

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

AN EXPONENT OF THE  
PHILOSOPHY OF THE  
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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## Spiritual Phenomena.

### ACREDITED MANIFESTATIONS.

#### THE HAUNTED CHAMBER AT HEVER; OR, THE SPECTRAL HEADSMAN.

There is in a certain house, hall, or castle—at present, no matter which—a certain chamber which was haunted, and a haunted chamber undoubtedly constitutes the glory, intensifies the curiosity, concentrates the interest which such a chamber is, for generations after, likely to maintain.

It is a chamber of fine proportions—"Tudor style" stamped upon it—from the carved chimney piece to the ceiling, with the oak rafters meeting in a grooved centre, and adding not a little to its unity of impression, so to speak.

It is a chamber which, from the broad hearth, with its "dogs," its andirons, and amplitude expressive of the generous warmth its blazing logs could throw forth—from this fire-place to the embrazed windows and panelled sides, which carries us back to days gone by, and renders a comparison between the "interiors" of the past and the present infinitely damaging to those of our day.

It is a bed-chamber—as it is a combination of the modern boudoir with the private sanctum of a lady of the age we live in.

There is a huge bed, a "four-poster" of the most genuine kind, in it.

Its posts are carved; its curtains, of a dusky green, are fit for arras-work; and on its scrolled outlines, far out of reach, the arms of a noble family are also heavily carved and richly gilt.

The furniture is in harmony with the room in every respect.

There is a *prie-dieu*—a praying-chair, as we might say—expressive of Romanism either not quite obsolete, or possibly confounded with the new profession.

For the date of our story is that of the "Reformation," if the word correctly defines the era. The era, however, to make things clearer, is that in which the Eighth Henry reigned.

Henry then occupied the throne of England, and his wife—his first—was Catharine of Arragon.

But to return to the chamber in question.

A piece of fringed tapestry is spread on the floor before the fireplace, as representing the modern hearth-rug.

The chairs of the antique sort—long-backed, stiff-backed, too, as uncomfortable to sit upon as, in the general run, for general purposes, these antique pieces of furniture are; however much Wardour Street may vaunt them, and find idiots sufficiently pliant, and as sufficiently well-stocked with an overplus of money, to buy them.

In all respects, however, the chamber has a sweet virginal aspect—the very bower of a beautiful maiden—as such, at the present moment (as our story goes), it is.

Its occupant is a maiden—young, beautiful, accomplished—a bright-eyed "cynosure," brilliant in the splendor of her budding womanhood. She is very young—she will never be old—old, only it may be, in the experience of a brief, bitter life.

She will never grow old, for she is foredoomed already.

She is accomplished in the "learning of the time," and that was of no mean amount.

Latin and music, and French, from early education, she spoke with a purity of accent that would have delighted Ronsard in its mellifluous flow, and pleased the author of "Pantagruel" and "Gargantua" with its ready reply in wit.

Sometimes the wit might be slightly aided with sarcasm, which gift "brought her to grief."

Rabelais, if he had known her—Moliere, if he had known her, for she had been educated in France—*la belle France*, as poor unhappy Mary Stuart sang it in touching strains—these would have delighted in her.

Shall we sketch her further? •

She was not proud in the usual sense of the word, but she was ambitious; but—

"By pride the angels fell!"

She sits in a cushioned arm-chair, dreaming, or half-dreaming, which is, after all, more suggestive of dreaming than the healthy sleep, which leaves, as it were, body and soul together in that blessed rest which Sancho Panza praised so highly and so justly.

She is dreaming, but it is a day-dream.

There is one thing yet to describe, in order that this scene—this chamber—this dream—this foredoomed should be rendered more clear.

For what is introductory only points to the end. There is before the window a table—a dressing-table—as we have no better definition to give it.

It is covered with a "drapery"—worked white cloth.

On this lies a circular looking-glass, swinging between two supporters.

For glass, though costly, had become an element of use, as it was an article of luxury.

And the art of silversmithing was as perfect then as now, if not more so; in fact, old looking-glasses can reflect better, if not worse, than those of our day.

Which might also suggest a "moral," while it may "adorn a tale."

Into the mirror she had been gazing, and said to herself with a woman's boastful, yet, perhaps, pardonable vanity, "How beautiful I am!"

And even supposing so, what of it?

What is based upon that idea?

If it was that Hercules admired his brawny limbs, his colossal strength, he would have been laughed at.

We laugh even now at that Titan who was the slave of Omphale—the lackey of a *pantofle*—the

But no; our story shall carry its own emphasis with it.

The lovely occupant of that chair sat in a day-dream.

She dreamt that she was maid of honor to a queen.

If she did not really do so, she dreamt, or thought she dreamt, such might be possible.

And then—

And then the reverie went on.

"A queen!" she murmured; "to be a queen!"

It was an idea, no doubt, worthy of a woman.

Especially if the woman was ambitious, as she was.

Whether the worth of a woman depends upon her ambition or any other larger form of virtue, is not for us to say.

Only we may have an opinion upon the matter, which this story (rather than our opinion) will testify to.

She sat, then, before the fire, dreaming that she was a queen.

A queen of the most commanding empire under the sun.

The richest realm, even then, in Christendom.

She saw those at her feet that she had rejected in the early moments of her pride and caprice, and saw amongst them one to whom she had given her heart—one she felt assured that she loved—one who adored her, as she believed, in his inmost soul; but she had passed over him, over all, like a woman reserving herself for a loftier destiny—for a position so brilliant and so high that none other in Europe could compare with it.

And the spectral headsman—where was he?

Forgotten, too; forgotten all; all the past forgotten in the present! Or how speedily to be revived in the lurid lights which even the present cast before it! how soon to be luridly illuminated in the fast coming future!

A future so dismal, dark and bloody that it is a wonder human instinct could not at once have anticipated it.

Fetes, masques, balls, entertainments, feasting, revelry of every kind, had fascinations for Anne; and Henry, the butcher, watching with his tigerish eye, and having seen another object more captivating than Anne Boleyn, soon found cause of grievance; and she, too—poor fluttering moth!—found it out also.

And to her fatal cost!

Somewhere about three years of wedded life had past.

About three years the Queen, having forgotten all, was about to find a strong remembrance in the circumstances now surrounding and thickening about her.

She was accused of infidelity to the King!

She was accused of even worse than this!

But another star had arisen in the horizon of Henry's amorous horoscope, and Anne Boleyn was doomed.

Where was the spectral headsman now?

He had stood at her bedside; had stood behind her throne in state; had been at hand when the golden cups passed round; had been her partner in the merry dance, when the festivals of the Court came round—and they were frequent; and she felt the cold touch of his axe upon her fair neck, like the breath of winter, when it says to the budding, the growing, and the ripening seasons, "Wait!" She had experienced this.

Besides, it was Jane Seymour that he led down now in the "brawl," and not her—his wife!

Did she think then of the good wife he had put away from him, to take her as his, because she was young, fair, and lovely?

Who knows?

We well know there is ever an hour when we think too late!

We know that the past is past, and can never be recalled—can never be recalled; and oh, how many of us would if it were possible!

Anne Boleyn would, could she do so; but her feet were in silken fetters—the meshes were woven around them—and they became to her as iron anklets do to the felon who is sentenced to be hanged by the neck.

She was vain, light-minded, and vivacious, but she was young.

"Cover her face—it dazzles."

"She died young!"

So writes an old author of one who was as cruelly murdered as she was.

The music of harp and dulcimer led her on, and the dance of death, however terrible it may be in the end—from the very ignorance, from the very innocence even of such as follow it—have but the same end—the grave.

Henry was becoming impatient of the soft and silken fetters which now embarrassed him.

He had a ready tool by his side, for Cranmer—whose name is associated with blessings and curses, with praise and blame, and both no doubt equally deserved—was now his favorite and his ready tool.

There wanted little to lay the foundation of the dark plot which was to take away her young life as ruthlessly as a midnight ruffian cuts a screaming woman's throat!

She was accused of flirtation with Henry Norris, "groom of the stole," with Weston and Breton, "gentlemen of the King's chamber," with Mark Smeaton, "groom of the chamber," and with a hideous worse thing, in each and all of which we disbelieve.

She was young, vain, giddy, but not guilty.

At least, let us hope so.

Only the butcherly King wanted a pretext, and easily found it. He found the excuse—the reason—the ready tool—the sham inquiry; and he inexorably, pitilessly acted upon it.

The accusation was made out, the warrant written, and her fate sealed!

As suddenly she found herself—she, the Queen—a prisoner in the Tower of London.

The trial was conducted with a cruel formula, but it was a trial in which she could never hope to escape.

Where was the spectral headsman now?

One night she slept—the night preceding the execution. She dreamt of the pleasant slopes of Hever—of the fair down—of the distant spire—the pretty villages—the cottage homes contiguous to hers.

Then she was in France again—in her dream—at the gay Court of Francis.

Then, in her dream, her lovers one by one knelt at her feet, and were rejected.

Then she was Queen of England, at the cost of a slighted, wronged woman, against whom not a particle of accusation could be lodged; then—

Then she dreamt again.

And this time he was there—the grim spectral headsman. He said, in the solemn, ghostly voice, "Come!"

He led her forth by staircase and corridor, through hall and passage, through court-yard and archway, and multitudinous faces, with their fixed eyes, fastened her attention.

Then there was the black scaffold—the dark block—the masked death's-man in his tight dress, and his gleaming axe in his hand; and she struggled—she strove to pray.

She awoke with a cry.

But the next morn saw that fair head blood-dabbled and laid low; and—

And twenty-four hours after, the English butcher-king had married Lady Jane Seymour.

And the spectral headsman vanished with his hapless victim.—*Reynolds's Miscellany.*



THE SPECTRE HEADSMAN APPEARS TO ANNE BOLEYN.



## AN HOUR WITH THE SPIRITS.

A correspondent of the *New York Evening Commonwealth*, who is not a Spiritualist, writes as follows:

"No subject has, of late years, taken deeper hold on the public mind than Spiritualism. We live by mystery, and the few facts known to us are not sufficient to warrant dogmatism in any department of science. If we take a retrospective view of the history of mankind, from the present period to the earliest ages, we shall find that it is interwoven with the influence of super or sub-human good or evil beings; beings whose existence, as well as actions, seem to have no appropriate place in the chain of sensible nature, and yet find room in the history of every nation upon earth, down to the present time.

We find in comparing the mythology of the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans with the romances of the Icelandic Edda, the grotesque labyrinth of the mythology of Brahma, Buddha, and the sacred rites of the Aztecs, that the duties of each of these nations were spiritual.

The Hindus, with their particularly ardent and susceptible organization, believe in a Bad Spirit almost as powerful as God himself, and deem this visible world a mere phantasmagoria. The creation they term Maya, and illusion. In their most sacred book, the Vedas, which they consider as old as the creation of the world, and even profess to find traces of its existence in the three thousand years before the Christian era, we read of one Great Spirit who illuminates and delights all. As a thousand rays emanate from one flame, thus do all souls emanate from the one Eternal Soul and return to him.

The ancient religion of Egypt, like that of Hindostan, was an eminently metaphysical one. The Source of Being was never represented by any painting or sculpture, but his various attributes were emblematically represented by numerous subordinate deities. The chief was Amun, an image always painted dark blue, and typified by a ram's head and horns. As the Creative Wisdom he was called Amun-Gneph; as the Intellectual or Spiritual Sun, he was Amun-Ra. His oracles at Mevo and Thebes were world-famous. The divine communications were frequently delivered through women, and the daughter of the monarch Sesostris is said to have been so skilled in divination that she foretold her parents' most brilliant successes.

The immortal Zoroaster, of Persia, taught the existence of invisible, incomprehensible spirits, six thousand years before Christ.

The myriad disciples of Confucius in China believe they each have an attendant spirit, their own peculiar guardian, an image of which is kept in the house and worshiped three times a day with prayers and fragrant incense. They never say a man is dead, but 'his soul has emigrated.'

In Greece, the oldest European nation, the people worshipped many deities, but believed a direct supernatural agency directed all things. Both wrong and good actions were attributed to spiritual influence. Helen described her elopement to an infatuation for Paris, implanted in her breast by Aphrodite.

They believed departed souls lingered around their former habitations and families to protect them. They were invoked in time of trouble, and offered sacrifices to appease their anger. In their belief every department of the universe was filled with good or evil spirits. There were countless genii to take care of hills, streams and flowers. Oracles frequented mountains, where they sat 'listening to the talking streams below,' sounding sweet echoes to the human ear. Nymphs loved the groves where they danced in the bright play of sun and shadow. Ephyraids reclined near springs and fountains in the rivers, and Nereids carved on the ocean billows.

It is said of the famous prophet Hieronimus that his soul often separated itself from his body, wandered in every part of the world to explain futurity, and after a time returned again. Cassandra, Princess of Troy, in her trances predicted many things which came true. The Egyptian wife of Paris, possessed the gift of prophecy, and was able to perceive the medicinal qualities of plants.

Pythagoras professed to have intercourse with the gods by manifest visions, and to remember what bodies his own soul had previously animated. Socrates believed in attendant spirits which warned him what to avoid, and never deceived him. Plato says of the multitude of spirits intermediate between gods and man: 'Their office is to carry and interpret the prayers and offerings of men, and bring the command of the gods.' He believed every human being received at birth a guardian spirit, who accompanied him to the end, conducted his soul to the Judge of the Dead, and there testified concerning his past life.

We come finally to the present age, when it is generally admitted truth that there is a certain extremely rarefied, active fluid which fills the whole universe. Sir Isaac Newton termed it *Sublimior Lævis*, the origin of living vegetation—and this luminous fluid, called ether, is the transition from the visible to the invisible world, and the medium between both. It is eternal, unchangeable and indestructible by any natural power. Many experiments have demonstrated that the human soul can be detached by an artificial stroking or magnetizing of the nervous system, even to entire separation from the body, and is able to act freely of itself for a short time. It becomes in rapport with distant objects by means of the ethereal fluid.

The writer of this article does not believe in modern Spiritualism in the least degree, and the following account of a recent incident, which actually occurred in this city, confirms his entire acquaintance with the subject; if it serves the purpose of entertaining the numerous readers of the *Commonwealth*, the object in view will be attained.

No matter where, no matter where, except to partially satisfy the curiosity of some fair lady, we will say, we found ourselves on the stage of a neat brick house, almost within the classic shadow of Booth's Theatre. Entering the abode of the celebrated medium, we were ushered into a small room, with a round table in the centre, covered with writing materials, and surrounded by chairs. The company present consisted of several gentlemen and ladies, all firm believers, and very intelligent persons.

In a few moments the séance commenced, and the raps began, while the table rose up from the floor several times. After several trivial communications from 'guardian angels,' the medium asked: 'Is Mr. G. present?' His son desired to communicate with him. This gentleman was a stranger to all; a fine-looking man of some fifty years of age, who had been separated from his wife many years, and did not even know where she was living—as he subsequently stated. He took hold of the medium's hand, and she then began to write this sentence: 'Your wife is very sick; not expected to live beyond a year or so; death, to arrange about the future care of your daughter. Go to her; treat her kindly, for she will soon be with us. Signed, GEORGE.'

This information visibly affected the recipient of it, and he soon left the room.

A letter was immediately sent to his wife's parents, and a telegram returned stating she was dying. He reached her side in time to hear her last requests and learn she had longed to see him that very evening we were at the circle.

One more incident that occurred that evening and we are done. A lady who resided at one of our fashionable hotels, had the misfortune to be robbed of an elegant dress, valuable jewelry and several hundred dollars. Being present at a meeting she inquired if any information could be given of their whereabouts. The medium told where the dress could be found, all ripped up, also the store on Broadway where the jewels had been sold, a place which has recently become notorious on account of several such transactions, and where the money could be recovered.

The most remarkable portion of the story is that all the missing articles are now in the hands of the rightful owner, while the thief, a lady previously beyond suspicion, is now passing the 'heated season' at the State's expense in Sing-Sing.

He then adds that 'many more facts could be stated to show that if Spiritualists, as a class, are nothing more than apt deceivers, etc., yet there are still many good, respectable persons among them.' Spiritualists, as a class, are not apt deceivers. They are as respectable, honorable and high-minded as any class of people who call themselves Christians. True Spiritualists are not responsible for the acts of charlatans who may call themselves Spiritualists, any more than

Christians are responsible for mountebanks who profess Christianity. It is indeed strange that so able a writer should stigmatize Spiritualists, 'as a class,' in such unqualified terms, and still place in juxtaposition with such remarks the following sentence:

'And the best minds of the country are ranked amid the believers of the highest forms of Spiritualism, whose mysterious workings have attracted the searches of the most scientific investigation.'

## SPIRITUAL TESTS.

The Boston *Investigator* of July 21, contains an article on 'Free Thought and Free Speech,' from which we make the following extract, as a good test of spirit assistance:

'Twenty years ago, when our esteemed friend and fellow-laborer, Dr. John Grimes, published the *New Jersey Freeman*, on his list of exchanges was the good old *Investigator*. Now, in the press room of the *Investigator*, the former acquaintance with you, Mr. Seaver, and your army of Materialists. There, too, I became a firm believer in the doctrines of that profession. Some three years later, I read in the papers of the time the particulars of the Rochester knockings. I made it my business to get together a few friends to make a circle, with a view to making some experiments relative to the same. Result—my wife and one of my daughters, then about ten years of age, were developed as mediums in various phases, such as pounding or rapping on a table, talking and singing songs and sayings with which they were not acquainted. I believed and disbelieved by turn, until one night my little daughter, while there were none in the house but we, suddenly began talking in an unknown tongue, while seemingly in her normal condition, sometimes answering my questions, sometimes not, claiming in what she said that it was spirits. I blundered her with a linen towel, putting cotton on each side of her nose, then held an inch board before her face and the talking ceased. The book she had been using the same night, opened it at the alphabet, and requested the spirit or influence to say what it was moved my child's hand, with a stocking needle for a pointer, she spelling out names on the Continent of Europe of which I was ignorant until I consulted the Gazetteer.

Not long after this I had a sitting circle, from home, with a child six years old, who could neither read nor write, and to me a perfect stranger. This child wrote a letter by her own hand, in my sight, giving the *pros and cons* of a conversation held by me and a lady who was dead long before the child-medium had an existence, which conversation was but a review of the events of this time, twenty-five hundred miles from the spot of the child's birth-place, and of a nature, too, that was never told to any one either by me or my departed lady friend, as it was a love affair, and had long since departed from my memory until it was committed to paper by this child, signed by the name of my daughter, and the name of the note I was requested to look the key-board of the piano in the room, put the key in my pocket, and she (the deceased) would play me some of my favorite airs, which was done.

From that time I was convinced, and am still, that she (the lady love of old time) is blessed with a personal spirit, just as if any one can convince me to the contrary. I will be just as happy in that belief as in my present. For this reason, I would believe it true. Here is a chance for some one to give me more light.

Yours for light on all subjects relating to man's happiness. WM. COATES.

Honolulu, N. J., June 20, 1869.

## A NEW KIND OF PLANCHETTE.

I have listened to an interesting account of a Planchette manifestation, that seems to disturb that popular idea-malady of a mechanical intelligence, that has so settled in the four legs of Planchettes with those who do not render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's. For here we see the power takes hold of a new agent, not to a conjugal purpose contrived nor played upon by the 'Old Boy.'

Mr. R. K. Stoddard, a resident of this city, has read to me a letter from his sister, living at Staceyville, Iowa, giving a description of a singular manifestation of the spirit. Writing about the Planchette, that she had none, &c., she continues: 'I happened to think the cricket upon which we set the iron when we are ironing would answer. Sure enough! cricket walked about on its hind legs!' Relating it to a lady visitor calling upon her, she adds: 'She wanted to try it, so herself and Mary put each a hand upon it, after tying a pencil on the point, and it surprised us all by its answers. I told it to make some poetry. It wrote:

(Great and good are all  
Who like Mr. H. are  
We shall reign above the sky  
When we die.'

Hartford, Conn. J. H. CUSHMAN.

## Message from Dr. R. Glover.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—At the suggestion of Warren Chase, and consent of Rev. T. C. Henning, I send you the following communications for publication, or such parts of them as you may deem advisable. Respectfully yours,  
New York, July, 1869. D. DOUBLEDAY.

FRIEND DOUBLEDAY.—You ask me for the privilege of publishing the communication I received from Dr. Glover, and I will give it to you, if any good can be accomplished by it. I have no objections. The Doctor and myself were old friends, and were together in the investigation of Spiritualism for many years, on which subject we fully agreed. He was confined to his sick room, as you know, for a long time, frequently visited him, and held full and free conversation with him on the subject of the future life. When I was with him last, a few days before his change, I told him I did not expect to see him any more, but when he passed to the Summer-Land I wished to hear from him as soon as he could let me. When Mrs. G. sent her son to ask me to attend the funeral (which was on the 10th inst.) of his departure, I promised to do so. After he left my desk I remained a few moments quiet, and felt clearly impressed the time had come to hear from him. I immediately went to my friend, J. V. Mansfield, and addressed (privately) a note to Dr. G., who replied, immediately as follows:—'but before I give the communication let me say, after it was written Mr. Mansfield assured me, and did not know Dr. Glover, did not remember to have ever seen or heard of him, and certainly knew nothing of his illness or death. This is the communication:

'Yes, Brother Benning, I am a spirit; but it was but a moment since that I realized it. I looked about me to see if I could see the old cabinet, or the body that but a short time ago contained the spirit, the intelligence that now talks with you. Oh, yonder it lies enshrouded, not yet fairly cold! But what is to be done? What can be said of one who lived so far from duty as did your friend and brother, R. G.?' You know my faults and good qualities. If any I had, and if any remarks are to be made over my mortal remains, or otherwise, I want you to make them. Do justice, let it out where it will. My life on earth I will most heartily commend, whether I would or not. Then say to the mourning ones that I am with them; tell them we shall meet again. I wish my remains could be turned over, allowing them to rest on the right side, and brother Benning, I am yours.

When I read the communication to Mrs. G. she was much moved, and with uplifted hands and expressions of wonder in reference to the last paragraph, she assured me (what I had not heard before) that for many months he could not rest a moment only on his right side. A spirit-medium to whom I read the communication was controlled and said that in coming into rapport with this sphere, through the medium, he came into sympathy with his former feelings of unrest in any other position than on his right side. In conclusion, I may say that, from a long acquaintance with Dr. Glover, I knew him to be a most truthful and conscientious man, deeply interested in every good work of moral reform, and an earnest advocate of our glorious gospel of modern Spiritualism.

Respectfully, T. C. BENNING.

He that is truly polite knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation, and is equally removed from insipid complaisance and low familiarity.

## A POEM.

Written by N. P. Willis, while in the earth-life. Read to him in spirit-life by an educated Indian girl.

The Indian spirit maiden known as 'Prairie Flower,' who has been for a number of years Mrs. Conant's almost constant attendant, possessed the medium on the evening of July 14th, and informed us that she had that day in spirit-life read to N. P. Willis, by request, a poem of his entitled *The LEPER*, which, she artlessly added, pleased him very much. We then asked if she would favor us with a reading of the poem. She assented, and we placed Mr. W.'s little book of 'Sacred Poems' in her hand, (her hand for the time being.) After carefully examining the poem, she said: 'I do not think I can read it to you as well as I did to Mr. Willis.' 'Why?' we queried. 'Because this earth-book is not so nice print as the one I read from in the spirit-world, and because I do not seem to catch the inspiration of the author as I did there. However, I will do the best I can.' She then read it very satisfactorily. When this spirit first came to us, some three years since, she could not speak a word of English! Now she is an eloquentist. We love her dearly, for

'Pure as an angel,'  
An angel she is.

We simply relate the above circumstance, as one among many, to show the skeptical world how much they lose by their persistent unbelief in the return of the spirit after death, as well as to place on record evidence of the inestimable blessings all true Spiritualists enjoy in communicating with the loved ones on the other side of life. Here is the poem in question:

THE LEPER.  
Room for the leper! Room! And as he came,  
The cry passed on—'Room for the leper! Room!'—  
Sunrise was slanting on the city gates  
Lush and beautiful, and from the hills  
The early birds were coming in,  
And cheerfully to their toll, and up  
Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum  
Of moving wheels and multitudinous  
And that to a city murmur, and the  
I heard but by the watcher's weary ear,  
Aching with night's dull silence, or the sick  
Hailing the welcome light and sounds that chase  
The dreary images of the day away.  
Room for the leper! And as he stood—  
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all  
Who met him on his way—and let him pass.  
And that to a city murmur, and the  
A leper with the ashes on his brow,  
Sackcloth on his loins, and on his lip  
A covering, stepping painfully and slow.  
And that to a city murmur, and the  
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,  
Crying, 'Unclean! Unclean!'

'T was now the first  
Of the Judean autumn, and the leaves,  
Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,  
Had their first frost, and the old man's eye  
Of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young,  
And eminently beautiful, and life  
Mantled in eloquent fullness on his lip,  
And sparkling in his gleaming and moist scales.  
There was a graceful pride that every eye  
Followed with benison—and this was he!  
With the soft air of summer there had come  
A tinge on his cheek, and his hand was speed  
Of his best labor, nor made, nor the blast  
Of the cold hantman's horn, nor night that stirs  
The spirit to its best, might drive away.  
The blood beat not as wont within his veins;  
Dimness crept over his eyes, and a cold shroud  
Fetter'd his limbs like pale, and his mien  
With all its loveliness, seemed struck with old.  
Even his voice was changed—a languid moan  
Took the place of the clear silver tone.  
And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light  
And very air were steeped in sluggishness.  
He strove with it awhile, as manhood will,  
Ever to proud for weakness, till the reins  
Shaken'd within his grasp, and in its poise  
The arrow jerked like an aspen shoot.  
Day after day, he lay as if in sleep.  
His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales,  
Circled with livid purple, cover'd him.  
And then his nails grew black, and fell away  
From the flesh about them, and the hues  
Deepened to a ghastly and morbid scale,  
And from their edges grew the rank white hair,  
—And Helen was a leper!

Day was breaking,  
When at the altar of the temple stood  
The holy priest of old, and the low chant  
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant  
Swell'd through the hollow arches of the roof  
Like an articulate wall, and there, alone,  
He stood, and gazed at the old man, and said:  
The echoes of the melancholy strain  
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,  
Struggling with weakness, and how'd down his head  
Under the purple scales, and put off his garb;  
His costly raiment for the leper's garb;  
And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip  
Laid in a loathsome covering, stood still,  
Waiting to hear his doom—

Depart! I depart, oh child  
Of Israel, from the temple—thy God I  
For he has smote thee with his chastening rod;  
And to the desert wild,  
From all thou lovest, away thy feet must flee,  
That from thy plague his people may be free.

Depart! and come not near  
The hallowed court, nor tread the sacred floor;  
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er;  
And stay thou not to hear  
Voices that call thee in the way; and fly  
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

Wet not thy burning lip  
In a shallow draught, nor drink the welling gill;  
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide;  
Nor kneel thee down to dip  
The desert where the pilgrim bends to drink,  
By desert well or river's grassy brink.

And pass thou not between  
The wind that traces and the cooling breeze;  
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees  
Where human tracks are seen;  
Nor milk the goat that browses on the plain,  
Nor pluck the stinging corn, or yellow grain.

And now depart, and when  
Thy heart is heavy, and thy eyes are dim,  
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him  
Who, from the tribes of men,  
Selected thee to feel his chastening rod.  
Depart! oh child, and forget not God!

And he went forth—alone! not one of all  
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name  
Was woven in the fibres of the heart  
Breaking within him, now to come and speak  
Comfort unto him.—Now he went his way,  
Sick, and heart-broken, and alone—to die!  
For God had cursed the leper!

It was noon,  
And Helen knelt beside a stagnant pool,  
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,  
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touch'd  
The scathed skin with her hand, and said:  
Praying that he might be so moist—to die!  
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,  
He drew the covering closer to his lip,  
Crying, 'Unclean! Unclean!' and in the folds  
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,  
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.  
Nearer the Stranger came, and bending o'er  
The leper's prostrate form pronounced his name—  
'Helen!' The voice was like the master-tonc  
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;  
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,  
And for a moment beat beneath the hot  
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.  
'Helen! arise!' and he forgot his curse,  
And rose and stood before him.

Love and awe  
Mingled in the regard of Helen's eye  
As he beheld her, and the stranger said:  
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow  
The symbol of a princely lineage worn;  
But followers at his back, nor in his hand  
Buckler, or sword, or spear—yet in his mien  
Command sat throned serene, and if he smiled,  
A kindly condescension graced his lips.  
The lion would have crouched to it in his lair.  
His eyes were simple, and his sandals worn;  
His stature model'd with a perfect grace;  
His countenance the impress of a God,  
Touch'd with the opening innocence of a child;  
In his serene noon; his hair unshorn  
Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard  
The fullness of perfected manhood bore.  
He looked on Helen earnestly, and said:  
As if his heart were moved, and, stooping down,  
He took a little water in his hand,  
And laid it on his brow, and said, 'Be clean!'  
And he took the scales off his head, and his  
Cours'd with delicious coolness through his veins,  
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow  
The dew softness of an infant's skin.  
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down  
Prostrate at Jesus' feet and worship'd him.

No one can be independent. The world is like a watch dog, which fawns on you or tears you to pieces.

## Original Essays.

## THE NATURAL HISTORY OF RELIGION.

BY DYER D. LUM.

## No. IX.—THE BUDDHA AND BUDDHISM.

In Sanscrit *buddh* means to know, from which we have Buddha, the *Enlightener*, a title, and not a proper name. Buddhism claims to have been founded by Gotama, or Sakya-Muni, who became, by prayer and meditation, a Buddha, when the pains of existence are passed, and Nirvana, or absolute rest, attained. Buddhism presents us with a variety of dates for the period of Gotama's existence, varying from 2420 B. C. to 453 B. C., which led Prof. Wilson to doubt whether such a person ever existed. Eugene Burnouf recognized its antiquity by speaking of Gotama as 'the last of the seven human Buddhas of whom tradition has preserved recollections.' 'Buddhism,' says Baldwin, 'was the growth of many ages preceding that in which Sakya-Muni appeared. Its system of doctrine and practice was completely developed before his time, and this fact explains why the various Buddhist sects have differed and disputed so much concerning the date of his appearance.'

Mr. James Bird, in his work on 'The Buddha and Jaina Religions,' says:

'The more intimately we become acquainted with the principles of the Buddhist religion, the stronger will be our conviction that such principles have their origin in physical and metaphysical opinions, made applicable to explain the phenomena of the world and of human nature; and that such opinions were closely connected with the worship of the heavenly bodies and the Sabean idolatry. This Sabeanism, too, instead of being imparted to the Buddha system, appears to have preceded it, and to have been the source from whence it sprung.'

Baldwin, in his 'Pre-Historic Nations,' quotes a note by the translator of Ferishta's 'Mahonee India' as follows:

'There appears every day stronger reason to believe that the worship of the Bull, the Linga and the Yoni (in India) is the same as the Phallic worship of Egypt, and as that of the calf and the pillar, emblematic of Baal, or the sun, by the nations surrounding the Israelites; that this worship was founded originally on Sabeanism; and that the emblems are types of fructification. Abundant proof is given in India of the antiquity of Tauric and Phallic worship over that of idolatry and demi-god heroes. All the temples of the latter are modern, compared with those dedicated to Mahadeva' (Siva).

In the legends of Christina we saw the absorption of 'solar legends' in religious traditions, and the same is distinctly discernible in the legends of the life of Buddha, whose birth is generally placed in the sixth century before Christ.

His mother, Mala, was a virgin of the royal line, who conceived him from a ray of light. At the hour of his birth precursory signs were perceived in Nature: rivers stopped; flowers ceased to blow, and the birds were silent. The moment he was born he stood upright, walked forward seven steps, and said—among other things—'I will put an end to the sorrow of the world!' Not Nature alone shared in these wonders. A preternatural Light illuminated the universe; the blind saw, the deaf heard, the dumb spoke, the lame danced, and the crooked became straight.

The Buddha was no mortal child, but an incarnation of the Deity. While his mother was reposing on a couch, Buddha appeared to her 'like a cloud in the moonlight,' and 'passed away from the dewa-loka and was conceived in the world of men.' On the Nepalese pictures of Buddha a vast luminous circle surrounds his head. 'He was a Heavenly Spirit, dwelling in regions of light and beauty, who of his own free grace and mercy left Paradise, and came down to earth, because he was filled with compassion for the sins and miseries of mankind. He sought to lead them in better paths, and he took suffering upon himself that he might expiate their crimes and mitigate the punishment they must inevitably undergo. . . . So great was his tenderness, that he even descended into the hells to teach the souls in bondage there, and was willing to suffer himself to abridge their period of torment.'—[L. Maria Child.] The Buddha was tempted by a demon, who offered him all honors and wealth, but he sharply rebuked him, 'Be gone, hinder me not!' Buddhism has become a pompous and splendid ceremonial, with its worship of relics, its monasteries and monks and nuns, the use of bells in the ceremony of worship, rosaries, the practice of confession, celibacy, tonsure, church towers, etc., and forms an interesting study when we remember the fact that 'there is no reason to doubt that Buddhism had extended itself into Cashmere in the third century before Christ.'—[Prof. Salisbury, *Journ. Am. Orient. Soc.*]—and the statement of Dunlap that 'It is notorious that the Buddhist missionaries very early, perhaps even in the first two centuries before Christ, had penetrated into the west as far as Asia-Minor, and it is not probable that Judea, with its knowledge of Babylon and Persia, could have been even a century without hearing of Buddhist doctrines taught five hundred years before Christ!'

In no other light than as a grouping of astro-theological conceptions can this legend be interpreted. The legend is old, old as Sabaeism, long prior to the appearance of Gotama, but he came upon the stage, and forthwith, by his admiring followers, was invested with a history suitable to one so pure and elevated. His followers could express their reverence only by clothing him with all the legendary characteristics of the gods of Sabaeism preserved in popular tales.

His titles are 'Son of the Virgin Mala,' 'Savior of all Creatures,' and 'Lion of the Race of Sakia.'

M. Laboulaye, a distinguished savant of the French Academy, remarks: 'It is difficult to comprehend how men, not assisted by revelation, could have soared so high, and approached so near the truth.' Klaproth, a German Professor of Oriental Language, says, with pious reservation: 'Next to Christianity, no religion has contributed more to ennoble the human race than Buddhism.' Sir John Bowring, in his 'Kingdom and People of Siam,' denies that it is idolatrous, because no Buddhist believes his image to be God, or any more than an outward representation of one of those manifestations by which, at vast intervals of time, Deity has seen fit to make himself known. Malcom, in his 'Asiatic Travels,' says it is 'the best form of religion invented by man.' Buddhism now numbers nearly one-third of the whole human race, and what is worthy of notice has been entirely propagated by persuasion, never by the sword.

Their sacred religious literature is very considerable, and comprises one hundred and eight thick volumes. The Sacred Canon is called *Tripitaka*, i. e., the three baskets; the first containing the moral code; the second, Buddha's discourses; the third, works on philosophy. Though miracles outnumber those in the Christian religion, yet Buddha was no mere miracle-worker. He said: 'I direct my scholars not to do wonders; I rather say to them: So live that you conceal your good actions, and confess your faults.' He

declared that there was no distinction between the body of a slave and that of a prince. The body is to be esteemed or not, according to the spirit that is in it. 'The virtues do not ask about the castes,' thereby striking at the very roots of Brahmanism. 'My law is a law of grace for all.' Not for a few, nor for a class, but for ALL! We must bear wrong and injury; 'maining free man from members which are but transitory, and execution from this foul body which yet dies.' The highest object is not a mere selfish salvation; 'as every one seeks to lessen for himself life's sufferings, so shall he also lessen the sorrows of his fellow-men.' If any one has committed a sin in word, thought, or deed, he is to confess and repent before his companions in the faith, or those of a higher grade of holiness.

Buddha made it a religious duty to go forth into the world and preach his doctrine to every living creature. 'A rich merchant named Purna, who had left all his goods and become an enthusiastic disciple of Buddha, determined to win over a wild tribe to the new faith. Buddha put his firmness to the proof, saying, the people are wild, fierce, cruel, and that he would have to endure from them the greatest insults and injuries. Purna answered: Then I will hold them still for good, dear people, because they neither beat nor cast stones at me. 'When, however, they do even this?' Then I say still the same, for they could, indeed, wound me with weapons. 'But this also will happen!' Now, then, they are dear, good people, because they do not rob me of my life. 'But when they kill thee?' Then I thank their love and goodness that they free me with so little pain from this miserable body. 'Go, Purna,' says Buddha; 'thyself redeemed, redeem them. Thyself saved and consoled, save and console them. Lead them, thyself perfected, them to perfection.' As Purna really succeeded by his invincible mildness in converting the savages, this instance explains also the fruits which the Buddhist missions generally have had afterwards.'

'There is undoubtedly a life after this, in which the virtuous may expect the reward of their good deeds. . . . Judgment takes place immediately after death.'—[Buddhist Tract.] The five commandments of the Buddhist religion are, 1. Thou shalt not kill; 2. Thou shalt not steal; 3. Thou shalt not commit adultery, or any impurity; 4. Thou shalt not lie; 5. Thou shalt not intoxicate thyself with drink. Hue relates a conversation with a Tibetan Lama, who said to him, 'We must not confound religious truth with the superstitions which amuse the credulity of the ignorant. There is but one sole, sovereign Being, who has created all things. He is without beginning and without end; he is without body; he is a spiritual substance.' Schlagintweit confirms Hue, and says, 'In face of all these gods, the Lama emphatically maintain monotheism to be the real character of Buddhism.'

Developed in India, where the laws of caste are so severe, Buddha boldly declared the Universal Brotherhood of Man as the key-note of his system. The greatest object of existence is to attain the Buddhahood, which lies open to all, and can be attained by one of any caste. The edict under which they were driven out of India in the seventh century, used this language in describing them: 'Let those who SLAY NOT be slain!' The testimony of Max Muller is that their 'moral code, taken by itself, is one of the most perfect which the world has ever known. On this point, all testimonies, from hostile and friendly quarters, agree. Spence Hardy, a Wesleyan missionary, speaking of the 'Dhamma Padam,' or the 'Footsteps of the Law,' admits that a collection might be made from the precepts of this work, which, in the purity of its ethics, could hardly be equaled from any other heathen author. . . . Besides the five great commandments, every shade of vice, hypocrisy, anger, pride, suspicion, greediness, gossiping, cruelty to animals, is guarded against by special precepts. Among the virtues recommended, we find not only reverence for parents, care for children, submission to authority, gratitude, moderation in time of prosperity, submission in time of trial, equality at all times, but virtues unknown in any heathen system of morality, such as the duty of forgiving insults, and not regarding evil with evil. All virtues, we are told, spring from *Maitri*, and this *Maitri* can only be translated by *charity and love*.'

THE ATONEMENT.  
BY T. L. WAUGH.

The term 'atonement,' as it is commonly understood, is entirely a manufactured expression—its primitive significance being quite different. The idea of one making atonement for another is contrary to reason and to all natural law. What but right education and harmonious surroundings can ever accomplish for mankind that which will constitute an at-one-ment with the laws of his physical and spiritual being? Not Jesus could atone for the transgression of physical law; no more could he for the violation of moral laws. Sin is chargeable in part to him who commits it, and in part to the one who places temptation in the way. Evil is also organic; how absurd then to suppose that it can be remedied outside of nature. When men come to understand more fully the operations of natural law, they will be wiser concerning the greatest problems that pertain to the human race.

The fear of an imaginary hell, nor of an angry God, will not avail to effectually check vice and crime, but proper education will. Spiritualists are charged with immorality because they thus teach; experience will prove the truth of this assertion. When mankind are at one with the good and true, an atonement may be said to be effected. Love must be the ruling element, and charity be more generally exercised. Religion should consist in good deeds and acts of humanity. The spirit that would dictate, 'he that believeth not shall be damned,' will not make a thorough reformation. It is not this dogma of an atonement that is at the head of all morality, as many appear to believe; the doctrine is a perverted notion of justice.

Spiritualism has been classed with heathenism because in some respects the opinions of the two seem to coincide. Thus Orthodox teachers would condemn heathen nations as being *in toto* in error, and modern Spiritualism equally so. Let us see whether Christianity compares any more favorably with the teachings of heathen nations. The doctrine of the trinity is of heathen origin, as also that of an incarnate God. Many parts of the Bible are taken from heathen writings, as any one can see who will examine their history.

We have just cause to rejoice that this is an age of reason; freedom there must be from religious dogmatism; liberty we have to accept truth, and reject error.

What a man is, is not what he is on Sunday, when the organist plays to him, and the minister plays to him, and all good influences play to him; but it is what he is in the week-day, when his life is wearing and working and weaving for him the garment in which he is to stand and be judged.



## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY.....WARREN CHASE.

## "THE NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH."

This is the title of a neatly printed and most earnestly written pamphlet, the third edition of which has recently appeared in London. It ought to be circulated by millions wherever civilization has left the footprints of Christianity. It is one of the signs, several of which we have before noticed, that liberal Christianity is nearly ready to cast off its sectarian shell, even its name, and to recognize the higher law of a religious nature in man, not born of any belief in any of the Gods or Saviours, but inherent in man, and filled out in a truly religious life only when the person shall be actuated by love to God and man, and live it by doing as he or she would have others do to himself or herself.

Ignoring all creeds and names, and recognizing acts alone as constituting a religious life, is what this pamphlet teaches, and is what we have long predicted as the grand ultimate of man's religious growth; and we have often noted the steps of progress toward it from Pagan to Christian idolatry, and from Christian idolatry to the liberal, and still more liberal, creeds of advancing Protestant sects, and finally out of all sectarianism, and, at last, out of Christianity itself, as was often predicted by the conservative opposers of the founders of the several sects that are now the most popular. It is not probable that the writer of the above pamphlet is aware that Spiritualists already occupy the ground he has laid out, and that all he has to do is to call up his friends and join us. That Christianity, not only in England but in this country, has been a complete and magnificent failure, is as evident as that monarchy as a form of universal government is a failure.

The writer of this pamphlet, quoting from a speech of Lord Shaftesbury, in the House of Lords, states that not two per cent. of the workmen of London attend any place of worship. We have nearly the same margin in our country, outside of Catholic worshippers, whose church going can hardly be taken as a sign of religious life. The writer also says:

"It is clear that a long creed, made up of obscure and disputed points of theology, could never form the basis of a grand, comprehensive, spiritual community. The experiment has been tried in a thousand forms—has always failed." \* \* \*

"All who accept with loving heart the worship of God and the service of man, may be members of one church. They are of one church, even though they own it not—know it not." \* \* \*

This, to us, has the ring of the true metal, and we hail with joy the signs from the other side of the Atlantic, that many there are ripe for the great movement of the age and are coming into Spiritualism, even though they know it not; and we further agree with the sentiment that "every man that thinks, must depend upon his own individual reason for guidance toward the true light, just as he must depend on his own eyes in walking the streets." In fact, we agree with the whole sentiment of the pamphlet.

## RIGHT AND WRONG.

To us there seems to be both right and wrong in the affairs of our world, and in the laws of our country especially. We cannot see the right or justice of a law that requires a family estate to be divided, administered upon and settled up at the death of the father and husband of the family, and giving the wife only the use of one-third of the property during her lifetime, while no law requires such division, administration and settlement when the wife and mother in a family dies, but, on the other hand, leaves the man to do as he pleases with all the property and children. We would make the law the same in either case, and have every estate administered upon and divided, and give the husband the use of one-third of the property during his life, and no more. We leave all to the wife, same as to the husband. When a man and woman work together for years and accumulate property and raise children, they are, or ought to be, equally and mutually owners, and so far as the original investments are concerned, they should settle and decide the disposal of that amount themselves.

Only a few short steps have yet been taken toward righting the wrongs and injustice so long done to woman, and especially in the one-sided laws relating to married persons. It certainly is a most unjust and unnatural law that gives the control of children to a father, to the exclusion of the mother, and not much less so is the law that gives the father a right to take the earnings of a mother from her children, and give them to his children by another wife. Why not settle and divide every estate by law, when the wife dies, the same as when a husband dies? No doubt it would be resisted by such men as expect to have and outlive several wives, and probably could not be secured while men only compose the legislatures of the States, but the time is coming when woman's voice will be heard in the legislative halls otherwise than as petitioners, and then we may look for more justice to her and to children. Men have been lords and tyrants, law-makers and dictators nearly long enough to be softened a little by the participation and equality of woman in social and political life. We should like to see and sign a petition asking that all estates be administered upon, divided and settled, when a wife dies, the same as when a husband dies, and to hear the answer and objection to it.

## A SORROWFUL PICTURE.

The Washington correspondent of *The Cincinnati Commercial* gives the following account of an interesting conversation with an intelligent colored man:

"I had a long talk with a Southern delegate, who gave some startling facts—at least to me—concerning his race. 'In a few generations,' said he, 'the colored race of America will have disappeared. We have taken the vice with the virtues of the stronger race, and they are fatal to us.' 'I don't clearly understand you,' I said. 'It is generally believed that the black race is a sturdy race. This is not so. The average duration of life, under the whip, on the plantations, was only ten years. The supply was kept up by the master's care in breeding—it being his interest. Now, this is not the case, and while the mortality continues through dissipation, the negro race through population has fallen off painfully. On plantations and in neighborhoods where, before the war, children swarmed almost, you scarcely find one now. Why, how do you account for that?' 'The mothers have learned from New England how to kill them. You know, sir, that New England is dying out from a lack of Yankee, and the poor colored people have not been slow to learn. But while the white race receives a fresh supply from emigration, the colored race has none.'"

In two little works we published several years ago, "The American Crisis," and "Gist of Spiritualism," we took the same view of the fate of this long abused race, and already they begin to feel the corrupting effects of a false civilization and a false religion upon them. As rum and religion went together with the missionaries to destroy the natural and noble race of Indians, so moral depravity and social corruption contaminated and destroyed the negro when he is left in his ignorance to compete with the Caucasian race. Colonized and protected by combined governments he might be successful and perpetuate his race, but now he is devoured by the diseases, moral, social, political, religious, and physical. To us he seems collectively traveling toward a

common grave; and not as rapidly as the Indian, but as surely. We say it in sorrow and shame for the race to which we belong.

The allusion to New England is not confined to New England; it is common to all our large cities and most parts of our country, in what is usually termed our "best society." Many able treatises have been written upon it, but with no favorable effect. The large number of American families with no children, and the many with very few, and very few with many, is a common remark all over our country; and the cause is no secret, and the remedy a social one not likely to be soon adopted, although the fairly steps being taken to secure equal rights and equal justice for woman in all the departments of social, civil and political life will be all in the direction toward its consummation.

An observer of the population in our large cities, especially of the children, might conclude that the native Americans would soon follow the Indian and negro off the stage, and leave the occupancy entirely to the later importations of Ireland and Germany; but we trust there is a remedy that can and will be applied in time—a remedy that can only follow the temperance and other reforms already started, and belonging to the religion of Spiritualism.

## ERIE RAILROAD.

Some months ago we wrote a brief description of this road and its advantages, which got lost between the writer and the printer, and hence failed to convey to our friends who read our notes our private opinion of that popular route of travel. We had then just taken a trip in its elegant cars over its broad gauge track, witnessed the scenery along its pathway, not surpassed by any route from New York to the lakes; and the gentlemanly conduct of its conductors and managers has long been proverbial, and secured for the route a well-deserved success in travel and freight. It is true there are severe accidents on this road, but such is the case with all, and we are sure, not more occur from carelessness of the officers and employees than on any of the great roads of our country. The advantages of this road are its cars and scenery, and well pay the travelers to or from New York for a trip over it when it is convenient to take one.

## Interesting Letter by a Western Woman on Spiritualism.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Not alone by the increase of professed Spiritualists can the power and extent of higher views of the future life, of spirit-presence and of spiritual growth be measured. Ideas are so subtle that they permeate all walls of sects; vital thoughts, for which the race is ripe, thrill the world by their pulsations; truths once spoken, seen, realized by the senses of both body and soul, have wondrous force. It was said by an old writer, "While I was musing the fire burned," and to-day, while thoughtful men and women muse on these wondrous things, the sacred fire of immortality burns brighter on the shrine within. The letter I send you is one of many proofs of this. Its writer is a woman of eminent ability and excellence, of quiet habits, and greatly prized by some of our best people. It was addressed to an educated Irish lady, now in this country, without thought of publication. Truly yours,

G. B. STEEDINS.

Detroit, Mich., July 20th, 1869.

DEAR FRIEND—You ask my opinion of Spiritualism. I have thought a good deal on the subject, as any one with open mind would, in these times, and in this country. Believers in it are found among all classes, from the coarse, ignorant and irreligious, up to the refined, intelligent and reverent seekers of truth.

Leading a very quiet life, I have attended but few of their circles, and those few by no means satisfactory. The rappings, table-tippings and other physical manifestations are not agreeable to my taste. The distorted countenances of the mediums on going into the "trance-state" repel me, and I cannot but think it a disgrace for a man to submit himself as a tool or mouth-piece of any one, either in the body, or out of the body. Yet I believe it possible for those who have gone beyond, to communicate with those who are here.

All nations, even the most barbarous and savage, have their "ghost stories," and their doubtsless they are for the most part illusions, they must have a basis in fact, for it is incredible that the grand idea of life after death should otherwise arise in the undeveloped moral and spiritual infancy of man.

Both the Old and New Testaments abound in narratives of spiritual presence, and it is strange how believers in the Bible can deny the possibility of such occurrences now.

The marvelous things of to-day are testified to by thousands of unimpeachable witnesses—witnesses whose moral and intellectual sanity cannot be doubted, and whose testimony on any other subject would never be called in question. Swedenborg has a touching account of a spiritual body—that finer and more beautiful one, which, he says, permeates the outer presence, and at death rises from its ruins. Whittier has the same idea in his exquisite lines to Lucy Hooper:

"Even as thou wast, I see thee still;  
Thine 'ghost' is not a ghost, but a brow,  
Of all we know and loved in thee,  
But lives in holier beauty now,  
Baptized in immortality."

Though not a Swedenborgian, I believe this doctrine. Its acceptance robbed death of its only remaining terror, viz., the being disembodied, leaving no gathering place, and leaving a new and strange home. If this teaching be true—if we are now in possession of this spiritual body, then we have the requisite senses for coming into communication with those who have passed out of the flesh, and it only needs that the veil of separation by some means be parted for the moment, to enable us to perceive the spirits of the other world, that which we call spirit is capable of being seen and heard by the spiritual eye and ear within. This corresponds with the story of the Hebrew prophet and his servant when in danger from their enemies—"And Elisha said unto his servant, more are they that are with us than they that are against us—Lord, open his eyes!" and behold the mountains were filled with chariots and horsemen." I mention this not as authority, but by way of illustration. The appearance of Jesus after his crucifixion must have been in the spiritual body, and not in that which had been put to death. "Then came Jesus, the doors being shut." "He vanished out of their sight," and much more of like purport.

In connection with this, I will venture to tell you of an idea which first occurred to me during the war, and has been growing into something like strong assurance ever since. Believing in the very depths of my being that benignant Justice lies at the foundation of all things, I am ever

the human race—worthy all our endeavors to beautify and improve it, and all our struggles to make a noble life possible here. All immortal men and women are still living in this world—some in, and some out of the body—all full of life and business activities, reaping that which they have sown, and partaking of the same advancement, the same great destiny. What need of emigration to a foreign land, with the exhausted stores of this scarcely touched, the wisest only "gathering a few pebbles from its shores," and its finest beauties perceivable now only by microscopic aid! What though I cannot comprehend the conditions of this great invisible life! Can I comprehend the spiritual life now lead in connection with this body of grosser material? This may seem to you an absurd theory—to me it is a delightful subject of contemplation. I have a strong affection for and interest in this beautiful world, which is enriched more and more by the bloody sweat of the heroic souls of humanity in all ages. I would unwillingly lose my right of citizenship with my venture in the great future. If this be true, then, it is the more reasonable that, possessing the same spiritual body and its appropriate senses, we should sometimes see and hear with our innermost sight and hearing those who are all around us. It accords, too, with all we know of seers, both of the past and present, who never go off at night to resolve that which is here—*Lord, open his eyes!*

My own life has furnished proof that we may become cognizant of intelligences beyond the flesh, and that through more than one spiritual sense; but it would be vain to narrate this, it is so difficult to give full credence to the experience of another, when altogether out of the ordinary course of events.

I suppose a belief in Spiritualism generally deepens the conviction of immortality, and so nobles the soul; but to me, there is grander proof of that great reality—proof on which my soul rests, as on a rock that cannot be moved. The teachings of the Spiritualists are generally good—sometimes of a high order of thought, but not higher, or indeed other, than that arrived at by thinkers of another school. I believe we should never accept as truth anything upon authority, even were it that of an archangel, nor would such be of any avail to us. Truth must be perceived by the soul—absorbed into its very nature, then it becomes the food on which we live and grow. How grand is that saying, that of Moses, then, of Jesus, "Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God!"

(Original.)

## A TRIBUTE TO CALIFORNIA.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSBORO.

Land of beauty, land of gold!  
Land whose sunny slopes unfold  
Their verdant fields and flowers,  
Oh, not upon thy soil so grand,  
So regal as that noble land,  
Who for thy telling people stand,  
As their own true defenders!

Land of silver, land of gain!  
Land of winter's golden rain!  
In bold, heroic strain  
Thy coming records long may tell  
Of many a one who struggled well,  
And some who for the Nation fell,  
And for its future glory!

Land of beauty, land of health!  
A Queen thou reignest in thy wealth  
Beside the peaceful ocean!  
Upon thy brow forever beam  
Full many a glittering beam  
To wreath thy burning hues, and gleam  
With fires of true devotion!

Land of the evergreen and vine!  
Land with many a hidden mine  
Of wealth and beauty teeming;  
We'll dip the pen in silver light,  
And of thy bounteous future write,  
Surpassing in its glories bright,  
The measures of our dreaming.

Land of the famous mammoth tree,  
And of the grand Yosemite,  
All Nature claims thee fairest!  
No foreign rule will may sway,  
No sceptered power thy rights obey,  
Save that which leads the onward way  
From those in which thou sharest!

Land of towering cliffs and lakes!  
Land where earnest labor makes  
Her grandest destination!  
Land of tunnels, granite hills,  
Of blooming plains, and chiming rills,  
Oh, how thy future greatness thrills  
With hope each new creation!

Land where all the races speed  
Land that finds an earnest need  
In every bold endeavor!  
Land of Progress, great and free,  
Young and blooming Cybele,  
Oh, to thy arms again we see,  
And there repose forever!

Oh, yes, forever we would dwell  
Upon thy sunny slopes, that swell  
With grandeur all before thee!  
For California long may claim  
Full many a proud and honored name  
Emblazoned on her country's fame,  
And blended with its glory!

## THE HEBREW GOD AND THE CONSTITUTION.

We are opposed to a Constitutional Amendment recognizing the authority of the Hebrew God, because, according to the accounts given in the Bible, he was a being of weak moral development and of limited knowledge and power. We are also opposed to recognizing him in the National Constitution, because we believe he is an imaginary being—a fabulous God.

According to the Bible, his knowledge was so limited that it was necessary for him to go down to Sodom and Gomorrah before he could get reliable information in regard to matters in those cities. We are told in the Bible that "the Lord was with Judah, and he drove out the inhabitants of the mountain, but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron." Now, if the God of Israel—the God worshipped by the Orthodox "soul burners"—could not drive out the "chariots of iron," would his assistance be of any value in great battles like those of Antietam and Gettysburg?

Shall we by an Amendment to the Constitution of the United States recognize the authority of the God who put a lying spirit in the mouths of the prophets—who commanded a brutal man to murder the children of Ahab—who sent the Israelites upon plundering expeditions, commanding them to massacre indiscriminately men, women and children? Would our national rulers receive additional wisdom—would our courts of justice receive clearer views in regard to the rights of individuals, if we adopted the Constitution to recognize the authority of the God who slew seventy thousand innocent men because David numbered the people? We are opposed to a Constitutional Amendment recognizing the Hebrew God, Jupiter, or any fabulous God of ancient times.

J. W. C.

HOW TO STOP CHEWING TOBACCO.—In a recently published pamphlet, the Rev. Mr. Trask gives the following advice to tobacco chewers:

1. Make the most of your Will. Drop tobacco, and resolve never to use it again, in any form.
2. Go to an apothecary and buy ten cents' worth of Gentian root, coarsely ground.
3. Take as much of it after each meal, or oftener, as amounts to a common quid of "fine-cut" or "cavendish."
4. Chew it well, and swallow all the saliva.
5. Continue this a few weeks and you will come off conqueror; then thank God and thank us.

## A Letter from Mrs. Brown.

A GOOD TEST—A FEW HINTS—THE MOUNTAIN, &amp;c.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—In your Journal of July 1st, you say that people receive good tests through your "Message Department," yet fail to acknowledge the facts. This reminds me of a test given by your Mrs. Conant. I was in Georgetown, C. T., the other day. A gentleman from the far South came to me. I asked, "Do you know anything of Spiritualism?" "Not much," he replied; "but one thing has staggered me. It is this: Some years ago I found a woman who was sick and poor. I aided her all in my power, and provided for her up to the time of her death. Some time after this woman's death, I found, by accident, a copy of the *Banner of Light*. In the 'Message Department' I saw a communication from this very woman, stating the circumstances of her illness and poverty, thanking me for the aid I had given her. How Mrs. Conant got hold of these facts I cannot guess, unless the spirit did tell her." The gentleman gave me the full names of all the parties, but I do not now remember them; but if any one doubts the test I can easily obtain the names.

Now, I wish to add to this bit of information a warning word and a fragment of counsel. Flee from the burning city—burning with July heat. Do not longer imprison your weary spirits in that upper room on Washington street; do not puzzle your brains over wretchedly written copy, like mine; leave your books, and give hands and heart a good August rest. The dear *Banner*—who will care for that? Why, give that a vacation, too. Ministers have their summer trips, and their wages go on. Why may not the editors close doors, and all hands turn out into the green fields and grow strong by cooling waters? If a subscriber complains of this change he lacks heart; let him go his way—you go yours.

While I am making suggestions, I will advise you to come to these sacred mountains. I say sacred, because some searchers after gold and information began to talk of this territory as the old world, the home of the antediluvians. If this is so, Long's Peak may be the mount where the ark rested; Mount Lincoln, the holy hill, where Moses met the Lord and got his commandments. The only wonder is that the searchers for "signs and symbols" have not discovered the wings of Noah's dove and the original rocks upon which the ark rested. I say sacred, because, taking this territory is indeed older than we know. Where Denver now stands, ossified marine shells have been found, and human bones have been exhumed, thirty feet below the surface of the earth. One of these ancient bones is now before me; it is an ivory from the heart of the earth, to take its place among other Colorado curiosities in Mr. Powell's new hall in Sterling, Ill. This finger-joint may, in some hands, tell a strange history.

But I am wandering from my subject. Come out to Colorado; climb the high peaks, go fishing, go hunting, go hunting for your own good; let it be "each in his own way." In the Parks, and if you do not grow strong of limb and nerve—if you do not find the summer days glorious, cool, and bright, do not go to Colorado. Judge of the joys and life-giving powers of this Western world. John Wetherbee told you that he walked nine miles to hear me speak. That was not all; besides being a good walker, he proved himself a good talker, and a good man in the Eastern States who can or will walk on a summer's morning nine miles, and then give a good talk to the people who have gathered to listen? Mr. Wetherbee will do all this among the mountains, six thousand feet above the sea level; but you do not find him driving about at that rate in Boston, do you?

When you come to Colorado—of course you will come—you will find "Bro. Hiram" and "Capt. Nichols" ready, with open doors to feel and hear you; but I mistake the men if they do not "pitch in" to your "poor Indian sympathizers." But come and listen to their version of the Indian question, and then judge ye. I am not a convert to the doctrine of extermination, but the shocking cruelties that have been heaped upon the captive white women by the Indians have aroused all the fight that is in me. Leave the red man out of the question, unless the presence with your pen and pencil, and your pen and pencil, in Boulder City. On the sitting-room table you will find the *Present Age*, the *Radical*, the *Banner of Light*, the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, and the *Lyceum Reviewer*. Mr. Powell, mine host, never doubts any question of your worth. On his table are his sentiments; accept them, or not, as you will.

In your coming and going do not forget Golden City. It is a little green valley city, set about with hills. The mountains are no common looking things; they are the queerest combination of rocks, roots, flowers and soil I have seen. On one side of the city the mountain-side is green and gold. Above the flowers and grass there is a high and dry wall of solid rock. Above the wall, which has a fortress look, there is a clear, deep lake, swarming with trout. There is still another old-looking mountain. It stands like a wall against Golden City. The sides are covered by a low bush and wild flowers. Above the wall there is a solid rock heap which has the form of an old-fashioned pulpit. Below, on one side, Nature has nicely graven the face of a lion. In the hollow eyes eagles have made their nests. About this mountain a rough bridge leads up to the very summit. I joined a little party the other day, for this skyward ascent. "Old Gray," my sure-footed beast, crept along, planting his feet in the firmest places. We rested awhile on the pulpit rock, and looked abroad over the world beyond and below. The city folks, looking up to us, seemed in awe like little children. Denver, fifteen miles distant, lay full in view; the soft, golden-tinged clouds floated just overhead; below, the clear creek wound its way to find its way out of the mountains; far on, the evergreen mountains stood out like green walls above the valleys; all above, the Snowy Range, sentinel-like, lifted their white heads above the clouds, holding, perchance, the keys of the kingdom.

In this fair sky-land, where the clouds, mountains, green valleys and singing streams were outspread like a grand panorama, I wanted to say with Milton:

"Praise him, ye winds that blow from the four quarters;  
Breathe soft or loud, and weep, or your love give lines,  
With every wind, 'in sign of worship we give.'"

You will find, as I have, a good home in Golden City at the Johnson House. You will find, too, the *Banner of Light*, the *Present Age* and the new *Universe*. And you will find that it is not one whit inferior to that fed by the "Haven" on the plains to the famishing John Wetherbee and his companion, George W. Morrill. My stay among the Coloradoans is nearly ended. I am looking toward the Pacific Coast. Adieu.

H. F. M. BROWN.

Golden City, C. T., July 18, 1869.

## Wheeler on the Rail.

Erie and Pittsburgh Railroad,  
Lake Shore, July 12th, 1869.

I wrote you a brevity from Lotus, Indiana, some days ago, making an item you were pleased to use; perhaps another may not come amiss, since it is to your columns the public are justly in the habit of looking for the general news in regard to the great spiritual movement in which all are concerned. In person I have nothing new, great and good to report, unless it be good to be fully occupied; if that should suffice, I am content, or should be, for I am indeed busy just at present.

Returning to Cleveland after my ten weeks' stay in Washington and my trip to Indiana, I note a comparative inactivity in external manifestations of spiritual growth among Spiritualists as Spiritualists. The pressure of the times financially, and that devotion to business which obtains at this season among some of the most active workers in the society, has hindered the progress of events in this connection.

There is no abatement of interest in Spiritualism, as may be known by the fact that all the various public media with whom Cleveland is supplied, are quite constantly occupied, and doing an excellent work, in one way and another. The wonderful Thackeray Sisters are located there, and busy in frequent séances, I am told. These ladies intend to be at the Convention of the American Association at Buffalo, where all will have an opportunity to see and judge for themselves the extraordinary things which are performed, as well as the cause or causes thereof. There are several good test mediums in the town, both in public and in private. Mrs. Boyd still continues her usefulness, both in affording opportunities for test communications, and in healing; while our old acquaintance, Mrs. Thompson, not only lives and labors, but improves in her capacity to do good; at least we may draw this inference from authentic reports. I have heard of late of revelations through her. Mrs. Dutton is at her post still as a seer and clairvoyant, and we have beside her, Sewerom and Stewart in the department of general medicine and magnetic treatment. So, you see, we are not "left without a witness," even though the "stated preaching of the word" be not carried forward with all the activity of former times.

The Lyceum suffers from the same causes with the society, but an exhibition is soon to come off, with the assistance of Miss Fannie Holmes, whose experience in such matters is a prophecy of success; probably the close of this season will see a vigorous "fall and winter campaign," expressive of renewed strength and interest among the friends of the cause.

In Buffalo, where I follow Bro. Fish, I find improved accommodations and a vital interest. The Buffalo people are blessed with strongly marked individualities, and are sometimes so full of vim and force that they impatiently waste some of their own energy in the attempt to do more than a history in Buffalo, and although there may be at times a freedom in criticism as generates some temporary alienation among the coadjutors, yet there is a tolerance of free speech, and a genuine love of rational thought, which is full of the promise of growth. The ideas of Spiritualism are more largely defined through the community than expressed in organic form; good audiences meet the speaker, however, and a most successful result is achieved.

The Lyceum, though in some respects improved since I saw it last, does not give quite that growth which is desirable, but it is to be hoped it may come more into rapport with the society, and regard to the essential success. And now running along amid the green hills I close this pencil scrawl; if you have an inspired compositor he will get a "fat take," if you better him to set it up!

Sincerely yours, E. S. WHEELER.

## MINNESOTA.

## Minnesota State Association of Spiritualists.

To the Spiritualists, Liberalists, and Liberal Christians of the State of Minnesota:—  
I am directed by said Association to state that J. L. Potter, Mrs. F. A. Logan, Mrs. L. A. F. Swain and Mrs. Harriet E. Pope are now employed as Missionary State Agents of said Association, duly commissioned and authorized to preach the Gospel, organize Branch Associations, Children's Progressive Lyceums, solicit and receive contributions and subscriptions for missionary purposes; and that the said J. L. Potter is fully authorized to collect all monies due said Association, that is, for membership fees, and contributions made at the first State Convention, and that the other State Agents are fully authorized to collect all money due on all such subscriptions and contributions, and all monies so collected, and all who are friendly to religious freedom everywhere in the State are earnestly solicited to make immediate arrangements for halls, school houses, or other suitable places for meeting and school, without charge, and to furnish refreshment, free of charge, and to do all you can to furnish free conveyance from meeting to meeting, which may be done in nearly all places by the friends, with their own means, with but little inconvenience, thus saving the State Association a very large amount of expense. The said Agents are hereby instructed to use special exertions to procure such free conveyance wherever it is possible to do so.

And now in relation to the merits of the said Missionary Agents: Mr. J. L. Potter has for the last fourteen years, as a trance speaker, secured a reputation too well known, as a trance laborer, to require any eulogy; but to those who may not have heard of him I will state that he is located at Morristown—where he has been speaking for some six or eight times—say that he has more than met their most sanguine expectations, calling out at each succeeding meeting increasingly larger audiences. They desire to commend him to the friends all over the State.

Mrs. F. A. Logan has been laboring as our missionary agent for nearly one year; and could I present to you the many letters received from different parts of the State, extolling her beautiful inspiration and desiring her continuance as missionary agent, the friends would be fully satisfied that she is securing a reputation more lasting than her earthly life. I would especially recommend her to the friends everywhere, as a very powerful developing medium. I have attended many circles with her, and she has scarcely ever failed in inspiring the "Holy Ghost" by the laying on of hands; almost on every occasion some one or more have been influenced by spirits for the first time, and often such as have never before been in a circle.

Mrs. L. A. F. Swain I recommend as an inspirational speaker, a good circle medium, and psychometrical reader of character, and with much thankfulness I have good reason to recommend her as a clairvoyant physician and healer by laying on of hands. I was relieved, by one treatment, of a tumor in one shoulder which had troubled me for some time to dress or undress myself for three months, and in a few minutes' time the spirits, through her organism, relieved me so that I have been able to help myself ever since, and my shoulder is gradually regaining its normal position.

Mrs. Harriet E. Pope has been recently developed as a trance speaker, so easily controlled by the spirits that it is truly a pleasure to listen to the soul-elevating inspirations given through her organism. She is also a good circle medium, often controlled to give good tests, describing spirits, and so forth.

And now, in conclusion, I would once more appeal to the friends all over the State, to open their hearts and homes for the reception of the weary travelers, as they go forth showing the signs that were to follow the true believer, opening the eyes of the blind, causing the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, healing the sick and preaching the Gospel of truth to the poor, and thus help them to go on and on, rejoicing, and you will most assuredly receive your reward.

D. BIRNALL.

Secretary State Association of Spiritualists of Minnesota.

Parishville, Minn., July 15, 1869.

## IOWA.

## Third Quarterly Report.

Amount received up to July 1st, 1869, on Third Quarter:

Name of Agent.	Address.	Amount.
Henry Preston	Charles City	3.00
E. Hughes	New Sharon	1.00
Total		\$4.00

EXPENSES.

Name of Agent.	Address.	Amount.
"Addie L. Ballou		72.00
Paper and stamps		3.00
Total Expenses		\$75.00

Report of Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, for the month of June, as State Missionary:

Received at	Amount.
"Maquoketa	10.00
"Janesville	14.50
"Fort Dodge	14.50
"Cedar Falls	5.00
Total	\$44.00

H. C. O'BRIEN, Secretary.

The above report is true, as far as my knowledge.

(Signed) W. W. KIMMER, Treasurer.

\* Should have been published in Mr. Sprague's report.

## VERMONT.

## Annual Convention of the State Spiritual Association.

The First Annual Convention of the Association will be held in West Randolph, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 10th, 11th and 12th, 1869. Articles and list of the committee adopted at the State Convention held in Danby, Sept. 4th, 5th and 6th, 1868, read as follows:

"The Annual Convention for the election of officers, and other business, shall be composed of delegates chosen by local societies, or at meetings for that purpose, in towns without local societies."

"Every society or town shall be entitled to three delegates, and all societies of over fifty members may have an addition of two delegates."

"Delegates from all societies and towns will see that delegates are duly chosen and furnished with credentials signed by the Secretaries of their respective societies or meetings. Let the Spiritualists in towns where there are no societies get together and organize temporarily by the appointment of a chairman and Secretary, and elect delegates without further delay. And let no one stay away from the Convention because he or she is not a delegate, for in all respects except the mere business part, this will be a mass convention. There will be a free platform, where any one can be heard who is thought to utter."

The hotel will furnish board for \$1.00 per day, and it is expected the railroads will return free all those who attend the Convention and pay full fare one way. They have always granted us this favor, and will not withhold it now.

By order of the Committee, E. B. HOLMES, Sec'y



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## Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLLY, EDITOR.  
ISAAC B. RICH, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All business connected with the editorial department  
of this paper is under the exclusive control of Luther Colly,  
to whom letters and communications should be addressed.

### The Universal Spiritual Tendency.

There is a way of looking at this matter practically, rather than theoretically, and of illustrating the thoughts concerning it that run through our minds by the homely, everyday facts of human experience which lie thickly all about us. Our own continued consciousness, acting upon one circumstance and event after another in our personal history, assures us that our lives are graded by spiritual forces, and destined to run only in the groove made by spiritual power. When we look back over the past, what gives it such a halo, such an exaltation in our eyes, such a poetic beauty, even with the sorrows, the hardships, and the disappointments, none of them lost? Why is it, rather, that none of the latter show themselves above the surface of the smoothly-flowing stream, but, like black and ugly logs, are sunk down forever at the bottom? Why does a man love to go back in his memory to the days of his courtship, to even the loss of his first child, to the rough visitations of fortune when he bruised and wounded the spirit so sorely—if it be not because all things together, what was at the time smooth and what was rough, become spiritually transmuted by sinking into and assimilating themselves with the fibre and soul of our being? Is it not undeniable that Heaven has a way in these things which man must admit to be the very best for his growth and his peace?

As we grow older, those of us who watch thoughtfully the changing phenomena cannot fail to observe that we more and more turn our eyes away from outward things, that is, from the mere externalities of things about us, and introvert them so as to comprehend more and more clearly the riches and resources of our own natures. We become tired of trying to satisfy our insatiable longings, indescribable as they are, and come to think that, after all, the most of the real world lies within ourselves. This is the first positive token in our experience of the superiority of spirit over matter—of our souls over what has been given them only to act upon outwardly. If we are conscious of the growing habit of withdrawing into ourselves with advancing years, or even as we mature and grow ripe, we want no better or further proof than we are becoming spiritual, that living is not altogether comprised in the routine of daily duties and necessities, and that the real life, which like a sort of light plays through the chinks of the walls of our being, is that of which we catch but a glimpse at best, at odd times and in unexpected places, and without an idea of what is transpiring while the real mystery of life is thus revealed. After a time, we come slowly into a clearer and more connected consciousness of what has all this while been going on, and are able to unroll our map to a larger extent, and stretch our thought over what we can now comprehend.

And as it is with the individual, so it is with society. That tends continually to the ideal. Forms are regularly falling away for the essence. What was good, and even necessary, only a little time ago, can better be dispensed with than not. The direction is toward spirituality, though people know it not. One step naturally compels another. Society becomes corrupt through luxury, only to be disgusted from satiety; and the reaction is but a sober and serious gathering up of the forces for a more decisive movement forward again. There are those—few in number always—who can more or less distinctly discern this change in the social elements, and detect the ripening of forces which ultimate in a higher ideal of life for the community, but they are as though dumb in their attempts to report what they see, for the mass is so small that are prepared to receive and understand what is told them that it is as if it were not uttered at all. Yet the same steady progress is continued for all that. God gives his light freely, whether the eyes of men are open or shut to its reception. As fast as they can see they do see, and not faster. We believe, and even scientists are not ready to deny it with a reason, that the earth is becoming more rarefied and spiritualized all the time, and its atmosphere is by no means what it was even a century ago. Men are changing, in consequence of this notorious material change. If we can obtain a clue to the law, it will conduct us with certainty to the fact all material things, nay, the planet itself, with its inhabitants, are continually undergoing that change of character which is to culminate at last in the pure life of the spirit.

### Ourselves.

Emerson says with startling truth, that we are in the habit of letting go those fine thoughts and living ideas which rise in our own minds, and following slavishly after what others say or do, as if, because others said and did thus, they must be more right or original than we who as yet have said and done nothing. Every individual is a new creation, and as such should aim to be self-centered and self-poised. There is no shorter way to accomplish that than by introverting our eyes and adopting the numerous suggestions which arise from the soul itself. Our thoughts are worthless, because we consent to treat them as vagrants. If we entertain sufficient respect for ourselves, our intuitions, our first and freshest thoughts, to heed and follow them out in the development of our own characters, we may be sure that we shall soon discover the secret of true strength, and abide with resources that will prove endless and inexhaustible. We are weak because we prefer to be. With all these gifts of Providence so generously stored up in our natures, how idle it is for us to run off after others' gifts, of which we know nothing to begin with, and which may be worth nothing to us after all.

Read Gen. Felix Zollikofer's fine message on our sixth page. Oh, that such a spirit would permeate all souls in earth-life, both North and South! Then, indeed, should we have permanent peace and good will all over the land of Washington.

### Mental and Moral Forces.

We have in hand a treatise from the press of Longmans, London, the production of Mr. Charles Bray, entitled "Force; its Mental and Moral Correlates." In opening and pursuing the discussion of his theme, he proceeds to treat of that which is supposed—in his own phrase—to underlie all phenomena, and to indulge in certain speculations on Spiritualism, and what he is pleased to term "other, abnormal conditions of the mind." Mr. Bray has previously put forth a kindred treatise, on the "Philosophy of Necessity," which he asserts to be only another name for "Law," or a "fixed order of Nature in the department of Mind," and without which law he does not believe there can be any social science. As he holds that the doctrine of Philosophical Necessity forms the base of Social Science, so, in the present treatise, he aims to show that the doctrine of the Correlation and Persistence of Forces, when thought out to its legitimate consequences, supplies a Science of Psychology based on Physiology, by which alone we can attain to the same command over mind as we already have over physical force. As the correlation of forces shows that, in the cycle of forces, we can always return to the same starting point without a break—so does the persistence of force show that this is always done without loss. And these truths he here aims to carry from Physics into the higher field of Mind, where—as the author professes to think—they furnish the most probable explanation of "the Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism."

This, then, is the ultimate of Mr. Bray's present project, to explain the spiritual phenomena; and what he has to say in that direction will be attended to with at least as much interest by professed Spiritualists as by those who neither believe nor pay heed to what is presented to their notice. The author shrinkingly gives notice, however, that his speculations are only speculations; he has no desire to dogmatize, but merely offers a hypothesis, to be rejected or affirmed by observation and experience. He will not be deterred from the truth by any fear of the supposed consequences. He does not ask: "To what does this lead?" but, "Is it true?" And he indulges in other similar remarks on the liberty of search and investigation, which will give peculiar zest to his speculations with all who advance to the apprehension and appreciation of his statements and suggestions.

On the subject of intelligence in the spiritual phenomena, the author remarks: "My own opinion is that there is an emanation from all brains, the result of both conscious and unconscious cerebration, forming, not spirits, but a mental and spiritual atmosphere, by means of which peculiar constitutions—mediums and others—are put in rapport with other brains or minds, so as to become conscious of what is going on there." Without undertaking to follow out the course of his thoughts, we content ourselves with appending the following extracts from his pages, which will be interesting to all students of and believers in the reality and significance of the Spiritual Phenomena. He says:

"The occult powers have been present in the world from the earliest ages, but the world has never yet been able to recognize them. In the East, in India, they called them the *Yogas*, most of the revelations of seers who attained to inspiration in the trance, in which state they were supposed to attain to inward sight and to communicate directly with God—the highest good, it was thought, to which man can attain on earth. They left a system of castes, based upon their religion, which stereotyped the then existing civilization. In Egypt the same powers were used to extend and confirm the authority of the priesthood, which, as has been handed down to the present day. In early Christendom among its saints, this power did God's work among the widows afterwards it did the devil's, and now when it has again broken out under the form of modern 'spiritual manifestations,' the question is whose work it is doing?"

On the subject of the rationale of the Spiritual Phenomena, Mr. Bray puts forth the following direct and earnest observations:

"The spiritual hypothesis places us in a very little better position than we occupy in the material world, when we were with respect to physical science when every unknown cause was supposed to be some god or spirit; we had gods of the winds, of the thunder, and of the sea, and smaller spirits of the streams, &c., and subject, not to any known law, but only to their caprice. But if we can lay these aside, and discover the laws upon which these abnormal powers and extraordinary phenomena are dependent, we may add the most useful chapter of all to the book of science. We have discovered the law of gravitation, and we now want a Newton in the department of mind. We want now to know the law, not of gravitation, but of levitation, by which Brahmins, and saints, and Mr. Home, and others, have been able to know the exact conditions under which vital force becomes mental or conscious force, and of its correlation into unconsciousness in sleep or under pressure on the brain; or when it passes from the brain into the body through the nerves or directly into space. Swedenborg tells us that 'though it is possible, and it was to know more definitely how mind is brought into existence, and how brain acts upon brain, through an independent thought or spirit medium, and what is the result in increased power or otherwise by joining brain with brain; and what is the nature and extent of vital power—automatic or unconscious, and conscious; under what conditions one passes into the other, and through what means will—conscious or unconscious, can act, and at what distances? What also is the healing power possessed by such men as Greatrakes and in a minor degree by modern mesmerists? These and many other things suggested by mesmerism, clairvoyance, and the 'modern spiritual manifestations' apparently prove that the laws of our faculties are now pressing for explanation, reduction to law, and when that is accomplished, or even investigated, the power of mind will be as greatly and rapidly increased as physical power has been by recent discoveries in steam and electricity."

The author discusses with keen intelligence and the sympathy of positive insight, the engrossing question of the production of the best possible specimens of the race, and does it in phrases of this sort, which deserve to be read and pondered seriously everywhere:

"As certain elements in the soil are necessary to the growth of wheat, so certain ingredients in the food, and even in the atmosphere, are necessary to thought. We want the physical facts bearing on the production of the human intellect. In the dry atmosphere of America the nervous system is unduly pressed in, and the brain of John Bull's mind is getting smothered in fat, and we get genius at the expense of the vital functions. But we must learn how to combine the temperaments of genius with robust health, and bring back body to its original meaning—healthy. The germ of the oak seems little influenced by the surrounding pabulum in the acorn, upon the chemical changes in which its growth depends; but the human germ depends more upon the woman than the man. It is fed upon the mental and vital forces of the mother, and yet there has been no attempt to dictate what those forces shall be. If we would make Shakespeares and Newtons we must begin with the germ and race, but the coming child is left to chance, and what it does come there is no attempt to govern its capabilities, to train its special faculties, and to save it an infinity of pain and labor through life by starting it in the right direction: or at least what effort is made is altogether unscientific in its character, judged even by the light we already possess on such subjects. Few get right aims, and the failures in life are in proportion. No child is born in a better position upon a great advance. With a psychology based on physiology we can have any kind of men we like; with any type of body, and any kind of feel-

ing. At present man is little better than an animal of the pig and peacock species; building a golden sty, feeding from silver troughs, and adorning himself with feathers, for all the world to admire. But I trust we are about to rise above the mere animal, to the exercise of those faculties that distinguish man as man. God becomes conscious of himself only in humanity. The supreme good is to be found only in his higher nature; the inner sense does not open till the outer of the mere animal is subdued; and it is in that serene quiet only that Nature unveils, and admits us to communion and union."

Finally, in attempting to establish the belief that the coming spirit-world is evolved from the spirit atmosphere, and is wholly the result of cerebration, he closes his essay with the following suggestive and eloquent paragraph:

"As Huxley elsewhere tells us, 'Naturalists find man to be the centre of the living world, and one amidst endless modifications of life; and that present existences are but the last of an immeasurable series of predecessors.' Undoubtedly man is the highest in the series, but is he to remain so? The aggregate of mind, as it has been passing and repassing during countless ages through living forms, from the monad to man, has been gathering and concentrating, and what may be the next form it may take who can tell? May not the Spiritualist theory be merely casting its shadow before? Plants prepare the food for animals, and the elaborate machine of the animal body prepares the food for mind, that is, sentience and consciousness, and why not this result of cerebration, which has been intensifying for centuries, furnish ground for a new start—for the existence of mind, in an individual form, without all the present cumbrous machinery for the correlation of force? We have a world of spiritual food already prepared, so that there would be no necessity for the old apparatus. If it be true, as is testified by the Spiritualists, that hands and arms are now formed in such an atmosphere, who can tell what will be the ultimate effect of will power—for I hold the whole universe to be the effect of will power on certain prepared conditions—as the thought or spirit atmosphere intensifies by the greatly increased action of brain now going on? If such an additional link should ever be added to the chain of intelligence, if such a creation of a new being should ever take place, it will probably be evolved and come into existence, as man did, out of the newly prepared circumstances and conditions, and not individually representing any previously existing living entity. Such beings would be clairvoyant, would not be subject to railroads, and no electric telegraph, being governed by a law of levitation, rather than of gravitation, and would possess all the powers in a higher degree of which we have only had a glimpse; and cerebration having furnished a sufficient atmosphere and food for their existence, might cease, and the world, with all its increased and concentrated heat, would be a mass of 'spheres,' the preat abode of spirits, according to the Spiritualists, seem very comfortable regions. But, of course, this is mere speculation. What we have now to do is to investigate and test the abnormal powers surrounding us—to reduce them to law, and thus to pass them on from man, by whom they have hitherto been only abused, to humanity, by which they might be used to make the greatest spiritual advance hitherto achieved."

### "Arrant Bigotry."

The following paragraph, with the above heading, has lately appeared in a prominent daily journal of this city:

"A religious paper expresses the opinion that the death of the Rev. Mr. Hallock in the recent explosion of the *Eden* railway was a manifestation of the Divine displeasure against the habit of smoking. If the reverend gentleman had not been sitting in the smoking car he would not have been killed; if he had not been a smoker he would not have been in the smoking car, hence he was killed because he was a smoker."

While we unite in all reasonable remarks against the habit of using tobacco in any form, we are unable to perceive, any more than the secular press, the justice of the formula for considering and deciding the fate of the reverend gentleman alluded to. The Divine Ruler is here described as doing business much after the fashion of an anti-loan, who, after digging his pit of loose sand in the form of an inverted cone, lies in wait at the bottom to devour the poor unfortunate insect who happens to tread on its slippery border and comes sliding down to his open jaws.

The laws of Nature are fixed, and any infraction of them is sure to bring condign punishment; the gradual absorption of the juices of tobacco by the human system carries with it, in its effects, the usual mandates of "Divine displeasure" which we believe in. The day has gone by when "nightmare" stories could frighten the reason of man out of its propriety, and society is apt, at the present day, to look for natural causes to all things. Whirled from the bosom of the sun, as a dewdrop from a blade of grass, in the morning wind of creation, our little globe is not of such vast importance in the universe of worlds that the great Ruler of all finds it necessary to stand personally on post over it, like a sharp-shooter ready to strike down with deadly aim the tolling atom, he has made.

Let our brethren of the "religious press" turn their attention to publishing the laws of hygienic reform in this particular—if they cannot receive the new light, of which these are but the refracted rays—and cease to make themselves ridiculous by the retelling of stories which, while they might have alarmed the childhood of the race, are powerless upon the intelligent manhood of our time.

### A Penal Colony.

With all our other borrowings and importations from the Old World, whose corrupt practices and open vices we have already shown ourselves, as a people, much too ready to learn, it is now proposed to set up the plan of establishing a government penal colony; and the location of it is Alaska—that dreary land for which we have paid the round sum of seven and a half millions of dollars. A journal of no less reputation than the *Evening Post*, of New York, has brought forward the scheme and developed it in its details. The idea is, to transport criminals thither from the different States. One would suppose that transportation, as a punishment for crime, had had a sufficiently thorough trial, and that its complete failure ought to satisfy all sides, in discussing the wisest method of dealing with criminals. Great Britain certainly found the experiment to be a failure, since crime is not kept in check at home by it, while a virtuous and vigorous colony is cruelly engrafted with an incurable disease. It only amounts to a shifting of the evil from an old country to a new one, at the worst. Australia tells a pitiful story for the cruel mother who has dared to people it with what she refused to keep at home, and we venture to say that the English will never try a second similar experiment. The French penal colony at Cayenne is not more of a success; nor will the Spaniards do any more, by transshipping the Cuban insurgents to Fernando Po. If Alaska is worth the purchase money we paid for it, it certainly merits a better use than to sow on its soil, however sterile it may be by nature, those seeds which will bring forth only thistles. And another thing: society acts with consummate cowardice by taking such a step. Who knows just how much of crime is owing to society's negligence or corruption? And may it presume to shirk its duty by putting away its unfortunate cases, when it owes it to them to lift them up and correct and preserve them?

The reader will find Warren Chase's lucubrations on our third page.

### The French Cable.

In our last issue we announced the fact of the successful laying of the Franco-American telegraph cable. Now we give our readers a brief report of several addresses at the Festival in Duxbury on the 27th of July in honor of the great occasion. Many people from the surrounding country were there, as also quite a collection of distinguished individuals from abroad, among whom were Hon. Thomas Russell, Sir James Anderson, Lord Cecil, Viscount Parker, Mayor Shurtleff, Messrs. Breich, a distinguished French savant, Prof. Pierce, of Harvard College, Mr. Watson, of the Cable Company, and many others. The greatest interest prevailed. It was really a gala day for Duxbury. The cannon boomed, the bands played, and joy beamed from every countenance.

After the physical feast under the tent had been fully discussed, the intellectual feast began, and was kept up for a long time. Mr. S. N. Gifford opened the ball by saying:

"We have assembled here to-day to congratulate each other on the accomplishment of a gigantic enterprise, and to say a word of welcome to those who have been mainly instrumental in initiating and carrying forward to a successful close this last great work of the age. We live in an age of wonder. Man seems to be master of the physical world. Apparently insuperable obstacles vanish at the touch of his magic skill. A few weeks since a man was required to reach the Pacific shores to-day, by the completion of that wonderful specimen of engineering ability, Yankee pluck and perseverance, the Pacific Railroad places us in a week's time by the firesides of our friends at the Golden Gate. To-day we meet to rejoice over the landing of a line that not only annihilates the space between two continents, but that, at the same time, affords a guarantee, at least an earnest that peace and good will shall forever continue between us and the mighty nations that occupy them. This is a great work, a great step in the advancing march of civilization; great for us, great for the world. Let us then give to our friends from over the sea a hearty welcome, a welcome that will convince them that we are not only glad to see them, but we appreciate the skill, the pluck and the perseverance that has originated, carried on and completed this great enterprise."

In response to the first toast, "The President of the United States," Judge Russell said:

"MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS—It seems to me almost a dream that we are assembled here in this quiet corner of our dear Old Colony to celebrate the laying of the cable which connects together all the habitable parts of the globe, and what seems very strange to us, connects them by way of the Atlantic Ocean. [Applause.] I was awaked from this dream by the kind applause with which you welcomed the mention of the President of the United States, that assured me that I was awake, and at home. I am sure if that great man could be here he would delight to unite, too, in rejoicing over the happy completion of this vast enterprise. In the new facility afforded for commercial intercourse, in the new bond of union which has been fastened between the Old World and the New—bonds which every American and every Englishman now knows to be a thousand times better than the clumsy political links that once held us together. I am sure, too, that the President of the United States will gladly unite with Congress in the celebration of this enterprise and for every kindred enterprise, the defence of impartial laws founded in strict justice [Applause], the best defence of commerce, the only security of any State, the true foundation for all international law. [Renewed applause.]

An old poet said of his lady:

"The blood within her veins so eloquently wrought,  
That you might almost say her body thought."

And as we see these arteries of life—let me rather say these great nerves of sensation—sprung all at once, and entering the sea, and throbbing almost with vitality, it seems to our fancy that the great globe itself becomes a sentient being, filled with thought and thrilling with new emotion. [Applause.] The place for laying the cable and bringing it ashore was most happily chosen. The best science of the New World pointed out the spot. The cable lands midway between the tomb of Webster and the graves of the Pilgrims. [Applause.] It is good that it should land here. From the time when Mary Chilton stepped on Plymouth Rock to the day when your bay, a vast series of years has passed, and a vaster series of events has transpired, and the triumph of art and science, this crowning triumph of them all, and the greater glories yet to be, we will honor to-day, whether they value this or not, the genius of Morse and the enterprise of Fields [Applause], the skill, the perseverance of Sir Samuel Canning and Sir James Anderson [Renewed applause], men whose noblest of energy is a title to American respect, the guinea-stamp of rank, the pure gold of manhood beneath it, a mail upon which her generations Majesty loves to impress that stamp of rank as her predecessors have done before her—men in honor of whom you have called upon me to respond. The great facts which are yet to be made known by the Old World to the New, and the New World to the Old, the grander sentiments which are to electrify that world—we love to believe that they were all decreed when the *free spirits of the Old World sought a freer home in the New.*

As the Great Eastern neared these shores, it seemed to me that in the gray mass of wire that lay coiled in her hold, there was a mighty power that could electrify the earth; so when those brave men stepped forth from the cabin of the *Mayflower*, there was unrevealed and undeveloped a power that should thrill the world. [Applause.] One thought more, although it is a fallacious one, often repeated and often to be repeated. This is a victory of peace—this is a pledge of peace. We are told that, mountains interspersed with memories of nations and lands intersected by a narrow stream, a bhor each other; but the railroad levels the mountains and the telegraphic wire pierces not only the narrow stream but penetrates the broad ocean. So every nation, tongue and kindred, throughout the whole earth, become neighbors, and they may become friends. We are told that every corner of the globe is now open, it is in the power of the Emperor of France, sitting in the quiet of his palace, by an electric spark to discharge that battery which here, on Massachusetts soil, has just spoken honor to the name of the President of the United States. He can fire the battery, but the only echo which our hills shall send forth across the ocean shall be: "Peace and good will to all nations." [Applause.] We saw the other day the kindred flags of three nations waving over the ships in your bay. They now adorn this pavilion. We used to hear of an alliance of nations that should defy the world in arms. We wish no such alliance; but France, England, America, may they lead the world in peace, and may these national ensigns float together in amity until all the nations of the earth have become united States. [Loud applause.]

Other speakers enlivened the scene with grandly put speeches, extracts from which our space forbids.

### An Appeal from Vineland Spiritualists.

In 1864 the Spiritualists and liberals of Vineland, N. J., with commendable zeal and energy, made a united effort to build a suitable hall for public worship, as sectarian proscription prevented their having the use of those already built. They succeeded in building and furnishing a brick edifice, with hall 60 by 75 feet, at a cost of \$5,400, the land being donated by Mr. Landis. By hard labor and much sacrifice on the part of hard-working people of small means, a little over half the cost has been paid. Efforts are now being made to raise funds enough to relieve the society of the remaining debt and save the building from going out of their hands. The well-known lecturer, Dr. L. K. Coonley, has been appointed by the board of trustees as special agent to solicit aid. The trustees are Messrs. William Bridges, H. D. Stiles, S. G. Sylvester, H. N. Hill. Those who feel disposed to assist in the above worthy object, can address either of the above-named parties at Vineland, N. J.

### Close of our Free Circles for the Season.

As the time had arrived to close our séances for a brief season—during the heated term—the fact was announced by the controlling spirit of the circle, who then took occasion to make the following remarks in regard to answering sealed letters through the agency of Mrs. Conant:

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—I am requested to announce that after this day's séance these séances will be adjourned till the first Monday in September. At that time a new system, or order, will be inaugurated with regard to these letters. Inasmuch as some dissatisfaction has been expressed by parties who are in the earth-life, and by those with us, we have deemed it best to request each person writing the letter to attach their own name to the outside of the envelope, and for this reason: Perhaps there may be, out of the twenty-five letters lying upon the table, a half-dozen of them marked "number two" or "number five," or with the same initials, or the same private character, consequently Mr. B. gets Mr. O's letter, and so on. The parties for the discovery that they have sent the wrong letter till now have gone out of the place, and they are not able to recover it; and they have called upon us to inaugurate some system that shall regulate this matter.

And then again, those spirits who are addressed in these letters do not come personally—that is to say, they do not take personal control of the medium to answer them, but they do come in the way of some spirit who is used to answering the letters who is best adapted for the occasion, taken control of the medium and answers the letters on the table. For example, I am in control as the spirit to answer the sealed letters, and perhaps half-a-dozen spirits will congregate around me; one will say, "Write thus and thus upon a white envelope marked 'number two.' I write what I am told to, but there may be a half-dozen white envelopes marked 'number two.' I am very liable to make mistakes, because when here in control I have no more power to go beyond the mere surface of the letter than you have. I am bound about by the external senses of the medium, and can go no further. It is so with all spirits not in direct control, but they do not always know it is necessary for them to tell me, or the spirit in control what is written in the letter, or to designate it positively. They are sure-liable to no mistake. They see the outside and the inside, but they do not tell me, so that I can understand by the human senses I am using. So I write upon number two to Mr. B. what I am told to write, and Mr. C. whose name I have marked on the envelope, therefore many mistakes occur; hence all letters not properly marked by the name of the person writing them will not be attended to, will be cast aside, and special pains will be taken to set them one aside, if it is known that persons have purposely avoided placing their signature upon them. You cannot expect to be necessarily in direct control for your good, and for the good of your friends. We who answer them do not care a straw, only so far as we can do you good, and open your senses to the light in the other world, in this way, as in all other ways that come within our reach. July 22.

### Seeing Spirits.

One fact in the natural history of ghosts has been brought out by the Mummer investigation. It is that they are not visible to anybody but those who see them. Judge Edmonds says he can see them. Here is an experience of his: "The other day I was in the court in New York. I was present at the trial of a case in which was an action on a policy of insurance. I saw standing up behind the jury the spirit of a man who told me he was the one whose life and death were involved in the policy. He had died; he had been killed, and a suit was brought to recover the insurance money. He told me he had manifested signs of his presence to me the positions and placed connected with his death. While I saw the spirit nobody else saw it. I then drew a diagram of the place at which his death occurred. I showed the diagram to the counsel and asked them if it was anything like the place, and they said it was exactly. I had never heard of the man or his place before. The appearance of the spirit was shadowy and transparent, and I could see material objects through it. Now, there is a little contradiction in the words, 'He had died; he had been killed; he had committed suicide,' but that is a mere bagatelle to a ghost, and spirit logic is not our logic. We must take the ghost word for it. I saw the man in the position in which he died, and he maintained that he was guilty of unbecoming conduct. If he committed suicide the company was not liable for the policy, and thus his interference was against those dependent upon him—against his wife and children. If spirits cannot return to earth for any better purpose than this, they had better stay away."

We give the above from the editorial columns of the *New York Herald*, to show the low manner in which modern journalism meets the investigations of all matters not yet clear to its sight, and particularly in which it seeks to cater to a community whose intelligence will soon revolt at the repetition of such insulting arguments. But the *Herald* proves precisely what it did not set out to do. It proves itself the "shark" it would not care to be believed. Unless a spirit can accomplish something by returning to earth—which, in the *Herald's* view, means something as good as cheating an insurance company—it cannot be a spirit worth paying attention to! If the spirit which was visible to Judge Edmonds was really a spirit, says the *Herald*, it never would have been such a fool as to confess to the act of suicide, and thus lose the insurance to its benefit family! We are quite willing to accept this as *Herald* morals, but we should not have the patience to argue for the personality of a spirit on such a basis. The *Herald* is still itself, even when it looks into the other world.

### John Wetherbee on the Ball.

This pungent writer has a very quaint letter in a late number of *The Commonwealth*. It is dated Denver City, and gives an account of what he saw and heard while in the Northwest. Here's a specimen:

"I was one of a unique and happy circle, on one of my visits, gathered in a cabin where dwelt a judge's son, and others, refined by life in *Dwelt* at the 'Hub,' and I remember, as the shades of that evening came on, there gathered in that cabin—I was going to say, 'the beauty of the chivalry,' but no—there was the boss-miner and his aid, whose last eight hours were spent at the bottom of the shaft, and whose last pillar was into the bucket to bring to the surface. There, gathered also the man who drove the team that hauled the ore to the mill. There gathered one or two mill-men, a prospector, also, who had discovered nothing lately, and was butchering it, by way of episode, whose wife boarded in a shanty some of the men, and would also wash for those who felt at home in clean shirt-dirt-colored flannel, however, being more common than cotton. Here this coterie made up of high life and low life, or, rather, rough life, fluted and sang; and here, in these mountains, all went merry as a marriage bell. I cannot help thinking how fair sisters at home, with clean finger-nails, if they could have looked in upon this assembly, would have exclaimed with Mrs. Jewell, 'Oh! what a fall was there, my countrymen,' and yet, like the Earl of Chatham, it might have been a fall up stairs! When the extremes of social life meet, and the digger, oblivious, by conscious manhood, to the distinctions of that life—in fact, when snobbish gets dressed in the rough style of mining life—one is astonished at how customary distinctions dwindle, and he feels with the ancient to say, 'Loose him and let him go. In there, then, so little difference between Alexander and a robber?'

I would not rub out culture and refinement. Oh, no. True merit is in the man; but observations of this kind have taught me that great as is the difference between real high and real low, there is not ordinarily the difference that society has made. Dress them alike and mix them with others, it is hard to tell the king from the slave. Civilization is debtor to lowly cradles. Many a bit of gold is unnoticed for the want of a proper setting."

The account of the Spiritualists' meeting at the Cape, on our eighth page, is interesting.











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