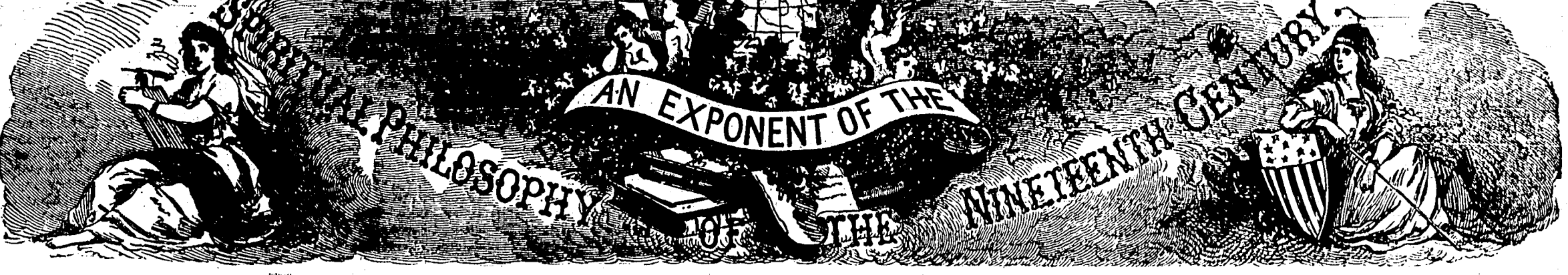


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 19.

IMMORTALITY PROVED BY THE TESTIMONY OF SENSE: In which is Contemplated the Doctrine of Spirits, and the Existence of a Particular Spectre.

Addressed to the Candor of this Enlightened Age.

BY ABRAHAM CUMMINGS.

SECTION II.—CONTINUED.

LETTER VI.

Miscellany.

Dear Sir—If the preceding arguments can be received, perhaps you will not indulge distrust, if I submit something of my own experience, confirmed by two other persons who saw the apparition in the same field in the same half hour.

Sometime in July, 1866, in the evening, I was informed by two persons that they had just seen the Spectre in the field.

About ten minutes after, I went out, not to see a miracle, for I believed that they had been mistaken. Looking toward an eminence, twelve rods distance from the house, I saw there, as I supposed, one of the white rocks. This confirmed my opinion of their Spectre, and I paid no more attention to it. Three minutes after, I accidentally looked in the same direction, and the white rock was in the air; its form a complete globe, white with a tincture of red, like the damask rose, and its diameter about two feet.

Fully satisfied that this was nothing ordinary, I went toward it for more accurate examination.

While my eye was constantly upon it, I went on four or five steps, when it came to me from the distance of eleven rods, as quick as lightning, and instantly assumed a personal form with a female dress, but did not appear taller than a girl seven years old. While I looked upon her, I said in my mind, "You are not tall enough for the woman who has so frequently appeared among us." Immediately she grew up as large and as tall as I considered that woman to be. Now she appeared glorious. On her head was the representation of the sun, diffusing the luminous, rectilinear rays every way to the ground. Through the rays I saw the personal form, and the woman's dress. Then I recollected the objection of the Encyclopedia, that "Ghosts always appear to one alone." Now, said my mind, I see you as plainly as ever. I saw a person on earth; but were I to converse with you an hour, what proof could I produce that I ever conversed with you at all? This, with my fear, was the reason why I did not speak to her. But my fear was connected with ineffable pleasures.

Life, simplicity, purity, glory, all harmonizing in this celestial form had the most delightful effect on my mind. And there appeared such a dullness afterwards upon all corporeal objects as I never perceived before. I went into the house and gave the information, not doubting that she had come to spend some time with us, as she had before. We went out to see her again; but to my great disappointment, she had vanished. Then I saw one of the great errors of my life. That I had not spoken to her has been the matter of my regret from that hour to this.

My word without witness has not been tedious. Believed or rejected, it may do you no harm.

On the more sure ground of attestation, I will now relate some instances of her appearing or conversing, or performing both in the daytime.

Sometime in March, 1866, she talked a few minutes without appearing, at eight o'clock in the morning, and promised to come again that day. At two o'clock, performed her promise, and talked with four people two hours. It was then she uttered these words: "Though my body is consumed, and all turned to dust, my soul is as much alive as before I left the body."

This conversation was indeed in the cellar, but the place was enlightened with her radiance.

May 21, at ten o'clock, she appeared to two persons, and sent a message to another.

May 25, 10 o'clock. Appeared and conversed with two witnesses, while a third person only heard the conversation; and revealed that by which the same was proved to others.

May 26. She appeared at eight o'clock in the morning, and talked with four persons an hour and a half. In half an hour after, she appeared and talked with the same four persons, while two others only heard a voice without knowing what was said.

May 27. Talked with two persons, and promised to be present at a meeting of about twenty people, which was to be held the next day in the evening. Accordingly she appeared at this meeting to two other persons, who were ignorant of the promise. The assembly were immediately interrupted by the declaration, that "the spirit is come." None, however, could distinctly see her but those two persons. The next evening after, she conversed with a third couple of persons in company with the first two; mentioned her promise as being fulfilled, and told them by her intimated voice to whom she had appeared. As a further confirmation that she had been really present on this occasion, she died about two months afterwards talk several hours in the midst of the assembly of forty-eight people, while she was visible to two, and only two of that number. These two persons were a fourth couple distinct from the other six. Such is the testimony of these eight persons.

Her conversation was always with grace, seasoned with salt, very affecting and delightful.

August 13, at 10 o'clock, she talked with three

persons invisibly. At two o'clock the same day, she appeared and talked to three people in the hearing of five other persons.

Thus have you received a general, but very imperfect account of these extraordinary events.

And now because a juggler will appear to check a musket ball with the point of his knife, form animals, and perform a thousand other idle wonders, will any lover of truth indulge the inference that all the preceding phenomena are of the same nature? Do these magicians reveal and establish truths, the knowledge of which is of great importance to certain persons now, and of public utility hereafter? No; their miracles are without meaning, and their design is pecuniary profit, or else to show what they can do to gratify the vain curiosity of spectators.

Mountebanks do not commonly unite their employment with religious order, prayer and praise, or with solemn admonitions of life and death, blessing and cursing. Nor do their idle exhibitions so harmonize with the common operations of Divine Providence, as that the former and the latter have manifestly the same ultimate purposes. This harmony is more than artifice can produce. Besides, who ever knew an instance like this in view, with all its circumstances, was afterwards fully proved to be a deception? And if mountebanks never did exhibit such a variety in such circumstances, without the least partial discovery, we may be sure they never could. For doubtless they have done all they could to impose on mankind by this species of imposture.

It would perhaps afford you some satisfaction to know what other persons here would say respecting these transactions. I shall therefore improve the first opportunity to send you a copy of the oaths and attestations, which have been given by those who favor the cause, and by those who oppose it.

I continue yours to serve
for the promotion of truth.

SECTION III.

The Proofs produced by Testimony.

The following pages, for brevity's sake, present only the extracts from some of the oaths and numerous testimonies of those who oppose and of those who favor the cause. With all these witnesses I am intimately acquainted. I took these testimonies from their lips, for the most part, separately. I wrote them; read them in their hearing, and obtained their approbation of what I had written. I made but little alteration in their language, because I chose that their testimonies should appear in their own native simplicity. Therefore the philological critic has no employment here. Among the testimony of the opponents, I have left nothing unextracted, which, in my apprehension, could seem to afford any argument in their favor; or from which, to my recollection, they themselves have ever deduced any argument for their purpose. If, however, I have failed here, or in any other respect, they will doubtless have opportunity to make it known.

For the most remarkable occurrences, I have generally selected only two or three witnesses, not for the want of more, by any means, but because the patience of the reader must not be exercised by tedious repetition more than is necessary for the present design.

EXTRACTS FROM THE OATHS.

Deposition of Capt. Paul Simon.

About the first of August, 1866, Mr. H. and his wife came to my house and desired me to go to Mr. Blaisdel's with them. After we got there, they said the Spirit sent for me.

I went down into the cellar, and soon after it rapped. I asked what it wanted. It told me that I had done wrong; I had become hard against her—that I had disbelieved. I told her I had. She said that Satan had tempted me, and that I had sinned. I asked her if she loved Christ? She said, yes, I do. I told her the work of the saints was to praise God. Yes, she said, and Christ too, and broke out in singing alleluia.

At another time she ordered us to place ourselves two and two, and she would follow us to Capt. M.'s, and ordered us to sing a Psalm as we went. In going there, I never saw her. As we walked back, I walked behind. I looked back and saw her. She appeared to me dressed all in white; as bright a white as ever I saw, and had the appearance of a woman and gigism.

PAUL SIMON.

The Deposition of Mrs. Sarah Simon.

On August 7, Mr. Blaisdel came to my house, and said the voice had sent him for more witnesses, and that Mr. Simon and I must go to his house. I was very much frightened, and could not think what he wanted. He said the Spirit had sent him for more witnesses, and that I must go. I then told him that Mr. Simon said the apparition had appeared at our house the night before. My husband and I then went with him. After we had been there some time, there was a knocking—some spoke to her. She then asked if we wanted to know who she was. It was answered, yes. She then said three times, "I was once N—B—." There were many questions asked which she answered very directly. I asked, are you from happiness or misery? To which she answered, "I am from above, and am come on God's message;" and fell to singing alleluia.

After discoursing some time, she said she was going to appear to us, and we must place ourselves two and two, and come into the cellar, and she would show herself. We complied. I was of the last couple who went into the cellar. It was my desire not to see her. She said those who did not desire to see her, should not. I saw nothing. And though she was so near to me, as I was told by P—B—, as that I could touch her if I had put out my hand, and I looked to see her, yet, as I had said I did not want to see her, I could not see her. I also while in the field looked to see her, yet I did not see her.

SARAH SIMON.

The next deposition was given by one who looks upon the whole scene to be a great deception, somehow or other.

The Deposition of Mr. Thomas Uran.

In August 11, 1866, I was at the house of A. Blaisdel. I went on purpose to hear and see what I could see concerning a Spirit which was said to be there. In the evening there was a knocking round the house; but nothing spoke. We all concluded there would be nothing said or seen. The next morning about day-break, there seemed to be knockings round the house, and in the chamber, and round my bed. We immediately got up, and going down I took a candle, lighted it, and went into the cellar alone, examining if there was no one there to deceive us. I could not see anybody. I came back. Mr. Blaisdel, with all in the house, went down cellar—we heard a knocking. Some one spoke in the name of God, and asked what she wanted. She asked us if we wanted to know who she was. We answered, yes. She told us she was once N—B—. She then said to me, "You have often said that I am a devil or a witch." I then asked her, if she was from the God of heaven, or from misery. She answered, "I am from above, praising God and the Lamb;" she then broke out in praise. She then told us that she had come to warn us from sin, and that if there was not a change before the soul left the body, we should be forever miserable. She then told us the danger a sinner was in, out of Christ, and told us that she should rise in the day of judgment against us. I told her I had a great desire that she should appear. And then she appeared to us all who had a desire to see her.

She appeared like a person who was wrapped in a white sheet, appearing and disappearing several times. It was near sunrise at this time.

She then told us that was the day that Christ rose from the dead, and that it was God's precious time, and must be kept unto him.

Lydia (Mrs. Butler) was not in the cellar while the foregoing talk was. The Spirit asked me if I would not clear Lydia; I answered I would, for it was not she who talked.

THOMAS URAN.

Deposition of Capt. George Butler.

When I was called to talk with this voice, I asked, "Who are you?" It answered, "I was once your wife." The voice asked me, "Do you not remember what I told you?" I answered, "I do not really know what you mean. The voice said, 'Do you not remember I told you I did not think I should live long with you? I told you that if you was to leave me I should never wish to change my condition; but that if I was to leave you, I could not blame you if you did.'"

This passed between me and my first wife, while she was alive, and there was no living person within hearing, but she and myself, and I am sure that she never revealed to any person, and no living person could have told it to me before the voice did. As Lydia (Mrs. Butler) and I stood side and side alone, she had her left arm round me, and her right hand held of the forward part of my waistcoat, her head leaning against my breast. There was something appeared to my view right before me, like a person in a winding-sheet, and her arms folded under the winding-sheet, and on her arm there appeared to be a very small child. By this appearance I did not know possibly but I might be deceived. I reached out my left hand to take hold of it. I saw my hand in the middle of it, but could feel nothing. The same evening it appeared and disappeared to me three times.

Hancock, ss, Sullivan, August 6, 1866. Personally appeared Paul Simon, Sarah Simon, Thomas Uran and George Butler, who, being carefully examined as to the truth of the above declarations, made solemn oath that the facts were true.

The Testimonies by difference of opinion have naturally two parts, that of the opponents and that of the adherents.

The first part presents the attestation of those who consider these phenomena as a scene of wickedness.

TESTIMONY I.

Testimony of Miss H. G.

August 9-10. I was at the house of Mr. Blaisdel, by the persuasion of others; for as to myself I made very light of the matter, supposing that the whole was the contrivance of certain persons, and I believe still that nothing good appeared there.

We heard rappings, and these sounds were spoken to, but no answer obtained. After much altercation (which is needless to rehearse) we all came out of the cellar, and all went off, except a few persons, of whom I was one. Some of Mr. Blaisdel's family uttered severe expressions against those who went off and did not believe. "What do you want they should believe?" said I; for my part I see nothing to believe. Immediately Mrs. Butler came in from the entry—very much frightened. "If any one desires to be convinced," said she, "let him look there in the entry." I looked there, and saw nothing. Soon after this, while Mrs. Butler was sitting on the foot of a bed, we heard a sound right against her on the outside of the house. Mr. Butler told her to speak to it. At first she refused. They told her she must. Then she said to it, "If I am guilty, stay away; if I am clear, in the name of the Lord clear me." The Spirit then rapped very hard, so as to shake the house. Some of the company said she must go into the cellar. "So I must," said she; "if I do not, she will come into the room; and if she does, I shall die. Who will go with me?" D—A— said she would go. They went; and soon after we all went down. Then I plainly heard the voice say to Mrs. Butler, "Go up, that the people may not think it is you who speaks." I saw her go up into the room, and heard at the same time the voice in the cellar. Mr. Blaisdel asked the Spirit whence she came. She answered, "I am from heaven. I am with God and with Christ—angels and seraphim, praising God. Glory, glory, glory." Mr. Blaisdel asked why she did not manifest herself in the forefront of that night to all the people. She answered, "I was not permitted to come where there was so much sin." The Spirit then said to Mr. Blaisdel, "Ask the people whether they are convinced." He did so; and I among the rest answered that I was. But I think otherwise now: God knew who would be there the forepart of that night. Why did he send her? Then the Spirit said, "I must appear;" and by her direction we placed ourselves in order. Then I saw a white appearance, at first not more than a foot in height, but it appeared larger and larger, and more plainly, and when it came nearer to me, I was struck with fear and left the cellar; but others told me that afterwards they saw the Spirit plainly.

August 13-14, I again went to Mr. Blaisdel's with forty-seven persons. The Spirit now told us again that she was from heaven, and that she was once N—B—. After much conversation the Spirit said that some of the people were faint, and could not hear all that was to be said, and that we must go up and refresh ourselves. "You must go with me to two places this night," said she, "and you must be ready at one o'clock." "What o'clock is it now?" said Mr. Blaisdel; she said, "Twelve, twelve, twelve." We went up immediately and looked on the watch, and it was exactly twelve. In a short time, hearing the usual sign, we returned. Among many other words which I do not remember, Mr. Downing asked the Spirit if she knew him? she answered, "Yes," and called him by name. He asked if she was ever at his house? She answered that she had been once there with her mother. At length she told us that we must go up and she would walk with us behind, with Mrs. Butler. "But you must walk in order, two and two," said she, "singing a Psalm; for God is a God of order." Some person asked when she would be ready? She said, "I will let you know." Some person again asked what o'clock it was? She answered, one. We went up and again looked on the watch and it was one. We attended prayer, and immediately after she knocked. A Psalm was chosen, which the greatest number of us could best remember, and it was sung as we walked. I was now far forward, and did not see the Spirit. When we came to Capt. Miller's, the Spirit rapped there, and Capt. Miller, with Capt. Paul Blaisdel and some others, went into the cellar, and I heard them talk, but could not understand what was said to them. Then word came to us that we must stand out in the field before the house—that she would appear before us, and walk with Mrs. Butler, that the people might be convinced that Mrs. Butler had told the truth in relating that she had walked with her before. Then we all stood before the house. Mrs. Butler put on a black cloak, and when she had walked a little distance from us, as before directed by the Spirit, I heard her groan bitterly, and soon after I saw the appearance of a woman in white, walking with her. Suddenly Mrs. Butler sang a part of that hymn called New Jerusalem. Then she came to us, and we all went back in order to Mr. Blaisdel's. I then looked back and saw a person in white, walking with Mrs. Butler. After we returned to the house, Mrs. Butler appeared very weary and exhausted. I asked her at what time the Spirit came to her? She told me it was after she had walked a little distance from the people. "When you heard me groan," said she, "then I saw it coming toward me. I am always more afraid when I only see it, than I am after it has spoken to me;" and she now told me not to be scared; that she was not come to hurt me, and that if I would sing an hymn, it would expel my fears."

TESTIMONY II.

Testimony of Mr. Paul Simon, Jun.

August 9, 1866, I was at Mr. A. Blaisdel's, with many more, and heard the sound of knocking. It was addressed, and a voice answered, but I could not understand it. Several persons spoke, but received no satisfactory answer. The people generally concluded that the whole affair was some deception. Therefore they went off, and I among them. But my reflections on that singular knocking induced me to stay to two young men, "If you will go back, I will, and find out something more, if possible; for I am no more satisfied now than I was before I went to that house." We went back. Mr. Blaisdel asked us why we returned? I told him that we had all gone off with the opinion that the whole affair was a scheme contrived by his daughters, and nothing more, and I meant, if possible, to find them out. "You must think as you please," said he; "I am clear, and I believe my family is." I told him I wished to see all his family sitting in one part of the room. They complied. Then I took a candle and stood in the midst of the room. After several minutes, something rapped near where two of us stood, and from thence removed to several parts of the house. "What do you think of it?" said Mr. Blaisdel. "It appears," said I, "to be strange." "We will go into the cellar," said Mr. Blaisdel, "and if you think anybody is there, search the cellar through with a candle;" we did so. I came out last, and was careful and watched, so that I was sure that no person went down. Also the outer door was fast. Then again we heard the sound of knocking. It was addressed, and conversation followed, in the midst of which Mr. Blaisdel said to me, "If you think any living person talks, go forward and grasp that person." I went forward a few steps, but was so convinced that nobody was there, that I considered all further attempts as useless.

After much discourse, which I cannot remember, the Spirit told us that we must go up and

come down again in order, two and two, and she would appear to us. We did so, and I saw the apparition at first about two feet in height; but, as it drew nearer to me, it appeared as tall as a person. I saw this appearance passing close by me and from me five or six times. At last it diminished to about a foot in height, and then vanished.

PAUL SIMON, JUN.

TESTIMONY III.

Testimony of Miss Sally Martin.

August 13 1866, I was at Mr. Blaisdel's house, with more than forty people, besides their own family, and heard knockings. We all wondered, when we heard a sound on one side or corner of the house; the next sound on the opposite side or corner; and a third sound (qually distant from the second, and so on for a number of sounds, while the succession was as rapid as one sound could be clearly distinguished from another. We were sure that no person, nor even several persons, could make sounds so distant from each other in such quick succession, even were it possible for them to be in or near the places of these sounds, without discovery. By the desire of the Spirit and Mr. Blaisdel, we went into the cellar. Mr. Blaisdel told the people to stand back and give the Spirit room, and not crowd so near her. "Do not crowd her," said he; "she cannot talk if you crowd her."

When we were placed, Mr. Blaisdel ordered the candle to be blown out, and stood before the company next to the Spirit. "When these things were done, the affair was become as dark to me as the cellar was. I heard much conversation with several people by a voice which I never heard before. This voice at last told us to go up and go to a certain house, and she would go with us. We did as the voice told us; and, as we went, I saw a personal form, as white as anything could possibly appear, walking by Mrs. Butler's side, with locked arms. When we came to the only outer door of the house, I saw this form at a distance from me, about, though near the house; I went in, and heard a knocking immediately under the floor. In two or three minutes I heard the same voice that I had heard before, talking with Capt. Miller.

By the desire of the voice, we stood before the house that she might appear to us. There I saw the personal form as plainly as ever I saw a living person; and I saw the same form vanish before me in a moment.

SALLY MARTIN.

On this testimony a few observations must detain the reader. We are liable to be deceived two ways: by the appearance of truth where it is not, and by the appearance of deception where it is not.

Did not such an occasion as this require order? The Spectre was about to communicate to the assembly an important message. Could they enjoy the best advantage to hear and attend to it, while they were changing places—crowding and interrupting one another? Is not a voice better understood by any auditory if there be some intermediate space between the speaker and hearer? What did they want a candle for, unless they wanted to be deceived? The Spectre was white; so is a decolor by a candle. The Spectre told them the exact time of night; so could a decolor by a candle. Did they want a candle in order to see her? They had learned, or might have learned already, that she could make herself as visible without a candle as any person living could with it. Four nights before this, she appeared to fourteen persons in this very place, and six persons saw the hand pass through the apparition.

Two nights before this, she appeared to about twenty people, forming an ellipsis, within which she slowly passed round so near the circumference, several times that every one of them might have handled her with deliberation, and she had also expressed her desire to give satisfaction by this experiment.

Therefore it was not because she was afraid to be seen or handled that Mr. Blaisdel made this arrangement, but for reasons perfectly unknown to us. But probably one of them was this: On the night of this testimony, August 13, it was one design of the Spectre to confirm what was past, by conducting as she had before, May 23; That is: by appearing only to two or three persons, while to all others in the assembly, though conversing with her, she should remain invisible. This, we are assured, by testimony J and 14, part 21, was now performed. On the above May 23, a third person thought he saw her, but was not sure; for he supposed he might be deceived by some change of the candle light.

Hence we easily see that those two persons who now saw her on this night of August 13, while she invisibly discoursed with the assembly, obtained more satisfaction for others, if not for themselves, that what they saw was reality, than if there had been a candle; especially if we consider that several women of the assembly were dressed in white.

[To be continued in our next.]

* This, however, he denies, but supposes it were true, why was it improper that in his own house he should choose the place where he would stand? If they knew where he was, that was sufficient.

† See the date in the last letter, first column this issue.

The Boston Mayor has got scared, and gone back on the reformers who have labored a dozen years to have the libraries opened on Sunday. He has found the ghost of an old law so long dead that it has been forgotten for an excuse to veto the act. So the only libraries that can legally be opened on Sunday in Boston are those connected with Sunday schools, which deal out the poorest and most pernicious fiction to children not old enough to distinguish the good from the bad in the books they read. It is wicked to open a library where grown people may sit in quiet and read books which are interesting and profitable, but beyond their reach on other days; it is pious to deal out insipid and pernicious novels, and other books quite as bad, to children and youth. And this is Sabbatharian discrimination. Some of our religious people who strain at a gnat's egg have no objections to swallowing a full grown elephant.—Theodore Tilton.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

EMMA LINDEN:

THE MOTHER'S TRUST.

Mirror of Facts in the Robe of Fiction.

BY MRS. H. GREENE BUTTS.

Author of "The Child's Story."

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

At this juncture Lucy Bentley came hurriedly into the room, informing Emma that her father's servant had just come after her; that Mr. Linden had been suddenly thrown from his carriage, while crossing the railroad track, and was severely injured. Emma, greatly agitated, exclaimed:

"My poor father! I must go to him immediately."

"And I will go with you," said Lucille.

"Oh, would that you could! but I dare not disturb my father's feelings at this hour," sadly replied Emma.

"But I can accompany you to your father's house; I may be needed. You will go, too, perhaps, Mr. Barton?"

"Yes, it is on my way, and I will stop if I can do any good."

On arriving, they found everything to be in full confusion. People were running to and fro, seemingly without any purpose; the maid-servant frantically exclaiming, "Oh, oh! oh!" while wringing her hands and making all sorts of violent gesticulations.

Lucille Allston did not wait for ceremony, but quietly walked into the house, much to the astonishment of Aunt Clarissa, and interrogated the physician, who reported that Mr. Linden was very severely injured, and could not, in his judgment, survive but a short time.

Emma went directly to her father, who was lying apparently insensible. She was greatly shocked at his physical appearance, but immediately commenced washing the dust and blood from his scarred face, while Lucille removed the cumbersome clothing from his mottled body, at the same time quieting the excited people by the calm magnificence of his voice and the self-possessed assurance of his manner.

Mr. Linden lingered several days, in a state of great bodily suffering. A part of the time he seemed conscious of what was passing around him. Emma and Lucille were generally by his bedside; the alleviating touch of the latter was very sensibly realized by the suffering man. While seeking to lessen the pain, Lucille sought a position where he could not be distinctly recognized by the patient. He wished to avoid reviving any unpleasant memories in the soul of him who must soon pass from them; he wished to bless and comfort the dying man.

Having lingered four days apparently in an unconscious state, Mr. Linden suddenly revived and made a sign to Emma to come nearer to him. She obeyed the hopeful call, when her father made an effort to raise his eyes to the head of the bed where Lucille was standing. Holding close to the sick man's ear, she inquired what he wished. He tried to speak, and faintly whispered the name of Allston. Emma beckoned to the latter, who came to the bedside. When the dying man met the mild, earnest eyes of his injured friend he tried to raise himself, but fell back, grasping the hand of Lucille. In a moment he took the hand of Emma, and, lighting the two, faintly whispered, "Forgive!" while the pearls rolled silently down the cheeks of the once stoical James Linden.

"All was forgiven long ago, and now more than forgiven," said Lucille. "I too, have erred in many respects; and now that you are going a little before me to that sunnier, happier land, I will pray that you may go sorrowless, and that bright messengers may gently lead your freed spirit safely through the intervening valley."

Flora now came softly to Emma's side and whispered:

"Uncle Robert is in the hall, and he wants to know if he can assist you."

"Uncle Robert? yes, Uncle Robert indeed! Poor Mary's brother! Let me see him, Emma," said the dying man.

Flora went after him and led him to her father's bedside.

"Robert—this is you? It is nearly over with me. Can you forgive me?" said Mr. Linden, grasping the hand of the old man.

"Robert Barton has no enmity against you, James Linden. It is nearly over with me, too. I shall soon follow you. I can forgive you all, as I hope to be forgiven," spoke Mr. Barton, with much feeling.

"God be thanked!" exclaimed Mr. Linden. "And now, oh Heavenly Father, wilt thou also forgive me? Are you all here—Flora—Emma?"

Emma bent down and kissed her father's moistened brow, while tears, like summer rain, coursed down her pale cheeks—an overwhelming testimony of her forgiveness—while she whispered:

"My father, I love you. Bless me before you go."

Flora, who had been standing a mute spectator of the sad scene, now came nearer the bedside, and looked in childish awe upon her father's altered countenance. Lucille raised her from the floor, and the weeping child pressed her warm lips to the marble cheek of her dying father, whispering, "Flora loves you, too, and papa loves Uncle Robert."

At that moment the room was suddenly illuminated, and a form of supernatural grace and loveliness glided to the bedside. A pleasant smile passed over the softened features of James Linden, when that change which comes but once to mortals set its final seal upon the brow of the sleeper. All tears were gently swept away in the brightness of that angel presence. Lucille led Emma from the room, rejoicing in the glorious light of the spiritual gospel. Uncle Robert took the child Flora in his arms, and carried her to the garden, where he talked to her of the angels and the beautiful Summer-Land.

CHAPTER VIII.

A few weeks after the departure of James Linden, Mr. Allston received an invitation to take his former position as Professor of the Princeton Institute. Mr. Redwood had filled that situation for several months, but the growing dissatisfaction of the classes suggested a change to the minds of the Trustees. There were one or two dissenting voices to the invitation of Mr. Allston. Some, who had grown gray in religious bigotry, thought that Mr. A.'s proclivities were strongly tending to infidelity, and it might be well to wisely consider the matter. But the majority were in favor of his election; so an official call was written. But Lucille Allston had enjoyed the freedom of speech and action too long to be again trammelled, even by a liberal Orthodox institution. He therefore respectfully declined.

Great was the disappointment of the students

when they received Mr. A.'s decision. Perhaps none felt more disappointed than Lucy Bentley. She thought him unnecessarily scrupulous; but she could not evade his reasoning when he explained to her his present views.

When the early spring flowers blossomed in wood and dell, a bridal wreath was placed upon the thoughtful brow of Emma Linden. A group of little children—Flora among them—showered the happy pair with wildflower daisies and loving kisses. Lucy Bentley acted as bridesmaid, and was as happy as the singing birds. Uncle Robert looked with glistering eyes and fond affection upon his beautiful niece, and recalled the time when his sister Mary stood before him, on a similar occasion, in the grand old hall in the Barton Mansion, in England. Aunt Clarissa sat looking as prim as a young Shakeress, and as solemn as a New England Puritan.

A few weeks after the marriage of Lucille and Emma, Mr. Barton was invited into the library.

"We have sent for you, Uncle Robert," said his niece, "to talk with you of your future prospects. We desire you to remain with us, if you will, for our family would not be complete without you. As my father left no will, his property will be apportioned to his children. I propose to give you, from my share, twenty thousand dollars, or rather I propose to pay you a small part of what is your own."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Barton, with unfeigned surprise, "give me twenty thousand dollars?"

"Oh, no, Uncle Robert, I forgot that; I am going to pay you what is rightfully yours. If you wish to work for amusement, or otherwise, the gardens and grounds will afford you an opportunity," said Emma.

"I shall hardly know what to do with so much money," replied Uncle Robert.

"If it is necessary, I will act as guardian for you," said Mr. Allston, playfully. "I have half a mind to be jealous, Uncle Robert, for Emma has not yet made any provision for me."

"But you must abide the consequences of your radicalism," friend Allston. "I believe you go for woman's rights," spoke Uncle Robert.

"Yes, Uncle Robert, especially her right to support her husband," replied Mr. Allston, playfully. "And his right to be supported," added Emma, with a slight tinge of irony in her voice.

"I guess you'll be able to manage that thing without leaving it out to a third party," rejoined Mr. Barton.

At this moment Flora came bounding into the room, exclaiming:

"Oh, Uncle Robert! come out this very minute! One of my little white chickens has got its neck through the tulle, and it can't go one way nor the other. It is fluttering like everything."

"Well, well, little girl, I'll go, then," said Uncle Robert, caressingly smoothing the child's waving ringlets.

When the poor chicken was extricated, and while Flora was running after a butterfly, the old man fell to musing.

"And so, Robert Barton, this is your home, and twenty thousand dollars to pay funeral expenses? If I never believed in special providences before, I do now. Then, I am to sit under the same shade trees, walk the same grounds and dwell under the same roof that once sheltered sister Mary, through all these intervening years, while Robert was wandering, is a dream? Let me see: my two daughters are pretty well settled in life, in old Mary England. They won't need much of my help. But, Robert Barton, you won't be miserly. I read a good deal now-a-days about the spiritualist movement, the labor movement, the working-woman's movement and the peace movement. There's no need of my rusting out, or my money's rusting either. I was called a spendthrift in my younger days. Well, I was, in my way. I never could keep money by me as long as anybody needed it more than I did. This was what made me a spendthrift. Quite likely it will be the same now. Somebody shall have the benefit of it; but it won't go to knaves or hypocrites, nor get into the hands of speculators, if I can help it. I guess I've made some pretty good investments, anyhow. I am sure the old scripture text has proved true in my case: 'You have cast your bread upon the waters,' Robert Barton, and now, 'after many days,' it has returned to you. But, hark! hear that child Flora's laugh. It does my heart good. Just like that I used to hear in my boyish days when Mary and I played together in the groves of the old Barton Mansion."

As Uncle Robert indulged in these memories of by-gone days he drew his coat-sleeve across his eyes, and wiped away the gathering tears.

"Why, Uncle Robert! what are you crying for, this bright day?" said Flora, suddenly coming before him. "Don't you hear the birds sing and my kitty purring?" And then, laying her little hand upon the old man's arm, she said more softly, "Has Flora done anything to make you cry?"

"No, no, little girl; I was crying because I was glad," said Uncle Robert gently.

"That's funny!" replied Flora. "I always laugh when I am glad."

The supper bell was now rung from the balcony, for the second time, and with considerable vivacity, by Aunt Clarissa, and Flora led Uncle Robert to the dining room, with the exclamation:

"I think this is a nice, pleasant world, don't you, Uncle Robert?"

Life at Linden Mansion wore a new aspect. Lucille had become the capital star, beloved and honored even by her former enemies, Aunt Clarissa herself included. His ever-present interest in the elevation and improvement of the masses of the people, and his abiding consciousness of the aid of angelic influences in carrying forward the work, seemed scarcely abated by his possession of an artistic home, beautiful surroundings and material prosperity. As a speaker and a writer his labors were almost incessant.

Often when the sun lay warm and red upon the flowered landscape, did Lucille and Emma visit the beautiful cemetery where reposed the sleeping dust of their ascended parents. Though sad memories sometimes cast a shadow over the spiritual face of the latter, standing reverently by the grave of her reconciled and risen father, a voice strangely rich, and modulated to the accents of angels, led her, in spirit, to that fadeless shore where the beloved dwell amid scenes of immortal beauty.

SUMMER.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Oh, spirit of the summer-time!
Bring back the roses to the dells;
The swallow from her distant cells,
The honey-bee from drowsy cells.

Bring back the friendship of the sun;
The glided evenings calm and late;
When merry children homeward run,
And peeping stars bid lovers wait.

Bring back the singing, and the scent
Of meadow-lands at dewy prime;
Oh bring again my heart's content,
Thou spirit of the summer-time!

If you want an indoor dress to last forever,
Never wear it out.

Biographical Sketches.

[Under this head we shall print, from time to time, brief accounts of the life experience of prominent Spiritual Mediums.]

ISAAC POST.

Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY C. W. HERALD.

This good and really great man left his earthly tenement for the Summer-Land in the early morning, Thursday, May 9th, 1872, at the age of a little more than seventy-four years. He had been in declining health for several months previous to his translation, though able to be about and attend to his business affairs as usual. A visit of several weeks, early in the spring, among friends in Long Island and vicinity, seemed to restore, in a measure, his failing strength, and his friends fondly hoped he might be spared to them yet a long time. But it was ordered otherwise; and he quietly breathed his last in the earthly sphere, after a severe illness of five days.

In the external, the life of Isaac Post was simple and quiet enough. He was born on Long Island, Feb. 25th, 1798, of Quaker parentage, and was reared and educated in the strictest tenets of that sect. He removed to the town of Scipio, Cayuga Co., N. Y., in 1823, where he resided until his removal to Rochester, N. Y., in 1836. While residing in Scipio, he married Hannah Kirby, with whom he lived about five years. In the year following her death, he married Amy Kirby, sister to Hannah, who survives him. For more than forty years this husband and wife led a pure, truly harmonious and happy life, she walking hand in hand with him by his side, aiding and supporting him in all his trials and conflicts, and many times leading the way in the road of progress and reform. She, with him, enjoyed the supreme fortune of an insight into the great truths of her time, and equally with him delighted in a willing obedience to their mandates. In his earlier years, Isaac followed the occupation of a farmer; and after his removal to Rochester, he pursued the business of a druggist, in which he continued to the last, and in which he was quite successful pecuniarily.

While neither his taste nor fortune led him to seek the applause of political or social coteries, he cherished beneath his plain garb and unobtrusive manners the sacred fires of true heroism and lofty enthusiasm in every benevolent work and genuine reform. While he never felt called upon to face his fellow-man in deadly strife, he performed a rarer, more praiseworthy part—that of confronting, almost unaided and alone, popular opinion and popular clamor, in defence of the truth as given him to see it.

No sooner had he arrived at the age of maturity, than he found his Quaker surroundings too narrow for his enlarged ideas, and he had the firmness and courage to overleap the narrow boundaries of his sect and creed, and walk out into the broad and open field of universal principles.

When the slavery agitation broke out, he at once took his stand in the front of the battle, and never for an instant wavered. His broad and earnest sympathies were equally enlisted for the slaves in their personhood. His house was transformed into a harbor of refuge for the poor fugitives flying toward the North star from Southern bondage and bloodguilt. It became one of the most noted stations on the "Underground Railroad." Many nights the roof covered and concealed ten and a dozen or more of the hunted "images of God out in ebony," and at the right moment he helped them forward to the land of freedom over the Lake.

He, with Amy, was one of the first investigators of the "Rochester Knockings," now of world-wide celebrity. His great sagacity enabled him quickly to penetrate the mystery covered by these simple demonstrations from the spirit-world. But he did not, like too many others—faint-hearted and feeble-kneed souls!—drop the investigation the moment it was perceived that the revealed truths ran counter to popular opinion and prejudice. With characteristic fearlessness he persevered, and became, in degree, master of the sublime truths and principles lying beyond the now ordinary external spiritual phenomena. During the course of his inquiries Mr. Post himself became developed as a writing medium, receiving many communications purporting to come from spirits noted in their earth-life. Many of these were thought worthy of more general perusal, as well as preservation in print, and were published in 1852 in a small volume, with the title, "Voices from the Spirit-World—being communications from many spirits." By the hand of Isaac Post, Medium. At the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the advent of Spiritualism in Rochester, in 1868, Mr. Post made the following reference to his mediumship:

"In company with a clairvoyant and others, I was informed there was a spirit who wished to meet me the next morning at 6 o'clock, and he would endeavor to use my hand to write. I was ready at the appointed time, and as the clock struck six the writing commenced, and continued about one half-hour, filling my paper. Another meeting was appointed for the next day at a certain hour, and I continued from day to day for some length of time, always finding the spirit punctual to his appointments. At these meetings I sat down without the least idea of what would be written, and I was ever deeply interested in perusing the writings. It was unexpectably joyous, as well as instructive, to be thus in rapport with those who had passed on before, coming back so filled with freighted with rich heavenly blessings, filling us with divine conceptions of immortality and its benefits, and a more just appreciation of earth, with its necessities."

In the pursuit of these early investigations Isaac's moral heroism shone preeminent. He stood like a granite pillar against the storm of obloquy and ridicule that raged around him, never for a moment concealing or ignoring his most advanced convictions on the subject of Spiritualism, no matter how absurd they might appear to the popular mind, or how great the clamor they might excite. And therein his course was a lesson and exemplar for us all.

It is a good thing to know and recognize the truth when it comes gently and in lowly guise, rapping at our door; it is another and better thing to welcome and take it in; and it is quite another and still better to acknowledge and introduce it to our friends and the world. Many there are who know the truth, but how few will receive or acknowledge it, especially if not attired in "the fashion!" How supremely small the number who have the courage and will to proclaim their convictions in society, and conform and square their lives by truth's divine instructions! These are they who enter into the "straight gate;" these are the blessed ones who prize real wisdom above earthly possessions, social standing, early education, and even their own former opinions and prejudices. Foremost among this extremely limited number stands the name of Isaac Post.

He was one of the kindest-hearted, most benevolent of men; and as he opened his heart to receive the new and grand truths of the time, so the doors of his house stood always open to the poor wayfarer, no matter how unpopular soever

his opinions. A. J. Davis, in his "Maglo Staff," speaking from frequent experience, most beautifully and appropriately styles Isaac Post's house the "Reformer's Refuge," and "the roof which has sheltered many a weary traveller;" eloquently adding, "What Palestine is to the Christian, Mecca to the Mohammedan, Rome to the Catholic, Italy to the artist, such is a hospitable 'Home' to the wayward Reformer. Sweeter than a sylvan scene, more blessed than blossoming youth, dearer than a thousand laurel wreaths, is the Refuge which certain hearts prepare for the evangelists of the New Dispensation."

In trying to aid supposed friends, he became security for them, and soon found himself involved in their misfortunes, and through his latter years, endured consequent financial embarrassments. But through the whole of these trying difficulties, his broad and generous nature led him to overlook and forgive the injuries thus received, and he had none but kind words for the injured. Indeed, he had kind words for every one, and an excuse for every human frailty.

A single circumstance will illustrate the spirit in which he parted with his money. A young, robust-looking man, claiming to be on the road of mediumistic development, had been stopping at the "Reformer's Refuge" a number of days. He stated that his friends stood high in society, but refused to give his real name, for fear of "disgracing" his parents. When about to leave, he begged a cash loan from his entertainer to help him on his way. Isaac freely let him have nearly twenty dollars, quietly remarking, "Friend, I am a poor old man, and not able to spare thee this money. If thou art honest, thou wilt repay me; if thou art dishonest, I hope thou wilt learn to do better." It is almost needless to add that Isaac saw no more of the money. Scarcely a day or a week passed that some similar occurrence did not take place, until Isaac and Amy were regarded by many of their friends as the too ready victims of more adventurous, or worse, of impostors. But in response to all remonstrances, they remained firm and unflinching to the last in their works of benevolence, as in their investigation and adoption of progressive truths.

The funeral was held on Sunday, May 12th, in the Unitarian Church, which was crowded to overflowing on the occasion, hundreds being unable to obtain admission. C. D. B. Mills, of Syracuse, gave an impressive address on the Philosophy of Life and Death, and was followed by Mrs. Libbie-Lowe Watson, of Titusville, Pa.—entranced—in a touching eulogium of the blameless life, heroic character and high example of him whose inanimate form lay before her. When she closed, there was scarcely a dry eye in the house. Mrs. Parkhurst, a near neighbor and friend, and well known as a successful healing medium, arose and stated that she saw Isaac, in the spirit-form, standing near the coffin, and that he desired her to express to the audience his wish that they should know that he still lived, and was present with them in attendance on the funeral exercises.

Frederick Douglass has for many years been a frequent and welcome visitor at the house of Mr. Post, and Isaac had more than once expressed the wish that, should he be called first, Frederick should pronounce his funeral discourse—to which the latter promised compliance, should it be in his power. He was accordingly notified of Isaac's death, and invited to attend the funeral, but circumstances were such as to prevent. The following despatch from him was read by Rev. Mr. Mann, pastor of the church, after brief and appropriate remarks:

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 11th.
To WM. R. HAYDOCK: I certainly would, if I could, be present at the funeral of your venerated father—my friend for thirty years. A man more just, simple-hearted, charitable, unselfish, and full of good works, I never knew; his life crowned with years, his spirit resting in peace, his memory precious. His words to me, could he speak, would be of consolation to wife, children and friends.

ISAAC POST has gone out from among us, but he has left a name and a character behind to which almost every sweet and noble expression in the language will apply. And this is not among strangers or far-off acquaintances, but among his own kindred and most intimate friends and neighbors, who have enjoyed a close association with him for forty years. We who have known him so long and so well, know it is no exaggeration to declare that Isaac Post was just, wise, able, firm in the right, pure, unselfish, generous, modest and gentle and loving to all. Even while his feet-trod the vale of mortality, the golden light of the higher spheres illumined his brow.

MRS. MARY J. HOLLIS.

Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY CECILIA B. LYNN.

Mediumship is the fundamental idea of Spiritualism. The subject of this sketch ranks as one of the best mediums in the country. Mrs. Hollis has spent the greater part of her life in Kentucky. She is a lady of very prepossessing personal appearance, and has all the attractions which so favorably mark the cultivated ladies of the South. Her religious education was after the Episcopalian interpretation of divine things. In the year 1861, while temporarily residing in New Albany, Ind., the subject of Spiritualism first came under the lady's notice. She was bitterly opposed to it; her church-inherited prejudices led her to think that the idea of communion between the two worlds, in this century, was superlatively ridiculous. Imperturbed by some friends, she consented to be a participant in a séance. The raps were heard, and it was ascertained that Mrs. Hollis was the medium. That lady indignantly repudiated such an idea. Séances were the order of the day (and evening) for some time. The raps continued. At last Mrs. Hollis saw her spirit-sister Sallie. The great truth of Spiritualism then became a positive conviction to her.

At subsequent séances Mrs. H. saw her father and other loved spirits that had passed to the immortal life. Private séances were now of frequent occurrence—no thought of giving publicity to these spiritual gifts ever entering the mind of the medium. After a time the clairvoyant phase of mediumship manifested itself.

The spirits then told their medium that she ought to leave New Albany and go to Indianapolis, in the same State. Satisfactory reasons were given; hence Mrs. Hollis headed her angelic guardians. Some time after the unseen guides said: "Go to Jeffersonville." After residing in Jeffersonville about six months, the séances were renewed, but no additional phenomena took place. One day a friend called on Mrs. Hollis, and said: "Come! let us visit a medium!" Mrs. H. declined. The friend insisted, and began to talk enthusiastically about the manifestations that would take place. At last, disturbed at Mrs. H.'s declaration to accompany him, the friend exclaimed: "You are just as good a medium as the one I wanted you to visit! Come! get the slate, and let the spirits write!"

For private amusement, the slate was brought. It was put under the table, and in a few moments raps were heard, and, upon removing the slate from under the table, writing was found

upon it—writing proving, by its connectedness and intelligence, the immortality of the soul. Again and again was the test repeated. Many of the communications were lengthy.

After this, Mrs. Hollis gave numberless séances to her private friends. Removing to Louisville, her house was thronged. Here, in the light, spirit-hands appeared at intervals.

The spirits also proposed the dark séance, promising that spirit voices should be heard. Unbelieving still, the conditions were adhered to, and, as in former instances, the promise of the spirits was realized. Spirit-voices were heard—some in loud tones, others in a soft whisper. Spirits came and identified themselves, and spoke in the dear, familiar tones of other days. Séances were organized, and Mrs. Hollis's time was fully occupied. At the suggestion of her own friends, she finally consented to accept of pay for the exercise of her gifts as a medium.

Much could be said concerning these séances. They are attended by the elite of Louisville. Communion with spirits has thus become a positive reality to many. One or two evenings are set apart for the public. The rest of the time is engaged far in advance by families or harmonious little coteries of friends. Visitors also flock in at all hours of the day to witness the slate-writing phenomena exhibited in her presence.

Mrs. Hollis is of a retiring disposition. Importuned by friends, she consented to make a Southern tour. Success attended her. She visited New Orleans, Memphis and Nashville, returning to Louisville in February, leaving all who met with her anxious for her speedy return.

All persons visiting Louisville, interested in Spiritualism, and desirous of investigating the phenomena, will be cordially welcomed at Mrs. Hollis's residence, 917 Portland avenue.

Scientific.

COSMOGRAPHY:
A Description of the Universe.
NUMBER FIVE.

BY LYSANDER S. RICHARDS.

Fill a test tube with water, drop in a bit of ice, sink it, heat the top of the tube over a spirit-lamp, the ice remains unmelted, the water about it cool, while that in the upper portion of the tube boils briskly. This proves simply that water is a very poor conductor of heat. Water will not condense below 40° Fahrenheit. Any temperature above or below this point will cause the liquid to expand. Say increase the temperature 80, making 120, and lower it from 40—80, making 32, the expansion at the lowest point is just as great as at 120. It is this law, in connection with the circulation and non-conducting power of water, that prevents our lakes, the ocean, and all large bodies of water being frozen from top to bottom. Nowhere is the economy of Nature more wonderfully displayed than here. Think of it: if not for these laws the lake, the ocean, and all bodies of water would be one solid mass of ice. Our summers would not be long enough to thaw it; fishes and all marine life would perish; man and beast, though they survived this contest, would be exceedingly troubled. In explaining the formation of ice, this phenomenon will be more fully illustrated. When the cold water-air strikes across a sheet of water, it extracts from the surface its heat (and all water above 32° F. contains heat); the cooled portion, contracting, condenses, falls to the bottom; the warm rises, is cooled or robbed of its heat by the passing cold breeze, condenses and falls, and this circulation, rising and falling, is thus continued, and in very shallow bodies of water continued until the entire mass loses its heat, which occurs at a temperature of 32° F. in fresh water, and about 27° in salt. It then congeals, freezes, solidifies, as with all liquids deprived of heat. Ice can thus only be formed where the entire mass of water (ponds, lakes, &c.), reaches the temperature of 40°. In deep water, such as the ocean and deep lakes, this density cannot be attained, because there is such an immense body of water to fall and rise, from which the heat is to be entirely extracted by the passing cold air, that summer arrives before the entire mass can attain said density, and consequently cannot freeze. When a body of water reaches the density of 40°, as it grows cooler it expands, becomes thinner, and, consequently, floats on the surface, and when it attains the temperature of 32° F. it freezes, expands still further, and thus we have the phenomenon of ice floating upon the water, as in the expansion it has become lighter, and must necessarily remain upon the surface. The inventive genius of the age knows no bounds, and man plays with the elements as does the babe with the toys at its command. Ice at the South is found an expensive luxury, owing to the long distance freighted from the North. Hence at Philadelphia a method is discovered for the manufacture of ice. A chemical compound is prepared, ammonia, one of the chief ingredients, passed through tubes around a box, which is made any size desired for a cake of ice, the heat extracted from water in the box by the said chemical preparation, and the liquid frozen to solid ice. In New Orleans another method is adopted. It is a well known philosophical fact that through the agitation of water heat escapes. Every housekeeper is familiar with the manufacture of ice creams by the constant agitation of the kettle of cream packed in salt and ice: the heat escapes and the cream is frozen. In New Orleans machines are constructed to agitate a large amount of water rapidly, and solid cakes of ice with comparative ease manufactured. In England an engine of ten horse power will make, by the last mentioned method, ten tons of ice in as many hours, and it is claimed by the manufacturers that it can be manufactured as cheap as by the natural and ordinary way.

Ice is a poor conductor of heat. It makes a good lens, through which the sun sends its rays with no loss of heat in the transmission. A good focus is obtained, and will ignite gunpowder nearly as rapidly as a glass lens or sun-glass. Fishes are thus enabled to live in ponds covered with ice, the water below being comparatively warm, as the ice cannot conduct the cold to the liquid mass. When a hole is cut in the ice fishes rush to it to obtain fresh air, as the air contained in the water is largely used up by them. The fishes are constantly exhaling poisonous carbonic acid gas, and where, as in glass globes, the water contains no plants, the liquid becomes injurious to the fish, and they consequently perish unless the water is often renewed. But in aquaria the plants absorb the poisonous gas mentioned, and, with plenty of air, the fishes grow and thrive.

J. M. Peabees has written a review of Dr. Baldwin's sermon on the Witch of Endor, and the Troy Children's Progressive Lyceum have published it with the sermon in pamphlet form. Orthodox and Liberal, Protestant and Catholic, Spiritualist and Shaker can therefore read both papers under one cover. Mr. Peabees is one of the ablest controversialists in the spiritual field, his review is full of strong points. The pamphlet, which makes a book of ninety-four pages, was printed at the Times office, and can be obtained at the news rooms—Troy (N. Y.) Daily Times.

Written for the Banner of Light. A LOCK OF HAIR.

BY E. AUGUSTA WHITING.

It twines round my fingers—a dear lock of hair;
Once it fell on a forehead as glorious and fair;
There was rapture and gladness as it had won
And I gazed on a ray from the bright gleaming sun.
That forehead has passed like a mist from my sight;
The morn of a life has been shrouded in night;
And the light of fond eyes that shed love's holy beams,
But shines on me now from the heaven of dreams.

But still is thy glory undimmed by the years,
Though my sorrows have bathed thee in hot, gushing tears;
And still doth thy beauty now radiance unfold,
Oh soft, clinging ringlet of close-woven gold!
Thy touch is consoling—a comforting spell;
Affection undying it o'er seems to tell;
And lessons of knowledge, and strength rich and rare,
Lie hid in thy fibres, thou dear lock of hair!

Thy brightness undimmed hath the clear lustre pure
Of Faith, that can suffer and still can endure;
And Love, that but seeks the beloved to bless,
Its emblem may find in thy muto-green excess.
As thou fall'st from my fingers, a bright coil of gold,
Thy ring doth, in symbol, the lesson unfold,
That, wide as the circle of time doth extend,
Is the "story of life," that hath never an end!

I treasure thee lovingly, frail threads of gold;
For each shining fragment a hope doth unfold
That blindest my heart to the fair, golden shore
Where loved ones and lost shall be mourned for no more.
Unbroken for aye shall that tie o'er remain,
And closer shall grow, till, with strong, binding chain,
It draweth my soul from this dark earthly strand,
To bask in the smile of the fair Summer-Land!

Free Thought.

"VEGETABLE vs. ANIMAL DIET."

BY F. LAWRENCE MILES.

DEAR BANNER—Under the above heading, I read in your issue of June 8th a communication in which it appears, Dr. G. L. Ditson, advocated—and, as it seems to me, from insufficient data—the exclusive use of a vegetarian diet for man. He asserted that, morally, we had no right to kill and eat any living creature; physiologically, that meat is not essential to our welfare, as "vegetables supply all the vital wants of the system, warming, repairing, reinvigorating and preserving the parts, thus tending to physical health, energy, endurance and longevity;" economically, it is found to be the cheaper.

Having formerly devoted some time to the careful consideration of this subject, and at one period entertaining opinions quite similar to Dr. Ditson's, permit me to expose, briefly, some of the errors of his position.

Let us consider his arguments in their inverse order.

Vegetable food is undeniably the less expensive of the two. Political economists have stated—and, doubtless, correctly—that one acre devoted to the production of potatoes, grain, etc., will sustain as much life as ten to the rearing of animals. This argument, however, loses much of its force when we remember (1) that, in many portions of the earth, mankind have a superabundance of land at their disposal, some of which they could not, and much of which they would not cultivate, yet this land might be utilized in stock-raising; (2) that those nations living almost exclusively upon either animal or vegetable food are much inferior in intellect, courage and energy to those subsisting upon a mixed diet. In India, it has been demonstrated by scientific test that the inhabitants possess a less specific gravity, a lower temperature, and, proportionally, a smaller number of red corpuscles in their blood than either Englishmen or Americans.

Every organ is adapted to the performance of its particular function, and upon the character of the organ depends the nature of that function. Hence, it is plain that, before we can determine the peculiar diet most suitable to man, we must consider the structure of those organs whose duty it is to digest it. Comparative anatomists inform us that among the different species of animals there is a correlation, an adaptation between the form of their digestive apparatus and the nature of their food. Nor is this difference confined to the organs of mastication alone; the alimentary canal also varies. Thus, in the carnivora, it is comparatively short and simple in structure, but long and more complex in the herbivora. The eminent physiologist, Prof. Dalton, states that, "In the human species, the food is naturally of a mixed character, containing both animal and vegetable substances. But the digestive apparatus in man resembles almost exactly that of the carnivora." Such is the nearly unanimous testimony of modern anatomists and physiologists. Philosophers who deal in theories rather than facts, in sentiment than logic, may contend otherwise.

Again: The fact that man has, since time immemorial, used animal food, is a strong if not conclusive argument in favor of his being his natural diet, and, if so, necessary to his complete development. Even at so remote a period as when he was the contemporary of the now-extinct mammoth, fifty, an hundred, or perhaps hundreds of thousands of years ago, it is known from geological research that he was a meat-eater. And it is especially true of the progenitors of the civilized nations of Europe and America; for, as far back as history, tradition or archaeology has traced them, they were numbered among this class. So, too, with those races which have exerted the greatest influence in advancing science, philosophy and art, and also produced the most and greatest warriors—they have been addicted to the free use of flesh.

Dr. Ditson's remarks concerning man's abstract right to kill, recalled forcibly to mind that passage in Pope's "Essay on Man," which concludes with the following line:

"Tis but a part we see, and not the whole."

Had he looked Nature squarely in the face, viewed it integrally, rather than partially, he thinks he would not have found it necessary to inquire, Who gave man "the right to kill, to slaughter these harmless creatures God placed upon the earth?" And though he might have found that "Thou shalt not kill" is "a divine command—divine to-day, yesterday and forever"—he would also have discovered it to be equally true that there is a command, no less divine, inscribed upon every living tissue of the animal world, which says, with unmistakable emphasis, "Thou shalt kill!" Not only has the Creator so constituted one-half of the animal kingdom that they must live by preying upon the other moiety, but he has also provided the latter portion with weapons which enable them, in turn, to destroy their enemies. Nor must we be so foolishly as to deny the wisdom of so ordering creation, for, cruel as it may seem to finite mind, it is "to-day, yesterday and forever" one of the chief causes of progress. By the instrumentality of this grand law the weak, diseased, and otherwise imperfect individuals, and even species, are weeded out, permitting the fittest to survive, thus preserving, propagating and improving their various kinds.

If it were foreordained that man should conquer

—subdue the earth, must it not also have been decreed that he should exterminate a major part of the animals thus brought in antagonism with his interests? Again, did not man continually check the too rapid increase of many varieties of animal life, he would himself be forced to the wall. Therefore, so long as we are compelled, for one purpose or another, to kill edible creatures, is it not best that we should convert them into food, rather than suffer them to rot?

In short, as a portion of the animal world was by Nature so constituted as to necessitate their feeding upon the other, and as the anatomy of man's digestive apparatus closely resembles this class; as he has, in all ages and climates, subsisted less or more upon flesh, is it not the just implication that such is his natural diet, and being natural, essential to his perfect growth and development? Such being the case, then, of course the same Being, who "doeth all things well," and who bestowed upon the lion the right, disposition and strength to slay and feast upon the lamb, likewise endowed man.

Elkhart, Ind.

Banner Correspondence.

Ohio.

CINCINNATI.—David H. Shaffer writes: The waves of progress are rolling on rapidly, strongly, grandly, though silently, yet the world with all its pretended keen perceptions, sees it not. And, notwithstanding the Association of Spiritualists, which so popular in Cincinnati, has become considerably scattered and quieted down, now and then a few are met with occasionally on our streets, and pass the compliments of the season, but little is said or talked upon the vital principles of Spiritualism. And this reticence and the seeming lack of interest manifested in the looks, manners and conversation of Spiritualists, have stimulated the imaginations of the sectarian and the skeptic to believe and assert that Spiritualism in this city is dead, or slowly wasting away. But I can assure the friends of the cause, that any people laboring under a more egregious mistake. Mysterious, unseen forces, have been silently and perseveringly at work, and the results will ere long be demonstrated before the skeptical, distrustful, doubting mind.

I have sat often, with pencil in hand, and in answer to mental inquiries, and my friends have telegraphed the most satisfactory answers, telling me to wait patiently; that they, in their own good time, would provide to the ones of progress the truth that Spiritualism was not dead, neither was it dying. There are astounding developments, not publicly announced or known in progress in many places in this city, private families and unnumbered individuals, and many have come to me for explanations of these mysterious wonders. I have not yet seen any of these things so recently spoken of, but I have every rational inducement to believe their reality, from the confidence I have in the sources from whence the information comes. And when the day and hour arrives to bring before the public, and wonderful developments before the public, the readers of the Banner will be advised.

The former mediumistic manifestations, so popular and prominent for several years past, will give place and yield to a more advanced and intellectual order of spirit manifestations. The former routine of sittings will be dispensed with, and a higher and purer and more soul-elevating character of intellectual spiritual refreshment be displayed before the hungry millions.

Great changes have taken place in public sentiment in this city the past year. Many speak more favorably of our philosophy. The Commercial, our popular independent daily, has ceased its sneers, revilers, and ridicules against Spiritualism and Spiritualists, the editor remarking to one a few days ago "that there must be some truth in it, for there were too many intelligent men and women its firm advocates and strong supporters."

Our Little Lyceum is changed from the afternoon routine of sittings and music to the evening Sunday, at 8 o'clock. It is growing in numbers, favor and interest. The class of mature children, from 25 to 60 years of age, are very attentive to the instructions imparted (by the writer) on natural history and science, and a short lecture is given before the close of the exercises to the Lyceum, on subjects of the most different branches or divisions of science, with illustrations and explanations of specimens of minerals, fossils, etc., which greatly interest the Lyceum and visitors.

The winter of distrust and discontent is passing away. The season of prosperity is coming. A revolution in public sentiment is in progress.

The churches are in trouble, theologians are in pain. An epidemic is raging of Bible on the brain.

The Banner of Light and other spiritual papers at the different depots in this city, are earnestly sought for by outsiders, so that there is rarely any number over.

New Jersey.

BURLINGTON.—A CONVERTED CLERGYMAN.—For more than two years I have been studying and earnestly seeking to know something of Spiritualism, and at last begin to realize in the measure the grand and glorious field in which you and other noble spirits are working, seeking to purify and elevate the masses of the people, by declaring the glorious gospel of the new dispensation which has dawned upon our race. Since my connection with the Baptist Church denomination I have been most terribly deceived in those who profess to be Christians, while connected with the church in this city. For no sooner had I announced my determination to investigate the doctrine or theory of Spiritualism, than they denounced me in most bitter language. This caused me much anxiety, and has resulted in my withdrawing from their fellowship, and of course am now considered by them as a very dangerous man, but thank God I may do some good yet. My office is nightly filled with inquiring minds, who would know for themselves the whole truth, and, as far as in me lies the power, they shall.

Let me give an instance: A gentleman of education and refinement—one of our best business men, too, came to me the first of June, and he told me that you have embraced and are advocating the doctrine of Spiritualism; is this so? I replied that he was correctly informed. "Well," said he, "I should like to know something about it; I never felt any interest in it before." This is only one of many instances I could name.

And now wishing you—and all others earnestly engaged in the right—good success, with the glorious Banner of Light, shall illumine our homes and hearts—may the grand and glorious principles it advocates impel us to action, until we accomplish our glorious mission on earth.

REV. JOHN S. ZELLER.

JERSEY CITY.—A correspondent writes, June 19th: "The Spiritualists of Jersey City were entertained at Union Hall, on the evenings of the 9th and 10th inst., by highly interesting and instructive lectures by Mrs. Mary L. Strong, of Dayton, Ohio; subjects: 'Power of the Soul,' or, 'The Natural and Spiritual'; 'Heaven—Heaven is within us.' As we listened to the beautiful truths as they fell from the lips of our gifted and earnest speaker, we felt that we were indeed being taught by the soul, and God, through every faculty of the soul, and we only regret that we were not sufficiently alive to our spiritual wants to make the necessary efforts to retain her longer in our midst, but feel safe and take pleasure in recommending her to the notice of the most refined, intellectual lovers of truth, wherever she may be directed."

Illinois.

CHICAGO.—Dean Clark—present address Sheboygan Falls, Wis., care A. Clark—writing from the "Banner of Light" of June 27th, says he has been the recipient of a large number of communications from the Southern local press during his recent tour in that region.

While in the South I assumed my legitimate title of Dr. to give prestige to my name. I had a regular education in medicine before I became a speaker, but native modesty caused me to enter the field as plain Dean Clark. I went to South Carolina, where I put on my white coat, which had cost me three years of hard study and \$500 in cash. My scientific knowledge has been of great service in enabling me to understand the

laws and *modus operandi* of our phenomena, and I am prepared to meet all scientific objectors. I shall unfurl the Banner wherever I go. Heaven bless it. It is doing a glorious work and maintaining an enviable reputation."

New Hampshire.

LAKE VILLAGE.—T. C. Constantine writes June 22d: This evening I attended a meeting held in the Advent Church to listen to a lecture delivered by a Mrs. Bruce against modern Spiritualism.

She denounced Spiritualism as a fatal delusion, the work of the devil to trap the unwary. She said: When the breath left the body of a human being, that human being became dead—went to sleep, etc. All religious sects who believed in the immortality of the soul were in error. The remarks of the woman were loudly applauded by the Adventists, especially when she spoke evil of Spiritualists. And while she said that man was immortal, they fairly turned wild with joy. Mrs. Bruce can never harm Spiritualists or Spiritualism among intelligent people, for she will never pass as a lecturer among any but a brainless class. She announced her intention of doing a great work, and breaking up Spiritualism in Lake Village, but she will find out that a woman without soul cannot do much among those who have immortality within them.

CENTER HARBOR.—R. H. Ober says: I heard Miss Himmell last Sabbath. She spoke in the new Unitarian Church at Laconia. When I look back to 1840, at a time when the American Anti-Slavery Society was broken up because Abby Kelley was nominated on the business committee, and would not resign at the dictation of a Baptist priest and other blinded dupes—and now see that women are speaking to intelligent audiences all over the country, I feel to thank God. The spiritual phenomena are awakening thousands to joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Psychometry.

In the Banner of May 25th I saw an article on "Psychometry," by J. R. Buchanan, which has prompted me to mention some of my experience in that science. A proper understanding and application of the principles of psychometry to the many enigmas of social life would benefit thousands, and teach the masses how to harmonize and regulate unbalanced social conditions. My first experience with psychometry was some eight or ten years since. Seeing an advertisement in the Banner by Mrs. A. B. Sovereign, of White Water, Wis., out of curiosity I was induced to send several scraps of writing of different individuals of both sexes—persons that I was well acquainted with. In due time answers came with minute description of mental and social peculiarities; accidents that had happened years before; and of which I was the writer, he had longed, with advice how to harmonize social irregularities, &c. I was astonished! Here was something new to science. What was the power this lady possessed of thus describing the most secret history, individual peculiarities and sex, from a single scrap of writing?

I continued my investigations, sent specimens of writing of the same persons many times from different post-offices under fictitious names, with the same results. Marked traits peculiar to certain individuals were always pointed out; the sex and the advice as to harmonizing unfortunate social conditions, were in substance always the same. I came to the conclusion that psychometry was a more exact science than chronology, and much more useful, because psychometry exposes the hidden springs of action, while chronology only points out the effects of causes that have long acted to produce the shape of the cranium.

I believe that psychometry, practically applied and understood, will be more *valuable teaching mankind* than the routine of sittings, sittings, sittings, sittings, than all the theological ideas taught since the art of printing was discovered. Verily it is the SCIENCE OF THE SOUL, and deals with first principles.

First Lenox, Ill.

Canada.

ROSEMOUNT VILLA (via London, Ont.).—Marcus Gunn writes, June 20th: "You and I, 'Y. and I,' have been reading the Banner of Light, and we are pleased to know that Spiritualism is greatly progressing in this quarter, exposing the untenable position of the affected Orthodoxy of the various sects. Various media are developed, and the exhibition of physical demonstrations, well attested, is alarming to the priests and all the priest-ridden. The elevated spirit of A. B. White favors us with splendid addresses, as also other noble intelligences of the higher life."

Since my communication to you of 20th Jan., I have succeeded in obtaining a few subscribers to your excellent Banner of Light. Two booksellers in London, Ont., who, with regret, are so much hampered by priestcraft, prejudice, ignorance and cowardice, as to be afraid of exhibiting and displaying the beautiful Banner of Light upon their counters, as they do other papers and periodicals—thus putting it aside to some out-of-the-way place till called for. I am certain that, if the said booksellers would expose the Banner, as they do other papers, on their counters and in their windows and shop-doors, it would command attention and add to your subscription list. I am exceedingly gratified to find the Banner of Light so much appreciated in Europe, and now throughout both hemispheres; and that the arrogant sectarians are forced to put in an appearance face to face with the truth, and will be pleased to know that Spiritualism is greatly progressing in this quarter, exposing the untenable position of the affected Orthodoxy of the various sects. Various media are developed, and the exhibition of physical demonstrations, well attested, is alarming to the priests and all the priest-ridden. The elevated spirit of A. B. White favors us with splendid addresses, as also other noble intelligences of the higher life."

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—J. M. Hill, writing under date of "Marlboro Hotel, June 24th, 1872," says: "As the columns of your most valuable paper are always open for the good of humanity, I beg to mention the name of one who for a long time has been a public benefactor, by transmitting through her organization messages to and from the spirit-world. Mrs. M. W. Wallingford, of Boston, is well known to many as being one of the best mediums and the most susceptible to spirit-control that we have. To strangers whom she has never seen before she is equally as reliable as with her own family, in all matters that concern us—spiritual, temporal, or otherwise. I happened in her room the other night, when I found a worthy and intelligent gentleman of my acquaintance from Newark, N. J., who had been sitting with her. The result was so satisfactory that he was converted to the faith, there and then, and when he took her hand to bid her good-bye, another spirit took possession of her, and there came through her beautiful and potent voice, by which the notice of a worthy worker in the Banner, you not only do justice to Mrs. Nelson, but confer a real benefit to humanity."

Wisconsin.

DODGEVILLE.—Samuel Clegg writes: The Banner is invaluable on account of the "Message Department." That department does more real good and confounds Old Orthodoxy more than all the speeches and arguments the spiritual advocates can produce.

Mesmerism and Spiritualism.

Mr. E. B. Tylor has suggested that the phenomena ordinarily witnessed in the presence of so-called "mediums," if not identical with, are at least similar to the subjective impressions of persons under the influence of a powerful mesmerizer. Mr. A. R. Wallace opposes the suggestion, and points out what he believes to be fundamental differences which clearly distinguish the two. As an experienced mesmerizer himself, he asserts that the mesmerized patient never has doubts of the reality of what he sees and hears, while it is almost invariably the case that spiritualistic phenomena are at first regarded with grave suspicion. "Yess of memory is common with persons in the mesmeric state; the assistants at a séance are never troubled in a similar way, but are, on the other hand, in a mood to criticize, examine, suggest tests, etc. Only certain sensitive individuals are amenable to the mesmeric influence, and extremely few of these are susceptible of being acted upon without previous manipulation; but there is no such limitation to the number of persons who simultaneously see the mediumistic phenomena."

Spiritual Phenomena.

Spiritualism in Cincinnati, O.

The phenomenal phase of the spiritual manifestations seems to be in the ascendant in the above-mentioned city, and so great a share does it claim of the public attention that the Cincinnati Commercial—a sheet of acknowledged importance in the world of newspaperdom, not only as regards its large size, but the general character of its contents—devotes an entire page (six columns) to an account from its correspondent "Nep," regarding a series of sittings recently held, while on a visit at his residence, by Mrs. Mary J. Hollis, of Louisville, Ky.

We are informed by the writer of the extended article referred to above—in June 20th's Commercial—firstly, that he wishes only to uphold what to him is truth; that he "desires to continue" himself "to the task of presenting the testimony to be considered in making up the verdicts. In doing a service so simple as this, I know how thankful I am to be able to do it. Men do not wish to be disturbed in their old habits of thinking, and any new subject that may be presented for inspection, when found to expose some old, cherished error, or antagonize some old faith, hope or belief, will be met upon the very threshold of investigation with an unwelcome heart, and an unreasoning head and a hostile hand."

Mrs. Hollis—wife of Capt. E. J. Hollis, of Louisville, Ky.—says the correspondent, visited his residence several weeks ago, and sittings of a remarkable character took place, the manifestations at which he described in a series of letters to the Commercial, under the same signature, "Nep." He invited a large number of people (upward of two hundred) to view them, among his visitors being representatives from the most refined and celebrated circles in the social life of Cincinnati, and several holding official positions of emolument and trust. So great was the interest evoked, that all who saw her desired further light on the subject. The most remarkable manifestations occurring during her first visit were three in number, viz.: slate-writing in the light, &c. Dr. Stale, of which, the narrator says, "Hundreds of communications have been written in my presence, in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, Italian, French, Welsh and English," thus destroying the "coincident" theory; the showing of spirit hands—from three to five materialized hands being seen at one time, in a room sufficiently light to read in; and the hearing of audible spirit voices. In proof of this latter phase the writer avers that his mother spoke to him in a strongly defined voice:

"If that voice had simply pronounced my name, I should have fixed it as my mother's. It is only four years since I heard it from her mortal lips, and I could not have forgotten it. 'Ministry' would be tantamount to the hearing of the soul. 'Know it was the voice of my mother by the exercise of the same faculties with which you recognize the voice of one you love.'"

As a retrospect regarding the medium, he says: "The manifestations that have attracted so much attention and interest in the public mind here about ten years ago in the presence of Mrs. Hollis. But for several years prior to that time, she sat every day in a dark room for several hours, holding communication with the spirit-world through her clairvoyant and clairaudient faculties. It was during those solitary sittings that the promises were made to her by her spirit-friends that the wonderful phenomena now attending her would occur. So it will be seen that this great power to manifest has been a matter of slow growth or development, and not of sudden or special endowment, as many suppose. It is the reward of persevering effort and obedience to the mandates of a circle of highly developed and powerful spirits, resulting through natural laws."

A general desire existing for the return of Mrs. Hollis, she obeyed, and commenced her second series of sittings at the residence of the narrator on the 15th of April, continuing it till the 21st of May—half her time being devoted to public sittings. In this series her powers as a medium were demonstrated as greatly improved; the spirits writing more promptly, speaking more loudly, and being able to sing without the accompaniment of a human voice. Drawings were also quickly executed under and upon the table—as messages are written in the slate test—by covering the slate with white paper, and substituting a lead for a slate pencil.

On several occasions, when outside the house, on one when riding "along the pike," messages were written on the slate by simply putting a shawl or linen coat over the lap of the medium, and placing the slate and pencil under said curtain, the lady's hands being both visible during the whole process. Several remarkable tests of spirit-identity were thus given to entire strangers. A cabinet was prepared by the correspondent, as directed by the spirits, similar in form and size to that with which all are familiar who have attended the Davenport sittings. Its interior was darkened by a black curtain over the aperture, but the light was strong in the room, and the chairs of the spectators were placed within eight or ten feet of the cabinet door. In this place, on taking her seat, the medium was gradually developed, till the most extraordinary demonstrations of spirit-agency and power found expression in connection with the ordinary forms of playing musical instruments, the showing of hands, etc. During all which occurred, the medium saw nothing clairvoyantly, it being explained by her hand that a passive and unexcited frame of mind was necessary, on her part, to the successful operation of the sittings. A man's arm, naked to the shoulder, also a lady's arm, with white tulle sleeve and jeweled hand—the same on one occasion showing a bouquet of spirit-flowers—were exhibited to the audience for two minutes, and a slate and pencil being proffered them, the correspondent earnestly affirms that they wrote, in full light, messages to which they appended the names of Marshal Ney and the Empress Josephine.

At one séance the writer of the account became strangely moved. The spirits had promised, at the conclusion of a previous sitting, that faces would be shown at the following one. He says a spirit-voice directed him, at the outset of the séance, to start the music-box, which he had forgotten to do:

"The table upon which the music-box was placed stood about ten feet from the cabinet door. After winding it up, I was turning to re-tune my seat in the circle, in doing which I was made to face the aperture in the cabinet, when, to my utter surprise, I beheld my mother's face at the opening. 'Why, mother,' I exclaimed, 'is it possible?' She smiled, spoke my name, and retired. The materialization continued for the space of ten or fifteen seconds. All in the room saw the dear face, the Quaker cap, and heard the name pronounced. I was within two feet of the aperture, the others not ten feet off. 'Mother, dear, can you materialize your left hand, and what at the aperture?' In less than a minute the left hand was presented for my inspection. I was close to it. There was a peculiar mark on the left hand of my mother. The forefinger was permanently closed by contraction of the tendon from a burn received in childhood. The hand presented had the same peculiarity."

The faces of the medium's guardian, "Jimmy Nolan," and those purporting to be Noy and Josephine, together with several unrecognized

spirits, were shown—a la Moravia—at the cabinet aperture.

In dark séances, held by direction of the spirits, Mrs. Hollis was frequently carried over the heads of the party present; and on one occasion, being provided with a pencil, traced the course of her aerial journey along the ceiling—the walls having previously been examined, and no pencil-marks found thereon—the lead being worn down, and the hand of the medium covered with fine-dust by the operation.

In conclusion, the narrator wishes to "ask the reader a question or two" before taking leave of this interesting subject:

"The phenomena I have attempted faithfully to record have a more than common interest to mankind. Several questions arise spontaneously in the mind after looking over this whole subject, and which should be asked of every man, an answer to which will satisfy him as to the integrity of his replies. If the foregoing statements are true, can we come to any other conclusion than to admit the existence of a spirit world, and its propinquity to this; and that death is simply liberates the spirit from its 'ball of clay,' and opens the heavenly portal through which it passes to the more beautiful world? I have foregoing statements are true, can we come to any other conclusion, from the testimony presented, than that our spirit friends have succeeded in repassing the borders of death to assume us the continuance of life, and that the relationship of the two worlds is as intimately maintained as substance and shadow? If the foregoing statements are true, can we come to any other conclusion than that the popular conception of death and hell and the judgment is a tale that enchants the soul with fear, and engenders hate instead of love in the heart of the great family of man? If the foregoing statements are true, can we come to any other conclusion than that to assume a special right to admit or reject souls to their divinely-born heritage is an assumption, an arrogance in sect or creed that may frighten the sick child from the room, but which will be scornfully rejected and condemned by right-thinking and truth-loving souls?"

In continuation of the matter, the Commercial of July 1st comes out with an editorial, treating the subject—of course—in the light way general among the editorial magazines of the present day, offering a salary to Mrs. Hollis if she will furnish news from the spirit-world, saying that the Spiritualists "are enthusiasts, whose miracles evaporate in the sunshine, and vanish wherever there is a free circulation of air;" that "the mass of those who are expected to believe are from the illustrious dead, are marked with all the characteristics of the inconsequent living;" that "a spiritual message cannot contain anything beyond the capricious of the medium," etc., etc. A correspondent in the same issue, signing himself "Investigator," takes an adverse view of the séances, and expresses his doubts as to their genuineness, and John Bishop Hall offers the following pill to the ministers:

"Inasmuch as Spiritualism is attracting so much attention, and as multitudes are being drawn into its vortex of ruin, and as the clergyman claim that they occupy the position of guardians of the public welfare and as the challenge of Spiritualism is so loudly and so defiantly made, if the gentleman thrown down is not taken up by the clergyman, their continued silence will be construed into a confession either that they themselves are Spiritualists, or that they are unable to demonstrate its fallacy, or else that they have little regard for the public welfare."

It is pleasing thus to mark the spirit of interested discussion abroad in the community where these manifestations have occurred. Inquiry conducted in the right spirit—whether in the Queen City or elsewhere—cannot fail of educating truth, and ridiculing a pointless weapon, which has ever in the past and will ever in the future fall of its intended office.

Shakerism and Spiritualism.

From wherever the Banner of Light waves, there naturally radiate rays of intelligence—reverting to the standard-bearers—reporting progress.

What its signs of promise are. The Fraternity of Shakers at South Union, Ky., is situated upon the very ground where was enacted the remarkable scenes of the "great Kentucky revival," in the beginning of this nineteenth century; and the first who ministered at the altar of those weird, wild, spirit manifestations, was the father of venerable saintly sons and daughters, lights now shining in the Shaker society.

It was here that the city of the new Jerusalem was actually laid out, by one of the mediums of that strange time. It was here that previous to the commencement of the physical manifestations at Rochester similar objects were given, and the prophecy uttered: That having gained strength, and knowledge of the *modus operandi* within this holy precinct, they (the spirits) would measurably leave their mediums and go forth throughout the habitable world, after which, spirits for whom they had made a way, should come with great power teaching as no man had ever taught.

The wave, we have all seen, has flowed out, and those who critically observe the signs of the times can plainly discern that the tide is setting back, rich with waves of knowledge and wisdom which shall regenerate the world.

Spiritualistic publications have been greatly instrumental in throwing light into darkness and disabusing minds of the harmful belief in the infallibility of old doctrines, mores and customs, while the real spirituality, the religion, the purity and truth, as exemplified in Shaker life, shine brighter, and those who before could only perceive ceremonies and forms, find it good and practicable to live angelic lives while yet in the form of earth.

Among the books which have quickened to new thought, stands conspicuous Barrett's "Biography of J. M. Peebles." This remarkable book is eagerly read here—remarkable because it is unlike other works of the kind. In the past the history of nations has been but a history of its wars, and the biography of persons but an account of the most superficial acts of their lives. Not so the "Spiritual Pilgrim." The book is ablaze with rich gems, which a less intimate friend than the author might have failed to record, and the perfect truth of which might not have been so apparent to the general reader, were it not for the golden threads of the "Pilgrim's" own thoughts, beautifully and skillfully interwoven throughout the work.

The world is becoming aware of the fact that Shakers are living the truths Spiritualists are preaching. In this light, how beautiful the late fraternal and harmonious meeting of Shakers and Spiritualists. Will it not result in great good to both? Will it not soon open the door through which Progressive Lyceums may enter, placing our children's feet in paths of pleasantness? And will it not comfort despairing souls who have vainly endeavored to live the angels' teachings in a disorderly world, by showing experiments for a higher plane is attainable even before we pass through death's golden door.

The Shaker's call is, and ever has been, to the pure in heart, "Come, drink of the waters of life freely." It is well, however, for each applicant to be provided with a cup from which to quaff the invigorating draught made of love, devotion, high and purer life, without which this happy valley of peace and plenty would present no charms, and the simplicity and industry of Shaker life no inviting aspect.

FRANCIS T. BYER.

South Union, Ky., May 9th, 1872.

Philip O. Sparrow, of Medway Village
will please accept our thanks for an elegant bouquet of flowers for our Free Circle table.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was dictated by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of.

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

While in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life, whether for good or evil. But those who place the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive.—no more.

Recess of our Public Circles.

The Banner of Light Public Free Circles closed Thursday, June 27th, in order to allow Mrs. Conant her usual vacation during the heated term. They will be resumed the first Monday in September.

Invocation.

Oh thou, whose almightiness we cannot measure, but whose book of life is ever open that we may read as we run, we lift our souls in thankfulness to thee this hour, and, through the clear light which thou hast bestowed upon every living soul concerning its relationship to thee, we would acknowledge that we feel safe in thee; that whether we descend into hell, or ascend into heaven, we shall know that thou art with us, and that thy loving kindness, thy tender mercy and everlasting wisdom will sustain us and keep us, and finally bring us out into happiness and heaven. We commend ourselves and our utterances to thee, knowing it will be well with us, Amen. March 28.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Friend William, if you have questions, I will try to answer them.

Ques.—From a correspondent.) Will the controlling mind inform the world (if known in the spirit sphere) whose intelligence it was that inspired Volney in producing his wonderful "Meditations on the Ruins?"

Ans.—It is quite possible that a correct answer could be given to that query; but it is not at all probable that the world would appreciate it if it were given. Your speaker has to confess that he is not in possession of that knowledge, therefore cannot impart it to you.

Q.—If we earnestly desire a spirit friend to manifest himself in some way, shall we be likely to have a manifestation by sitting alone, evenings, quietly?

A.—Certainly not, unless the sitter has the power requisite for such a manifestation. You might as well expect to receive a telegram from Europe without complying with the usual means.

Q.—What is your idea of future rewards and punishments?

A.—Certainly not in accordance with the old theological idea. I believe that every sin will receive a due amount of punishment, and that this is the way that sin is to be expelled from the earth. They who sin must suffer because of the sin. There is no forgiveness for sin. I believe the punishment follows immediately upon the sin. They do not have to wait until after death to receive punishment.

Q.—What is the condition of suicides in the other world?

A.—Their condition is one of self-hood; in other words, they find they have taken themselves with them to that other world, and, instead of getting rid of what they desired to, they have added to it. The suicide, it is true, may get rid of a suffering body; but the reflex action of that suffering, the suicide carries with him to the spirit-world, and must outlive it by natural conditions. And then, every suicide feels that he has been a coward. There is a certain amount of remorse attendant upon the early spirit-life of every suicide; they are sorry that they committed the act.

Q.—(From the audience.) Some persons are insane when they commit suicide. Does the spirit suffer in that case?

A.—Yes, in the same sense that the child suffers when it puts its hand into the fire. Law is no respecter of persons or conditions.

Q.—Spirits have told me they did not suffer much (having committed suicide while insane); that their own spirit had nothing to do with it.

A.—There are different degrees of suffering in this case, as in all others. Some do not suffer very keenly. Those that I have made the acquaintance of, all tell me that they suffered intensely.

Q.—What is the nature of their suffering?

A.—Remorse—regret—a feeling that you have done something that you ought not to have done; that if you had taken another course, it would have been far better for you. They who have left no friends here to mourn over their suicidal act suffer less than they who have left friends here who are mourning in consequence of their act; and for this reason: all the sorrow of this life, under such circumstances, is reflected upon the spirit, and it takes a double and potent action, so that it becomes like a shadow, a mist, a fog, overshadowing all the conditions under which the spirit, for a time, exists.

Q.—If the insanity was brought about by circumstances over which they had no control, would they suffer as much as they would if it was brought on through their own neglect in obeying physical laws, or by any kind of willfulness or negligence?

A.—I think not. I think willful neglect of obedience to law would engender greater suffering than the contrary; indeed, I know it to be so. March 28.

Alice Somers.

My name was Alice Somers. I was fourteen years old. I died of consumption, in October. Mother and I lived in New York City. Father had gone to Minnesota, and mother was waiting for me to get better, so we might all go. Father told her, if she would start with me, it would be better for me than to remain in New York, and perhaps I'd get well; but I never got strong enough for her to warrant the risk of starting, and now she is mourning because she thinks I would have lived if she had done different. I want to tell her I could not have lived, under any circumstances. She did just the best that could have been done for me. It's best as it is. She must not mourn about it, because it makes me very sad, and it won't do her any good. March 28.

Fannie Burbank Felton.

During my sickness, I promised some of my friends that I would return after I had entered my spirit-home, and give them a minute description of that home, and make clear some points which had never been made clear to them, which they were revolving in their minds, striving to settle, but could not; and to-day I have to say that, as yet, I am not able to fulfill my promise, for I shall be obliged to look about myself, to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the conditions that are so new, so grandly beautiful to me; and more than that: I shall be obliged to study the laws of spiritualistic control from this

side of being. I thought I understood them while here; but I found it was quite another thing to understand them from the higher or spiritual side of life. I shall perfect myself as rapidly as possible, and shall not forget my promise; shall do all in my power to lift the veil that lies between them and the other life, and to carry on the wondrous work that the angels have begun for the good of humanity.

I have found the spirit-world all I expected to, and more. It would not be possible for me to enumerate all the glorious scenes of beauty that met my gaze on entering that land of light and glory. Suffice it to say I was not disappointed. Fannie Burbank Felton. March 28.

Miles Thompson.

Daniel Pendergast wishes to know if Miles Thompson, who communicated through the Banner of Light some time since, was an old chum of his at Yale.

Though the book of my college life has been closed for years, and I never expected it would be opened again, this friend seems to have the key that has opened it. Well, now, Dan, what can I do for you? that's the question. You are dead, and I'm alive. I reverse the order, you see, but correctly. You are dead, and I am alive. I've passed through the old custom of change you call death, but that does not make me dead by any means. I'm alive; what can I do for you?

I am satisfied upon one point, and that is, that you are looking about yourself with reference to modern Spiritualism, else you would not have known whether Miles Thompson had retraced his steps or no. Good day. March 28.

Mary Ann Dodge.

Say for me that Mary Ann Dodge, wife of Nathan Dodge, at present in Ulster, N. Y., would be glad to communicate with him, at any time and place he may designate. March 28.

John Hartze.

I have one son in this city—Boston. I want him to know that the dead come back. My name was John Hartze. I was in this world fifty-six years. I been out of this world about five months. I got sick; I was taken to some of your hospitals over the water. I died there.

I want my son to know I come back—that I watch over him. I know when he does good, when he does bad. He has your paper. He likes to read it, he says, because it is queer, and I have to say this to him: if he will go into the back shop alone, after he shut up, take the little old stand, clear off the things from it, sit down to it with pencil and paper, I will come to him. He is medium, and he is not to be afraid, because there's nothing to be afraid of. I not hurt him here; I shan't do so now. I make him acquainted with the other world; that's what's better needed than anything else. Peter is his name; John is my name. March 28.

Seance conducted by friend Isaac T. Hopper; letters answered by "Vashit".

Invocation.

Thou Master of Life, who revealest thyself to us through this handsome day, thou who art baptizing our souls and Nature perpetually, thou whose ever open volume we strive to read aright, we come to thee this hour, asking for wisdom, asking for the baptism of thy Holy Spirit of Truth that shall lead us apart from all error, that shall baptize us anew with thy truth; and send us out stronger than ever, as ministering spirits for thee. Thou needest not to be told that the earth is still groaning to be delivered from the darkness of ignorance. Oh, then, Mighty Spirit of Wisdom, inspire thou thy servants; send them out to speak thy truths to those who have need. Set the seal of thy love upon their brows; guide them into ways of wisdom, of pleasantness and of peace, and, Mighty Spirit, whatever thou shalt determine that it may be best for us to do, give us the will therewith, and leave us never when we are tempted, but deliver us from all evil, for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, to-day and forever. Amen. April 1.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—What relation has Christ to men, from what you have seen since earth-life?

Ans.—Since I believe in the fatherhood and motherhood of God, and the brotherhood and sisterhood of humanity, I can give but one answer to that question, and that is: that he was our elder brother, and that, so far as he was more enlightened than we are, he was our teacher, our Saviour, perhaps. If he could enlighten us, and assist us to free ourselves from the thralldom of evil and weakness that is attendant upon our human and our spiritual life, then so far he was our saviour—but in no other way.

Q.—(From John H. Crawford.) In the Banner of March 9th, Swedenborg is made to say, in answer to the question, "Was the Chicago fire a blessing?" "Yes, all the incidents of life are blessings." Again, on the same page, the question is asked, "Would the presence of Chinese in large numbers affect the labor question injuriously?" And Father Fitz James answers, "A large influx of this element could not result in anything but a positive injury to the labor question as it stands to-day"—with more of the same sort. Now a positive injury cannot be a blessing. If it may be, then words mean nothing in the expression of our thoughts; and oppression, ignorance and obloquy mean the same things as liberty, intelligence and good name. While means black; light, darkness; pain, pleasure, &c. If such dreadful calamities as the Chicago fire are blessings, would not the blessing have been greater if the remaining portion of the city had been destroyed? If the loss of life—was supposed to be five hundred to fifteen hundred—was a blessing, why would not the loss of the three hundred thousand lives there have been a greater blessing? If the whole calamity was a blessing, why would not the burning of every city in the Union, and the loss of every life therein, be a greater blessing? Which would be the greater positive injury—the burning of every city in the land, with the loss of every life therein, or the emigration to this land of freedom of half a million poor, ignorant and oppressed Chinese? I would like to have strong common sense answers to these questions—not answers that can be construed both ways or any way upon the "whatever is, is right" theory. I want no nonsensical reply that what may be injurious to-day may be glorious to-morrow, or what may be a calamity to some, may be a blessing to others. If I crush my limb by ignorantly thrusting it in the way of one of God's great wheels, God is not pleased, humanity is not benefited—so how can it be a blessing? Why should the attempt to violate God's laws by Chicago architects and house-owners, by building tinder-boxes, and thus tempting the wind and flames to the destruction of millions of the hard earnings of the very classes you would protect from Chinese effort, together with the suffering, misery and premature death of men, women and children as a natural consequence, be a blessing? I wish my old friends and acquaint-

ances—John Pierpont and Theodore Parker—would answer these questions without any dissembling or sophistry.

A.—He wants an answer to suit himself, which he will not get, probably. It is not hard to discern that your correspondent has fallen into the error that a great many fall into—that of making the whole spirit-world a unit in thought, in belief, and perhaps in action, instead of taking it as it is—made up of distinct individualities, all possessing their own opinions on any and all subjects. He has classed a Swedenborg and a Father Fitz James upon the same plane of thought. One might have considered the Chicago fire a positive curse, and the other might have looked upon it as a blessing, yet both be right, and have an equal right to their opinions and to the expression of them. Now your correspondent admits in his article that Chicago was built up of tinder-boxes. Very well; if it was, it was time that they learned a lesson with regard to architecture. The savages of this continent and of other portions of the world receive their education by the stern reprimands of Nature, and by the stern edicts of Nature forcing them into certain directions, educating them by hard processes. For instance, the savage learns that the tempest ailments him—it is too severe for his bodily good. What does he do? Why, he builds him a wigwam, at first, of sticks and small stones. The tempest descends upon it, the wigwam is destroyed, and this is both a blessing and a curse. To finite sense, it is a curse; to Infinite Wisdom it is a blessing, because it teaches the savage to build stronger and better. So he gets larger stones, he gets larger limbs of trees, he learns to cement them together. He covers them with skins, he takes all the precaution it is possible for him to do, in his rude state, to have the thing permanent, that it may withstand the storm. Perhaps he is successful in his second trial—perhaps not. If he is, it only proves that the destruction of his first wigwam was a blessing, however much he has suffered in consequence, since it has taught him a lesson he never can forget. Now, then, all these Chicago real estate owners have been taught a lesson equally good. They will build no more wooden wigwams, since fire is an element that is amongst them at every turn. It is necessary, then, if this element is an enemy, unbridled, to bridle it—make it a servant—say to it, "Thus far, and no further," by fire-proof buildings. Chicago will probably do this in the future—at least, she will make the attempt to, no doubt, and therefore, when considered in that light, it is a blessing; but when considered by human senses—measured by the suffering of body and mind that has been inflicted upon the inhabitants of that doomed city, it is a curse. Blessings and curses go hand-in-hand. There is no denying this fact—it is patent throughout all Nature. Heaven is not so very far off from hell after all—there is nothing but a very thin partition that divides them. April 1.

Anna Cole.

It is two hundred and ten years ago to-day since I was hung for being a medium. My execution took place in Hartford, Conn. I have no reason for coming here to-day, except that I was anxious to take upon myself again a human life—to settle the (for me) unsettled question as to whether a spirit could return in this way. [You were never, then, quite sure about it?] No, never; no one can be, to the fullest extent, except by experience—some kind of experience. I did not know that it was departed spirits that spoke through me, and performed various wonderful manifestations through me. I considered it to be the power of God; but my accusers believed it to be of the devil, and so they hung me; and if your medium had lived in those days, she would hardly have been allowed five days, as I was, to repent of holding converse with the devil, and for turning to God. I was allowed five days, but the spirits came with greater power, all through the five days, than ever. I could not resist them, and so at sunset on the fifth day, I was hung. [Were you aware who they were after you passed on?] Oh, yes; some were my friends; others were a band of spirits experimenting all over the land. Many of those who made the effort to communicate through the mediums of my day retired from the earth, and waited until the child medium of Rochester was brought into notice—waited until the world had grown wiser, and humanity had grown better—waited until they knew their mediums would not be hung—waited God's time. And you, of to-day, should be so thankful to the Infinite Father that you live in an age when you can speak your thoughts without fear of being murdered, when you can hold converse with the angel world, and no one can say, "Why do ye so?"—should be thankful, like one of old, and turn your faces toward the east of life and love, three times a day—say, more than that—thank God for his mercies toward you. My name, Anna Cole. April 1.

Dennis McCarty.

Good day, sir. I came back here to send some message to my brother James. I was took sick in Lancaster street. The doctor was called; he said I was having the small-pox. I was taken off, down to the Island, and that is the last I ever seen of any of my folks; and what I have to say, I want my brother James to have the three hundred and fifty dollars I left, himself. Peter has got enough of his own. James has had a hard time; I want him to have it all, and what I'd like, is, that the priest will say to Peter, that it is right that my brother James should have what I left. James has a family, and he is not very well, and he has a hard time to get along. Peter has nobody but himself; he has got pay all the time, he gets along very well; he has got enough without the little I left, and it is not out of any ill will to him at all I make this wish, but out of justice to James, that's it; and the sooner it gets settled, and I know that James has got what he'd ought to have, the happier I will be.

I am very well off in this life. I am not very much acquainted with it, as I've only been here about five weeks, but I am acquainted enough to know that I am better off than I deserve. James nor Peter need not be thinking I would have lived if I had stayed here. I would not at all. I had very good care, but it was for me to go, that's it. Now I want this message to go to James McCarty. My name was Dennis McCarty. April 1.

Nina Silloway.

How do you do, mister? [How do you do, little one?] I'm pretty well. My name was Nina Silloway. I lived in Brooklyn, N. Y. I got the scarlet fever, and I died. I was six years old. My father's name is Philip Silloway; my mother's name is Charlotte, and my name was Nina. I named myself when I was two years old. I named myself, and mother said it never should be changed. [Do you still like your name?] Yes, sir. I wanted mother to know that I didn't swallow the sponge—she thinks I did, and perhaps I would have lived if it had not been for that. She had a sponge she used to put into my throat, with something on it, to make my throat get well. It

got lost, and mother thought I had swallowed it. I did not.

I want you to tell her I live with grandma, and grandma has got a nice place, and I don't think I'll ever get sick any more. When mother comes we'll have a nice time, and father, too. [Is your father with you?] No; but when he comes, then we'll have a nice time. Grandma isn't poor, now; nobody has to take care of her here; she isn't most blind, either; she's got as good eyes as anybody. She was most blind when she lived here. She lost all her property, and she always felt so bad about it, because her children had to take care of her; but she's got a nice place, and I live with her, and we have nice times, too.

You'll tell mother, won't you? and to pay you for it, I'll bring you some flowers—I'll make somebody bring 'em. Good-by, mister. April 1.

Arthur Beardsley.

My name was Arthur Beardsley. I have a mother in Winchester, Tenn., and I desire to communicate with her. I was a Second Lieutenant in the Confederate service. I was wounded, taken prisoner, brought to Washington, and died at the Lincoln Hospital. My mother has received strange stories from some quarter, I do not know from whence, with reference to my sickness and death. I want to set her right if I can. She believes that I was very badly used—neglected, and that all the indignities it was possible for evil beings to conceive of, were heaped upon me and other prisoners that were taken to Washington. I want her to know that it is all false. I was as kindly cared for as were any of the Federal officers. Everything was done for me that could be done. The surgeon in attendance, when he told me I must die, says, "My poor boy, I would do anything to save you, but it is impossible; now have you got any word to send to any of your friends? If so, give it to me." I told him I had a word to send to my mother. I know he sent it, for he is the soul of honor. My mother believed it to be a base forgery, or lie, and has been torturing herself ever since on account of my death. Recently, she has become acquainted with these spiritual truths. I have learned that she has said, if I would return at this place, identifying myself to her, whatever I give she would believe. In my last letter to her, I said, "I have a presentiment that if I enter this engagement, and I must, I shall never come out of it as I go in; but in case it is all right with me, you shall hear from me as soon as the battle is over." That was my last letter to her. I give this for the purpose of identification. Good-day, sir. April 1.

Seance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by "Vashit".

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, April 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Daniel Foote, of Montpelier, Vt., to his sons; Catherine Wills, of Little Compton, Eng., to her brother in this country; William Derringer, of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps, to his father; Minnie DeLacey, of New Orleans, La., to her father; Jesse Hutchinson.

Wednesday, April 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Isaac Rich, of Boston; "Jake," to Mass. Tindall, of Opelousas, La.; Moses Clark, of Boston; William May, of Boston, to his children; "Ted," Lincoln, to his mother; Anna Robinson, of Springfield, Mass., to her mother.

Thursday, April 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: James Lawry, of Portsmouth, N. H., to his son; Sam Head, to his son; William H. Purse; Margaret Rollins, of Boston, to her mother.

Friday, April 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Lydia Wells, of Boston; George Wallace, to his brothers in this country; Henry Derry, N. H., to his brother; M. J. Michael, of Boston, to Patrick Daly; Nellie Abbot, of Exeter, N. H., to her mother.

Saturday, April 6.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: William B. Clay, of Lexington, Ky.; Caroline Page, of Boston; Benjamin Edmonds.

Sunday, April 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Deborah Wills, of Boston, to Annie Smith; Sam Goring, of Missouri, to his brother John; William Thompson, of Bangor; Andrew Miller, to his brother John, of Boston.

Monday, April 8.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Lucy Rice, of Boston, to her husband and children; Ella Everett, of Boston, to her mother; Emerson Phillips, of St. Louis, to his father; Julius Flavio, of Oranito, Italy, to his brother in Boston; Ezra S. Ganggitt.

MATTERS SPIRITUAL IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown and Miss Baker—Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foyle, etc.

BY L. W. RANSOM.

In the vocabulary of the true Spiritualist, the Rationalist, the Harmonist, there is no such word as fail. His battles, like freedom's, though often lost, are always won. Though he may see his fondest hopes decay, his best-laid plans scattered by the winds; gather thorns where he hoped for figs, thistles for grapes; though the brightest forms and imaginings of earth, air and sky may elude his grasp, in the flushed moment of highest expectancy, and die out, one by one, from his mortal touch and sight, with his clear, upturned eye of soul he looks into a better "to-morrow" in which his blighted hopes and bitter disappointments of "yesterday" will cluster about and minister unto him as golden-winged angels of life, eternal life, of unfading beauty, truth, wisdom and goodness. What he regarded in his darkened state as misfortunes, mistakes and failures, will be transfigured into guardian angels, mercifully sent to lead him from darkness to light, from ignorance to wisdom, from earth to heaven. What seemed to him thorns and thistles will be transmuted into sweetest fruits of Paradise; hence he is encouraged to press onward and up the rugged steep of human progression, assured that at the goal he will meet a compensation full and ample. If he fall once, twice, thrice, he will try, try again.

"The mills of the gods grind exceeding small." Is it instructive, if not pleasant, to us, even, who have been, and are, between the upper and nether stones, to watch the pulverizing process, and see our cherished and consecrated idols of self-esteem, fashioned in our own image, our hair-drawn theories, our dogmatic assumptions, our vanity, our superciliousness, reduced to impalpable dust, and we stripped of our borrowed and assumed plumes of self-righteousness, of superior excellence and wisdom.

Time and again—more times than can be counted on our fingers—for the past eighteen years, have the Spiritualists of this city organized. The "coming man" in each case has come, proclaiming himself the simon pure Moses to lead our people forth from the bondage of the old into the liberty of the new. Constitutions have been framed, By-Laws enacted, Resolutions resolved upon, and all the solemn paraphernalia that custom and law of Church and State could confer, and Constitution, By-Laws, and Resolutions have been swept away as so many cobwebs, leaving us as so many sheep without a shepherd.

As it has been in the past so will it be in the future—that all attempts to put the new wine of "present revelations" into the old bottles of fashionable, dogmatic theology, to seem "respectable" before men, failure will be sure and inevitable every time; and yet failure is success. Each effort in that direction is a refining fire to burn up and wear down the sharp points and angularities of our being, and to develop our natures to an approximate and relative condition of purity and perfection, rendering each a law unto himself, when all "organization" would become easy, as it would be unnecessary. Another attempt is being made, in this city, to organize and bring together our large and scattered numbers. Whether this is to be a success will depend upon the contingency hinted at above.

If a spirit of zeal in the work, of self negation in the honors resultant, conspicuously displayed by all taking a leading or any other part in it, furnish evidence of success, this effort will more than realize the highest hopes of the most hopeful. All dogmatism, creed, confession of faith, and flummery of all kinds, have been wisely avoided, thus removing every rock and shoal upon which all preceding organizations here have made shipwreck. It is known as "The San Francisco Spiritualists' Union." The following named persons were appointed officers for the ensuing year: President, Albert Kendrick; Vice President, Pauline J. Roberts; Recording Secretary, G. W. Lewis; Corresponding Secretary, J. Wena Matthews; Treasurer, John Wright; Trustees, George Whitney, Judge A. M. Crane, Lena Clark.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown and her friend, the friend of humanity, Miss Baker, are here shedding the light and sunshine of gentle and loving spirits among our people. Sister Brown is speaking here and in Oakland, and is everywhere greeted as a messenger of glad tidings of great joy. All sorts of people, except the votaries of fashion and folly, flock to hear her detail her thrilling experiences among the disembodied embodied spirits at Moravia. These manifestations are a "stunner" to our substantial press. The only method they know of to break the force of the ponderous blows of Orthodoxy and her foul brood of evils, hatched by her, is receiving from the spirit-world, viz., bold lying, misrepresentation and prevarication, is being resorted to. As an instance of how well they ply their old trade in the service of their powerful patron, the "Alta California" of this morning, in noticing Mrs. Brown's statements, made at Oakland a few evenings since, says, "She saw her grandfather, but no one else present." Now Mrs. B. said just the opposite, and the reporter knew it, for she was particularly questioned on this point, and stated, that all affirmed that they saw her grandfather, and her other friends who came to her, equally well with herself, and that she saw the friends of others who appeared when she was present. She stated distinctly, and repeated it, that the spirits, or their materialized forms, were seen there, as she was seen by her auditors, and as she saw them—and this unworthy, but acceptable representative of a prostituted press goes straight away and pens a deliberate falsehood. Verily they shall have their reward in the stray crumbs that fall from the table of these rich and bloated harlots, Church and State, flanked by "best society."

It is announced that Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foyle, the wide-renowned medium of the angels, is about to take the field again. This is good news indeed. Mrs. F. is endowed with a temperament enabling her to face large and mixed audiences, and produce spiritual manifestations that few or none possess. Her domestic duties having measurably released their hold, rendering her ability to work in behalf of the angels and of humanity equal to her wish, she will soon don the harness and draw the sword of the spirit, and we shall expect to see the fur fly in these parts. I will endeavor, if others do not, to keep your readers posted in her schemes and in whatever else may interest.

Matters in Providence.

Our meetings closed last Sunday for the season, to be resumed in September with Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith. We have been comrades two or three years, but a few, last October, decided to make the attempt to reform our ranks and reestablish our Sunday meetings. The undertaking was encircled with difficulties; but they were gradually surmounted. There was some difficulty in securing speakers, owing to the previous engagement of most of them, but we succeeded, and I may venture to say, nowhere in the country has there been a better course. Universal satisfaction was expressed, and as speaker succeeded speaker, the interest was kept up, and the utterances of truth were in unison all through. The lectures have been radical, far-reaching, unswerving principles pertinent to the hour, and the position Spiritualists are to take in the molding of society and its institutions. So much interest has been developed that we are making our arrangements for next season, and are already securing our speakers.

Our first excursion will take place July 17th, at Rocky Point, where we expect to have one of our old-fashioned gatherings, and mutually call forth through the social side of our natures new spirit and fresh aspirations. The signs are propitious for us, and I can safely say the Spiritualists of Providence and vicinity will no longer hide their light under a bushel. W. FOSTER, JR.

Providence, R. I., July 23, 1872.

Moravia, N. Y.

DEAR BANNER—I have just returned from Moravia; had sittings during five days; some very good manifestations, but too much confusion. Father Pierpont appeared twice. My mother was recognized. Yours truly,

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

P. S.—A spirit spoke as follows:

"Oh, friends, I love to return to earth and help humanity, for there are many, many I see cast down and in need of our encouragement. Charity, friends, is the most beautiful flower that blooms. Judge not, that ye be not judged. Weed the garden of your own hearts before you weed those of others. You will all meet here before long. Friends, it is much better to say nothing, unless you can say something good. You will all be sorry if you have injured any one, but never for the good you have done. Be not ashamed, friends, to proclaim this truth to the world; there is nothing to be ashamed of in it, or that you are a Spiritualist, and love this truth. The time is approaching when you will be proud of it. Oh, how I long to speak to the hearts that are crushed when their loved ones are taken from them, and they think they are laid in the cold grave! I long to say, 'Rejoice! they are free! be glad! they are happy in the spirit-land! and, friends, it is but a short time before you will meet them.' God bless you all, and enable you to show the light in the darkness that is around you, and help you to build the mighty building of Spiritualism which is to protect and gather in all mankind."

CONVENTION NOTICES.

Mass Grove Meetings in Wisconsin. J. M. Peebles and J. O. Barrett, assisted by other speakers, will hold Mass Grove Meetings in Wisconsin as follows: July 21st and 22nd, in Darlen, Walworth County; July 23rd and 24th, in Sheboygan Falls, Sheboygan County; August 3rd and 4th, at Ripon, Fond du Lac Co. J. O. BARRETT, State Missionary.

The Van Buren Co. Circle of Spiritualists. Will hold next Quarterly Meeting at South Haven, Mich., the first Saturday and Sunday (the 23rd and 24th) of August. Those speakers who can be in attendance at that occasion, will please confer with the undersigned at Breckinridge, Mich., stating terms, &c. June 13th, 1872. ROBERT BAKER.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

June 18th, 1872, Daniel Hendon, of Texas, Kalamazoo, Mich., at a ripe old age. His faith in Spiritualism caused him to look forward with fond anticipation to the meeting of loved ones one before. Appropriate services were performed by Mrs. L. E. Drake.

June 17th, Mrs. Charlotte A. Atkinson, wife of Wm. Atkinson, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., aged 66 years. The funeral services were held in the house of her brother, Henry Reed, of Hickoryville, Mass. She was a true Spiritualist, and an earnest advocate of all reforms, especially woman's elevation to her legitimate sphere. Three brothers and one sister here—three sisters and one brother—were present at her funeral. M. S. TOWNSEND, ROADWAY GONE.

all of which are shown to be spirits of departed human beings, who had been translated to the sun or one of the highly constellations, in accordance with the belief of the people. He also shows the impossibility of legislating upon the subject, and gives extracts from Jefferson's correspondence. Price 15 cents, postage 2 cents.

For sale wholesale and retail by WM. WHITE & CO. THE BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE 158 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.