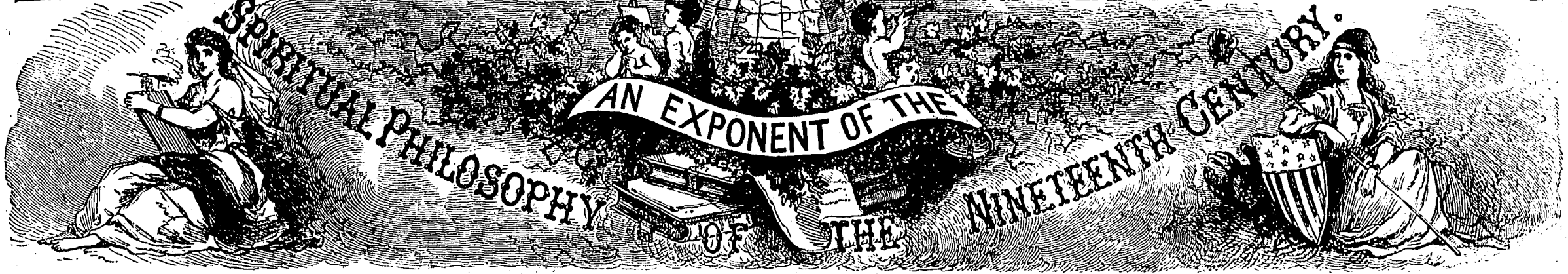


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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For Spirit Message Department see Sixth Page.

LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

NUMBER ONE.

BY J. M. PERKINS.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Since seeing is knowing, why not see the world? why not traverse lands and seas? why not further lift the veil from Isis? why not find and lay the buried treasures of antiquity at the feet of the present? why not literally obey the textual command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature?"

If spirit, as sage and seer have taught, is causation—the spiritual the real—and this sphere the shadow-world of effects, (and ye believe it is) then that parliaments of spirits conceive plans in the heavens to be executed upon earth, is clearly evident. All conscious intelligences must necessarily sympathize. "No man liveth to himself." None of us are wholly our own. Uncontrollable circumstances affect and unseen powers influence us. As mirrors reflect, so mystics, aided by angel ministries, often outline the future. A past vision is now fulfilling. We are on the way again, the journey lying around the world, via the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Japan, China, India, Egypt, Palestine, Central Europe and England, to our native land.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.
What a marvelous country, stretching from those commercial cities that dot the Atlantic coast to the wave-washed shores of the Pacific! Considering grandeur of scenery, extent of territory, mineral resources and free institutions, it is worth something to be an American citizen. The distance from our home in Himminton, N. J., to San Francisco, is some 3,500 miles. A week's travel spans the route. Telegraphic wires and iron-belted thoroughfares have quite annihilated time and space. Life is a rush, and progress the key-word of the century.

THESE prairie-lands fill our national granaries. Peach orchards reeled under their fruitage, and vineyards unveiled to us their purple clusters. Swiftly whirling by corn-fields, they seemed like waving forests. Pleasant things for the palate; beauty for the eye; sunsets for the artist; lands for the tiller; minerals for the miner; wealth for the industrious; enterprises for the ambitious; friends for the worthy; books for the student; and religious enthusiasm for souls, great, free and liberal—these are among the charms of the sunset States.

The "far-West" and the "great American desert" are alike the myths of our geography days. The surging tide of immigration, instead of stopping, as formerly, in Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Iowa and Nebraska, pushes across the once trackless desert, seizes the Rocky Mountains, and secures a foothold in Oregon, Nevada, Utah and California. This is a fast age; its intelligence far exceeding, however, its morality.

ALONG THE ROUTE.
Omaha, on the western bank of the Missouri, numbers nearly twenty thousand. Here George Francis Train made a large portion of his fortune. The old State House, a magnificent building, situated upon the highest point in the city, is to be devoted to educational purposes. A resident Spiritualist told us he had fifteen churches in the city, five daily newspapers, and superior public schools. Spiritualists are divided into clans and cliques, calling for something solid, rather than sensational—for constructors, rather than ruthless iconoclasts.

Pullman's palace sleeping-cars are luxurious. Eating houses are numerous—charges \$1.00 currency. The Platte is a lazy, shallow stream, skirted with light timber. Along this river lies the old emigrant trail, marked by an occasional grove. Pawnee Indians were standing around every station. Retirent, they seemed sad. They are fading away. The embers of their council-fires are gold. Oh, my countrymen, feed them generously, treat them kindly in these their dying days!

NORTH PLATTE CITY.
Accompanying Col. S. F. Tappan, Gen. Sherman, Sherman, Terry, Harney and other members of the Congressional Indian Commission westward a few years since, here at North Platte was held the first Peace-council. It was a thrillingly interesting occasion. The Indians flocked in by hundreds. The Brule Sioux Chief, Spotted Tail, made a peace speech. Gen. Sherman cross-examined him. Gen. Harney admitted that he had never known an Indian chief the first to break a treaty. It simply belief in a future conscious identity and in communications from the spirit-world constitutes an individual a Spiritualist, then is Spotted Tail a Spiritualist. So doubtless are all the chiefs and medicine-men of other tribes.

CHEYENNE.
It was Aug. 15th that we reached this city, the capital of Wyoming. It is the most populous town between Omaha and Ogden. The Black Hills in the distance were crowned with snow. The railway cuts each side of Cheyenne show volcanic matter, mixed with marine fossils. A rolling ocean once swept over these plains and mountains. Here are found beautiful moss agates. They are for sale, with rare mineral specimens, at nearly every station. If London is the paradise of books, the West is the elysian-land of geologists and mineralogists.

Wyoming is woman's Eden regained. Suffrage is here guaranteed her as a constitutional right. And yet only about half of the women in Cheyenne use this ballot privilege. Why is it? Are there not far more women than men opposed to universal suffrage? It is not the sinners that need the preaching. Laramie was the first place in the world where a female jury was empaneled.

SHERMAN.
This is the highest railway point on the Pacific route, named in honor of General Sherman. It is eight thousand two hundred and forty-two feet above the level of the sea. The air here is light, pure and bracing. It is just the place for an astronomical observatory. The mountain-peaks are weird and magnificent; while the general plateau is covered with short grass, sage brush and stunted pines. Desolate as the region seemed, black-birds were chattering upon telegraph wires, swallows were cutting curious angles, and eagles sailed and circled above the mountain heights. Life and activity flame everywhere. The universe is God's House—this earth, one of the smaller apartments. Entering, we found it already furnished. What a carpet!—the emerald grass. What a ceiling!—the freestone sky. What tapestried pillars!—the granite rocks. What a front door!—the flaming sunrise. What a rear door!—the sunset, through which the day goes down into shadow-lands. What a chandelier!—the sun and stars. What fields for explorations!—the interstellar spaces of infinity. Surely, as the Mohammedan says, "Allah is great and good!"

ECHO CANON.
Still we are rattling, whirling through the grandest of scenery. Oh for an ocean of imagery in which to dip the pen! Echo Canon is entered at the little station of Castle Rock. The elevation is nearly seven thousand feet. Huge sandstone bluffs line the right hand side of the canon. These have been worn and torn by storms, till, in the distance, they present the appearance of old feudal castles. The engine leaps, plunges down the defile, increasing to a gorge, that finally becomes an awful chasm. The perspective produces dizziness. Along the route westward from these castles and snowy ravines are the "Devil's Gate," "Devil's Pulpit," "Devil's Slide," and the "Witches' Cave"—names strictly orthodox. The latter reminded us of a Trojan Baptist minister, who, each winter, is afflicted with an attack of the "witch" mania. The "Troy Progressive Lyceum" has a panacea. There is a "balm in Gilead."

OGDEN.
This is the famous junction of the railways. Here tourists leave the main route for Salt Lake City. Ogden is one thousand and thirty-two miles west of Omaha. It numbers nearly four thousand, a majority of whom are Mormons. Such as have left polygamy "Zion" for Spiritualism are called "apostates." They are quite numerous. Our Spiritualist friends, the Josts and Browns, gave us a delightful "drive" up the canon, mild pallsades, towering cliffs and overhanging rocks. Why so many hot springs here? and from whence the perpetual heat? The Spiritualists of Ogden have an organized society. Our lecture was slimly attended. A circus in full blast the same evening called most of the citizens. Ring-masters' whips and grinning clowns are more inviting to the masses than spiritual facts or such angel vestures as may be seen at Moravia.

A venerable gentleman in Ogden, once a "Latter-Day Saint," now a devoted Spiritualist, gave us a full account of the inside workings of "Mormonism," even the ceremonies of the "endowments"—washing, anointing with oil, clothing in white linen, and—well; let us pass on. These rites are Jewish and Phallic are secret. Mr. Brown, formerly of Palmyra, Wis., is President of the Spiritualist Society. His son, George F. Brown, gifted with fine yet undeveloped mediumistic powers, ought to be in the lecture-field. The Western fields, already white for the harvest, call for more reapers. They expect to here locate Dr. E. W. Stevens.

SALT LAKE CITY.
This, with a population of some fifteen or twenty thousand, is claimed to be the "city of refuge," the "Zion of our God." The location is admirable. Each city lot, originally containing an acre and a quarter, blossoms now something like the poet's Eden. Irrigation from a pure mountain stream is the secret of this luxuriant growth. Externally, Salt Lake may be considered the city of crystal streams and fruit orchards. Industry is the rule, rather than the exception, among these Mormons. Let us approve where we can. Successful cooperative or union stores have been formed in nearly all the districts. They are modeled after those in England.

The railway, from Ogden to Salt Lake City, passes along the shores of Salt Lake, the "Dead Sea" of America. The farms, irrigated and well filled along the route, were burdened with ripened grain, and the orchards loaded with fruit. Such cultivation quite surprised us. The natural scenery around Salt Lake and the Utah valleys is singularly picturesque. Hot springs and mineral springs are found adjacent to the city. Only one mile from the Tabernacle there is a full-flowing, warm sulphur spring; while the twin peaks of the Wasatch Mountains, a few miles distant, are white with perpetual snows. They are eleven thousand feet high.

This "Great Salt Lake," nearly a hundred miles in length, and forty in width, has seven islands, three of which are well adapted for grazing. The Mormon Church owns them. Our all night's excursion upon this body of water will not soon be forgotten. These Salt Lake waters are so excessively briny that seven pullfalls will make one of salt. In 1850, it only required three. This Lake, swarming with minute insect life, has risen from twelve to fifteen feet within a few years. This has freshened its waters. Utah Lake should not be confounded with Salt Lake. The former is a beautiful sheet of fresh water whose outlet is the river Jordan. The Territory abounds in Scriptural names. There are over thirty incorporated cities in Utah, and the mineral wealth is inexhaustible.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PALMYRA SEER.
Visiting Kirtland, Ohio, several years since, to see the old Mormon Temple, a venerable man of patriarchal appearance, once a "Latter-Day Saint," now a Spiritualist, gave us a full account of the personal appearance and many of the mar-

vels of Joseph Smith. His seership was undoubted, and his clairvoyant gifts, at times, marvelous. When in this "superior condition," his visions were as original as weird and witching. Furthermore he conversed daily with spirits and angels.

In a letter written in 1842, by Joseph Smith, to the Chicago Democrat, edited by John Wentworth, this founder of the "Latter-Day Saints" lifts the curtain and gives us a peep at his visional experiences:

"While fervently engaged in supplication, my mind was taken away from the objects with which I was surrounded, and I was enveloped in a heavenly vision, and saw two glorious personages, who exactly resembled each other in features and likeness, surrounded with a brilliant light, which eclipsed the sun at noonday. They told me that all religious denominations were believing in incorrect doctrines, and that none of them was acknowledged of God as his church and kingdom. And I was expressly commanded to 'go not after them.'"

On the evening of the 21st of September, A. D. 1823, while I was praying, a light like that of day burst into the house and filled the whole room; the appearance produced a shock that affected the whole body; in a moment a personage stood before me surrounded with a glory yet greater than that with which I was already surrounded. This messenger proclaimed himself to be an angel of God, sent to bring the joyful tidings, that the covenant which God made with ancient Israel was at hand to be fulfilled."

On the 6th of April, 1830, the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints" was first organized in the town of Fayette, Seneca County, State of New York. Some few were called and ordained by the spirit of revelation and prophecy, and began to preach as the spirit gave them utterance, and through work, yet were they strengthened by the power of God, and many were brought to repentance, were immersed in the water, and were filled with the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands. They saw visions, and prophesied, devils were cast out, and the sick healed by the laying on of hands."

We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, viz. apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc. * * * In the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc."

How true that all religions originate in spiritual manifestations. Jesus and Mahomet, Swedenborg and Joseph Smith all had visions and saw angels. In this morning-time of Materialism, polygamy was undreamed of. "Extraneous" things themselves to the thrifty trunk, rather than the tender sapling. A thought right here: If Spiritualism is to be boiled, strained, stewed and simmered down to the mere fact that spirits communicate, why not include the Mormons of Utah among the "clever millions?" A Spiritualism that expects to fashion the typical forms of the incoming ages must not hesitate to span matter and mind, science and religion—all human interests. The hunter does not shoot deer in the abstract, nor does the physician treat ailments in the abstract. Sensible definitions and practical work are among the demands of the age.

THE MORMON TABERNACLE.
What a nondescript! It is a building 158 by 61, minus a column. Spheroidal-shaped and arched, it holds ten thousand people. The organ is said to equal any in the United States. The music—the Sunday we attended—was heavy, but not harmonious or inspirational. While Elder Andrews was preaching the deacons distributed the "Lord's Supper"—bread and water. This is an improvement on Asian symbols. Water is cheaper than wine, and withal is free from intoxicating influences. This preaching elder dwelt largely upon the persecutions of the saints. They had been "pushed westward like the Indian"—their prophet had been "murdered in Carthage III." their President, Brigham Young, had been "arrested as a criminal," and more afflictions at the hands of the Gentiles availed them. It was a transitional period with their church. The sermon was pathetic, practical, and not without merit. There were about five thousand present. Polygamy of its own unnaturalness is dying out. The system, considered by itself, has not a redeeming trait. There is less sealing of wives each year. And yet, the church's doctrine taught is that the more wives the greater glory to the man; the more children the greater glory to the woman. This appears plausible when the Mormon doctrines are elaborately elucidated. We shall aim to do this in a future letter, giving an account also of our interview with President Young.

SPIRITUALISM IN SALT LAKE.
Seldom have we met a nobler, more self-sacrificing band of Spiritualists. The more enthusiastic of them are converts from Mormonism—men esteemed in the church as elders—and one of them a veritable apostle. Showing their faith by their works, these enterprising souls have erected and furnished a magnificent hall—The Liberal Institute, for sciences, lectures and educational purposes. This devotion to the principles of Spiritualism ought to inspire if not shame many Eastern societies into the necessity of constructing commodious halls for lyceums and lectures. Among the devoted workers here, are W. S. Godbe, E. J. T. Harrison and others. These gentlemen conducted the Utah Magazine, to the great discomfort of President Young and those who considered him quite infallible. One of the startling declarations of the President was this: "It is my right to dictate to the church in all things, either temporal or spiritual—even to the ribbons the women wear." It opposed in his dictatorship, he substitutes hard names for sound logic, and long strings of abusive epithets for words of reason. The velvet paw can suddenly and easily change to the lacerating claw.

While Mr. Harrison was yet in the church of the Latter-Day Saints, he wrote thus, touching the marvels attending the itinerating elders and speakers in the Mormon fraternity:

"When Joseph Smith inaugurated our church, nearly forty years ago, it burst upon the world as a revelation of spiritual power. The main peculiarity of our system was, that we asserted the necessity of close and constant intercommunication between this and the heavenly worlds." * * * "Abroad among the nations," we had plentiful corroboration that this theory was no idle dream, but based on facts. Wholesale spiritual manifestations did there attend us. Our sick were

then, headed by the hundred. During the great cholera year in England, among about thirty thousand Latter-Day Saints, scarcely one succumbed to the disease. We were rich in spiritual manifestations; we felt angelic presence, even if unseen; we lived in an atmosphere that made us feel every day very near to God and the heavenly world."

In this city we met Peter West and Fannie T. Young. Both had lectured to good acceptance. Invited, we delivered two addresses to large and attentive audiences. It was our further privilege to be the guest of Senator Fish and lady. Our indebtedness to the Salt Lake Spiritualists and Liberalists for personal kindnesses will long be remembered.

CALIFORNIA.
What changes!—what a marvelous growth in this young city during the past twelve years! Then, too, we were an invalid—now strong and young, at least in spirit. Our lectures have been delivered in the Mercantile Library to audiences large, intelligent and critical. Oh! there are royal souls on these Pacific shores! The Spiritualist society is well-officed, Mr. Kendrick being just the man for presiding officer. The future looks fair and bright. The Progressive Lyceum's rich talent is doing finely. Dr. E. C. Dunn instructed and drilled the officers and pupils on Sunday last, to the satisfaction of everybody. He is to accompany me—thanks to the good angels—around the world.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown arriving here in May, is still detained by the sickness of a friend. Delivering already fourteen lectures in the city, and aiding in the organization of the Lyceum, she will continue to lecture until she starts for her home in San Diego. Mrs. Brown is popular, and deservedly so, all along this coast.

Mrs. Belle A. Chamberlain, a trance speaker of Eureka, is doing a good and noble work. None "know her but to praise." She is at present speaking in Sacramento.

Mrs. A. C. Stowe continues to heal and lecture, and do the needed work of an evangelist generally. She is at present in the mountains.

Dr. Morrill has done and continues to do effective work for the truth. He is a sincere and conscientious man. Keep him in the harness.

Herman Snow, one of God's true and faithful souls, has a choice assortment of liberal and Spiritualist books at 319 Kearney street. This is the head-center of liberalism in the city, and the only liberal bookstore worthy the name upon the Pacific slope. It should be largely patronized.

Friend Snow attends funerals and weddings, laboring constantly for the diffusion and upbuilding of the truth. Mrs. Snow, truly a "helpmeet," takes an active part in the woman's suffrage movement—a cause that must ultimately win, because based on equity and justice.

S. J. Finney, though much absorbed in matters pertaining to legislation, continues the same brave defender of equal rights and broad humanitarian principles. True, he has criticised the loose literature, the imposture and the money-catching charlatanisms sometimes fastened to Spiritualism; but never has he ignored those divine principles underlying the Harmonical Philosophy. In a letter to us, dated Sept. 1st, he writes, among other things, this:

"I hear that I am reported, in the East, as having thrown spiritual science overboard. Well, the fire is not all dead yet."

At the close of our recent lecture course in this city, the Society passed, among other resolutions, one inviting us to revisit San Francisco early as possible, lecturing in the city and adjoining localities for the term of six months or a year. Such generous appreciations are the sunbeams that brighten the pathway of life. This Pacific coast—the whole moral world—is rich in great, full-blossomed souls.

During our brief stay, though invited in other directions, we have remained the "guest" of Mr. and Mrs. Victor B. Post, whom the angels long since named "Peace" and "Harmony." Our memory of old friends is excellent. Beautiful are such friendships—budding on earth, they bloom in heaven.

To-morrow, the 11th, we embark upon the steamer "Idaho." The passage to Australia, with a fair sea, requires about thirty-five days—possibly forty. We shall jump aboard light-hearted, throwing backward kind thoughts and good will to all. The following tender lines, written by Edward Pollock, the young and gifted Californian poet, seem appropriate:

There's something in the "parting hour"
That makes the heartstrings quiver,
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Are fated all to part.
But this I've seen—and many a pang
Has pressed it on my mind—
The one who goes is happier
Than those he leaves behind.
No matter what the journey be,
Adventurous, dangerous, far,
To the wild deep or black frontier,
To solitude or war,
Still something cheers the heart that dars
In all of human kind.
And they who go are happier
Than those they leave behind.
Have you a friend—a comrade dear—
An old and valued friend?
Be sure your term of sweet composure
At length will have an end.
And when you part—as part you will—
Oh, take not his parting word.
If he who goes is happier
Than those he leaves behind!
God will it so—and so it is;
The pilgrims on their way,
Through weak and worn, more cheerful are
Than all the rest who stay.
And when, at last, poor man, subdued,
Lies down to death resigned,
May he not still be happier far
Than those he leaves behind?
San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 10th, 1872.

At Guise, France, lives a M. Godin, who has built what he calls a "Social Palace." It covers eighteen acres of ground, and is a miniature city. Its government is wholly in the hands of twenty-four persons—twelve men elected by the women and twelve women elected by the men. Prizes have been substituted for punishments, and are said to be equally efficacious in restraining crime. All of the inhabitants work, and all of them are happy. M. Godin has invested \$400,000 in the enterprise, and derives from it a yearly income of \$13,000. The institution is said to have been in successful existence for some years.

THE HARMONICAL CYCLOPEDIA: A Repository of Useful Knowledge Concerning Things and Ideas PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

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

ARTICLE IV.

Athenum.—A spiritual temple in Greece, to which the spiritually minded went to establish communication with the invisible universe. The presiding divinity of the sanctuary was called "Athena," a beautiful and accomplished goddess, no more mythological than is the reputed author of the ten commandments. But persons with artistic, literary and scientific tastes and attractions, have appropriated the term (Athenum) to designate an associative club or organization. So that, in modern times, people associate with the sacred name agreeable thoughts of a high school, college, or university. This is well; and it will be still better for mankind, when, with the word "Church," people associate grateful recollections of mental freedom, free moral culture, scientific knowledge, and free discussion.

Arabula.—An intelligent spiritual presence; the inextinguishable light of intuition; the inmost latent wisdom of the human mind; the impersonal reason; the uncomprehended self-consciousness in every human breast; the private manifestation of the Father-and-Mother Spirit in each human heart; the eternal Christ of the spirit; every man's everlasting Redeemer; the inward Emmanuel, infinite in goodness, unbounded in love; the essential life and governing law of man's immortal spirit; the possession of which makes man spiritually the son of God, constructed in the image and likeness—in a finite degree, a representation and miniature of the elements and attributes of the Infinite.

Christ.—Another name for Arabula. But, unfortunately, this sacred title has been by theologians associated with the name and teachings of a person; so much so, in truth, that now it is next to impossible to separate them in the memories and institutions of Christians.

Jesus is the name of a person; Christ, of an eternal principle. Christ is the Arabula in the great heart of the world—lying, loving, inspiring, working, approving, punishing—starting with each person at birth and accompanying him, under all circumstances, all through this life and through all the life that is to come. This Christ is no idealism; no foreign mythical divinity; but is the everlasting presence, from which no man can hope to escape now or hereafter. He, or rather it, (the Principle), is the Christ of the people; making his advent first, or second, or for the thousandth time, when you perform a just, a holy, a loving, an unselfish deed.

What a day it will be on earth when Truth takes precedence of personal or institutional authority! The Church says: "Your Redeemer is a person, even the Son of God; and you must believe on him, or be damned." But God's own pure Reason, which always speaks through unprejudiced souls, says: "Nay, nay—I tell you, my friend. The Truth shall make you free; for Truth, and not a person, is your Saviour."

A person lived eighteen hundred and seventy-two years ago. All progress, all civilization, all the human good in Christendom, is attributed to him! Now look at our civilization. First, the State: that is built upon force. Second, the Church: that supports the State. Third, Society: that supports both State and Church. Now, where is the Golden Rule? Here is the answer: It is preached by ministers as an impracticable principle, which we ought to practice; while what we really do practice and endorse, is—love and good will to our friends; force and destruction upon our enemies; heaven for those who believe what we believe; and eternal sufferings for the great majority of mankind.

Look around further. Instead of unity of spirit in the bonds of peace; instead of human homes being warmed by the beams of the millennial sun of righteousness, after waiting and working, and after unceasing prayer on the part of believers, for these eighteen hundred and seventy-two years; instead of peace on earth and good will among men; instead of this, which should be, you find yourself surrounded by quarreling bigots and implacable sectarians; the masses of the people cold and insensitive to spiritual realities; faith in supernaturalism, in the miraculous scheme of salvation, superseding the necessity of good works; the universal adoption of the superiority of man's authority to woman's in laws and governments; the unrelenting antagonism between the impoverished millions who incessantly labor with their muscles and the few hundreds of monopolizing capitalists who occasionally labor with their brains; the maintenance of governments, based upon the army and navy, by great revenues derived from taxing the productions of neighboring nations, and especially by immense sums realized from rum and tobacco!

And still we are asked to believe that a person, not the Truth, is "the Saviour of mankind!" Asked to believe, and threatened with a punishment consisting of eternal misery if we do not believe that Jesus, instead of Christ, is the true and only redeemer for the human race!

Is it not clear to a demonstration that mankind's reliance upon personal saviours and theological attorneys—employed to stand between their affections and faculties and the Fountain of all Truth—has been the chief cause of this widespread religious sectarianism, and the reason why the race, in their laws and institutions, is yet so far from an era of universal justice, peace, love and happiness?

Cents and Sense.—One of the penalties of being a philosopher, of the fault-finding and critical school, is the alarming probability of becoming unwise (i. e., a fool) by perceiving and describing too easily the folly and senselessness of others. The amiable, tender and benevolent sentiments of the philosopher contrast, like a flower garden in

a barren desert, with the cold, cruel, calculating opinions of the world's prosperous men. How clearly the philosopher sees the folly and misanthropy of the grasping old miser! The thoughtful mind beholds the money-making merchant as one who encounters all the risks and troubles of trade, neglecting the welfare of his family and his own personal well-being, only to overload his coffers with perishable wealth, and then at last to faint and sink undervalued and uncommenced into the grave.

It seems well-nigh impossible to develop manhood so nobly and grandly that the man of cents shall also be a man of sense. "After hypocrites," says a philosopher, "the greatest dupes are those who exhaust an anxious existence in the disappointment and vexations of business, and live miserably and unenjoyed, only to die magnificent and rich." He that stands every day of his life behind a counter, until he drops from it into the grave, may negotiate many profitable bargains; but he has made a single bad one, so bad, indeed, that it counterbalances all the rest; for the empty foolery of dying rich, he has paid down his health, his happiness, and his integrity.

But a harmonious philosopher can see all this folly, and yet be patient and even cheerful toward those who pursue the hard ways of intelligent selfishness. It is the masculine and energetic method, inseparable from ordinary nature, a fate of temperament, which they must obey and take the consequences. So the selfish rich man is unmoved in this world, and too poor to have a home, in the next—gleaming insanely over wealth before death, and agonizing over the spectacle of beholding his dispersion by lawyers and greedy heirs after death—knowing nothing of himself, and enjoying nothing celestial—alone, although surrounded by thousands and millions of kind and loving fellow-beings, and passing through a calamitous experience, in order to become high-minded, magnificent and purified, so that he can realize that:

"There is a God where those who loved on earth, shall meet to live again."

The blending and balancing of cents with sense, is a miracle rarely witnessed. What a glorious spiritual manifestation! What a wondrous wedding of sinners and angels in one bosom! How the causes of misery and meanness would melt and dance with the causes of happiness and progression! But this meeting of these widely-separated extremes, this universal unity of cents with sense, is an end too unphilosophical to be even prayed for, especially "while the wind continues to blow from the present quarter." All harmonious thinkers perceive and accept the wisdom of the plan that it is the diversity that mingles in harmony which makes all the harmony and glory of the universe.

Ceremonies.—It is because Nature is system, order, rotational and repetition, that mankind find themselves inclined to forms and systematic proceedings. "We come honestly by it."

But many formula and ostentatious ceremonies never appear among the refined and truly civilized, either in society or religion. A commanding intellect and a noble heart have little fellowship with artificial distinctions and high-sounding titles. A deep thinker soon finds the limitations of speech. A thought that is not too profound for economy is superficial and of little account. A profoundly grateful and loving heart is slow in verbal prayer and exquisitely delicate in professions. Manners are superior to ceremonies. The first flow out of the spirit; the latter from education. Ancient nations were nothing unless ceremonial. Chinese and Japanese continue to this day many of the extreme social and religious demonstrations practiced hundreds of generations ago. Mahomedans, Brahmans, Buddhists, Roman Catholics, and Modern American Episcopalians, are brim full of daintily titles and contemptible distinctions. They can do nothing without precedent and ceremony. A certain circumlocutory service, a barbarian conventional etiquette, is deemed solemnly attractive and indispensable. Religious chicanery can do nothing without mysterious forms. The creed of their institution the ministers gladly leave to the theologians to analyze and quarrel over; but the traditional rites and ceremonial observances of their church they maintain and obey with pomp and circumstance; knowing full well that the ignorant multitude is drawn and held by empty show, parade and display, however cold and unfeeling, while intellectual substance and real spiritual merit would be unrecognized and passed by in stupid silence.

All this is characteristic of countries with titled nobility, where there are castles and arbitrary distinctions, phlebotomies and patricians, poor and rich, goats and sheep, subjects and kings, the common people ruled by aristocrats. Religious organizations and ceremonial observances correspond, in all such countries, with the structure of government and the form of the social organism. Because, to tell the truth, the Church of any country is a reflection, not the leader and the instructor, as it should be, of the social state and legal conditions of the people. But here, in free-thinking, progressive, preeminently democratic America! here, in the beautiful Utopia of mental freedom and free schools! here, in the paradise of poets and self-supporting sovereigns! here, in the land of religious liberty unbounded, and of political progress without end! here, where the arts and sciences prosper, where philosophy is blossoming into spirituality, where poetry and general literature have inspiration and readers without measure—here, in such a country, and amid this equal distribution of every essential blessing, how absurd, how unbecoming, how backward-looking and critically weak, to surround true Religion, pure and undiluted, with the services and ceremonies derived from the age of mythology! And yet, notwithstanding the absurdity and criminal weakness, look about you; see, in all the wealthy, aristocratic churches, the memorial services and parade of processions peculiar to ancient periods—"customs gray with age grown," causing the philosopher to stop and ask, "Where am I?" "Is this fair Utopian America?" "Do I live in the nineteenth, or in the ninth century?"

And yet we can do nothing without manners and forms. If these are bad, how repulsive; if graceful, how attractive and pleasing. What is the law? Here is the answer: The more the substance, the less show; the greatness of Truth renders the littleness of forms contemptible; downright reality and substantial merit drive out the deceptions of dress and display; just as a true diamond is most beautiful when set in plain black, with a fine thread of pure gold running round the edge of the ring. True refinement in religion, as in the civil realm of life, will wear the fewest possible forms.

Cleanliness.—Something besides soap and hot water is required. It is downright hard work. Something besides very severe labor is also needed. It is cheerfulness of spirit and good physical habits.

Many persons seem to think that they smell sweet, if they do not wash their bodies often, by sprinkling some perfumery on their handkerchief and clothing. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," is in everybody's mouth. There are persons very clean in their exteriors; but in their thoughts and feelings you will find the lumps of profanity and vulgarity, and in their disposition the basest im-

purities of motive and conduct. Pious church-members there are, who pray and preach against the attempt to cast out devils through Beelzebub, the prince of devils, and yet who are every day poisoning the atmosphere with the unclean surroundings of their homes—*barren*, rank with decaying organic matters; *stuffy*, pestiferous with accumulated animal deposits; *prickly*, overloaded with impurities which generate the germs of malignant fevers, dysentery, cholera, diphtheria, typhus, and typhoid; *pungent*, reeking with poisonous, stinging stenches, and endangering the health of every person living within half a mile; *baneful*, with their exhalations of excrementitious fustiness, which disgust healthy persons, and render feeble constitutions liable to consumption; to say nothing of the ill-ventilated *bedding-rooms* where they assist the "divine service," depraving the blood, and diseasing the brain and nerves; the disgusting *dirty schoolhouses* in country places, and even in the great cities, badly arranged for seating and heating, and little or no true ventilation for the young and impressionable children; and, lastly, the little or no attention paid to foods, drinks, clothing, exercise, and personal habits; and yet, these very same church-members fancy themselves engaged in casting out devils in the evangelical style, without the aid of Beelzebub, who, in very truth, is a fair embodiment of the lack of principle, or of the first-class, princely ignorance, which underlies the popular methods of carrying what is called "religion to the heathen," while neglecting those at their very doors who infinitely more deserve their good will and practical Christianity.

Spiritual cleanliness is "next to godliness," not the mere soap and sand industry of model house-keepers. Cleanse the interior of the temple; the inside of the platter must be washed, and you must hoe out the places so full of old dead bones. Now mark this: Until this quality of cleanliness becomes popular, you must expect the continuance of all the great plagues of our earthly existence—servants, mosquitoes, doctors, diseases, lawyers, quarrels, *clergymen*, superstition, soldiers, wars, pride, poverty, intemperance, injustice, insanity, crimes, despair, death. Let us, therefore, all labor for that practical spiritual cleanliness which shall manifest itself, scientifically and philosophically, in material-perfections for the universal advancement of mankind.

Courage.—A person indifferent to physical pain is often called courageous. True bravery is something superior to hardihood and mere daring. A powerful passion for gaining the esteem of honored persons will induce some to dare and to do almost impossible things. But true courage grows out of a profound sense of what is just and intrinsically noble. The world is always ready to recognize and reward the true hero and heroine, in exchange for the nobleness and dignity which their brave and gallant deeds confer upon the world. It is creditable to human nature that the most courageous acts are performed spontaneously, without thought of applause, recognition, or reward. Women and men are equally brave and equally adventurous under the right combination of circumstances.

Conversion.—This term is used in religion to signify "a change of heart." The effort of Christians to convert the Jews, notwithstanding the millions of money and the great instrumentalities at their command, have singularly failed, because the Jews are very strict in the observances of their religion. They marry in and in to keep the race pure-blooded, and are taught to reject the theories and sectarian approaches of every branch of Christianity; in like manner as all Christian children are taught to look upon every other religion, including the liberal interpretations of the Scriptures by Quakers, Unitarians, Universalists, and others; so that it may be said, truthfully, that the efforts of free-religionists to convert Christians in their midst, would be as unavailing as have been the corresponding efforts by the old sects among the Jews. The Christians of the Jews, "their perversity in rejecting the gospel is a proof that they are under the wrath and tribulation of God." But what shall Liberals say of the Christians, since it is self-evident that their mental condition of blindness and indifference and hardheartedness is the same?

Since the immigration of Chinese, and especially since their extensive arrangements to dwell and make money among the mild and exemplary Christians of California, strong sectarian efforts have been instituted for their "conversion" from their heathenish form of superstition to the evangelical form most popular in this country. All Chinese, like the genuine Japanese, appreciate the advantage of knowledge, and have an intense natural passion for learning; all there is to be known, thus presenting to all respectable Christians a most important and timely example. They attend school most gladly; are learning rapidly both to read and write the English language; to sing Sunday school ballads; and, lately, are striving to take an active interest in both the ancient miracles and popular theology, which are so precious to the Christian believer. A story is told by a lady correspondent, which illustrates the popular idea and success of conversion. This is her record: Some years ago, when I lived in the mines, a Chinaman assisted me in my household duties. He was very intelligent, and extremely desirous to learn to read and write, and took much pleasure in teaching him. One day a bright thought entered my mind. I would make a Christian of Yun Sui, and he could return to China and preach the gospel to the heathen. I frequently read aloud to him half an hour in the evening. I chose some of the most interesting chapters in the New Testament for my reading. He listened attentively as usual, but showed no keen interest. Determined to awaken some surprise, at least, I read one evening the story of the raising of Lazarus, altering the words to suit his comprehension. I finished, and there was a pause. Yun Sui was in deep thought. I saw I had made an impression, and visions of the heathens flocking to hear my convert preach the Gospel, and converted to Christianity through my instrumentality, flashed across my vision. After awhile I said, "What you think?" "I do not know—very good."

"You said?" "Yes; one man he died, another told him he got up alive again." "Yes; Jesus was very great man." "Oh! I don't know; good many China doctors tell me dead men get up and walk—all same." Evidently a miracle did not surprise him. They were common events in the Flowery Kingdom. Again he relapsed into thought. Anxious to know what impression was made, I again questioned him. "What you think?" "One man die—he lay in the ground four days; one man tell him get up—he stand on his feet." "Yes, that's all right," I replied. "Well, I think he been dead four days he smell very bad." I conclude that I was out of my sphere when attempting missionary work, and have never since tried to convert the heathen.

Thus the lady wisely concluded. If persons could rise above their prejudices high enough to be clear-sighted—like air-navigators in a balloon—they could easily see to the very bottom of the streams of doctrine over which they pass; they would see clearly that "conversion" from one form of faith to another, is far easier than a

change of heart; meaning, by the latter phrase, a departure of the person from an old set of bad habits to a new life of good deeds, in union with the wishes of the Divine Spirit. A change of faith, accompanying and following a season of excellent and prayer in a church is, in these days, the most popular result. The conversion is regarded worth more if it is from a state of indifference or cold skepticism; but it is not yet fashionable in the churches to insist that the "conversion" shall be evidenced by a life devoted to unsectarian brotherly love and good works. If this standard should be erected, instead of a change of faith, or instead of an indifferent-minded person being changed into a bigot, the revivals of religion would be exceedingly few, and the conversions rarer than angels' visits.

THE POOR AND THE INSANE.

BY THOMAS K. HAZARD.

My soul is sick with every day's report of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled. It does not feed for me; the natural bond of brotherhood is severed all the day.

Now that the indignities proceedings in regard to the treatment and unjust imprisonment of alleged maniacs at the Bloomingdale, Ward's Island and other hospitals and asylums for the insane, are being exposed through the newspapers, it occurs to me that it might be well to again lay before the public a few samples of the many cases of cruel abuse in the poor-houses of my native State, (Rhode Island), that came to my knowledge some twenty-five or thirty years ago. "Out of sight out of mind," is a true but false saying, and I have little doubt that if a rigid investigation was made into the conduct of affairs in all the town and county asylums and poor-houses in the United States and territories, revelations would be made that would shock the public mind as fearfully as did the accidental exposures that were made some time ago of the nuns who were so horribly tortured and abused in the secret dungeons of a Convent in Europe. Perhaps, too, were such an investigation generally accorded by the public, similar beneficial results might follow on a widely extended scale, that occurred in Rhode Island at the time I speak of, when nearly or quite every town in the State where harsh treatment of the public poor had been brought to light and reported through legislative action to the people generally, took early and earnest measures to prevent such abuses in future, which, so far as my knowledge extends, have, with very few exceptions, been pretty faithfully adhered to ever since. On this account I shall forego giving the real names of the individuals I refer to, or making any invidious remarks or allusions that might lead to an exposure of locality to any who are not already acquainted with the circumstances.

I will begin with extracts from the testimony of an aged, intelligent and reliable man, (as was proved to me by sworn testimony, subscribed and affirmed to by him before a Justice of the Peace). This witness, after stating that he had been at the poor-house in the town of — about six years—during which time Mr. Jones had been the keeper three years—the question was asked by the State Commissioner: "What was your treatment and that of the other poor of the town whilst living with Mr. Jones?"

Ans.—"The treatment was very ill every way. The victuals were very poor; the biggest part was porridge and sweetened water. The bed and clothing was hardly fit to cover a hog. I came pretty near freezing to death. One of the windows of the room in which I slept was a board window, which for four, five or six nights during the winter, in very cold weather, was left entirely open. While I was there on a Sunday, T. Peters gave me some money to go to J. Thum's to buy some soap. When I came home my supper was cold Johnny cake and porridge; and because I would not eat it, (having had the same for breakfast and dinner), Mr. Jones took me to his hand, and laid me in very cold water, and dragged me into the poor room, and from there through the entry to the stairs, and then they kicked me all the way as they dragged me up the stairs to my bed; broke three of my ribs and cracked another. I got up very early in the morning and went about three miles in great pain, being about three hours in bed. I was very cold, and my head was so cold, I laughed at me, and that was all he said. Then I went across — bridge to my sister's, by —, two miles this side of —, where I staid a month, and suffered great pain."

I staid a man between fifty and sixty years of age, suffered as much with cold as ever a man did. He was laid in the water, and they dragged me up stairs with a rope, the same as you would a hog. Then they put him on a bed in cold weather in the winter and there he lay till he died, which was about three weeks after. He lay in the same chamber where I slept. His bed-clothes were not much, but the other clothes he had, I think, were very good. He was laid at Jones' about a month in all. I lay in the chamber where he died, and heard him fetch his last gasp. He lay alone day and night, without anyone to take care of him, always without fire and without any light, except the stars and moon, and I never had any light there to go to bed in the night. Smith lay there the next morning after he died until the sun was between two and three hours high, before any one went to see whether he was dead or alive. One of the neighbors came in and said Smith's legs were froze stiff. (This I could readily believe on inspecting the room, which was next the roof of the house, and not plastered.) Jones fastened his door where we slept by an iron and key, like that on a stable door. I never had a rag of clothes or a shoe given me by Jones or the town while I was there.

Jones and his wife used to abuse Mary B. (an insane woman) shamefully by knocking her round and driving her out in the winter after wood and with in the snow, bareheaded and barefooted, with scarcely clothes enough to cover her nakedness.

I was not there when it was done, but I was told by people in the house, that Mr. Chapman broke Susan W.'s leg, which was never set, and she never got so as to use it while I knew her. I cannot say whether she died, but think it was soon after I left Jones.

Jones, his wife and children, used to box Lizzie B. round, and kick her, she being a foolish and deformed creature. I have seen Jones kick her. When the Councilmen came, they used to dress Sarah R. (a deformed woman) up in Susan W.'s clothes, and when they were gone, take them off again. It was the common way, and I have often seen it done."

Statement of Mary B. (under oath), one of the poor of the town aforementioned:

"While I was at W. Jones', I. Smith was brought there, who had lost the use of his limbs. He lay up stairs, in dreadful cold weather, without fire or light, on a dreadful poor bed, and without any bed-clothes. He wore a cloak (which he brought with him) to pieces, trying to cover himself with it."

I was there when Susan W.'s leg was broke. She always said that Jones broke it, being out of humor, and was tired of lifting her. She used to beg of Jones not to expose her nakedness while lifting her. The night she died I was there. She kept holding for help, but no one got up, or went up to her, and they found her dead in the morning. She was put into the coffin all jammed up in a heap."

I was there when C. Austin, Lizzy B., Clarke L., Robert L., old Mr. G. Brown and Mrs. G. died. They used to suffer with the cold, and then upstairs dreadfully. I have had so much illness myself, I can remember I had some thing that I wore on my legs a greater part of the time. I went to —, and begged something for my feet to cover them."

These abuses occurred in a town where it was the practice to let the pauper poor annually to the person who would take them to keep at the lowest price. I will now give a very respectable woman's attested account of what occurred in a

town that owned its asylum and hired the keeper. Mrs. Isabella B. states that—

"When Mr. Thomas K. Hazard came as Commissioner, Mr. G. (the keeper) kept me in the wash-room and would not let me see him alone, and told me that if I told him anything, I should be shut up in the dark room and kept on bread and water."

I saw Mr. G. kick my husband from the wash-room door down to the old quince tree. He kicked him hard, and he complained bitterly after he went to bed, and said he was most killed. He was very lame for several days afterwards, so that he could hardly walk.

Mrs. K. lay very sick. Mrs. G. came up to her room and said something to her. Mrs. K. answered her impudently, whereupon Mrs. G. and Sally L. seized her and dragged her up the garret stairs into the dark room, and dragged the skin off her side and kept her all night on nothing but cold planks, on bread and water. She never got over it until the day of her death. She died, I guess, about two months afterwards. I helped wash her the day she died—also before. A day or two before a piece of rotten flesh dropped out of her side where she was hurt—I should think full as big as the palm of my hand."

I saw Mr. G. knock Jacob E. out of his chair and drag him through the kitchen, while down out of doors and to the wood-house. Jacob had been sick, and had not got quite well, and told Mr. G. that he was not well enough to bring in the wood. Mr. G. still insisted upon his doing it, when Jacob flatly told him he would not upon which Mr. G. kicked him out of the chair. I was sick with pain in my side. I was picking oakum. Mr. G. forbade me putting ashes on it. It was very sickly. A tin pan of ashes was by, and I put a little on it, whereupon Mr. G. made me go down cellar and stay for two hours, and sent me bread and water for dinner. The cellar was very damp, and made me sick that night. I was sick and did not feel well next day, but kept to work."

I knew Jacob E. shut up a whole week, from Thursday to Thursday, in the dark room, and kept on bread and water, because he would not do something in the field that Mr. G. wanted him to do, or for speaking sagely to him."

There was a sick Irish woman brought here from Mr. D.'s, and I had been up with her nights a good deal. It was wash day, and I was not very well, and most sick, being up most of the night. The clothes got snuffed in the kettle. She told me I must wash them over again. I told her I could not see any dirt on them, and Sally M. asked me what was wrong? I told her in my head. Mrs. G. took her fist and struck me side of my head for answering Sally M., and sent for her husband, out of the ward, who struck me with his fist, side of the head so that I must fall to the floor. My head has never been well since, on that side, and I now have hard swellings of the sick headache in consequence of this. This was the second year after Mr. G. kept the asylum."

I did not tell the commissioners (of the asylum) then, for I was not allowed to tell anything, for fear of being shut up in the dark room."

I have heard Phoebe N. scream, and heard the blows when she had been whipped by G. and his wife, and when I told her I saw her, I heard a scream from one of the dark rooms. They used to keep her chained up all the time, until the new house was fixed, (I mean the crazy house), and shut her into a room nights. On the morning Mr. Hazard took Mr. S., the cripple, from the asylum. Mrs. N. was put in my care. I was attending to something else, and forgot her. I heard a scream from one of the dark rooms. I saw old Catherine U., who was sick, crawling on her hands and knees into the bed-room, and Phoebe N. beating her with a broomstick. About two weeks afterward Catherine U. died; and I thought her death was hastened by the blows."

Mr. W. (a new keeper of the asylum) has been here about five years, during which time I have never known Mrs. Phoebe N. chained or shut up, except for a little while after Mr. W. first came, when he used to shut her up for a few hours at a time when he went away; but since and for years, she has never been confined, but is docile and harmless, and submits to be ruled solely by kind treatment."

If I had space I could give many other narratives like the foregoing, and some even worse. In my visitations of the thirty and more poor-houses in the State, I saw a poor, miserable looking, deformed old woman, whose body and limbs were so crooked and doubled up, that her chin almost rested on her knees. She had been insane for a very long time; and a commissioner of the asylum who attended me assured me that her horrid deformity had been caused by previous confinement, for years without fire in the winter, in a cave dug in the side of a hill, (because her cries disturbed the other inmates if kept in the asylum,) where she endeavored to keep herself from freezing by doubling her body and limbs into as compact a form as possible, into which unnatural shape they had by long usage finally stiffened past recoil."

I think, however, the crowning case of all was that of an insane man, who, on one occasion, I visited in company with Miss Dorothea L. Dix, who has since told me, that of all the dreadful exhibitions she has seen in her world-wide examinations into the condition of the insane, she has never witnessed so dreadful an instance of human suffering and degradation. I will close with the following account of this case, which I extract from an article under the caption of "State Asylum for the Insane, &c.," that I contributed to the "Newport Herald of the Times," Nov. 16th, 1863:

"The writer visited this mania in company of two gentlemen of respectability residing in the neighborhood, one of them being the overseer of the town's public poor. As we were on the way to the poor-house, the overseer remarked that the insane person had been taken out of prison, but once since his confinement, (which I think had been for several years) at a time when it was thought he would probably die—having refused to take any nourishment whatever for twelve or thirteen days—and he was taken out as was stated that he might 'die decently,' or words to that effect. In justice to the overseer, I will just remark that he appeared fully aware of the unsuitableness of the mania's prison, and appeared anxious that he should be removed to an Insane Asylum, at the charge of the town, and expressed himself willing to contribute a share of the expense."

The cell was detached from any other building, and was constructed entirely of stone or rather rocks, over which was a roof of wood to protect the mason work on top from the weather. There was not any window, nor even a crack or cranny left in any part of the outside door or walls, by which a particle of light could enter. I was admitted through an iron door, which shut close and opened into a narrow passage, about midway of which, in another partition wall of stone, was a second iron door, closed and fastened, with a hole in the bottom of it, perhaps a foot square, through which the wretched inmate's food might be passed. When the door was opened the air became so offensive that one of the gentlemen who accompanied me refused to enter, saying that it could be kept out, and further remarking that he had no idea of the existence of such a place, although he had always lived within a few miles of the place."

The view of the inside of this prison beggars all description. The light of a lamp-brought by the keeper was insufficient to dispel the darkness within, although not to exceed perhaps six or eight feet in diameter. It was of irregular shape, owing to the projection of the ragged and uneven rocks piled together—large masses of which hung from the roof in a cavern-like manner. The floor was wet, and entirely of stone. There was not an article of furniture, save an iron bedstead on the right side of the cell, across which a cord was loosely thrown, immediately in front of the door, and directly against his iron bedstead, confined by a massive chain hanging from the rocks above and made fast by his ankle—the links of which were a foot or more in length—stood the wretched inmate of this dungeon within a dungeon, in an attitude accompanied by a demeanor which spoke plainly that to enter, saying that it could be kept out, and further remarking that he had no idea of the existence of such a place, although he had always lived within a few miles of the place."

Mr. Editor, I have been in the prisons of Rome, and in the deep, dark dungeons of Venice, in the far-famed prison of Chillon—in dungeons where the lords and barons of feudal times incarcerated the wretched objects of their unbridled and irre-

sponsible revenge—and in the gloomy cells where the objects of monkish hatred and religious intolerance were chained, and suffered to linger out their miserable existence or expire beneath their fiendish tortures; but they all failed in making me realize the pictures my early imagination once drew, whilst reading of them as handed down by historians, or recorded in the legends of romance. But now for the first time they were more than realized. The king of fear, the never-failing attendant of the lonely captive, was not visible here. Here indeed was his chain, here his iron bedstead—but that was all; no other article was to be seen, not even the rusty nail with which the captive of the Bastille marked the days of more than half a century of his hopeless imprisonment. And but for the evidence of moral law, where might could be visible save the blackness of darkness. Not a particle of light could here enter; to him the darkest night and the brightest day are the same—summer and winter alike. Through the thick damp walls of his prison neither light nor darkness, heat nor cold can enter or escape.

He stood silent and statue-like beside his iron bed, his body erect and motionless, his hands hanging down on either side, his head drooping, with his chin resting on his breast, his hair long, matted and disheveled, his waxen features all pallid and deathlike, on which despair seemed to have stamped its final seal, and marked him for scorn forever; and but for the evidence of moral law and earthly nature manifested by his heavy respiration, I might well have imagined that the object before me belonged rather to the land of spirits than to this world. I sought to draw him into conversation, but not a syllable indicated that he recognized the voice of a fellow-creature. Once indeed, as I spoke of his probable removal to a comfortable asylum in a neighboring State, I fancied I perceived a tremulous motion in the muscles near his lips."

I placed my hand on his forehead, and raised his head, that I might observe his eyes; but there was no speculation there—why should there be? He had long ceased to need them. Amidst the darkness of his dungeon, his eyeballs must be touched by an object ere they could be aware of its approach. I removed my hand, and his head immediately fell back to its former position, as if acted upon by a spring. For a moment I closed the inside door, and stood within, that I might feel the spirit of the place, and I stood accompanied by an attendant with a light, a thrill of deeper horror passed over me as I endeavored to imagine myself incarcerated there, and I felt that the reason of the strongest mind must soon madden amidst the horrors of such a den, even if not shattered before."

As I left the place, and before the inside door was fairly closed, the sound of an unearthly gibbering met my ear, which I was told proceeded from his cell, and I quickly stepped back to the door. He stood precisely as before, with the same cold, deathlike expression of features, and I could scarcely believe it possible that he had relaxed from the position in which I had just beheld him. Again I left the prison, and in the doorway a whisper followed me. I hastily turned, and in the dim light, a spectre seemed to flit from the door, but so indistinct that I was uncertain whether it might not be a phantom of the imagination; and the first object that again distinctly met my view was the mania's form, in precisely the same attitude and place as before. I understood the keeper to say that he was always found standing in the same position and place, and that he ever refused to converse with any one, and never, apparently, recognized what was said to him. On one occasion, the keeper stated, during a visit from his mother, her maternal appeals were answered by tears, but as the keeper added, that years after, in answer to a remark that I should never behold how the poor man could exist in such a place, and that the want of exercise would alone be sufficient to cause death, I was told that he was in the habit of taking a great deal of exercise in his way, and that piercing shrieks, accompanied by violent clankings of his chain, were frequently heard, even through the thick walls of his dungeon. * * *

FOR WHAT DO WE LIVE?

We live to be happy, we live to be free, we live to unfold like a beautiful tree; we live to emerge from this material life, to develop our souls from the Godlike within;

Yet we live to be merry—to dance and to sing, To ease the despondency by mirth that will ring; To mingle our pleasure with innocent fun, And with our grandchildren to frolic and run.

Some live with long faces, and draw their long breath, Inhaling misfortune, and dreaming of death; Enshrining their souls and the world in their gloom, They hope for relief 'mid the walls of the tomb.

Some live to get married, no matter how soon, Though no more to each other than monkey and coin; Yet to be, or to have, what the world calls a wife, Is their highest ambition and purpose in life.

Some live to be honored with houses and lands, For friends, that position and Mammon commend; For things with all that a palate can crave, Whose god is their stomach, while they are its slave.

Some live for the fashion, though strange in design, To imitate with all that a palate can crave, Whose god is their stomach, while they are its slave.

Some live to be free, or the curve of the spine, And resemble in form while parading the street, A superb Kangaroo walking on his hind feet!

Some live without object—are drones in a hive, Devoid of all hope or ambition to thrive; Of all others the purposeless man is the worst, His garments are mildew, his presence is curse.

But if leisure we have, let us not be a sloth, To be eaten supinely by rust and the moth; Even innocent games break monotony's sting, And will startle dull care to the tip of his wing.

Let us live to be useful, to be to each other Whatever enables a sister or brother; And while for ourselves we should be all we can, Yet each should remember his duty to man.

Let us live to reject all that seemeth untrue, Let us use, not abuse, all that's good in the new; Thus be guided by reason, to press for the goal, Through the haven of hope, to the home of the soul.

Let us live for the ages that never will end, Where true souls united forever shall blend, Where the laws of progression new beauties unfold, Which are evermore telling though never are told.

Oh, beautiful home with the angels above, Where all will be harmony, friendship and love, There, with worlds unexplored, at our pleasure we'll roam.

And forever rejoice in our SWEET SPIRIT HOME. —Warren Sumner Barlow.

No Rest.

It is with no exaggeration that Dr. Hunt has pictured the mental condition of those who are classed under what is known as the "Fourth Estate," or Journalists. Their work is unremitting and incessant. One thing comes up and is discussed, only to be followed by another. There is neither mental rest nor mental leisure in the calling. The looking is always the looking ahead. Nothing that passes in the active, moving world, whether of special importance or the contrary, must be permitted to escape his attention. If he lets slip one thing, he may let slip another; and among them may go unwarmed the very matter which it is his religious duty to make his own. One who knows little or nothing of the exactions of the occupation may envy him the literary opportunities he is supposed to enjoy; but the sober fact is, that he is tantalizingly placed in a profusion of resources without the time to give to their enjoyment. That fact is not so well understood by all. To be hungry when such abundance lies piled around, is a great deal harder than to hunger for the midst of want. Then the precept, "Take heed to yourselves, lest you be snared by all and taken, for which it is presumed he has acquired more or less preparation, adds nervousness to haste, and it is not to be wondered at that so many hard-working, devoted members of this laborious profession soon break down. It has its compensations, of course, and some of them extremely rich ones; but his lot is generally one of toil, while leisure is his last reward."

Labors of the body free us from pains of mind. This is what constitutes the happiness of the poor.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was written by the Spirit whose name is written in the instrumentality of

MRS. J. H. CONANT.

While in an abnormal condition, and the trances, these Messages indicate that spirits enter with them the characteristics of the earth-life. But have we not the earth-life in an abnormal condition, eventually passing into a higher condition?

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not accord with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they possess.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 135 Washington Street, Room No. 1, on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 7 P. M. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock services, commencing at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited. Mrs. Conant receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays or Thursdays, and after six o'clock, P. M. She gives no private sittings. Communications of letters for our Circle Room are not solicited.

The questions answered in these Columns are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

SMALL LETTERS.—Visitors at Free Circles have the privilege of placing sealed letters on the table for answer by the spirits. First, write one or two proper questions, addressing the spirit questioned by his or her full name; then put them in an envelope, seal it, and write your own address on the envelope. The spirit will be the scribe. The Chairman will return the letter to the writer. It should be distinctly understood that the answers to questions propounded by writers must necessarily be brief. The spirit addressed always writes its answer or answers upon the envelope, containing the question or questions. Questions should not place letters for answer upon our circle table expecting lengthy replies, otherwise they will be disappointed.

WILLIAM WHITE, Chairman.

Invocation.

Thou Great Spirit, with whom abide the issues of life and death, we are here to thank thee for all thy blessings, and to ask thee for more, believing that thou knowest our needs, it would seem useless that we come to thee through prayer; and yet, through all the scriptures of thy Nature, thou hast taught us to ask for what we need, to put forth the powers of our being for what we would receive. As flowers turn their faces to the sunlight, that they may gather strength and new life, so we turn our faces toward thee, Great Spirit, that we may gather of thy wisdom, of thy power, of thy life. Turning our backs upon our own ignorance, we would be baptized with thy wisdom, and leaving behind the shadows of the past, we would walk straightway into the sunshine of the present; and we would understand, Great Spirit, what thou requirest at our hands. We would know thy laws, and obey them. We would read thy volume of life well, and profit thereby. We would become ministers of thy love to those who are spiritually or physically sick. We would become teachers after thine own divine right, unto those who are spiritually ignorant. We would go down into the depths of life to rescue from thence thy sons and thy daughters, in thy name, O Lord, and we would perform all those many, many mighty works that the gods in past ages have performed, all in thy name and for thy glory. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRITS.—I am ready to listen to your queries, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—(From a correspondent, T. M. Plantamont, a celebrated astronomer at Geneva, Switzerland, has recently calculated the approach of a new comet, which he declares to exceed in size any heretofore known; and that its velocity is prodigious, and its head intolerable; that its course is directly at our globe, and unless by deflection—now prognosticated—it will come in contact with it on or about the 12th of August. Is there a spirit astronomer present who would take pleasure in giving us some information on the subject? If so, what is its size and density? Has it ever approached our hemisphere before? Is its direction toward our planet? and what are the probabilities of its fulfilling Plantamont's calculations? Any further information concerning it that you may choose to give would probably interest the public as well as myself.

A.—Persons in our life who are best acquainted with these things, will tell you that this astronomer is entirely mistaken; that this monstrous comet of which he speaks, is the same that put in an appearance among you in 1849; and why he should have exaggerated its proportions, as the comet has, is a mystery to them. Time, with its ever exact circumference, will prove which is right, the astronomer in our life, or the Swiss astronomer in yours.

Q.—I think it is now believed by astronomers that the asteroids are the fragments of an exploded planet. That which has happened may happen again. Now, if this or any other inhabited globe should be blown to fragments, what effect would such catastrophe have on the spirits who dwell close to it, and in the vicinity of the earth?

A.—Since such a catastrophe never did occur; it is not worth while to be looking for such an occurrence. While your astronomers look deeper into the science of astronomy, they will determine that the asteroids are but a cluster of stars that have but recently—in comparison with eternity—emerged from a state of nebula. If it were possible for a planet to explode, there would be no safety in any system—not at any time; but a wise Providence—or God, if you please—has provided against such a disaster, has rendered it an impossibility. It could not be done except by breaking natural law, which never was done, and we do not expect it ever will be.

Q.—It has been stated by astronomers within the past two years that the star San Corona was disappearing from sight, either by receding from the sun or being consumed by fire, and that the star Sirius was also receding from our sight at the rate of twenty-nine and a quarter miles per second. Please give us some information as to these stars, and the cause of the sudden disappearance of the one and the receding of the other, and what effect, if any, their disappearance may have on our planetary system.

A.—These children of the sun, when they attain their majority, pass out of the solar system, beyond its limits, and are called upon to form systems of their own, heavenly families of their own. This is the law; therefore there is nothing miraculous in the fact that Sirius or any other star is receding from the parent sun.

Q.—Is it believed by spirit astronomers that the electric disturbances now going on in the sun have any connection with the cause of earthquakes and tornadoes on this planet? And is not a fact that the terribly destructive earthquakes, volcanoes, tornadoes, and kindred phenomena, so prevalent within the last three years, all over the globe, import a great and important change going on in this history?

A.—The sun, being the ruling power, all of the

planets belonging to its system, must, of necessity, affect each planet according to its own condition. These electrical disturbances which have penetrated through the luminous atmosphere surrounding the sun, and have produced what astronomers are pleased to term "spots on the sun," are really only openings in its luminous atmosphere, showing its dark, opaque body. This is but one of the conditions through which, by reflex action, certain disturbances upon the planets holding a certain position toward the sun must pass. Mars experiences the same—nearly the same—from the sun that the Earth experiences, because she holds a similar position to the sun that the Earth holds. It is a known scientific fact with astronomers in the spirit-world, that whatever tends to produce disturbances in the centre of your system, or of any system, produces corresponding disturbances with all these lesser worlds. Violent electrical and magnetic action in the sun would call loudly upon the central fire of the Earth and of Mars, and other planets holding a similar position, thus producing earthquakes, and all the various convulsions of Nature that belong to that family.

Q.—(From the audience.) If the sun is an opaque body, is it not inhabited, as well as the Earth?

A.—Certainly it is, by a race of beings every way superior to those inhabiting your Earth.

Q.—Can you give any reason why the sun has a luminous atmosphere?

A.—Because its internal fires are extinct, or drawn to the surface. That which has been in its interior is now on its exterior, thus forming a luminous atmosphere intensely electric and magnetic; from that comes your heat, your light, your life-giving powers.

Q.—Is this atmosphere far from the opaque body of the globe, or connected with it?

A.—It is connected with it, as your atmosphere is connected with your earth.

Q.—I have been told by a spirit, that embodied and disembodied spirits mingle freely and associate together on the sun. Is this true?

A.—Yes; that is a truth.

Margaret Burke.

I am Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. I came here with a hope to reach my son James, who is in Boston. I lived here sixty-seven years, and I died not knowing that I could return again to earth. Now, what I want is, that my son James, who is in Boston, will give me the privilege of speaking to him directly. Good-day, sir.

May 27.

Joseph Westcott.

My name was Joseph Westcott. I am from Littleton, N. H. I want you folks to know that there is some truth in these things. I can't feel happy in this new life while they are in such ignorance. I want them to know that religion do not consist in belonging to the church, in going to meeting, and in making prayers, but it consists in living an honest, upright life in obeying the God within you. No matter what you believe, so that you do right, and every man's standard of right is peculiar to himself—belong to himself, and nobody else. I should be glad to open a way of communication with you folks if I could, so I thought I'd come here and try. Good-day, sir.

May 27.

Lucy Harris.

My name was Lucy Harris. I used to live on Clark street, Boston. I was six years old. I have been gone four months. I want to tell mother I've been and found father, and if she writes a letter to him at Stockton, Cal., he will get it. Aunt Julia has taken his letters. She'd better not do it any more, because if she does I'll come and tell all about it, every time. She don't like my mother. She's my father's sister, and she has taken my mother's letters, and she's kept them, and she's kept all the money, too. So my mother thought my father was dead, because she didn't hear from him. Aunt Julia is just as wicked as she can be. I'd rather a serious act for her to do that. Well, she did it; and if she does it any more, I'll tell my mother how she can find her out, and just catch her; so, she'd better not do it any more. [She should make restitution to your mother.] She's spent it all. She's an ugly thing. She gets drunk sometimes. [You don't want to tell that to you?] I don't care. [Hadn't you better leave it out?] No, because it's true; she does get drunk; she's no business to. She will say, if she has taken mother's letters, she must have done it when she was drunk. I don't believe she did. She did it when she was sober, and got drunk afterwards with the money. I know her pretty well. Good-by, mister.

May 27.

William Sparack.

[Not afraid, are you?] [The spirit hesitated some time before speaking.] I never feared anything when I was here. I'd be foolish to begin it now.

My name, here, was William Sparack. I am fresh from Sing Sing. Does it make any difference? [Not the least.] I have an aged mother in New Jersey, I would like to reach. She is a Christian, and thinks me in hell. Fortunately for such as I, God is better than man makes him out to be; and therefore, the sinner 's safe in his hands, though he may be the commission of sin, yet not eternally. When we were taught so, were you not? Yes, but I never believed it. I considered the doctrine for cowards, and never had much to do with it.

I would say to my mother, it is as well with me as I deserve; and by the goodness of the powers in command, I expect, by and by, to be redeemed from evil. No one here tells me that I shall be consigned to endless torment. No one here believes in any such existence. Everybody knows better. The soul only wants time and confusions to shake itself free from evil, and it will do it. Here through organic circumstances, I was constantly forced into evil. There, it is different, and I shall be forced into good, and my mother may dry her tears, and pray for herself, not for me. I must pray for myself by my good deeds. She can do nothing for me, except to be content, and leave me in the hands of God. I shall ask my mother's friend, Mrs. Fowler, who receives your good journal, to place it in my mother's hands, when my message appears.

May 27.

Capt. John Eldridge.

Capt. Harvey Thomas asks if his old friend, Capt. John Eldridge, communicated with him on the 21 day of May, 1872. Yes, I did, and you need not begin to waver in faith, nor to feel sorry that you followed my advice. Wait until circumstances develop themselves, and you'll see I was right. You will be a few hundreds of feet from me, but you will retain the use of your body a little while longer, which, if you had not followed my advice, you certainly would not have done.

May 27.

Séance conducted by Rahnolm Roy; letters answered by "Spring Flower."

Invocation.

Oh Life, beautiful Life, in thee we live and move and have our being; and unto thee we are respon-

sible for the use we make of the talents thou hast bestowed upon us. We will use our best endeavors to put forth these talents to the best use of thy kingdom, in the present and the future, so that we may deliver thee time, with usury, in the hereafter; and that when we hang as ripened fruit on thy wondrous tree, we may be satisfied with ourselves—we may hear from thy kingdom of wisdom that we have done well with what thou hast bestowed upon us. Then, we shall be well worthy to become inhabitants of the celestial life, the kingdom of heaven. Amen.

May 28.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—(From Mrs. M. E. Lewis, Santa Cruz, Cal.) What caused the pictures of rivers and trees to be photographed several feet through rock that is found in the State of Nevada, as the scenery of that part of the State where it is found does not bear any resemblance to the scenery represented in the rock? Wherever the rock is separated, it seems to be of a very soft-grained material.

A.—These picture rocks are some of the records which Nature has left, telling us what she has been. All rocks were once soil, and the most natural conclusion with regard to these picture rocks that we can arrive at, is this: that whatever we find impressed upon them, must have been done when they were in a state of soil—a plastic state. The water and the winds pressed the ferns and other conditions of vegetable life upon them; then, in the processes of Nature and time they were hardened, and became rock, and these peculiar indentations remained upon them. It is not to be supposed that they have been produced wholly by the action of the sun or light. That is a theory which Science readily explodes, and the only one that Science admits is, that these conditions of vegetable life were impressed upon the rock when it was in a plastic state.

Q.—A lady states that she had a friend who committed suicide, and says he has since returned, and states that an uncle who committed a like act led him to do as he did. Is it possible for spirits to thus influence mortals? Do they not outgrow this condition in a short time after they pass on?

A.—Yes, it is possible, and not only that, but natural law sometimes acts in that way upon certain individuals. For instance, the suicide finds himself restless in the other world, disappointed and unhappy. He retraces his steps, returns to this life, seeks out some mediumistic form, and for what? He hardly knows for what, but Nature and the law know—that he may cast off his burden through this susceptible form—this susceptible mind—through the laws of psychology, if you please. When coming in contact with matter, the suicide, by law of nature, immediately reverts in thought to the last scenes and acts of his earthly life. This is at once conveyed with terrible potency and force to the plastic mind and sensitive nervous system of a medium—An individual who is susceptible to that spirit. And now, unless some counteracting force can be exerted to nullify this power, to throw it off, it will act in one direction, and one only; that is, by producing constant thought in the mind of that person toward suicide, until at last certain organs of the brain break down, and then the poor wretch is completely within this power and cannot escape it. Now, then, the necessity for institutions that shall annul these influences—psychopathic institutions for such persons. This age demands such institutions more than any other age, and why? Because your earth is flooded with returning spirits of all grades. They who are known to be mediums suffer, and they who are not known to be mediums suffer. There is need of the exercise of this branch of medical science, and you should be exceedingly thankful that one has recently been inaugurated in your midst, and should do all in your power to sustain it, and to bring into operation others, for this age and the coming age will show you the need thereof in the strongest possible terms.

Q.—(From the audience.) Does the spirit soon pass beyond this condition?

A.—Sometimes it requires centuries or cycles of years ere it can outgrow it. Sometimes it is very quickly done. That depends upon the power of the spirit to cast out that which is inimical to its happiness.

Q.—Is it not more readily done by understanding the spiritual philosophy?

A.—Yes, because they who understand the spiritual philosophy generally know the most direct means and methods to reach this desired end.

Q.—Is the first relieved by casting his burden upon the second victim?

A.—Yes.

Q.—How much?

A.—Sometimes entirely—generally so.

Q.—Is the second victim in as deep trouble as the first?

A.—Yes, the cross is transferred from the one to the other.

Q.—Is not that rather hard upon the second victim? Ought there not to be some regulation in the spirit-world to prevent it?

A.—Yes, it is rather hard. It is a law of Nature that we should bear one another's burdens.

Q.—This second victim understanding the philosophy of Spiritualism, and outgrowing his condition, will help the other, will he not?

A.—Yes, there is a foundation for the doctrine of atonement—vicarious atonement; that foundation is in natural law. Religionists stumbled upon it, and made very bad use of it in supposing that a whole universe of souls could be delivered from their shortcomings by the death of one individual, and all that was necessary, according to the religious creed, was to believe on him, and they should be saved. If these religionists had looked deeper into the causes of things, they would hardly have come to the belief that they did. They would have arrived at that point of law upon which their theory rested, and instead of dragging it into a fabulous religious creed, they would have given it a place amongst the sciences of the day, and it would have been of great use to humanity. As it is, millions have thought to shirk their sins by putting them upon this scape-goat of a Jesus. But let us be thankful that the Spirit of Truth is not dead, and because it is not, it will speak through the ages, and by-and-by will assert its superiority, will outlive and defeat all these errors, and bring mankind to a just understanding of themselves, and their relationship to Nature and Nature's God.

May 28.

Johnnie Wilkins.

I am Johnnie Wilkins. I am from Trenton, N. J. I want my mother to know I am come back. I was nine years old; I am ten now. I want my mother to know that, after she's done with this life, she will have a better time than she's ever had here; and if she will only try and be patient, be just as happy as she can here, it'll be better for her. I know it's a pretty hard way she lives, but just be thinking all the time of what's coming. I used to tell her, when I grew up to be a man, I'd give her nice things, and a nice place to live in. Well, I shall grow up, and I shall give her a nice place here. When she gets ready to

come, it will be all ready for her. Please tell her that; will you, sir? Good-day, sir.

May 28.

L. Judd Pardee.

A friend of mine wishes me to come here and assure him, if he goes to Moravia, expecting to see wonders, he shan't be disappointed. He says, "Now, if you answer my queries, please do not give my name, because, if I go to Moravia, I don't want my folks to know anything about it, because they will laugh at me." Jim, if you're afraid of your Jesus, you'd better keep a little further off from him. It won't do to handle the truth with gloves on. Take them off, and come out like a man. It matters not if father, mother, wife and children, all turn against you; the truth is better than them all. I cannot tell what you will see or what you will hear. Go; and if you seek honestly, I do not doubt that you will be satisfied.

You say you want to see me just as I was when I was here in life. Well, I should hope that you would be disappointed in that, because, to be just as I was here, would be to be in a suffering, miserable, unhappy state. You may see the semblance of me as I was; perhaps that's all you expect. If it is, I'll do my best to reward your coming; but I tell you now, as I told you before I died: "If this spiritual philosophy is worth anything at all, it is worth abandoning everything for; and if you can't do it, you'd better let it alone."

May 28.

Daniel Staples.

I wish to communicate with my family, if I can. I am Daniel Staples. I am from Exeter, N. H. I have been gone nine years. I wish to convince my family that I live, and that I have the power of returning in this way, and that which of their faith in the future life is good for nothing.

May 28.

Annie Henderson.

I was blind here. I had the scarlet fever when I was three years old, and it took away my eyesight. My name was Annie Henderson. I want my mother to know that I see in the spirit-land. I used to tell her about a beautiful place I went to in dreams. Well, it was the spirit-land. When I got there, it was no new place to me. I remembered it all—I had seen it all. Mother used to say, when I told her what I dreamed, "My dear, I am sure I do not know where you have been; I do not know anything on earth, that's like it." I want her to know that I went to the spirit-land, and that I see, and that I am very happy there. Good-day, sir.

May 28.

Séance conducted by Thomas Paine; letters answered by "Vushti."

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, June 3.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Tuesday, June 4.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Wednesday, June 5.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Thursday, June 6.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Friday, June 7.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Saturday, June 8.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Sunday, June 9.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Monday, June 10.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Tuesday, June 11.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Wednesday, June 12.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Thursday, June 13.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Friday, June 14.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Saturday, June 15.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Sunday, June 16.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Monday, June 17.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Tuesday, June 18.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Wednesday, June 19.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Thursday, June 20.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Friday, June 21.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Saturday, June 22.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Sunday, June 23.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Monday, June 24.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Tuesday, June 25.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Wednesday, June 26.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Thursday, June 27.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Friday, June 28.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Saturday, June 29.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

Sunday, June 30.—Invocations: Questions and Answers; Margaret Burke, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; Joseph Westcott, of Littleton, N. H.; Lucy Harris, of Clark street, Boston.

SPRITUALIST MEETINGS.—The First Spiritualist Association meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. at the Central Association of Spiritualists, 100 Broadway, New York City.

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Oct. 12-14

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L. U. REAVIS

☞ We sometimes find something sensible in the Advent papers, as witness the following from the Advent-Christian Times, under the heading of "Preparation for the Last Days." We have not been able yet to discern wherein our Advent brethren are any ahead of those they condemn and whose errors they so plainly see:

"Now, though the children of this world wiser in their generation than the children of light, yet surely the latter will begin to make so much preparation for the dreadful days which are coming. It cannot be denied that it is the period

Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light
BY DR. G. L. PETERSON.

stipated my only wealth, exist on earth; but I know that they come and call me to give me consolation... My children received in a college of France the very best education. One daughter, eighteen years of age, was a writing medium. Whence came it that only one of these five possessed this sublime faculty? Was my angel child a witch or wicked? No, it could not be. The *padre* is not competent to judge of Spiritualism.

"If the Catholic Church is infallible and the priests God's agents, why do these hold views so different from those of their country? Spiritualism is true, but of the devil, say the latter."

away and went on, without offering the slightest succor. By-and-bye the poor creature crawled step or two and leaned against the wall of the house, where she was left through a cold, damp night, though the cure returned and saw her thus destitute and suffering, and covered with blood. The following morning the mayor had her kindly cared for."

Recue Spirit of Paris for August and September, 1872, *the Liberator* of Liege, two magazines from Vienna on "Spirit, Matter, and Free Will," with "Reflections" on the same; and the little Chicago paper (which I will endeavor to get analyzed) will be further noticed in my next.

Albany, Sept. 27th. 1872.

BY PANDORA.

Remarks of Dr. H. T. Child,
*Of Philadelphia, near the close of the Meeting
the American Association of Spiritualists.*

The Boston Banner of Light commences its thirty-second volume with the date of Sept. 14th, and with the opening of the volume, announces a number of added attractions. Mr. Andrew J. van Davis, of this place, is engaged to contribute a series of articles upon subjects in conformity with the character of the paper, while many other inducements are set forth in their prospectus. The Banner ranks number one as an advocate of the doctrine of Spiritual Philosophy, and its earnestness in what it holds to be the truth, the ability with which it espouses those convictions, and its wide-spread influence for circulation and influence entitle it to the position of being one of the best papers to the Christian Church.

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