. One of the dulcimer sticks was thrown out directly into the lap of one of the party, and the other stick upon the floor. Upon my handing the stick back to the invisible agency, it was taken from my hand as readily as any person might do it.

Now it was utterly impossible for the boy's hand to be engaged in these movements, particularly when the hands were exhibited on my right at the corner of the enclosure named, for he really could not reach so far. Moreover, I held his elbow inside of the cane back of the chair upon which I sat. From my own experience, I pronounce it utterly idle to suppose, for a moment, that the boy had any other agency in the production of these phenomena, than pertains to his own *passive* mediumship for spirit-power to exhibit itself. And the hypercritical skeptic is at liberty to openly confess his own extreme stupidity, in retiring from this investigation with the very unmanly and unintelligent verdict upon his lips, of "Humbug!" Spirits may congratulate themselves, spite these astute critics, that they are enabled to meet with some few individuals, who, though not quite so self-important in their judgments, yet can see through a simple "hole in a ladder," without the necessity of putting on scientific spectacles.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, E.S.G.
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1885.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
Room No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communication and influence. It is the effort to discover all truth, relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous life in spirit in man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritualist Magazine.*

Conditions.

Those who know from actual experience nothing about it, are naturally incredulous, even if they are not something else, when told that in order to enjoy that sweet and self-satisfying communion with departed ones, which is the crowning joy and remuneration of existence, they must observe certain conditions. When such persons come to know better, by the growth of an interior experience, they wonder that they failed to discover before so simple a law; for this matter of conditions is nothing more nor less than a law to which all of us alike must yield strict obedience if we would enjoy that exaltation of soul which comes of free and close communion with those who have gone before us into the silent summer-land.

We say the conditions upon which this indescribable enjoyment depend, are few and simple, though they operate with the force of the most stringent law. The most of them will at once occur to all spiritual-minded persons, and certainly to all who have been permitted to taste the nameless delights of free inter-communion. The first one is, that we shall be in a frame of mind which is best calculated to attract those spirits out of the form, whose presence we desire. Oil and water will no more mix of themselves in the material world than will exalted spirits come to the side of men whose hearts are nests of unclean sentiments. If we would enjoy the high and the lofty we must, at least, take some pains to qualify ourselves for their companionship. That is a rule, silently as it works, which obtains in our earthly society. No one who is notoriously unqualified for it, is received into the company of refined and exalted persons; nor does he expect the bestowment of a request that he should make his appearance among such persons, or wish for such a thing. He is already satisfied that he misses no enjoyment in his existing condition, by being kept out of the circle.

Qualification is everything in this matter. We cannot enjoy more than we have a desire to enjoy; and unless we possess the desire, we are not apt to qualify ourselves; and unless we qualify ourselves, we cannot partake of the delights that are ever open to us, nor would we ever wish to do so if thrust forcibly among them. The preachers always tell us that sinners would not stay in heaven if they were allowed to go there, the society would be so much better than they would know how to enjoy. They have hit upon the very law which runs through the whole practice of inter-communion. It interests them to apply it only to the elucidation and enforcement of their creeds, but it is found to apply to all the spiritual and real affairs of the universe. In few words, it is the law of Attraction.

We can readily see how men and women are attracted one to the other, and the contrary; but we fail to see that it is the same law of attraction which brings good and bad spirits to our side, and ever will bring them. We cannot have any better than we truly desire. A holy aspiration, a breathing out of the soul will bring into fellowship with its souls of like inclination and character. While the demons of passion are in undisputed possession of the soul, they naturally draw to it other demons of like power, who know no higher enjoyment than assisting in making the misery of that soul complete. Like produces like, in this as in all other matters. An evil spirit cannot come into the presence of a pure and exalted soul; the very armor of defence which such a soul wears is too dazzlingly bright for the eyes of the children of darkness. When we sit in our chosen solitude and throw ourselves into that frame of mind in which the good spirits take delight themselves, we need not fear that we shall long have to await their company. What is for us will come to us, though it be from the most distant realms of the universe.

Purity of heart is of all things desirable, if we would enjoy the society of those who are themselves pure. It is so in this outward life of ours, and it is the same in the interior and invisible life. It is folly for a person who has been engaged all day in giving loose rein to unclean thoughts, to pass into the realm of solitude at evening and expect that pure and lovely spirits will come and enter into a dwelling which needs so much sweeping and garnishing as his. They will pass it by

altogether; and the hateful spirits which gloat over such thoughts in their present dark state of existence, will appear in their place, leaving the mansion at last in seven-fold worse condition than when they found it. They know very well where they are welcome, and make no mistakes by going somewhere else. A day's, or even an hour's indulgence in base thoughts is an open invitation for them to make their appearance and be at once at home on the premises.

And this reflection forcibly suggests to us the other one, which is its natural sequence and result: that we are fearfully responsible for the continuance of dark and ignorant spirits in their present state of darkness. They get improvement, or the contrary, by their return to earth. We have the power either of benighting them or keeping them for a much longer term in their state of self-dedication. When they come across our path, or accidentally come into our presence, thinking perhaps that we are ready to help them to the enjoyment of all that ever yet supplied them with enjoyment, it is our duty kindly but firmly to undeceive them by rallying all our powers of will around the purer and nobler qualities of our being, and to hold them to us until we are conscious of having conferred upon them a lasting benefit. This is a charity of the very highest order, which brings down to us the smiles and approbation of the angels.

We cannot more happily conclude our remarks on a topic of such engrossing interest, than by quoting for the reader those appropriate and beautiful stanzas of Tennyson, which convey the whole matter in a form to be remembered. They are as follows:

"How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shall thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest;

But when the heart is full of sin,
And doubt besets the portal ways,
They can but listen at the gate,
And hear the household hall within."

Social Reform "Communitites."

We are in receipt of a large mass of MSS. on the above subject—enough to make a dozen pamphlets, which the authors expect us to run through the columns of this paper, to the exclusion of other more valuable and interesting matter. The schemes set on foot by these reformers, are, in our estimation, entirely Utopian. *Communitites* cannot be changed in a day or a year or a series of years. Reforms that are effective are necessarily slow in their culmination.

We have, since the establishment of the Banner, published the plans of many sincere but enthusiastic individuals, for the betterment of the condition of the community generally, being no more nor less than the purchase of large tracts of land upon which to settle, the actual settlers owning all the property in common, and sharing equally the amount of profits accruing from their labor, if any should so accrue, etc. Such an organization is contemplated in Southern Kansas next spring—so say the documents before us. Then, again, we have a long article from Mr. D. H. Hamilton, of Lewiston, Maine, entitled "Reconstruction," setting forth his views and intentions on the same subject, which, having promised him we would print in our next issue, we shall do so. As it appears to Spiritualists as well as others, we consider it within the pale of our prerogative to say in advance that we do not endorse any such movement, although, at the same time, we would not for a single moment interfere with others who think differently upon the subject. Each individual must be his or her own judge in such matters.

Mexican Affairs.

Reports of continued successes on the part of the Mexican Liberals against the new Emperor are continually confirmed. Maximilian does not seem to be making very great headway in his attempt to establish a new government after the European pattern in Mexico. His troops are getting the worst of it in almost every encounter. Compelled at length to take an open stand on the Church question, he has found that there is no other way to assure his present experiment of success but by depriving the Church party of all further power in the State, which he has proceeded to do by a proclamation. This will be the heaviest blow that party has yet received. He undoubtedly expects to make capital with the Liberals by it; but it is quite as probable that he will only unite the Liberals and the Church party against him.

The Heart of Winter.

If you will walk across the lots and into the woods some day, the absence of all traces of even the squirrels at noonday will demonstrate the fact that we are in the very heart of winter, and a hard heart it is, too. When it is really cold weather, these little creatures are wise enough to stay at home, not venturing out of doors even with their furs on. They are excellent measures of the season's severity. The crows, too, do not fly about much in the woods during this toughness of the winter's experience. Let us not forget that this is the very time to do charitable deeds. If we have much and our neighbor has little, out of that much we can certainly render some little assistance. The winter does good service, if it warms our hearts with genuine sympathy for others.

The Pope's Bull.

His Holiness at Rome has let loose another of his animals, which some of the papers style an Encyclical Letter. He is now driving at something which, we fear, the poor man will hardly be able to accomplish. In other words, he is at present engaged in putting down what are called the "isms" of the modern world, or what intelligent men know very well to be the progress of free thought. Having had his temporal power abridged, the Pope thinks now that he is going to frighten people with some of his thunderous efforts to regain complete spiritual control. He simply wishes to destroy those new opinions which are spreading themselves in opposition to the dogmas of the Roman Church. This is a good deal worse than "the bull against the comet," and will have about the same effect.

Belle Bush's Poems.

Owing to unforeseen hindrances, the publisher has not been able to complete the printing of Miss Bush's poems in book form as soon as was at first expected, and upon which we based our statement a few weeks since that the book would "probably be in the market in season for the holidays." We learn, however, that the work is progressing, and our friends may look for these fine poems, under the title of "Voices of the Morning," at no very distant day. The "Voices" will be gladly welcomed wherever their sweet notes are heard.

Death of Edward Everett.

No event since the departure of Daniel Webster to the life immortal has created more sensation in this city and throughout the country than the sad intelligence of the sudden departure to the spirit-land of Edward Everett. The event was quite unexpected, for our citizens had been in the habit of daily seeing Mr. Everett moving in his midst, in the active pursuits of life. He addressed a public meeting in Faneuil Hall, on Monday, Jan. 9th, in aid of the Savannah sufferers, and having taken cold, had an attack of pneumonia, which confined him to his house until Sunday morning, Jan. 15th, at four o'clock, when his spirit took its leave of the mortal casket to join the army of noble souls who were waiting to receive him on the other shore. He was born in Dorchester, in this State, April 11th 1794, and would have been seventy-one years of age next April.

Mr. Everett was a man of large literary attainments, and a statesman of unblemished integrity. He has held with honor to himself and the country many high and responsible stations. He has been a member of both branches of Congress, and of the Cabinet, as Secretary of State, also Governor of Massachusetts, Minister to England, and President of Harvard College. He was preacher, professor, essayist, diplomat, orator, statesman, and a good man.

Laudatory testimonials of respect to his memory have been adopted all over the country. The most expressive one we have noticed in regard to the benevolence of his character, is embodied in a resolve adopted by the Legislature of Maine, which says, "that in addition to the admiration and gratitude awarded him by a thankful nation, for his unwearied and successful labors in its behalf at the time when his wisdom and influence were especially needed, we gratefully recognize his generous efforts for the benefit of the loyal sufferers in Tennessee, and also his latest public service given in aid of the needy citizens of Savannah—a fitting finale of his broad and deep sympathy with all the sufferers of this time of woe, to adorn the patriotism which has so greatly blessed the land he has so ably and faithfully served through so long a life."

The funeral services took place on Thursday, at noon, in the Chauncy street Church, where a brief address was made by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Ellis, and the remains were then taken to Mount Auburn and deposited in Mr. Everett's lot.

The streets through which the funeral cortege passed were densely packed, by men, women and children, thousands of whom came from out of town. In the procession were to be seen the Governor, Council, and Legislature of Massachusetts, besides prominent and official personages from this and other States, with a military escort. The spectacle was a sad and imposing one, and all seemed to feel that the nation had lost the presence of a great and good man.

Corn L. V. Hatch.

"If he is mad, there's method in his madness." This quotation was the text for a sensible and humanitarian discourse, on Insanity, Idiotcy, Monomania and Cleptomania, Obsession, &c., specifically treating each degree of the disease in as clear and elaborate a manner as the time would allow. She said these several cases deserve the especial attention of philanthropists more than any others in the catalogue of diseases, arguing that they do not receive the right and proper treatment they should have. With this right treatment every case could be cured or greatly benefited. (She then cited instances where the worst subjects of idiotcy even, had been attracted by the sound of music, thus showing that the idiot possessed a soul, and that the germ of mind was there. Her appeal in behalf of this class of suffering humanity was most eloquent.

In the evening she spoke upon "Phrenology," treating it as a science. She did not confine her remarks to this particular subject, however, but touched upon phrenology and the kindred sciences which properly belong to the phrenological family, thus making an exceedingly interesting lecture, which created quite a sensation among the audience.

At the close of the address she gave a continuation of the beautiful poem commenced the Sunday evening previous, entitled "Voices of the Winds." Next Sunday, Jan. 29th, closes Mrs. Hatch's engagement in this city.

Healing Mediums.

We are frequently questioned in regard to the reliability of persons advertising in our columns as healing, test, or writing mediums, and for that reason we have made inquiries in relation to Mrs. Lizzie Wetherbee, No. 10 Lincoln street, and find that she is a successful healing medium, restoring patients by manipulation, or the laying on of hands. We have before us a letter from Mrs. Rebecca S. Atwood, of Watertown, Mass., in which she states that she was almost miraculously restored to health, wholly through the healing powers of Mrs. Wetherbee, after having been ill for seventeen years, and been doctored by some of the best physicians in the country—whose names she mentions—and been given over by them as hopelessly incurable. In this sad condition her friends, as a last resort, applied to Mrs. W., and the result is as stated above. The patient had a complication of diseases of the most discouraging nature, but they all yielded under the magnetic touch of the medium's hands. Other patients have been equally fortunate, and we doubt not many more will be rescued from an untimely grave through the instrumentality of Mrs. Wetherbee.

Lizzie J. Kellogg in the Lecturing Field.

In a note from this lady, dated Westfield, Mass., in which she alludes to the growth of Spiritualism, and contrasts the manner in which it is received at the present day with that of ten years ago, she adds: "I have noticed an increasing call of late for lecturers, and would here state that it is my most earnest desire to enter the field in that capacity, if the friends of spiritual progress desire my services. All the energy God has given me shall be devoted to the work of propagating our beautiful philosophy, and, if possible, to stay the rapid advance of intemperance, which is devastating our fair land, and making children woe over orphaned." Here appears to be an earnest soul who is willing to work in a good cause, and doubtless needs encouragement. Will not our friends take notice of the fact, and act accordingly?

Dangerous Counterfeit.

There is in circulation in this city a very nicely executed counterfeit 50-cent scrip. It so nearly resembles the genuine that none but the ablest expert can detect it. The city is being flooded with this description of "currency," it is said. Some photographer must have had a hand in the production, evidently; as the counterfeit would not otherwise have so nearly resembled the genuine. It is rumored that there are parties in New York, who are putting this spurious currency in circulation.

D. D. Home or D. D. Hume.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Times." SIR—"What's in a name?" Shakespeare asks the question, and Crabbe answers "a great deal. I have not the volume at hand, but I know that it is something about Dwight, and amounts pretty much to this:

"Renown O Dwight,
Or any such name,
With a name such a right,
Never can make it look Homer's quite!"
You give us a passage from the Banner of Light, which informs us that the English have some home, mistaken D. D. Hume's name, which is not Home, but Hume, and that his publisher has made the same mistake in "Incidents of my Life."
So is that the fact? Brother Jonathan, we know, is just now in the finest possible humor for laying all sorts of snares on his Cousin John's back, simply because he won't back him up in acting Cain and Abel in the South. He has got now to saying that John Bull actually began the dreadful war in which the Northerners are vainly endeavoring like Pharaoh to cross the great Red Sea which has been flowing athwart the discord States for these four years; as they tell us to South and say black and white are the same, but which, to our eyes, so far, have made the white look very black indeed.

Well, let Jonathan say what he will on that score, but on this score and a score of other things, John Bull has had no hand in them. John Bull has some time ago proclaimed by his Lord Chamberlain that a man may call himself what he likes—Home, Hume, Hum, or the Old Hummums himself, but then he must stick to it. He must not imagine himself in an American rocking-chair, and keep up an eternal sea-saw. Mr. Home, whether at home or abroad, must settle the matter for himself, and however he may wander about himself, he must let his name be a fixture. It is quite certain that Mr. Hume or Home, whilst in America, and before coming to England, wrote, printed, and called himself Hume. For some time in England he retained that style and title, and was called David Douglas Hume. All at once he found himself signing himself D. D. Home, and on inquiring the cause he said himself that his family name was Home, when he was at home in his native country of Scotland, and that both Home and Hume were pronounced there exactly the same—Hume. That henceforth he should spell his name Home, and he has always done so, as some hundreds, perhaps thousands of his notes in people's hands here, mine amongst the rest, testify. In the material supplied by himself for Mrs. Howitt's article in the Spiritual Magazine, "In Memoriam," the name was given at length David Douglas Hume.

But, says the Banner of Light, the publisher has made the same mistake. The publisher had just as much to do with it as Mumbo Jumbo, of Central Africa. Mr. Wm. Wilkinson, editor of the Spiritual Magazine, put the "Incidents" through the press for Mr. Home or Hume, and having Mr. Home's name in his own handwriting, some dozen of notes, was not likely to miss it. The editor of the Banner of Light says Mr. Home or Hume "paid him a visit last week." Did he ask Mr. Home or Hume before he put the burden on John Bull's back whether the poor old paterfamilias of Ancient Bition was really guilty of this taking away a man's good name? Certainly one never heard of John before meddling with his neighbor's nomenclature. When a man has here learned his vowels off in decent orthodox order and sequence I O U, he is not likely to teach him to say them backwards and make U O I of it—that belongs to another school.

Well, it is time that all this Hume-d-vapor should be cleared from Mr. Hume or Home's name, and that we should have something fixed and Homogeneous. We do not want his true cognomen on the authority of any Banner of Light or banner of darkness, but on his own. He must let us know whether he is then Home at home, Home of that ilk, and Hume over the Atlantic, or How-rrr is to be.

In answer to our Brother Bull, in the London Spiritual Times, we have only to say, that Mr. Home solemnly affirms his name should be pronounced HUME, but spelled HOME. So, Mr. Bull, if there was any bull in the matter, it was partly our own, and partly Mr. Home's (Hume's), who did not at first give us any very clear idea of the matter under consideration. How-rrr should be, in no sort of consequence, anyway, however.

"Well," we believe John Bull, when he says more sins are laid at his door than he is guilty of, although he is guilty of enough, the Lord knows. Jonathan, too, has terribly sinned, and is being terribly punished therefore; but as "good cometh out of evil," we desire our brethren on the other side of the "big pond," to be as lenient toward us as possible, and when we come out of our great struggle for freedom—as we surely shall, "purified by fire"—we will do all that lies in our power to instruct them "in the way they should go."

Spiritualists, above all others, should endeavor to promote harmony one with another, whether on this or the other side of the Atlantic. Therefore we extend the right-hand of fellowship to the writer in the Times (and all the other Bulls), notwithstanding the "darkness" he has endeavored to cast upon our good name.

The Indians.

A resolution has been agreed to in the U. S. House of Representatives, appointing a committee of five to investigate abuses against the Indians. We are pleased to see that at length a move is made in this direction. If any race of beings on the face of the earth has been *savagely* wronged, it is that of the North American Indian. Had they been treated with love, instead of whiskey, we should never have heard of "atrocious Indian massacres" upon our Western borders. There is no doubt but that seven-eighths of all the moneys appropriated by the U. S. Government for the benefit of the Indians, have gone into the pockets of unprincipled agents. Therefore, we repeat, we are pleased that the Government is at last determined to investigate the matter, and right the wrong, as far as possible, at this late day.

The Canada Matter.

It does not look as if the new proceedings in Canada in reference to the raid were likely to secure the ends of justice any better than those had under Justice Courval, who once discharged the St. Albans criminals. The question before the Court is simply, whether these men are the men who should be delivered up to the United States, on the complaint that they were the robbers and murderers at St. Albans, so that they may be tried on that charge after being remanded? Instead of settling that simple point, the Montreal Judge has seen fit to adjourn the trial in order that the sounders may obtain testimony of some sort, for some purpose, from Richmond. As if any evidence from that place respecting their character could bear upon the probability of their guilt in respect to the crime of which they are charged!

A Year's Business.

A tabular statement has been made by a mercantile agency house in New York, of the amount of the business transactions of the loyal States during the past year, from which it appears that, in spite of the waste and wear of war, the manufactures, trade and agriculture of the country have been remarkably successful during the last twelve months. Employment has been plentiful, with liberal prices. Speculation has been restrained by the cautious, cash, and limited credit system by business men, and the opportunities for over trading which were formerly the bane of our social system, have been cut off correspondingly. The year's exhibit is a most favorable one, and shows a healthy state of things which calls for general congratulation.

1

100



Passed
 Co. O., 4th
 Regt., De
 His di
 he linger
 of mortal
 He and his
 commun
 lington be
 all the th
 the scier
 spiteful cu
 household
 whence c
 suming his
 truth, he
 he associa
 there wa
 the storm
 will be
 truly sur
 one disea
 In com
 moral, w
 and was
 most of
 before hi
 choir dir
 truly he
 their res
 While
 that, we
 home v
 an adopt
 great fat
 ed. In t
 the agon
 he comm
 rasse
 tion. Th
 departed
 rates an
 Altitud
 mourns
 hope. I
 his hom
 with his
 May the
 spread f
 earth sh
 thy sting

Depart
 in the 7
 He wa
 Co., N. Y.
 of fifty
 a piece
 He los
 loss, for
 alize that
 an entra
 nces. I
 the spiri
 of condit
 rather t
 be remou

Also, J
 Rice, ag
 United
 She was
 of all w
 city of c
 Inducen
 She had
 race, bu
 spirit-co
 go; for,
 for all
 stay."

In Col
 Wilder I
 She lo
 died as s
 in her m
 and her
 She wa
 had long
 Allwise
 Boston

Passe
 Troy, 2
 Honore
 ances, h
 A con
 about G
 spiritec
 from the
 privileg
 through
 enco ev
 he cross
 like the
 life un
 foundat
 He pa
 gle; so
 change,
 duct the
 entered
 himself
 feeling;
 At
 U.
 U.
 N.
 "I

Troy,
 After
 Lydia I
 U., pas
 cinto o
 in victo
 Gone
 the chic
 lips! 5
 more,
 blooms
 shoro c
 percep
 after an
 cluster
 gressiv
 strong
 and co
 ism in t
 human
 affecti
 feast of
 nished h
 to that
 the sor
 light's
 called
 severo
 implic
 none of
 her ap
 praise
 house
 God, f
 joy, th
 the ter
 was c
 had ga

Pass
 after d
 in the
 J. J. Al
 memb-
 He,
 prison
 noko
 passed

Firs
B
 PAR I
 the
 from
 V—J
 Bell
 VIII
 thro
 three
 Ban
 tion
 XII
 cont
 XV
 Mar
 ter
 Bya
 Chas
 e Opl
 of fol
 pen
 the
 Tri
 May

Sec
O
 Heav
 taline
 The
 pleas
 work
 ready
 Chap
 for
 imp
 III
 By
 all
 and
 pas
 ter
 Be
 To
 low
 "X
 "X
 "X
 "X
 "X

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES

[illegible]