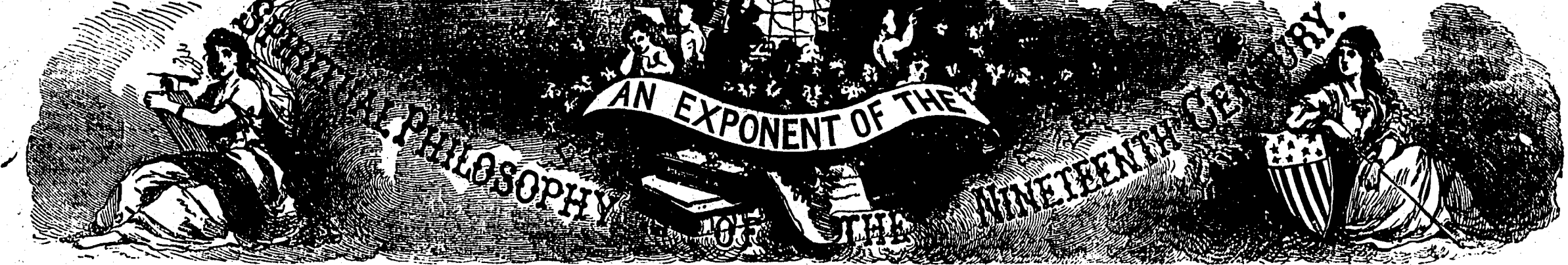


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NO. 12.

Spiritualism.

Written for the Banner of Light.
MEDIUMS AND MEDIUMSHIP.

BY THOMAS R. HAZARD.

"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live."

The above "thou shalt the Lord" is said to have been spoken from the mouth of Moses of the "Pentateuch."

The following, of like import, is from the "Northwestern Department, W. F. Jamieson, editor," of the paper published by Moses of the "Crucible":—"Mediums vs. impostors.—One of the best physical mediums in the United States told me he knew that a certain dark circle medium (so called) was an impostor, for he saw him clairvoyantly perform the tricks which he palmed off on the public as spiritual. I asked him why he did not advertise him as a humbug, inasmuch as every impostor must, in order to be successful, I trust the self-styled 'defenders of mediums' will make a note of his answer. He said, 'Should I do so, the Spiritualists would denounce me and charge me with trying to build myself up by pulling another medium down.'

He was correct about the result, for it has been verified in dozens of cases. In order to escape the storm of misrepresentation which now of us have encountered, he bowed his head in silence while fraud was perpetrated in his presence."

And this, in like vein, is from the pen of the editor of the Golden Age, in reply to an invitation from John Gage to attend the late convention of Spiritualists at Vineland:

"MY FRIEND—I thank you for asking me to attend your convention. Many labors keep me at my office desk. The phenomena of Spiritualism have interested me greatly. But I have had bad luck with mediums. Sooner or later, nearly all of them (in sitting with me), have exhibited traces of impostors and cheats. Thus I have known a medium who, after the manifestation of genuine marvels such as would impress and satisfy the most skeptical inquirer, has condescended to the petty trickery of producing raps with his hand, and of moving a table with his foot. There is so much that is genuine, cheering and magnificent in the better and higher phenomena of Spiritualism, that my blood grows hot with indignation at the insincerity of mediums who will use the most sacred of facts as the warp and woof of the meanest of deceptions. You ask me to send a sentiment. I would like to send it in the form of a scourge to drive out the pretensions of the impostors. I hope you will pass a resolution whipping the rogues who steal the livery of Spiritualism to serve their devilish selves therewith. By as much as I love truth, by so much do I hate fraud. My experience with Spiritualism teaches me that, as it is ordinarily seen in the performances of mediums, it is about one half truth and the other half humbug. I am yours frankly, THOMAS R. HAZARD."

And this ditto upon witches comprises the comments of the editor of the "Present Age" on his of the "Golden Age" letter:

"We like these plain, honest words, and we think there are few indeed, after such an experience, would form a more favorable opinion of the genuineness of manifestations than is here expressed by Mr. Tilton. His experience has been like thousands of others, but we are glad to record the fact, in his own words, that he has not, like many investigators, upon the first discovery of fraud, pronounced all mediumship a humbug. Notwithstanding his discouraging experience, he believes, if we do not misapprehend him, that one-half of the intelligence coming through sincere mediums is as it purports to be, from the spirit-world. No one conversant with the writings of Mr. Tilton, for the last year at least, can doubt his position with reference to this great spiritual movement, and will rejoice to hear him, after careful investigation, proclaim to the world, through the columns of the 'Golden Age,' that SPIRITUALISM IS GENUINE, CHEERING, AND MAGNIFICENT IN ITS BETTER AND HIGHER PHENOMENA."

At the risk of being classed as one of the "self-styled," I should like to make a few remarks in connection with the above extracts, even should they trespass on some that have before appeared in the "Banner of Light."

Some men err through design, some through ignorance or want of discretion, some through lack of thought or experience, and some through the possession of too much of the fancied "knowledge that puffeth up." I suppose that the dogma of "Moses of the Pentateuch" was inspired by design, and from a determination on his part that no witch or wizard or prophet (for they are all the same) should be permitted to encroach upon his assumed prerogative of divination. This has been the ecclesiastical idea, that has always been enforced by the Orthodox priests, so far as they had or now have the power to persecute the mediumistic successors of the prophets of old, although they cannot at present put them to death, as they did Joan of Arc and thousands of others, a few scores of years ago. The will, however, doubtless remains the same; and should the present clerical conspirators succeed in establishing their proposed theocracy in the United States, it is not only possible but probable that the attempt will be again made to enforce the law of Moses against "spirit mediums," as in the days of "Salem witchcraft." These conspirators are not so much from ignorance or want of experience as through design (coupled, perhaps, with a great lack of discretion); and it would be a mere waste of words to seek to restrain them by arguments or appeals addressed to their reason or consciences. Such as they have ever depended for support upon the power that wields the sword, and can only be kept down when it is held in opposing hands between them and their coveted victims. So with men of science (falsely so called). These are most always too full of themselves and their fancied superiority and knowledge to learn anything outside of their own schools. As a class, they are spitefully opposed to all spirit phenomena, and would doubtless, should the priests succeed in establishing their Mosiac theocracy, willingly stand by and consent to the imprisonment, or death at their hands, of every medium in the land, as Saul of Tarsus did to that of Stephen, but a short time before the "knowledge that puffeth up" was so effectually knocked out of him by a spirit manifestation too unmistakable to be resisted, through which he was made physically blind, that he might be enabled spiritually to see—a fact that some of

our learned savans should "make a note of." These belong to the orders of scribes and Pharisees, that Jesus of Nazareth never sought, either by word or spirit manifestation, to convince, well knowing that any attempt to reform or enlighten them would be but waste of time, and like "casting pearls before swine," that would be sure to "trample them under their feet," and probably "torn and rend" the giver.

But, much as our mediums may have to apprehend from the rancor of their theological and over-learned enemies, they have, in my judgment, quite as much to fear from the indiscretion and ignorance, or lack of thought and experience of their friends, such as, I apprehend, is indicated in some of the quotations I have prefixed to these remarks.

Probably I may say with truth that there are but few who have had longer or more varied experiences in relation to the phenomena that occur through "spirit mediums"—however little my ability may be to appreciate them—than myself; having been favored, for the last fifteen years and more, not only with leisure, opportunity and pecuniary means sufficient to enable me to prosecute my investigations, but also an earnest inclination toward the subject, and a desire to arrive at the truth in all that relates to spirit mediumship and the "spirit-world" alike, whether of good or evil import.

For several years after I commenced my inquiries I was constantly experiencing what he of the "Golden Age" might call "bad luck with mediums," and thought, like him, that about one-half of the manifestations I witnessed might be clear "humbug," and (unlike him) that a good part of the remainder was closely allied to it. I persevered, however, under great discouragement, until at last (as I suppose) began to learn something more of the delicate laws and conditions that govern in the intercourse between the two worlds than lie on the surface, and at last was forced to acknowledge—through evidence furnished by hundreds of most unmistakable experiences—that a very great majority of instances of failure or supposed deception that I had hitherto charged upon the poor instruments, was, in fact, justly chargeable to myself and to my ignorance of the inspirational laws and nice conditions that it is absolutely necessary to observe and obey in our intercourse with the denizens of the "spirit-world." I found at last that the exquisite harmony that should exist in all spirit circles in order to insure truthful communications, may be likened to a deep well, wherein truth lies at the bottom in the likeness of a finely engraved medal of gold. So long as we look upon it reflected through the clear still water, it appears to the eye in all its perfection of shape, color and inscription; but drop the minutest pebble into the well, and thus disturb or agitate the medium through which we behold it, ever so little, and instead of the fully-developed and clearly-discerned coin, we see a fantastic exhibition of something, it is true, but a something that we can liken to nothing beside in heaven above or in earth beneath, and which, if not previously notified of the fact, we could take our oath, no more resembled a beautiful embossed medal, than Hamlet's cloud resembled a vessel, a camel, a whale, all at the same moment! And yet the real coin—that emblem of truth—remains precisely the same, with all its beautiful, distinct embossment and super-scription. Nor does the apparent "humbug" belong to the shimmering water alone, but more to the hand that, through ignorance, inadvertence or design, dropped the pebble, and thus disturbed the equanimity or harmony of the medium through which it is reflected to the eye, just as a rude or even trifling shock given to that most sensitive of all existences—the mind of a spirit medium—may, quick as a flash of lightning, change the whole character of a communication from the other world, and convert what was but a moment before a truthful vision of indescribable beauty, into a fantastic mockery or an apparent "humbug" or "cheat." Or that it may again be likened to the action of the mind in sleep; during which, when all the organs are in harmony and the body is in a state of perfect repose, a vision of surpassing beauty may present itself to the interior sight, which, had it been previously obscured or distorted by the presence of a piece of indigestible cheese in the stomach (of the sleeping medium), or a glass of bad whiskey, might have been changed into a fantastic Merry Andrew show or a "goblin damned." Or as Sydney Smith so much better (though unwittingly) both illustrates and expresses it:

"A person may, in some cases, sleep so soundly that the firing of a pistol close to his ear will not rouse him. At other times the slightest sensation of light or noise will awaken him. A sort of intermediate state between these two is that where the sensation comes to the mind in so imperfect a state that it produces some effect upon the current of conception without correcting them. If there is a window left open and the cold air blows in, the sufferer may think himself on the top of Mount Caucasus, buried in the snow; or the growling and noise of cats may transport him in imagination to the opera!"

Similar psychological phenomena to these, most investigators must have witnessed in divers instances in the presence of "spirit" or clairvoyant mediums under the multiplied and varied phases of their wonderful gifts, especially if we substitute spiritual for material causes of disturbance. So remarkably sensitive was a medium whom I used to sit a good deal with, that on an occasion when he was conversing with me in his normal condition with his back to a window, by which, a good many persons were passing, I could not help noticing the changes of countenance that were rapidly succeeding each other as one after another passed by, and that too when in a position he could not see them. As one went by, a placid smile might rest on his features, which would quickly vanish as another approached, to give place, may be, to a savage scowl, or spasmodic shudder, or sinister cast of features, whilst the next moment his whole countenance might be

lit up with an angelic expression resembling very much that which artists endeavor to affix to their pictures of saints and sages. Of all this, the medium seemed to be perfectly unconscious until I queried with him about the cause, when he said that all these changes of countenance denoted the peculiar spirit sphere which the different individuals who passed by the window dwelt in or belonged to, and that whatever external appearance any person might put on or exhibit before the world, it counted nothing when the spirit's test became tried upon him, for then the real character would be infallibly penetrated and exposed in spite of all attempts to disguise it. He further stated that when his attention was directed that way, he could sense or feel the peculiar spirit influence that accompanied each individual that came into or near his presence, as plainly as he could feel any material thing with his hand. So sensitive was this medium to mesmeric or magnetic influence, that with one pass of my hands I could put him into a profound sleep, and that, too, without touching his person. As I passed my hands downwards before his face, he would bow his head and become instantly unconscious—or whilst sitting several yards from me, I could cause him to dodge by striking my finger in a direction toward him—the same as if I had struck him a blow with a stick—which he said would not be more real than was that he felt from my distant finger.

To obtain reliable spirit communications, it is absolutely essential that the mind of the medium should not only be kept undisturbed by any outside influences, but remain entirely negative. All that is positive should approach it from the spirit condition of life; and so long as it can be preserved in this quiescent state, all other conditions being right, truth may reflect itself through the mind of the medium as clearly as it does from the coin at the bottom of the placid well. But whilst in this negative state the mind of the medium is more sensitive to the presence of any disturbing influence than even the water in the well—with this difference: that while it requires a material substance to agitate the one, it takes a spiritual or mental substance to disturb the other. A circle of kindly disposed persons convened at a séance may engage in moribund uproarious enough to jar the surface of the water in the well, yet so long as perfect concord prevails, the good-humored hilarity, by promoting harmony of spirit, may rather assist than hinder the even flow of spirit communication; but as a bit of spirit light enters the circle and indulges in spiteful, or even suspicious feelings, his thought (disguise it externally as he may) will embody itself in a spirit element adapted to itself, and penetrate the sensitive mind of the helpless negative medium with a chilling blast as fatally disturbing or distorting to his or her mediumship as that instanced by Sydney Smith, or as the descent of a rock would be to that of the water in the well. I have myself witnessed many scores if not hundreds of instances of this kind. In the early stages of my sittings with the medium I have just alluded to, I used to occasionally take others with me, sometimes to gratify them, and at other times from motives of curiosity. On one occasion I took a clerical friend, whom I considered (except that he was rather narrow and bigoted in his religious beliefs) a good man. The séance was very unsatisfactory, there being little if any spirit power exhibited. After my friend had left, the medium was entranced, and feeling somewhat vexed I querulously asked how it was that I could pick up almost any Tom, Dick or Harry, from the street and bring him into the presence of the medium, and obtain satisfactory spirit utterances, whilst in such an instance as the one I have named the spirits seemed all to become dumb? I trust that some of the self-styled accusers of mediums (in Moses' Northwestern Department) will make a note of the answer I received from the spirit-guide of this medium, for therein may perhaps be found a key to unlock the mystery that attaches to some of the unlucky failures that occur.

"How," said he, "would you feel in the presence of a rattlesnake that was all the time spitting poison at you?" The fact is, that however desirous a spirit may be to communicate, the presence of such a person throws a poisonous atmosphere around a medium's mind that unfits it to reflect truthful spirit impressions; unless, perhaps, it so happen that such person has strong physiological powers, in which case, as it is a law in spirit-life as well as in earth-life, that "like begets like," the medium's mind may become so impregnated with that which is reflected from the malign influences of a spiteful or suspicious person present, as to utter or act out a counterpart of the very thought that is uppermost and most positive in the visitor's mind. I have been assured by a friend of mine (not a medium), whose word I am sure no man who knows him would doubt, that he was once impelled, while sitting at a table in a dark room, to kick with his foot against the leg of a man present in spite of his strenuous effort to resist the strange power that controlled it. This was probably caused by a strong psychological influence that was present, either in the person of one or more in the circle, or from a mischievous spirit out of the flesh, that in accordance with the aphorism I have quoted, was attracted to it. Whether the person that was thus fraudulently kicked "bowed his head in silence," or whether he ever "advised the medium (that was present) as a humbug," I have never learned.

Those who have witnessed the astonishing control that an expert physiologist (such, for instance, as Professor Catwell) obtains over his subjects simply through the exercise of his will-power, may readily conceive what have the presence of a person possessing but a moderate share of his power may thus make with the phenomena that occur with spirit media, without even himself being aware of the serious disturbance his own will may unconsciously create. As we cannot expect to "gather grapes from thorns nor figs from thistles," so no doubt our

spirit-friends, in making their selections of mediums, are governed to a degree by their natural abilities and proclivities. If Daniel Webster speaks as tersely and powerfully as he did when he stood in the United States Senate Chamber, he must communicate his ideas to a medium of equal powerful brain structure as he possessed, to have them "syllabled" with equal force and effect, and perhaps the audience who is listening should be as capable of appreciating the full force of the words as were his fellow senators to give the medium even then full inspiration. As it is, spirits cannot get control of many such brain structures as Webster possessed, and therefore have to impress their ideas on inferior organisms, that are often only able to give them forth indistinctly embodied amidst a mass of their own redundant verbiage and platitudes. In the good time coming when "Spiritualism" becomes more popular, the defect may possibly be in a degree remedied, unless, as has almost always hitherto been the case, these more talented mediums turn traitors to the higher intelligences, and become of the order of "rogues" (denounced by him of the Golden Age), who steal the livery of Spiritualism to serve their devilish selves therewith, not only in the pulpit, but on the rostrum or wherever else such dices and popinjays can strut and show themselves decked in their stolen mediocrity plumes. So, too, with mediums for physical manifestations; it may be that such organizations that are best adapted to execute tricks of jugglery when in the normal state, possess qualities or proclivities that render them better adapted instruments in the hands of spirits of a certain class, to perform similar feats when in an abnormal state.

The more I have investigated the phenomena of "modern Spiritualism," and the wonderful, complex character of spirit mediumship, the more clearly I have been enabled to comprehend how exactly its character and phenomena correspond to those which occurred through the ministrations of Jesus of Nazareth and his mediumistic disciples. With a little modification or explanation of the terms used in the New Testament, the parallel seems complete. Addressing his discourse to the chief priests of that day, Jesus said to them, "The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." Now, what did Jesus mean by "the kingdom of God?" Certainly not a place, but a condition, a gospel or a dispensation of some kind—such, in fact, as he first brought to light and preached in Judea; which gospel the publicans (receivers of the public revenue) and harlots were more ready to accept than were the priests of that day, just as they are the gospel of modern Spiritualism now. What chance, let me ask, would spirit mediums have to announce the "glad tidings" that Jesus did, and do his works, in any synod of ministers or priests that could be convened out of all there are in New York? Not a thousandth part, I take it upon myself to say, (even if allowed to speak at all,) that they would have in Tammany Hall, though surrounded by every harlot and publican in the city, Tweed, Connolly, Hall, and all their thievish clan included. How characteristic, too, of the learned and ruling orders in Church and State as they were in that day and as they are in our day! "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in." How exactly does this attitude of the scribes and Pharisees toward the gospel of Jesus tally with the relation the same classes of society hold toward the gospel of Spiritualism in our day! The parallel is too self-evident to need illustration. Where is there a church, a university of learning, a legislature, or a convocation of learned or scientific men, in all our land, that would not "shut up" the mouth of any inspired preacher of the gospel of modern Spiritualism, (ay, and of ancient, too,) should it be opened in their presence (or, in fact, anywhere else, if they could)? or the conductor of either the secular or religious press that will permit its beautiful truths to be alluded to in his columns, otherwise than to sneer at them? How exactly, too, do the leading texts and traits of the gospel preached by Jesus and his disciples accord with those of "modern Spiritualism!" "He," says Jesus, "that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do." And what are these works? "And," again says Jesus, "these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; and they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." Now, who are those that speak with "new tongues" in our day? Hundreds of inspired spirit mediums do so, but not one church minister or priest, so far as I have heard! Who "lay hands on the sick, and they recover"? But few ministers and priests, but thousands of healing mediums, through the whole length and breadth of the land! And what did the chief priests and scribes and Pharisees say of these works of Jesus and his disciples in their day? Why, precisely what the same orders of men say of the spiritual mediums who do like things in our day. In the one case, they are "filled with new wine" (or drunk); and in the other, they cure through the "power of the devil." And how were the disciples of Jesus ordained to preach the gospel? Why, not until they received the Holy Spirit from "on high," as the spirit mediums and ministers do, of our day, and as the priests and ministers of the churches do not, and ridicule the others for pretending to.

Who is there that, having attended developing circles, has not seen a well developed medium (a spiritual bishop) lay his hands on the heads of younger disciples in the faith, or make magnetic passes over them, and thereupon "a power descended from on high," through the vessel fitted for the purpose, and the newly ordained ministers begin, unconsciously to themselves, to speak the words that in that selfsame hour are "given them to speak," sometimes in their native, and at other

times in strange tongues? But who is there that has ever known these Christian tests of Jesus' discipleship to visibly follow the mocking ceremonies of the sepulchral-voiced bishop of the churches as he lays his hands on the head of his newly-ordained minister, and pronounces the lifeless words, ("having the form of Godliness without the power;") "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." I have myself seen Dr. Newton so filled with this "power from on high," by virtue of which he ministers and preaches, that, after he got through a successful day's work of healing, by "laying on of hands," there was so great a surplussage of the magnetic power still left in his system, that, upon his resting on one knee, so that I could raise my hand several feet above his head, I felt a current ascending as perceptibly as if it had been blown from a small bellows. On another occasion, when I went to hear the late Achaes Sprague speak whilst entranced, a clairvoyant medium who was present told me (and I believe she spoke the truth) that she could see that the medium, while speaking, was protected from outside influences, and inspired by a vast number of glorious-looking angels or spirits, all clothed in resplendent white, who were arranged in a spiral column, commencing around her head and ascending high above, and that she distinctly saw the inspiration emanate from these angels and descend, through the centre of the column, in sun-like rays, on the head of the prophetic or medium. I know that such things as these excite nothing but the sentiment of ridicule in the minds of the "scribes and Pharisees" of our day, but I take comfort from the fact that their fathers, those "serpents and vipers," felt the same contempt for the divinely inspired gospel of Jesus in their day. I might draw from the New Testament matter to extend these similitudes between modern Spiritualism and the gospel preached by the great medium, Jesus of Nazareth, to an almost unlimited extent, but forbear for the present, and go back a little upon my subject, to the point where I was saying that the presence of some persons seems to throw a pernicious atmosphere around the mind of a medium that totally unfits it to reflect truthful spirit impressions. There were times when Jesus of Nazareth (no doubt from somewhat similar causes) could perform no miracles, (as manifestations of spirit-power were called in his day,) and it is a suggestive fact that in some of his most remarkable exhibitions of spirit-power, such as the transfiguration and the reviving of the (apparently) dead, he seems (while excluding most others) to have provided, on several occasions, that his three most mediumistic and impressive disciples should be with him. I remember hearing, some years ago, of a clergyman in Philadelphia going to a spirit-circle and defying (accompanying his bravado with a whack of his cane on the table at which the medium was sitting) "all the spirits in hell" to manifest themselves in his presence. And well he might, for it is doubtful, to my mind, whether there is any resurrected spirit, in heaven or hell, that could, even if astraddle of Balaam's tighthead, which abiding, mediumistic ass, manage to breathe, for a moment only, the poisonous atmosphere that most necessarily emanates from the venomous spirit of such a pharisaical specimen (I will not say of humanity, but) of the persecuting priest, as was represented in that man.

So, too, with the séance that was some years ago inaugurated at Cambridge, and conducted under the auspices of Harvard's learned faculty. Had there been fifty of the best spirit mediums present, the mere circumstance of the distinguished Ichabod Professor refusing to be seated at the circle, and in the meantime pompously tramping to and fro, and declaring, in contemptuous tone, that he could not condescend to take part in the investigation of so foolish a subject as "modern Spiritualism," was of itself sufficient to render all that transpired entirely abortive, or an apparent "humbug." The casting of a hoghead of ink and another of night soil into the well at the same time could not more fatally unfit the water to reflect on its surface the true image of the medal that lay in its bosom, than would the spiritual stench and darkness that must necessarily have emanated from the malignant sphere of the arrogant, self-conceited professor, falling on the sensitive nerves of the medium present, have unfitted them for all truthful intercourse with the spirit-world. That there are such elements as spiritual fragrance and spiritual stench, as well as spiritual light and spiritual darkness, most good mediums are not only aware, but have suffered at times in consequence of the presence of the last-named element, as it is highly probable those mediums did who were with the professors of Harvard. It was no proof of its absence because none of the learned faculty "nose" it. A colony of pole-cats may not be aware of the peculiar odor that emanates from one or more of their own number, but it does not require an over-sensitive medium of a more refined species to detect the unsavory smell even at a considerable distance, just as this highly sensitive "spirit mediums," who were present with the professors of Harvard, may have had their olfactory nerves greatly offended by the stench that exuded from the spiritual secreting organs of their learned brother, without either he or they perceiving its presence at all. Besides, spiritual things can only be spiritually discerned, which is a profound truth that but few of our learned savans seem yet to have comprehended, nor is it probable that they ever will, until they have discarded their pride of intellect and learning, and become willing to seek after truth in the spirit of little children; in which humble state Jesus Christ said we only can "enter into the Kingdom of Heaven;" and which Lord Bacon said is alike applicable and necessary in the successful search after all truth.

I have not infrequently known spirit mediums made sick, (even at times to vomiting,) through the presence of this spiritual stench, without any other persons present being seriously incommoded by it. Some years ago I used to sit pretty often in a circle with a highly sensitive medium

at a house that was occasionally visited by a very good man after the pharisaical order, who nevertheless used to bring with him such an unpleasant spiritual aura that all manifestations ceased the moment he entered the house, even though he was unperceived by the medium or any one else present. I remember, on one occasion, when, as I suppose, the wind might be favorable or the spiritual elements were in a corresponding condition, we were sitting at a table and receiving communications in remarkably easy flow, when, without any apparent warning, the hand of the medium flew upward with a sudden jerk, and our spirit friends vanished. Whilst wondering for a cause we heard a distant gate open, and then the outside door of the house, and lastly, the one that led to where we were sitting, to give entrance to the person in question. The street was unperceived, and it was utterly impossible, from our location, that either the medium or the others present could have seen this person approach, and yet, had there been a Chinese junk not suddenly dropped on the table before us, we could not have made half so quick an exit as our spirit friends accomplished under a like pressure thrown upon their spiritual senses by an object yet distant.

[To be continued in our next.]

Spiritual Phenomena.

TEXAS—PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS, &c.

Messrs. Editors.—In these ghost-riveting and inexplicable light-seesings days, our hitherto quiet city of Austin is putting forward its claim to some small share of the notoriety such mystical affairs, real or supposed, are calculated to invest any place with, when once an item of this character becomes the property of the thousand-tongued reporter—Dante Rumer.

This much by way of preface to the quota of mysticisms our city is furnishing to the general fund. Upon the recent completion of the two-story stone building in this place, a boat and shoe firm and a book and stationery firm rented it fully and opened out. Very soon unusual noises, proceeding from no visible agency, began to be heard, and promiscuous articles to be thrown around the house without any visible propelling force, and all this under the full glare of day light or lamp light; and so these things continued until the occupants, despairing of unearthing these day-prowling and nocturnal disturbers, and being unable to arrive at any satisfactory explanation of this occult power, the matter assuming the form of an annoyance, by displacing and breaking articles of merchandise, they made the facts known to their immediate friends; the wisest were in turn invoked for a solution, and soon all the circumstances became public property.

The scene of these occurrences has been visited by hundreds of our citizens, the major portion of whom, previous to their visit to the place, entertained and expressed the belief that the whole matter was "an advertising dodge"; but somehow those who expressed these opinions seem not to really have been fully satisfied with their conclusions, and so, like their "more credulous brother mortals" (as they scornfully regard believers) they affirm their own credulity by winding up with a knock for admittance to the spirit-renders; and, having been satisfied with the fact of the phenomena, they go away, admitting the facts, but vainly endeavoring to reconcile them with some known law or scientific principle, preferring to enshroud the matter with a still profounder mystery, and cover it with an impenetrable veil of mysticism, than to account for it on the logical and well-attested hypothesis of spirit power.

The Southern people of whom I am one, but unlike them in some things, I hope, are a people alike of deep prejudices and affections. The former kind manifestation in any allusion to, or any reminiscence of the "Lost Cause," so deep is their sense of withered hopes, and so irremediable their feelings to the authors of their supposed grievances, that it seems to partake of all the manifestations of their nature; and somehow I think that our philosophy would not be so obnoxious to our people if the name designating it did not end with an "ism." Everything ending with an "ism" seems to them synonymous with radicalism. Religious, like political, growth is slow, yet sure, however; and, with their political regeneration (which is only a question of time), they will doubtless swallow the spiritual pill, also, and the sugar coating that time and its sequences will impart will make them wonder why they did not sooner recognize it as a sovereign panacea for constitutional bigotry and intolerance.

Thine progressively, W. N. BRYANT.

Austin, Texas.

AN HOUR WITH A TEST MEDIUM.

Messrs. Editors.—On Thursday evening, Oct. 5th, I was fortunate enough to be present at a séance given by Mrs. Maud Lord, at the residence of a wealthy gentleman of Chicago; and, having seen but little in the Banner in relation to the remarkable manifestations that occur in the presence of this lady, I will give you a brief sketch of the séance.

About thirty ladies and gentlemen were present, the greater portion of whom were, like myself, strangers in the city, and had never attended a séance given by this remarkable medium. The number being so large, two sittings were given, in order that all might have an opportunity of witnessing the manifestations.

The first circle, composed of some fifteen ladies and gentlemen, was arranged in the following manner. The chairs were placed in a complete circle, touching each other, and the members joining hands, the medium occupying a chair in the centre of the circle. After forming the circle, Mrs. Lord placed a guitar across the laps of two of the circle, and a small bell in that of your correspondent. The gas was then turned off, and in a few moments a spirit-hand touched that of the writer, and seized the small bell, and started around the circle, ringing it loud and strong. The guitar at the same time was thrummed, and immediately commenced floating and playing a beautiful air, at times resting upon the head of some member of the circle, and again circling far above the reach of any one present, and flying, as it were, with the rapidity of a bird, around the room. Immediately after the music commenced, spirit voices could be heard all around the circle, giving their names, and even hugging and kissing their friends. Spirit-hands clasped ours, and all felt that "it was good to be there." A Methodist "revival" was nothing in comparison to the joy manifested on that occasion by the meeting and recognition of friends and relatives in and out of the form. It was truly a "love-feast," and one that will long be remembered by all present. A lady met her husband; a father and mother, two little children; a young man, his father; an old man, his son and daughter. Others met, pressed the hands and heard the loved voices of many friends and relatives; and not one present but touched the hands, heard the voice and recognized one or more of their spirit-friends.

To prevent the possibility of deception—no conditions being imposed—the medium kept clapping her hands constantly, not ceasing for a moment, and the greater portion of the time, in conversation with different members of the circle, seeing and describing spirit-friends.

The second circle was formed, and the same character of manifestations occurred as in the previous sitting—every one present feeling the touch, clasping the hands and recognizing spirit-friends. The same conditions were observed as in the first sitting.

By request, Mrs. Lord also gave a light or cabinet séance. An improvised cabinet was arranged out of a closet. A door was fitted with a square hole opening in the upper part, over which a black cloth was hung. After the "cabinet" was arranged, Mrs. Lord requested that some skeptic would come forward and tie her. A gentleman stepped forward and tied her hands behind, plugging her wrists and arms together, and ending by a peculiar tie in front, that, if disturbed, would easily be noticed by those present. She then entered the closet, and in a few moments spirit-hands were thrust out at the opening—various sizes and kinds of hands being shown. The crowning point, though, was the presentation of a spirit-face at the opening—that of a young lady—which was seen by all present. The door was then opened, and Mrs. Lord was found to be tied precisely as she was when she entered the cabinet. Again entering the closet, more hands were shown, and a glass of water called for by the medium. A goblet of water was passed in the opening by a gentleman, which was taken by spirit-hands, and a portion of it spilled upon the head and bosom of Mrs. Lord. The door was again opened, and the ropes were found undisturbed. She again entered the closet, when more hands were shown, and still another face—that of a middle-aged lady. The door was again opened and the medium found tied, as at first. At this stage of the séance the medium being exceedingly fatigued, all present agreed that she had been bound and tested sufficiently, and that she should be released. She again entered the closet, when her spirit friends untied the ropes, threw them out to the audience, and the medium stepped out free.

The narrow limits of a communication, or even words themselves, could but faintly describe this scene. Mrs. Lord is a young married lady, possessing in appearance, and exceedingly polite and affable, and is the idol of a large circle of friends and acquaintances in Chicago. Her honesty as a medium, and purity as a lady, cannot be questioned. Every one present retired, fully satisfied that they had been richly rewarded for their visit, not believing in spiritual manifestations, but knowing that our friends who have gone before can and do, and that, on that occasion, manifest their presence and give us kind words of greeting. Did Mrs. Lord's circumstances permit, she could, through her mediumship, bring thousands to light in the happy knowledge of immortality. May the angels protect her, and may she long live to be a willing instrument in their hands to accomplish good.

W.

MANIFESTATIONS THROUGH DR. SLADE.

Messrs. Editors.—As I have been informed, you are anxious to obtain information from all sources which will contribute to elucidate or sustain the philosophy of Spiritualism. With the desire of giving my mite, I address to you these few lines. I have been passing through the various phases of skepticism, and only lately have admitted to myself that I stood upon the threshold of the promised land of truth. I owe a debt of gratitude, in this connection, to Dr. Henry Slade, No. 210 West 43d street; for this gentleman, without using one argument to persuade, or one effort to control my judgment, has from time to time permitted me to witness manifestations of such startling impressiveness, that conviction was a necessary consequence. Several persons of my own acquaintance have held a slate in their hands, without Dr. Slade touching it, and the slate was covered with intelligible writing. This phenomenon was of itself sufficiently marvelous; but it has been my pleasure to have observed a manifestation still more remarkable; and, as I was informed by the intelligence that it was entirely novel, I feel bound to communicate it. While having a séance with the Doctor, both having our hands on the table, where a slate was lying, our attention was excited by hearing the sound which is produced by the process of writing on the slate. Not for a moment supposing that that sound sensed deceived us, I raised the slate, and was surprised to find that there was a written communication. Upon examining, we found that a small splinter of slate pencil, so small as almost to elude observation, was on the table, in a position so as to have been in contact with the slate. But, in order to convince ourselves that there was really no mistake, we replaced the slate in its position, and joined hands on the table, at a point perhaps two feet distant from it. Immediately the fragment of pencil was in motion, as was evidenced by the peculiar sound alluded to; and presently a tick was given, which has always been a signal that the writing was finished. On raising the slate, we found the words, "God bless your souls."

This is a novel manifestation, as I was afterwards informed by Dr. Slade, and I also received the same information through the intelligence present. I have been the witness of many remarkable performances at Dr. Slade's, but this certainly is superior to anything which I have heard of or seen before. I shall endeavor to communicate, through the columns of your journal, anything of this character which, in my opinion, is of value.

H. H. G.

New York, Oct. 25, 1871.

"THE VALUE OF A DREAM."

Under this head we find a story going the rounds of papers which would not, under any circumstances, publish it if it were called "A valuable case of spirit direction," which it really was to the gentleman concerned. We give the narrative just as we find it, prefacing it with only this statement, that any one conversant at all with modern spirit phenomena will recognize the fact of such invisible power in this case, for, we are told, "do what he would, he could not dismiss the dream from his mind." The account, published in the Hartford Times of a recent date, runs as follows:

"One of our most prominent and wealthy citizens had purchased a slightly piece of land outside the city, but within the town limits, and the purchaser was troubled somewhat because he had been told that he could not get water, owing to the elevated position of his land, without digging further Chinawards than any one would be likely to undertake. As we said, this troubled him. He wanted a well on his place, and, although a man of great energy—one who never allowed any obstacle, no matter how great, to turn him from his path—he hesitated long before undertaking his task. The thought of excavating for a well through half a mile, more or less, of solid rock was enough to deter the stoutest heart. At this juncture, before he had resolved upon anything definite, he dreamed that he had set a gang of men to digging for a well on a certain (to his mind) well-defined spot, and that after digging a few feet, before the rock was reached, water flowed in abundance. The gentleman, though not a bit superstitious, and holding dreams as lightly as any body, was more impressed with his sleeping vision than he would have cared to acknowledge. At first he would have scouted the idea of excavating the spot indicated in his dream; but, do what he would, he could not dismiss the dream from his mind, and finally resolved to test it, but without any real belief that his dream would be verified. He set his men to work, and, about half a mile, and thus the dream fully came to pass. We have seen the well with our own eyes, and the dreamer, who is a gentleman of undoubted veracity, assures us that our story is true."

[From the Louisville Courier-Journal, Oct. 31.]

CURIOUS OCCURRENCE—A MAN STEPS OUT OF HIS BODY.

Mr. B.—a resident of this city, who is noted for the acuteness of his perceptive powers, his intelligence and scrupulous veracity, has been the subject of a curious occurrence, the attention of those who seek to know more of the nature of man, especially since Mr. B. is not a Spiritualist nor an Orthodox Christian, who might be suspected of credulity, but a materialist, who believes that the soul is the result of physical life, and cannot exist as an individuality when physical life is over.

Mr. B. says: "Some years ago I lived in St. Louis. My residence was on Olive street, and I occupied two stories of the house. We did our cooking in the first story, and our sitting room was in the second story, from which there was an outside and inside stairway by which we could go down to reach the street.

"One evening, returning home about midnight, I sat down in a rocking chair in our sitting room, while my wife went down stairs to prepare supper. From the kitchen she could have seen me if in a semiconscious state, but she is positive that I did not go down stairs. I must have been but a few minutes sitting in the rocking chair when I had an impulse to go down stairs. I had no special business, but felt that I must go, and I seemed to go down stairs by the outside stairway. I was not conscious of any unusual sensation, but felt no want of my body—no consciousness of being out of it, if I was out. I noticed that the street lamps were lit. Coming to an alley crossing that was muddy, I considered that it was necessary to make a little effort to spring across it, and was astonished to find that I had jumped so high that I looked into the second story windows, and it seemed to require something of an effort to get down stairs. Passing on down the street I met many persons returning from work, and it struck me as singular that none of them gave way to me. I had to get out of their way or they would have run against me. I came opposite a bank and noticed that there was a light inside. This did not astonish me, as I knew that many banks had lights in their rooms burning all night, but I looked in and saw a man inside counting notes. I felt a wish to go in, and I knew that the door was shut and locked. I could see that, but it seemed that the door did not close so tightly but I could slip in, and I did so. I noticed exactly the hour that was shown by the bank clock, and could hear the clock ticking. I went opposite the man who was busily engaged counting notes. He had hair a little gray, and very peculiar features. I noticed that he sorted the notes as he ran them over, throwing the different denominations apart, and then counting them. (Observing that I was counting a few minutes, I was seized with the dread lest the man should look up, and supposing I had come in with some felonious intent, do me some harm, as by shooting me before I could explain how I got in after the door was locked; in considerable trepidation, I for the moment could not think of what to do. I did not remember that I could go out where I had gone in. Wishing to have the man see me without being startled, and thinking that the best way to excuse my presence was for him to see me between him and the door, I went round to his side to attract his attention, but he did not seem to see me even when he looked toward me. I attempted to put my hand on his shoulder to insure his attention; somehow I could not touch him. I spoke to him, but he did not seem to hear a word that I said. Recollecting that now I had no way out, I went out from the door crack, and went straight home, the only noticeable thing being, as on coming down stairs, that I did not give way to me. I had still to step aside, or they would have run against me. On getting back to my sitting-room I settled myself in the rocking chair, and the next thing I knew my wife was shaking me to wake up for tea. How long a space had elapsed from the time I came home from work until my wife called me to supper, I have no means of knowing exactly. Now, I might suppose that the whole was a dream, but for some unaccountable circumstances. One of these was that I had not previously noticed the bank in my mind before the next day after this curious experience, I went down street as I had seemed to go the night before and I saw the bank, and the man whom I had seen counting notes was there behind the counter. I recognized at once his marked features and grayish hair. I do not think I had ever seen him in my life before. I saw also the clock that I had seen an certain I never saw before the night when I seemed to see it after I went into the bank. When I thus seemed to verify what I supposed I had seen the night before, I had an inclination to tell the gray-haired banker about it, but I feared he might suppose that I had been in the bank in person for some time, and this might have cost me. I am utterly at a loss to account for my experience. That I did not leave my sitting-room, my wife is confident. When she awoke me I was in the chair as I was when she went down stairs. If there is a spirit distinct from the body, and it was not he who went down stairs, and the things previously unknown, why was I not conscious of being out of my body? What purpose could be subserved by a spirit thus going out of the body without any object, and looking into its strange places and then going back into the body? But how did I, when asleep in my rocking chair, fancy that I went down stairs and entered a bank, yet which were so strangely verified afterwards?"

We give this strange story in very nearly the words of the worthy gentleman whose experience it presents. He does not wish his name to be used, but, knowing him intimately, we can vouch in the strongest terms for his reliability.

SINGULAR VERIFICATION OF DREAMS—WHO CAN ACCOUNT FOR IT?

The springing of a leak and the loss of Schooner Sachem of this port, occasioned by her sinking on Georges, Sept. 24th, was attended by a singular circumstance, which we hereby publish, assuring our readers that it is correct in every particular, and will be fully substantiated by the master of the vessel, Capt. J. Wauzell, from whose log book we glean the following particulars.

The vessel left Brown's Bank on the 7th of September at 9 P. M., for Georges, with a fresh N. breeze. At midnight, the steward, John Nelson, arose from his berth, and going aft where the skipper was, remarked in an agitated voice, his whole appearance indicating great fear: "Captain, I have a severe gale of wind, or something else of a dangerous nature is about to overtake the vessel, and we had better make land if we can, or at least keep clear of Georges, so as not to have it so rough when the danger comes."

Capt. Wauzell asked him what made him think so, as everything was clear at the time, and there were no apprehensions of trouble or danger. Nelson replied, "I have been dreaming, and twice before I have had the same kind of dreams when at sea, and both times have had narrow chances of being saved. The first time we were run into the day following who dreamt, and left in a sinking condition. We were in a fierce array of pumps and we reached the coast of Norway. The other time we experienced a terrible gale, had our sails blown away, and the vessel, half full of water, ran before it under bare poles, until we put the northeast trade winds, when we put her about and made out to get into Havanna. He then told the captain of a dream, which was of females dressed in white, either standing in the rain, or near a waterfall, or attempting to cross a brook. The figures in each dream were the same, but the surroundings somewhat different.

The steward was a reliable man, and was so much in earnest that the captain, although seeing no signs of a gale of wind, and not inclined to be superstitious, concluded it best to be on his guard, and charged the man forward to keep a strict watch.

The wind was now increasing, with a heavy sea rising, and at about half-past one A. M., the vessel was about five miles from Georges banks. She was hove to under a close reefed foresail, and light was observed to leeward, supposed to be on board a fisherman lying at anchor. Suddenly one of the crew sang out from the fore-castle, "The vessel is filling with water!" Telling him not to alarm the men, the Captain went down and found six inches of water on top of the floor. The pumps were immediately manned, and hailing with buckets commenced, after which the Captain went sounding around in the hold to find the leak, but the vessel was rolling so hard, and the water made so much noise among the barrels and in the ice-house, that it was impossible to hear anything else. It was thought that the leak was round the stern, and the vessel was worked round and hove to on the other tack, in hopes of bringing the leak out of the water. The steward was told to get some provisions and see that the boat was ready to launch at a moment's notice. It was now blowing a strong breeze from the northward, with a heavy sea, and the vessel spoke schooner Pecos, and told them their condition. With all their pumping and hailing they could not gain on the leak, and the crew were determined not to remain on board another night. The tide swept them down to leeward of the Pecos, and efforts were made to speak her again, but they could not reach her. Their movements were seen on board the Pecos, and upon asking them to send their boat to take them off, they did so at once. When they left the Sachem the water was eighteen inches above the fore-castle floor. At two P. M. she rolled over on her side, raised herself once, then plunged under her head, and sank. They had escaped and were safely on board the good schooner Pecos.

These are the facts, and our readers can account for the dreams and the disasters in any manner that best pleases them. We publish the statement because we consider it somewhat remarkable that the dreams should be the harbingers of disaster on three occasions.—Cape Ann Advertiser, Gloucester, Mass.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light.

OUT FROM THE DEPTHS!

BY GEORGE H. PROCTOR.

I was once as chaste as the wavelets bright Which flash from Aurora's crown of light; Lured from their haunts and their radiance round, And with holy joy my days were crowned. His heart of hearts was all mine, he said, I doubted not, and was blindly led By happy dreams, and Hope's star-gleam bright Shone o'er my path, with a glorious light Which made life gleam as a summer day, Full of music, beauty and love alive. Ah me! for those halcyon days of youth, Ere hopes were crushed, and the bitter truth Burned into my soul with lines of fire, That man will deceive, and base desire Make woman mourn with such bitter grief, That tears and sighing bring no relief. I was tempted—fell—in the mad-dancing fall Surrendered that jewel—a woman's all! In a moment of passion, 'midst promise fair As he wedded wife I soon should share His home, his honor, his love, his heart— And of himself form a cherubed part! Great God! then rose the "self-righteous" frown— I was left a wreck, and the heartless town Was gossiping over another loss! There were none to save the tempter-tossed! Ay! soon my troubles rose mountain high, The air seemed cold, and all dark the sky; The sun, the river, the trees, the birds, Had lost their charm, and history's words Seemed only blank, no peace for me Far down in the depths—what misery! What change was wrought in him who betrayed A trusting heart on love's altar laid! With words of entreaty as for my life, I prayed him to take me his wedded wife. Why tell the tale further—"I did as I saw; Dark thoughts of gloom and despair came not in, And down to the depths of despair I was hurled, Reeking with sin and sick of the world! Oh! who would believe that one little year Would make such a change in my earthly career? Yes! there's a hell upon earth, I know, For I dwell therein and partook its woe. Lost! outcast from all affection and home, Forsaken, derided, unloved—for alone! The friends of my childhood griefs passed me by, With looks all averted, but with a sigh, Gazed into my face so pitifully, As if reading there my sad history. Was the mark of my shame indelible? The mere thought to me was so terrible That the heart in my breast was racked with pain, While fiendish passions overflowed my brain! Light gleamed at last; for a woman's form With outstretched hand drew me in from the storm, Whose fury around my defenceless head Made my spirit yearn for the quiet dead. With shelter and food for my bodily pain Her kind words of comfort were spoke not in vain, Those words of the Master, "I do not condemn—Go thy way, sin no more," win thy soul's diadem." And she tenderly spoke of that beautiful shore That hovers the wanderer from life's ocean-roar, When the storm of the death-king is rumbling afar, And the joyous soul welcomes the gateway ajar! Where sorrow's dark light no longer has entered, Where love's crowning glory is centered.

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

In quoting from the Banner of Light, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (contributed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of free thought, when not too personal; but of course we cannot undertake to ensure the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1871.

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LEWIS B. WILSON, Editor.

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The Soul of the Law.

The law of the nineteenth century is progress, whether the point of examination be located in the fields of science, theology or labor. All things are concentrating, throwing off crude atoms, and assimilating those fitted by analogy to become incorporated therein, and great strides for the benefit of future humanity are being achieved. But a certain apostle to the Gentiles informed the Corinthians that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life," and it seems to us that in our day, to too great an extent, we let the letter of the law be a blindfold, while wise men and wiseacres alike seem oblivious as to the logical sequence and termination of their efforts.

To our mind, the true essence, the prima moving power—the very soul of progress—is contained in the freedom of individual conscience in matters of religion which our age has given us; and in no system can we trace the action of this freedom to such an extent as in the workings of the new dispensation of Spiritualism which this age has given to our land and the world. Therefore it would seem to be the duty of every Spiritualist to endeavor to spread, by all means in his power, the comforting knowledge he has acquired, instead of settling down contentedly "on a flowery bed of ease," leaving his less fortunate brethren still to "fight to win the prize," and for its attainment to "sail through bloody seas" of Orthodox opposition and discouragement.

Victor G. Woodhull, President of the National Association, addresses an official letter to the Spiritualists of the United States, in a recent number of Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly, setting forth in a broad and comprehensive manner her idea of the work to be accomplished, and the means best fitted for the end in view, in speeding on the movement for the greater liberalizing of the public mind of the present day.

As regards the old time question: "If a man die shall he live again?" she says:

"There are millions of people in this country, and millions more in other countries, who now either openly or privately acknowledge that they have found a new and true proof of the immortality of the soul—a doctrine which theologians have taught dogmatically, but which Spiritualists have proved scientifically; and the other as uninteresting an unspeakable solution to the sorrow-stricken hearts of those who, in this world, yearn unutterably toward the sacred objects of their love and friendship escaped into the other. Modern Spiritualism has thus been the greatest blessing which the world has enjoyed during the present century. . . . During the last twenty years, thousands of men and women have gone Sunday after Sunday to church, and have sat and listened earnestly, and have returned home unperceived of a doctrine which they have striven with all their might to believe, but could not until at last, turning away from the church and its record of God's miracles in past ages, and consulting the ever-living oracles of the same Divine Father, who still sends interceding spirits to all his children, they have been able, through this latest and most blessed of all divine revelations, to 'bring life and immortality to light.'"

Those who never doubted the soul's immortality even upon the meagre evidence furnished by the churches, are, to her mind, given a new revelation of life, bringing to it a greater blessing and dignity from the consciousness of the "near and animating presence of the spirits of departed parents, children, husbands, wives, lovers and friends gathered about us daily and hourly, eager to serve, comfort and inspire us—commissioned to 'keep guard concerning us lest at any time we dash our feet against a stone.'"

Spiritualism being, by reason of its palpable proof of the soul's immortality and the daily presence of the angels, the "chief and best religion in the world," she would have its followers cultivate that "religious and devotional spirit by which alone this mysterious bond can be so strengthened as to bind both worlds in one." Her opinion of what this spirit is, is evinced by quotations from the utterances of the man of Galilee and the apostles, urging purity as that condition whereby spiritual things could be best discerned.

This religion of Spiritualism she would like to see "reduced to practical work-day beneficence." The church, and society in general, sanction a system of slavery, in the "subjection and disfranchisement of women," which she hopes, under the genial influence of Spiritualism, which teaches the enfranchisement and equality of souls, will pass away through peace; she would therefore have Spiritualists organize this doctrine into the equality of citizens:

"With an earnestness whose full measure I can neither restrain nor express, I beg you to unite your efforts—equipped with the good intelligences that may inspire and empower you from above—to urge upon the Congress of the United States, at its approaching session, an act enforcing on the several States the right of women, as of other citizens, to the elective franchise as now guaranteed to all citizens by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments of the National Constitution."

She next makes a strong point for the Children's League:

"In the third place, I point you to the little children. What are you doing for their souls' training? Do you give them a happy or a gloomy Sunday? Have you yet organized in your town or neighborhood a League for their Sabbath instruction? The children of to-day are the army of the future, who must fight the battles of the world's reform. Are you training the young soldiers to be valiant for the truth? A child's soul is like a rose-tree; it needs perpetual watering to develop its bloom and sweetness. I consider that your Sunday meetings for children are of equal importance with similar meetings for yourselves. Above all things, have the young minds gathered together once a week, and instructed in a religion with visions of eternal life, or make them afraid of God, whom they should approach lovingly as their Heavenly Father; or chill them with sepulchral ideas of death, since death (to a child's mind) should be but the opening of a garden-gate into a summer-land."

She concludes, in conclusion, moderation linked with firmness, in the annunciation of our ideas:

"We are called upon, in the midst of 'a wicked

and adulterous generation,' to endure obloquy on account of our faith; that it is our bounden duty to bring obloquy upon it ourselves by returning 'bitterness for bitterness and scorn for scorn.' . . . Let us conquer our slanderers with good will. A rude blow in the face of the accused may shut a single clamorous mouth for a time, but the true way to demonstrate the excellence of our faith is to exhibit it in our lives. Let us outshine our critics in all that makes the superior lustre of God-illumined souls. . . . The house of our worship is not any cathedral like St. Peter's, nor any church like St. Paul's, but in our every-day lives. The altar of our religion is within our hearts, and its consecrating fires burn brightest and best when most of truth and purity are gathered in heavenly accord."

It is to Spiritualism as a religious faith, and to the concomitants of Spiritualism in the various benevolent reforms which are its outgrowth, that influence which is to secure spiritual perfection in the earthly family. The popular notion that Spiritualism is a foe to and a disorganizer of society, is true only in the sense that it seeks to burn, as with fire, the gross materialism which now rules the family, and substitute for it the domination of spiritualized and intellectualized affection; and, finally, it teaches that the perfect earthly family is never dissolved.

In conclusion, I will add that it is in the spirit of these views, and not of any claim to spiritualism or paradox or narrowness, that I shall endeavor to administer the high office to which I was lately chosen, as President of the National Association of Spiritualists; and, on behalf of this body, now in the ninth year of its prosperity, I hereby extend an invitation to all the Spiritualists of the United States, to send me their views, and to cooperate zealously in its good work."

The Dialectical Report.

The London Medium and Daybreak says, "The report on Spiritualism, by the committee of the Dialectical Society, has at last been published. As might have been expected, its experiments and conclusions have been violently assailed by the newspaper press. This indicates the tendency of the report, and the genuine manner in which the committee have investigated the phenomena under consideration. Had they merely given the subject a partial glance, suppressing testimony in favor of Spiritualism, and manufacturing all kinds of unfair expressions adverse thereto, they would have gained the encomiums of the newspaper writers. On the other hand, the committee freely opened its tribunal to the testimony of both sides, all of which they have freely and fully given to the world. They were not, however, content with this step, but instituted sub-committees for the purpose of investigating the subject by practical experiments. So far as these committees or circles were enabled to prosecute their investigations, they substantiated the testimony of the Spiritualists in the most indisputable manner. Indeed, a great number of the committee have identified themselves openly and heartily with the movement called Spiritualism; and we may look upon their labor, and the report which has resulted therefrom, as a genuine acquisition to the literature of Spiritualism. This at once explains the adverse attitude of the Press. It is a question whether, in recent times, any work has appeared which has called forth such universal criticism as this report. We cannot quote the arguments used by its critics, as they are seldom to be found, their columns being occupied by the usual invective and misrepresentation which assail everything of a spiritual tendency. We shall have great pleasure in bringing the more salient points of this book before the notice of our readers. It is not exactly a work for Spiritualists, as they are already in possession of the greater portion of the matter it contains. It is eminently adapted, however, to those outside the movement, and Spiritualists should see that it is brought before the public as prominently as possible."

The Spirit-World.

The Rev. Mr. W. H. Murray, pastor of the Park-street Church, Boston, Mass., finds it difficult to check the promptings of truth within him, at the beck of his creed. Read this extract, regarding the spirit-world, from one of his sermons: "To me the spirit-world is tangible. It is not peopled with ghosts and spectres, shadows and outlines of being, but with persons and forms palpable to the apprehension. Its multitudes are veritable, its society natural, its language audible. Its communications are real, its loves distinct, its activities energetic, its life intelligent, its glory discernible; its union is not that of sameness, but of variety brought into moral harmony by the great law of love, like notes, which, in themselves distinct and different, make, when combined, sweet music. Death will not level and annihilate those countless differences of mind and heart which make us individual here. Heaven, in all the mode and manner of expression, will abound with personality. There will be choice and preference and degrees of affinity there. Each intellect will keep its natural bias, each heart its elections. Groups there will be, and circles, faces known and unknown will pass us; acquaintances will thrive on intercourse, and love deepen with knowledge; and the great, underlying laws of mind and heart prevail and dominate as they do here, save in this, that, and all the repellence and antagonism that is known to be unknown, and holiness supply in perfect measure the opportunity and bond of brotherhood."

Judge Underwood (Va.) on Woman Suffrage.

In a recent issue of the Banner of Light we published the substance of the decision of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, as given by Judge Carter and his coadjutors, on the subject of woman suffrage. It now appears that this astute document has had the effect to draw the following question from Judge Underwood, of Virginia, to the aforesaid Court, which Judge Carter & Co. will find it exceedingly hard to dispose of: "If the people of the United States, by amendment of their Constitution, could expunge, without any explanatory or assisting legislation, an adjective of five letters from all State and local constitutions, and thereby raise millions of our most ignorant fellow-citizens to all of the rights and privileges of electors, why could not the same people, by the same amendment, expunge an adjective of four letters from the same State and local constitutions, and thereby raise other millions of more educated and better informed citizens to equal rights and privileges, without explanatory or assisting legislation?"

Australia.

Our agent in Australia writes: "I am happy to say that Spiritualism is making rapid progress here. Scarcely a day passes without the subject being touched upon by some of the newspapers. In some instances it is very fairly treated; but in the majority of cases it is 'exposed' or ignorantly ridiculed. But the latter seems to do almost as much good as the former. People see through it, and are curious to investigate."

To New Subscribers.

Each and every new subscription forwarded to this office previous to January 1st, 1872, will entitle the person so patronizing us to receive free Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly, if they so desire, in addition to the Banner of Light.

Our sincere thanks are due O. L. Winslip for frequent remembrance of our Free Public Circles by adorning the table with bouquets of rarest flowers.

Resurrected.

After struggling for years with the many troubles, losses and disappointments incident to newspaper life, only to be swept away in the overwhelming rule, when, to the astonishment and horror of America, and before the eyes of a piling world, Chicago was consumed—when

"Down fell bridge and parapet at a limit;
The blazing barques went drifting one by one;
And sank into the waters like a sun;"

the Religio-Philosophical Journal comes to this office, (No. 9, Vol. XI.) in its full size, looking fresh and buoyant, and "without the smell of fire" on its garments. Bro. Jones may well be proud of his achievement.

The new head, as the old, displays the motto: "Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing." The eight pages are full of matter of interest and importance to the Spiritualist and investigator, and the evidence of strong life to be seen in every line. Bro. Jones publishes a card of thanks to the Banner of Light and the secular press for services rendered.

We hope the Religio-Philosophical Journal will long live to "fight the good fight" for truth; verily the laborers are few, and it is the duty of Spiritualists to sustain the printed defenders of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Music Hall Free Spiritual Meetings.

Lizzie Doten is announced to lecture in Music Hall, Sunday afternoon, Nov. 25th. Owing to lung difficulties, this favorite lecturer has not been able to speak in this hall for the past two years. Hundreds will rejoice to learn that they now have an opportunity of again listening to her earnest inspirations. Possibly, at the close of her discourse, she may give an original poem.

Prof. Wm. Denton last Sunday finished his engagement. The house was filled with an audience of nearly thirty-five hundred. It was surprising to notice (at a free meeting) the close attention paid to the speaker—all seeming anxious to catch every word he uttered. Thus far, four meetings have proved a grand success, with an average attendance of three thousand.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis, of New York, will be the speaker for the first two Sundays in December. Reserved seats for the balance of the season can be obtained at a reduced price. Apply to Mr. Wilson, 153 Washington street, or at the hall.

State Fair for our Dumb Animals.

Under the auspices of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a Fair will be held at Horticultural Hall, Boston, from Tuesday, Dec. 5th, to Saturday, Dec. 16th, 1871. The arrangements will be made on a liberal scale, and the occasion promises to be of large pecuniary benefit to the laudable object for which it is inaugurated. Kindness to the dumb servants which Nature has given to man for his use, it would seem, should appear to every reflecting mind as a bounden duty, but we are sorry to mark that the great mass of humanity rarely give it a thought. To the honor of the race be it said that certain persons with quick feelings and a keen sense of justice several years ago inaugurated the Society to which we refer above, and propose in the present Fair to make another effort to "speak for those who cannot speak for themselves."

Robert Dale Owen's New Book.

"Of 'The Debatable Land between this World and the Next,' by Robert Dale Owen, in press, and to be issued Nov. 30th, the New York Standard says: 'The main object of the book is to afford conclusive proof aside from historical evidence of immortality. It affirms that the strongest of all historical evidences for modern Spiritualism are found in the Gospels, and that the strongest of all proofs going to substantiate the gospel narratives are found in the phenomena of Spiritualism, rationally interpreted. The contents consist of a Prefatory Address to the Protestant Clergy; Touching Communications of Religious Knowledge to Man; Some Characteristics of the Phenomena; Physical Manifestations; Identity of Spirits; The Crowning Proof of Immortality; and Spiritual Gifts of the First Century appearing in our times.'"

The Cure of N. M. Woodman.

Hon. G. W. Woodman, in Army and Navy Hall, Portland, on Sunday, Nov. 19th, gave an account of the wonderful restoration, by aid of the spirits, of Mr. N. M. Woodman, of that city, who was very badly injured by falling twenty-three feet through the scuttles of his store. A synopsis of his statements appeared the next day in the Portland papers, and the Boston Journal's correspondent furnished that paper with a brief account. The full particulars of this case appeared in the Banner of Light, June 3d, 1871, furnished us by J. B. Hall, Esq., of that city. The parties are all highly respectable, and have many friends in Boston, where, as well as in Portland, much interest is felt, as the case is one of unquestionable spirit power.

Woman Suffrage Convention.

Fourteen States were represented at the annual convention of the Women's Suffrage Association, at Philadelphia, Nov. 21st and 22d. Lucy Stone read the annual report, and letters from Garrison, Whittey and others. Resolutions of the usual character were adopted. Col. Higginson, Robert Dale Owen and Mrs. Howe were among the speakers.

Funeral Services.

Those Spiritualist lecturers residing in Boston or vicinity who are willing to attend funerals, are requested to forward their names to this office. As we have frequent calls from parties desiring to secure the presence of a Spiritualist speaker on these occasions, so full of meaning to those whose inner vision is opened, we hope the friends above designated will respond generally.

New Music.

G. D. Russell & Co., 126 Tremont street, have just published a beautiful song and chorus—"Dreams of the Sea"—poetry and music by the renowned music medium, Mrs. Laura Hastings Hatch. The melody is very fine, and will become a favorite. Price thirty cents.

PETER'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for December contains nineteen pieces of choice vocal and instrumental music, for thirty cents. Could one ask for more for so small a sum? J. L. Peters, 509 Broadway, N. Y., publishers.

Disputants in Boston concerning the severity of the storm, Wednesday, Nov. 15th, and the height of tide on that day, are informed that the tide in 1851, at the time Minot's Ledge light-house was carried away, was ten inches higher than on Wednesday. In 1851, the water rose so as to reach Broad street and flow into the cellars.

NEW INDIAN COMMISSIONER.—General Francis A. Walker, upon the urgent personal request of Secretary Delano, reinforced by the express desire of the President, has accepted the appointment of Indian Commissioner. He takes with him the strongest support of honest men.

The Nation and its Capital.

L. U. Bevier, author of the pamphlets: "St. Louis the future Great City of the West," "Facts and Arguments in Favor of the Removal of the National Capital to the Mississippi Valley," "The Nation and its Capital," "A Letter to President Grant" on the same subject, and whose name is well known among the liberal thinkers of our country, has entered, in common with some others, upon a crusade having for its object the removal of our national capital from Washington to St. Louis. On Thursday, Nov. 16th, he lectured in Boston upon this subject, at the Tremont Temple, his ideas being considered by a good audience. After a cursory glance at the past history of the country, he said that it was impossible for its founders to erect it perfect, and to provide for the growth and maturity it afterward required. It would have been impossible to have done so, and hence arose new political questions of national importance as time revealed the future. The subject under consideration was well worthy the attention of statesmen, and it was not only a legitimate one, but its solution was momentous. In 1790, when Washington was made the seat of Government, the population of the country was 3,929,827. In the space of eighty years we had grown to 38,555,983, and of these 18,152,824 belonged to the Atlantic slope, and 20,307,807 to the Mississippi valley and to the Pacific slope, thus giving to the West a preponderance of population.

The permanent capital selected by Congress in 1790 was exclusively in the interests of the thirteen original Colonies. They were a small band of people, who we have grown to be a continental people, and our National Legislature must conform to our wants and times, and cannot be guaged by the narrow limits of the old Government of 1790. From an area of 610,512 square miles, including the riverwestern Territory, the national domain has grown to an area of 2,950,261 square miles, exclusive of Alaska—more than three times as large as the old Government. Of these, 865,000 square miles lie east of the Mississippi, and 2,070,000 west of it, exclusive of Alaska, which has 577,890 square miles. There are now in the United States about 51,000 miles of railroads, three-fifths of which lie in the valley States and on the Pacific slope, so that the argument for continuing the capital at Washington, because it was easy of access by railroad, failed.

There were also political reasons for a removal. The Atlantic slope has an area of 423,197 square miles, divided into seventeen States. Under the Constitution they are allowed 31 Senators and 120 Representatives to the National Legislature. The Mississippi Valley has an area of 2,445,000 square miles, with less than one-third of its territory made into States. It has now eighteen States, which are allowed 30 Senators and 115 Representatives in Congress. Alaska has an area of 577,890 square miles, and is large enough to make fourteen States as large as Ohio. Another view shows 800,000 square miles east of the Mississippi river, which is already divided into twenty-seven States, including Louisiana, and West Virginia. These sent 51 Senators and 203 Representatives to Congress. The balance of power in the Senate of the United States was already most of the Alleghenies, while there was an equal representation in the House of Representatives.

The rapid unfolding of the country would surely bring the National Capital west of the Mississippi. The nation was in a great transition, and this movement would be but another step in its unfolding along the path of progress.

The lecture, which lasted upward of an hour, was well received and attentively followed by those present.

New Publications.

MENTAL DISORDERS.—A new book from Andrew Jackson Davis is indeed an event among Spiritualists. The series of his published works on the variety of themes he has selected for inspirational treatment, has wrought with so powerful and permanent influence on the public mind, that any candid man following, as conscientiously with his high name, at once commands public attention, and is welcomed with the profoundest respect. It only remained to him to discuss, from his elevated standpoint, the diseases to which the human mind is addicted, to fill up the circle of the living topics that engross human thought or provoke its solitude. In the present new emanation from his brain we have a comprehensive and thorough exposition of the various diseases of the brain and nerves, in which he luminously develops the origin and philosophy of mania, insanity, and other mental and moral diseases, and presents the reader with full directions for their treatment and cure. No subject on the roll of modern treatment appeals with more vivid force to the general attention, as there certainly is none from which the public might expect more satisfactory treatment from a clairvoyant like Mr. Davis.

This volume he entitles "The Temple"—the temple of Akroparnax. It introduces us across its porch and into its adyta, he salutes us with the impressive remark: "Of all wonders, the greatest is the human mind." This introduction is, in fact, the key to the whole matter. Here, he says, the reader will find an idea which seeks to embody itself in an institution. The Temple embodies an idea which has its foundation in the nature and substance of the human mind—in its laws, sensibilities, phenomena, and destiny—and which now seeks, in a limited degree, to embody itself in the organization of a corresponding institution among men. He holds that, in his expanded and cultivated state, in which he enjoys the power of comparison and separation, man learns that whatever was contained in the germs of his being is manifested in the matured parts and principles of his organization. Then he learns and understands that all crime is insanity, and that, germinally, all insanity is disease. His next step is to discover that to destroy the roots of the disease in the human constitution is practically cutting down all the trees of evil, whose fruits are insanity and crime. And here opens the struggle between Science and Theology. Mr. Davis declares it has but just begun, and that it is to be fought out on the field of Nature, tracing the enemy to the very fountain-head of life, overcoming the (devil) that break the chain which links body and spirit, and inaugurating the era of health, justice, industry, abundance, and happiness.

Such is the scope of this timely and most acceptable volume, from one whose utterances are not to be weighed lightly, like those of many other men. He seeks to build up in this treatise a structure of love, wisdom and universal good-will, on the essential laws of Nature, which the storms of ages cannot disturb, which shall outshine the sun and the stars, which shall be recognized as indeed the House of God, filled with the happy members of a human family of one blood, freed from diseases and insanities, emancipated from ignorance and error, elevated above vices and crimes, and saved with an everlasting salvation. The view is that of a prophet. But he does not foretell one whit more than he sees in the future. And in order that the human race may qualify themselves for this exalted and blissful condition of being, he discloses the methods of cure and care which they may follow with faith and resolution. No such guide to human health and happiness has made its appearance during this century.

THE LAST KNIGHT.—Such is the title of one of the most beautiful volumes of the season, just published by Hurd & Houghton. It is a collection of ballads from the German of Anastasius Grün, translated, with notes, by John O. Sargent. The author's real name is Von Auersperg, and he belongs to the party of progress in Germany.

The ballads, which he collected for this volume, are not unmeaningly styled "a romance-german," for there is a dramatic unity in the collection, and they possess a historical as well as a high poetical interest, being founded on incidents in the life of the Emperor Maximilian I.

So, well has Mr. Sargent translated these remarkable ballads, that it is rare we are reminded that they were not originally born into the English tongue. The spirit and rhythm of the German are presented with curious skill. Some critic says the versification is occasionally harsh. If so, it is because the sentiment is sometimes better conveyed in a harsh than in a mellifluous speech; but we think the translator has shown himself a great master of versification in the art which he has thus transfused these rugged German verses into an English of wonderful variety, flexibility and spirit. Indeed, it is sometimes quite apparent that the translator's work surpasses that of the author. The volume is deserving of far more than this cursory notice; but our space forbids our saying more of the volume at present, than to add that it is one of the most tasteful gift-books of the season, and worthy an extensive sale.

"LOOKING BEYOND: A Souvenir of Love to the Benefit of Every Home," forms the title of a most welcome little volume by J. O. Barrett, from the press of Wm. White & Co., whose scope is sufficiently announced by itself. Who are not the benefactors to what homes are not the angels of comfort and peace, waiting to be bound up and healed? And on these pages may be found a perfect treasury of sympathetic thoughts for all such, from which they may draw at their own pleasure, and experience genuine comfort. The division of the book into three parts, entitled

separately "Life's Mystic Key," "The New Birth," and "The Last shall be First," furnishes convenient resting-places for the reader, in his or her pursuit of consolation, and readily suggests the character of the efforts made by the author on behalf of the sorrowing. He well calls his views of life, death and immortality a "sunny philosophy," for that it will certainly be found. It is calculated to cheer, uphold and revive all souls that yield at times to the depressing influences of too near a view of objects once loved, but now apparently lost.

SOUTHERN VOICES: Poems by Wm. H. Holcombe, M. D., Lippincott, of Philadelphia, issues a remarkably neat little volume of verses by the above author, to which he has given the title we have named. Under several heads, the gifted author has appropriately grouped the various poems that belong to them. Thus the divisions, or heads, are: "Southern Voices," "Bereaved," "The Dead Soul," "Persons and Things," "Marriage," and "Ethereal." The poems are of a high order, cast in the true poetic mold. The topics selected for versification are in the main poetic, and handled with skill, delicacy and power. Some of the stanzas are truly exquisite, and we detect none, after careful examination, that are not strong, energetic, and, when poetic, healthily true. The poems are none too few for the productions which so deftly ornamented them. We should like to make extracts, if our space allowed; but it is sufficient to advise the reader to consult the book for himself. There is a truly spiritual complexion to many of these fine compositions, which will add to their acceptability and permanent value in the estimation of all people who love verse for the sake of its elevating and purifying influence.

BROWN AND STANTON is the last volume of the popular "Luck and Pluck" series, by Horatio Alger, Jr., from the press of Loring. The purpose of the story is well conveyed in the sub-title: "Paddle your own canoe." No boy needs be introduced to the author of the famous "Ragged Dick" and "Tattered Tom" series of stories. "Luck and Pluck" is fully their parallel in merit, and of course in popularity. The present volume is handsomely printed and finely illustrated.

We have before us, from the press of Wright & Potter, the ANNUAL REPORT of the Washington Home, for the year 1871. The record is of profound interest to all those who are thoughtful for the reform of individuals and the elevation of society, and it should be read everywhere with serious attention.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for December closes a brilliant magazine year in a brilliant manner. Among its more attractive contents are a Legend of Nuremberg, Rights in and around Yolo, Pictures from the Plains, The Boston Public Library, Miss Margit's Thanksgiving, Cyprus—Adont and Ashore, A Visit to Charlotte Brontë's School at Brussels, London Revisited, The Imperial Family of Russia, with continued tales, poems by distinguished versifiers, and an Editorial Table not to be surpassed in any magazine in the country. In illustrations Scribner is profuse and overwhelming. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

RESOLUTION is the name of a fresh domestic and familiar story by A. S. Roe, the new veteran author of a series of familiar and homely tales that are told for the obvious sake of a moral. Mr. Roe has had a steady popular success with his books, and raised up a class of readers which no other writer of fiction can dispute with him. There is nothing of the sensational in his style or treatment, and the present story is as free from it as any of his predecessors. Its characters are drawn with a faithful pencil, and a literateness that, while picturesque and in a sense poetical, is the image of truth itself. And this is his latest merit as an author. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York.

BRAXTON GATES is another attractive book from the same house, and a mystic sort of story that was conceived in some region of Wonderland. It is a fairy tale, suggesting Undine and the Magic Ring; and, in its quiet style of composition and its almost daily simplicity, is a kind of magical model. Young and old will peruse its beautiful pages with equal delight. The story itself is all about two little maidens, with funny names, who live a charmed life among fairies and flowers, and whose grotesque way of life finds in the author a loving and penetrating interpreter.

Leo & Shepard issue a very nice little volume, titled paper, called "DIALOGUES FROM DICKENS," of which this is the second series. The compiler is W. Elliot Fiske, who shows an acute appreciation of Dickens and his skill in selection and arrangement. For the purposes of the home drama this series, with its predecessor, will prove very valuable. Dickens is here reproduced in all his real unobscuredness and overflow of humor, that never tires on the hundredth repetition.

MOONSHINE, and other Poems, is the name of a dainty but modest little volume of verses by one who addresses his publisher—B. B. Russell, of this city—in a sort of confidential way in his brief but pointed preface. It is a first venture in poetry for the critical and general eye, and its merits will be judged variously. But we can say that the author is truly poetic by temperament, possesses skill in the weaving of his moods into visible form, and naturally takes to the poetic diction and phrase. The book is decidedly one of promise.

Carlton issues a handsome pamphlet whose purpose is to destroy the influence of Miss Phelps's "Gates Arise," and is therefore titled "Antidote to Gates Arise." It is but another futile attempt to dam the current of Spiritualism that is flowing through all fields of thought with its enriching flood.

Peterson & Brothers issue still another of Charles Lever's novels in popular form, called "KATE O'DONOVAN." It is vivid and stirring. Lever is still widely read for his chatty descriptions of European life and manners, and he is indeed the best of traveling companions.

Leo & Shepard publish the "KATIE STORIES" in three volumes, coming to the juveniles in a convenient box. They are the productions of that talented favorite of old and young, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, and are entitled "Katie's Soldiers," "Katie's Bank," and "Katie's Harvest Days." The series is just in time for the boys and girls at Thanksgiving. It is finely illustrated and printed.

The enterprising publishers issue the famous fable of "BURNING THE FOX," whose authorship is hidden away in the mysteries of the Middle Ages. Their present is called the Red-Line Edition, and it is exquisitely beautiful—the more so, too, from being so conveniently handled. Its illustrations are in the highest style of art. All scholars and men of culture, as well as miscellaneous readers in literature, will want just this edition of a world's favorite on their table, that they may recur to it as they do their Shakespeare, their Burns, and their English and Latin Classics. We cannot praise this edition too enthusiastically.

THE PORTFOLIO WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS are likewise published in the same handy but really sumptuous style by the same house, the edition being the favorite modern one of Rev. Robert Ainslie Willmot. Numerous additions are made to previous editions, so that the reader here gets the whole of Burns in the very form he would have it. The illustrations are thirty-two in number, and they are excellent. For a gift book, in view of the approaching holidays, this edition of Burns, or the red-line edition of "Reynard the Fox," would be of all things happy. We need not speak of Burns himself; he is as free to all hearts as the winds of heaven are to the faces of men.

THE NURSERY.—This charming little pictorial monthly magazine has special claims upon Spiritualists, for it is wholly free from all sectarian rubbish. It is a work that all intelligent parents, whether Orthodox or heterodox, will place in their children's hands with entire confidence. The cuts are the best we have ever seen for the purpose of interesting and instructing children, while the reading matter is most skillfully and happily prepared. Thousands of children have taught themselves to read, and acquired a taste for reading, solely by having this admirable little work placed in their hands every month. Better often than a month's schooling, as got in some of our primary schools, is a month's study of the Nursery by beginners. This magazine now has a circulation of forty thousand, and is fast increasing. It enters on its sixth year with the January number. It is published at \$1.50 a year, by John L. Shorey, 50 Bromfield street, Boston.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for December is a Christmas number of surpassing attractiveness. Two exquisite steel engravings, a brilliant colored fashion-plate, and numerous fine woodcuts, illustrating stories, fashions and fancy work, make a rich array of embellishments. "The Last Days of Pompeii" is a beautiful picture, of peculiar interest; and the frontispiece, "Peace be unto this House" is a most appropriate Christmas subject, finely conceived and artistically executed.

OUR YOUTH FORKS for December is received. It grows in favor with the boys and girls.

Do not choose your friend by his looks; handsome shows often pinch the feet.

Banner of Light.

THE WEST.

Warren Chase, Corresponding Editor.
Office at his Spiritual, Reform and Liberal Bookstore, 614
North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo.
Copies of the Banner of Light, including back num-
bers and bound volumes, can always be had at this office.

THE FIERY ELEMENT IN MAN.

The human passions seem of late to burn with increased intensity, and lead to many fatal results. Many of the most horrible murders that the pen has ever been called upon to record have occurred within the last year, and often among the members of one family. The most potent as well as most prolific cause, aside from alcohol, is the sexual passion, and jealousy which arises solely from that source wherever it goes far enough to result in murder. Not long ago two young men, each having plenty of money, and plenty of friends made by money, when they would have had few without it, quarreled over a courtship whose society each had at times enjoyed. One accused the other of slandering him before the damsel (a grave charge considering the company). They fought and shot, and the accused was killed on the spot, leaving a large fortune unexpended, which he had not been able to reach. The salaried officers of the county at once began the prosecution for the people, who have little interest in hanging anybody, and attach very little importance to the life or loss of the wild young sport. He was dead, and could pay no longer, so he was of little account to his friends. The other, still alive and controlling his means, employs the best of legal talent, and it is not strange that he should go off with a short term in the State Prison, nor would it be strange if he was pardoned out of that in a few months. A more singular case is one occurring in our city, some months ago, in which a popular, worthy and wealthy merchant, while attending to unloading some goods at a depot, led a drayman's horse out of his way, which so enraged the drayman that he broke his skull with a dray stake, killing him on the spot, and then walked off, in sight of near a dozen men, and before the tardy law and its officers could get after him was securely hidden, and has not yet been found that we have heard or seen reported. Still another case recently occurred near us, in which a dissipated man shoots and kills his discolored wife's sister's husband, because he and his wife had given his abuse and outraged wife a home and protection; but in the Catholic element, so prevalent here, which makes a wife a lifetime slave, with the popular prejudice against hanging, it is hardly probable there will be any punishment, except imprisonment until the trial, as legal talent, well paid, can almost always carry a point where it is supported by public sympathy or popular prejudice, and both can be arrayed for a husband, however bad, when his legal wife refuses to live with him, and, since the Catholics do not recognize any act as annulling marriage, she was, in their estimation, still his wife, in spite of the decree of the court. Property in woman is not played out yet, nor can it be while the Catholic religion lasts with its infallible authority.

THOMAS L. HARRIS.

A friend who has recently visited this eccentric genius at his community house near Buffalo did not form a more favorable opinion of him and his present enterprise than we did of his Mountain Cove movement, many years ago, which went up so soon for want of funds and faith, both of which are abundant in his present experiment. The rich vein of poetry which formerly ran through him to enrich the early spiritual papers is entirely exhausted, or is perverted into a sewer for the waste waters of Christian bigotry, of which he seems now to have a remarkable share. The stream of eloquence, too, that, in the early days of Spiritualism, thrilled so many hearts, has turned into a channel little better or more profitable to the race than that of any bigoted sectarian. We are sorry for Bro. Harris, but not for his earthly period, as the wealth he has secured will enable him to procure earthly comforts; but the richer treasures of the other life, which he has lost by his course, will cause him many years of regret and sorrow. He seems to have been too weak a vessel to contain the new wine, or else he had not got all the old theology out before the spirits poured in the new, but retained enough to spoil the pure Spiritual Philosophy, causing it to sour in his brain. We thought him a little crazy in the Mountain Cove movement, but as he partially recovered from that, we had hopes of his entire recovery; but he could not bear the flattery and praise which his inspiration and eloquence drew around him, and he soon began to suspect himself to be an "special messenger of the Lord," superior to his fellow-men, and forgot entirely the lesson which the Brahmin got on the lotus-pool, to

"That count all men of equal caste,
Then count thyself the least and last."
And he seems also to have forgotten the later precept of Jesus, who said the last should be first, etc. For all useful purposes to the race, Bro. Harris seems entirely lost, having crawled into a community shell, where he deals out the orders of Christ to the family, and supposes, or makes them believe, he is the medium of direct communication with that part of the Godhead which on earth was, and is, the Christ. It would seem, at this late day, that no sane man or woman could fall into such blind superstition as that of Bro. Harris and John Noyes, of Oneida, and several others, more or less distinguished; but we are still more surprised at any families who possessed wealth, and the means of education which it brings, who should be so deluded as to follow after such fanaticalisms. Yet this is the history of the race. There have ever been some to fall into every new scheme of salvation and redemption, and wealth is not always security against ignorance and delusion. The social experiment of Bro. Harris will be one of the straw in the wind now drifting the race into new channels of life, but will neither arrest the current nor make any permanent lodgment for those who are engaged in it, or for their successors, at least.

RELIGION IN COLLEGES.

The Christian Union deprecates a fact, which it briefly states, as follows:
"RELIGIONLESS COLLEGES.—We can name at least two institutions in which all culture of a man's spiritual nature by a diet of revealed truth and a drill of religious observance, is intentionally and boastfully ignored. When visiting one, we accidentally called the large lecture-room 'a chapel.' The President, who was courteously exhibiting to us the splendid scientific apparatus there gathered, started suddenly, as if struck, and with an unmistakable sneer, said: 'Not not! We have no chapel. We do not preach! Visitors at the other are often told, "We interpose no obstacle in the way of our students going to church where they will. We do not interfere with those matters at all. We provide stings for our students in the churches of their choice, but we do not pretend to teach religion." All this in a magnificent, patronizing style, which, like an atmosphere, so pervades the institution that susceptible youth must needs absorb the opinion that science and history and art and mechanics and all such, are mines of ore, well rewarding the most diligent labor; but as for this religion—well, if any one chooses to frequent those old diggings, and toss hither and thither the spent rubbish there abounding, we do not forbid it at all. We allow it. The boys may dig where they please in the religious mine."
In other institutions, which were founded in prayer, and had never known a day of prosperity but for sacrifices inspired by religious enthusiasm, we observe with regret a gradual yielding to the restlessness of the young and the clamor of the superficial in the matter of reducing to a minimum their time-honored religious observances, and an absence of any brave, strong and daily declaration by the faculty that faith in God and growth in the knowledge of him, is an attainment compared with which all other gettings are but rubbish."
We rejoice at this sign of decline in superstition and corresponding progress of reason and intellect, but the writer, after deploring largely the neglect of religion in other than the two colleges in the early stages of scholarship, says of attempts to instill religion in the last stages of the course:
"These young men might as well examine the perfume of heliotrope and mignonette by chewing them, or master the mystery of harmony and counterpoint by smelling of an old score by Hawthorn, or judge of pictures and statuary by listening to them, as attempt to examine and understand a Christian's religion by help of the logical, mathematical, or any other faculty of pure intellect."
These confessions are significant and important, and go far to show that the zeal and faith in Christianity are mainly owing to early impressions made before the mind of the student is sufficiently matured to judge for itself of the truthfulness of the statements which it is made to take with its early lessons as reliable, and which it seldom gets time later in life to examine.

CAUSE OF MURDER.

A daily paper in its news items says a man shot his wife dead—cause, whiskey. No comments or complaint against whiskey; it is still allowed to run at large and cause crime. We propose to serve the criminal whiskey as John Calvin had Servetus served, or if the punishment is too severe, hang it, and shut up the man where he can learn a good trade, and also amend the laws of marriage and divorce, so no woman shall hereafter be obliged to live with a drunken man as a wife, nor be disgraced for leaving him. No drunkard should be allowed to marry, or have any legal control over a woman or a child, and yet every few days we see a notice of some crazy drinker beating or killing a wife or child, and our law-makers are ignorantly or willfully blind to the remedy that is so easily applied, of putting all distillers, like the mint, into possession of the government.

Our faithful and efficient brother, Kersey Graves, is now lecturing in Missouri, and, we learn, is engaged for December in St. Joseph; we hope the friends in other places will secure his services before he returns East, as he is calculated to do good work wherever he lectures. We welcome him to the waiting harvest on the west side of the Mississippi, where there is great need of laborers, but small pay, as the country is new.

MINE AND THINE, vs. MINE, THINE AND OURS.

NO. III.

DUTY.

With the new element, "Ours," in the basis of managing the production, distribution and consumption of wealth, the philosophy of human duty assumes a new form. All men are not equal in experience, in capacity, in age, in temperament, in health, etc., etc. Thus, in all things, they are naturally divided off into inferiors and superiors. This natural inequality has hitherto been, and is still, the motive for pride, arrogance, cruelty and tyranny, on the one hand, and on the other, of humility, degradation, suffering and misfortune. The relations between these two spheres of condition are terrible and discordant. They have baffled the wisest and most earnest endeavors of the best portion of men, in all ages, to conciliate them. Had not these intolerable relations existed, the ten commandments would not have been written; nor would such a weak attempt have been made to guide men into goodness, had these relations been understood.

The philosophy of "Do unto others as you wish to be done unto," utterly ignores the nature of the mutual powers, rights and interests of mankind, although it is the most sublime appeal possible to individual endeavor in favor of universal goodness. This philosophy does not aim at destroying the iniquitous dependence of the individual on the individual, which can be so much abused as to allow one man to place his heel on the neck of another with impunity. It has not prevented the industrial endeavors of mankind from culminating into the gigantic system of monopoly, which unscrupulously racks the sinews of labor, and bathes the brow of toil with the sweat of blood.

Such appeals to the individual lead us to suppose that goodness can be wholly realized without organized social endeavor, and that the individual has but to will to be good and upright in all his dealings with his fellow-men. Under the idea that organized endeavor was not necessary for the realization of goodness, evils naturally arising from such a course of neglect, compelled the organization of political and ecclesiastical endeavor against evils. Instead of accomplishing their purpose, they have but aggravated and intensified the evils against which they were arrayed, and by having employed the evil powers of the sword, the rack, and the dungeon to accomplish their purpose, they themselves have become the greatest possible evils that can afflict humanity. By solely employing the powers to do evil to exercise their authority over humanity, political and ecclesiastical governments encourage the wicked more than the good to aspire to place and power, and by the success of the wicked, the hopes of virtue and goodness become extinguished. Good men in authority are but lucky accidents, and few as they have been, they have proved what goodness could do, were it to have the opportunity. The progress which we witness all around is wholly and solely due to the benefit arising from the evolution of material art and science, a department of human affairs where fortunately falsehood could not gain a foothold. Thus far the goodness which we enjoy is thrust upon us in spite of our mistakes and the evil powers which hold authority over us.

Let us now exhibit the sublime nature of duty, and its immense powers to benefit humanity. A being that has a duty to fulfill toward another being, must feel within itself the nature of those necessities which this duty has to satisfy. For instance, if the horse has a duty to fulfill toward man, it must feel within itself the necessities of man which it has to satisfy. The horse, however, cannot feel these human necessities within itself, consequently it can have no duty to fulfill toward man. If man wishes to avail himself of the services of the horse, it becomes his duty to satisfy the necessities of the horse. He can perceive and feel these necessities, and has the capacity to satisfy them. Therefore man has a duty to fulfill toward the horse when he subjects it to his will. We deduce from this that inferior beings have no duties to fulfill toward superior beings, but on the contrary, superior beings have duties to fulfill toward inferior ones.

The child, by being inferior in experience and capacity, has no duty to fulfill toward its parents, but the parents, by their superior experience and capacity, have a duty to fulfill toward the child. By man fulfilling his duty toward the horse, and parents fulfilling their duty to children, the natural result would be the docility and affection of the horse toward the man, and of the same from children toward their parents. This docility and affection would not result from a sense of duty, but from contentment. Docility and affection are spontaneous, requiring neither knowledge or experience to display them. Inferiors in knowledge have no duties toward superiors in knowledge, and the same holds good to inferiors of strength, of goodness and virtue in regard to their superiors. Love is naturally spontaneous, and is of such a nature as to be extinguished by having the burden of obligation imposed upon it. Thou shalt love, is of all commands the most absurd, and covers it as we may, we can never get it but by becoming worthy of it through the fulfillment of duty. Like all other treasures we covet the love and affection of our fellow-men, and will not hesitate to obtain them by sheer force and cruelty. It is time for us to be ashamed of pursuing this course, as hatred between man and man, instead of brotherhood, is the universal result. On the basis of "Mine and Thine," true superiority cannot attain to its proper position while inferiority everywhere galls the ascendancy and holds its withering authority over mankind.

On the basis of "Mine and Thine," man imposes duty on the horse, both by lash and spur. Parents whip their children into obedience. The government imposes duty on the people by fines, imprisonment and hanging; the church imposes it on the people by the terrors of everlasting punishment and the eternal displeasure of Almighty God; and capitalists impose duty on labor, by keeping it in poverty and misfortune. Trodden down into inferior conditions, and kept there by an inferior exercise of the intelligence yielding authority over them, the people have all their love and affection for each other extinguished, and have nothing left to confide in but cunning force and hypocrisy can offer them. There is, happily, a little exception to this rule in every mind. Men are not altogether willingly unrighteous, but are mainly compelled to be so, simply because there is no unitary, organized endeavor to do good.

The basis of "Mine and Thine" will not admit of any general organization to do good, but will only admit of organizations to persecute evil. A duty to abstain from evil can be instituted, but there is a great distance between abstaining from evil and the doing of good. A person can abstain all his life from injuring his fellow-men, and still do not one single act of intentional goodness toward them. He can bargain his way up to wealth and power by the sheer honesty of hurting no one; and so can all men, to a certain degree, honestly bargain with each other, and obtain some of the comforts and conveniences of life, without having any regard for anything but self-interest. In the general endeavor, inferior minds and capacities are thrust aside to make room for their superiors in the pursuit of wealth and power. For the unfortunate, charity comes forward to compensate for the unfulfilled duties of superiority. Were duties fulfilled, there would be no need of charity; and when charity steps in to thus compensate for the neglect of duty, duty itself becomes postponed indefinitely. Were there a hundredth part of the solicitude made in behalf of the duty to do good that there is for charity, this world would soon become a paradise. Charity is costly and barren. It merely wards off the finishing stroke of misfortune; it is but that small degree of goodness which no one, by the sheer force of shame, can withhold. Practically, it is the cloak under which society hides its manifold iniquities; hence the trite saying that "Charity covereth a multitude of sins." Charity, however, is the path to duty; and as it is needed to be used in this sense, we will show how the performance of true charity tends to destroy its own necessity.

St. Louis, Mo.

FROM BATTLE CREEK.

Our good sister, Mrs. Mossop, (late of the Catholic Church,) has been giving us fresh dew from the spirit-land, for the past two Sundays, to large and appreciative audiences, describing a number of spirits that were recognized—good tests.

She speaks next Sunday here; the last Sunday in this month at Sturgis, and at Richmond, Ind., during December. She is a lady of high intellectual attainments, "a good soul," and a pleasant speaker. Her control is of a high order and very convincing, and has awakened a deep interest.

Our State Convention meets at this place on the second Sunday in December, and the latch-string will be out for all who may come, and we hope to see a good attendance.

Yours in the cause of Truth,
A. A. WHITNEY.
Battle Creek, Mich., Nov. 17th, 1871.

Hon. James A. Garfield and Hon. George W. Julian, early woman-suffragists, have, we learn, fallen from the good work—frightened from their property and advocacy by the Wood-hull-Clifford demonstration.—Commonwealth.

We respectfully call upon Mr. Charles W. Slack, editor of the Boston Commonwealth, to give us his grounds for making the above statement. We seriously question its correctness, especially as to the apostasy of Mr. Julian, who is not the kind of a man to turn his back upon a cause which has every element of justice and right to support it—a cause which has heretofore commanded his highest respect, and for years received his unflinching advocacy and most hearty cooperation, both in private and in public. No mere newspaper rumor would convince us that he had "gone back" on his record with reference to woman's suffrage, though it appears in such a usually correct journal as the Commonwealth.

GEORGE A. BACON.
The influence of Spiritualism, and its widespread action, is, indeed, one of the wonders of the nineteenth century. And while it is a fulfillment of past predictions, it is also a prophecy of the face of modern civilization will undergo a change.—The Stoker.

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Book VI.—Spiritual Gifts of the First Century Appearing in Our Times.

The scope of this book is broad. One fourth of it (occupied by an Address to the Protestant Clergy, reviewing the present attitude of the religious world in connection with modern science and with modern ideas touching the reign of law, human infidelity, plenary inspiration, miracles, spiritual gifts, &c.) sets forth the successes and reverses of early Spiritualism and asks their explanation. It inquires whether it is Protestant theology or Christianity that has been losing ground for three hundred years against the Church of Rome. It discusses the effects on morality and civilization and spiritual growth of such doctrines as vicarious atonement, original depravity, a personal devil, an eternal hell. It inquires whether religion is a progressive science. It contrasts Calvinism, Lutheranism, Arminianism, &c., with Christianity. Inspiration it regards as not infallible, but an inestimable gift of God and the origin of all religious—a gift for all ages, not confined to one century nor to one church; a gift permanently appearing in the author of our religion.

But the main object of the book is to afford conclusive proof, and from historic evidence, of immortality. It shows that we of to-day have the same evidence on that subject as the apostles had. More than half the volume consists of narrative in proof of this—narrative that will seem marvellous and incredible, at first sight, to many—yet which are sustained by evidence as strong as that which daily determines, in our courts of law, the life and death of men.

This book affirms that the strongest of all historical evidences for modern Spiritualism are found in the Gospels, and that the strongest of all proofs, going to substantiate the Gospel narrative, are found in the phenomena of Spiritualism. Actually interpreted—Christianity, freed from alien creeds, sustaining Spiritualism; and enlightened Spiritualism sustaining Christianity.

Finally, the author gives his conception of the foundation-motive of Christian morality and spiritual progress, as set forth by Christ himself.

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