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LITERARY.

For the Banner of Progress.
Willie's Return from the War.
 BY J. H. ROGERS.

New England hills are green again,
 Sweet April comes with gentle rain;
 She bathes each lovely vale with showers,
 And calls to life the summer flowers.

She comes again, with smiles and tears,
 As she hath come for many years,
 Bidding each warbling wild bird sing
 A welcome for the rosy Spring.

Her smile makes many a bosom glad,
 While other hearts, with memories sad,
 Send mournful echoes back again,
 In answer to the murmuring rain.

One dear New England homestead lies
 Asleep beneath the April skies;
 Unheeded fall the warm Spring showers
 Among its tangled weeds and flowers.

A melancholy silence sleeps
 Where the wild honeysuckle creeps,
 And sorrow's heavy mantle falls
 In amber shadows on the walls.

The hearts that gave this homestead life
 Had plunged them in the civil strife;
 Now silence reigns the whole day long,
 Where once rang out their merry song.

I see, within the dear old place,
 A lonely, pale, and tearful face,
 Whose mournful gaze of calm despair
 Is fixed upon each empty chair.

She, like the homestead, shows decay;
 Her brown hair streaked with early gray;
 While lines of sorrow deep hath crept
 Where once the rose and lily slept.

To heaven the lone one lifts her eyes;
 "Where are my boys?" she sadly cries;
 "I ask for them in every prayer,
 And Echo only answers, 'Where?'"

She'd drained Misery's bitter cup;
 The very drear her soul drank up;
 Dark fancies haunt the throbbing brain,
 With visions of her heroes slain.

"I'll write!" she cried; "I'll write once more
 To my sons on the southern shore;
 My heart-throbs may return at last,
 Like bread upon the waters cast."

A sound now upon the ceiling steals—
 She hears the roll of coming wheels—
 The carriage halts before the door—
 A soldier's shattered form is bore.

She gazed upon a stranger's face;
 Naught of her kindred can she trace
 In this grim skeleton of war,
 Disguised by mazy an ugly scar.

"Mother!"—the sound falls on her ears
 Like music of her brighter years;
 "Mother!"—that voice imprints again
 Her boy's bright image on her brain.

That single sound of "Mother!" clears
 Away the mist of buried years;
 And in the tottering form she sees
 The boy she danced upon her knees.

"Great God! is this my child?" she cried;
 "My boy—for whom I would have died
 To shield him from one little pain?
 The sight to madness turns my brain!"

"Mother, I lay in dungeons long;
 My limbs were bound in fetters strong,
 Till each link of my galling chain
 Was gangedred with a bloody stain.

"They mixed slow poison with my food,
 Whose venom drained the veins of blood;
 There, 'mong the vermin, day by day,
 My manhood's strength hath oozed away.

"Word came, at last, to set me free;
 The mocking fends then said to me,
 'Depart! beneath the northern sky
 We send such warriors home to die!"

"Mother, I'm here—I ask no more;
 Set me in sunlight by the door,
 Where the wild honeysuckle clings,
 And every morn the robin sings.

"Lay my poor head upon thy breast;
 There let me calmly sink to rest;
 I'm fading like the flowers in June,
 My morning sun goes down at noon."

[Written for the Banner of Progress.]

THE LUNATIC BRIDE.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

The Usurer's Dream.—(Continued.)

As might be expected, this was a fatal blow to Dora. She wrote again, and that with a power that made the false heart quail. She told him that he must come to her; that she should die if he did not. He was now her only friend; and if he failed her, he alone must be answerable for the consequences. He dared not trifle with this intelligence, and with all possible speed he returned to the now doubly forsaken and desolate girl. He found her terribly bowed down, indeed, but still loving and forgiving. Under the influence of old, familiar scenes, and of the loving angel, who now came nearer than of late, and exerted all her power to woo him back to truth and peace, he appeared almost to return to the sweetness and holiness of his early love; but not even to the all-believing Dora could he quite do so. There was, however, a fair understanding between them. In a few weeks he was to return; and even the day was appointed for their marriage.

The day came; but the bridegroom did not. For days and weeks afterward he was expected; and then the tidings came that he had married a famous belle and heiress; and that was the last blow for Dora. The young mother of an unborn and un-

acknowledged babe became a lunatic; and her love, which, though *not wise*, was pure and devoted as an angel's, was, by the verdict of a superficial and heartless world, branded with sin and shame; while the selfish and exacting man, who was the inciting and positive principle of the sin, was laden with wealth and honors.

In entering these new conditions, the youth was determined to cut himself off from all the Past; and circumstances favored his wishes. Godfrey Grandewine, Senior, had no son; and with his daughter's hand, he gave his own name, with the promise of making his son-in-law his sole heir. Godfrey Grandewine was, as the boy thought, a very grand name. There was something imposing in the very sound, especially when accompanied by the ring of metal, that was marked by millions. And thus the simple John May, late clerk in the counting-house of Messrs. & Co., became the Honorable Godfrey Grandewine, Junior, partner and adopted son of one of the greatest merchants in the city. All that was behind him was crushed into a premature oblivion, and the sorrowful and weeping angel departed from his side; but he had his reward.

The other party in this compact, the haughty and insolent Matilda, was the crude offspring of volcanic passions, fed more fiercely by all the riotous excesses of fashionable life. And in this respect the youth, John, was really deceived; for he had come to believe that the unchaste desire excited by Matilda was genuine love, while the tender and delicate affection he had always had for Dora was nothing more than friendship, or, at best, a fraternal sentiment. He found, when it was too late, that lust is not love, nor a marriage of mere forms, though solemnized at the expense of thousands, in Trinity Church, a "holy alliance."

Disgust, estrangement, and incontinence followed, as a matter of course; and the marriage yoke became to him a sign of most miserable bondage. Once more he had sought the side of Dora, and capped the climax of his wrongs by offering her a dishonorable protection. Poor Dora! Did she love him then? Ask the panting dove, whose heart is yet quivering in the talons of the hawk, if it loves its destroyer. The heart he had so savagely torn away, and killed, and crushed altogether, was dead. It had no more love to bestow. She laughed and bled at him, with a bitter and biting scorn. But, idiotic as she was, she had always kept in her heart the purest pearl of womanhood, the ideal of a Love, whose sanctity can never be impeached, because its unity is inviolable. And so the guilty man was defeated; for the angry angel drove him back to the splendors of his loveless home, with a heart as cold and hard as its marble walls, leaving him at the mercy of a turbulent, passionate, and unscrupulous woman, who delighted to torment him, because she had a legal right to call him husband.

Scene by scene, thought by thought, word by word, had he, Godfrey Grandewine, really seen all this, in the fire? So he asked himself, as he rose and walked about, as if to shake off the illusion that still hung over and oppressed him. Nay, was it illusion? Was it not, rather, the highest truth? What fearful resurrections of the days, that had been deeply and darkly buried, long, long ago! What a keen quickening of faint and fading memories! What a profound insight of the spirit and truth of things! Never, until then, had the whole history stood before him consecutively. Never before had he seen himself in the real character it had invested him with. He tried to whistle. He tried to sing. He took down a book and attempted to read. He opened an important business letter. But with no effort could he recall himself. He had gone back into the Past, there to reap retributions, fearful and manifold. He stood by the window and listened to the voices of some gay guests of wife or daughter, who were just coming in. He went to the door and locked it noiselessly, though no one—not even a servant—ever entered that room without permission. He unlocked and drew out a desk-drawer, and, from behind that, a secret cabinet, curiously concealed. He opened a small parcel, and, from among some other trifles, drew out a piece of blue gazar ribbon. It was a little scarf Dora had worn on that very day when he first really knew that she loved him, and first felt his own life so enlarged and enriched by her love. He looks at it with a steady and fixed gaze, as if every character and feature of the scene were written legibly on the gossamer. An unwanted softness springs to his bosom. The callous indications, that had been so long hardening in his heart, as if by a magic touch, relaxed instantly. A few bright drops—were they pearls?—glitter among the faded folds, which he first presses to his lips and then crushes hard against his heart.

He was a hard-hearted and a hard-hearted man—holding without remorse titles of the poor—living luxuriously upon the confessions and unrighteous exactions which the self-generating power of the Almighty Dollar too surely brought to his hand. But somewhere in him, however deeply concealed, was a living Principle, incorruptible and immortal, which shall yet come forth—it may be after the probation of ages—clothed with the immaculate divinity of a true Human Soul. Though locked in the deepest, darkest cell, and chained down by the iron bolts of Custom and Avarice, it will sometimes assert itself, and arise, and come forth, clothed with its own omnipotent power. This is the latent Man—the ultimate sovereign and lord of that desecrated form, with all its perverted powers. In moments of time, it is occasionally invested with the concentrated force of years. All the false glosses—all the superficial frame-work of artificial systems—fade and fall away before it. It searches the heart. It kindles the conscience. It goes to the inmost integrity and truth of things. And this is why the proud, strong, successful man of the world so suddenly forgets himself, and weeps like a sobbing infant over a bit of gossamer. The worst criminals—and, whether

the world knows it or not, there is no criminal worse than he who coins unredempted and unused money from the bread of the Poor—have moments like this, when they experience more or less transient reunions with their own awakening and omnipotent Selfhood.

And now the Usurer, quaking as he is, and pale—so that even the purpling tints of beer and brandy have faded from his face—returns to the desk, and unlocks an inner and still more secret drawer, taking there another small parcel, carefully enveloped in several folded papers. In the deep shadow of the room we cannot well see what it is. But he goes to the burner, turns on a little more gas, unclips a richly gemmed gold locket, and holds it to the light. Is it the picture of an angel, so delicately and tenderly tinted on ivory? An artist, for work like this, should name his thousands; but where on the plane of this crude and dark earth could he find a subject with face and form like this? With the exception of necessary shadow, there is no color in the picture, but the soft tints of blending sky and sunbeams, in the eyes and hair, which give an exquisite, indescribable, but *spirituelle* effect to the whole; while within it, more latent than otherwise, we see all the depth of devotion, the graces and virtues of Woman in her best estate. And this was Dora, the child-wife he had won, but not wedded—she who would have been the angel of his better-self—the companion of his higher and diviner life. And had he really thrown away this unparalleled richness of blessing, for the coarse, cruel, hard-hearted, and selfish Matilda? It seemed incredible; but the bitter experience of more than twenty years told him it was too terribly true.

At first the very sweetness of the picture seemed to blast him; he could only glance at it, turning away quickly, as if it hurt him, with almost spasmodic agonies. But presently he conquered himself. He would look at it; he bent his eyes on the face, with a long, unflinching gaze, until his heart swelled and his chest expanded with a hard and stony strain. Then it seemed as if his breath stopped, and a sense of suffocation seized him. Human strength could hold out no longer. The tightening strain at length gave way. He bowed himself down, and wept such torrents of bitter, agonizing tears, as almost crush out the life they are sent to heal.

He was startled by the sound of his own name, apparently pronounced just outside the window. He arose quickly, and lifting the drapery, and turning aside the inner blinds, peeped out. Is it the specter of his dream standing there, in the full glare of the lamp opposite? It was a female form, slender and sensitive, and clothed in thin white garments, though the wintry night-storm was beating pitilessly on her unsheltered head. In spite of the changes wrought by time, suffering, and exposure, he knew her instantly. The wild, weird look had wholly disappeared; and Dora stood there, a suffering, but sane woman.

"John," she said softly, as lifting the window, he leaped out beyond the chintz vines to get a clearer view—"thank God for the experience of this night! You called me, and I have answered. This explains all."

He tried to speak; but something choked him, so he could not; and she went on, without heeding his effort: "John, you are young again. You are baptized and consecrated anew, John May! All the bitter years are buried now; and the child-hearted Dora is once more happy in the sealed assurance of her love. It is holy. It is right. It will live forever. John, listen, while I tell you what I have seen, that when the sorrowful days, which are now advancing with rapid strides, have come, it may sustain and comfort you. In that higher sphere, whither we both are hastening, it shall be mine to lead you back—to lead you up into your true estate."

The penetrating, though almost soundless whisper, in which she spoke, came with a distinct utterance, amid all the tumult of the storm.

"Dora," he said, stretching out his arms imploringly, "come to me, and your person shall be safe and sacred. Only let me pay back a tithe of what I owe you!"

"Pay your poor brother," she answered; "and let it be soon, for your time is short, John May. I want nothing—will accept of nothing."

With these words she disappeared around a dark corner. But as he still listened, he heard, distinct and clear, amid the wildest wailing of the storm, "John May! John May! Once more!" After this affair, Mr. Grandewine did not go on 'Change for nearly a week. He was deeply affected, and during this time resolved to lead a different life. As soon as he could go out, he would seek and make all proper restitution to his wronged brother, and do many other honorable and honest things. But the tardy sense of justice came too late for this world. His presence, by some pressing necessity, was called for in the counting-house; and this seeming trifle sealed his fate. On that day he caught a disease, which proved to be the small-pox. It was supposed to have been communicated from a heavy pile of bank notes, taken from a diseased debtor, which he had counted over.

As may be supposed, the selfish and heartless Matilda, though her vaccination had been but lately renewed, kept herself and her children away from the sick-room, and left the unloved sufferer to the care of hirelings.

But one day there came to the door a strange and mysterious-looking person, demanding to see the lady of the house. The menial knew that he was transcending orders by allowing any such person to come in; but there was a look in her eye, and an air of authority, that disarmed him of his pettiness, and magnetized him into a man; and without a word of objection, he led her away to the chamber of his mistress.

"What is your business?" asked the haughty

Matilda, languidly lifting her eyes from the pages of a sensation novel, which was helping her to while away these horribly dull and tedious days.

"I have come," answered the woman, "to receive the last breath of John May!"

"There is no such person in the house," began Matilda; but she was interrupted.

"Woman!" said the strange visitor, "we have no time to trifle. Let me go and perform the offices that properly belong to you. Immediately, Madam! or it is too late."

She looked in the shrinking eyes, that fell before her with a silent rebuke, that robbed them of their cold and cruel luster; and then Matilda could not but do her bidding. So she sent a servant to conduct her to a certain gallery, where another attendant would lead her to the infected region.

He was expecting her; for though nearly asleep, he was murmuring to himself, "John—May! John—May! Once—more!" She saw at a glance that he was beyond all possible relief or aid, and she only grasped his hands firmly, and bowed her head nearly down to his. His wandering senses were instantly recalled. He knew her in a moment; but he could not speak.

"John," she whispered softly, "I forgive you. Go in peace."

The old love-light, clothed with a sweet smile, gathered back to his face, touching every feature with a profound peace and beauty. The fitting Soul had only waited to be shrouded; and with a low, sweet murmur of joyful recognition, it was liberated without a gasp.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COMMUNICATIONS.

SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

The fifth, or aggressive sphere, was the domain of Mars, the originator of all innovations, revolutions, and wars. It corresponded to the age between forty and fifty-five, when manhood is matured, and rises above the sphere of authority. During this period man is more decided in his opinions, and cares less for the etiquette of authority and established usages; and, as statesman, tradesman, or soldier, is more apt to be successful than in any age previous. Those of this temperament, when "well dignified," were said to have great tenacity of purpose, admitted of no superiors, and were continually startling the world by their strange innovations. When "ill dignified," they were traitors and covenant-breakers, scorned all law, and "neither feared God nor cared for man." Being "hot and dry," it was in sympathy with the nervous temperament. Its angels were Zamuel, Samyaza, and Azazel; "Azazel," from *Azzil*, which signifies the Mighty God.—"Azazel" (*Calmel's Diet.*) "Azil is Mars (the hot fiend), in Edessa, and Azil is a devil in Persia; Ram-Az, the Phœnician chief god."—"Dunkap's Vestiges of the Spirit History of Man." "Ram signifies high, mighty, exalted, equally among the Hebrews, Phœnicians, and ancient Indians. The sign Aries, the Ram, is the exaltation of the Sun, and the house of Mars; and we see the allusion to it in the Persian name for Mars, namely, BAHU-RAM. Ram was also a Saxon term for strong; hence, *Ramsgate*, the strong gate."—"Zadkiel's Almanac for 1865.)

As all rebellion against conservative authority was ascribed to the influences of this planet and his angels, they were considered as evil by the priests of the various theologues, especially that of the Hebrew. On the great Day of Atonement, Aaron was to "cast lots upon the two goats—one lot for Jehovah, and one lot for Azazel"; translated "scape-goat." The goat whose lot was to represent Azazel was led "away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness; and the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited, and he shall let the goat go into the wilderness." (Lev. xvi.) The "exaltation" of Mars, or where he was supposed to be most potent, was in Capricorn, the sign of the Goat; therefore the goat was a fitting representative. In this ceremony was implied the confession that to the influence of Azazel was ascribed their rebellions against the authority of Jehovah; for "rebellion was as the sin of witchcraft." From the frequent use of the goat, as symbolical of this evil angel of Mars, sent into the desert, the desert became, in the imagination of the Hebrews, the habitation of satyrs—(Isa. xxxiv. 14)—evil spirits resembling "hairy men, having horns on their heads like those of the goat, and having legs formed like the hind legs of that animal, and the feet cloven"; and the goat has become the traditional caricature of "Auld Hornie." The view of the case is interesting to those who have rebelled against the God of the priest, who would have all to abide in the sphere of his authority, and denounces as devilish and impious all attempts at being "wise above what is written," and especially what is written in the Bible. All scientific investigation, and every movement forward which has tended to throw discredit upon the Holy (?) Writings, have been looked upon as coming from the devil—from Azazel. Modern Spiritualism is more especially the work of the Evil One. Our Most Reverend Fathers in God would be willing to let the children of their flock enjoy a *tele-a-tete* with the ghosts of their fathers, if these ghosts would only "join their church," and reverence the Bible and

the pastor. Many attempt this by investigating Spiritualism through evangelical spectacles. They are like two men, at a certain place on the Missouri river, who, having been kept up "trying the spirits" till the "wee sma' hours," announced that it was time to go home, which was a few miles up the river, and from which they had rowed down in a small boat. They concluded to return by the same means. Feeling full of glory, and singing, in their sweetest accents, "We won't go home till morning!" etc., they got into the boat and pulled away for "home, sweet home!" But never was distance so deceptive; never before had they been so long in reaching their destination. Yet, being of indomitable perseverance, they pulled away; but their songs had died, and the spirits they had evoked had left them, when "daybreak did appear" and found them pulling away at the place whence they had departed the night before. They had not unfastened the rope which tied their boat to a tree! This rope is Biblical authority; unprogressive and conservative, it is an enemy to all advancement.

If the reader will excuse this apparent digression from the subject, I will give the following extract from Macaulay. It is too good to be lost in the present connection:

"There are branches of knowledge, with respect to which the law of the human mind is progress. In mathematics, when once a proposition has been demonstrated, it is never afterward contested. Every fresh story is as solid a basis for a new superstructure as the original foundation was. Here, therefore, there is a constant addition to the stock of truth. In the inductive sciences, again, the law is progress. Every day furnishes new facts, and thus brings theory nearer and nearer to perfection. There is no chance that, either in the purely demonstrative or in the purely experimental sciences, the world will ever go back, or even remain stationary. Nobody ever heard of a reaction against Taylor's theorem, or of a reaction against Harvey's doctrine of the circulation of the blood. . . . But revealed religion is not of the nature of a progressive science. All divine truth is, according to the doctrine of the Protestant churches, recorded in certain books. It is equally open to all who, in any age, can read those books; nor can all the discoveries of all the philosophers in the world add a single verse to those books. It is plain, therefore, that in divinity there cannot be a progress analogous to that which is constantly taking place in pharmacy, geology, and navigation. . . . It seems to me, therefore, that we have no security for the future, against the prevalence of any theological error that has ever prevailed in time past among Christian men."

The creed which views the ignorant innocence of Adam as happiness, the indolence of an inactive heaven as supreme bliss, and a life in which the crucifixion of the flesh is man's first duty, is certainly one which can hold out no inducement to active progress. Inventions are from the devil, and we read, in the Book of Enoch, that "AZAZAL taught men to make swords, knives, shields, breastplates," etc. Naughty AZAZAL! Didn't you merit your sentence:—"Bind AZAZAL hand and foot, cast him into darkness; and opening the desert which is in Dudacl, cast him in there?" (Book of Enoch, p. 208.)

J. W. MACKIE.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE WRITINGS OF THE ANCIENTS.

NUMBER FOUR.

The fanciful story of a Universal Deluge receives no credence at present from any person laying the slightest claim to a modicum of scientific knowledge, or even a due observance of the progress of intelligence among enlightened nations, for the obvious reason that, like the story of the quails in the camp of the Israelites, and Jonah's experience in a whaling voyage, it is too absurdly extravagant for the belief of any but such as hesitate not to proclaim their entire faith and full belief in the plenary inspiration of every word of both the Old and New Testaments—thus swallowing the whole at one gulp, with a wise look at such performance. And why is the story of the Flood preposterous? Let us see how it looks outside of the orthodox circle:

"And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered."

"Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered."

"And all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beast, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man."

"All in whose nostrils was the breath of life, of all that was in dry land, died."

"And every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth, and Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark."

"And the waters prevailed upon the earth an hundred and fifty days." (Genesis, 7 chap., verses 19th to 24th.)

There can be no question among Hebraists as to the universality of the Flood, while adhering strictly to the literal construction of the language of the text. It would be absurdly foolish to undertake to construe the Hebrew text so as to make it read a partial or local drowning out of a portion only, of earth's inhabitants. However pleasant and harmonizing such a course might seem to be, it would yet be attended with falsehood in the sight of philology, and hence wear

the bad appearance of rank imposture, to say the least of it.

"The level of the Flood was, therefore, 32 1/2 feet above the Dhawalaghiri (28,074 feet), and over the Sorata (28,200 feet), according to Humboldt. Equivalent to some two miles above the line of perpetual snow, must, therefore, have been the level whereupon the Ark would have been frozen solid, but for a universal thaw. This is what the Hebrew chronicler meant by Kull Ha Ha Er Ba Him—all the high mountains; even if Hindostan and America were as alien to his Geography as such an aqueous elevation is to the physicist."

McCulloch, in his "System of Geology," says: "Of the Mosaic Deluge, I have no hesitation in saying, that it has never been proved to have produced a single existing appearance of any kind, and that it ought to be struck out of the list of geological causes."

"There is, I think," (says the President of the London Geological Society, 1831), "one great negative fact now incontestably established, that the vast masses of diluvial gravel, scattered almost over the surface of the earth, do not belong to one violent and transitory period. Our errors were, however, natural, and of the same kind which led many excellent observers of a former century to refer all secondary formations to the Noachic Deluge. Having been myself a believer, and, to the best of my power, a propagator of what I now regard as philosophic heresy, I think it right, as one of my last acts before I quit this chair, thus publicly to recant my recantation."

A later President, of the same illustrious corps, (1834) uses similar language: "Some fourteen years ago, I advanced an opinion, that the entire earth had been covered by one general but temporary deluge; I also now read my recantation."

It is true that Cuvier, in his "Essay on the Theory of the Earth," attempts to justify the belief that a sudden revolution of some sort had buried all the inhabited countries of the earth five or six thousand years ago—that the crust of our globe had been rent and torn by some general action, which he attributed to a Universal Flood. But a strict scientific survey of the geological construction of the crust of the earth totally refutes the theory of the great naturalist. The science of Geology was but in its swaddling-clothes, at best, when Cuvier stood at the summit of his greatness in the science of Natural Philosophy; and doubtless he was learned in all then known, of running, walking, and creeping things, better than the great volume known as the Story-Book.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The "Great Teacher" boldly denounced certain wise ones, in the commencement of the Christian Era, because they, being wise in other matters, could not discern the signs of the times—they would not, rather; hence they were denounced as hypocrites, wicked, adulterous, and no mercy or lenity was shown them. Now this, our age, abounds with just such characters, who deserve the same denunciation. Another era is now ushered in, as fruitful in "signs of the times" as was the first phase of Christianity. In the first, healing the sick, curing the blind, and causing the lame to leap for joy, was one of the principal means used to convince the people that God's children indeed wielded a power, and a Divine power, too. Hence, Paul was not ashamed to give up his Jewish religion, in which he had been so thoroughly educated and drilled, because he declared the new gospel or religion to be "the power of God" even unto salvation, and unto as many as would believe. Jesus, too, when asked who had sinned, that a certain one should have been born blind, answered, "No one—but that the works of God should be made manifest in his case"; that is, that His power should be unmistakably known. The term "works" includes a wider range of His power—power to see a necessity for, and to foreordain, the whole case, long before the development; but this by the way. I simply wish to show that the promulgators of the gospel were not only to use their tongues in the matter, but were to wield an extraordinary power in curing disease; and both combined were the means to be used in the work of converting souls. Is it not the same to-day, in this second initiation? The signs of the times read so. But the second initiation or advent was to be a more glorious one, even as the first was more glorious than the Mosaic. Read Paul's beautiful argument on this topic in the third chapter of 2d Corinthians. Things glorious do not pale, but are always becoming "rather glorious"—progressively glorious. This progressive glory being understood, Jesus told his disciples, prophetically, that they should believe in him, the works that he did they should do also; and "greater works" shall they do in the future—greater glory, and correspondingly greater works.

Now what say the signs of the times in reference to the fulfillment of this glorious promise, than which, no more important question could be put to the people of to-day?

Christianity, as it came from the hands of its founder and associates, has paled and lost its identity, and, too, lost its power. True, it wields a negative power, which had well nigh drove all our best material, in men and women, into the dreary wilderness of Atheism—into lunacy and suicide. And, since the angelic hosts have been sent on the mission of redeeming the race from such a miserable condition, these very modern Pharisees and Sadducees, hypocrites, are ever ready and vigilant to denounce and defame all who claim that spirits do communicate, even as in olden time. But to their own master they will give account. The signs that were to follow those who believe having been lost sight of—*forfeited*—were not indeed lost, but turned up among the despised believers in modern Spiritualism. And yea, greater works are being done, as was promised. I will state, for example, that Dr. Newton, one of our "fifty thousand mediums," has done more healing in the aggregate, and healed more at a time, than any of the old disciples, or than Jesus; and his career is but fairly commenced.

Another: Jesus "made clay of spittle," and cured with it but a single case, while in "these last times" comes a law of cure, or the law by which Jesus cured (through Mrs. Spence, another of the fifty thousand), so that clay, or some other otherwise inert substance, is so magnetized and spiritualized, that millions upon millions may be cured by it; and the career of that wonderful medicine, too, is only commenced. It would be useless to name more. Suffice it to say, "greater works" are being done, and no prophet can tell to what extent the works will be carried, nor how long

continued. "That the powers that be are ordained of God," satisfies me; to Him all praise belongs.

I endeavored to show, by the signs of the times, that that great promise, made by Jesus, in regard to he that believeth doing greater works than were done during the ministry of the Master, or any of his immediate disciples, (see John xiv. 12,) is settled. I would now ask the brotherhood to see to it, that none of the media make an improper use of their delegated power. I think the signs indicate that they do not, or, at least, have not. I will premise that gifts may be personal, like special legislation, or they may be made through one medium for a common good. Spiritualists, however, deny special providences; and I am one of them. Hence, when a medium receives light, power, or knowledge—and "knowledge is power"—above what can be learned by the ordinary processes, it is intended for a common good; and if to cure disease, for instance, a twofold good. Jesus went about doing good, and healing, etc.; that is, he set the example of going about doing good—physical as well as mental; all of his powers, including the lingual, were combinedly used to make converts. Simply healing was a good to the individual healed; but if the healed one became a good disciple, and helped to make others, then Jesus was doing both a special and a common good. But Jesus was a reader of character, and knew whom he conferred his powers upon—he used discretion. Those who would sneer, deride, and quiz, were not the recipients of his favors. So much for the example of the Master-healer, in his day. But how is it now? Some mediums receive extraordinary knowledge in regard to new remedies with which to heal, and forthwith set up a monopoly—manufacture and sell the medicine to Tom, Dick, and Harry, and use the money for their own individual comfort; and when a pile is made they retire from business, as do other mere worldlings, without giving to the brotherhood or to the world the secret; and without giving a goodly portion of their medicine and earnings to the poor; in fine, without seeming to care whether cures, performed through the instrumentality of their secret, contributed to make converts to the new faith or not. The almighty dollar is their idol—if they are to be known by their fruits. If I dealt in personalities I could hit some rather hard blows, but such is out of my line; hence the brethren must place the cap on whom it may fit, and learn to discard all fellowship with such as wolves in sheep's clothing. I draw the stone, and he that dodges has the stolen ax.

I know from long experience that the practice of medicine affords an opportunity of doing a vast amount of good; but it is too often a one-sided affair to be a pleasant business; unless, indeed, we could do as did Jesus—see through folks, and avoid "casting pearls before swine." I was ticklish on this point before I was a Spiritualist, and would not prescribe for such as I knew to be worthless, and a curse to the community. And, now that a knowledge of medicine, theory and all, comes through mediums, better than whole colleges of M. D.'s—initiating a revolution—it is our duty to endeavor to keep mediums honest, as stewards of the angelic world. Neither themselves nor their revelations are their own, but belong to the common cause. The ten-talent law of Jesus applies here; they that do not honestly act, lose their mediumistic power, and it passes to others. I have personally known cases of the kind, and could wish there were no exceptions; indeed, I really know of none. Then, spirit or spiritualized medicines are for a common good—to cure as a means of convincing unbelievers of the truth, and the truth of the new philosophy—that those who will not or cannot be convinced from oral testimony may "believe for the works' sake," as Jesus said—that is, from the work of cures performed. Hence the medicines must not be disguised and sold to everybody, as if discovered by any mere human genius, but must bear an honest inscription as spiritual medicines, that the cures performed may be duly appreciated and accredited. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." "Provide things honest in the sight of all men." I do not wish to be understood at all as meaning that valuable revelations (revelation and discovery are not synonymous) be thrown broadcast to the rabble world; such would be a very reckless course, and be casting pearls before swine—as all should guard their charge as the apple of their eye, and sell enough of the medicine to cover expenses, and afford reasonable pecuniary pay to the employes and mediums. The poor must have medicine. Hence the signs of the times are, that revolution, even in medicine, is at our doors, and all I ask is an entirely honest administration.

This is indeed indispensably necessary, since, under the pretended Christian dispensation—the salt having lost its savor—mankind have run wild, "deified impudence and audacity," and inaugurated deception and corruption to an unparalleled degree. And, too, since Spiritualists are the salt of the earth now—the "signs following"—proving the fact—how very careful we should be to do honor to our charge!

T. J. HARVEY.

A FRIENDLY NOTE FROM SAN JOSE.—Our associate having paid a flying visit to San José since his return from Oregon, and having seized the opportunity to reply to a lecture on Spiritualism by Rev. Mr. McDougal, delivered in that city, an esteemed friend takes occasion to write a note from thence, expressive of his gratification, and that of others, with the performance. He says:

"BROTHER TODD—I take this opportunity to congratulate you on your successful reply to the Rev. Mr. McDougal. All who listened to your discourse were delighted, not only with the substance, but also with the manner of its delivery. Your spiritual friends, and all who heard you, send up one universal Amen! to the good, kindly feeling evinced toward your antagonist—the mild but forcible language, and the perfect answer to all of his objections. I assert that it was a great triumph for you and the Spiritualists here, and they so acknowledge it. I thank you in my own behalf, and take the responsibility of doing the same for our friends. Stowe says that there were several new investigators of our theory present, who were also much pleased. There is nothing that so wins the heart of an audience as brotherly love and good-will to all. That tribute to, and many delicate of Mrs. Cuppy—your co-laborer in our holy cause—was beautiful, well timed, and truthful.

"Your brother in truth,

R. B. HALL."

The Banner of Progress.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1867.

OFFICE, 523 CLAY STREET, UP STAIRS.

BENJAMIN TODD & CO.

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

BENJAMIN TODD, W. H. MANNING, EDITORS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications designed for publication in this paper should be addressed "EDITORS OF THE BANNER OF PROGRESS." All letters in regard to the business of the paper should be addressed to "BENJAMIN TODD & CO."

Religious Logic.

The California Christian Advocate quotes from one of its exchanges a disquisition upon a factitious distinction of "religious truths" from the "truths of religion"—as if truth were not everywhere and always the same, like the Being of whom it is one of the attributes. We are unable to see why the truths of religion should not be recognized as religious truths, and vice versa. If there are any doctrines adhering to religious belief which are not established verities, but only the speculations of religious writers and Doctors of Divinity, they cannot be called truths of religion or truths of any other thing. The only truths which may be accepted as established, beyond controversy, are the self-evident facts of existence that appeal to the consciousness of each individual. All outside of these is a blind faith in doubtful testimony, and in the speculations arising therefrom.

When, therefore, the writer makes the statements in the extracts given below, relative to revelations from God, given in person to mankind, he enters the domain of doubt, and cannot claim the consideration of logical minds for such premises. Personal revelations must be given to each person in person, in order to be received as such; otherwise, they are no more than a story told at second-hand, to be believed with a reservation of doubt. If God is a person, he is so to one man as much as to another, and can make Himself and His will personally known to one as well as another. "God is no respecter of persons," says Peter, (Acts x. 34.) And this being the case, no person has a special privilege to be the exponent or interpreter of His will to others; nor can it be demonstrated that any one ever had or ever can have such a commission from God Himself. Such power has been claimed in all ages by divers persons; but there is no present proof that the Supreme Being ever authorized a human being to act or speak for Him or from Him.

We will exhibit the following extracts, however, to the critical examination of our readers, and they can judge for themselves how much logical consistency there is in the statements made. Here are the first propositions:

"Religious truths can be known. God has revealed them by direct oral communication with men. Personally He spoke them to Moses, and personally He spoke them by His incarnate word. We recognize no doctrines as positively religious, except those that have been immediately revealed by Jehovah. These revelations began with the creation of man, or rather with his introduction into the operations of God. Here our religion begins. 'In the beginning God made the heavens and the earth. There our doctrine starts. It does not go behind the manifestation of God, nor the creation of man. It knows nothing of Eternal plans, or purposes, or decrees, or motives, further than those declared to us by God. So much as God tells us about the moral relations of the race to Him, and His attitude to them, we humbly receive as true. These statements are unchangeable, and are independent of conduct, and the conduct is not doubtful nor difficult."

After the above formal assertions without proof, it will not be difficult to perceive the foolishness of the distinctions made in the second series, which follows:

"We should always remember the difference between the truths of religion and religious truths. The former are the doctrines of salvation spoken to us by God. The others are all the proceeds of the action of the mind upon suggestions from these doctrines. The first are positively and certainly true—the last are believed to be true. The former rest upon God's word, the others upon the results of our human understanding. The first ought to be the foundation of our practice, and the latter ought not to be the foundation of our creed. They belong to science or philosophy—to the great department of mixed and imperfect knowledge which is the product of human thought, and which should never be permitted to intrude upon the domain—much less assume the prerogative of these primary truths which God has established in the earth as independent verities, and be sacredly revered as His own truths—not the truths of man."

The "truths of religion"—those capable of demonstration—do not rest on any such unstable foundation as the Bible, but upon natural law. This law being inherent in everything that exists—if we refer all existence to God as its first cause—must have been established by Him. Thus far, then, it may be admitted that the "truths of religion" originated with God. They needed no spoken language to reveal them to every man ever upon the earth. Had the Bible never been written by its authors, these truths would constantly and forever remain, being founded upon the Rock of Ages—Natural Law. God reveals this law to every generation of men—always did reveal it, and always will. No other revelation is worthy of the implicit confidence and reliance of mankind. The Bible and all other productions of man are only confirmatory and corroborative of the truths of natural religion—the only religion ever revealed to man directly by God Himself.

"LET BROTHERLY LOVE CONTINUE."—The Jewish triplets lately circumcised were "christened"—if such a term may be applied to the naming of Hebrew children—respectively, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, and John Conness. We hope, as they grow up, they will exhibit more brotherly love toward each other than has subsisted among their godfathers.

JOHN CONNESS, Senator, a Roman Catholic, stood godfather to one of the triplets lately circumcised at the Jewish synagogue in this city! Has the millennium arrived? Where is the Jewish youth, Mortara? Have the Hebrews avenged him by capturing John Conness?

A MAN sold his pew in a church because he didn't like the steeple. Tall reason.

Sectarianism in Oregon.

Never, during our long experience as a laborer in the cause of reform, have we seen the spirit of sectarianism and bigoted intolerance so strongly, bitterly, and vindictively displayed, as during our late tour in Oregon, both by the clergymen and laity. When we entered the State in April last, we found it, spiritually speaking, virgin soil. Only here and there was one who dared to openly confess that he was a Spiritualist. The clergy, "all booted and spurred," rode roughly over the minds of the people; and whoever dared say a word against the anathemas that were hurled from the pulpits, was tabooed from society. And when it was found that we had come among them for the purpose of advocating free thought and liberal ideas, the Methodist clergy (by far the most numerous class) opened their slander-shotted guns upon us at once. No depth of meanness was too low for them to descend to; no lie too great or contemptible for them to concoct; no course of action, however disreputable, but was freely sanctioned by them, provided its aim was to stay the tide of free thought that threatened to overwhelm and sweep away their religious sophistries. A more complete set of arrant moral cowards never disgraced the pulpits of any country in the world. It is true, one of them, I. D. Driver by name, after being tantalized and goaded for his cowardice by his own members to a point of desperation, and finding that by no prevarication or misrepresentation, which he did not fail to use freely, could he be excused by them—consented to enter the arena as the Knight of Theology. It was no Spartan spirit that characterized him when he entered the contest. For, scarcely had he exchanged shots with his antagonist, ere, like a graceless coward as he was, he fled the field. It was our unfortunate experience to become acquainted, while in Oregon, with quite a number of the Methodist clergy; and, with one exception, we found them guilty of deception, fraud, and willful lies.

When Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye came to the State, the clergy considered it a signal for again marshaling their forces; and they commenced a general onslaught upon her, that was shameful and despicable in the extreme; when, in fact, Mrs. Foye's character for integrity and moral purity, which has ever been unimpeachable, stands as far above that of the clergy who defamed her as the heights of heaven are above the lowest depths of their theological hell. Yet—good angel as she is—she kept steadily at her work, and let the ministerial puppies bark. We hesitate not to affirm, that she accomplished a work in Oregon, so far as convincing people of a life beyond the grave is concerned, that is greater and far more satisfactory than all the combined clerical efforts since the State was first settled. And when their tracks shall have been washed from the sands of time by the ever flowing tide of years, Mrs. Foye will be held in grateful remembrance in the hearts of the people.

A GOOD JOKE.—Somebody in Oregon sent to our neighbors of the Daily Times a calculation, based on the prophecies of the Old Testament, of the "time, times, and half a time," which are to elapse before the liberation of Ireland from the British yoke, and requesting them to publish the same. The estimates made are somewhat in the style of the Second Adventists. Not being much inclined to favor Fenianism, and knowing our familiarity with the Scriptures, the Times people sent the document to us. On looking at the mass of figures, and following out the long line of prophecies of the "times of the tribulation of Erin," to the end, we came to the signature, which is that of James Jamison Sheargreen, of North Yamhill, Yamhill county, Oregon. In our opinion, it was sheer greenness on the part of the writer to expect any paper to lumber up its columns with such a mass of fanatical trash. Perhaps, however, it was meant as a joke on the clerical geniuses who have presided over the editorial columns of the Times.

HEATHENS AND CHRISTIANS CLASSED TOGETHER.—We lately saw in The Hebrew, published in this city, an article upon the Jews of Africa, copied from another Jewish publication, in which it is said that those African Hebrews have acquired from the heathens and Nazarenes many superstitious practices, and that half a dozen of their number should be educated in "true religion," in order that they may teach the others, and thus rescue them from the superstitions of Christianity and heathenism. Think of all that, ye exclusive Calvinists and "close communion" Baptists! Ponder upon it, ye Sabbatarian fanatics, who are so strenuous that the sanctity of the Mosaic Sabbath shall be transfused into the heathen observance of Sunday—the day consecrated by the ancient fire-worshippers to the worship of the Sun!

TRANSUBSTANTIATION EXTRAORDINARY.—A Roman Catholic family of this city lately received a supply of "the host," or "sacred wafers," from Rome, which had been blessed by the Pope himself. They placed them in a closet for safe-keeping. Their little boy found them, and forthwith appropriated them as "goodies," made for little boys exclusively. He did not like their flavor, however, and gave them to a Jewish playmate, who munched the "body of Christ" with infinite gusto, little thinking, and caring less, about the controversies of the Doctors of Divinity over the doctrine of transubstantiation. Will the Roman Church claim this boy, as it did Mortara, on account of his having partaken of this "sacrament"?

"CONFUCIUS AND THE CHINESE CLASSICS: OR, Readings in Chinese Literature. Edited and Compiled by Rev. A. W. Loomis. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco."—This work, from which we have hitherto made numerous extracts, may be had of the publisher, at Nos. 417 and 419 Montgomery street. We intend shortly to resume our articles on "Confucius, Christianity, and Spiritualism," when we shall make further copious use of its interesting contents.

"T. J. H., TULE RESERVATION.—We cannot consent to publish your last communication upon "Right and Wrong, Good and Evil," inasmuch as it will probably appear as original in the Banner of Light. We hope you will appreciate the reason for our refusal.

A Worthy Example.

MILLFORD, LASSEN CO., CAL., Sept. 11th, 1867.

EDS. BANNER.—Being desirous of leaving a record for my children, that may give them an idea of the intolerance and inconsistency of theological teachings and dogmatic religion, and finding in the BANNER OF PROGRESS for the past eight months a record worthy of preservation, I have conceived it to be my duty to bequeath the same to my children, and through them to my grand-children, that they may, by perusing it, gather an idea of the rule that designating priests and long-robed parsons have held over and upon the ignorant and superstitious portions of the human family. It will also be a record to them of the independence, philanthropy, perseverance and manhood of the editors who publish, and the people who support, such a paper. The BANNER OF PROGRESS may it never grow less, until all the nations of the earth shall have progressed entirely out of and above the slough of mythological and theological error! Then shall Truth traverse the land, meekly wearing the crown of Reason, extending to all, of whatever race or color, the hand of friendship and brotherly kindness.

Enclosed you will find \$7, in legal tender notes, as part payment for a bound volume of your paper, when the year shall be completed, I would like my volume to be permanently bound in calf, if it is convenient, and can be done at an expense not exceeding \$12, in United States coin.

Yours for truth, J. P. FORD.

It is our intention to procure the binding of a limited number of copies of the BANNER, and we already have a long list of orders for the same in various styles of binding, at an expense which is proportioned to the wishes of those purchasing them. Orders must be sent in immediately, to secure a bound volume with certainty.

Surgeon in a Quandary.

A correspondent of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, a Methodist publication, thus states the mental difficulties of the great London revivalist:

"While his theory teaches him that only a part of mankind can be saved, he at the same time offers salvation to all without mental reservation. He thinks both doctrines are in the Bible, and so preaches both. He is a candid man, and gives up an error as soon as he sees it, and acknowledges his fault; but he seems yet unable to see how salvation is of grace without the Calvinistic view of election, or how all sinners can be responsible without the Arminian view of free salvation. In preaching, sometimes his Calvinism comes across his path, and throws him down, but he is immediately up and at it again, and the next drive very likely will be a tremendous appeal to all sinners to seek the Lord while he may be found."

All of which proves that the foolishness of preaching is confined to no sect, and that the "scheme of salvation," as the evangelists of our day call it, is as full of difficulties now as at any time in the history of Christianity. The bubbling caldron of sectarian controversy is seething as violently as ever, only its surface is not so often exposed to the view of the common people as formerly. Exegesis is more exclusively the occupation of clerical disputants, and only the minor doctrines are now preached from the pulpit.

SPIRITUALISM IN OREGON.—Our Oregon correspondent, H. W., under date of June 9th, informs us that Spiritualism is spreading so fast in Oregon that the credulity of various parts of that State have become alarmed, and are vigorously waging war against the "heresy"—the very course to pursue to draw the public attention to it. The people there are beginning to lay their prejudices aside and investigate the spiritual philosophy for themselves.—Banner of Light.

Yes, after having been waked up to the fact that they have souls that will live forever, by those indefatigable missionaries, Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye, Benj. Todd, and Mrs. C. M. Stowe—to whose efforts the Banner of Light continues to be studiously oblivious, and resolutely indifferent. The Banner frequently gives credit where it is not due, but omits all mention of credit where it is fairly earned; and shows that it is ill informed, in its remarks about the progress of Spiritualism on this coast. We know the reason of this, but shall refrain from speaking of it, provided a different and better course shall in future be adopted by that paper.

"THE GOD OF ABRAHAM, THE GOD OF ISAAC, AND THE GOD OF JACOB."—The godfathers of the Hebrew triplets are respectively as follows: Major-General Irwin McDowell stood as the god of Abraham L. Danziger, and Hon. H. H. Haight as the god of Isaac A. J. Danziger, and Hon. John Conness as the god of Jacob J. C. Danziger. "In the name of all the gods at once," for what will this nation become responsible, if such things are done in the green tree? Will our Generals and Governors and Senators undertake to restore the Jews to their ancient power at Jerusalem? for such is the promise made to them by "the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob," aforesaid.

CLERGYMEN AND LITERATURE.—Clergymen are fond of dabbling in literature now-a-days. Henry Ward Beecher is writing a novel for the Ledger, and Horatio Stebbins is advertised as a contributor to the Golden Era!

The above dab at the clergy is made by the Californian of this city. Is it possible that the Bohemians who conduct that sheet imagine they only have the right of dabbling in literature? There is more depth in the dabbling of Beecher and Stebbins, however; hence the tears of the Californian dabblers.

THE "DAILY CRITIC."—A new candidate for advertising patronage has appeared, in the form of a theatrical free sheet with the above title. It has the programmes of the places of amusement, and is without supercilious affectation of every species of knowledge under the sun. The Daily Critic may prove a formidable rival to the Daily Chronicle.

INVECTIVE AND PERSONALITY prove nothing, on either side, but a lamentable want of good taste and good argument.

"Scissors," the principal editor of the Californian, furnished that paper with the above. He should send it to the Dramatic Chronicle also.

WOMANHOOD SUFFRAGE IN MICHIGAN.—In the recent Constitutional Convention at Lansing, Mich., the word "male" was stricken out of the Constitution by a vote of twenty-nine to twenty-six.

Rev. Horatio Stebbins.

We richly enjoyed a privilege, last Sunday, that has seldom fallen to our lot for the last twenty-five years of our life—namely, that of being one of the listeners in a religious assembly on a Sunday. In the morning, we attended at the First Unitarian Church on Geary street, and listened to a discourse from the Rev. Horatio Stebbins. His text was the last clause of the fifth verse of the tenth chapter of 2d Corinthians: "bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." He discussed at considerable length the liberty of thought; remarking, that, after all, liberty was only a "higher manifestation of law," and claiming that man had power to control his thoughts; and, from this position, he advocated the idea of man's free moral agency—an idea which we cannot for a moment accept. We frankly admit that he offered the strongest arguments in its favor to which we ever listened; but, to us, it was mere sophistry, after all. The Rev. gentleman deservedly stands in the front rank of pulpit orators on this coast. His language is excellent, his gestures faultless, his manner earnest and impressive. He also possesses, apparently, another quality, which, we regret to say, is too often wanting among those who have the "Rev." prefixed to their names, and that is, an earnest conviction of the sentiments to which he gives utterance; also, a disposition to be a benefactor of the human race.

We are glad to learn that he has taken the Metropolitan Theater, wherein to deliver his Sunday evening discourses, and thus give an opportunity to many more hearers; those, especially, who cannot afford to go to heaven in one of those fashionable churches. A man possessing Dr. Stebbins' natural abilities, scholarly attainments, studious habits, and freedom of thought, cannot fail to give utterance at times to sentiments which are truly refreshing to minds that have been seared with the brimstone and hell-fire of Popular Theology.

ANOTHER CASE OF CLERICAL DEPRAVITY.—The Princeton (Indiana) *Reveille* mentions the following facts of one Rev. Wm. T. Smith, a man not far from fifty years of age, of the Methodist persuasion, who had traveled many years as a circuit preacher. The old scoundrel has a wife and several children. Until within a few weeks, his wife's sister had resided in his family, where she married a young man by the name of Meeks. The wedded pair had not lived together long, before Meeks suspected something wrong, and charged his wife with the same; whereupon she confessed her guilt, and stated that the Rev. gentleman was the father of her child. The free-loving parson owned up to the charge, and sought to prove by Scripture that he had not been guilty of any immorality. The Rev. Sir would, in our opinion, find no difficulty in getting Bible license to commit any crime that his passions might suggest. And yet theologians hold up that book as a pattern of purity and morality! No wonder they love it, and seek to sustain it, since it excuses their lecherous behavior, and finds a free pardon through Jesus Christ for their crimes.

Mrs. LAURA CUPPY.—On Sunday evening, we made our way to the Mechanics' Institute Hall, to listen to a discourse from Mrs. Cuppy. The lady came on the rostrum, and announced that she would read a poem by Gerald Massey, during which time any person in the audience, who was pleased so to do, could send up a subject for her discourse of the evening. From those furnished, the speaker selected the following: "Are the teachings and practices of modern Spiritualism as well calculated to raise man from degradation and vice, and advance him physically, intellectually, and spiritually, as the teachings of Mythology?" The speaker took the ground that Ancient Mythology and Popular Theology were synonymous, and from that standpoint proceeded to elaborate her argument, which was listened to with marked attention by her audience. At the close of her discourse, the speaker gave notice that she would speak at the usual hour next Sunday evening.

We leave San Francisco this week, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Foye. It is our intention to travel in company during the present autumn, in the interior of this State; also in the State of Nevada. We would say to the friends of Spiritualism in any of the prominent cities, either in California or Nevada, who may wish us to visit them, that they can address us at this office immediately.

THE Texas *Vindicator*, published at Paris, Texas, bears for its motto the following: "The word MALE must be struck out of the suffrage clause of the new Constitution." Amen! say we.

Doctor J. P. Bryant, "The Healer," at Salem, Oregon.

Dr. BRYANT, THE HEALER.—Yesterday morning, Dr. Bryant commenced operating upon the numerous candidates waiting to be healed, and as the day advanced his rooms were thronged. That he possesses wonderful powers is not to be denied; it is evidenced by the results of his first day among us. Mr. Donohoe, whose hip was put out of joint some time ago, and who went on crutches—walking painfully—after a few minutes spent with the healer, left his crutches behind and walked away.

Old Mr. Gale, afflicted with deafness, was relieved entirely, and a bad case of rheumatism, by which an arm was contracted, was cured at short notice. We got the above as common rumor, and called to have a little conversation with the Doctor. We saw a lady who had been brought there in a weak and suffering condition walking about for the first time in months, and saw a daughter of Mr. Wenzler, aged 15, who had been deaf since two years old, go away with hearing entirely restored.

Dr. Bryant is a Spiritualist in belief, and he professes to work no miracles, but to possess mesmeristic powers, and to have divine assistance from spiritual friends. We have nothing to do with his theory, but his practice seems to be successful to some degree, and especially so with patients of a nervous temperament.—Salem (Or.) *Daily Record* of Sept. 14th, 1867.

A RATHER novel entertainment came off in this city on Tuesday night, which was repeated on Wednesday night—a concert by four blind musicians, Walker, Fuller, Smith, and Woods. It was not only a very meritorious performance, and thereby eminently worthy of public patronage, but the commendable efforts of these unfortunate gentlemen to live by their own efforts is deserving of all encouragement. At the conclusion of each concert they play gratuitously for an hour or two longer, to enable those who so desire to enjoy a social dance. We heartily commend the above troupe to our brethren of the press. Say a good word for them, as we know you will when once you have listened to their sweet strains.—San Jose *Mercury*.

PHENOMENAL FACTS.

Trance Speaking.

EDITORS BANNER OF PROGRESS.—Having about seven years since endorsed the Religion of Reason, and received evidence to convince me that spirit intelligences can and do communicate with mortals, I am in the habit of holding circles or sances at my own and my neighbors' dwellings, for the purpose of feasting upon spiritual food prepared by angel minds, in the bright summer land of man's secondary sphere of existence. In pursuance of this habit, myself and wife seated ourselves around the table at the house of Manley Thompson, in Honey Lake Valley, Lassen County, in company with five or six other persons; and, there being present in the room an aged Indian woman belonging to the California or Digger tribe, we unanimously extended to her a cordial invitation to partake with us of our spiritual feast. She reluctantly consented to do so. After getting quiet, singing was announced to be in order; before the completion of which, Mr. A. B. Jenkins—who in his normal condition knows not the meaning or sound of five words of the Digger Indian language—commenced talking in a language familiar to the ear of our Indian sister. At first she seemed interested, bewildered, diffident, and not inclined to reply; soon, however, her diffidence seemed to wear away, and she commenced to converse freely with the medium, A. B. Jenkins, after which, they held a spirited conversation for the space of forty-five minutes, replying to each other alternately, and each keeping silence and paying strict attention while the other was speaking; our red sister all the while giving unmistakable evidence that she not only understood the language to which she was listening, but that she was also much interested in the subject under discussion. Each of the two individuals occupied about the same length of time in speaking, although the discussion evidently consisted in asking and answering questions; this conclusion, however, being based upon appearances, there being no one present who understood the language spoken except the speakers. After the above discussion closed, Mrs. Ford, my wife, who has for several years past been a mouthpiece through whom our departed friends have conversed, was controlled by a spirit intelligence who gave his name as Chu-wa-ka-tah, and who was an interpreter and chief of one division of the Wyandot tribe, and with whom I became acquainted in earth life about thirty years since, in the State of Michigan; having seen and heard him several times stand side by side with the white clergy in the pulpit, and interpret the white man's words to his tribe, so that the congregation, which consisted of the two races, might all be condemned or blessed together. This spirit gave us a short, pithy discourse through my wife's organism, in which he commended us highly for extending the hand of friendship and brotherly love to our red sister, and stated positively that we might be benefited not only spiritually, but physically also, by joining with our red brothers and sisters in our circles, thereby changing the electric current in our organisms. Our mediums, especially, will be largely strengthened and benefited by their presence, particularly those who carry about with them physical bodies weakened by disease and a long violation of Nature's laws; the presence of our Indian brothers and sisters serving in a great degree to compensate for the lack in our mediums of a good, sound, healthy flow of the magnetic current. J. P. FORD.

Substitute "spirit" for "ghost," in the above recital, and we have a description of a genuine spirit manifestation. The words are synonymous, it is true; but the religious and political papers do not seem to be so much afraid of publishing facts about "ghosts," as of those in regard to "spirits." However, there is so little difference between spirits and ghosts, that it is of no consequence.

A GOOD TEST.—R. S. Cramer, New Boston, Ill., states, that when Dr. E. C. Dunn was speaking in the above named place, a spirit came and controlled him for the purpose of uttering certain manifesting many of his earthly characteristics, he offered a peculiar prayer, and promised to come again in one year. The year about expiring, Dr. H. P. Fairfield was in the place, and holding a circle; Lorenzo Dow came in just one year, as he promised, entranced Mr. Fairfield, and breathed the same prayer, *verbatim*. No one present had a doubt of its being the same spirit, and yet the medium knew nothing of Dow's promise. It was considered a fine test.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS. I have been domiciled some six weeks, or more, in the truly beautiful home of Col. Cushman, Ottawa, Ill. This is also the permanent residence of the medium, Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, who, for years has sustained the reputation of being both an excellent woman and a very superior medium for physical manifestations.

During the past six weeks, I have attended circles, sometimes daily, and always two or three times per week, and I claim to have investigated critically and philosophically all the manifestations as seen perceptions and sound judgment as my peers; and withal I have the interior or clairvoyant sight, enabling me to investigate from two standpoints. Therefore I speak of that which I know, and testify of that which I have seen and felt. Of Col. Cushman I have to say, he is a man, substantial and practical; one of the solid men of the world, who seems to value his great wealth only for the good he can do with it. He would be the last man on earth who would suffer himself or permit others to be deceived. These circles are not held for money, nor the gratification of idle curiosity. Strangers are occasionally admitted through courtesy.

The circle-room is dark, containing an oval extension table, around which the family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Cushman, four children, a lady visitor who attends to have her eyes manipulated by spirit hands, the medium, and myself; all hands are joined, including the medium's; so on as the medium is entranced, the violinist playing outside, the concert commences—several instruments being played upon at the same time. Now for the more wonderful. The spirit stands before us, bodily, tangibly, and apparently with as solid flesh and bones as your own. They handle you, wet your hair with water, smooth it with a motherly tenderness, speak to you in audible voices, imprint the kiss upon your lips, write communications with their spirit hands, dotting the *ts*, crossing the *ts*, following the lines, underscoring sympathetic words, and all this in perfect darkness. They also sing beautifully. All the above and much more I witnessed while my hand was in contact with the medium's, Mrs. Cushman holding the other. I never heard the little instrument called the French harp so sweetly played as by a little sprightly spirit calling herself May Flower. After painting the portrait of this beautiful spirit, some visitors remarking upon the beauty of the hair, I expressed a wish to possess a lock of the same. There was no more said of it at the time. In fact, it was quite forgotten, till the evening of the 5th of July, when came the crowning glory of all these manifestations. To one acquainted with the medium, it could be clearly seen that something unusual was to occur that evening, for she had been kept in a condition of entrancement nearly all day, and seemed more feeble in health than usual.

when it would seem to break near the middle, the ends collapsing each way. I could well understand why, if a dark lantern were sprung at this stage, it would seem to be the medium's hand and arm; also how blacking upon the instruments would have an effect upon the medium, for in all cases the manifestation elements seem to come from the medium as a focus or center of force.

After the waltz, two hands were laid on my head, exhibiting great strength and power, which were passed down my neck and shoulders with a spirit force I shall not soon forget. Then there was put into my pocket what seemed to be a paper. The circle closed, and, on opening the paper, it proved to be a communication written by a spirit hand, and enclosing the much coveted lock of hair, which the spirit declares was taken from her head, and with a spiritual chemistry materialized for my benefit. I have examined it carefully through a microscope. It resembles human hair, only is more fine and silky. Col. Cushman also received a lock of hair at the same time, accompanied with a communication from a former wife. She declared that the glistening hair belonged to her own hair, and that she had examined it with her hand-writing while on earth.

I came near forgetting to state that, at a previous sance, I obtained a very good impression of a spirit hand in some soft clay that I had prepared and taken into a circle for a circumstance that I have promised me a much better impression, which I hope to soon receive.

Thus Spiritualism spans the whole realm of spirit and matter. Who can fathom it, or say, "Thus far and no farther." The medium is always found in an unconscious trance state, leaning on the shoulder of Mrs. Cushman. The spectator has only to see the medium to know that a lady so frail in health, pure-minded and child-like, could not be guilty of deception; and that the conditions of the medium are absolutely forbid it. These spirit manifestations are facts—tangible facts—and there are more in store for us.—N. B. Starr, in *Banner of Light*.

A CHINESE GHOST.—It will be remembered, says the *Territorial Enterprise*, that, early last winter, a man named in Chinese was shot at a Chinaman was shot and mortally wounded. He was brought to the station-house and placed in a cell, where he died. He died and was forgotten, and ever would have been forgotten, but for a circumstance that occurred night before last, when two men were placed in the same cell. About twelve o'clock at night the door of the cell opened, and in marched a Chinaman with a huge pair of boots thrown across his arm and a big bowie-knife in his hand. After taking a short survey of the situation, Mr. Chinaman walked to the side of the cell and, in the most spiteful manner, drew back his arm and struck his bowie-knife into the wall, when he immediately disappeared. The prisoners were alarmed, and raised a great outcry, shouting and crying out, "What was the matter? The men told their story, and McGinnis laughed at them as dreamers. But, later in the day, Downey, special policeman from China, recognized him as the Celestial who was shot, and who, some ten months since, died in the same cell in which the men were confined. At the time the Chinaman was shot, he had a pair of boots across his arm, and drew a bow-knife after being mortally wounded, but he had no chance to use it, for the prisoners had ever heard of the circumstances of the shooting and arrest of the Chinaman. This, we take it, is the best for mortal cure, and every as ever transpired on this side of the mountains. We have the particulars from George Downey, Captain of Police in this city.

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BIOTRY INTENSIFIED.—Strenuous efforts have been recently made in this man to have the public library opened on Sunday for the benefit of the laboring classes, whose week-days are devoted to manual toil, and who have but precious little opportunity at the best for intellectual culture. These efforts," says Bro. Thomas, of the *California Christian Advocate*, "were strongly resisted by the friends of religion and good order." It appears that the question was argued by able counsel on both sides before a Committee of the City Government. The attorney for the remonstrants suggested the legal point that opening the library for conflict with the Massachusetts blue law forbidding all work on Sunday, save that of "necessity and charity." The matter was referred to the City Solicitor, who considered the point well taken, and so it was determined that the library should remain closed on Sunday. In commenting on this disposition of the case, the Editor of the *Advocate* says: "The friends of good order everywhere will rejoice in the triumph achieved." What is the "triumph" achieved? Why, simply the closing of one of the most important avenues of intellectual improvement to the poor. Could intolerance well do more?—San Jose *Mercury*.

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS.—We learn that this society has been organized in Salem, with a large number of members. Mr. W. H. Mendenhall is the Secretary, vice-president, and J. E. Clark secretary. Some member of the Society delivers an address on each Sunday afternoon at the Court-house.—*Daily Record*, Salem, Oregon.

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