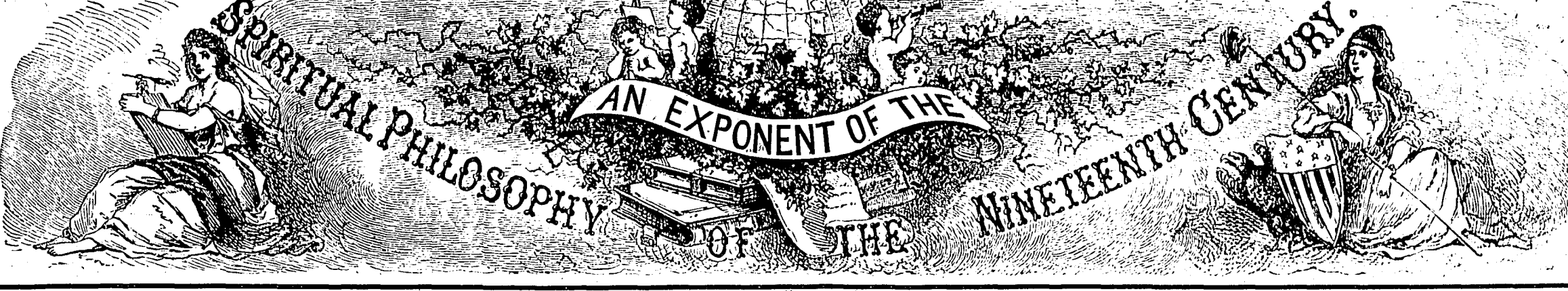


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Foreign Correspondence.

### LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

NUMBER TEN.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light,  
BY J. M. FEEBLES.

Clipper Bark "Harriet Antelope,"  
In China Sea.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—On this Ocean-Clipper—a prison, a vault, a charnel-house—oh how monotonous! Nearly two months now at sea, utterly oblivious to all the doings and rushing activities of land-life; and still quite a distance from Hong Kong. Each returning day brings fair skies or dripping clouds, surging waves or dead calms, finny tribes, sailing seabirds, chattering Chinamen and stale ship-scented food. Oh for the wings of—well, anything that would drop me down upon terra firma. I term this eablistically, "concession" route. The luckless position is not without rich lessons; the blue unfathomed depths beneath and the infinite expanse above, kindling the fires of the ideal, incite me to self-examination, to meditation and hopeful conceptions of a social state to be ultimately realized by all nations—a peaceful state rivaling in moral excellence the Eden of the poets and the Zion of the prophets. But to contemplation!

#### TOO TRUSTING—OR NOT?

If, as Lord Bacon said, "reading makes the full man, talking the ready man, and writing the exact man," travel makes the doubting man. The past eight months' experiences in the Colonies and islands of the Pacific have cooled my ardor as to the immediate approach of any world's millennium. I can but think of these lines in the "Songs of the Sierras":

"For I am older by a score  
Than many long have been before—  
It sorrows me the sun of life,  
Is waning on the face of man."

The play of Hector and Achilles is being constantly re-acted in my presence. Though there are tropical sunsets and gorgeous skies seen on this sapphire-crowned ocean, "my" and "mine" are the rallying words! Men are exceedingly intriguing and scheming—why, there are men mean enough on this Polynesian part of the globe to steal coconuts from a blind savage, or the sandals from the feet of Jesus. It saddens my soul.

"Though weary and worn in the mellee of life,  
I weep at wealth's insolent smile;  
And I smile at earth's label of curious strife,  
As I wander o'er ocean and isle."

Reviewing the fading years of half a century, I am certain of having believed too much, trusted too much, and confided too much in others. And yet, is it noble or wise to write upon every human forehead, "Care hominem"—beware of man? Is there not a golden mean? Are not the extremes of distrust and suspicion a long way from a just estimate of human nature? And may not the constant exercise of harrowing fears and doubts be hindrances rather than helps to the soul's unfoldment?

#### MEN IN AND OF THE WORLD.

It quite shocked me a few hours since to hear a man say, "Well, the only two principles insuring success in this age are to look out for one's self first"—and secondly, to "consider every man a rogue till proved honest." Are not such words revelators—voiced echoes out of a grasping, cankered selfishness? Is not a man-distruster a bad man-helper? Did ever a liberter believe in the virtue of woman? Or did ever a thief like Ahab fail to keep his locks and keys bright? The sor-did, selfish man—the petty village lawyer—knows no other text than this: "To them that are under the law, I became as under the law, and to them that are without law, as without law."—adding not as Paul did, "that I might gain them."—"But that I might gain their souls." In this money-worshipping transition state of society, men seem to be drifting into a set of repulsive atoms—each seeking his own gain and welfare to the neglect of the common weal. This "getting-on system" with the "survival of the fittest" and the "devil take the hindmost," is well expressed in the adominable rhyme:

"As I walked by myself, I said to myself,  
And the self-same self I said to me,  
Look out for thyself—take care of thyself,  
For nobody cares for thee."

Let us deepen the thought and widen the vision of existence! Essential spirit infills and spans all space. The "image of God"—the divine spark—is within; and human nature, therefore, sounded to its depths, is good. If there is not a charity that "believe all things," there is a charity that "hope all things"; and, further, there is in the world tender sympathy, genuine friendship, manly honesty, generous benevolence, unselfish love; and there are beautiful characters, too—the angels affirm it. Cunning, shrewd and selfish men, who cannot discover it, are comparable to blind men, who cannot see the sun. Be it mine, still, to seek the good of others first, and to believe every man honest till proven to the contrary! If the practice of such principles produce failure, let failure be carved on my tombstone.

#### TRUCKLING TRIMMERS.

He who removes a thorn and plants a rose, who brushes away a falling tear, plucks a scale from a theologian's eye, or transforms a bit of chaos into kosmos, is a benefactor of his race. Turn over the picture. Do not the angels weep o'er the plattitudes of truckling, two-faced, many-sided hypocrites, standing in market-places, in pulpits, and upon public rostrums, with no higher aims than gold or a stamping, sensational applause? Oh for men of principle! Policy-men fatten to-day to faint in the to-morrow of eternity. It was a childish weakness in Peter to deny "knowing the man." Erasmus was too much of a trimmer. Luther was a reformer that

made Rome tremble. The waters of a dashing cascade are sweet and fresh. A good, screaming fanatic, with sling and stone, will always floor the greatest giants, though armed with the newest devices of controversy. I sympathize deeply with fanatics! They generally have something to say, and are brave enough to say it. They keep the mental world in motion. John the Baptist was a fanatic. Fanaticism is not coarse brawling, blatant, overbearing egotism, but earnest enthusiasm, steady, stirring self-denial, coupled with a conviction of some living truth as a potent spiritual force. These fanatics, these resurrected souls preach of heaven on earth, sing of Utopia to-day, and often die early, as did Keats.

"Thy leaf has perished in the green;  
And while we breathe, beneath the sun,  
The world, which credits what is done,  
Is cold to all that might have been."

#### CANNIBALISM AND COMMUNISM.

Passing an art-gallery in Dunedin, a friend pointed me to the photograph of an old, tattooed Maori, who had assisted in baking and eating seventeen human bodies since his remembrance. Cannibal eats cannibal, and clinging, parasitic souls feast upon the magnetic life of other souls. Such is selfishness—the devouring, corroding selfishness of the world! And yet, who has not pictured and prayed for the propitiety's realization of "Zion"? or who has not dreamed of that golden age where love shall be law; where the only rivalry shall be in doing the most good to others; where harmonious souls shall breathe bene-dictions of peace and good-will, and where a competitive, clutching, self-appropriativeness shall have become a half-forgotten tradition? May we not still hope that, before the sunset of this century, cooperative leagues and communistic fraternities may dot the land, as cities of light set upon thousand hills?

#### PLATO'S REPUBLIC.

The most eminent philosophers and sages of antiquity, when mediocrity illumined by heavenly wisdom, either conceived or wrote of a coming communism—a state of society where every one would be respected according to his worth; where individual happiness would be sought in seeking the happiness of all, and where the isolated family would widen out into co-operative combinations, and these into spiritual families, with wisdom and love the governing powers.

Among the more prominent of this school was the Grecian, Plato. This prince of philosophers, flourishing sometime before the Christian era, defined a well-ordered, if not an ideally perfect state of social life, to be known as a "republic." Though treating largely of justice and charity, he considers absolute "communism of property" an indispensable condition.

#### SIR THOMAS MORE'S UTOPIA.

Looseness in the use of terms causes many fruitless discussions. Socialism and Communism are not interchangeable terms. Communism proper should never be confounded with "Red Republicanism," the "Paris-Commune," or any form of "loose socialism." They are as unlike as Christ and Belial. Socialism implies cooperation, or any form of association which does not involve the abolition of private property, while Communism in the absolute is that unselfish apostolic system which "holds all things in common."

Sir T. More, at one time Privy Counsellor to Henry VIII., and afterwards Lord High Chancellor, published his Utopian theories in 1516, creating a deal of excitement because of his scholarship and high social position. This distinguished personage painted his conceptions of a commonwealth, or true state of society, as a "Happy Island," based socially upon the Utopian idea of equality of rights and the communism of property. He says:

"Thus have I described to you as particularly as I could, the constitution of that commonwealth—Utopia—which I do not only think to be the best in the world, but to be indeed the only commonwealth that truly deserves the name. In all other places it is visible that whereas people talk of a commonwealth, every man only seeks his own wealth; but in Utopia, where no man has any property, all men do zealously pursue the good of the public. \* \* \* for every man has a right to everything. There is no unequal distribution; no man is poor, nor in any necessity; and though no man has anything, yet they are all rich, for what can make a man so rich as to lead a serene and cheerful life, free from anxieties, neither apprehending want himself, nor vexed with the endless complaints of others."

Respecting labor, he speaks as follows: "They do not wear themselves out with perpetual toil from morning till night, as if they were beasts of burden, which as it is indeed a heavy slavery, so it is the common course of life of all tradesmen everywhere, except among the Utopians; but they, dividing the day and night into twenty-four hours, appoint eight hours of these for work, and the remainder for rest and individual improvement. Each seeks another's good; and as to the studies and employments of women, all living in Utopia learn some trade. Industry is honorable—men and women go in large numbers to hear lectures of one sort or another, according to the variety of their inclinations. Women are sometimes made priests, \* \* \* and a peace that the world knows not of crowns the days of the happy dwellers upon this island."

#### ST. SIMON AND FOURIER.

No man could be a Socialist or Communist without being moved by a welfare for his fellow-men. It was to Horace Greeley's credit that he took such a deep interest in the North American Phalanx. Socialism in Europe, promoted not by the poor, but for the poor, has generally been espoused by men of generous impulses and honorable enthusiasm. Fourier's great idea was to make labor attractive. He thought that by rightly grouping people together for work, all the natural passions would fall into harmony and become utilized for human good. The movement gained but little footing in France. St. Simon,

dying in 1825, at the age of sixty-five, had already become quite an author. He contended in his books that all social institutions ought to aim at the amelioration; physical, mental and moral, of the poorer classes—that privileges of birth should be abolished, and the State be the ultimate owner of all lands, all public works, and all realized property. Associative effort was to be among the prominent teachings of science, the Church, and the State; while the natural inequalities of men as primal gradations, were to be made basic pillars in this Simonian order of social life. St. Simon was eccentric, and aflame with humanitarian sentiments. He was far more imaginative than practical. Suffice it that while many of the ideas put forth were rational, the plan, though eagerly seized by a few trusting disciples, proved a speedy failure.

#### ROBERT OWEN.

This philanthropist and great social reformer, while showing at New Lanark, Scotland, that he was a clear-headed business man, proved himself at the same time a genuine humanitarian. If a dreamer, he dreamed grand and golden dreams, and what was more praiseworthy, sought to realize them. As the friend of man, he frequently said to English society, "If you want the poorer classes to become better men, place them in better circumstances—raise the wages of laborers, diminish their hours of hard work, increase their food, improve their dwellings, expand their range of thought, let science serve them, culture refine them, and above all, help them to help themselves. Though emperors and kings had listened to Mr. Owen, and though distinguished statesmen had been his associates, he never forgot the crowning ideal principle of his life—communism."

Rising from the miry plains of selfishness to the mountain tops of equality and "good will to men," and it is clearly seen that communism is the voice of God through Nature. Light and air, rain and sunshine, are common. The prince and the pauper child, at the hour of birth, are equal and common. Death is common to king and subject. And the laws of the universe are common.

A disorderly "Paris commune" aside, Mr. Owen meant by communism that state of society in which the common fruits of industry and the common results of science, intellect, and a sincere benevolence should be so diffused that poverty would be unknown and crime quite impossible. Though a Theist, contending that "theology was a disease," though loathing pious cant and clerical superstitions, he was nevertheless a religious man in the best sense of the term. Non-immortality did not satisfy the wants of his soul. Investigating the spiritual manifestations in the later years of his life, he became a believer in a future existence. He died, or rather went up one step higher, a Spiritualist. Robert Dale Owen is the worthy son of such a sire.

Many are the pleasant hours that I've wiled away listening to Elder Frederic W. Evans's descriptions of memorable occurrences transpiring in the life of the large-hearted Robert Owen. It may not be generally known that Elder Frederic—one of the prominent Shaker elders at Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.—was one of the Harmonial brotherhood, settling with Mr. Owen upon the thirty thousand acres purchased of the Happpies in New Harmony, Ind. This great and good man, a communist and Spiritualist to the last, passed to the world of spirits Nov. 17th, 1858.

"They made him a grave too cold and damp  
For a soul so warm and true."

Looking with thoughtful, cosmopolitan eye at the state of society in different countries, considering the poverty of Pekin, the beggary in Constantinople, the infanticide in Paris, the political corruption in New York, and the fifty thousand thieves, one hundred thousand prostitutes and one hundred and sixty-five thousand paupers of London, is it strange that noble souls in all lands yearn for social reconstruction? Are not medieval methods already dead? Are not present political and social systems falling to pieces? What mean these paucities, strikes, international wars, trades unions and cooperative fraternities? Does not Whittier, writing of recurring cycles, say,

"The new is old, the old is new."  
[Concluded in our next.]

A LAYMAN'S GRACE.—A young married friend tells a good joke on himself perpetrated by a little three-year old "pride of the family." She is the only pledge of love that has twined itself around the heart and affections of himself and wife. A few evenings since a minister visited the family and remained until tea time. At the table the reverend visitor asked the blessing, and the little one opened her eyes to the fullest capacity in startled wonderment. She could not understand what had been done, and it was with great persuasion that her mother could keep her quiet during the time they were at the table. When they left it, she walked up to the minister, for whom she had formed a great friendship, and said:

"What did you say at the table before we commenced eating?"  
"My little darling, I thanked God for his goodness in giving us to eat, so that we might grow and be strong."  
"Papa don't say that."  
"What does your papa say?"  
"Papa says, 'God bless you, what a supper!'"  
—*Lowell Courier.*

A man once took a piece of white cloth to a dyer to have it dyed black. He was so pleased with the result that after a time he went to him with a piece of black cloth and asked to have it made white. But the dyer answered: "A piece of white cloth is like a man's reputation; it can be dyed black, but you cannot make it white again."

A traveler in the West, getting a sign over the door with this one word, "Agreequidre," asked the woman what he sold, when she said she did not sell anything, but that "agrees" was cured here.

If you are of great value expect great trials. It takes the grindstone to develop the full worth of the diamond.

## Literary Department.

ETIENNE;

OR,

LIVING IN CLOVER.

Translated from the French of Edmond About, for the Banner of Light.

BY WILLIAM PERCIVAL.

ETIENNE, it must be promised, was neither his Christian nor family name. Perhaps he had affixed that modest pseudonym to a vaudeville, blunet, or series of short, spiteful newspaper articles—some sin of his youth. This vague piece of information I received from him personally after accepting the task which I now perform.

"I have but a short time to live," he said, and an unwilling that my memory here on earth should remain a mystery. A few pages of explanation are due to those who have envied my good fortune or blamed my conduct, and these, too, must be written who might be induced to follow my example.

O, my observing that he was not the only one concerned in this narrative, and that the disclosure of his name would be certain to point out the authors of his misery, he replied: "Do not use my name then; write the history of famous James, celebrated Peter, or of Etienne. Yes, I did bear the last name for a month or two. My friends will recognize me quickly enough, and you know that the opinion of the crowd impresses me little. Scandal must be avoided; but, if you ever had any esteem and friendship for me, let the experience which is the cause of my death not be lost to the world."

A fortnight after this conversation he died, leaving behind him no written will. The following narrative may, therefore, be regarded as the testament of this highly gifted and generous man.

My earliest intercourse with Etienne dates from the second Saturday in January, 185—. I made his acquaintance at the table of poor Alfred Taitel, who dined poetry and painting, and who has won substantial immortality through a dedication from Musset. At that hospitable board fame was resplendent in large draughts; judge of the emotions which must have agitated a poor literary recruit like me upon hearing the most illustrious names in every branch of art announced one after the other! My eyes and ears were no longer my own; I devoured each face, I drank in each word, I lived the air of a Bacchic rustic admitted by mistake to a banquet of the gods.

Of all these celebrated men, Etienne (since we agreed to call him so) struck me immediately upon my entrance. I was not only attracted, but fascinated. Looking at present for the causes of this first impression, I find only one: it was because he represented the type of the brilliant writer such as we picture him a priori. He was tall, dark, slender, and of a martial appearance; his beard, which no razor had ever touched, and his rather long hair, hung down loosely but not negligently in a state of orderly disorder. His toilet could have passed for a masterpiece, so exquisitely were the laws governing our everyday dress evaded. The cut of his coat, the tie of his white cravat, the shape of his vest, what else shall I name?—everything down to his watch chain was original, pleasing, and calculated to show his person to the greatest advantage; not one detail seemed left to accident or to the tailor's decision. Yet nothing called to mind the extravagant oddities of 1830. It would have been impossible to say in what respect this costume offended against the reigning fashion. There was a studied elegance without affectation, a comfort without disregard of decency, and a pungent boasting without swagger, about this gentlemanly dandyism which dazzled me.

Etienne was then between thirty and forty years of age; the reader will easily understand the reserve which prohibits me from giving the precise number. His parents, good people of the middle class, being in more than comfortable circumstances, almost rich, had sent him to college, and after he had gone brilliantly through the course, he boldly entered the field of letters. His debut was most successful; encouragement was showered upon his young head, and from no mean quarters. Balzac declared that he had ideas, Stendhal that he reasoned accurately, and Mérimée that he wrote well. The great poets of the age exchanged verses with him; Sainte Beuve devoted a scholarly study to him; David d'Angers executed his bust, and M. Ingres sketched his portrait, in crayon. When I had the honor to make his acquaintance, people had begun to ask why he did not aspire to a seat in the Academy.

He had written from twenty-five to thirty volumes, poetry, miscellanies, criticisms, tales, and especially novels. More fortunate than Balzac, he had succeeded four or five times in the drama; but yet developed his powers to their fullest extent. Old Provost, of the Comédie Française, a very genial and keen-witted man, used to say: "M. Etienne has a 'Marriage of Figaro' in his pocket," and a noted bookseller, who had published the greater part of his works, often asked him: "When are you going to begin the novel of the nineteenth century?" It is a task for which you are eminently fitted." Shrugging his shoulders,

he would reply: "Wait till I have sown my wild oats; I don't know either what I am doing, nor how I am living. My shoulders are carrying a fermenting tub. Who can tell whether the contents, when drawn off, will be slop or good wine?"

He had wasted much of his talent and his whole patrimony. Rumor, which in those days rarely found its way into print, but addressed the ear, declared that his debts amounted to a hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand francs, though he lived in sumptuous apartments, all littered up with fine paintings and furniture that could never be got at when wanted. His literary work, of which he was still the proprietor, but turned to poor account financially, was of a very mixed character; for nine or ten volumes worthy of living, there were many which he might have dispensed with writing, and which he had written without knowing why, in a kind of somnambulistic way. Sometimes the fever of production would nail him to his desk, and he would strike off five or six volumes at a heat; sometimes he took pleasure in playing the rich man, living upon an income no longer his; then, again, when his creditors became importunate, he would take his resolution like an honest fellow and yoke himself to some task as thankless as it was lucrative, taking care to conceal his name. These irregularities in his labor, finances, and conduct, some duns, some successes among women of a questionable character, finally the reputation of being a perfect gallant, strengthened his rare personal charms. He had brilliant eyes, and his manly voice, husky at moments, was one of the most sympathetic I ever heard.

Moreover, he was a capital fellow and a jolly companion. He drank his wine pure, and in bumpers, according to the old French custom; but abstained from coffee, spirits, and tobacco, and in nothing went beyond due bounds. He continued a gentleman in his most apoplectic bursts of merriment, and even his words never got tipsy, though they sometimes revealed.

The only thing that perplexed me that evening was seeing him expend the best part of his *écarter* in attacks upon the noble career of letters, which I was so proud of having just then entered. To hear him, the literary profession was the last of all. To accept so wretched a lot, one should be without an uncle in the cobble's craft, or a god-father in the exercise. "Not only are our brother writers, great and small, that is to say, every one who has either the talent or the presumption to wield a pen, hostile to us, but so is the public itself, and the undeterred, who cannot pardon our being superior to them. No matter what we do, we get blasted. If I write much, people say I make a business of literature; and call me a penny-a-liner; if I write little, they declare that I am at my wit's end, and have nothing more to say; if I write neither much nor little, they imagine that I am husbanding my small stock. Each success renders the next one harder, for the public grows more exacting in proportion as we give a higher idea of our powers; the least little stumble, and they instantly exclaim all over the world that we are old, broken-kneed horses, unable to get up again. We are foolishly expected to produce a masterpiece each time; yet how many masterpieces have Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Ariosto, Tasso, Rabelais, Montaigne, Cervantes, Defoe, La Fontaine, La Bruyère, La Sagre, given us? One apiece, two at the very highest. To create a masterpiece, gentlemen, is to throw one's whole being into a single work. Supposing I were to commit this piece of imprudence to-day, I should die of starvation the next year. Will the public provide me with an income? Prove, if you can, to that tasteless glutton that quality is more than quantity! We are galley-slaves; condemned to ceaseless labor, even when we have nothing new to say; we are obliged to chew our thoughts incessantly, to give an entirely new coloring to former impressions, to repeat over and over again the three or four original ideas we happened on in youth! Oh, if mankind would but lose the stupid habit of reading, or if some honest usurer of Versailles or Chateau Thierry would just set me down in his last will for twelve thousand livres a year, as I'm alive, I would make a vow to touch neither pen nor paper till doomsday! What a fine life it would be! How soft the sunlight, how pretty the *Very Parisians* would seem, had I the right to say while getting into my slippers in the morning. Not one line to trace to-day!"

He continued in this strain for some time, with a fire it is not in my power to give, but which astonished me. Doubtless my neighbor divined my feelings, for he whispered: "Do not mind his words; he is always so when he works for bread, and this he's been doing the last six months."

This revelation aroused in me a contempt for the nineteenth century. Such a man waiting bread! The writer of so many excellent works forced to live from hand to mouth! His keen appetite, which had at first delighted me, now saddened me. "If he dines so heartily," thought



## Free Thought.

FREEDOM OF SPEAKERS.

DEAR BANNER—As the letter of N. Frank White in a recent Banner is liable to mislead many who read it, will you please insert a few words from one whose name is on the list of Free Speakers in the Woodhull and Claflin Weekly?

In placing my name in that roll, I made no "valorous onslaught without thought on a man of straw;" but a most thoughtful, responsible and necessary declaration of freedom, in the face of attempts to limit inspiration and speech, which have been undeniably made, not only by some Spiritual Societies, but also by some Spiritual Speakers, who vainly attempt to define a path for others to walk in. No "insinuations" are published. The announcement arises far above the level of insinuation, being the statement of an indisputable fact. Nor is it published as a "gross insult" to any one, speaker or society. Indeed, if there be any insult it comes from the other side, in the presumptuous lines of demarcation that would be drawn against progression in Spiritualism, if humans could prove stronger than angels.

Mr. White adds, "other experiences may differ from mine;" a consideration which might have occurred to him earlier; and the declaration of his belief, that in placing their names upon the roll in the Woodhull and Claflin Weekly, the subscribers to a free platform "were assisting to add intensity to the slanderous reflection upon their brother and sister speakers" who have not put their names in that list, proves not only his entire ignorance of the experiences of others, but also of the nature of those who, in obedience to higher powers to the voice of the soul, and to the soul's sense of duty to all mankind, have thus publicly declared their position in these important days.

By keeping my name in that list, I not only announce my duty to advocate all questions pertaining to the human spirit, and hence to the religion and philosophy of spirit, but also aver that I am utterly removed from such infidelity to freedom as to dream of interfering with the "right of any one to refuse to advocate what seems to him a pernicious idea." I honor as well the right to dissent as I do the right to assent which inheres in society and individual. And for myself, I simply and unflinchingly believe that the great trials yet to be endured by us all, for Freedom's divine sake, demand of me the incessant uplifting of the standard of individual freedom of thought, speech and life, believing that the freer the soul, the keener and truer that divinely element of liberty, personal responsibility to others.

Personally, in a brief three years' work, I can affirm gladly that no official attempt has been made to abridge my speech. Nay, even more, I have been repeatedly thanked for uttering the most radical sentiments in the presence of conservatism; and have received from officers and people the most unexpected and sustaining sympathy, cordiality and cooperation. And here, for the first time in this manner, I publicly send my heartfelt thanks to all these beloved ones, whether known or unknown personally to me. You have made the path of one medium precious and easy. It cannot but be that dark days come to all—God's rainy days, perchance charged with lightning and destruction, yet nevertheless purifying and fruitful. When I meet them in the future, the memory of your love and sympathy will cheer me on to the coming day.

With all this, knowing that strictures have been placed upon others, and really attempted to be placed upon us all by the assertion that Spiritualism must be separated from all so-called side-issues, and seeing the coming conflict, intense and universal, which looms in the distance, and through whose seas the race must pass, before full religious and social freedom is attained, I deem it my profoundest duty to announce my position in the great army in which N. Frank White has so long preceded me as an earnest soldier—a soldier too faithful to submit to muzzling if it were attempted, as he himself affirms in his letter. And the absence of his name from the roll is not an intimation to my mind that he would submit to such an infringement of the first right of a speaker.

The right he claims of uttering his highest thought, is the only one we claim whose name stand in that list; and for one, if the highest thought in another be to oppose and denounce my highest thought, I welcome it, knowing that opposition establishes truth as well as trade. We do not in the least intimate the idea that we represent the highest thought; much less do we assume to dictate to others what is or shall be their highest thought. Such a step is incompatible with the principle of freedom. I believe each one is uttering his or her highest thought. How else is one justified in speaking at all? And there must be freedom to reach the utmost, wherever it leads, and freedom to utter the utmost, because humanity starves and sins without it.

With a soul full of faith that no one will reach a truth too free or high for humanity's needs, yet with a soul full of sadness at the fact that the "man of straw" inconsiderately referred to by Mr. White, is yet to prove a Colossus of stone in the way—a heart full of sadness at the inevitable struggles and persecutions of the future, and even the enthronement, for a time, of the direst enemies to freedom and progression in the land, yet with a soul triumphant in the knowledge of the ultimate sovereignty of the free, true and divine, I send this word to my brother and to all hearts.

The day is coming when for human freedom we shall all be compelled to join hands, irrespective of name, position, service or individual definitions, and do battle as one soul, led on by angel hosts, without jar or rivalry, the true leaders being liberty, love, justice, equity, in the last great conflict between darkness and light. Even now we are called upon to burnish our armor, to consolidate our forces. "Measures, not men;" "principles, not persons"—are the rallying cries. Everywhere in the air is heard the sound of the coming conflict. "To arms! to arms!" resounds through the ranks of the Invisibles gathering in mighty numbers to command earth's next ascension. In that hour it will be enough that souls destined to conquer for freedom's sake are marshaled under the white, invincible banner of the Spirit. Then farewell to despotism, to selfishness, to injustice, forever; and Victory for freedom, for equity and fraternity from the heart of Columbia to the ends of the earth forever!

Boston, July 31st, 1873. JENNIE LEYS.

Never show that you suspect, or accuse till you have found that your suspicion was well founded.

ter, which puts my honor and peace at your mercy.

HORTENSE BERSAC, née DE GARENNES.

The first twenty lines were perfectly legible; but the end, written in much greater haste, and with rather pale ink, was not so easily deciphered. The bluish white letter-paper resembled that which they give to travelers in hotels of the second class. The left upper corner, doubtless stamped with some name, had been torn away. There was no envelope; the letter, folded in the old style, sealed with a wafer, and without a postage stamp, was addressed to M. Etienne, in care of M. Bonidier, publisher.

"Well," he asked, in his most sportive tone, "what do you say?"

"I say, my dear friend, that the future author of *Jean Moreau* has lacked discernment for the first time in his life. That letter is from a young and pretty widow, living in one of the provinces, rich, devout, and in no wise stupid, who has come to Paris expressly to ask your hand."

"Pshaw! I would like to know where you got your information. Come, now, you wise Saadi, and demonstrate to me that I am a dunce."

"In the first place, then, Madame Bersac is young; her writing plainly says so."

"A woman's handwriting, like other shoulders, has the privilege of remaining young when all else has grown old."

"Granted. But a woman who is not sure of her youth and beauty does not at once show herself as she is. She begins by exchanging five or six letters, in order to wheedle her judge and prepossess him in her favor."

"Now, that is a little better reasoning. Go on. You have no need of proving that she is devout and lives in a province. A widow? Her signature tells me that. Rich? She pretends to be. I would fain believe it, and it matters little to me; but where the deuce do you see that she contemplates marriage, and that her ambition may not stop half-way?"

"The proof that she wishes to marry you, my dear Etienne, is her not saying so. She simply says that she loves you, and that she wishes to secure your happiness; for she is one of those who understand none but honorable love, none but lawful happiness. Every line of her letter breathes uprightness and sincerity."

"Then why this shuffling, this mystery and distrust? From whom does she use concealment? Who is the man accompanying and watching her? He has an absolute right to her, this gentleman. Will you tell me for what reasons this chaste provincial, who is not afraid to sign her name to a *bulletin*, forbids me to salute her in the street? She certainly is less free than she says."

"If you would have me refute you by facts, I will not undertake to do so; Madame Bersac not having honored me with her confidence; but I can give you a very plausible hypothesis, if you will be content with it. This young woman is carefully guarded by the family of her late husband. In whose interest? I do not know; but we may divine by looking closely. Observe that she called herself *Mlle. de Garennnes*, which means that she belonged to the petty nobility of her province. She thought it a disparagement to marry old Bersac, in proof of which she signs her maiden name after the other. Why do I say *old* Bersac? She herself authorizes me to do so; for she writes: 'Heaven owes me my share of happiness, and God knows that I have fairly earned it.' Bersac, then, was seventy years old, and I congratulate you upon the fact. Now did you ever hear of a well-born young lady with a good dowry, marrying a man of that age? This young and pretty Hortense, then, had nothing. But she tells you that she is rich; consequently her fortune comes from her husband. Bersac, to the great chagrin of his heirs, has settled a handsome fortune upon his wife, as was proper. Do you comprehend now who is the family counseling her to enter a convent? It is not Hortense's family, but that of the deceased; she informs us herself, as we may see. 'The family,' she says, and not 'my family.' These people would be only too happy to be rid of her, because the whole or a part of her jointure would then revert to the collateral relations. I am not able to divine all, but I see clearly that they want her property and that they are keeping an eye upon her, for fear she might fly off at a tangent by marrying. She wished to go to Paris; the Bersacs have accompanied her thither and taken rooms at a hotel of their choice, among people of whom they think themselves sure. She had to conceal herself to write this letter, and they did not even allow her time to finish it at one sitting; that ink is ten days old, and this not older than twenty-four hours. The absence of the postage stamp shows us that the letter, concealed in the lining of a muff, perhaps, was secretly thrown into a box. Is the matter clear enough, doubting Thomas?"

"That would be saying much; but I see a glimmer of probability."

"It depends only upon you, skeptic, to stand face to face with the truth. It wants ten minutes of eleven, and fair Hortense, accompanied by all the Bersacs, is now on her way to the Church of the Trinity."

"Zounds!" he said, "I will satisfy my mind. I do not believe it, you know; you will bear me witness that I have not been a dupe for one moment. Bersac! a name occurring in comedy! We shall find nobody at the place of appointment, unless, indeed, it be some old russet, yellow with the winds of forty-five autumns. But never mind! We shall have a good laugh. You will accompany me to the mass; if this letter should not contribute to my happiness, it will at least serve to benefit you. We shall afterwards breakfast at the eating-house on the corner quite near, whose illustrious proprietor asks twenty-five francs for a wretched duck, saying to you in a sublime tone: 'The lowest price in the city, monsieur!' Do you know, my boy, that the world is a merry theatre, and that you can see more comical pieces there than at the Odéon? But you are yawning, you unbeliever!"

"Yes, I am sleepy."

"There you are; one night of pleasure and study makes you sick! Come, young man! be strong; follow the example of your senior. Perhaps the wheel of my destiny, good or bad, is taking a turn at this moment. *Rage or noire?* The game must be played, and I am not more agitated than if only a florin were at stake!"

[Continued in our next.]

HAPPINESS.—As well might a planet, revolving round a sun, expect to have perpetual daylight in both hemispheres, as a man may expect in this life to enjoy happiness throughout, unmixed with sorrow or pain.

The dastardly spirit of a timorous man betrayeth him to shame.

His kind interjections proved to me that I had succeeded. He interrupted my reading with: "Good! very good! quite like a Minister's speech in the columns of the *Moniteur*," and praised the last paragraph, protesting that he had never in his life met with so much cleverness. He only regretted that I had not begun with a few general reflections upon the beautiful fairy art, of which later effort has made something mean and contemptible. "Here, you see, are men who have perfect freedom, possessing the means and full discretionary powers; the past, present, and future, the true, the false, the pathetic, the comical, are their domain; they are abundantly provided with whatever charms the eye and ear, illuminating effects, decorations, machinery, women, costumes, stage-glitter, dancing, and music; they are freed, as a privilege, from all the rules of the dramatic art, and, in return for so many concessions, we ask of them to transport us for four or five hours to a world a little less than ours. What do they do? They drag us into vulgarities more filthy than the gutter of the Rue-Mouffetard!"

While thus speaking, he had put a pen into my hand, and I wrote as he dictated. Having exhausted his subject, he dwelt upon Shakespeare and the Midsummer Night's Dream; he explained how prose should alternate with verse in the fairy drama, according as the poet rises to the skies or brushes the ground. Four lines upon the conception and senile plot of "The Enchanted Sunflower" brought him, without any other transition, to a magnificent landscape by Thierry, illustrating the first act. He translated this piece of decorative art into words. It was a winter scene. With graceful touches he depicted winter in the forest and its familiar sounds; the mist-capped mountain, the branches covered with hoar-frost, the dense, deep, full silence weighing upon the country, the wreath of bluish smoke rising perpendicularly from the forester's lodge, the robin redbreast tapping at the windows, the famished fox standing against the trees and cropping the sombre foliage of the ivy. *Apropos* of the ballet, which claimed to be ancient, he enlarged gaily, with as much taste as knowledge, and without a shadow of pedantry, upon the dance of the ancient and modern Greeks. A political couplet, of which I quoted the fifth, furnished him with an occasion to deal some blows at song-poetry and the literature which is made to order. He wound up with a description, truly excellent, in which, on pretence of painting the antics of a modern clown, he used a style more motley, disjointed, stiff, supple, humorous, and saucy than ever was that of any English clown. I was struck with wonder and mortified, for of my poor article there remained not a single word; but Etienne continued to thank me, as if I had really done all his work.

He rang the bell. The servant entered to receive the manuscript, and gave him some letters.

The first one that he opened caused him to exclaim: "Zounds! here is one quite to the purpose. It is impossible to enter better into the situation. The letter is from a woman, my dear fellow, and from a woman of the world, at least she says so. Barring a few variations, it comes under class number seven; for I have classified these sentimental lubrications. She is a widow; she is rich, and comes of a good family, but she takes care not to hint whether she is young or old, ugly or pretty; alas! I too easily fathom the causes of her discreetness on that point. She has read my novels, seen my picture, deplored my little troubles, and gently censured my aberrations; but she does not say whether she wants to get married, see a little fun, or wheedle half-a-dozen autographs from good M. Etienne. I know these tricks. You come too late, my dear madame; I do not swallow that bait any longer."

He threw the letter into the basket, then, suddenly bethinking himself, he took it out again and handed it to me, saying: "Study it, my boy, and profit, if you are capable of doing so. Perhaps you may one day receive some birds of the same feather, and that is why I advise you to become acquainted with class number seven."

Whilst he was disposing of the rest of his correspondence, I read the following:

"By the salvation of your immortal soul, Monsieur Etienne, I adjure you not to judge too hastily the imprudent woman who tremblingly traces these few lines. My mind and heart belong to you since the day when God gave me back my freedom. Till then I had prohibited myself from thinking of you; I had even ceased to read your dear books, though to me a source of such great pleasure that I could not forgive myself for doing so. During these last eighteen months I have had the boldness to make inquiries concerning you, prudently, so as not to alarm those whose watching of me is as arbitrary as it is obtrusive. I know your face, and so well that it would be easy for me to point you out, at the first glance, in a crowd of a thousand persons. Will you pardon the indiscreet but tender curiosity which has traced your real embarrassments and the generous follies to which they are due? My dearest wish would be to lead you back to a happy and regular life, if you favored me with your confidence. The fortune which I enjoy is more than sufficient for two persons only half reasonable; and as for affection, I have treasures to give. Heaven owes me my share of happiness, and God knows that I have fairly earned it; but I wish to hold it only from you. If you have formed another attachment, or if I displease you at first sight, I shall soon end by taking the veil, as the family have counseled me to do; but how are we to know whether we have been created for each other? After mature reflection, not being able to ask advice of any one, this is what I have hit upon. Attend the eleven o'clock mass at the little Church of the Trinity, Rue de Cléry, on Sunday. I shall be there early, and take a seat, if possible, on the right. You will recognize me by my dark-blue velvet dress and bonnet, with a black feather; my complexion is fair. A man can come and go during divine service without attracting much notice. Go up the right aisle until you have caught sight of me, return without making any sign, and yield your seat to your reflections; then, a few moments after the Lord's Prayer, come back the same way, and, if I have pleased you, draw your handkerchief across your forehead. But, whatever may be your opinion of my humble person, do not wait for me when the service is over; do not offer me the holy water; take care not to salute me or follow me, even at a distance! I am always accompanied and rigorously watched. Wait till I can write to you, and till I find a means of receiving your letters or your visits without the risk of exposure. It is not you whom I distrust—God forbid! And the proof of it is, Monsieur Etienne, that I sign this let-

ter, which puts my honor and peace at your mercy.

"Smiling, he replied, 'Is it not? I have been saying the same thing to myself every day for ten years and more; but what am I to do? I have no choice; man must follow his destiny to the end. Would you believe that, sincerely speaking, I would rather plant beet in a country town, with a sweet little wife and half a dozen urethras around me? But planting beet is a luxury my means will not permit me to indulge in for a long time. Thus far I have sown nothing but debts, and, according to all appearances, I shall reap the sheriff and his officers shortly. My person is mortgaged; I no longer work for myself; the citizen who should entrust his daughter's happiness to me would instantly be appointed chief inmate in the Charenton asylum.'"

"Yet we see many citizens, who have grown rich, throwing away their daughters and millions upon petty vicissitudes over head and ears in debt. Your name has a hundred times the lustre of these for which so high a price is paid. Who would hesitate between a nobleman by accident and a prince of literature?"

"There will be no hesitation, I reply; the lordling, genuine or counterfeit, will always be chosen without need of the ballot. The worst of these fellows is quoted at a higher figure in the matrimonial market than the best of us."

"But if the men have prejudices, the women have none, and there are many independent ones. They know you, they have read you, they have spent delightful hours over your books; they owe to you many a reverie; and these charms of their admired author, this fascinating power, which, exerted at a distance, has won you so many successes in the world, might be just as likely to—"

"Tush, tush, my boy! My successes! In the first place, I do not go into society ten times a year; and, when that does happen, I do not wish being stared at like a strange animal, and steal away as soon as possible. It is true I have met with something like adventures; there are some creatures, with a mania for collecting, who gather into a private album every man who has gained a little renown. I have received well-written confessions, and have answered them, expending in these epistolary labors the matter for five or six novels; but every time circumstances have obliged me to stand face to face with one of these loving correspondents, I found her old and ugly enough to put the Russian army to flight, and I consider myself lucky, you must know, in having got rid of them before it was too late. But here we are at my hut."

A very precise man-servant, who had passed the night in his white cravat upon a bench in the hall, opened the door before the bell rang. In the twinkling of an eye Etienne's boots, coat and vest were off, and he was enveloped in the ample folds of a dressing-gown of some texture of Oriental silk. Twenty wax candles were lighted as by magic in his study, a perfect bazar, fantastically decorated with curiosities of every age and country. Had I hardly begun inspecting its wonders, when he cried: "Let that rubbish alone, and look at the only valuable piece of furniture I have!" At the same time he held out to me a bulky copy-book, or, more properly speaking, half a ream of stitched paper in a red cover, upon which was written, in large characters, *Jean Moreau*.

"What is that?" I asked in astonishment.

"My masterpiece."

"Unpublished, certainly; for this is the first I hear of."

"Better than unpublished. Open it and judge for yourself."

"Blank paper!"

"All has yet to be done; the title and plan only are finished. Looking carefully, you would find the summaries in detail of twenty chapters. What you have there, my dear fellow, is the skeleton of something beautiful, which may never, perhaps, be endowed with life. Every half century yields the matter for a work as perfect, brilliant, and profound as the *Gil Blas* of Le Sage. Jean Moreau, should it see the light, will be to me my *Gil Blas*. Some have begged me, others defied me, to construct this monument—a double reason to undertake it. I am accumulating materials, my head is cumbered with them, like a workshop in disorder; but the first stone, laid seven years ago, will perhaps wait forever for the second."

"Why?"

"Because I must live. Masterpieces, my dear fellow, give only the publishers a living; as for us, they kill us. Nothing so profitable as those trumpery articles, like the one I am going to write presently. They pledge neither the talent nor the reputation of the author, and fetch ten louis, cash on delivery. Among other useful and disagreeable things, I scribble the theatrical reviews for an opposition journal. Do you know that this has been a poor week? Not the least little bit of drama or comedy; nothing but a silly fairy spectacle, 'The Enchanted Sunflower,' (which, besides, I did not see,) by five or six gentlemen, the cleverest and most cultivated of whom would scarcely make an acceptable porrier. I am going to write twelve columns upon this rhapsodical show."

"How comes it you were not at the first performance? I was there."

"It is enough to have to give an account of such abominations; I had to see them too, I should tender my resignation. But I have been thinking that, since you witnessed the affair, you might write my *feuilleton* for me."

"I write an article for you?"

"I do not see what objection there is, and should find it greatly to my advantage."

"And you would sign your name to my prose?"

"Without any scruples; this alimentary literature is of no consequence. I will engage that of the six authors of the piece, five never wrote a solitary word."

"But the public knows your style."

"The public is no more a judge of style than of wines or paintings; it judges all things by the label. Come, now, sit down and go to work, and try to have finished by the time I return from my bath. Good-by!"

I must confess I felt more like going to bed. The hour seemed to me ill-chosen for executing variations upon the theme of "The Enchanted Sunflower;" but I was a young soldier—which means that I was ready to overcome fatigue and fear in giving proofs of ability to my chief. I launched boldly into the task, and, as inexperienced and temerity are often favored, I had finished before nine o'clock, when Etienne reappeared.

"We are through, are we?" he said, stretching himself out upon a piece of white bear-skin. "Ready, I am listening."

"It is, perhaps, because he has not breakfasted." But an hour later, when the guests were crowding round the card-table in the drawing-room, I saw him draw from his pocket a handful of gold, some bank-notes and small change. He fought against the strongest, staked large sums, broke the bank, lost all he had without changing, then re-won his money, and a hundred louis besides, without manifesting any satisfaction. He was the man to have kept up this fighting till morning, nor did I find time pass slowly in looking at him; but the lady of the house made us all leave half an hour after midnight.

Before separating, the guests exchanged many shakes of the hand upon the payment of the Rue Grange-Batelière. I could not refrain from speaking to M. Etienne, and expressing the great admiration I felt for his talents, and my personal sympathy. He took my arm, and, as he drew me along toward the Rue Drozel, replied, with surprising familiarity: "You have been very good. You have listened, you have been attentive, and have not touched a card. I have not read your literary trifles—it is possible for one of our horrible craft to read—but it appears you are doing well, and commanding the respect of the language. I'd rather see you at something else; you are still young enough to learn chair-making. However, man does not choose his own destiny. Come to see me; and if I can serve you—"

This almost paternal kindness from a man who was my senior by not fifteen years, emboldened me, and I took courage to ask him for a letter of introduction to the editor of a well-known review. "You are funny," he said, with charming familiarity. "We are at war with each other, and have been for several years; but no matter—you shall have the letter."

"But if you are his enemy—"

He will understand that I am so no longer, upon seeing me ask a favor of him. Devil take me, though if I remember a single word of our quarrel!

Is it possible that writers of the first rank fall out and make up their differences in this way?

Wait till you are something, and you will see. But here I am leading you along without knowing whether our way is the same. Where are you going?

"Home to bed."

"Indeed?—which if it is scarcely an hour past midnight! Have not you more youth than that in you? As for me, I don't care to sleep, as I've got to deliver an article before ten this morning. I'm going to the *bal de l'Opéra*; you must go, too. We shall sup with the leading ladies; you must go home with me, and I will sign your passport to the review while you watch the sun rise. I really want it so. Come!"

I followed him unwillingly. This demon of a man had me so completely in his power, that I was no longer my own master. Neither of us had tickets; but he entered boldly, and said to the men at the box-office: "Have you a box for me?" They hastened to show the way, and installed us in as fine a box as we could wish. "Retain your check," said Etienne to me, "in case you should lose me. We meet here again at half past two. Till then you are at full liberty to stay or go; consider yourself at home." This said, he left me, and I began to look around the hall, satisfied that discretion forbade my following him.

Some time after, having ventured out into the lobby, I saw him standing against a column, right near the green-room; five or six masked figures vied with each other in provoking him, and he answered them all at one time, with admirable ease and dignity. The men gathered round him to listen, and the petty journalists, who called him their dear master, picked up the crumbs of his wit. It was the first time I had witnessed a like scene, and I was vastly astonished when, pulling out his watch, he called me with a wink of his eye. Sure enough, it was half past two, and it seemed to me we had just come!

He drew me away in the direction of the Café Anglais, and upon my observing that neither of us was hungry, he said, "What of that? People do not stop to satisfy hunger, they sup for amusement. We shall have Prince Guérolaine, Haute-pierre, vice president of the Jockey Club, and Opporto, the drollest of money-brokers, besides five anonymous bayaderes, whom I have picked up in the dark, but who are neither bad-looking nor stupid."

"How do you know?"

"First, because I have talked with them, and, secondly, because their eyes are well shaped. A mask conceals but little from him who knows how to see. Two eyes faultlessly set in their sockets indicate a young and, almost always, handsome woman. This law was revealed to me by an Armenian of Constantinople, and I have verified it a hundred times, in ten years, at the *bal de l'Opéra*."

The event proved that he was not much mistaken. When we were all together in the large parlor which he had engaged, the maskers removed their dominoes, and even the least handsome of the five was amiable enough. Etienne did them the honors with an elegant coquetry which showed his great superiority, disdaining to pay attentions to any of them, yet too refined to let them see a feeling which we divined. He had evidently invited these inferior beings only to enliven the meal with, and to make a study of manners; but the habit of speaking, of acting, of being prominent, was so strong with him that he unconsciously took the lead in conversation, and dazzled us all by a perfect pyrotechnic display of genius. Paradoxes sparkled upon his lips, felicitous jests went off like shots; sometimes a noble and poetical idea would soar like a rocket to the sky, and descend in gross Rabelaisian mirth. With this amusement he pleased himself till six o'clock, when, suddenly remembering that he had work to do, he went out to settle the bill. The fat money-broker was drunk, the vice president of the Club had gone to sleep, the Russian prince, flaming like a lighthouse, laid his rubles and serfs at the feet of a chorus-singer of Bohemia; as for myself, my head ached and I felt a sore need of breathing in the open air again.

Etienne, always cool and affable, saw his company into coaches with the fine manners and noble airs of a lord of a castle, whispering a pleasant word to the men, slipping money to the women. "You," he said to me, "will come with me for your letter."

And now we tramped, side by side, to the middle of the Chaussee d'Antin. I could not refrain from saying to him: "So, my poor master, you wish to emigrate to a better world? The life you are leading is a continual suicide; the greatest physical or moral strength would succumb to it in six months." He had himself en-



## Banner Correspondence.

## Minnesota Matters.

DEAR BANNER—Months have rolled away since last I reported through you to the Spiritualists of Minnesota. My last report was for January. The last of February found me prostrated with erysipelas and rheumatic fever, from which I have not as yet fully recovered. When I was taken, an Indian spirit controlled Mrs. Addie Whitford, of Lyle, and said it would be seven months before I would lecture again. I wish the prophecy would prove false; still it looks as though the Indian knew the best. It looks now as though I would not get to work again before September, even if I have no more pathologies. Twice I have had relapses of inflammation of the kidneys and liver. Am gaining slowly now, and hope that a trip North, to the Lakes, will put me in working order again. I do not like to be where I cannot work, and especially for the cause of Spiritualism.

Spiritualists of Minnesota, your agent has not been very active in his labors for the last few months past, in promoting the cause of spiritual communion; still I have not been wholly idle, as you will see by my report. The hard winter, and the exposures and excessive work, drew upon my system more than I was able to stand; so in obedience to fixed and established laws, I bowed at the shrine of pain, and was baptized with disease, and am reminded by our Secretary that my sickness is evidence that "God loves me."

My report for the part of February I was able to work as follows: Phases visited, Albert Lea, Itasca, Rose Creek and Lyle. Number of lectures given, sixteen. Number joining Association, fourteen. Amount received in collections and yearly dues, \$30.75. Expenses, \$20.00. We had rather lively times at Rose Creek. Varro Mallison and Nelson Wilder, (a Campbellite preacher) tried to ruin Spiritualism, but did not succeed.

The Austin Transcript of the 17th April shows how easily Spiritualism was "wiped out," and that, too, from an Orthodox, thus:

*Editor Mower County Transcript*—J. L. Potter is the Spiritual champion who is hiding forth to crowded audiences, and delivers his farewells in Minnesota School House next Sunday, at 2 P. M. We are told that Mrs. S. Wakefield, of Austin, attempted to "wipe him out" yesterday, but he got scotched. We hope that ordinary Orthodox clergymen will be smart enough to keep clear of the "wily debater," and extraordinary ones look well before they leap. M. C.

Spiritualism, according to the Austin Transcript, is ahead yet.

The Spiritualists of Lyle and Rose Creek celebrated the Anniversary of Spiritualism, and the occasion was passed off splendidly.

Mrs. Eliza Whitford, for twenty years an Adventist, has been developed as a medium, and is rejoicing to-day in the light of our heaven-born faith, Spiritualism.

The Spiritualists here have done all they could to make me comfortable. Their homes have been freely offered me, and their sympathy has been freely given. Grateful for kindness shown me, my heartfelt acknowledgments are returned to Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Barnum, Whitford, Paces and Sprague, hoping that at no distant day health may return to me, so I can break the bread of life to you again freely.

The Spiritualists of Eyota, Chatfield, Etna, Granger, etc., will see by this what I have not been with them before. As soon as I get to work again, you shall hear from me. If I was an Orthodox, I would say, "Praise for me."

Address Northfield, Rice County, Minnesota. Lyle, Minn., July 27th, 1873.

## Letter from Chicago.

PROF. H. A. FREIGHT.

The spirit-artist, whose name is fast spreading over two continents and to the islands of the sea, is still in the city, executing paintings: under control of the invisible. His "Home of the Thunder" is not yet finished; when complete we should like to give you an account and description of this original painting, as it will, I hope, be given to the world for its instruction. It will be worth coming all the way from Boston to see. In October he will move his family to Denver City, on account of his failing health, for since he came to Illinois he has labored on early and late, under difficulties and circumstances, that would have broken the heart, and the constitution of any man had he not been sustained by the angel-world, and all true Spiritualists. For he is a true and noble man, and has a kind and affectionate wife to stand by him and share his successes and heartaches.

Any orders sent him for work will receive as prompt attention as possible under his press of business.

DR. JOSEPH WILBUR.

At present the people of this city are enjoying a passage at arms between "Story of the Times" and "Dr. Johnson." In regard to the treatment of the wife of Mr. S., by Dr. J. Inasmuch as the case was one in the hands of a drug doctor, the magnetic physicians and healers of the city and the enemies of medicines and friends of magnetism are watching the battle anxiously, in the hopes of seeing justice at last done to this beautiful treatment, and of beholding the death of medicines. Among the best magnetic healers in all the West is Dr. Joseph Wilbur, of this city, who is a lifelong Spiritualist, who has stood in the front rank for many years, performing cures by the use of his own magnetism, refined by that of the spirits, and his magnetized papers. There are a good many healers in the city, and a few of them are reliable. All of them serve to call the attention of the people to the too frequent use of medicines unintelligently administered. As for the great power of healing possessed by Dr. Wilbur, we can say that we know by experience, and can refer to his ability and to him, as a man, in the highest terms.

The day is not far distant when all genuine magnetic healers will receive better treatment at the hands of the community and M. D.s than at present; when the world will see clearer and understand the use of magnetism better.

MRS. ANNIE LOUD CHAMBERLAIN.

One of our great mediums for intelligent physical manifestations, so well and favorably known in the United States, has just returned from your city and the East, in company with her aged parents. The world will ever feel grateful for the services rendered by her father.

DR. CYRUS LORD.

In the East and West, when the cause was in its infancy.

THE BANGS CHILDREN.

Living with their parents on Morgan street, are giving wonderful manifestations, as usual, to the delight and joy of all who attend their cures, and they are genuine mediums, though so very young.

"Belle Wide-Awake" and little "Mayflower," who always perform at Mrs. Chamberlain's private séances, of whom the good people of Boston have heard much, also attend many of the circles of these gifted children.

BRO. WM. WHITE.

Though we never saw him in earth-life, yet we have read his paper, full of his blessed influence and words of comfort. We feel like saying that, while you have lost a noble and able partner, and the world a valuable laborer on this plane of existence, yet the spirit-world gained a choice accession, and though "dead" (not dead) he yet speaks; and we hope he will continue to exert that good and elevating influence which he always carried in his articles and person.

Success to the ever-glorious Banner—the first spiritual paper I ever read.

Yours for truth,

J. M. COCHRAN.

645 W. Madison street, Chicago, Ill., July 30, 1873.

California.

SALINAS CITY.—A. S. Cleveland writes, July 20th: Spiritualism is not dead in Salinas City. Mrs. P. W. Stephens of Sacramento has

just finished a course of interesting lectures on Spiritualism here. She had good houses, waked up a spirit of inquiry, and started a good many to thinking. She also gave a large number of spirit tests, which were acknowledged to be true.

## New York.

CLAY, ONONDAGA CO.—Oris Barnes writes, July 20th: Accompanying this, I send a copy of the Syracuse Daily Standard, which contains an anonymous article on Spiritualism, and an account of our Annual Meeting, held at Phoenix, on Sunday, 27th inst. "Inasmuch as a professed unbeliever in Spiritualism has done us the justice to write out an unbiased account of the meeting, it has saved us the trouble of doing it. 'The old adage is, 'Straws show which way the wind blows.' The article in the Standard is good evidence of what the undercurrent of public sentiment is. There are thousands who know and feel that Spiritualism is true, and yet they do not possess moral courage enough to declare it to the world; but when these timorous ones will stand up and declare their belief in Spiritualism, they will have always believed in Spiritualism."

I cannot conclude without saying a word about our speaker, Moses Hull. In order to secure him, we had to engage him more than a year in advance. He never had been in this section, hence we knew nothing of him save what we had learned through our spiritual papers. He arrived in Baldwinsville last Friday for the first time, and sojourned with our worthy brother and President, Dr. L. V. Flint. On Saturday I went to the Doctor's to see our speaker. To my great surprise, I received an introduction to a man they called Moses Hull! I had got an impression he was a man in the decline of life, with silver locks; when, lo and behold! there stood before me a young man of thirty-eight, who was nearer a Daniel Webster than my imaginary Moses Hull! To say the least, he surpassed all our expectations in the masterly manner in which he handled his subject. We hope in some future time to be able to secure his services again.

I reside five miles from the grove. I took passage on board the large Onondaga, and, to my surprise, in the midst of five hundred persons, the subject of conversation was upon the success of our meeting and the power with which our speaker held the people spell-bound. There was good seed sown, which will produce an hundred-fold.

We were not compelled to have peace officers upon the ground to sustain order, as our Methodist friends do at their camp meetings. Quiet and good order reigned throughout the whole meeting. Not even a rebuke was necessary to keep order. The morning portended a wet day, which kept hundreds from coming. I think our anonymous friend did not exaggerate when he said there were five thousand there.

The clouds began to disappear, and soon the sky was blue and clear; when, the grove was all alive with the busy bees.

We printed the article in last week's Banner.—ED. B. or L.

## Down East.

DEAR BANNER—During my stay down East, I have found many earnest and true Spiritualists and others who are anxiously inquiring to know if our beautiful faith is true. Stopping in Bangor, at the pleasant home of Capt. Oliver Gannage, I gave two lectures in that place to fair audiences. Then I went down river to Bristol and Hodgdon's Mills, and gave week-evening lectures at both places, obtaining good hearing. Capt. Montgomery of Hodgdon's Mills is a devoted Spiritualist, whose hospitable home afforded me the best of entertainment, and he desires me to say to my readers, that should any of them pass that way he will be delighted to see them at his home and do what he can to get up circles and meetings for them. Sunday, July 20th, in Bath, I had two good audiences afternoon and evening. Here the cause of Spiritualism and liberal religion has taken a new impulse. A society has just been organized, known as the Bath Liberal League. Mr. Fen. Barker, President, which starts out with fair prospects of success. It was under the auspices of this organization that my meetings were held. They intend to have lectures most of the time. Next Sunday they are to have our highly gifted sister, C. Fannie Allen. Mrs. Gould, of Bangor, has been here. I hear her highly spoken of by all as a remarkable test medium. Bath has improved wonderfully in appearance within the last two years. The ship-building interest has become more and more, and at least a dozen large vessels are on the stocks all the while. Any of our mediums or speakers who desire visiting Bath should write to J. M. Frost, who is a faithful exponent of our cause.

A. E. CARPENTER.

## Pennsylvania.

ATHENS.—Mrs. T. R. Davies writes, July 24th: I enclose you three dollars for the "Banner" the coming year, as our subscription is out in August. I also enclose one dollar for my grandchildren, five cents for each—having seven—great-grandchildren, and one for my nephew. This is because Mrs. Brown has stated that all the Lyceums should have a "Banner day," and pay five cents each to keep our dear Banner waving over the world, for the good of the rising posterity.

The good Banner how we love its weekly visits! My husband and myself prize it very highly. We often say we would not do without it for fifty dollars per year.

## Virginia.

WINCHESTER.—W. T. Gilbert writes, Aug. 4th: Not could increase the circulation of your paper, the Banner of Light, in this section, if you would send an able lecturer; the people are making great inquiry about the spiritual philosophy. They are anxious for light. Give us light.

## ITEMS BY THE WAY.

NUMBER TWELVE.

BY JAMES MADISON ALLEN.

To the Readers of the Banner—I have been requested by my spirit-friends to again greet you with a few earnest words. It seems that the time has arrived for me to again take up the work of public advocacy of unpopulated truths and declaration of newly discovered principles and methods bearing upon human advancement; notwithstanding I had hoped to be permitted to remain in the seclusion of my quiet retreat yet a little longer, until the worn and weary spirit could regain fully its accustomed vigor and freshness.

The times are ripening rapidly, and the work of the reformer cannot be much longer deferred. The old fabric is tottering. "Old things are passing away." The crash of the falling timber will soon be heard. The "New Dispensation" is approaching.

Let not the fleeing multitude, forced to abandon the old, be left wholly shelterless. Let the new, the better structure, be ready to receive them. Then shall the "Divine Providence" once more demonstrate itself as progressive and beneficent, and the angel world as fully justified, in the eyes of mankind on earth, for all the agitation and unrest which have thus far accompanied and largely characterized the spiritual movement. Then shall it be clearly apparent what was from the beginning the real object, the hidden purpose, the true function and mission of Modern Spiritualism.

I have been led, step by step, through the most varied, peculiar and profound experiences, (both internal and external), toward a realization of the fact that nothing less than the entire abandonment of the present form of civilization (so called) and gradual adoption of a new and radically different system of life, with different aims, methods, fashions, customs, habits, social, industrial and financial arrangements, alphanetic forms and educational processes, etc., will satisfy the demand of the age, the requirements of the spiritual nature, as quickened by that wonderful light which, for a quarter-century, has been sweeping over the earth with a resist-

less power, descending into the human heart from the bending heavens, with its purifying and spiritualizing influence.

Nothing less than this—the entire remodeling of existing human institutions—will prove adequate to the emergency.

These conclusions have been firmly established in my mind since our first meeting, at which time I was made the recipient of a new method of social application, which seemed to furnish the needed basis for a practical working out of the problem of peaceful revolution, constructive reform, a radical "new departure" in human affairs; a new civilization, wherein should be found only the causes and elements of peace, purity and prosperity, health, harmony and happiness, instead of the seeds of war, poverty, crime and lust, disease, degradation and despair.

A system of life, containing within itself the germ of the long hoped-for, prayed-for condition of universal, perpetual harmony—era of "millennial bliss"—should be an outcome of the spiritual movement, to fulfill the (reasonable) expectations which have been raised in its behalf.

Such a system I believe to be now at hand, waiting for the people to make it their own, known to them, and that its core, or basis, was presented to the people among whom I was sojourning at the time above mentioned. It is termed by its originators in spirit-life, *Associative Familism*, or "Grouping," in contradistinction to the present isolate Familism, or isolation. It is a mode of arranging families in congenial groups, with separate dwellings, on such a geometrical and fraternal plan and basis as to liberate man from his bondage to the cook-stove and fashion-magazine, and secure to all the benefits of domestic, industrial, social and educational cooperation.

It involves a readjustment of the social or fraternal relations, but does not disturb the conjugal or the domestic life, in this regard, being purely a *spiritual* marriage, not to be disturbed by any physical or physiological, phenological and psycho-physiological, or any necessary basis of the peaceful and happy home, and of a normal social state.

I have watched with great interest, and waited with almost impatient progress of events, and the development of the public (spiritual) mind toward a condition of hunger for the social "bread of life" unbaked and unfermented—having myself reached that point where I can no longer be confined to the preliminary (or leucoclastic) phases of the work of public spiritual teaching. I must henceforth devote myself to an *organized* and *practical* method, which have been spiritually indicated to me as the legitimate and proper means of perfecting the work, designed to be accomplished by and through the mutual efforts of the two worlds.

I therefore propose to take again the rostrum, after a silence of nearly a year (since the spirit-birth of our beloved boy). I shall speak, not upon the ordinary topics, but shall take up, in their order, the *EXAMINERS* or *NEW CIVILIZATION*. Those elements embrace every department of human life, and embody in one compact, practical and practicable system, every important reform which has agitated the public mind, and engaged the attention of philanthropists throughout the world. It will indicate how a new form of civilization may be practically effected; how to *reorganize* these radical reforms which have heretofore seemed attainable only through agitation and violence; how to destroy evils without *making war* upon them; how to revolutionize "Governments" without *conflict* with *conflict* with them; in short, how to secure permanent peace *without fighting* for it, and justice and liberty without the monstrous injustice and tyranny of revolutionary bloodletting.

The course will include a number of lectures on Alphanetic Science and Spelling Reform, or "Written Language as it has been," as it is, and as it should be," giving a full explanation of the New Alphabet, illustrating the subject with diagrams and exercises in vocal gymnastics; and introducing the testimony of many eminent persons of different countries, concerning the propriety and need of a reform in the world's visible speech. These features will be of special interest to the *Children's Progressive Lyceums*, before which some of the lectures may properly come.

In short, friends, one and all, among whom I have labored in days gone by, I propose, with the help of those immortal Educators, under whose inspiration and guidance I move, to take up a line of public teaching and practical work upon the "EXAMINERS," and which will, I trust, be likely to lead in due time to some results more tangible than have yet been reached. At all events, the "inner voice" says *go on, the need must be seen*; and I obey.

Those desiring my services for August and the fall and winter months, will please apply soon, with all needed particulars. Address: East Bridgewater, Mass. Will engage for one month, or more, and for week evenings (for public lectures or halls) as well as Sundays. Will also attend funerals and perform the marriage ceremony. With a fraternal hand-clasp of the spirit, as a "good-by" till we meet, I await your expression, and remain as ever your earnest co-worker for human advancement.

Weekfield, Mass., July 1873.

## Scientific.

## COSMOGRAPHY.

## A DESCRIPTION OF THE UNIVERSE.

NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.

BY LYNDEN S. RICHARDS.

Heat is the correlative of motion—a force—a molecular expansion. The molecules (small particles of matter) dilate, expand, extend, and when cold, they contract; and, since everything is affected by heat or cold, expansion and contraction, all things are in motion.

When two bodies moving in opposite directions strike each other, the motion is broken. What becomes of it? Is this motion destroyed? Not at all. It is converted or enters into these bodies in the form of heat. "If, through any unforeseen circumstance, the moon should eventually strike our planet, sufficient heat would be generated by the concussion to melt the globe into a fluid mass. A small rod of cold iron, placed upon an anvil and hammered quickly, will become red-hot. I have seen it performed in six seconds—a rapid conversion of motion into heat. Blacksmiths, before matches and tinder-boxes were in use, adopted this method to kindle their fires. This is heat produced by falling motion.

Heat is also produced largely by friction. Fill a metal tube with water, insert a cork stopper in the nose, place it between a lemon-squeezer, keep the tube in rapid motion by turning a crank attached to it, and sufficient heat will be produced by friction to generate steam, which forces the stopper out with a gusto, accompanied by a loud report. A meteor rushes through our atmosphere, and is made red-hot by the passage. Offentimes the friction is so great, by the slight resistance of air alone, that the meteor is burned up before its passage through is effected, as is seen most any night when these falling stars are abundant.

Heat, then, is the result of motion; and when motion apparently ceases, it simply passes into heat. Heat is further produced by chemical action. Dilute sulphuric acid with water, and heat is immediately evolved. Mix nitrate of potassa (saltpetre) with sulphur and charcoal, pulver-

ized and dried, and we have gunpowder. Ignite it, and a force of the most formidable kind is called into action. This force is called static, pent up, or at rest; and by the combination of said substances, when ignited, the static equilibrium is disturbed, the force imprisoned or relieved, and the explosion terrific.

The motion and heat produced by chemical affinity or action, arise from the contact of two dissimilar bodies, which produces an expansion of the molecules, or particles composing them. Heat expands most, liquids next, and solids the least. The more dense a solid, the less it is affected. Rocks are broken or disintegrated by heat and cold, expansion and contraction. A stove when first heated snaps and crackles, and again when the damper is suddenly shut, because of the unequal expansion and contraction. Glass is liable to crack when hot water is poured upon it, because the surface heated by contact expands faster than the opposite surface, and bending and cracking is the result. Bunker Hill Monument is bent by the sun's heat in a hot day, but the cool of the evening or a shower restores the columns to its original position. The sun is the great fountain head of heat for our planet, and yet the sun's rays do not warm the atmosphere through which they pass, but are absorbed by the earth and radiated. Snow, for example, melts faster under a tree or bush than in the direct rays of the sun. The rays will pass through our windows without heating or warming the glass; but place the latter over a hot stove, and the heat will be arrested and the glass warmed.

Dr. Carpenter, the eminent English scientist, places undue importance to heat. Heat, he advances, is the life element of our being; he instances plant life—that it is entirely dependent on heat for its development and growth. But the fallacy of his argument, in this instance, is apparent, when with equal force he might claim for oxygen the same power, for, without the contact with oxygen, seed could never germinate or develop, and if the embryo and egg depend upon heat to develop, the life of the animal would be very short in the absence of oxygen.

## REVIEW OF FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC LITERATURE, Etc.

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

MR. EDITOR—I believe it is now almost universally admitted that the Germans take the lead in literature in its best expression, involving intellectual culture of the highest order. That Spiritualism should be the bright morning star gleaming over the tormented hills of the new Bethleem toward which modern research most fittingly tends, cannot be to us but the most rational thing imaginable. And it may be well here to state some of the causes of this in the east, and to express our great obligations and our heartfelt thanks to Von Gregor Constantin Wittig and Von Alexander S. Aksakov, whose labors and large liberality have brought the subject so admirably before the German-speaking people. They have had translated and published at Leipzig, the large work of A. J. Davis, *Spiritualism in America*, (with three engravings,) by Judge Edmunds; *Experimental Researches in Spiritualism*, by Prof. Hare; *Spiritualism and Witchcraft*, by Mr. Wm. Crookes, also with illustrations. Those acquainted with the press of Mr. Franz Wagner, whence these books issue, nothing further of them need be said; but to others I would state that the clearness and beauty of the type, the handsome paper and the attractive form in which these volumes appear will make them a pleasing acquisition to any library, and to Spiritualists even who do not read German, they will, by showing how admirably our faith is recognized in other lands, be souvenirs of value far outweighing their cost.

The *Revue Spirite* of Paris, in a notice of a new work on the American aborigines, (B. Renault, editor) speaks of the influence of the grand priest of each tribe or village, having a power derived, the people are convinced, from communion with powerful spirits who take part in the direction of human affairs as well as of the elements, and that he can predict the success or failure of any expedition about to be undertaken. His prognostications are often wonderfully verified.

I had occasion to notice some time since the remarkable phenomena taking place in the presence of a Mademoiselle L. This lady is Miss Libert, and is said to be now in America. When in France, the editor of the *Revue* invited her to his house, where, in the presence of many friends, all that had been affirmed of her was satisfactorily tested. Nearly every person, if not every one, was taken possession of by an attending spirit, and made to write, to sketch or play the piano, *volens volens*; and subsequently a spirit photograph was taken in her presence, that must have been very convincing, though painful in the details as given by the recorder.

I do not know that I have ever reported anything of Mademoiselle Louise Lateau, of Bois-d'Haine, (Belgium.) For four years this lovely little girl has taken no nourishment, nor slept scarcely an hour, and yet, with the exception of Friday, during the six other days of the week she works and endures no inconsiderable fatigue. On Friday, being in a state of ecstasy, it is understood that blood issues from her hands, feet and side.

At Chartres (Vosges) there is a young girl, says the editor of the *Revue*, who for twelve years has absolutely taken nothing to eat or drink. Brought to Paris, she was placed in the care of the medical faculty for one year, and the phenomenon remained as inexplicable as ever.

I have before me three numbers (18, 19, 20) of *La Luz en Mexico*, and three (32-34) of *La Luz en Espiritismo*, also of Mexico, but space will hardly permit more than this mere mention of them. In the former, Spiritualism and Phenology appear to have a well-elucidated article, and Esther Plowes poetically says, "That Spiritualism is an oasis of light and good fortune that humanity begins to discover in its voyage along the sea of its errors and the chaos of its miseries."

In *La Instruccion*, Don S. Sierra gives the "Voz" another of those handlings that shakes out such scintillations of truth that the great dome of created errors (by the church) is illumined, and we see the deformities of the modern hierarchy, temple. Under the head of "The God of Evil," the same writer holds up the torch that heralds a new day.

In *La Federacion* of Cordova (No. 6) opens its first and longest article with: "Would it not be inconceivable, dear friend, the ignoble conduct of the neo-Phariseism used against our creed, had it not always preceded in like manner against all new doctrines and philosophies, and that which

is still more ridiculous, those advanced scientific demonstrations which have come into the world for the progress of humanity?"

This reminds one (though it be in the scale of low material development) of the long opposition of the Pope to railroads in the Pontifical States. He now says that the engine has butted him over as it did the bull (no pun intended) that attempted to arrest its progress.

In *La Luz en Espiritismo*, of Belgium, though not favoring our cause, designedly, relates a most touching affair that occurred during the Crimean war. A young officer saw before his tent-bed, one night, the pale and emaciated form of his affianced—his cousin, Mademoiselle T. Rushing out, he went to a friend's tent and related what he had witnessed, and that the ghost said to him, in a soft, sweet voice, "You stay away too long! Take care! Sometimes one dies of a war without going to it." Attempting at first, to reach the figure, it receded, and, putting a finger to its lips, it said, "Silence! Have courage and patience. We shall return to see." The young officer was sure that the young lady in question was seriously ill, and he resolved to obtain leave of absence and hasten home. Ere, however, this could be accomplished, the same delicate form again appeared before him, but in the habiliments of the grave. No longer doubting that his fair cousin-in-law was dead, he seized a pistol and blew out his brains. Letters from the family subsequently confirmed this conviction of the unfortunate, for Mademoiselle T. had died at the instant she had made her last appearance at the tent-door of her beloved.

In *La Luz en Espiritismo*, of Madrid, has quite a number of short but interesting (locally) articles; but the "discourse" pronounced before the Spanish Spiritual Society, by E. Ruiz Salaverria, is long, comprehensive and scholarly. This magazine gives also D. D. Moun's letter in the London Times, and reproduced lately in the Banner; and it announces that a spiritual circle has been established in San Antonio, Cuba, and has put itself in relation with the Society of Barcelona.

In *La Mission*, of Liege, in its Route to the Truth, begins: "The question of the plurality of existence has from remote times occupied the minds of philosophers, and more than one has found in the interior of the soul the only possible solution of this most important psychological problem; without this principle he will find himself arrested at every step, and hemmed in where he will find no regress but by the aid of the hypothesis of the plurality of existences."

"The greatest objection that one can make to this theory, is the absence of any souvenir of anterior existences, etc. It would be the rupture of all affections, which make the charm of this life and the most sweet hope in the future; it would indeed be the negation of all moral responsibility. One understands, then, that those who have alike ideas regarding re-incarnation, reject it; but it is not this that Spiritualism presents it."

"The existence *spirituelle* of the soul, we say to them, is its normal state; with souvenirs retrospective without limit; the corporeal existences are only intervals of short station in the spiritual existence; and the sum of all these stations is only a very insignificant portion of normal existence, absolutely as if, on a voyage of a number of years, one stops, from time to time, for a few hours. At during corporeal life, there seems, by absence of souvenirs, to be a break in the continuity of existence, it will be re-established in the spiritual, which has no interruption. And the absence of souvenirs displays the wisdom of Providence, as it does not desire man to be too much turned from the real life, with its many duties to fulfill; but in the state of repose of the body, during sleep, the soul assumes again in part its sorrows and re-establishes the chain interrupted when 'awake,' etc. Much more of this and other interesting matter I must here omit.

A small brochure or pamphlet, *Le Spiritisme*, by Allan Kardec, is at hand, but I have not had time to peruse it.

I must say the same, also, of five or six numbers of the *Rev. Rev.* published in Allentown, Pa. This is a large, influential German paper, and has a series of articles on Spiritualism that, so far as I can now judge, would do honor to our best writers. I shall try, in my next, to give a more extended notice of what appears to be a very important journal—to the Germans, at least—and as a medium, by which advertisers could present their claims to a large class of influential citizens.

The *Dagbladet*, in the Scandinavian language, is at hand, containing notices of Wm. B. Reed, Oakes Ames, Sherman, Feinton, Butler, etc., and comments on the fifteenth anniversary. I think the editor, Mr. Marc Thirane, is capable of making his newspaper all that any Swede or Norwegian or Dane might desire—if sufficiently enlightened to be liberal in sentiment and religion.

Albany, N. Y., July 31, 1873.

## A TOUCHING LETTER.

Dear Sarah, darling John is dead! My heart is very sore. I have the sweetest mourning suit, just come from Stewart's store. Ah, well! our loss is but his gain; Insurance covers all. No more I hear his cheerful voice, His footstep in the hall. My dress is trimmed with real lace: We had four doctors here: They called it softening of the brain; My bonnet is a dear. I know your sympathy is mine: My heartstrings almost broke: Dear wife, my fortune will be yours: Were the last words he spoke. I wear my hair done "Pompadour," And so do all the "ton." Upon his stone these words shall be, "His just dearst John." I've kept a lock of precious hair, His bank-books and his will, By which he left me all his wealth: In railroad, bank and mill. There's bahn in Gilead, I know, And I may find relief; Please send the latest fashions to Your friend in deepest grief.

HAMSURG.—As a gladiator trains the body, so must we train the mind to self-sacrifice. "To endure all things," to meet and overcome difficulty and danger. We must take the rough and thorny road, as well as the smooth and pleasant; and a portion at least of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable; for the mind cannot be kept strong and healthy in perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of all states is that of constantly recurring pleasure, ease and prosperity. Most persons will find difficulties and hardships enough without seeking them; but not repining, but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.



### Editorial Correspondence, BY WARREN CHASE.

#### THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Once more, and for the tenth time, the Spiritualists are called to meet, by delegate representation, in national convention—this time, as in the first call, in Chicago (St. Louis would have been more appropriate). For six years we attended and participated, and put our best endeavors into this organic effort to centralize a power that could and should be used for great good, and at each meeting met so many persons whose only aim and object seemed to be to build up a personal reputation and destroy that of some other person, or persons; and these disturbers of course all had their friends and cliques and parties, and used up so much of the time and energies of others that they failed every attempt at any practical or useful work we might attempt to accomplish. After many changes and shiftings of constitutions and plans, we got entirely discouraged, and have not attended the last three sessions, but have watched and waited, hoping for more unity and some practical effort to centralize the scattered and yet powerful forces of the Spiritualists of our country.

Never has there been a time when there was so much need of organic action to meet and resist the encroachments of evangelical tyranny, which is now threatening to seize our national government, and use it, and the lesser arms of state and municipal law, to crush out the factions of civil and religious liberty which were secured to us by the founders of our government. If they are not met with more than our individual resistance they will conquer us, even though we largely outnumber them. At present our hope is resting on the Roman Catholics, who are effectively and efficiently organized, and as yet are on our side, resisting the encroachments of our common enemy; but the liberals all know they are not of us, nor with us, except for self-defense—not in principle, and hence may at any time desert us and join the enemy. If they could divide the spoils, or even the school money, and break up our common schools, they might be induced to leave us; and such is the desperate, reckless and wicked character of our evangelical adversaries, that we believe they will sooner yield to the Catholic demands than fail to secure the amendments they desire. In order to get partial, or full, control of our government. If the Catholics remain firm with us, perhaps we are safe without effectual and efficient organization, but even this is doubtful; but if they desert us, as they are able to do at any time, we are no longer able to compete with the well-disciplined forces of the Christian warriors who are drilled all the time and anxious to fight the battles of the Lord.

The question now is can we look to the Liberals and Spiritualists, and will they quit the petty and contemptible personal gossip, sectional jealousy and ambitious envy, and unite on great basic principles for the great and important duty that devolves upon us? No less a duty than the defense of our country and its sacred institutions of civil and religious liberty, which are threatened by the most insidious foe that Europe and other nations have not been able to cope with, and hence have been ruined by.

The coiled serpent has been sleeping in our country since the opiate administered in the Sunday Mail Report of Hon. R. M. Johnson, with only an occasional sign of life in the wagging of its tail or projection of its tongue; but, since the war and the settlement of the slavery question, it has been stirring from head to tail, and it is evidently preparing for a dive at something, and it seems now that its first aim is our National Constitution, which, if once in its hungry maw, will only sharpen its appetite to further action, and soon be Christianized throughout. The press will be (and to some extent is) subsidized. Religious liberty will be gone, and civil liberty will go with it or follow soon after.

Shall we neglect these important matters which are of life and death to our posterity, and spend our time in conventions and out washing the dirty linen of each other? Shall we, can we have a convention that will be a credit to the noble cause of Spiritualism, and do good service to it and the country? or must they continue to wrangle over personal reputations, and neglect the weightier matters that press upon us? We propose this year to go and see if the last hope from it has gone.

#### RAT TRAPS.

An intimate friend of ours, who walks among the reporters and scribbles with the scribes, has been walking among the Churches in Chicago, and has turned already thirteen of the most conspicuous of them up to public view in a series of articles published in the Sunday Times under the title of "Walks among the Churches," which gave the paper a very largely increased sale, and showed that the people are ready to look into the character and purposes of these rat traps. The exposure proved them to be largely made up of bad characters who were only cloaked by a thin shell of piety that slightly hid their real purposes from the public, and often gave a pretence of "change of heart" and life, while secretly the parties were carrying on some of the condemned practices as successfully as ever. The first effort was to seek and suppress the reporter by threats or bribes or violent measures; but failing in this, some have tried to beg excuses from the exposure of themselves by entreaties forwarded through the private channel that could reach the writer. The boldness and frankness of the writer astonished all the readers, and the rotten and corrupt condition of those who compose these halcyon institutions astonished every one. They sympathize largely with each other, and endeavor to comfort themselves with comparisons and some slight improvements on past conditions, but the record cannot fail to warn good people to keep out of such bad company.

It is never too late to learn something new. On our trip we found the old New Jersey policy reversed. Formerly they taxed persons one dollar extra for crossing their State in the cars and not stopping over. Now a person traveling across the State on a through ticket to Boston from the west, if he or she stops over in New Jersey loses the transfer from Jersey ferry to Boston Depot, worth one dollar and a half. If the ticket is taken up by the first conductor on leaving Philadelphia a transfer is given, but if the passenger gets off on the sacred soil of New Jersey, the transfer is forfeited, as the second conductor cannot give one. There are many little items of this kind which one who travels much may learn and profit from.

Our word "cash" is derived from the Italian *cassa*, the chest, in which the Italian merchants kept their money.

### Banner Contents.

First Page: "Letters of Travel," by J. M. Peck; Story: "Etemoz or, Living in Heaven," Second: Same continued; "Freedom of Speakers," by Joseph L. Way; Third: Banner Correspondence; "Items by the Way," by James Madison Allen; "Cosmography," by Alexander S. Richards; "Review of Foreign Spiritualist Literature," by Dr. G. L. Dison; Poem: "A Troubling Letter," by Warren Chase; Miscellaneous editorials, items, etc., etc. Fourth and Fifth: "Editorial Correspondence," by Warren Chase; Miscellaneous editorials, items, etc., etc. Sixth: Spirit Messages; Poem: "Midsummer," "Spiritualist Tent Meeting," "Charles H. Foster in Philadelphia"; Conventions Calls and Ordinances; Seventh: Book and other advertisements; Eighth: "Fourth Annual Camp Meeting of the Spiritualists of Massachusetts."

In printing from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (recondensed 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, AUGUST 16, 1873.

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AGENTS FOR THE BANNER IN NEW YORK,  
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ISAAC RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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### Religious Liberty.

No special act by the Ecclesiastical party now forming in the country for the aggressive war on the Constitution has occurred very recently to arouse public attention, yet its industry is uninterrupted, and its work is continually advancing. The intention is constantly shaping itself more and more firmly to open the war before the world which is now being pushed by besieging parallels merely. What the Ecclesiastical party are striving for at present is to get into position. Their Grand Army of the Church—not of the Republic—is daily growing more numerous and more daring. Its leaders never were so full of aggressive activity as now. They are before the Legislatures and in and out the halls where Constitutional Conventions assemble. Already they are procuring the passage of enactments that are intended to draw the ecclesiastical girth tighter, and render the seat of the Church more firm. They have prevailed on the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention to change the former preamble to the Constitution of the State, and substitute another that expresses their special wish. These tokens show that there is life in the movement that so seriously menaces civil freedom in this country, even when all things wear a face of tranquil slumber. The enemy works while the husbandman sleeps; and he sows tares none the less because he believes it to be wheat.

We may as well make up our minds all of us to the fact that a gigantic religious war is impending over this republic, to which the war for the Union will be but baby's play. It will be the ecclesiastical against the secular party; one side full of zeal because of its faith, the other equally convinced of the eternal truth of its principles as the only broad foundation of free government. The former party is to-day the aggressive party; the latter are taking the field more in the spirit of self-defense. But that will not do the work that has got to be done, nor in fact fairly begin it. Not until all liberal minds are aroused in every fibre to the peril that hangs over the country, and organize in a determined union, not merely to uphold their standard of civil liberty but to advance it into the very heart of the opposing camp, will they show themselves equal to the task which a wise and far-seeing ancestry committed to their hands. We are not to wait to be confronted by a presumptuous enemy. We are not to stand on a defensive position, however firmly we may stand. But we are to dare and defy all attempts boldly and resolutely, whether coming from good men or bad men, to work a revolution on any pretext in the character of our civil government, and open those gates which were purposely erected to keep out the mad tides of religious fanaticism.

People misconceive the nature of the struggle. If they suppose it is simply between the two branches of the Christian Church—Catholic and Protestant—over a question of school money or the reading of the Bible in the schools. They should be informed that however wide the difference between these two churches on such minor points of interest, there is really no variance when it comes to the larger and more comprehensive issue of marrying the Church and the State, and going back again to the medieval times. The Catholic Church stands quietly in the prospect which is so welcome to its heart, and feels that it can afford to bide its time. It says to itself—"Let Protestantism go ahead and break down these barriers of civil freedom for us, and we will then step into the breach by the power of superior discipline and numbers, and mold the State to our liking. Silly Protestantism does not or will not see that it is only paving the way for the inroad of every evil of fanaticism against which the wise fathers made such beneficent provision. A few of its representative presses, like the Christian Union, see it, and raise the warning, but apparently to no purpose. Here stands the organized ecclesiastical army, bent only on doing the mischief which it can never repair; the liberals are a scattered, unsuspecting, over-confident host, that could crush the attempt like a giant if they would but arouse and rally to the standard they swear by. And hard by are the Catholics, compact, alert, and patient, officered better than either of the two grand armies to the fight, waiting only for the chance they feel to be so near."

Is it not a fine spectacle to contemplate at this end of the first century of republicanism—a free nation turning about, after so long and so happy an experience of liberty, to take the old and dismal steps in the path of ecclesiastical tyranny and human misery? It need not be, if the people of this country will but rouse themselves to the danger that threatens. If they will not sit down and dream of security, when it exists only with vigilance; if they will remember that the Constitution is far from a permanent creation, but is plastic and yielding, and may be made to take such shape and embody such a spirit as fanatics and ambitious men design; if they will not fall into the habit of thinking that somebody else will take better care of their liberty than they can and will do themselves, there may be some well-grounded hope that the rising storm will spend its torrents elsewhere than over the face of this still unpolished land of freedom. It is our peculiar theme of thanksgiving to Heaven that this soil is not yet red with blood

shed in religious wars. Let the right hand of every true freeman be resolutely raised to swear that it never shall! As Liberals, we are none of us without religion. We may be sincerely Christians, and still oppose this monstrous anomaly of subjecting freedom to fanaticism, of founding constitutional government on a hierarchy. We propose to put no obstruction whatever in the way of religious propaganda, simply demanding that all religions shall be left free to find their own footing. We insist that all shall have equal rights, but that none shall claim to rule the State.

### Quackery on the Rampage.

Under the caption of "Medico-Legal Aspects of Spiritualism," we find in the New York Medical Review for June an article of some significance. This periodical is the organ of the "Eclectic" School of Medicine, and is not smiled on, we believe, by the regular practitioners. Its reputation will hardly be increased by the article we refer to, which is by one Dr. Frederic E. Marvin, who informs his readers that he is "Professor of Medical Jurisprudence and Psychological Medicine in the New York Free Medical College for Women." We quote below the two opening paragraphs of his article:

"The question, 'Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?' has been variously answered; but I think the answer should always be based on a knowledge of the disease. The mind is subject to many affections, *disorders* from the subject—disorders idiopathic and sympathetic, sporadic and epidemic; but of all mental ailments none seem to yield to treatment so reluctantly as Spiritualism. I have watched many cases of genuine Spiritualism, but do not remember to have seen a chronic case permanently cured! I have seen typical cases pass regularly through their successive stages and terminate in open insanity, and have never been able to mitigate the symptoms nor arrest the result. Spiritualism is the most unpropitious complaint with which the psychologist is called to meet. No epidemic of modern times can compare with it. It is a delusion which has existed twenty-five years, and attacked in the United States alone nearly three million people. The last census informs us that there are in the Republic twenty-four thousand insane, setting aside idiots; and it is believed that out of this number seven thousand five hundred cases may be traced directly to Spiritualism. The delusion does not appear to be decreasing, though fortunately its victims are now almost altogether from the lower and illiterate classes, and scientific men do not seem to be liable to the contagion. It numbers among its victims a few men and women of talent and genius, but they were attacked years ago; and we venture to say that had they remained free from the disorder up to the present day they would not now be very susceptible to its influence. The fact is, Spiritualism has lost its hold on the higher classes, and is spreading with fearful rapidity among the rude and illiterate. Whole communities are given over to its influence. Its believers have their organizations, places of worship, meetings, books, papers and systems; they are sincere, earnest, and fearless as were the Flagellants, Lyncers, and Crusaders of the middle ages; but alas! *they are even more changed.*

It is not my purpose to discuss the nature of Spiritualism, nor lay down rules for its treatment; neither its etiology nor pathology are settled, nor is there yet any treatment discovered which furnishes results so favorable as to warrant recommendation (!). The object of this paper is to present a few practical thoughts on the medico-legal aspects of Spiritualism."

Pretty well this for the "Psychological Professor!" We will say nothing of his grammar in the parts we have italicized. A man may be a poor grammarian and yet have some knowledge of medicine. But what shall be said of the quackery which sets down Spiritualism as a "mental ailment"? The Doctor's style resembles so much that of the "King of Pain," who figured in Boston some years ago, distributing handbills from a barouche drawn by four white horses, that we think the two men must be one and the same person.—Dr. Marvin is quite as confident and cool in his assertions as the King of Pain used to be in his. Dr. Marvin is quite as glib as the latter ever was. In his pompous exaggerations. His grammar, too, is very like that of the king aforesaid. Yes, we think it will be found, on inquiry, that the King of Pain, under a name the initials of which are F. R. M., is now one of the professors in the "Free Medical College for Women."

His majesty evidently thinks that kings are not bound to be consistent. For example, in the passages quoted above, after telling us that the delusion has "attacked in the United States alone nearly three million people," he informs us, in the very next sentence, that seventy-five hundred cases of insanity "may be traced directly to Spiritualism." Now if three million persons have been attacked, and only seventy-five hundred have been insane, it does not speak quite so badly after all for Spiritualism as his royal highness would seem to desire. He tells us that "the last census informs us that there are in the Republic twenty-four thousand insane, setting aside idiots"—consequently setting aside Dr. Frederic E. Marvin, *alias* the King of Pain.

It will be a cause of universal regret that it did not come within his majesty's purpose to "discuss the nature of Spiritualism, nor lay down rules for its treatment." Rules from such an authority would have been so highly prized and so eagerly followed! Spiritualism—being, under his diagnosis, a "mental ailment," with what alacrity would such men as Robert Dale Owen, Andrew Jackson Davis, Hudson Tuttle, Professor Gunning, Judge Edmunds, and a few more such victims of "delusion" flock to the royal barouche, and give themselves up for treatment! "Spiritualism," we are told, "is the most unpromising complaint with which the psychologist is called to meet. No epidemic of modern times can compare with it." \* \* \* Whole communities are given over to its influence. This being the case, how cruel on the part of his majesty not to give us some hint as to his mode of treatment! Is it becoming in royalty to be thus ungenerous?

We have seen that like Jack Cade he has little respect for grammar. And yet it would seem from his remarks that the illiterate are more liable than the educated to the attacks of the epidemic. "Spiritualism has lost its hold on the higher classes; and is spreading with fearful rapidity among the rude and illiterate." Truly unless his majesty goes through a course of grammar at once, he himself, if he is right in his classification, may catch the disease before he is aware. We advise him to pay heed at once to his nominative cases, his plurals, his objects and subjects of the verb.

We must not part from the King of Pain without giving the concluding paragraph of his communication. Here it is:

"I do not think belief in Spiritualism could or should invalidate an otherwise correct will; but I question whether a man who embraces some of the wildest fancies of the delusion, and gives his mind without rudder or compass to its ocean of credulity, should be allowed to go at large, and help spread the epidemic by the influence of his precept and example. He should be quarantined

for the safety of community. There are thousands of sensitive and susceptible persons who would be saved from the mad-house were he suitably cared for by a wise and judicious sanitary commission."

See how the monarchical spirit breaks out! His majesty would put down Spiritualism by the strong arm, just as Philip of Spain tried to put down Protestantism in Holland. He would "quarantine" the man whose "delusions" happen to differ from his majesty's own delusions! Duty to the Constitution and the country forbids our following him so far. We are willing to read his handbills, willing to smile as he rolls by in his barouche, willing to give him the benefit of our columns in warning the public against the "epidemic" which has attacked "three million people;" but as for taking his pills, swallowing his prescriptions, or allowing him to quarantine infected patients, we must protest, with all proper respect for his royal, medical, and professional relations, that we do not see our way clear to do it.

To treat gravely such afflictions of superior sanity as these by the "Psychological Professor" we have found an impossible attempt.—As well treat "Punch" or "Josh Billings" with gravity! In scientific paper in a professionally scientific magazine, the silly charlatan assumes that the thousands, nay, millions of intelligent persons, who have adopted the perfectly legitimate hypothesis of spirit agency to account for certain phenomena scientifically established (as the Report of the London Dialectical Society conclusively shows) are no better than lunatics!

It is with pleasure we turn from such imbecile assumptions and afflictions to another paper in the same number of the "Medical Review." We refer to that by Henry A. Newpher, M. D., the subject of which is the "Medico-legal Aspects of Insanity." In it the author lays down a principle which utterly puts to confusion and rout the simpletons who, like Dr. Marvin, ignorantly and arrogantly set down Spiritualism as a cause of insanity. Here are the words of Dr. Newpher:

"In studying insanity we should not pay much attention to apparent causes. Drunkenness, love of solitude, fear of poverty, inordinate jealousy, result in most cases from a diseased mind, and not cerebral disorder *from them*. Thus, often what we may regard as a cause may actually be only an effect; and in fact those who recover from insanity ascribe their cerebral disorder as having been brought on by a totally different cause from what the physicians and friends regarded as the antecedent *hatteration*."

Here is presented a great truth, and one which we have repeatedly insisted on in this journal, though not perhaps in language so terse and luminous as that which Dr. Newpher employs. In the good time coming, this great truth, associated with its kindred truths in social science, in physiology, and in legislation, will revolutionize many mischievous and unscientific opinions, habits, and customs, that are now regarded with a sort of superstitious reverence by the immense majority of people who do not do their own thinking. And in this beneficent work of reform, we may be sure that Spiritualism, more than any other agency whatever, will be an important factor.

### The Camp Ground.

To Spiritualists above all other religious believers is the Summer Camp a place of precious experiences and refreshing recollections. If God's first temples were the groves, as the poet tells us, it was because there the Spirit brooded in its full presence and power. The assemblage of a multitude of persons of like convictions and sympathies, is ever an occasion of deep and earnest interest, but when that assemblage represents what is purest and loftiest and most advanced in human faith, and marks by its presence the closer communion of the world of sense and the world unseen and spiritual, it cannot but be acknowledged that its location is fittest in the groves and by the streams, where Nature and all that contains Nature are more nearly one in the experience than in any tabernacle of human contrivance. The camp-meeting is the proper relaxation, too, and refreshment for the faded and over-worked medium, as well as for the many who have received the silent benefits of his and her faithful service. Solitary strolls into the recesses of the woods and across the enameled turf of the meadows are of personal advantage, but greater far is the good received from this free and fresh contact of the one with the many, this mingling of the single streams of thought and sympathy in one deep and strong current.

When the wintry feelings steal on again over the spirit, as a cold world has to be faced and the bleak winds of opposition are encountered, it is a blessed aid to recall then the warm words, the kind looks, the silent meditations in the midst of a multitude, the innocent aspect of Nature, the freedom of out-door associations, and the exchange of thought between speaker and listener, which all combine to give a living and lasting distinctness to the Summer camp experience. The surroundings are more profoundly spiritual to the Spiritualist than they can be to any other. To him every twig and grass blade, every leaf and flower, speaks heavenly language. The passions of the jarring world's life are soothed away and composed into tranquility. Sunrise in the camp seems like creation's morning; and sunset but beckons away to lands where none but angelic feet find a pathway. The beauty of the earth enraptures the devotional and humble spirit, and whispers to it in tones of companionship and love. What in comparison with this is the worship through a salaried priest offered to a God of his poor measurement, though the edified were entrusted outwardly with all the wealth of architecture and inwardly wrought and decorated with all the treasures of human art? The Universal Father is best approached in the midst of his own works, and there do we draw nearer to Him than it is possible in any houses made with hands.

Several weeks ago we briefly called attention to the terrible increase of crime, political corruption, social demoralization, etc., which seems to abound throughout the entire body politic—for mention of which, however, we were taken to task by an irate correspondent.

The following from the Boston Transcript fully corroborates our original statement. If necessary these can be duplicated without number. The fact is, "Whether are we drifting?" is the important question of the day:

"A CANIVAL OF CRIME.—If the cholera has not become an epidemic outside of certain places in the West, crime rages throughout all parts of the country, as though it were a communicable disease. The number of bloody, murderous assaults revealed by every day's telegraphic reports, exhibits in a striking light the activity of the criminal classes and the apparent impotency of justice and the courts for its administration."

Our readers will be regaled soon with more of "Wetherbee's Night Thoughts."

### The Unity of Natural Phenomena.

Under this title a work of more than ordinary interest to Spiritualists has been published by Messrs. Estes & Lauriat of Boston. The following is the full title of the volume: "The Unity of Natural Phenomena, a popular introduction to the study of The Forces of Nature. From the French of M. Emile Saigey, with an Introduction and Notes by Thomas Freeman Moses, A. M., M. D., Professor of Natural Science in Urbana University."

It will be known probably to many of our readers that no scientific doctrine has excited more attention of late years than that of the correlation of force. It is now considered as demonstrated that heat, electricity, light, magnetism, chemical attraction, muscular energy, and mechanical work, are all but exhibitions of one and the same power acting through matter. From the unity of force the induction was easy to the unity of matter. Saigey assumes that there is but one material substance, and that this substance is the Ether filling the interplanetary spaces of the universe. From these premises he logically deduces the hypothesis that the laws which govern the interaction of this primitive force and matter are none other than the laws of mechanics. He builds up the universe out of the etherial atom by the aid of motion. "The atom and motion, behold the universe!"

Here is an abstract of Saigey's philosophy, given us by Dr. Moses, his translator: "Matter is made of compound particles; the particles are aggregations of molecules, and the molecules may be resolved into atoms. Behind this veil of atoms, lies the Infinite. Matter is a series of orderly changes from the immaterial, becoming more and more gross until recognized by the senses. Matter is at bottom essentially mystical and transcendental." In other words matter and force, in their ultimate analysis, are mind, will, God! Man is the finite prototype of this stupendous agency. Force is no blind attribute of matter, but a living, active principle, spiritual in its character.

Here we have, under the endorsement of science, the fundamental views enunciated by many of the principal seers and mediums in the annals of modern and ancient Spiritualism. While the Materialists, the Huxleys, Tyndalls, and Buchners, and the rest, who now can find no words of scorn too bitter to throw upon Spiritualists and the phenomena they proclaim, are laboring, as they suppose, in the cause of a crass, soulless materialism, they are really helping to clear the way for the advent of the new science of sciences, Spiritualism.

We commend M. Saigey's interesting volume to the attention of Spiritualists, for while it is strictly scientific, the drift of its hypotheses and its teachings are in the direction which we believe the direction of facts irrefragable and uncontrollable. Messrs. Estes & Lauriat have presented the book in a most beautiful and commendable shape.

### Foster and the Globe.

The following from the Boston Herald is a terse answer to the philippics of the Daily Globe against Mr. Foster:

"The spirits may not have any part in the wonderful things done by Foster, the 'medium,' but any man who sees his performances and thinks they are done by any sort of jugglery is an idiot of the most hopeless kind."

The new editor of the Globe is a rare avowal of the first water, and fully deserves the "first-rate notice" bestowed upon him by the Herald.

### Lithograph Likeness of Moses Hull.

We have received a likeness of Moses Hull, the champion debater and lecturer, lithographed by E. R. Howe. It is a splendid portrait, and true to the original, with the slight exception, perhaps, that it conveys a little too serious an expression for the bland and genial Moses.

### Brooklyn and New York.

The Spiritualists of the above-named cities have arranged for a "monster picnic," to take place on Tuesday, Aug. 19th, day and evening, at Pleasant Valley, N. J. See notice in another column for further particulars.

It is astonishing to the thousands of Spiritualist readers of the "Boston Herald" that its editor should allow the slanderous articles against their faith, especially in regard to the physical manifestations, which often appear in the "People's Column" of that paper. Every Spiritualist and every honest investigator knows that the article in Friday week's issue was a gross libel. The silly jargon was so transparently ridiculous to those who understand the power of the spirit to manifest to earth's people materially, as to carry its own antidote with it. We only allude to the matter to advise the Herald to publish no more canards of a like tenor, unless it wishes to lose its character as an able, truthful, independent journal, as it has for a long time had the reputation of being.

Mrs. S. A. FLOYD lectured Sunday afternoon and evening, Aug. 10th, at John A. Andrew Hall, Boston. Her subjects were interesting, her discourses well rendered, and the usual number of questions was answered, to the satisfaction of good audiences.

The new story commenced in this issue of the Banner—a translation from the French of the eminent author, Edmund About—is exceedingly interesting. It will run through five or six numbers of the paper, and the reader should not miss one.

Thanks to E. Annie Hinman, of Connecticut, for a remittance of \$9—seven of which she received from other friends of the Banner, to whom we also tender thanks.

The truly spiritual-story from the pen of Mrs. Hickok, printed in the two last numbers of the Banner, has been highly commended by many of our readers, as a very meritorious production.

A case is concluded in Indiana in a manner to indicate that, when a railroad company sells a ticket, it is with the understanding that the passenger will be furnished a seat. A passenger in Indiana lately refused to give the conductor his ticket until he was supplied with a seat. The train being crowded, the conductor could not comply with his request, and put the passenger off the car, throwing his baggage after him. The latter entered a suit against the company, and was awarded \$200 damages by the jury which tried the case.

The Chicago Journal declares it to be "an indubitable fact" that one J. R. Brown, an Iowa Spiritualist, can see or read the unuttered thoughts of others, and gives instances of the manifestation of this power. The Journal will discover many more facts in Spiritualism, if it will take the trouble to investigate.



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**ROBERT DALE OWEN SAYS:**

"They have been used by a relative of mine in a case of bronchial catarrh and threatened pulmonary tuberculosis."

plaint with excellent effect; and I should be glad to feel that the sale of these remedies is extended, both because of the good they have shown themselves capable of effecting, and because of the evidence they furnish that practical aid may come to us from the next world." sw<sup>6</sup> Aug. 2.

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July 5, 35w

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July 26, 1917

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AND  
**Christian Spiritualist.**  
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Intercourse by an Episcopal Bishop, Three  
Ministers, five Doctors and others, at  
Moultrie, Tenn., in 1855.  
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AND

## Christian Spiritualism

WITH  
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BY SAMUEL WATSON.

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Truths, Male and Female.  
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The Equalities and Inequalities of Human  
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& RICH, (late Wm. White & Co.,) at the BANNE  
LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 11 Banover st., Boston, Mas

*Journal of Management Studies*, 19(6), 709-728.



## Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels, and words long,  
That, on the stretched forefinger of all time,  
Sparkle forever.

To loftier things your finer pulses burn.  
—[C. Sprague.]

Only what we have wrought into our character  
during life can we take away with us.

### CARE.

Care that is entered once into the breast,  
Will have the whole possession ere it rest.  
—[R. A. Johnson.]

Man, being essentially active, must find in  
activity his joy, as well as his beauty and glory.

### NATURE.

Look on this beautiful world, and read the truth  
In her fair page. See, every season brings  
New change to her, of everlasting youth;  
Still the green soil with joyous living things  
Swarms, the wide air is full of joyous wings,  
And myriads still are happy in the sleep  
Of ocean's azure gulfs.  
—[Bryant.]

Look to education; take care that it be of the  
right kind, and you need have no misgivings  
about the future.

### THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Oh, wondrous power of modulated sound!  
Which, like the air, (whose all-obedient shape  
Thou mak'st thy slave,) canst subtly pervade  
The yielded avenues of sense, unlock  
The close affections, by some fairy path  
Winning an easy way through every ear,  
And with thine unsubstantial quality  
Holding in mighty chains the hearts of all.  
—[Crane.]

**Fourth Annual Camp-Meeting of the  
Spiritualists of Massachusetts. Immen-  
se Gathering of the Friends of Free  
Thought on the Shore of Silver Lake,  
Plymouth: Good Speeches; Fine  
Singing; Sacred Concert by a Full  
Military Band; etc., etc.**

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

Thou hast number of this paper gave an account  
of the opening, on Tuesday, August 5th, of the  
above-named highly successful enterprise, and  
the work has gone on steadily increasing, till  
some three hundred and fifty tents, occupied per-  
manently by nearly two thousand persons, and  
multitudes of daily visitors, mark the strong hold  
which this series of meetings has on the public  
favor. Wednesday and Thursday, 6th and 7th,  
passed pleasantly away, giving nothing of special  
interest to record. The form of the camp was  
gradually modified, and its outlines filled in to  
meet the wants of the added numbers of its in-  
habitants, and singing, boating, fishing, etc., etc.,  
employed the hours.

On Friday, the first picnic came off, with the  
highest degree of success. Boston and all points  
along the route contributed liberal quotas to the  
mass of pleasure-seekers. Those desiring it,  
passed the day much after the time-honored  
fashion of Spiritualist picnics: Carter's Quadrille  
Band (Boston) furnished good music, and the  
fine dancing-hall received its baptism from happy  
smiles and circling feet; Hill & White, Gardner  
& Drake, and others offered comestibles and re-  
freshments; the new swings and tilting-boards  
prepared by the corporation were kept fully em-  
ployed throughout the day; and the lake was  
alive with voyagers, who eagerly explored the  
many indentations of its shore, or swiftly made  
the "three mile" course of its length, impelled by  
oar or sail.

Those desiring spiritual food obeyed the bell  
of the managers, and assembled at about half-past 10  
A. M. at the commodious speakers' stand, where  
they were called to order by Dr. H. F. Gardner.  
In an opening speech, the Doctor congratulated  
those in attendance and Spiritualists everywhere,  
upon the change of sentiment which had taken  
place in the public mind regarding their belief,  
of which the present occasion was a witness. He  
spoke of the added advantages of the new grove,  
chosen mainly because the old one had grown too  
limited to meet the wants of the Spiritualist  
Camp-Meetings, and prophesied much of good  
which should be wrought for humanity upon this  
ground in years that were to come.

Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer then read and executed  
a song; the words and music of which she had  
improvised from a subject recently given her—  
"The Land of the so-called Dead"—which re-  
ceived the applause of the audience.

Hon. Warren Chase, of St. Louis, was then  
introduced. After stating that he was no stranger  
in Massachusetts or New England, though he  
was fresh from the prairies of Kansas, he  
traced the intimate connection existing between  
the people of the East and West in business re-  
lations and in recollections of the early years of  
both individuals and the nation. To-day he con-  
sidered the scriptural statement, "The last shall  
be first, and the first shall be last," to be literally  
fulfilled in the ears of the people, inasmuch as  
Spiritualism, the last great religion formed in  
our country, was chosen to consecrate this new  
ground, which might be used in days to come for  
the meetings of other sects. No power, how-  
ever, which the older systems could hereafter  
bring to bear would be able to overcome the con-  
secration to untrammelled thought and divine  
truth which the present occasion was bestowing  
upon it.

In this connection he desired to introduce to  
the consideration of the people an individual  
who, in the past, had been most maliciously traduced,  
viz.: the devil. He desired to bear wit-  
ness to the good which he had done to the race.  
On Christian authority—and no other, he consid-  
ered, was needed—he showed that the devil had  
bestowed upon man the priceless boon of knowl-  
edge, by which he had been enabled gradually to  
raise himself from a condition of barbarism to  
the light of civilization. Next—as by the asser-  
tions of the same Christian authority—the devil,  
acting through Judas Iscariot, consummated the  
Christian plan of salvation by atonement, in the  
betrayal of Jesus to his enemies. The Chris-  
tians, who hoped to be saved by the blood of  
Christ, ought to thank the devil for his good ser-  
vice, which thus insured their salvation; and we  
outsiders, who were to receive no benefit from  
this so-called vicarious atonement, ought to thank  
St. Satan that, on our day, he had not been idle,  
but had—according still to Christian authority—  
inaugurated that "work of the devil," Spiritual-  
ism. This was the devil's last and crowning  
work for the elevation of humanity; and Spiritu-  
alists, who saw good in even the lowest of the  
race, should endeavor to give his name its proper  
rank among the cherished list of world-benefac-  
tors. The speaker referred in glowing terms to  
the bright light of progress which, streaming  
from New England as a central point, was illu-

minating the nation with its divine rays. The  
churches of the prairies were now reared mostly  
by speculators, who hoped thereby to draw emi-  
grants to settle on their lands; but the great  
mass of the people passed them by as relics of  
an earlier stage of human development, and free  
thought was marching triumphantly onward in  
the westward track of the star of empire!

I. P. Greenleaf also rejoiced at the lessons con-  
veyed by the present meeting, and endorsed all  
that had been said by the previous speaker in  
favor of "St. Satan." Knowledge being the  
chief blessing possessed by man, Mr. G. was  
led to look upon the devil as the best friend he  
ever had—perhaps that he ever should have. The  
devil demanded man to work, on his own salva-  
tion by earnest endeavors for the good of his  
brother man; the devil showed us, through  
knowledge, the path to happiness, but he had  
never been known to carry anybody "pig-back"  
to glory.

Mr. Greenleaf said he desired to dedicate this  
new platform—the trees, the seats, the surround-  
ing landscape—as (as had the previous speaker)  
to every truth that the devil had ever brought into  
the world; to human needs and uses; to those  
sublime facts which, bringing with them the  
weight of conviction, were the bases of all the  
advancement we had made, and of all the results  
we had produced in years gone by. This was a  
place where he came to enjoy his "religion,"  
rather than get it, and he hoped others would  
feel to do the same, not for God's sake, nor for  
Christ's sake, nor for anybody's sake, but for  
their own.

Dr. Gardner then introduced Ed. S. Wheeler,  
referring to the episode in the history of the last  
year's camp meeting (at Lake Walden), when  
kindly action was taken concerning this brother's  
sickness—none on the ground then ex-  
pecting he would ever recover sufficiently to  
speak from a public rostrum. Mr. Wheeler, on  
taking the platform, offered but a few words,  
and spoke in a manner which plainly told he was  
struggling with deep emotion. He returned  
thanks to his many friends, remarking that it  
was to that wave of hearty sympathy which came  
to him from off the breezy camp meeting, as di-  
rectly as ever an inspiration came to him from  
the spirit-world, that he attributed his successful  
passage of that vital crisis. He was now—thanks  
to the unshaken courage and devoted labors of  
his wife, and the cheering offices of friends—re-  
covering, in a certain measure, the strength he  
had lost; he should always be true to that cause  
to whose advocacy he had devoted the last sixteen  
years of his life, and should continue the  
struggle for its future advancement, with what-  
ever powers he might be able to command.

Moses Hull being introduced, made some re-  
marks of a similar nature to those of the preceding  
speakers—more witness to the good work accom-  
plished for humanity by that uneasy spirit of  
reform which the church denominated the devil,  
and announced that he should continue the mat-  
ter in a lecture in the afternoon. He also desired  
to refer to our devil—for we, as Spiritualists, as  
free thinkers, as liberals, who hoped to bequeath  
to our children the blessings of untrammelled  
speech and conscience which we had inherited from  
our fathers, had a devil, a strong, an active one,  
whose encroachments we must meet—to the per-  
ception of whose insidious attacks we must awaken  
ere it was too late—and that devil was the  
Young Men's Christian Association, which, ram-  
ifying all over the nation, was threatening every  
safeguard of untrammelled religion. Even church-  
men asked, when the Y. M. C. A. was first formed,  
"What is the need of this new body—are not our  
denominations strongly organized already?" but  
the question was now answering itself in the secret  
espionage kept up by the society upon the rising  
generation, and its interferences in social life, pro-  
nouncing as it did the ban of business or affec-  
tional ostracism on all youth who refused to join  
its ranks and sign its petitions for the injection  
of God into the Constitution of our free land!

Adjourned for dinner.  
In the afternoon, as per announcement, Mrs.  
M. E. B. Sawyer gave a song which she had im-  
provised—both as to words and music—from a  
subject given her at the close of the morning ser-  
vice—"Tenting on the new Camp Ground,"  
after which Moses Hull proceeded to deliver a  
strong discourse, going to prove that the devil had  
been grossly defrauded of his proper rank as a  
reformer of human abuses and a savior of man's  
higher aspirations. It would not do to locate,  
as some religionists did, the seat of the fallen an-  
gels—the hell for sinners—in the atmosphere  
around the earth, and upon such assumption  
preliterate that all the inspiration of Modern Spiritu-  
alism came from demons, for the matter would  
not rest here; the Bible, which was produced un-  
der similar inspiration from the world of souls,  
would then be proved to be also originated by the  
devils.

While denying the existence of a personal devil,  
the speaker said, this world, from the use  
made of it by the church, had become a synonym  
for something radical and reformatory from the  
day when John the Baptist was declared to be  
under the influence of a demon, to the present  
hour: How then could Spiritualism hope to escape  
being branded as the work of demons?—which by  
the way the speaker thought was the most brain-  
less method of begging the question concerning  
the existence of the spiritual phenomena. The  
church was either right or wrong, in her decla-  
rations concerning the presence of the devil in  
every reform; if wrong, then it was proved that  
she was liable to mistake, and if mistaken in one  
point, to be equally fallible in all her arbitrarily  
assumed grounds; if right, then indeed humanity  
owed to the devil the chiefest thanksgiving, for  
he was—according to the declaration of the  
church of that day—the inspiring genius which  
led Jesus Christ to live and work among men.  
It was clearly to be noticed that the devil would  
not remain with any new system after it became  
popular and corrupt, and also as plainly perceiv-  
able that the church always grasped the next to  
the last new reformatory movement, with which  
to combat its successor. The lecture—of which  
but a faint outline is here presented—was histor-  
ical, philosophical, and argumentative by turns,  
and was heartily approved by the audience. At  
the conclusion of the address the crowd dispersed  
from the speakers' stand, and wandered for a  
brief season around the grove, ere the warning  
engine bells summoned them to their seats for  
home.

In the evening Mrs. R. K. Stoddard, assisted  
by her son DeWitt C. Hough, commenced a se-  
ries of séances for physical manifestations at the  
dancing hall, which had been fitted up for the  
occasion. H. W. Aldrich and Capt. Arsenal  
composed the committee chosen by the audience  
for the evening. The exercises passed off in a  
quiet and highly creditable manner.

Saturday was passed quietly by the rapidly in-  
creasing "campers," in much the same style as  
that of preceding days. The evening trains brought  
out strong reinforcements, including the multi-  
tude about to signalize the advent of Sunday.

### SUNDAY EXERCISES.

Early in the morning the camp was astir, and  
all were employed in preparing their temporary  
homes for the visits of expected friends, or put-  
ting the last touches to the festoons of oak leaves  
and evergreen which were on all sides to be seen,  
making tents and trees alike beautiful. The  
ladies of the camp, under direction of Mrs. A. H.  
Richardson and Mrs. Maria Adams, also orna-  
mented the speakers' platform with wreaths and  
floral offerings.

A stroll through the avenues yet bright with  
the dew of the morning revealed the wide extent  
of the camp, the large numbers of regular dwell-  
ers therein, and the great distances which some  
had traveled in order to be present. Wisconsin—  
"The Badger State"—represented the West, while  
Connecticut, New Hampshire, and other States  
furnished New England representatives to strike  
hands of union with the Massachusetts friends.  
Many unique names upon the tents spoke the  
views or tastes of the occupants.

The State Police—Captains Tidd and Hammond  
—were assisted during the day by eleven other of-  
ficers from the force, but despite the excitement,  
the bustle and confusion incident to the arrival  
and departure of the vast multitude which viewed  
the grounds on that occasion, not one arrest was  
found necessary.

At an early season in the morning, visitors  
from the surrounding country for twenty miles  
distant began coming in, till a space of ten acres  
allotted for the purpose on the south side of the  
camp was as thoroughly packed with teams of all  
sorts as was considered consonant with their  
safety.

The Plymouth train was the first to arrive. Its  
crowds of passengers upon disembarking at the plank  
platform erected by the O. C. R. R. Corporation  
found themselves directly in front of a wide ave-  
nue which led over a gradual ascent to the camp—  
a few white tents, backed by green tree-tops, peep-  
ing invitingly over its summit. Hastening  
through the gates to the grounds the descend-  
ants of the Pilgrims received a warm welcome.  
In due time the long trains from Boston and way  
stations moved up majestically, and poured out a  
deluge of humanity upon the camp which effectually  
astonished all the regular residents. This  
mass of people speedily resolved itself into the  
usual classes of those who were seeking physical  
enjoyment and those who came for mental profit.  
The first skirmish of camp along its north-  
ern and southern borders, and upon the opposite  
side of the railroad, and beneath the trees, or man-  
aged the boats, which despite all Puritan prece-  
dent were cleaving the bright waters of the lake  
during the entire day.

Those who came to listen to speeches, as well  
as to enjoy the beauty of the scene, assembled at  
the platform, where at about 10 o'clock Dr.  
H. F. Gardner called the assembly to order.

J. Frank Baxter, of Winchester, Mass., com-  
menced the services by rendering in a clear and  
effective manner the stirring song: "Dare to be  
right—dare to be true," after which Dr. Gardner  
introduced as the regular lecturer of the morn-  
ing.

### MISS JENNIE LEYS.

In commencing she said: At such a time as  
this, full of life rather than death, we cannot  
come to you to open any sepulchral cave. Vital  
revelations were abroad, of interest alike to Spiritu-  
alist and atheist. Spiritualism represented not  
so much wings for heaven as feet for earth. She  
then proceeded to consider an important issue of  
the hour: as to whether God should be placed in  
the United States constitution as a ruler and  
governor in the land. It might perhaps be more  
pleasant to the believers of Spiritualism to watch  
the revelations of their philosophy, the forms of  
hope, bright-robed in the roseate hues of the em-  
pyrean that were wafted by them, but the soul  
alive to the vital interests of our day could not  
slight this question must be considered.  
The old time spirit of persecuting bigotry now  
loomed above the placidity of Christianity—the  
right of freedom in political things for the apos-  
tles of liberal sentiment in our country was even  
now being put on trial, and the student of his-  
tory, reading the future by the past, could only  
see the promised land of liberty of speech and  
action across the Red Sea waves of a struggle  
more fearful than humanity had ever known.  
The freedom of speech and the press had been  
challenged, and America's protected right to in-  
dependence of thought menaced and refused recog-  
nition, in the attack of the Young Men's Chris-  
tian Association upon the two female editors in  
New York City, who though voiceless and vote-  
less, politically—placed practically by their sex  
beyond the pale of the law as to its benefits, but  
sternly held accountable to its penalties—had  
stirred the nation to its utmost depths. (Ap-  
plause.) Victoria C. Woodhull and her sister  
Tennie C. Claflin were the freedom angels of the  
world, uplifting womanhood to the sublime  
heights of peace and truth. (Applause.)

The most fearful aspect of the case, to the mind  
of the well-wisher of reform, was the profound  
apathy and listlessness which rested upon the  
minds of the people, who failed as a mass to un-  
derstand that a terrible struggle of bigotry against  
advancing light, was already being inaugurated  
by the God-in-the-constitution cabals. The people  
must arouse; the duty of the hour was im-  
minent; a conflict in which there would be no  
quarter was surely drawing nigh, and Christian-  
ity would prove itself as rampant in this age and  
nation, as it had in all the history of the past.

The speaker then proceeded to consider the  
aims set forth by the petition, issued at the Cin-  
cinnati Convention in the interests of Christian  
bigotry, for the recognition of God in the Consti-  
tution of the United States. She read its pro-  
visions, and then said it opened with a saluam  
to the government, but in its first sentence offered  
a direct insult to the people of the United States,  
saying, as it did, "we, the people," when its  
signers composed but a small minority thereof.  
The four Christian propositions which it was  
sought to force upon the people: (1.) A nation  
is a creation of God—(2.) is clothed with author-  
ity direct from God—(3.) is Christ, the ruler of  
nations—(4.) and is subject to the bible as the  
special revelation of the moral law—and conse-  
quently that a nation is under obligations to  
acknowledge God as the source of its existence,  
Christ as its ruler, and the bible as the law of its  
conduct—were declared (though every Christian  
by the provisions of his faith was called upon  
logically to defend them) to be four consummate  
falsehoods. Governments were truly instituted  
by not for man, and derived their just powers

from the consent of the governed. This nation  
was no more a creation of Jehovah than of Jove;  
no more subject to Christ than to Vishnu; no  
more under the bible than the Vedas.

The instrument criticised also insulted the  
character of God by ascribing to him the author-  
ship of nations whose deeds did anything but  
ornament the pages of history; it opposed the  
doctrines of Washington, who in his treaty with  
Tripoli endorsed the idea that this government  
was in no sense founded upon Christianity; it defied  
the express desire of Christ, who, when on earth,  
proclaimed to those who sought to make him  
king: "My kingdom is not of this world." The  
statement that this progressive country was sub-  
ject to the antiquated bible of the Hebrews, was  
void of reason; upon that volume, by the very  
act of its own believers, the word "obscenity"  
had been fastened; and Christianity, which was  
chained to the volume, could no more escape its  
deavouring power than could Prometheus, chained  
to the Caucasian mountain, save his vitals from  
the gnawing vulture.

However fanatically Judge Strong and his tithed  
list of coalitons might float their Pharisaical  
phylacteries, the free minds of America could  
not fail to penetrate the specious pretence which  
in one portion of their petition asked only an ac-  
nowledgment of the name of God in the pream-  
ble of the Constitution, and in a subsequent para-  
graph, cunningly hidden, demanded that the  
body of the instrument be made also to conform  
to the amended reading—a step which would  
bring constitutional disqualification and censure  
upon all but evangelicals, and would exclude  
alike Jew and Infidel, Universalist, Unitarian  
and Spiritualist from all political rights. The  
Government would be turned over to Rev. Dr.  
Sproul's "God-fearing men" (the cross would  
out the star from America's banner, and take  
the place of the wand of office and the baton in  
the hand of President and policeman.

Earnestly the Church was tolling for this re-  
sult; year by year the Young Men's Christian  
Association was enlarging its borders. Let the  
liberal element organize in self-defense. She was  
sure that in the contest with error the right  
would always come uppermost, but history re-  
vealed that it was too often through the gory  
shock of war. She would have these elements of  
physical conflict scattered before they obtained  
sufficient magnitude to change their base of op-  
erations from the field of mental discussion to  
that of bodily carnage.

The speaker closed her address by a fervent  
appeal in favor of woman suffrage, which she be-  
lieved, if granted, would do much in the needed  
direction, and inaugurate a nobler manhood for  
man, and a higher womanhood for woman. Her  
remarks were listened to for upward of an hour  
with the most profound attention, and received  
frequent signs of approval.

After a song by J. Frank Baxter, the meeting  
adjourned for dinner.

At the conclusion of the morning service, the  
people had a full opportunity to form a concep-  
tion of the immense crowd in attendance, vari-  
ously estimated by camp residents at from twelve  
to fifteen thousand persons. Though Messrs.  
Hill & White, caterers at the dining-hall, and  
others carrying on similar business in various  
parts of the grounds, labored indefatigably, it  
was practically impossible to gratify the multi-  
tude of appetites which clamored to be satisfied.  
The Chairman's bell announced, at about half  
past two, the commencement of the afternoon  
meeting, and a large number of eager listeners  
obeyed its summons.

Before introducing the regular speaker, Dr. H.  
F. Gardner presented the claims of the Ameri-  
can Liberal Tract Society, which had suffered  
much from the great November fire, in a few  
foreboding remarks. This Society, since its orga-  
nization, had printed and circulated millions of  
pages of the most radical thought upon reform-  
atory topics. The aggressive attitude assumed by  
the Young Men's Christian Association demand-  
ed of the free thinking element a movement for  
self-protection, and he knew of no better way  
of disseminating the germs of truth which were  
to become the salvation of American freedom, than  
by scattering broadcast among the masses these  
little winged messengers of moral light, sixteen  
pages of which could be afforded for distribution  
at the low price of one cent. To do this success-  
fully funds were necessary, and he called upon  
all Spiritualists and lovers of untrammelled con-  
science to aid this society in its efforts to op-  
pose the action of the American Protestant Associa-  
tion for the Repression of Free Speech.

The Doctor was followed by William Denton,  
who earnestly supported his remarks. Orthodoxy  
could spend its millions to sustain the cause  
of "God's glory," and human damnation—it had  
during the past year fitted up in Boston a build-  
ing for the advancement of its purposes at the  
cost of half a million dollars; let the disciples  
of spiritual reform awake, and put forth efforts to  
rightly educate the public mind on the deep in-  
terests at stake—to make men and keep them  
free!

J. Frank Baxter then sang, by request, "How  
the gates came ajar," after which Dr. Gardner  
introduced, as a fearless champion of human  
rights, the lecturer of the afternoon,

### WILLIAM DENTON.

He began his remarks by saying that he should  
have made a very poor Hebrew prophet; their  
songs were overladen with lugubrious wallings  
of horrors to come, especially with regard to the  
cities round about Judea; but there was so much  
of hope in his nature that he instinctively turned  
his gaze to the bright side of things, and though  
he recognized the immense importance of the  
warning proclaimed by Miss Leys in the morn-  
ing session, yet he would on this occasion like  
to discourse of some of the brighter portents in  
the sky which revealed themselves to his soul.  
He then drew a vivid picture of human progress,  
beginning with the barbarous orgies of the Indi-  
an scalp dance, of which the spot whereon the  
present assembly of reformers was convened had  
not so many years ago been the scene; sketching  
the stern Pilgrims of the Mayflower—whose  
hearts were those of noble heroes, Christians  
though they were—who dared all dangers that  
they might enjoy the right of free opinion in re-  
ligious matters; referring to their laws, which  
were just as Christian as their bible—Jehovah  
first, Jesus next, the Christian religion next—  
(a species of polity which they had striven to saddle  
upon the Commonwealth down to the last gen-  
eration,) and pausing at the present occasion, when  
only a few miles from where the Pilgrims began  
their work in the new land, a mighty throng of  
people whom the Fathers would in their lives  
have considered Sabbath breakers, were assem-  
bled in the interests of truth and freedom of con-  
science, as the nineteenth century presented the  
question. The doctrines, rites, and all-grasping

power of the Puritan theocracy, where were they  
to-day? They were nowhere to be found; only  
a ghost of them remained in the religious sys-  
tems of our time; progress had superseded them,  
and the old Fathers, progressed also by their ex-  
perience in the spirit-world, were looking down  
approvingly, upon us, who by different means  
than they had ever dreamed, were endeavoring  
to carry out the work they so determinedly be-  
gan!

Referring to the desire shown by the churches  
to put God in the Constitution, the speaker said  
it was because they feared the rapid spread of in-  
fidelity to their dogmas which was perceptible  
throughout the land. Foiled in the combat of ar-  
gument, they naturally fled to seek the arm of  
law, to force their peculiar ideas upon the people.  
But he thought this putting God in the Consti-  
tution—while he would be a dead letter there, as he  
was generally in the world of to-day—would be a  
step which would arouse slumbering souls, and  
lead hundreds of those who had heretofore done  
nothing, to put forth sturdy efforts for the firm  
upholding and broad displaying of liberalism.

While Christianity was unknown beyond its  
birth-place, at twenty-five years after its advent,  
Spiritualism had in that time circled the globe,  
upsetting the scare-crows reared in the past by  
old theological systems, and giving faith in the pro-  
gressive powers of the human soul, instead of blind  
reliance upon a vicarious atonement claimed to  
be made by a crucified fanatic. Spiritual-  
ism gave a brighter gospel than that proclaimed  
by him of Nazareth, because it taught that man  
was never lost, that no single soul was ever out-  
side his Father's house—and therefore never  
needed to be saved. The arms of a loving Father  
were around all earth's children. Spiritualism  
had demonstrated that we were as safe on this  
planet as the most favored beings were in the next  
stage of life; that the same rule applied there as  
here: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he  
also reap," and that Christ (or any other individ-  
ual) could not bear for him the result of his  
deeds, any more than he could act as an umbrella  
to shield him from the rain, or endure in his stead  
the pain of a fractured limb.

The human soul needed no mediator between  
itself and God, any more than the infant required  
one between itself and the warm, pulsing breast  
of its mother. Spiritualism did more to heal the  
broken-hearted than all the systems which earth  
had known, and would yet, by its own intrinsic  
power, fold all peoples beneath its sheltering  
wings. The lecturer made eloquent reference to  
the enslavement of woman—founded on customs  
inaugurated by Bible precepts—and her needed  
emancipation; bore uncompromising testi-  
mony in favor of monogamous marriage, (which  
sentiments were heartily applauded,) and said  
no religion which had ever been preached had  
done so much for woman's cause as Spiritualism.  
Help us to disseminate right views of things, to  
sow broadcast among men the revelations of this  
glorious gospel, till the demon of superstition  
that has been so long feeding upon the hearts of  
millions shall, like a gorged vulture, soar from  
his prey, and clarity and love, sweet angels,  
shall descend and make their homes at every  
man's fireside, and they that dwell therein shall  
shout aloud for joy! (Applause.)

At the conclusion of Mr. Denton's address Dr.  
Gardner offered some remarks of a congratulatory  
nature to the people assembled, gave a  
brief history of his experience regarding grove  
meetings in the past, announced that on the fol-  
lowing Sunday Horace Seaver, Esq., editor of the  
Boston Investigator, and Hon. Warren Chase of  
St. Louis would address the people in the morn-  
ing, and that Victoria C. Woodhull would speak  
in the afternoon; and said that the collection  
taken up during the present meeting in the audi-  
ence, by M. T. Dole and committee, for the  
benefit of the American Liberal Tract Society,  
amounted to \$63.82.

The Metropolitan Band, of Boston, J. Howard  
Richardson, leader and director, then executed,  
to the evident appreciation of all, the following  
programme, after which the meeting adjourned:  
1.—"Cujus Animam." From Stabat Mater.  
2.—"Farewell to the Forest." Mendelssohn.  
3.—"Solace from Marlow." Florent.  
4.—Selection from "Aida." Verdi.  
5.—"On yon distant Mountain." Serenade.  
6.—Selection from "Faust." Gounod.

At the conclusion of the services, the human  
tide ebbed rapidly from the grounds—sixty-seven  
cars crowded to their utmost capacity took up  
the journey Plymouth and Boston—multi-  
tudinous teams rattled away in divergent direc-  
tions, and silence and twilight descended upon  
the previously busy scene.

On Monday afternoon, 11th, Hon. Warren  
Chase in an able and eloquent manner supple-  
mented the lecture of Miss Leys delivered on  
Sunday morning—Ed. S. Wheeler and Dr. H. F.  
Gardner making brief speeches at the close of  
the address. Conference at night.

On Tuesday afternoon, 12th, a lecture was de-  
livered by Mrs. — Smith, and a conference  
took place in the evening, which was addressed  
by Hon. Warren Chase, Dr. A. H. Richardson,  
Mr. Brewster and others.

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