





it. Stepping into their silk shops or bazaars of any kind, they present you a cup of tea instead of a glass of intoxicating liquor. Why should they drink tea? Why import either Asia or Europe? Are not New England mountains as sacred as Mount Olympus?

The spirit of progress, which, based upon the political heavens of the West, has touched with intellectual intensity our antipodal kin-men of the East. Commerce, what may be called a great civilization, is the great world now in China and Japan. Europeans and Americans are not only the long intellectual and "live" trade ports of China, but are exploring the interior and the highlands of the Mongolian regions. The Central Government, in admitting Foreign Ministers to Peking, in sending an Embassy to Western nations, in establishing a University and schools with European teachers, and treating other nations with the respect becoming the fraternity of humanity, is taking a step in the right direction. Bating a national egotism and a certain innate reserve, I place a much higher estimate upon the China races, intellectual and moral, since seeing the better classes in their native country.

Mandarin and officials, so far as I heard, spoke in great commendation of the Hon. Mr. Burlingame, our former Minister to the Capital. It may not be generally known, even in America, that he was a Spiritualist. This writer in the Atlantic Monthly, however, must have known it.

As an example of the influence of a single man, obtained over an alien race, whose civilization is widely different, whose religious belief is totally opposite, whose language he could not read, nor write, nor speak, Mr. Burlingame's career in China will always be regarded as an extraordinary event, not to be accounted for except by conceding to him a peculiar power of influencing those with whom he came in contact, a power growing out of a mind, free, self, partly intellectual, partly spiritual, largely physical, a power whose laws are unknown, whose origin cannot be traced, and whose limits cannot be assigned, a power which we designate as "magnetic."

Have just shipped down the *Leopold*, a fine French steamer, going down the coast of Cochinchina to Annam, then to the Malay Peninsula, then to Ceylon, through Egypt to Marseilles, Hong Kong, the green islands, the graceful pagodas, are fading from sight. Farewell, oh, "flowery land" of the East!

#### THE ANAMITES.

Though the French are poor colonists, they have made a success at Saigon, in Annam, the southern part of Cochinchina. The city, numbering about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, has a naval station, situated upon the *l'Annam* river, some fifty miles from the bay. Three and a half miles from this French town, with its bustling soldiers, is an old China city of seventy thousand inhabitants. During the early part of Napoleon's reign, the French Catholic priests had difficulty with the officials of Annam, whose King resides up the River Hue, in a walled city. Napoleon, in accordance with his usual policy, sided with the priests, sending a fleet to enforce claims. The King was frightened; demands were made, and a large slice of territory put at the disposal of the French. This might makes right.

The Anamites—evidently a mixture, afar in the past, of Malays and Chinese—are small in stature, Buddhists in faith, and slovenly in appearance, chewing the betel-nut, which colors their lips, teeth and tongue a dark, inky brown. Women are more excessive chewers than the men. Though a subject of discussion by our party, it was decided by a slight majority that their sooty, shriveled mouths expelled American tobacco-chewers in *indignation*. These women wear rings on their toes, ankles, wrists, and generally one in the nose. They sling the nude young child astride the hip, throwing the right arm around it as a protection. Their complexion is a dark olive or copper. Those residing back on the highlands and in the interior, away from French civilization, are not only physically larger, but superior mentally and morally. History writes these people down as the original Chinese—bold, brave, and unconquered by the Tartars. They do not shave their heads, nor wear clothing, save around their loins.

The country along the Saigon River is low and flat, but excellent for rice culture. Fruits are tropical and spontaneous. It is acknowledged even by the French to be very unhealthy. On account of the heat, business is suspended in the French part of the city from ten o'clock A.M. till five o'clock in the afternoon.

#### AN ENGLISH-WOMAN'S FREAK.

Adjoining Annam is Cambodia. Lady Nytherlands frequently visited Hong Kong, making extensive purchases for the King of Cambodia. But "Who is Lady Nytherlands?" This for a time was the gossip's inquiry, the city's puzzle. The mystery is now cleared up. When the King of Cambodia was erecting his magnificent palace, he sent to Hong Kong for an artist to do the artistic work. Mr. Holland was engaged, his wife accompanying him. During the stay, the King first fancied, then "loved" this English woman. The fancy proving mutual, she refused to leave with her husband. Married—*per se*—she was soon installed mistress of the King's harem. He is a short, rotund, greasy, copper-colored personage, showing a good deal of the Malay in his organism. He is reputed exceedingly rich, however. Mr. Holland died suddenly at sea. This woman takes the titles, "Lady Nytherlands," "Queen of Cambodia." Did she marry the man, or the money and the title?

#### FRENCH FASHION AND AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

The French are reported polite and fashionable. But what is fashion? How far is it authoritative? and who are the subjects of the fickle goddess? Sitting at the table aboard our steamer, I was twice asked by the *gossamer*—that is French—to appear in certain suits at certain hours of the day. It was a piece of impertinence, and I sent the following note to the navy officer in command of the steamer:

COMMANDER OF IRONCLAD: Sir—It is, in my estimation, nobler to be a man, maintaining true moral independence, than to be a Frenchman or an American. And, as the two legitimate purposes of clothing are to cover the body and conduce to its comfort, will you have the kindness to instruct your servants to give neither myself nor Dr. Dunn further annoyance by suggesting what hour we dress for the day, or in what style of dress we appear at the dining table. Fashion, a heartless tyrant, has no international standard, and, if it had, I should be guided entirely by my own judgment and good sense of propriety. Respectfully, J. M. PERKINS.

The reply, prompt and gentlemanly, saved us from future annoyances.

Society is like light honey-comb, pretty but empty, while fashion is the ruling queen of the nations. Rich and poor, the stupid and the in-

telligent alike, fawn around and bow down to this idol goddess. And if any individual, man or woman, conscious of that moral independence inherent in the God-given nature, refuses allegiance to or rises to overthrow the mandates of fashion, a pig-headed public raises the cry at once, "He's a fop!" "He's eccentric!" "He does it to attract attention!" And the poor soul, finding no moral support, is often whipped back into the popular rut to sheepishly trot along with the multitude. Down in my soul's depths I detest, despise, loathe, abhor and *hate* this cringing worship paid at the shrine of fashion; and be it known to the "world of mankind," and France in particular, that I will shave or not, wear my hair long or short, and dress precisely as I please, regardless of fashionable dandies made up of glittering jewelry, quizzing-glasses, smelling-bottles and starch. Amen.

#### SINGAPORE.

This unique city, situated upon a beautiful island lying just off the southern point of the Malay Peninsula, almost directly under the equator, must necessarily be subject to extreme heat. It has, I confess, quite overpowered me. I am thin as a starved shad! An expected steamer, bound for India, in the opium trade, has detained us over two weeks. It is the season of the monsoons in this latitude. Junks are turning Chinawards.

Singapore, obtained by the English some fifty years since, through a bit of diplomatic strategy between the Dutch and the reigning Rajah, numbers about 50,000 souls. Of these 50,000 are Chinese, 10,000 the indigenous Malays, and the other 40,000 Asiatics are the Klings from Madras, Bengalese from Calcutta, Burmese, Siamese, Japanese, Parsees and Arabs. The racial intermixtures are so blended it is difficult to trace nationalities. There are about 500 Europeans in the city, mostly English.

In this equatorial latitude and the islands adjoining it, Alfred R. Russell, the distinguished naturalist and Spiritualist, spent eight years, collecting an immense cabinet of plants, insects, birds and animals. Europeans speak of him and his attainments in high terms of commendation.

The American consulate here in Singapore, Major Studer, of Des Moines, Iowa, is just the man for these regions, being not only competent and watchful of American interests, but thoroughly alive to the commercial relations that should exist between our Government and these spice islands of the Pacific. More of him and his arduous labors in the next letter.

Yesterday we returned from a trip across the Straits of Johore, visiting the palace and pleasure grounds of the *Morah Rajah*, a sort of a semi-king reigning over eighty thousand subjects. These Malays interest me deeply. Look for a full description of them hereafter—their country, customs and religion.

Singapore, Malay Peninsula, June 22, 1873.

#### LETTERS FROM DR. PALMER.

##### NUMBER THREE.

Vienna, Austria, Aug. 19, 1873.

DEAR JASPER: In my last, I partially promised a few reflections concerning the World's Exhibition. I had not then seen enough to fully realize what even a partial description of this grand affair would involve. A month's time would not suffice, and many numbers of the Banner would be filled, and then the half untold! No one can take in an idea of its vastness and magnitude by reading any account of it; so I will not attempt the task.

The buildings are immense structures of stone, iron and plaster, possessing much architectural beauty, and like all things material in the Old World, constructed with a view to permanence, although I am told that all save the grand central rotunda is to be pulled down, and that that is to be preserved as a hall-room, for royalty. These enormous buildings are filled with every conceivable article. The costumes, fabrics, jewels, products, implements of war and of peace, specimens of naval and other architecture, paintings, statuary, musical instruments, machinery for all uses and of all descriptions, from all peoples under the sun, swell the catalogues into an immense volume which would require days to glance through and much more to describe. It is useless and unnecessary to attempt to say which nation excels in this peaceful and generous rivalry in the display of its products and resources. Each nation, country and clime of course exhibits its own special and peculiar productions; each possessing merit and worth of itself, detracting nothing from the value or merit of any other.

It is with a nation or people as with an individual—one's personal qualities or attributes in no way affect those of any other person save by comparison; and it is to be remembered that one may compare from as many standpoints as there are individuals. As a nation, without doubt, displayed more in quantity than any other nation, having more room assigned to her, and greater and better facilities of access than any other. If there be any priority as to place, America has the place of honor, she occupying the wings or ends nearest the main entrances. France and Great Britain come next, and both exhibit much in all the departments. The fabrics of France are wonderful in their richness and coloring. Indeed, every people existing upon the discovered (and there is much undiscovered) part of this planet is in some way represented.

In passing through the different departments, the eye catches upon so many beautiful things, new in form and so attractive in coloring, in such rare and rich profusion, that it literally wearies, and refuses to do the duty imposed upon it. Here, in one case, you will see diamonds of such size, purity and brilliancy, that one need do no violence to the imagination to feel that they must be the production of some celestial sphere; emeralds, rubies, carnelians, pearls and other precious gems in such quantities and of such enormous values that your breath is almost taken away as you hear the price mentioned.

And again you ask yourself, is it that the few may deck themselves in these priceless jewels that the many poor toil and slave, and in this land, at least, live upon black bread and beer? Here are faces of such delicate and exquisite fineness of thread and texture, that they almost rival the gossamer; velvets so thick and heavy, that a man or woman must indeed feel kindly or queerly within to be worthy to wear them; silks and satins so rich and lustrous that language fails to describe them; a statuary from Italy, paintings from the whole world attracting all who possess a love of art. Warlike and colossal Russia shows much in the department of war. Immense cannon, and weapons of all kinds, invite one's attention to her means of offence and defense. Indeed, all the nations of the Old World are in no wise backward in their display in this department.

Do they forget that it is not through force in the days that are coming that nations must prosper; do they not know that 'tis the still small voice that shapes the course of the individual, and the destiny of nations as well? and that 'tis the invisible spirit of Liberty working quietly, yet ceaselessly, in every heart, among the people everywhere, that shall soon render "wars and rumors of wars" no longer possible?

America displays but little that connects her with the dead past—for her history is not yet

mouldy with the dust of ages, and still less that associates her people with the many acts of evil in the past. But she does exhibit learning in a vivid contrast to that which has overthrown, in many a fierce contest, a powerful and formidable adversary, ignorance. Here amidst all the wealth and splendor of the Old World, you may step into a quiet, simple, American schoolhouse, furnished with all the modern improvements in the art of teaching, and with all that makes learning easy and attractive to the learner. There is no place more frequented within the enclosure. People belonging to every class and nation enter and find something to interest them.

May all coming generations have their American schoolhouses. In this one thing alone, is shown America's superiority over all other exhibitors, for this is her guarantee of free institutions and the evidence she furnishes of her method of overcoming ignorance, vice, crime, and poverty. And let me say here, that before another quarter of a century passes, the last throne will have toppled over, and the last vestige of royalty, save that of deed and spirit, will have been laid aside forever.

But I must forbear a more detailed description of this wonderful place and content myself with a few thoughts that suggest themselves, concerning the spiritual or interior meaning and significance of all this work, recognizing this fact, that no matter how many avenues there may be through which one may convey his ideas, yet the Banner is the best channel in the United States through which one's spiritual thoughts may flow freely and uninterruptedly. This is saying nothing to the detriment of any other journal; it is simply that their field of action lies more in the external than does that of the Banner.

Much is said about the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God. Now if God be the Father of all (and I believe he is), then must all be brothers. Any one coming to this place at this time and mingling in the great current of life that flows through the city, rushing in and out like the tides, from all parts of the known world, cannot but be struck with the similarity that exists among all mankind. Men and women laugh alike, cry alike, love alike, hate alike, throughout the planet. Their very sentiments, inclinations and habits of daily life bear a marvelous resemblance to each other. Making allowance for climatic difference, for dissimilar customs, tongues and costumes, human nature is the same the world over, and finds expression in the same manner, in proportion as the vehicles of expression approximate to each other.

Now I believe that the primary work at this hour is the bringing together the spirit-world and the material world in more direct and perfect harmony and rapport; hence I believe that forces are being brought back of all this external gathering, and that the work going on at this exhibition is wholly spiritual, and that it is indeed a spiritual congress; and as spirits cannot work without instruments, they (the spirits) from every quarter of the discovered globe have impelled, yea, impelled all these in the form (who were selected by a higher power) to come together. And as there must always be a reason for all things, the reason for this gathering can be stated thus: "Bringing together all the products of every age and every clime, and every country, to be productions of any kind." Therefore all of the nations of the earth, save America, have sent their best. America, understanding better than any other nation that the work was spiritual, has sent her best spiritual machines or instruments, not needing or requiring to send her best in the external. Yet she of all nations of the earth has done most for the invisible work that binds together all men in one divine brotherhood, and to really bring peace and good will (God's will) to the sons of earth in and out of the form. There are myriads of spirits who have been released from bondage, whose chains have been stricken off, through this grand work of the World's Fair.

Every article brought here, of any kind, from any part of the world, brought its sphere with it, (not its soul.) These conditions and elements mingling together—none the less potent and powerful because visible—element and draw nearer and closer the lines that had become attenuated, not severed. The people who have congregated here from all parts of the earth are very meditative, and feel (they know not why nor how) that much is to come out of this—as indeed there will—for it is the beginning of a new era. Souls in darkness are coming slowly, but as rapidly as they can endure it, into the light. Ignorance, superstition, envy, jealousy and strife, weaken and lose power when brought into the full light of day. And through this peace congress (for it is nothing else) the spirit-world and the material world have become better acquainted, more in harmony. Love, the eternal principle, will never more be weary, and this World's Fair, grand as it is in the external, shall serve to weld together links in the great chain of human events that have long been forming, and now are ready to be united.

Very truly yours,  
F. A. PALMER, *Magnetic Physician*,  
23 West 24th Street, New York City.

#### THEY CALL HER LOST.

They call her lost. Their speech betray That, ere the cock-crow, they may say No followers of the Christ are they.

They call her lost. They let her go Unheeded, wounded, worn with woe; They glare upon her as a foe.

They call her lost. The soldier falls When pierced by hissing rifle balls; What cares he when the bugle calls?

They call her lost. And yet she fell In deadly strife than shot or shell, Beneath the cannonade of hell.

They call her lost. They hear her wail, And still she mourns without avail; To her hastes no Saint Nightingale.

They call her lost. Yet God hath wrought To mold her in his perfect thought; For aches; did he work for naught?

They call her lost. Through mist of tears No outcast to my sight appears; Her wounds were made by Roman spears.

They call her lost. Her eyes divine With God-enveloped beauty shine; I hear: "I claim the Lost as Mine."

They call her lost. With ancient art Of Priest and Levite they depart; And lo! she nestles in God's heart.

They call her lost. With shadowed feet I walk, in spirit, when I meet Our awesome Sister of the Street.

—James Redpath, in *Saturday Chronicle*.

PREDICTIONS.—Heine predicted that Germany and France would fight, and that France would be utterly put down; that the line of fortifications then built around Paris would draw there a great hostile army, and that they would crush the city like a contracting iron shroud; and that the Communists would some day get the upper hand in Paris, would strike in a spirit of fiendish rage at the statues, the beautiful buildings, and other marks of civilization, and would throw down the Vendome Column in their hate of the man who had made France the foe of every other people, and would further show their execration of the memory of Napoleon, by taking his ashes from the Invalides and flinging them into the Seine. The last only of these predictions remains unfulfilled to the letter.

Every time a man takes a step upward in life, he is dragged back three-quarters of a step by envy and malice.—*Elma Orton*.

Women are seldom sailors; but they sometimes command *smacks*.

Great names give splendor to error, but cannot transform it into truth.

## Original Essays.

### PROGNOSTIC ASTRONOMY.

MR. EDITOR—With your kind permission I will give the readers of the Banner another short article on planetary influence. Individual existences are the appointed instruments for the execution of the Almighty will: Nature's laws do not evolve her principles or display her secrets. Nature did not discover the compass, but the law of the Almighty appointed one who should find it out.

The circulation of the blood had been going on since the creation of man, yet such a being as Harvey was required to give a greater insight into the secret workings of the human system. No one doubts that God in his infinite wisdom preordained the time of these events; and as it is clear they were brought about by the instrumentality of certain peculiarly gifted individuals, what reason have we to doubt that such preordinations are subject to a law indicated by planetary directions?

We must certainly bear in mind that all that happens now, and has happened during the past ages of eternity, is part of a preconceived plan. The Creator of the universe cannot be taken by surprise by any event in the course of illimitable time. We, as a people, are only doing what other nations have done before. But as later existences we may have greater facilities or more extended fields of operation awarded to us.

Kant tells us that every man is more or less a metaphysician; may we not, with a much greater show of truth, assert that all of us, from our earliest childhood, have been believers in astrology? When the sun is approaching a certain place in the ecliptic we know it denotes the approach of verdant spring, glowing summer, cereal autumn, or icy winter. This it may be said, is only the effect of our propinquity to, or our distance from the sun. Granted. But it shows that the effect of such causes may be read beforehand, as shown by the aspect or relative positions of two of the planets to each other. But what shall we say of the equinoxes? Here we go a little further; we not only predicate that when the sun is at that point of its course which marks the vernal or the autumnal equinox, our day and night will be equal; but we know that the sun's place in the ecliptic is that which indicates the certain occurrence of stormy winds, hence called the equinoctial gales.

With regard to the moon—that planet has influence over two-thirds of our globe (her direction of the tides is familiar to all), and as in particular phases of her revolution we find a marked and decided influence over the mental organizations of people of weak intellect, we certainly cannot deny planetary influence in her case. Now what is all this but astrology? What does the professor of the science point out, but that when certain planets in a nativity have certain aspects, the mind or actions of such a man will be influenced in this or that direction? And it is not only with lunatics, though of course in such cases the influence is more obvious. Persons born when the moon is afflicted by Saturn always feel low-spirited and out of sorts when that aspect is formed, which comes round four times in every moon.

The astrologer sees upon the star-strewn dial the index finger of all-wonderful Providence, showing the seconds, the minutes, the hours, the days, the months and the years of human destinies; and so sure as the clock before us will strike the hour when those circling hands approach a certain point in its configuration, so surely, says the astrologer, will the events occur as indicated by the characters shown in the celestial horoscope. It is observable that in no part of the Holy Scriptures do we find astrology mentioned disapprovingly, and this circumstance should have the greater weight from the frequency of allusion to the science or the followers of it. In the book of Job we find astral influence distinctly spoken of. One of the most famous astrologers of Greece was Anaximander, the friend and disciple of Thales. He was born in the year 610 B.C. All that we affirm is, that, though despised by persons who know nothing of its principles, they find it easier to cry "Humbly!" than prove it so. PROF. LISTER.

29 6th Avenue, New York City.

### CRIME AND CRIMINALS.

BY FRANKLIN OLES.

In a late issue of the Banner of Light, I was highly pleased to see an article concerning crime and its cause, in which it was said, "Crime is a disease." This I regard as the leading thought that shall result in a far-reaching, grand and natural reform, and an educational system that shall test to the utmost theories of all ages. It is the keynote of a reform that has long been needed and sorely missed.

Manifestly, the only true remedy for crime is that of treating it like other diseases, impassionately and scientifically. It is as remediable as any disease recorded in the catalogue of physical ills; and to study its phases, thereby to find its cause, preventive and cure, will soon be, as I hope, the solemn and divine occupation of a new class of Doctors of Divinity. To think of a criminal, a spiritual invalid, consigned to a dingy cell, subject to want and kicks and curses, is to think of cruelty and wrong. Every form of penalty is an outrage upon human nature, partakes more of vengeance than justice, tends rather to abet crime than to defeat it; in the same way that poison administered to an already poisoned man will intensify the symptoms of the infection.

The homeopathic practice in the treatment of mental diseases is a signal failure. Humanity will yet be convinced that the spiritual being, at the period of the physical birth, and for a considerable time afterwards, is in an undeveloped state, requiring to be disciplined or put in order. Whatever we wish to make of the individual, of that we must bring a type as an inducement to its senses to express the same. For love we must bring love; for chastity, bring chastity; for understanding, we must bring understanding. By this rule, if we express hate, distrust and vindictiveness, we may be sure what the result will be. Humanity has arrived at just that moral station which the applied knowledge of the principles of spiritual health has permitted. Each being is just what conditions have allowed him to become.

Human beings may make mistakes, may do evil; yet if they do, it is ever by reason of an incontrovertible cause that drives them to it. They who are spiritually healthy may be masters of themselves, but the spiritually ill (criminals) are slaves to every caprice—tools in the workshop of

that nature which framed them. Crime is a brother to insanity. Humanity desires as much to be insane as to be criminal, and the lunatic is as much to blame for his or her deeds as the worst criminal. Hon. Horatio Seymour has well said, "When we feel that the disease may enter our own houses, and seize upon the mental and moral weakness of those we love, we are ready to study its causes and its workings." In view of this thought, we should also turn our attention to the fact that our best intentions, through misapplication, may result in making an individual a criminal. Even parental love, unattended by the judgment that prescribes a code of physical and spiritual culture for the child, may result in the worst spiritual deformity or disease, and an inclination toward vice, deep, lasting and terrible.

The condition of diseased incarnate spirits demands a more universal practice of the science of psychopathy. Shall this demand be made in vain? Shall this means of human redemption, which alone can utilize some of the greatest principles of Spiritualism, be allowed to languish longer in the womb of Time?

Friends of Spiritualism, friends of humanity, rouse to action in this cause! Look and labor to perfect and advance it to be the future monitor of the world. Till ye do this your other labors for reform will be in vain.

### Woman in the Granges.

"One of the most interesting features of the Granges" [of the Palmyra of Husbandry, the new Order founded by the Western farmers to oppose the encroachments of railroad monopoly], says Coleman's Rural World, "is, that not a single one can be organized without the companionship of the ladies. No charter will be issued to organize a Grange, even if a hundred of the best farmers want it and ask for it, unless a certain number of ladies join. Their assistance and influence are needed. Their companionship will have a refining and elevating effect upon the sterner sex. They are equally interested with their husbands, brothers and sons in the good that can be accomplished. What adds in giving relief to the farmer, will give relief to his wife or daughters. They give tone and elevation to the proceedings of the Granges. They furnish a social feature to the Granges which will give permanency and stability to them. Each Grange meeting will be a social festival, a neighborhood visit. By all means, let every Grange encourage the attendance of the ladies. Let there be as many lady members as male members. It will increase the interest in them, and help to elevate our noble profession to that high standard we desire to reach. With woman's influence with us, we shall have no such word as fail. Her influence is for good, and we are glad to know she will exert it in behalf of those who are nearest and dearest to her."

### Davis's Discovery of Planets.

MR. EDITOR—In the Banner of Sept. 13th, your correspondent, A. B. T., alluding to Mr. Whipple's article touching Davis's discovery of an eighth and ninth planet in our solar system, says he was unable to find that discovery in Davis's Revelations. When Mr. Whipple was at Portsmouth I called his attention to the subject, and referred to Davis's various statements in his book. Mr. W. was so pleased to learn of the prediction and its entire verification, and was so struck with the importance of the subject, that he immediately and in my presence wrote the article for the Banner.

On page 161 will be found the first intimation of an eighth and ninth planet, and on page 165 a particular description of the eighth, its density, the composition of its atmosphere, and the excessive degree of its light, &c. A. B. T.

Nary Yard, Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 15, 1873.

### "Have we a Moravia" in Boston?

This question suggests itself to me, on reading the article in the Banner of Sept. 13th, respecting some wonderful "state writing" in Louisville—a place where I visited a short time ago on professional business—and as I am sure there is in Boston a place where state writing by invisible hands can be witnessed, which, it seems to me, has claims to attention somewhat beyond anything detailed by Mr. B. Underwood. I have seen it stated in your columns as a characteristic of the spirit-writing and other manifestations given through Margaretta Sunderland Cooper, that they have from the beginning, in 1850, been given independently of all machinery, no conditions being required, no table to be prepared, and, with hands tied and sitting at any table or chair, large or small, the writing is produced, as thousands can testify that have witnessed these manifestations through her. CHAS. G. MARTIN.

Boston, Mass.

### Connecticut.

STATE CONVENTION.—Our State Convention is called to meet at Winsted on the 27th and 28th of September—the last Saturday and Sunday in the month. We shall have good speaking, and I hope the Spiritualists in the State will rally once and have a Convention that shall be telling in its effects, and give a fresh impetus to the missionary work. Those from Williamamie and the eastern part of the State wishing to attend must take the early morning train to Hartford, to connect with the half-past ten train there for Winsted, or they cannot reach Winsted until evening, and will thereby lose one day of the Convention. Those from Bridgeport will take the first morning train on the Naugatuck Road, direct to Winsted. Trains leave Winsted for Hartford and Bridgeport at half-past six in the morning, so those attending can return Monday morning and be at business again by nine o'clock A.M. Speakers and delegates will be provided with free entertainment, and arrangements have been made with the Birdseye House for board at reduced prices, for those who cannot be provided with private entertainment.

E. ANNE HINMAN, Pres.

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT OYSTERS.—Most people know that a dozen or two of raw oysters, more or less, very seldom will produce a feeling of satiety or oppression at the stomach. There is a special reason for this, not known commonly to the public, nor yet to physicians.

It is that raw, almost live oysters, contain their own gastric juice, ready, in fact, to digest themselves. Recently, I have been trying experiments on the artificial digestion of food, and, among other matters, my attention was directed to oysters. They were disposed of with singular rapidity, and, carrying investigation still further, I have been able, by actual experiment, to demonstrate that oysters direct from the shell, when submitted to conditions analogous to that in which they would be placed in the human stomach, and without any addition, are positively able to digest a great portion of their own mass.

While being cooked, however, their gastric juice is destroyed by the temperature, and they are then only like any other light food, but if boiled long, their albumen becomes hard and dense, and less easy of digestion. People with weak stomachs may hence take comfort in the remark that there is one article of diet which they may usually indulge in without fear of after trouble, namely, fresh raw oysters, which happily are provided with an assistant to help them in their solution.—E. H. Hoskins, in the *American Artisan*.



Written for the Banner of Light.  
WAITING.

BY GRACE LELAND.

Waiting for what? The air with voices thrills,  
Yet not a sound my anxious questioning stills.  
Waiting for something, hidden in God's will:  
I know 'tis good—my weary soul, be still!  
Whether of heaven or earth I cannot know,  
If God's dear voice shall bid me stay or go.  
In this my soul hath learned to find content,  
In God's sweet service to be purely spent.  
What matters it though I am weak and blind,  
If the sure way to God at last I find?  
And so, my Father, I no longer fear;  
In my soul's dark I know that Thou art near!

## Free Thought.

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

NUMBER TWELVE.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

1871. In January I procured from the Librarian of Congress my copy of "The Clergy a Source of Danger to the American Republic," January 18th and 19th, 1871, a National Convention was held in Philadelphia. The same arguments, in the main, were used as in former meetings. To this Convention I sent a Letter of Remonstrance, which I transcribe from my copy, *verbatim*, as follows:

"Whom, Minn., Jan. 9, 1871.  
Permanent Address, No. 106 Randolph street,  
Chicago, Ill.

"Gentlemen of the National Christian Convention:  
"With a great deal of interest I am watching the movement in which you are engaged, to Christianize our peerless Constitution—peerless since the blot of slavery has been wiped from it. As an American citizen, I must frankly say to you that, in my judgment, your organization is fraught with danger to our American Government. I am fully convinced that you, gentlemen, are in dead earnest in this work of obtaining a recognition of God in the Fundamental Instrument of our land. You are persevering, too, as you are earnest. Hence I can see that the 'Reform'—as you term it—is destined to spread, to assume gigantic proportions, and grow in favor with the mass of Christian people—to become a popular measure. Your convictions, I notice, are securing this result. Gentlemen, beware! Overthrow this humane government, (founded by the wisdom of such men as Jefferson, Adams, Paine,) and religious liberty will be trampled under foot in this New World as it was, and is, in the Old. The people of the Old World are throwing off the shackles of union of Church and State, while you (I say it with all due courtesy) are striving to unite Church and State in the New. I confess that were I a Christian, and felt and thought as I think a Christian must feel and think—that the kingdom of Christ should rule on earth as well as in heaven—I do not see how I could consistently oppose the movement. As it is, being anti-Christian, I oppose it, oppose you as Christians, firmly but kindly oppose you, and think I am serving my country by so doing. Were your movement based upon truth, agitation would hasten its triumph, and no opposition could accomplish its defeat.  
"It will not be proper perhaps for you, as a Convention, to entertain the proposition contained in this last paragraph, viz: I will meet the advocates of the proposed religious amendment of the Constitution in public oral debate, in various portions of the Union. The members composing your Convention may individually desire to come before the people and advocate their claims, and oppose what they may deem to be errors. References as to my social standing, and as a debater, will be cheerfully furnished.  
"Yours truly, W. F. JAMIESON.

"P. S.—If the last paragraph is decided to be foreign to the Convention, its reading may be omitted.  
In the report of the proceedings in Christian Statesman, the foregoing was styled, 'A Letter from a Chicago Infidel.'  
During the winter of 1871-2, Francis E. Abbot circulated a Counter-Petition, which received about forty thousand signatures.  
The Eighth General Convention of Constitutional-God Christians assembled in Thom's Hall, in Cincinnati, Jan. 31st and Feb. 1st, 1872.  
In the Index issued before the assembling of the Convention, dated Feb. 3d, Mr. Abbot, in view of what he considered the certainty that 'the freemen of America would rise in arms as one man, before they would suffer ecclesiastical ambition to plant its foot upon their necks,' declared the success of this movement an impossibility. But he went to Cincinnati, and attended the sessions of the Association. The leading men impressed him as 'able, clear-headed, and thoroughly honest men.' He admitted that they advocated their ideas (which he considers definite and consistent) in a 'very cogent and powerful manner.' Those of us who had attended earlier conventions perceived such to be the fact. Ten States were represented by two hundred and fifty delegates. \$1,800 were raised at this convention. And these able, clear-headed and honest men, men who believe fervently that Christianity ought to rule the land, say they have 'perfect confidence' that the American people will put the religious amendment into the Constitution. This was said by them at Cincinnati, and at nearly every convention they have held since the one in 1863, at Xenia, O. At Cincinnati they congratulated themselves on the fact that the 'growth of this movement for the past two years has been something truly remarkable.'  
Mr. Abbot was allowed to offer a Remonstrance. He was willing to admit that the Movement has the logic of Christianity behind it; 'and, and, and, if I were a Christian, if I believed in Christianity, I do not see how I could help taking my stand at your side.' But 'in the name of freedom, and humanity, and peace,' he appealed to them to recognize the real tendencies of their enterprise, 'and to abandon it as not only hopeless, but also most dangerous to the tranquility of the land.'

The next week the Index appeared with Mr. Abbot's declaration that he 'came home with the conviction that religious liberty in America must do battle for its very existence hereafter.'

## ASTROLOGY vs. PSYCHOMETRY.

DEAR BANNER—With reference to 'Millis Knickerbocker's' letter thus headed in your issue of Sept. 6th, it may be well to state that I have studied astrology, have had unusual opportunities of examining the subject of Psychometry, and myself and wife (who is a Psychometer) have both visited Prof. Lister. We are fully satisfied that his predictions are not psychometric and not impressional. I am of the opinion that there is a science of Astrology. I am informed by a gentleman now in this city that when in England many years ago he learned from a gentleman not professionally an astrologer, but who had great skill therein, that Prof. Airy and other celebrated astronomers and mathematicians believed in astrology as a science, but withheld their convictions from the public from fear of ridicule, etc.  
I am inclined to think that the science of astrology is a part of the science—or principle—of analogy, fragments of which have been here and there imperfectly apprehended, but which S. P. Andrews claims (with what validity I am unable to determine) to have brought within the realm of positive science. That there may be a 'law of correspondence' between planetary motions and individual destinies, is, at any rate, less improbable than may appear on cursory examination.  
"A prophecy or the fulfillment thereof" is not necessarily 'due to spiritual agencies.' If by the last expression is to be understood only the spirits of those who have gone over the river. The development of the spirit in the form (psychometry, etc.,) is often accompanied, in a limited degree, by the power of previsions as well as by the powers of introspection and retrospection. The supposition that (external) spirit agency is necessarily implied in the exercise of such faculties is not warranted by the facts. As ecclesiastical chains are broken and our own spirits permitted free growth, their powers become enlarged and extended. We are spirits in the form, essentially the same as those out of it; and with the progress of spiritual intercourse the two states of existence will more and more closely blend.  
A. CHURCH.

## Scientific.

COSMOGRAPHY:  
A DESCRIPTION OF THE UNIVERSE.

NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.

BY LYSANDER S. RICHARDS.

Electricity is another important chain in the link of forces correlated to each other. The existence of electricity in times past was thought to depend upon a certain fluid, but to-day the theory is discarded by most scientists, and the hypothesis accepted that the phenomena are due to a sudden and unlimited expansion or extension through space of the little molecules composing the substance or substances excited by friction or chemical action—an effort, in fact, like the phenomenon of wind, to restore the equilibrium, one portion of Nature possessing too much of the force, another too little, hence the rush or attraction of the positive (the stronger) to the negative, (the weaker) that the balance may be restored. Clouds contain a considerable amount of electricity, and when they contract and squeeze out—so to speak—moisture, condensing into drops of rain, the amount of electricity set free, or discharged, is large, and lightning—an electric spark—is seen. When electricity is set free in the air, it enters vapor or cloud again, and thus it is preserved in the atmosphere. Although discharges are much more frequent between cloud and cloud, yet sparks pass from cloud to earth, at times, as many as an alarmed inhabitant of the latter can well attest. The negative electricity of the earth attracts the positive from the clouds, and a discharge to the former is the result. Sometimes, however, the earth possesses more positive electricity than the clouds, and consequently the lightning passes from the earth to the clouds, which contains the negative, and the equilibrium is restored. That thunder and lightning are more frequent in warm weather, is due to the fact that under the scorching rays of a summer's sun a greatly increased evaporation of water upon the earth's surface occurs, which in the form of vapor absorbs a large amount of electricity, and the cooler current above condenses the vapor, liberates the electricity, and lightning is in consequence more frequent.

The resistance of air to the passage of lightning is great, hence its zig-zag course in struggling along. Yet its rapidity through the air is almost inconceivable, as it travels at the rate of two hundred thousand miles, or over, a second—faster even than light. Its velocity is so great, in fact, that should a person be struck with it, his death would be painless, from the fact that it travels so much faster than the information from the injured parts of the body to the brain, death would ensue ere the latter was apprized of the injury. To avoid lightning, some precautions are necessary. Metals are good conductors, hence keep away from them. When out of doors, in a thunder-storm, take care and not run under a tree for shelter, for trees attract lightning, but are not as good conductors as the human body, hence in leaning against a tree the electricity or lightning will branch off from the tree through the body to the ground. Electricity will always leave a poor conductor for a better one, when the conductors are in contact, but will never branch off from a better to a poorer conductor; as for example, a person would be perfectly safe to grasp a lightning rod when lightning is passing down it, for the iron rod being a better conductor than the human body, it will not leave the former for the latter. Copper is a far superior conductor to iron, hence copper tips and attachments to iron rods are requisite. The rods should be perfectly insulated from the house, and terminate in the ground at the depth of ten feet at least, where moisture is permanent. A large number of rods are not only worthless, but render a dwelling less secure, from a lack of knowledge of the dealers in placing them thereon.

Frictional electricity is that excited by friction. Voltaic or current electricity is produced by chemical action. The latter is used in telegraphy, because the current is constant or continuous, while the former is intermittent and broken. Frictional electricity would jump several inches from one line to another, should the chance offer itself, while Voltaic would travel thousands of miles before it would jump across or leave the wire. Formerly there were as many wires as letters in the alphabet used to send a message; finally, through the Morse system, marks were adopted instead of letter signals, and only two wires used. The current, to be continuous and effectual, must return again to the spot the message starts from; hence an outward and a return wire, but through the economy of science a great saving was made to telegraphy, by discovering that the earth was a vast storehouse of electricity, and instead of two wires, hundreds of miles in length, the earth was substituted for the return wire, by sinking a plate at either end in the ground, and most of the lines at present are working with but one wire. The application of electricity to machinery for manufacturing purposes, etc., has not as yet been economically successful, for zinc, one of the most important ingredients used in generating Voltaic electricity, is by far a much more costly material than coal and water used to generate steam, so generally applied to all the machinery of today.

## SOMETIME.

Oh, strong and terrible ocean,  
Oh, grand and glorious ocean,  
Oh, restless, stormy ocean, so many fathoms o'er,  
When never an eye was near thee to view thy turbulent glory,  
When never an ear to hear thee relate thy ceaseless story,  
What didst thou then, oh Ocean? didst thou toss thy spray in air,  
With never a look for thee, and never a soul to care?  
"Oh, I was the same, same ocean."  
The grand and terrible ocean, with rock-embattled shore;  
I threw my feeble blanket up over my shoulders bare;  
I raised my hand in triumph, and scattered my grizzled hair;  
For I knew that sometime—sometime—  
White-robed ships would venture from out of the placid bay,  
Forth to my heaving bosom, my lawful pride or prey;  
I knew that sometime—sometime—  
Lordly men and women my servile guests would be,  
And hearts of sternest courage would falter and bend to me."

Oh, deep and solemn forest,  
Oh, sadly whispering forest,  
Oh, lonely, murmuring forest, that moaneth for evermore,  
When never a footstep wandered across thy sheltered meadows,  
When never a bird made music along thy sombre shadows,  
What didst thou then, oh forest? didst thou rob thyself in green,  
And deck thyself in beauty forever to be unseen?  
"Oh, I was the same, same forest,"  
The same low whispering forest,  
The softly murmuring forest, and all of my beautiful woods.

I robed myself in splendor, all through the lonely hours,  
Twined the vines around me, and covered my lap with flowers.  
For I knew that sometime—sometime—  
Lovers would gaily wander 'neath my protecting boughs,  
And into the ear of my silence would whisper their holy vows."

Oh, fair and beautiful maiden,  
Oh, pure and simple maiden,  
Oh, grand and peerless maiden, created to adore,  
When never a love came near thee that found thy own love treasure,  
When never a heart came near thee thy own heart-wealth could measure,  
What didst thou then, oh maiden? didst smile as thou smiledst now,  
With never a kiss of a lover upon thy snow-white brow?  
"Oh, I was the same, same maiden,  
The simple and trusting maiden,  
The careless and happy maiden, with all of my love in store."

I gaily twined my tresses, and cheerfully went my way;  
I took no thought of the morrow, nor cared for the cares of the day;  
For I knew that sometime—sometime—  
Love would seek and find me—a love that was fresh and free;  
Love that was pure and holy—a love that was made for me;  
I knew that sometime—sometime—  
Into the path of my being the joy of my life would glide,  
And we by the gates of heaven would wander side by side."  
—[Will M. Clark's, in Kansas Magazine.]

## Among the Alleghenies.

This rocky and iron ridge has long been considered the dividing line between the East and the West of our nation, and in the old Congressional debates used to be a sort of counter over which words battles were often fought. We remember in early life one between Henry Clay and a member from New Hampshire, in which some reporter put into the mouth of the latter the following words:

"Oh, honesty, when I want any,  
I shall not cross the Alleghany."

We have rested on and breathed the pure air of the summit, and slept on either slope and felt the attractions of both sides—the broad grain fields and rich mineral beds of the West, the great cities, magnificent palaces, delightful prospects and highly ornamented houses, and almost heavenly society of the East; and to the latter we are almost irresistibly drawn, but still another power in the West comes to the rescue of one of its citizens, family ties, children and grandchildren are there, and with this cord we slide down the western slope, and will be seen and heard again on the prairies, and in the groves of the West, but not long, for like the Indian wife who dreamed three times that her warrior chief had called her from his spirit home, so we have been called to the cottages and flower-gardens of the Summer Land. It is said, "Seeing is believing, but feeling is the naked truth," and since we have both seen and felt our dearest friends who live over in the ethereal realm of spiritual life, the upper attraction is getting stronger than the earthly, and even from the Alleghenies the world overhead is superior to either side. Since our interview with the ordinarily invisible friends, at Collins, N. Y., there has been a constant halo around our spirit that thrills our whole being as no earthly glory could, and no earthly beings can. We have heard the exulting words of new converts when they describe their visions of Jesus and heaven as seen under the psychological and spiritual influence of the heart-change in conversion. We never ridicule it, for we have long been satisfied it was real, but only the causes and persons were mistaken by the converts. We have had it all when the veil was wholly lifted and the other world became through our senses as real as this, and the affections renewed that blind brother to brother, and sister to brother in this life.

Wilkesbarre is a little city we have long wished to see on account of its historic notoriety as the objective point of travel in the Wyoming Valley and near the old battle ground of the Indian wars, and celebrated as the scene of a slaughter commemorated by a granite monument which stands near the railroad. It has some fifteen thousand inhabitants, and is the county seat of Luzerne County, which also includes Scranton, with thirty-five thousand inhabitants, mostly engaged in some way with the coal mines. Scranton is new, but Wilkesbarre has celebrated its centennial birthday, and many of its buildings look as if the pattern at least was procured in the last century; but still there is enough of modern style in the architecture and enterprise of the city to place it far in advance of Scranton as a modern city, with a far more advanced mental and spiritual population. The Wyoming Valley, though largely celebrated, is not equal to many we have seen; and some, even in New England, surpass it for beauty and fertility. We found some warm friends and earnest Spiritualists in Wilkesbarre, and Bro. Walker will no doubt convince and convert some in Scranton, but he has hard material to work over into the new philosophy. We feel that ere long we shall have some work to do in the Wyoming Valley, and especially at Wilkesbarre, and shall await a call from the friends there.

We took a new route from the Wyoming, and followed a winding path up the east side of the Alleghenies, from Scranton to Lewisburg, and thence, by the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, to Pittsburg. We stopped over at Lewisburg, and let the train pass that run intra-freight near Altoona; and smashed up its engine, turned some of its cars down a steep bank, and sent several souls to judgment, and on reaching Pittsburg found no notice of the accident in either the morning or evening papers, and, on asking the reason, was told that the press was muzzled on affairs of the great monopolies of railroads and churches, but hope it is not wholly true. We had a good audience on Sunday, in the Liberal Club Hall, under their auspices, but found very little of Spiritualism and no signs of life in the few, so far as united and organic efforts are concerned. But the Liberal Club is doing its work of an iconoclastic character well, and efficiently clearing the track for the car of spiritual truth to follow. Pittsburg is a captured city—captured by theology and political corruption. The city government seems to be in the hands of a ring who use its credit and funds for selfish ends. They contemplate lighting and heating the city by the burning gas springs of Butler, many miles distant, and may do it at great expense.

The leading paper of the city, in commenting on the opening of the Massachusetts State Republican Convention with prayer, under the God-in-the-Constitution, Washburn's control, thinks it would not be well, if safe, under the present ring management of Pennsylvania, to open theirs with prayer; but we differ entirely, and think the more corruption, the more propriety and adaptation, in such prayers as they have in political meetings and legislatures. The Credit Mobilier and salary-grabbing Congress needed and had more Christianity than any of its predecessors; and it would not take much more of that sort to put the whole Bible into the constitution and laws. The Pittsburg Leader says:

"We fancy it would surprise and startle Simon Cameron if, when the permanent president of one of his conventions had been chosen, a grave-looking clergyman should arise, and amid the dread silence of the delegates, invoke the blessings of Almighty God on what was about to be done. Possibly a worse thing might happen than the re-introduction of this little ceremony into the Republican forum here. We would rather not throw such disorder on the custom of prayer, however, as to have it introduced while the present ring runs the machine."

## Jehovah in our Constitution.

The camp meeting at Silver Lake, Mass., had the subject of God in the Constitution under consideration several times, and brought out some new objections against Jehovah and Christ that we had not heard uttered before. One speaker objected because, as the God of the Jews, with them as his chosen people, he had not by his government, with the agency of prophets and messengers; miracles and angel visits, made of them a nation that was worthy of preservation, or one better, as it is said, as the heathen nations around them, and because these chosen people under his direct control had become so wicked that they murdered his own son sent to save them. It was also objected that his language, as given us in his holy word, was so vulgar and profane that it was not fit to read in decent society, and such that George Francis Train was imprisoned for publishing it, and sending it through the mails, it being believed to be too obscene for the people to read or the mails to transport. It was said that a God that could not use decent language in communicating to the people that he ruled over was not suitable for the God of this nation, and as there was no evidence that he had changed or improved since he ruled over the Jews, this was made a serious objection to his being placed in our Constitution as the God of this nation.

Objection was also raised to Christ as a ruler, in the fact, as declared in Scripture, that he was of the line and descent of David, who was a very bad king as well as bad man. But this was overruled by the Scripture evidence, that the descent was to and through Joseph, who was not the father of Jesus "who was the Christ," and as he was the son of Jehovah and Mary

the line was both corrupt and illegitimate, and hence he was not entitled to the throne of any nation. Another objection was that we have a better government than a monarchy, and do not need to change to a king or ruler, and especially a foreigner. It was also urged that he had emphatically declared that his kingdom was not of this world, and as he is the king of another people, foreigners to us, we could not consistently declare him our ruler, but might send a minister plenipotentiary or extraordinary to his court. There were many other serious objections to both names as rulers or authority over us, and the society formed to secure the amendments was handled, most severely by many speakers and defended by none.—w. c.

## SPIRIT PAINTINGS.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—While the far East is excited over "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," and the promised solution through mediumistic power on or about the first of October, we of the far, far West are promised a counter-sensation in the early New Year, which, for length, depth, breadth and general comprehensiveness, promises a richer harvest than any phase of Spiritualism heretofore developed. Ours is the completion of a collection of fifty portraits of the most noted of pre-historic, historic, ancient and modern characters who have left their impress upon this planetary sphere of ours. This is a work that has been in progress for the last four years, with intermittent periods caused by financial fluctuations, to which, unfortunately, most mortals are subject. When the entire history of this collection of spirit-art shall have been written—as it will be at no distant day—there is not a tale in the whole "Arabian Nights' Entertainment" that will exceed it in the marvelous and wonderful.

Gen. J. Winchester, of Monitor, Cal., is the owner of the collection, which is to consist, as I before stated, of fifty life-size bust portraits, and two duplicate full-length, life-size pictures of Yermah and Azelia, the leaders of the band. The artist, who executes the work under spirit control, is Wella P. Anderson, now residing in Sacramento, Cal. Mr. Anderson is a first-class cabinet-maker by trade, and no more gifted in artistic talent, in the general condition, than the average mechanic—which is not saying much for him as an artist. I do not propose to enter into a detailed statement of how this work is done, but rather to give a list of the names of this great band of illustrious personages who once more enter the portals of earth and submit themselves to the delineator's pencil in order to transmit to us a material semblance of what they were like when of earth-mould, like us mortals of today.

First comes Yermah and his wife Azelia, and a countryman of theirs, of the name of Orondo, all of whom lived sixteen thousand years ago, on a continent in the mid-Pacific known as Atlantis, the capital of which was Atlantis. This nation was acquainted with the continent of America, and has left its unmistakable mark upon it in the ancient ruins of Central America, Mexico, New Mexico and Arizona, and the long line of earth-works and mounds stretching in an unbroken chain from the Gulf of Mexico on the south to Lake Superior on the north. When the hieroglyphics on the ruined temples of Central America and Mexico shall have been deciphered, a perfect historical record will be established, in my opinion, corroborating all that has been said of this ancient continent by this band of spirits. In appearance, Yermah would readily be taken for a Hindoo, and heavers that the Hindoos and Eastern nations are the direct descendants of the Atlanteans. We next have Abael, a Hindoo necromancer who lived eight thousand years ago; and then comes Arbaees, an Egyptian of more modern times—say, of the patriarchal age, or about four thousand years ago.

Of the great religious propagandists, we have: Mahomet, Gautama Buddha, Peter the Hermit, one of the Pope Gregorys, John Calvin, John Knox, Archbishops Usher and Cranmer, and Wickliffe, who was burned at the stake. Of statesmen and the founders of empires, we have: Romulus and Remus, who were suckled by the wolf, and thereafter founded Rome; then we have Attila the Hun, James of Scotland, Hiram, King of Tyre, a Celtic Pictish king, a doge of Venice, Alfred the Great, and Abd-el-Kader. For the Masons, we have their first great Master, Hiram Abiff, with his mystic cabala tattooed on his forehead. China is represented by the great Confucius, author of the Golden Rule, five hundred years before Christ. The noble Romans send Catullus, while the Greeks, not to belittle their ancient glory, have delegated Pindar, their first great poet; Plutarch, the historian, and Plato, the philosopher. Astronomy is represented in the person of Copernicus; while the sciences, poetry and art delegate as standard-bearers such men as Bacon, Cosmo di Medici, Ayotté, Chaucer, Titian and Ali Topelme, and an Italian monk (name not given). Tom Paine and Voltaire represent the radicals there, as they did on earth; and no collection would be perfect without the great American and his compeer of France.

For navigators we have Admirals Rowe and Drake, while the Knights have sent a magnificent specimen of a steel-clad warrior in the person of Henri de Brionville. To represent the undying passion, love, we have Heloise and Abaelard, before whose sweet, tender faces, I imagine, there will congregate more people than the vast number who have paid weary pilgrimage to their tombs in Pere la Chaise. To finish the number, we have two as yet unnamed, and one A. Gustavus and Muzed, of whom I know nothing.

With such a vast array of pre-historic, ancient and modern greatness, the ordinary beholder becomes nearly bewildered, but a contemplation of those noble brows, which were once replete with life, force and intelligent vigor, which caused them to sway their fellow beings as the wind sways the trembling reeds, their deeds, recorded in history, become, in these presences, living possibilities. All the qualities of mind ever inherent in man have here their representatives, from the fierce warrior to the tender lover, from the knight, with helmet and vizor and flowing plumes, to the peaceful historian, poet, artist, statesman, churchman and politician.

As a specimen of what may be accomplished with common Faber pencils Nos. 1 and 2, these pictures are worth a journey across the continent to see. In this magnificent embroidered robe of the Doge of Venice, you behold a piece of embroidery with all the relief and delicacy of finish that the most artistic taste can desire; and in those white plumes of Henri de Brionville, the illusion is so great and the imitation so perfect, that you feel induced to touch them to prove whether they are real or not; then this fragile gossamer veil of the Persian King, who can imitate it? The most delicate spider's web is as nothing compared with it, and yet all is real, tangible, and serves the purpose for which it was designed.

As works of physiognomical delineation, there is no gallery in the world that can excel them in distinct national types, force and vigor, and strong individuality. That they are what they purport to be; correct portraits of departed men and women, I have no doubt, but that is a question that each investigator will have to decide for himself or herself, according to the evidence which will accompany these portraits when they are put before the public at no distant day. Thousands, yes, millions of our fellow-beings will receive their first impression of Spiritualism through a visit to this gallery of spirit art, and will thus be launched into a sea of inquiry that will ultimately lead them to the great truth of spirit intercourse, and thus become freed from the bonds of sectarianism, which so dwarts their souls to-day that everything not included in their creeds and catechisms is carnal and sinful. This is one, if not the great good that this collection of spirit art will do for us and the generations that are to come after us.

This is but a brief and imperfect sketch of this interesting subject, but it will serve to show the thousands of readers of the Banner what a treat there is in store for them when these pictures shall have been completed and put before the public. Monitor, Cal., Aug. 20th, 1873. O. F. THORNTON.

Everybody has wondered where all the Smiths came from; but the matter is finally explained, and the discovery is solely due to the editor of the Moravia Valley Register. While in a neighboring city the other day, he discovered the Smith Manufacturing Company.



## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

'That was a good toast by Mr. Hatch at San José, Cal., last winter: "The Two Great T. P.'s—Thomas Paine and Theodore Parker, *par nobis potrem*; both 'Thoroughly Practical' and 'Terribly Persistent.'"

Since the decree of Oct. 27, 1861, in Russia, abolishing serfdom, not less than 6,922,494 serfs and their families (not included in the above figures) have been converted into free landowners, leaving out of account those serfs who were liberated by private arrangement with their masters.

Thirty lady tax-payers and property-holders

1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 1, 1861. It is a copy of the original letter, and is signed by Abraham Lincoln.

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*Journal of Interpersonal Violence* 26(10)

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## Banner Correspondence.

**MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.**  
*Thursday, April 10.*—Aurella W. Saww; H. P. Dea  
of Portland, Maine; Moketavata; Alida Spencer, of T  
rytown, Penn.

The number of copyrights issued by the librarian of Congress during the present year is 10,25

Hall last Sunday to an audience so crowded that some had to stand up. She is all aflame with zeal and power. Would to God that she had stronger health. Mrs. Katy Robinson of Philadelphia has been spending this week in holding circles and giving sittings at the home of Miss Lizzy Crosby, herself an excellent clairvoyant and a business medium, whose rooms are at 316 4th

MRS. R. G. KIMBALL, Lebanon, N. H.  
MRS. FRANK REID KNOWLES, Breedsville, Mich.  
MRS. DR. H. R. KNAGGS, box 20, Traverse City, M.

Prof. Wm. Denton, Hon. Warren Chase, Mrs. Parry and others, are expected to be present. Friends from Missouri are cordially invited. Per order.

Harry and others, are expected to be present. Friends from Missouri are cordially invited. Per order,

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1990; 263: 1025-1026.







## Banner of Light.

### A Spiritualist in Mountain—Individual Predictions vs. Eternal Truths.

Not long since, the citizens of many a town and hamlet throughout our country were startled by the story that along the telegraphic wires, that a daring aeronaut in the West, trusting rather to the good fortune which had hitherto attended his perilous ascents than to a proper apparatus, had made his last flight, that his aerial vehicle had fallen him, and that whirling through a shower of thousands of feet of ether, amid the subdued moans of a vast multitude who were powerless to aid.

And now, to out of the picture—a metaphysical, seer—a brother in the spiritualist faith hastens to manifest his powers in a like exhibit of that "vanishing act" which overlaps itself and falls on the "other side." We refer to William Emmette Coleman, whose lecture on "The Law of Immortality or Re-incarnation," delivered before the First Society of Spiritualists of Albany, N. Y., on Sunday evening, May 18th, 1873, was published in our columns under date of July 26th.

Without bestowing any consideration to the noisy display of gunpowder adjectives, with whose dissonance he seeks to cheer his rocket-like ascent, made in total obdiousness to the well-known fate of the stick, or to the graceful flow of his polished sentences, wherein such choice tidbits of the "King's English" as "weak," "silly," "stupid," "shadowy," "transcendently foolish," "hideous dogma," etc., etc., are afforded for the admiration of his readers and the winning from a prejudiced public opinion of "a little gift of praise," we will first premise that we do not intend to discuss the matter with this critic, because it is a settled principle of logic that discussion can only be worthy the name when carried on between parties who at least perceive each other's position, and the argument on which that position is based; while our friend Coleman seems to have no desire whatever to understand ours—it is enough for him that he does not like it and he accordingly gives his views concerning it with much the same lucidity (and directness as characterized the effort of the rhymer who failed to appreciate "Dr. Fell."

"Words against puff," says a foreign writer, "are words in the desert," and so, we might add, are arguments advanced to ears already closed by pre-judgment; therefore with no desire to disturb the artificial department of our critic's nature, but rather with a hope of rightfully explaining to the reading public our position concerning re-incarnation, and the course generally adopted by us, the present article is drawn up.

And, in introduction, we desire to say—even at the risk of a seeming digression—that Spiritualism is inherently leaderless; that self-appointed hierarchies who have, Uzza-like, dared to put their hands upon this modern "ark of the Lord," to steady the progress among men of the truth of spirit communion and its kindred revelations, have met, invariably, in a mental sense at least, with the same fate as he; that the unseen world has baptized no apostle to outshine the rest; that for twenty-five years the cause has gone on its conquering way, with no mortal at the helm; that Spiritualism is not the outgrowth of any individual mind—as have been the religious systems of the past—or the result of any circumscribed revelation to or through any one susceptible organization or medium, so-called, but is made up of the free utterances of innumerable disembodied souls, each giving what appears to him as truth, and all being amenable at the bar of *Free, individual human reason* for reception or condemnation; and finally, that the one thing furthest from the minds of the publishers of this paper—and from that also of the delicate, pain-laden woman who for over sixteen years has served as through sickness and trials, grievous to be borne, as an instrument for communing with our physically departed ones—is that anything we or she may say is for a moment to be received as truth by one single soul who may peruse it further than that soul's reason may freely endorse it. While we have been pained to mark that the hour of our adversity was the time chosen for the emanation and publication of unfriendly criticism in several quarters, rather than the day of our success, we have never denied in principle the exercise of the God-given right of reason, or its application to any and all views which might through these columns be given to the public gaze. This paper has no desire whatever to proclaim itself "Sir Oracle" in any department of life, neither will it swerve in its course to right or left at the dicta of interested individuals. It takes no such unyielding ground as that no duality in revelation is possible; that truth cannot exist on both sides; for experience even in earthly life often demonstrates that though primarily but one side may appear to opposite parties, yet, in due time, like the rival knights of old, they may be led to the mutual discovery that the one image concerning whose details they are ready to shed their hearts' blood, has a golden as well as a silver side.

But to the matter specially in hand. Judging from the style of our friend Coleman, he seems to be smitten with the consciousness that he "has a call to preach"—and vehemently too—against some "damnable heresy" which has been all unwittingly let into the fold; and the bigamous tones of Jeremiah are called upon to do duty beside the rough and arbitrary notes of the priestly rans-horns before Jericho, in his treatment of the same, till even as we stated in an issue subsequent to the appearance of his article, a correspondent who *approach* re-incarnation, was yet constrained to say of this self-declared champion: "Mr. Coleman had better study logic and shake off a little of his bigotry before he enters the arena of polemics."

We are first called upon to accept as a postulate the views of Mr. Davis and Mrs. King (as they expressed in their works) pertaining to the primal subtle source of the human spirit. But we can submit to no such ruling out of court as that concerning the great doctrine of individualized pre-existence—the most important witness, so to speak, of the anterior half of our immortality—a doctrine which has claimed the respectful attention and determined advocacy of many of earth's brightest intellects in the past. We cannot accept as a futility that view which depicts life with a commencement, but no end; if there is one, there must also be the other of these two points observable throughout the domain of Nature. If existence is an *are*, instead of a circle embracing the wide universe of worlds, then with that are's furthest periphery on the one side it must close, even as it begins at its primal

point on the other. But to our mind, the grand circle of being is complete; the "because I live ye shall live also" of the undying Nazarene is written yearly on the face of re-surrected Nature by that God who is the spirit of all things in the broad universe of suns and planets; and the life in the future so assured, argues a life co-extensive with, because akin to, that Sum of all souls.

In the theories advanced by the writers quoted by Mr. C. as a basis for his argumentation, the process of germination—from the detaching of the "drop in the 'dewy ocean,'" and its embodiment in the "aerion of an entity," furnished by the parental organizations, to the period of birth upon this mundane stage—is definitely described as being with the voice of "one having authority," but we submit that these statements do not therefore shut the door to further investigation, nor prevent other souls from seeing with the eyes which Nature gave; and we do not consider that the celebrated authors themselves ever anticipated that some over-zealous disciple of theirs would in time so parade them, placid-like, before the public. The animadversions of Mrs. King we consider peculiarly unfortunate when she declares the doctrines of re-incarnation and pre-existence to be "impossibilities," and further that "it seems like a waste of words to attempt to disprove a doctrine so at variance with Nature's evident modes, established from eternity as far as man can discover," because her statements in debate that she (or those who have impressed her to write) fails to understand the essence of the matter upon which she treats. Rather than investigate, she emulates the example of Francesco Sizzi in Galileo's time, who declared that "from eternity, as far as man could discover," there were but a certain number of planets, and so refused even to look through the telescope of the great apostle of the Copernican system. Hear his argument—does it not strikingly resemble the position of Mrs. King?

"The satellites of Jupiter are invisible to the naked eye, and therefore can exercise no influence upon the earth, and therefore would be useless, and therefore do not exist."

This marked misunderstanding of all the provisions of the, to her, "repulsive process" of re-incarnation is traceable throughout the cited extract from Mrs. King's writings—see for instance the following point:

"If humanity is doomed to such a round of life as is represented by this dogma, from whence are the ministering angels of the celestial spheres, who are represented as being of advanced grades of mankind, who have progressed from the first state onward? They must be supernatural beings, in the true sense; for by the method by which mankind progresses according to this theory, which is downward and backward, and then upward and onward, none would ever attain to the celestial spheres."

"These ministering spirits," we would reply, are indeed those of "advanced grades of mankind"—those who in the natural course of events and by frequent attrition in physical forms, have become rounded in wisdom, and have at last gained the high positions they hold in development and power for good. The mistake of Mrs. King lies in supposing re-incarnation to be an inevitable and endless doom, when it is really but a temporary means to the end of the most rapid and satisfactory development of the spirit. Annin Blackwell, of Paris, in the "Year-book of Spiritualism," page 78, says, in illustration:

"Contact with matter in its tangible state being only a condition of spirit progress in its earlier stages, the attainment of a certain degree of knowledge and purity releases the spirit from the painful necessity of re-incarnation in the 'vile bodies' of putrescent flesh that are the sign and correspondent effect of its inferiority. In proportion as a spirit advances in science and virtue, it assumes bodies of a nature progressively less and less gross, and is thus able to live in planets of progressively higher order, until it has reached the grade of advanced being which enables it to assume the 'glorified body' of the celestial degree."

Having thus attained to the state of wisdom and purity which brings it into immediate receptivity of the divine thought, it enters upon the illimitable splendors, activities, and happiness of the definitive soul-life of immortality.

To the sorrow expressed by Mrs. King at the supposed state of Socrates, who, "wise centuries ago, when he laid off his mortal form, re-born in this age, is not even the philosopher he was then," and her query as to "where is his progress for the intervening time?" we would offer in consolation and answer the fact that each appearance or incarnation of the human individualized spirit in matter is for a purpose, and does not affect that spirit as a finality. The advent of Socrates for a second time on earth, for instance, if made in a less exalted position mentally—indicates a demand in his nature for a something more intimately connected with the common-place experiences of life than he was accustomed to while occupying the sublime heights of philosophic study while on earth before, and this element thus secured by a second incarnation in matter does not injure his spirit while this circumstance, does not destroy the brilliant past he once enjoyed in Greece, does not at all affect the fact of his progress in the spirit-world since his decease by poison at Athens. While here—as man—the veil of the past is not lifted to his [or our] vision, but once beyond the change called death he awakens to all that he once was, and possesses what he has gained in two thousand years of spirit-life, together with what he has brought with him a second time from earth. Should that prove sufficient to the demand of his necessities in matter he graduates from the need of earth, and passes naturally onward to the enjoyment of the advancement and untold which all previous time has given him; even as the student in one of the manual-labor colleges of our land, who after alternating his employment—first digging at metaphysical or linguistic roots, and anon grubbing encumbering tree stumps or plowing the fallow globe—graduates to enjoy in active life the fruits of an education for which he has paid the price with his strong right arm!

We have been thus particular in a consideration of the machine in which our aeronaut attempts his ascent into polemical realms; because of the strong lines of demarcation drawn by Bro. Coleman to keep up his courage, much after the fashion of the ear-splitting fact-music performed by the wreath on dark nights for a similar purpose. We would not for a moment detract from the reputation of either of the workers cited, or fear one well-earned laurel from their brows; but in our opinion the arbitrary and unqualified statement that the persons named embody the *sum* of the "highest, wisest, deepest spiritual revelations ever vouchsafed to denizens of our little earth," and that (by inference) their views are opposed only by the "vague, illogical, unscientific utterance of inferior media and spirits," is too much like the bigoted assertion made by some of the "winged" M. D. critics on the searching and searing lecture concerning "Insanity and the Insane Asylums" delivered not long since at

Musie Hall, Boston, by W. R. Alger, viz: that there were two classes of patients discharged from these asylums—the cured, and those not so; the cured could always be known by their speaking well of their keepers, physicians, etc.; the still insane—and of course Mr. Alger by inference—could be easily distinguished by their rank opposition to the asylums, and a morbid desire to relate their individual wrongs in public! It would seem, according to the dictum of Bro. Coleman, that hereafter we have an infallible tribunal by which to decide, and having thus discovered (arrested, by the way, which will as greatly astonish our genial Bro. Davis as any one else) that only that which agrees with a certain system of thought is to be regarded among Spiritualists as coming from reliable media and truthful spirits—and having also settled in the same way a rule by which the status of individuals, as to their "obscure," or otherwise, may be determined, we will follow our aeronaut from his point of departure to his further consideration of the "shallow, absurd, self-contradictory, and transcendently foolish arguments and statements" put forth by the friends of re-incarnation.

But how is it that after the bold assertion of the high range of position taken by himself and the writers quoted on the question of the fluid source of the human spirit, in contradistinction to the doctrine of the individualized eternal entity of the soul, we find him, as it were, suddenly seized with panic, and crouching down in the "balloon basket" in sentences like this:

"Of course we have not *absolute* truth, either on that or any other subject; we shall never arrive at exact truth here in the physical state; long years and higher spheres are requisite for that; but we can approximate the truth and realize as much of it as we can gather, and our limited finite minds comprehend in this state of being."

Were it not that this process of "blowing hot and cold" is to be met with at intervals throughout the whole address, even to the end, where Mr. C. thus commences a paragraph: "In conclusion, I would say a word or two about the germs of real truth that underlie these terrible doctrines. Nothing is *absolutely* false; a hidden substratum of truth may be found in every theological and philosophical error, and so in these," we should not have called attention to it at all. Evidently our voyager feels that he has passed the bounds of reason at the outset, and begins to have dim forebodings of the speedy collapse of his theoretic airship.

We next find him endeavoring to further elucidate the idea advanced by Mrs. King, that the mother's powers of receptivity and height of development—as attractive points to the "spiritual essences," leading them toward the germ in gestation—are the determinate quantities which in a great degree fix the child's position among the cognate numbers of life's problems; that "all great and good men have great and good mothers." But re-incarnation acknowledges this, instead of denying it, as Bro. C. endeavors to prove. A spirit of a comparatively high growth, desirous of completing the circle of its needs, that it may pass to still higher worlds and nobler grades of being, would naturally belong to that class of influences which would be drawn into nearness to the embryo by a good and pure woman, and, therefore, the argument proves too much for Bro. C.'s position. By the law of reciprocal action the aspiration of a pure mother-soul for the highest "grade of spiritual essence" would naturally be answered in the coming to her child of a like pure soul, desirous of experiencing, under the fostering care of such a mother, a fuller breadth of development in the field of morality.

Our critic errs here, as does Mrs. King, and almost all the opponents of re-incarnation, in supposing that this little earth is proclaimed by it to be the theatre of all that is concerning knowledge or progress for the spirit. Not so, by any means. The spirit is not eternally chained to an unending circuit of earthly matter. The doctrine of re-incarnation teaches a spirit-world made up of isolated families, strangers to each other, but of rounded, transfigured souls, who, having repeatedly borne in earthly matter life's dearest relationships, are knit together as one great fatherhood, motherhood, brotherhood and sisterhood, whose sun is God. Anna Blackwell (Y. L., page 71) thus speaks of the law of progress, and shows the absurdity of the repeated declaration of both Mr. C. and Mrs. King: "that this world is the *all* of re-incarnationism."

"That, on the one hand, spirits who obstinately refuse to avail themselves of the possibilities of progress afforded by the planet in which they find themselves, should at length be compelled to incarnate themselves in a lower one; and, on the other hand, that spirits whose diligent efforts have exhausted the possibilities of a planet should quit, for a higher one, the globe in which there no longer remains for them any knowledge to acquire, is both natural and logical; and such is, in principle, the law which decides the scene of our successive incarnations."

In "Planchette," page 331, the scholarly author, Epes Sargent, Esq., thus epitomizes the views of Kardec on the same matter:

"The incarnation of the soul in a material body is, according to Spiritualism, necessary to its improvement, by the labor which the corporeal existence demands, and the intelligence it develops. Not being able, in a single life, to acquire all the moral and intellectual qualities which are needed to conduct it to its goal, it arrives there in passing through an unlimited series of existences, whether upon this earth or in other worlds, in each of which it takes a step in the way of progress, and gets rid of some of its lower passions. Into every existence the soul brings what it has acquired in its preceding existences. And thus is explained the difference which exists in the innate aptitudes, and in the degree of advancement of races and people."

In the course of his thesis, the voyager soars higher and makes many strange statements and queries in excited italicized and "small cap." sentences—among them the demand:

"What becomes of the law of hereditary transmission of mental and physical qualities to our offspring? It amounts to nothing, is a fallacy, if there be truth in this theory [re-incarnation], which contradicts Nature in every particular."

But, in reply to this, nothing more need be said than that the spirit seeking, for any reason, or in obedience to any law, incarnation again upon this planet, is (as we have before remarked) naturally drawn to a kindred parent, and is thus individually like the channel through which it makes its second entry upon the mundane stage; and that the likeness of spirit in the child, being only gradually developed to the eye of the beholder in physical, is thought to be obtained from the parent, when, on the contrary, it is but the awakening of faculties kindred to the parent, but dormant in the embryo offspring till years of discretion slowly unveil them. So much for the mental qualifications; as for the physical resemblances and qualities, they explain themselves; it is only necessary to state—and that, too, on the authority of one of Mr. Coleman's guides,

Mr. Davis—that "every stage below or prior to" the embodiment of the germ of the immortal nature in the child (within twelve weeks of birth) "represents the great animal department," and all Nature shows that the animal kingdom, as to race and breed, maintain in their offspring, when kept pure, the strongest individual marks of identity.

Our spiritual aeronaut rises higher; things become kaleidoscopic to his view, and he sees men and women no longer as "trees walking," but miles to be weighed and disposed of at a casual glance. He throws out an ideal sand-bag—he doesn't wish to "dogmatize" upon it, but he would merely suggest the probability that the all-powerful mind of Allan Kardec in spirit-life has overcome the controlling intelligences of Mrs. Coleman's band—she, "poor, weak vessel," who, to use his refined vernacular, "as a medium through whom exalted spiritual revelations, high spiritual truths or deep philosophical principles may be given, must be considered by all persons of culture, intellect and philosophical attainments as sadly deficient, if not a dire failure," being entirely obsessed by and unable to cope with the conquering Gaul! And we are treated to a rapid survey of her course from the elevated (?) point where our critic sails abroad, abounding in such phrases as these concerning her messages: "A peculiar sameness of ideas and language, never rising above mediocrity, and generally below that standard, pervades all her utterances; even her messages from different spirits are largely tinged with her own individuality and forms of thought; 'childish nonsense,' 'senseless drivel,' 'absurd,' 'fanciful,' 'trivial puerilities,' 'worthless stuff,' etc., etc., to which we shall offer no reply." If the ideas advanced in the Message Department, over which she presides as the instrument for the invisible intelligences, have been the means of awakening thought in minds which otherwise would not have considered the subject in question, they have accomplished a legitimate work, and we are content to leave the query as to their usefulness—in common with all that Mrs. Conant has done as a willing, indefatigable, self-sacrificing, long-suffering, though much-abused servant of the spirit-world—and the statement concerning her "obsession," to the sure verdict of coming time!

Like his prototype, Mrs. King, Mr. Coleman "maketh wail" over the hard fate of—not Socrates, but Plato, this time, (for originally's sake we suppose,) basing his strictures on an editorial published by us in our issue of December 21st, 1872, which article was called out by a letter written to the Amesbury (Mass.) Millage by John Greenleaf Whittier, America's great poet, concerning the peculiarities of Henry Taylor of that town, then recently deceased. In the course of his letter, Mr. Whittier thus spoke of the subject of his sketch:

"Quiet, unassuming, and simple in all his habits, an unlettered workman, he gave no outward evidence, beyond the reticent gravity of his manner, of the profound intellectual abstraction, the depth of philosophic meditation which made up his real life. He was no reader—probably he never mastered half a dozen books—and he felt most interest in the thoughts and opinions of others. I remember, on the occasion of one of my first conversations with him, twenty-five years ago, that I was struck by a remark which indicated a knowledge of Plato. On inquiry, however, I found he had no idea that such a man ever lived. I lent him a volume, which he perused, and returned, with the simple remark that 'he saw that Plato had got hold of some of his own ideas.'"

"\* \* \* The words of the Divine Master had for him a depth of meaning which he found difficult to translate into common language; and he was compelled often to make words to express himself. He watched, with absorbing interest, the gradual processes and unfoldings of his own mind, and spoke of them as if he had no personal concern in the matter, regarding his mental movements as impelled by a power not his own. He had only to wait and observe, like the recluse of Wordsworth, the revelations of

"the powers,  
That of themselves our minds impress."

He was Oriental in his cast of mind; he would have been quite at home with Chinese bonzes, Buddhist priests, Mohammedan dervishes and Christian monks of Mt. Athos; yet he was never gloomy or ascetic; he had a quick sense of the ludicrous, and could easily put himself in the bystander's position and smile at his own peculiarities and inconsistencies.

He had somehow reached a state of absolute quietude—a region of ineffable calm, blown over by no winds of hope or fear. All personal anxieties and solicitudes were unknown. The outward world was phantasmal and unreal—he was utterly unconscious of its common temptations, and looked with simple wonder upon the struggle for wealth and place—the strifes and ambitions of sects and parties about him."

Although it is to be apprehended that, owing to the persistent repetition, in different shapes, of the same ignorant mistakes on the part of Mr. C., which seem to require answer in the connection in which they are presented, there is a risk that we may repeat our arguments, yet such course seems imperative in the premises. We have already explained in the case of Socrates, for instance—and no less of Plato or any other spirit—that the progress gained in earth-life and in his two thousand years of spirit-life was not lost by a temporary incarnation, any more than a traveler's reason is lost by his nightly stopping at different hotels; the morning finds him practically the same man who retired at evening, only refreshed for further journeying toward the accomplishment of his mission. The following, which draws down upon itself the stupendous criticism of our aeronaut, embodies the principal part of the editorial, and, in a measure, clinches the argument already elaborated:

"The spirits through Allan Kardec and his disciples in Europe, and Mrs. J. H. Conant at the Banner of Light Free Public Circles, and at private séances held at her residence by intimate friends, have proclaimed that the circuit of immortal life is only completed by the possession of a certain number of elements; that during one life—on earth or elsewhere—the spirit incarnated in one body, by reason of lack of experience, or through some peculiarity of its daily occupation, fails to acquire the requisite number, and must inevitably on its passage from matter discover the need it has for gaining the whole; such spirit therefore comes again to life a free volunteer, to take up his life, joyfully, in another body, the trials of time, that through the refining fire it may be still more advanced and brought to the condition of rounded symmetry and perfection. In the case above cited, what more reasonable than that the spirit whom men called 'Plato' while on earth, by reason of his cultivated and philosophic employment while in the physical, should have missed those hard and trying experiences which fall to the lot of the humble disciple of manual labor. What is there astonishing in the fact that he, the third descendant of Socrates and Colerus—who at twenty years of age had the courage to throw his poetic verses (hitherto the sun of his young ambition) into the fire, and follow Socrates in the field of philosophy—he who taught idealism, as opposed to realism, materialism or sensualism (using these words in their most general and least technical significance)—who potentially inculcated the rights of thought against the claims of mere sense; who declared the formation of knowledge to be the sys-

tematic elimination of the accidental and fleeting in phenomena from the necessary and permanent—should have found it for his mental advantage to return to the planet wherein he propounded his ideas, and, by taking on the body and designation of the humble artisan, obtain a deeper insight into the affairs which rule the poor man's daily lot, thus practically experiencing for himself the truth that outside circumstances, as well as the (to him all dominant) mind, had a shaping and sometimes sweeping influence in the affairs of life!"

Very much excited indeed becomes our aeronaut at sight of the words uttered by Prof. Ganzel in the Banner of April 19th; and as some village "lake" lashes its imperturbable shores in impotent wrath to the terror only of the gossings once wont to float upon its mirror-like bosom, so does he disturb his own equanimity in a most inexplicable manner, and that, too, to no purpose. If, as Mr. C. asserts, he has so long been a reader of the Banner, and if he has in that time given ordinary attention to what has been spoken by spirits through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant, he will readily remember that the answers made and views advanced by Prof. Ganzel on that occasion were but one link in a continuous chain of explanations given from time to time by this and other disembodied intelligences at the Banner of Light Circles; the paragraph selected by him whereupon he bases the assertion that "Mrs. Conant says all happiness is to be obtained on this material earth," is really but one of a series of brief replies given in answer to queries from the audience, and under circumstances where time could not be afforded to review all that had before been stated; it appears, therefore, in Mr. Coleman's address, in a manner unjustly wrested from its logical connection with and bearing on what had previously been imparted at other times, and its use as a proof-text against the doctrine sought to be expounded by it is a direct indication of the argumentative weakness of the cause he has espoused. His horror of the "black materialism of Re-incarnation" which he asserts Mrs. Conant teaches, wherein the highest point of happiness is located on earth, is wholly unnecessary, and arises either from his ignorance of or desire to suppress what has been uttered consecutively through the lips of Mrs. Conant by her spirit guides. To epitomize:

The spirits through Mrs. Conant have asserted, times without number, the facts that final progress and advancement, happiness and satisfaction, knowledge and the widest unfoldment, are the legitimate fruits, in the spirit-world, of good actions done on earth; that, as affects the spirit, there is no retrogression, save a temporary one which naturally follows an ill-spent, wasted life on this planet, which can be arisen from through proper efforts by the spirit, made here or elsewhere in the scale of being; that re-incarnation is not an inflexible doom, an eternal circle on this earth, but a something which applies to the extinguishment of a want—should one be felt in the spiritual nature of man when it awakens beyond the "shining river"—for qualities which can best be obtained by another circuit through matter. Should such want appear, the law of demand and supply would naturally lead the soul to be again incarnated in flesh; should such want not be felt, the spirit, having no material need to call it back to earth—to that part of the basic circuit of immortal life whose circumference it has completed as regards earthly concerns and ingredients—begins to ascend the spiral staircase which leads to higher spheres and grander joys. The happiness of this world (if our critic will persist in always dragging in this planet as the sole scene of re-incarnation, though Kardec himself explicitly states that the earth is not the first or last of the worlds in space adapted to the different grades of the spirit's progress—that the purer the spirit, the higher it passes into morally and physically superior worlds) does not transcend that of the spirit-world—so the invisibles have repeatedly asserted through Mrs. C.—but the spirit may here, or elsewhere, by experience in preparatory states, acquire the power to appreciate that spiritual happiness, without which it would be a valueless gift. Therefore the leaped-at conclusions to which Mr. C. seems to arrive in his address—that, according to re-incarnationary incantations, "the spirit-world is a useless incubation, in the universal economy in Deific causation, and ought to be abolished instantly," and that, on the supervening of the change called death, the spirit takes a final place according to its status at such death, throwing away all the rest of its experiences, in other lives—return dove-like and quiescent to their polished and erudite author, finding no ground-work in truth whereon to "rest the soles of their feet."

But now comes the crisis. Who that has marked the graceful undulatory gyrations of his logic and the majestic upswelling of his rhetorical imagery, will recognize the *finale*, when suddenly, without warning, and seeming even in print to drop his voice, he descends with one sweep to the very ground occupied by us poor "deluded," "silly," "childish," "obscure individuals" who are so wanting in "common sense" that we give ear to the "vague, illogical, unscientific utterances of inferior media and spirits"? Why, he desires to speak of the *truths* which underlie the doctrine of re-incarnation, and proceeds to give us "all out of his own head" as clear a description of the ascent into beatitude of a soul which really deserves and earns such happiness, (despite his italicized "*saving clause*" in parenthesis, as given below,) as the most sanguine disciple of that belief could wish. Well done, Bro. Coleman! at the end of your striking aerial experiences we are glad to shake hands with you once more on *terra firma*! The spirit which has fitted itself for the superior order, finished the circuit of its material needs, and consequently become naturally emancipated from earth's abiding but rounding and ripening material vicissitudes, *does indeed*, in the words of Bro. Coleman himself, in the last paragraph of his discourse, "become re-incarnated, as it passes from one sphere to another. Leaving the earth-sphere, it takes on the spiritual body in place of the physical; after an indefinite period, the time of which is not exactly known—yet on earth, it passes through a change analogous, in some respects, to death, but painless, sweet and calm; it lies down to repose, knowing full well the rich blessing in store for it, is unconscious a few moments, and then, passing to the second spiritual sphere, or third sphere, it is blessed with a higher and more refined spirit-body, and so on from the third to the fourth, and from sphere to sphere, each time leaving behind it old body, and assuming a new and far more sublimated one. This is the soul's real re-incarnation. (I use the term re-incarnation here without regard to its original *etymological derivations and significations*.) What each one of us will assuredly pass through. This we rejoice at, and bless the Beneficent Power that has so ordained. Nothing to shrink from, nothing to fear, but calmly reposing upon the wisdom and goodness of the Infinite Father and Mother of us all, upward and onward we soar, through the circling spheres of immensity, leaving earth and its trials far behind, and at each successive and glorious step we rise, at each new beauty that we see—

—sun at our song and

—sacred God, to thee,

Nearer to thee."