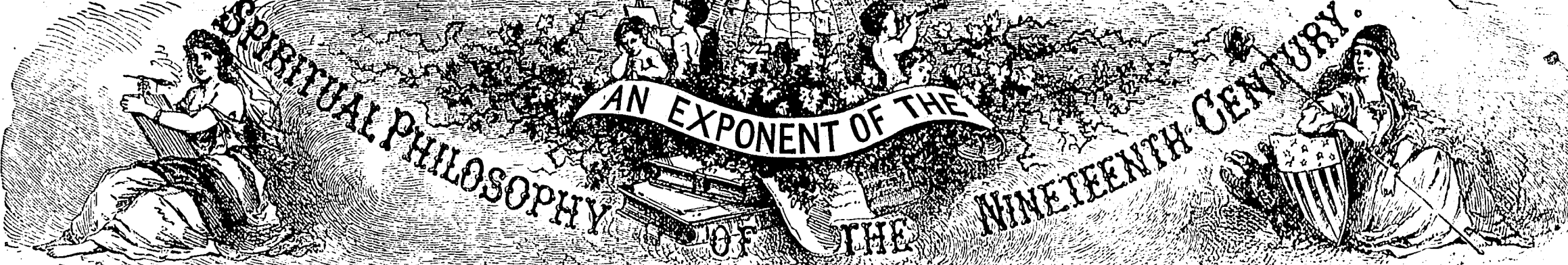


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## AN EVENING WITH MAUD LORD.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
We gathered in silence around her,  
And waited with breathless awe  
For the angels who quickly found her,  
For the spirit-forms she saw.  
Away from the vain world's confusion,  
We waited, an anxious band:  
Oh say, was it all a delusion—  
Or was it a spirit-land?  
I felt the fond pressure of fingers  
In a tender, loving grasp,  
In the depths of my heart it lingers,  
Oh was it an angel's clasp?  
Was it you, dear father, so near me?  
Did you see my glad surprise?  
Did your listening spirit hear me,  
And give me those sweet replies?  
The *rescued* I've hid with my treasures:  
I found it within my hand;  
Oh, dearer than all earthly pleasures,  
That hour with the angel band.  
Oh wonderful gift! oft I ponder  
On the teachings of that night,  
Till lost in a reverent wonder  
I pray for a clearer light.  
With our loved ones of earth beside us,  
We'll patiently watch and wait,  
And trust that the angels will guide us  
Safe up to the golden gate.  
Cambridgeport. EMMIE ELWOOD.

## Free Thought.

### WETTERBERG'S "NIGHT THOUGHTS."

It is the vesper hour. Shall we say, Let us unite in prayer? Rather would we suggest, Let us unite in thought. The dews of evening gather on the ground, and the air is full of chilliness; the heart in sympathy beats to the music of sadness; shadows flit by us to which fancy gives strange shapes; sounds, unnoticed in the rose-tinted hours of light, fall quietly on the ear, and a holy sadness hovers in the night.  
We remember once, in an hour like this, of nothing between two wakeful moments; so brief was the nod of the nap that the friend keeping us company observed it not, and talked on. We returned from dreamland and was ready with our response, he none the wiser for the slither we dropped. It was the wink of but two minutes in the world's time—it may have been less—but in that short pause of waking life we saw the sun rise and set many times, and lived out the details of several weeks of eventful life. It seemed real. It would take an hour to relate the dream, and many days to live it, but the wink was only two minutes. So much dream occupying consecutive time, and no loss of time! The philosophy of the "correlation of forces" gives us primitive sunshine, that dropped carelessly on the world when it was young (?) in the form of coal for modern use. Transmutations, but no waste! Who shall show us where that time came from for the purpose of a long, intelligent dream, with no tax on the world's fleeting moments? The dynamics of life-time and dream-time seem to be of different measures. Night! dream! sleep! mysterious trinity! Who knows but life is the eclipse, and the trinity unveiled is the coming day?

Sleep—the brother of death! we lie down and are oblivious; but morning breaks at last, and the hour is radiant with light. Will there also be a morning to death? The heart of the world responds affirmation; the head is slow to see it. The intellect asks hard questions, hence is infidel; the heart is the true believer—orthodox in the high sense. The great question to-day is this—Is there a to-morrow to death? Once it was unquestioned; faith had settled it. Science has killed faith; in its day it sufficed, it did wonders; it said as night approached:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep,  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."  
But faith today wants endorsement to make it gut-edged. Faith is a "fancy security;" men of thought invest other ways. Going further perhaps, and faring worse by making this life their boundary, they cannot see anything beyond this. How many people feel, if you could read their hearts, as Coleridge wrote in this sentiment:

"Where are now the faded beings that once peopled earth,  
That had their haunts in dale or play mountain,  
Or chasms or watery depths? All these have vanished.  
They live no longer in the faith of reason?  
But still the heart hath need of such a language.  
Oh! never will I duly blame his faith  
In the night of stars and spirits,  
That visible Nature and this common world  
Is all too narrow."

This is the sentiment to-day of the thoughtful who have left faith's moorings. We say unhesitatingly, if there be no "to-morrow to death," life is a narrow institution, and God, if there be any, which would be more than doubtful under such circumstances (using human language), ought to be ashamed of himself.  
We have an idea that there is a unity in the Scriptural legends (which begat the faith now repudiated) and the manifestations to-day known as Modern Spiritualism. Much that is passing for fable in biblical lore will or may turn out to be facts, and although the age of faith is receding, the age of demonstration is treading hard upon its heels. We welcome the dawning indications of a coalescence of faith and knowledge; its early dawn is here, there are those who already see it. Blessed be its day fast approaching; it will be the vernal equinox of the race, and civilization will be frescoed with flowers.  
The stars now coldly and intelligently shining

on us, which have rolled on ever since they sang their morning song (we may call it morning) as the poet did, though it antedates our conception of a beginning), read a lesson to us of life. Four thousand years ago the shepherd in Asia saw what we now see. Shall the star shine on, and the shepherd, the more perfect star of all, pass into non-existence? and shall we a year or a score of years hence follow the shepherd, and the star we now see and which he saw, still sing its morning song? "Plato, thou reasonest well." There must be a "To-morrow to death." How refreshed then we shall be in the awaking "after life's fitful fever is over;" the epitaph adds to that "broken shaft" of a sentiment—"she sleeps well." What sleeps? Let us pause at that question. We will relate an occurrence that may suggest an answer to it. There are some instances recorded of persons who have seen themselves from an outside standpoint. We saw our body once. Our body on this occasion fell, but we did not; we saw it for a second distinctly lying on the floor and the men raised it; our next conscious thought was the reviving. Something had happened to us; we had mysteriously got back again into our personality and we were looking out of it, and have ever since. But we remember that moment, and we expect to experience it again in our dissolution; it is a rational conviction. A dear friend and relative has lately had an experience of the same kind, and this is the occurrence we proposed relating as suggestive of an answer to our query—"What sleeps?" We will call this young lady Mary, for the sake of congruity. She had just finished a long, fatiguing journey. Reaching her destination, she entered the room that had been prepared for her. There, without taking off her things, she went to the window and looked out and stood admiring the prospect, which was very fine, taking in a large sweep of ocean. Suddenly, without any dizziness or bad feeling at all, a dark cloud came before her eyes, and the first thing she knew she was standing among a crowd of people all looking at a prostrate body. She looked too, and there she saw it was herself, lying as if dead. Then looking at the people, she saw they were those who had died and been mourned for. We ought to say she was alone in the room when this condition came upon her, and without a perceptible pause in consciousness she saw the cloudy appearance referred to, she was looking at these new and strange surroundings. There was her grandfather, who had died within a few years, and her grandmother's mother, a well remembered old lady who died when Mary was a little girl—her aunt Adeline also, and many others, and many people whom she did not know—some of these, by description or peculiarities, were recognized by others who knew them. Many of these were looking at her prostrate body, which she herself did not seem to care a mite about. She saw her grandfather and grandmother try to lift it up, heard them say "poor child," "poor Mary," but she had no anxiety whatever; and in all this felt perfectly comfortable and natural. Some of them standing near her body said, shaking their heads, "no, not yet." Then she stooped down over her own body, and as she was looking at it, she seemed to melt away into it, and the next thing she knew, a person was bathing her face; they had previously lifted her on to the bed, and called her husband, who was then with her, and all rejoicing at her returning consciousness. We could lengthen this out by giving more of the details, but this will answer the purpose. Here is a reliable statement from a sensible young woman of a conscious intelligent existence apparently disconnected from the body.

From the circumstances and what followed, this lady came very near death, at its threshold. Her all but freed spirit had a sight of the spirit-world of some of the denizens in it, in its contiguity with this. She was near dissolution, but soul and body held together and coalesced. Suppose it had been otherwise, that while hearing her spirit friends say "poor thing" and "no, not yet," she had been every inch a corpse; is it not reasonable to suppose that thus materially disembodied consciousness would have continued on conscious? Is there any sense in the light of just that experienced of Mary, in our supposing, on this side of the grave, that the spirit is unconscious because the body is thus demoralized or even if dead? Has not Mary to-day evidence to herself that she still lived, though for the time disembodied? and what was to hinder her from continuing to live right on, in those other surroundings, even if her body had really been shuffed off—that is, speaking from this mundane side—sometimes happens, if her pulse had ceased to beat and she not have come to consciousness again in the form, but it was buried instead? We here would not have known these facts in her case, but she would; and with others then in her company would have seen that prostrate body, which she had been in the habit of considering as herself, laid in the grave. Suppose then in her case the stone read on one side, which is a very natural supposition,

"He Jests, Mary."  
And on the other side,  
"Life's fitful fever is over,"  
"She sleeps well."  
Would not a smile steal over the face of that then permanently freed spirit, with grandfather, grandmother and Adeline, long supposed lost friends, in her company, as she and they naturally said, Mistaken loved ones of earth,  
"Mary is not under that stone,"  
"Life's fitful fever is not over,"  
"She is not asleep."  
Those only are the true epitaphs which "Old Mortality" retouches, said a philosopher and poet. "Old Mortality" has much to do in this new awakening.  
"What sleeps?" yes, that is the question. We

trust the above related occurrence, with our moralizings and musings, have answered it, or rather suggested an answer.

This indeed is properly a "Night Thought," and has taken on a graveyard flavor, perhaps not unwittingly, which reminds us that Thoreau once said "he took no interest in graveyards—he had no friends there." Neither have we. We should indeed be sorrowful if we had. "The sleep that knows no waking" is one of the sentiments which "Old Mortality" will never retouch, he will be more likely to chisel deep in the tablets of memory thoughts born of a later inspiration. Here is a specimen we quote from Longfellow: it is full of what we would more fully like to express; we add it in closing, the thoughtful will see the point.

"Build on, and make thy graves high and fair,  
Rising and peering upward to the skies;  
Listen to voices in the upper air,  
Nor lose thy simple faith in thy stories."

### DEATH'S MISSION.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

Every day we read accounts of sudden deaths—some spirit has left his or her earthly tenement, some flower has gone to bloom in another garden, a branch is made in some happy circle, jewels dropped from treasuries of love. The voice comes from the bridal chamber, counting house, public promenades, and from the watery deep. Daily from the field of life some harvest, or disappears, sentinels from their posts, for thousands are thrown from the ramparts of action into the billows of eternity. Year after year the circle of our friendship grows less; we thought it likely some friend might die, but it seldom enters our hearts that we, too, may die; and we seldom reflect that we are trading the same hidden path—the guide-posts ever point out to us the same goal. To-day we are called to attend the funeral of a sweet bud of promise, the joy and pride of its family, whose life was perpetual blessing, its laugh sweet music, its sunny head a crown that seemed too bright to fade. Again we assemble around the coffin of our friend with whom we held daily communion, whose progressive nature was a litany, whose approval we loved to gain, and whose great heart went out in love and charity to all mankind, and who ever met life's struggles with patience and an earnest faith. There was no hesitation in pursuit of his lofty aim; and when he seemed about to realize some of his aspirations, the merriment shaft of death severed in an instant his soul from his body, that it might finish the God-given mission in the "Eternal City not made with hands." Living now with the angels, who so long walked by his side, whose companionship he loved, with whom he will labor for mankind.

Last year we stood in the chamber of a death-stricken bride; around her pure brow orange flowers were twined; the bridal veil, folded in fleecy whiteness about her form, like raiment of angels. Death had claimed his victim at the very altar. The beautiful dead, surrounded by loving, weeping friends, "was borne from the temple and took her place in Greenwood, where the graves are numbered as the footsteps of angels."

"Died suddenly"—a strong man whose mighty intellect has crowned his head with a never fading halo, whose magical pen touched the hearts of millions, whose writings can never perish—without one moment's warning, he passed into the land of spirits, leaving his work unfinished. He died in the midst of his family, under his olive and fig-tree, and was buried among his kindred. A minister of the gospel, feeding the prayers, filled with the soul's last petition, without a thought of death, fell lifeless, even as the choir began the church's anthem, and he, too, was carried to a desolate home.

Each record is being repeated; the soil is covering our loved ones day by day. The flower that bloomed at sunset may be withered ere morning. From our business marts, while we stand erect, some brother is falling, and ere the hour of his expected approach he is still in death. We miss his cheerful smile, his encouraging word and friendly grasp. We cannot realize that we shall see his familiar form no more beside us. Each year some precious gem drops from its setting, some link from our chain of friendship and object of our love. Above all the beautiful promises in scripture, giving comfort to the mourner, there comes to the Spiritualist a certainty that really there is no death—that the enfranchised soul is still living in all its beauty and intellect, free from the shackles that bound it here; that all its aspirations can be fulfilled, for death has opened the bars of flesh that were too opaque to let the soul enter the storeroom of knowledge, wisdom and glory, and kept from its view the process that links the soul to divinity. Sudden deaths are not to be feared. They save the flesh from agonizing pain and mental suffering—the horrors of anticipating the last dying hour. Rather meet death as a true friend, with outstretched hand and smiling lip; he opens for us the Gate of Heaven in the quickest manner—one step, and "at home with God."

Half the social questions that vex our souls will be answered when the world concedes that a woman is a normal, responsible, individual human being, as a man is normal, responsible, individual; that she must be the protector of her own honor, the judge of her own duty, the keeper of her own conscience, answerable only to the law and to Heaven. There will be a lofty observance of marriage, a noble race of children, only when the man and the woman are intelligent equals and friends. And in that day the world will be ashamed to remember through how many centuries it ranged men into a mock order of devotees, and women into a sentimental priesthood.—Henry Ward Beecher.

## Literary Department.

### ETIENNE;

OR,

### LIVING IN CLOVER.

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

BY WILLIAM PERCIVAL.

#### IV.—CONTINUED.

Every time the remembrance of Etienne drew off his attention, he would make a gesture as of one brushing away a fly. "And what," he murmured, "what would the world say, if I sacrificed my future to the mania of an old fool?"

The original plan of *Jean Moron* was discarded; he formed another and much broader one, allowing more space to the province. All the types which he had observed since his marriage, the Bersacs themselves, entered into the outline, and there stood prominently forth. He worked at least four hours a day, but not above six. Inspiration never absolutely failed him, yet his ideas came faster at one time than another. Sometimes he would work from morning to evening upon half a page, sometimes he filled three sheets with his bold, regular writing, always distinct, and recalling the beautiful autographs of the seventeenth century. There were few erasures; the practice he had acquired in writing enabled him to cast his thoughts, like a metal in fusion. He had never prepared two manuscripts of the same book, or borrowed the copyist's hand, and every one of his works went in a lump to the printer's.

Hortense, who watched him with maternal anxiety, wondered to see that *Jean Moron* possessed without absorbing him. In proportion as he advanced in his book, ideas for a novel, a comedy, and even a vaudeville, came thronging upon his mind. He threw upon paper more than twenty plans, without interrupting his great work.

Strange to say, he had never had more time. He found opportunities to reply to the letters of friends and even of persons indifferent to him; he wrote through thick and thin. His pen and his inkstand full, it required no further effort.

His temper of mind seemed more even, his spirits more cheerful, his heart more tender than in those days of fullest leisure and absolute repose; he lavished affection upon his wife; far from desiring to shut himself up in his study, like so many others, he insisted on the house being thrown open, attracting people and making all around him gay. He could be seen at table, at the chase, at the rural promenades, more lively, merry, and brilliant than ever. He was again the potent, many-sided being, ready for anything, whom I had admired, not without a little fear, the evening of our first meeting; yet he never saw Etienne but an imperceptible cloud would darken his good humor.

One day, being alone with the octogenarian, he said to him very plainly: "My dear sir, the book is progressing, and I give you notice that it will appear."

"Much good may it do you, sir!"

"In a word, confess that its publication will not injure you?"

"The question is not about me. Man has the choice between good and evil here on earth."

"Give me your opinion frankly. Do you think that, prior to my marriage, I entered into any engagement toward you?"

"Yes; but what do you care for that?"

"I care a good deal, confound it!"

"The world is at your feet; you have no need of the esteem of a poor old man like me."

"Very fine! I desire to be esteemed by everybody, without exception, my dear sir. For an engagement to be valid, it must be founded upon reason. If I had asked Hortense's hand of you, and you had made your conditions, I should hold them inalienable; however absurd they might be; but my wife was dependent on no one when she chose me. Is this so?"

"I confess it is."

"You came and told me that she was frightened of the newspapers, and I, dropping with fatigue from excessive work, replied that I had more than enough of literature. Do you call that an oath?"

"If you are quite sure of not swearing, my dear sir, you ought to feel perfectly easy."

"I do not. You see that I am vexed. If you were just, you would remember all we have done for you of our own free will, and say one word, one single word, which would set me at ease."

"You acknowledge, then, that I have a right to hold you to your promise or release you?"

"No!"

"Very well."

"But supposing I did?"

"You would give me the alternative between distressing you and taking upon myself the responsibility for a publication contrary to my ideas, pernicious to morals, and certainly disrespectful to the majesties of heaven and earth. This is why, my dear sir, you will do well to consult yourself only. I have no means of compelling you. If the oath you took in my presence now is onerous, you can violate it with impunity and even reap some profit and some worldly glory."

Etienne was exasperated. He approached this flimsy, dull, and inert being from a hundred

sides; neither kind treatment, prayers, nor reasons, were able to prevail with him. As the knights in the legends weary themselves with eluding in twain a pale phantom, so he spent his strength against this inertness. However, he finished his book.

It took him a little longer than he expected. He wrote the first work on the 17th of March, and put the final stop on the 3d of September. This piece of news was received at Paris, and the well-informed papers announced that *Jean Moron* was in press, when the manuscript was still at Bellombre.

During the summer Etienne, having been seized with bronchitis, came near dying, and a certain individual had taken a lively interest in the progress of the disease; but the cursed old fellow recovered, and grew not a whit more pliant. When Etienne perceived that death would not come to his aid, he besought Madame Bersac's support, imploring the bearded woman in behalf of poor *Jean Moron*. Etienne appeared to relent; he promised to authorize the printing after the book had been read, expurgated, and endorsed by six respectable persons, the choice of whom he reserved to himself. This was re-establishing censorship, neither more nor less. The author burst into a fit of laughter, and there negotiation stopped.

The most beautiful day in Hortense's life was the day her dear husband, having re-read *Jean Moron* from beginning to end, and made the final corrections, placed the manuscript in her hands and said: "Here, my love, you have the best production of my brain. No doubt I shall write other things, but I do not feel capable of anything better. Take this book; I do not present it to you, for it was yours before its birth; to you know the beauty and happiness of which it is the fruit."

It was eleven o'clock at night; all the guests at Bellombre were sleeping as one sleeps only in the country after hunting. Etienne went to bed, and Hortense seated herself by his side, and begged permission to read one chapter. She read two-thirds—so many that Etienne fell asleep. He awoke several times, and found the lamp still burning brightly. "Go to sleep, dear girl," he said.

"Presently, my love; it is not late, and I am so happy."

In the morning, about eight o'clock, he stretched out one of his arms, opened his eyes, and discovered that he was alone in the large bed. His second thought was for the manuscript, he had entrusted to his wife; *Jean Moron* was no longer there. He rang the bell for the chamber-maid. "Where is Madame?" he asked.

"It is a good hour, sir, since Madame went out."

"With a book? a packet, having the shape of a book?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did she go into the park?"

"No, sir; she went to the village. But here is my mistress."

Hortense threw herself upon her husband's neck. "I have read it through," she said. "I did not close my eyes; it was impossible to tear myself away from your book. How excellent it is! how true! how beautiful! You are right, Etienne; it is your masterpiece; still more, it is yourself."

"What have you done with it?"

"Do you think me a woman who would lose what she holds dearest? No, my love, you may ease my mind."

"You have locked up the manuscript?"

"Securely; never doubt."

"With what a strange look you say that!"

"You perceive, then, that I spoke falsely?" So much the better; I am satisfied. Your wife cannot conceal anything from you, even though it were for a great good. You will approve what I have done; I am sure of it."

"But speak!"

"Say, if you frighten me I shall be unable to say anything. Your disputes with my brother-in-law, his opposition, your scruples, the misunderstanding between you, have caused me pain and excited my pity. I never doubted your right, but I sometimes asked myself whether it would not be cruel to add the poor old man. The perusal of *Jean Moron* inspired me with a heroic resolution. It is morally impossible for an intelligent being to object to the publication of such a book after having read it. I went to Etienne's, and I said to him, 'Read and judge us.'"

"Unfortunate woman! My clothes! Shall I be in time?"

"What do you fear?"

"Everything. It will be my death. I feel that it will be impossible for me to re-write the work. And I never thought of taking a copy."

He hastened away.

Etienne Bersac was sitting in front of the summer-house of Hazelwood; dancing one of his grand-children upon his knee. "Monsieur Etienne," he said, "your visit does me great honor."



May I trouble you to walk in? You appear agitated. I trust nothing has happened to Madame since she left us half an hour ago?"

"Ah! then you admit that she has been here this morning?"

"Of course. She brought a certain little work, which she desired to submit to me for my humble appreciation."

"Where is it?"

"In the house, I think. It has not been down away."

Etienne breathed more freely. "Sir," he said, "you will have the kindness to return me those sheets. You shall read them. I swear it, but in a few days, when the manuscript of which I have to copy, has been transcribed."

"At your service."

The little old man returned to his mother's arms, and entered the house, followed by Etienne. The two stopped in a sort of drawing-room where, from the wall, Gerard senior, in his judicial robe, looked down as if counting and appraising at a just valuation the old armchairs of Homburg. "It was here, sir," said Etienne, "that I received Madame's visit. I do not know exactly where I put the waste paper you speak of, but by dint of looking—No, in faith! the manuscript is not here. Did you value it much?"

"More than my life!"

"I am very sorry your sheets are gone. Do you wish to search the house?"

Etienne coldly replied: "It is unnecessary. Your word will suffice. Only delay upon the honor."

"Upon whose honor? Mine or yours? You have taught me the value of a word of honor."

The poet asked himself whether it would not be best to make short work and strangle this old monster. Etienne divided his thoughts, and said: "I am eighty years of age, my dear sir. My son is at Saigon, and will hardly go that far to begin a quarrel with him. The count?"

They might, perhaps, sentence me to pay damages in the sum of two or three thousand francs. As it shall seem to you most advantageous and most honorable."

"What harm have I done you?"

"Sincerely any. You defiled me at Paris in refusing away a person whom I watched night and day; you possess a fortune belonging to light to me; and a wife whom I destined for my son. You are the cause that George, my only love, made but a poor marriage, and that perhaps he will die in a remote corner of the earth. You are young, tall, and handsome. I am old, small, and ugly; you have met with nothing but success. I have met with vexations only. You have been crowned with laurels on a stage where I was pelted with apples. In truth, I should be very unjust did I not love you with all my heart."

"But your religion prohibits hatred and revenge. It commands thee and yet you have stolen from me the work of my life!"

"The church has never prohibited the destruction of bad books. I am a man who would have forgiven all, if you had kept your good terms with us."

"Then you have destroyed?"

"Nothing, my dear sir; your sheets are lost. Shall we both search for them again?"

Etienne felt that he was going mad, and, fearful of committing a crime, he fled from the house. He reached the chateau in time for breakfast, and dressed as carefully as usual. Hortense was uneasy; but he did his best to reassure her. Some of the guests thought he recollected that he ate gluttonously, and spoke much during the dessert, the thread of his thoughts breaking every now and then. About two o'clock he went out on horse back, and did not return. They looked for him the whole night through, but in vain. The anguish of his wife was heart-rending.

Whilst they were searching the river, ponds, and forests of the neighborhood, he entered my chamber at eight o'clock the next morning. He appeared to me profoundly sad, but rational. "I was born," he said, "to produce always like all true artists. This long illness which they imposed upon me has, unknown to myself, as it were, rendered me unhappy and all the sweets of life. I was never fully content; something was wanting, and I could not tell what; I had a nostalgia for work. My trip to Paris opened my eyes, and I set to work; a kind of revolution took place in my mind, the ideas which had accumulated within me overflowed with such impetuosity that I could no longer control them. That was a unique phenomenon; the like shall not be seen again. It would be as impossible for me to recommence *Jean Morvan* as for the Neva to recall the mountains of ice which it has precipitated into the sea."

He very frankly related his flight from Homburg, and how he had taken a roundabout way to gain a neighboring station where he was unknown; but I was not able to extract from him the reason of his departure. He did not know himself, what brought him to Paris. He exhibited a violent aversion for his wife, saying, at the same time, that he had adored her till the day before. "I will never forgive her," he said, "for believing in the integrity of that old monster."

It was during this visit that he entrusted me to write and publish his history, for the instruction of his contemporaries. I made fun of his unpardonable presumptions, and wished him to take breakfast with me. But he excused himself upon the plea of having some urgent calls to make.

"I must see Bondiller," he said; "they expect me at the printing-office; and, besides, I have not yet secured my room at the Grand Hotel."

Having work to do that day, I did not go out before five o'clock. The first persons of my acquaintance whom I encountered upon the boulevard ran up to tell me of his arrival and of his extravagant conduct.

A few minutes after leaving me, he entered a book-seller's shop, and asked for the sixth edition of *Jean Morvan*. The clerk replied that the work was announced, but that it had not yet appeared. "You lie, second!" he cried, seizing the young man by the throat; "the first five editions have all been sold this morning!" The same scene, with variations of infidelity, was renewed in several shops.

He breakfasted at a celebrated restaurant of the Palais Royal, ate like a pack of wolves, poured the anchovy sauce into his wine, and, piling up all the newspapers upon a table, ordered the waiter to set them on fire. The proprietor of the establishment, who knew him well, saw that his mind was disordered, and exerted himself in vain to calm him.

Whether from compassion or curiosity, a number of people followed him. He stopped before the stall of a well-known bookseller's shop in the Rue Vivienne, reading aloud the titles of the books, and inquiring after the health of the ab-

sent authors. Uttering a cry of joy all at once, he rushes into the shop, seizes an *Assommoir*, and says: "Listen, all of you!"

And for more than a quarter of an hour he read, in a clear, thrilling, happy and sympathetic voice, a chapter from *Jean Morvan*. The seven or eight persons who heard him declare to this day that they were spell-bound, believing that they saw the first part of an unknown masterpiece. Never had a more acute, sound and entire mind scourged the abuses and absurdities of the present age. The reader's art doubled, if possible, the merit of the book; but suddenly, without any reason whatever, he changed his tone, and in a head-roll of cynical enormities. He finished with dancing about and tearing up the poor book—one of Madame de Gasparin's very moral romances!

The same evening I sent a dispatch to Bondiller. Madame Etienne arrived in time to nurse and weep for him, but too late to exchange a thought with him.

Some of the newspapers did not hesitate to attribute his madly and death to the excessive use of alcoholic drinks, which he detested, and of tobacco, which he never touched.

Hortense again retired into the depths of the province, bearing with her the remains of her husband. Next to nothing is known regarding her life. The old Bersac mansion is closed; the poor widow, who has grown terribly old, they say, vegetates in deep mourning, in a corner of Homburg, near the tomb of the man whom she accuses herself of having killed. She weeps as on the first day, and sometimes sprays with strange fervency; but her devotion is irregular. One would say, at times, that she fears obtaining too high a place in heaven, which might remove her eternally from him.

Bondiller keeps her informed of business matters, the widow of a French writer having an interest in her husband's productions for thirty years. The edition of his complete works has met with a success beyond expectation; the volumes are stereotyped, and they sell as regularly as Misset's tales or the two novels of Stendhal. During the few years since his death, Etienne has acquired more than he did during his whole life. Hortense recently wrote to Bondiller: "Enough! Send me no more money. I am only too rich, alas! Every moment I imagine that he is pursuing me with benefits, and that the money is saying to me: 'I did not make as good a marriage as you.'" Bondiller replied: "Ah, Madame, what would the amount be if we had *Jean Morvan*?"

Last Monday, the old cure of Saint-Maurice, having just come from the burial of that small fagot of dry wood, Etienne Bersac, presented himself before Hortense. "Madame," he said, "that good man has made his peace with the dead and the living. You would never see his face after that fatal event; but he prayed that you would forgive his offence against you and your lamented husband. His repentance was sincere; he earnestly wished to prove worthy of the Divine mercy, and to restore to our poor church the steeple which Robespierre and Marat destroyed, in their hatred of God. 'Father,' he said to me, 'you will carry to Madame Etienne this sealed packet, which we two locked up in the safe of your sanctity, on the 14th of September, 1861, at a quarter of eight in the morning. It contains papers of value, the sale of which in Paris will probably furnish the sum you require.'"

Hortense broke the seal, and found the manuscript of *Jean Morvan*.

"The work is in my hands. It will doubtless be published some day or other."

**T. Warren, or T. Warren Lincoln, Medium.**

DEAR BANNER—Last Friday evening one Thomas Warren Lincoln, from Boston, advertising himself to be the "strongest medium in the world," gave an exhibition in Lancaster Hall to a large, intelligent, but exceedingly noisy audience. For two days he had seen placards on every corner announcing "Spirit power seen in the light at Lancaster Hall," and advertised in the papers and handbills, witnessed like snowflakes, asked his tag and witness "Samson's Wonderful Manifestations." We were told that "faces are plainly seen and recognized by their friends; tables rise four or five feet from the floor and float in mid air; a guitar is played while being carried around the room by the invisible power; flowers are brought by spirit hands; passed around the room and plainly seen."

Then followed this remarkable sentence, "This is a newly developed medium, the only one in this country who can produce spirit-power in the light." Such a flaming manifesto, coming so soon after Harry Bastian's wonderful scenes here, naturally attracted a large audience, who as naturally expected to see all these and other "new and startling" manifestations produced in the light without the usual paraphernalia of screens and cabinets. But the first thing that greeted our eyes as we entered the hall was a huge cabinet, made of rubber cloth, standing upon the stage, and, unfortunately, directly in front of a door leading into another room, and the performance of "spirit-power seen in the light" commenced with the stale rope-tying trick, while "the strongest medium in the world" was hidden from sight in the aforesaid cabinet. This was not satisfactory to the audience, who came to see faces, hands and flowers, in the light, and a series of hoootings and yellings commenced, which were continued through the entire scene.

While Mr. T. Warren, or T. Warren Lincoln, is probably a fair physical medium, and as yet but partially developed, he utterly failed to produce any manifestation in the light excepting that once, two or three hands were seen at the aperture of the cabinet, and once the table arose from the floor. It is true we saw "faces and hands" plainly recognized them, but they were faces of our friends in the form, and many of them wore a look of disappointment. So far as fulfilling the promises made to the public is concerned, the scene was a bad humbug and total failure, and as Mr. Lincoln is traveling through the country, I would caution your readers not to be deceived. If he would simply advertise cabinet scenes, and the usual manifestations, which are really good, and which can be produced every time, he would do well enough, and receive the countenance of intelligent Spiritualists; but when the public are deceived by false representations and high-sounding promises, they are liable to go to the other extreme, and denounce a really good medium as a fraud; they will be satisfied with nothing done in the dark when they are promised these manifestations in the light. If to make money is Mr. Lincoln's object, he will succeed best, in the end, to advertise no more than can be produced.

JOSEPH B. HALL.

Portland, Sept. 1, 1873.

## Biographical.

REV. W. P. EVANS.

There are diversities of opinions, but the same faith. To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

SIR—There is in our city a man of culture, of active thought and deep intuitions, unostentatiously laboring, by pen and heart, to expound and apply the principles of psychopathic cure of disease. His pen states with clearness the bases of his action, and sets forth with considerable fullness reasons for the processes he adopts. His curative agents are mostly mental and spiritual, and are applied primarily to produce mental and spiritual modifications in the patient. These he seeks to produce mostly by selected and regulated mental and spiritual imitations through his tongue, hands, and eyes.

Mr. Evans has put before the public two books, one entitled "*Mental Cure*" and the other "*Mental Medicine*," in which his system, in theory and practice, is partially delineated. These works are instructive, and suggest very much more than they fully elaborate. A great interest attaches to them because they indicate very clearly that psychopathy, or the administration of mental medicine, may be the creature of, and be kept subservient to, natural laws and forces quite as fully as can allopathy, homoeopathy, or any other curative system now in use, and this, too, accompanied by the special and very important advantage that it takes into account and gives chief importance to the laws and forces specially pertaining to that most sensitive part of animal nature in which the commencement of physical disease is alleged to occur—that is, to the spiritual part. The foundation of the system of curing through the mind is spread much more broadly out over Nature's properties and forces than those of common systems, and gives to the superstructure space within which to operate more diverse and efficient appliances. It finds that all the marvelous cures of all the ages are credible, because they could have been outwrought by the use of only natural, ever-present forces. Jesus touched disease at the seat of its cause, in the mental or spiritual organism of the sufferer, applied there the appropriate mental medicine, and, killing the cause, stopped at once its effects.

Medical students, failing to fix a firm grasp and steady look upon the spirit organism in man, have kept themselves within a field of observation too contracted to meet their own conscious wants. Physicians are often baffled by the action of forces which are entirely unrecognized in their science. Perhaps Mr. Evans has projected a bridge over which scientific medical practitioners can pass into a region where a portion of such thwarting forces can be found, studied, and brought into helpful service.

Higher intelligences, we believe, sometimes apply such forces through mortals, and work what have been called miracles. Such intelligences to-day may be working very scientifically through even very ignorant mediums, and be effecting marvelous cures. The use of occult forces and occult processes by invisibles, is no reason why man should not—but it is a reason why he should seek to become acquainted, as far as possible, with the forces, processes, and knowledge availed of by supernals for man's relief.

Mr. Evans, as did Swedenborg, and as do many others, possesses the organism, temperaments, and unfoldments which permit a distinct perception of spirits and spirit-processes and forces. He converses with spirits readily, and often takes strolls for recuperation and instruction in the spirit-spheres; and he believes that very many men and women can easily acquire power to do the same. He is not literally a medium, according to the prevalent application of that term, though he drinks at the fountains where spirits obtain knowledge and power; he seems not to be their instrument, but their co-laborer.

If I have learned the outlines of this man's history correctly, he was born in the south part of Vermont in 1818. He is a graduate of Dartmouth College, and while at Hanover, devoted considerable time to the study of medicine, it being then his purpose to become a missionary among the heathen. Subsequently that purpose was abandoned, and he became a Methodist minister. As such he labored nearly twenty years in New Hampshire and Vermont, with efficiency, and was also one of the leading abolitionists in northern New England. His inquisitive and relatively independent mind looked into the productions of Swedenborg, and soon adopted much of that seer's philosophy, without taking his theology. Liberalized by what he absorbed from that and other sources, Mr. Evans, while a preacher in regular standing among the Methodists, published two works, one entitled "*The Happy Islands, or Paradise Restored*," the other, "*Celestial Dawn, or Connection of Heaven and Earth*," which had wide circulation and produced no small sensation among the Methodists. One of these works drew upon the clerical author an ecclesiastical indictment for heresy. He entered no appearance before the tribunal, but let the book be his only witnesses and counsel. He was not pronounced guilty.

Soon after that unsuccessful attempt to ostracize him he voluntarily withdrew from the Methodists, and subsequently connected himself with the Swedenborgians. His change of connections drew from his pen a work entitled "*The New Age and its Messenger*," which set forth his reasons for embracing the spiritual philosophy of Swedenborg.

After having left the Methodists, he was employed four or five years as superintendent of schools in Claremont, N. H. During the four or five years now just passed he has resided in Boston and its vicinity, availing himself here of libraries helpful to study of the philosophies—mental, spiritual and medical.

While he was in the ministry, and also when having oversight of schools, he was frequently impelled to lay his hands upon sick folk and heal them. His chief business now is healing the sick, and he deems himself relatively more successful in the treatment of nervous maladies than any others. He has a room at 38 Dover street.

Mr. Evans does not claim and would be unwilling that others should claim for him greater healing abilities than are possessed and exercised by many other persons. His system is not new. It is older than Christianity, it was applied through Abraham to Abimelech, it was acted upon by the Son of Mary, it is applied through some mediums to-day, and also directly by some sagacious and intuitive physicians of accomplished education. As a man, Mr. Evans is in advance of most mediumistic practitioners, in acquired knowledge

of the human structure, of the forces that act within it, and of the location and courses of the channels through which those forces run. He is a more scientific, self-conscious operator than most of those apparent healers who rely upon either spirits or upon special absorptions from spirit-spheres to work cures. He can give and does give the reasons on which his views and practices are founded more systematically and clearly than most of those whose prescriptions are designed to take primary effect upon the spiritual organism. He more than any other one within my knowledge, is teaching, or at least intelligently and philanthropically laboring to teach the world, that the marvelous diagnoses of disease and successful prescriptions which are furnished through mediumistic organisms, are generally the results of scientific applications of knowledge—and that much of the knowledge possessed by spirits which is now being manifested through successful medical practice, can be acquired by man, and be most advantageously embraced in his medical science.

The two books entitled "*Mental Cure*" and "*Mental Medicine*," give and suggest a vast amount of information concerning the interconnections and dependencies of man's physical and spiritual bodies, and of their relative influences upon his health and happiness.

One would be rash who should predict that the publications of this author will meet with unqualified approbation by any class of readers. Those who have been trained to practice according to the prevalent systems of therapeutics, will be unable to forget at once so much as they needs must before they can see the merits of a system which makes the physical body a very secondary part of the sick man. And all of us have ever been accustomed to ascribe to the outer body such efficient action over our comfort and well-being that we are not prepared to admit without many demurs, a system which tells us that diseases and pains all originate in the mental or spiritual part of us, however true the statement may be, and that it is through the mind that bodily cures all take place.

We should make no protest were one to allege that Mr. Evans had pushed his system till it had carried him to an unnecessary abstinence from the apothecary's simples and compounds. Neither should we, if told by men long devoted to the study and practice of medicines, that he has not thoroughly digested some of the materials he has been at work upon. Such criticism should obviously be looked for, both because the author cannot be expected to have learned and digested all medical knowledge—and also and especially because there will be much in the mind of every physician or member of any other profession, which will unfit him for a ready perception of the merits of any system which is widely different from his own. Reform and progress are not often made from within a profession, but are forced upon it from the outside world. Mr. Evans may be prominent among those who are discerning and giving impetus to facts and forces which shall bless future generations with better medical science and medical practice than have ever before been unfolded and adopted—giving them as science founded upon the nature of man and things, and as practice suited to reach the desired results.

Whether Mr. Evans has any desire to be heard as a public speaker I do not know. But if he is willing to speak, very few can be found among us who are so competent to treat of the nature, processes, conditions and extent of intercommunications, between the outer and inner world as he is, or equally competent to show, more or less directly, how Spiritualism in its higher forms and manifestations has a foundation in the nature of things, and is in harmony with the great purposes of creation.

I am not aware that he either seeks or shuns alliance with Spiritualists as a body—nor do I care. Such an one as he "is for us." He is eminently fitted for setting forth and putting into practical application the facts and principles on which Spiritualism or Psychism rests; and I am unwilling to forbear an expression of my hope that those who may be in search of lecturers will look up the merits of this gentleman as a teacher, and if they find them promising, make application for his services.

—ALLEN PUTNAM.

### A GLEEVER PARODY.

[We have seldom seen, in the course of a long experience, a medical practitioner which in so small space concentrated so much keen satire, while it preserved the form, shape and spirit of the original poem, as the one subjoined, on the "Little Peterkin" of the school books, which we edit from "Clubbey Corner." The settlement toward which the whole inland question seems rapidly drifting, under the manipulation of our enlightened (?) manners and methods, is clearly exhibited. Shall it indeed be so, friends of humanity?—Ed. B. of L.]

It was a summer evening,\*  
Old Mr. Smith had come  
From San Francisco, by balloon,  
To his suburban home—  
Where, by the shore of Klamath Lake,  
His pleasure he was wont to take.

He saw his grandchild, Colfaxine,  
While playing at croquet,  
Roll something large and smooth and round  
To her brother, Henry Clay;  
And asked the young sport if he knew  
Where that queer paleozoic grew.

The old man Smith stepped up and took  
The relic in his hand,  
And shook it till it rattled out  
A gill or two of sand.

"'Tis some squaw Mordoc's skull," quoth he,  
"That fell in the great victory."

"Now tell me what 't was all about?"  
Young Henry Clay inquired;  
While Colfaxine, Colfaxine,  
Learned with a look inspired.

"Come, tell us who the warriors were,  
And why they killed each other here."

"'T was the Yankees," said old Smith,  
"Who made the Indians run,  
Because they coveted the lands  
The red men hunted on."

"It's somewhat weird," but all agree  
That 't was a famous victory.  
Men, babes, and women, fifty-three,  
Followed the Indian chief;

One hundred times as many whites  
Brought Mr. Lo to grief;  
And every red was killed," said he,  
"In that great Mordoc victory."

"But what good came of it all that?"  
Asked young Colfaxine.  
"Good? why ye got their land, ye bet!"  
The home you're sitting in."

And many a heathen scalp won we  
In that brave Christian victory.  
Great praise our Colonel Killen gained,  
And eke our flag, I ween."

"But did they read the Bible then?"  
Said pitying Colfaxine.  
"Why, that I cannot say," quoth he,  
"But 't was a glorious victory."

A. D. 1860.

The greatest benefit which one friend can confer on another, is to guard and excite and elevate his virtues.—Dr. Johnson.

### Rutland, Vt.

This beautiful little city, lying in a horseshoe, magnet of the green mountains, was once a center of reform teachings and enlivened by the frequent voices of spiritual and other radical speakers, but for some years past it has been as silent as a graveyard, and about as progressive in soul work as is such place as waits for a physical resurrection. The churches redoubled their icy folds and coiled like a poison serpent around the vitals of each progressive movement, and cunningly chuckled over the death of reform. But we already see the mists slowly rising and a promise of sunlight that shall ere long melt away the dark clouds of superstition that so effectually envelope this locality. Six miles distant the Eldys are attracting hundreds from the city, who are getting evidence that cannot fail to open their eyes; and already the missions of the churches are set on like larking dogs to scare people away from this evidence of spirit-life, and all sorts of stories reported that will keep people from going there to see and hear for themselves.

Since our visit, we have, as will be seen elsewhere, had all doubts of identity of Wm. White, whom we saw there, removed by his own materialized lips, for we asked him in person, and this time we were sure it was no one else.

There is also another almost silent worker in the very city of Rutland, that is directed by the spirits in his work, and building for he knows not what—Dr. Sol Jewett. He has nearly finished an octagon house, of good proportions, two stories high, with a circle room occupying the entire lower floor, with its cabinet built in the wall, and the upper floor also a circle room, and gallery of spirit paintings mostly of persons, by the hand of W. P. Anderson. The doctor claims that these are likenesses of ancient characters, made for him in answer to private requests not known to the artist. Nine of them purport to be Bible characters, whose existence to us is a matter of doubt, but as we are not and never were acquainted with any of them, not even Jesus or his Mother, we shall not say they are not good likenesses. Of the other still more ancient names, we know as little and care as little, so they may be all right; but to us they have no value save as curiosities.

We are looking at the present generation and for its future and its successors, and care little for the opinion of the ancients, whose surroundings were so unlike ours. But Bro. Jewett is evidently getting up something important, and by spirit aid and direction, and it may be necessary to centralize his thoughts and feelings with and upon these ancients and their pictures while he is doing his work. He is a singular medium, with peculiar powers, and his wife is not only a regular and excellent physician, with a good practice, but one of the best magnetic healers also, and one who, with spirit aid, we rescued from the church many years ago.—W. C.

### Theories and Facts.

There is an unaccountable desire in most persons to have their theories and speculations improved and adopted by others, and this leads to most of the dissension and wrangling in and between churches, and among Spiritualists and liberals. If those who get up theories would wait, like Copernicus, till some Galileo demonstrated them; and would not try to crowd them by resolutions passed by mere majorities on the public as adopted by the whole as accepted truths, we might avoid many of the evils arising from difference of opinion where the facts are wanting. Every person should have full liberty to place his or her opinion or theory before any audience that is willing to hear it, or any readers that are willing to read it, but should not expect others to adopt it until there is scientific, or at least rational evidence of its truth. Every inventor and discoverer should be content with the presentation of his treasure till the evidence is convincing, and then people will receive it, however much they may be prejudiced at first and resist it when he has not the convincing evidence. To us, it seems inconsistent to ask a miscellaneous meeting to resolve that mortals continue to live after death, or that they communicate to us the facts of their existence. If they do, those of us who have the evidence know it, and why should we wish others to resolve it? When they know it, they will agree with us. We may ask them to seek the evidence where we found it, and to see and hear for themselves, but even if they decline, we are not justified in our prejudices against them, nor in trying to resolve them into an acceptance of our truth. This is also applicable equally, and more, to many new theories that are presented to us by spirits; some of them we do not accept on testimony alone, and not more when the testimony is from our brethren in the spirit-world than if from those living here. We have learned that they, like us, have many theories that are not demonstrated to our senses by facts, but when they are, of course we shall accept them and advocate them as we do spirit intercourse. To us, re-incarnation of the individual life on this planet is one of these undemonstrated theories, even while we are fully satisfied that any existence that has no termination had no beginning. We cannot yet see the law of re-birth in this physical life by a new gestation.—W. C.

### The Binghamton, N. Y., Grove Meeting.

Sept. 6th and 7th, a large audience, considering the cloudy sky and cool winds, assembled in Leonard's Grove, 69 Oak street, in the city of Binghamton, N. Y., and listened to speeches from Warren Chase, Warren Woolson, J. V. Mapes, of Elmira, Minnie Merton and J. B. Walker, an excellent test medium and faithful worker, from Scranton, Pa., where he is holding up the cause almost single-handed in a city where there ought to be five thousand to help him. Mr. Woolson is a good trance speaker, and doing good work around his home in North Bay, Oneida Co., N. Y. Mr. Mapes was formerly a clergyman, and is an excellent speaker, clear, concise and forcible, and is one of the editors of the Elmira Gazette. Our faithful and earnest brother, E. C. Leonard, has fitted up his fine, large oak grove in good style for meetings and picnics, and is determined to have a church for free meetings when the weather is suitable; and it is so well located that all persons in the city can reach it on foot who can walk. It is but a few rods from one of the most costly churches in the city, whose bell answers for both meeting-houses, being the Lord's and blessed. Our meeting was not large, owing to the inclemency of the weather, and we were driven off by the rain into a large hall, Sunday evening, where we had an excellent and final winding-up of speeches and music. The meetings were enlivened and delighted with the songs of E. W. Locke, of Boston, (address, 52 Pearl street, Cambridgeport,) whom we take pleasure in recommending to our friends everywhere as a good speaker and a most charming singer. He is going West, and we hope he will be called for by our friends to speak and sing.—W. C.



*[Illegible text]*



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## A NEW STORY.

BY MRS. A. E. PORTER.

## THE TWO COUSINS.

## TEMPEST AND SUNSHINE.

With a preface by the Rev. J. R. Buchanan, after a visit to the Spiritualist's Free Meetings, September 1873.

Spiritualism has been termed the science of life. As much as it endures all knowledge and aims at all improvement. Whence, then, to uplift humanity and make progress toward happy and harmonious conditions must enlist the interest of the liberal thinker and awaken the energies of all who have the good of mankind at heart. The writer of fiction is a most important auxiliary to the work of reform. It is the reform with pleasure that we announce a new story of great power and thrilling interest, from the pen of Mrs. A. E. Porter, who, in part, to illustrate the condition of the human mind. We know this gifted and graceful writer cannot fail to charm our readers, and win the individual attention to the subject on which she has now thrown the light of her genius, for it is one of the deepest interest to all. It is a field comparatively unexplored, and her discovery must yield many of the secrets of life. In this story she has infused a gentle and loving spirit, much discrimination, and a power of vivid and life-like description. Whether she deals with homely scenes and everyday life, or whether she gives us passion in its fiercest form, the picture is touched with equal skill and fascination.

In order to secure an uninterrupted perusal of the story, which will continue several weeks, our friends will strengthen our hands, and do themselves a favor by subscribing for the Banner at once.

## Something from Nothing.

The cause of a large part of current social troubles, originating in the desire and determination to get something out of nothing—to obtain results without first paying the equivalents. Blindly described, it is simple fraud; and because it is against the law of Nature, it will not work at all. The experiment turns out a perfect failure every time. Any quantity of moralizing might be spun from the contemplation of the subject, but a reference to surrounding illustrations is better. Instances that show up the empty vessel and the child's game for the seeker. The very boy who has got the magnet in his brain that he is to make his way by art and assurance rather than by hard and unaided industry. Away back in the solitude and silence of the farms, there are confused and blinding dreams of achievements in the world without the sweat of steady labor. The school-girl graduate does not suppose that in selecting or accepting a husband, she is assuming any special share of the tasks of life for herself. In mercantile life, men of business are weary of limited and slow gains, and impatient to jump into fortunes with a single headlong leap. The lawyer would much rather become the attorney of some gigantic monopoly than the regular and reliable counsel of his customary circle of clients. The clergyman wants his stone church, his salary and long vacation in Europe, or he thinks religion is becoming "played out." Every class appears to be in haste to reach the end of the story by a short-cut, and possess coveted acquisitions without actually acquiring.

What has produced this universal revolt—for it really amounts to that—in the modern social state, if it is not the late but not the less unwelcome discovery that sham has got about to the end of its rope? That it is useless to go on by a way that after all leads nowhere? That there is no sense or reason in expecting to obtain something from nothing? It is merely a manifestation of disgust at its own fatal error. It is shoddy throwing up the sponge. It is a confession that there is nothing true but first principles. And as with society, so with the church. It has had its day and done its work. While the public journals are exclaiming on every side against the growth of corruption and the decay of public morality, the church gets little or no consideration. It is not even appealed to, to come to the rescue, which certainly is no compliment to its present influence or past labors. If Orthodoxy is such an element in the social system as its advocates and professors insist, why has it not shown more ability to cope with the situation, to stem this tide of evil with better effect, to turn men's minds from the false gods which they worship, and to prevent a catastrophe of "the public morals like that which has for some time been imminent"? It need not expect to go scot-free from such a searching investigation. As long as it puts forth such loud claims, it must reasonably expect to be held to some sort of responsibility. Before it is allowed to rule through the Constitution, it

should prove itself qualified and worthy to rule outside of it.

The ecclesiastical power has but little to do with the action of the human mind when it is thus cavalierly counted out of all visible connection with some of its exceptional phenomena. It ought as well to retire from the field, and confess itself a practical failure. It can fairly consider that the call for a reformed and reorganized church is a call for a reformed and reorganized society. What has it been doing all the time that this decay of the public morality has been going on? It has actually been more or less in alliance with the very causes of this decay, receiving money immorally got, condoning acts that barely escaped the righteous penalty of imprisonment, expressing men who were especially desirous of being shrouded up and buttressed by the church while carrying on their dazzling schemes of iniquity, and declining in every imaginable way to proceed by open and honest methods against what now appears in a result that is equivalent to a riot among the social elements. The church too has been laboring to receive something for nothing, and behold its serious disappointment in this sudden decay and disappearance of the props on which it rested its hopes. The lesson of the time is one for all organizations, all classes, all minds to soberly heed. It means that truth and purity and goodness, and not merely their professions and symbols, have got to be brought to the front and put to service. The day of vulgar frauds is for the present about to end. Society needs nothing so much as a thorough purification and elevation of its morals, and that is a work of simple and silent spiritualization.

## Illness of Thomas Gales Forster.

The Spiritualists all over the country, but more especially in New York and Boston, will regret to learn, as they will in perusing the following letter, that Bro. Forster's health is so poor as to oblige him to entirely withdraw from the lecturing field for the present. We sincerely hope this able exponent of the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism, on the rostrum—where he has few if any equals—will soon be restored to health and usefulness, and again resume his labors in a position he is so competent to fill. May the kind spirits constantly watch over him and his good wife, wherever they may sojourn. Read his letter, which is of interest to all his friends.

Washington, Oct. 10, 1873.  
L. B. WILSON, *Chairman, Mass. Spirit. Conv.*  
My Dear Brother:—We have just returned from a summer tour, including the Upper Mississippi and the mountains of Virginia and Maryland, which was taken with the hope of restoration to health by the commencement of my second year's engagement in New York on the 1st of November. But Brother Powers has developed other wise, and my health and strength have been increased but little, if at all, by my extended trip. Indeed, my restoration is at times just as great as ever. Physicians, both in and out of the body, have therefore decreed my absence from the rostrum six to twelve months longer, and have recommended a sojourn of half a year, at least, in the South of France or Italy. We have the matter under consideration, and shall probably follow the advice given, or at least seek some milder climate in some direction.

Under these circumstances I have been forced to address the Board of Directors of the Spiritual Association of New York, withdrawing from my engagement with them for the succeeding year. This severance of my connection with the spiritual rostrum, or an indefinite period—which has been the field of my labors for twenty years, in behalf of a cause still very dear to my soul—can but be attended with the deepest regret. Superadded to which, is a necessary separation from many warm and devoted friends in our ranks, whose continued kindness during the years that have passed have endeared in my nature a gratitude and a memory that shall endure throughout eternity itself.

This withdrawal, of course, must include a resignation of my engagement with you for January next, which I trust will not prove an inconvenience. This enforced resignation, my brother, adds no little pain to my present condition; for I have never visited Boston without being the recipient of a generous appreciation and courtesy which can never be forgotten, and of which I stand long and proud.

I desire to add, that amidst the suffering, both mental and physical, incidental to my present prostrated condition, I have found much consolation and peace in our glorious Faith—if that may be called Faith, which is the legitimate result of demonstration. The spiritual philosophy may not give us a charm against ill-health; but it most essentially helps us on to the energy and the fortitude to support it.

My good wife joins me in warm regard for you and yours.

Truly, THOS. GALES FORSTER.

## Gone Higher.

Major Daniel Griffin and wife, of Cincinnati, O., after a long period of earthly experiences, have passed from the infirmities of old age in mortal to the eternal youth of spirit-life. The Sunday school and Lyceum of the city where for so many years they had resided, at a meeting held on the evening of Aug. 25th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Graham, passed a series of resolutions bearing witness to the purity of soul, high intellectual endowments, honesty of purpose and tirelessness of action evinced by the aged couple who had left the plane of physical existence after handling by their labors alike "the poor, the halt, the honored and the wealthy" around them; and setting forth the high regard which was felt for them among their spiritual brethren, and the facts that "their declining years and death-moments have been comforted and made happy by their knowledge of life after death, and communion between spirits and mortals," and "that we have had evidence already, and shall expect a continuation of it, that they live, and do love, as they have always, those near and dear to them, and that they are enabled to continue their ministrations toward spiritual and moral guidance."

## The Indian Cause.

The condemned Modes will die—that is perfectly well understood; and it is not so generally known, perhaps, that, during the recent campaign against that fated tribe, there were but four Indians killed in all, while there were two white soldiers killed and wounded for every Mode. The execution of Capt. Jack and his comrades, however, will not by any means dispose of this Indian question. Although the Department makes haste to deny the charge of cheating in the matter of the supplies, the evidence is too ample and strong to be withstood that such frauds have been perpetrated on a large scale, and that their shamelessness is reason enough for any kind of conduct which the Indians may pursue for the purpose of expressing their dissatisfaction. The end evidently is not yet, and will not be until justice has been established between the Government and the red men.

"Wetherbee's Night Thoughts" in this issue are unusually interesting.

## Edwin Druod—Additional Particulars.

A fragment, whether met with in the material or intellectual world, is a sure indicator of human curiosity. While on the plane of matter it is an index of what has been, in the realm of mental effort it often shadows forth what was to have been, which latter field of inquiry is, to the majority, the most perplexing with interest. The "mysteries" story named above, whose thread was cut short by the shears of Fate, has therefore awakened intense interest, wonderment on both sides of the Atlantic, as to the explanation intended for it by the great master of English fiction, who so suddenly dropped his pen, and like a tired schoolboy, left the confinement of the physical corporeity, that he might enjoy adrethor spiritual neatness to that Nature which in mortal life he pictured so clearly and well.

At divers seasons within the year the matter has been brought prominently before the world of readers, by the secular press, it being avowed by various members of that fraternity, that the story was found (or at least was claimed to be), and that, through an obscure individual and in a secluded inland town, the tale was being completed by some unexplainable process—"By whom," being in most cases used sententiously, by way of addendum, to ward off theologic suspicion that any of the editorial band were afflicted with a certain grave "epidemic," yeilded Spiritualism, which is much prevalent at the present day.

We have given our readers, whenever we thought the occasion warranted, extracts from these expressed views of the daily press—notably so in the case of the report of the Springfield (Mass.) Union, to which we devoted some eight columns space in our issue of Aug. 9th—and as inquiries still multiply concerning the forthcoming book, and some anxiety is evinced as to the whereabouts of the "manuscript," or medium, we further cull, in answer, the following additional information from the Boston Post of Sept. 11th:

"In regard to the 'medium' who is exhibiting such marvellous powers, the descriptions of his character, that have been floating about through the papers, seem somewhat unjust to those who have known him here. He certainly has exhibited none of the shrewd, sharp qualities of the adventurer, but has simply appeared a hard-working, rather commonplace person, who would never excite remark or attention, were it not for the peculiar circumstances which have brought him so prominently before the world. Ever since coming to Brattleboro, he has been engaged as foreman in the printing office of the Vermont Record and Farmer, and Mr. Colledge, the editor, speaks in the highest terms of his fidelity, his attention to business, and his peculiar fitness for the place. During all the time in which he has been engaged in this other work, he has still attended to his duties in the office until a short time since. He was a regular attendant at the Episcopal Church, and entirely skeptical regarding Spiritualism and spiritual manifestations, and no one was more surprised than he when it was discovered that he possessed remarkable mediumistic powers. A little time after coming to this village, he moved into a house which was owned and partially occupied by a widow lady, well known in town as one of the most prominent Spiritualists in this portion of the State. Circles were frequently held in her parlors, and about a year ago Mr. James was induced to attend one of them. The manifestations were more wonderful than usual, and the new power was traced to him. He was comparatively a stranger to nearly all present, and yet he wrote the most astonishing communications to several in the circle, signing them with names of persons dead years before he ever came to Brattleboro. After this he became a constant attendant at the sances, and it was at one of these that he received a message asking him to sit alone in his room on a certain evening, which was named, the message being signed Charles Dickens."

Among the requests made of the medium when placing the work in his hands, was one urging him strongly to give no publicity to the affair, as it would retard the work. The power, whatever it was, would choose its own time for giving the information to the world. But the secret slipped out inadvertently. A gentleman very much interested in the matter wrote the story to a friend, who, considering it too wonderful to keep, set it adrift in the papers."

A few weeks since, Mr. James, quietly left town, and for awhile another mystery was added to that which was already most mysterious. "Cleaned out," said the triumphant skeptics; "cleared as all he could, and left." But both mystery and triumph were of short duration. It was soon announced by the initiated and interested, that in place of running away in disgrace, Mr. James had gone to a neighboring town in order to finish his work, which is very near completion, in quiet. During the latter part of his stay in Brattleboro, he was subjected to such constant interruption and annoyance that he was almost entirely unable to work; and this mysterious power by which he seems controlled bade him go away, and signified the place where he was to go. The book is nearly finished now—so, at least, those say who profess to know about it; and after its completion, nothing remains to do but prepare it for press and find a publisher."

Those who know the medium all agree that he could not finish his work unless he were ever so close a student of Dickens. In the first place, he has not the power, and if he had, he has not the education sufficient for the purpose. What, then, is it, it is only a mere fancy, a poor oldish fancy. Even those who are the most skeptical are acknowledging that."

SAPSEA, "THE PUREST JACKASS IN CLOISTER-HAM."

In the work entitled "Edwin Druod," as now to be found in an unfinished state at the counters of the booksellers, Charles Dickens introduces as a full-length figure in his fourth chapter, "Mr. Thomas Sapsea, Auctioneer," to whom he assigns the above title, if the jackass may be accepted "as the type of self-sufficient stupidity and conceit." The graphic and scathing manner in which this character finds portraiture by the gifted author is exceedingly refreshing, and impresses upon the ideal creation in an especial degree the coin-stamp of this king in thought's domain, which will render it easily recognizable if met with elsewhere. To give the reader who has not perused the original unfinished narrative some idea of the mental status of this essential egotist, Sapsea, the following mortuary lines are extracted from it, which he is represented as saying he drew out with "some thought, sir, some little fever of the brow," for the monument erected over the remains of "the late Mrs. Sapsea, now dead three-quarters of a year."

ETHELINDA, Reverential Wife of MR. THOMAS SAPSEA, AUCTIONEER, VALUER, ESTATE AGENT, &c., OF THIS CITY.

Whose Knowledge of the World, Though somewhat extensive, Never brought him acquainted with

SPIRITUALISM.

More capable of LOOKING UP TO HIM, STRANGER, PAUSE

And ask thyself the Question, CANST THOU DO LIKEWISE?

If Not,

WITH A BLUSH RETIRE."

We have recently received from a correspondent residing in Brattleboro, and who is well acquainted with the person so strangely charged

with the completion of the story, an extract from the *Ver. MSS.*, in which the same Mr. Sapsea tries his hand at writing his own epitaph in advance—despising of finding any one mentally capable of doing the service for him when the supreme moment should arrive! We here insert it, that the reader may form some conception of the likeness existing between the style of the opening portion of the original story as brought out in England, and that given as its conclusion through the "amanuensis" in Vermont:

"HERE LIES  
HON. THOMAS SAPSEA,  
The possessor, while living, of  
AN ENLARGED MIND,  
Which comprehended all things  
At a Glance,  
Notwithstanding that Nature had bestowed  
Upon him  
GIFTS  
Which few persons are allowed to possess,  
He was not unmindful of the  
Ignorance of his fellow-men, and  
Strove to impress them at all times  
With the  
POWERFUL MENTAL RESOURCES  
Of his Nature.  
This Almighty will appreciate the entrance  
To Heaven of such  
A MIND.  
In that it will be so much easier to  
Govern the Planetary System  
Than before.  
STRANGER,  
PRAY THAT ONE SUCH MIND MAY EXIST  
DURING EACH SUCCESSIVE AGE.

In due time the book will be forthcoming. Much interest will be evolved concerning it in all circles of society, and perchance other "mysteries" than that of "Edwin Druod" may through it receive the attention of the awakened public mind.

A Homily from the Patent Office—  
"Straws," etc.

As we recently mentioned, a gentleman residing in this city has been for some time past engaged in perfecting the arrangement of a machine bearing the title of the "Psychic Stand and Detector," for the purpose of refuting the theory of certain scientists that "spirit communications" emanate in all cases from the mind of the medium, and for the detecting of fraud should such exist in the operations of any person claiming to exercise mediumistic functions. A working model of the stand was made, and, on being tried, was found to operate with perfect success. On the 10th of June last a patent for it was applied for as an instrument "to be used in the investigation of phenomena attributed by certain eminent scientists to a species of force hitherto unknown, and which they term 'Psychic Force,'" when the inventor received in reply a note, outwardly worded in caution, but inwardly steeped in theologic "gall of bitterness," in which the powers that preside over the inventor's destinies of our republic proclaimed the instrument not to be patentable—that "unless Spiritualism be true," the machine is calculated only to "aid in perpetuating delusion and imposture," and much more of a like moral(?) tone, but ending in the significant hint that should Mr. Lippitt withdraw his first application, abandonment ground in favor of the truth of spirit communion, and take the position that his "game table" was intended to show the deceit of mediums, "the device might be more favorably viewed!"—which proposition it will be seen by the correspondence below was indignantly repelled by the inventor:

U. S. Patent Office,  
Washington, D. C., 1873.

Francis J. Lippitt, Cambridge, Mass.:  
Please find below a communication from the Examiner in charge of your application for Patent for Improvement on Game Tables, filed June 24th, 1873.

Very respectfully,  
M. D. LEGGERT,  
Commissioner.

The above application has been examined. The position the office has heretofore occupied in cases analogous to this, viz: "planchette" and other applications covering devices to develop or obtain the phenomena known as "spiritual manifestations," is a negative or neutral one; in the belief that the sanction of the office should not be given to patent mechanism which, unless "Spiritualism" be true, can only aid in perpetuating delusion and imposture. That it is true, the office cannot concede, as, although individual scientists may, as applicant says, have given the phenomena some attention, scientific men as a body or in any great numbers have never subscribed to the reality of the phenomena, to say nothing of their alleged explanation. While this opinion is expressed, the office is also disposed to believe that as a game table or means of amusement, having as a subsidiary advantage its capability of being used to detect imposture, the device might be more favorably viewed. To that end this specification should be re-written, considerably pruned as to length, and all allusions to the use of the device by mediums be avoided. The title of Game Table given above is not adapted in any respect, but as the only heading the office classification seems to admit of receiving under it, being in its nature somewhat anomalous. See the rejected cases of Isaac Kirby, filed Sept. 22d, 1868, and Charles W. Kirby, rejected, filed June 1st, 1868.

Boston, Sept. 10th, 1873.

Hon. M. D. Leggett, Commissioner of Patents.

Sir:—In answer to your communication announcing the refusal of a patent for my "Psychic Stand and Detector," I respectfully submit as follows:

1. Many thousands of persons in this country and in other countries, among them some eminent scientists, have been, and still are, investigating certain phenomena usually called "Spirit Manifestations," in the view of ascertaining their source.

2. Different theories prevail with respect to the cause of these manifestations, some attributing them to trick or imposture exclusively, some to an occult force hitherto unknown, which they term "Psychic Force," and others to the agency of departed spirits.

3. The "Psychic Stand" will furnish important aid in this investigation, because, if either the psychic or the spirit theory be true, it offers an easy and conclusive means of demonstrating it. You cannot assume them to be false without officially deciding the "trick and imposture" explanation to be the only true one, and I find no law authorizing you to make any such decision.

4. Neither can you legally base your refusal on any personal objections you may have to the subject-matter of the investigation itself; for, in this country at least, the law of the land does not forbid an inquiry after truth in any department of knowledge whatever.

In brief, I re-submit my claim for a patent on two grounds:

1. That the investigation now going on as to the true source of the phenomena usually termed "spiritual" is a legitimate one, and not forbidden by law.

2. That my "Psychic Stand" is an instrument that will render important aid in this investigation. Very respectfully, F. J. LIPPITT.

Two grave questions arise in the mind of the liberal thinker in view of this test case: First, Who constituted these officials a board to decide whether Spiritualism is true or false, or empowered them to shut out from the protection of the law any invention designed to aid in the investigation of the subject, or to put forth a premium on false representations by offering to favorably consider such "device" if it be placed on the ground that the tendency of

the machine will be to show up fraud as the basis of Spiritualism? and second, What have they to do at all with the religious opinions of men? Their plain duty is in the material, not the sectarian field. It would appear that the Patent Office was the last place on the continent from whence an Orthodox sermon might be supposed to emanate, but perhaps that species of fossil literature is getting to be a *potable* article now, and when God is foisted upon the United States Constitution, no doubt town, country and State rights to "dispense" the real "protected" Evangelical gospel will be turned out to needy clergymen at the highest figure.

Friends of religious liberty, the very by-ways of the government are now teeming with whirling straws—like the above decision—which point the opening gusts of the rising ecclesial hurricane. See to it that you rally in defense, ere too late, of the rights of untrammelled conscience and unencumbered speech which were intended to be secured to you and your children forever by perpetual "Letters Patent" in the Constitution by the noble free thinking founders of this nation! Organize, lest when the tempest of persecution bursts, you be swept away, even "as the wild wind scatters the unbound sheaves by the wayside!"

## Silver Lake Grove.

Plymouth, Mass., has of late been the scene of two gatherings (Sept. 11th and 16th)—the one growing out of the other—which are replete with pleasant recollections for those who attended. At nine o'clock on the first-mentioned day, according to arrangements, Drs. Gardner and Richardson embarked on the Old Colony Railroad, with all who evinced a disposition to face the frowning sky and disregard the warning voice of "Old Probabilities," who foretold "rain" for the day. On arriving at the grounds, Nature seemed kindly to relent, and a warm sun and pleasant breeze greeted the adventurous voyagers. Those desiring passed the time in sailing, rowing, swinging, and lively participation in healthful exercise at the bowling alley, or in dancing to the melodies of Howard Richardson's Quadrille Band. The baked clams at dinner were excellent, the temper of the individuals patronizing the picnic was genial, and the remarks of the speakers—N. Frank White, Drs. Gardner and Richardson, G. Fanille Allen, Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer and others—were well received, both at the morning and afternoon services. Renewed notice was given of the camp meeting to be carried out by the same management at this already popular resort during the coming summer, and with a satisfied mien the excursionists sought their homes.

## The Late Judge Phillips.

Hon. Willard Phillips passed to the higher life, from his residence in Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 9th. He was born in Bridgewater, Mass., Dec. 19th, 1774, and had nearly attained his ninety-ninth year. He graduated at Harvard College in 1810; studied law with Hon. William Sullivan; became editor of the North American Review in 1815; was appointed Judge of Probate for Suffolk County in 1820; was the author of several valuable standard works; in 1847 he was chosen President of the New England Life Insurance Company. He resigned that position in 1865, and sought retirement, which the natural infirmities of old age required. He was a ripe scholar, and possessed a sound analytical mind. Shortly after the spiritual phenomena made their appearance, he began to investigate the subject in a candid and scientific manner, and in time discovered the great truth which underlies the philosophy, and has held to his convictions ever since. He has left a work on the spiritual philosophy in stereotyped plates, all ready for publication.

## Prof. J. R. Buchanan.

It will be seen by the subjoined paragraph that this painstaking and earnest worker in the fields of anthropologic and educational reform, is hereafter to be located in our city. He deserves to be warmly welcomed by all friends of liberal thought:

BOSTON UNIVERSITY.—Dr. J. R. Buchanan, of Kentucky (formerly a resident of Syracuse), has been appointed Professor of Physiology in the Medical Department of the new Boston University. This University has an endowment which in a few years will amount to about ten millions of dollars. It commences operations in the coming season, with its theological, legal and medical departments fully organized with eminent professors. When its equipment is complete, it will not be in any respect inferior to Harvard and Yale. The appointment of Prof. Buchanan, who has been known for a quarter of a century as a profound original physiologist and successful medical teacher, completes the medical corps of the University in the most satisfactory manner. While we shall be sorry to lose Dr. B. from Syracuse, we heartily congratulate him upon the appointment he has received.—*Syracuse Daily Courier*.

THE TRUTH SEEKER.—Vol. I, No. 1, of an eight page journal, issued monthly by the Liberal Association of Paris, Ill., has come to hand. It is devoted to science, morals, free inquiry and the diffusion of liberal sentiments, and is deserving of patronage from the friends of free thought. Its platform states:

"We extend the right hand of fellowship to liberal minds of all grades and classes. We ask them not to adopt our special views and opinions—to see with our eyes, or to understand with our reason. We are not 'hide-bound,' nor do we ask others to 'measure their wheat in our half bushel.' We embrace, as in one brotherhood, Liberals, Free Religionists, Rationalists, Spiritualists, Universalists, Unitarians, Friends, Infidels, Free Thinkers, and in short all who dare to think and judge for themselves. Let us compare our views; let us canvass each other's opinions and reasons, and see which has the better way."

The Spiritualists' free meetings will be resumed in Music Hall, this city, Oct. 5th, Mrs. Palmer being the speaker for that occasion. As will be seen by the manager's announcement in another column, some of the best speakers in our ranks have already been secured as lecturers, and more are to be added to the list. Such an array of talent would seem to warrant a course of lectures well worth hearing and paying for. Those who take an interest in Spiritualism can easily help lighten the burden on the shoulders of those who are endeavoring to carry on these meetings, if they will purchase a season ticket (securing also a reserved seat) at once. They are placed at prices that come within the means of almost every one.

A. S. Hayward, Magnetic Physician, will soon visit Concord, N. H., Claremont, Bellows Falls, Rutland and Keene, for the purpose of *healing the sick*. He will also take subscriptions for the Banner of Light and orders for our books. His stop in each place will be short; therefore visit him on his arrival, if you desire his services.







## Message Department.

Exact Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of MRS. J. H. CONANT.

While in an abnormal condition called the trance, these Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to recognize no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

### The Banner of Light Free Circles.

The questions answered at these Free Circles are often presented by individuals among the audience. These read to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

Due notice will be given in these columns when and where our Public Free Circles will be resumed.

### Invocation.

O thou who art beautiful upon the mountains and in the valleys of all human experience, we praise thee. Thou whose strength is ever at hand and sufficient for us, we praise thee. Thou who hast made Nature so beautiful, step by step, aton by aton, we praise thee. And for those who are suffering in poverty, in sickness, in ignorance, in the hands of human misery, we ask, not that thou shouldst take from them one atom of their suffering. Great Spirit, give them strength and wisdom to bear it. Let them understand that thou dearest with them in love, and that thy mightiness is ever their protection; and that, finally, out of all darkness, pain and sorrow, thou wilt deliver them into thine own estate of heaven.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Now, Mr. Chairman, if you have questions, I am ready to answer them.

Q.—[From a correspondent.]—At the circle in this hall of Feb. 25th, the controlling intelligence remarked that all worlds have an atmosphere as soon as thrown off from the parent world from which the worlds named were thrown off.

A.—Nature among the heavenly bodies—so termed by you—is divided into solar systems. It resolves itself into families, and by this process a world or planet progresses until it reaches a high state of physical progress—until it is matured—until there is no death upon its surface—until sickness has subsided—until all sorts of venomous reptiles have departed—until the animals are tamed, and there is no war—until perfect harmony reigns there—supreme joy, in other words, according to the Christian religion, until the devil is subdued, and God himself reigns. Then this world begins to revolve faster and faster, faster and faster, until, in its rapid revolutions, it generates a quality of life peculiar to its own life throughout its entire body. All these little particles find their affinities, come together under the law of chemistry, and a world is born. Then it begins to revolve, and from the moment it begins to revolve, it has an atmosphere of its own. It creates it by its own revolution. Earthly scientists determine otherwise. In ignorance, they say the moon has no atmosphere. By-and-by they will laugh at their ignorance. The sun, being the older planet of this solar system, and its centre, is the parent of all the others belonging to this system. There are millions upon millions of other systems, who have other suns for parents, of which you as yet know nothing.

Q.—[From the Chairman.]—May I ask if comets are not incipient worlds?

A.—Yes.

Q.—What becomes of their enormous tails when they take on evolution and are fixed in their places?

A.—The comet's tail is simply an aggregation of those atoms that are taking their places in the centre. When they have all taken their places, then the comet is no longer a comet, but a planet, and revolves in its own orbit. It is no longer erratic, but has a precision equal to your world or the sun.

Q.—It is said, in the good book, that the angels of heaven are neither married nor given in marriage; but I would ask—are not offspring propagated from spirits near the earth plane, of either sex, being united in conjugal relations with their affiliated counterparts, physical, in the earth-life?

A.—Your correspondent evidently desires to know if children are born here, one parent being in this life; and the other in the life beyond. Now, that question involves a train of others, for which you are altogether unready. You are too young children in this science of life to receive too large truths. When some of them are given you, even in the weakest way, you lift up your hands in holy horror, saying you thought Heaven was something different; but the question has been asked—there is an evident honesty about the correspondent, therefore I shall answer it in all honesty. Yes, my friend, children are thus begotten, born into spirit-life, have as much of existence there as you will have when you go there. Some of you here who consider yourselves childless will find it quite the contrary. Now, let me go a little further. Your sacred book says, if I have read it aright, that they neither marry nor are given in marriage in Heaven. No, they are not, according to human rites, but according to divine rites they are; more than that, children are born of those marriages. Now, standing upon the Christian platform, promising that I do (which I do not) stand upon your Christian platform, I will prove my theory by the Christian's Saviour. The record says he uttered these words: "He that looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." There, now, is a solution of the whole problem. If this natural condition could have been carried thus far in thought, where is there reason for its non-perfect fulfillment? Ask, There is none. Neither God nor angels could give a There is the fulfillment of the passion; by-and-by in its natural form, in spirit-life, and when the parties go to spirit-life, they will find those children there, and a record of how and when they were begotten, because spirits, knowing of the ignorance that still is in existence upon most of the planets—are wise enough to make a record of these things, so that they may be able to explain them to you, and tell you the why and whereof of these mysteries, that seem to be monstrous. But let me ask if your Christian religion does not teach of a heaven unfitted to the

needs of the soul, to the necessities of life either human or divine, *in the past, present, and future*, yet millions upon millions have accepted these monstrous ideas. Well, it is right they should. They were little children. You may teach the little child that its hand is its foot, that the fire won't burn, until it has an exhibition to the contrary, and so you little children have been taught these strange, wild ideas about God and heaven and the life hereafter, which the angel world is obliged, as it returns to you, year by year, hour by hour, and day by day, to overthrow. Your idols are to be broken, but a wise spirit will never break one unless he can put a better one in its place. Now, love is an element of the human soul, the divine foundation upon which everything exists. You all want something to love. Many of you have wanted little children to love. Here, Nature in this crude, growing life, has denied you them; but think you the desire would ever have been born in your soul, if it could not and would not have been fulfilled? What a libel upon the Great Spirit that loves us all. Think of it! It is monstrous—it is blasphemous. So, then, Mr. Chairman, say to your correspondent, that there are children begotten as he has been told, and that the happiest moments of his life beyond this will be spent, doubtless, in communion with them.

### George W. Nevins.

I am here, sir, to speak a word in behalf of those who have been lately so suddenly plunged into the spirit-world by the carelessness of the steamer commander. Many of them have been instructed to understand that they are dead; many of them do not believe that they are dead, but those who have been instructed to believe that they are dead are creating quite a mutiny to get back, and they have promised to desert in case I would come and speak a word in their behalf. I hardly know what to say. I wasn't on board the steamer, but as I happened to be acquainted with that harbor, and acquainted with the manner of return, I have been selected as their messenger. To me, it seems nothing more nor less than wholesale murder in the first degree, and for this reason: Every sea captain knows, or ought to know, ere he receives the papers of his ship, that that side of Halifax harbor was not navigable—it is a known fact. And then, again, all commanders of vessels are sworn to a knowledge of all the waters over which their vessel rides—of all the tides, of all the rocks, of all the cross-currents, of everything concerning which it is possible for the mariner to make himself acquainted with. And now it seems that captain comes out and says he was not acquainted with this, *made a mistake* in that, &c. He had no business to make a mistake, no business to have undertaken to run his ship into that port unless he knew what he was about; but he did it, and he sent many souls into this life who, by reason of the unsettled conditions surrounding their earthly lives, are unhappy. If I had done it I should have expected nothing less than death; nothing less. I have been an old sea-master myself—a pilot, in Boston harbor for the last years of my earthly life, and I know that there is no reason why those others should get clear, should escape justice, if the laws are properly applied to them with regard to marine conditions. My name, George W. Nevins, Good-day, sir.

### Ann Elizabeth Barnard.

My name, sir, was Ann Elizabeth Barnard. I died in Bellevue Hospital, in New York. I was an artificial flower maker. I worked last for Robinson, on Canal street. I got the fever—typhoid fever, they said I died of. I left one sister and two brothers that I wish to communicate with. I want them to know that I live, and that I've seen our mother and father, and that the spirit-life is not such a world as we have been taught to believe of. It is a world something like this, only more beautiful, where everybody gets what they need without so much trouble as they have here. I want my sister and my brothers to go to Mr. Slade and I will show myself to them, so they will know it is me, and I'll write them a message. I was twenty-eight years old, sir.

### Henry C. Wright.

[To Mr. White.] William, how do you do? [You have the upper hands of me.] Lewis, how do you do? [To Mr. Wilson.] Well, did you ever know Henry C. Wright? [I see, now.] See him? No, you don't. He is behind the scenes, notwithstanding he's here.

Well, you've been through the fire, haven't you? And like the three worthies, you've come out without so much as the smell of fire on your garments. You're coming up all right, and everything that your enemies can do against you will be turned to your account. Now mark that: everything will be turned to your account. Let them work on. If they choose to dig, shovel, hoe, and clean your bricks, let 'em do it. It is all right. You need the help, and as for their doing what they intend to do, it can't be done; it isn't written in the book of life. Oh, no.

You've seen some hard, hard times, but I tell you what it is, brother—up-stairs there—I don't mean that old supper room, [referring to the refreshment hall on the next story,] but up-stairs, where I now live when I am at home, you will find your reward, and I'll get a good deal of it there, too. Aint going without it here not altogether; but there you will get it in its fullness, and you will realize all you've been doing. The fruits of your good works here will be shown up there, and I tell you it will be a grander horticultural display than you ever saw here, in my God life. Yes, sure as you live, you will. My God says to me—Henry, fight for the BANNER OF LIGHT. So of course I've been doing it. I've kept myself out of sight, but I've been fighting, nevertheless. The old body that's stowed away there, in the corner of that lot, didn't amount to much; the real man is left, and I am able to take part in conventions; I am able to take part wherever I am needed. Whenever my God says, "Go, Henry," there I go. I don't ask your God, or anybody else's God, but if my God says "Go!" I am there. Now my God says, "You are going to succeed." He never told me a lie yet. I don't expect he's ever going to, so I believe him. Good-day.

Scene conducted by one called Obrandar; letters answered by "Yashu."

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Wednesday, April 10.—Anella W. Snow, H. P. Deane, of Portland, Maine; Charlotte A. Allen, Spencer, of Tarrytown, Penna.

Thursday, April 11.—Charlotte Woods, of Peckskill, N. Y.

Y. Phillips Crossman, of London, Eng.; Lucy Warrington, of New York City; John H. Clayton, of Boston; Lucy Clayton, of Boston; to her mother, Joshua Pike, of Hampton, to his children, Alice Stevens, of Bridgeport, Conn.; to her father.

Friday, April 12.—Prof. Alexander M. Fisher, of Yale; Margaret Stillman, of Montpelier, N. H.; Clark Sawyer, of Boston; Daniel McLean, to his brother, in Ireland.

### Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

Since last report the following sums have been received, for which we tender our grateful acknowledgments. We need every cent the friends can spare to keep up the various departments of this paper.

R. H. Atwood, \$3.00; P. A. Cornell, \$2.00; Jas. Kline, \$1.00; Geo. W. Willcox, \$1.00; Jane R. Wilson, \$1.00; Mary Bell, \$1.00; Wm. D. Sherman, \$1.00; H. S. Allen, \$1.00; Leonard Porter, \$1.00; Geo. Nathan Satter, \$1.00; E. C. Foley, \$1.00; Mrs. H. S. Hartwell, \$1.00.

## Foreign Correspondence.

### LETTERS FROM DR PALMER.

#### SUMMARY.

Vienna, Austria, Aug. 13th, 1873.

DEAR BANNER.—My last was dated at London. I went from London to Paris, via Dover and Calais. This route being the shortest time of sea, was preferred after the long voyage so recently taken. The channel at this point is so narrow that on a clear day one can see Calais and the coast of France. Dover is one vast citadel, guns from parapets and embrasures, at all points. (I thought what splendid plowshares and pruning hooks they will make one of these days, in the near future—especially the steel—when graduated taxation shall have forever exorcised the spirit which now renders cannon and implements of war necessary.) We embarked on the little, black, inconvenient *bug* called steamer, plying across the channel. The only incident of the trip worth mentioning was the coffee equipment of the steamer's forces in supplying wash bowls to those whose stomachs refused to be comforted. Thanks to my "A" again, we needed none. After nearly two hours of tossing and rolling upon the greenest of water, we reached Calais—another fortified city. For generations these two strongholds—one of France, and one of England—have been gazing at each other across this boundless expanse of water, eager to catch each other's throat.

The very guns, as they look you in the face, through their red smoke port holes, seem to inquire—do you come and see or fear? The ride to Paris will never be forgotten; hot, dusty, and long, it makes me even now tired to think of it. Still the eyes could not enjoy, for the country itself is very beautiful, level, yet undulating and somewhat broken. Frenchmen are fully justified in their love and devotion to sunny France. France is a rich country—rich in grains beyond any land I have seen. Her myriads of fields of golden cereals awaiting the reaper, show the source from whence the millions derived their food have enriched the coffers of Germany.

Arrived in Paris about 6 p. m. Tuesday, Aug. 13th. Remained there till Sunday night, and of course saw something of the city, although business occupied most of my time and attention. I saw her beautiful gardens and drives, unsurpassed, I am sure, in the world—her fine arches, monuments, statues, palaces, etc. I also saw her ruins, some caused by loss from without, some from fire within, all the fruits and evidences of such desperate assaults with a knife. He is the father of four children and nothing had previous to this affair, indicated the control of an evil spirit. That evening he went to a sister's, and there urged his parents to pray for him, saying that some strange force urged him to the commission of crime. "Going to Nemours he said to the commandant that he knew not what he had come there to do. When brought before the court, in dress and appearance he reminded one of Christ before the Sanhedrin; but generally he hid his face in his hands, and turned his back to the audience. To all questions he responded simply, "I have not been a free agent." Unfortunately for him his lawyer was not a Spiritist, for it could have been shown, by his previous good character, that, in his murderous acts, he was far from being in his normal state, but rather under the influence of an evil demon who led him as he pleased. He was not, as he constantly said, acting under his own free will. He was condemned to twenty years imprisonment."

The *Revue* publishes also an interesting letter from Marseilles that records the mediumistic marvels of one M. Fabre, a mechanic. It seems that he was poor and out of work, and contemplated suicide, when he was taken possession of by Raphael, and at once produced paintings that challenged the attention of the public. Wherever his works were exhibited, crowds gathered about them to praise and admire; but the inspiration by which they were revealed was not allowed to him. His most notable productions are the Victory of Constantine over Maxentius, and the Taking of Samson by the Philistines.

At a glance at Fay-Billot, (Haute-Marne,) an announcement was made through a medium that two persons should go to the house of Lady Viard, rap three times, open the door and take a paper that would be found upon a table. The paper was found as stated, having writing of much interest in a circle on each side. One was from Sister Enache, who, having given her fortune to her relatives, had retired to a convent; and her, photograph and style were recognized by her nephew present. The other was from the spirit of Hippolyte Viard, in better style than the former. The widow Viard stated that when she left the house an hour previously, there was nothing upon the aforesaid table. The closest investigation only demonstrated that it was the handwork of the invisibles.

The *Revue* takes from the *Banner* a notice of Mr. Foster's wonderful exhibition of names in blood letters upon his arm, &c.

Two numbers of *Le Messenger de Liège*, are at hand—that of July completing a handsome quarto volume, with index. The latter has a continuation of its valuable historic narration, "In the World all is Spiritism," entering largely upon the Oriental (the Egyptian particularly) conceptions of the nature, the capacity, the destiny of the human soul. "Here commence the chapters of glorification in the light of Osiris," says that noble record in the Museum of Turin called the funeral ritual; and "I ascended through the clouds toward my father, Osiris," etc., making one think that he is reading a chapter in the New Testament.

A novel article on "The Life of Insects," which is the *finis* of the volume, with the exception of a couple of poems—one from the spirit of the popular Branger—begins with the remark that, when we regard the muscular force of insects, we find it far superior to ours and to that of the larger animals. In the elaboration of this, man, in comparison, is supposed to be able to draw fifty-five kilograms; a horse that weighs six hundred kilograms draws only four hundred; the *carabus arvensis* draws seventeen times the weight of his body; the *donacia amphibia* forty-two times, and the *beet* twenty times its weight. The height of the highest pyramid is ninety times that of ordinary man; *orfes termis* construct habitations twelve times as great, and their nests are a thousand times their height. Their power of destruction is not less than their force used in building.

But so might Christ have looked! How know we but what the thieves with whom he was crucified appeared to have amply to do. In my shirt I have found many a fair face for the sea of faces. I could not but wish that we Spiritualists had some one speaker among us who would fire our people as Spurgeon moved that multitude. I reflected how much more ennobling

is our theme than any he put forth—a belief whose sublimity outstrips the creeds of Baptists, Episcopalians, Catholics or Congregationalists.

But we crucify our mediums as the Jews crucified Christ. We place a crown of thorns upon their heads; we are not satisfied with their being mediums, but cry out, "If you are mediums, come down from the cross and help yourselves!" After the sermon I went to Greenwich Park alone, for I am alone in London, and yet not alone, but surrounded by invisible multitudes of men and women whose names are bright in history, who have trod the same rocky, thorny path I now tread!

Human sympathy is not always attainable. There is no living earth-friend in this immense city to see my tears of loneliness, but those two master-minds who so recently have opened the golden gates of summer-land, and who in life drank the bitter dregs of life's cup. They saw my desolate condition, and came with sympathetic and animating affection to console me as I sat solitary under the shadow of the ancient oaks of Greenwich Park this afternoon!

What an inspiring, soul-comforting belief is ours! Call it the faith of an enthusiast, what religious belief, past or present, can compare with it? I regret I did not bring letters of introduction with me here. I should so like to see William and Mary Howitt, whom I have loved in spirit since my earliest girlhood; and all the other Spiritualists in and around London I should like to meet. I know not where they convene, and am like a grain of sand on the seashore among this innumerable populace. So I have to hold my circles by myself alone in my room, or in the thoroughfares, or under the trees in the Parks. With earnest wish for success to the *Banner*, I close.

SEAN C. HOUX.

## THE SPIRITUALISM IN FOREIGN JOURNALS.

BY DR. G. L. DITSON.

In my work, "Travels in Africa," (published by Derby & Jackson in 1870,) I wrote, "Leaving Arza and placing between us and the sea a range of hills, we ascended to a vast tableland, quite red in color, but producing an abundance of grain, and, after passing through several small villages, came in sight of Oran, overlooked by a picturesque fortress that crowns the peak of a majestic mountain of rock." After nine hours of pretty hard traveling we wound round a hill and descended into a deep valley opening on the sea, having on either hand, climbing the acclivities, old Moorish, Spanish, and modern dwellings, and the strong castles and mosques of Oran.

Oran contains about thirty thousand inhabitants, is one of the most interesting towns in northwestern Africa; and was founded by the Moors when driven out of Spain.

It was with a thrill of pleasure that I saw, in the last number of the *Revue Spirituelle*, a letter from the above named place, and I condense from it the following:

"I shall attempt to reply to your inquiries concerning Mohammed-ben-Amor-el-Aidouni, the Arab, who, without any apparent reason, made such desperate assaults with a knife. He is the father of four children and nothing had previous to this affair, indicated the control of an evil spirit. That evening he went to a sister's, and there urged his parents to pray for him, saying that some strange force urged him to the commission of crime. "Going to Nemours he said to the commandant that he knew not what he had come there to do. When brought before the court, in dress and appearance he reminded one of Christ before the Sanhedrin; but generally he hid his face in his hands, and turned his back to the audience. To all questions he responded simply, "I have not been a free agent." Unfortunately for him his lawyer was not a Spiritist, for it could have been shown, by his previous good character, that, in his murderous acts, he was far from being in his normal state, but rather under the influence of an evil demon who led him as he pleased. He was not, as he constantly said, acting under his own free will. He was condemned to twenty years imprisonment."

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"Belief in God" and "The Teaching of the Spirit," by Kardec, all of whose writings are logically forcible, make up the greater portion of *Le Messenger* for August.

I have received, also, two numbers each of *La Luz en Mexico* and *La Ilustracion Espiritista*. In the former is made manifest the rapidity with which evil reports are disseminated; for it replies to the *For*, which, in ridicule of Spiritualism, quotes the statements recently made in this country regarding the trickeries of Gordon, and it includes Dr. Slade in the category of cheats; but *La Luz* comes out nobly in his defense, quoting entire the article in the *Banner* concerning this distinguished and, as I have reason to think, truly honest and trustworthy medium.

*La Luz* states, also, on what it believes to be good authority, that, in Ceylon, an Indian Catholic woman manifests the same wonderful phenomena that I recently recorded of Luisa Lateau, of Belgium. On Wednesday and Thursday of each week, she enacts the crucifixion. On Wednesday, she seemingly endures the flagellation, pleading all the while for pardon; "Thursday, with arms extended, she passes through the agonies of death, while her hands and feet exhibit the wounds of the nails that so prominently figure in the Mount Calvary martyrdom.

*La Ilustracion Espiritista*, of Mexico, also attacks the sophistry of the *For*; and were it not that prejudice, and more potently, perhaps, interest, stand in the way even of the simplest demonstration of a truth, or its acceptance, the editor of the "Voice" would ere this have bowed his head humbly to the teaching of the spirits of to-day; but when such men have no hell whose singing can only be averted by a priest, fat, idle, well-paid; when heaven can only be gained by a "mass" and wax candles, that must be supplied by a heaven-appointed Catholic, where is the hope that Spiritualism, as we understand it, can find acceptance? Could any good come of it, I would reveal what I know of Spanish priests; and if heaven is proud of such agents, God save us from such a heaven.

But why this Catholic opposition? Very many of the phenomena we daily record have been admitted again and again by this sect. The *Ilustracion* gives an account of marvelous movements of furniture in the cell of a nun, one Sister Maria, in the year 1741. In the presence of many witnesses, of priests, a chair placed in the middle of the room was tipped over six different times, the pictures were rapped against the wall, and a porcelain vessel of water was moved about with much noise; even the vessel containing the holy water, placed above the head of the sick nun, but out of her reach, gave out many raps.

In this pamphlet for August is an article from the spirit of Buddha that I should like to give unutilized had I space. It closes with: "My whole philosophical theory is founded upon reincarnation, my hope (*esperanza*) in infinite progression."

*El Critico*, of Madrid, opens with an article on "Clarity." But he who practices it is not like a dry smoke-house, while the charitable open wide the gate of the heart for the influx of all that is divine and heavenly.

The President of the Society of Madrid has been to London, and invited D. D. Home to visit Spain next winter.

*Reminiscences before Spiritualism*, written by Don M. Gonzales, of Cordova, is highly lauded in the "Critica" under review.

In Lerida a new society of Spiritualists has been formed.

A pamphlet has come to hand from Pest (on Danube)—*Reflections on Spiritualism*, which I shall endeavor to notice further in my next article.

The *Welt Bot* (the World's Messenger) has published eight or ten articles of great length on Spiritualism, and handles the subject with much ability and fairness. It remarks that in olden times it was common to speak of people as possessed of an evil spirit; now the thing is laughed at. Jesus promised to return to his disciples—how? As a spirit; and if we do not believe in Spiritualism we should have no further faith in Christ or his apostles. If time permits, a more exact and elaborate review of this German paper will be attempted.

Albany, N. Y., Aug. 30, 1873.

## PUBLIC MEETINGS, ETC.

### Annual Convention.

The State Association of Spiritualists of the State of Minnesota will hold its sixth Annual Convention at Minneapolis on the 26th, 27th and 28th of September. Capt. R. H. Winslow, a fine test medium and lecturer, has been engaged to present and will lecture and give mediums during the convention. Dr. Streight, the great Spiritualist artist, will also be present and have sittings of his mediumistic talent. We most cordially invite all mediums and lecturers to come up and hold sittings on the good work, especially our home talent. We are instructed to say that large provisions will be made to take care of those coming from a distance.

Come one, come all, and let him that heareth say come; for the angels will meet us there, remembering always that we carry conditions with us. CHAS. P. COLLINS, Secretary. Northfield, Aug. 25, 1873.

### Iowa Spiritualists.

The Spiritualists of Iowa will hold their Sixth Annual Convention at their hall, on Walnut street, Des Moines, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 30th, 1st and 2nd, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. and continuing at 2 o'clock P. M. and at least one good test medium will be in attendance.

The friends at Des Moines always take care of their visitors. So come on, all friends of the cause—speakers, mediums and everybody else—and let us make the occasion worthy of our good cause.

DR. J. P. DAVIS, Des Moines, President. Mrs. J. SWAIN, Fort Dodge, Secretary. Des Moines, Aug. 26th, 1873.

### Spiritual Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Oregon will hold a Grove Meeting at Woodburn Station, on O. C. R. R., seventeen miles north of Salem, to continue on the 26th and 27th of September, 1873. E. W. Shortridge and other good speakers will be present. A general invitation is extended to all, and especially to mediums throughout the country. Come one, come all, and let us have a good time.

E. C. COOLEY, Chairman. Woodburn, Oregon, July 24th, 1873.

### Connecticut Association.

The Second Annual Convention of the Connecticut Association of Spiritualists will be held at West Whitcomb, on the 10th of October, to commence at 2 o'clock P. M., and continue three days.

Prof. W. B. Hoar, Hon. Warren Chase, Mrs. M. H. Parry and others, are expected to be present. Friends from Missouri are cordially invited. For order, GEO. B. REED, Secretary. F. L. CRANE, President.

### Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Galesburg, Ill., Mrs. Conelia M., wife of S. L. Clark, aged 31 years.

She was sick only four days, and most of that time was unconscious of her suffering or anything that was transpiring around her, but woke up in the glorious spirit-life, to realize the great fact of the immortality of the soul, which she believed, lived and taught while in the form, she made her happy, and was beloved by all. She leaves a loving husband and son to mourn her passing, and a look to the beautiful truth of spiritual communication and inspiration for her love and constancy still.

In August, Mrs. Harriet D. Weeks, wife of John McKellar, of New York, aged 51 years.







**The Central N. Y. Association of Spiritualists**

Will hold their Annual Meeting in Weeks's Hall, Winfield, on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 10th and 11th, commencing at 1 o'clock P. M. A. E. Simmons, of Stock, N. Y., and others, are engaged to speak. The officers will take place on Saturday.

Arrangements have been made at the hotels for but one dollar per day. Our friends will entertain all the day. A good time is expected and a cordial invitation is to all. Trains leave U. S. at 8 A. M. and 5 P. M.

DR. E. F. BEALS, President.