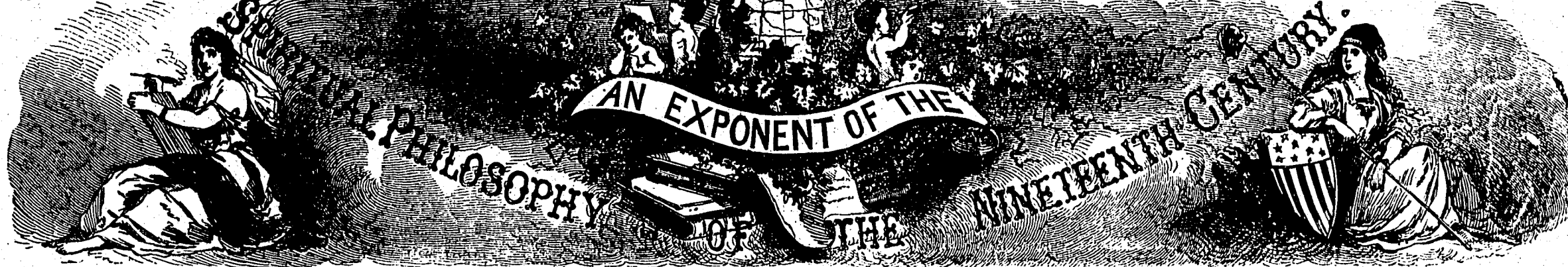


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 5.

Spiritual Phenomena.

ACCREDITED MANIFESTATIONS.

THE MYSTERY OF HINTON ABBEY.

Hinton Abbey—a secluded spot, rather known by its descendant name for what it was, than for what it is—gives that same name to a secluded rural spot, which lies some five miles from Bath, in the "hundred" of Puckle Church, and is as sweet a spot as ever was invested with the gift of a "haunted house." It might be denied, however, that the place was not so much a house as portions of an old abbey, which had its traditions nevertheless. And these traditions were made the most of.

Of the abbey itself, little stood above ground, except the portion of an old gateway, occupied (years ago, of course) by one Geoffrey Morton, who, they said, had grown mad and become a miser.

The remnants of the ruins, if such can be, rose from the midst of embowering woods, or remained where they fell, a mass of *tumuli*, covered with moss, grass, and weeds, the accumulated growth of ages—while the tradition told by the elders of the small town added to the mysterious charm which up to the last invested the old abbey with attractions. For there was an old town, formerly an adjunct of the abbey, and known as "Hinton" *per se*.

The ruins of the old abbey boasted themselves—that is to say, what really did remain of them—they boasted themselves of a certain amount of decayed splendor, pretty much as a noble duke might do in his descent to the tomb. You were reminded of what it had been, not what it then was, though the children clambered about it, and though in an ancient gate-house lived one supposed to be its "curator." A curious title enough, for a curator is supposed to take some care of a place; whereas Geoffrey Morton, the curator in question, took no care at all of the place.

And so it came to pass that the place fell every day and every year more and more into decay. As if he could repair the ravages of centuries! For time, truth to tell, had played havoc with him, and he became a grim old man, whom most people shunned, caring little to have ought to say or do with him. The old gate-house he inhabited and dwelt in alone was as remarkable for its architecture as for a certain air of gloom and darkness which it wore.

Geoffrey Morton was known to have been brought up in the neighborhood—to have lived there all his life—to have, as reported, amassed fabulous wealth—to have died and "made no sign," and then stories of the marvelous began to creep out and be noised abroad.

Hinton Abbey had a proprietor, though it might be said there was, so far as the abbey was concerned, little to boast of. But like many another of those antique remnants of the past, it lay in "grounds"—it was part of an estate; and years and years ago its proprietor was a wild and profligate youth, and turned to be even worse as a man, and Geoffrey Morton was his steward, his pander, his slave, and throve and grew rich on the fruits of his foul office. Hence what reputation he could possibly have was by no means likely to be of the best.

What especial crime had been acted in concert between these two men is not known, and now most probably never will be known. It is only hinted at, therefore, to show how Geoffrey became the tenant of the abbey gate-house, the possessor of houses in the town, the rents of which he exacted with merciless rigor, and how the proprietor, ceasing to exist, there was only a young ward in chancery left; and Geoffrey still in part managing the estates, became in a degree master and "monarch of all he surveyed," and as he had the opportunity of being a petty tyrant, he was one—nature had so far gifted him; and if curses could kill a man, Geoffrey Morton would have been a dead man long before his time.

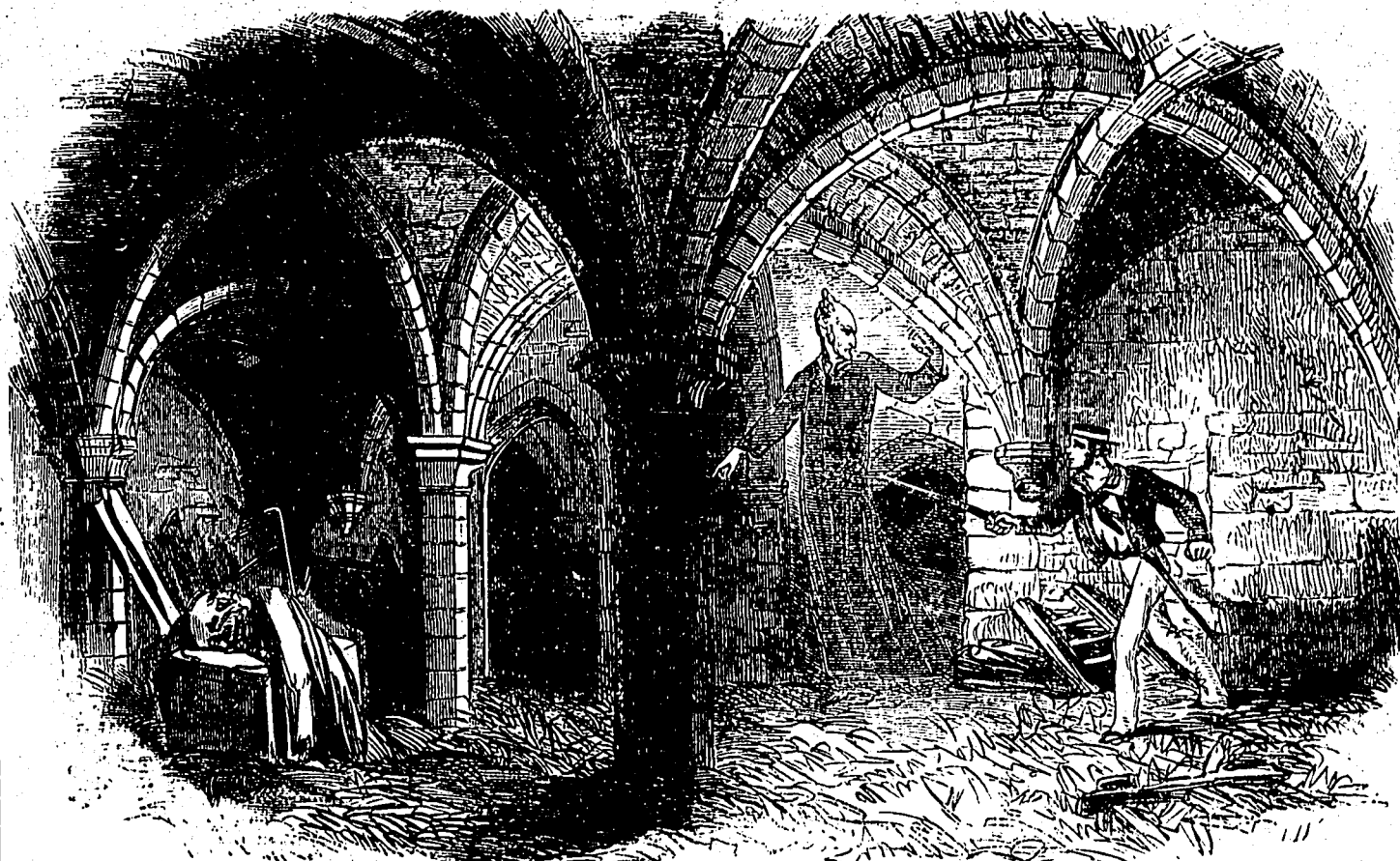
The gate-house was, as many might have thought, not the likeliest place for one so well off, so fabulously rich, even, as Geoffrey Morton; only that it suited his purpose.

Now with regard to these rumored treasures. It was alleged that the greater portion of the last proprietor's wealth passed into Geoffrey's hands as the reward of some crowning iniquity. Be that as it may, true or false, and whether he had any wealth at all, he had the whole merit of the rumor, and bore black looks and muttered words with equal indifference. He had not always lived at the gate-house, as we need scarcely inform our readers. It was only when it suited his purpose that he had taken it into his head to reside there. There occurred an episode in his story, which may be placed in this present hiatus or gap, and so fill it up—which, although it does not reflect gracefully on the man's character—as how could it?—is not without a touch of pathos, and may help to give a relief to the more somber portions of this our story.

But first of all we must premise one or two things.

One is, that we do not speak, in this narrative at least, of Geoffrey Morton as in the present tense—for he is dead years before our story opens. Dead, in the second place, so long that he haunts the old ruin and the gate-house, and he has a grandson grown almost to manhood. Consequently, if we have a hero at all, it must be this grandson. And in order to account in some degree for this, we will return.

Geoffrey Morton at one time occupied a handsome house just on the Hinton Road, as you pass out of it to reach the Bath Road; and the house being one of the "grandest" in the neighborhood of the town—in the phrase of the country folk—it was not above the average size or different to the



THE DREAM OF WILLIAM MORTON GEOFFREY.

stereotyped fashion of country houses, when, ambitious to quit the picturesque red cottage style, they borrow some hideous innovation from the city or town, and create a convenient ugliness of brick and mortar at once. Something like this was Geoffrey Morton's dwelling.

He was married then, and his temper had not been soured, his nature tampered with, his cupid-ty tried, his avarice awakened, though it may be admitted that this sense was probably only latent within him. It was—next to his boyhood—the happiest period of his life.

He had a daughter, too, to gladden his household, and to brighten his eyes with her bloom and beauty. She was at this period some seventeen years of age. The man ought to have been happy, but some curse lay on him.

It was soon after this that he became more closely allied to him we shall allude to as the "proprietor" of the domain; and this alliance, while it gained to Geoffrey more confidence and trust and emolument, gradually weaned him from his home joys, gradually sapped his better ground of happiness from under his feet, gradually brought him houses and land, and filled his banker's book, gradually made him the slave and the tool of a master-devil, the proprietor, and prepared the way fast for the change that was coming.

The gradual weaning of the man's heart from his home—from all that, combined together, was to him a better angel—was now more rapidly on the increase. Having to attend upon his master, he was now oftener absent. He began to neglect his wife, to forget his daughter. His wife died, and Ruth Morton was an orphan.

He could not comprehend, and therefore could not calculate his loss. Only vaguely did he fancy that he missed something. Perhaps it was his gain instead of his loss, after all. The worse nature latent within was awakening, for he came into a small fortune his wife had left him. This he invested. It returned him a large interest. He lent out money at usury, and his wealth continued to increase. Then he began to grow close-fisted, hard, pitiless, and a scoffer of the poor, (who, after all, respects the poor?) and day by day his nature was changing and indurating.

He did not remark, to his misfortune, that his daughter's nature was changing, too. Ruth Morton was a very beautiful girl, and the "proprietor" of the domain, having once seen her, was determined to possess her. In this case he could not engage the father to aid in the betrayal of his own daughter. He had recourse to other measures, therefore. These all failed. Cleverly as his schemes were laid—backed by wealth, by power, by his bold unscrupulousness—he was baffled, beaten by a weak young girl, whose strength lay in her innocence—or, rather, in her love. Yes, that gave her strength; that passion—like the budding promises of the spring—like the perfume in the flower—gave her a new life, fresh strength, and decided her. Her father had ceased to love her; at least he made no show of it, and her life was growing more and more dreary; it was becoming a day-dream of fear—of fear so great that mere terror is not a name for it. She began to know that snarers were being laid for her—that her ruin, ruthless, pitiless, was contemplated. She loved; she was beloved. A private marriage with a young man, a relative remote in kindred, but still having the Morton blood in his veins—a private marriage was the result.

Geoffrey Morton was furious, white with un-governable rage, when he heard from his daughter's lips what had occurred.

"Fool!" he hissed out, "to marry a beggar, when you might have married—ah!" and he tore his hair in impotent rage.

She understood him now. He had been scheming, too! scheming secretly, silently. All was over.

"Father," she said, "I needed protection and much pity. You had ceased to afford me the one; spare me a little of the other—now!"

"Pity?" he yelled out.

"Yes; for my mother's sake—for yours—for mine!"

"Ho, ho, ho! In what shape, then?"

"I have no money—"
"Ha! that is the chord, is it?"

"My husband is weak from recent illness; but I married him because I was in fear—in hourly fear."

"Hum! hum! I had not thought—"
"Relent—pity me—pity him!"

"May he rot—wither like the leaves of autumn!" shrieked the half-maddened man.

"Father—oh, my father!"

"I loved you, girl—I did not know how much until now; and now I know not whether I—No matter. Listen to me, and listen well."

She noticed his whitened face—his trembling lips—his fiery eyes, and she knew too well that what he was about to say he meant.

Then at the same moment came a revulsion in that hitherto tranquil breast of hers.

Her fate was being spoken.

He was dooming himself also.

"To save you or your husband from famine or from death," he ground out between his teeth, "I would not spare a single penny piece!"

"Father!"—but she did not speak in appeal.

"To spare you from starvation, I would not—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake—for your own—"

"For mine?"

"Ay, for yours!" she replied, confronting him.

"And why, mistress—why?"

"The pity you refuse you may want some day yourself."

"Ha! ha! The probabilities are possible, but that will not alter me."

"Have you forgotten my mother?" she asked.

"Your mother?"

"Yes."

"No. Why?"

"I am her child."

"Ah! It does not change me."

"Be it so—and so, father, farewell!" she icily replied.

"Farewell!"

He spoke with a changed voice, however, as if some sterner portion of his nature was shaken.

She had made a step or two toward the door, when the change in the tone struck upon her ear.

Might it yet be possible to melt him?

She halted, turned, looked toward him. Oh, that mute, imploring look!

For many a year after, he saw it as one sees an un-forgotten look in a dream.

"Not a penny—not a penny piece!" he muttered.

"Be it so, as I said before; and once more, farewell!"

"Farewell!"

"For ever!" she added.

"For ever!"

She was gone!

Our story must advance, and leap on in its continuance without the usual regard to unities and cohesion it becomes sometimes necessary to bestow upon narratives of more enlarged details.

She was gone—lost to him forever; and he knew, as if from a reflex of his own nature, that she would never plead with him more. What he felt, what he bore, what he endured, it is not our business to deal with. But what he did feel and endure must not be denied.

The story of Ruth and William Geoffrey is soon told. The young husband died of consumption speedily enough. Neglect and the father's cruelty aided to strike the fatal blow. The young wife gave birth to a boy, who is entered in the parish books of Hinton as "William Morton Geoffrey;" thus taking his grandfather's name, and asserting, as it were, his relationship to the miserly man who was thus extinguishing little by little the only ties that united him to humanity. But a man can no more escape from retributive fate than he can bring back the past. For, by a

singular rule of fate, while Geoffrey Morton was willing to ignore the existence of his daughter, and all belonging to her, he could not; day by day reproduced these evidences to him. He knew of the death of his son-in-law, under such circumstances as would have provoked pity in the most cynical breast. He knew that his daughter had worked, and striven, and worked her fingers to the bone to avert the poor young man's doom. He knew of her sorrow, of her anguish; he once or twice saw her pale, wan face, which tacitly reproached him with her piteous looks. He knew of the birth of her baby, and "gave no sign." He knew that she left Hinton in order to find employment elsewhere. He knew the mother died—that the child was an orphan; and that while the mother slept under the green turf at Hinton churchyard, the child was taken in charge by a charitable person; and then—then there came a blank.

At this time he took possession of the gate-house. After this, he began to wander about the grounds of the old abbey, and to look for mysterious and dark ways to the underground portions of it, until at last he lighted on the crypts. At the first glimpse of these mysterious and remote regions—so to call them—their gloom, their dark and chilling air, as well as their darkness, awed him. Then, arming himself with lights, and calling up his fortitude and courage, he boldly entered them, explored them from end to end, until at last he had mastered them in every nook and cranny, until they were as familiar to him as his long-used chamber in the old gate-house. And, so far as suited his purpose, he found an entrance by a winding staircase connecting the gate-house with the crypts, and leading from the one to the other. Any fear that this dismal place might ordinarily create, gave way with him to one absorbing passion. He found there a huge, ancient, iron-bound chest, into which he poured all his wealth, which was now considerable and increasing daily. Trustless of all others, he withdrew his money from the town bank, and placed it with the rest of his treasures. The price of the last great crime he had committed in conjunction with his master, whatever that was, consisted of plate and family jewels, that were either given to him, found by him, or taken by him. However that might be, these went to the increase of his store. His master-passion—that of avarice—overbearing, overriding all others—even the terrors by night, the dread by day—remorse, sorrow, that corroding memory he could not destroy, but only avoid, as it were—the master-passion "grew by what it fed on," and Geoffrey Morton, the "Miser of Hinton," acquired a name, a title, a reputation, that accompanied him to the last hour of his miserable life. For that, too, came to an end one day. Nearly twenty years after his daughter's death he died.

At least, so everybody said; only the mystery of the matter was that his very body had disappeared. Had he fled, or had the fiend, with whom it was said he had been in league, carried him bodily away?

Of course, the gossips now became replete with interest.

The gate-house was haunted; no one would live in that hideous place after the disappearance of the old miser; and the wreck of the few things found there betrayed the sordid spirit which had so fully taken possession of him.

Strange lights flitted across the window at night. The figure of a worn and ghastly man was seen, so many said, bearing the light, ascending, as it was averred, through the floor, and then vanishing from sight.

Twenty years after the death of Ruth Morton, a fine ship was idly rocking in the Indian Seas, a breeze dropping into a calm, lulling all except the watch on deck into sleep.

Among the youngsters of the ship was a fine-looking fellow, some eighteen years of age, and entered in the man-of-war's books as William Morton Geoffrey—which, in fact, was his name. He had been on boat duty, and felt more than usually worn and tired. He went below into the midshipman's mess room, which, strangely

enough, had no other occupant, sank on a chest and fell fast asleep. And in this sleep he dreamed. A gaunt, haggard man, worn and evil-looking, appeared to him, beckoning him along a street, up to the outer wall of an ancient edifice; leading him first through an arch-way, in at a door-way, up a staircase, then into an old stone chamber indifferently furnished, though in his dream he seemed to make an inventory of all he observed. Then his ghostly guide led him by a narrow door, and down a winding staircase, stone also, till he felt a cold, damp air on his brow, and then he stood in the heart of a spacious, vaulted place, which he understood to be the crypts of a ruined abbey. It was, in truth, a weird yet striking place. The groined arches, the stretching vistas, the place which was dark yet light, the gliding figure, moved the sleeper, who still followed.

Still followed the guide, until it stood before a great, old chest, the lid of which he opened, and pointed, with a long, attenuated finger, to a piece of folded parchment.

On this parchment the sleeper distinctly saw written:

"The will of Geoffrey Morton, dated this—, 17—."

The figure vanished.

The sleeper awoke, gave himself a shake, went on deck, and in another hour had forgotten all about it.

Twelve months after, the young officer was in England—was in Hinton, which, he had been told by those who had so well adopted and cared for him, was his native place; and was fast asleep under the hospitable roof of the "Hinton Arms," when he again fell into a dream. The dream was as before. The next day he took a stroll about the town, and came to the old abbey arch-way, to the old gate-house. He recognized the spot at once.

"By heavens, it must be the same!" he muttered, to himself.

He mused, and rambled about the town—went back to the inn—supped, went to bed, and dreamed once more.

This time there was a slight variety to his dream. The young man, led once more by his guide, and following as before, found himself in the crypts, a supernatural glare following as the phantom led the way, and then—

And then they stood by the chest once more.

Once again the lid of the chest was thrown open.

Once again did the young man see the writing on the parchment; but as he read, the parchment opened itself, and the youth beheld:

"Bequeathed to my grandson, William Morton Geoffrey"—the full particulars being understood.

"Geoffrey Morton."

The next day the youth, feeling that something must lie under the weight of this terrible vision, took counsel with the leading attorney of the town, and attended by the host of the "Hinton Arms," and one or two others as witnesses, attention was riveted upon these lines. They entered the gate-house, penetrated its mysteries, forced the private door which led to the stone staircase, lit their tapers, and descended. All this time the young officer led the way, as if he had been familiar with it from childhood. For young Geoffrey recognized everything, every corner of the room, every nook of the crypt, every devious way which the diverging and shafted alleys led to. He went direct and right at once to the spot where the iron-bound chest lay.

What made him at once start back with a cry of horror? He had advanced, light in hand, holding it over the chest, and there across it lay a half-clad human skeleton, the clothes in patches and tatters, covered with dust, and an extinguished lamp lying beside it.

The fate of the Miser of Hinton was easily understood.

The grandson took possession of the large hoard of wealth which the restless spirit of the grand-sire bestowed upon the young man.

It was evident that there was amongst the contents of the chest pieces of plate to which he had no legal right, and which were therefore restored.

When what seemed a retributive justice had been done, the old gate-house ceased to be haunted; and as we have no further concern with the future careers of young Geoffrey, excepting indulging in a hope that it may have been happy, the story of the Miser of Hinton here comes to an end.—*Reynolds's Miscellany, London.*

ARE THEY SPIRITS?

When the *Banner of Light* of March 12th came to me, Mrs. K. opened it, and turning to the "Message Department," read the message from "Himie Tabbs." A lady present soon asked: "Those are all Oakland people—how did they get the names in Boston?" "The spirit gave them," Mrs. K. replied. The lady was not a little surprised to find that little "Himie" knew just as well as she knew that "Uncle Oscar" has been real sick.

"Are they indeed spirits?" she asked again, as if doubting, yet hoping that spirits do come with love-messages to those who have only faint glimpses of the Beautiful Land.

I saw recently a little Spanish girl, ten years old. She had never heard the word Spiritualist. Her parents were Catholics. The child turned suddenly to her mother and said, "Do you see that man?" "No, child," the mother replied. "There is no man here." "But there is, mamma; and he says Felix is sick—real sick."

Felix came home in less than an hour, took his bed, and had a fever. The mother told me the incident, and said, "Do you think Kittle saw a spirit?"

At the time of the recent railroad accident in this place, two men, strangers, occupied one seat. One of them, starting up suddenly, said, "Let us go into the next car—there will be an accident

In this one." Five minutes after a collision stove the car these gentlemen had just left into fragments. Neither of the men were Spiritualists, and now wonder if spirits were watching them and warning of coming danger.

The gold recently discovered in San Diego County, Cal., has set people to wondering how any one thought of looking in that out-of-the-way place for gold. A correspondent for the *Oakland News* makes this explanation: He says that Dr. Wells, a dentist, was out in that region looking about. As is the custom, the doctor slept on the ground. He dreamed that there was gold in the rock under his head. Did some spirit miner come to the doctor and show him the gold under his head?

The doctor, being somewhat of a Spiritualist, and a believer in dreams, arose in the morning, with the shadow of his dream before him as vivid as was the ghost of "Bannan," and "it would not dawn." After coffee and a smoke he drew a sober sigh, and then with pick, crowbar and shovel he began to dig directly on the spot where he had dreamt his golden dream, and in just fifteen minutes he struck a well-defined ledge of gold-bearing quartz, in richness far exceeding what he had seen at the "stilly hour" at night in his golden vision. As soon as he discovered it, and was satisfied that his dream was a reality, he staked off his claim and got out about eight hundred pounds of rock and carted it into San Diego, where it now lies, and is considered by all who are good judges of gold quartz to be rich beyond description. Some of the knowing ones say it will yield silver to the ton; others estimate it at \$2000, while some say less than \$2000 to the ton. The ledge has already been traced two miles, with good prospects.

There is in San Francisco a house owned by Mr. Emil Grisar, the Belgian Consul, who is on a trip to Europe. Six very respectable men took the house during the absence of the owner. It is the custom of these young men to dine at six o'clock, and as their day's duties are ended, they remain at the table till eight o'clock, then go to the parlor for a smoke.

Last Saturday, the 10th inst., quite contrary to their custom, the men—all six—left the table before the usual time, lit their cigars, and proceeded to a small garden-house in the rear of the kitchen. In five minutes they—in fact the whole neighborhood—were startled by a report like the bursting of a cannon. The *Reporter* says:

"The elegant and finely-furnished parlor, with its rich green plush set, which they had seen but a few moments previously, presenting a neat and tidy appearance, was now one mass of debris. Around the floor were strewn in numerous pieces, the furniture; the marble slab of the centre table was lying on the floor broke in two, the marble mantel piece out of place, pictures and cases were better sheltered, all in confusion and destroyed beyond repair. The door leading from the dining-room to the parlor was torn from its hinges and hurled to the other end of the dining-room, and the legs and leaves of oak dining-tables were broken off. Indeed, the whole presented an unusual, and to the occupants certainly a most unpleasant sight. The blanketing of the porch in the front of the house was torn up and scattered in all directions.

When the excitement had somewhat subsided, an examination was made of the premises, to ascertain, if possible, what really caused the explosion. Lanterns were obtained, and several gentlemen proceeded to effect an entrance into the house from the street. The front part of the house is but little over two feet from the ground, while the rear part, within a foot of the dining-room floor, is about twenty inches from the ground, thus forming a small slope or elevation. Crawling on their knees underneath the house, the gentlemen found some time found a galvanizer's ten-pound powder can, on the slope in the north-west corner, underneath the parlor. This powder, it is supposed, was the cause of the explosion, but how, or with what it was set off, could not be discovered. No clue nor trace of anything was found, and no living soul could be found anywhere, so that the whole affair is still shrouded in mystery, and the true solution may never be brought to light.

In several places pieces of the floor were broken loose, and in others, the planks were raised. The parties, however, were, that set the trap, crawled as far under the house as their internal machine as they could, being stopped by the partition between the dining-room and parlor running clear to the ground, so that they were unable to get under the dining-room.

The servants had not yet gone to the dining-room to clear away the dishes; in this way they, too, escaped death.

Can any one tell why these six men left the table twenty minutes before their usual time?—and why not one of them went to the parlor? Or why the servants were all out of the reach of harm? Is it not reasonable to believe—and just to say—that the angels have us in charge, and are ever watching, warning, helping?

H. F. M. BROWN.

Oakland, Cal., March 21st, 1870.

SPIRIT PICTURES UPON TIN.

BY W. B. FAHNESTOCK.

Has it never occurred to you that the spirit pictures described by Mr. Wm. H. Wandell, are the result of clairvoyance, and that the "mind's eye" of those who look at the polished surfaces of tin, etc., enter the somnambule condition—upon the same principle that it does when looking intently or steadily at anything—as is the case with those who look upon what is called an "earth glass," or the German "Erd Spiegel"?

Looking steadily at anything until the eye becomes weary, will generally induce the somnambule condition, and then they can see spirits in the dark, or upon opaque bodies, as well as upon those that are polished.

In Mr. Wandell's statement of what he considers necessary to see the pictures, he remarks that "every positive person cannot expect to see as soon as those who are not so sure of their own eyes; such persons generally destroy the only chance they have of seeing. They will not believe anything, and thus spoil conditions at the very outset."

Does this not show that certain persons who are positive, will not see as soon as others, and perhaps not at all?

From what is stated in his remarks, the most essential conditions seem to be, quiet, and looking steadily at the object.

Now, the fact that considerable time is necessary before these pictures are seen, when by mediums, and that they, too, must look steadily before they can see them—does this not seem to prove that the "mind's eye" must fall into the somnambule condition before any one can see these pictures, and that those who cannot let the eye fall into that condition, from whatever cause, cannot see anything.

His remarks, also, about the necessity of first "magnetizing the plate before anything can be done, and that the magnetism of the human eye appears to be better than any other kind," shows how far such remarks are behind the times. There can be no doubt that the reverse is the case, and that the eye, by looking, enters the somnambule condition, and is then enabled to see clairvoyantly, and can see spirits, like any other clairvoyant, and can see things that are transparent, as a distance, or see things that can be fully accounted for upon the principle of clairvoyance.

If, therefore, the eye of any one while in a natural condition cannot see these pictures, rest assured that it is not the eye in a somnambule condition that can do so, for it will be found impossible for any one to see spirits whose eye is not in that condition.

Spirit pictures taken upon plates by the camera, are permanent, and can be seen by the natural eye

of any one at a glance, without any condition but that of looking at them.

I would much rather that the pictures described by Mr. Wandell were seen by the eye while in a natural condition, than not, and hope they were so. But let us have the whole truth.

There can be no doubt that the pictures were seen by himself and all those who say so, but I argue that it was the peculiar condition of their eyes that enabled them to do so, and that until all persons can see them when the eye is in a natural state, the seeing them cannot be considered anything new, and is a power that can only be exercised by those who can let the eye fall into the somnambule condition.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

VISION OF A PHANTOM CREW.

The following strange tale has been communicated to us by a Gloucester friend, says the *Boston News*, and though we have not the slightest hesitation in affirming our belief in its authenticity, yet we do not vouch for the truth of the statement as communicated to him. We have only to state that the incident, as related, was told him by one of the crew of the vessel, and when it is borne in mind that the seaman's version of the story is borne out in all its details by the remainder of the crew, the incident is, to say the least of it, startling and strange, and is only another illustration of the old quotation, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

The schooner "Andrew Johnson," of Gloucester, during a severe storm last winter, collided with another schooner, belonging to Gloucester also, and sunk her. Although every effort was made to rescue the crew, there is every reason to believe that all perished.

Recently on the passage of the "Andrew Johnson" to Gloucester, she met with very severe weather, and while laboring in a gale that threatened every moment to swamp her, while the wind whistled through the rigging, emitting that peculiar moaning sound so often heard in a wintry storm at sea, while the good ship bent and strained, and creaked in every joint, and the white-crested billows poured their silvery tops in huge volumes on the deck, while seamen worked as only men can work when a thin plank only divides them from instant death, a vision appeared which appalled every sense, making the strong man tremble, while huge drops of sweat poured in crystal drops from off his swarthy forehead, making the weak shrink in awe and stand horror-struck at what seemed to them a visitation of the dead.

And so it seemed, for there, stalking silently as the grave, with faces pale as the glittering beams with which Luna lights the stars, and yet with eyes that seemed full of life, though saddened with a look of reproach, appeared the crew which they had earnestly endeavored to save, months before, when their vessel sunk beneath the watery billows.

The vision lasted but for a moment, and then vanished like a lightning flash. Every one was terror-struck; for what had appeared to all must have some semblance of reality, immaterial how weird or ghostlike the vision may be.

On their return to Gloucester they communicated the above facts to our correspondent, and such as they are, we give them to our readers, who may use their own judgment in believing or not as they see fit.

We may say, in corroboration of the above, that since the arrival of the vessel at Gloucester, every one of the crew had left her, determined never again to set foot upon her.

REMARKABLE CASE OF SPIRIT DETECTION.

DEAR BANNER—As you call for facts, demonstrating our Spiritual Philosophy, I will mention one which recently occurred in this vicinity. The secular press of this vicinity have extensively advertised it, but have universally attributed it to clairvoyance, or fortune-telling; thus evading a recognition of the true origin, viz.: spirit detection.

The facts are as follows: On Christmas eve last, the residence of Mr. John Dunning, of Cliftonpark Township, Saratoga Co., N. Y., was entered and robbed of four dollars. After unsuccessful efforts to obtain any clue to the thief, Mr. Dunning visited one of our spirit mediums, a Mrs. J. W. Foster, formerly of West Danville, Maine, now a resident of Ballston Spa. Mr. D. stated he had come to test her powers, and meant business. The controlling influence, an Indian styling himself "Old King," described the robbery, the amount, the thief, his dress and appearance, and where he lived. He directed Dunning to see the man, and charge him with the theft, stating the man would deny it, but he must persist and threaten him with the law, when the man would acknowledge it. Dunning was convinced. It was an exact description of one whom he knew. Returning home, he sent for the man, charged him with the theft—the man denied it—he persisted, and he then threatened him. The man finally confessed he had taken the money, had spent it for rum and various things, but would repay as soon as he could earn the money. This circumstance is doing much for Spiritualism in this vicinity, and, I hope, something for morality, too, for when the invisible turn detectives, let rogues beware.

H. D. BISSELL.
Ballston Spa, N. Y., March 22d, 1870.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE BETTER LAND.

BY JULIA M. FRIEND.

There is a realm beyond the mortal life,
Where wait for me the dear ones gone before;
A world with love and beauty here,
Where sin and sorrow shall be known no more.

On with hushed breath and prayerful heart I stand
Close to the borders of that world of light—
And view the glories of the Better Land,
The bright, Eternal Day, that knows no night!

And angel voices fall upon my ear,
In tones of melody, so pure and sweet;
Breathing dear, loving words, that soothe each fear,
And guide in paths of peace my wandering feet.

I sometimes long to lay that bright, celestial band;
And greet with joy that bright, celestial band;
To change my cross for the immortal crown
That waits earth's children in the Better Land.

In a time of much religious excitement and consequent discussion an honest Dutch farmer on the Mohawk was asked his opinion as to which denomination of Christians were on the right way to heaven. "Vell, den," said he, "ven we ride our wheat to Albany some say dish road is the best and some dat; but it do not make much difference which road we take, for when we get dare day never ask vich way we come—and it's none of dere plizness—if our wheat is good!"

A Cincinnati lady, who recently found the gas escaping in her servant's chamber, asked her if she had blown it out instead of turning it off, and was told that she "was not so green as all that; she had only turned it on again a little, that it would be easier lighted in the mornin'!"

DREAMS—All dreams might be trusted if men would only bring their bodies into a state, before going to sleep, as to leave nothing that might occasion error or perturbation in their dreams.—*Plato.*

COUNTRY CHILDREN.

Little fresh violets,
Born in the wildwood;
Sweety illustrations
Of innocent childhood;
Shy as the anemone—
Brown as a berry—
Free as the mountain air,
Bomplish my eyes.

Blue eyes and hazel eyes
Peep from the edges,
Shaded by sun-bonnet,
Frayed at the hedges;
Up in the apple tree,
Headless of danger,
Manned in embryo
Stares at the stranger.

Out in the lilly patch,
Seeking the berries;
Under the orchard tree,
Feasting on cherries—
Trampling the clover blooms
Down "neath the trees,
No voice but their own,
Dear lads and lasses!

No grim propriety—
No interjection;
Free as the birdlings
From the nestling;
Cuddling the purest blood,
Strengthning each muscle;
Donning health armor
Against life's coming battle!

Dear little innocents!
Born in the wildwood;
Oh, that all little ones
Had such a childhood!
God's blue spread over them—
God's green beneath them—
No sweeter heritage
Could we bequeath them!

Spiritualism.

Celebration of the 22d Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

The First Spiritualist Association of Charlestown celebrated the twenty-second anniversary with appropriate exercises at Union Hall, Main street, Thursday, March 31st, 1870.

Afternoon Session.—The meeting at half-past two, the afternoon exercises were very interesting. An overture by Bond's Band was followed by introductory remarks by Dr. A. H. Richardson, of Charlestown, who spoke of the occasion which called the present assemblage together, referred in general terms to the progress of the cause, and invited the friends from a distance to unite with the Association in partaking of a collation at the close of the exercises.

The principal object of the meeting in the afternoon was the enjoyment of the children, a large number of whom were in attendance. After several dances, the little ones were addressed by Dr. J. H. Currier, of Bradford, of Plymouth, John C. Chier and others; and the two Misses Jenison of Waltham, Misses S. M. Adams of Boston, and Hattie Richardson of Chelsea favored the audience with songs. About two hundred children were present, and adult representatives from Salem, Peabody, Waltham, Chelsea, Haverhill, Lawrence, Plymouth and other localities. After the conclusion of the dancing—which all seemed to enjoy—the meeting adjourned till half-past seven p. m., and a bountiful collation was participated in.

Evening Session.—The meeting was called to order at the appointed time by Dr. A. H. Richardson, who said he did not propose to make a speech, as he had those present who would speak for him. In his opinion the great work in which we, as Spiritualists, are engaged, was just begun. This was the first attempt which had been made in Charlestown to hold anniversary exercises, and was a pleasant and highly encouraging result. He commended by introducing as the first regular speaker of the evening, Miss Lizzie Doten.

Miss Doten, in commencing, said we did not need to be told that to-day was the twenty-second anniversary of the birth of modern Spiritualism, or that we were encompassed about on the present occasion by a great cloud of witnesses. We rejoiced not over the birth of Spiritualism, for when we looked back in time beyond the twenty-two years just mentioned we should see that Spiritualism existed then, but the truth we hold began to speak more clearly to the ear of the times twenty-two years ago. On the present occasion we were sitting in the full glow of that light which previously had been but as a glimmering dawn. A new impulse had been given by it to the great heart of humanity, and this light would grow brighter and brighter, till like the glorious sun, it should fill the heavens, leaving no desolate places, no shadows, no gloom, no darkness, which should not be visited by its cheering rays. There were those who were rejoicing with us on the present occasion; these days were crowded with the fulfillment of great prophecies, and the completion of one of the grandest that the lips of strong and earnest men had uttered since the dawn of the Christian era—the ratification of the fifteenth amendment, by whose power three or four million souls hitherto crushed down beneath the heel of despotism had become free in the nation's eyes. Some might ask if this had anything to do with Spiritualism. Ask of those who faced the fire and smoke in the great earth which should not be visited by its cheering rays. There were those who were rejoicing with us on the present occasion; these days were crowded with the fulfillment of great prophecies, and the completion of one of the grandest that the lips of strong and earnest men had uttered since the dawn of the Christian era—the ratification of the fifteenth amendment, by whose power three or four million souls hitherto crushed down beneath the heel of despotism had become free in the nation's eyes. Some might ask if this had anything to do with Spiritualism. Ask of those who faced the fire and smoke in the great earth which should not be visited by its cheering rays.

These witnesses prophesied still further. We only know what Spiritualism has been to us individually, not what it shall be. The speaker said many had been disappointed in its unfoldments, supposing that the great law of spirit communion would by this time be more clearly defined and established in the understanding of mortals, but it still lies among the occult forces of Nature. If science were so far advanced to it, it would not say: "I deal with facts, not fancies; there is no truth in your Spiritualism." If Mother Nature were appealed to, her lips would seem to give no reply; but surely as the sun would come and quicken into life the buds and grasses of spring, till the whole earth was carpeted with living green, just so surely should the answer come, and we should learn that there was no chance in God's government—no break in the great law of everlasting life that runs through all being.

The speaker said this lesson must be learned slowly, and in this connection the history of the slavery of the colored people, traced by her from the time when the lonely Greek, walking upon the seashore, discovered that a certain stone held in his hand and rubbed would attract minute substances to it, to the vast achievements of our day, accomplished by the slow lapse of centuries of thought and experiment. The saying of the revelator John was considered in a new light: "And saw a new heaven and a new earth; and there was no more sea." The speaker thought it was not that the old heaven and old earth had passed away, but that they had been made new and the sea bridged over—that there was no more sea, no more division between soul and soul, and that we place a grand capability of endless communion.

The history of the Atlantic cable, through all its varying accidents, was traced to the culminating point of success. In this connection she made a merited acknowledgment of the services (pecuniary) of George Peabody in assisting on the work. The first cable was laid, and in operation four weeks, and yet the majority of the race considered it a failure all that time, and the messages purporting to come through it deceptions. When it ceased to operate, there were those who, with Cyrus W. Field, knew the thing was possible—that they had had partial communications through the dark ocean, and that the next attempt would be made with added experience. The effort was made, but in mid ocean, owing to an imperfection, the cable parted, and the end disappeared in the deep sea. Did its pioneers despair? No. They made a third attempt, which was successful—the two continents were united, and sent and sent back the answer came, and more. When individuals and nations should be thus united, soul to soul and heart to heart with the electric cord of brotherly kindness, then should

come the new heaven and the new earth, and there should be no more sea. After the successful establishment of the cable, the other end of the work was ready to be explored in the effort. She considered the rejoicings on board the ship, when it was secured, to be not so much that the cable was safe, as that the divine willman's nature had spoken and demonstrated its birthright to rule over land and sea, and that the cable, stretching across the boundless sea of ether, did not give them the fullness of their desire? No; the mighty ones in the higher land were working for them. George Peabody helped the material cable here; he would help the spiritual there! The love which was stronger than death, which had spanned the chasm of separation with a bridge of all men to the glorious end. When the cable of spiritual intercommunication has been successfully laid, the angel voyagers would return, taking up and perfecting the one that was lost before—the mistakes and misunderstandings of years gone by; they of modes of communication resulting from perfected experience.

Some were ready to declare that Spiritualism was not a religion; but its effect upon the inner nature of many of its followers—coming, as it did, with a direct appeal to the higher qualities of our being, and but few say that previous to its coming they did not know what religion was. Too much must not be expected of this new light of our times, when the brief period of its age—twenty-two years—was considered. Young people were too good at the commencement of life seldom survived long. It was gradually unfolding, and would reach eighteen hundred years—the age of Christianity—then it would be felt that the true religion was established on the earth.

I. P. Greenleaf, of Boston, was next introduced. We met (said the speaker) to rejoice and mingle our feelings of gratitude to him, one with another, as he found us and feel the great heart-throbs of that humanity which has waited for ages for the coming of this mighty deliverer whose living presence in our midst it is our divine privilege to own. We rejoice that the fact to us is demonstrated that our loved ones are not dead, but that they may listen to words—at least the reflection of them—which they would speak to us. The proof has come to our time, as in no other, that immortality is a fact. The speaker thought, however, that this was not the only thing involved in Spiritualism—that angels should wipe the mourner's tears away. The question was asked: "What does Spiritualism mean?" And we were bound in our lives to answer it. Spiritualism was stirring the Church, and as it never had been stirred in our times, putting its plow deep into and throwing up the sediment of Christianity, that we might see of what it was made, and what it was capable of doing, working for the emancipation of all from the shackles of moral disease, and its work was thorough and keen. As the physician, knowing sickness to attack the weakest spot, discovers the position of the pain by the shrinking of the sufferer from his touch when the point is reached, so the great physician of the soul works deeper into the inner being than any other system of moral ethics, and probes the weak places of him who accepts its healing ministrations. It was not meet, therefore, that we should rebel against the methods which the angel-world was bringing to bear upon us. The Church said but to feel that spiritualism was then introduced. She gave a passing review of the benefits bestowed by the new revelation, whose modern advent was celebrated by the present convention, and said we did not meet to celebrate the birth of Christ or Christmas, we desired not to be baptized in the blood of any human being, but to feel that spiritualism was then introduced. She gave a passing review of the benefits bestowed by the new revelation, whose modern advent was celebrated by the present convention, and said we did not meet to celebrate the birth of Christ or Christmas, we desired not to be baptized in the blood of any human being, but to feel that spiritualism was then introduced.

The Chairman then introduced Dr. John H. Currier, of Boston, who said that after the able remarks of those who had preceded him he felt the necessity of assistance in making a speech, and would therefore call on the two Misses Jenison, of Waltham, to entertain the audience with a song. The young ladies in question being brought forward, sang "Plymouth Rock" in a manner which elicited hearty applause, ending in an encore, after which Dr. Currier resumed the course of his remarks. He referred to the presence of the young ladies of Miss Doten, (who was originally from Plymouth,) who, in our cause, a tree planted which could never die. How glorious had been the results of the twenty-two years of spirit-communion in our land! When he looked among the audience and saw so many who, years ago, were bound by the fetters of the Church, but had been by Spiritualism, set free—when he perceived the increasing tone of liberality in the public press, when he heard the declaration of the Rev. Mr. Murray (Congregationalist minister) at Music Hall, that in the hereafter all the wrongs of the present age should be righted, he could but exclaim that a glorious work had been done by our faith in the enlightenment and elevation of mankind. Those who, like himself, had laid their loved ones physically away in the earth could tell what Spiritualism had done for them; it had been the angel which had rolled away the stone, showing there is no death. He referred, in terms of the highest commendation, to the Children's Progressive Lyceum movement, and ended with a strong appeal to all Spiritualists to sustain the Banner of Light, whose anniversary he thought ought to be celebrated on the present occasion.

For twelve years it had ably represented the cause, and he said all who had not subscribed would do so in the coming time.

The Chairman then introduced Miss Susie M. Johnson, who said that, after three years' absence in the West, she was pleased to meet the familiar faces of New England, and to see upon the platform so many whom she had long known as among the steadfast advocates of Spiritualism. She spoke of the broad, sometimes impracticable, general laws of the Lyceum movement, and the gradual narrowing down at last to practical results which the years brought with them. Though only a small portion of the vast number of our believers were represented in the present audience, yet it was a prophecy of what we might expect in the future. She believed that the Lyceum was only an acknowledgment of spirit-communion, but a development of the spiritual nature; and all that pertained to that development was spiritual in its origin. Spiritualism comprehended the infinite possibilities of the human soul, whether manifested here or hereafter. Christianism celebrated the birth of Christ as the advent of an exponent of a brighter and purer plan of salvation, if accepted for the human race. Spiritualists celebrate the birth of Spiritualism because they love humanity; their system depends not on nicely-balanced creeds, the acceptance of which leads man to happiness, but on the love of the human family in its circling and salvatory arms. The spirits on the other side, who with us were laboring, would not depart or succeed, but work on till the sun should no more rise on masters or set on slaves, whether they be materially or mentally in bondage.

A. E. Carpenter was introduced, and addressed the audience. He paid a merited compliment to the workers who were seated upon the platform, among whom were Miss Lizzie Doten and Dr. Gardner, the latter of whom had given a gray in the service. As far as he, the speaker, was concerned, though he did not claim to be an old worker, he had tried to do that portion of the work well that fell to him to perform. We were met to-night to rejoice in the results of the labors of the past, but not to human agency alone was the credit to be ascribed; those on the other side of the gulf of change—the angels—had aided our hearts with energy and hopefulness, and filled in the overthrow of opposition, and would even yet accomplish the triumph of our cause. The speaker then proceeded to briefly trace the discovery of intelligence in the raps at Hydesville, N. Y., twenty-two years ago, and said it was eminently fitting that the suggestion of the plan by which it was done should have been a little girl. The great movements in religion and morals of the recent past had been by men—Jesus, Mahomet, Zoroaster, Confucius, were men who made deep impress upon the history of ancient days, and now our philosophy came, heralded by a child! and rather as an interpretation of what before existed than a new creed, the unreasoning belief of mankind was being changed. He referred to the days of youth, when he was obliged to go away from his home to remain for a long while, and how when he returned, his mother met him at the door with tears of joy, and said Spiritualism taught that in a fairer home than earth could ever know, that mother, now an angel, was waiting for her son, and her hands and arms were outstretched in gladness as before.

The Chairman then introduced Mrs. Susie A. Willis, of Lawrence. Spiritualism did not come to her as a theory or philosophy of twenty-two years' growth, but as a demonstrated existence of what had ever been, a current from the fountain of the over-living God, which was flowing and morally extending itself in the hearts of the race to-day. Much had been said of the question of woman's rights. She asked not of Congress a clause added to the 15th amendment guaranteeing those rights, for God helping her, she intended to have them any way. She asked for nothing, socially or religiously, save what her hands and brain could earn, and this would come to her inevitably; for nothing which she was not willing to fight for. While we celebrated the past, we should resolve that the next twenty-two years should find the spiritual cause further advanced in the path of usefulness, and productive of greater results than ever. She asked a mother, who had, on the previous year's anniversary, met to celebrate the advent of her father, but whose child had since been removed from her sight by death. Mourning his bodily presence, that mother had been unable to be present, but sent greeting to all, saying her heart was with the cause, and the speaker had seen with spiritual vision a little child, enfolded with the glory of the better land, among the countless throng of invisible witnesses which crowded the present audience chamber.

Dr. Henry F. Gardner, of Boston, was then called on for some remarks. He said that though he had been asked to speak at an old friend's anniversary, he was nearly blind, but that was not the result of age, but a gradual process of disease. One of the speakers had said that disorders generally attacked the weakest place, and he had been troubled for years by a weakness in his head, which perhaps accounted for his being a Spiritualist. He gave some account of the history of Spiritualism, commencing at the Hydesville manifestations, and said it would be seen that the anniversary came quite near "all fool's day," which fact might be significant. He thought Spiritualism was destined to make fools of the whole world, and if it were foolish to believe in it, it was a Spiritualist. He gave some account of the history of Spiritualism, commencing at the Hydesville manifestations, and said it would be seen that the anniversary came quite near "all fool's day," which fact might be significant. He thought Spiritualism was destined to make fools of the whole world, and if it were foolish to believe in it, it was a Spiritualist.

Dr. Richardson then stated that, owing to the lateness of the hour, the remarks expected from C. Fannie Allen, Sarah A. Brynes and others would necessarily have to be dispensed with.

The hall was then cleared for dancing. The music was furnished by Bond's Band, and the dancing exercises were of a most excellent character, early hour on the following morning, by a large and enthusiastic party, who seemed determined to follow the example of one of the speakers, who incidentally remarked, "that having done all he could in honor of the occasion with heart and mind and voice, he was determined to 'celebrate' still further by means of his feet."

This ended the twenty-second anniversary exercises. May the good seed of encouragement sown in the hearts of all present go with the participants to their several and wide-spread homes, and strengthen the advocates of our cause to do battle still more earnestly with surrounding opposition, feeling assured of a glorious victory at last!

BOSTON, MASS.

FRATERNITY HALL.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Summer street, Boston—with friends—celebrated the occasion by an Anniversary Masquerade at the above named Hall, 555 Washington street, Thursday evening, March 31st. A goodly number were in attendance. Splendid costumes and happy faces were revealed, combined with music by Hall's Band, and a pleasant picture for the walls of memory in those days to come when the young hearts who enjoyed it shall cast down their summer leaves, and do battle still more earnestly with surrounding opposition, feeling assured of a glorious victory at last!

MARSHALL HALL.—The Progressive Lyceum gave an Anniversary Concert at this hall on Sunday evening, April 3d. A driving storm of mingled rain and snow prevented a large attendance. A very interesting programme was, however, carried out, under direction of D. N. Ford, Conductor; Albert Morton, Assistant; Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian; Mrs. Morton, Assistant; and as a Committee of Arrangements, The Lyceum Quartette executed an introductory; recitations were given by Misses Abbie Barlow, Alice Cayvan, Jennie Atkins, George Cayvan, Minnie Atkins, Annie Cayvan, and Messrs. M. F. Davy, J. M. Choute, Fred J. Kendall, Willie S. French, John Fallon, Warren Kendall, songs by Etta Bragdon, Hattie Richardson, Hattie Melvin, Eva Newhall (her first appearance as a singer, and a decided success) and Master Charles Young, of Chelsea; instrumental music by Addie Morton; tableau and song (arranged and written by D. N. Ford) by nineteen little misses; flag exercises (an agreeable novelty) and target marksmanship (also written and arranged by D. N. Ford) by some fourteen misses. The performance indicated a steady increase of proficiency on the part of all concerned. Much native talent is in this Lyceum, and the judicious management of its officers seems to be very successful in bringing it before the public.

Alexander Dumas, Jr., has written a fiery appeal for the delivery of woman from the false manners of the period, and from the thralldom she suffers from man. The philippic is very ably written, and is attracting much attention in France.

Guides for emigrants to "America are all the rage in London now, and several publishers are making fortunes out of them. The tide sets much stronger toward America than toward Australia.

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"Dying Out."

That is the word phrase with which the advocates and followers of dilapidated old theology persistently salute every mention of the growth and spread of Spiritualism. The objection with which they smother it, makes more than suspicious the faith they claim as their own. Were they so very sure that Spiritualism is in process of decay, they would be tempted to ask why it is that they have to make this same remark about it so frequently. A thing that is "dying out" for so many years, ought at some time to be dead. This, among other reasons, satisfies us that they keep their monotonous cry as boys do their whistle when passing through places that excite their fear. Another thing: there is a too evident simultaneousness about this cry to make one think it sincere and truthful. It has a partisan and prejudicial sound, wholly devoid of belief and conviction. It is suspicious, too, from the simple fact that the same cry is set up in localities so far apart, showing that there is a preconcerted plan about the matter. We beg to relieve the over anxious minds of those who think Spiritualism is likely at present to go under. Nothing of the sort is going on which they represent. We tell all persons who are inclined to become fossilized in any such belief, that the phenomena and philosophy and religion of Spiritualism never were more widely and thoroughly believed in than at this very time.

The very point that serves to raise the current talk on the subject, is that Spiritualism is spreading with such visible rapidity in the churches. It is not possible, for very obvious reasons, to make an approximate estimate of the strength of our faith inside the ecclesiastical folds, although the penetrating observer does not fail to be convinced of its operative presence everywhere. Inside and outside the churches we know of a certainty that believers are counted by millions. In our deliberate opinion, there are nearly eleven millions of people in the United States who are full believers in our Heaven-born philosophy. In Europe, Spiritualism is rapidly on the increase, although as yet spirit communion is not so generally acknowledged among the masses there as here. But among the upper and cultured classes, the gentry as they are called, it is as fixed and established a fact as any that we can point to in the social state.

One fact is so significant as to deserve to be emphasized continually. It is that "ministers of the gospel" who have lent themselves to investigation, are forced to subscribe their belief to the teachings of Spiritualism, and would communicate with individual believers from their pulpits, were it already organized in a form which challenged popularity. Religious faith and fashion are more nearly related than is generally thought for. Let any one who chooses ask Rev. Mr. Heworth, of New York, if he does or does not believe in direct spirit communion. Or let any one put the same question to Henry Ward Beecher, or to Rev. Mr. Frothingham, who several years ago wrote for a Spiritualist magazine in New York. These men each and all know, as well as they will ever desire to know, that spirits do communicate with mortals; whether they think it polite to utter it publicly or not, is an altogether different matter.

Men of science, too, are beginning to investigate the subject of phenomenal Spiritualism, who a few years ago had not the courage to meddle with the "humbug." Does this look as if Spiritualism were dying out? They now allow the phenomena to be bona fide, but to them as yet inexplicable. But they are fast getting over the obstinate denial of facts which they still have to confess that they cannot understand. We beg you all to persevere, gentlemen, scientists, on the road upon which you have entered; sooner or later you will solve the problem and uncover the mystery, by admitting that spirit power, operating through mediumistic physical bodies, produces the very results which are manifested to-day in all parts of the country and the world.

"Spiritualism is dying out!"—still sounds up the case-hardened, hide-bound, prejudice-ridden theologian. He shouts it out with a triumphant air that betrays his fear and his irreligious preference. We tell him, however, that the fact is the very opposite; that Spiritualism is more alive than ever; and that it will be in at the funeral of Old Theology, whose death-knell is already sounding in every ear that is open to what is going on around. If falsehood and abuse, if tradition and misrepresentation, if slander and contempt, if bullying and bragging could avail to crush out a faith so informed with vitality, Spiritualism would have become a dead and done affair long ago. That it not only survives after all this immeasurable opposition, but that it puts forth such new and vigorous shoots on every side, is the best proof that could be asked of its establishment in enduring truth. The winds of hatred have buffeted it for a score of years, only to rock its leafy crown into a healthy condition; and to give vigor to its supporting branches.

Who would erase from recollection the vast sum of blessings, physical and spiritual, temporal and eternal, which have been showered upon mankind by the coming of this new and glorious Faith. How very much darker and less inviting would be the world to-day, if its heavenly lights were all extinguished. How very much more desolate and forbidding would our heavens be, if its shining stars were swept out of their eternal places by the rude hand of material unbelief, encased in ecclesiastical covering. We can none of us fairly realize the good Spiritualism has brought with it to mortals. They were halting; their vision was growing dim; they were perplexed with strange and confusing questions; they were discouraged at having to surrender themselves to priests and preachers without receiving what they needed in return; they knew not whether immortality itself were more to be de-

sired or declined;—until Spiritualism came with gentle healing influences on its wings, dispensing silent blessings everywhere, leading sad hearts out of their prisons, and opening to all eyes the boundless expanse of immortal beauty and youth.

The Anniversary.

The twenty-second anniversary of the advent of modern Spiritualism has come and passed. It was celebrated in an appropriate manner in Boston and Charlestown, of which we give an account elsewhere in the present issue; Williamsburgh, N. Y., where Emma Hardinge delivered a stirring lecture; Philadelphia, Pa., by an address from Thos. Gates Foster, and other services; Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, and generally throughout the country.

The story of the origin of the present form of spirit-manifestations—for the fact of spirit-communion is as old as the race itself—in what are usually termed the "Rochester Knockings," has been so often given to the public that it is unnecessary to again review the ground, but the glorious evidences which greet us on every hand that our cause is advancing demand a passing tribute of thanksgiving. The teachings of those who have passed on have exploded that belief in a future life which was founded upon a bare tradition and which defied any attempt to prove its reality; they have shaken to its centre that materialistic view of existence which totally ignores an awakening from the long sleep of the grave, and have given us a faith which recognizes the positive and scientific certainty of eternal consciousness, reveals that every act has immortal consequences. The "truth as it is in Nature" has spread its warning rays, and thousands of hearts all over our broad nation, the countries of the Old World, and, indeed, the far-off islands of the sea, are to-day rejoicing in its advancing light. How appropriate, then, in the language of a contemporary, that we should celebrate the anniversary of the coming of that first mysterious rap, which, exciting only derision in those narrow souls whose mental horizon is bounded by their bodily vision, sounded throughout all space the knell of superstition and the birth of the new Prometheus of Science, the future God who will rule the universe by a knowledge of its laws.

But while we rejoice in the triumphs of our cause, let us remember the work which we, as cooperative agents with the angels, must perform. There are Gethsemanes and Calvaries, and thorns and crosses, even in this our lower world for the brave disciples of a maturing good to humanity. As in ancient days, so now, the Great Spirit has spoken not in the whirlwind of Boreas, but in the "still, small voice," and thus, rather in quiet, earnest devotion to principle than in stormy and vindictive denunciations of those differing with us, shall our cause "have its due course and be glorified." With the earnest prayer that the spirit of that charity which "suffereth long and is kind," may abide with and be exercised by the believers in our philosophy, in the year that is to come—both with regard to their brethren and sisters of the faith, and the outer world as well—we close the volume of the past, and enter hopefully upon the deeds and duties of the future.

Unchaste Society.

The problem of the "social evil" has got to be discussed in this country at some time, whether we persist in putting it off longer or not. The New York Herald tells us that in that city there are ten thousand prostitutes, of which number eight thousand four hundred and ninety depend upon the wages of sin directly for support. In prosperous business times, they earn a more precarious living than when trade is dull and discouraged. Of the three classes of males who frequent houses of ill-repute, the class composed of clerks, fast young men, students and countrymen, is by far the most numerous. More of the sinning females are farmers' daughters than from any other place of origin. The majority of such women are twenty years of age, and their average life thereafter is set down as five years. Three-eighths are American girls, Massachusetts coming in third as a reservoir of supply. Five-eighths being foreign girls, the emigrant ship comes in to account for their easy debauchery. Of these foreign-born prostitutes, the Irish furnish fully one-half, and yet they are not Irishly chaste at home. The reformatory institutions of the metropolis have succeeded in reclaiming some fifteen hundred in the past year, but the work-only widens with application to it. The sanitary committee of the New York Board of Health have made a recommendation that all public hospitals be required to treat the diseases which are the natural penalty of this vice; but there is a false sentiment of delicacy about this matter which will have to be removed before society is protected by science against the increasing virulence of this wide-spread evil. The whole question is yet to be overhauled and openly discussed.

The Ten Hour Law.

The Legislature has been discussing this new law during the week past with the aid of some of its best talent. There is an impression that some law will be passed at last, making ten hours the limit of a day's labor. No one ought to question the wisdom and humanity of it in the case of women and minors, whose physical strength incapacitates them from laboring to the full extent of avaricious employers' desires. But there seem to be two sides to the matter, as it applies to the interests of full-grown men. One side reads, that no manufacturing corporation ought to have the power to compel any one to work more than ten hours a day; the other side reads, that every able-bodied workman, moved by ambition and thrifty desires, ought to have an unquestioned right to part with his labor, which is his only capital, on just such terms as he chooses. If a man, with a dependent family, has a desire to work twelve or fourteen hours a day for a stated time, until, by his strained industry, he has secured for himself certain advantages, which he considers worth more than the sacrifice he makes for them, it does seem to be a hard matter to deny him the privilege. It is virtually telling him that he shall get ahead in the world so fast, and no faster. As for the corporation, that is pretty certain to take care of itself. But if its products are to be cut down by an arbitrary statute, does it not follow that its profits, in which we insist that the workman shall share, are diminished likewise? We advocate the full rights of the workman, but not the right of the Legislature to rob him of his only capital.

"Brimstone Corner" in Danger.

Rev. Mr. Murray goes in, and Brimstone goes out. It is currently reported that not less than three of the deacons of Park-street Church have asked leave to withdraw from that venerable institution in consequence of the "liberal" views entertained and expressed by its present talented minister.

The *Review Table's* article on "ghosts" is all right as far as it goes.

Pity on the Humbug.

The handful of men who insist with such blind zeal in putting God into the Constitution, as if they could get him in there bodily, are just now crying on their plans in Congress. We cut the following extracts from recent daily reports of Congressional doings:

"Mr. Sumner (Mass.)—From citizens of Pennsylvania for a recognition of the existence of the Almighty God in the National Constitution."

And this from the proceedings of the House on the same day:

"Mr. Arnold (Tenn.)—Declaring that the Christian religion is a part of the common law of the land, and that, therefore, the use of the Bible in the public schools in the country is eminently wise and proper, as tending to encourage and foster virtue and morality."

Mr. Brooks (N. Y.)—What have we to do with that?

Mr. Cox (N. Y.) moved to lay the resolution on the table.

The House refused to second the previous question, and the resolution went over under the rule."

Both were cases of petitions, presented by the members of the two Houses. It shows the perseverance of this little clan of pietists. It is something more than religion, and not necessarily any part of it. These men do not appear to understand that, if their petitions could be granted, after setting in motion all the machinery of our federal system for its accomplishment, it would only be the Deists', and not the Christian's religion that was thus formally vindicated. It is true that the Supreme Being is nowhere named in the Constitution. It was no oversight, but done of a deliberate purpose. The Declaration of Independence does name the Supreme Being several times, but we venture to assert that very few persons are aware of it who have not looked particularly for it in that instrument. And even when it occurs, we know that it fails to excite any such profound emotions of respect and gratitude as these pharisaical petitioners pretend for it, if it be set in the Constitution.

Let such pedants in religion try to comprehend, if they can, that it is the spirit of a thing that gives it all its meaning and value. We might have a Constitution taken bodily out of the Book of Deuteronomy, yet be the most cruel, hardened and irreligious people on the face of the earth. And we may have the Constitution that is our present deserved boast, without the name of Almighty God occurring in it from beginning to end, and still be the most free, elevated, charitable, kindly, progressive and religious people on whom the sun ever shone. Such difference is there between shadow and substance. That revered instrument expressly declares, in one of its provisions, that all officers of the general government "shall be bound by oath or affirmation to support this Constitution," showing that it respects an oath no more than an affirmation. And it adds, "But no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." The object of this "but" is, to assert that the taking of an oath shall not be regarded as a religious act, and thus open the door to sectarian ambition and mediocrity. The petition for the Bible in the public schools introduced into the House is all in the same vein with the "God and Constitution" business. Both emanate from the same workshop. We warn our countrymen that, if they launch on any such experiment as this, we shall soon have religious wars rather than religious belief and practice everywhere.

Silent Worship.

At one of the meetings of the Radical Club in this city, which are usually held at the house of one of its members, one gentleman offered some reflections on the subject of worship without words, illustrating them with much force and aptness. He spoke in a way that showed his profound faith in direct spirit communion, for how else could impressions be received from above by mortals unless under conditions of utter silence, to begin with? The gentleman in question said that he had seen a plain-dressed Quaker, a sharp, polite business man, who attended a certain silent meeting, and when a friend expressed surprise that he should so spend his time, he replied that every silent meeting was worth \$500 to him. He was carrying on his business plans, and always succeeded in them. He was a Quaker in form and dress, but not in spiritual feelings. The speaker firmly believed that the source of the highest inspiration was in absolute silence, either alone, or associated in the bond of spiritual relationship, friend with friend. But all persons do not see this, and are not capable at once of experiencing it. It is because the lesson of silent worship has not yet been learned.

As a very striking illustration of this power of silence, he related to the meeting the following anecdote:

"Some years ago I was in Rochester, when one of the worst criminals ever prosecuted was under condemnation, and some of us were trying to save him, believing that even the worst people can be put on a better use than hanging. He was extremely obdurate, would listen to no appeal, cursed a gentleman who visited him, and was deemed an unusually hard case. A good woman of the city went several times to visit him, with the conviction that it was her duty. So vile, so brutal, so inhuman, almost savage was his conduct, that he put her in such a state of mind that she was almost driven to despair. She would be insulted, and that it was not at all proper for her to go in. She persisted, and finally was admitted. She went into his presence carrying in her hand simply a rose, a little flower. He looked at her as she entered; she took a seat beside him without saying a word. In the absolute silence, as a Quaker meeting, they sat a few minutes, she looking kindly at him, he looking astonished at her. Presently she passed the flower to his hands. He took it and held it in his hand, and then he absolutely melted at her feet in tears, and after a period of weeping, the strong, desperate, wicked man, talked with her and confessed his wrongs, and was much converted. They sat a few minutes, she looking kindly at him, he looking astonished at her. Presently she passed the flower to his hands. He took it and held it in his hand, and then he absolutely melted at her feet in tears, and after a period of weeping, the strong, desperate, wicked man, talked with her and confessed his wrongs, and was much converted. They sat a few minutes, she looking kindly at him, he looking astonished at her. Presently she passed the flower to his hands. 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Thursday, Feb. 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: **David Williams**, of New York City, to his family, **William Grey**, of New York City, to his sister.

Thursday, Feb. 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: **Emma Hill**, of Pensacola, Fla., to her parents; **Charlie Adams**, of Augusta, Me., to his mother; **Delia Adams**, of Boston, to her relatives.

Monday, Feb. 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: **Frank Kinder**, of Boston; **Jennie John**; **Benjamin Wadleigh**, to his brother, in Ohio; **Johnnie Emerson**, of Detroit, to his mother; **Reuben Stevenson**, to his brother, in Boston.

Tuesday, March 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: **David Williams**, died in Jacksonville, Fla.; **John King**; **David Parker**, of Bonneville, Mo., to his relatives.

Thursday, March 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: **Lucy Mink**, of Boston; **Charles Gault**; **Charles Gault**, of Maryland; **Thomas**, to his friends; **Matthew Young**, of England.

New York Advertisements.

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 Apr. 16.

A FRAUD

UPON HOUSEKEEPERS

THE success attending the sale of Pyle's Biologic Sale, during the past ten years, has made it a staple article that is sold about as close as flour or sugar. But among the grocers men there are those who resort to very disreputable means to increase their profits. They will buy a cheap, inferior article or the purpose of supplying something cheaper, from which they derive larger profit. Housekeepers, themselves great injustice by submitting to such impurities. They will risk their health and the health of their family material, which though pleasing to the eye, may be very unwholesome to enter into our daily bread.

Pyle's Salestems is always put up in pound packages, and is sold in every grocery store. It will never have occasion to regret the effort. All first-Class Grocers keep it.

Apr. 9.—2w
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Manufacturer, New York
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 Treats all acute and chronic diseases successfully. 16 W
 24th street, New York. Feb. 1.
DR. G. W. KEITH
 HAS returned from the West, and taken rooms at 119 E
 12th street, New York City. Sw⁵-Feb. 1.
 DENTIST, LETTER-CUTTER, ENGRAVER, AND DE

MRS. H. S. SEYMOUR, Business and Test Mat-
dum, 136 Elmwood street, corner Bleecker and Lauro
streets, third floor, New York. Hours from 2 to 6 and from
to 9 p. m. Circles Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

JEANNIE WATERMAN DANFORTH, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 54 Lexington avenue, three doors below 25th street, New York. 4w—Apr.

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Price \$1.50; postage 20 cents.
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Banner of Light.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

By WARREN CHASE,
No. 517 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

MORE TESTIMONY TO THE FATE OF THE NEGROES.

It becomes our painful duty to read and record, every few weeks, more testimony to confirm the sad fate which we have long since foreseen and predicted for the negro race in this country, as sure to follow emancipation without colonization, viz.: their extermination by the, to them, ruinous competition in every department of life, especially the mental, to which of course they must submit when made free and put upon their own mental and physical resources in the condition in which slavery left them. We are sure the census of 1870 will tell a fearful tale for this poor and persecuted race, and the census of 1880 will settle conclusively the fact that in a few more decades the last trace of them will be gone from the once populous rice and cotton fields of the South. We are no apologist for slavery, never were; we left the party that determined to make it national in its character instead of local, and we do not know what better could have been done than has been for them since the war; but we are sure that equal civil and political rights cannot save them from the impending fate. The blighting prejudice is, in itself, sufficient to destroy them, especially when they are subjected to it from the lowest and meanest portion of our own race, with whom they are compelled to contend in unequal contest. We clip the following from a Southern paper:

WHERE ARE THE NEGROES?—A traveling correspondent of the *Massachusetts Telegraph* asks: "What has become of the negro? Is a question often asked. In traveling from one extreme of the country to the other, and after much inquiry, I am safe in saying that there is not one-third of the planters in Jefferson county who have their complement of laborers. Many are riding to and fro in search of hands daily. The general demand is for two, or three, or four to make up the deficiency, but on one plantation there was a demand for forty. The larger plantations are generally better supplied than the medium or smaller ones. They love to huddle together in large numbers. From the negro information that I can gather, there will be at least one-sixth less negroes in the field this year than were engaged last year within the limits of this county. Where are they gone? The colored population will form a very small percentage of the total population of the county in 1870. They are disappearing from our midst, and no one can account for the fearful fatality among them. The increase of the race is nothing in comparison with what it was under the reign of slavery."

ALARMING.

The church of the Lord Jesus Christ, worshipping at Lowell-street Chapel, Boston, to those of like precious faith, and who wait for the Son of God from heaven, greeting:

Beloved in the Lord, believing that yet a little while and the Lord shall come, and will not tarry; and that the signs of the times indicate that we are among the predicted perils of the last days; and that we are rapidly approaching those scenes of final trouble such as never was, which shall convulse the world with sorrow and distress, we have thought it good to invite our brethren in Christ, and the preachers of his word, to be interested in these momentous times, without distinction of sect or name, to meet us at our place of worship.

And when the mighty voice shall be heard, saying, "Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready: may we all be found arrayed in that righteousness which alone will insure admission to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

We copy the above from the *World's Crisis* as part of a notice and call for a conference, for the purpose of showing our many readers the silly nonsense that in large part makes up the heart-revelation of this church. It would hardly be believed by our thousands of intelligent readers, scattered as they are all over the enlightened portion of the world, that there are, in Boston, people ignorant, stupid and superstitious, in sufficient numbers and with sufficient means to have churches and meetings and papers, after so much light as Spiritualism has shed on this subject during the last twenty years, and yet such is the lamentable fact. People who persist in keeping their eyes closed to the light, will not see it however brightly it shines, and however closely around them. There are scores of persons in Boston that can and would gladly prove, at any time, that the day and event they refer to has come and taken place, and that they are as blind to the fact as the Jews were to Jesus' birth and his messiahship in fulfillment of their Scripture; but like the Jews they will not, and hence grope on in darkness and doubt.

A CALL.

Hon. William Strong, Hon. Joseph Allison, and a long string of Reverends and D.D.s, have signed a call for a meeting in Philadelphia, to be held June 10, to take such steps as are necessary to have their God—or Gods—put into the Constitution of the United States. These fanatics go on holding meetings as if there was a chance for ultimate success, and no doubt they feel some confidence in gaining their point by perseverance and tenacity; but they greatly mistake the spirit of the people in this country if they expect them to hold their necks and allow the yoke of religious tyranny to be put on it as it once was, and to some extent still is, on the necks of the European nations. We think that even the Irishmen who have found an asylum of religious liberty here, and have escaped the crushing yoke their native land wears, would resist with us a bondage which might soon be as galling as that they have escaped. A church and religious tyranny against the consciences of a people forced to submit to it, is the worst of any tyranny in the world, and, since we have, as a nation, thus far prospered without it, it is hardly probable we shall quietly submit to a church in the State that can call on the Government to enforce its authority. If, as they say, they only seek to insert a declaration in the Constitution, to be followed by no action, then certainly it is useless, to say the least, and may better be left out, but no such cat can be covered by that meal.

THE INFALLIBLE CHURCH.

A writer on society in Rome says more than seventy per cent. of the children born in Rome are illegitimate. What a comment on a city where the government is entirely subject to the church—that of all others is the strictest in its system of marriage, and grants no divorces—a church which is itself infallible, and only binds on earth what God binds in heaven either before or at the same time, and where nearly the whole of the adult male population is united both in wedlock and to the church! No country in the world has a stricter system of marriage, nor a more devoted people to Christianity, and yet there is not a looser system of social life in the world, according to travelers. And yet there are some writers who would turn all the progressive

movements of the age backward toward the Mother Church and her irrevocable system of marriage without divorce, except by death. Spain is probably the next most religious and most depraved Christian nation in Europe. It is evident that both in Europe and America there is most depravity where there is most old-fashioned Christianity. In this country the highest and best society is where there is the most liberal system of religion, and the most rational system of marriage and divorce.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

Mrs. E. Morris, the female occupant of the judicial bench of Wyoming, is described as married, about sixty years of age, more fat than fair, and a believer in Spiritualism, and a different organization of our social as well as our political system.

The above is going the rounds of the press as an item of news, while both friends and enemies of woman's suffrage are waiting the trial of its effects in Wyoming. We are expecting a success in the trial and soon to see some of the younger and smaller States adopt it, where it can have a still better trial and triumph; but we cannot see or feel the necessity or propriety of attempting to get it into the National Constitution at present, when it is not adopted by a single State, and of course if carried through Congress, it would fail of ratification by a sufficient number of States. However, we do not oppose any effort the women and their friends see proper to adopt, to secure any and all their rights, and our tongue, and pen, and vote, will ever be with them, even when they attempt to enjoin the Orthodox, and coax them to vote for female suffrage, with a hope that the women when permitted to vote will help them put the Jewish Jehovah and Christian Christ and part of the Scripture into the Constitution, which we believe they would not do if they could, or could not if they would. We will soon see how far they make Wyoming a Christian territory.

CHRISTIANITY.

The *Index*, a new independent paper published at Toledo, Ohio, says: "The Christian name, whatever else it may include, necessarily includes faith in Jesus as the Christ of God. Any other use of the name is abuse of it. Under some interpretation or other, the Christian confession is the boundary line of Christianity." It further says, "The corner-stone of Christianity is faith in the Christ. The corner-stone of free religion is faith in human nature." These we consider the true boundary lines of the two systems, and we cannot see how Spiritualism can be included in the former or excluded from the latter. To us free religion is natural and rational, and the only true mode of perfecting the human character and attaining its highest development. The same paper says, "Religion is the effort of man to perfect himself." We have no objection to this definition, although it does not quite seem to reach to the root of the mental element in human character. We believe religion to be natural and universal, and to only need cultivating and unfolding to bring man into religious harmony, which we believe would be harmony within and without, and with man and God, or with Nature and himself, and hence complete. In such condition man would need no saviour, and to reach it he only needs teachers and guides, but not atonements and sacrifices.

CHURCH AND STATE.

The Illinois Constitutional Convention have adopted the following section by a vote of forty-three to nine:

"Neither in the General Assembly, nor any county, city, or town, township, school, district, municipal or other corporation shall ever make any appropriation or pay from any public fund whatever anything in aid of any sectarian purpose, or to help support or sustain any school, academy, seminary, college, university, or other institution of learning controlled by any sectarian denomination whatever; nor shall any grant, donation of land or personal property ever be made by any such public corporation for any sectarian purpose whatever."—*Mich. Paper.*

It draws show which way the wind blows, those who are trying to unite Church and State by putting both of the Bible Gods into one constitution may take this as a sign which way Illinois will go, and may as well put down at least three-fourths of the Western States the same. The two Evangelical Judges of Ohio, and the other distinguished sectarian characters who try to aid such a movement, will find they are not wanted by the people to serve in public capacities after they betray the sectarian character that compels them to desert the people for the church. When less than one-fourth of the people are in the churches they need not expect to rule this nation.

"THE ICONOCLAST."

Another hammer on the orthodox rocks appears and strikes with the above name, and issued at Washington, D. C. It is small, but may grow larger, and its blows are sharp and pointed, and no doubt will make the clings fly. We hail with a hearty welcome every aid to prevent the first steps toward the union of Church and State in this country, which is the evident design of those attempting to break up our public schools, and insert one or more Gods in the constitution with part of the Bible. We notice several instances of rejoicing of late by the advocates of these measures over their success in getting a Christian judge into the Supreme Court in the recent appointment of Judge Strong, and also boasting over a Christian Governor of Missouri. Of the latter we can assure them his office is elective, and that the legislature is not quite so sectarian. There never was a time when it was more necessary for every friend of liberty of conscience to be aware that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

BOOKS.

A correspondent in New Hampshire requests us to name some of the most worthy and commendable books in our literature, and says he has no money to spare for the worthless ones, &c. We have too long a list of good books to name in a reply, but can recommend especially the works of A. J. Davis, beginning with *Nature's Divine Revelations*, the works of Judge Edmonds, the works of Hudson Tattle, *The Seers of the Ages*, Emma Hardinge's *History, Real Life in the Spirit-World*, *Gospel of Good and Evil*, Denton's *Works*, *Future Life*, *Dawn*, Woodman's *Reply to Dwight*, Finney on *Bible, Errors of the Bible*, *Footfalls*, *Branches of Palm*, *Question Settled*, *Gift of Spiritualism*, *Planchette*, or *Despair of Science*, and many others we could recommend, and some we cannot, that we leave for others to notice. We can assure our friend that the trash in our literature is not equal in proportion to that in any of the church literature we are acquainted with.

The colored citizens of New York celebrated the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States by a grand procession and public meeting at Cooper Institute, on Friday, April 8th, 1870.

Free Thought.

The Indian Question from the White Settlers' Standpoint.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Your paper is getting better and better. Success to you, in everything but your Indian policy. That don't suit our case at all; nor would it yours, were you brought in contact with them. The Indians on our reservations, maintained by Government, go forth in parties, (frequently with passes,) to sweep away the stock of our people, and when they are pursued to the reservations, and what is left of it found in their possession, they are allowed to go unpunished, and the owner has to content himself with what he can get back. They don't kill any one unless they are in the way, while engaged in carrying out their business operations; but interference results in death.

In Colorado, the people complain bitterly of their red brethren. Instead of remaining quietly on the reservations, or hunting in the mountains, they range through the settlements in parties, visit the houses of the farmers, and force them, by threats, to cook for them, and supply their other wants; and when they find the men absent, they commit all manner of outrages on the defenceless women and then decamp. The settlers threaten vengeance if a stop is not put to these excesses, and well they may. The wonder is, that war has not already been declared against them. How would you like to have your family come in for a share of these friendly offices?

Now, do you, or can any reasoning human being, believe that kindness, and a *let-alone* policy, will ever give us protection against such things? Not a bit of it. It will only increase them a thousand fold, and war will become inevitable.

They must be punished for every outrage they commit, just as a white man would be for the same offence. Confinement, in the first stages, would be amply sufficient to maintain peace and protect us; but impunity is disastrous to us, and more so to them, in the end.

The *let-alone* policy would answer every purpose, if the Indians would practice it, but when it is all on one side, the thing is run into the ground out of sight.

I believe in every one getting their just dues, be they black, white or red, and anything beyond, is injustice to somebody.

Top-sided views, or a top-sided policy, do not denote a level brain, or they prove that the owner don't understand both sides of the question. Give the white man ample protection, and I will insure justice to the Indian; but if they are allowed to commit crimes with impunity, an exasperated people will avenge their own wrongs when they pass the limits of endurance, and an Indian will then find no defenders, except amongst those who have never had a taste of his quality—and amongst us, who has not?

When we suffer wrong at their hands, we don't like to have Government ignore our rights to protection, and put them on the back, as though it was all right, and they could do so again, would you? I think not. Try it and see.

Truly yours for the right,
La Junta, New Mexico. S. B. WATKINS.

The Spiritualist Association of Williamsburg, N. Y.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Mrs. Emma Hardinge delivered the concluding lecture of her course before a numerous assemblage of the members and friends of this thriving association, on the 31st of March—being also the anniversary of the "Rochester knockings." Mrs. Hardinge's discourse was upon the philosophy of the dark circles, and as usual, her thrilling eloquence seemed to move every heart. In fact, the whole of a very crowded audience appeared to be perfectly electrified. At the close of the lecture a few questions were answered—evidently to the gratification of all who could gain an entrance to the Hall—after which the Secretary read the following brief address:

"Mrs. Emma Hardinge—Our speaker: Dear Madam—The lecture of your course, held to me, on behalf of this audience, respectfully tender to you our grateful thanks for the privilege we have enjoyed, of listening to your valuable and highly edifying discourses. We sincerely hope that you will meet with the greatest success in your noble efforts in every part of the world in which you may find it convenient to sojourn, and we cordially wish you a long continuance of health and of every other blessing. Should you ever visit this city again, we beg you to remember that among the intelligent citizens of Williamsburg are to be found thousands who know how to appreciate your valuable services, and that this Association will always provide a hall for your reception, earnestly striving to uphold a cause which is destined to promote our best interest and welfare—here and hereafter."

This was put by a gentleman present in the form of a resolution, and carried by acclamation, with loud and long-continued vociferations of applause.

Mrs. Hardinge replied to this address in her customary graceful and happy manner, concluding with a few words of earnest encouragement for the success of our cause in this vicinity, which was readily responded to by the audience.

The manifest enthusiasm of the occasion was kept up to quite a late hour of the evening. As a final result, old members as well as new ones are cheerfully coming forth with their liberal contributions, and even our Orthodox friends (better late than never) are wishing us God-speed. Indeed, we almost fancy we see the doors of the churches flying open for our reception. But their tardy and graceless invitations we shall not be in haste to accept, knowing that our true mission is rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel than unto those who are continually crying, "Lord! Lord!" unto many of whom the sentence is already gone forth, "Depart from me, for I never knew you!"

I send you the enclosed obituary notice of the sudden departure of one of our deeply lamented and most estimable lady members, cut from the *Brooklyn Daily Times*:

"Mrs. WREN—The subject of this notice, Mrs. Eleanor Oliver Wren, was born in London, England, August 18th, 1810. The deceased was the mother of twelve children, nine of whom are living. In 1847 Mrs. Wren came to this country, and was always an ardent Republican in principle, she enlisted as Matron of the Sixty-first New York Volunteers, being accompanied by four of her sons to the war. In 1862 orders were issued assigning matrons to permanent government hospitals, and deceased then left the service and settled in Washington, instituting a private hospital, her own cost, for the treatment of supposed incurable soldiers. Her efforts in the cause called forth the commendation of President Lincoln, and many prominent generals and legislators, who all testified as to her efficiency. A resident of Williamsburg for many years, she was well known and respected by all her friends and acquaintances. The deceased lady was brought up in the Episcopal Church, but upon the advent of Spiritualism, two years ago, became a convert to its doctrine; and until her death, as long as she was sensible, claimed to have constant and personal communion with the inhabitants of the unseen world."

The numerous friends who knew her best could have said much more in her praise. She was a mother in our Spiritual Israel, whose demise has

thrown a large circle of friends and a numerous family into grief, lamentation and mourning. Andrew Jackson Davis spoke at her funeral. How different were his sound, philosophical and edifying remarks from the ordinary senseless mockery of religion observable on such occasions—according to the general practice of modern sectarian professors! But their days are numbered and coming events foreseen by many.
AN OBSERVER.

Matters at North Scituate, Mass.

DEAR BANNER—The cause is steadily progressing, in spite of croakers. As an Association we held semi-monthly meetings at Conihasset Hall, North Scituate, during the last year, and gained a number of new members to commence a new year's work for progression. We celebrated the 22d anniversary of our sacred truth, on the 31st, by a good time generally, closing about twelve o'clock. Dancing, by the music of the "South Shore Quadrille Band," was one of the principal amusements of the evening, refreshments being lavishly furnished by the ladies of the Association.

During the past year Bros. Lynn, Greenleaf, Currier, and Sisters Yeaw, Hubbard, Davis, Felton and Rudd have dispensed to us the spiritual food as regular speakers, while last, but not least, was the lecture delivered, as our last for the year, by our own townsman, Chas. H. Whitaker, who prefaced his lecture with the reason for his writing it. It was a well written lecture, and full of strong points aimed at the popular theology of the day. We hope others will call Bro. Whitaker out.

Our League is gaining in numbers and influence—though three months ago I had my doubts as to its having more than one year's existence—and now is established on a sure foundation. We are out of debt, or nearly so, and have nearly \$100.00 worth of equipments and a cabinet organ; and we give occasional exhibitions, which are very popular. Fast day we celebrate, as a League, with an exhibition at Conihasset Hall, North Scituate, with recitation, dramas and tableaux.

Yours for the cause,
Chas. H. Whitaker, April 3d, 1870.

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