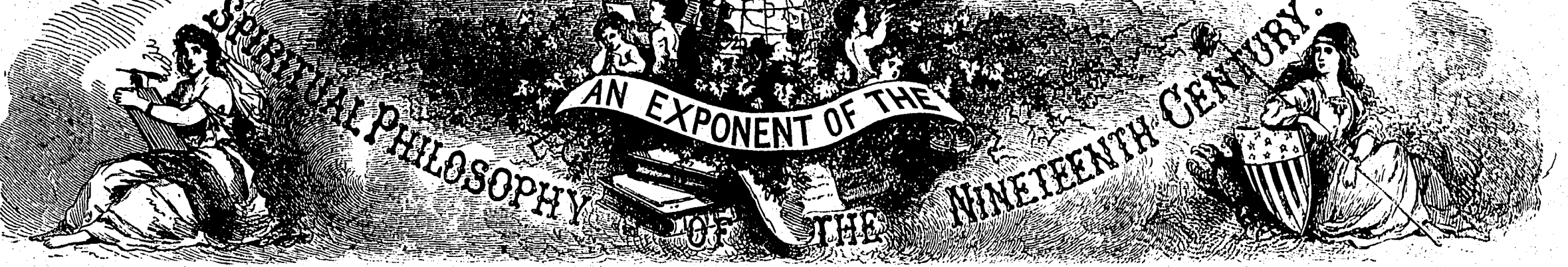


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXVI.

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In Advance.}

NO. 8.

The Lecture Room.

Spiritual Ethics.

A LECTURE BY MRS. CORA L. V. TAPPAN,
In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Oct. 17th, 1869.

Reported expressly for the Banner of Light.

THE MYSTERY OF REMINISCENCE.

Recollection, remembrance, is something different from the word which forms our theme to-day. Remembrances of events, experiences of ordinary life, and recollection of absolute, material occurrences, form no part of that which we, on the present occasion, shall record. The poet has dreamed of this; glimpses have been visible through the golden meshes of song, and the living beauties of melody. Behold in the visions of Schiller and Goethe the vague idea of this strange world, and the former of these poets expresses the thought (in language which we shall hereafter quote) which forms our subject to-day.

Metaphysicians define the word as a vague and shadowy recollection of events that bear relation to some other mysterious recollection which you cannot clearly define; but they have failed to grasp it. There can be no recollection of any language, event or scene which the soul has not experienced; we do not mean that which the senses have not experienced, but that which the soul has not experienced. And this subtle power, this permeating principle which we call memory, is not an organ of the brain, separately located, as phrenologists imagine, but every faculty of the mind, every power of the soul, has its own fountain of memory.

Upon this has the poet based his idea of the heretofore, on this was founded the old theories of the metaphysicians; coupled with this word the thoughts of Plato and Confucius are illumined on a scroll whose glory cannot be concealed. And all who believe in these leaders, whether conscious of their teacher or not, are pupils of some divine mind whose thoughts have fallen like the coruscations of a central sun upon the dark, shadowy outline of material existence. There is no such thing as memory; there is no recollection or remembrance. It is all *yourself*. Not that you remember an occurrence, but that you are an occurrence; not that you recollect an event, but the event is a part of you. We may say with Plato, that nothing is learned; it is within you. More than this: that each word representing the powers and faculties in human organization which you term understanding, is but the bungling cobweb of a mysterious dream, compared to that immortal self which is absolute.

Knowledge is never taught in books; never proclaimed from the rostrum; never given by teacher, sage or prophet; never revealed in mathematical tables. It is inherent, absolute self-existent, and can no more be introduced into the mind than can sunlight be introduced into the source from whence it came. Nor is this all. That which you call instruction is but the suppression of the knowledge already within the soul, which creeds, dogmas and technicalities often wholly obscure—your intuitions buried beneath the accumulated debris of ages and the germs of absolute wisdom shrouded in doubt and fear, from which this earthly life affords no escape. When you teach the young, in nineteen cases out of one hundred you unteach; that is, you veil the knowledge which is in them, and make of them mere imitative machines; but when you teach a child, in the true sense, you awaken the intellect, cause the germs of thought to grow, and make only the pathway over which they are to journey; removing the obstacles and render that plain and clear to their comprehension which otherwise were wholly obscure.

Mozart, at the age of three years, could understand the various numbers which represent musical sounds; more than this, he grasped the absolute idea of musical composition, and with fingers scarce long enough to touch half an octave, discovered that the third and the fifth notes contained the essential elements of harmony. Was that taught? Does any one suppose that it could have been introduced into his infant organism? It was there. And presently we shall ask a question, which we must, of course, answer ourselves; how came it there? It is said that Plato remarked concerning a favorite pupil: "I do not teach that child; these thoughts are there, the remnants of a past existence, the expression of a soul's knowledge; and doubt not, my friends, whence that knowledge came. My mission is to awaken it; to give that immortal part an opportunity to express itself—to watch and receive the already ripening fruits of another existence."

Children often astonish parents with the subtlety of their questions; they are always puzzling you with problems that you cannot solve; and if you are church members, you tell them they must not ask concerning these things; and if you are not, you say, "What a strange child that is," and, troubled for a reply, you continue to think of the question which can be asked by a simple child, and which you, with all the wisdom of the schools, cannot answer. If books could make knowledge you would long ago have become paragons of learning, and would not now be waiting to catch a glimpse of light from the life immortal.

Reminiscence is prophetic; all that is and all that will be; and this we mean in the sense to which it applies to every one of your personal experiences. If this be true, how is it that some souls are more gifted than others, and that those beings whom you call geniuses are endowed with such wonderful faculties, while the masses grope in darkness? Have patience; we shall reach the truth by-and-by; but at present it is sufficient to say that every recollection, every remembrance, is an experience of the past or a prophecy of the future. The invisible chord which at once awakens a kindred thought in the minds of those

who are alike in spirit; the simultaneous expression of a grand idea in science or religion in different parts of the earth; the breathings of song and poetry in widely disseminated portions of a continent—these constitute the links of that subtle chain which in every age has led metaphysician, philosopher and seer to lay down their mathematical instruments and their implements of science—even to drop the book upon which is inscribed the words of the poets, and wonder what is this dim recollection that haunts the soul, and at intervals intrudes itself into life, startling the consciousness, awakening the faculties to a something which the soul has been, before it experienced this material life; and you long to rend the veil and see this other self which you know is beside or within you. This is Reminiscence. Sometimes you are startled from your equilibrium in daily life by a scene which suddenly and almost overpoweringly reminds you of something which you have seen before, but where or when you are unable to determine, for you know that you have never been in that position before. A distinguished gentleman traveling in Florence was surprised and overcome at recognizing in that city a street and several houses, together with persons he met there, although he had never been in that place (Florence) in this life, and could not possibly account for it. At times vague reminiscences come, awakened by the odor of a flower, the melody of a song or the gleam of a face seen, perhaps, in the streets of a city when the evening lamps are lighted. All these revelations tell you of a something which lies beyond the mask of material vision. Religion has utterly failed to present any solution of this matter; science touches it with gloved hands, and calls it imagination; even transcendentalism knows it not; and it is left for the poet to express this beautiful idea to the world. Schiller says, in his beautiful poem previously referred to:

"Weep for the golden life we lost afar,
That thou and I its scattered fragments are;
Weep that our souls, then one, are twain,
And sigh that splendid heights once more to gain,
Which we can never attain."

But it is not lost; nothing in the soul can be lost.

The solution of all these problems is plain: the soul is immortal; immortality must extend backward, as well as forward; and all these singular reminiscences are portions of that eternal existence—not dreams—not imaginations—not even thoughts—but living experiences of the soul. We have referred to the child who is a genius, and the one who seems endowed with only commonplace faculties. These contrasts often occur in the same family, and one child will achieve great distinction, while the other never rises above mediocrity. In the cases of renowned families, it is generally found that one powerful mind gives the name its place on the scroll of fame, and all the successors live upon his reputation, and not upon their own. The descendants of almost every great mind in history have never been anything extraordinary; never possessed in any great degree the wonderful gifts of their progenitor. A genius is the expression of experience in a previous life, which the soul again projects in an outward form, and you are astonished at the wonderful revelation. Mozart was such a genius; Beethoven was a genius. These masters of melody did not depend upon the few short years of earthly existence for their grand combinations of music. That which made Mozart a master of divinest harmony was acquired in a former existence, else you cannot account for his infant powers, which in after years bade the world bow down in worship of his song.

The only difference between the child of genius and the child of mediocrity, is that the one has, and the other has not, lived in a form which expressed that peculiar power of the soul, and therefore it is more easily transferred to another material body. The soul in its eternal course of progress may take on one form after another and cast them aside, as you do cast-off garments, only reserving such experiences as are valuable to the growth of the spirit. So the difference, as we said before, is not that the one is more perfect than the other, but that the soul is a little further along in its growth. We said, last Sunday, that the experiences of the soul must consist of a circle. Great minds—Confucius, a Plato, a Socrates, for instance—may have passed, perhaps, more than half of this circle, while the masses are only beginning the journey. Emerson stands in your midst to-day with the experience of thousands of years in his soul, and you look up to the mountain heights where he dwells, and wonder that a form so unshapely could attain to such splendors of thought. Surely it was not the heritage of his physical lineage, but the prerogative of that soul which in some Plato, Confucius, or Pythagoras, dreamed the dreams and uttered the thoughts of centuries ago. And does the spirit cease whether in its present surroundings, it be called Confucius, or Plato, or Homer, or Emerson, so that it attain the heights and complete the circle of its development?

Who could have been more like Socrates than Parker, piercing the soul with the sharp sword of truth—which in his hands was three-edged? Where could that Socratic brain have been fashioned? Not amid the toil and deprivation of New England country life; not in the sorrow that bowed the heart; not in the long midnight studies which nearly wrecked the physical form; but in the penetrating spirit that, using all these as the instruments of its expression, pierced through the Parker line and brought Socrates here to battle with the evils of your Government, and the errors of New England theology, as he struggled with the corruption of the days in which he moved on earth. If these things are not true, then some souls are descended directly from the line of archangels who have tasted the fruits of the Gods, and alone are immortal; but if it is true that the least of these may sometime be a Socrates or a Plato, a Parker or an Emerson,

then there is hope for you and I, and we may in the grand circle that compasses the motley of life here experienced, discover the mysterious lineage which connects us with the divine, and causes us to reject the earthly name and title as we do the material form; for it must be so, since soul represents the divine, and the divine seeks not the perpetuation of forms but the perpetuity of principle; not that the image which you call yourself shall be immortal, but that the soul which is so shall get all the experience possible, while in the body—whether called Jones, Brown, or Parker—and add this to the sum total which shall make up the spirit. You wear a blue coat to-day; to-morrow you change it for one of another color, and no one thinks of calling you by the name of your apparel, although its quality may tend to mark your position in society. The house you inhabit is the means of giving you experience—the events that occurred in the street in which you lived are impressed upon the mind, but you do not remember the house for itself, but for the scenes which transpired there; so, to-morrow, when you awaken in the world of souls and find you have retained all the knowledge gained in the body, you will say of it, "That is the coat I had yesterday—to-morrow I shall have another." I know there is an infinite range of experiences which the body cannot understand, any more than the molecule can the glories of the setting sun. These instances are not wholly of the past, nor are they entirely prophetic; there is a middle ground upon which the spirit stands looking both ways, backward and forward, embodying alike that which was, and is, and shall be. The present is but the converging point where all the lines of the individual being meet, as the sun is the centre of the solar system, but must in its turn revolve round a more distant sun.

Sometimes on waking from sweet dreams you bring back a vague recollection, so beautiful, so wild, that you cannot by any possibility impress it upon the brain. You say, "I had such a lovely dream! how I wish I could remember it!" To-morrow, when you awaken from the dream of life you will find it there; the visions of a hundred nights, the experiences of a thousand days recorded in the temple of your inner soul as a part of yourself. To-morrow, when you drop the garments of the body, and take upon you more completely those of the spirit, you will find, to your astonishment, what your "lovely dream" has been your life, and why all these changes and startling events have been woven into the fabric of your earthly existence.

A spiritual clairvoyant saw a deceased person, soon after the spirit had passed from the body into the land of souls, and this person with astonishment, asked, "What are you doing too?" "No," was the answer; "I am sleeping now, and my body is lying yonder." "That accounts," said the new-born spirit, "for the familiarity of all things since I came here. I have been here a thousand times before and never knew it." So death is but the avenue to all the scenes of that life which you in dreams and visions have glimpses of, and vainly strive to remember. More than this—it stretches backward not only to include your dreams in this form, but to the events and visions you have had in every form; and these will shape themselves into realities, and you will know why you have dreamed the dreams and thought the thoughts of ten thousand years ago.

Let us strive to span this circle and see its origin. We have said the soul is immortal—we mean it. Yet there are but one, two or three immortal souls in the world. Do not misunderstand us; we mean those that are so conscious of their immortality that they do not require to have the thought expressed or illustrated to the material consciousness. Those minds are the geniuses of to-day. They have known and been as thoroughly convinced of immortality with the first flash of intelligence, as they are now. The reason why the world as a mass does not understand it, is because the soul, the spirit of the masses, may not have had more than one or two of the embodiments which make up the divine circle of being. It is like the sapling compared to the oak, the atom to the world or the sun. Babies in earthly experience may be gods in spiritual might; infants in outer growth—in that conquest which the soul attains over the physical being, but archangels in the possibilities of the future.

More than this: you meet a person to whom you are instantly attracted—as to a brother or a sister whom you have never met before consciously. And you say: "Why, I feel as if I had always known you!" And the other immediately responds: "It seems that I have always known you." Did you ever think that dreams offer a solution to these mysteries? That your spirits have met in some circle of congenial, immortal souls? did you ever think that there you may be welcomed and acknowledged, while here you may be strangers?

You meet and hold converse with one another for spiritual growth, and, frequently, form projects for the world's advancement; returning from these high counsels you are often inspired to deeds of valor and worth, but the influences often are lost upon the dull material sense, and linger slumbering within the soul, to be reawakened by the passing breath of circumstance.

Deeper still, did you ever think of the vastness of the consequences upon external life of this interior relationship? Parents may neglect their children—the offspring of physical relations—can they be parents in soul if they thus leave the bodies of the little ones to perish with want and starvation, and their minds to become contaminated by vice and ignorance? You have seen a gem of precious value rise to a career of glory and virtue from some haunt of vice and shame in your cities—did you imagine the besotted father or degraded mother, wrapped in the influences of their horrid life, imparted any portion of that child's genius? No; believe us, those who have no thought of true parentage in their hearts will awaken in the world of spirits childless; while

many a living soul, not blessed with the ties of domestic life, will find children in the spiritual existence. Doubt you this? then you must doubt the teachings of all Nature.

To win whatever matter can give of knowledge, to wrest from science, and art, and history, all that the world can give, is the object of the soul. Here is a brother or a sister in the same family, totally unlike; they take divergent paths, and never meet. Some other congenial spirit claims the spiritual relationship of sister and brother. Often the one who becomes your dearest friend beams upon you, among a crowd of strangers, but the soul proclaims your spiritual kindred, and you recognize the tie when you meet. This explains why great men always arrive at the same results; why Humboldt, grasping the cosmic idea of the universe, must be related to Plato; why Parker, with the three-edged sword of Truth, must have been an embodiment of Socrates.

Penetrate the secret of that which has been so recently and scandalously portrayed by Mrs. Stowe, concerning Lord Byron, and you will find the spiritual mystery which held a man, depraved in all else, to the one high star of a sister's love; you will discover the attractions which, in the case of Shelley and others, have been the cause of scandal; for you will find that the spiritual relation made the attachment as high and pure as the love of the angels; you will unwind that mysterious chain which binds in sacred sympathy the human soul, and will lead you to the line of your spiritual kindred—to your home—to your true parents. How many children grow up without this blessed consciousness! How many parents, whose children are alienated and far from home, feel the want in their hearts for offspring which they can call their own. When the veil is torn aside these orphans shall find parents, and these fathers and mothers will be greeted face to face by the children whom they so longingly covet. Those they have loved will love them still; those whom they have neglected will smile upon them from other homes; another father and another will bless and cherish them. Mourn not if you are orphans; mourn not if you are childless; for better go unloved, with a lonely home, than feel that you have given proof of that want of kindness in yourselves.

But when the blissful knowledge comes, and the soul shall recognize its true relationship; when brother, and sister, and kindred can meet and grasp the hand and feel that they have found their own; when the poets, artists, and philosophers shall recognize this, and you may tell the family to which a soul belongs, by the thoughts or gifts which it portrays, as Agassiz or Cuvier can trace the lineage of fish or reptile by only a scale—or as Humboldt found the subtle chain of the soul of all matter by one little link; when spiritual savants shall tell you there is a Socrates—here a Parker—there a Homer—here a Shakespeare—by the thought and manner of expression—when families shall be known by similarity of soul, and governments are based upon the absoluteness of Truth and Justice, you will awaken from the long sleep of ages, and in the Republic of Ideas the old shall be re-created in the new, and every spirit become conscious that the Heretofore and the Hereafter are lost in the For-ever.

Oh ye souls, that from the heights of your immortal home bend with loving kindness above the world, witness how its children are plodding on in the dull pathway of life, vainly striving for some guiding hand, some golden key to unlock the mystery of existence; be to them as shining lights; give them perfect thoughts; inspire them to those noble deeds inscribed in the great Temple of Being, till one by one they become parts in the grander Temple of Truth!

The Reformed Pulpit.

It will strike the reflective mind as not a little singular, that during the whole time when reformation has been driving its share through the Church, little or nothing should be said about the pulpit. In one sense, we understand that to reform the Church is, of course, to reform the pulpit; but, in another sense, it is not to be successfully denied that the pulpit is the master and ruler of the Church, and, therefore, that all future reformation must come to the latter by that way. Such would certainly appear to be the view of the Independent, which confesses that the pulpit has had its day, and is already a thing of the past. Its very significant remarks are to the following purport:

"While the clerical profession is neither tottering nor degenerate, it is nevertheless true that its relative position in society has changed and is still changing. The development of the modern spirit, the rise of individualism, the claim of independent thought for every man, the spread of intelligence, the abolition of an avowedly ignorant class, the light recently thrown by natural subjects upon supernatural ones, the fading away of names in the presence of things, the revulsion against dogmas, and, finally, the good sense, the magnanimity and the manliness introduced into the churches by the growth of modern commerce, if they have not weakened the clergyman of the nineteenth century, have at least transformed him into a different personage from the clergyman of the seventeenth century, or even of the eighteenth."

In the church of the future there will be a pulpit, but the place where it stands will not be regarded as holier than the most obscure corner of the temple where sincere piety knelt to worship God. All superstition about the preacher's office will go, but the preacher himself will stay. In the coming time we do not see any particular vocation for priests, but we do see a magnificent and an unending one for devout and able men, who shall testify of the sanctity of all truth, of the nobleness of all virtue, of the reality of spiritual things, and of the everlasting presence and tenderness of the Father."

It appears from statistics that there are now in France 39,309 more maniacs and idiots than in 1855. This increase is attributed to the greater demand for that poisonous drink called absinthe.

REPLY TO MR. HARPER.

EDS. BANNER OF LIGHT—When Mr. Harper, in his communication in the *Banner* of June 5th, asserted that the theories of scientific men were wrong, and introduced his experiment of a wagon and inclined plane to prove it, I had no disposition to controvert it, knowing the imperfections attending such experiments and their liability to error. But when, in his communication of August 20th, he gave us the figures, the case was entirely different. We had the data; any two taking them and arriving at different results, one must be wrong, if not both.

In my communication of the 11th ult., I proved that the weight and power in all positions of the lever, while passing through the quadrant, bore the same relations to each other; that is, a power at the end of the lever sufficient to sustain a weight at the middle, would do so throughout the whole quadrant; and, further, when the weight was raised vertically fifteen inches the end of the lever was raised thirty inches. Mr. H., in his communication of Oct. 9th, admits the truth of the first part, but, as if intended apparently to get rid of the last, has added new matter that is not in the paragraph I quoted, nor could be inferred therefrom, and then gives my language as answering it as having been there. He says, "The result shows that the end of the lever, with the power acting perpendicular to the arm, &c." Now the words in *italics* are not in the paragraph I quoted, nor could any such idea be inferred therefrom. You cannot raise a lever, one end being fastened, without the other end moving in the arc of a circle, but you can raise it by perpendicular action. Any one can see at a glance that the consideration places the problem in an entirely different phase, or at least requiring a different answer. No matter; let us look at it in its new light, and see how it applies. Mr. H.'s proposition is "that the power acts perpendicular to the end of the lever," in the direction of the tangent of the circle. Let us illustrate. Suppose Mr. H. to be endowed with the power of projecting and sustaining himself in space, in any position, also having the power of raising the end of the lever. He takes hold and firmly secures it at his centre of gravity, or any other point, always retaining it at the same place, however, and raises and carries it through an arc of ninety degrees. He would commence at the perpendicular and end at the horizontal; so would his power have to perform the same circuit, according to his theory. "Oh," I think I hear him say, "that is most ridiculous!" Well, I won't say but it is, but is it more so than his idea of applying power? He continues: "I can fix that; I can attach a series of cogs to the end of my lever, and gear a wheel to it, acting always in the direction of the circumference." Well, bring it along! Here is the lever at the horizontal; attach your wheel (power) to some stable support and start it. Away it goes, sure enough, like any other gearing. But hold on! the end of the lever has run away and left the (power) wheel behind! "Oh," says Mr. H., "don't you see it is acting, as I stated, always in the direction of the circumference?" It makes no difference about the position of the wheel (power). "Ah, don't it?" let us see about that! The lever is at the horizontal; you attach your gear (power) at the same point. Your gearing is always acting at the extremity of its radius, at a right angle thereto, delivering its power in a perpendicular direction, and always so acting, except passed in some other position. Now what is the lever but the arm of a wheel of sixty inches radius, on which, at thirty inches from the centre, is placed a weight or some contrivance to drive machinery. The moment it leaves the horizontal it begins to deflect from the perpendicular as the versed sine of the angle through which it passes increases and decreases in the perpendicular, as the differences of the sines decrease as the angle increases. The end of the arm, at an angle of thirty degrees, has been raised vertically thirty inches, and the weight fifteen inches; the end of the arm of the wheel has passed through an arc measuring 31-416 inches, being 1-416 inches more than the vertical height; but this is lost in its ascent by the lateral motion and by the decrease in the perpendicular, as above shown.

To place it in a light that there can be no cavil whatever: Take a wheel of sixty inches radius, (it is hardly necessary to explain that it makes no difference in principle whether it is sixty or six inches, they both act at right angles to their radius), place the lever at the horizontal, and an arm of this wheel (the power) at the same point; turn it until the lever has passed through an arc of thirty degrees; the two wheels being geared together, move over same distances. Now look at the arm of the power; you will find that it makes exactly the same angle as the lever, and has also been raised vertically thirty inches. Is it not plain that there is a coincidence between the work done and the motion of the power expended? What has become of that excess of motion then—that 1-416 inches? Gone not a fraction of it least, nor the shade of a shadow!

I will not say Mr. H. is Orthodox, or Heterodox, nor even befogged, but mistaken, and that the golden rule of science still remains unswayed.

Sheridan, Ill., Oct. 12, 1869. ROBERT ROWE.

AUTUMN DAYS.

Fire! fire! upon the maple bough
The red flames of the frost!
Fire! fire! by burning woodlouse, see,
The cottage roof is crossed!
The hills are high and smoky haze!
Look! how the roadside sumachs blaze!
And on the withered grass below
The fallen leaves like bonfires glow!
Come, let us hasten to the woods
Before the light is lost.
For few and brief the days when burn
The red fires of the frost;
When loud and rude the north-wind blows,
The ruddy splendor quickly goes.
But now, hurrah! those days are here,
The best and loveliest of the year!
[Marian Douglas, in Our Young Folks.]

The Georgia planters expect to make \$40,000,000 this year on their cotton.

BY MR. ELIZA H. BLANCHARD.

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE

BY DEAN CLARE

When shall we learn that to be successful in this great work we must be wholly unselfish? seek the good of humanity rather than that of ourselves? Our inmost thoughts are open to the inspection of invisible guardians, who will allow us just the position our real worth merits. No bland countenance, no sanctimonious demeanor, no oleaginous tongue can conceal them the rottenness of hypocrisy, and in due time they will unmask all deceivers who steal the glory of heaven to serve their own selfishness.

And yet, like King James's Bible, it is entitled to be considered as a work of inherent value; its *central idea* ought not to be ruthlessly obliterated by any headlong reconstructionists. I welcome with all my soul every new effort to state, and to spiritually and physically unfold

and that each soul had an equal inheritance in the life of the Father; and the purpose of this knowledge was to lead others into this knowledge.

On motion of L. S. Richards, of Boston, I. C. Ray, of New Bedford, Miss Abbie K. T. H. Sewell, of Middleboro', and A. E. Carpenter, of Milnes, were appointed by the chair, to serve as Finance Committee.

Mrs. Agnes M. Davis said she had had considerable experience in speaking from pulpits—she was a Baptist, and had preached many times.

history of man and all that belongs to man;
history of religion and all that follows in it
from the past to the present time; out-
bosom of just such years of trial has sprung
birth our new religion, that has grappled
death and robbed him of his prey; and that
forever illuminated the "dark valley"; the
ligion that reveals the great spirit of the uni-
—that which infinitely transcends alike the
hovah of the Jew and three-headed God of
Christian: the religion that has opened the

At the conclusion of Prof. Denton's discourse, Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan was introduced and addressed the audience. We shall print her remarks in our next issue.

**Semi-Annual Convention of the Spirit-
ualist Association,
Held in Tremont Temple, Boston, Oct. 20, 1869.**

OF PROF. WILLIAM DENTON.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

C. Ray, of New Bedford, Miss Abbie K. T. Middleboro', and A. E. Carpenter, appointed by the chair, to serve as Finance Committee.

Mrs. Agnes M. Davis said she had had considerable experience in speaking from pulpits—Unitarian, Universalists, and even on one occasion

birth our new religion, that has grappled with death and robbed him of his prey, and that forever illuminated the "dark valley"; religion that reveals the great spirit of the universe—that which infinitely transcends alike the Jehovah of the Jew and three-headed God of the Christian; the religion that has opened the gates of heaven and has demonstrated the possibility of its attainment by all. This religion was rendered possible by the wild and imperfect religion which preceded it. Astronomy was

high as the heavens with earth overlook the
of fog and clouds below him, the eternal
shine ever on his head; he is strong to
temptation, for his intelligence teaches him
vice and misery are inseparable companions
while angels encourage him to rise in the scale
the highest manhood, and thus enjoy its
in the ages that are the heritage of the uni
soul.

At the conclusion of Prof. Denton's disc
Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan was introduced an

REMARKS BY PROFESSOR DENTON.
Out of the four halls of the earth, only one

—that which infinitely transcends alike the
 hovah of the Jew and three-headed God
 Christian; the religion that has opened the
 of heaven and has demonstrated the possi-
 of its attainment by all. This religion was
 rendered possible by the wild and imperfec-
 tion which preceded it. Astronomy was
 preceded by astrology—it must come before a
 omy could be. The old student looking up
 heavens read in the rushing comets the port-

every quarter; the revelations of the nineteenth century as dear to us as those of the first: a

At the conclusion of Prof. Denton's discourse, Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan was introduced and addressed the audience. We shall print her remarks in our next issue.

der-
ita-
in a

coming wrath—war and pestilence were
from their flaming hair, and in their track
fiery demons to devour the race of man for
All that has gone now: astronomy has tak

A Hibernian senator, speaking of suicide
"The only way to stop it is to make it a
offence, punishable with death."

[illegible]

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All business connected with the editorial department
of this paper is under the exclusive control of LUTHER COLBY,
to whom letters and communications must be addressed.

King Wealth.

A writer in the last number of the *Galaxy* takes the ground, and attempts to maintain it throughout, that since wealth is to accumulate so prodigiously in certain hands in this country, and there is no apparent prospect of checking its growth or denying its increasing influence, the better way for us all, if not, in fact, the only safe way, is to confess the fact, and tender our abject submission without further dispute or protest. The suggestion is a startling one certainly, as the statements accompanying it are strange. The writer lays out his case by declaring that nearly all the evils connected with our system of government are to be ascribed to this single, primary cause—the influence of wealthy corporations and individuals in controlling legislation and executive action for selfish ends. He says that the fact is undeniable, that, in modern civilization, while wealth has become an enormous power in this country, it has "no recognized political responsibility or well-defined public duties." The lobby controls legislation—wealth controls the lobby—but what controls wealth? Only the selfish aims of its possessor.

Now—asks the writer—how is this evil to be met and overcome? "Shall we organize against wealth, bind it in fetters, legislate it out of existence, or exile its influence to some sphere outside of political action? We are entering upon an era when all this will be attempted; but, however well-meant, every scheme to limit the power of wealth will inevitably fail, and, in the opinion of the writer, ought to fail. For we must remember that the capitalist is the true king of the industrial era. When war was the normal condition of the race, the great warrior was the ruler, and all the honors in the State were based upon military merit; but among the advanced natives of Christendom, industry and not war is now the absorbing business of the mass of the population, and hence the banker and the manufacturer are destined to be, nay, are the real rulers of the people. This may seem to be a preposterous statement, in this age of equal rights and the sovereignty of the people; but it is nevertheless true. Who to-day is supreme in the financial, commercial, and manufacturing world? Who owns the telegraph, the railway, the manufactory, the newspaper, the land? The capitalist, of course. He is our boss in the shop, our employer in the field, our landlord, our care-taker on the railroad and steamship; he keeps our money in his bank, and looks after our souls in his churches; for the church of to-day, of all denominations, is the church of the capitalist. People are under the curious hallucination that the only power which controls them is that exercised by the State or the nation, whereas they touch us scarcely at all in the most intimate relations of life."

In the face of what is asserted so roundly to be a fact—whether an unwelcome one or not—with the knowledge (for it has become very much more than a suspicion) that the capitalists are engaged in an organized attempt to control the political power of State and nation, it is deliberately suggested that the evil shall be overcome by succumbing to it—that the true way to root out admitted corruption is to follow its lead and guidance, and that when an evil has grown to the dimensions of a tyranny, that is the time of all others to disarm and subdue it by yielding, without further protests, to its baleful power. We should dismiss this article at once from our serious regard, ascribing it to a low desire to make a sensation for the moment, were we not more or less impressed with the sober and deliberate belief of the writer in the reality of the remedy he proposes, and, more than all else, with the discernible fact that there is a body of men in this country possessed of considerable power to influence the public mind in an unforeseen crisis, who have almost entirely parted with their faith in republican government, and are growing impatient to effect a change—they scarcely know or care what—which shall at once centralize power and base our system in what they denominate more "scientific" principles.

And here is the author's distinct proposition, put forth as the solution of all our troubles: "Wealth, under the foul shapes of the ring or lobby, controls our legislation. We say, put the holders of this wealth in authority. Make this irresponsible power responsible. You cannot get rid of the power—it is one of the most enormous facts of modern times. It exists and will control, whether we like it or not, and hence we must make the best of it. The capitalist has his excuse for using the ring and the lobby. He says, 'What else can I do?' There are certain great industrial enterprises to be undertaken, which cannot even be begun without legislative authority. The lawyers and small politicians, who form the bulk of the assemblies and senates, cannot rise to the height of the great schemes which I have on foot; they oppose me; but the work must be done—the times demand it, and so I hire the lobby who buys these fellows up. I am in the habit of employing lawyers to do my business, and when you can hire a man's brains with money, his vote follows, as a matter of course. Take the case of the great railway consolidations, which are so necessary; why, I am compelled to buy the legislators outright, or these essential changes could not be made. So there are two sides of the story. The capitalist has his excuse for making our legislators scoundrels."

But how is the transfer of power to be effected? That is the toughest query of all. The writer himself shrinks from its consideration. He only looks for years of grievous misrule of future legislative conduct worse than any in the past. Then a bold seizure of the government may ensue. But that would not complete the revolution either, for then the same rings that rule now by indirection would rule openly. The remedy for existing evils being the putting of all responsibility upon capitalists, there must be some way in-

vented and provided for availing that sense of responsibility which is the salt of the proposal. Unless this is done, the bottom falls out of the whole suggestion. And furthermore, if capital is so conscienceless, tyrannical, and corrupt when it is only moving up to improve all possible chances for securing power, how are we to expect it to suddenly place itself under the weight of a sentiment of moral responsibility, after all power shall have been voluntarily turned over to its hands? There is a perilous hiatus to be bridged here, and by more secure buttresses, piers and planking than any mere theory is capable of furnishing the materials for.

No—no, says the writer; we are not either imperialists or monarchists, because we suggest this thing; "we do not advocate going back to any obsolete political institutions. Progress is our motto. There is something in the future as much better than republicanism as republicanism is better than monarchy, and that is the rule of wealth controlled by moral considerations; in other words, the capitalist in responsible authority, and he under the dominion of a wise, all-powerful public opinion. Our King has come. He rules already; but in such hideous shapes as the lobby—the ring. Let us recognize, tame, enoble him, so that he may serve the highest interests of humanity."

If the sky would fall, we might catch larks; if wishes were horses, then beggars might ride. Certainly, whatever the controlling influence in politics and society, the essential thing is to soften and civilize it, that it may work only to the good of man's estate on earth. But we have yet to be satisfied that the mere act of surrendering all power to what we allow to be a stupendous evil as it stands, is the way to "tame" it and make it "serve the highest interests of humanity." Surrender to evil—what is it but strengthening the evil by just so much power as there is in our resistance? And until the selfishness of capital has been chastened by feeling the presence of at least a rival, if not a superior, it would be only madness to think of turning an enemy into a friend by throwing ourselves abjectly upon his generosity, whose existence we utterly deny.

The Boston Workingwomen.

A mass meeting of the workingwomen of Boston was recently held in Faneuil Hall, its sessions continuing two days. There was a numerous assemblage present, that chose Miss Jennie Collins to preside over its deliberations, who in her opening address stated the purpose of the meeting to be the formation of a nucleus of organization for the factory operatives and tailoresses of the State, who are still unable to act in unison on their own behalf. Mrs. E. L. Daniels was chosen permanent President of the Convention, and a list of Vice Presidents were duly appointed.

In the course of the discussion, which at times took a wide range, Mrs. Daniels deprecated the sweeping denunciation of capital, declaring the existing evil to lie in the false principles which prevailed, and which she hoped would soon be changed. The first day's sessions—morning, afternoon and evening—were taken up with speeches and addresses from the following-named individuals: Mr. Alexander Troup, Secretary of the Troy Union Cooperative Linen Collar and Cuff Manufactory, Mrs. Cora Symes, Mr. Thayer, of Cambridge, Miss Jennie Collins, Mr. Coombs, Mr. Bradley, Mrs. Jones, of Stoneham, and Mr. Trevillick, of Detroit, President of the National Labor Congress. Mr. Troup recounted the history of cooperative labor unions in his own locality, who told the workingwomen that they have everything in their own hands. Mrs. Symes maintained that humanity was incomplete without the creation of woman, and that all society must be permanently inharmonious that does not fully recognize the claims of woman.

Mr. Thayer referred to the combination in the world against the masses, and to the hard work of making war upon the forces that control capital. Our own great present evil he held to be the want of a sound currency; the laboring classes are swindled, yet they are accused of themselves being favorable to repudiation. But a new era is opening. Labor is struggling efficiently to free and elevate itself. He denounced Government for withholding proper protection from labor, and advised women to take hold strong with association.

Miss Jennie Collins, following, delivered a capital address, eloquent, pointed, argumentative and effective. She said the only way for women to obtain their rights was by holding public meetings and organizing schemes of labor. They were now learning to do this, and good results will follow in due time. She sketched a touching picture of the life of the shop-girl in this city, earning scarcely sufficient to hold body and soul together, and hoped that some proper and ample recreations and amusements for them would be planned by philanthropists, to fill up their leisure time. She assailed Rev. Mr. Fulton's assumptions on the subject of woman, and praised the liberal press that reported and advocated these meetings of women in their columns.

Mr. Bradley attacked the banks and the gold ring. Mrs. Jones insisted that woman's wages were cruelly, wickedly insufficient, and said that this particular matter should be more thoroughly discussed, that an improvement might be made at the foundation. Mr. Trevillick, in answer to his own question as to the cause of discontent, said that it was nothing but the oppression which labor is forced to suffer at the hands of capital. As labor was the sole producer of wealth, he maintained that it should rule wealth. He alluded to the demoralization that the examples of wealth were working in the minds of our young men, asserting that there are more idlers in this country than in any other on the face of the globe. He likewise protested against exorbitant rates of interest, which capital paid only at the final expense of the working classes. He predicted that such a state of things could not last always.

On the second day, the speakers at the several sessions were N. W. Stoddard, E. N. Chamberlain, the Labor Reformers' candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, Mrs. Dana, Directress of the Daughters of St. Crispin, Miss Jennie Collins, Miss Sanderson, S. P. Cummings, Mr. Thayer, Miss Phoebe Smith, Mrs. Daniels, Mr. Grosvenor, Mr. Stone, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Symes, Mr. Bradley, Mrs. Livermore and Lucy Stone (Mrs. Blackwell). The speeches of this day were more pointed, direct and energetic than those of its predecessor, and warmed to the subject. Monopolies of all sorts were exposed and denounced; the unequal distribution of the burdens of society was deprecated; the present factory system was criticised as it deserves; skilled labor was advocated as a means of bringing woman out of her deplorable condition; female suffrage was upheld; a call was made for the thorough reform of our present financial system; unjust laws and the false tone of society toward labor were deprecated; women were held to be fully competent to control their own affairs, and to attend to those of politics and the Government; it was urged that the common school education system ought to be more of an

industrial system; combination and cooperation were recommended as the surest means of relief in the hands of workingwomen; all petty jealousies and disagreements among women were deprecated; and respectable domestic service was sincerely recommended as far preferable to the hard, over-worked life of a factory operative.

The Convention was a great success in point of numbers and speaking, and its influence is found to be felt positively and permanently on the public mind. If the workingwomen of the State, and other States, will take seriously to heart the more discreet, wise and temperate counsels which the discussions elicited, and will proceed to practice on them at the earliest opportunity, individually and unitedly, there is no question that they will find themselves at once on the road to their permanent and perfect deliverance from the thrall-dom in which they are held, and from which release is their very first necessity.

Thunder Bay, Michigan.

Our copartner, William White, Esq., recently visited Michigan. In a note from him he speaks of the rapid growth of that portion of the country as follows: "Alpina, where I have been stopping for a few days, is located at the mouth of Thunder Bay River, and has thirty-five hundred inhabitants. Ten years ago I landed at this point, with a few others, from a little boat which we chartered at Thunder Bay Island, twelve miles distant, and then we found only one white family with an apology for a house, and a few Indians, living here. Now, how changed! Steamboats and vessels line the docks for half a mile, taking in and discharging cargoes, and everything indicates that a thriving business is carried on. Fifty million feet of logs were 'harvested' here last winter, and 'boarded' during the summer, and the prospect is still better for another season. One mill is employed exclusively to manufacture lumber for the market at Portland, Me. The religion of the churches is well represented by Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists, Episcopalians and Catholics, each denomination having one. These churches are of some use, but the great mass of humanity do not find in the teachings of the church the spiritual nourishment the soul craves and is ever praying for—a knowledge of the life hereafter. Spiritualism alone can supply this precious boon. Besides stores for every variety of trade, there is a printing and publishing house, which issues one paper and several pamphlets per week. Also two hotels, and two more are in process of completion. Two regular lines of steamers run between this place, Saginaw and Detroit. I trust it will not be long before the good people here will have opportunities to learn something more of the glorious truths of Spiritualism, for which many hearts are yearning."

New Subscribers.

Our old patrons have kept busy at work since our last issue, and sent us thirty-six new subscribers to the *Banner of Light*, accompanied with the money. We continue the list of our friends, as follows: William Wilcox sent one new subscriber; William D. Walker, one; J. Feigenbaum, four; F. L. Crane, one; William Kendall, one; A. T. Miller, one; Thomas Anderson, one; A. C. Nichols, one; Mrs. R. M. Bennett, one; Mrs. L. E. Waterman, one; D. Seman, one; Benj. Stafford, one; H. S. Briggs, one; P. T. Savage, one; S. S. Tyler, one; J. Tinkler, one; William Whitehead, one; W. H. Beatty, one; W. Andrews, one; Ira H. Couch, one; Amos Dresser, one; Mrs. H. Childs, one; Mrs. P. Patterson, one; Luther Aglen, one; D. S. Turner, one; I. W. Shattuck, one; Julia B. Dickinson, one; D. P. Matceyes, one; P. P. Powers, one; Mrs. E. B. Perry, one; E. F. Beals, one; Mrs. E. C. Shank, one; E. S. Pike, one.

Prof. Wm. Denton's New Course of Lectures in Music Hall.

During November, Prof. Denton will lecture every Sunday afternoon in the regular course of spiritual lectures now being delivered in Music Hall. His subjects are of very great interest to the whole human race, and will surpass anything we have yet heard from this distinguished lecturer and scholar. His first two themes will embrace "The Origin of Man," his third, "The Antiquity of Man and his Early Condition," the fourth, "The Origin and Cure of Evil geologically considered." The reader will see at a glance that the Professor has something in store for them that will make all wiser and better men and women, if they will but listen. We hope to see the hall crowded. The earnest and eloquent words of Mr. Denton can be distinctly heard in any part of the spacious hall.

North Bridgewater.

The Spiritualists of this smart, enterprising manufacturing town, are agitating the public mind in the direction of true progress, by their arrangements for presenting the facts of science and the philosophy of life to their intelligent community, in the new and commodious hall, recently finished, which affords a cheerful place for listening to cheering truths.

Prof. Denton is delivering a course of geological lectures on Monday evening of each week, and Dr. H. B. Storer and other lecturers are presenting the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism on the second and fourth Sundays of each month. Orthodox theology is strongly entrenched in this town, but liberal ideas founded upon demonstrated science are permeating public sentiment, and will surely modify and change it to accordance with Nature's divine teachings.

Especially Lectures in Charlestown.

Edward S. Wheeler, associate editor of the *American Spiritualist*, the well-known speaker and remarkable improvisator, is engaged to speak in Charlestown, Mass., the evenings of Sunday, Nov. 7th and 14th. Mr. Wheeler revisits the scene of his former labors in this section after some two years' absence. He has been successfully engaged in Cleveland, Ohio, in the West, at Washington, D. C., and in Western New York. As a speaker he is at once radical and constructive. His arguments are concise and forcible, and their expression eloquent. We understand the forthcoming lectures will be upon "The March of Science toward Spiritualism," and "The Sacred Gospel of the Earthquake." At the close of the lecture, should conditions favor, an improvisation will be given upon a selected subject. Attention to these discourses will be well repaid.

Dr. J. B. Newton.

This renowned healer is to be in Troy, N. Y., at the American Hotel, the 10th, 11th and 12th of November. He closes his office in Buffalo on Tuesday, Nov. 9th.

Luther Parks, Esq., died at his residence in this city, Oct. 23rd, aged eighty years and eleven months. He has for many years enjoyed the consolation which a belief in the truths of Spiritualism gives to the soul.

Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

"NATURE AND ART."—Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan lectured upon the foregoing subject, at Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 24th. Her lecture, which was a continuation of the general subject announced in her first address, was attentively listened to by a good audience. The speaker said among other things, that perfect nature was perfect art; and that they, in every age, who feared not to commune with Nature, and had learned that all art is but the most perfect expression of the soul of being, were the inspired ones who led the nations of the earth to the ever-flowing fountain of the Infinite. The entire lecture will appear in the *Banner of Light*.

The singing on the above occasion was truly very fine. The quartette is an excellent one, and their voices blend in beautiful harmony, accompanied with music from one of Steinway's favorite pianos.

At the close of the lecture Mrs. Tappan improvised the following line:

POEM.
They have builded the thoughts of a thousand years,
And the cycle moved so slow,
They were lost in the sleep, and drowned in the tears
Of the long and long ago:
But the tears were a stream, and they fled like a dream,
And evermore came again.

The pure and the good, who have braved the dark flood
In the hour of their mortal pain:
They have builded the hopes of ten thousand years,
They were lost in the sleep, and drowned in the tears,
But one by one, through time's darkening fears,
And the power of God's great law,
The builders came back from their nameless repose,
With a purpose all potent, divine;
And at last they arose, where the gateways unclose
To the light of a perfect shrine.

They have builded the worlds of a million years;
Atom by atom they came;
They were caught in the whirl of the comet's swift
With never a thought or a name,
Till the cycle of power, in a charmed hour,
Moved them all in a solemn line;
And now they revolve in a circle above,
And within God's gladden shine.

They have builded the temples of ages ago,
And they wrought them in human shame;
But the tramp of time has trodden them down—
They have perished without a name.
But one by one, as the rising sun
Revealeth his rays afar,
They rise to the gates where the spirit awaits
Each temple in some bright star.

Ye have builded the hopes of many years;
And your dreams have faded away;
They were lost in your sighs and drowned in your tears,
With the cares of many a day;
If your dreams were true, they are waiting for you
In a temple of magic light;
From which as you pass, like a shining glass,
They shall gleam on your raptured sight.

Ye have dreamed fond dreams, while the burthened years
Have ravished the eyes of life;
And have bended the form, beneath sorrow's storm,
Through the long and weary night;
But your dreams were yours, as for aye endure
The orbs in your sapphires dome,
So the soul shall trace each bluish or grace
On the walls of its future home.

Then dream the rare dreams, and build with the hopes
Of the ages yet to be;
From these emerald slopes the empyrean opes,
Star paved, for you and me;
There where the freed soul has supreme control,
Where flowers are gilded with the dew
That arose from the soil, in response to its God,
Life quickens for me and for you.

Dream on as ye build the radiant shrine;
The temple whose name is Love,
Shall be graven with thoughts and deeds of your lives,
Recorded on tablets above;
And when you shall rise on your way to the skies,
From the amethyst vault will descend
Every deed of true worth, every pure thought of earth,
And with your own being blend;
Where the poet and sage, on each living page,
Shall find his own life-labors traced
On an archway of flame with each immortal name,
Whose glory can ne'er be effaced.

Prof. Wm. Denton next Sunday.

Prof. Wm. Denton, whose lectures were so popular and instructive last season, will lecture next Sunday.

Meetings in Chelsea.

The Chelsea Children's Progressive Lyceum met at Banquet Hall on Sunday, October 24th, under the conductorship of J. S. Dodge, and a very interesting and profitable session was held.

In the evening Prof. William Denton lectured to a large audience, in Granite Hall (same building); subject: "What shall I do to be saved?" An interesting incident occurred on this occasion, which is worthy of record. Some three months ago, a small sheet published in Chelsea by the "Young Men's Christian Union," and called "Upward and Onward," stated that a man totally "unlearned in the wisdom of the Gentiles," but strong in the power of faith, of course, had replied to one of Prof. Denton's lectures, in Worcester, and had actually forced him to "back down" from his position. Not long afterward a friend residing in Chelsea asked the Professor if it were true, and was told that he had never heard of it before. A letter was written to the editor of the "Upward and Onward" by Mr. Denton, denying the whole thing, and to do justice to that paper, it was stated in its columns that Prof. D. denied it. On the occasion of Mr. Denton's last visit the editor was in the audience; introduced himself to the lecturer as the gentleman with whom the correspondence was had, and endeavored to save his reputation for veracity by asking the Professor if there was not some other Mr. Denton in the State? To this the lecturer replied with his usual promptitude and conciseness: "Am I not the man you meant?" The advocate of "Old Theology," unable to deny it, retired in confusion from his second encounter.

A Word of Caution.

We have of late received several letters from our friends in New York State asking for information in regard to a person calling himself McDougall, who represents himself as a lecturer on Spiritualism; that he was well acquainted with us, &c., &c. Our informants also state that the individual in question borrowed various sums of money of them, with the promise of returning the same in a few days; that several weeks have elapsed, and they have not seen him since. It is said that he called at the post offices in different towns, and inquired who took our paper. After receiving the names of such parties, he called upon them and gained their confidence, which resulted as above quoted. The last letter we have received asking for information in reference to this man McDougall comes from Fairport, N. Y. Our answer is that we have no knowledge whatever of the person represented, either as a Spiritualist, a medium, or a lecturer. If he has stated that he was well-known by us, etc., he can be no other than an impostor, and our friends should accordingly be on their guard.

Read A. J. Davis's reply to Thomas Carlyle, which will be found on our eighth page.

Bierstadt's Painting.

In our last issue we briefly alluded to the magnificent picture of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, painted by A. Bierstadt, and now on exhibition at the gallery of A. A. Childs & Co. This painting is a work of extraordinary merit, and has already won for its distinguished artist an enviable reputation in England and also on the continent of Europe. It was executed in Rome in 1867, and we can well imagine that as the artist progressed with his labor, amid the historical monuments of that classic city, surrounded as he was by scenes hallowed from association with the names of Michael Angelo, Raphael and other cotemporary artists, he was aided by the inspiration of the spirits of those mighty men, whose influence yet pervades the sunny land of Italy, the home of music, poetry and art.

This sublime picture was first publicly exhibited in Berlin, at the Royal Art Gallery, in competition with the works of many of the best living painters of Europe, and was deemed worthy of the gold medal, the highest prize awarded on that occasion. At its subsequent exhibition in Paris it was the admiration of the artists and art critics of that city, as well as of the Emperor of the French, who, as the highest compliment he could pay our gifted countryman, bestowed upon him the cross of the Legion of Honor. Here it was seen by Alvin Adams, of this city, by whom it was afterwards purchased. At its next exhibition, in the city of London, it met with the same degree of favor which had greeted it in other cities. It was the chief attraction at the Royal Art Gallery, and received unqualified praise from the journals of London and other cities of England. It has been on exhibition in Boston for the last four weeks, and from its first opening until now has been daily visited by enthusiastic lovers of art, whose numbers have continued to increase to such an extent that the gallery in which it hangs is full at all hours of the day.

To those who have not yet seen this masterpiece of modern landscape painting, it may be well to say that on a canvas of mammoth size is portrayed a view of the characteristic scenery of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, in California. It is a grand and fascinating combination of mountain peaks, capped with perpetual snow; of torrents that spring from sources in regions of the clouds; of ledges rising, in a perpendicular line, full three thousand feet high; of forest trees that have withstood the storms of centuries, and still tower aloft in majesty of size and beauty of proportion, clad in their liveliest of emerald; of lake and rivulet in whose transparent waters are mirrored all surrounding objects, while the solitude of the scene is broken by a herd of deer who have come to the margin of the lake to slake their thirst, and a flock of wild fowl who are startled by their approach.

We have spoken of this picture in general terms, believing that none of our readers in this vicinity will omit a visit to a work of transcendent genius, to which no verbal description can do even partial justice, and which is so full of the sentiment and spirit of true poetry, and so replete with suggestions of the scenery of that celestial region above the blue dome of earth, wedded only by the feet of angels, that the spirit is refreshed by bathing in the atmosphere of golden light and purple mists through which are seen the most attractive portions of the landscape.

Among the recent visitors to this painting was John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, who sat in silence before it for many minutes, and who, as he turned to leave the gallery, remarked to a friend that the mountain scenery in the middle distance reminded him of the Delectable Mountains described by Bunyan. As we listened to his words we were reminded of a stanza from one of his own poems, descriptive of the charming scenery of his native stream, the Merrimac River:

"And well may we own thy hint and token
Of fairer valleys and streams than these,
Where the rivers of God are full of water,
And full of sap and his healing trees."

Dramatic Entertainment.

The Lyceum Amateur Dramatic Association connected with the Boston Children's Progressive Lyceum, gave the first entertainment of their second season at Mercantile Hall, Summer street, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 27th. A crowded house greeted the reappearance of this favorite body. The programme on this occasion consisted of the three act drama, "Agnes De Vere," and a farce entitled, "The Captain of the Watch;" the characters in the foregoing pieces being well sustained by Messrs. Fred. M. Hawley, Albert Morton, Fred. J. Kendall, J. M. Choate, C. Angelo, E. D. Chase, E. F. Beare, and Misses Mary A. Sanborn, Hattie L. Teal, Annie Cayvan, Lizzie F. Lovejoy and Bertie Lovejoy. Much dramatic talent is evinced by the performers, and with some practice as to details, they will attain great success in the future.

Lyceum Meeting at Mercantile Hall.

On Sunday morning, Oct. 24th, the Boston Children's Progressive Lyceum held its usual session. The regular exercises of singing, Silver Chain recitations, Grand Banner March, &c., were gone through with, and much time was devoted to the answering of questions—it being the day for their consideration. At the conclusion of this part of the services notice was given by the Conductor, D. N. Ford, that on two weeks from the present session answers would be required to the question: "How far should we be controlled by public opinion in our daily acts?" One hundred and thirty members and leaders and a large number of visitors were present. The music by Mr. Metcalf and Miss Fessenden (the regular performer), also by Miss Addie Morton, was excellent. The regular monthly concert of this Lyceum takes place the first Sunday in November.

Charlestown Meetings.

On Sunday forenoon, October 24th, the children of the Progressive Lyceum assembled at Washington Hall. Owing to the Fair now being held there, but little could be done in the way of a meeting.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Fannie B. Felton spoke at Union Hall, Main street. In the evening, Miss Lizzie Doten lectured at the same hall. Subject: "The Power of the Human Will." A crowded house greeted her, and great satisfaction was evinced by the audience.

These lectures, held under the auspices of the First Spiritualist Association of Charlestown, are every way worthy of the patronage which they are receiving.

A Challenge.

Thomas W. Higginson, in *The Independent*, having pronounced, after forty minutes' investigation, the physical manifestations through the Davenport Brothers the result of jugglery, Theodore Parker (in our spirit message department) calls him to an account—challenges him to come forward with all the science at his command, and prove, if he can, what he has so boldly asserted, or stand convicted of misrepresentation.

Business Matters.

This great work—"MODERN SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA"—is now in press, and will be ready for delivery in the course of a month or two. It comprises a twenty years' record of the communion between earth and the world of spirits to be in one volume, large octavo, of six hundred pages, English muslin, beveled edges, super and profusely illustrated with fine portraits, on steel, wood in tint, lithography, etc. The price of this superb book will be extremely low, barely sufficient to cover expense of publication; the author's chief desire being to do his share in spreading, in compact form, the great truths of our grand scientific religion over the whole civilized globe.

It is understood that Lieut. Saxby predicted
 were atmospheric disturbances; again, on the
 to 3d of November. His warnings, he says, are
 to all parts of the world; but effects may be
 more in some places than others.

loved and who so dearly loved us, but the diseased could no longer contain the spirit, and she passed to spirit more congenial. The knowledge of her continued life and happy reunion in the future, together with the guardianship of her pure spirit, will help to comfort her sorrowing family.

Rev. J. B. Greenleaf conducted the funeral services.

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Banner of Light.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

Evidently there is nothing more curious and mysterious to those persons unfamiliar with the subtle and occult forces of Nature, than the wonderful phenomena exhibited to large audiences by the renowned Davenport Brothers. The appearance of hands, the tying and untying of ropes and the playing of musical instruments, all done under conditions utterly impossible to favor deception, are truly calculated to awaken serious reflections in the thoughtful mind. But here we must meet with a strenuous opposition from those who are disposed to attribute everything of this nature to jugglery. It is for the very purpose of convincing the candid mind of the utter folly and absurdity of endeavoring to account for these phenomena in such a manner, that I have undertaken this article.

In the *Cincinnati Enquirer* of Oct. 24 appears a long article, entitled "The Davenport Brothers," written by Thomas W. Higginson, one of the committee of two appointed to examine the brothers at one of these exhibitions, which very presumptuously tries to make them out miserable charlatans and tricksters. The whole style of the article, however, indicates, very apparently, a judgment warped either by vanity, prejudice or interest. Instead of giving us a calm, philosophical statement of his views, the gentleman, on the contrary, very dogmatically assumes the whole thing to be a transparent humbug. But let us take a cursory survey of Mr. Higginson's article and see what it amounts to.

First, he states, in the second paragraph, that he feels himself bound to give to the public his impression of what he had seen, which was, "that, of all juggling exhibitions, this is the most common-place, the most obvious and least interesting."

Now I would like to inquire, if this is the case, why did not Mr. H. make the same evident to every thinking mind? Why is it that, in no place in his article, he has given us the least semblance of reason to substantiate this assertion? I have read his article over and over, and have candidly endeavored to find, if in any particular, his impressions were justified; but must say I have completely failed to do so.

His explanations of these phenomena, by the way, forcibly remind me of Anderson's expositions of spiritualistic manifestations; and, of all expositions I have ever seen, I must say that Anderson's were the most shallow, weak and insipid. Every one who attended these so-called expositions will probably recollect the manner in which he accounted for table-rappings and tipplings. In the one case, he informs us, this was done by placing the feet close up against the legs of the table, and merely striking them gently with the edge of the foot. In the other case, the table was moved by placing the thumb of the hand under the margin of the top-board. Query: How was all this done when the medium did not come in contact with the table? Perhaps Mr. Anderson could enlighten us if he were here. But no matter; Mr. H. can do as much.

Now, I say, Mr. H.'s explanations remind me of Mr. A.'s expositions, a few examples of which I have just given, and that need no comment. But let us now turn to these explanations.

In the first place, he refers to the fact that there are criminals whom no handcuffs can hold. This may be true, but the question is whether the Davenport could carry on these extraordinary things in the very limited time allotted to them to slip their hands in and out of the ropes? My opinion of this matter I will give in the language of a writer for the *Washington Union*, one of the popular papers of the day. After observing that three or four long bare arms, of various sizes, were plainly visible during one of these performances, and shown, too, while the doors were partially open, he says:

"To suppose that the Davenport could untie themselves, take off their coats, unbutton their shirt-sleeves and roll them up, and then put themselves back again, with their coats on, and bound up hand and foot, in less than twenty seconds, is simply preposterous."

But Mr. H. cannot see it in this light, for he observes, at the end of the fourth paragraph, "The ligatures around the legs are nothing. They can reach the window and the instruments without rising from their seats."

I will only remark, on this occasion, that the window Mr. H. has reference to was at least five feet from either of the "brothers," and that, having been seated between them, with both his hands tied to their persons, he had ample opportunity to test whether they thrust their hands through the window at the audience, or made other demonstrations within the cabinet.

He complains "that the shutting and opening of the doors is rather a deliberate performance, and that it is impossible to get near enough to inspect the knots suddenly."

How far this is true, I will leave to the judgment of those who attended these exhibitions. It does not seem to me, however, more than an interval of two seconds generally elapsed between the opening and shutting of the doors. Mr. Fay, I think, did his part with remarkable celerity.

Mr. H. again complains that he could not be allowed to run a piece of thread through the knots, to be attached to the elbows of each brother. Well, perhaps Mr. Fay had very good reasons for not permitting anything of this kind at that time. He might, however, have been permitted to use sealing wax. This has been often done, and always proved a very satisfactory test to every rational mind.

Mr. H. says, though his suggestion, if carried into effect, would have settled the whole matter, yet "they themselves gave an opportunity soon after which proved fully as effectual."

This was the "four test." Though to nearly every one in the audience it was perfectly satisfactory, yet Mr. H., it seems, made an important discovery. Being permitted to pour the flour into the hands of the "brothers," he did it somewhat clumsily, thereby spilling some of it on the back of their hands. Important consequences followed after the doors were closed. I give his own words:

"A hand appeared; then it appeared again. I could see, in the dim light, no flour on the hand, but every time it appeared there was a trace of flour perfectly apparent on the curtain. I watched Mr. Fay, the outside participant. I saw the glance of his eye at me when he saw the white marks. Then, with an easy air, he stepped forward and pushed the curtain back into its place, shaking off the flour."

I have only to ask why Mr. H. did not at once step up to the curtain and satisfy himself it was flour he saw. He might have saved the public a great many unpleasant conjectures had he done so. I am strongly inclined to suspect, however, that the flour he claims to have seen was only imaginary.

Finally, Mr. H. tells us he did not stay to the "dark séance." He was no longer in the dark;

and then gives us a far-fetched description of how this "four test" was performed.

In conclusion, his whole endeavor to prove the Davenport common jugglers, was that of a man straining at a gnat. He could as soon prove to my mind that black was white, as to convince me that these extraordinary phenomena were the results of jugglery. If a man, in his right senses, could come to such a determination, I would lose all confidence in human reason. But thank God, very few acquiesce in Mr. H.'s opinion. There is no denying the fact that these Davenport manifestations are creating quite a stir among the thinking classes. In literary and scientific circles we hear much more of Spiritualism than formerly. It is rapidly becoming one of the gigantic movements of the age, and is assuredly soon destined, with its beautiful and sublime truths, to dissipate from the face of the globe most of the error and superstition that now degrades the human race.

J. F. FOX.
Cincinnati, Ohio, Oct. 7th, 1869.

A. J. DAVIS ON THOMAS CARLYLE.
OBJECTIONS TO THOMAS CARLYLE'S DEFINITION OF SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of the World: Sir—My attention has just been called to a "remarkable letter" copied into your columns from the *American Scotsman*, in which the strong-minded Mr. Carlyle scornfully denounces Spiritualism as a thing he never mentions unless when compelled to do so, as "a brutalism," and as the "Literary of Dead Sea Apes."

This exceedingly gross and vulgarly vague definition of Spiritualism is unworthy the transcendent talents and acknowledged attainments of the Scotch philosopher. It is narrow and bitter in its insinuation, and disgustingly incomprehensible in its language.

Concerning Spiritualism, Mr. Editor, permit me to remark that the reality of nothing in this world is more certainly established. It is as certainly true as that man is endowed with a mental and spiritual constitution. The history of Spiritualism begins where the human race began its eternal career. The supernaturalism of all ages and peoples is nothing but "this thing which calls itself Spiritualism." It is the foundation of all absolute knowledge concerning the world beyond the tomb. Deprive the religious world of its so-called miracles—put out the clairvoyant eyes of the world's seers of spiritual existence, and instantly, "the testimony of an eye," the glory of immortality is extinguished, and God's beautiful universe becomes an empty circle of materialism and everlasting death.

The overbearing character of Mr. Carlyle's denunciation may, in part, be pardoned because of the vexatious mysticism of Wm. Denovan's bewildering pamphlet entitled "Temple of Isis." In this little work the facts of Spiritualism are counted for by a perplexing hypothesis, enough to throw a man of Mr. Carlyle's dogmatic temperament into a fit of uncontrollable "disagreeableness." One year ago I addressed Mr. Denovan a note regarding the unsentimental character of his "explanation of Spiritualism," and I had hopes that, from motives of disinterestedness, he would not disturb the calm repose of Mr. Carlyle with spectral hypotheses sent forth from the "Temple of Isis."

MY DEFINITION OF SPIRITUALISM, however, is considerably different from that given by the majority of Spiritualists. It is generally esteemed as the outcome of a new religion. On the other hand, I employ the term "Spiritualism" as applicable to a revival of "evidence," appreciable by the physical senses, that a person is not destroyed by the chemistry of death, but exists as much of an individual as before, and enjoys the privilege of traveling in the spiritual universe, and of visiting the earth and holding converse with the friends of the departed.

Spiritualists hold very generally that "circles" and "manifestations" should be multiplied and continually evoked. On the contrary, I hold that, beyond establishing the momentous question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" beyond a sensible demonstration of the fact of personal immortality—the holding of "circles" and the accumulation of repetitions "manifestations" are not at all beneficial, but rather weakening to both the nerves and the judgment.

DARK CIRCLES UNPROMISING. Excepting for scientific investigations—to test the delicacy and wondrous power of spirits over material things—I hold that "dark circles" are valueless and injurious. As a means of carrying conviction to skeptical minds, the lightest of questions amount to nothing. Persons convinced of Spiritualism by such evidences usually require an endless repetition of "facts" to keep their faith from languishing. Perhaps Mr. Carlyle's mind has been disgusted with the weakness and superstition of persons calling themselves Spiritualists. Of this class I think Spiritualism can show as large a percentage as did early Christianity, or as can the juvenile years of any sect in Christendom.

But, although Spiritualism is not, according to my definition, a new religion, it is the herald of a higher era of spiritual development. It makes possible and inevitable the coming of a new religion in philosophy, and inspires every advancement in science, society and life. A free religious development of the essentials of Christianity is one of the effects of "this thing which calls itself Spiritualism." An age of new ideas is dawning beyond the ocean of this spiritual agitation, and I am sure hope that the mind so large and far-reaching as Carlyle's would be touched with at least one ray from the new sun.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.
Orange, N. J., Oct. 19th, 1869.

Spirit-Painting.

Of all the varied phases of spirit manifestation which have ever come to the knowledge of the writer, none seem more satisfactory or conclusive, and none fill the mind with a greater degree of wonder and astonishment, than the spirit-painting of flowers, landscapes, &c., through the mediumship of Mrs. E. A. Blair while in a trance state, and perfectly blindfolded.

Many of these paintings are not only of the most exquisite beauty and finish, but contain some delicate and touching sentiment or motto, indicating to us in appropriate words the love, affection, and watchful care which our spirit-friends ever have for us. These little mottoes and remembrances are, to all who have received them, "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

And the flowers, too, which make up the wreaths that encircle these mottoes, are so truthful, so real, and so lifelike, that well did the great Teacher say, "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

The contemplation of these paintings cannot but elevate the mind and lead it heavenward, even into the realm of the spiritual and the divine.

Mrs. Blair has been in the family of the writer for more than six months, and he has witnessed these paintings almost daily, and is fully satisfied that an intelligence superior to that of the medium, (so far as the execution of these paintings is concerned), is at work in bringing out these marvelous productions. One remarkable feature in the production of these paintings is, the rapidity and accuracy of touch, there being no false motions, no patching up, and no re-shading, but each stroke of the brush covering new ground, and doing in minutes what professional artists affirm would take hours and even days of studied labor to accomplish.

Every one who has the least spark of love and appreciation of the truly beautiful and spiritual, should see this wonderful phenomenon, and become a possessor, too, of a memento from their spirit-friends. It will certainly prove "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Mrs. Blair is located in Lawrence for the present, but contemplates leaving soon for the South and West.

J. C. BOWEN.

New Publications.

THE CHESTER FAMILY; OR THE CURSE OF THE DAVENPORT APPETITE. By Julia M. Friend. Boston: Wm. White & Co.

The table of contents of this book will be found in another column. The preface of this interesting reformatory work was written by Henry C. Whitte and Prof. Wm. Denon, both of them ardent believers in the great and precious fact that underlies the mighty movement that now healthfully agitates the realm of thought and feeling as it never was shaken before, namely, that the death of the body severs no ties of the soul, but only brings human spirits into a more intimate, harmonious and ennobling relation with one another. The author of this valuable contribution to the temperance cause is one of the most reliable and successful clairvoyant physicians and test mediums. In her kindly ministrations among the poor and the outcast, guided, as she has ever been, by an inner yet ever-present and ever-controlling power, she has been deeply made to feel, by what she has seen with her material eyes, as well as by what has been revealed to her spirit-vision by that spirit-gift that ever accompanies and guides her in her great and good mission, the lightning effects of alcoholic drinks on the physical, intellectual and moral conditions of those who indulge in them. Especially has she been called to witness the heart-shaking effects of the drunkard's appetite and the drunkard's drink on the domestic affections and relations.

With a loving and gentle but powerful hand she has raised the curtain that hides from public view the agonizing scenes that are being daily and nightly enacted in the homes of drunkards. Before the heroism of Mary Chester, as the wife of a man cursed with the drunkard's appetite from his birth, and as the mistaken mother of a drunkard's children, the heroism of warriors and statesmen sinks into insignificance. She steadily, but bravely, bore her cross upon a long, weary Calvary, yet without an arm to lean upon but her calm, unshaken trust in the invisible one that was ever about her; but the crown was hers at last.

No one can contemplate the spirit and life of the drunkard's wife and the drunkard's children, as delineated by this truly affecting yet delightful story of John and Mary Chester and their little ones, and not be made purer and nobler by it.

The friends of the author and the readers of the *Banner of Light* and the Spiritualists and friends of humanity generally, as they peruse this volume, written with such tenderness and power of thought and sympathy, can but feel grateful to the author for the profit as well as pleasure she has given them.

COURT CHIEFS OF THE REPUBLIC.—We have the advance sheets of this elegant and costly illustrated publication, from the enterprising press of the Hartford Publishing Company; and from a careful and delighted inspection of its various pages, with the accompanying illustrations, we are able to pronounce it a superior work for the approaching holiday season, both in mechanical beauty and literary skill. The volume is written by Mrs. Elliot, whose familiarity with the distinguished society of Washington for a course of years admirably qualifies her for precisely such a labor. The pages abound with anecdotes of the most distinguished personages in public life, foreign representatives included; and their personal will refresh the reader on many a matter which he will esteem it a lasting gratification to enjoy under a renewed acquaintance, excited by a magic pen. The steel engravings of the beautiful and striking women, who, if any, constitute the "Court of the Republic," are well worthy to set forth so strikingly the fascinating record with whose interest they are inseparably interwoven.

MISS PENOBLY, who is known as a disciple of the system of primary education invented by the German Froebel, which he only styled a reform, has cast in neat and convenient pamphlet form, through the press of Adams & Co., her timely and appropriate observations on "THE INSTRUCTION OF THE ARTIZAN AND ARTIST," as the proper object of American education; and has illustrated the same with a lecture of Cardinal Wiseman, on the relation of the arts of design with the arts of production. The whole is addressed by its accomplished author to American workmen and educators. It deserves, and will receive, a wide reading at the hands of an intelligent public.

We have from Leo & Shepard two more of their pretty juveniles, the opening of the "Charley Roberts Series"—"How Eva Roberts Gained her Education," and "How Charley Roberts became a Man," which carry forward the story precisely as the delighted and eager young people would have it done. The writer has hit the right vein in these popular productions, which her publishers will no doubt desire her to work as long as possible. The series make a beautiful present for children.

The same enterprising publishers likewise send us "DORRIS DUNN'S PLAYWAY," which is number six and the last of that most attractive little series. In a box, and presented in the well-known style of the publishers, there could be no prettier gift to make to a child, nor one for which it would be more grateful.

The *Nursery* for November is equal to any previous numbers. Published by J. L. Shorey, 12 Washington street, Boston.

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Opinions of the Press.

From the New York Evening Mail, Oct. 14.

A NEW YORK PIONEER THE SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.—We have from the publishers, William White & Co., the latest work of the seer, Andrew Jackson Davis, "Death and the After-Life: eight evening lectures on the Summer-Land, photographically reported; also, A Voice from James Victor Wilson." Those who believe with Mr. Davis will undoubtedly find much spiritual food in this book, while those of the outer world will be as certainly and much to interest them, that is, if they have any curiosity or love for the marvelous. "Society and social centers" in the Summer-Land are among the topics treated of. The uninitiated may be glad to learn of the personal appearance of the Summer-Land people, one of whom called upon Mr. Davis through an open window.

"But regarding the personal appearance of this uninitiated brother, who has resided some ten years in the spirit-land, I may remark briefly, his form is more round than when last I beheld him, and his motions and gestures are characterized with more uprightness and dignity. His bodily presence enabled me at once, and I felt like one standing in the midst of royalty. His habits were artificial, evidently the work of more delicate hands than those of the last terrestrial man, and he wore them as though he lived in a Land of Summer warmth and glory. The outlines of his fine form were visible through his garments."

Spiritual conversation, according to our author, is after this wise:

"Thanks, my zonn basketel," he enthusiastically exclaimed, "you will make me free as the flying Apollon, and my happiness will be like that of the aravala." He grasped my hand lovingly, and said: "Follow me to my To-leka. The good Atle made it to instruct me for ever."

We could make some columns of extracts, all equally novel, but since space forbids, we must refer our psychological readers to the work itself.

From the Providence Daily Press, Oct. 22.

DEATH AND THE AFTER-LIFE: Eight Evening Lectures on the Summer-Land. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Also, a voice from James Victor Wilson. Tenth Enlarged Edition. Boston: William White & Co., *Banner of Light* Office, pp. 276.

This is an exposition of death and the future life from a spiritual standpoint. It esteems death but an unrobing of the spirit which then is free, retaining its individuality and consciousness in their entirety. The spirit enters upon a career which is a continuation of the earth-life, directed only of its tendencies which came from its connection with a physical body. It gravitates to its appropriate sphere, and there becomes progressive. The sphere is light or dark, according to the condition of the individual spirit, and progresses in a ratio corresponding to the development it has obtained in connection with the body. And the spirit-abode has those objects which minister to its spiritualized existence. This world the author holds to be supplemented by a spiritual world, in all respects identical, except infinitely more refined and etherealized. Interspersed with its peculiar and novel views are many thoughts on life and duty which may be profitably pondered over.

From the *Haverhill Tri-Weekly Publisher*, Oct. 21.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS. The World-Renowned Spiritual Mediums: Their Biography and Adventures in Europe and America. William White & Co., Boston.

The above is the title of a new book of over four hundred pages just out, and which will prove in-

teresting to those who accept the Spiritual Philosophy, and also to others who, while not necessarily believing in the Spiritual Philosophy, are ready to investigate the truth of all other questions of the day. The sketches forming the substance of this book give a great variety, showing the origin and remarkable career of these Brothers both in this country and Europe, where crowned heads and prominent personages everywhere were deeply interested in the phenomena that occurred in their presence. Price \$1.50. For sale at *Banner of Light* Office, Boston.

From the *Spiritual Reformer*.

THE VOICES. By Warren Sumner Barlow. Second Edition. Boston: William White & Co., 158 Washington street. pp. 184. Price \$1.25, postage, 16 cents.

Mechanically this is one of the neatest and most tasty books for the price that has appeared before the public for years, being printed on excellent heavy paper and bound in good style. But its greatest beauty consists in its literary construction. In this respect we consider it a perfect gem, glittering and sparkling in whatever light you may choose to view it.

The first is the "Voice of Superstition," in which the author gives a rendering of the Bible from Adam to Christ, showing conclusively that in the great contest between God and the Devil the Devil always came off victor.

Second is the "Voice of Nature," in which occurs some of the most sublime strains of poetry that ever fell from human tongue, or graced the pages of any book. And third is the "Voice of a Public," which tells the tale of all past ages, and beautifully portrays the life and individuality of everything in Nature, teaching the great truth that infinite wisdom controls all things, and will eventually bring harmony out of seeming discord.

Taking it as a whole, we consider it the masterpiece of composition on the subject of which it treats. It must be read to be appreciated. Among its other good features is the fact that every word has a meaning—is the representative of an idea—no useless words being thrown in to fill up the poetic measure. We challenge any man or woman of literary taste to take up the book and read a few pages, without feeling an irrepressible desire to finish it.

Progress on the Pacific Coast.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Here in the "land of the setting sun" we have evidence of the progress mankind are making. During the present week the House of Representatives of this territory convened here at the capital and elected Miss Elizabeth Peaches, formerly of Otesago Co., N. Y., the enrolling clerk of that body, by a larger vote than was received by any other officer. She received the vote of every Republican member and of one Democrat. P. D. Moore was elected chaplain of the same body, notwithstanding his liberal views. I am glad to know that your valuable paper is properly appreciated by this community. Yours truly, D. P. Olympia, W. T., Oct. 9, 1869.

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

A. J. DAVIS.

ARABULA; or, The Divine Guest. This fresh and beautiful volume is selling rapidly, because it supplies a deep religious want in the hearts of the people. \$1.50, postage 16 cents.

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APPROACHING CRISIS: Being a Review of Dr. Bushnell's Lectures on Supernaturalism. The great religious crisis, which is destined to convulse and divide Protestantism, and around which all other religious controversies must necessarily revolve, is exceptionally foretold in this Review, which is composed of six discourses, delivered by the author before the Harmonical Brotherhood of Hartford, Connecticut. It is affirmed by many of the best writers of the day, that the best explanation of the "Origin of Evil" is to be found in this Review. \$1.00, postage 16 cents.

ANSWERS TO EVER-RECURRING QUESTIONS FROM THE PULPIT. (A sequel to Penitential.) The wide range of subjects embraced can be inferred from the table of contents. An examination of the book itself will reveal the clearness of style and vigor of method characterizing the replies. \$1.50, postage 20 cents.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM. A Manual, with Directions for the Organization and Management of Sunday Schools. Adapted to the Bodies and Minds of the Young, and containing Rules, Methods, Exercises, Marches, Lessons, Questions and Answers, Invocations, Stories, Hymns, Readings, Hymns and Songs. \$1.00, postage 16 cents. 100 copies \$30.00; 50 copies \$15.00; 25 copies \$8.00; 12 copies \$4.00; 50 copies \$1.00, postage 16 cents.

DEATH AND THE AFTER-LIFE. This little work contains eight lectures, and a Voice from the Summer-Land. Paper 50c, cloth 75c, postage 16c.

GREAT HARMONIA: Being a Philosophical Revelation of the Natural, Spiritual and Celestial Universes. In five volumes. Vol. I. THE PHYSICIAN. \$1.50, postage 20c. Vol. II. THE TEACHER. In this volume is presented the new and wonderful principles of "Spirit and its Culture," also, a comprehensive and systematic argument on the "Existence of God." \$1.50, postage 20c. Vol. III. THE SPIRIT. This volume is composed of twenty-seven lectures on every phase of Magnetism and Clairvoyance in the past and present of human history. \$1.50, postage 20c. Vol. IV. THE REFORMER. This volume contains truths eminently serviceable in the elevation of the race. It is devoted to the consideration of "Physiological Vitality," "The Human Mind," "The Human Soul," "The Human Spirit," and the "Human Will." \$1.50, postage 20c. Vol. V. THE THINKER. This volume is by numerous readers pronounced the most comprehensive and valuable of the series. \$1.50, postage 20c.

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HARMONY L. MAN; or, Thoughts for the Age. Those who know Mr. Davis's style of treating his subjects will not need to be informed that this little book is full of new and original thoughts. Paper 50c, cloth 75c, postage 16c.

MAGIC STAFF. An Autobiography of Andrew Jackson Davis. "This most singular biography of a most singular person" has been extensively read in this country, and is now translated and published in the German language. It is a complete personal history of the clairvoyant experiences of the author from his earliest childhood to 1866. \$1.50, postage 20c.

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MORNING LECTURES: Twenty Discourses, delivered before the Society of Friends of Progress, the city of New York, in the winter and spring of 1863. This volume is overflowing with that peculiar inspiration which the reader into the region of new ideas. The discourses are clothed in language plain and forcible, and the arguments and illustrations convey conviction. This volume of plain lectures is just the book to put into the hands of skeptics and new beginners in Spiritualism. \$1.50, postage 20c.

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PRINCIPLES OF NATURE: Her Divine Revelations. A Voice from the Summer-Land. (Three Parts.) Thirteenth Edition, just published, with a likeness of the author, and containing a fully recorded marriage, birth and death, and a full record of the author's life and philosophy on which the whole structure of Spiritualism rests. It contains the whole of the author's philosophy on the subject, and contains the fundamental principles of human life, and a steady and constant state. \$1.50, postage 20c.

PENETRATA. This work, which at the time was styled by the author "the wisest book" from his pen, deserves to be brought prominently before the American public. \$1.75, postage 20c.

SPIRIT MYSTERIES EXPLAINED. The Inner Life; A Sequel to Spiritual Intercourse. \$1.50, postage 20c.

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Price of Complete Works of A. J. Davis, \$26.00.

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History and Philosophy of Evil;

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BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

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A BOOK FOR EVERY FAMILY.

THE CHESTER FAMILY;

OR,

The Curse of the Drunkard's Appetite.

BY JULIA M. FRIEND.

Moderate Drinking is the Source of all Drunkenness.

THE following table of contents of the above volume will speak for the book, perhaps, all that need to be said of it. It is neatly printed, and we have no hesitation in saying that it is one of the most interesting Temperance Stories we have ever seen. It will reach the heart of every one who reads it, and we hope it may find a welcome in every family and a reader in every friend of humanity and progress.

The authors has given her life, for twelve years, as a CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, to the healing of the diseases that flesh is heir to. The various incidents of the story are taken from real life. Substantially they are facts. The authors speaks as one who feels the subject on which she writes, and as one who cherishes what she has seen and heard. The friends of temperance will find the statistical tables invaluable. "Good Temperance" and "Sons of Temperance" could not use their friends more advantageously than in aiding in the circulation of this invaluable work.

The authors is deserving of thanks for having given to the world this book as an illustration of that scourge of all ages, the threat for all nations, and the shame of all ages, with truthfully and appropriately designated it, "the drunkard's appetite." Read the list of contents, buy the book, read it, and then rest.

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LETTER III—The Drunkard's Children: Can Children love and honor a Drunken Father? The Patient, Crippled Child.

LETTER IV—The Christmas Story: Drunken Father stealing his Child's Money to buy Liquor; Surprise Party; Christmas Dinner; The Cripple gets her Crutches despite the Theft of her Drunken Father.

LETTER V—Death of Little John: Result of a Drunken Father's Neglect: A Drunken Father at the Death-Scene of his Child, and at the Burial of her body.