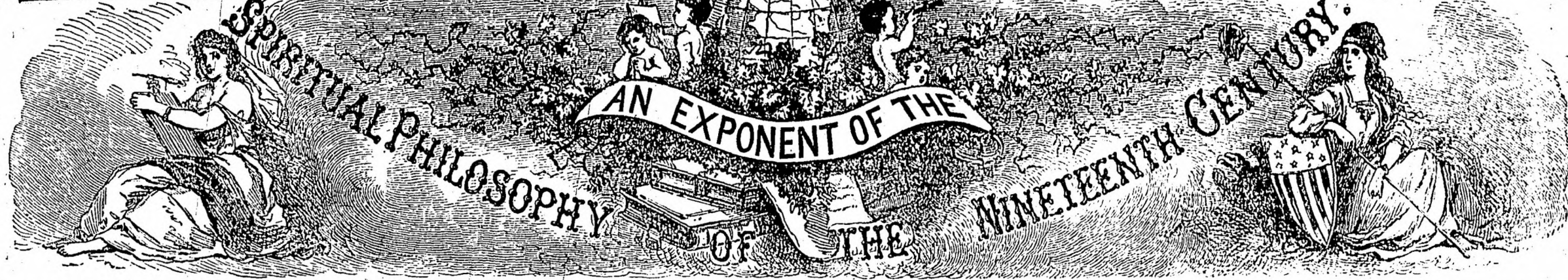


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXII.

(WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
Publishers and Proprietors.)

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1872.

{ \$3.00 PER ANNUM,
In Advance. }

NO. 9.

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

Our Revised Catalogue of New Books sent free to any address.

For Spirit Message Department see Sixth Page.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by A. J. Davis, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE HARMONIAL CYCLOPEDIA:

A Repository of Useful Knowledge Concerning Things and Ideas.
PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

ARTICLE VII.

Apostles.—The phrase *apostle* signifies one who is sent, like a delegate or missionary, to perform some special service. It is usually employed in connection with the system called Christianity.

This mixed system was originated by the apostles; and not, as is so generally believed, by the spiritually minded son of Joseph and Mary. Christianity, for this very reason, has been, from the first, an inconsistent compound of elements spiritual and temporal, a curious admixture of the supernatural with the simple and common; with teachings both attractive and repulsive to Judaism on the one hand, and to the Gentiles on the other. It was the desire of the apostles to render Christianity comprehensible and congenial to both sides of the world—to the Jews, who were looking for a Messiah in the line of David, and to the Gentiles, who wanted to start free of Moses and the prophets. Paul was the most influential "apostle to the Gentiles." The earlier apostles were anxious to Judaize the teachings of Christianity, or rather, to compromise enough to convert the Jews. In order to throw the gospel net around the hard-headed Israelites, it was important to preach and exalt Jesus as the real, originally promised Messiah. But the spiritual illumination of John enabled him to perceive and to render Jesus in a new light. In continuation of Paul's philosophical interpretation, John's spiritualized perceptions caused him to conceive the idea that the crucified One was an intimate of God, that he was the very "Word that was made flesh," which conception, to both Jews and Gentiles, as well as to people generally, even to this hour, is an incomprehensible mysticism. This conception of John, in its very essence, is nothing but a re-appearance in religion of the Messianic idea—another manifestation of "the Arabus," which is the saving principle from the Most High; the anointed in the spiritual sense; the spirit of holiness, goodness and purity; a religious mystery known only to and by the spirit, a transcendental, spiritual consciousness, taught as a cardinal truth from God by the Essenes, a sect of pure believers and celibates, among whom Jesus spent some of the best years of his life. (It will be remembered that he was preaching and healing the sick, or practicing his precepts, only about three years before he was executed by the Jews.)

There are, however, apostles of the Spirit, and truly inspired missionaries of the Truth, in all countries and among all sects. But by this I do not mean exclusively apostles of Christianity, or of any other system organized into a form of dogma and doctrine. For it would be easier to show that a matter is perfectly consistent with Christianity than to prove it to be the truth. I would rather have one truth than a thousand texts to establish its identity with Christianity. So should we welcome and sustain the apostles of progress and reform—the advance guards and heroic pioneers of any new statement or discovery—for, by so doing, we take sides with humanity as did Confucius and Jesus, and as do all sincere natures who see and love truth as a revelation from God to the understanding.

Apollo.—The constitution of the human mind compels intuition, aided by the imagination (the ecor) of the intellectual faculties, to conceive truths and to name things long in advance of outward observation and experience. The son of Jupiter and Latona, generally known in early Grecian mythology as "Phœbus Apollo," was the prince of Light, Health, Poetry, Art, Music—in a word, a divine person as profoundly adored and feared as was ever any immaculate youth regarded as the "central figure" in any popular religious system. He was the embodiment of youth and beauty, with long hair, a sacred wreath upon his brow, a symbol of universal harmony in his hand, (the lyre,) with bow and arrows to represent discovery and conquest, at once, an avenger of wrongs, a lover of Jove, a prince, a healer, a prophet, a saviour, a warrior, a God. Thus, so many thousands of years ago, intuition conceived of celestial personages, of angels, of spirits, and of religious obligations between mankind and the naturally recognized authorities of the Summer-Land.

Apollonius.—This Oriental Spiritualist, or (as some writers prefer) Pythagorean Philosopher, who lived about the commencement of the Christian dispensation, was actively engaged in disputing with the learned doctors, in performing (so-called) supernatural cures among the people, and in teaching Spiritualism like one having heaven-ordained authority. He ate no animal food; discarded woollen clothes; wore very long hair, and combed it; washed his face; kept his body sweet; refused to associate with women, lived single therefore, like Jesus, and the Shakers and Catholic Priests; opposed all sacrificial offerings as evil and corrupting; did not think much of oral prayer; proclaimed the perishableness of all material possessions; was an original teacher in religion, loaded with eloquence and attractive free speech; in short, he urged the precepts of truth, honor, equity, personal purity and universal education.

In those days, a spiritually illuminated mind was understood to be a miracle. An Apollonius, a Pythagoras, a bright Spiritualist who lived in a superior mood, who could suddenly perform a magnetic or a psychologic cure, was believed to be either a god, or the son of a god, or else a ver-

itable Beelzebub, the prince of devils. But, happily, we live in an age which is more of a miracle than all the mysteries of all the religions of the world combined—an era of Reason and Liberty, opposed to superstition, but hospitable to what is deemed the universally *Natural*, which is found to contain everything that is good and true in every creed that ever existed inside or outside of Christendom.

An Irish Story.

A LUCKY PRESENTIMENT.

About six years ago a remarkable case was tried, at the Criminal Court, in the county of Cork.

The writer wishes to pledge himself at the outset to the literal authenticity of the narrative, which he heard from the lips of the late eminent queen's counsel, George Bennett, at the time a junior in the Muster Court, and himself, an eye witness and attentive listener at the trial.

On a fine summer evening, when the rustic hour of supper was approaching, there arrived at the door of a comfortable thatched cabin, of large dimensions, such as the class of persons known in Ireland as "strong farmers" usually inhabit, a stranger dressed in the then peasant costume, corduroy shorts, frieze coat, caubeen and brogues, and with a black-thorn stick in his hand. The wayfarer entered, with the usual salutation, "God save all here," and asked if this was not Dennis McCarthy's house. The women who were in the cabin told him it was, and invited him civilly to sit down, "and take an air of the fire," and with this invitation he complied, entertaining his new acquaintances with the while with such news as he had collected while on his journey.

The man was dark featured, of middle stature, and of square and powerful build.

In a little while Dennis McCarthy, returning from his fields, entered the cabin door, and the stranger introduced himself as his cousin, Phil Ryan, from Cappaghmore, in the county of Limerick, and told him what had brought him to that distant part of the world. His business was to say certain prayers, according to Irish usage, over the grave of a common kinsman of both, who had died two or three weeks before, and was buried in the neighboring graveyard.

McCarthy received his cousin, although he had never seen his face before, with the customary cordiality of clanship, and told him he must sup and sleep in his house that night, and eat his breakfast there before setting out in the morning on his homeward journey.

To all this the stranger consented, and then, as he was unacquainted with the situation of the graveyard, he asked McCarthy, if it was not far off, to show him the way to it, and point out the grave of their cousin.

McCarthy readily consented, and, as the potatoes were not quite boiled, it was agreed that they should set out at once, and return in time for supper.

In the South of Ireland burial places, probably of immense antiquity, containing no vestige of a sacred building, rudely fenced with a loose stone wall, liehen stained and often partly overgrown with ivy, with perhaps two or three hawthorn, and an ancient ash tree growing within them, are frequently to be met with. Possibly these small and solitary enclosures were dedicated to the same funeral uses long before the dawn of Christianity broke upon the island.

A wild and narrow track, perhaps as ancient as the place of sepulture itself, crossing, at a short distance from McCarthy's cabin, the comparatively modern main road, leads over a little rising ground to the burial-place, which lies in the lap of a lonely hollow, seldom disturbed by the sound of human tread or voice, or rattle of ear-wheel.

McCarthy and the stranger walked up the ancient and silent by-road, until they reached the hollow I have mentioned. There, under the shadow of an old, twisted thorn-tree, a stile crosses the loose wall of the burial-ground. At this stile they came to a pause.

"Go on," said McCarthy.

"Go you first," replied the stranger.

"Go first yourself," said the farmer, a little peremptorily, making a stand, he did not know why, upon the point of precedence.

"Arra, man; go on, can't ye, and do not be botherin'." What are ye afraid of?" insisted Ryan.

"Now, I tell you what it is; I don't understand you, nor what you're at; but devil a foot I'll go over the wall till you go over it first," said McCarthy, doggedly.

The man laughed, and looked angry.

"To be sure, I'll go over it first, if that'll please ye; and what does it matter who's first or who's last?" he answered, surlily. "But you're the biggest omadhaun I ever set eyes on."

And, speaking to this effect, he crossed the stile, followed by McCarthy, who pointed out the grave; and forthwith the stranger knelt beside it, according to Irish custom, and began to tell his beads and say his prayers—an observance which usually lasts about a quarter of an hour.

When the prayers were ended, the farmer and Ryan, now quite good friends again, returned to the farmhouse, where the stranger had his supper with the family; and in the morning, after eating his breakfast, he took his leave, and set out on his homeward journey.

Irish ideas of hospitality in the peasant ranks make it a matter of obligation upon the host to accompany his guest for a part of the way. McCarthy, in compliance with this courteous custom, set out with the stranger, and about a mile away from his house they entered a little village, where he shook hands with his guest, and bade him farewell.

But his visitor would not part without testifying his gratitude, according to the custom of the country, by treating his kinsman to some drink, which he insisted on doing in the village public house, the door of which stood open close by them.

McCarthy accordingly went in with him. They sat down at a table, and the stranger, having ascertained what his companion liked best, ordered a pot of porter, making some excuse for not partaking himself.

When McCarthy raised the pewter pot to his lips, a sudden pain, which he afterwards described more particularly, in the back of his neck, compelled him to put it down untasted.

The stranger urged him to drink, and, without explaining the cause of his hesitation, he a second time raised the vessel to his mouth. Precisely the same thing occurred again.

Once more the stranger expostulated, and pressed him more vehemently to drink; and again he tried it, but with exactly the same result.

"What ails ye? and why do n't you drink your liquor? Don't you like it?" the stranger demanded.

"I do n't like it," answered McCarthy, getting up, "and I do n't like you, nor your ways, and in God's name, I'll have nothing more, good or bad, to say to you."

"To the devil I pitch you and it," said the stranger, breaking into undisguised fury, and at the same time, through the open door, he flung the contents of the pewter pot upon the road.

Without another word, in this temper, the unknown cousin strode out of the door, and walked on his way, leaving the farmer in a state of perturbation and suspicion.

Happening to look into the pewter pot, which had contained the porter just thrown out, he saw a white sediment at the bottom of it. He and the publican put their heads together over it, but could make nothing of this deposit.

It so happened, however, that the physician was in attendance at the dispensary, only a few yards away, and to him they submitted the white powder that lay in the bottom of the measure. It proved to be arsenic.

The mud upon the road where the porter had fallen was also examined, and some of the same deposit was found upon it.

Upon these facts and the short information sworn by McCarthy, a neighboring magistrate at once issued his warrant, with which the police pursued the miscreant, who, without apprehension of his purpose having been discovered, was pursuing his journey quite at his ease. He was arrested, and duly committed to prison.

The animus and purpose of the heinous enterprise came afterwards to light. The pretended cousin, whose real name was Mara, had been bribed to put McCarthy to death, by a person interested in the termination of a lease in which McCarthy was the last life.

The attempt to poison was only a resource in reserve. The primary plan, and that relied upon with good reason, was of a totally different kind. Under the pretext I have mentioned, McCarthy was to have been induced to accompany Mara to the lonely graveyard, the position of which, and the stile by which it was entered, were familiar to him. He was to have allowed McCarthy to cross the stile first, and following him closely, as he descended it at the other side, he was, from above, to have dealt him, with his heavy loaded stick, such a blow upon the head as must have felled him to the ground, and as he lay stunned in the graveyard, he would have easily despatched him. The sounds of violence in that sequestered place no ear could have heard, and no human eye would have interfered to prevent the consummation of his atrocious purpose.

The women, who, in the large, barn-like room, were attending to the preparations for supper at its further end, had caught nothing of the conversation of the two men who stood near the door. The effect of this might not very improbably have been that no one would have known in what direction their walk had lain, or could have conjectured where the body of McCarthy, if he had been murdered, was concealed. It might have lain under the wall of that rude cemetery undiscovered until the next funeral brought people into its solitary enclosure.

At this point all turned upon the presentiment which had so mysteriously determined McCarthy, without any motive of which he was conscious, against going over the stile before him. McCarthy was too powerful a man to have been assailed on fair terms, with a reasonable chance of the intending assassin's success.

When the trial was over, Mr. Bennett, my informant, who, though not in the case, and a very junior barrister at the time, had listened to the trial with deep interest, found an opportunity of speaking to the prosecutor, and asking him some questions upon the most extraordinary point in the strange occurrence deposed to.

"What passed was to the following effect:—I relate this story with a very exact recollection of the terms in which it was told to me, and with a conscientious anxiety to reproduce the narrative accurately. It is extraordinary enough, I think, to merit being rescued from oblivion.—"All the Year Round."

"It was in one spot only, close under the skull, on the backbone."

"Was it a severe pain?"

"The worst I ever felt."

"Had you ever had the same pain before?"

"Never had any pain like it before or since."

"Can you give me any idea of what the pain was like?"

"It covered about the size of the top of a man's finger pressed hard against the neck, and it felt like a red-hot bullet."

"Did the pain last long?"

"It came whenever I raised the porter toward my mouth, and stopped so soon as I set the vessel down again; and I could not drink or hold the vessel up while it lasted."

Some person will account upon natural, though complicated, theories for the mental and physical impressions which, they may suppose, resulted in this sensation, and in the consequent escape of the prosecutor. McCarthy, from a deep-laid scheme of murder. Others will see nearly insuperable difficulties in the way of such an explanation. It is, in any case, one of the most remarkable instances of justice satisfied and life saved by mysterious premonition that I have ever met with.

The hired assassin was convicted, and, although his intention had been defeated, his crime was then, I believe, a capital one. The wretch who employed him was, also, if I remember rightly, convicted and punished.

Free Thought.

WHAT IS SPIRIT?

(English Correspondence of the Banner of Light.)

Being in company with an esteemed friend, and our conversation turning on the subject of Spiritualism, he expressed an ardent desire that I would explain to him "What is Spirit." It seemed to him perfectly incomprehensible. As he was a person of position and advanced views, had been a successful magnetizer, and had witnessed many of the wonders of clairvoyance, and had therefore entered on the very shores of the broad ocean of Spiritualism, it seemed to me strange that his mental vision should have received so sudden a check as not to behold the boundless beauties that lay immediately before him, in the present age, too, when the demonstrations from the spiritual realms cast all the wonders of the past into the shade.

It is a maxim of one of our modern sages that the capacity to ask a question implies the corresponding power to answer it—a bold assertion, certainly. But, encouraged by such a statement in relation to the capabilities of the human mind, I shall venture to attempt the solution of the problem, "What is spirit?"

Let us survey the realms of Nature. We have all a conscious knowledge of the two great fluids, water and air. The former comes within the range of knowledge that can be appreciated by our ordinary senses, sight and touch. It can be measured, weighed, handled, seen. The air is an element that calls out our mental faculties. We cannot see it, nor even feel it, when still. We have to obtain our knowledge of it by its various effects. Although so gentle when still, when put in motion double that of the race-horse, it would carry destruction and almost annihilation in its path. Electricity is an element, or substance, if you please, still more refined and subtle than air, equally invisible to the eye and intangible to the touch; yet we can trace its qualities by its effects, and have now ascertained, to every person's satisfaction, that it will travel across the Atlantic, from England to America, more than four hours in advance of the time as denoted on the clocks in the latter country, or in less than a second of time, and yet perfectly harmless.

But there is another force in Nature, still more subtle and refined than electricity, which we call "spirit," frequently known as unparticled matter or substance. Spirit, it is believed, pervades the universe—a component part of every substance, however solid; of every individual, even the hardest materialists of the age. Here scientists stop their investigations from their pride, in presuming that they know all the forces of Nature; and, among all their mechanical contrivances, they have not yet found any method of analyzing spirit, or subjecting it to their tests; and they never will until they discover that too much learning (conceit) hath made them mad, and that all important truths, scientific and moral, which tend to elevate man to the divine, have been born in a manger.

Now for the solution, "What is spirit?" Before proceeding to the explanation, it may be well to inform the scientist that he is satisfied, in his pride, to remain altogether in the world of effects, being too self-conceited to explore the world of causes, or to examine the claims of those who have done so, with results as satisfactory and conclusive as any that are made manifest by the ordinary mode of scientific inquiry. The scientist has to learn that there are two ways of acquiring knowledge. The first and most general is by the aid of books, scientific apparatus of every kind, etc. This I shall denigrate, by way of distinction, external knowledge, or reason. But there is still a higher, a more divine faculty of the human mind, namely: intuition. Where this faculty is highly developed—which is only in rare cases—the individual becomes unconscious to external surroundings, and explores the world of causes, obtaining not only such results as are arrived at by the long and tedious process of the scientist, but still more important and valuable truths for the elevation and happiness of humanity than can by any possibility be obtained by the inductive process.

What can be more sublime and elevating to humanity than the principle of love, justice, and charity, all expressing one central idea, enunciated by Buddha, Krishna, Jesus, and Fourier, and which Jesus and his disciples attempted to carry out in life by the doctrine and practice of communism? The scientists who disdain intuition, and the theological creed-makers, have been, in all periods, the prominent obstructionists of the greatest truths of the age. The former are content to gather the pebbles and shells on the strand, and dare not venture the blue waters of the great ocean of truth. The latter have been the wholesale murderers of truth-seekers for the purpose of enforcing their creeds.

Who are the representative men of the ages? And the answer is, those who have been highly gifted with intuition and spirituality. Prominent among the past are the names of Buddha, Krishna, Confucius, Moses, Jesus, Mahomet, Swedenborg, Wesley, George Fox, Ann Lee, Boehmen, Mozart, Shakespeare, &c. In the present generation there are many highly gifted minds. Intuition and spirituality have been so profusely bestowed throughout the world that most probably the days for delfying men have gone by, and where, in past ages, there would be only one, there are now numerous centres. Jesus was the divine man of his age; now there are many divine men, highly gifted, and acting up to their highest intuitions.

But we must return to the question, "What is Spirit?" To arrive at a satisfactory answer there must be a union of intuition and reason. The male and female elements of the human mind must be united in holy matrimony, like spirit and matter, or, as styled by Andrew Jackson Davis—Father God and Mother Nature.

First, spirit, as a universal element, is witnessed

in the harmonious and inconceivably rapid movements of planets and systems of planets; in the blossom and odor of the rose; in the fierceness of the tiger; in the gentleness of the lamb; in the upheaval of the mountains, the earthquake, the volcano; unsparring of life and title; in the splendor of the rainbow, the benignant sunshine; the refreshing showers and dews. One more illustration of the universality and power of spirit may be witnessed in the dense bar of iron. What! spirit in iron? Yes, in iron. Every day and night, like the quicksilver in the thermometer, the bar of iron is lengthening and shortening, proving that every atom of the iron is permeated by spirit, and obedient to spiritual law.

We now come to the main question, "What is spirit in man?" Dare I attempt the answer? I contend that no subject is too sacred to be investigated. If we have faculties of mind, our duty is to unfold them for our own benefit and that of humanity. As Pope truly says, the proper study of mankind is man.

We shall commence with man in his ante-natal, embryonic state, a minute entity, a microcosm of the matured man or woman, a trine existence, consisting of the outer or material body, the inner or spiritual body, and the inmost or spiritual essence or soul—the real, essential man, reared into activity and intelligence by the chemical vitalization of the spiritual body within, and material, visible body without.

To illustrate: Imagine an acute, conical vase, standing on its apex, the internal apex representing the seat of the embryo; pour in a few shot of large size, made of a perishable metal, lead; this represents the material body of the fetus. Then, suppose an imperishable metal has been discovered, which we will call gold. This is made into the finest shot. An equal quantity of this is poured into the vase, and the interstices are filled up; this represents the spiritual body of the fetus. Then take an equal quantity of the purest living imperishable water, and pour it in also; this represents the universal element—pure spirit—or the divine essence which permeates all substances, and which, when organized in man, and acted upon chemically by matter, becomes an immortal soul. Let every mother bear in mind that she is carrying an immortal soul within, which, if sent to the spirit-world, even before birth, has to be supplied with and reared by a spiritual mother who will be found ready to take charge of it; but it must, as a necessity, again return to earth to obtain its material experiences, of which it has been deprived by accident or abortion. This is not mere imagination, but revelations from the spirit-world over and over from various sources, which amply confirm this statement and the responsibilities of the mother.

We now come to the growth of the fetus and the birth of the infant. Like attracts like. The material body gathers the material elements necessary for its sustenance and growth; the spiritual body collects still more refined and imperishable elements eliminated from the material, like the aroma from the rose, and this keeps pace in its growth with the material or external body, and the divine essence or spirit constantly pours in, filling up all interstices of the living entity. The illustration may be continued by repeated additions of the coarse lead shot, the fine gold shot, and the sparkling water, until the vase is filled.

This illustration by the inverted conical vase shows that, at every stage of growth, the form is the same, though continually becoming larger and larger, until the full stature of manhood is attained, and further—by filling the vase, first with the coarse lead shot, then with the fine gold shot, and lastly with the sparkling water—that the material body and spiritual body are both of the same form, though of very different value and degrees of refinement, whilst the whole is interpermeated by the sparkling fluid, which represents the inmost spirit or soul—the divine man within; for we are wonderfully fashioned, and but little lower than the angels, or, more properly, the spirits of the departed.

Let us now behold man arrived at maturity, say the age of forty—the body in full vigor. If good use has been made of his time, his experience has been sufficient, if his intuition has not laid dormant, to comprehend some of the truths of Nature and apply them for further mental unfoldment. It is the reverse of this with the external body. At the stage of the full maturity of the body, according to Andrew Jackson Davis, the process of death of the external body commences, yet, although the bodily encasement has commenced the process of dissolution, the mind may continue to increase in strength and clear perception of truth, until the hour of final separation by death. [The writer of this, now in his eightieth year, is an illustration, if the egotism can be pardoned.]

It is the most absurd of all doctrines to imagine, as taught by the theological creed-makers, that the enfranchised spirit, with its radiant spiritual body, will ever again put on the old cast-off material body, which has become resolved into its original elements, and diffused to assist in the development of new forms of vegetable and animal existence.

The next stage of man we have to examine is the entire separation of the material from the spiritual body, at the period called death—described by the theologians as the Kingdom of Terrors—as something full of gloom and anguish, and terrifying the imaginations of the weak-minded by an imaginary angry God, and a devil who keeps a liquid brimstone fire in a burning lake for all who have not received absolution from the priests, or adopted their creedal forms of salvation by vicarious atonement.

Here Spiritualism comes in and shows the falsity and absurdity of such doctrines, which have been a chief cause of filling our lunatic asylums with incurable subjects. Instead of death being a Kingdom of Terrors, he is a kind messenger to release the perfected spirit from its encasement, which has become too frail for further use, and the enfranchised spirit finds itself in charge of

trustworthy guardians, welcoming him or her to a higher and more perfect state of existence.

A. J. Davis, who has experienced the transition of the spirit from the material to the spiritual realm hundreds of times, describes the feelings, at the time of transition, as most delightful; and in proof of his assertion, he calls attention to the smile that is frequently visible on the countenance of the lifeless body.

Now comes the main question: What and where is the spirit of man after death? As to the where—that is, the location of the spiritual realm—there are several theories, giving full and interesting descriptions of the same, which the limits of an article of this kind would not afford space to delineate. But we may speak of the spirit body as being substantial to the spiritual vision as was the earthly body to the material sense; and, further, that it appears as substantial to the clairvoyant, who always sees the spiritual and not the material body.

What is the condition of the spirit after the death of the body? This is the main question; and the answer will strike terror to many who are now intoxicated by the phenomenal consequences they have acquired by holding high places, beautiful without, but within like the whited sepulchre, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanliness. The death of the body is the life of the spirit. In proof of this, witness the condition of the man who has gone through the process of death by drowning, but the separation not being perfectly accomplished, the body has been again restored to life. A friend of the writer of this, now living in the town, has gone through this experience. He informs me, he saw delineated, in a panoramic scene, every trivial event of a whole life. A. J. Davis also affirms that in the thousands of cases of disease which he has diagnosed, clairvoyantly, when he enters what he terms the superior condition, he can recall to his memory every individual case, and every particular of each case, that has come under his experience. Here are two living witnesses, known to me personally, which can be corroborated by thousands of others, many now living.

Many of those now holding high positions, surrounded by the glitter of royalty, will have more fearful judgment to encounter than the highway robber, or other criminals, whose crimes have been the culmination of inferior organization, neglected education and evil surroundings. But the lawyers, extorting his \$100, \$200, or \$300 per day from his client, for obtaining false witnesses and false oaths, has not the same extenuation. Archbishops and bishops, and other church dignitaries, reveling on their superfluities, thousands of pounds annually, extorted from the industrious millions and thousands of starving outcasts, will have a fearful day of judgment, the more fearful from the fact that not only will they leave a panoramic view of the stains inflicted on their spirit, but it will be visible to each spirit with whom they may be associated. Do not suppose that the classes here specified will be the only ones that will come under self-condemnation. Each and every one who has not improved his talent—the extortioner, the speculator, the politician, who contrives class legislation for the benefit of the rich, and all at the expense of the laborer—all who employ their talents to degrade instead of elevating humanity, will have to make good in the future for the misdeeds of the earth-life. On entering the spirit-world, each will be attracted to his proper plane. The prince will often occupy a lower plane than some of his humblest subjects. With a spirit full of stains and blemishes, he will shun the company of those bright spirits who have been martyrs for the cause of humanity and truth, and seek his associates with those on his own plane.

But there is a bright side to the picture. The evil and no revengeful God, nay, will worse than his own sordid conscience, which will be all-sufficient for his reformation. He will discover he was taught a lie when his theologian told him that the sins of the guilty could be washed out by the blood of the innocent. These are bold truths; but though the heavens fall, the truth must be spoken.

The best have their weak points and blemishes, from the contact of spirit with matter—a necessity for its individualization. It must become more or less contaminated. To err is human; but all ought to commence ascending the spiral pathway of progression in earth-life, beset, though it may be, with thorns and briars. Progression, be it remembered, is eternal. There would be no happiness, even in the spirit-world, if there was nothing to hope for. As Pope truly says, "Man never is, but always to be, blest." The worst, after a series of years, it may be, of bitter remorse will begin to ascend the spiral pathway, every round enlarging and expanding, like the inverted cone; his regrets for the past diminishing, and his prospects of happiness brightening during the ascent.

Is phenomenal Spiritualism a reality? In Hindostan, Egypt and Greece, several thousand years ago, phenomenal Spiritualism bore a striking resemblance to that of the present day. The statues and images representing what are termed the heathen gods and goddesses were, in reality, statues erected to the memory of their great men who had departed from the earth-sphere. They were made instrumental for obtaining spirit manifestations, by the aid of mediums (priestesses), as at present. But we have no space to devote to this department, and hasten to take a rapid glance at what is termed

MODERN SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

This only dates back twenty-four years, commencing in an obscure village named Hydesville, in Western New York, in an humble family in which were several girls, known as the Fox girls, who were the mediums for spirit rappings, by which intelligent communications were received. These manifestations increasing, they (the girls) moved first to Buffalo, then to New York City, where a hall was rented, which was resorted to by persons of respectability from various States of the Union. Thus humbly commenced the modern movement from the spirit realm, which has spread to a greater or less extent throughout the civilized world; and the number of Spiritualists in the United States alone is now estimated at eleven millions. From the commencement to the present time, the manifestations have assumed almost every possible phase. The power of healing diseases through the instrumentality of mediums in every State of the Union, and showing wonderful cures effected, is of itself perfectly astounding. For a number of years, in the United States, the principal interest was in listening to lectures—mostly females—in the trance state. The most sublime utterances on mental and physical science produced and continue to maintain a profound interest. The phenomenal manifestations in every variety are almost too astounding for publication, although attested by persons of the highest position and character for veracity. Among these are the performance of the most exquisite music, both vocal and by various kinds of instruments, by spirits; the moving of ponderable bodies by spirit-power; the conveyance of flowers and many other articles from distant localities; the exhibition of spirit-hands and other parts of the body, so materialized as to be seen by a whole company through the external vision; important

prophecies, and descriptions of the particulars of shipwrecks; the taking of spirit photographs of deceased relatives and friends, which have been recognized by hundreds of persons, many of the highest standing; taking of handprints without the use of a key, etc. These and other phenomena are of daily occurrence in various localities in America and Europe.

But, say the scientists, "We won't believe you." We don't ask you to. It is your loss and not ours. If you prefer, in your blindness, to stick your heads in the bushes, like the ostrich, to evade the pursuit of the hunters, it is no fault of ours. We can get along better without than with you, until you are prepared to seek truth for the good of humanity, instead of for a class. We have too many Spiritualists already. One half the number of the good and true would be much better. We want workers—those who will pull off their coats, instead of putting on a surplice; those who are willing to devote their lives, in all humility to the work, as did Jesus and his disciples; those who will apply their surplus wealth and all their energies to elevate humanity to a higher plane, to hasten the good time coming, when there shall be no rich and no poor, when there shall be no masters and no slaves, and no over-taxed labor and no destitution. The Spiritualist, even, need not pride himself that he has discovered a more beautiful philosophy than the cast-off Athanasian creed, which is already dead and awaiting the funeral ceremonial, unless he is prepared to put his shoulder to the wheel to hasten the advent of the millennium, of which the prophets of old, as well as those of the present, have given us faint glimpses. But that which is apparently a phantom at present, will assuredly be a reality in the future. We have the means, the command of the forces of Nature, for its accomplishment; all that is lacking is the necessary intelligence, the honesty of purpose, and the love of justice. And here I would explain what justice means: not the vengeance of the theologian's God, which is the very antipode of justice, but the love of humanity. He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen, and whom he never will see, for the Divine Spirit is co-extensive with the universe, and it is impossible that the finite can comprehend the infinite.

It would be the death knell of Spiritualism if all the priesthood and scientists would at once accept it. Their opposition and sneers are far preferable. We do not need another Constantine Bible-maker, who summoned together more than two thousand bishops to make the compilation; and sent home all but the three hundred who would submit to his dictation. He and they then accepted four gospels, and rejected and burned twenty others. We need not the compilation of a spiritualist's bible. If I remember aright, the octavo volume containing the report of the London Dialectical Society on Spiritualism, a fifteen shilling book, has a catalogue of the books and treatises on Spiritualism, which occupies eleven or twelve pages. Now we would much prefer making our own selection than trust to the compilation of any modern Constantine to inform us what we may read and what must be committed to the flames.

We ask not the scientists, as a class, to accept the philosophy of Spiritualism. We have already the cream of that body in our ranks (for we have no commanding officers), the most profound thinkers and the best practical chemists and electricians of the age. And they have discovered that spirits are as much in advance of them, in the application of the laws of chemistry and electricity to material bodies, as the sun surpasses the moon in splendor. We can well afford to wait for the lesser lights (ill) their minds are sufficiently expanded to receive the divine truths of universal Nature.

A parting word to the theologians, and I have done. I can deeply sympathize with the difficulties which beset them. They are hired to preach creeds, not explore truth, and they dare not stray beyond their restricted limits without endangering their living for dig, they cannot, and to beg they are ashamed. We have already many of the most advanced and honest minds of the theologians, too. Spiritualism is already becoming too respectable. Its respectability is subtracting from its life forces. Some respectable Spiritualists are already striving to organize and establish a creed, in imitation of the churches, to define what subjects shall be discussed and what rejected. But the spirit-world confronts them in all such attempts. Spirits set no bounds to the expansion of the human mind. Every subject that tends to the advancement of man is holy. We must work for man, instead of singing *Te Deum* to Jehovah. Did we not, spiritual churchmen would be but little better than Christian churchmen. The gates are already ajar! Even the churches are getting a faint glimpse of the vestibule of the temple, the doors of which have long been open to the spiritual seer. May the spirit of truth be henceforth kept pure and untrammelled from the fetters of dogmatic creeds, should be the prayer of every true Spiritualist.

CLEMENT PINE.

The Willows, Bridgewater, Eng.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER.

The genial sunshine floods the pale blue sky,
The sullen river wakes to glint and flash,
The low winds whisper, tossing merrily,
The scarlet tassels of the mountain ash;
The lingering roses, pale and faint and sweet,
Smile, opening to the warmth their fragrant breasts,
And 'mid the dead leaves nestling 'neath the feet,
The violets peep to light from sheltered nests.
Each mighty tree October's signet bears,
Gleaming in hues of crimson, gold, and brown,
As some barbaric monarch, dying, wears
His richest robes and dons his brightest crown.
A soft, sad lowliness, a perfume rare,
Seems round the Autumn's parting hours to cling;
A strange enchantment fills the brooding air,
As through a dirge triumphant hope may ring.
So, in some lives, we watch with reverent love,
After long trials borne, long sorrows past,
A hushed tranquility awakes, to prove
Patience has wrought her perfect work at last.
But once, to glad the lost world's restless strife,
Comes childhood's April, youth's impassioned June,
The sweet serenity of waning life,
St. Martin's Summer, is its dearest boon.
—*Timothy's Magazine.*

Lying to Children for the sake of Religion.

"All Genesis is right, but then, Herbert, God's days are not like our days. Do you know, my lad, that the Bible also says with him, 'a thousand years are as one day.' These six days, then, may and probably do stand for vast periods of time, in each of which God completed some special design in the grand plan of creation. And so the beginning and the finishing of that design were the evening and the morning of that particular day."—*Little Corporal, Sept., 1872.*

With more reason it could be said that the *Seraphim* day is a "vast" period of time, for no mention is made of its "evening and morning," yet it is the only day—and "God's day" at that!—which is shrunk into the insignificant compass of twenty-four hours. To what miserable shifts old theology is driven to bind the minds of the rising generation with ancient fables!

Shame upon Spiritualists! to allow the Lyceum Banner, the best child's paper ever published, to perish, while Orthodox Christians sustain their juvenile papers handsomely.

Detroit, Mich. W. F. JAMIESON.

Spiritual Phenomena.

SITTINGS WITH DR. SLADE.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

[We give below interesting memoranda of a series of experiences with this celebrated medium, from the pen of a well known gentleman of this city, who, for personal reasons, desires his name to be withheld from publication. We are, however, authorized to refer to any one desirous of closer inquiry concerning the matters related, to the author, whose address we have.—Eds. B. of L.]

DEAR BANNER—Having been conversant, for over twenty years, with the various phenomena of spirit manifestations, both in this city and elsewhere, and being called to New York recently on business, I felt a desire to see Dr. Slade, the medium.

I am aware that you have published much, in the past, of this phase of the manifestations, and to many this article may seem to be a needless repetition; but I must confess that though I have heard at different times on committees to tie the Edgely and Davenport boys, and with the audience been surprised and astonished at the display of spirit power—I never had seen such convincing tests of the presence and power of spirits as I witnessed during my visits to Dr. Slade's rooms. I say this, not wishing in the least to underrate other mediums, or to particularly elevate Dr. S. above them, but as a simple act of justice to him and the influences controlling at his sittings. My attention was particularly attracted to one unusual peculiarity, namely, the absence of prescribed conditions. His mediumship seemed to be of an independent character, like J. V. Mansfield's.

The room in which the sittings are held is well lighted by two large windows, and the curtains only drawn down sufficiently to keep the direct rays of the sun off the table; hence the common cry against *dark sittings* cannot have weight in this case.

Without further remarks I will proceed to copy from my notes taken at the time, and give a simple recital of the manifestations as they occurred in my presence.

Thursday, Sept. 12th, 1872.—I called at 10 o'clock, to see Dr. Slade, at 210 West 43d street, and was fortunate in finding him at leisure. I was invited to the back parlor, which, on entering, I took particular pains to observe, was a very plainly furnished apartment, containing nothing different from ordinary rooms, except the table, which was a common two-leaved walnut one, of the simplest style, and being carefully open on the under side, so as to utterly preclude the possibility of any secret machinery, etc. On our sitting down, instantly there came a shower of raps of such force as to jar it, and in fact, it seemed as though the joints were all loose. I then placed my hands on the top of the table and Dr. Slade put both of his upon mine. It rose in the air about one foot from the floor; and on standing up, our united weight and force was not sufficient to move it a particle. Rays like those with a small hammer were made upon the chairs, walls and furniture. The Doctor then took a common slate, and placed a bit of pencil the size of a kernel of rice on the centre of it, and held it under the table in plain sight of both of us. Instantly we heard the sound of writing, and in a moment after, Dr. S. removed the slate, when we found the following legibly written:

"My DEAR FRIENDS—We have brought you here for a purpose, and will show you more than you ever have seen."

Yours,

DR. JOHN S.

Dr. Slade then took the slate in his left hand, after placing upon it a long, slender pencil, and held it under the table. Instantly the pencil appeared slowly coming up between the edge of the table and my body, passing over the top of the table in full sight, down on the other side, and was deposited in my right hand, which was at the time on my knee! A small tea bell was then placed on the carpet, under the table, the Doctor holding an accordion in his right hand, while I held his left hand on the table. Instantly a lively Scotch reel was struck up, and the time was very nicely kept by the tea bell. The Doctor then placed the accordion in my right hand, while with my left I held both his hands on the table. In this position of the accordion the Home Waltz was played, accompanied by the bell in perfect time. The tea bell was then passed up between me and the table by a material looking hand. I requested a better view of it, and it appeared half-a-dozen times in full view of both of us. I then expressed a desire to shake hands, when on putting mine under the table, it was grasped as with an iron grip several times. My watch key was pulled through the button hole, my arms, hands and wrists patted, and my clothes pulled.

While this was going on, I looked across the room, and saw a large arm-chair with easterns gently move a foot or more on the carpet. I called the Doctor's attention to it, when a real, tangible hand appeared on the top of the back, and pushed the chair a distance of six feet in a semi-circle, and tipped it over against me. A shawl on the seat of the chair was then thrown an equal distance back upon the sofa.

Dr. Slade then took the slate by one corner, and requested me to hold the other corner; but our united strength could not retain it, and it was thrown five or six feet distant. The slate was then placed on the table, with a piece of pencil under it, and the following was written:

"Please come again to-morrow, and we will show you still more powerful manifestations."

I promised to do so, and rose to leave, when a perfect shower of raps came on the table, chairs, doors, and on my body.

Friday, 2 o'clock P. M.—On entering the room, the usual raps and table manifestations were gone through with. The Doctor took the slate, and placed it under the table. On removing it, we found the following written upon it:

"Place the slate upon his [my] head, and we will communicate."

Dr. S. then placed the slate as directed, with the bit of pencil lying upon it. Instantly I heard the writing going on; and, on removing the slate, we found the following upon it:

"Please say to the friends in Boston that I am yet living, and can return to those who desire my presence. Come at four o'clock P. M., free, by our special invitation, as the weather will be more favorable for our purpose."

It was raining hard at that time. At four P. M. I returned, with a clear sky overhead. We sat at the table as usual, and received the most powerful manifestations. The accordion was played under the table, so that I could see the key-board coming beyond the edge of the same; but no hand was visible. The large chair was again pushed up to me, a distance of five feet or more. A large hand grasped the back of my chair, and pulled me some inches from the table. My vest was unbuttoned half-way up; and the large hand, with arm attached, came up between me and the table, strongly grasping me by the shoulders.

I then moved close to the table, when, instantly, a hand, visible as far as the wrist, came up between my body and the edge of the table (which was in close contact), grasped my beard, and

pulled my head forward a number of inches. I remarked to Dr. S. that that was rather rough usage; when the hand, appearing from the side of the table, came directly in front of my face, and pulled out four long hairs, and laid them on the table in front of me. The slate lying on the table before us was moved some six inches, and then the inside edge, between the slate and frame, became suddenly illuminated, as though it were on fire.

The Doctor then placed a bit of pencil on the table, and covered it with the slate. Writing was instantly commenced; and when three raps were given, on turning the slate over, the following was found legibly written:

"My DEAR OLD FRIEND—At last I am able to come to you, and assure you that I still live and can return to my friends again. Some may have forgotten me; however, you can remind them that I am still the same individual, pursuing the same calling—that of curing the diseases of mind and body. I have long been by you, seeking an opportunity to fully identify myself."

Yours,

DR. J. W., of Boston.

Dr. Slade was then entranced by *Oceano*, who said that he and the two medicine men had done sufficient for the time, but requested me to return on Saturday for more.

Saturday, 4 P. M.—I entered the room, as usual, and sat down to the table, when the raps were heard louder than ever in all parts of the room. The table seemed alive—working as though every joint was loose. My clothes were pulled, my watch removed from my fob and brought up in sight, and then returned to its place. We heard a rustling of paper under the table. Rising from my chair, I saw a cigar lying in the further corner of the room. On inspection of my coat pocket I ascertained a paper bag containing four cigars had been extracted therefrom and one thrown in each corner of the room, and the bag placed under the table at my feet. Through the whole of these performances the Doctor's hands were held in mine. I then took my handkerchief and laid it across my knees, and requested that it be tied up. The Doctor then held the slate under the table, asking the spirits to write—which they did. Not more than ten seconds elapsed, when, on removal of the slate, we found written thereon, "Look! it is done!" On examination I found the handkerchief tied in a series of knots. I was then patted on my head, cheeks, hands, arms and legs in a vigorous manner.

The Doctor then placed the slate on the table, in sight—the bit of pencil under the slate, as before—and immediately the writing commenced, and in about two minutes the entire side of the slate was completely filled, as follows:

"My DEAR FRIENDS—I have been looking over the country to see how many of the communications Mrs. Conant has given are really true. I find them all true; and some of them come so close home that people will not respond to them—for they feel ashamed of their guilt. However, the day will come when they must answer for it all. God bless Mrs. Conant, for she is blessing the spirit-world and helping mortals! Oh! this gospel will find its way to all the darkened souls, and bring the pure sunshine of God's truth and love to all humanity."

I would here remark, that at no time previous to the above communication being written on the slate, had the name of Mrs. Conant or the Banner of Light been mentioned by either Mr. Slade or myself.

The séance closed, after a request had been written on the slate that I should come again at half-past seven o'clock, when the spirits would endeavor to materialize themselves so as to be visible to our sight.

Saturday, 7 P. M.—Punctual on time, Dr. Slade and myself entered the séance-room, which was lighted with gas. He locked the door, and then fastened it with a clasp, and requested me to examine every part of the room and furniture—which I did effectually, but found nothing unusual. The table was in the same place as before, only our positions were slightly changed. A dark shawl was hung upon the door for a background, covering perhaps a yard square. In front of the shawl—about three feet from it—hung a piece of black cambric, with an opening in it about a foot square, suspended from a string drawn across the room. We sat down at the table, the Doctor at my left. I held both of his hands under mine. The gas had been turned down, but not so much as to hinder me from recognizing any person or thing in the room. In a moment the table was shaken violently, and the cambric was thrown up on one side. The Doctor's whole frame shook violently, as though powerfully agitated, and he appeared to be partially entranced. In a moment he said, "There it comes!" I looked and saw a spark of light in the centre of the aperture in the curtain, (which, I should have stated, was not over thirty inches square.) It soon brightened and took the form of a beautiful female hand, which waved back and forth as it advanced within thirty inches of my face.

While I was still holding the Doctor's hands, he was entranced by *Oceano*, and spoke as follows: "The spirit wishes him [Slade] to place a piece of paper on the slate, and put them on your knees, in plain sight—moving back from under the table—and the hand will come over and write on the paper."

On coming out of the trance, I repeated the message to the Doctor, and he complied with the request.

In a moment, the hand appeared at the screen again, and then approached the Doctor, and took a pencil from his hand, and immediately vanished, only to appear again on the slate and paper on my knees. I distinctly saw the hand and the motion of the pencil. In about two minutes, it threw the paper off the slate on to the carpet. I picked it up, and read the following, which I still have in my possession:

"Go on, go on, giving the light to the world, and you shall receive help from our land which shall be strong. Live true to just laws, and be pure and true to all humanity."

I then asked if the spirit would show its features, and a response of three raps was given. Soon a light was perceptible at the opening, which gradually assumed the form of a most beautiful female face. The back of the head was draped with a veil. I should have recognized it had I ever seen it before. I could not distinctly see the eyes, and, rising to my feet, leaned forward within two feet of it, when the face advanced still further toward me. It remained in sight about two minutes, and then disappeared, but soon came again, still more visible.

In a few minutes more, the profile of a man's face was seen, but not distinct enough to be recognized. Then came *Oceano*, an Indian, with very long, black hair, and pleasant expression. He also, at my request, appeared a second time.

I then asked if the identical "Dr. John S." who had written so much for us, would show himself. By raps he assented.

Soon the face of a man, apparently sixty years old, appeared, with a much clearer expression than the others. He had a full, fair and round face, no beard, bald head, large, high forehead, and a very gentle, intellectual and happy expression, that, once seen, one never forgets.

I then asked if that was the spirit-form of "Dr. John S.—?" and, with a smile on his features, he nodded his head. The thought then was im-

pressed on my mind, that he made a promise, some years before, that I should some day see his face. I then supposed that it would be through the mediumship of Mr. Munier, in a photograph.

I then remarked: "Well, Doctor, you have redeemed your promise." He again bowed his head and smiled, and then the figure gradually faded away. I can only say, in this connection, that the descriptions I have had from other media of his personal appearance, correspond exactly with the face I saw.

Thus ended a series of very interesting sittings with one of the most remarkable mediums of the day. I have briefly stated the principal manifestations exactly as they occurred, and omitted mention of many things that took place, so as not to make my article too long. I leave the facts with the reader, with freedom to form his own judgment, but advise seekers after truth to investigate through the mediumship of Dr. Slade.

While in New York, I called on Mr. J. V. Mansfield several times, and received a thorough corroboration and identity of the spirit influences that took part in the manifestations I had witnessed, as well as the objects had in view.

SENSATION IN PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

The Spirit of a Deceased Woman Appears in the House where she Died, and is Seen and Recognized by Thousands of Living Witnesses.

DEAR BANNER—The following is a condensed report of the return of a spirit to its recent habitation, as compiled from the Portsmouth Republican and Cincinnati Enquirer, and also from private correspondence, all of which are now in my possession.

Portsmouth is a city of eight to ten thousand inhabitants, and is situated on the north bank of the Ohio River, one hundred and forty miles above Cincinnati, and one hundred and ten miles southwest from this place. I do not know that Spiritualism has ever gained much footing there, but think it has not.

Mollie Sullivan was the keeper of a house of bad repute. The building in which she lived is a two story frame, situated on Fourth street, below the depot. On Wednesday, the second day of the present month, she died, and was buried on the following day (Thursday). Previous to her death a friend said to her, "Mollie, we shall miss you when you are gone," and she replied, "I will come back and look out of the window." On Saturday, the 5th, in the afternoon, two days after her interment, a lady residing near the house saw the familiar face of Mollie looking from the window of the room previously occupied by her, which was in the second story. Frightened, she raised the alarm, which, spreading rapidly, soon brought an immense crowd to the locality, nearly all of whom saw and recognized the face of the deceased woman.

On Sunday evening the excitement became so great that the owner of the premises, to save the reputation of his property, broke the pane of glass on which the face appeared, and entirely destroyed it.

On the following day (Monday) the rumor was started that the face had reappeared, and the throng again began to gather. Among them was a man whom my correspondent says "is an old and respected citizen of this place," and the following is the substance of his statement, as written out and published in the Portsmouth Republican, a copy of which is now before me. He went up not expecting to see the ghost, but the crowd, and learn what all the great commotion was about. He looked, and, "sure enough," there was the face of a woman peering from one of the upper windows. It remained for a considerable length of time very distinct, and then faded entirely away. After several minutes more had elapsed it reappeared in another window, in a changed position, showing first the back of the head with "its long black hair, then turning again, revealing the bust clear down to the breast." The apparition also held in one hand a beautiful bouquet of flowers, which was "raised up to the head," and she appeared altogether like a happy young lady sitting at her own window. The curtain of this window was "let down to the bottom," and the whole house had been entirely vacated.

A story had been started by those who can believe everything more readily than the right thing, that Mollie had her photograph made on the pane before death. The destruction of the pane on Sunday evening, and the reappearance of the picture, on Monday, in changing aspects, and on another and draped window, disposes of that theory. Upon this point the language of my correspondent is pertinent. He says, in referring to the allegation, "This is preposterous, as every means known to the photographic art was tried in vain to effect it."

The writer in the Republican says, "If it is not a ghost, what is it?" and concludes by affirming his belief that it was a ghost he saw. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer also confirms most that has been here said, with also some additional facts. This correspondent likewise lives in Portsmouth, where are all the facilities for exhaustive scrutiny.

I rely with great and satisfying confidence on these concurrent statements of the citizens of Portsmouth; and the more especially because I received my second letter from there yesterday, after ample time for a full inquiry into the photographing hypothesis had transpired. All other rumors I can but treat as silly dodges in the face of so much positive testimony. I feel every way assured that had there been fraud or imposition, in the case, more than a week of careful scrutiny by an unbelieving people would have brought it out.

II. SCOTT.

Lancaster, O., Oct. 15, 1872.

MORE PICTURES.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—We are being favored with pictures of various kinds on windowpanes in and about our place, causing considerable excitement and no little wonder amongst the credulous and doubting minds.

CHRISTINA C. FRADER.

Tontogany, O., Oct. 20, 1872.

ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS.

To those who may be interested in the Mediumship of J. V. Mansfield, or who may doubt the Immortality of the Soul:

Are more facts wanting to demonstrate the truth of the wonderful powers of this medium? If so, allow me to add my testimony as to the reliability of his powers, by relating my experience in investigating the theory of spirit-communication through his mediumship, for I feel it to be a duty I owe to those who wish to verify the truth of spirit-communication, as well as the immortality of the soul, which none will doubt after giving the subject a thorough investigation.

I had read many accounts of communications from departed spirits being given through his organism, but looked upon them all as I usually do upon the advertisements of patent medicines and the like—something to draw money from the pockets of the people. Yet I became interested in these accounts, and in the idea of there being no death, however absurd the theory might seem, and I often found myself wishing for the evidence

Richard Fuller; Alice Curtis, of Cincinnati; George Barnes, of Brattleboro', Vt.; Green German.

then: James Van C. Invoication; Questions and Answers; *Wife*
Maiden; William Schuler; Tom Benton; Annie Halworth,
 Jersey City, to her mother; Seth Hinslaw, of Greensboro,
 Ind.

The Late Col. Thomas Hempstead.
 Released from earth-life on the 31 of October, at Green
 port, N. Y., Col. Thomas Hempstead, aged 54 years and
 months.

He possessed a firm belief in the immortality of the human
 soul, was early wed to the New Dispensation by the loss
 of dear and dear friends. He was familiar with death, but
 knowledge that our spirits leave us not even in death was
 his. When closed his eyes to mortal sight, he gave evidence
 of the unseen presence of loved ones. To ease him of the
 burden of his hands and helped him over.

[illegible]

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.
*I would not set the solemn time,
 Nor choose the mode I wish to die,
 Nor idly tell what hour would chime
 With all, when on Death's brink I lie.*

But oh! if I have one dear friend
To leave behind this world so drear,
While angel spirits *are* *our* *bed,*
May sympathy bestow a ray of cheer.

As I have wept when dear ones died,
And learned that grief of poignant pain
Has oft my spirit purified,
And raised to heaven my heart again.

Peace in sorrow gives joy to grief
For those who loved and cherished here;
Remembered kindness yields relief,
And love is nigh to each bereaved.

This would I die with love allied,
But never freed from *grief* and *gloom*.
When come, let wailing hearts be found
Praying nearer *to* *thee* *and* *home*.

And may those more than earthly ties,
So nursed with hallowed tears and love,
Lead ever upward to thy blissful skies,
And give us *all* *thy* *glorious* *love*.

And hopeful solace ever prove,
Bound by love's eternal chain,
Successive links from heaven's throne,
Oh! let those sympathies remain.
A blessing to the hearts "that mourn."

[illegible]

clausus of Spiritualism. Its revelations were in consonance with the truly human instincts and aspirations of his nature. Recognizing Truth as the highest authority in all matters of faith, and a sense of duty as the supreme law of his life, he was not to be chained to a foregone conclusion. It was long before the facts and evidence brought to his notice, long before the unfathomable conviction of his truth,

[illegible][illegible]

and prearrangements, in communion with her departed or Mrs. Baldwin was a sincere friend, a kind neighbor, an upright and thoroughly honest woman, and never false to her convictions of duty.

October 18, 1872.

Passed to Spirit-Life:

From Crete, Ill., Oct. 12th, 1872, Hon. Judge Boardman aged 66 years.

For eight years he was County Judge of Waukegan.

Abandoning the world's honors and emoluments, he and the angel voices—"Go ye out from among your kindred in a strange land, without scrip or staff, and preach the gospel. For three years he labored in Kansas and Missouri, speaking healing and doing good to rich and poor alike. Dr. Blaisdell of Chicago, delivered an oration over his remains in the C

From Savannah, Ga., July 25th, John J. Hale.

He was a man of fine sense and education, and was a frequent reader of the Banner of Light. He was a member of the Baptist Church, and was a worker of A. J. Davis, and others of a liberal and progressive school. His death was caused by an ex-cystitis, he was a man of a high and noble character, and was a member of the Baptist Church of Stoddard's Upper Range.

"Beyond the Night of Time."

Beyond the grave is some blessed time
There surely is not a breath
Where life is not a breath
Where life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire." A. K.

Linden, Tex., Oct. 7th, 1872.

From Griffin, Ga., Oct. 8th, Mrs. Mattie A. Briggs, wife
Major Geo. H. Briggs.

My husband was hastening to her side, but the white
clouded my vision and I could not see him and she was gone before
I reached his home.

Mrs. Briggs was an intelligent, cheerful and white-gloved lady, who was married to her affectionate husband and the lovely daughter, she knew that other dear ones awaited her coming in the Summer-land. Since her departure she has visited our circle, and so sweet messages of consolation to the bereaved ones.

Baltimore, Oct. 18, 1872. W. A. D.

From Somerville, Mass., Oct. 16th, John W. Legallor, ag

That scourge, consumption, so prevalent in our climate, sought him for its victim. For months he struggled on, his failing health might return, but calm and resigned he passed away. On the day of his departure for the spirit-home, he was surrounded by the flowers in the garden which he loved.

took a last look at the dear ones, and then returned into the house and quietly passed so well, and his father and foster mother and brother and his home. His father and foster mother and brother and his sister, all feel that his spirit is with them still, and the true of spirit-power sustains them.

SAMUEL GROVER

Boston, Mass.

From Chicago, Ill., Oct. 9th, Bro. Bennet Wales Towne
He was born in Dorchester, Mass. For three years he was
member. He was a genial, ho-

a constant sufferer from a broken leg. Knowing there was no doctor to be had, he feared no other change, but longed to go home to rest. W. D. BLAIN, M. D.

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