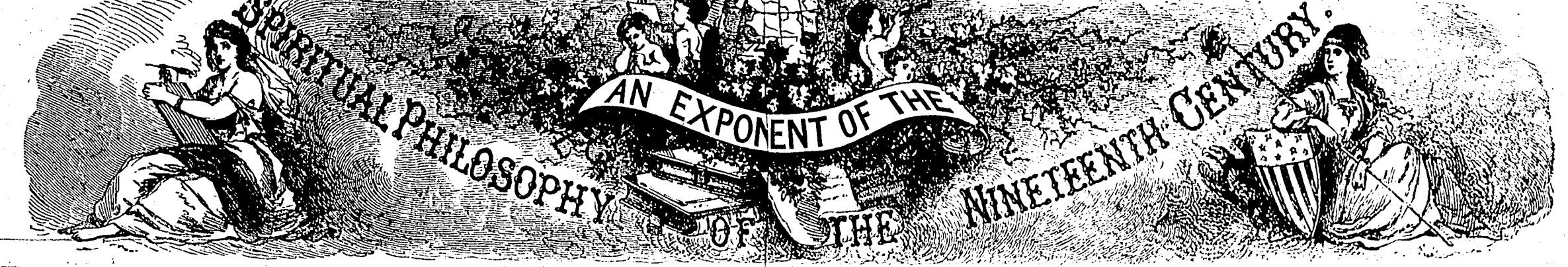


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The Rostrum.

RE-INCARNATION.

A CONDENSED REPORT OF THE LECTURE OF
STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS AT PARKER MEMORIAL HALL, SUNDAY EVENING, NOV. 22D,
ON METEMPSYCHOSIS, RE-INCARNATION AND
MODERN SPIRITISM.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Mr. Andrews glanced at rather than expanded the old and formerly current idea of metempsychosis. He defined it as the general notion, now called the development theory, in a less exact and scientific but in a more broadly philosophical sense. Instead of affirming merely that one living form is evolved from another, and so that the process is carried upward and forward to a higher stage of evolution, in respect to the series and the result—the previous individuals being everywhere sacrificed to the existence of subsequent individuals—this older doctrine which prevailed in all the thinking countries of the world, affirmed that the identical individual survived, as a perpetual soul, running through the whole series of evolution, and reappeared in the successive stages—itsself elevated and developed into a higher potency of its own being. Man, therefore, had been vegetated before he was animal, and animal before he was man; and this was true of the individual now extant, and of all individuals. Not only so, but men now living on the earth had lived previously in inferior, or at all events earlier human bodies, and so had been, successively, re-incarnated from time to time on the earth. This doctrine, which fairly dominated the earth in former times, went into disrepute under the teachings of the Christian fathers, who referred the origin of humanity to the creation of Adam, as that event was understood to be recited in Genesis. But now, again, the account in Genesis has undergone the criticism of science, and it is found that it must either be rejected, or undergo such a complete change in the mode of its interpretation, that it will admit under it any necessary accommodation with more ancient or more modern doctrine. It is not sufficiently apprehended by the Christian world that, as the matter now stands, in the minds of all fearless and rational investigators, even the most ancient of Hebrew scriptures are a very modern kind of writings. The argument from antiquity, to which the Catholic Church especially clings, now turns against the Church, and more ancient doctrines are again coming into the foreground.

I will say, said Mr. Andrews, in passing, that the Universalist idea on this subject of metempsychosis embraces and reconciles the ancient philosophical and the modern scientific ideas. It is conceived that every primitive atom or monad is both body and spirit, that it is potentially granite, vegetable, animal, man, angel, god; that it is from eternity to eternity; perpetual and indestructible; with a stream of life passing through it which never had a beginning and will never have an end; and hence that all being whatsoever is a succession of renewed careers of this persistent immortality.

Science has already made us familiar with two kinds of immortality: the immortality or indestructibility of matter, and the immortality or "conservancy" of force. Life is only another form of force. Universalism proclaims that it is also immortal, indestructible, and perennially conserved; that all seeming deaths are only phases of this perpetual life; and that every thread or strand of life has its own persistent eternal identity.

This doctrine, then, involves the Doctrine of Careers, and this again, with some modification, the doctrine of Metempsychosis, and that special branch of it called Re-incarnation. Re-incarnation, as that term has been heretofore used, and with especial propriety, refers to the reappearance of the same individual soul or spirit in a succession of human bodies, so that any one of us may have been formerly Judas or Paul, Plato or Aristotle, Aspasia or Santa Teresa, a rag-pickler in a great city, a Buddha abandoning a throne, or a negro slave in the heart of Africa.

This doctrine has naturally and almost necessarily come forward into new prominence in connection with Modern Spiritualism. It has, for a reason which I shall presently allude to again, made considerable little progress among American Spiritualists, and has, on the contrary, met with very decided opposition. In Europe, and especially on the Continent, the case has been otherwise. ALLAN KARDEC, in France, has been the special apostle and expounder of the doctrine, and almost spontaneously his views have been, as it were, universally accepted among the non-English speaking populations of Europe, wherever the doctrine of spirit reappearances has made progress. The reason why the idea of re-incarnation has proved repugnant to the American and English instinct, is, I think, because it has been presented in the form of a fixed destiny, a sort of necessity imposed on the soul after death to return to earth, and, as it were, to serve out its time here; something somewhat in the nature of a penalty; so that the soul, escaped from the chaotic conditions of this life, is after all, only a sort of "lapsed" or "leaved" man, liable to be at any moment arrested and remanded to his prison house for another term of service, or to complete his sentence. This idea partakes of the old doctrine of damnation; is, in fact, the doctrine of damnation and of arbitrary assignment to conditions in respect to which our own free choice has been in no manner consulted—which latter doctrine is closely allied with that of damnation.

The Continental Europeans are still much more in harmony with the idea of arbitrary authority, at large, than the English speaking populations. We, in America especially, are unconsciously deeply imbued with the notion that our individual sovereignty ought first to be vindicated here, and then, somehow or other, to extend a good way clearly—indeed, the most of us can hardly be said to see at all how this thing can be, for we have been gradually yielding the old doctrine of free will, and have got no new doctrine covering that ground, and we seem compelled to admit that we came into the present life without any consent or privacy of our own. But, despite of all this, the American instinct, so to speak, in behalf of freedom, has become so inveterate that it will not yield readily to any new affirmation of despotism, even in God or in Nature; and while it does not see clearly how the logic, it will not yield readily to the statement.

Such I think to be a solution of the very striking fact that a doctrine which is wide-spread and readily appropriated in Europe, is distasteful to our people, and makes little progress here.

I shall now proceed to state the doctrine as it lies in my own mind, and in such a form as will, as I believe, remove the objection to it which prevails in most minds here, or at any rate with some. I confess to a strong sympathy with the instinctive love of freedom which is the basis of the modern system of things in the universe, such as modern thought leans to, on the one hand, and to any purely arbitrary or unauthoritative system of things, such as the ancient thought leaned to, on the other hand. It seems to me that I am here, too, and that I go for something in the solution of the total problem of being; and especially if it proves to be the case that the germ of me and of my identity is from eternity, and is never to be extinguished. Infinity, in the doctrine of the soul in respect to its duration, begins to authorize its pretension to all the other divine attributes. It may turn out that man, in objectifying his ideal of God, has been merely projecting his own innermost potentiality. But I wish to avoid being metaphysical, and to come directly to an exposition of the subject.

What I shall now proceed to say is, in part, logical deduction from universalized principles; but it is in part, also, the purport of communications made to me through spiritual mediums, and especially through a lady medium, formerly resident in this city, and whose name I will, with her consent, communicate on some future occasion. A very remarkable band of spirits accompanying this medium make a specialty of this subject of re-incarnation, and profess to give in relation to it the definite testimony of what they know about the matter, and not a mere theory or speculation. I will add, then, that what I am about to state is not offered as a strict result of science; nor is it offered to you, dogmatically, as something which you must believe; it is, in a word, merely an abstract of my own Cosmical Conception—of the way, as I have said, in which the matter lies in my mind, as the result of all that I know, combined with things which I have been told and believed. It claims no authority other than such as may come from its own intrinsic reasonableness.

The universe is made up of the aggregate of the Cosmical Conceptions which are entertained by all of us; that is to say, by all beings capable of having mental conceptions. Some one exclaimed: "What a different universe for Newton and Newton's dog, Carlo! To be sure! And what a different universe for any two of us! It is not sufficiently reflected upon that we all inhabit different worlds, or world-ideals. It is this which I mean by Cosmical Conception. And I am now going to give you an abstract of my own Cosmical Conception, and in that aspect of it especially which relates to this matter of re-incarnation.

I conceive, then, of this universe as of a three-storied edifice, of which this outer and lower, or mundane world, may be taken as the lower, or foundation story, and the entire spirit-world, as that term is ordinarily understood, as a second and intermediate story; or, if you will, one more interior and retired, as we have in entering a second story, to go in and up through that which is below. There is, then, a third story, a sort of dome or observatory, more interior, and higher still, which overlooks the whole edifice, and, as it were, dominates the whole. Let us designate this the *Eternal Soul-World*, or the *Highest and Innermost*. The entire spirit-world, as such, including the three Heavens and the three Hells of Swedenborg and his intermediate World of Spirits, and including the spiritualized Spirit doctrine of the early Modern Spiritualists, is, then, an intermediate world between this outer mundane world, or sphere, and the Innermost, the *Eternal Soul-World*, or the *Olympian Heights of the Cosmos*.

Individual human souls are directly born through the spirit-world, out of the *Eternal Soul-World*, into this outer mundane world; and when the body assumed here dies, the soul falls back into the spirit-world; and subsequently, by another process, analogous to the first, ceases again, no matter how many centuries, into the Innermost; or, otherwise conceived, arises to the utmost subjective heights of its own nature. At this sublime and centering point of being I conceive that all souls who arrive here, or rather when they arrive there, as all do at recurring periods of their eternal existence—are freed, to the greatest of possible degrees, but never absolutely, from their connection with matter; and that they are, at this point, absorbed into the Divine Sphere, or in simple terms, into God; that God, in other words, none other than this centering knot of souls congregated into unity—a unity, nevertheless, which is never so absolute as to imply the absolute destruction of the several individualities—which absolute unity would be zero, or pure nothingness.

It is this close verging of unity upon nothingness which was felt or perceived by the old Hindu philosophers, whence arose the fact that absorption into God was by them confounded with annihilation, and called *Nirvana*, a word which has that meaning. But passages constantly occur in the theological writings of that wonderful period of thought which are inconsistent with the idea of nothingness, and which restore the notion of unity. *Nirvana*, the Divine Sphere, the Supreme God-realm, was, in fact, to their conception, the wavering margin between annihilation and the absolute fullness of being, the conceptual cleft between Aught and Naught, out of which all things proceed, the point to which Hegel again brings back the beginning of philosophy.

In this identification of the soul with Supreme Being, the individual soul becomes divine, or rather resumes that divinity which is always inherent in it, constituting the Innermost of every being. At this sublime elevation the soul looks out, with a free vision, over the universal realm. It

turns back on the lines of its own past careers into the infinity of the past, and forward over other careers which it is then free to plan and choose for itself. Its endowment with a qualified omnipotence and omniscience—an omnipotence and an omniscience only limited by laws which are cognate with its own nature, and by the coincidence of other individualities with which, as involved in the same lifeline sphere, it finds itself in perfect harmony.

The individual soul, in this divine sphere, in this eternal soul-world, dwells there at its own option, through countless ages; or, from motives which affect it, it determines in freedom, and from its own choice, to enter upon some new career through the lower realms of less purified spirit, and of gross matter. In this latter case it selects and plans its voyage, even down to a certain degree of the minutiae of detail. It puts itself under the guardianship of such as remain, and launches out upon its new and perilous career. It selects then, in its own future body, watches over its evolution, enters it as a new-born soul at the appropriate moment, purposely cuts off its memory of its own high estate, and so renews the voyage of life in the lower spheres, not as a culprit condemned to serve out a penal destiny, but in full freedom and from its own individual choice.

The soul at its own sublime height is intact, independent, and has the voluntary power to go out from its subject state of being and to project itself into form. The Innermost or Supreme in man is supreme over circumstance. Let me illustrate by analogies: Suppose a prince, born at a court, and destined to the inheritance of royalty. There is no external and constraining necessity compelling him to undergo hardship or to accept of a career of severity and endurance. But he has heard of sailors and voyages and shipwrecks, and of wars and warriors and battles, and his soul is free with the love of adventure or with the stern ambition of his blood, and he determines to test the troubles of that lower order of life which he is alike free to avoid. But he does not wish to cut himself off absolutely from the advantages of his high station, so he selects some friend at court and charges him with the duty of overlooking his necessities, providing funds, and acquaintanceship, and other reliefs at the various ports at which he may touch, and he takes his departure under this contingent protection. This oversight illustrates the whole doctrine of guardian angels.

The youth provides or selects his particular ship, as the soul does its particular child-body, and shuts himself in, like another Moses in his boat of bulrushes, for the voyage of life, with all its hardships and adventure. To make the experience perfect, he should, as he does, cut off, absolutely or nearly so, his memory of his own exalted condition, and identify himself to the utmost with the lower order of life. He is not content to enter by the cabin windows. He doesn't want a sham exposure, but a real exposure to the trials of the mundane sphere. He must not, therefore, have too much recollection and consciousness. So he enters before the mast. He becomes a common sailor; he undergoes every test, performs every duty, or he falls to do so, and suffers the penalty. Perhaps he rises through the ranks, and becomes, on an admiral. This may be likened to the death which removes the individual from earth into the spirit-world, on his way back to the eternal soul-world. And finally, at option, he resumes his original high estate, or returns home strengthened and enriched by manifold experiences.

Or suppose, instead, an actress, not driven by stress of circumstances, but by the inward suggestions of her own genius to select the histrionic career. As she goes from the green-room, before the footlights, she discards her dress of as absolutely as possible her own selfhood—cuts off her memory of who and what she is—and identifies herself with the role she is about to enact. When she returns to the green-room, she discards herself again of her role and resumes her selfhood.

The three lives which have been sketched are never, however, wholly distinct. They interpenetrate each other, and it may chance, by contact of extremes, that some in this lower or mundane sphere may, in closer communion with the higher, find life than any in the intermediate life. As there is a strong sympathy between the old and the young, between the Czar and the common people, between the highest and the lowest, this kind of rapport is to be anticipated. There may be, therefore, a positive revelation yet to come to the spirit-world from this world. Their present approximation to earth may be even more for their own sakes than for ours. Perhaps death is a blunder. But we enter here upon a new and unexplored field of speculation, for which time does not now serve, and we must close at this point for the present.

A NUISANCE—The Modern Newspaper "Interlocutor."—He is worse than a "sneak thief." Mark Twain hits him off capitally in an imaginary dialogue, as follows:

QUESTIONER.—How old are you?
A.—Well, some said he was.
Q.—Indeed I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six.
A.—Where were you born?
Q.—When did you begin to write?
A.—Misery.
Q.—Why, how could that be, if you are only nineteen now?
A.—I don't know; it does seem curious somehow.
Q.—It does indeed. Who do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?
A.—Aaron Burr.
Q.—But you could never have met Aaron Burr, if you are only nineteen years?
A.—Yes, if you know more about me than I do, what do you ask me for?
Q.—Well, it was only a suggestion, nothing more. How did you happen to write?
A.—Well, I happened to be at his funeral one day, and he asked me to make less noise and be quiet. I thought I would have been dead; and if he was dead, how could he care whether I made a noise or not?
A.—I don't know; he was always a particular kind of a man that way.
Q.—Still, I don't understand it at all. You say that he spoke to you, and that he was dead?
A.—I didn't say that he was dead.
Q.—But wasn't he dead?
A.—Well, some said he was, some said he wasn't.
Q.—What did you think?
A.—Oh, it was none of my business; it wasn't any of my funeral.
Q.—Did you—
A.—However, we can never get this matter straight. Let me ask you something else. What was the date of your birth?
A.—Monday, October 31st, 1853.
Q.—What? Impossible! That would make you one hundred and eighty years old. How do you account for that?
A.—I don't account for it at all.
Q.—But you said at first you were only nineteen, and now you make yourself out to be one hundred and eighty. It is an awful discrepancy.
A.—Why, have you noticed that? (Shaking head.) Many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy, but somehow I couldn't make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing!

"Mamma, where do the cows get the milk?" asked Johnnie, looking up from the foaming pan of milk which he had been intently regarding. "Where do you get your tears?" was the answer. After a thoughtful silence he again broke out: "Mamma, do the cows have to be spanked?"

Literary Department.

THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

OF

ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

Author of "Dora Moore;" "Country Neighbors;" "The Two Orphans;" "Rocky Neck—A Tale for the Times;" "Bertha Lee;" "My Husband's Secret;" "Josie Gray;" "Pictures of Real Life in New York;" "The Two Cousins;" "Sunshine and Tempest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Zell was back so soon that Roso could not suspect her of going further than the dining-room. The lock yielded to the old key. The door opened into a long, low, narrow room which had two windows looking to the west; there were formerly two other windows on the south side. These had been roughly walled up. This room had not been cleaned when the rest of the house underwent purification, for the dust lay thick on all within. The floor was bare, save a strip of rag carpet before a low, rough bedstead of unpainted wood. Upon this bedstead was a cotton mattress, mouldy and ragged, on which, not smoothly laid, but in a heap, lay a woolen coverlet. The walls had once been white-washed, but they were now yellow with age, and covered with cobwebs and stains; the ceiling above was of wood, painted green, but much discolored. By the side of the bed was a wash-stand, also of unpainted wood, and furnished with a tin basin much iron-rusted. The windows were barred from top to bottom with round iron rods. On the wall hung a small iron chain, a riding-whip, and some leather thongs. Near them, in strange contrast, a faded silk gown, of very ancient cut, as Zell said. She took it from the nail; it was low in the neck, with short sleeves, and though the silk had faded in stripes where it hung and almost fell to pieces in her hands, yet the lace, which was sewed in the bosom, though yellow, was firm and whole.

"This is fine thread lace, Miss Roso," real point, like that which you bought in New York." Roso looked at it, but made no reply. Her cheek was blanched, and her lips almost colorless. Zell looked round for a chair; there was only one seat in the room, and that a wooden stool.

"No—no, Zell, I do not want to sit. See here! can you read this? There is a blur before my eyes; I do not see clearly."

There was writing upon the wall in various places. It was done with a piece of charcoal. Roso had discovered it under the window-sill, as she stooped to pick up her handkerchief which she had dropped. Zell knelt and read—

"And a woman's weeping shadow,
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low."

"Let us look for more," said Roso; and she turned to the other window. Zell knelt and read—

"She lived—for life may long be borne,
Ere sorrow break its chain;
Why comes not death to those who mourn?
She never smiled again!"

They searched the room eagerly for more, but found no writing, save scrawls which had been partially erased. In the drawer of the wash-stand was a small package, wrapped in a bit of tissue paper. It contained a curl of brown hair and an infant's embroidered cap. The latter was yellow with age, but the tress of hair was bright and golden.

Roso took them in her hand. "This is a baby's curl, Zell! Fold it away again and leave it in the drawer!"

She turned to the window, and stood looking at the low wooded hills in the distance. At their feet was a grove, in which gleamed some white marble slabs. It was the grave-yard where, for generations, the Le Marks had buried their dead. "Come, Miss Roso," said Zell, "there are other rooms; let us leave this and visit them."

Roso turned slowly round. "Zell, I feel as if I had seen a ghost; give me your hand."

The hand was cold, and the face pale. Zell put her arm around her.

"Nonsense, Miss Roso, too do not believe in ghosts; the negroes are superstitious, and believe in signs and warnings and haunted houses. You taught me better."

"Zell, I wish I could see papa! I wish the dead could come back! If I could only see papa!"

"Come on, Miss Roso; this room is a gloomy place; let us find another; may I take the keys?"

The next in order was number six. This was the guest-room, and one of the most cheerful in the house, for it looked so clean and pure. The floor was covered with white matting, the walls with a light, pearly-hued paper, with searlet border; the bed draped in white, and overshadowed with a full, white mosquito netting, suspended from a gilded circle. The furniture was maple, beautifully carved, and the draperies of the window white muslin. The walls were hung with pictures—bright, cheerful pictures, and there were two very large oval medallions of Thorwaldsen's "Night" and "Morning."

Among other pictures was a painting by Sully, of a lady, young and fair. There was such winning grace and sweetness in the face that Roso could not keep her eyes from it.

"That must be the picture of the old Colonel's first wife," said Zell. "I remember hearing my mother talk about her; she told me that there was a picture of her in the house."

"Was she my husband's grandmother?"
"I believe not, Miss Roso."
They lingered long in this room, and opened drawers and closets where were stored some rare and beautiful articles of ladies' apparel. It was nearly noon when they looked this door and passed on to another room. This last was shut off from the main hall by a passage way, and two doors. It was number eight. They looked at their keys, but there was no one to correspond, no number eight on the ring. Roso counted them over and over as she stood in the little passage way, which was carpeted with soft velvet tapestry that yielded no echo to her foot-fall.

"It is not here, Zell. Let us try the door; it may not be locked."

As she spoke Zell's quick ear caught a sound as of a woman's garment, a low, soft rustle. Roso could not hear it, not one ear in a thousand could catch it. The Indian hunter might have done so. Zell started. The blood left her olive-tinted cheek, and she stood for an instant like a statue; but upon her face as she confronted the door, there crept the shadow of that scorn which we have seen once before upon her well-cut features.

They turned and went to Roso's room, where she threw herself upon the bed, murmuring, "I wish I could see papa. Oh, Zell, if papa had not died!"

Zell was gathering the articles for Miss Roso's toilette. She laid out one of her most becoming dresses, and when these were ready she replenished the fire, for the day was chilly, though bright, and then begged Miss Roso to rise and be dressed. She did so with a gesture of weariness.

"Zell," said she suddenly, "do you think Richard ever saw that room with the barred windows?"

"I doubt if he ever has, Miss Roso. He abhors old dirty rooms, and all disorder. He gave orders to have the house cleaned, but you see he has had no time to look it over. You will remember that he was coming to see you almost all the time after his return from Europe till you went North. You may be sure he knows nothing of it. Let us think no more of the dingy place."

Roso brightened up.
"As to the other rooms, I know now why he did not give us the key. He told me that he inherited some valuable plate and jewelry which he kept locked. You may be sure that is the place, and he wishes to show them to me himself."

"Of course, of course, Miss Roso," but as she spoke she turned her head around and muttered, "Jewels! Plate!" with a sneer that a fiend might be pained to copy.

Roso was radiant at dinner. Her husband praised her dress, and after dinner they walked down the avenue arm in arm. Richard pointed out to her the extent of their land from a piece of rising ground which they ascended, and spoke of his wish to enlarge the estate by the addition of a neighboring plantation. She could see from where she stood the negro quarters of their own farm, where seventy-five of them had their own little cabins; most of these whitewashed, and surrounded by little gardens where vegetables and flowers were grown. Richard was an ambitious man. He wanted money, and thought he saw a fortune in the cotton which he would raise. His overseer, Whitman, was a stern disciplinarian, driving the hands to their utmost capacity for labor, but not wantonly cruel or regardless of their comfort. He understood better than the owner the management of the hands, and treated them with uniform strictness and without great severity. They knew what to expect of him, and that no shirking or laziness was permitted. Richard was merciless to man and brute. His slaves feared him, his dogs shrank from his presence. Roso had lived with him for two months and had not yet learned this trait of his character. She was sadder than she had ever been in her life before; there was something in the atmosphere of the house that oppressed her, that made her wish again and again that her father was alive, as she once expressed it, cry herself to sleep.

Not once did she associate this feeling with any neglect of her husband. He was still her king, her ideal of all that was good and noble, only he was busy; so busy that he could not be with her much, and she longed for his presence daily. She was grateful for any moment which he gave her, and dressed herself to please him, and tried by every little device to keep him at her side. Now and then he rode with her, but generally she rode with Zell as an attendant, for Richard was occupied in the morning, and the nights were too cool for Roso to go out.

She had lived at home about four weeks when

FANTINE.

The sight of a woman whom I knew,
To night in the silent street I've seen—
Knew once in the past—yet the years are few,
Those by-gone days and this night between.
Can I bear to restore the old-time gleam,
Which shines in my heart when my eyelids
fold?

Can I bear to start from so sweet a dream,
To face the knowledge that now I hold?

But she hath ever his flag unfurled;
And I faint would register what I know;
I shall happier be when my heart hath hurled
Its weight, at least, at our mortal foe.
And perhaps some poor wretch's hands will wave
From the shadowy land of vanished years,
In a sad response, that a word may save
Some soul that approacheth the vale of tears.

In the blushes and breath of flowers she dwelt;
The vine o'er the lattice was trained by her;
Each night, as to Heaven she lowly knelt,
She saw in her window the woodbine stir.
Lilies and roses uplifted their stems,
To breathe her name to the morning skies,
And violets smiled in their dew-drenched dreams,
As she bent to look in their deep blue eyes.

Pure was her life in this girlhood of bloom;
The heart in her bosom was hers alone—
But fingers invisible carved her doom,
And feet were approaching to tread it down.
And the thing came onward, and asked no leave,
This garden of Eden it glided through—
And the serpent came to the daughter of Eve,
As he came to the mother when earth was new.

And now in the house of immortal sin,
Where the souls that Lucifer loves are made,
The gold of the prodigal flows to win
The false caress of a girl betrayed.
And the laugh that leaps to her lips the while,
And runs to her cavernous eyes in blaze,
Is a mocking ghost of that golden smile
Which the violets loved in the olden days.

Does she know that the village church still stands,
The same as in Sabbath days of buried years,
When she sat and folded her pure white hands,
And gazed at the minister's face through tears?
In the graveyard rises a granite block,
Rough-hewn and flowerless, bleak and bare—
Does she care that she keeps not a single lock
Of her father's and mother's silver hair?

And where is the snake with the forked tongue?
The viper that poisons the sweetest he sips?
Does he ever think of the soul he flung
In the blackest corner of life's ellipse?
Does she ever come in the night to him,
To stand by his bed till he shuddering wakes?
Or does she ascend from the goblin's brim,
To be tossed on the sneers of his brother snakes?

And she—when the ghastly lamps grow dim,
When God even there directs the dove,
Does she sleepless lie to think of him,
And clothe him again in a garb of love?
Or is it with a laugh of a burning scorn,
Or with grinding teeth of a quenchless hate,
That the name from her bitter lips is borne
Of the man who is carving his sister's fate?

God knows! For the woman that He hath made
Will worship the lips whose kisses were lies,
Will kiss the hand that hath sharpened the blade,
And kneel at the feet where she bleeds and dies.
And it may be, here, where they never speak
A single word to the Lord hath given,
That one tear falls on a painted cheek
Which is worth a million of his in heaven!

Banner Correspondence.

Vermont.

WEST BURKE.—Frank B. Way writes, Nov. 16th, as follows: I attended the Universalist Church last Sabbath, and saw some of the members expelled therefrom on account of believing in spiritual manifestations. There was such a spirit of scorn manifested toward those members that the thoughts which occurred to my mind, in consequence of such proceedings, induced me to visit a writing medium and ascertain, for the satisfaction of my own mind, if it was necessary to belong to a church and subscribe to creeds to insure as much happiness as those enjoyed who did not, and received the following answers, which I thought were quite appropriate for the Banner: Q.—Shall I be happier in the next world for belonging to a church? A.—The belonging to a church has nothing to do with happiness. Nothing pertaining to earth will make you any happier here. If you obey the golden rule—make your life above reproach, you will be happy here. God looks into the heart. No ceremony will affect the life. Q.—Do you believe in creeds? A.—We have nothing to do with creeds. We all see things as they are? Our eyes are opened to the truth. We no longer grope in darkness as in earth-life. Q.—Do you form yourselves into societies? A.—We have no forms; we leave all those things as we do our bodies. Those that are good and educated to high and noble purposes, associate together, and those not so blessed with good minds and pure hearts are obliged to take a position further down and, through the law of progression, come up to us, and are far happier than when they first came all unprepared for the peace and happiness the good and pure in heart receive at once.

New York.

POTSDAM.—S. C. Crane writes as follows: I take this occasion to extend to you grateful acknowledgments for the kind mention made of Austin Kent, and for soliciting aid for him through the Banner of Light. If there is one thing more than another that gives proof positive that Spiritualism contains practical elements, it is the open-handed generosity of its votaries. Austin Kent, "the sage of St. Lawrence," is a most wonderful person—one who has life experience has been drawn by himself and others; one who must be provided for by other hands than his own; a man with almost perfect brain and mind, yet obliged to battle constantly against pain and disease, caused by inherited scrofula, terminating in deforming rheumatism. He is patient in all his tribulations, never complaining, full of charity, forgiving, a heart and affection as tender as a child's.

I speak from knowledge, and with no flattering tongue or pen. I would be glad to see many others of his acquaintances would, to see his life experiences printed in a book, but suppose he is unable to write them out himself. Such a book would be interesting to a modern reader. I made a call some years ago for material help for Bro. Kent, which was generously responded to, and for which he and his family sent out at that time and still continue to transmit to the several donors thanks from their heart of hearts. I wish second your call upon our friends throughout the United States, believing that they will respond with a hearty good will. If each one who reads our request should send Bro. Kent the small sum of twenty-five cents, how much joy the act would impart to him and those of his household! Let us give Bro. Kent another good benefit.

Iowa.

DAVENPORT.—Loren R. Witherell writes: After years of study on the subject of "Evolution," I have prepared a lecture illustrated with numerous charts and drawings, and embracing a lively and entertaining description of the most remarkable variations of nature, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, together with the deductions drawn by science from each, establishing beyond dispute the origin of man and species. The lecture is a wonder to most people who hear it, and those who hear it are held spell-bound to its close. I am ready to deliver it in the East or West, to Lyceums and organizations liberal enough to listen to the truth. I can be addressed

at my home, No. 1810 Grove street, Davenport, Iowa.

Ohio.

CARRYALL.—Thomas Wentworth writes, Nov. 16th, as follows: I have inadvertently suffered my subscription year to close without my notice; I now hasten to remit the payment for another year, still intending to read the Banner as long as my faculties will enable me so to do, which cannot be long, as I am far advanced in life.

Spiritualism is gradually advancing among us, although comparatively but few have the independence to come out openly in its defence. Active advocates of the cause are scattered over a considerable extent of territory, but we have been favored with three successive summers, conducted principally by Mr. Stewart, formerly a Baptist clergyman, now residing in Kendallville, Ind. We consider him to be a very able speaker. Last August we had as a co-laborer, Mrs. Pearl, of Mich., who gained the applause of all who heard her, so far as we can ascertain. We now have laboring among us Mr. M. E. Taylor, formerly a Universalist clergyman, and who we think will favorably compare with the most talented that it has ever been our privilege to hear. He has spoken in our schoolhouse three Sundays in succession, and has an appointment for next Sunday. During week evenings, he lectures in other neighborhoods. He is ever ready to speak on any subject that may be presented him after taking the stand. We think that he is capable of doing a vast amount of good wherever he may have the opportunity.

Wisconsin.

WASHBURN.—Sarah C. Hader writes, Nov. 12th, as follows: I attended the State Convention of Spiritualists at Des Moines, Iowa. It was, in every sense, a grand success, and will give our cause an upward and onward movement. Warren Chase, Dr. Maxwell, R. G. Eccles, Capt. Brown, Mrs. Morse and others were the speakers. I understand that Dr. Kenyon is doing a grand work lecturing and healing at Des Moines. Mrs. Parry has been speaking here, and gave universal satisfaction, and has accepted an invitation to return and lecture for us just before Christmas. She is a fine speaker. We need a good text medium very much.

A New Lecturer in the Field.

After many solicitations from friends to place my name in the Banner among the many who fill the list of lecturers, I have decided to do so. If you please, you will insert my name, saying I will be ready, after the first of January, to answer calls to lecture, and also to hold circles or give private sittings among the people where I may be called, as my motto is to "do whatever my hands find to do." I have been for four years a medium; for the past two years I have been in various places in Massachusetts and Connecticut, working in a quiet way, usually gathering the people together in private houses, but occasionally speaking in halls.

I am now spending a few days in Winsted, but after the first of January my address will be Athol, Mass.

Yours for the truth, Mrs. S. A. Smith.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE WEST.

BY WARREN CHASE.

There is scarcely a day in the week that some one (or more) of the leading daily papers of western cities does not publish conspicuously an article in favor of our philosophy, or facts connected with it, and often the leaders or favorable editorial comments are found in the Chicago Times (with the largest circulation of any paper west of New York), or the Inter-Ocean, or St. Louis Globe, or Democrat, the Cincinnati Commercial, Memphis Avalanche, &c. Scores of lesser intellectual luminaries about the country, that even five years ago would not name Spiritualism without a slur, copy these articles of mine in their testimony of their own. The phenomena are breaking out in thousands of families, and in some they have long existed and been suppressed, or kept as family secrets, which now can be divulged with safety, since the churches have lost their power to harm either the business or reputation of those who have either of their own and capacity to sustain them, and since public sentiment has so far changed that it is no longer a disgrace to be a believer in spirit-intercourse.

We were yesterday (Nov. 16th) reading a long and very ably written letter in the Cairo, Ill., Gazette, a weekly paper, but with a large circulation, which letter was written by Plimpton, of the Cincinnati Commercial, to a friend in Cairo, in review and criticism of an editorial of one of the dailies in Cairo, attacking Mrs. Hollis, the celebrated Louisville medium, who, when in the city recently, failed to satisfy some of the prominent skeptics, and as she and her friends here say, for want of conditions, under which better tests can alone be given. We lectured here the five Sundays of November, but Mrs. Hollis left the day we arrived, so we did not have, and never had, an opportunity to witness her mediumship; but the editor and some others attacked her and accused her of cheating, although they did not detect her in it so as to expose her, and on hearing all sides and stories here, we were satisfied of her mediumship, and also that her tests here were not such as to convince skeptics, perhaps wholly for want of suitable conditions, such as we know mediums need must have for success. Mr. Plimpton says he went to investigate with the strongest prejudice against the theory and armed with all the scientific and philosophical (not theological) objections, and step by step he cautiously watched every manifestation and test, till, after eighteen months of the closest scrutiny, he gave up the last doubt of its being spirits, and that he has the most positive and convincing tests through Mrs. Hollis; and when we add this testimony to that of the Cairo friends, and also that of Capt. Pogram, of Steamboat Howard, the largest and finest boat on the Mississippi, and also of Mr. Hill, his engineer, who both testify to her honesty and excellent mediumship, as well as many others who have witnessed it both in Europe and America, we cannot believe she is what some of the Cairo skeptics and the editor accuse her of being, and must wait till they or somebody catches her cheating, or we cannot believe she cheats. We have so often read and heard of the Davenport and Eddy's being exposed and detected, &c., when we know positively they were mediums, and that spirits did control the manifestations through them, that we are as cautious about accepting the testimony on one side as the other, and choose to use our own senses and reason before condemning any one. It is hard enough to be a medium and "face a frowning world," without being suspected by friends of the cause you work in. Let us have charity and justice, caution and reason, instead of prejudice and contempt. Cairo is a live place; there is a large and strong liberal element in the city which is too strong for all the churches, but it is not yet all spiritualized, but it will be in time, when the tests come in the right way and are strong enough. From Cairo we return to Ottumwa, Eddyville, Colfax and Winterset, Iowa, for December.

From Washington to Texas.—No. 5.

BY A BAY LAWYER.

The Texas Central Railroad has opened a new page in the history of Texas, and will mark a new era in her segment and commerce. The dry and healthful climate of her northern portion is now brought into immediate connection with the southern portion, thus furnishing an easy, safe and rapid transit for her products; while the completion of the Texas Pacific Railroad will bisect the State in a lateral direction, opening up for settlement the vast unoccupied acres of the frontier counties, breaking up the haunts of outlaws and marauders that infest them.

We arrived at Houston at dark, after an interesting journey of nearly two thousand miles, and still continued southward, too weary to look at the old town, although the moon had risen in beautiful splendor, and therefore will make it a portion of the theme of a future letter, when we have time to visit it. We had glided onward for some time in silence, with our load of human freight sunk into that grotesque slumber that only a car-load of sleepy passengers can assume, when a bright light at the car window attracted my attention. On looking out I saw that the car was on a fire. To stop the train was the work of a minute, and, fortunately, we had stopped at a wayside pool. There had been warm enough without artificial heat, and everybody was anxious to get to their journey's end without stopping; but the fire continued for some time, and the wheels had produced spontaneous combustion. The brakeman pulled rapidly some turf and threw it at the fire, until buckets were brought, and a wet application from the pool soon enabled us to speed on our way again. Once more we were asleep, but only to be aroused the second time by a fresh outbreak of the fire. This time the conductor came to the front, ordered the wheels stopped, and looked intently into the cause of the difficulty. It was one of those disasters that might have happened, but did not, and we were soon rolling over the broad channel of water that separates Galveston Island from the main land.

"Baggage! baggage!" to the best hotels in the city? Shouted the caber to the people's comfort, at the same time running over the names of a half dozen hotels, all of which to us meant the same thing. "Where will you go?" Seeing that we must make a guess, right or wrong, I answered, half asleep, "Gladwin House." We could not have guessed better had we made it the subject of a week's study, for we found an amiable host, a most agreeable, accomplished and entertaining hostess, the former having from Rhode Island and the latter from New Hampshire, keeping a hotel scrupulously clean and comfortable in all its appointments, and a table supplied with everything the heart could desire for man or woman. Alighting, we were shown quickly to the parlor, and almost as soon thereafter to a well arranged room.

During all of this time we were revolving in our minds what we had read in newspaper history of unattended females being refused admission to hotels, when the servant returned and said, "Your name for the register, madam?" Half dozingly we handed him our business card, which read: "Mrs. L. A. Attorney and Solicitor, Washington, D. C." In two minutes more he had returned with the card, thinking we had made a mistake, saying, "This is not your name, madam?" "Yes, that is my name." With a grin of satisfaction he withdrew, and I hastily retired, after listening to his retreating footsteps, grateful for anything that offered repose to my weary body. I looked at the mosquito net over the bed, and thought it forthrightly, and so drew its protecting shadow over me and straightway fell to sleep. Soon I dreamed that innumerable sharp-pointed needles were sticking all over my flesh. This sensation passed, and again I dreamed that a sudden eruption of the surface had appeared all over my body, and now vague thoughts of some kind of disease, and this sort of off-hand of the mind, and I awoke lighted by gas, and discovered that numberless tiny mosquitoes, with very sharp-pointed bills, had pierced every exposed portion of my flesh until it was in a state of general irritation. It is said that these little fiends know a stranger intuitively, and will not molest an old resident. Be that as it may, I could well enough have spared their acquaintance.

The most difficult part of my mission to Texas was yet to be done, and naturally produced in me some anxiety. I was a well traveled road you know the landmarks, the milestones, and set out boldly; but in an untried path you proceed cautiously, doubtfully. Would I be received in the Texas Courts, and allowed to transact my business? No woman had ever yet appeared there in that role; and indeed, no such thing as a woman clerk or a woman physician is known to the world, which role I was to play. I was not a myth there, but veritable, tangible flesh and blood, and many of them with sterling good sense. A Texas widow will manage her ranch or a cattle, see that they have their proper brand, and count the gold received for their sales very much like any other woman. I breakfasted, called for the landlord, and asked to be shown to the Court Room. He came at once with a smile that reassured me; said my profession was a little unusual, but that he did not care, and that he would accompany me to the several courts and introduce me to the clerks and officials. Here I was met by so kind and cordial a welcome, and such assurances of any needed assistance in my business, that my fears were at once dispelled, and I set to work immediately to arrange and straighten a tangled web of business for my client that had been complicating itself for a half dozen years. As was soon at home, and on the best of terms with everybody; but why a lady's name should not be on any reason so much opposed to women in the learned professions as would at first glance appear. A sensible woman, who earnestly desires to accomplish a really worthy object, and proceeds in a rational and reasonable manner, will rarely fail of success. It is ability, courage, work, that the world wants; it does not, after all, care so much for sex as it does for capacity.

The next morning after my debut in the courts, the Galveston News published a half column of complimentary remarks, in which among other things it says: "Mrs. L. is, we believe, the first lady lawyer that has ever appeared in the courts of Texas. She is certainly the first we have seen since Counselor Portia appeared for the defence in the well-known case of Shylock vs. Antonio, reported in Shakespeare," and adds further, "This feeling of novelty will disappear in time, for there is no good reason why a legal lady should not wear a fashionable bonnet, and no reason why a lady's name should not be on any reason so much opposed to women in the learned professions as would at first glance appear. A sensible woman, who earnestly desires to accomplish a really worthy object, and proceeds in a rational and reasonable manner, will rarely fail of success. It is ability, courage, work, that the world wants; it does not, after all, care so much for sex as it does for capacity."

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A will is valid if written wholly by the testator's own hand and signed by him. Ten years after the testator's death, a will in his hand, A. J. (this is considered on its face bad). The property of minors cannot be sold.

Having occasion to call professionally on a distinguished attorney in this city, he having filed a suit in equity against my client, in the midst of the conversation, and in response to some questions I had asked, he said, "Be seated while I speak to a friend in the adjoining room. He will call you about it in a few minutes." He returned, having notified about twenty attorneys located in the same building to call at his room and pay their respects to a distinguished attorney of Washington City, without informing them that their new comrade was a woman. It would be difficult to say to whom the surprise was most complete; but in they came, and were severely introduced, an amusing smile lighting up each countenance. It would have been in order for me to have blushed and been embarrassed for daring to assume man's prerogative; but familiar with the ordinary court-room attorney, who is ever pictured to mind with feet elevated upon the desk before him, smoking a cigar, and even with the higher officials of the law, I received these brethren of the bar in the most matter-of-fact way, and after pleasant salutations immediately commenced conversation on our mutual business, because I had determined if any lawyer knows more than I do about the law, to find out as soon as practicable what he knows.

Altogether, I am well pleased with the straightforward, gentlemanly ways of these Texas lawyers; and would advise any woman attorney who may be young and handsome, and not settled in business, to hang out her shingle here. Besides, the practice is very simple. Everything not equitable before a Justice of the Peace is brought to the District Court. There is no separate Chancery or Probate jurisdiction. There are no rules of practice but time-honored customs, which every lawyer is supposed to know by intuition, or to guess at.

I stepped into the moral sewer, the Police Court, which has become a necessity of every city, and found there the usual number of unwashed, uncombed, forsaken unfortunates, who, Saturday night, and Saturday morning, are disposed of regularly every Monday morning. Recorder Albert N. Mills was in the chair, supported by C. C. Allen, Clerk, and W. L. Mann, Attorney. There were cases for drunkenness, disorderly conduct, assault and battery, petty larceny, carrying concealed weapons, and strange to say, one man had been brought up for being a religious enthusiast. It was not a usual thing for a citizen of Galveston, and Judge Mills did not find that an unusual case, known to the statute. He was accused of shouting, and (singular taste) of kissing all of them (not the women) of his acquaintance. It was considered an undoubted evidence of insanity, but as two ministerial brethren vouched for the uniform good character of the supposed criminal, he was let go free, without even a warning from the Judge. This Court has a decided advantage over other of its kind, in that each criminal is allowed to speak in his own defense, and to interrogate those who appear against him. Altogether, we should prefer to be a Texas criminal rather than a criminal in any other State, unless our crime should chance to be that of stealing cattle. For to then if the arms of the law are slackened, those of a Judge Lynch are long and expeditions, and a man's history and antecedents avail him nothing. He cannot challenge his jury, nor choose his own rope, and the prayers that he says must be shared to the point of execution.

I had started to tell you of Galveston, but I have so many more things to say of it, that I must send you another letter.

From the Washington (D. C.) Gazette.

EXPERIMENTAL SPIRITISM.—There has been laid on our table a translation, by Mrs. Emma A. Wood, of this city, of Allan Kardec's "Experimental Spiritism, or Book on Mediums," one of the most important and ever published on the subject, containing the special instruction of the spirits on the theory of all kinds of manifestations, the means of communicating with the invisible world, the development of mediumship, the difficulties and dangers that are to be encountered in the practice of Spiritism, &c.

The author was the founder of Modern Spiritism in France, and his works on the subject are text books among foreign Spiritists. A thorough reading of this work will throw light on points hitherto obscure even to many confirmed believers, as a diligent study of any science serves to illuminate the dark points of said science. None who are at all interested in Spiritism should fail to possess a copy. It needs only to be seen to be appreciated outwardly, but will require more than a brief glance to appreciate its inward value. Let every one, who is interested in himself, and there is no better guide than this volume will prove.

It is only just to Mrs. Wood, our accomplished townswoman, to say the work is most faithfully and closely translated, retaining the full text of the distinguished author, and it may be entirely relied upon as such. The book should be in the hands of every searcher after truth.

Published and for sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

THE PRIEST'S PROPHECY.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, speaking of the ruin of Kynost, says: "The great kitchen is still ready for the priest, and one is told how the great general of Wallenstein's victory laughed over the astrological predictions of his evangelist priest. The priest consulted the horoscope, and told Count Ulrich he was to die by cold iron. The Count laughed, and asked him what was to be the fate of a lamb that was just being carried by. The priest ascertained the hour and day of its birth, again consulted the horoscope, and told the count the lamb would be decapitated by a wolf. In the next hour, the priest told how false his prophecies were; the count ordered his servants on a certain day to serve the lamb as a roast, and invited the clergyman to dine with him. On the day appointed, as the count sat down to dinner with his guests another roast was brought in. He inquired why his orders had not been obeyed and the lamb served? The cook, without a pretense of the importance of his words, innocently answered he could not roast the lamb, for the count had said he would not eat it. When the count heard this he turned pale and said, 'The Lord's will be done.'"

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

CHELSEA, MASS.—The Bible Christian Spiritualist Society holds every Sunday in Hawthorn Street Chapel, near the High Street, at 7 P. M. Dr. J. H. Hicker, regular preacher. Seats free. D. J. Hicker, Supr.

EAST AMINGTON, MASS.—The Spiritualist Society meets every Sunday at 7 P. M. in Phoenix Hall, E. J. Gurney, Lecturer, L. H. Shaw, Guardian, Braided Cushing, Secretary.

HAWTHORN, MASS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Social Hall every Sunday at 12 P. M. G. G. Foster, Conductor; T. B. Baker, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. A. Jenkins, Guardian; W. R. Kelley, Musical Director; Thomas, Librarian; Mrs. J. Robbins, Secretary.

HOUSTON, TEXAS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in Houston's Hall every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. A. F. Hall, Conductor; Eliza Fosgate, Guardian; E. W. Plunkett, Secretary.

NORTH SCITUATE, MASS.—The Spiritualist Association hold meetings the second and last Sunday in each month, in Good Templar Hall, at 7 P. M. Dr. M. Morris, Recording Secretary; H. E. Morris, Treasurer. Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall, on first and third Sunday, at 7 P. M. Dr. J. Bates, Conductor and Treasurer; Mrs. Sarah J. Marsh, Guardian; M. C. Morris, Secretary; Susan Plunkett, Librarian.

SALEM, MASS.—The Spiritualist Society of Salem and vicinity hold meetings every Sunday, at 3 and 7 P. M. Stephen C. Hooper, Corresponding Secretary, No. 5 Plunkett Street.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.—Conductor, John Hall; Guardian, Mrs. A. Waterhouse; Librarian, Jones Hall; Secretary, S. G. Hooper; Treasurer, E. B. Ames. Conference Meetings connected with the Lyceum are held every Sunday at 10 o'clock, at the Lyceum.

LYNN, MASS.—The Spiritualist Society holds meetings every Sunday at 10 o'clock, in the Lyceum, at 12 P. M. Dr. J. C. Smith for President; Prof. Bradford, Vice President; J. C. Smith for Secretary; Dr. M. E. Eddy, Treasurer, and have obtained very celebrated lectures for the coming season, which will commence the first Sunday in October at 10 o'clock, at the Lyceum, at 12 P. M. and 7 P. M.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—The Spiritualist Association hold meetings in Lyndon Hall, Cornelius Bradford, President; George Bradford, Vice President; John Bradford, Treasurer. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in same hall every Sunday, at 12 P. M. Cornelius Bradford, Conductor; George Bradford, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. Mary L. Lewis, Librarian; Lydia Benson, Musical Director.

SCITUATE, MASS.—The Spiritualist Society

city meets every other Sunday, at 2 and 7 P. M. Dr. G. L. Newcomb, President and Corresponding Secretary. Children's Lyceum meets at 11 A. M. Dr. G. L. Newcomb, Conductor; Mrs. E. A. Rogers, Assistant Conductor; Miss D. N. Merrill, Guardian; Charles Bradford, Charles Bradford, Jr., Guardians; Miss L. Merrill, Corresponding Secretary; E. A. Andrews, Librarian; Miss L. Vinal, Musical Director.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Spiritualist meetings are held in Liberty Hall every Sunday, at 10 o'clock, at 12 P. M. Dr. H. H. Merrill, Conductor; J. H. Merrill, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. E. A. Merrill, Guardian; Mrs. Jennie Manning, Assistant Conductor.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Meetings are held in Noble's Hall every other Sunday at 12 and 7 P. M.

ASTORIA, O.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Noble's Hall every Sunday at 12 P. M. Dr. J. S. Morley, Conductor; Mrs. E. A. Knight, Guardian; Mrs. E. J. Coleman, Assistant Guardian; Harriet Dayton, Secretary.

ATLANTA, GA.—Regular meetings are held on Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M., at Berry's Hall, opposite Masonic Temple, Main Street. Meetings are held on Wednesday, at 7 P. M., at Berry's Hall, opposite Masonic Temple, Main Street. Meetings are held on Wednesday, at 7 P. M., at Berry's Hall, opposite Masonic Temple, Main Street.

ATLANTA, GA.—First Association of Spiritualists—Officers: Wm. L. Allen, President; H. B. Allen, Vice President; Wm. L. Allen, Secretary; H. B. Allen, Treasurer; H. B. Allen, Librarian; H. B. Allen, Musical Director.

BALTIMORE, MD.—The First Spiritualist Association of Baltimore hold meetings on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, at 7 P. M., in the Lyceum, at 12 P. M. Dr. J. C. Smith for President; Prof. Bradford, Vice President; J. C. Smith for Secretary; Dr. M. E. Eddy, Treasurer, and have obtained very celebrated lectures for the coming season, which will commence the first Sunday in October at 10 o'clock, at the Lyceum, at 12 P. M. and 7 P. M.

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To Book-Buyers.

At our new location, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street, Boston, we have a fine Bookstore on the ground floor of the Building, where we keep on sale a large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works, to which we invite your attention.

Orders accompanied by cash will receive prompt attention. We are prepared to forward any of the publications of the Book Trade at usual rates. We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of Books on commission, or when cash does not accompany the order. Send for a free Catalogue of our Publications.

Inquiries from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (condemned or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of important free thought; but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1874.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,
No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province
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COLBY & RICH,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Letters and communications pertaining to the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to LUTHER COLBY, and all BUSINESS LETTERS to ISAAC B. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

"The Proof Palpable of Immortality."

This interesting and remarkable work by Epes Sargent, Esq., which has for some time past been running through the columns of the Banner, has, as our readers are aware, reached its conclusion, and will make its appearance in the wider field of general literature, in book form, about the middle of December.

This work contains a condensed history of the Materialization Phenomena up to the present time. It also gives the philosophy of the subject, in its bearings upon theology, religion and morals.

In the forthcoming book-edition of the work several additions of interest will be found; a complete index of subjects and names will be given; and a new engraved likeness of the materialized spirit, Katie King, never before published in this country, will form the frontispiece. It will be a handsome volume of 240 pages. Price, in paper covers, 75 cents; neatly bound in cloth, \$1.00. It will be sent by mail by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, at these prices. Every Spiritualist who desires a convenient answer to the cavils of opponents will find it here amply supplied.

Special Notice—The New Postal Law.

In consequence of the provisions of the new postal regulation which demand the prepayment of all periodical mail matter, our patrons, when they renew their subscriptions, are requested to forward us, in addition to the usual \$3.00, the sum of fifteen cents for postage, which will be a saving to them of five cents from the amount (twenty cents) which they have heretofore had to pay at the local post offices. Those whose names are now on our list are also requested to send a proportionate sum to defray their postage from the first of January next, until the time for which they have paid their subscription runs out. Our patrons will not find their bills any larger, but rather smaller, by their sending us this sum. Those who have paid us the postage will find a "P" affixed to their names upon the paper.

Religious War in England.

The pamphlet of ex-Premier Gladstone on the "Vatican Decrees," has stirred the soul of England to its depths. The prospect of a war of religious opinion is imminent. To his essay Archbishop Manning has made prompt reply. The Archbishop and Gladstone are friends from their youth, and were educated together; hence the grapple is one of principles, not of two men who are ready to sink their discussion in mean personalities. The subject of the dispute is simply the infallibility of the Pope. Gladstone combats the dogma, on the ground that the Catholic who subscribes to it puts his religious subscription before his civil allegiance; that in case of a test, he would serve the Pope before the Queen. Of course it is so far only a war of opinion, for as soon as an English subject refused to obey the civil laws for the reason that they conflict with his allegiance to the Pope, he would find himself within the grasp of the very laws he proposed to set aside. The reply of Archbishop Manning, who, as is well known, is a convert of many years to Romanism, is as able as so superior a mind as his is capable of making it. Dr. Manning has admitted that he himself had a hand in framing the Vatican decrees, and in the council which at length proclaimed the dogma of infallibility showed himself a thorough religious partisan. "The old Catholics of England are said to have a dread of his excess of zeal, because he is a man who is respected on all sides for his intellectual ability, and in the promulgation of his opinions he is in a sense relentless. Hence his present defence of the infallibility dogma against the vigorous assaults of Gladstone threatens to stir up passions in the nation that it will be difficult to pacify."

Thus far, the Roman Church in different countries has carefully managed to maintain its religious rules in harmony with civil requirements. In this way it has avoided difficulties which otherwise would have been insurmountable. Practically it has conformed to the doctrine of the complete separation of Church and State, although England cannot claim to set them any such example. In this country, however, we do; and we insist on such separation as the sole condition of the preservation of the State. Very fortunately, again, the Catholics in England have felt keenly the imputation of disloyalty to the Government put upon them by the production of Mr. Gladstone, and have held a public meeting to express emphatically their rejection of the sentiments with which he credits them. Of course this open and solemn disavowal is to be taken in good faith by the English public,

and nothing further can be done until the divided allegiance charged against them is proven by some overt act of disobedience to the civil requirements. It stands, therefore, as a matter of opinion, merely, and no power on earth ought to be suffered to interfere in the enjoyment and exercise of that. If the Scriptures do not expressly teach the doctrine to all men of submitting themselves to the powers that be, of rendering unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, then they teach nothing distinctly. But the peril is in this very exercise of opinion. It is too strongly colored with sentiment in matters of religion, if indeed it is not all sentiment. The religious sentiment, which warms and guides the will, is everything in comparison with the religious opinion, which is but the dogma that dominates the intellect.

Hence we are making up our minds to see such a commotion in England on this issue with Romanism as has not been known there since the days of the Reformation. There are a great many causes for it, and events have been steadily ripening for it. Only the other day, Disraeli, the Prime Minister, who sketched it all in his novel "Lothair," was forced to disavow all allusion to Bismark and Germany in the Count Von Arnim affair, in the after-dinner speech he made which was devoted to a laudation of the liberties of England. The French journals were not slow to take it up, and to taunt England with dread of an invasion by Germany. So the feeling grows and swells on every side. France, which is Catholic if anything, hates Germany, which is Protestant and fighting the Pope, and sneers at England for its fear of Bismark even while Gladstone and Dr. Manning are engaged in the fierce encounter. It is the religious sentiment that is the exciting cause, all the time. We cannot but regard Gladstone's assault on the Vatican decrees as impolitic in the civil sense, although he may have had it in his mind to make trouble chiefly for Disraeli. But a fire of this kind once kindled is not easily put out. It runs across a nation with amazing rapidity. And what threatens the tempest in England is not less menacing across the face of the Continent. "The sword is the sign that is seen in the heavens." The Empress of Germany would keep other nations in trouble at home, that he may pursue his own plans without being questioned. Rome is the especial object of Germany's hatred. Both Germany and France are putting their last able-bodied men in arms. Gortschakoff, at the age of seventy-six, hurries from St. Petersburg to Berlin, to see what may be done. Insurrection breaks out in St. Petersburg. The Republic is in its throes in France. Austria resists Rome. The great conflict predicted by the First Napoleon may be at hand.

Dr. Bartol and Spiritualism.

The Daily Graphic of New York has sent out circulars to many eminent men and women inviting inquiries into spiritualistic manifestations, and asking the results of investigations. Among the answers received was the following from Rev. Dr. Bartol, of this city:

DEAR SIR:—I acknowledge your courtesy, but I am one of those prejudiced ones, and in this I have not come at your call. Yet I am free to admit your resolve to investigate. An eminent naturalist said of the manifestations, "They are not in Nature, but Nature is a long story, not all told. Who has made the history of her house, or given a chapter of contents for her volume? It will not do to brand these phenomena as trivial, and pass them by. The drawing of a feather or bit of paper from the rubbed amber, was trivial; but the telegraph and ocean cable and all the wonders of electricity, took birth of the same power. The living of the lid of the tea-caddy with the scolding vapor was a trifle, but how many engines on land and sea the observing of the little noisy bubble has sped! It is time to get beyond styling these Spiritualists a set of impostors; but, believing that the unmanifested and unmanifestable concerns us more than any signs, however marvelous, I can in my business only watch and say, fair play. Truly yours, C. A. BARTOL.

All this is very well for Rev. Dr. Bartol, and creditable to his candor. But, in reference to the sentiment of his last sentence, we would respectfully inquire, How is it that we are to know that there is "an unmanifested and unmanifestable" except by signs of their existence? To say that the latter concern us less than the former is to fall into what the schoolmen call a *hysteron proteron*, or that inversion of logical order where the conclusion is put before the premises. The signs of a thing are precisely what we ought to concern ourselves about in order to find the thing itself. But we would not be considered so ungracious as not to thank Dr. Bartol for his otherwise frank and sensible letter. It is in honorable contrast to the sneers of Dr. Thomas Hill and others in reference to this immense subject of Spiritualism.

The Mott Manifestations.

On our second page will be found an interesting account from the pen of Bro. Isaac Kelson, concerning the remarkable materializations which have recently occurred in presence of Mr. Mott, at Memphis, Mo. The following note from Mr. Warren Chase is a further endorsement of the truthfulness of the matter, and of the reliability of all parties concerned:

"We know the St. Louis parties (spoken of in Bro. Kelson's letter) well, and knew the young man and the circumstances of his death, and had the same narrative in substance, a short time after it occurred, from the spirits, through Mrs. R. L. Moore, now of Denver, Col. The parents also had quite a satisfactory message from the spirit in Boston, soon after the body was disinterred, which was found and buried without knowledge, and afterward taken up, on finding his watch at the police office, and identifying it. Such events, especially the occurrence of the phenomena of materializing, are rapidly advancing to correct the errors and mistakes of this life, and we opine that some slanderers and thieves will have a fearful account to settle somewhere, for all wrongs must be righted at some time."

The Boston Music Hall Society of Spiritualists.

Held its regular meeting at Beethoven Hall, on the afternoon of Sunday, Nov. 29th, on which occasion, notwithstanding the inclement weather, a good audience assembled to listen to the closing lecture of her present engagement by Mrs. Nellie L. Palmer. The subject chosen by a Committee from the audience was: "The Spirit-World—where is it, and what is it?" and the discourse which followed was received with applause by those in attendance, as was also the announcement by Mr. Wilson, Chairman, that she had been reengaged for December 13th and 20th. We shall give a report of her lecture, and answers to questions from the audience, in our next issue.

James H. Peebles.

Will speak at Beethoven Hall, Sunday afternoon, Dec. 6th. Subject: "The Spiritual Idea; The Materialization of Spirits; and the Future of Spiritualism." Let there be a full house.

A Diet Kitchen for the sick poor has been established in Boston. Money in aid of so really good and disinterested an enterprise will be gratefully acknowledged by Mrs. William Endicott, Jr., or by Mrs. James Brown, Treasurer, No. 1 Cedar street.

The New Phase of Spiritualism.

No one can have followed closely the daily records of the past year without perceiving that the perplexing questions raised by the varied phenomena grouped under the title of Spiritualism have assumed a surprising prominence, and challenge a closer attention than ever before. It is not merely that they are more emphatically pressed, and find advocates so much more numerous among the ranks of culture and thought, but they take new shape, and present appearances hitherto only known in the realms of fable and fancy, that so far defy easy explanations of the standstill, and the have compelled the reluctant faith of even me of science.

We have, from time to time, taken note of the more extraordinary forms of the mystery. The minor developments of sciences, whether dark or light, of psychometric powers, of magnetic influences, of sympathies and antipathies and what not else—we pass without date. They have existed and stimulated curiosity for ages; many of them can be simulated by fraud, all of them are more or less mixed with fraud; and not even the most remarkable have offered anything of real value to the world. The one thing that awakens a deeper wonder and demands a more serious scrutiny is this stepping of the ghost into society, called "materialization." This is the remarkable phenomenon of Spiritualism today.

Of the most striking instances of this marvel occurring in this country we have taken especial note of the performances at the house of the Eddys at Chittenden, Vt., and at a series of séances held in Philadelphia the past summer and fall, because the two exhibit all the characteristics of this mode of manifestation, from the rudest to the most refined. The Eddys present the visitors, as it were, to the democracy of the spirit-world, seen in a vague, gray gloom, and with an entranced medium in a pitch-black cabinet; but in Philadelphia the daughter of the buccaneer Morgan, an arboreal of the celestial spheres, with her mediums outside the cabinet, greets her earthly friends in clear daylight or in the dim room. These things furnish something new to the investigator.

These are the things that convinced Profs. Varley, Wallace and Crocker in England, and that are making such an impression all over this country as has not been equalled since the Home sensation, twenty years ago. To-day, there is not a newspaper, hardly a periodical, in the land that does not feel it necessary to devote more or less attention to the theme. With all this interest, something efficient ought to be done toward the elucidation of a subject of so great importance. The world does not accept Robert Dale Owen's investigations, because, as it truly remarks, he was a believer in the communication of departed spirits with the living, before "Katie King" appeared. It will not believe Varley or Crocker, although they were total skeptics when they began their investigations, because there is some strange influence in the thing that destroys human judgment. At best people will only consent so far as this: to believe that the thing is, just as they believe the jugglery of John Houdin or the Hindoo magicians. And as they know that these are explicable by mere terrestrial means, so they are sure even the materialization of spirits will yet be found explicable.

Meanwhile, the Spiritualists complain that the world coldly and unsympathetically refuses to respect their doctrine or acknowledge it as beneficial. But the world looks at results, and has seen little but evil results, as yet. The medley of good and evil experiments which have followed and clustered around Spiritualism have distinguished the sober and self-respecting to have anything to do with it. The spiritual element has been practically swamped beneath trivialities and impurities.

Yet it is plain that there must be some food for soul and mind in Spiritualism. The fact that William and Mary Howitt, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, and other eminent and estimable persons in England—that T. W. Higginson, Robert Dale Owen, the late Judge Edmunds, and others of a high standing, both intellectual and moral, in this country are Spiritualists, even so much, Mr. Owen, in the Atlantic Monthly, endeavor to tell us what this food is—to answer the inevitable *quis bono*. Mrs. Andrews, in a letter which we publish this morning, clearly and beautifully presents the best knowledge the spirits have afforded the life beyond. And "Katie King" and her father have told their own stories, and we learn from this little pamphlet, before we all these, especially the latter, bear singular correspondence with portions of the revelations of Emanuel Swedenborg, the fountain-head of Spiritualist theories of the future, but they bear also marked differences. They should be read and considered with rational attention, for the doctrine of progress in the world to come which they set forth is one which has had no little share in modifying the belief of the Christian churches.

We publish the above from the Springfield Republican of Nov. 21st. It is fair and candid, and shows the remarkable change which has come over the best of our daily papers in their attitude toward Spiritualism; for everybody knows that the Republican has not its superior in the country in the ability with which all its departments are filled. But when it would excuse the assailants of Spiritualism by the remark, "The world looks at results, and has seen little but evil results as yet," we would suggest that if there are evil results there is all the more reason why "the rulers and Pharisees" should look into this thing, instead of pooh-poohing it. They will soon find that it would be about as sensible in them to charge evil results upon the solar system, the equator, or the fact of gravitation. Is Spiritualism a fact? That is the question; not, Are the results good or bad? If they are bad there is, as we have suggested, all the more reason why men of sense should look into the thing and satisfy themselves that a fact of God's universe is really and intrinsically bad. We believe, on the contrary, that it is our short-sightedness, our lack of absolute knowledge, our finite limitations, which make a fact that is as broad, or broader than the universe, seem bad to us in its results.

J. J. Morse in Baltimore.

Correspondents writing from the city of Baltimore give assurance that J. J. Morse, the English trance speaker, is doing good service in behalf of Spiritualism. Mr. Weaver says: "Under control," Mr. Morse uses excellent language, sound logic, and very satisfactorily explains the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy." Mr. James Clement writes of his labors in a similar manner, adding, "His séances are deeply interesting." Societies in want of speakers, making a note of the above, will govern themselves accordingly. Mr. M. lectures in Philadelphia during December, and at Beethoven Hall, Boston, in January.

John T. Augustus, publisher of the Prisoner's Friend, Daniel Sargent, late (and for thirty years) an officer in the Massachusetts State Prison, and Miss Linda Gilbert, of New York—a lady who has accomplished much for the bettering of the conditions of the convict—gave thoughtful speeches explanatory of the workings of the prison system now in vogue in the United States and elsewhere, at Harmony Hall, 18½ Boylston street, Boston, on the evening of Sunday, Nov. 29th—their lively and pungent remarks being illustrated with stereoscopic views bearing on the subject of "discipline."

Mr. Wm. H. Munier, 170 West Springfield street, has, at the earnest solicitation of many friends, consented, for a brief period, to devote a portion of his time to spirit-photography.

Indian Commissioner's Report.

In his annual Report to the Government, the Indian Commissioner sketches the condition of the tribes for the past year, to which allusion has heretofore been made. There are a few points of striking current interest. For instance, the number of all the Indians between the Mississippi and the Pacific is in round numbers a quarter of a million, of which ninety thousand are set down as wild Indians. The semi-civilized and the holders of real estate are, east of California, and mostly in the Indian Territory, eighty thousand, and in California fifteen thousand. This number, ninety-five thousand in all, or over one-third of the entire number of the united tribes, are capable of self-support, and do not call on the Government for assistance, except to keep off the invading class of covetous railroad speculators and their kindred. The vagrant Indians are set down at fourteen thousand, and the belligerents, or what are called "bad Indians," at not over ten thousand. Only twenty-five thousand out of two hundred and fifty thousand, or one-tenth barely, who are material for war! How preposterous and inhuman, then, to urge a policy of extermination, because a powerful Government confesses its inability to subject this small number to its will! The Commissioner advocates citizenship for the red man as soon as it can be given to him, the several tribes to be made subject, on their reservations, to the jurisdiction of the United States courts for any crimes of which they may be found guilty. The war spirit, however, is struggling to obtain control in the matter, and will win if it is not firmly and steadily resisted by a civilized people.

A Sad Picture.

A correspondent writing from the Pennsylvania coal regions, pictures some of the horrible scenes of destitution and wretchedness there which must have been heartrending to witness. One of the cabins visited was literally falling to pieces. The apartment was small, lighted partly by a dim lamp and partly by the moonshine through the openings of the thin and leaky roof. Here were seen a woman and four small children nestled together in one corner. The woman was shoeless and stockinged, while the only garment she possessed was so tattered and worn that through it could be traced every outline of her form. The clothes of the children were in a similar condition. They were all suffering for the necessities of life, and cried for assistance when their visitor appeared. Similar rookeries abound in the vicinity, in which thousands of poor families are compelled to live. Business there is at a standstill, and these dependent ones are now threatened with starvation. There reside men who for months and months have been idle, and unless immediate aid is rendered they must starve and die! Otherwise, becoming desperate, they will set law at defiance, and commit robbery, and even murder, to sustain themselves and their wives and little ones. It is indeed a sad spectacle to contemplate in this boasted land of Christian civilization.

Robert Collyer Shirks Spiritualism.

A correspondent writes us: "Think of a man like Robert Collyer declining to look into Spiritualism because of what he calls the tomfoolery connected with it! About as wise and brave would it be for him to decline to look into the laws and wonders of universal Nature because she admits of such things as mosquitoes and vermin. By the way, the next time Mr. Collyer uses the word *phenomena*, I hope he will not use it as a singular noun, but remember that it is the plural of the Greek singular *phenomenon*. For a clergyman to say 'Such a phenomena' is 'does not commend his opinions; even when directed against Spiritualism, to cultivated people.'"

AN APPEAL FOR AID.—The appeal for assistance from the sufferers by the cyclone in Tusculumbia, Ala., has been brought directly to the attention of our citizens through a telegram received by the Mayor Tuesday afternoon of last week, as follows:

Tusculumbia, Ala., Nov. 24th, 1874.
To the Mayor of the City of Boston:
More than a hundred families in our town and vicinity are rendered homeless by the terrible cyclone which swept over us on the evening of the 22d. Can you assist us with money to shelter the poor and helpless? H. F. NEWSON, Mayor of Tusculumbia.

Contributions for the sufferers in Tusculumbia will be received and forwarded by Mayor Cobb, of Boston.

Those possessing an abundance of this world's goods should promptly heed the call of the distressed, not forgetting their suffering brothers and sisters in Kansas.

It is ludicrous to an impartial observer of current events to see how the newspaperial pulse beats. As soon as the New York Graphic published a series of articles on the Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism, many of their contemporaries jumped in to pick up a few crumbs not gathered by Col. Olcott. For example we may mention the Hartford Courant, Boston Traveller, and others of like ilk. The latter paper especially—not to be outdone in enterprise(?)—sent a reporter to the residence of the Eddys in Vermont, and in its issue of Monday last instead of giving a just and candid criticism, took Dr. Beard's old story (which Col. Olcott so thoroughly demolished) as a basis of two columns of consummate twaddle, winding up with the assertion that "the entire performance was ridiculous."

George P. Rowell, of the firm of Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, New York City, and Nelson Chessman, late editor of Rowell's American Newspaper Directory, have entered into a copartnership under the style of Rowell & Chessman, and will conduct the general business of a newspaper advertising agency in St. Louis, Mo., corner of Third and Chestnut streets. We wish the new firm the fullest measure of success.

The Little Bouquet, for December—S. S. Jones, editor and proprietor, Chicago, Ill.—is a gem of beauty, and presents a table of contents worthy the deepest attention both of young and old. For sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Father John Beeson, the Indian's friend, is at work in New York, with good prospects of success. Parties desirous of aiding him pecuniarily in his labors, can address him care of Cooper Institute, N. Y. City.

Read the published calls for Conventions and Quarterly Meetings (on our third and eighth pages) in Genesee, Ill., Syracuse, N. Y., and Chicago, Ill.

Read the letter of Mrs. Louisa Andrews to the Springfield, Mass., Republican, which will be found on our second page.

Spirit Message from William White.

(Given at the Public Circle, Nov. 30th, 1874, with the request that it be published in advance.)

In justice to myself and my friends, I have felt called upon to return to my old home and make a statement which will, at least, set some heads and hearts right, if there are still some left who drift in error. I have been pained, how much none but myself and those who have been with me and my God can ever know, since my entrance into the new life, by a knowledge of the injustice that was being practiced toward me and mine by those that I had heretofore considered, at least, as friends. It would seem that they had forgotten that I had ears that could hear in my new home; that I had eyes that could see; that I had senses that could take cognizance of perhaps all that was going on here with reference to my affairs; or, if they had not, they had ceased to care whether they gave me pain or pleasure, or whether they were being just or unjust; whether they were doing right or wrong. These parties have circulated stories broadcast to the purport that I am no longer in harmony with my late associates at the Banner of Light; that I have seen them to be unjust, and so have cut their acquaintance—all of which I deny, and here affirm that I am to-day more interested in the dear old Banner and those who conduct it than I ever was before. It is a sacred thing to me; and although my late associates have been obliged to act in strict accordance with the letter of the law, with reference to my affairs, they have been just; they have done right, and I still hold them in honorable esteem, and am proud to call them my friends.

These same parties have also circulated stories against the gentleman who was appointed by the Judge as executor in my affairs. They have declared him to be a knave, and working for himself in the interests of the Banner of Light—all of which is totally false. He is honest, and is working for the interest of my widow and my nephew, and is moving just as the law dictates. He could not do otherwise if he would; he would not if he could. These same parties have also been doing all in their power to withhold proper information from him, which, if he had obtained weeks ago, he would have been able—or the law would have settled my affairs, and I should have been happier, and those I have left here would have been happier. Unfortunately—most unfortunately for them, and in a degree so for my friends and myself—these parties came into possession of certain papers of interest relating to my affairs, part of which they now hold, and part of which they have destroyed. If these had been put into the hands of the executor at an earlier date, he would have had less trouble, they would have preserved their honor and integrity, which is now lost, and my family would have been better served and better satisfied.

It is a fact well known to my friends and those interested, that I left my mortal affairs in a very unsettled state. That has been charged to the advice I received from the other world, which charge is false. My friends in "the new life" when they said anything at all to me about it used to encourage me to put my house in order, to straighten out my affairs, warning me against the very pitfall that I have fallen into. It was no fault of theirs, but negligence on my own part, brought about by ill health; that was all. My widow I kept in ignorance of my business affairs for the reason that she was sick and I disliked to trouble her; and now these parties, who are her enemies and mine, are taking advantage of that ignorance on her part, instilling into her mind false ideas with reference to me and my friends, and thereby are delaying a just settlement for her, with a hope that they may finally feather their own nests.

I have been doing for these parties, financially, for the last sixteen years—in business matters holding them out. This is the reward I get for it. And now, in brief, I want them to cease their injustice at once, for so sure as they do not I shall feel impelled to make a full statement of the injustice as it is, showing them up, heaven knows, in no enviable light. If I am compelled to do this I shall not cut my story short for relations' sake, be sure of that.

In dwelling upon these matters, my soul is sometimes—as my good brother Parker says—righteously indignant. I feel the injustice so keenly that, were the spirit-world much further off than it is, and were it harder to return than it is, I should overcome the obstacles and find my way through the darkness to plead the cause of justice.

I hope that the friends throughout the country who were my friends not at half, but in reality, will understand my position and the one I occupy with reference to my friends here at the Banner of Light—that they have not been unjust with reference to my mortal affairs, I declare. That they are doing all the law allows them to do, is a fact patent to every mind that will investigate without prejudice.

I see now, more clearly than ever before, the vastness of the work they are engaged in, the heavy spiritual responsibility that rests upon their shoulders, and it would ill behoove me to turn the cold shoulder to them now, now that I see how much they have to do, how much to contend with—when I know they are my friends and are acting in accordance with their highest ideas of right.

I would not be unjust or unnecessarily harsh with any one of God's children, but I feel that the case has demanded from me as clear an expression as I might be able to give, as positive a definition of my position as it was possible for me to give, so that there need hereafter be no mistake with reference to me or my labors in the grand and beautiful spirit-world.

WILLIAM WHITE.

Prof. S. B. Brittan's Journal of Spiritual Science (Quarterly), for October, has just been placed on our counter for sale. It is gotten up in superb style, is well edited, and should find a ready demand. The present number contains a splendid engraving of Joan of Arc. Mary F. Davis has an article on "Woman Suffrage;" Geo. Sexton, LL.D., treats on the "Spiritualistic Philosophy in America;" Hudson and Emma Tuttle contribute; A. G. W. Carter, Esq., has a capital article on "Law and Spiritualism." We shall notice this excellent Quarterly more fully in our next issue. It is the absolute duty of the Spiritualists of America to encourage Prof. Brittan in his noble efforts to make a readable Spiritualistic magazine. Will they?

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These who are not subscribers for the paper are entitled to the book on receipt of the difference in subscription price. The subscription price for the "Messenger" alone is \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions should be addressed to T. P. JAMES, Brattleboro, Vt.

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IX.—Appl. Ther.

X.—Diverse kinds of Tongues.

XI.—Try-Spirits.

XII.—Conditions must be regarded.

XIII.—The use of humble means.

XIV.—Spirits of human mortals.

XV.—Spirits in Prison.

XVI.—Possession and Obsession.

XVII.—Appl. Ther.

XVIII.—Hebrew Prophets and Mediums.

XIX.—Natural and Spiritual World.

XX.—Spirits of the Dead.

XXI.—Table-Tappings and Tappings.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels few words long,
That, on the stretched fore-finger of all time,
Sparkle forever.

Oh, babe unborn, oh, future race!
Heir of our glory and disgrace!
We cannot see the velvet face
But shouldst thou be a part of time,
Now, a sparkle need we say
In what will we shall pass away
The fabric of the time.

I regard the progress of opinion, toward absolute, un-
derstandable, as the one great end which hallow effort and
compensates our sufferings.

That low weak which is too strong;
A man may be a woman's slave;
The right of love swells oft to wrong,
And stolen hands may bind a slave
As truly as a feathered throng.

The little heart, the rose-bud
Into a flower and bloom,
When free above and free below;
And life and love must have large room,
That life and love may largest grow.

Dr. Holland.

Not in the sky, not in the sea, not in the air, nor in the world
of the mountains, is there known a spot in the whole
world where a man might be freed from an evil deed. *Hindu*
Proverb.

Why press we against the door that fate
Has barred upon our hearts?
Why hold our lives heretofore and devote
Because God writes their annals in fire?
Why should we sicken with dark, clouded skies,
When others make a holiday of their love,
And while we deem ourselves too weak to rise,
They're climbing above?

Why stand and dream in a cold, far time
Unreal drama, whose sadness makes them sweet,
And, since we may not break our life's full prime,
Dream that we rest contented at God's feet?
Why cry to heaven for lost and broken hours,
For faded hopes that faded long ago,
When still within hearts new fruitful powers
Are budding now?

Honor to him who first, through the impassable, passes
a road! Such, indeed, is the task of every great man,
nay, of every good man, in one of the most sublime
goodness is goodness, and the good man, like a humble
ever a martyr and a spiritual hero, who ventures for-
ward into the gulf for our deliverance. *Carlyle.*

WHICH IS THE BEST CIVILIZER—RELIGION, CHRISTIANITY OR MORALITY?

Reported for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.

Mrs. Nellie L. Palmer interested a large audience at Baythoven Hall, Boston, on the afternoon of Sunday, Nov. 23d, by an address which had for consideration the above named topic. In introducing her remarks she said that in what she was about to state, she should not under any circumstances attempt to disparage Christianity or its work among men, or to belittle the subject of religion, but merely to show their relationship to the great moral principles of and in mankind. She said religion had come like a mighty growth from the depths of the past; it had overcome obstacles of which we of the present age could but barely conceive; it had entered into an uncompromising conflict with error; it had quickened the individual powers of intellect among men and women; it had pointed out the heights of aspiration, and the path over which the human intellect must advance to an approximation of excellence; but religion was not a something which had descended down or descended upon the human heart, in some far past, robed in the garments of mythology; it was a something which was the result of expansion and development—a something which had risen up and up and up, and dwelling in some form among all peoples and nations, and appearing in some manner to every grade of the human understanding.

Man had in the old systems of faith, gone outside of himself in his search for God, or what he conceived to be the sum of goodness and power—subordinating himself, ever to his conception of a something so far transcending the range of finite possibility of attainment, that as a natural result he was led to degrade and put himself down unnecessarily in the scale of being. But the minds of the more enlightened believers of each system were continually harassed by doubts springing from the results of their investigations and studies, and stimulated to action by the intuitions which they found to be antagonistic to their creeds, till a storm of heresies arose, and skepticism lifted its head in bold defiance to the established idea of the land or race wherein the operation was going on. Such was the effect of the primeval Hindu ideas of Deity, and such the reaction in favor of humanity which Sakye Muni instituted in his Buddhist teachings; so was it with the Greeks, who, it is true, went a little further in their examinations and dissertations; so was it with Catholicism, which (while it brought with it much more than it gave) Aristotle had analyzed and established, yet did give to the human soul a clearer conception of that divine spirit which surrounds us made the few the rulers, and the masses the subordinates of their will, and denuded of them unreasoning obedience to form rather than spirit, which course of action led in the Protestant reformation; and the student of history would be impressed by the fact that each element in the religious world was so linked, with the rest that it could not be discovered.

The religions of the past had been only incentives to the mind of man, leading him to the attainment of more light on the great subjects sought to be treated by them. The mere facts of correctness of material life and a belief in immortality were not the whole of the conditions needed; men required to feel that not only were they to live so as to prepare the way for other men and women on earth, but so as to best prepare for that eternity of experience which awaited the soul on its resurrection from the body; each must cultivate for his or her own sake that wisdom which was within, that a future further comprehension might be attained of that which was so poorly understood in this life; and this work of preparation was accepted, and in a greater degree carried out by morality than by Christianity or religion. Formalism ruled to such an extent in the established creeds that a man might be a good Christian and yet not be a good citizen, while morality, broader in its tendencies, would lead its possessor to a correct discharge of his duties toward his fellows and the State, whatever became of the creeds.

Morality stands back with folded hands and closed eyes when Christianity comes forward to the Christian's understanding, but that same morality is in reality the civilization of the world, the life-power of the human soul, the heaven in the heart of the Christian and yet not the heaven, that divine spirit of the Deity that has entered, through development, into each individual, and which cannot be put away. Morality led men to work for the benefit of their fellows; to seek to lift the fallen, to carry purity and energizing power for good into the very cess-pools of moral corruption in the great cities; to teach the sinner to be stronger for the conflict with temptation, through the revealed divinity of his own soul; it taught charity, mercy, love, kindness, and that spirit of universal progression which could not be shaped, constrained or enclosed in any belief or creed. This spirit existed, in a measure, in Christianity, but it had been made so secondary to a personal faith in an ideal made by whom mankind were to be guided that it could not be lifted up to its proper place in the theologic polity. Without morality, and that morality free to follow out the teachings of its inner aspirations, there could be no inquiry, no skepticism, no investigation of the claims to beneficence of any system; and consequently no advance from the dead level of established custom or belief.

Morality must become a civilizer because it

strives to make men better; it is the foundation of ambition, the basis of competition; it is the power which permits us to work, and lends force to every drop of our blood as it traverses the circulatory system, braces our sinews and muscles, and nerves us for every duty. It is that which is the operative power of our lives, ever acting to lead us forward to wider solutions of the mysteries of existence and their relations to that life which is to come. Those who rebuked the claims of Modern Spiritualism as presenting a broader appeal to the moral nature of man, ever closer demand upon the consideration of each individual understanding, and declared that Christianity contained all that was of value in this new movement, were informed by the speaker that there was that in Spiritualism which made every man entirely conscious of every desire of his own soul, and the why that desire existed, and taught him that every duty rightfully performed opened the way to still greater achievements; by it he was taught more fully the spirit underlying his whole being, which led him to gain a clearer understanding of himself—"a consummation" for the masses not "devoutly wished for" by the ambitious rulers of the creeds. Through it man learned that he was but the epitome of the past, and that he contained in his yesterday the prophecy of to-day, and in his to-day the foreshadowing of what his future morrows would fulfill. It taught him of that chain of conscious existence of which he was but a link, which passed the boundaries of matter, and the following instructor into the investigation of other and transcendent mysteries.

But it might be objected by the skeptic that the evidence presented by Modern Spiritualism concerning the life beyond and its intimate relationship to this, was based wholly upon the utterance of the experience of so-called spirits, through a system of phenomenal exhibits which was termed "spirit communion," and the doubt might arise: "What is this spirit communion, and wherein are the proofs of its verity?" And the speaker replied that the weight of the most incontrovertible testimony was being daily added from many of the world's gifted ones in favor of the truth of the phenomenon of spirit-return in our day and age, and that the revelations made by Spiritualism transcended anything which Christianity or any other system of religion had given to the soul of man. If but a single spirit returned to one single seer in the flesh, bringing forth assurance and proof of his or her identity, and declaring to that soul that he or she still lived in a continued, conscious existence beyond the change called death, and that he or she was still filled with the sympathy and love which were regnant in the heart while on earth, that one spirit had accomplished in the act more for human advancement and freedom from the chains of ignorance, superstition and bigotry, more for the illumining of the future with the glorious light of the ascended, than all the Christianity in the last eighteen hundred years.

Christianity had built steps leading up to the grand possibilities of to-day, and in so doing had done its work well, but Spiritualism taught a nearer truth to every human soul, in that it appealed to it to be its own individual savior from error and sin, and that the immortality which was in store for it was its own by a natural and indefeasible birthright. And this great work of interior illumination Spiritualism accomplished for thousands of souls. Christianity might have redeemed them from crime and sin, but it had not—as had Spiritualism—given them that knowledge of immortality to which they aspired.

The fact of a returning spirit being able to demonstrate through mortals yet in physical form the certainty of its existence after death was the most powerful civilizer of the age. Convince a man, however ignorant he may be, of the certainty that he is an immortal entity, destined to live throughout a boundless eternity, that he is to maintain his own selfhood through every vicissitude of being, that he cannot break from one responsibility, cannot escape the penalty of one violated law through any outside salvatory power, but that he must rise above wrong doing and its effects by after development—in that man can only be saved from sin by being inspired to nobler actions—and you have given him the most powerful incentive to living a rectitude of life, and the doing of good deeds to his fellows. There is no better civilizer under heaven than this fact!

Spiritualism inculcated a divine brotherhood; that no distinctive line could be drawn among men; that no authoritative voice could say: "Here are the sheep—there are the goats," but that all were lambs, and that the angels were bringing to and through each the spirit of the fullest morality, gradually lifting the soul from its degrading place of bondage, and opening the way to a boundless eternity. The speaker referred to the efforts of Christianity to send civilization to so-called heathen lands through organized missionary systems, but was of opinion that if one title of the amount spent for preachers, theological treatises, and other ecclesiastical agents to be exported to said lands for the mere purpose, in effect, of changing the order or form of their expressed religious belief, was invested in books of instruction, in science and mechanics, or in the most useful of things, the moral standard of these people, or of bringing out their highest powers and adapting them to their life necessities, the moving spirit of brotherly love and kindness thus exhibited toward them would do more to enlighten their darkness and bring to them the radiance of truth than the efforts had accomplished in all their toiling in the past, or could accomplish in their present way for a thousand centuries to come!

Morality was the basis upon which Spiritualism rested; morality was the foundation upon which the rule "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you"—a sentiment the origin of which Christianity claimed for Jesus, but which same idea the student would find in the utterances of Confucius at a date five hundred years before Christ; morality, the highest and best civilizer the world had ever known, which was working its way everywhere without making any pretence to religion; and the new dispensation of demonstration of the truth of this fact, which Spiritualism vouchsafed to the world, was by the power of that basic morality, bringing to all the concerns of human life strength for weakness, joy for sorrow, knowledge for ignorance, and final peace for all.

The Controlling Intelligence then announced that persons present who might desire to ask pertinent questions concerning Spiritualism and its phenomena, or kindred subjects, were at liberty to propound them, whereupon a gentleman in the audience inquired: Is there not a higher standard for Spiritualism than that which has been gained for the past seven centuries? "Bring the spirit through Mrs. Palmer replied: Yes, but you must remember that Spiritualism is not a child tottering in your midst, as yet. Man, with full opportunities for the development of his talents from childhood, can accomplish but little toward the full expression of his powers at the close of his first term of twenty-five years; and we find that a principle only twenty-five years old can accomplish still less for the many, than the man of twenty-five years can for himself, in the exhibition of its possibilities. Much is to be achieved through the after development; the standard of Spiritualism must become a purer, a higher, a diviner one, but there is not one among the creeds and philosophies of the world which at present occupies so broad a humanitary basis as does Spiritualism, and the future will give to it even a wider and grander scope.

Another questioner desired to know if there existed any material difference between psychology, or animal magnetism, so called, and Spiritualism; and received as a reply that there was. Animal magnetism was considered to belong to the human family while situated on earth alone. Psychology, by which we meant the state of one person becoming temporarily subordinated to another, so as to be, for the time, governed in ideas and feelings by the will of the operator, was the same principle by which spirits were enabled to manifest by their temporarily controlling the functions of the medium; but psychology was considered as the action of one mind on earth upon another mind, and in the physical plane, the difference was as great between the operations of the psychologist and the manifestation of the

spirit, as existed between the material body and the spiritual body. In the subject and operator were both amenable to earthly conditions, as the law of gravitation, etc., but in the other the principle was refined and utilized by the disembodied spirit, which was beyond the control of the lower law.

The question was next asked as to whether all Spiritualist mediums and speakers were not simply somnambulists? and to it the controlling intelligence replied that all Spiritualist mediums and speakers were not somnambulists, any more than all somnambulists were Spiritualist mediums and speakers. Somnambulists might sometimes be under the influence of spirits disembodied, while at other times their bodily functions might be stimulated so as to become abnormal in their manifestations. All pure somnambulism was the exhibition of some will acting independently of the operations of the body, and thus far, at least, was a phase of mediumship. Spiritual mediums were not somnambulists, yet these states were not all prompted or produced by spirits. In the process of controlling a medium that a communication might be given, the spirit regularly inhabiting the body must be subordinated, for a time, to the foreign intelligence seeking possession; but all mediums did not find it necessary to go into such states in order to present the desired message, therefore, to the mind of the speaker, the conditions of somnambulism and spirit communion could not be reckoned as the same.

Another querist, after referring to the claims put forth by Spiritualists that their system had accomplished so much more than those of the past for the enlightenment of mankind, took occasion to say that it was asserted by Spiritualism that we existed after death—that was all we were to know? The spirit controlling replied that the speaker would not establish before the audience a system of the body, but that things which had been accomplished by spirits, among them the foretelling of events long before they occurred on earth, thus seeming to evince a knowledge of them, on their part, before their transpiring in a material sense. Spirits did not present this, any more than any of their manifestations of intelligence and power, as proof that they had attained to infinite heights beyond the ken of finite perception; they rather claimed to have advanced to the realm of the infinite in the scale of progressive life, and that they were thus enabled to see causes at work to produce effects, though they might be unable to give to mortals a correct outline of those causes, because they did not themselves comprehend them.

A voice from the audience asked light concerning the future of Spiritualism—as the world had outgrown or grown out of Christianity as a system for the expression of its religious sentiment, would such not be the case with Spiritualism? It is your privilege to become partakers of all. The Christian has a mistaken idea of heaven. To take him out of life; to divorce him from life and all human interests, and place him in a department where the walls though golden are seals shutting him out from the noble race which he helped to ennoble and dignify, and permit him to sing praises to the idol of the imagination! It is unworthy the man. Heaven and hell are alike open to all. None are outcasts. The least enlightened there is the privilege of future benefit, of correspondence. We offer a comprehension of your nature transcending anything limited.

There are those so bound by the churches that they know nothing of science. They do not know they are prisoners. There are those who feel that there is nothing but what belongs to their associates. They are spirits in prison.

If all your pet projects fail, remember that you will obtain all that is useful; if not here, in the future life.

The ideas which separate, instead of uniting you, are false. If you think you can escape from a wicked world by going into a corner, you deceive yourself.

In concluding, a new influence said, briefly: Honest seekers, unite in questioning. Let your questions be born of the depths of your own natures. You can scarcely do a worse thing for the success of your meetings than to project a question in which you feel no interest! I would that the roof might be lifted, the walls removed, that you might see how many of those who loved you are here to guide and assist!

In a world of triflers, be earnest; in a world of pretence, aim at true knowledge; in a world of dishonesty, aim only at honesty.

The Pantarchy.
Stephen Pearl Andrews gave the fifth lecture of his course in the Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, Monday evening, Nov. 30. His subject was "The Pantarchy, the New Universal Institute of Humanity; Universal Government, Church, Social Policy, etc., founded on Science." He said his hearers had arrived at a consideration of the system of ideas they had been investigating, in their character as a system of practical philosophy, or as a scheme of social order and harmony for mankind. Integralism was the name given to the practical side of the new method, while Pantarchy was the poetical side. Integralism signified what was all-sided and reconciliatory, while Pantarchy meant of universal government in the higher sense of the term, affecting all institutions. Social organization was divided into three kinds: "consolidation," "compensation," and "orchestration." The first was found in monarchical government and military rule; the second in republican government and mercantile transactions, while the third was government by charm or attraction. While the term "Pantarchy" seemed by its etymology to relate to government only, it really referred to government not only in its ordinary sense, but to the science of organization in all spheres, to the science of the true system of industrial organization, of education, etc., throughout the whole range of practical human affairs. It was in one aspect a school of life. It was its business to furnish model institutions in every sphere of life. In respect to the family it would work not for its destruction but for its enlargement. It did not seek to suppress individuality, but to expand and protect it. Freedom was threefold in its constitution—its elements being non intervention, mutual accommodation, and teaching and guidance. The burden of Pantarchy as a social science was a reconciliation of freedom and order. This, when perfectly accomplished, was what was meant by the new technicality "orchestration." For instance, the principle of aristocracy was as true as that of democracy, and democracy as true as aristocracy; but each must be genuine, and science must furnish the mode of their reconciliation and co-operation. The same was true with capital and labor, and also with all other pairs of elements in social life.

The course was closed on the evening of Tuesday, Dec. 1, the subject treated being "Preliminary Exposition of the New Catholic Church, or the Religion of the Future; the two Infalibilities; and the Millennium—founded on Science." The lecturer thought that there were certain fundamental principles in religion which all men could accept. There was no dispute about the truth of the multiplication table, established by science; and whatever of true dogma lay at the bottom of a religious sentiment should be made evident by a scientific-philosophic analysis. There can, then, be a new and a universal Catholic Church, founded on universally recognized basic principles, and including all men and all beliefs within her pale. She shall assert the infallibility, in a certain sense, of every man, not arrogate to any one man its possession, and correct the false ideas prevalent concerning religion. The crowning glory of Pantarchy, all prophecy and predestination, whether of past or present seers, shall be fulfilled in the millennium which science foretells, and which shall embrace within the scope of its influence all mankind.

A "regiment of soldiers encased in cast iron, and with their mouths soldered up," is pronounced by the Golden Age to be the only power which could efficiently aid Dr. Miner in the carrying out of his boat that the twenty-five hundred light stores and bars in Boston could be "shut up in an hour!"

If this force acts in the case of crime, it also acts in the case of so-called truth. There are many men known to be benevolent, who are far forward to future life as an opportunity for greater good. It is incredible that the quality of their nature

if not to their reasoning powers, that they conceive that in the spirit-world there will be nothing but love. They see that God's goodness alone will be manifested there. It will be simply a labor of love—and hardly a labor—to minister to those in need. Man is not changed as to his interiors by passing into spirit-life. It is more difficult to live out here a perfect expression of yourself than there. But whatever your desires will be seen. You may be surprised to know that spirits are discerned as mortals are discerned surrounded by conditions. They are conditioned by scenery, by companions. They have gone to their own place.

Nothing which has contributed to your experience can be destroyed. Every incident in your career is immortal, preserved in the spiritual atmosphere. By virtue of this principle judgment is possible. If causes were eventually destroyed how could you ever judge yourself? Without memory of your early life, before, say the third year—how much less can you trace influences acting upon you before existence—influences upon your parents? All this is treasured in the spiritual atmosphere. Nothing is lost.

Man lives on to culminate existence beyond here. When you have not outgrown a love of material things, that love continues to attach itself to something, and you belong to that thing. Do not trouble about evil spirits or evil influences. You are troubled by spirits worse than yourself.

Man is like an omnibus carrying many passengers. They like to ride as well as you. Through the extension of your life they can augment their power and satisfy the cravings of their nature.

Who are you? Have you summed up your nature so that you can state it mathematically, and differentiate yourself from another?

Can you believe that children shall have no further relation with their parents after death? Do not trouble about evil spirits or evil influences. You are troubled by spirits worse than yourself. Man is like an omnibus carrying many passengers. They like to ride as well as you. Through the extension of your life they can augment their power and satisfy the cravings of their nature.

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But they fall from her side like the meteor's flight."

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