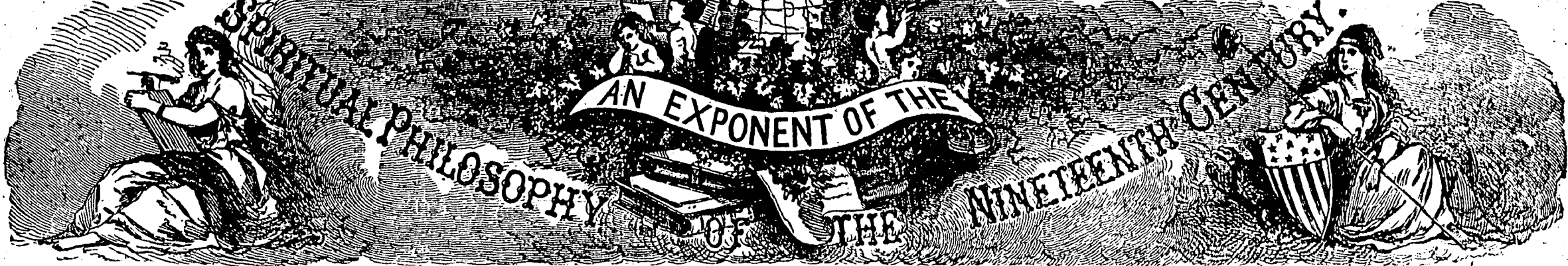


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Free Thought.

### CONFIDENTIAL SUGGESTIONS, TO THOSE WHO BELIEVE IN PROGRESS.

Brethren and Friends—It is confidently affirmed that there are several millions of believers in Spiritualism in this country, and the fact is conceded by those who are most hostile to its principles and its progress. It is of course impossible to determine our numbers, even with probable accuracy, since we have no organization that represents the body, and no reliable statistics. It is, however, undeniable that our numerical force is very large; that the influence of our cardinal principles and ideas is widely and deeply felt; and, hence, that we possess latent powers sufficient, if they were called into action, to create a revolution in Church and State. If these silent forces, now so manifest to the careful observer, could be gathered up by some strong hand and brought to bear upon the evils of our corrupt civilization, we should soon witness results that would arrest public attention and astonish the world. Nor is it necessary to wait in listless inactivity the advent of some great master spirit capable of holding the four winds in his palm. We may do some important things, if we are so disposed, and we may do them now. And here I will briefly specify some of the things to which reference is made.

1. In the light of our philosophy we may institute a far more perfect system of Education. We may adopt such improved methods of physical training, intellectual discipline and moral development, as shall greatly diminish the number of those poor creatures who now live but to caricature human nature. We are poor interpreters of the grandest truths, if, at this late day, we are not prepared to better comprehend the powers and possibilities of the human mind than those who founded our institutions. We are grossly ignorant in the practical exposition of the noblest principles, if we are not yet ready to form a serious purpose and to perform an earnest work in this direction. We want a great Normal University for both sexes, where the more important living tongues; the whole circle of the Sciences—not omitting the Science of Life—all the elegant and useful Arts and honorable Industries, and every branch of useful knowledge, shall be taught by competent masters, and experimentally illustrated, not by the professors alone, but by the pupils. This we might have in successful operation within five years if, as a body, we were so disposed. Shall we take hold of this work in earnest, or shall we unwisely neglect the great opportunity Providence has placed in our way?

2. We can do something to purify the sources and channels of political influence, by our example in supporting only honest and capable men for official places. Those who are willing to barter their long-cherished principles for a sorry chance in a desperate political game; the gamblers for power, who go up and down seeking opportunities to do mischief; who stake the national honor as freely as one throws his last napoleon on the gaming-table at Baden or Homburg; men of doubtful loyalty, with confused ideas of justice, elastic consciences and unclear record, are men on whom we should turn our backs, and leave them to the retribution that awaits all who consciously violate their most sacred obligations.

3. We should bring the whole weight of our influence to bear on the criminal code. We know more of the intricate springs of human feeling, thought, motive and action than those who framed the laws against crime and criminals. Men are hung every day for deeds that are the offspring of disease, often inherited, and for which they are no more responsible than others are for the infusion of syphilis poison, or scrofula into their blood. Society goes on perpetrating these bloody deeds in the name of law and religion, and shall we do nothing to arrest this barbarous business?

4. The Press, which should be a chief bulwark of individual virtue, domestic peace and public order, is rapidly becoming an engine of immense evil. From day to day it spreads out the shocking and loathsome details of the whole catalogue of crime. This mass of putrescent matter is devoured at the breakfast table, and, if anything is left, it is reserved to season the evening repast. The young foster a morbid appetite for unclean things, and they inevitably grow like the vile stuff they feed upon. The truth of this observation might be illustrated by numerous examples, but one will be quite sufficient: Some time since, a characteristic specimen of young America (the case occurred under my own observation) came running to his mother—his face aglow with enthusiasm—and shouting at the top of his voice, "Mother! there's glorious news this morning!" "What news, my son?" inquired his maternal guardian. "Why, mother, there's three murders, two burglaries, a rape, four cases of assault and battery, and the biggest kind of a fight!" Very likely that mother read sensation stories and the "Day's Doings" before he was born. Against this prostitution of the press, and this corruption of human nature, we should set our faces like steel. The country should at least sustain one paper of an opposite character.

We want a journal that shall faithfully record the noble deeds of good men and gentle women, who labor and suffer in patience; whose hands are always open to the needy, and whose feet are swift to go on errands of mercy. Such a record would improve the moral health of the community. It would furnish numerous and powerful incentives to charitable deeds, and thus become a minister of blessing to the poor. By all means let us have one paper that is not disfigured by the trail of the serpent. We want a daily or weekly exposition of whatever of good there is in man—a paper that shall come to our firesides radiant with characters of light and labors of love.

We find fault with the existing institutions,

while we do little or nothing either to improve them or to establish others more worthy of the age in which we live. We ought, however, to manifest a becoming interest in the welfare of society by contributing to found other and better institutions, which shall be an honor to the country and a blessing to mankind. Nor is it necessary to postpone this work until we can all precisely agree about everything else. That time will never come. Such unity of opinion is neither possible nor desirable; and the absence of impossible conditions is no justification of idleness. Hitherto we have done nothing really worthy of a great cause. We take time to gratify private curiosity in the realm of mystery. We follow those who exhibit the greatest signs and wonders, and would dine on a fresh miracle every day if it were possible. But as to any practical work—any labor of love and public utility, we are, comparatively speaking, idlers; or, at best, unprofitable servants. More money can be raised to build a single sectarian temple; to purchase a yacht for pleasure parties; or to defray the expenses of a single evening entertainment, than whole States have given to a cause that demonstrates the certainty of our immortality. I do not mean to say that Spiritualists are naturally less liberal than other people; nor do I dispute the fact that they contribute to support many public institutions. On the contrary, I am painfully reminded that they often help to strengthen those that wield a despotic power. But we have founded no institutions that represent our own clearer light and deeper comprehension of the necessities of mankind. We have yet to determine the outlines and fashion the character of the first important public institution. Much less have we fairly infused the pure spirit and lofty freedom of our ideal into a single enduring symbol of the Spiritual Philosophy.

I have some definite proposals to make which will form the subject-matter of another article. In the living spirit of the Gospel of To-day,  
Yours truly,  
S. B. BRITTON, M. D.

### THE GRAND PEACE JUBILEE.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

Notwithstanding the first untoward circumstance in the erection of the Coliseum, the work is now rapidly progressing to a close, and it is announced will be ready for the commencement of the great ovation on the 17th of June. There are to be sixteen flights of stairs in the Coliseum, two at each end under the galleries and leading from the main entrances, then on either side of the stage front there will be entrances; and four on each side leading from the side by steps from the parquette to the stage floor, and in the rear of the auditorium, and the broad flight leading from the parquette to the gallery. In the introduction of gas to the building four miles of piping will be required. The latest estimates make the number of burners four thousand. Every one of the tall columns will carry two brackets, with twelve burners each.

The indefatigable labors of all parties concerned with Mr. P. S. Gilmore in the gigantic undertaking, are ripening to fruition, and a musical entertainment such as has seldom, if ever, been furnished in the history of civilized men, will soon be recorded as having been successfully carried out in Boston. Musicians from the Old World, speaking different tongues, but brothers in the soul of their song, combining with the younger artists of the New, will seem to utter thrilling notes, prophetic of the hour when "nation shall no more lift the sword against nation," but fraternity shall claim all as links in its golden chain. As the details of the enterprise are so well and so fully given in the daily press, a repetition in your columns seems unnecessary. The following hymn by Mrs. Helen A. Brigham has been submitted to the committee on music, and is worthy of a wide perusal:

### THE WORLD AT PEACE.

The morning light is breaking,  
The world's long night is o'er,  
The song of matins waking  
Swells on from shore to shore.  
The song by angels given  
To hail redemption's birth,  
Now echoes back to heaven—  
"Good-will and peace on earth!"

No threat of foes engaging  
Sends up its hoarse sound;  
No clash of battle raging  
Is heard the earth around.  
Nor weak may fear the stronger,  
Nor grief her slain deplore,  
The sword is king no longer,  
The nations war no more.

Their thousand banners meeting,  
Flint free to every breeze,  
And flag to flag gives greeting  
On all the friendly seas.  
High waves each banner glorious,  
In love and joy unfurled,  
For peace lives up victorious  
The banner of the world!

All hail, thou hope of ages!  
Blest day desired of old,  
By prophets, bards and sages  
In every land foretold.  
The world's long strife is ending;  
The Truce of God appears,  
When Peace, her throne ascending,  
Shall reign a thousand years!

Some remarkable meteoric stones have recently been carried from Greenland, by an Arctic exploring party, to Sweden. The largest of them weighs twenty-one tons, and has a cross section of forty-two square feet in the largest part. Fragments of the meteorites were found embedded in the basaltic rocks on which the stones were resting, and Prof. Nordenskjöld conjectures that the great meteoric shower in which they fell must have been coincident with an eruption of molten basalt through the crust of the earth. There were awful spectacles in those days.

The people of Chicago are taking airs because they have the Tabellara Fenestrata, the Frogtaria Crotonesea, the Sarirella Spindilla and Stephanadiscus Niagara in their drinking water.

## The Lecture Room.

### JAMES M. PEEBLES AT MUSIC HALL.

The University of Change; All Things Governed by Law; Hopes Realized; "What is the Spirit of Man?" A Greek Church Funeral; "What is the Soul's Destiny?"  
(Reported for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.)

In his opening remarks the speaker said: The hour is dark and stormy and dreary and sad. [Referring to the storm outside.] On this April day, instead of seeing the earth clothed in garments of green, instead of beholding the opening buds and inhaling the fragrance of flowers, we mark that the face of Nature is veiled in the white robe of the snow. For, as the poet hath it, "Winter, lingering in the lap of spring," spreads its list tokens over valley and hill. Nature's changes are ever performing their endless round. No man bathes twice in the same stream; no mortal inhales twice the same elements into his system from the air around. Everywhere are marked change, decay and death. Before the farmer can hope for the vernal wheat-field, the kernel must first die in the damp, cold ground; before our souls can attain to the enjoyments of the immortal life, the body must first waste and decay in the dark bosom of our common mother—earth. Before we can hope to greet our loved ones freely and without restraint in the land beyond, we must cast aside the earthly garment of dust. And yet, in a scientific sense,

### NOTHING IS LOST.

In the divine economy of Infinite Wisdom and Truth, every atom is for use, and is eternal and indestructible. The storm that roars so fearfully with thunder tones in the summer time purifies the air, and gives renewed vigor to life—animal and vegetable. The shower that rusts the Western farmer's wheat makes glad the pastures of New England. The stars that seemingly fade away from our portion of the sidereal heavens, go to illumine some other part of the broad and grand creation of God; the beautiful dewdrops that, in the early morning, reflect like diamonds the leveled sunshine, blessed away by the rising day-god, mount up in air in vapor, to descend again, refreshing a thirsty land; and flowing through brooks to rivers, from rivers to the broad ocean; and no nothing is lost in Nature. Thus the great cycle of change rolls round and round. In other words, God governs the earth by ever-recurring facts and established laws. There is no miracle—so called—in the universe. There is no personal Devil seeking to devour the children of men; there is no endless hell, roaring with the fires of their unspeakable torment; because God is in all things, as the divine presence, as a living principle in all forms, from the grain of sand to the starry worlds, and thence to the brightest archangels of heaven!

### "IS EVIL GOOD?"

Hosea Ballou, once well known here as a Universalist minister, was, on a certain occasion, preaching in New Hampshire, from this text: "For of him, and through him, and to him are all things; to whom be glory forever. Amen." And in the course of the sermon he said distinctly that God governed the universe, was the sole principal cause of all things, and that all things were moving on to one end; and hence there was no absolute or endless evil; but that all things were essentially overruled for good. When he had finished his discourse, an Orthodox clergyman present rose and asked if he might submit a question for his consideration. "Yes," replied Ballou. "Then," asked the Orthodox champion, "is evil good?" "Not till we see the end of it," replied Ballou. "What a beautiful answer! We must see through it all before we can see how, in some mysterious way, our sorrow is assuaged and the dross of seeming evil is transmuted into the fine gold of good. It is related of Sadi, a Persian poet, that he was once in the northern part of that country, in the winter time. His feet were cold, and his body was chilled, as he walked along amid a severe storm, and he began to contrast his situation with the rest of mankind, and to mutter against God. And while he was thus murmuring, he overtook a poor fellow traveler who had no feet; his thought was changed at the spectacle, and he blessed and thanked God that at least he had feet, though they were so bitterly cold. Louis Kosztich could never have become the eloquent champion he was for human liberty, had it not been for the severe discipline of an Austrian prison. John B. Gough could never have been the remarkable orator he is to-day, in the cause of temperance, had it not been for the fearful experience through which his line of life passed. He tells his life; he says: I was situated in certain ways; behold me as I was; see me now as I am! and his words have a power over his auditory which they never could have had had he not felt the scourge and curse of inebriation.

### NO RETROGRESSION.

I hold that there is no such thing in the universe of God as absolute retrogression; therefore from a grain of sand, to God's highest angel, the same law of progress, unseen to us, is calling all things ultimately up the steps of the ages. "But," says some one, "did not the prodigal take a downward course when he left his father's house and home?" I answer that each step was one toward a better state of mind and conduct, for by it he was led nearer to and through those damning experiences that he required to arrest his attention, point out his folly, and lead him to higher things. By those experiences he learned to appreciate his father's house and home. And so, when I see men seemingly loitering away the golden hour of advantage, I feel that a divine hand is over them all—that there is a bound fixed for them, beyond which they cannot go. Comet-like they may seem to burst beyond the control of our social or moral systems, but, like that comet, the law of the Eternal shall bring them inevitably back to our system once more.

### DEATH NOT AN EVIL.

Then that which is called death, is not an evil. Thinking men do not die because Adam fell—because Cain (pardon me, I had almost forgotten what Cain did)—because Cain killed his brother, or because Bonaparte crossed the Alps; but because of a natural law, by and in obedience to which, death serves the partnership between the spiritual body and the physical framework. If, some fifteen years ago, I had been asked what was the immortal spirit of man, I should have said it is a thin, gossamer-like something that floats about after the change of death, somewhere—I hardly know where—till the great resurrection day, when it will return, taking on again the tenement of clay, and rise to some located heaven, where it will serenade the Almighty forever! But now I should say this, if asked the same question: The spirit is something or nothing—that is clear. If the spirit is nothing, we will not spend our time talking about the salvation of a precious nonentity; but if it is something, then it is a refined substance, which can pass through the apparently dense materials of earth, as sunshine passes through glass.

### WANTED—A CLEAR DEFINITION OF TERMS.

Man is a triune being. Now if there is any one thing that Spiritualists lack, it is a clear definition of terms. What many call the power of clairvoyance, our friend A. J. Davis considers to be, and denominates as, the "superior condition." And this is only an example of the difference between the signification attached to terms by many others. I like to compare man to an orange, which contains the three divisions of rind and pulp and seed. I would liken the rind to the physical form of man; the pulp to his spiritual entity; and the seed to the particular portion of God—or God made manifest in the flesh—which is his interiorly. Now, when death comes, and we throw off the exterior covering of a physical form, we are still dual; and the interior essence survives even change in the spirit-form—and so, back through every link of the mysterious chain, all is traceable to the great fountain of Causation.

### "HOW DO SPIRITS INFLUENCE MEDIUMS?"

And here comes in the power of psychology. The speaker said this was spread through society in a broader measure than generally supposed. Men who drive good bargains are always psychologists; revolutionists, to a man, are psychologists—it is the supreme secret of their influence over susceptible temperaments. When Mr. Peebles was about fifteen years old he was psychologized by a Baptist clergyman—he was under his influence and felt his feelings, and of course supposed he had "got religion;" but as soon as he went out into the fresh air, he came out of it. [Laughter.] I am often asked: "How do spirits influence mediums?" The speaker gave an account of his experience as a psychologist, on board the steamer "Sonora," bound for California some years since, wherein he had told the Captain that he could bring the ship's purser under his influence, and make him dance, see Indians, insects, or anything he chose; but both parties denied his power. He took the purser's hand, brought him under the influence of the psychological power he possessed, and while in that condition he saw all that the operator desired—he was a part of the magnetizer for the time being. One evening, after the first experiment, Mr. Peebles asked his subject if he knew who he was? The gentleman replied by giving his name, but was informed that he was not the purser, but Henry Clay. The lecturer then proceeded to tell this improvised statesman that the country was in great danger—that yonder was a vast audience who wished to know his views, and desired him to ascend the rostrum and give forth his advice. The subject sprang upon the table and proceeded to deliver a speech which the lecturer impressed upon his mind—he (Mr. Peebles) standing behind him and being successful even in causing him to make the gestures which he desired. On that occasion his (Peebles') soul was within his body, but was influencing the other man to speak his words and do its acts. But if he had died that night, and his spirit had become free from the physical form, his power—in reason—would not have been decreased by such an event. No; he could have taken—as all spirits do—the hand of the medium in his spirit-hand, (just as he had done in the physical) and psychologized him in just as natural a manner. The medium would have become spasmodic, as in the case of trance mediums generally; by-and-by he would have become entranced, and then the lecturer's spirit could have given—had it desired—an address through that organism. Yesterday he was a mortal, living on earth, and psychologizing his fellow mortal—to-day he is a spirit, entrancing and using a mortal organism according to his will. The law is the same: mind or spirit controls mind or spirit, whether one or both be in the mortal state of existence.

### THE MOSLEM GRAVEYARD.

While in the East, the lecturer went across the Bosphorus from Constantinople to Scutari, with some friends, not only to see the Dervishes, but also to visit a Moslem graveyard which was there located. He found the place quite pleasant, with many trees; nearly every monumental stone was crowned with the turban or the crescent. He desired in this connection to correct a mistake which was wide-spread among the people of our country, and which owed much of its prevalence to the misrepresentations of Christian missionaries—viz: that the Mahomedans believe their women have no souls! This statement is utterly false. On every Mahomedan tomb you will see the same Paradise promised to the woman as to the man; and the Mahomedan buries his mother next to himself. He says of his family: "I can have many wives, but only one mother," so she has the post of honor (to him) and is buried by his side. On his return, between Pera and Stamboul, the lecturer met a train of people coming down the

street making the most hideous groanings and lamentations—it was a Greek funeral. First came a man bearing a coffin-lid—which was appropriately decorated—on which was the man's name; following this came two persons bearing a crucifix; after them came the corpse, dressed in its best attire, and then the people. He went with them to the grave, and there they disrobed the corpse, wrapping it in a kind of coarse linen; they took back the coffin to the city when the ceremony was over, so that one of these traveling caskets frequently buries thousands. His object in bringing up the matter at the present time was to remark concerning the miserable groanings and lamentations with which these professed Christians followed their departed to the grave, evidently disbelieving in the supreme hour of their grief the doctrine of immortality, as set forth by their own "Master," who is represented as saying, "I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." The uneducated American Indian, far away amid the wilds of the Northwest, who trusts in the boundless power and beneficence of the Great Spirit, feels that all is well, and that those he loved are safe in the happy hunting-grounds of the spirit-land; while the Christian standing in the broad light which reason and science are pouring with increasing lustre down the centuries, has nothing left in the hour of bereavement save to "turn his face to the wall" with him of old, and weep.

### POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

While in Europe, the speaker took great interest in exploring the tombs of the peoples he visited. In Naples, he went down into the catacombs, which are cut in the soft stone, extending in one direction for thirteen miles, and in another for nine. He then visited Mt. Vesuvius, and could never forget what he saw from its summit. It requires two and one-half hours to ascend the mountain, because of its being covered with slippery sand, broken rocks, lava, etc., and sometimes the traveler finds places where he will go back two feet to one in advance; but when he has conquered the natural obstacles, and from the top looks over the Campagna and the Bay of Naples, and sees almost beneath his feet Pompeii and Herculaneum; he feels repaid for his labors. The history of the burying of these cities, as written by Pliny, is well known. About sunrise, on the 24th day of August, in the year of Christ 79 the sky was clear, and still as a summer morning. About nine o'clock, the bay became violently agitated with strange movements of its waters; between ten and eleven o'clock, the earth trembled, and at twelve, it seemed as if the very cap was lifted up from Mt. Vesuvius, and a thick column of black smoke went towering toward the heavens. By-and-by it became fiery, and heated stones and cinders whirled through the air. Then came the liquid, burning stream of lava, pouring down the side of Vesuvius in a river three miles in width and six miles long. Herculaneum was speedily buried many feet beneath the fiery flood; but Pompeii, being six miles from Vesuvius, was only buried some forty feet beneath the sifting ashes blown thitherward by the high wind then raging. For some years past, the Italian government has devoted a certain sum to the excavations at Pompeii, till now nearly all the city has been unearthed. The speaker said some of the happiest hours of his life had been spent in walking through the streets, where the old Roman scholars had trod in the vanished years. There it was—a city of the past; the ruins in the streets, from five to six inches deep, made by the Roman chariots, still to be seen, as when the sun of earlier days shone on the crowded way—everywhere the evidence of busy life. In this house of Diomedea there were found, when unearthed, the calcined remains of seventeen human beings. Diomedea's daughter was so perfectly preserved that some of her auburn hair remained clinging to the skull, and the gold ornaments and jewelry upon her person were all found uninjured. A woman was found—among the other relics of that great panic in the city—with her child clutched to her breast, just where she fell when the suffocating ashes and dust overcame her—striking proof of the power of a mother's love. The lecturer's first thought, after reflecting upon the deathless nature of a mother's love, was the resurrection of the body, and he said, "How long these bodies have been waiting for the resurrection morning! Surely, if that is not an unreasonable theory, I do not know of one on earth!" To the mind of the speaker, it was just as reasonable to ask the bird to go back to the egg from which it had escaped, the oak, to the acorn, as to demand of the immortal soul, to endeavor again to take up the casket which had proved too small for its undying energies.

### "GONE TO PLAY WITH THE ANGELS."

Along the road were exceedingly beautiful inscriptions upon the tombs. Signor D'Amiani, a finished scholar, who was with the lecturer, translated some of them. One of them, on a child, was: "Gone to play with the angels." Another: "Reader, you ought to pause and weep here, for I was very beautiful." In all these changes of life and death, there continually comes up the question, "What is the soul's destiny?" and we may ask the sacred book of all ages, and we shall find but three answers to it. Take the question home to yourselves. Here you are, all living and happy; but a hundred years hence, you will all—in every probability—be gone to the spirit-world, and what is to become of you? According to the speaker, the first answer—annihilation—was a simple absurdity. The most ingenious chemist, with all the mystical power of his compound blowpipe, has never been able to annihilate a single atom of matter; he so much more indestructible the spirit! In fact, with regard to matter and spirit, there is no beginning, no ending. I believe in every man's conscious, eternal pre-existence. It is an old statement, that "from nothing, nothing proceeds." Once out of existence, we can



never get into it; once into it, we can never get out of it. Is not God the special spirit power and presence? That is all there is. The physical body is only a form whose material particles pass away every seven or eleven years; the spirit-body changes in eleven or twelve hundred years. This spiritual body is not the man; the individual me is the interior presence of God, which asserts a divine right to live forever.

#### AN ALMIGHTY DEVIL.

Annihilation! why, take it home to yourself! Think of the last day and the last hour, the last thought of conscious life, and then the dull, black pall of forgetfulness! And you say, as you think of these: Why these high desires, these earnest longings for an immortal life? And yet, after all, how much better would annihilation be than the state of things portrayed by the popular church doctrines all over the country, in the second answer of the question "What is the soul's destiny?" The speaker said that those who proclaimed that God forced existence upon his children without consulting them as to the step, and when he knew that this very creation would result in plunging the vast majority into the bitter, biting torments of an endless hell, made God an Almighty Devil, instead of, as he believed, the Infinite Spirit of life and love! [Applause.] I leave the blasphemous thought. The last of the three answers as to what is the soul's destiny—and to me the true one—is that it is to inherit a conscious, immortal life hereafter. And here comes, with our philosophy and phenomenal facts, a glorious gospel of progressive salvation, to lead us, and inspire us to nobler ends.

#### "WHAT IS THE PROCESS OF DIVINITY?"

How many times I have asked this question of the unseen intelligences, and they uniformly tell me that they are not conscious of pain. The throes so often witnessed at the bed of death are only exhibitions of Nature's power as it strives to break away from that which can contain it healthfully no longer. The speaker referred to the case of one of the distinguished men of the past, who on his death-bed remarked, "Oh, if I could hold a pen I would write: How beautiful it is to die!" and said he was sometimes pained by the exhibition of grief he saw at Spiritualist funerals, and when they gathered around the dying bed, how he would like to impress upon the minds of those who occupied the fact that what they call death is simply a part of Nature's preparatory exercises previous to the ushering in of a grander state of existence—that every apparent struggle and groan of the soul to attain its new birth into the world where fadless splendor reigns! In a summer in June you see a bird come and build in the locust in your garden. The eggs are prepared, and the young, in process of time, are ready to break the shell and assume the heritage of a broader freedom to which they were born. Suppose now, when this event was about to be consummated, the forest birds all around should flock to the nest to bewail with the parents over the natural process which was to depopulate their home of its tiny eggs, and teach their little birds to fly away. As the cooling dove, and the chirping sparrow, and all the others mingled their voices in lamentation, wouldn't you feel like saying to them: "Oh, poor birds, can you not see that that which you now so lament is the logical sequence of natural law—these little birds must be hatched in the egg, and they must also break out from its narrow prison, ere they can make music in the groves?" So have I felt, as sometimes I have witnessed the grief displayed by those whose faith should shed a brighter ray, and I feel to say to them, as to the birds: "Dear brothers and sisters, don't you understand that this dying is only a natural and divine process, ordained as a deliverance from pain and agony into the broader liberty of the spirit-world?" The speaker wished, that if ever alone in his life, it should be when he was passing out of the mortal tabernacle, for the clinging influences of affection only tended to hold the spirit to the earth it was leaving, and increased the efforts it must make to be free.

HOW LONG IS THE SPIRIT UNCONSCIOUS? Many had asked the speaker how long the spirit remained unconscious. He would give them the answer which the angels had often given to him. Those who suffer death by railroad accidents, lightning, or any sudden removal from the body, remain unconscious sometimes for days. They pass out by a shock, and they must fully recover from it ere consciousness is restored. But when persons die by degrees—becoming gradually ripened for the change—they are not unconscious for a moment! The speaker detailed the account of the test received by Judge Edmonds from the spirit of Isaac T. Hopper. Judge Edmonds was a warm friend of Hopper, and when he was sick unto death, used to visit him every day. On one occasion, going to his house, he found him much weaker than usual, but had no idea that he would so soon pass away. That evening, at the house of the Judge, the medium's hand was controlled, and the following communication was given: "I am in the spirit-world.—I, T. H." The Judge went to the house, and found the message to be true. The speaker said that afterwards the same spirit controlled and wrote: "I am in the spirit-world, and I now understand what the Anokids Paul meant when he said, 'Ye shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.' I was not for a moment, unconscious." His wife was the first to greet him, and then came the poor and downtrodden slaves whom he had so often assisted. The good Saint John had said: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!" that is, blessed were those who died having lived a life of good deeds, as did Christ of old. The record of their good works preceded them to their heavenly home, and their effects in mortal remained a harvest-field of joy on earth for them to behold in the future! [Applause.]

#### WHEN DOES THE INFANT BECOME AN IMMORTAL BEING?

What becomes of the suicide? what becomes of the infant? are questions very frequently asked. The lecturer said the spirit of the infant was met at the gates of death by those immortal ones whose hearts were drawn to them in unspeakable tenderness; that these heavenly teachers strove, as far as possible, to undo the effects of the shock of their early removal—with all their inexperience—from earth-life, but that finally they were obliged to gain from earth that knowledge which could not elsewhere be won. To the question, "When does the infant become an immortal being?" the lecturer would answer: "From the sacred moment of embryonic conception. If he be held in one hand an alkali, and in the other an acid, and should quite them, the result would be a third combination. So with the divine incarnation of an immortal soul; it begun with the earliest steps in the process of conception; from that first moment the child was an immortal, conscious, progressive being! Oh, how many fathers and mothers will, on the spirit shore, meet their murdered children—that ought to have been children, young men and old men, in accordance with Nature's laws, but whose lives were cut short, and they sent, as blasted buds, to the angel-world, to be cared for till such time as they could

be brought back to the earth-sphere, to gain the experiences they ought to have had before they were deprived of conscious life in the material world.

#### WHAT BECOMES OF THE SUICIDE.

The suicide simply goes where he is not wanted. In the speaker's neighborhood once resided a young lawyer, who was full of ambition for worldly success, who, led by temptation into forgery, and seeing discovery imminent, placed the pistol to his head and fell a corpse, slain by his own hand. When he came to consciousness he met his mother, who looked upon him with strange emotion, and when he said, "I am free from mortal life! I am happy!" she said, "No, not time will reveal to you the work undone on earth, the folly of the net which brought you here!" He was astonished, but soon, as he informed the speaker, through mediumistic power, he learned that in getting away from his body he did not escape from himself or from one of the acts of his earth-life, but that he had reached a place that was not prepared for him and where he was not wanted.

What do you think would be your reception, should you rush into your neighbor's splendid mansion and burst in among the family in the parlor? Would they not all show you, by a look, that your company was not desired? The spirits of those who passed on under the ban of self-murder were always returning (as were many others) to undo, as far as possible, the mischief they had made—to get more light and more earthly experience; and this, to the lecturer's mind, was the explanation of the vast amount of those desiring to influence the mediums of earth. Especially was this true of those who, in their lives, had preached the doctrines of Orthodoxy. They (in the spirit-land) see the awful results of their teachings on mankind, and so they rush back to endeavor to control (though very poorly) the mediums of our day, that they may be enabled, in some little degree, to counteract the effect of their doctrines. While this was true of the Orthodox pastors, those noble deists—Theodore Parker, Thomas Paine, Henry C. Wright, and all the glorious line of free spirits in the upper spheres, were full of love for humanity as over, and ready to assist all (whether in or out of mortality), to the truth—to be right, and to do right. And this occupation of assisting the darkened spirits into the light, was also, to some degree, the work of Jesus. Peter said that "Christ . . . being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit, . . . went and preached unto the spirits in prison," which were "disobedient," so runs the record, "in the days of Noah." So Jesus teaches the angels and they give good gifts to those of mankind who will receive. They are the same who were on earth—those kind-hearted, noble-souled lovers of the race who have passed beyond mortal sight, have only gone one step higher; but still, through our mediums, they are constantly doing good because they love to do good, and to lead us to do so also.

#### THE SOURCE OF BLESSINGS.

The great secret of being blessed, is to bless somebody else; and I think the happiest hour of my life was when, a few years ago, I met a minister far in the West, who said to me, "You were my Saviour!" And let me ask of those here present: "Who have you saved?—who have you taught?—who have you redeemed?" In blessing others, you are blessed, in saving others, you are saved. The speaker thought the glorious and beautiful lesson of Spiritualism could be summed up in a case which happened in Elkhart, Ind. The family were firm Methodists, believing nothing, although music was frequently heard in and about the house, though there was no material instrument perceivable from which the tones were drawn. At length the mother was stretched upon the bed of death, and while the tears of the family fell like rain, she heard the angel-music once more drawing nigh, and she raised herself up and asked her husband if he heard the music. "Yes," he said. "So do I," was her answer, and I see those who make it: Here stand our five little children, who wait to welcome me to my home in the heavens. One holds a robe, another a wreath of flowers. Oh, I am happy—soul and body. Do not weep, husband; do not say to me, 'Good-by,' but say to me 'Good morning.' Soon we shall meet again, and part no more forever!" A beautiful spiritual gospel is this. In life the angels commune with us; in death they cheer and welcome us. Let us so live that others may see our good deeds, and if we cannot lead them to accept our noble faith, let us force them to recognize our good works and lives. [Applause.]

#### Written for the Banner of Light.

#### A SPIRIT-VOICE.

BY RUDDLE.

There's a voice on the air now humming  
The music of long ago;  
It comes to my saddened spirit  
In accents soft and low;  
It sounds in the tassel willows  
That lazily swing to and fro;  
In the flower-leaf and humble daisy  
That sprinkle the vale below.

It speaks in the sprays of the ocean  
That sweep to the sounding shore;  
It is blent with the running ript,   
With the noise of the cataraet's roar;  
It comes through the fields of memory,  
And awakens the slumbering flowers;  
Throws o'er the shadows of evening  
The light of the morning hours.

'T is a voice from the choir of the angels—  
That warbles its notes above—  
That speaks to my listening spirit  
In the sweetest strains of love.  
Oh, once those musical accents  
Filled all my life's domain,  
And blessed my soul with raptures  
That never may dawn again!

In all my weary windings  
Through the paths of this stormy clime,  
In the world's din of battle,  
In the hush of the even-tide,  
That voice, on the wings of the zephyrs,  
Is borne from the realms above,  
And fills my spirit-chambers  
With dreams of its early love.

SHOOTING HORSES.—We find the following sensible remarks in an exchange, on shooting horses, how far they may have a general application we cannot say; though we should hope the rule would prove an exceptional one. The writer declares that it is a most impossible to get a horse shot without having the frogs cut away. All veterinary surgeons, all horsemen, all leading blacksmiths, agree that the frog should not be paring one particle—not even trimmed. No matter how pliable and soft the frog is, cut it away smooth on all sides, and in two days it will be dry and hard as a chip. You might as well cut off all the leaves of the trees, and expect them to flourish, as to pare away the frog and have a healthy foot. The rough, spongy part of the frog is the foot what leaves are to the tree—the lungs. Never have a red-hot shoe put upon the foot to burn it level, if you can find a blacksmith that is mechanic enough to level the foot without red-hot iron, employ him. The burning process deadens the hoof, and tends to contract it.

## Original Essay.

### TANGIBILITY OF SPIRIT FORMS.

An article in one of the New York journals, referring to certain recent phases of spiritual manifestations, states that, "In Oswego, N. Y., a blind girl is made the agency by which the spirits assume form and likeness, while in this city, but more especially in Moravia, N. Y., they have been able to materialize themselves so far as to be not only distinctly visible, but also able to speak."

A great misapprehension seems to exist in regard to the nature of these cases and to the matter of fact involved. Not questioning the occurrence of many circumstances as related, I wish to call attention to and urge a closer investigation of this subject, in order to ascertain more clearly the principles upon which these and kindred phenomena are based, and thus acquire a better understanding of their nature and the object for which they persistently recur.

The subject before us for consideration is one of philosophical inquiry, rather than an argument to meet the wants of the bereaved and sorrowing. It is therefore addressed to thinkers, to investigators, and those interested in the correlations of matter and spirit. Too long have people been led by curiosity in this matter, and the minds of many have been invariably too much absorbed by the phenomena to study calmly the beautiful philosophy which underlies the novelty and wonder involved.

It is evident to any mind accustomed to study phenomena, and especially such as occur or originate in the hidden or the interior recesses of Nature, that resort must be had to new and yet deeper methods of analysis in chemical physics than any heretofore in use; that, if we would with certainty reach the grand truth occulted by the sublimation and ascent of matter through atoms to spiritualized ultimates or essences, a deeper insight must be employed, a more penetrating research must be instituted than has yet been made by scientists in all their investigations during time past.

The phenomena which occur in the atomic or essence-realm—in that unexplored realm of unparticled matter which bears analogous relations to dense and tangible matter that the invisible actinic rays bear to the sensible solar spectrum (and which unparticled matter is a phase of spirit)—demand, I repeat, analyses commensurate with such ethereal elements—investigations of an order not yet practiced in the schools of research.

Evidently science deals mostly with visible matter—that extreme of entity which is palpable to the senses, which has density or form—while the Harmonical Philosophy deals with the same matter in a vastly different form, the opposite extreme of the same entity, matter in its translated or ascended condition—a condition advanced above the molecular and often above the atomic state; in short, it deals with unparticled matter. This is too nearly akin to soul to be reached by ordinary chemical agents. Therefore science knows little or nothing of this realm as a substantial reality, simply because it ever eludes the coarse, formal and materialistic methods of research employed, in the same manner that life and soul have and ever will elude the scalpel.

Scientific investigations fail to get out of or beyond massed or the molecular phases of matter; they rarely reach atoms, never essences; and consequently, at this point ordinary research is utterly blank, and its methods are futile. The chemistry of the school ceases, its limit is attained, as we make exit from the molecular realm and enter this realm of essences—as we reach the dividing line between the ponderable and imponderable, or rather between so-called matter and spirit. Beyond this line is an infinite domain, and in it lie inexhaustible resources, perfected and potentialized elements, sequestered because refined atoms; all which will challenge the everlasting investigations and study of the "coming chemist." The savans of the present day have as yet hardly discovered, that this utterly boundless realm exists.

Atoms that have once been selected by the sentient loom of principles which builds the living human organism, and which have been woven into its fabric and held in its community of elements, vitalized, breathed upon by the divine breath of its spirit, never lose superiority over the original atoms not thus breathed upon, even when these atoms are released and again cast forth into the boundless ocean whence they came. In this way they not only have acquired a vast superiority over atoms not thus humanized or interwoven—which have not sustained this close relationship to the human spirit—but furthermore they never lose their acquired magnetism, or their improved color and susceptibility to affluence, acquired also in this relation. The powers and energies of primary atoms are enhanced a thousand-fold, and permanently so, before they are disengaged from the human constitution; former electrical states become exalted to permanent magnetic relations; and we hardly recognize in their new and potentialized chemism the same elements after their liberation. This magnetism with which these atoms are now charged, can only be imparted by this perfect and most intimate association in the human structure, where these permanent polarities are acquired by virtue of nearness to and residence with the immortal spirit.

The human organism is constantly receiving accessions of new atoms in the process of rebuilding or recuperation, and is as constantly evolving. In a vastly improved state, those atoms which have been long enough in its organic association to become thus advanced or perfected. I do not here refer to atomic exhalations from living or decaying animal bodies, or to those of the vegetable kingdom, for these atoms are not yet sublimed or perfected. These still belong to the material realm, and remain held by its affinities to be worked over in the planet's economy, and in their progress prepared to rebuild the compound human structure. They are not yet potentialized as they are destined to be after they have been woven into the fabric of the human vitality. Essences born at the expense of or by the decay of these humanized molecules, are eternal atoms, exhaling to part company forever with this tangible phase of matter, which atoms as yet are entire strangers to the material chemism.

In an audience, these atomic emanations of various qualities are often in great abundance. In them are found all "elements," for these emanations represent the totality of the physical man—the entire microcosm—and this is an epitome of the universe; so that vitalized atoms of nearly all qualities and for all purposes are at hand. Some elements, however, may not be in sufficient abundance proportionately for the purpose required—are not available by reason of temperament or individual conditions causing temporary inharmoniousness in polarity of atoms, or of some elements being withheld by mental or physical infirmities. In such cases the successful production of tangible "spirit forms" or fragmentary shapes expected to appear, cannot be effected; nothing in the way of this kind of manifestation can be done.

Now, when manifestations like those at Alton, Oswego, or Moravia, N. Y., are produced, the synthetic chemists of the other life "electricity" or otherwise control a great profusion of these evolving or sublimated atoms—enough to form, when condensed, a visible hand or arm. The atoms which are to compose it have once been humanized, and consequently have a thousand-fold greater affinity, atomic and molecular motion, than corresponding atoms on the material side which have not thus been humanized; and, having once been associated in the form of an arm, as before observed, most readily take this form again when marshaled into action and order by the energetic will and methods of the unseen chemical syntheist. In a moment, with the quickness of electricity it may be, these atoms are again dismissed into "thin air."

The remarkable rapidity with which these tangible forms are produced, is due to the advanced or perfected condition of the elements engaged—to the high degree of sublimation attained by these atoms in the human alembic of refinement. The utter silence attending the formation and dispersion, is due not only to the perfected nature of the atoms and the management of their affinities, but also to the exalted phase of the magnetic element employed, which element is a million times more refined than electricity or magnetism as popularly understood, and is proportionally as far within the boundaries of the nature of external sound; for it is a principle that the deeper we penetrate into the hidden realms of Nature, the more profound is the silence of her workings—the less jar and noise there are to reach the external ear.

The formations just referred to are of a transient nature, because the atoms or essences cannot long be forcibly held by the unseen operator, and a successful experiment requires more trained skill and knowledge of elements, and a better combination of circumstances than is dreamed of in our philosophy. Hence a failure of manifestation does not necessarily prove the whole thing to be a trick or fraud.

Now it is evident that these productions are far from being the veritable arm, or face, or person of a spiritual being—not a portion of the body now worn eternally by a spirit-friend, as is generally supposed, and as stated in the article referred to; in other words, not the spiritual body or soul. Spiritual matter (uncondensed) can only be seen with the spiritual sight. The presentations referred to as occurring at Moravia, N. Y., are seen by the multitude, and as individuals of a mixed multitude cannot all be seers—not all equally clairvoyant at the time, the inference is that they all see matter, and not spirit, in these formations. Hence the beings of the higher life have by no means "materialized themselves," as is stated—have not manifested "their own face or arm," as the case may be, but some chemical syntheist, who can condense atoms and mold them, has effected a transient formation, which resembles not always the person expected or known even, but modeled some individual departed from us, whom he could most easily represent under the circumstances. When these aggregations of etherialized atoms do present a model which is unmistakably recognized, a great and valuable success has been attained. In either case, such model or projection, rightly understood, has an inestimable value, a broad humanitarian purpose in view, teaching all conditions of mind; as nothing else can teach, that this planet-nursery is not the measure of our existence.

These chemists, or whatever they may be termed, are not necessarily in the room, as stated; they may not even be in its immediate vicinity. They can produce these effects, when once the magnetic line is established, from an immense distance, so self-centered and coherent is this all-penetrating line, and so absolutely do vitalized and perfected atoms obey the behests of law, controlled by the will of the ascended philanthropic operators. It is very true, these chemical operators may be near by the effects produced, but not necessarily. To all intents and purposes, they are standing where the performance occurs, as to all intents and purposes, the telegraphic operator stands near by to give you his dispatch, though in person he may be hundreds of miles away.

When an unrecognized formation is presented, it is designed, by its unusual occurrence, to call public as well as individual attention to it; and the selectest attention of savans as well as others ought in all justice to be given it, regardless of the charge of unworthiness—the usual cry of ignorance and prejudice. Must the new orbs that glitter in the deep heavens of truth be shut out of our telescope by an intermeddling and crucifying public opinion still?

The grand object at which the ascended aim in producing these material projections is, to establish the sublime fact of immortality; to answer the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" These wonderful evolutions from the spiritual realm presuppose intelligence and skill behind them, and no other inference, with loyalty to reason, can be drawn than an affirmative answer to this mightiest of all questions.

Curiosity is not the highest attribute of our spiritual nature; and after the fact of immortality is once established in the mind—as these things only can establish it—let us not profane the sanctuary of reason by being constantly led by curiosity for details, in persistently asking, those of the higher life about trivial matters, ordinary affairs, or perishable things or sentiments, as is too often the case. Herein a great mistake is made, and the door unwisely opened for troublesome contradictions. These emanate from the sphere of opinions existing in the other life as well as in this. Let us drop an unwise curiosity, therefore, when once this proof of immortal existence is fully obtained; waive questions that we ourselves may answer by earnest study and careful thought; modestly omit persistent teasing at the very door of this great conviction, and work out subsequently by ourselves, through intelligence, reason and philosophical study, more than oracles can give, and all the truth and wisdom that we can with benefit entertain. In this light, the problem of our immortal career and a better knowledge of our future surroundings having in part been reached and solved by our own endeavors, our faith will glow with a diviner truth and a more lasting harmony.

New York City.

J. B. LOOMIS.

HAD HIM AT LAST.—"How much a peck for potatoes?" asked a gentleman in market on Monday morning. The price suited him, and he was about to purchase, when a thought suddenly struck him. "Wait a moment, my good woman," he said, "I fear these potatoes were picked on Sunday." "No, sir, they were not," she replied, "but, to tell the truth, they grew on Sunday!"—Investigator.

If an icicle forty-five miles in diameter were thrust toward the sun with the velocity of light, say 12,000,000 miles a minute, it could never touch the sun, but it would melt as fast as it came. If this be true, the experiment might as well be abandoned first as last.

## Banner Correspondence.

### Florida.

CORA L. V. TAPPAN, writing from Roddus Point, St. John River, near Jacksonville, says: "Dear Banner.—Banished from labor and loved ones, from the rough winds and warm hearts of the North, by the stern demands of physical law, whose mandate we may not with impunity disobey—in most delightful yet solitary exile—the mail brings no more welcome visitor (save only the letters from dearest ones) than your shining folds laden with messages of love and wisdom from two worlds." Having, since her sojourn in the South, received many letters of inquiry from both friends and strangers in the North concerning Florida, its climate, etc., she decided to take a public way of replying concerning this "most Southern," "most ancient in history," "least advanced in the scale of civilization" of the United States. Of its discovery, she says: "In the year 1512 Juan Ponce de Leon, (an attendant of Columbus on both his voyages of discovery) sailed from Porto Rico in search of the fabled island where the 'Fountain of Youth' was said to flow. On Pascua, Florida, (Palm Sunday) he reached the eastern coast of the State, and finding it barren with evergreen foliage and sentinelled by stately Palmettos, he gave to the peninsula its beautiful name. Like many another wanderer after the fabled fountain, he failed to discover its secret springs, though he searched far and near; but unwilling to confess his entire failure, he returned to his comrades with glowing accounts of the richness and fertility of the soil, the vast mineral and other resources of this wonderful land."

There is a peculiar romance in the very name of the State, and when we recall its history—painfully fraught with strife and bloodshed—we are still more interested. It was the former home of the native Indians, who for three hundred and fifty years waged relentless war against all invaders of their rights and homes, some of whom to this day inhabit the everglades, and declare they have never been vanquished—the home of Osceola or Asseola, the brave and undaunted chief of the Seminoles, whose history is never tired of recounting deeds of bravery and daring in defense of his country and race; him who when once betrayed into signing a paper that robbed the Seminoles of their rights—on ascertaining the nature of the instrument thus written—raised his knife in the air and sent the blade through the paper, destroying it; him who waged relentless war against all invaders of his and his nation's rights—especially the United States Government—for a period of twenty or thirty years, costing us hundreds of lives and thousands of treasure, and who, when finally taken captive, and so enfeebled by age and suffering as to be unable to raise his eyes, asked his attendants in his last hours of life, "What are you holding the soldiers staring at him, said, with dignity and pride, 'Go tell your chief that, had he been taken captive by me, and died a prisoner in my land, no strangers should thus mock his dying moments!' with which words his unconquered spirit fled to these fairer hunting-grounds where no spoiler comes."

This soil has been the battle-ground of at least five nationalities—the native Indian, the Spanish, French and English, and last, the all-conquering and grasping Anglo-American, or Yankee. On entering the St. John River, near Fernandina, one is soon struck with the quiet beauty of the overgrown shore, the broad expanse of the river (over varying in width from a narrow channel to a surface of many miles), the low, monotonous level of its banks, covered with trees, or bare and barren with white sandy soil, and here and there a villa or plantation house, surrounded with palm-trees, and sometimes orange groves. In winter the country is a sea of flowers, and is liable to sudden changes in temperature. Frequent visitors from the North are quite exasperated because of a white frost or chilling rain, and if they happen to be invalids and consumptives, the effect upon them is very depressing, often fatal. Most people expect too much of Florida. They expect everything to be new, except the wilderness of Alpius mountains to the westward, and blooming vales of the West. They expect in mid-winter to find the shores and woods festooned with flowers of every shade and delightful fragrance. They expect oranges to hang ripe on the trees every month of the year, and blossoms from the same to fill the air with withering odors. They want smooth grassy lawns, and sugar and cotton plantations always in a state to be inspected and admired. In fact there are three classes of people to whom the beauties of Florida must forever remain a sealed book, i. e., invalids, especially consumptives, who are far gone as to take this trip as a "dernier resort," and who ally die here or return home to pay the debt of nature from over-exhaustion and disappointment. Second, pleasure-seekers, who come expecting to find tropical luxuries with a healthful climate and abundant accommodations. Third, people who are always discontented, and wander from land to land, from country to country, until in their own minds the demon of unrest—to them there is nothing of beauty, grace or loveliness in Florida.

But for those who love Mother Nature in all her moods, there is no lack of beauty, and an abundance of comfort. The very fact that you can breathe the air and feel the sun, and are contented with cold; can, if you are strong enough, climb the woods and find flowers every month in the year; can live out of doors a good share of the time and feel the sunshine and fresh air revive and strengthen, is in itself sufficient. The thermometer never is below freezing, is seldom lower than 33° and frequently even in February and March indicates 80°.

She concludes by again recommending those seeking the State for healthful purposes, or for pleasure, to bring with them contented minds; then, as in her case, they will find health and strength in the mild air, the blessed sunshine, the sights and sounds of nature, and the loving care of willing hands.

### Massachusetts.

DANVERS.—R. L. Hale writes, "The following thoughts occurred to me on reading the recent attacks on Mr. Woodhull for so heroically giving utterance to her honest convictions of truth. It is an old saying that where jealousy exists love cannot reign. But I believe there is more truth in reversing it, that where love reigns jealousy cannot exist; that as we are distinct in our natures as heavenly beings, so we are distinct in our greatest affections, while from the other our greatest misery. There is no affinity between them, and it is only as the one departs that the other can enter. We find it is so in all conditions of life. One by its strong magnetic attractions uniting lovers, forming bands and organizing communities; the other, dispersing and destroying them. It is love that has formed all religious and political bodies of the past, and jealousy that has scattered them and compelled those that dare think to form new ones. Thus we see the necessity of this great destroyer of our happiness. Step by step it has forced us on from one condition of life to another, until we have reached the present (spiritual) one, which was to be the great consummation of all that had preceded it. But even here the arch fiend is at work. In every aperture, though strongly guarded, he is fast working his way in. The pioneers who have faithfully toiled to spread the new truth, see in a newer revelation an approaching foe, and vainly try to protect their glorious truth by walling it in; but this can only check for a while the rushing current which will break through their barriers to roll with greater velocity, bearing away all bars and creeds not consistent with the right, crushing to powder our altars and idols, and forcing us onward with it, or leaving us among the fossils of the past."

### District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON.—F. Burlingame, writing May 28th, says: "I am reminded, by a quotation from one of your private correspondents, published in this week's issue, that I laid aside last week's 'Banner,' after completing my feast, with the intention of sending you a line of thankful appreciation, but was interrupted, and allowed it escape to slip my mind. I was especially pleased with the editorial, 'What Phenomena Occur but usually,' generally, attracted my attention unusually. May you live long, and prosper."

Young ladies with new solitaire diamond rings never refuse to play the piano.



## Spiritual Phenomena.

SEANCES WITH FOSTER AND MANSFIELD.

DEAR BANNER—As I was recently spending a few days in the city of New York, I yielded to the invitation of a friend, and with her visited Charles Foster, the celebrated test medium. I was introduced simply as "a friend" of my companion, and the manifestations began. The medium tore a piece of white paper into a dozen small bits, and requested me to write the names of such persons as I desired to communicate with, and then fold them exactly alike, so I could not tell one from the other. I did so, and shuffled the folded slips until no ordinary eye or mind could detect a particular name.

The medium gathered the papers in his hand, pressed them lightly to his forehead, one at a time, and presently handed me one of them, saying, "Brother John's name is there. Glad to see you, my sister," and then followed a message of which I cannot remember the exact words. The slip of paper contained the name of my brother, who had been dead for ten years.

Then said the medium with a shudder, "Some one's here who came to a violent death." He was interrupted here by callers, and did not return for several minutes; and by that time, so lost was I in reverie over my brother's communication, that I had forgotten all else but his dear blue eyes, beaming face and gentle voice, as he smiled a sad farewell upon us and fell asleep in the balmy May sunshine of the last decade.

Foster returned, and, resuming his seat at the table, exclaimed, "Somebody is here who was shot! Colonel! Who is the Colonel?" "I can't imagine, I am sure," I said. "Colonel Baker!" who was shot at Ball's Bluff!" he exclaimed; and shaking my hand in a sort of rapture, he said, "E. D. Baker is with you continually in your mission, and will help you all he can," and again, as in my brother's case, I failed to further retain his exact words, so will not attempt to repeat them. "Grandfather Scott is present," shouted the medium. Here was another singular test. The lady who was my companion knew no more about my ancestry than the medium did, and the signal certainly did not come from my own mind, as I was not thinking of my grandfather. I had always heard that a medium could not tell anything which was not in the mind of some one present. "That name is not in your list," said Foster. I knew that it was not, but could not see how he knew it.

At a subsequent visit I went prepared with a number of previously-written questions folded in separate papers. Foster took the folded slips, and without hesitation wrote pertinent answers upon every one of them. "Then," said he, "I am told that the initials of the person who communicates will appear upon my hand in characters of blood." His hand lay passive upon the table for a moment, and then, in clear, lurid, unmistakable vividness, appeared the letters "E. D. B." in a large bold hand. They were not outside but under the cuticle, and faded gradually away while I was gazing and wondering how they had been made.

My curiosity being awakened, I went with another friend to Mansfield, the writing medium. Found him in an elegantly-furnished apartment, a perfect curiosity shop of the beautiful, which I should love to describe did my time or your space permit.

Giving me a number of pieces of white "proof paper," he told me to write questions, one at a time, and fold them in the paper so that no mortal eye could see them, and leave a blank space at the bottom for a reply. My first question was, "Is Col. E. D. Baker present?" The medium sat for some little time with his hands upon the paper, and then asked me if the person addressed had been dead a great while. Didn't want to tell him, but hesitatingly replied, "several years." Said he, "he seems inactive," but presently the fingers of his left hand began moving, something like the clicking of a telegraphic machine, and with his right hand he pencilled the words:

"Thankful, thankful, Mrs. Dunaway, for this opportunity of talking with you. This is more than I had anticipated or hoped for. How can I advise you? Ask me one question at a time, and I will do the best I can to respond."

Very truly, EDWARD DICKINSON BAKER.

I. C. is not present at this moment.

E. D. B.

"Who is I. C., whom you mention as not being present?"

"Excuse me, my dear lady; I thought you made reference to my friend Cole. I now see my mistake."

Captain Dierdorff and James Victor Smith are present, and would be kindly remembered to the Portland people. Yours truly,

E. D. BAKER.

Afterwards in looking over my first question as I had written it, I discovered that I had omitted the letter "s" in the word "is," and in connection with the following abbreviated word "Col.," looked as though I had meant to ask for "I. Cole." (My handwriting is a little like Horace Greeley's anyhow, as your printer will perceive before he gets done with this copy.)

"Would you advise me to continue my newspaper in connection with lecturing?"

"Most assuredly I would; and here let me say you shall prosper beyond your most sanguine expectations. Your mission is a holy one, and all progressive spirit-lands shall be with you. Do not fear, my sister. Your hands shall be held up, your steps directed in your mission of love to the people. Edward Flint, Ben. Halladay's old partner, has gone to see if he cannot impress Ben. to assist you in his line of business. I think he will succeed. Halladay's heart is all right—only touch it in the proper place. Yours truly,

EDWARD D. BAKER.

It is perhaps necessary to explain that Ben. Halladay is the owner of all the steamers and railroads of Oregon; and that I have paid him large transportation fees in my lecture and newspaper work, and he has up to this time refused me passes to travel. Whether there ever was an "Edward Flint," or not, I do not know, and just how to touch Ben. Halladay's heart in the right place with anything but cash, I have not yet discovered.

"Who shall I employ to publish Judith Ried?" This question was in allusion to a serial story which had been published in the New Northwest, and which I was thinking of getting out in a book.

"As to that, Mrs. Dunaway, I am at loss as to what would be advisable. However, my idea is, a progressive work would be better published by progressive people than those straight-jacket publishing-houses who travel along the old beaten track of sectarianism. If I were you I would see the Banner of Light people, 153 Washington street, Boston, and if they will publish it on terms to you satisfactory, I should then by all means advise you to give it to them. E. D. BAKER."

"You said, through Foster, that you had been my guide ever since I began my public work."

"Well, dear lady, I say it now; and will you

allow me to continue? I will do for you all I can, and the best I can. Above that you cannot expect of

E. D. BAKER.

"Can you tell me when you first assisted me to speak?"

"My dear lady, let me say, in reply, it was the first time you made a public political speech. What I told you at E.'s was even so."

Your guide,

EDWARD DICKINSON BAKER.

"Can you devise any means by which I can communicate with you often?"

"I know of no means, Mrs. Dunaway, unless you avail yourself of the means provided through a mortal medium. Now there are many phases of mediumship—many mediums; but while we can control some reliably, others lack the passiveness necessary to a reliable control. If you find any whom you can rely implicitly upon, I will do the best I can to control them, and advise you from time to time. To you the expense will be nothing; I will pay the medium's bills so long as you do your duty."

E. D. BAKER.

"Can you advise me as to my political course?"

"As to that you need no particular advice. You shall be not only impressed, but inspired at your desk and on the rostrum. Have no fears for that. You are not your own, but those who have you in care. Then heed those promptings from within, which are welling up from your soul daily; they are the God-part or the divine of your soul."

EDWARD D. BAKER.

As I feel that everybody is, or should be, interested in investigating the wonderful phenomena of spiritual manifestations, I have yielded to a conviction of duty in presenting the Banner reading public with the above facts. The rolls of proof-paper upon which the original questions and communications appear, are in my possession, and can be seen by the curious. I have never been a Spiritualist, but have lately been much impressed to investigate the theory, and can now do no more than publish the result of such investigations, leaving the reader to form his own conclusions.

For several months past I have been constantly engaged in lecturing upon political subjects on the Pacific Coast, drawing crowded houses nightly, and awakening a general interest in the gospel of peace on earth and good will to men and women, and prophesying a coming reign of purity and peace, which I confidently believe will be ushered in when the equal rights of women are everywhere acknowledged; and when woman, coming nobly to the work of her own womanhood, will arise from the inertia of prejudice, the trammels of ignorance, the follies of fashion, and the manifold vices of her present political and social subjugation.

I think the great mistake of Spiritualists in their reform work is their discarding of the Bible, which is, to me, the strongest spiritual record yet put forth; and though there be many obsolete and abominable practices upheld in it, we should take its date of origin into account, and remember that media can only reflect, to a great extent, their own peculiar ideas. There can be no doubt, in my mind, that the mission of Christ was a divine one, and not only myself, but millions, have been prevented from examining and accepting Spiritualism from the fact that so many of its public devotees have shocked their finer sensibilities by scoffing at and ridiculing those beliefs which long years of education and conviction have rendered sacred.

Mrs. A. J. DUNAWAY,

Editor and Proprietor of the New Northwest,

Portland, Oregon.

Boston, May 28th, 1872.

MANIFESTATIONS THROUGH MRS. MATTHEWS AND DR. ROUNDY.

DEAR BANNER—I have recently attended some seances, given by Dr. Roundy and Mrs. S. A. Matthews, which have interested me as much as any phenomena of the kind I have ever witnessed, the manifestations given in the dark not being characterized by that rough, boisterous nature which we often see in circles of this kind. The mediums seem to be conscientious and entirely honest in the demonstrations that occur through their organisms, so much so, indeed, that it gives me pleasure to endorse and commend them to the notice of an investigating public. The seances that I attended were conducted after this manner. They were given in the homes of friends and cultured people in our city, under circumstances which removed even the possibility of collusion or deception. Mrs. Matthews is a lady of delicate and sensitive organization, in feeble health, modest and unpretending in appearance, impressing one at once with her candor and truthfulness. Dr. Roundy is of sanguine temperament, filled with enthusiasm, apparently having the utmost faith and confidence in the manifestations which occur. One thing I am sure of—if there is deception, the mediums are as much deceived as others who are present.

The circle is formed after the primitive manner, the persons present being seated around a large table, joining hands and resting them upon the top of the table. A small table is placed just behind the mediums, some two feet from them, and on it are set a half dozen bells of different sizes, a tambourine, a feather fan and a speaking trumpet. After all are seated, with their hands touching each other, a few simple directions are given by the doctor, and the light is turned off, making the room totally dark. Mrs. Matthews is thrown into an unconscious trance, and remains so during the evening. After singing by the company, raps are heard, each individual spirit giving its own peculiar sounds—gentle raps, loud raps, muffled raps, usually closing by a few tremendous thumps by the leading spirit of the circle, known as "Black Hawk." These raps are heard upon all parts of the table, on the chairs, and about the floor and ceiling of the room. A lively tune is played by the violinist, and immediately the bells become endowed with life, leaving the table where they have been quietly resting, and starting on a voyage over our heads up to the ceiling and all about the room, vigorously ringing in time with the music—three or four bells at once, a rubber whistle and the tambourine sailing around and vying with each other in producing sounds sufficiently startling, if not always musical.

It was evident to all that the instruments passed beyond the possible reach of the mediums who were quietly seated in the grasp and under the surveillance of their nearest neighbors. Presently a cool breeze fans our faces, heavily laden with the most delicious perfume, and we become aware that the fan is passing around in the hand of an unseen fiend, cooling our heated brows, while sprinkling upon us with generous measure this sweet fragrance of flowers.

We are happy, and our joy overflows with song, until suddenly three short quick whoops through the speaking trumpet, from the Indian, Black Hawk, break in upon us and announce that he is ready to converse with us in audible voice from the unseen but no longer "silent land."

We listen attentively while, with labored effort, he speaks to us. After a few words of greeting

he passes around the circle, talking with each member personally, and often giving the most surprising and satisfactory tests from their spirit-friends. He closes with some excellent advice and a beautiful description of the spirit-country from whence he came, and goes away with our blessing and a kind good-night to all.

Last evening there were some four distinct perfumes given us during the sitting, which continued about two hours. The whole seance was made up of a succession of marvels, deeply interesting and satisfactory to the Spiritualists present, and strangely bewildering and startling to a gentleman who said he never saw anything of the kind before. In all there were nine people present, who, I am sure, are ready to testify to the truth of this account.

In conclusion, I would say that I believe Mr. Roundy and Mrs. Matthews to be faithful and true mediums, whose powers are well calculated to help humanity to know the glad truth of immortal life and eternal progress.

Faithfully yours, A. E. CARPENTER.

Boston, May 15, 1872.

THE DERIVATION OF LANGUAGE.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Your correspondent, "H. N. S.," having twice criticised a paragraph in my essay on the "Twilight of History," I may be excused for attempting to set him right. In the essay (Banner of Light, April 13, 1872), I used the following language:

"As the famous Rosetta stone of Egypt tore away the screen that concealed the mysteries of her monumental history, so the Sanscrit supplied a torch to our hands, by whose light we could penetrate far into the impenetrable darknesses of the past. The language of the Aryans, and the languages of Europe, and behold their relationship with some of Asia. A single grammatical form, in any one of these languages, exhibiting a more perfect and flexible structure than in any of the others, was direct evidence that it was not derived from those retaining the *prae-perfect* form. The high and low German and Scandinavian tongues at once began to justify their brothers of the Teutonic languages, while the classic speech of Greece and Rome became an *fraternal* term with the barbarian Illyric, Celtic and Nordic. These, with their many subdivisions, extended a hand of fellowship to the sacred tongues of the Vedas and Zend-Avesta, of the Aryan and Persian and Armenian, of Bokhara and Afghanistan."

"H. N. S.," in his last letter, remarks: "I had supposed there was no one thing over which man has supervision, whose tendency was in the direction of improvement more surely than that of language. I still entertain a strong hope to that effect."

Has man "supervision" over the "growth" of language? In his second letter he returns to the charge, and by again quoting but a few lines from the above, evidently believes I do not hold to the derivation of one language from another.

Immediately following the above language, if he will turn to the essay, he will find these words: "The Germanic, Lithuanian, Slavonic, Celtic, Latin, Greek, Persian and Sanscrit were traced back to one common source, generally designated as the Aryan race, derived from the Sanscrit *Arya*, the white race *par excellence*. By the examination of these derived languages, and inferring that any word found in them all must have been derived from the *prae-perfect* Aryan tongue before the gradual separation," etc.

I make these quotations to show that I do not hold the theory he has endeavored to father on me. Now the question is, does the use of the word *derived* in the first quotation above justify such an inference? It is well known to all students of language that the use of different words—bearing no relationship—to designate the same thing, or state of feeling, when found in the different branches of the Aryan family, must have originated after the separation of the primitive Aryan tribe. For instance, the numbers up to one hundred or more in the Aryan languages may be traced back to one common source. But the word *thousand* cannot be so traced. The different words used to express that numeral, are "direct evidence that it was not derived" from the same source as the others. So many grammatical forms; if they could all be traced to a common source, in what would consist the progress?

I was not aware that any one conversant with the Science of Language could find fault with that expression in its connection. Permit me, however, for the benefit of "H. N. S.," to state the same idea in a somewhat different form:

RULE.—The presence of a single more perfect grammatical form furnishes indubitable proof that the language in which it was found could not be the offspring of any other in which the same form existed in a less perfect state."

If he desires to question that statement of the case, it becomes a controversy between "H. N. S." and Prof. Max Müller, and not with my humble self. One word more. "H. N. S." asks:

"In the development of languages, is not improvement always the rule, and deterioration the exception?"

Grammatical terminations were once independent words, and had their own purpose and meaning. *Godly* and *truly* were once god-like and true-like. The *d* at the termination of *love-d* is a guide word to another word, and only through "deterioration," or phonetic decay, has *love* become a single word. Max Müller says: "We are accustomed to call these changes the *growth* of language, but it would be more appropriate to call this process of phonetic change *decay*."

DYER D. LUM.

"Flashes of Light from the Spirit-Land."

These "Flashes of Light," given through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, compiled by Allen Putnam, sending forth their beautiful illuminations in a book of four hundred pages, are eminently well calculated to illuminate the path of the investigator, and banish the dark superstition and ignorance that may exist in his mind. The title is emblematic of its contents, and truly expresses the nature thereof, only the light it imparts to the investigator is of a permanent character.

William White & Co., by the publication of this work, have put in the field a missionary that will be instrumental in making many converts to the beautiful Harmonical Philosophy.

Mrs. Conant has been a medium from her infancy. In early childhood the "angels spoke through" her, "lips," as they did through those of Jesus and Swedenborg, and the ideas they then advanced were calculated to cause Old Theology to tremble, and finally to disintegrate and crumble to pieces. Theosophy, like theosophy, is reverenced by all true reformers, and through whose instrumentality a lively impetus was given to the tidal waves of progress, controls the circle of spirits from whom these "Flashes of Light" have emanated. Among them we notice the poet, Rev. John Pierpont; the radical and uncompromising advocate of human rights and religious freedom, Thomas Paine; the eccentric, dashing character, Lorenzo Dow; the clear-headed philosopher, Prof. Robert Hare; the theological encyclopedia, Rev. T. Starr King, and the distinguished scientist, Sir Humphrey Davy. Under the influence of this circle of wise sages, beautiful poetry, philosophy, and interpretations of the law of Nature, and comprehensive views of the leading reformatory movements of the day, are freely given. There is not, perhaps, another person now living through whose brain have been transmitted so many brilliant gems of thought as have been given through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant.

These "Flashes of Light" were first seen and heard at the Banner of Light Circle Room, which, being beautifully decorated with the likenesses

of many spirits and prominent Spiritualists, has been appropriately devoted to the work of illuminating the world. Promptly at a designated hour for the seance to commence, Mrs. Conant takes her seat, submits to the influence of the controlling spirit, and then gives expression to an invocation, addressed to the Supreme Intelligence. Sometimes the invocation is enunciated in poetry, which falls like a fragrant flower from a flower, elevating the feelings of all present.

But the chief merit of this book does not consist of its invocations or poetry. The answers to questions cover a wide range of matter, on almost all conceivable subjects, and are of a highly interesting character. The poet, the philosopher, the theologian, the historian, the chemist and metaphysician are members of her spirit-band, and the knowledge which they have gained in the Summer-land has enabled them to banish the errors conceived during earth-life, and when a question is once answered by them, it will be rarely, if ever, found incorrect. The questions are all of an appropriate character, touching some law of matter, spirit, mind, mediumship, etc., and are clearly and concisely answered.—Religio-Philosophical Journal, Chicago, Ill.

Faithfully yours, A. E. CARPENTER.

Boston, May 15, 1872.

SCIENTIFIC.

COSMOGRAPHY.

A Description of the Universe.

NUMBER THREE.

BY LYSANDER S. RICHARDS.

WATER—Occupying the greatest space upon our planet to-day is water. It covers three-quarters of the crust, and is composed of two elements, hydrogen and oxygen—eight-ninths of the latter, and one-ninth the former. Separately, they exist as gas; and it is incomprehensible to some, that, existing in the air in their separate capacity as a gas, invisible, by what manner of proceeding are these gases converted into a substance as visible, tangible and ponderable as water. The moment these two gases come in contact with each other in proportions as above—one to eight—a chemical union takes place, a condensation of the gases, and water is the result. Most gases can be condensed into fluids, and nearly all fluids condensed into solids. Liberate the heat, and contraction, hardening, condensation, is the necessary result. Water is decomposed, or converted into its two gaseous elements, by electricity. Rain is due to the condensation of vapor in the atmosphere. Take a glass tumbler, fill it partially with water, place the nose of it in a glass receiver, rest the latter on a cold-water bath, and heat the tumbler by a spirit-lamp until vapor rises from the heated water. The vapor then passes through the nose into the receiver, the air of which is made cold by the vessel resting on cold water; and the vapor coming in contact with this cold air, it condenses—concentrates—into globules or drops of water. This is the process of distillation. Years ago, the sailors at sea, when out of fresh water, were in the habit of filling their bottles with salt water, heating it over the stove, and cooling the escaping vapor. Condensation was effected, and drops of fresh water lodged in their paths. Heat separated the salt from the liquid, and nothing but fresh, aqueous vapor escaped. They are now fortunate in having machines to accommodate their wants in a more easy manner. Now, apply the huge lamp, our sun, to the great vessel, the earth, three-quarters covered with water, and we have distillation on a liberal scale. The rays of the solar mass strike the ocean or any sheet of water, and heat the surface; and as heat expands everything with which it comes in contact, the water is expanded, constantly enlarging and growing thinner as the heat is applied upon it continues, so that, at last, it is expanded into vapor; and, becoming lighter than the air through this expansion, it is obliged to rise, and will continue to rise until it reaches that elevation where the atmosphere is as light as the vapor, and there it rests, or floats here and there until a cold current strikes it; and as it is the law of all substances coming in contact with colder to contract or concentrate into a smaller space, so the vapor, meeting the cold current, contracts, condenses into drops, becomes heavier than the air, and, obeying the laws of gravitation, falls to the ground in the form of rain. In hot climates, the tropics, double the quantity of rain falls than in the temperate or colder climates, which is due to the increased heat evaporating larger quantities of vapor; and, notwithstanding the excess in the amount of rain in the tropics, the showers in the temperate zone, though less severe, are more frequent and evenly distributed. Snow is formed by vapor rising to greater heights in the atmosphere—consequently, cooler—and is frozen in the form of vapor—frozen vapor—congealed, not condensed into drops; rain. Go to the mountain side, ascend seven or eight thousand feet, and you come to what is called the snow line. Below the verdure shows the frequent visits of rain; above, you are in the region of snow. Ascend a little higher, and you reach perpetual snow. Continue to ascend, and ultimately the limit of snow is passed; now and then a flake is seen, but no accumulation. Water, or aqueous vapor, in the atmosphere surrounding our planet, extends about six miles in height; above that elevation, the air is comparatively dry. Hail is frozen rain. Snow forms in the atmosphere in summer as in winter; but the radiant heat of the earth, in the former season melts the snow-crystals ere they reach the ground. With hail, the frozen drops are of such size they are not as easily affected.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Quarterly Convention of Spiritualists of Hillsboro' and Cheshire Counties.

The Convention was held in Lyceum Hall, Manchester, N. H., April 26th, 27th and 28th. The call being read by Albert Story, the following Association was formed, by choosing for President Albert Story; Vice President, Stephen Austin and Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer; Secretary, T. S. Vane—all of Manchester; and J. W. Fletcher, of Westford, Mass., quorum the meeting with remarks on the progress of Spiritualism. He was followed by S. W. Shaw, of Providence, R. I., who made a very interesting remarks on the coming era.

Mrs. S. A. Rogers, of Haverhill, Mass., gave a short discourse on the truth of Spiritualism. Song by the choir. Albert Story and others expressed pleasure in being able to meet as an organized body. Voted to adjourn till 7 p. m.

Evening Session.—Conference of 30 minutes. Singing by the choir. Conference of 30 minutes. In which time Mrs. A. P. Brown, N. W. Shaw and others, made some very pointed and interesting remarks. Song by the choir. Lecture by J. W. Fletcher—subject, "Will it pay?" After singing, A. E. Carpenter, of Boston, gave a discourse on the progress of Spiritualism, sustaining his well-earned reputation. Voted to adjourn till next day.

Saturday Morning Session.—Conference meeting, and musical experiments by S. W. Shaw. Adjourned until 2 p. m.

Afternoon Session.—Conference meeting. Singing by J. W. Fletcher and A. E. Carpenter. A beautiful song by the choir. Lecture by Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer—subject, Practical Spiritualism; followed by Mrs. A. P. Brown. Voted to adjourn till 7 p. m.

Evening Session.—Conference of 30 minutes. Singing by the choir. Speaking by Mr. Morgan, Mrs. S. A. Rogers and A. E. Carpenter. Lecture by Mrs. S. A. Rogers—subject, "Our Birthing," a short and pertinent discourse. A. E. Carpenter took the subject, "The Religion of Humanity." Adjourned to 9 a. m. Sunday, 7th.

Sunday Morning Session.—Conference of 40 minutes. Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer, agent for Merrimack and Sullivan Co's. Spiritual Association, said the people were very much interested in all the lectures she had given them. Song by the choir. Lecture by N. B. Greenleaf, of Lowell, Mass.—He spoke words of cheer for all in the cause of Spiritualism. Adjourned till 2 p. m.

Afternoon Session.—Meeting called to order by Vice President Austin, Conference of 30 minutes. Speaking by Mrs.

A. P. Brown, Mrs. S. A. Rogers and A. E. Carpenter. Song by the choir. Lecture by A. E. Carpenter—subject, "Prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good." Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer spoke on Spiritualism and Truth. Adjourned to 7 p. m.

Evening Session.—Conference, speaking by Mrs. S. A. Rogers. A. E. Carpenter introduced the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, We sympathize deeply with every effort that is made to sustain and perpetuate liberty of conscience; therefore we—"

Resolved, That our thanks are due to Francis Abbott of Toledo, O., for the brave protest which he prominently presented before the Universal Convention, called for the purpose of putting the Jewish Jehovah and the Christian religion into the Constitution of the United States.

Singing. N. B. Greenleaf, introduced, gave a deeply prophetic and logical lecture on Practical Spiritualism, pointing out its future mission. Singing. Lecture by Mrs. A. P. Brown, subject, "What is the religion of the future?" She gave a good contrast between church and Spiritualism.

Resolved, That the citizens here and abroad render their sincere thanks for the hospitable attention extended to them by the good people of Manchester during their stay at the Convention.

The convention closed by singing a beautiful song.

Manchester, N. H. T. S. Vane, Secretary.

Free Religious Association.

On Friday morning, afternoon and evening, May 31st, the annual convention of this organization was held. Notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather, good numbers were in attendance at each meeting. The Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of New York, presided. The chairman, in calling the meeting to order, alluded to the origin and progress of the Association, and to the discouragement the members had received from the come-outers of every denomination who had preceded them. Like the Israelites of old, they had gone out into what was seemingly a wilderness, but what had, turned out to be a garden; like them, too, they were still journeying onward to the promised land. They went out with faith in the idea that the human mind was responsible to itself, that its religion was to be its own religion spontaneously developed as it went along. And so they had been wandering for five years, without a creed, but endeavoring to get the sympathy of faith. They had tried to come down to the foundation stone on which all religions rested. Now they were waging war against everything that turns aside the human mind from its effort to find the truth. If Christianity and superstition stand or fall together, then they made war on Christianity, and not otherwise. It was better that the human mind should be free than to be religious. Freedom they must have. The Association emphasized anew the *liberty of religion* in the State and society, and the freedom of mind against every kind of despotism.

The Rev. John W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, N. Y., read a paper upon "Liberty and the Church in America." There were three relations, he said, which could exist between the Church and the State. There could be a State religion, an ecclesiastical Government, and a Church and State independent. The State religions give a premium to fools and hypocrites; this was amply proven in the history of England. The true relation was that of the perfect freedom of religion under our national Government. There was no necessity for any religious formalities or requirements to the State, and in alluding to the opening of Legislative sessions with prayer, mention was made of the excellent chaplain of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, who "made stump speeches to the Almighty on railroad bills and woman suffrage."

In speaking of the proposed religious amendment to the Constitution, he said that to make the Constitution theistic even, would be to expatriate some of the best men in the country. Equal rights was the American idea, and there was no right so sacred as thought on the highest themes. The logic of the proposition would involve a sectarian fight for the control of the Government. By stamping God on the Constitution, the nation would not become Christian; not a man, woman or child would believe in Christianity more than before. The needs of the present pointed to a Sunday freed from all governmental restraint. The American people and the American nation to-day, were a great deal better than the American Government. There was a field for organic reform in the administration of the government. What was wanted was not a religious amendment to the Constitution, but a religious amendment to men's lives.

The Rev. Rowland Connor was the first to open the discussion, and referred to the meeting recently held in this city to secure a religious amendment to the Constitution. The argument of Professor Seelye on that occasion he considered very good, except in one particular, where he quoted from a reconverted infidel and an avowed theist, Benjamin Franklin, to prove that the United States was a Christian nation. The people who advocated the religious amendment seemed to him to have a very singular lack of perception of the fitness of things. Their idea is that all in America are Christians; that the very best things that have ever been done here are by Christians; and therefore they say, "Let us throw out our Christian flag to the breeze; let us recognize Christianity." But they did not see that it would never do in political matters. It would be as impolitic as a patriotic citizen waving a flag on a crowded street, frightening the horses and disturbing traffic, and equally as much out of place.

Mrs. Celia Burleigh read a paper in continuance of the subject, which was a plea for liberty and progress. She was followed by Lauretta Mott, who defended the Apostle Paul from an attack made upon him by Mrs. Burleigh for conservatism in regard to allowing women to speak in meetings. From her reading of his writings, it seemed that he did not refuse women the right to become religious teachers—rather advocated it—but deprecated their participation in the discussions that were taking place in the church. She wanted truth and freedom to go hand in hand, and urged her hearers to be ready to defend the religious liberty of which they had heard so much of practical value. A letter was read from a Presbyterian clergyman of western New York, addressed to Mr. F. W. Clark of the Young Men's Christian Union, in response to a request that he would contribute to the geological cabinet of that institution. It was interesting as showing the extreme bigotry of some members of the evangelical church, the writer refusing to part with any portion of his collection of minerals, unless it could be proved that the petitioners belonged to a "soundly pious society." The discussion was continued by A. Bronson Alcott and the Rev. Dr. Bartol, the latter defining religion to be the right action of every faculty and affection of the human mind.

In the beginning of the afternoon session the Secretary, the Rev. W. J. Potter, read letters from the Rev. Charles H. Malcolm, a Baptist clergyman of Newport, R. I., and others, regretting their inability to be present at the convention. Mr. C. D. B. Mills, of Syracuse, N. Y., then read an essay on the question, "Does religion represent a permanent sentiment of the human mind, or is it a perishable institution?" The question was, he thought, a very important one, tracing the progress of religious belief from the fabled and up through theocracy to Christianity. He announced his conviction that they would go further yet. Pure worship is the worship of the perfect, the prayer of the soul to ideal excellency. Religion is the apprehending all things as they are—will-











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