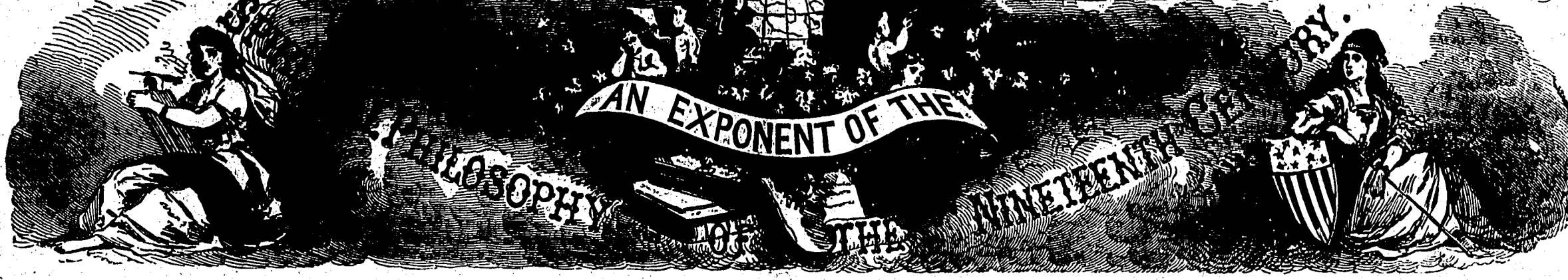


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
DAY BY DAY.

BY MAY KENDALL.

Day by day we near the borders  
Of that better, brighter shore,  
Leaving earthly scenes behind us,  
Pressing onward evermore.  
Day by day we wear the garments  
That shall clothe our spirits there,  
Weave them of the starlight, sunlight,  
Making them all bright and fair;  
Or we weave them of the darkness,  
Of the ill and wrong we do;  
Soll them with our sorrowful passions,  
Dye them deep in sin's dark hue;  
And these vestments, stained with earth-sins,  
We shall blush with shame to wear,  
When we dwell in spirit-mansions,  
Clothed in robes that wait us there!  
Day by day we add a jewel  
To our crown that waits in Heaven,  
If some deed of love and kindness  
From our heart and hand is given;  
Or in selfish pride and anger,  
Hoarding not the law of love,  
We shall find our crown is gemless,  
When we reach the courts above!  
Day by day we learn life's lessons,  
Sometimes at a fearful cost—  
Learn to prize the blessings slighted,  
When they are forever lost.  
And we learn to heed the whisper  
Of the angel by our side,  
Bidding us to cease our sinning,  
And God's time in faith to bide.  
So we live, and learn, and suffer,  
As we journey, day by day,  
From the darkness to the sunlight,  
Learn to tread the better way.  
And though oft our spirits falter,  
As we climb the rugged steep,  
Well we know, if faithful over,  
We eternal peace shall reap.  
Then the crown of fadeless flowers  
Shall each radiant brow begem,  
And the fruits of truth and beauty  
Deck each sparkling diadem.  
And the vestments of our spirits  
Shall be stainless, pure and white,  
When we reach the soul's fruition,  
In that Heaven's eternal light!

Written for the Banner of Light.  
"ELIN ESPAGNOLETTI."

BY L. HEARN.

I could distinctly hear the wild music of the Italian's violin, as I stood beneath his window. Folks believed that Elin Espagnoletti was insane. It was said that in the dead of night he would arise from his bed, and wander forth on the balcony to play upon his violin. And, surely, no man of sound mind could draw such strange music from the instrument. Those weird strains reflected the phantom-world of a ruined mind, as spectres flit to and fro on the steel mirror of a magician. The instrument seemed to be imbued with a ghastly sympathy for its strange master; it moaned and wailed and sobbed in agony—it shrieked and screamed in mysterious terror, as though it were in the hand of a goblin, till its voice died away in a hideous, guttural sob; rose again for an instant in a muttering growl, and floated away on the moonlit air, a ghostly, dying wail. I had heard that Espagnoletti refused to see any one since his return from Germany; even his best friends were excluded. They said, too, that persons had listened at his chamber door, and had caught words of strange import, uttered in soliloquy. He spoke of persons long since dead; he conversed with voiceless beings in an unknown tongue, and spoke of goblin voices whispering at his ear. Some of the piously inclined hinted that Germany had done him no good; that he had studied a dark and forbidden science; that he was now haunted by shapes which no pure-hearted man could see, and was most likely possessed by the Shadow of Evil.

For my part, I believed that my friend's intense application to study had affected his brain. I had known him as a boy, for he was a pupil of mine at college; and, notwithstanding the mysterious tales I had heard, I was determined to see him. He had always, even as a boy, been intensely fond of scientific books, and would pore over the mysteries of chemistry or astronomy for days together. And I believed that his mind had maddened in the vast, dim study-hall of a German University, in dreaming, arguing, philosophizing over the yellow leaves of some huge tome of metaphysics. I knew, also, that my friend's studies were of the deepest kind, and most dangerous to the understanding. The mysteries of animal magnetism, the wonders of the odyllic principle, had conjured up all the wild enthusiasm of a fanciful mind, and the strangest doctrines of mental philosophy were to him a source of contemplative study, where he might revel in the Ideal, and sport in the elysian fields of Fancy.

I knocked at his door, and was not refused admittance; he motioned to me to come and sit at the window beside him. Good heavens! what a change was in that face since I had seen Espagnoletti at college, ten years before. Could this be the dark, girlish-faced Italian boy, whom the masters used to laugh at for his very littleness—the boy whom the spectacled professor of chemistry used to call an elfin "changeling," and whom we had nicknamed Elin Espagnoletti? Yes, that face had lost nothing of its old, supernatural look; it was even wilder than ever—it was goblin-like now. But how tall and pale and spectrally unearthly he looked! that unnaturally high and marvelously developed forehead, on which the white moonbeams fell, and formed a misty halo; those high cheekbones; that faultless nose, with its proud, quivering nostril, and that night-black, clustering hair.

But there was one very strange and unusual peculiarity about that face. It was handsome, but weirdly handsome, at close sight; yet, standing at a considerable distance, it resembled the face of a skull. The eyes were so deeply sunk below the black eyebrows, as to give them the appearance of two great, dark hollows; the high, polished forehead, the prominent cheekbones, the extreme thinness and pallor of the whole face, made the resemblance more perfect. But if you approached and gazed without fear into those seemingly empty caverns, you beheld a pair of beautifully black, thoughtful eyes looking out upon you. Espagnoletti's eyes were still the same—the same elfish light was there. Those eyes were always strange eyes. I used often to hold the boy's head between my hands when he was my pupil at college, and gaze into those eyes with a strange feeling of wonder, akin to awe. Those dark, mournful orbs spell-bound me; they were filled with the dreamy light of another world—they shone until I fancied I could see more than one soul gazing out of those eyes. And they were turned upon me now. I could not see their lustre, but I saw that goblin face turn upon me in the clear, icy moonlight, and I felt that a soul, a mind was looking out upon me from the shadowy depths of their dark hollows.

"You are surprised to see me so thin?" he exclaimed, in a deep voice, whose strange yet musical tones trembled in bass echoes through the moonlit room. "Well, I am nothing but bones, phosphate of lime—there is but little albumen or alantoin in my system, and I am glad of it. Phosphoric acid helps to form brain, and brain matter—flesh does not. The more the mind attains to, the vaster its scope, the larger its grasp, the less we possess of physique, of bodily strength. The greater the intellectual powers, the less the physical; as mind increases, matter decreases. You understand, of course?"

"Yes," I replied, faintly.  
"Was he really mad? Was he a monomaniac?" I could not tell. But as I had felt awed in the presence of the elfin boy, I trembled with an icy fear in the presence of the man. I thought of his strange boyhood. It had never seemed an effort to my former pupil to study; he always knew everything I could ask him; he never asked any questions, and never seemed to study hard. I thought to myself that the spectacled professor was not far wrong in calling him a changeling.

"You need not fear," said that deep voice. "I am no madman, nor need you trouble yourself about the opinion the professor had of me."  
I felt almost sick. Was this a dream? Was I suffering from nightmare? And who was this terrible being who could thus read my thoughts?

"We will not mind about that at present," he replied, in answer to my mental query; and I fancied I could detect a flickering smile of amusement playing over that awful face at my wondering fear. No, it could not be; that man never smiled.  
"I was not smiling at you!" he exclaimed. "You are astonished, no doubt, at my power of mind-reading. It is merely the least of mesmeric attainments; I am master of the profoundest secrets of the science. You are surprised. Ah! if you knew what man has yet to learn, what man can learn, what man will yet know—you would be far more surprised. But before man can attain to mental perfection, the gross, clogging, soul-imprisoning, physical part of man must melt and dwindle away and allow the mind to work freely, keeping it unconfined. And so it shall, so it must; it retires before mind, it disappears before intellect, as the red tribes of the North vanish like mist before the superior civilization of the white races. Flesh signifies or ought to signify stupidity, dullness, sensualism. What were the giants of the elder world but men-brutes, soulless? Ah! you are wondering why I spoke of giants?"

"I confess it. I was thinking of the giants of Scripture, whom I always regarded as—"  
"Bah! I spoke not of them; I spoke of men that lived thousands of years before Gog or Magog walked upon the earth. I have seen their mighty cities; I have seen the giant ruins of their palaces, in a land now overgrown by what you would call a primeval forest, so huge are the trees, so impenetrable the thickets! I have seen a gigantic staircase, of which each step was over twelve feet in height—you need not wonder; it is the truth. I have beheld palaces towering story upon story, of which each story was over one hundred and fifty feet in height. What men must have lived in those days!"

I now felt that he was mad, or nearly mad. "But it must be a strange madness," thought I. I thought it, and although I knew those terrible, dark hollows were fixed upon me, and that those piercing eyes read my thought, I could not help thinking it. Besides, I knew that he had never traveled. "Oh, foolish, blind, deluded man!" he exclaimed. "If he cannot understand or conceive a truth, if it is above your petty understanding, if it is opposed to your feeble belief, you consider it madness. But I do not blame you," he said, "you cannot understand how I saw these things; however, I was about to observe that this was a proof how much men had physically degenerated in some thousands of years, and it is also a proof how much is intellect improving. Perhaps at some future day, the spirits of men, having attained to wondrous knowledge—to all the knowledge that can be known, strong, far-seeing, untrammelled, shall throw off their fleshly chain, and mind will be forever separated from matter. But can this be accomplished before their little planet shall have been burned to ashes in the glowing sun? Will they have time enough allotted them, or will their spirits have to wait like the Stygian ghosts? But no, the inhabitants of every planet shall surely fulfill their destiny, shall attain to perfect knowledge before the destruction of their world shall arrive."

I ventured to ask him how he had seen those distant cities, since I was aware that he had never left the country.

"Travel!" he exclaimed scornfully, and a mocking sneer curled his thin lips; "do you suppose that I need to employ your slow trains to travel, or your still slower steam-vessels? Do you fancy that I need employ locomotive steam-power whilst I possess uncaged thought—thought which travels swifter than the blue lightning? Do you fancy that I need even the services of electricity when untrammelled mind eclipses him in speed? Ah, you know but a thousandth fraction of the powers of odyllic magnetism; you know not that, at this instant, I can transport my spirit to the other side of this petty sphere now glowing in the golden sunlight, and as instantly return here. You know not that mind, freed by mesmerism from its fleshly chains, can travel from planet to planet, from star to star, from astral system to astral system, and commune with the inhabitants of your host of luminous worlds that circle in immensely like clouds of sparkling diamond dust. No, you know nothing of this, nor is this world as yet in a fit state to possess such powers. Do you never travel in your dreams? Does your fettered soul never take advantage of the body's slumbers, to leave her for a short voyage over the earth? ay, to leave her, stealing forth so quietly that respiration continues uninterrupted, that the blood continues to circulate and the heart to beat? Sometimes souls of men, even in your world, have been known to act thus, although it is but rare. My spirit takes a nightly voyage over the sleeping earth whilst I slumber, and I watch the movements of all those whom I know, and of those who know me, and I see how base and hollow and hypocritically deceitful is human friendship, and how wicked is human life—wicked in thought, in word, in deed. It will take ages to purify your earth of evil, untold ages before it shall be as pure as yonder sparkling world."

And he pointed to Venus.  
"Sometimes," he continued, "I watch the evil workings of evil men, and it amuses me beyond anything you can imagine." He added, with a death-head smile, "Yes, it amuses me to view the contrast between their abortive, embryonic natures and the full developed purity of the inhabitants of the stars. But they were once as you are now. They progressed from better to better. You too shall progress. The inhabitants of this miserable little planet are progressing; but men are as yet but in a stage of development. You know—or perhaps you do not know—that when the inhabitants of a planet become fully perfect, the planet is consumed in the flames of its centre, and the perfect souls are relieved from their chains, their bodies."

"Yes, sometimes I remain almost too long away from my body at night, watching the follies of men; and perhaps, some night, the mind, returning, will find life fled. Then shall the laws of attraction cease to rivet me to this vile earth, and my spirit shall return to the starry world from which I came."

"What can he mean?" I thought. His madness no longer appeared madness to me. I felt I was in the presence of an unearthly being—a goblin man—an airy spirit enclosed in a mortal frame—a lamp in a pitcher—a man whom the world called mad; but, whether mad or not, I felt he was superior to me. His mind controlled me, measured me, weighed my worth, and over-awed me. Could he mean that his spirit had come from a distant star, to live in a terrestrial body?

"Come," he said, in that deep, soft voice, "you came to see me partly through curiosity. You can hide nothing from me, and your curiosity shall be fully satisfied. There are some things I like about you, although it will be millions of years before your soul arrives at its highest state of perfection. I will now give you a slight proof of the power of mesmeric science. Think of any person you wish, whether they are alive or dead, and I will tell you where that person is, if still alive. If dead, I can only tell you where the body is; for it is not permitted to an inhabitant of this earth to know more."

I at once thought of a person who had run away from home when a boy, about twenty-five years before. He had afterwards been seen in London, England, where he was working at St. Catharine's Docks. I had not heard of him for more than twenty years; and I desired to hear of him, for I had interested myself in him, and was teaching him to read and write before he had disappeared. Before I could mention the name, Elin Espagnoletti had read it in my mind, more transparent than glass to his supernatural vision. "I see a mighty city," he exclaimed—"a Babylon, whose never-ceasing roar ascends to heaven. I see a vast dock, and a forest of masts and spars. There is a long black vessel; 'The Vigilant' appears in white letters on her stern. She is a whaler, bound for the North seas, and a tall, fair-haired youth, in a seaman's garb, stands on the fore-castle. His pale forehead is marked with a red streak—a blow which he received in America—a blow which a passionate father struck him in anger. You recognize him?"

I bowed my head in astonished silence. He went on:  
"The ship is in the Northern seas—very far north. She must have been driven out of her course. The sun glares lurid, through a frosty mist, upon the spire-pinnacles of ghostly icebergs, green with age; and vast masses of newly formed ice, clear and cold, glittering with rain-bow tints in the light of the spectral, midnight sun, are floating white over the inky sea, like vast phantoms of the deep. I hear the roar of the dark wings of the storm approaching—a polar storm. I hear the muttering thunder of crashing icebergs, of mighty plains of ice grinding together; and as they recede back to come together again with giant force, the black sea turns white with rage, and rushes up in a vast seething wave between the two flocks. Again they come together. I hear a shriek as of a hundred humbly voices rise above the roar of the storm, and the vessel has disappeared."

"At the rocky bottom of the sea, in the innumerable depths of the dark Northern Ocean, amid the bones of antediluvian monsters, lie the fragments of a wreck. And amid the gleaming of skeletons of enormous animals—animals of a by-gone age—gleaming in the cold green light of the ocean waves, I see a skeleton, a puny human skeleton. There is a fragment of fair hair adhering to the fleshless skull, for strange fishes have nibbled the flesh from the bones. Are you satisfied?"

I was, and horrified. I felt sick and giddy with horror. I could not speak.  
"You should have chosen another person," he replied. "I can but relate things as they are. Let us converse on some other topics. Ships are wrecked in the ocean and lost with all their crews, the ocean-bed is manured with human bones. Why? To help to form a new stratum in that ocean-bed, to distribute more phosphates even in the depths of the sea. And when sufficient phosphates have been distributed over the dry land, that land will sink beneath the sea-courage, and the former bed of ocean will rise a continent above the waters. But this change is wrought gradually; even now it is going on slowly."

"Has it ever occurred to you that whatever seems evil to your feeble understanding is always ultimately productive of good. The sun, which is now awaking the other half of this sphere to life and light, causes wars and bloodshed over the land by its magnetic influence—causes the ants to destroy each other on their dunghill. Where do your battles take place? On the plains of the earth. And those plains man receives nourishment from, and man must restore to the land what he takes from it. So the earth receives back her phosphoric acid, and her phosphate of lime from the bones of slaughtered millions. I can see far back in the past; I can see the battle-fields of the ancient world, for I have discovered the great secret."

"May I inquire by what art can man behold the past, or the future?"

"Only by arriving at the highest state of mental perfection, when the mind has learned all that man can learn, and then the great secret comes intuitively. Have you never fancied that you existed in the past, that your birth into this world was not your first existence? Nor will it be your last. Has memory never opened her secret chamber to you in slumber, or when learning something new or strange, has not a sound come to your heart, the echo of a forgotten memory—obliterated by birth after birth—that in ages past you walked and talked with men of whom you now but read in books? Ay, such is the wondrous truth, which I discovered in a foreign land. Intense mental application had destroyed all the physical in my nature, and left the mind free and pure. Insensibly a new world arose before me from time to time, or rather memory-ghosts of a past existence came fresher to my mind day by day. Ay, I could trace back my own history by memory alone, for hundreds—you will laugh, but you need not—for thousands of years, even as a visitor in picture gallery may glance down the long line of national pictures, until they fade into the darkness at the other end."

"I have visited towns, flourishing cities, built where I saw the ocean roar a thousand years ago. And I have watched the green sea billows heave over the spot where once stood as great a city as Thebes of old, whose hundred gates were reflected in the ancient Nile. I have seen mountains which once were valleys, and valleys watered by a thousand torrents—where once a volcano illumined the surrounding country at night by the red gleam of its crater, the gigantic eye of a natural lighthouse, a perpetual beacon, a pillar of smoke by day, a gleaming fire by night. In every page of ancient history I read, I could recognize some name that had been familiar to me in the past, in the dim, buried ages of old. Yet with one country I was familiar indeed—I must have lived there in the shadowy past. How often have I walked with Socrates through the myrtle groves of the Academy! How frequently have I seen the levity of Alcibiades vanish beneath the severe sternness of those brows of wisdom! I have seen Pyrrhus and his elephants from the windows of the Egyptian capital; I have ridden with the Numidian cavalry of Hannibal. But much further back can I remember. I could elucidate many points of history on which all historians are ignorant—but no; these miserable men must be the authors of their own wisdom. When I first discovered I had existed perhaps for a million years in the past, the overpowering sense of memory-ideal weighed down my mind, and almost turned my brain—(thank God! the close of my term is close at hand)—but I struggled with my weakness, which, after all, was but a physical weakness; and my strong will gained the mastery. My supernatural memory became clearer than before; I could even recollect the latter stages of my metempsychosis, for you must know that in the life previous to that heralded by your last birth, it is easier to memory to grasp the far-past—the most ancient past—than the more modern."

"But in the ancient Past, too, I had strange memories. I felt myself inexplicably attracted to some distant planet. I at last possessed the great secret. I was not originally of this earth; the living principle of my being, in its erratic wandering through immensity, consequent upon its emancipation from the body in which it had dwelt in some starry world, had doubtless been imprisoned in a material body of this earth, and, through ages innumerable, had to submit to undergo the slow process of human organization. Oh, it was a long pilgrimage, but it is almost ended. My spirit, too subtle to dwell longer in matter, shall soon be free. Yes, my soul is now sufficiently disengaged to grasp the secret of a million years of past existence. Ages before I had dwelt within hearing of the moaning of the ancient Nile; ages before I had been embalmed as a mummy, and placed within the gloom of some giant pyramid, amid a host of dead, I had lived and enjoyed greater powers of thought and

deeper knowledge than the inhabitants of this earth have yet attained to. Has it never occurred to you that matter is but condensed mind? Look upon those shining worlds circling in those blue depths, in the seven-fold light of astral suns. Each world thrills to its centre with soul; each sphere thrills with its own spirit-essence; the planets are but vast bodies animated by mighty, luminous intelligences, by vast souls, and all space is animated by the essence of an Eternal Spirit.

"Do you see you twinkling star—a vast world, in comparison with which your speck of earth is no more than a grain of sand in the ocean-bed?—than a watery atom in that ocean itself? That star is my star. That luminous world, peopled with beings who are gods in mind, compared with the vile worms on this wretched world—that distant sphere is my ancient home, my world, the heavenly soil from whence I sprang; and from the giant Mind of that star did I receive my intelligent being, as a spark from a vast fire. I often gaze upon that star until its magnetic influence casts my body into slumber and frees my imprisoned mind. And then do I visit its sparkling atmosphere, and I behold the godlike beings who were my companions millions of years ago. They know I am here; for their mighty minds space and time do not exist. Our spirit-essences thrill to each other; our minds telegraph their thoughts from sphere to sphere, from star to star. Ah! I could tell you secrets beyond the power of man to know. I can counteract the influence of old age, I can conquer disease; I can defeat death. Such are the wonders of chemical science, brought to perfection by the inhabitants of the stars; and these powers are but childish trifles to our vast knowledge. See! they are expecting me soon in yonder starry world. They are speaking to me, but you cannot understand them."

And the sparkling star seemed to twinkle with electric light. I could almost fancy I felt a strange, subtle, volatile influence streaming through the cold moonbeams and passing by me—an influence, a something, from the starlit sky, or perhaps further.  
I looked at that ghostly face, pale in the spectral starlight. The dark hollows, from whence that mind looked out through those piercing eyes, were growing luminous. They reflected the electric beams of that distant star; the eyes sparkled with a strange, beamy phosphorescence—the light glowed brighter in those eye-caverns until it became like the white moonlight. And a volatile essence seemed to pass like a luminous mist from those eyes; it floated like phosphorescent smoke-wreaths in the moonlit air, until the eyes ceased to emit light, and then it appeared to concentrate itself into a luminous cloud, which floated away into the blue distance, toward the twinkling of the evening star—toward that bright world he had spoken of. How strange he looked, with that awful face upturned to heaven. I watched that face; was there any life there? could he be dead? The jaw dropped! life had indeed departed of the other world. I was alone with Elin Espagnoletti's body, for his soul had fled to the stars.

After his burial, I made inquiries about the young man concerning whose fate I had questioned that strange being. They informed me that he had shipped in a whaler about twenty years ago; and that, as the vessel had never been heard of, it had no doubt been crushed by the icebergs, and all had perished. Was Elin Espagnoletti mad?

## THE HOME MISSION.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

The grand ruler and missionary in a home is unquestionably the mother. "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Upon the mother devolve the most weighty responsibilities. The most important results accrue from her instructions and her example. She is the oracle; her children appeal to her judgment on questionable points. The impressions made by her teachings are more enduring than all subsequent instructions. She must educate her children to persevere, to nobly in character, firm in purpose. Perseverance, faith, hope and charity are the watchwords. Teach them faith in the ultimate triumph of man's spiritual nature over his mere animal instincts, self-denial, desire to raise up the character of our country, and make her a leader among other nations. It is impossible for despotism to away its sceptre over men with hearts throbbing with holy desires, whose arms are nerved to maintain the truth, and plant its standard where waves and winds may dash over it in vain. The mother must teach that a man's happiness arises from that which is within him, and not that which surrounds him; and, working in the field of human progress, the reward will be a consciousness that their duty is done, and not in vain. Through education men have learned the nature of their rights, and that they must be honest, noble and upright, and must learn the laws by which the good things in the great storehouse of God—the world—are to be equally distributed; by which means they can best love, thank and worship Him who is the creator and giver of life, and all that sustains and adorns it. It is the homes, the teachings by example, that are the feeding springs, and preparing men and women for the rostrum and halls of legislation. If it is necessary to cultivate the brain, it is also a duty to cultivate the heart; for talents and accomplishments are of little value without correct principles and unswerving integrity. Beautiful is the formation of the human frame; skillfully arranged are its various adaptations, surprising all the provisions of organic life; but what are they compared to the sublimity of the soul and its ultimate destiny? Mothers, educate the heart; curb not its longings for love. Teach your children to nourish its impulse, beautiful traits, that link together by delicate bonds the family circle; also all fellow-travelers and fellow-sufferers, by sympathies, charities and associations which surround them in daily life, and by the emotions which declare to them, "Ye are all brethren."



PART SIX.

Prescott, in his "Conquest of Mexico," very kindly says, "that we should have charity for the missionaries who first landed in this world of wonders; where, while man and Nature were so strange in aspect, they were astonished by occasional glimpses of rites and ceremonies which reminded them of a purer faith. In their amazement, they did not reflect whether these things were not the natural expression of the religious feeling common to all nations who have reached even a moderate civilization. They did not inquire whether the same things were not practiced by other idolatrous people. They could not suppress their wonder, as they beheld the cross, the sacred emblem of their own faith, raised as an object of worship in the temples of Anahuac. They met with it in various places; and the image of a cross may be seen at this day, sculptured in bas-relief, on the walls of one of the buildings of Palenque, while a figure bearing some resemblance to that of a child is held up to it, as if in adoration.(8) The figures are surrounded by hieroglyphics of most arbitrary character, perhaps phonetic. Mr. Stephens considers that the celebrated 'Cozumel cross,' preserved at Merida, which claims the credit of being the same originally worshipped by the natives of Cozumel, is, after all, nothing but a cross that was erected by the Spaniards in one of their own temples in that island after the conquest. This fact he regards as 'completely invalidating the strongest pro-

I stated, a few pages back, that the doctrine of regeneration is closely connected with the Yod and its emblem, the dove; that in India are various clefts in rocks and in the ground, into which devotees go for regeneration; that when the hole is too small for the body a hand or leg is inserted which, with faith, would do as well. I was reminded of this Indian custom when reading about the holes in the cross in Ireland, through which women drew portions of their garments. There is also in Ireland a hermitage once connected with a chapel dedicated to St. Donalch, on whose *five-day* people visit a certain well. "In this he

Our friend has been keeper of the State Prison did he not find it needful to exercise a strong arm in maintaining discipline that order and peace might prevail, also that freedom and liberty could not be extended to those who would be law-abiding and submissive? Was not fear an essential principle of the cage?

And what is man anywhere, without a consideration that must move him to mind what he does, and to be careful how he walks? Does he begin to appreciate the value, to him, of that which he is fighting to get rid of? What would he be without opposition? And if he seeks war, he will find it. He is a man of great courage and in his daily thoughts and most devout meditations and devotions—and that of necessity.

Marblehead, Mass. N. REYNOLDS.

## BY DEAN CLARK

**OBJECTION 10TH.**—Long engagements will often alienate the mind of the speaker from the subject by driving him into other fields for thought and speech, when all his best and most useful ideas could be given in two or three months!

**A.**—What subject will his mind be "alienated" to?

when I penned it—hence we are not at loggerheads here. If it is not a "rich" thought, it is certainly a common-sense thought, that speaks "tired, worn out and exhausted by traveling" had better labor in a "settled" capacity, than

BY DARD PER

thing that he is fighting to get rid of? What would he be without opposition? And if he detests war is not the principle involved in his every word and in his daily thoughts and most devout meditations and devotions—and that of necessity?

Marblehead, Mass. N. REYNOLDS

when I penned it—hence we are not at loggerheads here. If it is not a "rich" thought, it is certainly a common-sense thought, that speaks "tired, worn out and exhausted by traveling" had better labor in a "settled" capacity, than

I wish to add a word more upon this subject, reply to Bro. Lynn. The manner in which the brother treats my twelve arguments, I regard as an additional confirmation of their truth. A respectable writer never resorts to ridicule while his supply of logic holds out. When that is exhausted, ridicule may become a matter of necessity. My suggestion with respect to "*settling*" speaks is unable to travel, he pronounces "decidedly ridiculous." I was a little inclined to think that of it myself when I penned it—hence we are not at loggerheads here. If it is not a "*rich*" thought, it is certainly a common-sense thought, that speaks of "*tired, worn out and exhausted by travelling*" had better labor in a "*settled*" capacity, than in a "*restless*" one.



[Notices sent us for insertion in this department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.]



This paper is issued every Saturday Morning, one week in advance of date.

In quoting from the *Banner of Light*, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of free thought, when not too personal; but of course we cannot undertake to endorse all the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

# Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1871.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR,  
LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT.

Business connected with the editorial department of this paper is under the exclusive control of LUTHER COLBY, to whom all letters and communications must be addressed.

The third enlarged edition of A. J. Davis's work, "Death and the After-Life," has just been issued. A more interesting book cannot be found in spiritual literature. Sent everywhere on receipt of price.

## The Punishment of Criminals.

The question is, has society any right to take upon itself the work of meting out punishment to offenders? The very idea involves the other one of dispensing justice. But how can any human tribunal assume to do that, which is, in the first place, incapable of weighing and appreciating motives; and, in the next place, is without any sort of authority to assume to discharge so high a task? We do not seriously think of this point. It involves the whole theory of punishment and penalty. The National Congress of Penitentiary and Reformatory Discipline, which held a session last October at Cincinnati, discussed it as the fundamental principle in establishing any just and lasting system of penalties. They held, what is obviously true to every reflecting mind, that it makes all the difference imaginable whether we tenant our prisons with individuals guilty of crime, in order to punish or to reform them. If the former, the Congress declares that we are wholly without warrant, and usurp the divine prerogative; if the latter, then we need to change our existing penalties, to harmonize more perfectly with the spirit of benevolence that begets the desire to promote reform.

We hold, and so does the Congress, that it is the duty of society—first, last and always—to spare no effort to work the reform of the criminal; to instruct him in the positive advantage of good over evil; to teach him the best and surest way to overcome his evil habits and abandon his criminal career; and this is to be done, if human nature is as yet understood at all in its secret motives, not by employing force so much as persuasion; by using the argument of repression, not for its own sake, but as an adjunct and ally of the arguments we are to address to the criminal's sense of right and wrong, his self-respect and his benevolent propensities. What punishment we visit upon him ought to be dealt out, not because we judge that the offender deserves it—for in that we step over our human limits into the divine prerogative—but for the sake of self-protection. This is the corner-stone idea of the whole system of punishment, as we find it laid down; and yet we shall find, if we push our inquiries sufficiently, that legislators and courts far more commonly associate punishment with the criminal's alleged desert than with his desired reform; which only shows how easy it is for the human mind to lapse from the high and purer notions of benevolence and justice to the coarser and more flattering one of naked power.

And this of itself should demonstrate the absolute necessity of discussing a matter of such individual and social moment, until it is better understood and firmly fixed as it ought to be in the public mind. We take as much upon ourselves, in the name of social security, as we ought to take, when we deliberately deprive others of their personal liberty, a gift too precious to be snatched from any one's possession. If we do it for punishment, we are guilty of a great wrong ourselves; if as a measure of correction, in alliance with the security of society, then we should take religious pains to make everything conspire with every other thing to accomplish our aim, and to do nothing more. The Congress maintains, therefore, that all sentences of criminals should be without a fixed limit, but be left indefinite, in order to offer to the wrong-doer every possible inducement to make it brief by good behavior. When it will be possible, by some such general system, to make the criminal see that he is restrained of his liberty because he has abused it to the damage of somebody else, and that he can recover it as soon as he shall have given sincere and satisfactory proofs of a determination to abandon evil-doing, then we shall have a code of punishment with a truly philanthropic element in it, and one that will cure evil, not by disgracing the evil-doer, but by reforming and renewing his mind.

## Beecher on the Bible.

Henry Ward Beecher has been discussing the Bible and its use at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, according to the daily press. He is reported to have said that this ancient volume was full of half truths, and that men must get to half truths before they could arrive at whole ones. He added that we were not to take the Bible as wholly true. All that David said was not true, and all that the prophets said was not true. Speaking of the authenticity of the Bible, the reverend gentleman declared that he would not care if it was proved to him that it was written in the third century, and that Moses never lived. The book was there, and it was a good book, and that was all he wanted. Mr. Beecher advised every one to read the Psalms. He continued: "If King Solomon had carried out his own maxims, how much better the old man would have been!" The Bible was generally regarded as a species of charm or amulet, yet he saw no particular sanctity about it. It was made up of any other book, and possessed the same attributes. You might build a house of Bibles, and then live in it, and you would not be any holier. Once, he said, he wrote an article, for the *Ledger*, on Cain, in which he mentioned that it was not very clear who Cain's wife was. Next day he received a bushel of letters, inquiring his views concerning Cain's better half. "Now," said Mr. Beecher, "what does it matter to you who Cain's wife was?" Other people, the preacher averred, were continually boasting themselves about the great horned beast spoken of in the Scripture. Such people should live and die in a menagerie.

## "Elisa Espagnoletoletti."

The article on the first page of this issue of the *Banner*, from the pen of L. Hearn, Esq., is exceedingly interesting.

## At the Fountain.

There was some discussion at a recent conference of the Methodists in this vicinity, of the most effectual means of re-building and replenishing the church, and the ground was taken that none were so effectual, nor so ready at hand, as the education, or rather the warping of the minds of the young to suit the requirements of the ecclesiastical situation. These practiced proselytes understand too well how necessary it is to begin at the fountain and spring in such matters, where they may color the waters to suit the particular dogmas about which they are chiefly concerned. They know that it is necessary to implant their creed in natures whose reason has not yet been developed, trusting to the work of time to strengthen their roots and defy final eradication. It is cruel, though it is true. Doubtless it is every way best and wisest to teach children and youth, by illustration quite as much as by precept, the beauty and power of holiness, and the desirability of virtue above all earthly possessions; but that is a different matter from dropping the seed of cramping dogmas in the mellow soil of childhood, and fairly expelling those larger and loftier influences which acknowledge no rules of ecclesiastical establishment, but are born directly out of heaven. It is to get hold of the latter that we would address the minds of the young—not to enlist them in the warfare of the sects.

Now suppose we Spiritualists improve the hint and make the best of the opportunity. Suppose we push on with all possible zeal in the same field, not by any means to take possession of the youthful mind and nature, but to station ourselves at that fountain of all life in human character, and decree that, so far as we can help it, it shall not be poisoned or corrupted by sectarian influences. We have happily begun this most important work in our children's schools, and most fitting books have been prepared for their use by experienced minds and loving natures. The beginning is of good augury in every respect, and has deservedly attracted the envious attention of Orthodox rivals; but we must accept it as but a beginning, resolved to go forward with the work until it has grown into an established and permanent success. We must meet Orthodoxy on its own ground, not because we have a fight with it—for our work is rather one of emancipation alone—but because the place to take the stream is at its origin, and before the current has grown turbid and swollen from the feeders which the world so plentifully pours into it. Let us, therefore, cherish our Lycæums. They are the nucleus of that glorious future on earth for the great cause of Spiritualism, which has been solemnly promised as the reward of the efforts and aspirations of the faithful.

## Catholicism and Protestantism.

As very many excellent people seem to manifest great anxiety in regard to the spread of Roman Catholicism in the United States, fearing that Protestantism will be overshadowed by it, we publish below a statement that we find in the *New York Herald* bearing upon this subject, which we have no doubt will go far to allay any such fears. On the contrary, we think, as does the *Herald*, that the Catholics have more to dread than their antagonists, the Protestant creeds, who oppose Spiritualism with a spirit of rancor disgraceful to even the Christianity they profess to be the exemplars of. Now for the figures. The inhabitants of the United States may be estimated in round numbers at forty millions, of whom about thirty millions are nominally or professedly Protestants, and five millions are Roman Catholics, leaving five millions more for Infidels, atheists, and heathen generally. The Methodist and Baptist families number each about ten millions of souls, and all the others about ten millions more. The church edifices of Protestantism throughout the land number 31,450, and those of Romanism 2,550. The average accommodation of the former is 343 persons each, or an aggregate of 17,630,000, and of the latter about 900,000 souls. The property and values of the Protestant denominations in the country are about as follows: Methodist, \$80,000,000; Baptist, \$80,000,000; Presbyterian, \$25,000,000; Reformed, \$10,000,000; Episcopal, \$15,000,000; miscellaneous, \$30,000,000; total, \$230,000,000. The property of the Roman Catholic church is about \$80,000,000, the largest proportion of it lying in the city and State of New York, and along the Atlantic seaboard. Pitting real estate against real estate, therefore, it would seem from this showing that the Roman Catholics have much more to dread in the future than Protestants; and the more especially so, since, with every revolution of the earth upon its axis, the Methodists alone dedicate an average of two churches throughout the land, and the other Protestant denominations are not very far behind. The Catholics can show nothing to compare with this progress, and they have, therefore, the greater cause for complaint.

## Dr. Brittan's Medical Practice.

At Newark, N. J., Prof. Brittan—who certainly needs no word of introduction to the readers of the *Banner*—is engaged in administering relief to the ills of human flesh, by the application of those purely scientific agencies with which he is so widely identified. His discoveries in the art of healing are recognized by medical men of rank and experience as contributions of positive value, inasmuch as they particularly demonstrate the influence of the will over the nervous system, and prove the practical possibility of relieving severe cases of disease almost immediately. Dr. Brittan is a gentleman of thorough education and training, profoundly learned in the laws and phenomena of spiritual healing and restoration, and has no superior as a natural electrician and magnetic operator. Patients who confide their ailments to his kind and skillful care may be sure of receiving help promptly and without any accompanying or subsequent drawback. He has faithfully studied the human constitution, understands the subtle chemistry and psychophysiology of human nature and human life, and in the application of mental and material magnetism to the nervous system, is a specialist of most remarkable success. It is not his theory that the stomach is the medium of cure, but that the nervous forces are to be recruited and restored by kindred agencies.

## Helpers Indeed.

H. Beekman sent us last week a list of twelve new yearly subscribers to the *Banner of Light*, accompanied with a draft for \$36.00, all obtained in a single town in Illinois.

J. J. Perkins also sends from one town in Tennessee a list of five new subscribers, with the money.

Such friends are indeed noble-souled co-workers in spreading the great and important truths of Spiritualism broadcast, to result in a spiritual harvest that will bless us all. The South and West open a great field for more efforts in the same direction by others who may feel that they can do humanity a lasting benefit by a like personal exertion.

## Treatment of Insanity.

We have recently published communications referring to the importance of a more philosophical treatment of the insane by magnetism, or psychological means. The matter, and the recommendations contained therein, seem to have attracted considerable attention.

A meeting was held in Elliot Hall, Boston, on Thursday evening, March 30th, for the purpose of considering the expediency of establishing an institution for the restoration of persons of unsound mind by vital magnetism or psychological influence, either alone or in conjunction with such therapeutic agencies as have been found efficient in hospitals already in operation. A free interchange of opinion was had. Cases of a very marked character were related, in which the new method of treatment had proved successful, showing that its efficiency is no longer a question. The opinion that there exists a necessity for the inauguration of such a movement as that suggested by Dr. Mead, was unanimous; its importance in a humanitarian point of view was conceded, and its practicability, if founded upon a judicious basis, confidently expressed.

After the appointing of a committee to arrange a plan of operations, the meeting adjourned, to assemble at the same hall Wednesday evening, April 5th.

This committee, in their published circular, use the following language: "In order to secure the highest degree of usefulness, and to render the institution self-sustaining at the earliest practicable period, the earnest co-operation of friends, who have at heart the welfare of their afflicted fellow-beings, is indispensable. \* \* \* The prevalent views of the community are such that our appeal is more especially made to both ladies and gentlemen, among Spiritualists, and others of progressive thought."

(Signed) Allen Putnam, F. A. Gould, N. C. Conant, P. E. Gay, H. F. Gardner, Donald Kennedy, L. B. Wilson, A. S. Hayward, J. S. Ladd, Gorham Blake.

## The Davenport Brothers in Savannah.

These famous mediums, together with William M. Fay, have been holding séances in Savannah, Ga., and, judging from the accounts given in the papers, were very successful. The *Morning News*, after giving a detailed account of the proceedings, says:

"When we leave the séances of the Davenports, we abandon all theories of explanation of the phenomena we have seen, in the firm conviction that there is no other explanation as than is dreamt of in our philosophy. We know that it is impossible for them to have performed the feats we have witnessed, and are utterly at a loss to account for the employment by them of any human agency in their accomplishment."

The *Daily Advertiser* is likewise emphatic in its declaration of astonishment. It closes its account as follows:

"And now comes the most wonderful thing of the evening. The ropes that tie Prof. Fay are sealed with wax, the lights go out, and Judge Schley requests that Prof. Fay's coat come off. No sooner are the ropes sealed than the gas is ignited, the coat of the Professor being tossed into the air simultaneously, leaving him in his shirt-sleeves and perfectly motionless, with the seals unbroken. General Anderson's coat is then laid on the table, darkness reigns again, and he is heard to request that the Professor put it on. No sooner is the request made than it is fulfilled, the light showing the latter with it on as calm as possible. It is almost too strange to believe, and the audience put on their hats in conjunction with the committee, and leave the theatre, asking themselves whether or not they have been holding a levee with the devil instead of men."

## Music Hall Spiritualist Lectures.

James M. Peables closed his engagement in Boston before this course, by a lecture, on Sunday, April 23, which treated of death as formerly considered and as now explained by modern Spiritualism. He also casually referred to some of his European experiences. At the conclusion of his remarks, the choir sang a new and touching song—"Mother, take me home again."

Mr. Peables addressed a good audience on the evening of the same day, at Granite Hall, Chelsea. He left Boston on Monday morning, April 23, en route for New Orleans, La., where he is to speak the remaining four Sundays in April.

Prof. Wm. Denton speaks in the above hall, Sunday afternoon, on "The Origin of Morality, and its Obligation." The following Sunday, his theme will be "Prayer in the Light of Science and Common Sense." The present course of lectures closes with April, and another will be commenced next October.

## Radical Club at Webster, Mass.

We are informed that the free thinkers of this town perfected an organization under the above name, in August last. The effort has proved a success; and the lectures delivered under its auspices by Prof. William Denton, Hon. James M. Peables, Rev. Rowland Connor, and others, have been productive of excellent effect.

On Friday evening, March 31st, Mr. Peables addressed a good audience at Webster, the Putnam volunteer choir giving their services, and greatly adding to the interest of the occasion by their music. The meetings are to be continued for the present. These free radical clubs seem to promise to become a power in the land.

## The Descent of Man.

The concluding volume of Darwin's "Descent of Man," published by D. Appleton & Co., is a continuation of the argument to prove the origin of the human species to have been in the brute creation, and is occupied entirely with the topic of sexual selection. The conclusion at which Mr. Darwin arrives is that the immediate progenitor of man was a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits, and an inhabitant of the Old World. Further back, man's first ancestors were animals something like the "larvæ" of our existing marine ascidians.

Moses Hull, editor of the *Baltimore Crucible*, gives his opinion of Mr. Davis's new book as follows:

"THE FOUNTAIN: WITH JEES OF NEW MEANINGS.—Probably we never should have read this last work of A. J. Davis, had the report not been so universally spread that in it was the evidence of A. J. Davis's recantation and apostasy from Spiritualism. Would that the world were filled with just such apostates! We read 'The Fountain' with great care, and here permit us to say we endorse every word of it. If it is a recantation, put us in the same boat. Send for the book. You will find, beside his remarks on Spiritualism, a rich mine of useful knowledge."

In our next issue we shall publish a report of a very interesting discussion between W. E. Jamieson and Rev. A. O. Burgess, of Chicago, at Waukegan, Mich., March 24 and 25, photographically reported for the *Banner of Light*. This is the proposition that was discussed:

"Modern Spiritualism, Human Reason, Intuition, Science and Philosophy are the only true guides for man in all of his doings, and also reveal his future destiny. Mr. Jamieson, affirmative; Mr. Burgess, negative."

Mrs. Fannie Allyn gave a lecture at the close of her engagement in Leavenworth, Kansas, for the benefit of the "Home for Friendless Women."

## Exercises Commemorative of the Twenty-Third Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism.

At Elliot Hall, Elliot Street, Boston, Mass., Friday Evening, March 31st, 1871.

Reported for the *Banner of Light*.

At the place and on the evening above named a large assembly of the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity gathered to celebrate the twenty-third birthday of the modern phase of their faith. The preliminaries were carried out under direction of a numerous Committee of Arrangements, presided over by M. T. Dole. Dr. H. B. Storer, as Chairman of the meeting, called the audience to order at about eight o'clock, and announced the first exercise to be a song from the Music Hall choir, which kindly volunteered its services. "Joy Cometh," and another selection (both from the Spiritual Harp), were then finely rendered; a tableau followed, representing the greater amount of power to comfort in bereavement which Spiritualism possesses over the old religious systems. During its continuance the Temple Group choir and Hattie C. Richardson sang "Birdie" Wilson's spirit song, "With robesuds in my hand." "She is Waiting," was then given by the Music Hall choir; after which Dr. Storer proceeded to make a brief introductory and congratulatory address, which was evidently well appreciated.

He said on the present occasion those assembled were celebrating an event which had brought them into communion with the spiritual world. The mind turns spontaneously to that little house in Hydesville, whence, twenty-three years ago, proceeded those mysterious raps which have since been heard like a *reville*, following the sun around the world. As the Christian turns toward Bethlehem and the lowly manger where the founder of his faith was born, so we turn, in spirit, to-night, to that lowly habitation at Hydesville, recognizing in the event that there transpired the coming of our present faith, or, rather, knowledge. The importance of that occasion cannot be overestimated, demonstrating to us, as it does, God's unchanging laws and the great brotherhood of man. Spiritualism comes to show that the change of death does not separate us finally from those we love; it confirms the intuitions of the race; it confirms the traditions that have come to us from the past; it makes communication between ourselves and those on the other side a positive fact.

The Doctor said that on the present occasion was celebrated not only the coming of the spirits of the loved and so-called dead, but also the coming of a new system of faith, thought and feeling, for the feelings become spiritualized by the influence of Spiritualism. Our faith was broader than Christianity, and more fitted to the wants of mankind. Its beautiful influence would be felt in all classes of society. We have reason to believe we are aiding the progress of a movement yet destined to elevate the whole race to which we belong, and which causes joy in heaven and joy on earth. We rejoice, therefore, in the advance of that influence which destroys the fear of death, in which some "are all their lifetime subject to bondage." The Chairman briefly spoke of the various celebrations of the event going on the same evening in the country, especially in New York City, where some of those men most celebrated by their efforts for this truth with tongue and pen, had devoted the afternoon to the enjoyment of reasonable thought and speech, and now the dance was going on in the same spirit. These were occasions on which our joy should find expression. Our Christmas was not clothed with the superstitious fear of Christendom; we celebrated it with thankful hearts, realizing, on its annual return, the glorious chapter it constitutes in the history of mortality.

At the conclusion of his address, the Chairman introduced Miss Lizzie Doten, who spoke briefly as follows, her remarks and poem being warmly welcomed:

"In a certain literary work by the great German writer, Richter, a thought closely connected with Spiritualism is presented, and one that we may consider with profit in this hour. He relates that the hero of the tale forsook his wife—a patient, loving woman, whom he had most cruelly misunderstood. After years of absence, he returned to his home again, and, upon inquiring for her, he was directed to her grave. He visited it in the clear moonlight of a summer's night; and as he stood beside it, he felt that his repentance had come too late. Turning sorrowfully away, he retraced his steps to the inn. On reentering it, he found there a wandering minstrel—a woman—who sang a sad song, accompanying herself with the music of a harp; and the burden of her song was: 'Gone is gone, and dead is dead.' The utter hopelessness of these words filled his soul with anguish. 'Oh,' he exclaimed, 'thou loved one! patient and long-suffering, would that I could call thee back again, not to forgive me—oh no!—but rather that I might have the consolation of suffering for thy sake, and of showing thee by my repentance how differently I would conduct toward thee.' Beloved friends, drawn hither by the kindly influences of your magnetism, I take possession of this organism to-night, and announce myself as Achas W. Sprague. I have loved you in the flesh, and still love you in the spirit. Feeling assured of a welcome here, permit me to give you a poem, the subject of which is furnished by the burden of the wanderer's song—'Gone is gone, and dead is dead.'"

"Gone is gone, and dead is dead,"  
Words to hopeless sorrow woe—  
Words from deepest anguish wrung,  
Which a lonely wanderer sung,  
While her harp prolonged the strain,  
Like a spirit's cry of pain  
When all hope with life is fled:  
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

Mournful singer! hearts unknown  
Thrill responsive to that tone;  
By a common woe and woe,  
Kindred sorrows all must know.  
Lips all tremulous with pain  
Oh repeat that refrain  
When the faint shal be sped—  
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

Pain and death are everywhere—  
In the earth, and sea, and air;  
And the sunshine's golden glance,  
And the heaven's serene expanse,  
With a silence calm and high,  
Seem to mock that mournful cry  
Wrung from hearts by woe unfed—  
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead!"

Oh, ye sorrowing ones, arise;  
Wipe the tear-drops from your eyes;  
Lift your faces to the light;  
Read Death's mystery aright.  
Life unfolds from life within,  
And with death does life begin.  
Of the soul can ne'er be said,  
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

As the stars, which, one by one,  
Lift their torches at the turn,  
And across etherial space  
Sweep each to its destined place;  
So the soul's Promethean fire,  
Kindled never to expire,  
On its course immortal sped,  
Is not gone, and is not dead.  
By a Power to thought unknown,  
Love shall ever seek its own.  
Sundered not by time or space,  
With no distant dwelling-place,

Blessed spirits, angels bright,  
We rejoice with you to-night.  
And of us can ne'er be said,  
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

Evermore Love's quickening breath  
Calls the living soul from death;  
And the resurrection's power  
Comes to every dying hour.  
When the soul, with vision clear,  
Learns that Heaven is always near,  
Never more shall it be said,  
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead!"

Edward S. Wheeler was then introduced, who said it was his good fortune to write the first proposition with reference to the celebration of the advent of modern Spiritualism in this country. The announcement occurred at the Cleveland Convention, and was one of the brightest spots in the history of that meeting to him. An old gentleman, named James Lawrence, was the suggester of the idea. He would not assume that Spiritualism came to the world only twenty-three years ago, but, rather, that it took an impetus and force in its modern phase. We were gathered not so much, on the present occasion, to analyze or philosophize, as to congratulate ourselves and each other on the beginning that had been made. The speaker would have those present think of what Spiritualism had done for them. He was in darkness ere it came to him, but it rose on his horizon like a sun, changing the vapors of the night, and bringing healing in its wings. Before its coming, it seemed to him that, from the mysterious darkness behind to the darkness before, he seemed to be hurried across the arcanæ of human life, and disappear in the gulf of death. While in this frame of mind, he was witness to the fact of a continued contact with the country. The appearance to him, in a vision of the night, of a loved companion whom he supposed he had forever lost in the shadow of annihilation. The proof seemed positive, but, to be doubly sure, he made an appointment, mentally, between himself and the spirit, that it should appear again in fourteen days, if he had not truly seen a vision. He was not wandering in his mind. During that time the cares of the world excluded all remembrance of the matter, and he retired one evening, tired and weary, having forgotten his invitation to the beautiful visitant. But she had not, and so appeared to him again, with the same lovely features, (though in a different part of the room), and, on examining the record of his reflection, he found that the fourteen days had been observed to the hour. When the vision disappeared, he leaped from his bed, shouting, "We are immortal!" He was celebrating, on this occasion, that night in the vanished years when from his spirit fell the yoke of death.

Not long since an Orthodox minister in the city of New York said that one of the worst things about Spiritualism was that it took away from man's mind that wholesome fear of death, which is the chief power of the gospel. Yes, thank God! said the speaker. The dread of death has lost its power, and a feeling based on absolute knowledge and scientific research and analysis, has taken its place. Spiritualism had unveiled to the speaker the fact that he was a citizen of no one world, and had naturalized him in all the spheres that glisten in the far-off blue. This was not the wild rhapsody of stimulated enthusiasm, but the utterance of a demonstrable conviction. Mr. Wheeler could not agree with the speaker who proclaimed that the refreshing spiritual shower we have been enjoying is drawing to a close. This was contrary to his own experience among the people, and contrary to that of a majority of the communities visited during his travels. The phenomena of spirit intercourse were never more numerous, never more beautiful, than now.

He desired others to be true. He would inquire into the matter for themselves, and not take his word for it.

All the years, all the labor that he had given to the cause were repaid, when his father gave him his first message from the land of souls. He never asked that father to communicate, preferring to hear from him voluntarily, if at all. His father had passed on when the speaker was a little child, and after thirty-three years he came back to him, through a medium in the city of Washington, communicating his fatherly love and care, and signing at the bottom of the writing, letter by letter, his name—Joshua S. Wheeler.

Referring (as also had the Chairman) to the numerous celebrations then going on in other cities and towns far abroad over the nation, Mr. Wheeler said he was forcibly reminded of how, when the Spiritualists of Boston met for a grand jubilee at Music Hall on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary, he was at the Cleveland Convention, and as he sat upon the platform, his question was asked him, "What shall we say by telegraph to Dr. Gardner, now the Chairman of the Boston celebration?" and he said, "The West to the East, greeting: One in action to-day, one in country, one in purpose, one in progress, and one in destiny." [Applause.]

The speaker then called the attention of the Chairman to the fact that "they" were growing old—and that old men exhibited the fact by telling their reminiscences and by becoming garrulous. He would do nothing more at present toward winning the title, but would close, that others might follow.

Miss Sarah E. Lord then sang "I stand on memory's golden shore" from the "Spiritual Harp," after which a tableau, "The spirits are with us; or the two Lycæums," was finely represented—under direction (as was the former one) of Miss Mary A. Sanborn and Mrs. G. A. Bacon. Dr. Storer then announced that a few moments were left for speaking, and introduced Prof. J. F. Tooley, hoping as he did that he would not—as the last speaker did—make personal allusions to the age of the Chairman.

Prof. Tooley spoke briefly and facetiously, for the short space left, reminding those present that Spiritualism had a mirthful as well as a philosophical and scientific side. He referred approvingly to the dancing which was being done, and congratulated all on the pleasantness which filled the occasion.

Dr. Storer remarked in closing the meeting that it was Fred Douglass who said he prayed with his head for the obtaining of a certain object, after which he prayed with his feet and was successful. In announcing the next order of business, dancing—he hoped the remark would not be forgotten.

The floor was then rapidly cleared, and those desiring continued the dance till about two o'clock A. M. of Saturday—music by the Lyceum Quadrille Band—T. H. Carter, Prompter. The party was largely attended, and was one of the pleasantest of the season.

## Anniversary Exercises in Charlestown, Mass.

Quite a large number of ladies and gentlemen, connected with the First Spiritualist Association of that city, (so we are informed by a correspondent) feeling that the coming of the anniversary should be appropriately noticed, assembled on Friday evening, March 31st, at the residence of David Hill, for the exchange of mutual congratulations. An address was delivered by Dr. A. H. Richardson; then a circle was formed, at which many excellent tests were given, and the evening was passed in a happy and harmonious manner. Our correspondent further says:

"Although Spiritualism, in regard to its public demonstrations, is very quiet in our good city, in a more private way, we are doing much to spread its divine teachings. Quite a number of public circles are held each week, our Children's Lyceum is still in existence, and we have had a course of Sunday evening lectures, given by the Lyceum Society. The regular Sunday meetings have been suspended this season, but we hope that all may see and feel the necessity of their renewing in the future. The angels have done much for us in the past. Let us show our gratitude by a better concentration of our forces for the advancement of our philosophy."

There may be seen at present, soon after sunset, the planets Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and the Moon, all careering magnificently in their orbits; Mars in the east, Venus in the west, and Jupiter about in his zenith, with the moon rising toward her meridian. They all seem nearly in a direct line of the heavens, and are, when unclouded, remarkably brilliant, affording a rare and beautiful sight, such as we are not often favored with. This attractive display may be observed for several evenings to come. Saturn does not rise until toward morning; and Mercury rarely appears to the naked eye.



## THE SPIRIT MESSAGE FROM DR. THOMSON, ETC.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS., March 24th, 1871.  
 EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—As you desire the verification of spirit messages received at your Free Circles through Mrs. J. H. Conant, I venture to say that Dr. Samuel Thomson was long a resident of my native place (Surry, N. H.), and was the originator of the botanical method of treating disease. He subsequently removed to Boston, Mass., where he was a successful practitioner for many years; and I think died there, so you, doubtless, may have heard of him. His sons (four or five in number), were all botanically inclined, of some note in the West. He had one son, named Samuel; hence the distinctive title of old and young Sam, as they were familiarly called. The father (being somewhat inclined to infidelity) was not esteemed so much for his piety as for his success in the treatment of disease. My father (a "regular" physician) approved of many of his ideas, hence a friendly intercourse existed between them.

The message contains so many characteristics of the man that I should not hesitate in pronouncing it a genuine one (as he says) from "old Dr. Sam Thomson, and—nobody else."

The account of "Manifestations Sixty-four Years Ago," I also recognized as the same I had read (in pamphlet form) when quite young, and I never heard a doubt expressed of its truthfulness. The story of Col. Gardner, (I think was his name), and others, was among the wonderful occurrences of "auld lang syne," and I believe has been duly recorded in the *Banner* of years past. Had not my father been a disbeliever in the supernatural, many strange events occurring in our own family and vicinity might have been recorded and preserved by the elder portion (before my remembrance)—mysterious then, but less so now. In fact, belief in witchcraft was not wholly extinct at that time.

Perhaps you divined the cause of the great demand for the *Banner* of March 18th to be the communication from Mr. Moses A. Dow, a prominent citizen of Charlestown, I believe. There was such a call for it, that the supply here was exhausted in two or three days, and "no more to be had," was announced. So the two local papers (*Advertiser* and *Chronicle*) copied and published it in their last issue, (March 25th). So you see many good people will have a chance to read it all that would not dare touch the *Banner* of Light. I never felt more inclined to shout, "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth, peace, good will toward men." Amen.

Yours respectfully,  
 BETSEY CADES.

## A. J. Davis's Position.

The following correspondence, which we find in the *American Spiritualist*, is explicit and important:

CLEVELAND, O., March 6, 1871.  
 Dear Bro. Davis—I am about to enter into a discussion with Prof. Braden, of Charlestown, Ill., and I am informed that he expects to make much capital out of your "recantation," by our "anti-sensational" friend, the English Power, of *Spiritual Monthly* yesterday.

I have but little personal acquaintance with you, and yet have read your works with interest and profit to myself, and I confess I cannot but be "recanted." Will you oblige me by answering the following questions? You will understand I expect to use them. I shall not be offended if you refuse to answer them; I shall be more than pleased if you do answer. My discussion commences this evening, and will continue until the 18th inst. Questions: 1st—Are you a Spiritualist, believing in man's demonstrable immortality? 2d—Have you ever seen a spiritual being that was once a mortal man or human being, an inhabitant of our earth, through clairvoyance or otherwise? 3d—Are you a medium for revelation from another and higher life, or spiritual existence? 4th—Do you know that you are an immortal being, with ability to determine your immortality? Please answer by return mail. Yours for the cause of humanity. Accept regards of  
 E. V. WILSON.

ORANGE, N. J., March 10, 1871.  
 My Friend, E. V. Wilson—In reply to your kind letter of the 6th inst., I can freely and truthfully say that, 1st, I am a Spiritualist. 2d, I have seen and held conversations with persons who once lived on earth. 3d, I have, at intervals in my life, exercised the functions proper to several phases of mediumship, and still continue to exercise these functions when occasion requires. 4th, and lastly, I know that I am not the end of my personal existence, and I believe intuitively that I am immortal. In justice to me, Bro. Wilson, I ask that you will state that the foundation of my own experience is clairvoyance; but that the idea lately circulated, that I have "recanted," or wish to exalt clairvoyance at the expense of mediumship, is wholly erroneous. My recent effort was directed toward the abuse and misapplication of the word "mediumship," and omitted the great ideas and rational principles upon which alone the world can ever accomplish much religious progress. Hence you will do yourself and the subject justice, I remain your friend,  
 A. J. DAVIS.

## Woman's Labor Exchange and Intelligence Bureau.

A NEW OPENING FOR WOMAN'S INDUSTRY.  
 The general homelessness of women, and their consequently restricted range of employment, is the great cause whereby so many are crowded into avocations for which they are unfitted, and too often prove ruinous to their health and morals. It is well known that most kinds of shop-work and sedentary employment, especially the running of sewing machines, are rapidly destructive to women's health. Most women employed in factories or on sewing machines contract spinal diseases; so that the average becomes prey to thoroughly broken down in about three years, and unfitted for any severe labor, or to become heads of families. As a last resort, hoping perhaps to regain their health, or when out of work by reason of dull times, many of these "broken-down women" seek refuge in "domestic service." By the old hap-hazard way of procuring help and employment, these women seldom find homes adapted to their needs, over-exert themselves in unaccustomed ways to retain their places, and quickly lose their last remnant of health and all chance of recovery. Unable to labor continuously, if at all, they are driven to shelter in cheap rooms—more properly, dens—and earn a precarious living by "stop" or "charity" work, or it may be, become float-women in our streets, correctional institutions, charities or hospitals. Many of these women might regain their health by light but varied labor in good homes, where their health could be looked after, wisely, kindly and conscientiously, by their employers; while many housekeepers stand in need of just such non-laborious service as these girls could render.

The Women's Economical Garden Homestead League believe these two classes can be brought together, and become mutual helpers, each to the other, by a system of registering the wants and addresses of both. For this purpose, their headquarters at Mayflower Hall, 85 Hanover street, Boston, will be open from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M. Instruction in various skilled industries will, as far as possible, be given to worthy women desirous of extending their means of livelihood by their own labor. Their endeavor is to help women to help themselves, without wounding their self-respect.

Contradictory reports come to us from Memphis concerning the Brinkley College ghost story, an account of which we gave in our last issue. One statement is, that the person in charge of the "mysterious jar" had been reassured, and the jar stolen from him. Another account considers the whole story a sensational affair, got up to sell a local paper. One thing is certain, however, none of the parties concerned are Spiritualists. We shall patiently await further developments.

## New Publications.

OVER THE OCEAN; or, Sights and Scenes in Foreign Lands, by Curtis Guild, editor of the *Boston Commercial Bulletin*, is a fresh publication, by the always enterprising house of Lee & Shepard, of the transcripts of foreign travel furnished by the author some time since, on the occasion of his first experience abroad. The reading public very widely expressed its opinion of the contents of this volume at the time of its appearance; but we find them here touched up, elaborated and finished in a more truly literary guise, perhaps with no more pretentiousness to authorship, but at least with that additional taste and care which betray at a glance the presence of the practiced literary hand.

The author sees out of his own eyes, and writes his own tongue. If he makes any conscious exertion in his narrative, it is because he would be strictly individual. We should be glad to quote a sketch from him here and there, but that is forbidden us. We must be content to only refer to the graphic power he possesses to present a picture, the humorous element that serves to oil his off-hand description, the penetration of his views, the freshness of his remark, and the apparent pleasure it gives him to tell others how much he saw to enjoy, and why it was he did enjoy it. It is altogether a very welcome book of travels, making an excellent guide for such as intend to go abroad, and a pleasant companion and instructor to those who stay at home. Its mechanical appearance is every way superior, and the publishers have testified their own opinion of the worth of the book by giving it a handsome dress, exceptional even among their striking productions.

GEAR, FORTUNE, and How they were Made; or, The Struggles and Triumphs of our Self-made Men, by James D. McCabe, Jr., is the decidedly attractive title of a stout and handsome volume, devoted to a theme that stirs the hearts of the whole people, without respect to their origin or condition, profusely illustrated by G. F. and E. B. Bessell, and bound in elegant and unique styles. It is published by George Maclean, 3 School street, Boston, and is a subscription book, varying in price, according to style of binding, from \$3.50 to \$7.00. It instances such a number and variety of men who rose from penury to wealth and greatness, that no reader, not yet old, can peruse the pages without feeling his ambition fired to undertake what he might not otherwise have dreamed of. Here we see the triumphs of the journalist, the lawyer, the merchant, the steamboat manager, the actor, the telegrapher, and, in fact, of men picked from every walk in life, to illustrate the impressive lesson of effort, industry, courage, and faith. The author handles his topics skillfully, draws a bold and striking portrait, narrates personal experience with true effect, and picturesquely, and inculcates those precepts which, if duly obeyed, are sure to lift any one out of his low condition in this free country, and advance him to fame, fortune and honor. Such a book will be sure to do a great work among young men.

Leo & Shepard publish Dr. Storor's CAUTION, COURAGE AND TENDREZ OF HEART, ISSUED IN TWO VOLUMES, a little book, which the distinguished author inscribes to the members of the Gynecological Society of Boston, already esteemed a power in the land. The contents of this volume originally appeared in the *Transactions of the American Medical Association* in 1865, and are herewith produced in individual form at the request of physicians interested in Gynecology, who desire such a treatise separately for their book-shelves. Dr. Storor, while holding that the brain is the seat of insanity, denies that it is in all cases the cause, and he proceeds to develop his explanations of distant causation, and especially the rationale of pelvic disturbances and affections, as connected with the disease in women. The treatment of his theme passes our capacity for criticism, and we can only say that it is a subject of great social importance, handled by a learned and scientific man, who is an explorer in the fields of his chosen pursuit.

Alexander Moore, the well-known publisher of *Good Health*, presents to the gas-consuming public a timely little manual entitled, *The Gas-Consuming Guide*, which gives us in detail the rules and precepts for the proper management and economical use of gas, with a full description of gas-meters, and directions for ascertaining the consumption by meter. We have no doubt the instruction conveyed on these pages to a large class of the public will prove most acceptable, as it will most valuable.

Leo & Shepard bring out another of those popular and striking Swedish novels, by Marie Sophie Schwartz, translated by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. Its title is *GUZZ AND INNOVATION*, and it is highly commended as a tale of village life in Sweden. Leo & Shepard are engaged in the reproduction of the Schwartz novels as fast as they can pass through the hands of competent translators, and they have opened a mine of romantic wealth, which the readers of fiction will not be slow to improve the use of. Their mechanical work is attractive in a very high degree.

J. P. Mendum has published *THE LIFE OF THOMAS PAINE*, author of "Common Sense," "Rights of Man," and "Age of Reason," by G. Vale, accompanied with critical and explanatory observations of his writings. It is a very convenient edition of the life of a powerful modern reformer, and must be widely sought after by those who are interested in Paine himself or the spirit of reform which he so resolutely illustrated during his life and in his writings. It reads like a romance, with a substratum of the broadest and profoundest philosophy.

Charles H. Spencer publishes, among new plays and new editions, in convenient pamphlet form, the following comedies, farces, &c.: *The Babes in the Wood*, by Tom Taylor; *Boquet*, from the French; *Puckins*, by W. R. Emerson; and *An Ugly Customer*, by T. J. Williams.

THE BOOK OF BUSINESS is put forth in extremely neat form by Evans, Doddard & Co., Philadelphia, and is a little gem of collections of Hibernicisms, Bolls that are not Irish, Typographic Errors, and a nameless variety of other paragraphs, anecdotes, and witticisms, all of them done inadvertently, that forms a truly unique collection of blunders, blunders, never arranged in such a burnished armor before. It will drive away a fit of blues with peals of side-aching laughter, and keep off drowsiness, blivious affections, and the glum influences of indigestible Orthodoxy.

MEANS'S MUSEUM for April is received. This Magazine is conducted with rare appreciation of what will entertain and instruct young readers. Horace B. Fuller, Publisher, Boston.

## New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have just issued another of Albert Jungmann's compositions, entitled "In the Fields;" "Merry Land of Childhood," by C. Templeton—words by George Cooper; "Oh, for the Wings of a Dove"—a sacred quartet—by J. S. Knight; "Again the flowers we loved to twine," words by Rev. Thomas Dale, music by Loring D. Barnes.

## Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Thos. Gales Foster has just concluded a successful lecturing engagement in Baltimore. This month he speaks in Troy, N. Y.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes will lecture in Baltimore during April.

E. V. Wilson and Rev. Clark Braden have recently had a discussion on Spiritualism in Cleveland, Ohio. Bro. Braden fell in the rear, "weak and wounded, sick and sore."—*Crucible*.

Mrs. A. W. Tanner is lecturing in Manchester, N. H.

Mrs. E. A. Blair, the spirit artist, is at present in Manchester, N. H.

Mrs. A. P. Brown will lecture in Swiftwater, N. H., June 4th.

Cophas B. Lynn is lecturing in Louisville, Ky. Mrs. Wilcox has just closed a profitable engagement there—so a correspondent informs us.

N. Frank White has been lecturing in Texas. The *Austin Daily Journal*, of March 23d, says: "Prof. White, the very popular and successful lecturer on modern Spiritualism, will speak to-night, at eight o'clock, at the Senate Chamber, on the abounding subject. The immediate topics for discussion will be handled by the audience, and from the number selections will be made to form the heads of the discourse. The price of admission is placed at the small fee of fifty cents. Prof. White intends in a few days to return northward; and those of our citizens who are desirous of investigating a theme of such passing interest, and making such lofty claims to public attention as a system of psychological philosophy, should embrace this rare opportunity. Prof. White will also lecture at the same hall next Sunday night."

James Cooper, M. D., of Bellefontaine, Ohio, started for California the first week in April. He will be absent five or six weeks.

J. Madison Allen lectures in Hyde Park, Sunday, April 9th. Will make further engagements.

Mrs. S. A. Waterman has entered the lecturing field. She spoke at Allport and Joliet recently, and gave good satisfaction. Her address is Kankakee, Ill., P. O. box 273.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER OF THE BANNER.—First Page: "Day by Day," poem, by May Kendall; "Elfin Espagollet," by L. Hoarn; "The Home Mission," by Jane M. Jackson. Second: Original Essay—"The Antiquity of the Cross," by G. L. Ditson, M. D.; poem—"Bill's Definition," by Fred Best; "Reply to Frederick Robinson," by N. Reynolds; "Dread Thought—"Settled Speakers," by Dean Clark; "The Arcana of Spiritualism and the Year-Book," by K. Graves. Third: "Spiritualism vs. Demonology," by Col. L. W. Ransom; "Animal Magnetism," by L. L.; "Is there a God of Infinite Perfection?" by Austin Kent; "Church and State," by I. C. Ray; "Seers Past and Present," by E. H. Nichols; List of Spiritualist Lecturers, and Obituary Notices. Fourth and Fifth: Editorials, Report of Anniversary Exercises, and Poem by Miss Lizzie Doten; Items, etc. Sixth: Message Department; Poem—"The Unwise Choice," by Alice Gray; *Banner* Correspondence from Wisconsin, Indiana, Maine and New Hampshire. Seventh: Business Announcements. Eighth: Correspondence by Warren Chase; "Western Locals," by Cephas B. Lynn.

28.—We have received a copy of Cora L. V. Tappan's new book, "Hesperia: an Epic of the Past and Future of America," which we shall review in our next issue.

29.—The angels are fond of beautiful flowers—emblems of their homes in heaven; and this is the reason they request flowers to be placed on the altar of our circle room. Gifts of this nature will be gratefully received.

30.—We acknowledge the receipt of reports made to the United States Senate on the Pacific Railroad.

A series of two cent lectures is to be delivered to the workingmen in London by such eminent gentlemen as Professors Huxley, Huggins, Roscoe and others.

Hans Christian Andersen, despite his seventy-five years, intends to visit the United States this fall.

It was Coleridge who said of a schoolmaster who was fond of applying the birch, that it was lucky for the cherubim who carried him to heaven that they were all heads and wings.

BANNER OF LIGHT.—The prospectus of this paper appears in our columns, elsewhere. We have seen, the "Banner of Light" is devoted to the promulgation of the spiritual philosophy, which is far superior to the efforts of the old theology as the Hyperion to Satyr. The "Banner" is an ably conducted paper, and is doing a good work in freeing minds from old superstitions. Our motto—which is not original—is, "let there be light." We sometimes regret that we publish a secular, rather than a religious paper, we so like to use the sacred body of Calvinism, and its *ad gentes omnes*. But we must forbear.—*Saratoga Sentinel*.

Capl. Charles Robbins, who has been the master of the South Boston House of Correction ever since its establishment in 1833, died there, Monday, March 27th, after a long illness. He was seventy-one years of age.

No man can be master in conversation who has not talked with women.

A Michigan woman writes that, of all the pitiable objects on the face of the earth, a hen-pecked husband is the worst. We think we have seen some rarer-pecked wives quite as worthy of compassion.—*Revolution*.

In the Waterville (Me.) poor-house, last year, there was more money spent for tobacco than for medicine.—*Ex.*

Does this prove that the tobacco warred off disease? Will some one of our Eastern contemporaries explain?

THE NEW ARRIVAL.  
 There came to port, last Sunday night,  
 The queerest little craft,  
 Without an inch of rigging on—  
 I looked, and looked, and laughed;  
 I tried to sing, but I could not,  
 Should cross the Unknown water,  
 And moor herself right in my room—  
 My daughter, oh, my daughter!

Yet, by these presents, witness all,  
 She's welcome into my life,  
 And comes consigned to Love and Love,  
 And common motto rhymes.  
 She has no manifest but this—  
 No rag floats o'er the water;  
 She's too new for the British boys—  
 My daughter, oh, my daughter!  
 Ring out, wild bells, and some one, too—  
 Ring out the lover's moon;  
 Ring out the little worsted socks,  
 Ring in the love and spouse;  
 Ring out the music, ring in the nurse,  
 Ring in the milk and water;  
 Away with paper, pens and ink—  
 My daughter, oh, my daughter!

A Syracuse Court has assessed the value of two young boys lost on a railway at \$400 apiece, and the price of an infant killed by a street car at \$300.

Julia Ward Howe recently stated that in Massachusetts, by the law, the widowed mother, on her second marriage, might be deprived of her first children. Now reverse the situation, and wherever woman stands written over against disabilities, abuses, frauds, the disregard of natural and acquired claims, write the name of man. Hang the picture up before the face of every man in the land, and let him through this changed image of himself see woman as she actually is without the power to protect her most sacred interests, without appeal from the laws he has made, either purposely or ignorantly for her oppression, and ask himself whether he is doing as he would be done by, in like case, when he bounds down the women who dare claim their rights to the privileges of citizenship.

Modesty among American women is like politeness with the French. There is much that is true and much that is false. But both the genuine and spurious of those virtues agree a healthy state of morals—for as bad bank notes come of good ones, so does even false modesty indicate that esteem in which the genuine is held.—*Sax*.

A daughter was born to Ole Bull, the renowned violinist, in West Lebanon, Me. recently.

OVERESTIMATED.—Ed. Riker, in a note to us, says: "I regretted to see, a few weeks ago, that Mr. Cephas B. Lynn gave the endorsement of his pen to the gross exaggeration of the population of Kansas City, by stating it to be 32,000, instead of about 18,000, at the most."

Rev. Henry W. Bellows has taken active charge as editor-in-chief of *The Liberal Christian*, Rev. J. B. Harrison retiring. We hope the paper will not receive from its well-earned reputation for liberality.

A healing medium wishes a situation. She will take charge as housekeeper, nurse, or business matters. Reference exchanged. Address, for three weeks, Mrs. E. Foster, care M. J. Kerrigan, 330 Tremont street, Boston.

COUGHS.—The administration of medicinal preparations in the form of a lozenge is of all modes the most eligible and convenient, more especially as regards a Cough Remedy. "Brown's Bronchial Lozenge," or Cough Lozenge, affords relief in such cases, inducing coughing, giving instant relief in Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Influenza, and Consumptive and Asthmatic complaints.

## More New Subscribers.

Since our last report our old patrons have added to our subscription list one hundred and twenty-one names. H. Beekman sent seven; J. F. Perkins, six; O. W. Cotton, four; J. A. Jost, two; N. Lamb, two; J. Ramsay, two; W. Hamilton, two; John D. Smith, one; A. M. Bradbury, one; M. V. Lincoln, one; J. F. Wyman, one; J. McNeer, one; E. E. Matteson, one; H. Halbut, one; J. Noble, Jr., one; E. J. Kempton, one; Miss J. E. Taylor, one; S. D. Sayer, one; M. Adams, one; Dr. N. H. Howitt, one; Mrs. H. W. Gifford, one; O. French, one; Mrs. C. Montague, one; T. H. Morse, one; J. F. Eddy, one; C. F. Pond, one; J. Fenton, one; G. Kates, one; D. Bostwick, one; J. B. Randall, one; B. K. Canney, one; D. Wood, one; F. B. Taylor, one; C. I. Kidder, one; E. H. Butler, one; Dr. N. P. Bean, one; E. Cross, one; S. Adams, one; D. H. Harmon, one; F. Odell, one; Mrs. O. E. Keith, one; Dr. D. V. Bowen, one; George K. Foster, one; Mrs. M. J. Williams, one; R. Lake, one; G. Brackett, one; J. Farquhar, one; E. Abbeage, one; D. Wright, one; M. Hale, one; Mrs. E. F. Gardner, one; Geo. A. Rowe, one; S. Howard, one; Mrs. R. Warner, one; Mrs. S. A. Van Alstine, one; J. M. Potter, one; J. S. Bean, one; Mrs. E. J. Wells, one; W. B. Barrett, one; J. J. Frost, one; W. Wright, one; L. A. Corson, one; J. Rummel, one; Mrs. J. A. Wells, one; J. King, one; M. A. Chappell, one; J. R. Moor, one; Mrs. S. A. Jester, one; C. Dickinson, one; J. Russ, one; W. Morse, one; J. B. Cook, one; W. R. B., one; Mrs. W. M. Osborne, one; E. M. Jones, one; B. F. Brown, one; N. Pool, one; S. Austin, one; Mrs. M. Whit, one; Dr. J. D. C. Hoel, one; Anna Charles, one; George Woodworth, one; Dr. Geo. W. Lusk, one; Mrs. M. Mark, one; William Fuller, one; Mrs. E. C. Ross, one; E. W. Abbott, one; B. W. Riner, one; A. T. Moore, one; C. E. Easton, one; H. A. Goodall, one; Miss S. L. Carter, one; Mrs. M. S. Winship, one; Mrs. E. E. Luther, one; E. Commons, one; L. H. Kimball, one; H. Hunt, one; W. W. Farmer, one; M. W. Comstock, one; Charles Crane, one.

## Moses Currier, the Medium.

As we are about to close the spaces at 300 Main street, Charlestown, for the present season, we would take this opportunity to thank the many friends and strangers who have attended these sances, for the kind sympathy, earnest attention and close investigation that they have manifested. It has been our endeavor to so conduct the sances that all might have the undisturbed right of hearing, without which no person could judge honestly.

From the kind greetings and words of cheer of those noble souls who can feel and realize the power and beauty of spirit presence, we feel that we have been able to give some strength and encouragement as they pass along the ways of life.

From the many earnest and honest questions asked by the true, doubting skeptics, we also feel that they have found something worthy of their candid thought.

We shall close these sances about the 20th of the present month; and we would notify all friends who intend to witness these manifestations to do so before that time.

Charlestown, April 3d, 1871. W. W. CURRIER.

## Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 80 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoölogical Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 35 cts. THE MARY WATSON PAMPHLET. A weekly paper published in London. Price 5 cts. THE RELIGIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. S. Jones, Esq. Price 5 cts. THE LYONIAN BANNER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cts. THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 5 cts. THE ORACLE. Published in Baltimore. Price 5 cts. THE HARBOUR OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 20 cts. per copy.

## Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Entrance on Tremont and Winter streets.

April 9, Lecture by Prof. William Denton.

The fourth course of lectures on the philosophy of Spiritualism will be continued in the elegant and spacious Music Hall.

EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

until the close of April, under the management of Lewis B. Wilson. Prof. William Denton will lecture the four last Sundays of the course. Vocal exercises by an excellent quartette.

## BUSINESS MATTERS.

CHARLES H. FOSTER, Test Medium, No. 20 West Fourth street, New York City. A1.

Mrs. J. H. FOSTER, Business and Test Medium, 150 Elliot Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. 5w-Mar. 25.

M. K. CASSIN answers Sealed Letters at 185 Bank street, Newark, N. J. 2w-A15.

THE LADIES, God bless them, always praise God; let them be the minister for unliving things. Try it. A15.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth avenue, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps. A1.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 105 East 12th street, New York. Terms \$2 and 3 stamps. Money refunded when not answered. M25.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

THINGS WHICH ARE SURE.  
 "It is sure, if in the beautiful Spring  
 The husbandman prepares his soil,  
 And sows his seed, the Fall may bring  
 A rich reward for all his toil;  
 If we endeavor to do right,  
 In daily dealing with mankind,  
 We shall be sure of peace and light,  
 And sweet our rest from labor find.  
 When hours may need a "Sail of Cloth,"  
 God, Jesus, Father and Spirit, complete,  
 They're sure to find them at FENSO's,  
 Corner of Beach and Washington street.  
 Apr. 15.—1w

HERMAN SNOW,  
 319 KEARNEY ST., (Up Stairs,) SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,  
 Keeps for sale the

BANNER OF LIGHT,  
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## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the **Banner of Light** was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of  
**Mrs. J. H. Conant.**  
 While in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

**The Banner of Light Free Circles.**  
 These Circles are held at No. 158 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.

**Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room are solicited.**  
 The questions answered at these Séances are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

### Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

Since our last report the following sums have been received, for which the friends have our warmest thanks:  
 George Watt.....\$1.00  
 Elias Russell......50  
 Jno. Benson......1.00  
 A friend......50  
 Friend......45

### Invocation.

Oh thou in whom suns, and systems, and worlds, and universes, and souls, have their being; thou who numberest the stars, and callest each one through the heavenly spaces, and they obey; thou, our Father and our Mother, we praise thee. We praise thee for life—even though it shall send its wild waves over our souls, still for life we praise thee. And for as much of the spirit of truth as we can comprehend, we praise thee. For all those individuals through whom truth has been made apparent to us, we praise thee. For our brother Jesus—he whose memory and in whose honor chaplets to-day are weaving, and songs are sung, we praise thee; he who could gather the truths of all preceding ages—could string them together like pearls, and give them a new significance and new life, not only to his age but to all succeeding times—oh, for him we praise thee. And while there be many, very many scattered over the earth who shall cry, "Lo! Christ is here, or lo! he is here," may every soul be enabled to look within its own secret chamber and there find the Christ Spirit—the infant Jesus who shall lead them unto all truth. And for the Christ of our day, we praise thee; for those great minds that have gone out into the world with tongue and pen, and have uttered those sublime truths that will live forever and ever, we praise thee. For those strong and mighty souls who have feared not even death, who have been martyrs to the truth, that humanity might be blessed, we praise thee; and we ask that thy favored children of this age may, looking around them, see much to praise thee for. As they look out into Nature, may they behold thee there, a living, loving and kind spirit, ministering to all their wants. As they turn within and view there the realm of spirit, oh may they join with the angels in singing to thee a glad anthem of praise; and may they also join with Nature, beautiful Nature, that is forever chanting a glorious anthem to thee. And thus may we, one and all—the seen and the unseen—the living, and those whom the living call dead—praise thee, and stretch forth our hands to more glorious achievements, till at last this generation shall look down on the one that succeeds it in the earth-life with triumph and joy. Amen.

### Questions and Answers.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—I am ready to consider your questions, Mr. Chairman.

**Ques.**—If our spirit friends can see us, why can we not see them as well?

**Ans.**—They can see your physical form through the physical nerve-aurea that exists in the natural world, and which is largely evolved by mediums. Through this means, and this means only, they can see you in physical, objective life. Now, then, through another feature of the same law, you in physical life can be enabled to see them by the unfolding of the mediunistic power of clairvoyant sight. The veil is drawn away from the spiritual eye of the medium—time and space are annihilated for the time being, and such persons revel in the world of spirits. But this is done by and through the atmosphere which is exhaled from the spiritual and natural bodies combined; if it is adequate to the exercise of clairvoyance, then the individual encased in physical life can see those you call dead; but if it is not adapted to the exercise of clairvoyance, then there is no spiritual sight opened. All the conditions of life are held accountable to the inexorable decrees of infinite law—a law which cannot be broken—cannot be impinged upon.

**Q.**—In the history of the world it appears evident that nations and peoples have attained an apparently high condition of intelligence and civilization, accompanied by refinement, &c., &c., and then relapsed into decay and ruin. What is the cause? and will this country be likely to share a like fate?

**Ans.**—The cause is deep seated in Nature, and in God. It seems to be the order of Nature, as of mind, to descend after having ascended to a certain high eminence, whether that high eminence be in art, science, politics, religion or civilization—it matters not whether it tends. After having ascended to a certain soul-height, it becomes necessary for the soul to descend into the valley of apparent loss. This fair American Continent is as surely destined to decay as it is destined to reach a higher state of civilization before that decay commences. It is a well-known fact to us in the spirit-world, that there have been several great nationalities which have lived here where this nation of the present day has its life. They have gone down into oblivion, and here in the earth-life there is no record of their ever having existed; but in the spirit-life there is an accurate record of all their conditions—the time of their rise and fall—the march of their civilization, and all the circumstances pertaining to them as nationalities. Judging from the past, it is certainly not unwise to expect that this great nation, after having reached a certain altitude, will begin to descend, and that which is will be no more.

**Q.**—Some spirit has made the statement that here, where now this city stands, there was once a city equal in size and population to the present one. Do you know of your own knowledge that this is a fact?

**Ans.**—I know that the record in the spirit-world tells us that it is so.

**Q.**—May it not have been down in the harbor, among the islands?

**Ans.**—I decide it to have been precisely here.

**Q.**—One of the apostles of the New Testament says concerning Christ: "Him being delivered by the determinate council and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have

crucified and slain." Was there any special determinate council in the case of Jesus, more than in other men?

**Ans.**—There was. A band of wise, benevolent spirits desired to benefit humanity; to give humanity truths that they were ready for; to sweep away the mists and darkness that were enshrouding their souls; to preach truth to them in its simplicity, its nakedness, denuded of ceremony and church creeds; and so they, by natural means, produced the man Jesus as the organization that would be best fitted for them to use in the utterance of these truths to the world. These wise spirits were parts of God, infinite intelligences; and without hesitation and of a truth we may say that this was brought about by God, revealing, through human means, by the exercise of divine power, truth to the world that was in darkness and needing light.

**Q.**—Did they permit him to be crucified as the best means of preserving a recollection of his life and deeds?

**Ans.**—Certainly; for through his crucifixion there were impressed upon the age and upon all succeeding ages grander truths, more glorious ideas than he ever could have given in all his life. In his crucifixion, all the truth that had been given through him was rendered the more sacred by his blood—the divine conditions attending his crucifixion. Dec. 27.

### James H. Willets.

James H. Willets, of Coventry, Ohio. [How do you do?] Knowing that my mother is anxious to know where and how I died, and what is my condition since death, I have begged permission to come here. I was a private in the First Ohio Cavalry. I was wounded and taken prisoner at what you know as the second Bull Run battle. When I began to recover from my wounds—I had three; I think I was wounded in the right arm, and my left foot was shattered, and my left shoulder—when I began to recover, or there was a chance of my living, I was transferred from a comfortable hospital to prison, and there I died. [Was it at Richmond?] No—Salsbury, North Carolina. I had no fear of the hereafter, but I did desire to reach my friends either by letter or in person before I died; but it was not granted.

I had been suffering for some hours for water and food, which were denied us, and I suppose I got rather impatient and said some hard things, for which I was speedily transferred from this mundane to the spiritual world. My first thought, after coming to consciousness and strength there, was how to be revenged on the officer in command, who shot me; and I employed my powers to seek out some way to wreak vengeance on him for a long time—I cannot tell how long. But I soon saw I was losing ground myself, and getting into a bad condition, without hurting him at all; so I abandoned the chase, and turned my attention to other things; since when I have been contented and happy, and would not exchange worlds now if I could. This is the bulk of my experience as a spirit. Dec. 27.

### Annie Cameron.

My name is Annie Cameron, and my father says Spiritualism is a lie, and so I have come back to tell him that it isn't a lie. I have been with him ever since I left my body; I have been away since last February, and have been with him all the time, and I'm going to tell him something; I would not do it if it wasn't to show him that he is mistaken, but Dr. Fisher says that violent diseases need violent remedies, so I am going to tell him what he did with my mother's watch. He says he do not know anything about it. I say he does, and I am going to tell him what I know about it, and see if he do not know the same. He borrowed one hundred and thirty-five dollars of Mr. Gaskins, of St. Louis; he borrowed it to pay what he calls a debt of honor. And Mr. Gaskins waited for it—for the pay—the time promised, and then he asked my father for it and he had not got it. So he asked him if he could not give him something in pledge till he could pay it. He said he did not know; he would call round next day and tell him. He went home, and the next day the thought struck him to take my mother's watch, which was valuable to her as her father's gift at her wedding, and valuable to her in another sense, too. But my father took it, and he never redeemed it; and now he says, Very well—there's nobody knows anything about the transaction except Mr. Gaskins and himself, unless he has told somebody. He can ask Mr. Gaskins; I do not think he has told anybody. So if they haven't any of them told it, how came I to know of it if I wasn't a spirit? Now he had not ought to be so hard about Spiritualism, when he don't know anything about it; and if he continues to be so hard—keeps on saying such hard things and doing such hard things—I think I shall tell some other things. I do not want to, because they'll make mother feel bad, but I shall, because Mr. Parker says the dead will justify the means. But I do not want to do it; I hope he will be reached without my doing it. Good-day, sir.

### George C. Russell.

[How do you do?] I am well, sir. I am here because she that was my wife when I lived in the body has called for me to come. Now it is unnecessary to make the statement to her that I was not a Spiritualist before death, because she knows it; but it may be necessary to state why I was not; I saw and heard so many foolish things connected with Spiritualism that I ignored the whole thing. Instead of going to work and analyzing it, and taking the good and leaving out the bad, I cast it out altogether. She believed it, ran after it, and made a fool of herself many times. I am in the habit of speaking plain English; I do not mouth my words.

She asks me: "Would you advise me to marry Mr. So-and-so, or would you advise me to refuse him?" I answer her, "My dear madam, do just as you please, and then you will be satisfied; because I am very sure you will do as you have a mind to, notwithstanding my advice." But I would mention another thing, and that is, we spirits have something better to do than hunting up this or that man's character, and whether this match is going to be a good one or a bad one. We have something better to do. Neither are we a spiritual police force—as many suppose us to be—whose duty it is to look after stolen goods and like matters.

My wife rather strongly objected, at one time, to my getting an insurance on my house and furniture, saying that the spirits would take care of it. "Good God!" says I, "if they're nothing better to do than looking after my house and furniture, I am ashamed of them." Well, well, I like your Spiritualism—the good part of it. It's glorious! It's a grand truth! but it has called to itself from out all classes of society a crowd of people—the strange people, too—who, as a whole, are too credulous, too prone to believe in the unreasonable, not inclined enough to believe in the reasonable part of Spiritualism. If their old grandmother comes to them, why don't George Washington come? or some other dignitary? Not

satisfied with something reasonable, they want to stretch it into the unreasonable at once. Well, the sages of our life tell us that this comes in consequence of their swinging like pendulums that have been hit a knock, which go just as far the other way. From Orthodoxy to Spiritualism they swing, and beyond it, and by-and-by they will settle down to a reasonable gait and be satisfied.

Have you got my name all right? [You have not given it yet.] Well, my name was George C. Russell; I suppose I shall from Cincinnati; and, as I was n't a Jew, I was a pork dealer. Dec. 27.

Séance conducted by Theodore Parker.

### Invocation.

Then Holy Spirit, who art many in one, we breathe our prayers out upon the bosom of this winter day; and we ask that our purposes may be as pure as is the garment with which thou art adorning Mother Nature to-day. We pray for those who art in sorrow, that they may be comforted; for those who are sick, that they may be healed; for those who are spiritually dead in trespasses and in sins, that they may be resurrected to a new and diviner life, to higher and holier purposes and uses. For the little children we pray, that while they are a blessing to the earth, they may receive a blessing from the earth; for those who are sad, knowing not of the future, we pray that the light of thy holy spirit, the divine light of truth, may illuminate their souls, animate all the dormant chambers of their being. And we praise thee, oh, Holy Spirit, that we live and move in thee; that we have overcome death and hell, and have risen triumphant from the sorrows of the mortal life. We praise thee that we have heard thy voice calling us again to earth to become ministering spirits to those who have need. We ask only for strength and wisdom to pursue thy way, and pursue it rightly; only for light to see our duty, and, in seeing it, for strength to do it; and thus shall thy kingdom come to us, and the peace that passeth human understanding be our portion forever and ever. Amen.

Dec. 29.

### Questions and Answers.

**CHAIRMAN.**—A correspondent desires me to read the following extract, which appeared in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* of Dec. 17th:

"Spiritualism has received a blow from one of its professors, and that one none other than the lady who made herself famous at Bridgeport, Conn., a week ago, by predicting the early destruction of a manufacturing establishment. Her prophecy caused the employees to vacate the doomed factory, and the owners of the place to have the proprietress arrested for interfering with their business. Escaping from the clutches of the law, she was taken in hand by an exhibitor. She gave a public display of her art to an immense audience, and, while unraveling the future for the benefit of her hearers, her employer left the hall and the town with the cash proceeds of the séance. The exhibitor was able to foretell the fortunes and misfortunes of others, the Connecticut medium—she claims to be acting under spiritual influences—had no knowledge of her own affairs."

**Ans.**—Your correspondent commences his article with declaring that Spiritualism has received a blow. We do not so understand it. Spiritualism can never be harmed by the shortcomings, the failures of those who profess to be Spiritualists. Now with reference to this particular case we have not much to say, except to declare that the person in question is undoubtedly a medium for spirit communications; and being a medium for spirit communications, is by no means isolated from the minds that still dwell in temples of flesh, is therefore just as capable of being influenced by them as by those out of the body. To be kept utterly insensible in certain directions, and to be made vividly conscious in others—this power can be exercised just as well by those in the body as by those out of the body upon certain mediums; therefore it is not unlikely to suppose that this agent possessed over this medium a positive power, and of course he desired and willed that that he was transacting should be kept from her. Spirits have the power—those who are in the body and those out—to produce a vivid realization of scenes that have been enacted and that will be enacted upon the mind and brain of the sensitives we call mediums, and they have also the power to close up the senses with reference to anything they may please. For instance, if they know that the sensitive is about to pass through sorrow—to be made acquainted with what will give them sorrow—they can withhold that from the sensitive as long as they please, provided they are in proper rapport with the sensitive.

**Q.**—Do you mean to say that this individual had power over the medium to prevent her knowing of his act?

**Ans.**—I do mean to say exactly that. He had a direct channel through which to manifest that power, and it was his, and could not be infringed upon by any other spirit.

**Q.**—What becomes of the spiritual body when the spirit re-incarnates or takes upon itself another natural body?

**Ans.**—It is buried in the soil of the spirit-world; and again, under some circumstances, it is suspended in the atmosphere of the spirit-world, after the manner of certain of the aborigines. It does not dissolve into thin air, but slowly decomposes, just as the physical body decomposes. Thus we have deaths with us, as with you. Do not think you can escape change—it is not in the order of Nature, human or divine.

**Q.**—Do those in the spirit-world judge of future events by being able to see those events actually taking place, or by judging, as we do, of the causes which produce such results?

**Ans.**—There is an old adage with you—"coming events cast their shadows before." These shadows are the realities, and they are in existence before what you call the reality is projected into the objective life. It is that reality in most instances spirits see, and from which they prophesy. Sometimes spirits only see circumstances and conditions, which, by analogy, they know will arrive at certain conclusions, and from these they prophesy.

**Q.**—I think that the spirit said, at a former séance, that this earth had formerly been inhabited by higher intelligences than ours. If so, cannot they return to us? Why do they not return to us?

**Ans.**—Millions of them are returning and communicating with you daily, hourly, momentarily, but there is no way by which they can satisfactorily demonstrate their existence. Why not? Because you never knew them, never had any experience with them in common. It is only by that that they can identify themselves.

**Q.**—May we not expect that the celestial will have power over the terrestrial spirits?

**Ans.**—Not until your earth has attained a far more spiritual condition than it has at present, for it is through earthly conditions that spirits communicate with you.

**Q.**—That accounts for the crudity of the communications of some of the spirits, if they are materialistic?

**Ans.**—Yes, that may account for it; because they are fallible like yourselves. They have not attained the celestial wisdom. They have not

grasped enough life to give you all the truth; they give as much as they can, but all they cannot give. Dec. 29.

### Edmund Bennett.

I died in Sidney, New South Wales, to-day, of inflammation of the lungs. I was sick only four days—had no expectation of dying, and could hardly believe when out of the body that it was a reality. But the blessed light of Spiritualism that was mine before death soon aroused me to the true condition of my estate, and I was not long in learning where I was, nor long, you see, in learning how to come back here.

I am Edmund Bennett, and I wish my message to reach my brother, Hamilton Bennett, in New York City. He ridiculed my Spiritualism; I am anxious to change his mind, so I have come here as soon as possible. The business I was attending to there I had nearly consummated, and it can be finished by our friends there, without his taking the journey, as he will learn by writing them. [You would like to have him write out soon?] He will do it at once. [Your message will not appear for some weeks.] I know it; but if it reaches him, it is all I ask. And if it seems probable that any other person could have given the information I have given here to-day, let him come out publicly and say so, and try to determine what that power is. I believe in searching into things, and searching until you are satisfied. [What was your age?] Thirty-four years, two months and three days. Dec. 29.

### Dennis McCann.

I feel strange. I have been gone a little better than a month—dead I—and I know my folks are not in very good circumstances; and I thought if I could help them a little in coming back, I ought to come. Now, you see, it is like this: I had some dealings with a man—his name is Perkins—William Perkins. He lives in South Boston; and I lived, when I was here, in South Boston. He was owing me about forty dollars. He is one of your kind—a Spiritualist; and I thought as soon as I was gone that I would come back if I could, and tell him to pay the old woman. He knows where to find her, because he came once to get me to do some work for him. Go there and pay her, and it will be all right. She is very much in need of it. This is what brings me here. I don't want my folks to understand I am unhappy, and that is what brings me back. I am not unhappy; but I thought it might be well for me to come back, and it may be doing him a good turn; for he said to me, "Dennis"—my name is Dennis McCann—"Dennis," said he, "I suppose you are a Catholic?" "Yes," said I, "I am." Said he: "Does your church recognize anything about Spiritualism?" "I do not know," said I; "if there is any truth in it, I suppose the fathers of the church know all about it." I told him I should always be a Catholic as long as I lived, and he was making a poor market coming to me. It may do him a good turn if I tell him it was in the Catholic church long before the Protestant church knew anything about it. It is held sacred by them, while with the Protestants it is trodden under foot. He is a very good man, and I suppose he is all right; but with the most of them it is all very well as long as it serves their pockets, and when it does not, it is trodden under foot. One of the fathers on this side told me so—not because they have any hard feelings—they have not—but because it is true. Good day. Dec. 29.

### Mary Clark.

I am Mary Clark, from Manchester, N. H. Before marriage I was Mary Furber; born in Newmarket, 1833, July 7th. I wish to communicate with my brother, and with other friends who are left. I have a special, private communication to make with reference to the child I left, and I wish my brother to seek out some medium through which I can come, if he would make me happy in the other life. Brother's name—Thomas Furber. Dec. 29.

Séance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by William Berry.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

**Monday, Jan. 2.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Wilbur Pick Hile, to his father, Harvey Robinson, to his brother; Mary Locke, of East Boston, to her mother; Alexander Aine, of Bangor, Me., to his mother.

**Tuesday, Jan. 3.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Walter Scott Poore, of San Francisco, Cal., to Mrs. L. B. Wilson; Nelson Gray, of New York City, to his father; Lizzie Smith, of New York, to her sister, Martha A. Smith.

**Wednesday, Jan. 4.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Emma Wilson, of Boston, to her sister Augusta; Charles Chase, of Boston, to his brother; Thomas Gallien, of New York City, to his brother Adolph.

**Thursday, Jan. 5.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers; John A. Andrew, of New York, to his brother William Colburn, to his brother Daniel; Sophia Tucker, of Nova Scotia, to her mother; Annie DeLancey, of Richmond, Va., to her mother.

**Friday, Jan. 6.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Evangeline Shields, to her grandfather; Capt. John Peavy, of Baltimore, to his mother; Frank Gorman, to his mother; William W. Taylor, of New York, to his mother.

**Saturday, Jan. 7.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers; John Barker, to Mr. W. L. Daniel; Daniel Gault, of Boston, to his son William; Nellie Atkinson, to her brother William.

**Sunday, Jan. 8.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Joseph Southard, to his father, John Southard, in Pontiac, Mich.; John Barker, to Mr. W. L. Daniel; Daniel Gault, of Boston, to his son William; Nellie Atkinson, to her brother William.

**Monday, Jan. 9.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Deacon George Howard, of Topsfield, Me., to his father; Sophia Enos, to her sister Charlotte; Capt. Alexander Stone, of N. Y., to his mother.

**Tuesday, Jan. 10.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Joseph H. L. Taylor, to his friend Daniel Mason; Nellie Abbott, of Boston, to her mother; Capt. Gorman Bassett, to his friends; William Lewis, of Boston, to his mother.

**Wednesday, Jan. 11.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Matthew Hogan, of Boston, to Father Jilly; William Tibbets, of Bristol, Me.; Jennie Johnson, of New York, to her mother.

**Thursday, Jan. 12.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Abram James, to Mr. White; Clara Wilmet, of New York City, to her mother; Ellen M. Robinson, of Norwich, Conn., to her mother; Charles Doolittle, of Boston, to his mother.

**Friday, Jan. 13.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers; John Randall, of Hockinson, N. H., to his mother; Emily Taylor, of New York, to her mother; Margaret Humphreys, of Germantown, Penn., to her brother.

**Saturday, Jan. 14.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Dr. Jonathan Bellows, of Woburn, N. H., to his friends; Sarah Jane Adams, of Lawrence, Mass., to her sister; John Calvin Holmes, of Philadelphia, to his friends; Nettie Thompson, of N. Y., to her mother.

**Sunday, Jan. 15.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh; Annie Mervin, of Cambridge, to her mother.

**Monday, Jan. 16.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Fannie Crowell, to her brother; William Salsbury, of Boston, to his friends; Alice Fabens, of New York City, to friends.

### THE UNWISE CHOICE.

BY ALICE GARY.

Two young men, when I was poor, Came and stood at my open door; One said to me, "I have gold to give," And one, "I will love you while I live!" My sight was dazzled; woe is the day! And I sent the poor young man away; Sent him away, I knew not where, And my heart went with him unaware. He did not give me any eyes, But he left his picture in my eyes; And in my eyes it has always been; I have no heart to keep it in! Beside the lane with hedges sweet, Where we parted never more to meet, He pulled a flower of love's own hue, And where it had been came out two! And in the grass where he stood for years The dew of the morning stood like tears. Still smiles the house where I was born Among its fields of wheat and corn. Wheat and corn that strangers bind— Trampled as I sowed, and I sowed to 'th' wind; As one who feels the truth break through His dream, and knows his dream untrue; I live where splendors shine, and sigh For the peace that splendors cannot buy. Sigh for the day I was rich, though poor! And saw the young men at my door!

## Banner Correspondence.

### Wisconsin.

**MEETINGS IN WAUKESHA.**—Dear Banner: I wish, through you, to report progress in this part of the spiritual vineyard. In September last a few friends met and organized the "First Progressive Society of Waukesha," by the election of a President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, with power to act as Trustees of the Society. To be brief, we will say that we soon had subscribed the sum of four hundred dollars, and invited our guests, E. W. Stephens, of Janesville, Wis., as our regular speaker, every alternate Sunday for three months. At the expiration of that time our brother had grown so much in favor with our people that we resolved to engage him for another three months, which he has just closed up; and after the close of his evening lecture on the 12th inst. before a full house, he united in the solemn bonds of matrimony Mr. Bradley P. Balcom, of Genesee, President of the Southern Wisconsin Association of Spiritualists, and Mrs. Lottie Hill, of this place. A word in regard to their former marriages and separations by death (so called), may not be out of place: Mrs. Hill was married to her former husband in February, 1838, and in March followed him to his grave, and the child was born at the same place, during the long interval of thirty-three years, both parties have enjoyed their full share of happiness down to a certain period last season, when the husband of the one and the wife of the other died, and the child was born, and winged their way to the Summer-Land. The parties were all Spiritualists, but wholly unacquainted with each other till within a few weeks past. The lady is a member of our church, and her husband, who may yet live of the full enjoyment of their present union. Stephens is a farmer by occupation, a hard-working man; had never entered the field as a lecturer until he was called to speak with us, although he had spoken occasionally to good acceptance.

It has been our good fortune to find that our brother has too noble a talent to remain longer at his agricultural pursuit. We have therefore secured his services a portion of the time for the coming season. Our congregation is steadily increasing, and our souls are filled from the rich storehouse of his scientific brain as he launches out into the unexplored regions of thought, thus bringing to us, in glowing strains of eloquence and science, those mighty truths so long hidden from humanity's view.

Since he began his labors with us he has lectured at various points along his line of travel, and has sown seed which will some day bring forth a harvest. He has also been the Spiritualist of our State will put forth a helping hand and sustain him most beautifully, as he so richly deserves to be. He enters the field without apologetic or blench, and will devote his time to our most glorious cause, and our glorious friends have ascertained his true worth, and will seek their own good and pleasure.

When the Spiritualists of our country shall have learned the great lesson, as they have done with us, that to pay out of their treasure for the enlightenment of mankind will produce a hundred-fold more real pleasure and happiness than can possibly be realized by hoarding it up like the poor miser, who will then have learned that their treasure taken a step in wisdom's path that will follow them down the ages with constantly-increasing means of enjoyment. What are the babies of earth, compared with true spiritual knowledge? The former will be a burden, the latter will fill our souls with goodness that will follow us through the coming centuries.

W. D. Holsomock, Secy First P. S. of Waukesha, Wisc., March 1st.

### Indiana.

**J. W. EDWARDS.**—Laura S. Hobbs, writing from Columbus, speaks of Judge Edwards as follows: Permit me to say a few words of this noble soul, to whom, more than any one else, I am indebted for the first dawning of spiritual light on my benighted spirit. The little drops help to fill the cup, and if the testimony of the good he has done is any pleasure to him, I give my mite to fill his cup of pleasure. And I am not the only one that owes to him the first emancipation from spiritual bondage, for his noble influence is as silent and far-reaching as the dew or sunshine.

I read his late article in the Banner, and oh, how I rejoiced with him that he had lived to see the insured success of the cause for which he was a pioneer, and endured the trials and persecutions from the bigoted intolerance of political and religious fanatics.

I wish every number of the Banner would contain an article from his pen, but I presume that would be asking too much of one who has so long and faithfully devoted an earthly life of almost three score years and ten to the advancement of the cause.

Any one will be amply repaid for an earnest perusal of the two volumes entitled, "Spiritualism," by Judge Edwards and Dr. Dextor," which contain an account of their investigations of the philosophy from its first appearance in this country, embracing a period of five or six years, perhaps more. These books contain not only startling and convincing physical demonstrations, but a great deal of the most beautiful, Swedenborg and Bacon, and others, that appeal to the reason and judgment, and all the finer sensibilities of our spiritual nature. They can be had, I presume, from any library of liberal books, at a price far below the merit and value of their contents.

**GREEN'S FORD.**—J. P. McCoy writes March 9th, 1871: "We are 'out West,' but not quite out of the reach of your excellent paper and its influence. We have but few Spiritualists here, but those few are 'tried and true,' and we hope that ere long light will break in upon the darkened minds of our people, and they will awaken to the beauties of our philosophical religion."

A few weeks ago, after a hard trial we obtained the services of Mrs. Annie Colby to give three lectures, the first ever given in this place. She is a fine speaker, and fully understands her theme. She completely rattled the old system of theology, and succeeded in awakening the people. I suppose she has created a great sensation among the Spiritualists here. The churches are almost ready to lynch her, and one of the good (?) ministers of the United Brethren persuasion, prayed very earnestly for God to play her tongue so she would be unable to proceed, but she made her speech. "The churches are almost ready to lynch her," "revivals of hate" here, and they speak of Mrs. Colby as "that thing" who "teaches the rotten doctrines of modern Spiritualism." If we could have a few more good lectures here, now the ice is broken, I think they would do much good.

### Maine.

**DONATION VISIT TO MRS. PATRICIA BRADBURY.**—Simon Goodrich writes from Bingham as follows: "In consequence of over-taxation of the physical frame, Mrs. B. Bradbury, whose residence and address is East Madison, Me., was thrown upon a bed of precarious sickness last October. Having so far recovered as to be able to receive and entertain visitors, she and her family were made happy and cheerful by the reception, at their home, of a donation party, consisting of some twenty or thirty friends, among whom Mrs. Bradbury had most acceptably labored as a lecturer. In the afternoon of Jan. 10th, 1871, the towns of Madison, Cornville and Embden, and Orrington Plantations sent out the main delegation of friends to visit her, of so-called chat, music, and spirit manifestations from departed ones (as Spiritualists always have on like occasions), the pleasure and gratitude of the donors was still more heightened by the courtesy and kindness of the spirit in unmistakable tokens of love and charity, in the shape of about forty dollars in greenbacks, and about the same amount in barrels of flour and various other edibles that go to nourish and sustain physical life. The day being unpropitious, the little society of Spiritualists in Bingham and vicinity reserved their forces to serve as a rear guard when Mrs. Bradbury should be able to visit them; when the ultimatum of the donation party was made







