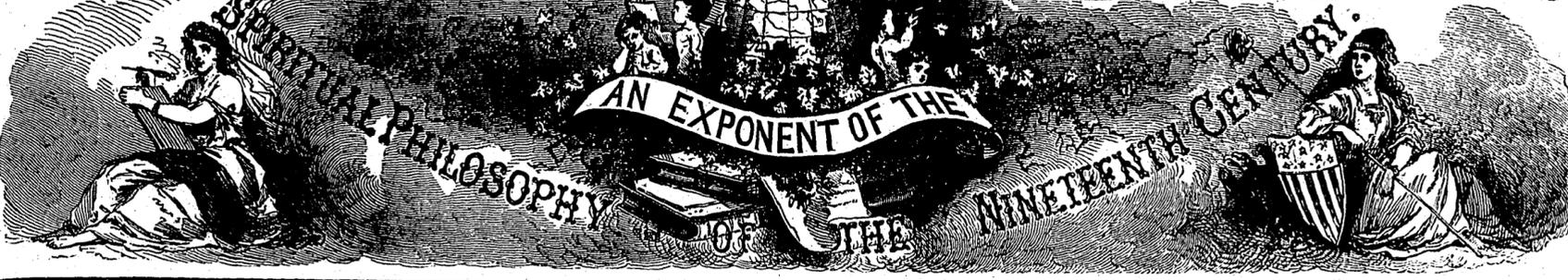


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Original Essay.

SILENT VOICES.

BY S. B. BRITTON, M. D.

Sounds of almost every description, but especially such as are produced by the breath—whether articulate or inarticulate—are appropriately called VOICES. But the term is very properly used with far greater latitude. The voices of Nature are the sounds produced by the action or motion of the elements. She speaks in the atmospheric currents sweeping over objects that vibrate like the forest boughs, or moving in gentle undulations through hollow, sonorous bodies; in the low murmur of little brooks and the roar of great waters finding their level; in the volcanic fires and electric forces demanding freedom of expression, and seeking their equilibrium in the tread of the earthquake; from the invisible "powers of the air" in their cloudy pavilions; in the deep respiration of the whirlwind, and the awful utterance of fiery tongues speaking out of the midnight darkness.

There are many voices that never break the silence; yet these are expressed with uncommon emphasis in Nature, in Providence and in the drama of universal History. A Hebrew poet, in his figurative account of the creation, affirms that "the morning stars sang together"; and Shakespeare makes one of his heroes say, "I have no words; My voice is in my sword."

The *vox populi* represents the choice of a people in the selection of their rulers, whatever may be the method adopted in giving expression to the popular will. *Vox Dei* is defined to be the divine will and pleasure however the same may be revealed to mankind. According to a Christian Apostle good men who long since left their mortal tabernacles yet speak to us in memory, by the force of noble examples and in the individual consciousness of their spiritual presence. Even in the inanimate portion of the natural world,—in the field and the forest, on the mountain and in the grottoes, by the wayside and along the shore, the smallest things come to us with great lessons. With what sweet, cheerful and solemn modulations does Nature speak to us in the morning and the evening, in the fresh life of Spring and the rapturous glories of Inspiring Autumn! The grandeur of thrones, palaces, and star-chambers; and the gloss and glare of the world's great masquerade—all pale in the light that floods the Orient. No Eastern prince was ever arrayed like "the lilies of the field"; and even the purple robes that clothe the mountain oak are more resplendent than the rent mantle of imperial Caesar. Great men speak to us in their deeds; angels in their loving ministry, and God in all things.

The great forces of the world, developed in and through the agency of imponderable substances, have mystical tongues, and we are left to interpret their noiseless speech in the beautiful phenomena of Nature. The grosser elements of matter are chemically or otherwise acted upon by subtle principles, invisible save in their effects. The grandest revelations of secret forces are not found to consist in the more external and noisy exhibitions of power—not alone in the majestic sweep of winds and tides; the upheaval of islands in the midst of the sea, and the "shadow-dance" of clouds and storms on the ruffled bosom of the deep. These are truly imposing and may chiefly arrest senseless observers; but the still voices and unspoken languages of the world may after all be most worthy of attention. The whole chemistry of the organic creation whereby the very elements of decay are made alive and beautiful; the growth of vegetation; the blending of prismatic colors in the flowers; the mysterious powers of reproduction, and the vital and voluntary functions of all animated Nature, no less than the solemn gravitation of worlds, are the imperishable records of that silent speech.

All Art is but the imitation of Nature; and the man who translates the silent language of her most important principles into practical use is the greatest inventor. The earliest developments among all nations have been the rude dwellings of the people and the implements of their husbandry. These are improved by degrees, and as civilization advances Art exhibits new forms and mechanical combinations adapted to supply the necessities of man. But nations are in the infancy of Art so long as their industry is left to chiefly depend on nerves and muscles. The idea of adapting the subtle forces of the world to practical purposes is among the grandest conceptions of the mind. The man who applied Steam to navigation was greater than Moses whose rod divided the waters. The former summoned from the great deep the strongest shades whose coming has yet realized the prayer of man. And this fiery spirit, rising out of the sea, moves everything at his bidding. The body of this pale ghost is thin vapor, yielding and impalpable, through which we pass our hand as through the air. Yet his fearful grasp is more terrible than the strength of the fabled Titans. The elements are powerless in his presence, and the heaviest burdens are transported on his burning breath across continents and over the sea.

And so the great spirit of the waters has become the chief motive power on earth, giving emphatic expression to the many-voiced industry of all nations. Were its agency suspended the mechanical arts would be paralyzed. Millions of wheels, spindles, shuttles and hammers would be silenced in a moment. The application of this subtle agent to the industrial pursuits of life is among the chief conquests of human genius. The old instrumentalities of labor are laid aside, and "water privileges" are now too cheap to be dammed! Even blood horses are at a discount, save among sporting characters, since we have the omnipresent ghost of the greatest modern traveler to bear our burdens and draw our vehicles. In the vast commerce, manufactures and

transportation of the world, the introduction of Steam marks a great era in history. Indeed, it opens the outer door of an invisible world of dynamic agents and forces. We accept the invitation to enter and explore this realm of mystery.

With what amazing power do silent voices speak to us in the Light! From the center of our solar system emanates the subtle principle which is essential to all being. But for this our planet had been a barren waste, bound in icy chains and shut up in Cimmerian darkness forever. Desolate, indeed, would have been the earth with no green thing upon its surface; no forms of animal life with powers of voluntary motion; not even the now extinct species of Saurian monsters could have lived and moved in its frozen waters. Light is an indispensable agent in the whole economy of the physical world. It is the all-revealing minister that daily stoops to uncover the earth and nightly speaks to us from the stars. It is greatest of all the silent teachers of men in the natural creation, since it addresses the universal mind through the common channels of sensation. Clad in purple and golden robes this great revealer moves with noiseless footsteps over the earth, unfolding the flowers, inspiring the morning songs of birds, and calling the human world from blissful repose to noble activity. "Beautiful upon the mountains" are the foot-prints of the minister that comes to baptize the waiting earth, and every creature that is under heaven, with the natural glory of the Divine effulgence! And, silently, at the close of the day this fair messenger—whose very sandals scintillate with golden fires—calls the world to vesper as she retires beyond the evening star.

But Light is not only indispensable to the revelation of all earthly forms; the existence of colors; the curious processes of organic chemistry; and the development and preservation of all life on earth; but it brings us surprising revelations of other spheres that enable us to unravel the mazes of the sky. The moon is our nearest astronomical neighbor, its mean distance from the earth varying little from 238,500 miles, or about sixty of the earth's equatorial semi-diameters. And what revelations have we respecting the moon? Light alone enables us to perceive its existence; its place in the heavens; its relations to the earth; its distance from our point of observation; its form, magnitude and movements. But by the aid of suitable instruments we are able to make other important discoveries. The telescope presents for our inspection an uneven and ragged surface, the lunar mountains rising to the height of five miles, and casting their images behind them in deep shadows. We look in vain for any appearance of water on its surface, though there are Plutonic rocks and abundant evidences of the action of fire. It manifestly has no atmosphere of sufficient density to refract the rays of light. Whatever ethereal medium may be supposed to envelop the moon, it is certainly free from clouds. Our queen of night wears no veil herself, however dense the vapors that hover in our own atmosphere. The conical summits in the moon are very numerous, and in the southern lunar hemisphere we are presented with a single crater some fifty miles in diameter, and over three miles deep. Others have expended their inward forces; the external fires have gone out, leaving great scars on the surface and proofs of volcanic stratification. There is nothing to indicate that the proper conditions of either animal or vegetable life exist in the moon. If inhabited at all, it must be by creatures whose constitutions are fundamentally different from those that people the earth. Thus, in the light of astronomy, we interpret the silent voices from that still-born sphere. Such are the revelations light gives of the moon, and they appear to justify the conclusion that our fair satellite, to which night and distance lend such enchantment, offers no fit abode for sentient beings. Fanned by no cool breeze; with no refreshing waters to irrigate its surface; scorched by the solar beams during the long lunar days; broken by internal convulsions and blasted by volcanic fires, it presents for our contemplation a wild scene of silence and desolation.

Light reveals all that we know of the several primary and secondary planets in our solar system; their distances from the earth, from the sun and from each other; the actual dimensions of each, their relative positions and respective movements. The most ambitious intellect may scarcely comprehend these revelations, but the attempt to grasp the subject may enlarge our mental horizon. Were we to travel toward the center of our solar system, we should find Mercury at not much over one-third of our distance from the sun. There, on a summer's day, the temperature would probably be over 600°, measured by our thermometer scale; and this would suffice to cook the flesh and consume the bones of all living creatures that inhabit the earth. Should we take the opposite direction and travel toward the vast circumference of our planetary system—after a journey that would require us to put on immortality—we should cross the track of Neptune, at a distance from the earth of some 2,640,000,000 miles! There the ice trade might prosper if prices would only warrant the prosecution of the business, since the temperature is presumed from scientific data to be about 50,000° below the zero of our scale! Having reached the orbit of Neptune, it would require 164 of our years to make a single revolution round the sun. That is the length of Neptune's year; according to which it is only about thirty-five years since Adam commenced his courtship. And yet all this is within the compass of our own solar system, which, to the observation of the dwellers in other systems, altogether appears like a dim nebula in the midst of a measureless expanse.

But what do we see in the great fields of space beyond? There are foreign missionaries of light—pale pilgrims of the sky—whose flaming hair sweeps backward through the ether a distance of more than 100,000,000 miles, whose faces we shall never behold save with our spiritual vision.

They penetrate the outer darkness hundreds of millions of miles beyond our solar frontier. Astronomers tell us that one of these celestial travelers has made but a single circuit since the great baptism known as the flood. It will surely return again, but who shall witness the coming? When that mysterious apparition is again visible from the earth's orbit, all the existing empires will perhaps have passed away. Our own young and vigorous Republic may only exist in crumbling masonries and imperfect history, or linger like the pale ghost that to-day bends above the pyramids and speaks from Momon.

The author of an ancient dramatic poem known as the Book of Job—probably written by some wise man of Chaldea who studied the mysteries of the heavens—makes several astronomical references that are deeply suggestive of the scientific knowledge possessed at that early period. In these poetic references an absolute negative is implied by an interrogative. "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of Pleiades?" It may be a fair question whether this is to be regarded as a delicate compliment to woman—the Pleiades being originally the seven daughters of Atlas—or a poetic allusion to the fact that their rising is identified with the vernal equinox when the earth is visited by the sweet inspiring influences of Spring and all Nature is pregnant with new life. In either case the author's learning is as apparent as his poetic inspiration. Indeed, it is quite probable that the inquiry may have a still deeper significance. Astronomers have at length arrived at a knowledge of the fact that Alcyone, the most beautiful star of the Pleiades—which illuminates the heavenly spaces with the light of 12,000 suns—is the center of motion around which our sun (a mere rush light in comparison) revolves with all its attendant planets—in an orbit so vast that 20,000,000 of years are required to complete a single revolution! So great is the distance of that grand metropolis of the stars from the earth, that if the Pleiades were this moment annihilated they would still be visible in the neck of Taurus for ages. To an earthly observer Alcyone would shine with undiminished splendor until toward the close of the twenty-fifth century of the Christian Era, 700 years being required for light to traverse the intervening distance. If the first of those seven daughters—the brightest star in that celestial group—is the grand center that holds our whole solar system by the power of a measureless gravitation while it pursues the line of an orbit, 50,000,000 times greater than the one the earth describes in its annual circuit—then, indeed, there is a profound significance in the words of the ancient poet. God speaks to us in the silent but irresistible force of natural gravitation, and hence, verily, no power on earth can "bind the sweet influence of Pleiades."

Earlripes the great tragic poet of Salamis, and the last of the three principal representatives of the Greek drama, was distinguished for his hatred of woman. Andromeda was selected as the title of one of the fifty-six lost tragedies by that author, perhaps from a feeling that woman is only fit to be a slave. Andromeda is a pale nebula, just visible to the naked eye in the northern heavens, representing a female figure in chains. The reflectors of the most powerful telescopes do not resolve the nebula of Andromeda, and in this fact we find the evidence that it is so remote that light, which travels at the amazing rate of 192,000 miles in a second, would require 1,000,000 years or more to send its rays through the darkness that broods over the naked fields of space to this distant orb. Such are the silent teachings of the stars! Such the mystical voices without which we could know nothing of the innumerable worlds and systems in space. If, however, we were aware of the existence of so many worlds, compared with which our own is a mere speck on the map of the Universe, and yet could not perceive their relative positions and the harmony of their movements, we should be filled with constant apprehension, for how could we be sure that the earth itself might not perish.

"Like a worm upon destruction's path?" But light reveals all; and how do the fables of heathen philosophers and Jewish poets, concerning the origin of the world and the period of its existence, dwindle into insignificance before the revelations of Science! So profoundly is the human spirit moved to reverence and worship by such sublime contemplations, that we may well conclude, "the undevout astronomer is mad."

Among the natural forces that speak with world-awakening voices Electricity has been the medium of many surprising developments. In the grand economy of Nature it is an agent of immeasurable capacity. Its presence is revealed in mysterious attractions and repulsions. Moving in currents electrically also puts the grosser elements in motion. It determines the polarities of the ultimate atoms; its action is revealed in the laws of molecular attraction; in the natural affinity of heterogeneous particles; it is brilliantly illustrated in the process of crystallization, and most beautifully displayed in the subtle chemistry of vegetable and animal life. The passage of its currents through the aerial regions, in any particular direction, occasions a corresponding movement of the atmosphere and hence may determine the courses of the winds. The floods are moved by electric impulses. The aqueous vapors, floating in the air, are condensed by the passage of its currents and made to descend to the earth in torrents of rain. It often plays behind the hot Summer clouds and equalizes itself by a silent process of conduction. It streams up from the great magnet at the Pole and covers the boreal heavens with auroral splendors. But its voices are not all silent. When suddenly discharged in a thunderbolt from the atmospheric batteries it often smites the rocky pinnacles with the force of ten thousand hammers, or shivers the mountain oak in an instant. Then, indeed, it speaks audibly. The voice is inarticulate, but deep, sonorous and terrible: Careless men pause and the reverent are filled with speechless awe.

In its application to the Arts the illustrations of its amazing power are scarcely less remarkable. It holds the precious mineral substances in solution and through the alkaline salts precipitates them, distributing the silver particles and golden molecules over the surface of baser metals—covering them with attenuated films that give to cheap wares the appearance of great intrinsic value—thus making base things beautiful.

In its adaptation to photography we shall yet witness important results. Not only are earthly objects instantly painted by invisible hands holding the long pencils of the light, but we put the heavens in the camera, and by means of lenses of great magnifying power, picture the celestial scenery as it appears through the telescope. But in the allusion to prospective developments we have special reference to the employment of this agent under circumstances which preclude the use of the solar rays. It is possible, moreover, that before the close of the present century, electricity may be used to warm our dwellings and light our streets. We are persuaded that the era of its triumph as a motor, applicable to all mechanical purposes, is at hand. Our children may live to see the power of steam superseded by a safer and more economical agent. Such, at least, is our inference from the silent voices of present developments which we may not pause here to either explain or enumerate.

The relations of electricity to life, sensation and thought, can only be briefly noticed in this connection. The subject is intricate, and its treatment on philosophical principles would demand, on the part of the writer, the exercise of very critical powers of analysis, and, in the reader, ability to recognize the nicest distinctions. As this agent is homogeneous with the aura that pervades the nerves of motion and sensation it is but natural that it should augment the nervous forces when, from any cause, they have been unduly exhausted; nor is it less effectual in restoring the equilibrium of those forces whenever derangement occurs in their organic application. Its power to put the fluids in motion is variously exhibited in its action on the arterial circulation and the general distribution of the fluids of animal and human bodies. The faculties and passions of the mind electrotype the images of many objects on the faces and forms of unborn infants; and, by the same mysterious agency, the essential spirit and character of the mother's surroundings may be photographed on the mental and moral constitution of her offspring. Electricity possesses the arterIALIZING power as can be scientifically demonstrated by the simple experiment of passing an electrical current through a quantity of venous blood. It gives contractile power to the muscles and hence is the immediate source of organic activity and physical strength. The application of artificially generated currents may impart new and surprising energy to the vital forces and functions. For these and other sufficient reasons it is a most important auxiliary in the healing art, though there are few practitioners who really comprehend its relations and the proper methods of its application.

As a direct instrumentality of the mind Electricity assumes the most important place and office among the imponderable elements of the natural world. It differs from all others in its ready subordination to the human will. The Pegasus of fabulous history was a clumsy animal compared with this agent of the world's instantaneous express. It does not outstrip the mythological Mercury—the messenger and interpreter of the gods—it is far more serviceable to men. It is an omnipresent minister of light and knowledge having innumerable tongues. To the press it is a polygraphic instrument whereby its voices are mysteriously multiplied and echoed throughout the earth.

We indulge in a species of hyperbolism when we talk of the end of the world and of time, since the world may not end, in the sense of being annihilated, and time, as signifying duration, shall never cease. We speak of time with special reference to some small part of the duration that knows no halt; but the term might as well be applied to any other part or period in the endless cycles of Eternity. We are accustomed to say that space and time are annihilated when, by any means, the current of circumstances and events is so accelerated that results, ordinarily produced or occurring at considerable intervals, are made to follow each other in instant succession. This is realized in our present telegraphic communication with all parts of the world. The deep watery spaces divide continents, but they are scarcely appreciable since our fleet courier bears away over the land and under the sea—the most important dispatches to every capital in Europe, with such celerity as to justify the use of the figure when we affirm that modern science and art have annihilated time. The electric telegraph is the great sympathetic nerve that centers in the cardiac plexus of nations. Through this messenger of light we feel the pulses of great peoples beyond the sea, and we are brought into instant sympathy with the whole world. Who shall estimate the silent but powerful influence of this grand agent of modern civilization! In this subtle presence the faculties of men are quickened, for behold the angel of the New Earth stands in their midst!

Literally speaking an angel is a messenger—one that communicates information or is otherwise commissioned to execute the purposes of a superior. Our angels are neither all divine, diabolical nor even human. Whatever active principle, irresistible force, natural law, or intelligent being may be employed under the divine administration to execute his will; to accomplish any great change in the conditions of our cosmical existence; any revolution in moral and political affairs, or to aid the introduction and establishment of a new religion, may be thus fitly represented. Yet strange to say our poets and artists presume that nearly all angels involve and illustrate a singular compromise between the nature of woman and

the fiercest tribes! They are chiefly painted in the forms of young women (there are no old angels) quite too palpable to be spiritual, and supplied with wings which suggest nothing so clearly as the idea of their ponderosity. But the truth is, she, or it may be an angel; and a very large proportion of such subordinate powers are not in the form of man, except as they are so clothed upon by the human imagination. *The Elements are God's Angels* to work out his designs in the natural world. They are all servants of him "who maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire."

It was near the close of the first century that Domitian banished a great Christian Seer to the solitudes of the Island of Patmos where he saw in vision what we behold in reality to-day—a strong Angel with radiant countenance, nerves of burnished lightning and arteries of liquid fire. Electricity is that angel—that all-communicating spirit—coming at once up out of the deep and leaping down from the clouds while many "thunders utter their voices." *In this sublime presence space and time are as nothing.* The grandeur of his appearing and the sublimity of his mission are thus revealed in fact and in the Apocalypse:

"And I saw a mighty Angel come down from heaven clothed with a cloud; and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire; and he set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth, and cried with a loud voice, as when a lion roareth; and when he had cried seven thunders uttered their voices. And the Angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore by him that liveth forever and ever, that THERE SHALL BE TIME NO LONGER!"

Newark, N. J.

From the Year-Book of Spiritualism.

The London Dialectical Society and Spiritualism.

This literary society was established some three years since to consider "all subjects with a view to the elucidation of truth," taking up questions not ordinarily investigated by other scientific societies. Sir John Lubbock, Bart., F. R. S., is the president of the society; and among the vice-presidents are Prof. Huxley, F. R. S., Lord Amberley, Mr. G. H. Lewes, and Miss Frances Power Cobbe. At one of the meetings, a physician read a paper on some very extraordinary phenomena which he had witnessed himself; and it was stated that the physical and other facts of Spiritualism were believed to be real by Prof. De Morgan (President of the Mathematical Society of London), Mr. C. F. Varley, C. E., F. R. G. S., Mr. Robert Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mr. William Howitt, and others of like eminence. A somewhat acrimonious debate followed; and a committee of thirty persons was appointed to "investigate the phenomena alleged to be spiritual manifestations, and to report thereon." This committee, under the chairmanship of Dr. Edmunds, comprises members of the legal, medical and clerical professions, as well as a few engineers and architects, and several gentlemen of eminent scientific and literary attainments.

The following, a little in advance of the printed copy, is a portion of this experimental sub-committee's report. The intelligence and high social positions of the parties, as well as the momentous nature of the subject itself, give it importance: "Since their appointment, on the 10th of February, 1869, your sub-committee have held forty meetings for purposes of experiment and test. These meetings were held at the private residences of members of the committee, purposely to preclude the possibility of pre-arranged mechanism or contrivance.

The furniture of the room in which the experiments were conducted was, on every occasion, its accustomed furniture. The tables were in all cases heavy dining-tables, requiring a strong effort to move them. The smallest was five feet nine inches long by four feet wide; and the largest, nine feet three inches long and four feet and a half wide, and of proportionate weight.

The rooms, tables and furniture generally, were repeatedly subjected to careful examination before, during, and after the experiments, to ascertain that no concealed machinery, instrument or other contrivance existed, by means of which the sounds or movements hereinafter mentioned could be caused.

The experiments were conducted in the light of gas, except on the few occasions specially noted in the minutes. Your committee have avoided the employment of professional or paid mediums; the mediumship developed being that of members of your sub-committee, persons of good social position and of unimpeachable integrity, having no pecuniary object to serve, and nothing to gain by deception.

Your committee have held some meetings without the presence of a medium (it being understood that, throughout this report, the word "medium" is used simply to designate an individual without whose presence the phenomena described either do not occur at all, or with greatly diminished force and frequency), purposely to try if they could produce, by any efforts, effects similar to those witnessed when a medium was present. By no endeavors were they enabled to produce anything at all resembling the manifestations that took place in the presence of a medium.

Every test that the combined intelligence of your committee could devise has been tried with patience and perseverance. The experiments were conducted under a great variety of conditions; and ingenuity has been exerted in devising plans by which your committee might verify the truth or falsity of the phenomena, and preclude the possibility of imposture or of delusion.

Your committee have confined their report to facts witnessed by them in their collective capacity; which facts were palpable to the senses, and their reality capable of demonstrative proof.

Of the members of your sub-committee, about four-fifths entered upon the investigation wholly skeptical as to the reality of the alleged phenomena; firmly believing them to be the result either of imposture, or of delusion, or of involuntary muscular action. It was only by irresistible evidence, under conditions that precluded the possibility of either of these solutions, and after trial and test many times repeated, that the most skeptical of your sub-committee were slowly and reluctantly convinced that the phenomena exhibited in the course of their protracted inquiry were veritable facts.

The result of their long-continued and carefully-conducted experiments, after trial by every de-

fective: they could devise, has been to establish conclusively—

First, That, under certain bodily or mental conditions, one or more of the persons present, a force is exhibited sufficient to put heavy substances in motion without the employment of any muscular force, without contact or material connection of any kind between such substances and the body of any person present.

Second, That this force can make distinctly audible sounds, or more of these sounds, without contact with, nor having any visible or material connection with the body of any person present; and which sounds are proved to proceed from such substances by the vibrations which are distinctly felt when they are touched.

Third, That this force is frequently directed by intelligences.

At thirty-four out of the forty meetings of your committee, some of these phenomena occurred. Delusion was out of the question. The motions took place in various directions, and were witnessed simultaneously by all present. They were matters of measurement, and not of opinion or of fancy; and they occurred so often, under so many and such various conditions, with such safeguards against error or deception, and with such invariably results as to satisfy the members of your committee by whom the experiments were tried, wholly skeptical as most of them were when they entered upon the investigation, that there is a force capable of moving bodies either out of material contact, and which force is, in some unknown manner dependent upon the presence of human beings.

In conclusion your committee express their unanimous opinion that the one important physical fact thus proved to exist—that motion may be produced in solid bodies without material contact, by some kind of unexplained force operating within an undisturbed distance from the human organization, and beyond the range of muscular action—should be subjected to further scientific investigation, with a view to ascertain, if possible, its true source, nature, and power.

The London Globe, in a May issue, said: "During the past four weeks, meetings of the Dialectical Committee on Spiritualism have been held with closed doors, without the members being able to agree as to the report which they will issue. All the reports of the experimental sub-committees have, however, been received and adopted. These all bear strong testimony in favor of the reality of the manifestations; and a report, based on the reports of these sub-committees, is now in process of preparation."

From the London Spiritual Magazine for January, 1871: THE COUNCIL OF THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY DECLINES TO PUBLISH THE REPORT OF ITS COMMITTEE.

The Second Report of the Dialectical Society, just issued to the members, contains the following allusion to the matter:

"The Committee appointed for the purpose of investigating the Phenomena alleged to be Spiritual Manifestations, has partly conducted its work, and has prepared an interesting report. The Committee suggested that this report and the evidence upon which it was based should be published, but, for several reasons, the Council declines to adopt this suggestion."

Whether this course is best adapted to carry out what professes to be "the object of the Society," as set forth in its rules, namely: "The philosophical consideration of all subjects with a view to the discovery and elucidation of truth," we must leave its members and the public to determine.

The Council abstains from specifying its "various reasons" for declining to carry out the suggestions of its Committee, but we presume they all resolve themselves into this—that the Report of the Committee, and the evidence on which that Report is based, is altogether too favorable to the "Phenomena alleged to be Spiritual Manifestations" to be acceptable to the Officers and Council of a Society, some of whose prominent members had so deeply committed themselves on the other side, and were unwilling to sanction the publication of a Report which would prove that they had been utterly in the wrong. Had the Report of the Committee shown conclusively that "the Phenomena alleged to be Spiritual Manifestations" were a delusion or a fraud, the Council would readily have found "various reasons" why such "an interesting Report" should be immediately published and circulated as widely as possible.

It remains to be seen whether the members will endorse the action of the Council; whether the Committee numbering about one-third of the members will submit to be thus snubbed, and their long, patient and careful investigations, with the Reports of their several sub-committees, and all the evidence collected, to be so shelved. Many of the witnesses, not only at the meetings of the Committee (at considerable inconvenience in some cases) to give their personal testimony, and submit to searching cross-examination; but, at the request of the Committee, and on the distinct assurance that such evidence would be published with the Committee's Report, carefully prepared and sent in to the Council, have been deceived in writing. Will the Committee consent to be a party to what would look very much like a breach of faith, and the obtaining of evidence under false pretences?

We of course acquit the Committee of any such intention; they have acted fairly and honorably, and no doubt are as ready as we to us they have a right to expect that the Council of the Society that had appointed them would enable them to redeem their promise. The Council it seems "declines" to do this, but we hope that if it persists in this refusal, the Committee will have the independence and the spirit to publish the Report themselves. It would be a fine thing, the most complete body of evidence on the subject to be found in any single volume; and the public who have heard so much of this famous investigation, which was to settle the question, have a right to know the result—to know what have been the findings of the Committee, and the evidence they have obtained, in a proper and authentic form.

If this long promised Report is to be buried, and the matter is suffered to rest where it now is, it will be indeed a wretched *fiasco*, and will furnish another illustration of the extreme difficulty of getting anything like justice done to this subject by the Press or by any corporate body. It seems to be a settled determination in all such cases that, no matter what the evidence may be, there shall be but one verdict, and that an unfavorable one. If a contrary one is given in it must be suppressed; the public must not know it.

This is especially the tactics of those who make the loudest claim of being "liberal thinkers," but who, while denouncing the bigotry of sects, show that they have not exchanged their own narrow bigotry for the still narrower bigotry of tubelof; that they

"Compound for sins they are inclined to, By damning those they have no mind to."

Happily the cause of Spiritualism is not to be arrested by any action of the Council of the Dialectical Society, or of any other body of men, learned or simple; they may miss a great opportunity of dealing fairly and honorably by it, and of gaining honor to themselves by doing so, with a wiser generation if not with this; but Spiritualism will progress in the future, as it has done in the past, without them, and it may be in spite of them. There will be plenty of men of this class to honor Spiritualism with their patronage when in the teeth of their opposition it has won its way to public favor; and its recognition involves no risk of the forfeiture of reputation. It may be very humiliating to men of science to find that the despised Spiritualists have taken the lead in the discovery of a truth which they had denied and derided; but in the end when they see that it is the truth, and it is fast doing so, they will, like Parson Adams, rub their eyes and exclaim, "Well, I protest, and so it is!"

Since the foregoing was written we have learned that the Report in question is to be published, and that it may very shortly be expected. We presume the Committee have anticipated our suggestion, and have resolved to publish it on their own responsibility. We hope it will be found to contain all the evidence taken by the Committee, as we regard well authenticated facts as even more important than the opinions on the subject of any Committee, however carefully and conscientiously those opinions may have been formed.

China is rapidly undergoing the process of civilization. Beer is made at Shanghai, a whiskey distillery is in operation at Canton, and the first hanging recently came off in that city with great effect.

Spiritual Phenomena.

MR. JESSE SHEPARD, THE MUSICAL MEDIUM.

BY GEORGE A. BACON.

One of the most enjoyable and recherche entertainments in the way of a *soiree musicale* we remember ever attending, was given by the above named distinguished inspirational artist—the first since his return from a brilliant tour in Europe—at the residence of Miss Bowker, in this city, on last Thursday evening. The parlors were thronged with the lovers of good music, and those who were anxious to hear Mr. Shepard once more in his grand repertoire of spiritual creations, fresh from the fount of inspiration.

A critic remarked, after listening enraptured to one of his *nocturnes*, that it would be a difficult task to state what he is, and still more difficult what he is not, inasmuch as he combines within himself the power of composing, performing and singing at the same time.

These gifts were never so marked as at the present time, and mainly from becoming positive to those elements which so often disturb the equilibrium of sensitive mediums.

It was thought by some, and even affirmed, two years ago, that Mr. Shepard would lose his vocal powers. But surely, if this is to happen, one would suppose that some evidence would, ere this, exhibit itself, especially after singing as he did at the receptions given in Paris and London by the gentry and nobility—singing frequently till two o'clock in the morning. But he returns to Boston with greatly improved powers, such as gave European cities a new conception of the sublime and wonderful, not the result of books, but of the spirit-gifts of genius, who look not so much to worldly teachers as to that which antedates their aid.

In Paris, poets, painters and musicians were drawn to Mr. S. through the power and purity of his inspiration; while in London the secluded and aristocratic nobility extended to the son of Apollo numerous receptions and fetes.

A marked change in his performances has taken place since his visit abroad, noticeable in his ability to sing and play in the light equally as well as in the dark—a feature of recent date.

Among the several classical compositions performed on Thursday evening was one of great tenderness of expression combined with seemingly faultless execution, intending to represent "Peace" by Beethoven. Another, a symphony in three movements, in which the lights and shades in the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* passages was a marvelous creation of psychological conception—a greeting to those present, without words, of sympathy, harmony and love. The *Adagio*, from "Sabat Mater," was next given with all the volume of sound which that grand air requires. While in Paris the celebrated composers, Mons. Felscia David, Sylvester St. Etienne, Amber and Gastenelle, expressed a wish to hear Mr. Shepard sing in some one of the great churches, and that a mass should be written expressly for his voice, to be performed in the grand cathedral of Notre Dame, with four hundred voices in the chorus and one hundred instruments for the orchestra. In accordance with this desire, a *mass solenne* was composed by Mon. Gastenelle, comprising seven grand solos, with the Prayer for the Emperor—that his voice should be put to the severest test—the *Agitato* above mentioned being included. When Mr. Shepard left Paris the eminent composer said he never expected to write for another voice or to have his music performed with such power and brilliancy.

We must not fail to mention the beautiful air composed by the distinguished artist, Madame La Comtesse Antoinette de Sievers, and dedicated to Mr. Shepard, the melody of which is very soft and expressive, reminding one of fairy music in the distance. To those sitting furthest from the instrument, it had a magical effect, the trill being prolonged to the finest and most delicate shading, and every chord vibrating with dramatic power. After other *nocturnes*, the galop from "William Tell" and the celebrated "Wild Horse Galop" finished this most rare performance.

No effort of ours can give to another an adequate or satisfactory account of this truly extraordinary production of complicated and intricate music. Suffice it to say, that the subject was brought out to the full grandeur of the chords with the left hand, the right moving with lightning speed, and rendering the most difficult of all passages known to piano-forte players, the "trill in octaves." At the conclusion of this, every one seemed electrified, and a look of wonder and glad surprise was on each countenance.

Vetly, of a truth, progress never ceases; and in art, as in all other manifestations of the divine, new revelations, new conceptions from the El Dorado of the Summer-Land, continue to give fresh comfort and consolation to the inhabitants of earth, whenever and wherever media are found every way adapted to the great work.

When Jenny Lind first sang in New York, she was heard to say, after the concert was over, and every one seemed anxious to congratulate her, "Oh, what a gift! What a blessing, to be able to make people so happy!"

Under the divine enchantment of such music, we feel as though it could not be otherwise than that this world had a Summer-Land of song, where an inexhaustible reservoir of melody fills the souls of its best inhabitants, who, from out of their abundance, give to the denizens of earth, through prepared and adapted channels, these rare manifestations of art in music.

We are glad to see Mr. Shepard so far developed as to feel able to sing in any concert-room without the fear, heretofore unenjoyed, of not being sufficiently positive to ensure success. Media who have overcome this element of fear have happily surmounted a thousand obstacles to their progress.

To so pass the ordeal of criticism before the great masters and composers of Europe as to win their applause, is a triumph for a medium heretofore unknown in the annals of Spiritualism.

The friends of Mr. Shepard are glad to realize that in his case spirit predictions have been fulfilled, and to note his reward in numerous gifts and tokens of esteem and appreciation from the lovers of music and inspiration, bestowed during his two years' tour in Europe. We learn that he intends to revisit the Continent in the fall, to fulfill engagements to appear in concerts before the nobility of Vienna and St. Petersburg.

DR. SLADE'S MEDIUMSHIP.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—As you call for manifestations, I will give an account of a visit to Dr. Slade, in New York, during the first of December just past.

I found the Doctor pleasant and agreeable, and willing to give me all the evidence he could of spirit presence. As soon as I took my seat at the table, distinct raps were heard in various parts of the room and on the table, which showed signs of moving. Dr. Slade then took a small piece of slate pencil and placed it on the slate, and soon

the slate was filled on one side by a communication, and signed by one who long since passed away from earth. The same thing was repeated a number of times, and in a manner that precluded any possibility of deception. The accordion was finely played while the doctor held one end, leaving the keys to be moved by unseen hands or powers; a fruit-knife was carried to different parts of the room. And all this was done in open daylight, with every facility for investigation. I have often heard men ask where they could see manifestations in open daylight; now I would say to all inquiring minds that Mr. Foster and Dr. Slade can satisfy beyond any doubt, any fair-minded man.

Yours for Truth,
H. REEVE, Jr.
234 14th street, Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 4, 1871.

From the Sunday Morning News, Columbus, O.: MORE MYSTERIOUS MANIFESTATIONS.

Is it possible that we are surrounded by beings so ethereal as to be invisible to the natural eye, and yet possessing all the power of a tangible being, either for good or evil purposes? It seems almost incredible. Still, religion teaches us that man is immortal, and with that doctrine of immortality; if true, it admits a possibility, if not a probability, that the soul, notwithstanding the dissolution of the body, is not annihilated, but dwells in the ether, as spirits, ghosts, hobgoblins and the like meet with from all sides, when mentioned by any one. Notwithstanding the Bible account of the appearance of Moses and Elias on the mount of transfiguration; let alone the numerous other incidents mentioned throughout the whole of Bible history, leaving out of the account entirely the numerous stories about "haunted houses" on Oak street and elsewhere as unworthy of credence. But think what we will, believe or disbelieve as we may, facts are facts, and when they come to us from such unquestionable authority as the following, which I am about to relate, we are forced to notice them, and are made to exclaim, "Is it possible?"

Now for the facts as they were related to me by the party that has been the subject for whose benefit these manifestations were made. About a week ago my friend (who, by the way, is none other than Prof. Goodman, whom almost everybody in this city knows), and family were annoyed by the noise of the street, and the noise of the railing, and were kept awake sometimes till one o'clock at night; then the noises would cease, and nothing more be heard until the next night. Sometimes these noises would cease instantly when a stranger would enter that was disposed to investigate and ascertain their origin; and as soon as his attention was directed therefrom, or he would go away, they would again be heard. Mrs. G.'s hair would be pulled violently when lying in bed, without being able to see what done it—her husband watching all the time in a bright gaslight. By experimenting in various ways, they discovered that these manifestations proceeded from some source of intelligence (as the spirit will show), and began to interrogate the intruder who stated positively that he came for no other purpose than to annoy Mr. G.

Thursday evening when this unwelcome visitor announced himself again, by drumming, as if made with fingers upon a board, scratching, and sounds similar to what one would make in writing with his finger on almost any hard substance. Mr. G. asked if he (the one making the noise) wished to write. To which the reply came, "Yes." Whereupon a slate and pencil was procured and placed under a bed, with the request that spirit, or ghost, or whatever you may call him, write his name; when instantly the pencil was heard to move in the act of writing, and when the slate was brought to the light, the name "Machold" was written. The name of this city is familiar with. Here was a poser! Now, of course, came the query: "Mr. Machold, what do you want? Please write again on the slate your intentions;" and forthwith came the message, "I'm going to haunt you till you die."

After some parleying on the whys and wherefores of such seemingly evil intentions, he again wrote out on a blank sheet of paper, with a lead pencil, "Dear friend, I am sorry that I was so bad on the earth—but it is too late." And again: "Dear friend, I know I have been doing wrong. I don't mean to do it any more, but I am going to still haunt you; I won't deceive you any more; I will do as I said; I will haunt you, but you may believe me from this out. From an undeveloped spirit—from M."

When Mr. M. was asked to give the reason why he would not make more tangible manifestations in the presence of strangers, he wrote out again, "Guiltiness."

After this he gave his word that he would not disturb them any more that night, which promise he faithfully kept; for not another sound was heard that night. Not only that, but in the future he promised to give such manifestations as he was able to whenever it was possible for him to do so.

These are the simple facts in the case as I received them. Any one feeling interested sufficiently in this matter to make further inquiry can easily do so by calling on the parties herein named, who will cheerfully, I have no doubt, give all the details they are in possession of with regard to such things, for undoubtedly we have many things yet to learn concerning ourselves and our surroundings.

THE DARK RIVER.

BY MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

And she said, "It is only a little brook!"
By that strange, mysterious river,
On whose banks we mortals shiver,
Shrinking with a nameless terror from the deep and rolling

Stood a child, as pure in seeming
As if she had caught the gleaming
From the throne of glory streaming, ere she reached the
Other side.

Once a troubled look stole o'er her,
And the mighty stream before her
Seemed to swell in crested billows, dashing onward to the
main.

Will her fragile bark be driven
By the gale—its white sails riven,
Or will aid to her be given, nor before implored in vain?

Does she see the angels hover
All around her and above her?
Hear the waving of the pinions, which will bear her safely
o'er?

Does she see the shining portal,
Leading her to joy immortal—
Hear the glorious anthem swelling from the dim and distant
shore?

Ah! she knows the hand that guideth,
And her trust in him abideth
Who the winds and waves outrideth, who can bid the tempest
cease.

In that trust which faitheth never,
Doubt and darkness fled forever;
And her childish face grew radiant with the light of heaven-
ly peace.

For one moment backward turning,
With a glance of tender yearning,
Love and gentlest sorrow blending in that last, that parting
look—

Passed she from our mortal vision,
To the blessed fields of bliss,
Murmuring, in tones of gladness, "It is but a little brook!"
Mobile, Ala.

If the bare fact of spirit communion were all that we might work for, I would at once abandon the field. While I work for Spiritualism, I work for humanity; and my lips shall never be sealed by a dogma that limits my free inspiration or forbids discussion of any topic that appeals to my soul for speech. This is the truest way to help on the glorious fact of spirit communion.—
Lyman C. Howe.

Free Thought.

ORGANIZATION.—"SETTLING SPEAKERS."

BY DEAN CLARK.

Having just perused Bro. Fairfield's sly article in the *Banner of Light* of Jan. 14th, and enjoyed a good hearty laugh over his complimentary allusions to "friend Clark," I am "in the best of spirits" for penning a response. I really enjoy a friendly criticism, and deem those my best friends who point out my errors and mistakes in a fraternal spirit; and if they employ the pen sharpened with wit, or use the "tongue-lash" to whip me into the path of logical consistency, when I am out of it, I will good-naturally acknowledge the favor, and remember that "one good turn deserves another."

There is an old saying that "there is nothing easier than to be mistaken," but my experience proves that it is far easier to be misunderstood; therefore please allow a personal explanation, that all who have read, or may read, my articles, may truly understand my real feelings and purposes. Having an ardent temperament, I express my thoughts more or less earnestly, and sometimes sharply perhaps, and having a keen appreciation of the ludicrous, it is hard to avoid being a little satirical when attacking the salient points of an opposing idea or theory. But please remember that when I apply the scalpel of criticism or the caustic of satire to the fallacies of others, it is always in a jocund spirit, or with the benevolence of the surgeon who amputates a member to save the body, or cauterizes swellings to destroy "prout flesh!"

Having beaten my spear into a pruning-hook, if mischief whets its edge so that it cuts somewhat keenly, be assured that I ever intend to use it solely to remove excrescences and trim off superabundant or overreaching branches from lofty tops; therefore let no one construe my mirth to be malice, but ever accept my sallies and criticisms not as querulous complaints and acrimonious thrusts, but as kindly admonitions, practical suggestions and gentle reproof given in fraternal love. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and he scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," and if I occasionally do likewise, accept it as a manifestation of God-like love!

As a former article of mine inspired Bro. F. to write some wise thoughts and some (to me) otherwise, so his article suggests a few thoughts, and, knowing that my inspiration does not emanate from behind my ears, as some may unjustly think, I will now look over and overlook his errors and conceits.

The exordium of his article is excellent, and his statement of the fundamentals of Spiritualism is explicit and comprehensive. Down to the middle of the third paragraph I not only see no objection to his statements, but I heartily endorse them; but from there to the end, I discern—interspersed among statements of personal experiences akin to my own, which equally call forth my acknowledgment and gratitude—some amusing conceits, unjust insinuations, and sophisms calculated to mislead and prejudice the public mind against some of his co-workers, as honest, unselfish and faithful, if not as capable as himself. To these fallacies, and not to himself, whom I hold in high esteem as a worthy man and an honored exponent of our philosophy, I shall aim my rejoinder.

I demur from an acknowledgment that the latter part of his third paragraph has the remotest application to me or to any of my worthy coadjutors that I am acquainted with, although it was evidently intended as a sharp hit at us, if not as an "unkind fling" at the humble writer whose *spirit and purpose* he so egregiously misrepresents, probably, as I charitably believe, from a misunderstanding. Bro. F., and some other worthy brethren, who oppose organization and the settling of speakers for a limited period, (all that I ever have proposed,) set up a false issue, a bugbear of their own imagining, and hurl their philippic against "a man of straw" set up by their own device.

Who among intelligent and practical workers, who would reduce chaos to order, and confusion to harmony, proposes to repeat the mistakes and wrongs of the church, or impose upon the Spiritualist public any oppressive scheme or system whatever? Who proposes "to force or drive free Spiritualists by the tongue-lash in sectarian harshness, to tote around and support mediums and speakers who have no capacity or ability to entertain, interest and instruct them?" Ahem! "Let us pray!"

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us;
It wad frae many an error free us,
And foolish notion!"

And perhaps clear up all doubts as to who has the most working "capacity" and practical "ability" to instruct the people in ways of wisdom and social concord!

No one among the many speakers, writers and workers who, from a deep conviction of the absolute necessity of associative labor, are advocating organization, wishes for or proposes to adopt a sectarian creed, or any compulsory system of labor or taxation whatever; and all this hullabaloo about forcing unwilling freemen into sectarian shambles is gratuitous subterfuge, which tends to "make confusion worse confounded," and to foster the distrust which alienates our fraternity, and makes the "Harmonical Brotherhood" the most in-harmonical class in the wide world! We can have a platform broad enough for every soul to stand upon, and we advocate cooperation *pro bono publico*, and not for individual interest.

If Spiritualism has made us so crochety, tangential, crabbed and iconoclastic that we can do nothing but tear down and oppose every effort at fraternizing, will you our opponents tantalize us with their "Qui bono?"

I repudiate the ungenerous imputation or insinuation that I have the slightest disposition to exert a support from the public, whom it is ascertained, by implication at least, I have "no capacity or ability to entertain, interest or instruct." All I have ever asked or wished for was a just compensation for labor faithfully performed; and when I receive, on the average, one half of what Bro. F. asks for his services, I, too, shall be "pleased with all my engagements and support"; but I trust I shall not "put on airs," and with sublime self-complacency say, "Spiritualists are a people of choice, and will invite such speakers as they desire," and then forthwith indulge in self-gratulation that I am one of the "elect"—certainly not while I remember Saxe's pertinent admonition:

"Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Do not be haughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station."

I am not constituted so as to be very "happy" in living upon strawberries and cream, while many of my peers in real worth are luckless enough to have only skimmed milk! But, seriously, I congratulate Bro. F. and all other valiant advocates over every success in their arduous work. I am a stranger to envy or jealousy, and always feel to "rejoice with those who rejoice,

and weep with those who weep"; and it has been from sympathy with those of my worthy co-laborers who have done mostly "pioneer work," receiving but a moiety of what they have actually earned, or often not more than a tithe of what the select few get in the cities, that I have pleaded in their behalf for a more equal distribution of labor and pay.

I will vie with Bro. F. and the most zealous votaries in devotion to the cause; and, as an assurance of sincerity, I am constrained to say that I have received less than three hundred dollars for all my services in the last year and a half, and less than two thousand dollars in five years of devotion to it, and I have spent at least a third of it in traveling expenses! But I have "laid up treasures in heaven," and rejoice that my labors have not been in vain.

Let no one think I am in the least rolled up, so that I need to settle my feelings, which are serene and cheerful. When the spirits whom I love will permit, I have a "Yankee notion" that I shall "settle" upon a patch of land "out West," which I have sufficient "capacity" to till, with "ability enough to instruct" animals in the way they should go. "With malice toward none, but with charity for all," I labor and wait for "peace on earth and good will among men."

PROTECTING MEDIUMS.

BY REBECCA J. MASON.

It is really painful that an article should have to be written under the title of "Protecting Mediums."

Now, the question comes, To whom should mediums look for protection, from what are they to be protected, and from what class in society should protection come?

What is a medium? An individual organized in the most refined manner, physically and mentally, which sensitive and refined organization can be acted upon by high spiritual influences, which spiritual influences may be wholly unseen and even unimagined by persons more materially organized, and sometimes unperceived by those who become the instruments of this power. This is a medium.

What is a true medium? True mediums are individuals who consecrate themselves to this high calling—who are willing, by a life of purity, a life of truthfulness, a life, through prayer, of nearness to the Divine Father, and of entire self-renunciation, to do the work the Father has chosen for them, aspiring constantly to reach and receive truth, and naught else but pure, abstract truth—to receive knowledge and instruction, and to pray earnestly that no influences but those who desire to impart knowledge, truth and consolation shall be permitted to surround them; and, added to a suitable organization, fine culture and scholarly training are immense helps.

As the controlling powers are awaking interest and investigation among thinking and scholarly men and women, so mediums are being developed among the educated classes. The higher the strata in social life from which mediums are unfolded, the more certain the advancement of the truth of spirit-communion.

To whom should mediums look for protection? Certainly not among the pillars or members of theological churches; assuredly not among the frivolous class whose most profound heartache comes from the thought that a fashionable friend is in advance of them in the latest mode, but among earnest, thinking, intellectual men and women, who live earnest lives, who are seeking anxiously and seriously to know of the future life to which we are tending, who have become convinced of the communion of worlds—those, indeed, who have broken all fetters, and stand before the world as *Spiritualists*. To *Spiritualists* alone should mediums look for protection—for the protection of sympathy, of kindly words, and, if need be, of material substance. There is a deep well now moaning through the soul, which by-and-by will surge into a loud outbreak which *Spiritualists must heed*; for, are not under-currents ever the strongest?

From what are mediums to be protected? By the sympathy and spiritual aid of those who have attained unto positive belief and knowledge of the existence and return of persons who have left the form (called departed spirits), they should be tenderly ministered to when wearied out with the hard, argumentative force and power of a strong-willed, skeptical mind—a material, though scientific mind, which says to the medium's influences, "If you are really a spirit, why can I not see you and touch you? How do I know that the medium is not intelligent enough to converse thus?" Mediums often have weary and despondent hours after thus contending with a hard, exacting mind—hours when an encouraging, appreciative word would be grateful beyond all expression—hours when they feel that they stand alone in the cause, that they are working alone and uncared for by those who should sustain them.

When, added to these mental trials, they are chilled by poverty, as many of them are, then, if true and sincere, they still strive on; if they remain true to their mission, if they still aspire to the pure and the right, if they still desire, while tried in the fiery furnace, to do the will of those who have passed into the ranks of the beyond faithfully, then they should have the fullest, most entire and generous protection from what class of people? From *Spiritualists themselves*. From those whose work they are doing. It is the few mediums who are doing the work for the legions of *Spiritualists*. How could their principles be disseminated except through the mediums?

And all true mediums must devote themselves to their calling. Jesus said to the fishermen, "Leave all and follow me." In the Republic of Plato Socrates would have his ideal commonwealth governed by the philosophers; and, in order to govern in the wisest manner, they must be exempt from all other callings and be educated from childhood in all things that will tend to make them philosophical rulers. So in all specialties, where all the forces, both of mind and body, tend to one specialty, there one must excel.

So with mediums. They should not be left to be beset by two orders of influences, one saying, "Come up higher," the other compelling them to divide the energies of the brain between a spiritual and material calling which is to support their material wants. Those wants should be cared for by the class whose work mediums are doing, and the least that *Spiritualists* can do for them is to surround them so they may be able to devote their whole being to the great and trying work to which they are chosen.

Mediumship is a sacred mission, a sacred gift, and mediums should regard themselves and be regarded as sacred persons; persons to be respected and revered as the instruments through which heavenly beings can make known their immortal existence, and, as such, encompassed by all that can make life comfortable if not happy. We have an ever-present rebuke in the Catholic Church. The Catholic priesthood are set apart, sustained and revered as the chosen instruments of God, provided for abundantly, and accounted holier than others, while mediums have

been known to be utterly neglected, and sometimes sunk in direct way. True, many mediums have sprung from low social strata, but now they are being developed from the higher planes of social life, among the refined and cultivated; and in this, as in all other matters, where much is given much will be required. We shall expect more upon a higher plane from mediums who are favored by social advantages than otherwise.

All mediums need the protection of Spiritualists, and from them alone can they hope to receive it. Ofttimes mediums coming from the educated class have more to contend with than those whose social rank is far below. It may not be a battle against bitter want, or a war for reputation, but it may be the severance of all ties, it may be disownment by family and friends, the scornful look or refused greeting, and then the medium must stand alone, with no earthly power to shield; stand self-reliant, stand misunderstood, stand misrepresented, utterly unloved by all who should cherish them; and in that hour a true medium must draw

"Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to Thee."

Is it asking too much that Spiritualists should sustain mediums, who bear such burdens, who carry such crosses for them?

There are mediums comparatively unknown by the class for whom they are working, wearing out the physical, wearying out the spiritual forces of their being. Many these words be the little grains of heaven which shall in due time ferment the existing condition of mediumship as it comes before us at the present time.

MEDIUMSHIP.

BY DR. A. JOHNSON.

MESSRS. EDITORS—For twenty years, I have had much experience among all kinds of mediumship, and I am very much indebted to those gateways through which the angels come to us, freighted with their messages of love and wisdom, as incentives to instruct and cheer us, in order that we may know more of God and the laws by which we are governed.

These ministrations have been moral and spiritual elevators to me, and I know of no other means so well calculated to prepare us for our future existence as to consult those who are already in the region of cause and effect. Their instructions have a tendency to resurrect us above the groveling things of time and sense, and baptize us with their own hallowed influences, thus leaving impressions to sustain us as we pass through this wilderness of discord.

Mediums, as a class, are not properly appreciated. Did it ever occur to those who consult mediums that these instruments have been expressly prepared by the good Father himself for the instruction and elevation of humanity, and that many of them are sensitive, and need the sympathy and encouragement—that they are human, and that their natural wants are as imperative as our own—that they have no resources but their gifts to sustain them and their families, and to-day many are suffering untold agonies for the want of the common necessities which go to sustain life? This state of things is not only a disgrace to the cause, but an actual injury to their mission.

While it is a well-known fact that the phases of mediumship are numerous, I will mention only those gifts vary from all others. It is that of our highly esteemed friend and brother, James V. Mansfield, 102 West 15th street, New York City. His gifts are not only peculiar, but the only imitation of the telegraph. His mediumship is wonderful, having written in fourteen languages, many of which he was unacquainted with—which proves conclusively he is simply the instrument for intelligences over which he has no control; and the accuracy of the communications proves a subtle, invisible power which is truly astonishing. No matter what the nature of the questions in sealed form may be, the responses are always correct.

To the money-hunter, I will say, I know of one man who has consulted Mr. Mansfield for several years, at times, and has succeeded in bringing out, and now before the world, within the last seven years, twenty-four practicable working patents, and one now used by the United States government. I am creditably informed there are made and used annually several millions of the article. I mention this simply to answer the question that is often asked by non-believers—"Of what practical use is Spiritualism to mankind?"

"CHRISTIAN CHARITY."

Since my terrible bereavement, Dec. 17th last, when the spirit of my dear son, Wilbur Fiske Hale, left his frail casement for the higher life, I have received numerous letters of condolence and sympathy from relatives and warm friends of my dear boy—who knew of his noble aims, aspirations and desires for a life to devote to the cause of humanity and progression. As a contrast to these letters I received one from an Advent preacher once connected with the Crisis office, and who has the same feeling toward Spiritualism that the devil is said to have to "holy water."

His letter concluded as follows:

"What a fearful responsibility has rested upon you, and for which God alone can forgive you. I will not attempt for one moment to judge you, but I cannot but feel anxious. It does not seem possible that your conscience has become so searred by unbelief in God's precious word that you have no faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God! Oh! if this loss will only be for your salvation, that you should be recovered from the snare of the devil, God will be glorified in the sacrifice!"

From the Advent standpoint, the sympathetic writer feels assured "I am right, and you are wrong." In deep affliction, yours, D. B. HALE, Collinsville, Conn., Jan. 9th, 1871.

"I MIGHT HAVE BEEN MORE KIND."

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

Her quiet resting place is far away, None dwelling there have wept for her sad story; The slones are mute, the slones could only say, "An humble spirit passed away to glory."

She loved the murmur of this mighty town, The lark rejoiced her from its lattice prison. A streamlet soothes her now—the bird has flown; Some dust is waiting there—a soul has risen.

No city smoke to stain the hearth bells; No sigh, no gentle wind, around my lone lonesome sleeping. She bore her burden here, but now she dwells Where scorner never came, and none are weeping.

My name was uttered with her parting breath; These arms were round my darling at the latest. All scenes of death are won, but painful death In those who dearly love is surely greatest.

I could not die: He willed it otherwise; My lot is here, and sorrow, wearing older, Weighs down the heart, yet does not fill the eyes, And even friends may think that I am colder.

I might have been more kind, more tender; Now Bepining wrings my bosom. I am grateful No eye can see this companionship my brow; All, all my old companionship is hateful.

But when at times I steal away from these To find my grave, and pray to be forgiven; And when I watch beside her on my knees, I think I am a little nearer heaven.

Banner Correspondence.

Notes from E. S. Wheeler.

1. The best advertised town in the United States has the honor of entertaining four perambulating correspondents at present. Having for the last fifteen years done more than I care to calculate, or remember, for the support of the various railroads of the country, I have endeavored this season to abrogate as far as possible in my doings that travel which, in the past, has been death, not only physically to the bodies of numbers of our best workers, but pecuniarily to the financial success of all.

2. It is all very well for those robust persons who can make a standing habit of "I weigh two hundred and fifty pounds," to go the merits and beauties of the *saprophytic system*, and denounce as "mistakes," "bar fetters," and "traces" those who presume to suggest anything different; but I, not being so ponderous, do not feel that I get the worth of my money when spending my hard earned funds in paying freight on my corpulent structure from one end of the country to the other; neither do I imagine "the good of country" requires that, wherever I am to speak, I should, like a quack nostrum, "be well shaken before taken," by a stout and bulky disturbing journey. "Far fetched and dear bought" is not always excellent, but, for physical reasons, "stale, flat and unprofitable" sometimes.

3. While all this is true, and "over true" at that, there are a few of the right kind of lecturers, and too little local homogeneity to make "political" speakers, and "travellers" in many places. Having then a "gospel to preach," and being "straightened until it be accomplished," I have tried to adapt myself to conditions, and at the same time to do my work where most needed, and to do it by force, by going together to the destructive wear and tear of centrifugal steam engine itinerancy. With these ends in view, I accepted engagements in October, in Washington, D. C.; in November in Baltimore, Md.; in December in Philadelphia, Pa., and in January in Vineland, N. J. So far I have reason to be satisfied with the result; and I hope I may be able to continue work in the same way, moreover, "to fight it out on this line if it takes all winter." That is to say, having to be in Boston for the first two weeks in March, I want to speak through February somewhere on the line of travel between here and there.

4. On my table to letters from the West, (and I have had invitations from the South) from Kansas City, from Louisville, Ky., for February. The cost of the journey to Louisville, and return, would be over six dollars, and to Kansas City a good sum more. Now I cannot go without taking the good friends there heavily, or paying the fare myself as well as vitally. With timidity I ask should we be in too great danger of becoming "fossils," if I introduce into our arrangements a little practical common sense, and trustless to the merely sentimental, high-blown, come by chance method of not doing it, and to come to me by means of the "Lecturer's Club," or somehow, speakers should come to a mutual understanding, and that committee and societies should esteem it a duty and privilege, not only to cooperate with me, but to encourage me in the general, but, also, by all means, to encourage each person who before then endeavors by any method to introduce order, system and economy in their work. (To discover my present and personal interests, and to refer to the last clause of the third paragraph of this writing.)

5. As I closed my last lecture in Philadelphia, a gentleman, whose name we will not mention, (but who, I understand, stepped upon the platform, and, grasping my hand, exclaimed, "He won good opinions from all sorts of people," and then abruptly departed; and there in my palm lay a broad, antique-looking coin, which a numismatic friend assures me is an old-time Roman gold coin, a friendly note conveyed from C. G., another kind, sympathetic helper of the cause and of the workers in it, a similar token of appreciation. N. B.—A golden eagle is a charming presiding deity, and a golden eagle is a bird, not in good taste to refer to such things in this way; but if people will act in such a manner, they must expect to hear from it; besides, I report it because I approve of the practice, and as it is a friendly note, and a golden eagle is a bird, not in good taste in all places in which I and my suffering friends may be called to labor.

6. Spiritualistic matters in the "City of Brotherly Love" are progressive. The lectures are, perhaps, no better sustained than when we were there, but the organization of Bro. H. T. Child seems required to develop the resources of the friends' liberality; indeed, but for him, I hardly know what action would or could be taken. Still, the friends, as it seems, are not so much interested in the necessary to refer to here (especially as my partial ignorance might result in complete misrepresentation), the entire force and power of the adherents of Spiritualism is not so much as it once was.

That remarkable physical medium, Master Hugh, and the celebrated test medium, Keen, are giving regular and frequent circles, to the astonishment and conviction of many, even the most obtuse and skeptical. There are also some very successful circles, and a number of them mention the private gatherings and domestic media. The Lyceum at Harmon Hall continues, seemingly under good management, and, though not as large as under a former and more successful system, it is still a valuable institution. Another Lyceum has been formed, in a distant part of the city, which gives encouraging signs of growth. In short, I know of no place where more actual and varied progress may be noticed in spiritualistic matters, and in the elements in its consequence of this stirring of the mental elements by the ever requisite phenomena—media, etc., etc.,—as well as lectures, there has been an increased and increasing demand for the literature of Spiritualism. One finds the *Banner of Light* taken by many, and everywhere else. Dr. Child does yeoman service for the *Religious-Philosophical Journal*, and the *American Spiritualist* has doubtless its circulation with the friends of the cause. I find Bro. D. S. Childwell, the psychometrist and delineator, at 1005 Race street, with "Mystic Water from David's Well," sells all the reform, liberal and spiritualistic publications, and has, in connection, what every medium should possess—*Circularizing Library*, which is a most valuable and important of this example for universal imitation. If Spiritualists would gather the books they have, in almost any community, they could at once inaugurate such an institution, and then, by the aid of the Lyceum, and the general public, where they are so ready to read, all the valuable works of the best radical minds.

I gave way in Philadelphia to Bro. Thos. Foster, and an excellent talk, but the same subject, and the same kindly hospitality and generous friendship which have made my visit useful and pleasant will be his experience in the two months of his engagement. At home (almost) in the social atmosphere of Bro. Hosmer and Sister Agnes Allen, I recuperate, and work as well as I can, and attend to the particulars to those penitents, unless your good nature becomes thorough.

Sincerely yours, E. S. WHEELER. Vineland, N. J., Jan. 14th, 1871.

New Jersey.

HAMMONTON.—G. Valentine writes, under date of Jan. 21: Yesterday was the annual meeting of the First Spiritualists Association of Hammonton for the choice of officers for the present year. Bro. William D. Wharton, who has been our President for the past two years and who has been an annual lecturer during the year, was unanimously re-elected; declined a reelection as President, and Bro. P. N. Parkhurst was elected in his place. Mrs. J. M. Peobles was elected Vice President; Gerry Valentine, Secretary; Warren Adams, Treasurer. Bro. Wharton was chosen Conductor of the Lyceum.

At the close of the Lyceum a large number of the friends of Bro. Wharton, and the same number of his home, laden with the substantial for good living, and the tables were spread and loaded with the needful things to cheer the inner man, and the occasion was made a season of congratulations to our worthy brother and his excellent wife. After supper the friends retired to the parlors, and the evening was spent, many spirit-messages were received from the friends that have passed on, interspersed with singing and pleasant conversation, and wishing the friends all a Happy New Year. Bro. Parkhurst presented some appropriate remarks to our worthy host a small roll of greenbacks as a slight token of our appreciation of his services in the past, and wishing him continued prosperity in the good cause in which we are all engaged.

Bro. Wharton responded very feelingly, reviewing briefly his connection with the association and his great and continued anxiety for its success in advancing the good cause of Spiritualism, urging all to make a higher and nobler use of the executive rule of life, and a greater devotion to the good cause, and to live more spiritual lives, trusting that when we pass on to the spirit-land we shall receive the full compensation that awaits those who are faithful to their assigned conditions and duty. His remarks were most encouraging and had received from them, and pledged his best efforts for the success of the good cause. After singing, all went away feeling they had spent a pleasant evening long to be remembered.

Rhode Island.

WOONSOCKET.—Seth H. Voss writes, Jan. 7th, that "we have once more commenced spiritual lectures in our place, and with the help of good friends in a financial way, the prospects look very encouraging. We began on New Year's Day, with Mrs. Sarah Ayres, who spoke to large and intelligent audiences, giving perfect satisfaction, for two Sundays—Jan. 1st and 8th; and we have engaged her for four more Sundays, viz: Feb. 19th and 26th, Jan. 4th and 11th. As we have no organization, we have thought it would be well that I should inform the friends of progress that we see some signs of a resurrection here from the old superstitious of the past."

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.—G. O. Byrne, Dec. 30, writes: A *Christ-like Idea*.—I am not a Spiritualist, but when I see a man or woman spending their lives for others' sake, I must honor that person, as they will honor whatever cause they espouse. This week I called on Dr. Elliot, the healer—whose advertisement is in your columns—being troubled for a long time past with a pain in the back, which has heretofore defied all remedies. I found the doctor to be a young man with an immense beard and pleasant voice, who inquired with a gentlemanly and somewhat stern face of the doctor prejudiced me against him, but after talking to him a few minutes, I found him the kindest and most sympathetic physician I ever met. He asked me what the pain was, and I told him his charge he told me "nothing." On inquiry, I found this man has never received one cent for all the good he has done, and he is to-day giving his time and gifts free of all, supporting himself by what he can do for his fellow-men. He is the only man I ever saw who works as the Saviour

worked. This healer is a stranger in the city, and says Mr. Van Namee, the trance speaker and medium, is the only friend he has in the city who is kind to whom he should honor to do. He is really the servant of the poor. Can our Orthodox friends show such an example?

BROOKLYN.—J. H. Rees writes: I believe the future of Spiritualism is grand beyond our power to conceive of at this time. Our healing mediums are doing the cause more good than is generally supposed. I know quite a number of church members of "high standing," who never seek Spiritualism, but when they get sick (I do not mean "sin sick") they visit some "clairvoyant," and then report "convalescent."

Connecticut.

MERIDEN.—B. M. Lawrence, M. D., writes, Jan. 4th: We do not want to be forgotten. Our friend H. is bound up in a growing sympathy for our glorious religion of love and light. The new year recalls the old, and fills the heart with kind greetings to the many good and true friends we have met in our past pilgrimage. To each we send good cheer. The truth is spreading; the light is shining; all time is ours; let us "learn to labor and to wait." During the past year we have been all the time at our work, and have the assurance that our missionary labor has not been in vain. The great number of sects gives us many friends, who have attended and taken part in a goodly number of spiritual meetings, picnics and conventions, including the annual and one of the quarterly meetings of the Vermont Spiritualists' Association, in December, 1870. We have traveled all the time the past year, and have made many warm friends among the Green Mountains. Most of our labor has been in the New York State, however, and in looking over our diary, we find we have visited or been the prominent speaker at one hundred and forty-seven temperance meetings, for which we have received as the free-will offerings of contributions of the audience, \$557.74—an average of about \$5.58 per meeting. The greatest number of sects given us, any month was twenty, during last October; besides which we attended and took active part in various conventions and friends meetings. During March we gave eighteen lectures, and received for them \$145.00. Temperance or spiritual friends find us a hall free, and shelter us in their hospitable homes, and we are continually preaching and practicing in public and private with becoming zeal those great spiritual truths which pertain to the welfare of the outer and the inner man both here and hereafter. Our largest audience was in the Opera House in the city of Hartford. Mrs. Lawrence, as usual, made the closing address, and she had the large audience of nearly two thousand in perfect silence, and we were noticed with favor by the press. We have printed and circulated more than ten thousand reform tracts, songs, temperance papers, &c., and have tried to sow the good seed that will bring forth in due season better and more fruitful lives, trusting to the future for our great reward.

SOUTHFORD.—Mrs. E. B. Burr writes: Noticing the letter of Mrs. J. M. Clark, of Boston, in the *Banner of Light*, puts me in mind of her hospitable disposition toward other mediums. Such noble kindness as was shown while stopping with her last fall is not often to be met with. I shall forever feel grateful to her, who with so much pleasant care entertained and cheer the careworn and weary. May she ever be blessed as freely as she tries to bless others. Her own kind and hearty welcome and hospitable aid in the desponding. She is also an excellent clairvoyant medium.

New Hampshire.

MILTON MILLS, Jan. 6th.—Charles C. Hayes writes: This little hamlet, among the snow-clad hills of the old Granite State, has just received its first glorious baptism from the eternal fountain of truth and love, through the ministrations of our gifted sister, Mrs. E. J. Booth, of Milton. She has spoken several times in this village and vicinity during the last few days, to large and attentive audiences. Although some of her lectures were quite lengthy, the utterance being so clear, and the subject so interesting, and so anxious to catch each self-cheering word as if from her inspired lips. Many went with the declared intention of opposing her doctrine and refuting her arguments; but, after her lectures, they were all ready to be asked, or remarks made, none availed themselves of the privilege; all mouths were closed. The truth of the progressive philosophy was demonstrated so clearly that none could take exceptions thereon, while the heart of the spirit-home were filled with a sense of awe, and a sense of power, that a conviction of its truth went home to every heart.

The medium also gave a few sances, wherein tests were given that staggered the most skeptical, and led many to her feet, and to the altar, and to the altar of self-communion. In fact, it has been a season of the most gracious outpouring of spirit-power upon this community. The New Year has dawned upon us with a new and beautiful vision, and a new and grander prospect of the future; every heart, every home and every heart in the land; bringing home to each soul a knowledge of the grand and self-elevating truth that there is a spark of God in every human being, and that the soul is a part of the divine.

Bro. Booth, by her gentle dignity, urbanity, and kindness of heart, has won hosts of friends in this vicinity upon whose sympathy and love she can ever draw, in all the trials and discouragements of her future labors for the purification of the human mind, and the elevation of the human soul, the highest aspiration of many hearts will ascend to the angel-world that happiness may ever attend her footsteps.

Minnesota.

WARREN VALLEY.—W. C. P. writes Jan. 2, as follows: Mr. W. F. Jamieson closed a course of eight lectures last evening at School House No. 73, which was filled to its utmost seating and standing capacity, calling forth the following compliment from his chief opponent during the course: "Friend Jamieson will have to lessen his attraction, or build a larger house of each lecture. Mr. J. gave full opportunity for criticism, and the audience just sent for this 'Heavenly China,' but the lecturer appeared to be from an old inside, a revolving two-gang turret—a 'Swamp Angel' for heavy work, and a 'Swamp Angel' for light work. The lecturer's force was the great number of his assailants silenced by the rebound of their own missiles.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Jamieson was the recipient of a fine No. 7 gold pen and holder, from the ladies of Warren Valley, by Mrs. A. P. Peabody. An interesting incident which I quote: "A slight acknowledgment for your championship of our cause"; the same having been found suspended amid the branches of our Christmas Tree. "Long may you prosper in the good cause." Mr. Jamieson neatly responded. The following resolutions, offered by Mr. W. I. Campbell, were adopted: "That the thanks of this meeting are hereby tendered Mr. W. F. Jamieson, for the rich intellectual treat he has afforded us during a course of eight lectures, ending this evening. Resolved, That in Mr. Jamieson we recognize an educated gentleman; a bold, fearless champion of civil and religious liberty; an able advocate of temperance and of the rights of woman; a gentleman ever ready with a reason for the principles he advocates, and in no wise averse to swapping jokes with his opponents. Resolved, That the meeting extend a cordial invitation to Mr. Jamieson to return to this neighborhood when convenient to revive the work so auspiciously begun. Our latest-arrived friends are invited to attend. Resolved, That our Chairman be requested to furnish a copy of the foregoing resolutions to the *Lake City Leader*, *Present Age*, and *Banner of Light*."

Massachusetts.

HARWICH PORT.—G. D. Smalley writes a note from Cape Cod, under date of Jan. 28th, 1871, from which we make the following extract: "As many of your readers, by their annual pleasant visits to the grove-meetings of old Cape Cod, may still retain in their memories some pleasing reminiscences of the past, creating within them an interest to hear of events and conditions as they are transpiring in this locality to-day. I take the liberty to give them a few lines, belonging to that age, and which only now and then are enjoying an intellectual feast, in the form of a scientific course of lectures, on the subject of Geology, by Prof. Wm. Denton. To be followed by a course of six lectures on Physiology. The lectures are of interest manifested in them, yet strange to say, there are many still among us, who, upon these golden opportunities to acquire knowledge are offered, neglect altogether to improve them, manifesting an almost total indifference upon a subject so grand and noble as fraught with interest to us all. The history and description of this planet upon which we find ourselves existing is so sublime and full of deepest interest when portrayed to us by the aid of the sciences of geology. Others there are, in our midst who oppose all new ideas in all the sciences, because of the anticipated terrors or enforcements upon old established theories and time-honored ideas. Their cry always was, 'Give us the good old records of the past, and so forth through the whole catalogue of new truths, scientific facts, inventions, discoveries and improvements which tend to enlighten and elevate the human race. Such people regard a good deal of the progress of the world as a waste of time, and intellect are ever active. We might as well attempt to stay the onward march of the sun as think of disarranging any of the laws of the solar system. The teachings of the past are of interest manifested in them, yet strange to say, there are many still among us, who, upon these golden opportunities to acquire knowledge are offered, neglect altogether to improve them, manifesting an almost total indifference upon a subject so grand and noble as fraught with interest to us all. The history and description of this planet upon which we find ourselves existing is so sublime and full of deepest interest when portrayed to us by the aid of the sciences of geology. Others there are, in our midst who oppose all new ideas in all the sciences, because of the anticipated terrors or enforcements upon old established theories and time-honored ideas. 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This paper is issued every Saturday Morning, one week in advance of date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1871.

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Non-Spiritual Theories.

A California correspondent, whose letter we published the 31st ult., sends us word that Mr. J. S. Loveland has been lecturing in San Francisco on "The Humbug of Modern Spiritualism." The result at which Mr. L. seems to have arrived is stated to be that "the ordinary phenomena termed spiritual furnish no positive evidence of the return of departed spirits, as they may all be explained without having recourse to any supposition of spirit interposition." In explanation of these phenomena, all that Mr. L. can do is to follow in the wake of the late Dr. E. C. Rogers, Dr. Guppy, Mr. J. W. Jackson, and other ingenious theorists. They attribute the phenomena to the agency of clairvoyance and psychometry, of electricity, magnetism and odic force. There is, consequently, nothing new in Mr. Loveland's explanations; and it would be difficult to invent any new theory in explanation of the phenomena.

Any one who will consult Mr. Sargent's compendious volume, entitled "Planchette, or The Despair of Science," may see a full account of the various theories of which Mr. L.'s is simply a reproduction, varied no doubt with such arguments and illustrations as we might expect from his well-known ability and philosophical culture.

The principal objection to these explanations is that they explain by doubling the demand on our credulity. In other words, they abandon the simple and direct theory for one beset with difficulties. For independent spirit-agency an unconscious odic power proceeding from the medium is substituted, through which the medium unknowingly projects hands, large and small, lifts himself to the ceiling, handles guitars and accordions, writes on paper in locked drawers, and communicates facts of which he could have no knowledge by any natural or normal process. When, for instance, Mr. Garrison resolves from an intelligence, calling itself Henry C. Wright, information of which both Mr. G. and the medium must have been ignorant, we must suppose that a sort of supplementary spirit or "over-soul," not separate from the medium, was the sole author of the communication.

In a letter recently published, Mr. McGraw, of Plymouth, Wisconsin, relates that at a dark circle the medium described spirits of departed friends, and her descriptions were individually accurate. "These friends," says the writer, "spoke to us in audible voices. I recognized that of a departed son. He called me father, and asked if I knew him. The medium could not imitate that voice, had she tried. In addition to this, she was herself singing at the time, and this voice seemed to be within a few inches of my face. I was very much moved, and shed tears. None in the circle knew this, for it was dark. Notwithstanding, a lady remarked, 'One of the spirits is taking my handkerchief from my pocket,' and almost instantly a hand was laid upon my forehead, and another holding a handkerchief wiped the tears from my face. Different voices were speaking at the same time around the room, proving it to be impossible for it to be the work of the medium."

According to the non-spiritual theorists, all these phenomena must have been produced through the unconscious action of powers resident in the medium. But if such powers, transcending flesh and blood, can be exercised by a spirit yet tied to the earth-body, why not by a spirit who has been emancipated from this material husk, and has been "clothed upon" anew? The non-spiritual theorists suggest altogether too much by their explanations. As the greater includes the less, if odic and psychometric can do so much through mortals, why may not the same agencies be equally operative through spirits?

Mr. Loveland asserts that "Spiritualists have only inferences from doubtful facts, and are, therefore, in the same category as all other religionists, resting on faith alone." This is simple assertion without a particle of possible proof. Ask Mr. McGraw, who hears his son's voice, and has tears wiped from his eyes by an unseen hand at one of those dark circles of which Mr. Loveland has such a horror—ask Mr. McGraw if he can be made to believe that his own faith in the existence of his departed dear ones rests on the same foundation as that of the man who accepts a creed, on the *ipse dixit* of a priest or sect, unsupported by any such positive, practical evidences, appealing at once to the senses, the affections, and the reason?

Mr. Loveland is of opinion that the credulity of Spiritualists "makes them more fanatical than any other class of people"; that "this credulous reliance upon supposed spirit-teaching prevents mental culture, intellectual or moral energy; hinders organic unity, cultivates a selfish individualism, dwarfing the general standard of manhood and womanhood." All this is simply ridiculous, and at variance with notorious facts. That there are wrong-headed, over-credulous and weak-minded persons among spiritualists as well as among materialists and sectarians, nobody disputes. That there is something in the astounding phenomena of Spiritualism calculated to excite the credulity of the unprepared and inexperienced mind, we do not deny; but that the intelligent and scientific Spiritualist, or, indeed, any one who has studied the subject so far as to be worthy the name of a Spiritualist, relies upon supposed spirit-teaching, at the expense of his own individuality and common sense, is a slander which we repel. Instead of leading to fanaticism or superstition, Spiritualism, like all science, or *knowing*, is the great antidote to all such mental defects. It expands instead of narrowing the understanding. The intelligent Spiritualist feels that no teachings, whether of demon or angel, priest or philosopher, can be accepted, except as they harmonize with his own matured and carefully scrutinized convictions, and are accordant with the laws of Nature and of his own individuality. Mr. Loveland could not have invented a defamation more contrary to the truth, if he intended to apply it to those who study Spiritualism—as all great subjects should be studied—without prejudice or pre-occupation, in the courageous determination of getting at facts, let them lead where they may.

An Exposed Craft.

In Music Hall, last Sunday morning (Jan. 15th), the Rev. Mr. Alger made his appearance in a dissatisfied frame of mind, and launched forth in a harangue on those who welcomed tidings from beyond the tomb, with a wrath that evidently had its inspiration in far different reasons. There obviously was no earthly cause for his assailing Spiritualists in the set phrases he did, saying that the phenomena were "rat-hole manifestations," except for the too plain reason that our elevating faith is taking the reins out of the hands of credulity and those who live by rulling the faith of others, and compelling them to "go about other methods of earning their subsistence. In short, there is no necessity of arguing that Mr. Alger's unhappy frame of mind proceeded directly from his jealousy of the rapid spread of belief in Spiritualism. Nor could he forget that the very platform which he occupied in the morning was regularly occupied by Spiritual speakers in the afternoon, thus bringing the two things into a sharper contrast and closer antagonism than seems to suit his fancy. The trouble may all be compressed into the single pregnant phrase—the clerical craft is in danger!

Mr. Alger professes to teach according to the doctrines of the New Testament; but what does he teach? Is it charity that he dwells on with such impressiveness? It was certainly any virtue but that which he exemplified in his assault on Spiritualism. Is it humility, and a guarded speech? His discourse was alive with slander. He publicly slanders the tens of thousands of people in the community, with apprehensions as acute and judgments as capable as his own, who know the phenomena of Spiritualism to be real. Does Mr. Alger rebuke Phariseism, as the New Testament does so roundly? On the contrary, he believes in the "I am holier than thou" doctrine as the top and bottom plank of his religious platform. Does he preach immortality—the resurrection of the spirit to eternal life and glory? He deliberately declared his belief that the life beyond was the *unknowable*; that God had willed that man should not look beyond the veil; that it was impious in man to desire to know. For, he argued, if it had been God's purpose that man should know, he would certainly have given him some positive information. Mr. Alger said that, after twenty-three years of careful investigation, he came to the conclusion that he knew nothing about it; and, added he, with pronounced emphasis, NO MAN DOES KNOW! Before him hangs the great curtain of death, covered all over with different beliefs about the beyond; for himself, he had taken a sponge and wiped off all the impurities, leaving the curtain perfectly white, as God had decreed, and he—Mr. Alger—was content to leave it so until God saw fit to unveil the mystery.

This will do for the present. It was intended for a broadside against Spiritualism, whereas it is only a destructive recoil on those who man the guns. It is altogether too late to go through the old routine of attack on Spiritualism, beginning with ridicule and slang. Men's convictions, that have already borne them the rich fruit of hope and consolation, are not to be so easily brushed away. Efforts like this of Mr. Alger will prove as vain in the future as they have in the past. The truth must and will finally prevail. Progress cannot be obstructed, for the laws of Nature are unvarying and irresistible. All past history proves this to be true. The men of the clerical craft may cry out against Spiritualism because it comes to render their avocation unnecessary, but they cry out just as the Jews did against the coming of the Kingdom of Christ, and shout for immediate crucifixion. Stand steadfast, therefore, Spiritualists. Both worlds will yet bless you for your works and your faith.

The Social Evil.

A problem of such dimensions and far-reaching importance could not very well be settled in one year, nor indeed in a generation. We observe that it receives from time to time a free and intelligent discussion by correspondents, in the columns of the Herald, of this city, a recent communication taking ground strongly in defence of the legalizing of prostitution as the most direct and effective mode of finally bringing it under. In speculating on its origin, the writer admits that it springs from an undue development of the animal nature in man and woman, and a persistent ignoring of the relations that ought to subsist at all times between the mind and the body. "The brutality" of the stronger sex is likewise set down as in great part the cause of the evil, which, with the rapid increase of our population, is confessed to be spreading at a rate truly alarming. By this brutality the writer evidently means the gross wrong done woman by refusing her ready access to the means of securing an independent existence. First, man shuts her away from help, and surrounds her condition with a network of laws that are purely tyrannical by reason that they hold her practically in a state of childhood, and then he drives her, in her helplessness and consequent misery, to practices that are fast taking their secret revenge on his selfish cowardice and bullying by corrupting the whole body of society. The attempts made in the European cities to cure the social evil by stamping it out are cited as complete failures, whereas legal recognition and regulation of it has been attended with as ameliorating results as could have been reasonably expected. But the spread of the evil in this country calls for the best thought of the best men, and it is imperative that it be taken hold of speedily.

Thomas Gales Forster's Lectures.

A correspondent writing from Philadelphia, under date of Jan. 11, says: "Our meetings are largely attended, and the almost universal verdict rendered is that 'Mr. Forster surpasses himself.' The bold, uncompromising, yet persuasive and argumentative logic of the controlling spirit of Mr. Forster, is ever elevating and convincing, and the listener who makes proper application, cannot fail to expand in every department of being." A letter from a New Yorker, speaking of the same lecturer, says: "His lectures are always pregnant with ideas, and unexceptionable in style. He never deals in vague generalities, never indulges in mere rhetorical flights, never utters rhapsodical sentiment, but his lectures are scientific, historical, logical and truly eloquent, and read as well as they deliver."

The Working-Women.

Jennie Collins is doing a good work for the working-women. She is now trying to establish an industrial boarding house. At this season of the year there are hundreds of women out of employment, and Miss Collins has interceded with five of the railroads running from this city—the Boston and Albany, the Providence, the Old Colony, the Hartford and Erie and the Boston and Maine—and they have consented to carry free all working-women out of employment in this city who desire to return to their homes on the lines of these roads. Application must be made, however, at Boffin's Bower, 815 Washington street, to prevent imposition.

Spirit-Communion—Verification of Spirit-Messages.

We herewith present, in continuation of our series of corroborative evidence, two letters verifying communications given at various times in the *Message Department of the Banner of Light*. The following list comprises a "few words" from the spirit whose name it bears, published by us Sept. 17th, 1870:

"DEXTER RICHARDSON.—I have only a few words to say, so I can say them very quick. I am made quite uncomfortable in my new life by the dissatisfaction that exists among my heirs, here in this life. It seems they are not satisfied with my will, because, forsooth, my will was not theirs. And so they are quarrelling over it. And a part of them go so far as to say that I was back on earth now I should do differently. I have to say I should not. I am satisfied with what I did, and, so far as I am concerned, desire no change, because I think as it is it will result in the greatest amount of good. But if they see fit to quarrel over it, why let them do so. If by contesting it and breaking it they can make it over to suit themselves, they shall be satisfied, if they only get at peace among themselves. I am Dexter Richardson, of Uxbridge, Mass. Good day, sir."

With regard to the above message we are in receipt of the letter below:

MESSES. EDITORS.—In the *Banner of Light* dated Sept. 17, 1870, I find a communication, given June 6, from Dexter Richardson, of Uxbridge, Mass. In his communication he asserts that his heirs are not satisfied with his will. Having myself lived in Uxbridge some thirty years, and being personally acquainted with him, I visited Uxbridge a few days ago, made inquiries about the matter, and learned that a part of his heirs were dissatisfied with it; also that they have been contesting it, but did not succeed in breaking it.

Yours very respectfully, HENRY ANSON. Milford, Mass., Oct. 2, 1870.

We fully endorse the statements contained in the following letter as regards acknowledging the receipt and truthfulness of messages by the public in general:

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—I wish to say a few words upon a subject which you have often referred to in the *Banner*—that is, the verification of messages as they come from your public circles by their dear friends. It seems to me but a meagre return, at the most, to our spirit-friends, Mrs. Conant and yourselves, who are laboring in this work of love, to state what we know of the facts. There were three instances of messages being given which came under my immediate observation, to which I would not refer to here, but which were more truthful than thousands of others that have been given, but to show that there is a culpable neglect on the part of those who believe in our philosophy. What, then, can we expect of those who do not believe?

In the year '63, I think, there were given at your public circles, at different sittings, three messages, one from a man named Andrew and Charles Lane, and a George N. Greeley, cousin to the Lanes—all from Lebanon, N. H. The statements made by them, if my memory serves me right, were truthful in every particular; and I know that there were many particulars given by one of them, which I, although an intimate friend of the family, did not know, but was assured by his parents were truthful to the letter.

Yours for the truth, L. A. STURTEVANT. Manchester, N. H., Sept., 1870.

MRS. CONANT.—Hudson Tuttle, in a private letter, says: "I have read with deep interest the answers to questions by this gifted medium, and have been astonished by her replies to my own and to others, while in the Circle-Room. Still more have I been impressed with the truthfulness and wisdom of her controlling intelligences in their replies to scientific questions. Querying if she was not influenced by surrounding minds, I was attracted by a question in a recent number of the *Banner of Light*, in regard to a certain work published from its office. Ah, said I, if Mrs. Conant is influenced in the slightest degree by mundane sources, I know what she will say. The answer was the reverse of what it would have been had she been thus influenced. It was concise, far reaching and unanswerable. Problems of profoundest import are suddenly presented to her, and at once solved with all the ease and precision of the ablest *savant*. Constantly is she explaining the laws of spirit-existence, of mind and of matter, and from her discourses might be culled a volume, unrivaled in its scientific statements on subjects wide in range as the intellect of man can comprehend.

Further, another remarkable feature is observable. The individual communications often contradict each other, and are marked with personality, but the answers appear to flow from one source, and their broad and cosmopolitan philosophy never conflicts with itself. If the subject is beyond spirit-ken, the fact is honestly stated. There is no attempt to conceal ignorance by words. The communications through Mrs. Conant, as a whole, are one of the strongest facts of Spiritualism, and from the Free Circle Room of the *Banner of Light* has gone forth an influence incalculable in the work it has accomplished and is accomplishing."

The Jews in Rome.

Not until Victor Emanuel took possession of Rome in the name of restored and reunited Italy, were the forty-eight hundred Israelites set free from behind the iron gates that, since the middle of the sixteenth century, have been shut upon them by order of the Papal powers. It was believed by Roman Catholic Christianity—and Cobbe's History of the Reformation shows that the Reformed Christians were no better—that the Jew was without the pale of divine mercy, possessing no merit, and actually inviting the persecution of a Christian by the hope of pleasing his Master. And so in Rome they have been every night shut away from the rest of the population in the Ghetto, lest the self-proclaimed Christians should be contaminated by their presence. This treatment was on purpose to show that they were regarded as the pariahs of society. A Jew's testimony was never admitted in any Roman court, and even if a Christian killed a Jew and a dozen of his race witnessed the act, he could not be convicted by the evidence of them all. Nor were Jews admitted to any other rights or privileges common to the people. They were shut out from all hopes of rising with others, denied entrance to all the liberal professions, kept out of the public schools and academies, and in no case permitted to hold any real property. This last restriction was obviously in order to prevent their taking root on the soil as its owners, and thus in time having any authority in the state. The proclamation of Victor Emanuel has by a single stroke reversed all these unjust and tyrannical rules, and the Jew in Rome and the provinces of Italy is put upon the same footing with the Italians themselves. This is but another of the pleasing proofs that the world is moving.

Seeing Spirits.

During Mrs. Tappan's lectures in Music Hall recently, Mrs. Conant saw distinctly, she avers, the spirit-form of Theodore Parker walk upon the stage with the lecturer; saw him scan the audience, and recognizing Mrs. Conant, bowed to her, she returning his salutation. When Prof. Denton lectured, Jan. 15th, she again saw Mr. Parker go upon the platform and take a seat by the side of the speaker. He appeared to be deeply interested in the lecture.

Written for the Banner of Light. ALLEN DOLE.

AN ELEGY, BY JOHN WETTERBERG.

Here, in this churchyard's melancholy shade, Sepulchral stones stand thickly planted round; My wandering footsteps hitherward have strayed, To read the names of tenants under ground.

The dora there perched on yonder slab oblique— Swerved from its line by many a frosty year— Seems sousing sentiment it fain would speak, And accents wail the thought to wanderers here.

On that same slab was chiselled, "Allen Dole," The year he died, his death and age; The grass was pulled aside to read the whole— There nothing was of his illumined page.

That was not written on this old gravestone, Where crawling ivy covers it from sight, But told in solemn words to me alone— How Allen saw the world of spirits bright.

Now day is closing for the coming light, And memories' sad, like phantoms, come and go; The dews has flown; the fire-flies show their light, With thoughts of people whom we used to know.

With evening, shadows, some of actions done In hours when sunlight leaves no passing trace; But retrospection calls back one by one, And dim in sober thought to each its place.

In dim forgetfulness, how apt to hide The selfishness that marks most all our acts! But in this evening hour, their shadows glide Unbidden to the mind—the naked facts.

But Allen flanked this thoughtful evening school— A glass of rum in him made evening day; So, all the morning hours he played the fool, Driving reflection's warning voice away.

But Allen's cares increased as time unrolled; His early life grew indistinct with years, And manhood's record blurred as he grew old; He found the world, at last, a vale of tears.

Then harken well! "The hour will come to all, When time, so fleeting, whispers, 'Sands are low!'" Fow may forecast, or anxious wait the call, As Allen did, who smiling said, "I go."

But Allen grieved not as he reached three score, Though friends were few and end of days so near; For he had been upon that other shore, And talked with angels in their happy sphere.

Once Allen saw his body sound asleep! Perhaps 't was rum that dulled his sight! He saw the angels who their vigils keep, While others led him to that world of light.

Oh! beautiful sky and rainbowed atmosphere! The grass so soft and freckled bright with flowers; The air so balmy—music soft and clear, Mingled with all. Oh! happy, joyful hours!

He saw that face who watched his infant years, And other loved ones, buried long ago, Brightly transfused every one appears, Faint Susan also, whom he used to know.

They raised a lid and let him have one sight Of that dread place called "spirit quarantine," Where sinners stay, whole ages in the night, To expurgate the beast from man divine.

They told him then that he must homeward go, But Allen felt inclined to linger there; To save the quarantine they let him know "I were better to deodorize elsewhere."

They said to Allen—who was forty-five— That fifteen years would tell his earthly score; His sixtieth year would find him just alive, The hungry graveyard knocking at his door.

Why should a sob be blest with such a light, While saints go mourning all their days of earth? Man cannot judge—God doeth all things right; Perhaps old Allen's thirst was heritage from birth.

Then draw the veil, should profanation seek To call the roll of Allen's reckless days; But let his later living record speak, How spirits quarantine returned his ways.

Now thoughtfully our footsteps homeward bound, And homeward, also, to eternal light; While here, night's mantle overshadows the ground, We wait, expectant, for a world that's bright.

[The verses which precede these comments were suggested by an interesting incident, which I will briefly explain. A relative of mine, who died some years ago, was one of those unfortunate who was subject to periodical thirst, which he gratified by having what he used to call one of his drinks; then he would have a longer or shorter intermission of sobriety. He once had a singular dream; it may have been one of his periods—ill-natured people said it was. On the occasion referred to, he found himself in a most beautiful country, fragrant with roses, grass as smooth and soft as velvet, scenery and everything in keeping; and the people he saw there were those he knew and had died, but they were alive and happy, and he was ever so happy with them. After a while, they told him he must return; but he did not wish to, preferring to remain there. They said it was necessary for him to go back and remain for fifteen years; then they would come for him, and he could stay all the time. And they did so; for he died in just fifteen years from that time.]

Emma Hardinge Britten.

It will no doubt be gratifying intelligence to the spiritualistic public of America, to learn that it is the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Britten to take up their permanent residence in this country. In a private note from this eminent lecturer and author, we are informed that the deepest interest is manifested in the spiritual philosophy in London, and indeed throughout the whole country. She has spoken every Sunday to houses so crowded that she was obliged to leave the Cavendish Rooms, where Bro. Peesbles lectured, for more spacious quarters in the Cleveland Assembly Rooms; but even that large hall was insufficient for her audiences. She adds: "We have here in London many magnificent physical mediums and wonderful manifestations." This lady has done immense work in behalf of the cause, and has the blessings of all true Spiritualists on this side of the Atlantic.

The *Christian World*, of Dec. 9th, reports the lecture given by Mrs. Hardinge at the Cavendish Rooms the previous Sunday; and in a leading article on "The Unseen World," the editor writes thus:

"The Destructionists, or believers in the terminalness of soul-life, are not the only innovators upon established opinion in reference to the unseen world, for the Spiritualists are now propounding their theories with peculiar ardor, both by tongue and pen, and are boldly challenging the attention of the church. Their interpretation of scripture is of a very different order; and multitudes of people, including one of the chief of our clergymen and a celebrated mathematician, as well as historians and poets, have accepted their teachings as true, and are in their turn endeavoring to tell others over to the new faith, which they affirm is not to be new, but to be as old as our race. We learn from various sources that quite a number of clergymen and ministers in London have been induced to investigate the claims of this Spiritualist gospel, and that some of them, at all events, are clearly of the opinion that Christian prayer, and judging from the spontaneous cures that are effected, and the animated looks of the audience, it would be said that not half a dozen skeptics were present. He must be a far-seeing man who can say where the pharisees of mind are leading us, and whether their issue will be for good or evil; but, as Christian Journalists, it is clearly our duty to acquaint the churches, and especially their teachers, with all these signs and wonders that they may consider their own duty in relation to them; for the greatest folly of which mankind can be guilty is to shut their eyes to facts, and go on in the dark."

Vital Magnetism vs. Allopathy.

Dr. A. S. Hayward, a Spiritualist physician residing in Boston, informs us that a few months ago a lady called on him in a sorrowful state of mind, informing him that a professor of one of our most influential medical institutions—as well as her family physician—had informed her that she had a cancer which would prove fatal if not removed before the expiration of two weeks. On her way from the professor's to the doctor's she had consulted with a clairvoyant physician, who declared that the knife must not be used, but that the trouble could be cured without such harsh means.

The doctor gave her a magnetic treatment, and then went with her to some persons who made cancer a specialty, and their opinion was that the disease could be cured. What was said to her outside the regular practice encouraged her to risk the "new mode" of treatment, but in obedience to the prejudices of her friends, who were not acquainted with but much opposed to the magnetic process, she declined risking so dangerous a case with any one save a regular M.D. The next day after Dr. H.'s treatment, he met her and she reported her case improving, and also said that she knew of an experienced M.D. "who possesses the power," and had made a cure in a case for a friend of hers, and that she had decided to place herself under his care on her friends' account. She was under this doctor's treatment "by laying on of hands" for a month, and was thoroughly cured. She visited the professor who had advised the use of the knife, and he was very much surprised at the result.

Dr. H. says that he desired the facts known, as the lady is not a Spiritualist, but, with her husband, is an active church member, perfectly reliable and influential in society. He desires to let the world know that there is a truth outside the regular recognized custom, which is secretly and gradually making its way to the acceptance of society in general.

The Indian Imbroglia.

This is what "Perley," the Washington correspondent of the *Journal*, of this city, sends from Washington relative to the current troubles over Indian affairs:

"Secretary Delano is endeavoring to reconcile the differences of opinion between the Indian Peace Commissioners and the Indian rings at the capital. The Commissioners, however, are on the war path after the thieving politicians who plunder the nation's wards, and they will not smoke the pipe of peace until some rascally contractors have been smoked out."

Yes, yes, Mr. "Perley"; that is the same battle we fought in these columns a long time ago. The *Banner of Light* first drew public attention to the rapacious conduct of these "thieving politicians who plunder the nation's wards," and was the leader in the new public sentiment that is now getting ready, late as it is, to "smoke out" "rascally contractors." This is not a new discovery, by any manner of means. We knew it was a damning injustice to a helpless and desperate race, and we also knew that it was a scandal and lasting disgrace to the national character. By stirring up the public thought, we have succeeded, at last, in putting the abuse in a fair way of reform, and we shall be amply compensated by witnessing its inauguration.

Grand Spiritualist Fair.

Meetings continue to be held at Elliot Hall, Elliot street, Boston, Tuesday and Friday p. m. and evening of each week, by the friends of the above-named enterprise; that of Tuesday evening, Jan. 17th, being attended by a large and enthusiastic assembly, embracing every shade of opinion in the spiritual ranks, and containing representatives from all the towns surrounding the city. Mrs. L. H. Wiley and Mrs. M. S. Jenkins, of East Boston, were added to the Soliciting Committee heretofore published.

The project gives every evidence of future success; and the management earnestly request that Spiritualists outside the city, and all who feel an interest in the movement, wherever located in the country, will assist by preparing articles or forwarding donations. Either of the committee signing the call, or any individual whose name was published in the *Banner of Light* of Jan. 21st, is empowered to receive such donations; or they may be forwarded to Elliot Hall, where, each day, between the hours of nine and twelve, Mr. Reuben Peaslee, Lyceum janitor, will take charge of them. Let every one interested in the cause of Spiritualism lend a helping hand. Our friends in the country are invited to participate in the Fair. Donations will be gratefully received and duly acknowledged.

Music Hall Spiritual Lectures.

Notwithstanding the threatened storm a good audience assembled at this hall Sunday afternoon, Jan. 15th, to listen to a "heretical sermon" from the Orthodox text: "Will not the Judge of all the earth do right?" by Prof. William Denton. The speaker affirmed that the word "right" in this connection meant just what we generally considered it to mean, and that the Judge of the law should be, more than all others, obedient to the law. From the Bible the Professor then proceeded to prove—with the evident concurrence of his audience—that the Jehovah of the Jew did not do right; that he was a false God; that the only true one was the great soul of the universe.

"Spiritualism is the Religion for Universal Humanity" is to be the theme of Mr. Denton's discourse next Sunday. Considering the declaration of Rev. Wm. R. Alger in the same hall, last Sunday, that he knew nothing of the life beyond this, and had no faith whatever in Spiritualism, this lecture of Mr. Denton's is important, and will interest a very large portion of the community, including nearly all of Mr. Alger's audiences.

Rev. W. H. Cudworth.

It is announced that Rev. Mr. Cudworth, of Boston, is to speak in Music Hall, Sunday afternoon, Jan. 22nd, on Spiritualism, Christianity and Immortality. It is understood that he is convinced that Spiritualism is true and is doing a better work for humanity than is evinced by the churches of the present day. Many are anxious to know his views upon so important a subject, and the hall will no doubt be filled with eager listeners, for the people are anxious to obtain all the light they can from the best minds on the all absorbing question of the Hereafter. Mr. C.'s courage and independence have enabled him to seek truth wherever it was to be found, and this trait in his character, together with the ability and eloquence with which he dare proclaim the truth, already places him in the front ranks of popular preachers.

Marsh's New Bookstore.

Mr. Thomas Marsh (son of the late Bela Marsh) has opened a store at 40 Beach street, Boston, for the sale of books, stationery and periodicals. He is a deserving young man, and we hope his friends and those of his late father will remember and aid him in his new enterprise. The *Banner of Light* can be obtained at his counter.

