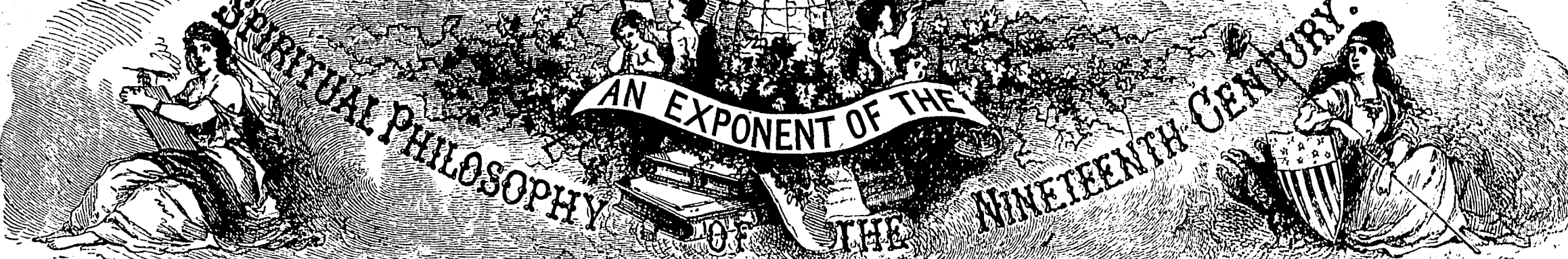


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.
THE MEDIUM, OR SIX SEANCES.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

SEANCE FIVE.

Again unto the sacred spot
With joyful heart I sped,
When without word or warning note
A spirit came and said:

I was a skeptic on the earth,
With no faith in the second birth.
A valued friend of long ago
Has called me here that he may know
If I am really living still,
And if with me 'tis well or ill,
And how I fared upon my path
In passing through the Realm of Death.

When the Death-Angel came to me,
And set my troubled spirit free,
'T was far into the midnight deep,
The busy world was all asleep.
With feelings undefined, impressed,
I sought my couch, but could not rest.
I rose and looked out on the night,
The moon was forth in beauty bright,
But suddenly there came a change,
And everything grew vast and strange:

The heavens rolled like a mighty flood,
The moon herself was changed to blood,
And spun round like a mighty wheel.
I felt my very being reel
Beneath a weight I could not bear,
And sank all helpless in my chair.
My earthly frame seemed to decay,
My mortal garments fade away,
And with a trembling fear and awe
My very inmost soul I saw.

And everything that I had done,
While breathing underneath the sun,
Like living things, the false, the true,
Before me passed in long review;
And all the memories I did,
That from my inmost self I hid,
The little petty party spites
With frauds that hovered round like kites,
And malices with cancerous lips,
Lusts burning to the finger-tips:

Murders, adulteries to me ran,
All crying, "Thou 'rt the very man,
For though in death we were not done,
In heart you did us every one."

Anon, I was a boy again,
Joy bounding through my heart and brain,
With limbs all fetterless and free,
'T was joy enough to live and be.
A rapture filled the very air,
Sunshine and glory everywhere!
I drank them in at every pore,
Until my heart was running o'er.

I could not—oh a happy boy!
Contain myself for very joy;
And in the maddest, wildest dream
I bounded by my native stream.
How green the banks! how well I knew
The nooks where all the gossams grew;
And there the blackbird on the tree
Sang all his sweetest songs for me;

I started at the cuckoo's cry,
And mimicked him in glad reply;
And as of old, untouched with care,
My young companions all were there;
And how we chased the jolly bee,
And gambled on the gossamer lea,
Or swung from the o'erhanging tree.

Anon, I stood beside my chair,
A-watching by my body there.
I saw my wife rise from her bed—
She shook me, and exclaimed, "He's dead!"
"Dead!" I replied; "my own dear wife,
I never was more full of life—
With every bounding pulse a-joy,
And happy as a little boy;

I am, indeed, what'er I seem—
But thou art surely in a dream."
But silent, and unconscious all,
She seemed to hear me not at all.
I gazed upon her face so fair,
And tried to stroke her auburn hair—
'T was all impalpable as air!

A feeling undefined, a dread,
A consciousness some one was dead
Came o'er me, then upon my chair
I saw my body sitting there.
When suddenly this little strain—
Came bounding through my heart and brain:

Ho! for the deathless realms sublime,
Where sorrow cannot be,
The realms beyond the arch of time,
The kingdoms o'er the sea.

Anon! 't was with a glad surprise,
I saw the glorious sun arise.
'This must be our own world,' I said;
'See the blue vault hangs overhead,
The torrent down the mountain pours,
And ocean chafes her sounding shores;
There 's beauty in the earth and air,
And all seems natural and fair;

'T is not the heaven of which men dreamed—
That to the raptured fancy seemed
So full of music and of joy
And happiness without alloy;
No mighty throne bursts on my sight,
No Elders in their robes of white,
No shining choir, no shouting host,
No Father, Son and Holy Ghost—
But everything is homelike here,
And all beyond expression dear."

Like great thoughts towering up on high,
Till lost in the immensity!

A temple, on a rising ground,
With green lawns sloping all around,
Of solemnly majestic mien,
Was towering in the vale between.
'T was of a darkly colored stone,
And yet it clear as crystal shone;
Its name is on the earth unknown.

And groups of spirits could be seen
Among the bowers and glades of green;
Group after group spread o'er the lawn,
By sympathy together drawn.
What was on earth the living love,
Is still so in the realms above;

For there 't is just as on the earth,
Like draws to like, worth draws to worth,
Sadness to sadness, mirth to mirth.

And there, there can be no disguise,
No subterfuges, schemes or lies;
No passing off the wrong for right,
No calling of the darkness bright.
There can be no pretension there,
For every bosom is laid bare;
And all unlike the ways of earth,
Each soul is valued at its worth,
And finds its fit and proper sphere,
As water finds its level here.

Kings, if they have not kingly minds,
Cannot be known from serfs and hinds;
And hinds, who knew not coward fear,
And dared to vindicate truth here,
Are kings in the celestial sphere.

In joy and wonder I was lost,
But that of all which struck me most,
Was the exceeding love and grace,
The beauty of the human face,
Round which a halo bright doth shine,
Truly "the human-face divine."

And every thought, as it has birth,
Leaps in a living image forth;
No shadows they, but living things
Which hover upon radiant wings.
Such tender thoughts as joy and love
Are imaged like the gentle dove;
And they can fly both fast and far,
To earth or the remotest star.

And often they alight, I ween,
On human hearts, though all unseen.
They are the influences which still
Warn you on earth of coming ill,
And oft your thoughtless bosoms move
To deeds of charity and love.

At last I said, "This is the place—
The destined home of all our race,
Where there is neither care nor woe;"
But somehow I was led to know
That souls that still retain earth's slime,
Still spotted with the stains of time,
Are sent into that region fair,
Freed from earth's trouble, toil and care.

Where they may, if they only will,
Wash out the stains of earthly ill,
And, on good works and love sincere,
Soar upward to the higher sphere,
And join the great immortal band,
High in the sunny Summer-land.

But my control is wavering fast,
The time allotted 's run at last.
Much yet remains for me to say,
But stern law hurries me away.
But I'll return, strange things to tell;
Then for the present fare thee well.

Man and Wife.

Thomas Jefferson wrote the following excellent advice. There is much human nature and goodness in it:

"Harmony in the married state is the very first thing to be aimed at. Nothing can preserve affection uninterrupted but a firm resolution never to differ in will, and a determination in each to consider the love of the other of more value than any object whatever on which a wish had been fixed. How light, in fact, is the sacrifice of any other wish when weighed against the affection of one with whom we are to pass our whole life! And though opposition in a single instance will hardly of itself produce alienation, yet every one has their pouch into which all these little oppositions are put; while that is filling, the alienation is insensibly going on, and when filled it is complete. It would puzzle either to say why, because no difference of opinion has been marked enough to produce a serious effect by itself. But he finds his affection wearied out by a constant stream of little checks and obstacles. Other sources of discontent, very common indeed, are the little cross purposes of husband and wife in common conversation, a disposition in either to criticize and question whatever the other says, a desire always to demonstrate and make himself feel in the wrong, especially in company. Nothing is so galling. Much better, therefore, if our companion views a thing in a light different from what we do, to leave him in quiet possession of his views. What is the use of rectifying him if the thing be unimportant; let it pass for the present, and wait a softer moment and more conciliatory occasion of reviving the subject together. It is wonderful how many persons are rendered unhappy by inattention to these little rules of prudence.

AN UNHAPPY SELECTION.—A Vermont marble dealer received an invoice of grave-stones, upon some of which were inscribed touching sentiments of sympathy and eulogy ready made. Among them was one with an index finger pointing heavenward, and under the motto, "No graves there." This dealer received an order for a grave-stone, the style and decoration of which were left pretty much to his own judgment, and he hurriedly selected the stone bearing the above motto. The indignation of the surviving relatives of Mr. Graves, for whose cemetery lot this was intended, "when it was received," can be better imagined than described.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

NUMBER EIGHT.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light.
BY J. M. PEEBLES.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—March in New Zealand corresponds to September in England; accordingly, it is now approaching autumn time, and the leaves are falling from the elm and the oak, and other trees imported from the northern latitudes of Europe. The indigenous trees, whether ornamental, or valuable for building purposes, retain their native verdure throughout the year. When these islands were discovered by the Dutch navigator, Tasman, 1642, they were inhabited by a bold, athletic, dark-skinned race, supposed, while closely related to the Hawaiians, to have descended from the Malays; others say from the Central Americans. They are called *Maoris*—the word meaning, original inhabitants. In Capt. Cook's time, and after, some of the tribes were cannibals. These natives, though superior in the whole to most aborigines, are rapidly fading away. They understand their destiny. Wellington, though not as large as Dunedin, Auckland or Christchurch, is the seat of Government. There are four of these *Maoris* in the General Assembly. Britain has set America a good example in this matter. May we not hope to see, at no distant day, both Indians and women in Congress?

CITIZENS AND CLIMATE.

The whole population of these islands is about two hundred and seventy thousand, of which some seventy thousand are the residents of Otago province. The gold fields are the source of its permanent wealth. Dunedin, a slim settlement twenty years ago, is now a thriving city of nearly twenty thousand. The magnetic element is cold and stolid, substantial and solid. The climate, one of the finest in the world; is far warmer and more genial on the West than on the East coast. The average rain-fall is twenty-nine inches. The atmosphere is light and buoyant, while the winds are continually freshened by traversing an immense expanse of ocean. Not a flake of snow is seen in the northern island of this group, save the highlands. At an elevation of six thousand feet, however, the snow is perpetual. These islands, unlike many in the South Pacific, are eminently adapted for agricultural and pastoral pursuits. The sunny valley of the Taieri, the undulating plains, the neatly tilled fields in the rural districts, with millions of choice yet unoccupied acres, incline one to ask: Why do tens of thousands remain in Britain to beg or starve? England has colonies and provinces enough to supply multitudes with homes, thus feeding her over-crowded population. Why do they not emigrate? Cities are festering wrens, some one has said, upon the body politic.

NOTAXIZING.

Dr. Dunn and self accompanied the Dunedin "Botanical Club" the other day, on an excursion to gather ferns in the gullies and up on the mountain sides. Though fatiguing, it was thrillingly interesting, and the more so because—as in Ireland—there are neither frogs, toads, nor serpents. How is this, since no St. Patrick banished them? Fuchsia was a German botanist, and the small yet beautiful flowering plant in America, named after him, is a native tree in these islands, with a trunk eighteen inches in diameter. Tramping over the hills, one is continually reminded of extinct volcanoes and the carbonaceous period. Some of the tree-ferns are over one foot in diameter. They grow straight and erect as chiseled pillars, while their long arching, thick-ribbed leaves spread out like roofs of daintiest beauty, through which sun rays can scarcely gleam. The birds we saw were few, but exceedingly tame. These natives, the *Maoris*, neither shoot nor otherwise harm them. What a lesson to Christian sportsmen! The Kiwi is the last living representative of the New Zealand wingless birds. These wild birds, so called, will sometimes take crumbs from the hand, and peck at the nails in your boot heels when sitting down to rest in a thicket. The Moa, a gigantic, wingless bird, corresponding to the giraffe in the animal kingdom, has long been extinct. The bones are valuable to naturalists. Several skeletons of this bird may be seen in the Christchurch Museum, nine, ten, and even twelve feet high. The flesh was eaten by the Maoris, the feathers were used as ornaments, and their skulls for holding tattooing powders.

CANNIBALISM.

As one stimulus leads to the use of another, why should not meat-eating open the way to cannibalism? If, according to the unphilosophical epure, flesh is a better food than vegetables, grains and fruits, and higher, too, in the scale of sustenance, why not subsist upon it altogether? And so, if human flesh is still higher—more readily assimilating with the juices and forces of the system—become magnetically humanized, why not eat that also? The Maori cannibals of New Zealand did this very thing. When the giant-like Moa-birds failed to supply the necessary meat the natives resorted to cannibalism, eating their enemies slain in battle. *Animal food* they must and would have.

The Rev. Mr. Baker said to me at a dinner party in the residence of the Rev. Dr. Lang, Sydney, "I have visited one hundred and ten of the South Sea Islands, and am perfectly acquainted with their manners, customs, regulations, and religious notions. They believe in one or more gods, and in an existence hereafter. Those on the Isle of Lifu, Loyalty Group, Western Polynesia, be-

lieve that the good spirits of their ancestors—whom they sometimes see as apparitions—dwell on the sunny side of the island, and the bad spirits among the lagoons on the other. They are dark complexioned, and capable of a high civilization. Some of these islanders yet continue their cannibal practices. He personally knew one old chief who had helped to eat thirty human beings. They generally take them. It is considered an honor to drink the blood, and feast upon certain parts of the bodies of those slain on their battle-fields."

MAN-EATING UNNATURAL.

Animals only in exceptional cases devour each other. It was not barbarity nor monstrous heathenism that drove the South Sea Islanders to eat their fellows. It may be accounted for in the extermination of the Moas—the native rats—depriving them of flesh food, and upon the cannibal practices of civilized Europeans, who, when shipwrecked and at the point of starvation, have laid hold of and devoured their companions. Is not this cannibalism one of the manifold forms of the "struggle of life"? And before we cast too many stones at these "vile savages," let us glance at history. Donovan, in Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, assures us that "our own ancestors were of the number of these cannibal epicures." Diodorus Siculus charges the Britons with being *anthrophagi*; and Saint Jerome, living in the fifth century of the Christian era, accuses the British tribes not only with a partiality for human flesh, but a "fastidious taste for certain delicate parts of it." Gibbon brings the same accusation against the Carthagenians. Allied by a common bond of sympathy, war in Christian nations, and cannibalism among native islanders of the Pacific, must perish together.

CANNIBALISM IN CHURCHES.

Did you ever attend the Sunday services of the Ritualists? What a display of millinery—the alb, girdle, stole, manipule and chasuble, referring, it is said, to the trial and death—se ne of Jesus! After the waving of the incense comes the administration of the eucharist, which eucharistic elements are declared to be the "veritable flesh and blood of Jesus Christ."

The Rev. Mr. Bailey says that the "priests of a certain order offer the sacrifice; and such mysterious authority do they wield that the *real body and blood* become infused into the bread and wine upon the altar." These are the teachings of the "little Prayer Book." At the words "This is my Body, this is my Blood," you must believe that the bread and wine become the real body and blood, with the soul and the godhead of Jesus Christ. * * * * * "Ye eat my flesh and drink my blood, there is no life in you." "Mid gorgeous vestments, bursts of music, and clouds of incense curling above the altar, the priest asks the members of the church present to eat the *mystical body* of Jesus, and drink the *blood* of Jesus the son of Joseph. Is not this Christian cannibalism? These little private Sunday parties, called the "Lord's Supper," are not in accordance with the genius of the age.

DUNEDIN PRESBYTERIANISM.

"They that have turned the world upside down have come hither also," was the fearful complaint of pious Pharisees in apostolic times. The theological waters in Dunedin have been fearfully troubled since the arrival of Dr. Dunn and myself. They had been agitated before—now the waves roll mountain high. The devil, they say, seems to have been let loose. The lectures delivered by both of us have been so well attended, the interest has so deepened, and the daily journals have been so filled with correspondence *pro and con*, that the churches and clergy are truly alarmed. Action has already been taken in the case of Mr. John Logan, a highly respectable gentleman and deacon in the Presbyterian Church. The following is ominous:

DUNEDIN, March 19th, 1873.

Mr. JOHN LOGAN.—Dear Sir: I am directed to summon you to appear before the session of a meeting to be held in the front vestry of the church on Monday, the 10th instant, at half-past seven (7.30) in the evening, to answer the following charges made against you, viz.: That you appeared on the platform of the Theatre at a public lecture delivered by Mr. Peebles on the evening of the Lord's day, 2d February last, when certain doctrines were propounded, as reported in the papers, contrary to the doctrines of this church.

That being waited on by a committee appointed by the session to remonstrate with you and express its strong disapproval of your conduct, you avowed your right to appear where you did on Saturday or Sunday, and refused to abstain from such conduct in the future. * * * * *

I am, &c., JONAS BOYR, Session Clerk, Knox Church.

Mr. Logan is one of the most exemplary men in the city, and his family occupies a high social position. Will the church dare excommunicate him?—that's the question! On Sunday evening Dr. Dunn is to review several clergymen who have recently attacked Spiritualism. Their puny efforts took me back nearly twenty years in the history of American Spiritualism.

[Concluded in our next.]

Journalism is somewhat confused in the City of Constantinople. Of its thirty-three newspapers seven are European, viz.: three French dailies, two English and French dailies, one French and Italian weekly, and one medical monthly. A weekly official commercial paper is printed in French and Turkish. Of the twenty-five others, seven are Turkish, three being dailies; six are Greek, of which four are dailies; one is Turkish, printed in Armenian letters. Besides these there are one Armenian daily, four Armenian bi-weeklies, one Bulgarian and one Hebrew-Spanish weekly. The total circulation of the sixteen dailies in the above list is only 29,000 copies.

Spiritual Phenomena.

(From the New York Day-Book of June 21.)
IS SPIRITUALISM A SCIENCE?

Another Seance with the Spiritualistic Seer, C. H. Foster. He calls into the Circle the Spirits of N. H. S. and H. G. H. He Applies one of the Circle of the Presence of the Spirit of his Mother. Singular Effect of a Tremendous Thunder Storm upon Spiritual Media.

Heads, Oh, day and night! but this is wondrous strange! There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

By special appointment, the "Interviewing corps" of the Day-Book proceeded to the headquarters of the great spiritualistic seer, Foster, on the afternoon of Friday last, for another seance, with certain tests prepared beforehand, that the slightest chance should be given skepticism to build up a platform of explanations, whose main timbers would be the seer's keen and practiced eyes detected, by the very motions of your pencil, what you write. He unfolds with the lightning-like celerity of a Signor Blitz the slips of paper upon which your questions have been propounded, while you do not discover his legions.

We had determined to give "Spiritualism"—if that is the principle by which human vision is enabled to look through thick darkness, a sealed envelope, paper, or human manipulation becomes so wonderfully dextrous as to escape notice—a fair chance. Prior to leaving for the headquarters of the seer, on this occasion as on the previous one, we had the tests thoroughly prepared. On a slip of paper was written, "I wish to communicate with the spirit of N. H. S. and H. G. H." Mr. S. died in 1857, and Mr. H. in 1867. The slip of paper was placed within a sealed envelope, and this envelope was then put within a larger one, and that one also closed as effectually as a mummy could do it. Now it will be perceived, inasmuch as no writing and no talking were to be done by the "Interviewing corps" of the Day-Book, at this seance, whatever the seer should respond to the inquiry within the double envelope, ought to be received as a test of his relation to the "supernatural." He may be able to catch the reflex of the mind of the sitter at the table, who carried in his memory the purport of the communication, or he may, with powers equally superhuman, read the communication itself through the two envelopes; but, as will be seen, no sharp vision could, in this case, catch the meaning of the writing through the movements of the hand of the writer, or by manipulation, and peep into the folded slip, which he passes across his forehead, as is his wont on these occasions.

And here let us take the opportunity of protesting against the "revelations" of a class of investigators who profess to deal intelligently with these subjects, but whose very "explanations" demonstrate the sheer stupidity of these very shrewd (?) intellects who pretend to have discovered "the trick" by which so-called *mediums* are enabled to frame all their answers. One of these clever "detectives" attached to the *reputable* body of the New York World, who had been "investigating," tells the readers of that journal that "Foster's writing paper was of a transparent character, and everything written upon it, though folded carefully by the writer, could be read by Foster, in consequence of the peculiar preparation, the material had gone through." Now, the seer, after a long and laborious hour, has brought him into one of the "circles" at the rooms of the spiritualistic seer, in offering so ridiculous an explanation of the source of Foster's powers, simply writes himself down a blockhead, and insults the commonest intelligence ever brought to bear upon the mystery, to say nothing of the insult to Foster. So poor a device by which to gain notoriety would disgrace the veriest dunce who ever took to the literary for a living. But we are not the defender of Foster, or any other "professor" of what is called "Spiritualism." We are not the champion of that "mystery," by any means. We are simply groping in the dark for "more light," and for the little light we do get, albeit it appears to indicate a principle never before heralded we are not disposed to doubt our own powers if reasonably upon, and dwelling as to its reality or falsity, and we therefore doubt that because we do not at once penetrate the "how and why" of the new light, that it must be the device of fraud and mountebankism. This World-Man, settles that it is. Now will he please to tell us how Foster interpreted the meaning of what was written and placed within the two bull, heavy-papered envelopes, one within the other, which we assure him had not been rendered transparent "by lighting," or any other means? In the midst of a heavy shower we took the cars for Foster's headquarters, as we have stated, and on our arrival there, the rain came down a perfect deluge. The air was very heavy and oppressive, and we remembered that in such atmospheric conditions communications, mental or physical, are rarely complete. There is some as yet unexplained reason why "influences" are generally unfavorable during a moist, warm, murky atmosphere, but it was the reverse of this on that day. Foster was absent, and time was probably as valuable to him as to us. The appointment was mutually understood; we had ridden three or more miles to get this interview, and Foster was away—where, nobody seemed to know; and in the meantime it appeared as if the flood-gates of heaven had been opened, and that soon he must float to his residence, if he reached it at all; pedestrianism, or a hack would not evidently be made the agency. We noticed that one of the company present (for there were four of us in all seeking the seance) seemed to be in a brown study. His eyes were cast upon the carpet in Foster's parlor, and he gazed upon it as though the curves and angles of the pattern were to him a map of his future. We have a special reason for dwelling upon this incident. This gentleman had once before met Foster, and the latter was peculiarly impressed with him. He said that the "influences" were stronger when O. was near him. He seemed to give the seer an increased degree of what he termed "spiritual power." As the rain continued to come down like an avalanche, we were surprised at the sudden determination of Mr. O. to seek the seer. "Where are you going, O.?" said one of the company. "I hardly know, but I think I can find Mr. Foster," said O. "I am impressed with the idea that he is in the reading room of one of those hotels we saw on our way here, but I do not know what it is called, for I never was inside of the place in my life; but the impression is so very strong upon me that I feel I can go right to the very spot where he sits, and hard as it rains, I am going to try it." Seizing an umbrella, O. rushed out into the storm. In fifteen minutes he returned with the "great mysterious," "I somehow knew that I could find Mr. Foster," said O., "and yet for

the life of me. I cannot tell why I went to that special hotel, with the almost certainty that he was there, and not at either of the others in that vicinity. "Perhaps I can explain it, gentlemen," said the seer. "I saw the rain coming down in torrents, remembered my engagement with you, realized very strongly the value of your time, and my thoughts were fixed especially on Mr. O., whom I felt certain was in my room." In fact I was really in rapport with him, and evidently he with me, for, as I stood gazing out into the storm, I was not surprised to see that I had influenced him to start for me. He, you see, knew where I was by the close and strong mental affinity which evidently at this time controls us both. By that inner sight he was led to the hotel. I accidentally took shelter in to escape the rain. We simply gave Foster's language, or the substance of it, and let the reader take it for what he thinks it is worth.

The seer continued: Four gentlemen, beside the seer, sat around the table, and the usual preliminaries were gone through with. Names were written, questions asked and replied to satisfactorily to the interested parties; but in this, like the other seances detailed in The Day-Book, article week before last, we could not pass an opinion upon the correctness of anything the seer said, which we were not personally cognizant, and therefore did not pay special attention to the results of the majority of the tests. On our right, however, sat a gentleman who had been writing on slips of paper, and very carefully folding the same, to which he had received responses, evidently of a character to surprise and startle him; his look of astonishment at one revelation was so profound, that we will allude to it especially. Foster suddenly said to him, "There is the spirit of an elderly lady behind your chair, sir; have you called her here?"

"No, sir," said the gentleman. "I have not asked for the spirit of any lady to appear." "There is the spirit of some one figured in our present, and if you have lost your mother, I think it is her spirit. Write several names on several slips of paper—as many as your place, and I will see to which of these names this female spirit will respond." The gentleman wrote four names, folded them carefully, and threw them on the table. We watched the result. Mr. Foster passed them one by one across his brow, and the third or fourth slip he threw across to the gentleman who was intently awaiting the test, and said, "There is the name of the spirit behind your chair. The gentleman opened it, and read the maiden name of his mother. He had written four female names on slips, among them the name of his mother. But our object in this interview was to test the powers of the seer touching his knowledge of N. R. S. and R. G. H., with whom we knew he had no acquaintance, when alive, and whose deaths (the particulars of which he knew nothing) took place, one near six, and the other near sixteen years ago.

We have already stated that not the slightest intimation of the contents of the double envelope could have been given Foster. In fact, what was written was simply known to the one party at the table who introduced the envelope. Foster took this envelope and pressed it to his forehead, and then said, "Are the spirits asked for present?" After a pause he continued, "I see they are, and will make themselves known. They are behind your chair, sir," said Foster to The Day-Book representative. "One of them, who appears especially friendly to you, is a tall, thin man, and the other a short, thick-set man. Ah! I am impressed by Foster here wrote the names of the parties in full, N. R. S. and R. G. H. How did he see inside the double envelope? or if he could look into the mind of the party present who handed him the envelope, and discover there what was hidden in it, what is this new principle?"

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS—MATERIALIZATIONS.

DEAR BANNER—In the town of Chittenden, Vt., about six miles from Rutland, in a beautiful valley among the hills, where Nature revels in grandeur and beauty, where flow magnetic waters for the healing of the afflicted, where still remain, untouched by civilization, traces of antiquities built by red men, ere selfishness and despotism hurried them toward the setting sun, amid the warblings of forest songsters, the fragrance of wild flowers, and the inspiration which flows to them from the Summer Land, dwell William and Horatio Eddy, well known to the world as remarkable physical mediums, and through whose magnetic sphere multitudes of immortals are enabled to materialize their spirit forms, to tell us they "still live," and that the mystic river has been bridged by the loves and sympathies of human souls, intensified and made purer by the change called death.

A few weeks since, in company with Mrs. B. Cleveland, of Middlebury, Vt., I visited this mountain home to gather gleams of sunlight from the sphere of angels. Quite a number of friends and some investigators from Rutland assembled in the evening to witness manifestations. O. T. Cross, of Rutland, was chosen investigating committee. Before being tied, Horatio said: "In opening their doors to the thousands who visited them, their object was not to accumulate wealth, but to present facts to the world, and those assembled could call the manifestations electrically, magnetically, or whatever they pleased; they had a right to form their own opinions; he had his own private opinion, and if not produced by spirits, he would like to have any one explain the phenomena."

The doors were sealed with paper, each member of the family sitting between two skeptics. Horatio was then securely tied by Mr. Cross, and the circle joined hands. As soon as the lights were extinguished the invisibles commenced their work. Spirit voices were distinctly heard calling the names of several in the circle. Beautiful spirit lights were presented. The spirit band gave a concert; several musical instruments and bells were carried about in the air, all keeping time in perfect harmony, as they played the "Mocking Bird," "May Flower," one of the band, played "Home, Sweet Home," upon an accordion, carrying the instrument about the room while playing.

Occasionally, during the dark seance, a light was called for, to show the investigators that the medium remained tied as Mr. Cross left him. At the close of the dark seance he was untied by the invisibles.

A light circle was then given. A few persons sat at a table, a guitar was placed in Mr. C.'s hands. One of Horatio's hands was muffled and placed beneath the table upon the guitar. His other hand resting upon the table. The guitar was then played upon. Some saw the spirit fingers as they touched the strings. The medium then gave some excellent tests of clairvoyance, blindfolded. A will was handed to him; some facts connected with the will were recalled, dating back several years. A hair bracelet was handed him; he told to whom the hair belonged. A watch was placed upon his forehead, face to the audience, and the time was told correctly.

The committee man was then seated in the cabinet, holding Horatio's hands. Quite a number of spirit-hands were seen: "Thomas D. Lane" showing his hand, and "George Dix" holding up his, the peculiarity being the absence of the little finger. A guitar was held up by a spirit-hand. A spirit then requested me to hand it an iron ring lying upon the table, and reached out

of the cabinet to take it. This ring was held up so that all could see both it and the spirit-hand holding it. The ring was soon at the place upon the right arm of Mr. Cross, although he had grasped both hands of the medium and, as he affirmed, held them securely.

After the company had left, with the exception of a gentleman from Pittsford, Mrs. Cleveland, the family, and myself, William Eddy was securely tied in a cabinet, and another phase of spirit power was presented. Several spirits materialized themselves, walking about the room, and were fully recognized by their friends, a light being in the room at the time. I would here remark that Horatio has the same gift for producing this phase of manifestation. A colored woman, "Black Abba," formerly of Middlebury, was recognized, and manifested great pleasure in being able to return.

"Persis," my immediate spirit-guide, next appeared. He had promised me, as a test, that if I would visit the Eddys he would manifest himself, desiring me not to mention his name or promise to them. He was dressed as I have often seen him, in an oriental costume peculiar to his people. As he came forth to greet me, he raised both hands upward, then bowed his head to the floor. After he stepped within the cabinet he permitted me to touch his hands.

Bro. Wm. White then appeared, holding the Banner of Light in his hand, and wearing the Lyceum badge. The rattling of paper was distinctly heard by all present. * Ann Robinson came out dancing, and was recognized by Mrs. C. * Achsa W. Sprague next appeared, and, as I spoke her name, she pointed upward. Henry C. Wright walked out several feet from the cabinet, approaching very near us, looking noble and happy.

William Eddy then stepped forth from the cabinet, and, while entranced, gave us words of encouragement and cheer.

The next evening William held another seance, with lights in the room. As soon as he entered the cabinet, before the company were seated, several spirits looked out from the cabinet. Soon a tall lady stepped out, closed a door near, then lifted a large table with her hands, moving it two feet or more. Mrs. C.'s mother next came out, dancing about the room; she then grasped Mrs. C.'s hand in hers, laid her face upon it, while tears dropped from her eyes as she did so. She then moved a few feet toward the cabinet, knelt down and disappeared through the floor, to prove that there was no deception.

Horatio, seated outside the cabinet, was entranced, and said a spirit, calling himself Charles Poor, would soon appear in company with Mr. William White, if the song—"A Light in the Window for Thee," could be sung, as he could only appear through the magnetism of the song, and wished this reported in the Banner of Light, as a test to some who might read it. As there was no one to sing the song, Mr. White came out bearing the Banner of Light in his hand, waved it in the form of a circle several times above his head, pressed it to his heart, then waved it again, as at first. * Charles Poor stood beside him, but not clearly as Mr. White, only a dim shadow appearing. Mrs. C.'s daughter came and grasped her mother's hand. My infant daughter (twenty-one years in spirit-life) came out and danced upon the table. Five Indian spirits then appeared. One calling himself "Sautum," a powerful spirit, stepped into the pantry several feet from the cabinet, and brought out a large tin pan, and handed it to Mrs. C.; he then walked to the window, some twelve feet from the cabinet, raised the curtain and pointed toward the hills; as he stepped toward the window a faint shadow of the spirit could be seen upon the wall; as he stepped back, he seemed to throw a fur garment over his shoulders, making himself appear much larger than before, showing that spirits have the power to increase or diminish their size. He then came to Mrs. C., patted her head; as he did so, she said, "What power is given to Indians in spirit-life! How they have been abused on earth!" As she said this, the Indian bowed his head to the floor toward the west. "Eleeck," one of the spirit-band controlling the Eddys—an Indian—came from the cabinet, folded her arms as an emblem of peace, then pointed to the hills. She called herself "Queen of the Mountains."

"Utos," a giant purporting to be a guide of D. D. Oliver, of Alpena, Mich., next appeared. His head reached the ceiling.

This ended two of the most tangible spirit-seances I have ever witnessed, and as my soul knelt in worship at that shrine of immortality, I could say, as Peter did, when Moses and Elias talked with Jesus, "Lord, it is good for us to be here." Investigators, believers and skeptics throng the home of these mediums, circles being held almost every night. Five of the family, three sons and two daughters, reside upon the homestead, their father and mother having entered the realm of spirits. As they are all mediums, and talk about and with spirits, as people do about earthly friends; there seems to be no barrier to the full and free communion of angels with mortals. Skeptics, would you learn something of the beautiful life beyond the river, visit the home of these mediums, and drink in the living truths of a blissful immortality as presented through their mediumship. Yours for the truth,

MARY L. JEWETT, M. D.

No. 2 East street, Rutland, Vt.

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Children's Department.

JOHN FLINT'S DREAM.

BY JOHN ADAMS, M. A., VICAR OF STOCKROSS, BERKES, ENG.

One cold evening in December John Flint was returning home, with his donkey and cart, from the town of North Reading, where he had been all day hawking firewood, and, according to his custom, he dropped in, at the Fox and Hounds to drink and gossip, leaving his donkey outside the door. There was a keen east wind blowing right against the front of the house, and a send of rain dashed now and then upon the rough pavement, freezing as it fell, and covering everything that it touched with a transparent coat of ice. The poor animal had been in harness for eight hours, and had not eaten a morsel of food since the morning, so he moved anxiously from side to side in search of something to satisfy his hunger, but finding nothing, he turned his tail to the wind, dropped his ears almost to a level with his eyes, and began to groan and shiver.

"Your donkey's got the ague, John," said an acquaintance of his, who entered the house just as John was ordering his second pint of beer: "his very bones were rattling and shaking as I passed him just now, and the poor brute groaned as if he had got some heavy trouble on his mind."

"It quakes on his body, instead of troubles on his mind, that's the matter," replied John, with a savage grin. "Look at that stinger!" and he held up a thick ash stick, tipped with a sharp iron point. "He's had a touch or two to-day that he won't forget—the lazy brute!"

Thereupon John drained his mug, refilled his pipe, and left the house. Presently heavy blows from the afore-said stinger were heard above the noise of the wheels, as John drove off from the door of the Fox and Hounds, belaboring his jaded beast at almost every step. Then there was silence suddenly, and the donkey stood still in the road. John had then just been attempting to take his seat in the cart, and fractured his leg so it was now his turn to groan. Whether the donkey kicked him down in return for an application of the stinger, or whether the slippery condition of the road was the cause of his fall, or whether, as he himself afterwards asserted, a blow from an unseen hand snote him to the ground, no one can tell. Anyhow, he was found lying in the road about a hundred yards from the public house, groaning in chorus with the donkey, the latter, however, being more than usually stricken at the strange apparitions, for he saw by their looks that they meant mischief, and that flight or resistance would be impossible; so he began to shout "Murder!" with all his might. Regardless of his cries, however, the black gorilla snatched the stick from his hand, and gave his back a bitter taste of the "stinger," whilst the red monster unharnessed the donkey; then, tying one end of the halter round John's neck, and holding the other in his hand, he set off at a swinging trot. The black gorilla followed close behind him, and then John's pace was so fast, that he was soon at the door of the public house, where he was met by a crowd of people, who, seeing his plight, rushed to his aid, and helped him to his feet. He was then taken to the public house, where he was attended to by the doctor, and his leg was set in a splint. The next day he was able to walk, but he was still very weak, and he was still in the public house, where he was attended to by the doctor, and his leg was set in a splint.

After a run of four hours they reached a wide river, and without a moment's hesitation plunged headlong into it. Poor John, who had never in his life attempted to swim, thought his end was now certainly come, and howled with fright; but his leader kept firm hold of the halter, and dragged him safely across to the opposite bank. A number of horses, dogs and donkeys galloped up to meet them; and, to John's consternation, he found that they were all gifted with the faculty of speech, and that his donkey was no longer dumb. Even his own donkey, once so patient and silent, could talk as glibly as the rest; and the topic of his discourse was anything but pleasant to John, for he described how, from the time when he was a little helpless foal, he had had nothing but excessive work, scanty food, kicks and curses; and, moreover, he called attention to the iron-pointed stick which had been the instrument of his daily torture, and to the scars which covered his body. This produced such a sensation among the assembled animals that the public man, who was standing by a number of indignation. So great was the rage of the dogs, that they made a rush toward John, and would have torn him to pieces if the gorillas had not interfered.

When his companions had sufficiently rested and refreshed themselves, the rapid march was resumed; and the crowd of animals accompanied them—some to show their sympathy for the injured donkey; and others to exult at the pitiable sight of his contemptible master. From the remarks which John overheard, he fancied he was being taken to the gallows, and that his donkey was to be the executioner. It was a great relief, therefore, when they stopped at the entrance-gate of a spacious court; that the attendant crowd fell back, and that no preparations were visible for any such tragic event as he had been anticipating. The most conspicuous object in sight was an enormous white elephant, pacing to and fro on a grass-plot in the centre of the court; and, when the gate was thrown open, the gorillas advanced with their captive to the edge of the grass-plot, and the elephant came forward to receive them.

"We have brought a human brute from the other side of the river," exclaimed the red gorilla, "that your majesty may pass sentence upon him for cruelty to animals. He has shamefully maltreated a faithful servant, who is here to give evidence against him."

"Let the servant state his complaint," said the elephant. Thereupon the donkey again told his tale of woe, exhibited his bruises, and bade the gorilla hold up the terrible weapon which had caused them.

Then the elephant, lifting his trunk erect in the air, to signify his anger, thus addressed the wretched prisoner:

"Thou, to whom lordship has been given over all the beasts of the field, hast shown thyself utterly unworthy of the power intrusted to thee. Thou hast made the life of this animal, who served thee faithfully, a dreary bondage of slavery and suffering. The same Divine Being who created thee created him also, and gave him feelings and affections as tender as thine own. He is as much a member of God's family, and an object of God's care, as thou art; and thou hast treated him as a brute, and hast shown him no more respect than thou wouldst show a dog or a pig. So shalt thou be punished for thy wickedness, and be taught, by actual experience, that dumb animals suffer from unkindness, hunger and cold, just as those who have the faculty of speech."

Then, turning to the gorilla, he bade them lead their prisoner to an adjoining field, and there compel him, with his own weapon, to obey the commands of his former servant.

They then returned to the public house, where John was still lying in bed, and he was attended to by the doctor, and his leg was set in a splint.

After various discussions, conducted with the best of feeling, the meeting adjourned to meet again Monday evening, Sept. 23rd, 1873. Approved.

A. T. SCHRYVER, Pres. H. HOOVER, Secy.

A NEW SOCIETY.—An American paper says a society has been formed in New York—not before it is wanted—called the "Ladies' Anti-ambitions to figure in the newspapers-with-no-useful-result-and-to-the-neglect-of-your-own-domestic-duties Society."

Away started the monsters again, grinning with delight, the one dragging and the other driving their victim; and, on their arrival at the field, John shuddered more than he had yet done at the prospect of his misery, for there were hundreds of his fellow-creatures in that field working as speechless slaves for the animals that had ill-used. All sorts of agricultural work was going on, but the drudgery was all being done by human beings. Teams of them were harnessed to heavy plows, harrows and carts. Here and there a pair of them might be seen drawing in a low vehicle some aged horse or donkey; and in a distant part of the field a group of them were just starting for a steep chase, with monkeys on their backs armed with sharp spurs. Gorillas marched about everywhere like policemen, to keep order and to drive the teams; and their heavy whips were incessantly cracking on the bare shoulders of the poor slaves. The sight was so terrible that John could not endure it, even in his sleep. He awoke—a sadder, and, we hope, a better man.—*Animal World.*

A Correction—Re-incarnation—Maine General Hospital Fair—Gambling.

DEAR BANNER—In my last letter, which, as printed, is dated "Portland," I alluded to a sermon delivered by Rev. Mr. Hinds "of this city." This is an error, and it should read "of Lewiston."

I have received an anonymous letter, dated at North Reading, Mass., and mailed at Lowell, which was evidently designed by the writer as a burlesque upon the doctrine of re-incarnation. He pretends to have had a "vision for my especial benefit forced upon his sensitive nature," and he relates what a "voice, musical and grand, uttered" after alluding to something from me which appeared in the Banner of May 31st upon this subject. He does not state that he saw the voice, and it is the first time I have heard of *hearing a vision*. My unknown friend says, "I suppose you get your ideas of it mostly through the returning spirits at the Banner of Light Free Circles; where, quite recently, the controlling spirit announced, in answer to a question, that the average life of the disembodied, before returning, is about five thousand years." And then "the voice musical and grand" goes on to say, "I have lived before—lived when this old earth was younger than to-day by *thirty-five* times five thousand years. * * * Have been re-incarnated twice since Noah, and thrice before his day." This ancient voice then commanded the hearer of the vision "to write the words I tell thee to him, who penned the words thou readest on re-incarnation." It then proceeds to tell me that my wife lived on the banks of the Nile, before the Sphinx was built, where she was *loved and won by "a daring Arab chief, who even now impatiently awaits her coming, and who will claim her as his own beautiful spirit-bride through all the coming ages,"* and then patetically adds, "And on her form you'll gaze no more, when once she's gone to the other shore. Oh, the joys of re-incarnation!"

And I add, Oh! the beauties of *poetic vision*! I can almost hear the old voice tremble as it uttered this wail. It—that is, this voice which the seer of the vision *heard*—goes on to tell me that my oldest boy was "grandson to Nimrod the brave, whose father and mother helped him back to earth for a little extra schooling and a slight knowledge of the ways of the world, 4500 years after they had chased the antelope over the plain without ever hearing the shrill whistle of a modern locomotive." Whether this *Analent of Days* means the grandson or Nimrod himself who was thus helped back, I am unable to determine. The voice closed the vision by saying that, after his present pilgrimage is ended, they will claim their boy again. "And away over the land of 'Jerico' they will find their home in a region thy feet will never tread, for when the full light of the other life breaks *ore*, thee, thou wilt find that thy wife and children were somebody's else, on whom thou hast not a shadow of a claim—and alone, without father, mother, sister, wife or child to greet thee (for those thou callest such were only loaned thee), thou wilt have an endless eternity in which to write the full beauties and blessings of re-incarnation, until, tired of thy loneliness, thou *doest* impose thyself on some young wife as her own darling cherub child."

There is, it's not that a pleasant picture? I am, however, very grateful for the "loan" of a few friends, and will endeavor to enjoy them while they are mine. If they were and are "somebody's else," when the proper time arrives I think I may perhaps palliate my "loneliness" by endeavoring to ascertain whether I am indeed the only one in the universe who is "alone," and to discover, if possible, as my "father, mother," etc., were somebody's else loaned to me, whether I did not have some of my own once, who have been loaned to somebody else. The terrible gloom of my lonely doom is, however, brightened at the close, and the idea of becoming a "cherub" for "some young wife" is rather pleasant than otherwise.

To be serious, however, my unknown correspondent and imaginative hearer of a *vision* does not seem to comprehend the laws underlying the doctrine of re-incarnation, or that this is only one condition of spirit-life. If we believe the "Christian's plan of salvation," we are expected to believe that Jesus was a conscious living spirit, who voluntarily incarnated himself in human form for the accomplishment of certain results, and that the purposes for which he was to come were understood by him and others before he made his humble advent into this mortal existence. We thus discover that re-incarnation, or the fact that a conscious spirit, for the accomplishment of its own destiny, may incarnate itself in material form, is the foundation rock of Christianity; and it is pertinent to ask, if one spiritual identity has done this, why not all, as their development may require?

The Maine General Hospital Fair is in full tide of successful operation in this city, although I think the attendance thus far has not been so large as anticipated, and at the close a large amount and variety of merchandise, generously contributed to aid the enterprise, will probably remain on hand to be disposed of in lotteries, or at auction. The idea of raising money in aid of churches and benevolent societies by raffles, lotteries, games of chance and other gambling devices forbidden by law, is popular, and indicates that those concerned realize that such are the best and easiest modes of raising money. Hence these forms of gambling are always resorted to at fairs, and this is no exception. To raise money to build a hospital where the sick boy can receive medical treatment, the managers of a great fair sell a piano in a lottery or raffle, which is the same thing, and it is all right. But if a poor man starving at home, and selling his old violin in the same way, he must be arrested and thrown into prison for violating the law. If it is wrong for one to do, will the numbers engaged in it make that wrong a right? Our young men and maidens are tempted to their first experience in gambling at these fairs, which are countenanced by our churches and clergymen. Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel!

Portland, June 16th, 1873.

"Robbing the Indians."

As time rolls on, what the Banner has again and again said concerning the wicked and ruthless mode of treating the Indians is corroborated by testimony far and near, from quarters that once would not have thought our assertions worthy of credit. We are glad to see the truth about this matter come out in a journal like the Boston Traveller, which confesses by its act that it is useless to think of disguising it any longer. It says it is certain there are two sides to the Indian question, and that frequently the public hears too little of the causes which send the red warriors upon the war path. Wherever the remnant of an Indian tribe is settled, there are white men hanging about striving to rob them of the property they may possess or the bounty the Government may bestow, and often persons having influence in Washington are in league with these plunderers. We have more than once called attention to the efforts to despoil the Menominee and Stockbridge Indians on Wolf River, in Wisconsin—the last-named of these tribes being what is left of one of the native tribes of this State, all of whose adult members were more than a hundred years ago converted to Christianity—a better Christianity, we hope, than is possessed by some of their neighbors of to-day.

These Indians live upon and own a reservation which was but a few years ago of little value, but the land is covered with pine trees, and the lumber is now very valuable. The land-sharks of the neighborhood are aware of this, and have from time to time endeavored to secure possession of this lumber for a trifle. Once or twice they have, through Congressmen, secured authority for the sale of the lumber in lots and on terms that would have satisfied them and impoverished the Indians, but they have been foiled by the watchful vigilance of a few men who are determined to frustrate their schemes. The agent for these Indians, Rev. Wm. P. Richardson, has been faithful to his trust, and for this reason one of the Senators and one of the Representatives from Wisconsin are hostile to him. Something over a year ago a company of men, using money which Congressman Sawyer admits was furnished by himself, bargained with leading men of the tribe for the lumber on a certain tract for \$4300, subject to the approval of authorities at Washington. As this lumber was worth \$9 per thousand as it stood, and the estimated amount was 7,000,000, the agent protested against the sale at that price. The Wisconsin Congressmen secured the appointment of an appraiser, evidently an agent of the lumber ring, and on his appraisal the lumber was sold for \$8000—about one-sixth of its value.

Last winter Senator Howe and Congressman Sawyer made an attempt to secure the removal of Mr. Richardson, the faithful agent, and made charges against him, which were heard by the Secretary of the Interior early in February. The agent had been employing the Indians in cutting their own lumber, paying them for their labor, and depositing the net proceeds of sales to their credit; and one of the charges was that this work was not economically done, and that the agent had not kept his accounts properly. Another charge was the advice of the agent to sell lumber on the Oconto River at \$3 per thousand, as it stood. Messrs. Howe and Sawyer were on hand to prosecute their charges, and so were Mr. Whipple, of New York, Chairman of the Christian Commission—to whom the appointment of Indian agents is entrusted—and a Boston friend of the Indians. It was shown that the lumber on the Oconto River was exposed to theft, and that parties had been stealing it for years, and that its sale would be a good one for that reason, and that three dollars was a good price for lumber on that stream, it being worth not more than two-thirds as much as on the Wolf River. In answer to the other charge it was shown that the work had been economically done; that the Indians had received needed employment at good wages, which made them more comfortable than they had been in any former winter; the vouchers of the agent were found on file in the department, all correct, and they afforded evidence that about \$10,000 had been deposited to the credit of the Indians.

Secretary Delano appeared to be satisfied with the explanations given, and the friends of the Indians hoped the honest and faithful agent would be allowed to remain, though Messrs. Howe and Sawyer insisted that an agent satisfactory to them should be appointed. Soon after Mr. Whipple received letters from Secretary Delano, saying that before the hearing he had promised Senator Howe and Representative Sawyer that Mr. Richardson should be removed, and asked as a personal favor to himself that another agent might be appointed. Mr. Whipple was unable to stand the pressure, and asked Mr. Richardson to resign, intending to appoint him to a better position, and one where no Congressman will stand in the way of the faithful discharge of his duty. The agent did resign, and Rev. Mr. Hutcheson, of this State, who was appointed to succeed him, went out to Wisconsin, looked over the field and sent in his resignation, having come to the conclusion that he will not touch the agency while there are so many politicians and "ring" men seeking to impair its usefulness. He was so well satisfied with the course of Mr. Richardson that he could not consent to adopt any other, and believing that he would not be sustained in that he leaves the old agent still at his post, awaiting that relief which the appointment of a less scrupulous man will afford. As the tract of lumber land is a large one, worth more than twelve hundred thousand dollars, the land-sharks will not readily abandon the hope of obtaining the rich prize, and with the political influence they control, we fear they will succeed.

The Traveller further says: We have called attention to this matter none the less readily because members of the Republican party are active agents in the scheme of robbery. This party has had the confidence of the country because of its promises to do justice to the oppressed, and it will deserve that confidence so long only as it seeks to fulfill its promises. The party is strong enough to put down the men who engage in plots like this, but it cannot survive the toleration of their acts or the control of their influence. President Grant has promised that the Indians shall be fairly treated and honestly dealt with, and the men who engage in or countenance the acts we have exposed, are the enemies alike of the President, the Republican party and the country, and no party considerations should shield them from the condemnation they deserve. As the facts we have stated can be easily proved, and by no means constitute all the acts of robbery perpetrated and contemplated by the Wisconsin "lumber ring," we trust the President will see to it that these attempts to frustrate his well-meant endeavors to help the Indians shall not succeed.

Free Thought.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT FOR THE RECOGNITION OF THE CHRISTIAN GOD, JESUS CHRIST AND BIBLE IN THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION.

NUMBER SEVEN.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

One of the ablest documents in favor of the Movement was written by Rev. Jonathan Edwards, and published in 1866. It was widely distributed, and is still circulated by the friends of the Cause. As it is destined to exercise a powerful influence, I will give it in full:

TO THE
VOTING CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES,
AND TO ALL THOUGHTFUL PERSONS
WHO LOVE THEIR COUNTRY.

"The following memorial to Congress has been carefully prepared, and is recommended to your serious consideration. Read it, and read what follows it:

"We, citizens of the United States, respectfully ask your honorable bodies to adopt measures for amending the Constitution of the United States, so as to read its substance as follows:

"We, the people of the United States, humbly acknowledging Almighty God as the source and author of all our blessings, and the Lord Jesus Christ as the Ruler among the nations, and His revealed will as the supreme authority, in order to constitute a Christian government, and in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the inalienable rights and blessings of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to ourselves, our posterity, and all the inhabitants of the land, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

"And we further ask that such changes be introduced into the body of the Constitution as may be necessary to give effect to these amendments in the preamble.

"The clauses and words within the brackets are the amendments to the Constitution which are asked for.

"In making up your judgment upon these proposed amendments—

"CONSIDER

"That the Constitution of the United States is our charter as a nation. It contains all the forms under which our national life shall appear, all the powers which our national government may ever exercise. If this Constitution be sound, we may expect our national life to be healthy and vigorous. If anything goes wrong with the nation, it may fairly be asked whether something be not wrong in the Constitution.

"CONSIDER

"That the Constitution is as the people make it. Its wisdom is their wisdom. Its goodness is their goodness. It is their creature and mouthpiece and image. Whatever describes it, describes the people that made it, and that live under it contentedly. They are responsible for all its contents and all its character.

"CONSIDER

"That Civil Society and Government is not man's invention, any more than the Family is. Both are natural, both are necessary, and both are the appointments of Him who made man. Both are God's ordinance. The people may choose what sort of a state they will have. And it is in this sense and to this extent true that, as our Declaration of Independence has it, 'Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.' But some sort of a state, some sort of a general agency to make, to apply, and to enforce laws of order, right, and peace, men must have. A nation is a kind of public person, which God has created as really as He has created private persons; and government has God appointed to be that public agency for the honor and welfare of the nation. So the Bible teaches us. 'There is no power (government) but of God. The powers that be are ordained of God.' It is the will of God, no less than the interest of man, that government be honored and obeyed. Whoso resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation—that is, condemnation and punishment. God will see to it that bad citizenship, that treason and rebellion shall be requited as they deserve.

"But if Civil Government be God's ordinance and creature, should not Government acknowledge God? If God upholds Government, should not Government confess its dependence upon God? Both these things are plainly just and right. Both should be done by every state and nation. The government that neglects or refuses to do these things does God a great wrong and dishonor, and shows itself to be both ungrateful, rebellious, and proud.

"Now the place where our nation should make these acknowledgments, and the only place where we can adequately do it, is in the Preamble and the body of the Constitution. And this is what the foregoing memorial asks to be done. And since the Constitution is as the people make it, since the people are responsible for its contents, and are responsible for it, if the people refuse these amendments, they incur great public guilt.

"CONSIDER

"That at the beginning of our national history God was formally acknowledged. The charters of all the colonies acknowledged Him. The Articles of the old Confederation acknowledged Him. All the earliest Constitutions of the States acknowledged Him. But when the present Constitution of the United States came to be formed the acknowledgment was omitted. The neglecting of this duty was then shown upon the face of the Constitution, and ever since has been a blot upon it; and our statesmen mistook its teachings for the voice of true philosophy and real progress. In their reaction against state churches, state creeds, and priestcraft, they went to the dangerous extreme of ignoring God.

"The amendment which is now proposed is no new thing. If it should be made, it will only be the adopting again of what was one of our earliest and most becoming national characteristics.

"CONSIDER

"That God is not once named in our National Constitution. There is nothing in it which requires an 'oath of God,' as the Bible states it (which, after all, is the great bond both of loyalty in the citizen and of fidelity in the magistrate); nothing which requires the observance of the day of rest and worship or which respects its sanctity. If we do not have the mails carried and the post offices open on Sunday, it is because we happen to have a Postmaster-General who respects the day. If our Supreme Courts are not held, and if Congress does not sit on that day, it is custom and not law that makes it so. Nothing in the Constitution gives Sunday quiet to the Custom House, the Navy Yard, the Department of the Interior, or the Government. The only allusion which it makes to Sunday is a single provision leaving it out of the count of the ten days which the President may have for the consideration of a Bill; but that is not because the day is sacred, but because the President may happen to be a Christian and may wish to keep the Sabbath. So also the prayers in our Houses of Congress and the appointment of days for national humiliation or thanksgiving are merely religious customs, warranted by the religious sentiments of the people, but not by the letter of the Constitution. How soon and how easily might all this be changed were an influence introduced to rule into power! But besides the Constitution we have treaties with foreign nations in which our religious position is defined, and which are to be held as of the same dignity and binding force as the Constitution itself. In one of these, which was made by our Government with Tripoli as early as 1797, it is solemnly declared that 'the Government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion.' If we were not the most thoroughly Christian people in the world, and if ours were not a strictly popular government, we should long since have been demoralized and ruined by such principles as these.

"CONSIDER

"That the Amendments proposed are true, right and proper in themselves considered.

"Almighty God is the source of all authority and power in civil government—is He not? If not, Who is?

"The Lord Jesus Christ (aside from all questions as to His divinity, His humanity, or His mission on earth) is the Ruler among the nations—is He not? If not, Who is?

"The revealed will of God is of supreme authority—is it not? If not, WHAT IS OF HIGHER AUTHORITY?

"The government of the United States, a Christian people, should be a Christian government—should it not?

"The blessings of such a government should be secured to all the inhabitants of the land, black as well as white—should they not?

"Think calmly, wisely, justly, and your answer to each of these questions can only be AY.

"CONSIDER

"That they fairly express the mind of the great body of the American people. This is a Christian people. These Amendments agree with the faith, the feelings and the forms of every Christian church or sect. The Catholic and the Protestant, the Unitarian and the Trinitarian profess and approve all that is here proposed. Why should their wishes not become law? Why should not the Constitution be made to

"This is the reason that patriotism and all good citizenship is a part of religion. It is a duty to God as well as to ourselves, our neighbors and our country. And the duty to God is the duty to be lawfully undertaken on behalf of our country. Such a law is as righteous as it is necessary. See Nehemiah iv. 14. 'Remember the Lord is in great and terrible wrath against your brethren, your sons, and your daughters, your wives, and your houses.'

"A Christian people, they show it by their general demand and respect for the institutions of religion. They have of their own accord provided a church and a minister of religion for every one thousand of the population on an average. Consult the returns of the last census.

sult and to represent a constituency so overwhelmingly in the majority? And let two things more be taken into account. 1st. That no manner of injustice is done to the small minority whose views are opposed to these Amendments. No religious test is to be set up. No establishment of any church is to be attempted. No lessening of the privileges of the immunities of American citizenship is contemplated. And 2d. This great majority is becoming daily more conscious not only of their rights, but of their power. Their number grows, and their column becomes more solid. They have quietly, steadily opposed infidelity, until it has at least become politically unpopular. They have asserted the rights of man and the rights of the Government until the nation's faith has become measurably fixed and declared on these points. And now that the close of the war gives us occasion to amend our Constitution that it may clearly and fully represent the mind of the people on these points, they feel that it should also be so amended as to recognize the rights of God in man and in government. Is it anything but due to their long patience that they be at length allowed to speak out the great facts and principles which give to all government its dignity, stability, and beneficence? And is it anything but the merest propriety, the simplest and cheapest gratitude, to acknowledge that great God who has brought us so wondrously through the war? He is the author of our generalship, our statesmanship, and all that pure and holy purpose that marked the uprising of a great people. Our soldiers confessed His presence on the battlefield. Our Senate bowed before His inscrutable wisdom and His glorious sovereignty. Our President and all our people in their distress, called for His aid, and in their thanksgiving declared 'He hath not dealt so with any nation.' Let the Constitution say forever what, with equal earnestness, truth and sincerity, we have all been saying during the war.

"Much more might be said, but these considerations may suffice to show that the Amendments to our National Constitution proposed in the foregoing Memorial are right, are timely, and becoming. An association has been formed for the purpose of bringing them before the people, and in due time securing their adoption. Men of high standing, in every walk of life, of every section of the country and of every shade of political sentiment and religious belief, have concurred in the measure.

"Will you COOPERATE?

"Observe, you are not committed to any precise words of amendment by subscribing this Memorial. You only ask that IN SUBSTANCE the Constitution be so amended. The words may be left to the wisdom of a committee of Congress. Will you cooperate in bringing about any such amendment—that is, any amendment which recognizes God, and which intimates that our Government is as much Christian as our people are?

"JOSEPH ALEXANDER, Corresponding Secretary of the National Association, No. 1345 Arch Street, Philadelphia, will furnish you copies of this address and other documents bearing on this measure. Circulate such documents among your neighbors and acquaintances. Attend conventions which may be held for discussing the subject. Join in forming any literary associations in your county or district. Sign the memorial of that association, or any that is near you, that in due time it may be forwarded to Congress through your Representative.

Rev. T. P. Stevenson, Corresponding Secretary of the National Association, terms the foregoing document 'admirable.' Were I a Christian I do not see how I could escape its logic.

CONSISTENCY A JEWEL.

A belief in infallibility, whether avowed or secretly indulged in, puts an end to progress in the individual holding it. A fear of candid investigation upon any or all subjects, in whatever direction or to whatever extent it may be carried, is proof positive, of which there can be no successful contradiction, that the individual so fearing to investigate instinctively feels that there is truth concealed in the subject, which reason, which instantly recognizes truth, will compel him to assent to and endorse.

Truth is divine, and as such can, if allowed its full course, bring forth only good or divine results. Those, therefore, who fear to face truth, in whatever form, do not believe, however much they may profess to, in its divinity. Now let us apply the test.

Over twenty years ago our departed friends concluded to demonstrate to the world that they still lived. This same world had received, eighteen hundred years ago, as it supposed, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and end of revelation, from which nothing could be taken and to which nothing could be added.

A tiny rap, showing intelligence in the rapper, was the first to shake the faith in infallible revelation. From tiny raps to moving ponderable objects, controlling hands to write, tongues to talk, inspiring brains to think and proclaim, and, lastly, taking up the east-of-magnetism of bodies in the form to re-habilitate the enfranchised spirit, to convince the world that the doors and windows of inspiration and revelation were not only not closed, but wide and continuously open, and death, supposed to be a curse imposed because of disobedience and sin, was but a natural event incident to growth of the spirit, and a blessed transition.

They demonstrated not only the naturalness of death, and the constant presence of spirit friends, but they exploded the doctrine of total depravity, and the existence of a devil; proved, beyond the shadow of contradiction, the absolute divinity of everything in the universe, and the immutable laws of progress.

This new philosophy of life and death called Spiritualism accumulated millions of believers, who avowed not only a belief in, but a knowledge of an immortal existence, and an expectation of constant and ever new revelation, because in the march of progress new truths must be eternally evolved; there can be no finality. The soul, like truth, is divine; evil, being only temporary and fleeting, the result of undevelopment. This is the firm belief of Spiritualists.

Entertaining such a belief, who could consistently arrive at a standstill point, or be led to manifest astonishment or dislike at any development or revelation? But let us see if we have not such an exhibition of inconsistency in the ranks of Spiritualists.

Misery caused by ignorance and undevelopment fills the earth. Women virtually enslaved, children unlovingly thrust into existence, prostitution, adultery, and crime abounding, who shall be the Savior to lift humanity to a higher plane, by withdrawing the curtain that hides the real evil, and pointing out the true remedy? Hundreds attempt it. Brave, noble-hearted Emma Hardinge Britten pilots the body politic in vain to legislate for her so-called fallen sisters. Strong and able hands unite their strength to lift the incubus of evil from off the shoulders of down-trodden and suffering humanity, but the weight remains. But behold! the star appears again in the East. Wise men and women watching the signs of the times see it from afar. It moves up the horizon, and rests over Steinway Hall. There the babe, who is to be the modern Savior, is born. It is named not Jesus, but Freedom—freedom in its absolute sense, freedom for every function of the soul, in every relation of life; freedom sexual, freedom social, freedom political, freedom religious.

But—strange sight!—the old drama reenacted of seeking the young child's life to destroy it. It is captured and confined with its mother in Ludlow-street Jail. The millions professing to expect ever new revelations, divide. The Savior has not come from the right quarter, is not respectfully parented nor decently clad. The good and loving Emma Hardinge Britten frowns on it, the wise and tender A. E. Newton wants it 'restricted,' and hundreds of others turn a cold shoulder on the tender babe. Don't, they cry, ask us, who have borne the heat and burden of the day, who have fought old theology, labored with the anathemas of church and press, priest and laymen upon us, to demonstrate the fact of spirit return, and to overthrow the old dogma of the fall, and the plan of salvation; don't ask us, now we have gained for Spiritualism a tolerably respectable position, and weary with our efforts, are resting comparatively quiet beside our Orthodox and respectable neighbors—don't, we say, now ask us to shoulder this baby, babe, sexual and social freedom. Now let us examine the obnoxious thing.

But first, the soul, we say, is divine in all its organs of manifestation in the body, all necessary to its growth and development. To grow properly and symmetrically, it must be free to operate all of its functions in its own orbit; to seek out and appropriate that which it individually needs.

All souls, though intrinsically divine, are varied in their

composition, and, consequently, in their needs. How, then, is one soul capable of choosing or legislating for another? Freedom! Let the word stand out large, and let us contemplate it. From the cradle this has been the thrilling word to every American child, and the aspiration of every soul born under the sun. What has altered its complexion so suddenly, and made it so hateful? Ah, it was freedom to worship whom and in whatever manner we would, and to vote for whoever we would (that is, the male part of we!) This is the freedom we gloried in; but freedom of the affections, freedom to own one's own body, and to say when it shall be used for purposes sexual or paternal, without legislative interference—that was never dreamed of; such freedom is cursed.

The reasoning, the worshiping faculties of the soul, say you, are divine, capable of self-regulation and self-government; but the affectional and passion—the basis of our earthly existence—are depraved, and must be subject to bonds! Or, in other words, the root and trunk of the tree are base, but the branches and fruit sublime and glorious. What a paradox! A small, very small improvement on total depravity, and not so logical or consistent, for we are told that a bitter fountain cannot send forth sweet waters.

Again I say the soul will never grow round and symmetrical until free fully and entirely to expand itself in all directions. If freedom, in such dim outline as we now possess it, is so glorious, why should not its full dawn be most devoutly to be prayed for? Friends, frown and frowning, this is the millennium day to which we are hastening. Just so sure as there is freedom in the spheres for every soul, just so sure is it its destiny while habiting the mortal form. Progress is the divine watchword; and its mandate will be carried out successfully, whether we help or hinder. Blood may be shed, but the fiat of divinity will be accomplished. Under the banner of old theology the hosts are gathering for a final grapple with this new-born freedom. Even now, with 'God in the Constitution,' they have their fingers on its throat. Will you, because of prejudice, stand idly by and see this precious thing strangled, or will you lay all differences, bickerings, petty jealousies and fears of popular opinion aside, and unite as one vast organized body of Spiritualists, to overthrow this host who would either shackle us with creeds, or incarcerate us in prison, and hasten the dawn of complete individual freedom, the noontide glow which will lighten every dark place, and warm and redden every chilled and sorrowing soul?

MRS. EMMA TAYLOR.

Banner Correspondence.

Progress of Spiritualism in Texas.

DEAR BANNER—I have intended for some time to give you some idea of the progress made in this State by our beautiful philosophy. There are a number of mediums developing among us for physical manifestations, this phase generally appearing first. The friends are beginning to organize, societies have already been formed at Galveston, Houston, Brenham, Bryan and Waco. Mrs. Annie Torrey has been recently developed as a semi-rapper speaker, and was lecturing in Waco, and has recently lectured in Austin, meeting with large and appreciative audiences. From thence she goes to Dallas.

Mrs. Richard Talbot has been lecturing at Galveston, Houston and Independence. In both cases the audiences select the subjects for discourse and improvisation of poems. The pure and lovely thoughts, and sound reasoning and elegant language with which she expresses them, hold her audiences spell-bound to the end. Her mission is one of love. She often suffers forth from her rural and picturesque home adjoining the Orphans' Asylum at Bayland, on the beautiful bay of Galveston, on her errands of love.

I notice accounts from various parts of the country of haunted houses. Houston has also been visited in this way. Several houses have been disturbed of late by these visitants, one of whom manifests regularly at 12 M. and 12 P. M., raps, and throws things about the room in a sportive way. Mrs. Dr. Breed, clairvoyant healing medium, is located permanently on Congress Avenue. As her time is fully occupied in relieving suffering humanity, she is instrumental in doing much good. This lady was invited to call at one of the haunted houses. Remaining several hours, no manifestations occurred, since which time the occupants, three in number, all assert they have heard no noises, seen no pulling off of their bed-clothes or moving of the furniture—in fact, the manifestations have ceased with them entirely; while Dr. Breed informs me, at his house, after his family have retired, spirits walk around his room, touch them, baptize them with water and sprinkle them with oil. It seems to me there is no fun in the latter manifestations—can't see the motive that prompts them.

Since the visit of Mr. Charles H. Foster to our State, much interest and inquiry has been elicited. Hundreds now regret they had not the opportunity of meeting him. He confined his labors to Galveston, Houston, the capital, the Legislature being in session when it was known he was to leave, five hundred dollars was offered him to remain another day, but his arrangement and appointment being made ahead, he declined to break his engagement. When I first met this gentleman in Boston, in 1867, on entering his room I never had seen him until that moment—he said, 'There were two beautiful angels came in with you; one says she is your wife Mary, the other says she is your daughter Maggie.' The gentleman who accompanied me was her husband. He replied, 'If Maggie is present, give me some rest,' whereupon Mr. Foster said, 'She will give you the initials of her name in blood-red letters upon my arm.' He took off his coat, and the letters 'C. M. R.' (Clara Margaret Rice) appeared. Many other tests were given at the time. I feel very anxious to meet him again, and hope to do so soon, as I learn he will take up his quarters in Boston in July.

While at Galveston, Mrs. L. M. Hitchcock having had a diamond cross stolen, renewed in the presence of the press, and if it was not returned to her in twenty-four hours she should go to Mr. Foster. The prestige of his name had the desired effect, as she was surprised next morning in having the cross returned, mutilated; the diamonds had been taken out, and all safely returned but two, valued at about eighty dollars, which the thief had dropped or disposed of. This circumstance being noised about, a policeman of the Island City had the good fortune to find his gold watch hanging on his gate post a few days after. This was the second case of a stolen conscience-brought about by this wonderful man's presence in the city.

Mr. Frank Bailey having heard of these feats at Galveston, called on Mr. Foster and stated that his wife had a valuable ring stolen. Mr. Foster replied, 'Susan Elms stole that ring, and had better return it; she gave it to a negro preacher by the name of Brown, then in San Antonio, and if you will write to the Chief of Police at San Antonio, you will get it.' Mr. Bailey wrote, and sure enough, his recovered the ring. I was an eye and ear witness to many tests while here. Capt. Christian called, and after seating himself, Mr. F. said, 'The spirit of Mr. Murphy, an engineer, desires me to say to you the loss by fire of the steamer Jones was the act of an incendiary.' The Captain expressed much satisfaction, it being the first sitting he ever had with a medium, and as he handed five dollars, said he spent that money more cheerfully than he had ever spent a cent in his life, being fully convinced in his own mind of its truth, and said he should investigate the subject thoroughly when opportunity offered.

Mr. F.'s powers exceed those of any medium I have ever met during the last twenty-one years. Any one within his reach should not lose the opportunity of seeing him, if they have any lingering doubts that life is not continuous. What we term death is only to the just a pleasant change, like throwing off an old garment, and putting on a new one.

C. Fannie Allen lectured during May for the New Orleans Society, and made us a flying visit, lecturing once at Galveston, and twice here to appreciative audiences. She promised the friends to spend next winter South, and make a tour of the State, which visit all look forward to with interest. Thousands are flocking to this State, our railroads are building rapidly, and we can reach you direct by rail in four days.

Houston, Texas.

Illinois.

LAFAYETTE—M. S. Barnett writes as follows: In all my reading of spiritualistic literature, nothing of late, has struck my mind with greater force than an editorial in the Banner of Light of the date of June 7th, under the head of 'Shall we Organize?' I have been an avowed Spiritualist for the last eighteen years; but it has been my fortune to reside in communities where but very few had any sympathy with the movement, and where organization seemed to be out of the question. Still I have not remained an uninterested observer of what was passing in the realm of Spiritualism, and have long deprecated the absence of proper concerted action among our friends in the promulgation of the facts, phenomena and philosophy of our religion. Our strength seems to a very great extent to be frittered away in discussions upon impracticable theories, and very little accomplished.

ed in the way of building up and establishing our philosophy in the popular mind.

There is as wide a divergence of thought and action among us as among those who claim to be the representatives of the Man of Nazareth, with this difference: they are organized and we are not. Is it not high time for us to fall back upon the basic principle of our philosophy, ignoring all side issues, and organize thoroughly for the work that is before us, in which I have the fullest assurance of the co-operation of the angel world?

Indiana.

FORT WAYNE.—W. C. Babcock writes, June 23d: I have for a long time felt as though this Summit City of Indiana was in the background entirely, as far as our beautiful philosophy is concerned. There are many here who would embrace this glorious religion had they an opportunity. I have been a constant reader of the Banner for years; and my dear old mother, who passed over to the shining shore some nine years since, preached the gospel of Spiritualism for years before she left the form—my father being an Orthodox minister notwithstanding. As he has entered the land of souls, I have no doubt but he has, ere this, seen wherein he was wrong in his theological teachings.

This place has about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and is situated one hundred and forty-eight miles east of Chicago. Here is where General Anthony Wayne made his army sweep down the red men, to the disgrace of the place. There is nothing left to mark the spot but a vacant lot. I have sometimes thought that the Orthodox element was so great here that our eminent mediums were afraid to come to the place; but last week two from Chicago ventured to come and speak, and now that they have put the ball in motion, we will try to keep it moving. I hope that the time will come when we can say our souls are our own! A German paper of this place came out with an article asserting that the whole party of us ought to be arrested!

Now I will venture to say that there is not one subscriber to your paper in this city that gets it by mail. (I myself do not except,) but through a book agent, Mr. S., and pays eight cents per copy, which is at the rate of \$4.16 per year. Now I will tell you why it is so: each one can get the paper without its becoming public knowledge! I think by the 1st of January, 1874, some of them will be proud to be called Spiritualists. I, for one, have about come to the conclusion to hang my Banner 'on the outer wall' and 'paddle my own canoe.'

Vermont.

SPRINGFIELD.—S. H. Matthews writes, June 23d, as follows: As we walked to the view of our Nature this beautiful June morning, and our brow was fanned by its soft breeze which is laden with sweet perfume from woodland and bower, our soul is filled with tender recollection of loving friends who walked with us in the green fields in summers which are passed; and, while tears flow because we shall never again greet them through the mortal, we rejoice that we are able to recognize their spirit presence, and ever and anon catch glimpses of their bright faces. Even now we feel cool hands gently press our brow, while we recognize father, mother, husband, and other cherished friends. Among the group stands our highly esteemed friend and brother, William White. The shade and pallor of illness has passed from the face, while the old familiar smile, half pensive, half mirthful, which greeted us through the mortal, still lingers, blended with a light of mortal beauty.

Bro. White has visited us once before, since his sudden departure, through the agency of a lady who does not claim any mediumship, and was not acquainted with Mr. White. She grasped my hand warmly, tears fell upon the cheek, speaking in panting tones, as Mr. White was wont to do when inspired by his invisible guides. He (Mr. White) requested me to inform you of his visit among us, and also wished me to inform his wife, thereby strengthening our testimony that he lives to bless her and is still a worker among us.

The writer extends heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. White in this hour of sad bereavement. We know the tender husband will do all in his power to comfort and cheer her through the remaining years of her earthly life, and will seek to comfort all who mourn his departure from the mortal, at the same time lending his willing hand to strengthen the dear old Banner of Light in its glorious mission of truth and love.

Michigan.

STURGIS.—C. B. Lynn writes, June 15th: Christian bigotry humiliates human sympathy. Not long ago, in Detroit, a fair young girl passed to the spirit-world. Her mother, a lone widow, wanted the funeral ceremonies over the sacred clay that had been the cradle of her loved daughter's spirit, to take place in the room where her daughter died. But the landlady—a sainted Methodist—said, 'No; for the honor of my children there shall not be a Spiritualist funeral service delivered in my house.' And so she spurned the dead body, and to our infants turned it in the street. But the work is not a desert. There are warm and sympathetic hearts on every side. Dr. Lasselle, a new convert in Detroit, said, 'My parlors are open; bring the body there.' And we did so. The mother's heart was refreshed. We pity the poor Methodist woman; she is not to blame. Where does the blame lie? With the Evangelical clergy; they are the sinners; they have taught their people that Spiritualists have no right to claim decent treatment, either in life or death.

Dr. C. P. Lasselle (the same kind-hearted gentleman above referred to) formerly of Boston, has located in Detroit, at No. 258 3d Street. He is an electrician and magnetic physician. In company with him is Maria S. Smith, test medium and clairvoyant. We cheerfully recommend the doctor to the public. Miss Smith is an excellent medium. Friends, give them both a call.

PREDICTION OF A. J. DAVIS, VERIFIED.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—We have at last a verification of the prediction made by A. J. Davis in 1816 that a ninth planet would eventually be discovered in the solar system. The following is from the Boston Journal of Monday, June 10th:

'The Smithsonian Institute at Washington received at one o'clock on Saturday a telegram from Prof. Watson, of Ann Arbor, Mich., announcing the discovery of a new planet in 17 hours 16 minutes of right ascension south and 16 degrees 43 minutes of declination, rapid motion north, 11th magnitude.'

When Mr. Davis, by a method which professed to transcend the limitations of science, assumed the existence of both an eighth and a ninth planet (see Revelations, p. 169), Neptune had not been discovered. Mr. Davis's declaration was in manuscript in March, 1816. In September following, the planet was discovered. It is true that Le Verrier had already predicted the existence of an eighth planet, but that prediction did not reach this country until the summer following Mr. Davis's declaration. Still, critics insisted that Davis might have had access to Le Verrier's calculations, and so would not admit the validity of his claim.

But no one will assume that the existence of a ninth planet was even suspected by astronomers in 1816. Yet by clairvoyance and spiritual insight, Mr. Davis anticipated scientific discovery twenty-seven years. Will our scientific sages acknowledge this simple fact, and credit clairvoyance with at least one well-established claim?

It is well known that a furious attack was made upon Mr. Davis through the New York Tribune of August 15, 1847, by Prof. Taylor Lewis, in which he styled the 'Revelations' from 'beginning to end a shameless and wicked imposture; from 'all concerning the production of the work as engaged in a nefarious juggle to obtain money by false and impious pretences.' The Professor also complained that 'he denies the possibility of prophecy, yet claims to have predicted discoveries in astronomy.'

I wonder if the Professor cannot be induced to rise and explain the coincidence of Davis's blasphemous prediction and the recent discovery of a ninth planet? Or, failing to do this, will he not exhibit the 'Christian graces' sufficient to confess his libelous charge of imposture?

And yet in a still more important matter has Mr. Davis anticipated scientific discovery. He declared, twenty-seven years ago, that the outermost planets of the Solar System enjoy inherent light several hundred degrees greater than our earth receives from the sun. And this description of celestial phenomena has been verified through the revelations of the spectroscopic within the last year.

In No. Three of the Popular Science Monthly Mr. Proctor publishes the results of recent investigation. The luminosity of Jupiter is so great that his satellites appear like dark bodies when they pass across his disc. When Mr. Davis declared the 'Revelations,' the self-luminous peculiarity of the large planets was not suspected. It is nonsense to regard his description of facts as a coincidence without a cause. Yet I do not suspect there is anything transcending the normal expression of intelligence in Mr. Davis's revelations. No claim of supernatural intervention is set up, nor is the possession of exceptional faculties assumed. Nature and law include all that has been given to the world through this channel. But here is suggested powers and agencies in the mortal and immortal realms which have escaped the cognizance of scientists and theologians. Human nature is continually breaking out in unexpected places and giving us new surprises. Spiritualism embraces a factor which so sensibly qualifies the problem of life and being, that we must recognize it if we would avoid vitiating our results.

E. WHIPPLE

Dr. George Sexton—English Items

The London Medium and Daybreak of June 13th, gives an extended report (six columns) of an address, reciting the manner and causes of this gentleman's conversion to a belief in the spiritual philosophy and phenomena—the same being delivered in Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer street, on Sunday evening, June 8th. The place of meeting is spoken of as being crowded, and the oration as being productive of marked effect upon the listeners.

The same journal gives publicity to the following:

“The Psychological Society of Liverpool wish to make public as far as they can this announcement—that on the 5th, 6th and 7th of August, will be held the Annual National Conference of

I. E. Mahan, a newly-developed trance speaker, will receive calls to lecture. He will lecture on given subjects if of a progressive nature. Terms within the reach of all. All calls should be addressed to him, care M. F. Town. Charlestown, Portage County, Ohio.

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