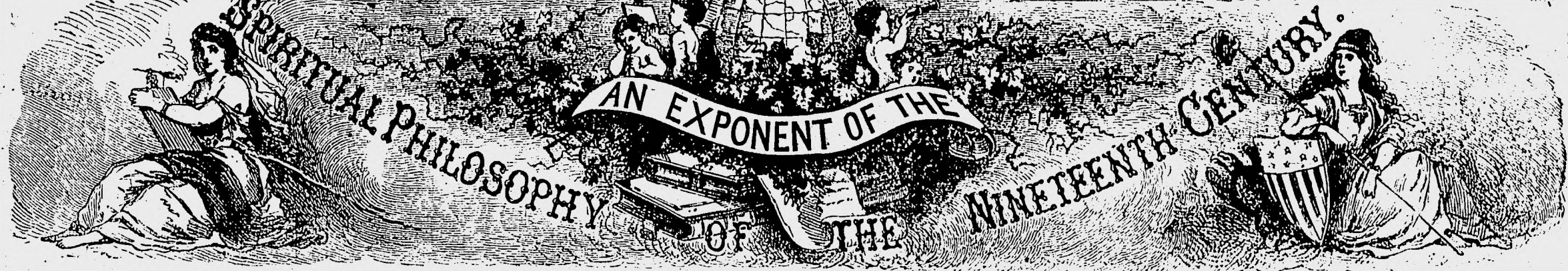


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Foreign Correspondence.

### LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

NUMBER FOURTEEN.

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

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—The pen dropped, in a previous letter, while describing Singapore, lying just across the straits that wash the southernmost point of Asia. The word, literally *Singapura*, from the Sanscrit *singa*, touching, and *pura*, city, implies the ancient "touching-city" for commercial traders between China and the countries west.

Nestling down to within some seventy miles of the equator, one would naturally suppose, though embosomed in flowers and fadeless foliage, that Americans from the Northern States could not here live; and yet, they do. The green isles, the sea-breezes, the atmospheric moisture from frequent showers, and the financial facilities for traffic, reveal the reasons. There are really no seasons here—not even the wet and dry of California and Asia Minor; but a perpetual summer, with a remarkable equableness of temperature, crowns the year. All this said, nevertheless the climate must be enervating.

#### NEARING THE CITY.

Approaching Singapore, a little to the north-east we crossed the 180th meridian west from New York, being almost directly opposite our home in New Jersey; and yet, though feet to feet with Americans, we did not fall off into space, nor did the law of gravitation cease to fasten us to Mother Earth. Making into the harbor, the steamer passed between a large island, covered with palms, and a cluster of little islets putting up from coral depths. At the feet of these are glittering white sands, while their summits are crowned with rich green jungles. Others had been cleared, their sides scoured something like potato-fields, and planted with pine-apples.

#### NATURAL BEAUTY.

In these Eastern archipelagos and oceans, Nature puts human language to shame when it attempts a description of her luxuriance. These islands of loveliness, comparable to emeralds set in seas of silver, or gems glittering upon the bosom of lushed waters, their foliage reaching to the shimmering edge, where they dip their broad leaves in heaving waves—these *Tidies*, the lotus-lands of the East, considering the geological formations, the oriental vegetation, the magnificent forests, musical with birds of gaudiest plumage, the cocoa-nut palm, prince of palms for beauty and nobility, the groves of spices, where one eternal summer glides hill and dale—all these conspire to constitute the loveliest region on earth. It is not strange that certain theologians, ethnologically inclined, have fixed the Adamic Paradise in the Malay Archipelago. Other islands have their charms, but these bear away the palm. Perfumed isles and aromatic airs are no faded dreams... Stepping out under brilliant skies in evening time, when the land-breezes were coming in, I have been literally fanned by soft winds laden with most delicious perfumes.

#### THE CONTRAST—FLOWERS AND PLEAS.

Though the Malay peninsula abounds in bananas, mangoes, mangosteens, gambier, nutmeg, pepper, bamboo groves, gutta-percha forests, pine-apple plantations, tapioca uplands, clove and cinnamon gardens—it has its drawbacks in the way of insects, lizards, serpents, and tigers! Mosquitoes sing the same bloodthirsty tunes as in America. Though tarrying at the best hotel, our rooms are infested with flies, beetles, fleas and slimy lizards, crawling upon the walls and ceiling. The other morning upon rising and lifting my pillow, out darted from under it a wretchedly ugly lizard! All poesy lands have their prosy sides.

#### EXTENT OF MALAY COUNTRY.

The Malay Archipelago includes the extensive Malay peninsula, the Nicobar islands on the west, the Philippines on the north, and the Solomon islands beyond New Guinea on the east. The great islands are connected by innumerable smaller ones, extending for more than four thousand miles in length from east to west, and nearly fifteen hundred in breadth from north to south. This vast extent includes three islands larger each, according to Mr. Wallace, than Great Britain. The Malays proper inhabit the Malay Peninsula and nearly all the coast regions of Borneo, Sumatra, Celebes, and many of the smaller islands.

#### THE MALAYS AN OLD RACE.

Though the Malay Peninsula was unknown to Europeans till the arrival of the Portuguese in India about the year 1500, the race for weary ages possessed the knowledge of letters, worked metals, domesticated and utilized animals, cultivated fields, and led the commerce of the Pacific ocean. Their language crops out not only in very remote islands to the east, but, according to the English ethnologist, Mr. Brace, "in Madagascar, three thousand miles distant, the Malay words form one-seventh of the vocabulary of the islanders."

Dr. Prichard regarded it as settled that there was a Malay-Polynesian race which, at a period before the influx of Hinduism, existed nearly in the state of the present New Zealanders.

Marsden declares that the main portion of the old "Mahy" is original, and not traceable to any foreign source. Humboldt considered the Malay-Polynesian languages to have been "primitively monosyllabic, with marked resemblances to the Chinese."

Crawford, who has made the Malays a study, says, after speaking of the "immemorable antiquity of their language," that the art of converting iron into steel has been immemorially known to the more civilized nations of the Malay Archipelago. There are Sanscrit inscriptions in Java, and some of the other Malay-peopled islands. The Malay Annals, a blending of fact and fable, date back nominally to the reign of Alexander the Great. Among relics found, while excavating in some of these islands, are very ancient Chinese coins.

#### WHENCE THE MALAY RACE?

"America, young and ambitious, is not all of the world. Who were the mound-builders of the West? From whence the aboriginal red Indians? Before the American Continent had been pressed by human feet, Asian civilizations had flourished and died. Saying nothing of the pre-historic, there are solid reasons for believing that the Malays were originally a composite of Central Africans and Mongolians. In fact, both tradition and inscription unite in teaching that long ere the pyramids reared their mighty forms, the Malays were conquered by powerful kings from the north. Twice brought under the yoke of foreign rulers, from the north and northeast, they inherited from that nationality now known as the Chinese. Each invasion necessarily left the racial effect upon the posterity.

Do not shrug the shoulders at the mention of Africa. Neither Congo nor Congo negroes constitute Africa. And, further, all Ethiopians did not originally have thick lips, a flat nose, and short, knobby hair. Cushite history proves this. The color, however, was always very dark or jet black. The New Guineans, set down by all ethnological writers as Malaysians, have curly, crisp hair; it is also long and bushy, and of it they are very proud. Whenever the negro element comes in collision with the Mongolian, or Malay race, in its advanced stages, as in Asia and, more recently, some of the Philippine Islands, it melts away much as do wild animals before civilization.

#### HOW CAME THE MALAYS INTO NATIONAL POSSESSION?

Subjective thinkers, as well as geologists, care little for Jewish records, Usher's, or any other theologian's calculations. Ruins, monuments, inscriptions, and lingual roots, these determine the era of civilization and the colonization of races.

Eastern traditions state that many, very many thousands of years since, when a traveler entered a distant country, having a different colored skin, he was supposed by the more superstitious to have been dropped from a star to people a new portion of the earth. And accordingly, the tribe that he visited, gave him several wives and sent him adrift to repopulate and populate. But to approach the historical, with inferences from monumental ruins, inscriptions, and suggestions from attending unseen intelligences, some eight thousand years since the Malay Peninsula and a vast tract of country north of it was the great half-way halting ground between the Central Africans of the West, and the Chinese or more northern Mongolians of the East. On these rich tablelands, abounding in wild grasses, grains and fruits, intermingling caravans with their merchandise rested and recruited. Settlements commenced, intermarriages followed, villages, then cities, and finally an opulent kingdom was the result. Becoming proud and deplorable, this kingdom warred with and was conquered by Tartar hordes and Mongolians, getting among other consequences a fervid infusion of Northern blood through the lax social relations then prevailing.

After the lapse of a few hundred years, they were again conquered by the Chinese and their allies, the conquerors in considerable numbers remaining in the country, softening the skin to a light copper and straightening the hair through intermixture in their social relationships. These causes, with various climatic conditions, constituted the Malay race, which about six thousand years ago was in its palmy periods. Their language, ever flexible, shows plainly that it has been acted upon both by the monosyllabic Chinese and the Sanscrit. The very word, "Majesty," is Sanscrit.

Inheriting Mongolian energy, and naturally, sailors, these Malays began at a very early period to emigrate, and colonize islands to the south and east. The north-east monsoons would take them first to Sumatra, and then, considering the oceanic currents and prevailing winds, they would gradually drift southward and to the east. Evidently the mound-builders and the descendants of these, the North American Indians, were largely Malay in origin. This long unsolved problem admits of ethnic demonstration.

#### THE MALAYANS AMERICA-WARD.

While cruising across the Pacific, Capt. Blythen pointed out to us on his North and South Pacific charts, *sixty islands* reported and located by navigators some two hundred years since, that have sunk from human sight. Some of these were said to have been inhabited. Captains and crews of the vessels were ever common along the volcanic zones of the tropics. A vast continent—something like the New Atlantis spoken of by Plato—was submerged in the Pacific, save the mountainous peaks, several thousands of years ago. Such of the aborigines as survived upon the mountain-summits and high lands, intermingled maritally with roving eastward-bound Malays. They crossed from island to island in crafts, corresponding somewhat to their present *prahus*. Traversing the island-dotted waters through Polynesia, they reached the western coast of South America. Their continental course during the succeeding centuries was northward through Mexico to the great chain of northern lakes. Ruins, symbols, and the crumbling pottery of the last of the mound-builders and Mexicans, are almost identical with ruins, carvings, and old roads in Malay-peopled lands.

The acute ethnological writer, Dr. Eichtal, declares that "the Polynesian is an original civilization, and appeared in the earliest of the world that it spread to the East and the West from its focus in Polynesia, or in a continent situated in the same region, but now submerged; that it reached America on the one side and Africa on the other, where it embraced the Fulahs and Copts." He further suggests "that a germ from the Polynesian cradle, falling into the valley of the Nile, originated the ancient Egyptian civilization."

#### CUSTOMS COMMON TO MALAYS AND INDIANS.

The Rev. Mr. Keasbury, thirty years in the East, and one of the best Malay scholars in the

world, has, with another gentleman, a list of words found both in the Malay and the original dialects of the American continent. But we have no space to adduce the argument from the similarity of language. Since starting upon this tour, I have seen no Pacific Islanders, no people anywhere, that, in general features, color of skin and hair, carriage in walking, method in sitting, and government by chiefs and sub-chiefs, so closely resembling our better Indian tribes of the West and Southwest.

Traveling out into the country from Johore, and also up the Peninsula, (starting in at the Wellesley Province, opposite Penang,) where monkeys and the ruler of the Malays inhabit alike fields and forests, I either observed or learned from others that these degenerate Malays, instead of shaving the beard, pluck it out, as do the Indians of America.

Walking in streets and forest paths, the woman strides along in advance, the man following to ward off beasts of prey. So with the Indians. In this country, by the way, tigers, feeding up behind, pounce upon the victim, the fore-paw striking the back of the neck. Deaths by tigers are frequent.

The Malays generally bury their dead in a sitting position, interring with them implements of war and food, as do some of our Indian tribes.

The Malay women, back in the mountainous districts, perform all the hard labor, while the men hunt and fish. So with the Indians. The Malays, like the Indians, and others of the more warlike tribes, put showy feathers in their hair, and take a portion of the scalp from the head of the slain enemy as a trophy; and so with our Indians.

They wear their black hair loose and long, paint their faces in war-time, use the bow and arrow, are fond ofinsel jewelry, and never forget an injury—all of which traits characterize American Indians. The above comparisons refer to the rustic tribes, however, rather than the higher classes of Malays.

#### THE "FALL OF MAN."

Under the drapery of Aesop's Fables nestle lessons sunny with moral beauty; so, couched in the Moslem myth—"Adam's fall"—there is a germ of truth. All through the East are moss-wreathed ruins, telling of golden ages and higher civilizations. "In the province of Keidu," writes A. R. Wallace, "is the great temple of Borobodo. It is built upon a hill, and consists of a central dome and seven ranges of terraced walls covering the slopes of the hills, forming open galleries. Around the magnificent central dome is a triple circle of seventy-two towers, and the whole building is six hundred and twenty feet square, and about one hundred feet high. In the center, the walls are niches containing four hundred figures larger than life; and both sides of all the terrace walls are covered with bas-reliefs carved in hard stone, occupying an extent of nearly three miles in length. The great pyramid of Egypt sinks into insignificance, says Mr. Wallace, when compared with this sculptured hill-temple in the interior of Java! There are other temple ruins and inscriptions, remember, in Malay peopled countries, and islands, long ante-dating this. Who the projectors—who the constructors? Ask the Malays—echo! Appeal to history: it is silent as the chambers of death!

THE MALAY FEATURES, DRESS AND DISPOSITION. Standing upon the steamer before landing in Singapore you see a motley crowd dressed in every possible costume, from the simple white wrap of the nearly naked Keling, the silken attire of the well-to-do Malay, and the everlasting blue of Chinaman, to the flowing dress of the Mohammedan Hadjee. Wealthy Chinaman dress, however, in fine style, having on these islands their carriages and scores of servants.

The Chinese coolies carry everything from pails of water to cook-stoves, on balancing shoulder-sticks; while the Klings, from Madras and the Coromandel coast, and the Malays also, carry their cakes, fruits and wares in trays upon their heads.

The Chinese in these islands are not permitted to be policemen because of their belonging to secret societies among themselves. These coolies are frequently brought into the criminal courts; but a Malay seldom appears as a culprit. The Malay costume consists of a *batik* or jacket—a pair of short trousers with a *sarong*—i. e., a piece of silk wide at the top and the bottom, going the round close around the waist. In addition to the *sarong* the women wear a loose, sash-like garment thrown over the shoulders, called a *kambin*, which, to say the least, is cool and comfortable. In complexion they are fairer than the men—a handsome light olive. In married life, they are noted for chastity and the love of the family. Owing to the comeliness of their features, their delicate hands, drooping lashes, fair faces, lustrous eyes and ruby lips, many Europeans are charmed with them; and who, if they do not, ought, by every principle of justice, to marry them.

Though a degenerate race at present, they are naturally proud, frank, generous, true to their friends, and affectionate in disposition. In physique, they are well-proportioned. They step with an independent gait. They are not industrious. They have no acquisitiveness. In an ungenial climate, among selfish voracious, they would starve. They exemplify the command, "Take no thought for the morrow." Some of them are endowed with rather a high order of intellect. Their foreheads, though full, are larger in the preceptive than the reflective range.

The Malay nobility, usually exceedingly wealthy, are called *Rajahs*. These, with the *Maha Rajahs*, a rank higher, are now educating their children in Europe. The *Rajah* of Johore has eighty thousand subjects. His position is nearly equal to that of a petty king in Continental Europe.

#### THE RELIGION OF THE MALAYS.

In the thirteenth century, Mohammedan missionaries converted the Malays, in the Straits of Malacca to Islamism, using persuasion instead of the sword. Their original religion, however, was entirely different. John Crawford, F. R. G. S., assures us that "such Malays as have embraced one of the more modern religions believe in some Divine Personality, corresponding to God, and a future life, where good men enjoy ecstatic bliss, and the wicked suffer purgatorial punishments." But "their religion," he adds, "is strangely mixed up with *demonology*. They believe that every person is attended by a good and bad angel; the latter leading to sickness, danger and sin, while the good angel seeks the individual's health and happiness. In their lives, they are influenced more by fear than hope. They propitiate the wicked angel and the evil spirits. It is only at death that they ask the especial care of their good angel. They stand in no fear of the transition. Some of their ruins indicate a relationship theologically to the sun and "serpent-worshippers."

[Concluded in our next.]

## Literary Department.

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### THE TWO COUSINS; OR, SUNSHINE AND TEMPEST.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. A. E. PORTER.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Love and Madness.

I retired to my room, a large and pleasant apartment, overlooking the meadow, the river, and the soft swelling upland prairie beyond. The moon had risen and shed its silver light on the apple-orchard, now in full blossom. The white petals trembled in its sheen and fell in falling showers on the grass beneath. The flowers drank in the freshness of the dewy night, and the grain-fields lay like a great lake in the landscape. For a few moments there was deep silence, and I heard nothing, save now and then the stamp of a restless horse in the long stables in the rear of the building. I could not see them, but I had visited them the day previous, and learned that a large, thriving family lived and labored on the farm attached to the institution. There were six or eight horses, two or three yoke of oxen, one dozen cows. It was a pleasure to look at them, so sleek, so well-fed, and kept in such clean, airy stables, that many a poor man might envy these animals their boarding-house. The stock here was the pride of the State. The doctor had a fancy third way, and had done much toward the selection and rearing of fine stock. There were fat sheep, too, in the pastures, and in neat little kennels of their own, near the house, there were two dogs of the St. Bernard breed. As I sat by the windows, I thought of these fields and orchards yielding their harvests in due season, of the animals, growing strong to labor in life, and in death subserving the use of man—of all these living things, obedient to law, fulfilling their destiny and falling into the order of Nature, as the Creator of all designed. But, within, under this roof of eight hundred human beings that seem in some strange way to have escaped from their orbits, like wandering stars that know not their appointed times and seasons, or like ships at sea that have lost their reckoning and go sailing onward, ignorant of their latitude and longitude, with eyes blinded to reason and stars that shine in vain for them. If man is merely an animal, why is he so much more subject to mental aberration than his kindred? Does improvement of form and advancement in intelligence caused by natural selection, make us more subject to mental disorder? The doctor tells me that the most finely organized brains are the most liable to insanity. If so, pray let us go backward, for those horses and cows in yonder stables are far happier than the hundred poor sufferers in the basement rooms of the institution. Here, as I said before, are eight hundred disordered souls to whom life is only a curse, and these are but one-half of the number in this State! I wonder, if there was as much care taken in rearing their bodies physically, and managing them judiciously, as we take with stock on our farms, if there would not be fewer disordered minds? What if we should think more of the body and less of the soul? Don't start, dear reader; I know what the Book of Books says: "Life is a vapor which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." &c., &c. But in one sense, and a very important one too, your life never vanishes away. As you are, so may your descendants be—the deformity which is a curse to you will descend to offspring, and the disease of which you die may reappear in your posterity many generations hence.

My room was in a part of the building distant from the most troublesome patients, so that my sleep was not likely to be disturbed, but I knew there were those beneath that roof to whom no sleep would come that night, and others whose slumbers would be broken by horrid visions, or torturing pain. Why did I come here? I asked myself; of what use can you be to these poor creatures? The very thought of them kept me awake for hours, till at last I fell asleep, saying thus to myself: You came here with a good design. He who orders all our footsteps, will lead you right; pray that you may be a comfort to some poor wanderer in this house. With such a prayer on my lips I fell asleep at last.

The next morning I began my visit to the different wards. There were eight in this house. The fifth ward was on the same floor with my room, and so convenient of access that I visited it more frequently than those on the other hall. Every morning, after breakfast, I called upon the occupants, and they came to look upon me as a regular visitor at that hour; some of them were always waiting for me at the trolleys which separated them from the attendants' room. The attendants to this ward were neatly furnished, and the one large window was adorned with climbing plants, which were twined over the casement and formed a pretty shade and arbor. This window commanded a view of the courtyard below, and of the windows opposite in the L, part or addition, corresponding to the wing of the building in which the fifth ward was situated.

The first person I met when I entered the ward,

on the morning after I came to the place, was Mrs. Johnson, a lady somewhat past middle age, with gray hair and keen black eyes. She examined me closely for almost a minute, taking in, with those sharp eyes of hers, my person and dress, from the body on my morning cap to the kid tip of my cloth gaiter.

"Are you the new matron?" she asked.

"No; I am only visiting here for a few days." There was a twinkle of her bright eyes as she said, "Ay! ay! I understand! They always tell that to a new comer. A few days! a few days! You will stay longer, ma'am, see if you don't. And you will find out, too, how hard we work here, tending like slaves to take care of women who wouldn't look fit to be seen if we didn't comb their hair and wash their faces."

Near to Mrs. Johnson, with her face pressed to the grating, was a dark woman in a calico dress, her hair plainly parted and drawn back from her forehead. She wore neither collar nor ruffle about her neck, yet was cleanly and decent in person. She looked at me as I opened the door, and said, with a voice full of sadness: "I want to go home! I want to go home! They need me there! I must go home!" She did not try to force herself out, seeming to understand that it would be of no use, having probably seen the experiment tried in vain, but my heart ached and my hand trembled as I turned the key in the lock and shut myself in with them. The slight noise which I made brought another woman to the entrance, who, with a fierce and angry gesture, demanded to be let out. "Why am I shut up here?" she asked, trying to force the key from me; "I will go out."

"It is of no use, Mrs. Casey," said a lovely-looking woman dressed in white. "You must be patient. By-and-by, when you are patient and willing to stay here, they will let you out. Walk this way, ma'am," turning to me and preceding me to the parlor of the ward, a pleasant room, where a number of patients sat reading, were lying upon the lounges. "We are happy to see visitors," said my guide; "any news from the outer world is pleasant to us. You know, I suppose, that we are poor, weak-minded women here?"

The voice was soft and low, and there was no appearance of insanity in eyes, manner, or conversation. I stood looking out of the window as she spoke, and replied, rather imprudently as I feared the instant the words escaped my lips: "There is one comfort—you must have had sense to lose; the fools do not come here."

Her laugh was a sweet ripple as she said: "You are right; the idiots go there," pointing to the asylum for imbeciles which was seen from the window.

The first painful impression I received during this initiatory call was the sadness of the inmates in the consciousness that they were imprisoned under lock and key. To some this feeling, I am confident, operates to deepen the insanity. I wondered if it could be removed; if in any way the restraint could be lessened without danger to others. Every day Mrs. Johnson met me with complaints of hard work, and an iller woman could hardly be found in or out of the asylum; and the sad voice of the young mother repeated every morning, "I must go home—home to my children! they need me there; I must go home!" till it seemed as if I must find a way to release her. How I longed to bear her in my arms to that distant home, and see what the effect would be upon her! The lady in white was Mrs. Ellis; she was uniformly gentle and ladylike, talking of the books which she had read, or directing my attention to the beautiful scenery which lay spread out before us. "My garden of the Lord in its summer beauty," she said. Now and then she spoke of her Christian faith, and here her ideas seemed to be as rational as when she spoke of common things. I had thought perhaps that her disease was religious monomania, but I was surely mistaken. Why, then, was this woman in the asylum? I made up my mind that she was one of those unhappy victims of whom we read, sent there by some husband who had wearied of her, or by the conviction of relatives who wanted her money. I thought of her as a martyr whom I would rescue from this death in life. In my zeal I spoke to Dr. Minot of her that evening, and asked him if he could conscientiously retain her. He smiled and said:

"Wait a week, Miss Esther. Her friends are coming to see her then."

I waited, but each day confirmed me in my first impression; and I had fully made up my mind that I should take some bold step, when her husband appeared. I was sure he was a monster of wickedness—a wolf, perhaps, in sheep's clothing; but I would strip off his disguise. He came, at last—a plain, unassuming man, with nothing of the sheep nor of the wolf



about him; a common-sense farmer, well-to-do in the world, but evidently a man who labored with his hands, and had no great ambition beyond his farm. He had a good face, which was kindly in its expression. I was with Mrs. Ellis when informed that her husband was below, in the reception room, and would like to see her. At once her usual politeness gave way to bitter expressions of disgust and hate. "Tell him," she exclaimed, "that I will not see him! I never want to see his face again. He is no husband of mine. I hate him! I hate him! I hate him!" When she heard that she could not see her child unless she saw her husband also, her motherly love triumphed, and she went down to them, but only to clasp her child in her arms, and say to her husband, "I don't want to see you. You are not my husband, and I will never live with you. Leave me my child."

The poor man was almost heart broken. He had heard such favorable reports of his wife's conversion, that he hoped this mania had passed away.

"Mrs. Ellis, will you dine with your husband and little daughter at my table to-day?" said the Doctor.

"No, Doctor. I never will sit at the same table with that man again." Nor would she be induced to alter her mind.

Mrs. Ellis was the only child of parents who loved her much, but not wisely. She was naturally gentle, giving them but little trouble, and they, seeing no harm in so doing, let her have her own way in all things. She was fond of reading, and no check was put upon this taste, and no selection of books made for her. Her marriage pleased her parents, and for awhile she seemed very happy; but her husband, whose love amounted to idolatry, followed the ways of her parents, and indulged every wish. She had leisure for reading, and the house was flooded with new books, among which were the popular French novels of the day. She was confined to her house nearly the whole of one year by an injury to her ankle, and suffered for want of exercise and air. During this year her parents died, and her grief was excessive at the loss of them. To drown this, she had recourse to her favorite stimulant—novel reading.

Her imagination was cultivated at the expense of every other faculty. Every day life and every day people became distasteful to her, and she at last got this idea fixed in her head—that she had a husband somewhere, one who fulfilled her ideal, and that he would some day appear to claim his bride.

The idea took such full possession of her mind that she would wander away from her home, expecting to meet her lord, as she called him—"My Rochester," as she sometimes called him. "You, Mr. Ellis," she would add, "can return to your own wife. You know you have one somewhere—a most-spirited creature, no doubt, whose soul is not above making cheese and butter, while my great lord of Spain will come to claim his lady Jane."

She was brought here in the hope of cure; but the more I saw of her case, the more hopeless it seemed. She usually dressed in white, and wore flowers in her hair. Hour after hour she would sit with folded hands, looking out over the broad prairie for the knight with silver spurs, who was coming to rescue her. Whenever her husband's name was mentioned, her gentleness forsook her, and she was then a maniac.

"This husband-hating madness," said the Doctor, "is becoming fearfully common. Each year adds to the number in our house, and I can account for it only by the fact that there are so few love marriages." There is an eager desire for wealth, and the luxury which wealth can command, that causes women often to marry for money, and find too late that a woman's soul craves something more. They drink the bitter waters of sorrow, and feed on Dead-Sea apples. Some minds are not strong enough to bear the disappointment, and insanity is the result."

There are cases the opposite of Mrs. Ellis, and I am sure that Mrs. Curtis was wounded through her love and not for its lack. She was very beautiful. Her large dark eyes looked up from beneath their long, silky lashes, and gazed at me for an instant: "I like you, madam." Perhaps she had read by some magnetic power the love at first sight which I had felt for her. Her dark hair was very abundant, and was coiled in a long, glossy braid above her forehead. Her face was fair, but colorless, and her hands delicate and white. She talked of the home of her childhood, and smiled when she described it to me; but when she spoke of her marriage, a shadow fell on her face. "I don't know where my husband is. I have not seen him for many years. Will he ever come for me? I wonder," and as she said it, her eyes filled with tears.

Lovely in person, gentle in manner, domestic troubles had wrecked her peace. But she will live longer than that poor woman who walks, walks all day long, looking for her lost child. He was a sailor, and she a widow, with no one else to love. She was looking for him home; but the vessel never came to port, nor have any tidings come from it. It is now ten years since he left her, full of life and hope, promising to earn a home for her in her old age. She looks for him still all day long, and listens in the night for his footstep.

The day after Mr. Ellis's visit to his wife, one of the ladies in her ward reproved her severely for her unkind treatment of her husband. She listened patiently for a few moments, and then replied, "But I hate him! I would rather be shut up in the lowest ward of this house, among the roughest, noisiest patients, than spend one hour with him. I told the Doctor that he might put me in a nest of vipers, if he chose, but he must not ask me to see that man again."

"We will keep you here," said her fellow-prisoner, "for a long time until you alter your mind."

"That I shall never do," replied Mr. Ellis; "and I am willing to stay here, because some day he who loves me will come to my rescue. I can wait; the faithful heart is patient. He will come! I am sure of it!"

As she spoke a smile spread over her face, and she looked as if she saw a pleasant vision.

The woman who reproved her tossed her head with an expression of contempt. "I have no opinion of such wives: it comes of reading silly books and singing silly songs. This morning she walked the hall, singing—

"Oh, how I never mention him—  
His name is never heard."

I had not been many days in this house before I learned that there are many classes of insanity, each one requiring its peculiar treatment. "Our success," said the Doctor, "depends, in a measure, upon our ability to separate classes and administer treatment accordingly. Come with me," he said, "and see a case of insanity

produced by too close attention to one idea." I followed him into the workshop, where we found an old white-haired man, seated at a table on which were spread little wheels, cogs, pulleys, and tools of various kinds, also a large brass globe, polished till it shone very bright. This was labeled "The Sun," another smaller and darker, named "The Earth." There were tubes of brass and tubes of glass, maps of the world, with all the various climates marked upon them. The old man wore a black velvet cap upon his head, and a linen blouse belted round the waist. His long, thin hands were very busy with his tools, and he did not notice our entrance.

"Good morning, Uncle Fred," said the Doctor. The old gentleman turned to respond, but without releasing his hands from the machinery on the table. "I am finishing my life-work, Doctor. Last night I had a vision of all the worlds in our solar system as they roll in great parabolic curves. I got so near the sun that I know now that the heat all comes from a luminous atmosphere that envelopes it. I was right, you see, though the wise men of this world disputed me. There is enough and to spare to melt all the ice about the Northern and the Southern poles, and make the land there fruitful as Eden before the curse came. I shall succeed, and by my machinery draw the heat from the sun and store it away. Batted caloric—no, not in bottles, but in immense reservoirs like gas tanks; and I will make it flow like water to soften the frozen regions of this earth. I can condense it as cold condenses water, and thus equalize all temperatures, that mankind may bless my name to latest ages. The Almighty showed me in this vision the laws which govern the world about us: from east to west—remember that, Doctor; almost all of them move from west to east; the sun turns on its axis from west to east; our earth also from west to east; and all the planets go round the sun from west to east; and all the moons revolve from west to east; I tell you it is a great law of Nature, and all the failure in my machinery is owing to my neglect to make everything turn from west to east. I understand now perpetual motion. Didn't I learn it up there where I saw the great worlds moving round their primaries, and millions upon millions of suns giving out their light and heat, royal in their generosity as God himself, if man would only learn how to take the gift? Gleaming sunshine for the polar regions, as men gather grapes in the tropics that men who live where no grapes grow may be cheered by wine. A harvest of sunshine, and I the gleaner. But time is precious. I cannot talk with you to-day, and as for the ladies—excuse me, madam, but when the warrior is fighting the battle he has no time for soft dalliance or pleasant trifling. When the victory is won, then woman must crown the victor. Get your wreath ready, for I shall wear it. At present I am absorbed in the apogees and perigees of my parabolic circles, and cannot turn aside. The farmer has much to do before the harvest ripens to his hand; but he reaps in due time. I, too, shall gather in my golden harvest—sunshine! Yes, my legacy to the world will be condensed sunshine—and what will the Rothschild's wealth be to that?"

He waved his hand and we retired.

"That is a happy man," said the Doctor; "but alas! his happiness has been dearly bought. He inherited a fortune, which he wasted in his mechanical experiments, and then he took the fortune which his wife's father left her, and beggared wife and child."

"They died, and he is here, still striving after condensed sunshine. They should have sent him to us many years ago, but as his insanity seemed harmless he was left to go on in his own way till he had wrought much mischief, and wasted the talents which might have blessed the world."

I called often to see him, but always, after the first call, toward sunset, when he rested from his work. He was a man of vast reading and of great information whenever he was not talking about "condensed sunshine."

When we left him, the Doctor said: "Come now and see what for want of a better name, I call the insanity of passion." Upon a cushioned settee in a lower ward, with her arms pinioned to the arms of the settee, sat a young woman, apparently about twenty-five years of age. Her hair was cut short, her feet were bare, and she wore only a calico wrapper. Her features were sharp, but regular, and her eyes of a dark, piercing gray. She thrust out her feet toward my passer-by in an attempt to do harm. For three days and nights she had raved incessantly, had torn her bed clothing to tatters, and struck furiously at her attendants. She surprised one of her attendants, and tore nearly all the hair from her head. She was not merely violent in temper, but spiteful, sarcastic, noticing any personal defect in any one near her and taunting them with it.

The expression of her face made me shrink from her. "That! ha! A afraid of me, are you? Walk, I would kill you if I could. I hate such meek, happy-looking souls as you are. I would like to see all my enemies dead on a battlefield, and go trampling their bones with my good horse, Doctor! Tread my enemies under my feet! That is what I mean to do, and I'll do it in spite of my jailers." She glared upon us like a wild beast when excited to fury by the sight of blood.

It was terrible to look upon her, and I hurried away and went out upon the porch, where the summer breeze fanned my flushed face and the fragrance of the roses brought healing with them.

The Doctor joined me in a few minutes and gave me the history of this poor girl.

Her name is Sarah Keen. She comes from a passionate, haughty race, originally, I think, from the north of Ireland. The grandfather came to America many years ago and bought large tracts of land in the West, and had since added farm to farm till they are among our largest land-owners. The original proprietor had several sons, who came with their children; and to keep the land in the family, these cousins have intermarried. This has no doubt increased the violence of their passions, and tended to promote insanity. Sarah's father was noted for his aversion and high temper. The daughter inherits the latter. The mother seemed a quiet, timid woman, but so through fear, I think, of her husband. Her child may have suffered from this very repression, for those passions which are subdued only by fear in the mother may break out with increased strength. Life went smoothly with Sarah till she was about fourteen years of age, for, until then, little occurred to vex her temper or thwart her will.

She used to ride over the large farm on her favorite horses—her father raised some of the finest in the State, and Sarah could manage the highest-spirited among them. She was a fearless rider,

and could tame a horse with as much ease as a barley.

She was called handsome, while her reputed wealth, as the only heir of her father's large estate, gained her much attention. A town had sprung up only a few miles from her farm, which gratified him, because it raised the value of land; but it pleased Sarah to see a church and an academy built so near to her. She gave her a glimpse of the world outside of the farm, and she determined to know more of books. Her father refused to pay her school bills, and she sold a fine colt which her uncle had given her and paid them herself.

To her own surprise she soon discovered a talent for music, and resolved to cultivate it. She took a course of lessons, and, becoming much interested, asked her father for a piano. He refused. "Why, father," she replied, "it will cost no more than one of the half dozen thoroughbred cattle which you have lately imported from England."

"Well, I would not give one of them for the silly thing," was his reply.

Thwarted in all her plans, Sarah became desperate, and her poor mother learned that vice, so common to slavery, deception. Whenever they could get money unbeknown to the father, they did so, the mother shielding the daughter.

When Sarah was about sixteen years old, the mother died. This was Sarah's first great trouble. The young lady away like a flower in uncultivated soil. Her husband missed her in his household as he would have missed any other servant who ministered to his wants. But he did not mourn long for her. In less than half a year from her death he married again, a cousin, Miss Jennina Niel, a maiden lady of some forty summers. I was going to say, but "winters" would be more appropriate, for her temper was too sharp ever to have been softened by summer suns or soft breezes. She brought, however, a section of land for her dowry.

Poor Sarah's troubles increased. Hitherto there had been in the house two strong wills with a yielding medium between—two powerful chemical elements with a neutral salt. Now there were three persons striving for the mastery. Mrs. Jennina had an easier task with the man than with the young girl. The ascendancy which a second wife obtains over a husband is a common mystery. We see it often in every-day life. The explanation is not easy; the fact is patent. Sarah hated her cousin Jennina with all the energy of her strong nature. She would not leave home, nor would she yield a hair's breadth to the woman who had, in so short a time, taken her mother's place.

The father, invariably sided with his wife; in truth he dared not do otherwise; he stood in fear of the tempest which she could raise. He had determined that Sarah should marry her cousin, John Keen, and he did not dream that his daughter could thwart his wishes, for John owned an adjacent farm which, added to the land Sarah's father owned, would make their estate larger than many a principality in Central Europe. John Keen was of course a relative, and was also a favorite of Jennina, but, notwithstanding his wealth, he was a boor, and subject to epileptic attacks. Sarah's soul revolted from the union, and she rejected her cousin with needless scorn, and thus increased the ill-will of both her suitor and her step-mother. When her father was informed of her decision he swore a terrible oath and declared that he would "bring her round." He called her to his room and said:

"Take your choice—marry John Keen and receive fifty thousand dollars for your marriage portion, or I turn you from my house a beggar!"

"If I marry him I will murder him on my wedding day," said this child of her father.

She was pale with passion and desperate from the treatment which she had received; having never learned self-control, she was unable to exercise it now. She went out from her father's presence with compressed lips and a stern resolve in her heart.

It was during the war. There was a captain in a volunteer regiment who had ventured to whisper words of love in her ear. She had given him little encouragement, and he had never ventured within side of her home, for he knew her father's design that she should marry John Keen, and was sure that the lamb might as well make a complimentary call upon the lion and expect to leave with unbroken bones, as he to call upon old "Squire Jacob," as he was called, and be treated with courtesy. He had gone away without any hope of a return of affection from Sarah, but still with a declaration of his determination to marry no one else.

Sarah left her father's room, as we have said, in anger. Proceeding directly to her own, she penned the following note:

"CAPT. HELMAR—I shall leave for Nashville to-morrow morning. I bring with me 'Sultan'; you know the horse. My father has driven me from the house because I will not marry that poor fool, my Cousin John. I can at least throw away my life in the army. I am sure I can make a good cavalry soldier; you know my skill as a rider. I shall call upon my friend, General H. If you wish to see me you can get a permit to come there. Yours truly, SARAH KEEN."

Just at evening she mounted her horse and rode to the post office to mail this letter. As she handed it to the post-master, he, in return, gave her the following massive, post-marked Nashville. She opened and read as she was riding through a piece of woods on her way home:

"Miss KEEN—It gives me great pain to inform you that my friend Helmar was mortally wounded in the late battle of Five Oaks yesterday. He died at seven o'clock p. m., and his last words were, 'Send my watch to Miss Keen, and tell her that my last thoughts were of her.' We buried him at night, his whole company mourning his loss. I have placed a headstone at his grave, on which I have marked name, age, and place of residence. He was a brave and gallant officer, a true friend, and a good man. I hope at some future time to remove his remains to his native town. Yours with sympathy and respect, HENRY WARD."

To such temperaments as Miss Keen troubles like this scathe and wither the soul. They do not soften and subdue it. She, who never yielded her will to any human power, was not submissive to the chastening of God. Before that week was out she was a maniac. Her father looked like a stricken, guilty man when he brought her here. She is one of the most violent cases we have had, but these cases are often more hopeful than the more quiet, undemonstrative people. But in this family the consanguinity by marriage and the violent temper, which is a family inheritance, are against me.

[Continued in our next.]

### Charles Bradlaugh in New York.

This celebrated and foremost disciple of the English republican element delivered an address at Stowhall Hall—his first before the American public—on the evening of Friday, Oct. 3d. A large audience greeted his appearance, among whose ranks there were apparently but very few persons attracted by idle curiosity. A genuine spirit of earnest sympathy or honest inquiry had evidently brought together the hundreds who filled the hall; and, so far as thoughtful attention and warm applause may serve to gratify a man whose purpose and eloquence have long commanded these tributes, Mr. Bradlaugh can but be gratified by his reception.

At eight o'clock Mr. Bradlaugh appeared upon the platform, and when introduced to the audience, he was received with a warmth that bespoke unusual interest. In personal appearance, Mr. Bradlaugh is thoroughly un-English, judged by the typical Briton with whom Americans are prone to compare his countrymen. He is tall, large-boned and powerful. His head is massive, and well set upon broad shoulders and full-developed chest. His eye is clear and piercing; his voice is deep-toned, and thrilling with power and passion; his manner less graceful than thoroughly vigorous, and his expression kindly, yet full of strong purpose. All these give him that appearance of superiority and force so necessary to the popular orator.

On rising to speak, the lecturer announced as his subject "The Republican Movement in England." He said he should attempt to show during his address, first, "the reality" of his subject; second, "its legality"; thirdly, "its utility"; and, finally, why he had come to America to address Americans upon it. "I come here," said he, "to plead for those who have no mouthpiece in this land; and it is the desire of enlisting your sympathies in their behalf that forms my excuse for presenting to you views with which I should not otherwise burden your attention. Mr. Bradlaugh alluded to the persistence with which the English press, as well as some of the American journals, had misrepresented his position and perverted his political views. "Your American edited journals," said he, "appear to be better informed on this subject than your English-edited journals. Whether this is because of the natural obtuseness of my countrymen or not, I cannot pretend to say; but the journal in this city which has thus far the most thoroughly misrepresented these views is, if I am correctly informed, edited by an English gentleman whose London experience ought to have taught him quite differently."

Mr. Bradlaugh established the reality of the Republican movement in England, by a series of arguments, in which he alluded to the formation throughout England, Scotland and Wales, of Republican clubs, whose meetings, once secret, are now held openly, and the increase of whose members shows the constant growth of the movement. Even the press now recognizes this element which it has so long affected to ignore—recognize it in their persistent opposition in some instances, but yet in reality. Even the London Times admits its existence, and boldly defends the right of the people to hold public meetings. This movement has frequently been confounded with Communism, but Mr. Bradlaugh denied its similarity with that effort. "It is not a communistic movement," he said, "because while we desire the fullest union, we are practical, and know that we cannot play chess with pieces not on the board, and in this political game of chess we have not to deal with the proper elements for communism. Neither is it an international movement, though we have no quarrel with internationalism, and simply do not the practicality of carving out a perfect-fitting political garb for all the nations. In one place it is a question of land, in another of labor, and in another of political rights. This movement is, then, not a communistic one, though it encourages cooperation and individual effort, nor is it an international one, though it encourages international peace and alliance. It sympathizes with and learns from the struggles of other people, but does not pretend to fit its political aspirations to all other nations."

Passing to the question of the legality of the Republican movement in England, and the charges of unconstitutionality brought against it, Mr. Bradlaugh placed himself fairly upon the broad assertion that England could not be properly said to possess any constitution other than an unwritten and traditional one, upon which no statute could infringe, since each successive act of statute law became engrained upon this constitution as a part of itself. He was positively denied that England's monarch was an hereditary one; since the King sits on his throne only by the elective will of Parliament, and not by any law of divine descent. He rapidly alluded to the several occasions on which the claim of royal descent and divine right had been set aside by Parliamentary enactments, the effect of which had been to raise to the throne others than those entitled to it by hereditary right. Of the thirty-six sovereigns who since the days of William the Conqueror had reigned in Great Britain, sixteen only had ascended the throne by divine hereditary right, the others having been elected by the will of Parliaments more or less fully expressed by vote.

The lecturer, now thoroughly wrapped up in the development of the subject and entirely in sympathy with his audience, boldly attacked the theory of divine right, and with all the power of his far-reaching voice and all the vehemence of his earnest oratory, denounced it as absurd, and proclaimed the existence of that divine right only which had animated a Cromwell and a greater still—a Washington—the divine right of genius and truth. "There can be no hereditary right," said he, "for, in the words of Jean Jacques Rousseau, 'a nation may elect a chief to administer its will, but can never bequeath future generations to an unborn master.' The present reigning family in England has no other right to the English throne than that it derives from its virtues, its goodness, its generosity and its abundant ability to govern." Mr. Bradlaugh spoke of George the Third, whose yoke America had cast off, as the "mad king." He was officially mad—not that this made much difference in England, since things there seemed to go on very much the same whether the ruler was sane or insane.

Mr. Bradlaugh explained with especial force that the English Republican movement did not look for the accomplishment of its object through other means than Parliamentary action. "We do not want," said he, "a Republic through force, nor by war nor arms, but by the ballot box. We have no right to initiate revolution by force, but we have a right to resist illegal force, and in that case the right to punish its wrongdoers." The lecturer then showed the vast advantages of the legality of the movement in the avoidance of that loss of power which secrecy involved. "No view," said he, "in a voice that filled the hall with its volume and electrified his hearers with its earnestness; 'no view should be held by any man save one that he may carry his own upon his forehead through the world.' He did not doubt the practicability of a republic in England. But though a Republican he did not desire a republic there. He rather feared that it would come sooner than he and his friends wanted it—forced upon them by the wretched condition of the vast majority of the agricultural and laboring classes of England. "One hundred and sixty families own half of England, and a large portion of Wales and Scotland. Twelve families own three-quarters of Scotland, and thus the landed aristocrats lay waste 15,000,000 acres of land—lands which would richly repay cultivation, but which are withdrawn from the poor agriculturists only to be desolated with deer parks for the amusement of the wealthy lords."

The lecturer asserted that the agricultural population of England was to-day in a worse condition than any in Europe, except perhaps that of Russia. Should this be in rich England! Many an English laborer works for eight shillings a week, and never tastes meat from one year's end to another. What produces the pauper idiots

with which the English workhouses are filled, but propagation by mothers whose frames have been weakened by starvation, and fathers whose physical health has been ruined and lost. The speaker lamented the fact that there is in England no living loyalty. There is here a habit of loyalty which the people have worn quite threadbare, though they yet try to fancy it genuine broadcloth.

In the course of his close and careful argument, showing the utility of this movement, Mr. Bradlaugh said it was not his desire to do away with the Parliament, but to make it indeed a Parliament of peers—peers in intelligence, virtue and statesmanship, and this could not be under a monarchy. "Republics," said he, "are necessarily the growth of time and the result of careful education. Spain to-day is no republic, though there are noble and patriotic men who have come to the front there. (Here Mr. Bradlaugh paid an eloquent tribute to Emilio Castelar.) France is not a republic now, nor was she in '48, nor yet in 1789. England under Cromwell was not a republic, for a republic is that country where the majority of the citizens perform their political duty as well as enjoy their political rights." As the lecturer opened upon that portion of his subject, in which he dwelt upon the reasons of his visit to this country, and spoke of the reasons which had induced him to appeal to American audiences, he grew thoroughly eloquent, and was interrupted by cheer after cheer and round after round of applause. "I speak to you because we are not alien nations. Our poets, our thinkers, our great minds are the same, and I pray that our hope and work in the future may be the same. I believe in a federation of all English-speaking people; but this can never be accomplished under a monarchy. I am here to speak not for the English aristocracy nor for the English State Church. When you warred for your independence, these were against you. Nearly a hundred years ago they encouraged a mad king to hire Hessians and Indians and beg a Czarina for Russians to desecrate your homes. For these I may not speak, but I may speak for those men of Lancashire, of Yorkshire, and for the laborers in every mine and workshop in England, for the poor, among whom I was born, and for the rough, among whom I have lived. I wish I had a trained oratory to do so fittingly, but I hope to make you understand that when you read of this movement in our prejudiced and bitter English journals, and the journal in this city, whose editor ought to know better, if his experience in printing-house square had left any memory for the truth in him, that we are not quite so black as we are painted." With a vigorous and eloquent peroration Mr. Bradlaugh brought his address to a close amid cheers and enthusiasm such as few speakers, appearing for the first time before a strange audience in a strange land, are able to draw forth.

### "The England of to-day."

On Tuesday evening, Sept. 30th, Mr. Edward Jenkins, the English politician and writer of the widely-known brochure "Glas's Baby," inaugurated the lecture season in brilliant style at the Music Hall, Boston. Many of the dignitaries of society, among whom were Hon. Chas. Sumner and Gen. N. P. Banks, were present on the occasion, and a large and deeply attentive audience lent ear to the views expressed by an author who, (in the words of Mr. Sumner in introducing him) "by his remarkable pen, has drawn attention to the condition of the poor and lowly, awakened for them a widespread sympathy and helped the reign of justice on earth, so that already, though young in years, he is renowned as a public benefactor."

If anything could contribute to make me more diffident on this, the first occasion of my appearing before an American audience, (said the speaker in commencing) it is such an introduction as I have had the honor of receiving from the distinguished and honorable gentleman who has just addressed you. I feel that I should like to draw you down from that height on which he has lifted me, and get you to look at me before I begin as a common mortal. I shall ask you only to regard me as an Englishman, and as an Englishman I come here to-night to address you.

The subject of my lecture is "The England of to-day." By the crowds of Americans who landed at Liverpool and roamed at pleasure over the little island which they promise some-day to annex, few, however observant or curious, will be able to say, in the sense in which I use the term, that they have seen the England of to-day. Glancing from ear or carriage window over a landscape whose proportions seem to eyes accustomed to the majestic outlines of New World scenery to be petty and dwarfed, parceled out into what appear to be but garden-fields, the traveler may see the romantic aspects of England. Here he may see some old abbey in splendid ruins, the great glory of the doer of which looms and towers over delicious valleys, recalling a chivalry and a tyranny both and forever gone. Here again he looks upon some noble hall with broad, grand windows and rich facade, surrounded with so much sylvan loveliness as to transport the soul with an envy of those who enjoy so much beauty this side of heaven, and wonder at the wealth of a nation so many of whom can dwell in real palaces. Or here, once more, is a village the foundations of whose humble homes were laid a thousand years ago, with its old church whose gothic tower peeps above the ancient trees.

In these and a thousand other such scenes, may the visitor look upon merry England and yet see but little of the England of to-day. While in all these you may, and in some sense do, give an idea of England, it does not show you what makes up that wonderful cosmos of life and action, its social condition and problems of government, which unite to constitute my topic this evening. Not that all is hidden. The traveler often observes in the midst of groups of handsome buildings in rural districts, or walking in London, the great institutions at the door of which linger a peculiar degree of the true fraternity of these great nations. I believe their destinies to be inextricably interwoven. Our problems of to-day may be yours of to-morrow, and your solutions may be the precursors of ours. The prominent thing which stands out in the condition of England to-day is the number and power of vested interests. The crown, the aristocracy, the church, the clergy, the liquor-sellers, the army, the navy, all have their vested interests. You cannot legislate in any direction without driving against these constructive interests. Hence reform in England and America, however different in principle, is in practice a far different thing. Here society yields more readily to the exigencies of change. In Great Britain principles are advanced against tremendous opposition, their adoption is slow, and their adaptation not only laborious but difficult.

In proportion to the number of vested interests existing in a country is it locked up from freedom; and as the action of the majority of the



Worcester, Mass.,—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening, in Horticultural Hall.



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## Removal.

Since the great November fire, which destroyed our Book and Newspaper Establishment, we have occupied hitherto quarters at 14 Hanover Street, having leased and just moved into the spacious Building No. 9 Montgomery Place, leading from Tremont Street, we are prepared to meet the demands of the public, having replenished our Bookstore with a large assortment of Reform and Miscellaneous Literature.

We take this occasion to inform our friends and the public generally, who are seeking more than ever to-day for facts embodying the paramount truths of immortality as demonstrated through the most cultivated mind of the world, that we are enabled to furnish them. Call and examine the choice works published by us, and others on Spiritualism, the philosophy of life, and kindred subjects, which no other Bookstore in the United States can supply. Booksellers everywhere will be furnished with our works at the usual discount from retail prices. Send for Catalogue.

## The New Reformation.

The Old Catholics of Germany sent a communique to the Evangelical Alliance, which gave unbounded satisfaction and delight. This new Catholic organization, which is spreading more rapidly than Lutheranism ever did in Europe, is now only in the third year of its development and growth. It was established in 1870 at Nuremberg by a company of learned scholars of the Catholic faith, who protested in a body against the dogma of Papal infallibility, accompanying their protest with a series of historical criticisms of the greatest severity. It is said that they had no idea of founding a new theological party, or church, but having once taken their position in opposition to Romanism, they suddenly found themselves excommunicated by a Papal bull, and they were thus forced into a state of ecclesiastical hostility which they had never dreamed of. Their connection with the Church of Rome was severed, and once in the current they had nothing to do, but swim with it. The next year, 1871, the excommunicated bishops held a convocation at Munich, at which Dr. Dollinger so conspicuously manifested his ability as a scholar and a divine. Against the dogmas of the Pope they erected the barriers of conscience, claiming for that exercise of the first rights in guiding human faith and action. A resolution was taken at that assembly to form independent religious parishes, to institute a reform in Church government and discipline, and to effect at the earliest moment a close union of the seceding forces. From that day forward the movement has made rapid progress, until, displacing the Reformation in the speed of its spreading, it has come to include the best part of religious Germany. Professor Kraft, of Bonn University, gave the following account of the Evangelical Alliance:

A large number of priests, the most eminent theologians and canonists, renowned historians and philosophers, and almost all the Catholic professors of the German universities, declared their adherence. They were joined in great numbers by the educated laymen, and although the mass of the people remained passive from indifference or narrow-mindedness, steadily rising life was nevertheless shown wherever parishes had been formed. So speaks Prof. Kraft. This Old Catholic party claims all the rights and privileges of the Catholic Church. It resolved to abolish the practice of indulgences, and of the worship of the Virgin and the saints, fees, stipends, secularism, and the like; but, retaining to the Episcopal form of government and election by the clergy and the people. The confessional was no longer to have the force of authority. The laity recommended the abolition of the rule of celibacy for priests. And other reforms were hinted of, to be taken in hand just as soon as the Old Catholic Church could be fairly organized. Last September, the third convocation was held at Constance, and that was the body that issued the letters to the Evangelical Alliance from the pen of Bishop Reinkens. It is a fair exposition of the reasons which led the Old Catholics to separate themselves from the Roman Church. It recommends obedience to the civil government as a religious duty. And that is the real secret of the action of Emperor William in taking the part of the Old Catholic party against the Pope. It is at last a struggle between Rome and Germany for supremacy on German soil.

The real purpose of this reformation in the Catholic Church is summed up in the following extract from the address of Dr. Reinkens:

"In order that the work of the formation of a single church of Christ should become an established fact, every individual Christian must cast off everything which has been introduced by men, and restore that discipline and those rules which rest upon the foundation Christ the Lord laid, and which meet the just requirements of the different nations and of the age. This is our intention and task to perform for the Catholic Church. We wish to cleanse it from the stains of a depravity which has gradually increased for more than a thousand years. All that Roman domination has created through

egotism must be removed. Every institution and custom which has crept in hurtful to true Christian vitality must be cast out. Instead of justification by works, the justification by faith, instead of hypocritical bigotry, a pure Christian life must be brought into it. And the Church, instead of being a mere instrument of the hierarchy and of the Roman bishop must be prevented by the introduction of the rules which guarantee to the congregation their full rights, to the lowest as well as to the highest. In short, a system of discipline must be introduced in which true Christian earnestness and Christian morality, united with Christian love, constitute the end, not a blind subjection of the individual of all to the state of a class or of a single man. In brief, we wish to reform the Church in such a manner that it shall become a fellowship in love, in belief, and in the works of all who believe in Jesus Christ as the Son of God and as the Saviour who alone has been and still is our Mediator."

It all indicates the activity of that reform, or spiritualizing, movement which has got to work within the old Church of the centuries, and is destined to shake it to its foundations. The silent viridity with which the movement spreads is a striking characteristic of its power. The deliberateness with which new features of reform are taken hold of, is another. The reformers intend to go no faster than they can go and maintain their position. Thus they will go further than they would under any other circumstances. We gladly accept this new event as one of the omens of the time in favor of the dawn of new spiritual light upon the Roman Catholic Church, and of the sure tendencies of the times to progress, liberality, and better things than any in the past.

## Music Hall Spiritualist Free Meetings.

This popular course of lectures was continued on the afternoon of Sunday, Oct. 12th, by an eloquent and masterly address from Mrs. Nellie L. Palmer upon "The Inspiration We Seek for the Aspiration We Hope for."

The Chairman announced that at a meeting of the Committee held the past week it had been decided to continue the course during the coming winter free, if possible. He then urged the necessity of a further increase of the amount already secured—as about fifteen hundred dollars more were needed to insure a successful continuance of the free meetings—and suggested as the most feasible method of accomplishing so desirable an object, that the friends purchase season tickets, which would secure reserved seats in the body of the hall. The following appeal for substantial aid to carry out this project was made by Mrs. Palmer at the conclusion of her address:

"I wish to add a few words to the solicitation for more funds, to which you have just listened. I look at Spiritualism as a high mountain made up of grains of sand, small pebbles, great rocks, all combined together, and out of which spring thorns and briers, and also plants and flowers for health and the gratification of our love for the beautiful. From its sides spring little rivulets, each one by itself, going down the slopes, wearing their channels through the rocks, and meeting and blending into larger streams, and finally finding an open sea with which to join their waters.

You Spiritualists are to build this mountain; it is to be made of grains of sand—little works, little deeds; small pebbles rounded and smoothed to fit by the constant attrition of action—great rocks, the foundations of verity, fit this great body, give force and might to itself, and from its giant sides the streams of its influence go down one by one—like the rays of light from the centre of the solar system—wearing their way along its surface to the great deep of eternal wisdom and truth. You Spiritualists have this work to do. Build your structure well; see that every stone is placed the one upon the other—that you understand the use for which it is destined. Look not to others to accomplish the labor, but do your work for yourselves. Bend your energy to the work now, and keep at it, never contented till you see the completed summit upon which your glorious standard rests—albeit broad and beautiful, the grand ultimate of your hopes."

## The Evangelical Alliance.

The New York journals treat the meetings of this Alliance of Protestantism generally in a practical way. The Sun regards the whole affair as a sort of theological field-day for Protestantism which it had never enjoyed before. It speaks of the sessions of the week as "intellectually interesting and practically unimportant," which is an exceedingly happy phrase. Says the Sun, "the writers and speakers evidently have much more soliditude about what they say and their fellow-men shall believe than what they shall do. The Alliance itself, in defining its fundamental principles, mentions a long string of dogmas, such as those respecting the Trinity, total depravity, justification by faith alone, the resurrection of the body, and the like—but not one word does it say about personal obedience to the divine laws and uprightness of individual conduct. And in the same manner the drift of its labors has been how to establish certain abstract theological propositions, and not at all how to build up the true kingdom of God." And the same candid speaking journal adds, "in the meanwhile the world is suffering and groaning under evils of all kinds, which professedly evangelical people aid in perpetuating quite as much as their heretical brethren." It is well said and truthfully. It is not to be disputed that "political and commercial dishonesty, domestic and social wrongs, theft, violence, murder, and all the mischiefs that depraved human nature can imagine and work out, abound on every side, and are not to be overcome by dissertations on Darwinism, refutations of the theory of development, or abuse of the Pope." The Alliance came out on parade merely to show its strength by firing its guns.

## A Grand Book.

We take this occasion to especially commend the excellent work just issued from our press entitled "THE BIBLE MARVEL-WORKERS," by Allen Putnam, Esq. of this city, well known as a writer of great ability. This book is destined to have a wide circulation. As it opens up an entirely new version of the Scripture Records, it will undoubtedly be perused by all classes with interest and profit. We also keep for sale other works of equal merit. Orders promptly filled by express or mail.

## Flammation's "Stories of Infinity."

Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston, have just published a neat volume of 287 pages, entitled "Stories of Infinity," by Camille Flammation, translated from the French by S. B. Crocker. Flammation is one of the most eminent and learned of contemporary astronomers. He is the author of "The Plurality of Habitable Worlds," "The Atmosphere," and other scientific productions of high reputation. He is a Spiritualist, without of the Kardec school, though this fact probably is not generally known. In the present work he brings his astronomical knowledge to bear upon the great question of spiritual existence, and imagines the capabilities of disembodied spirits, when they can traverse the universe with a celerity to which that of light is lagged. The charm of the book lies in the harmony of what will seem extravagant speculations with the inductions of science. The author first stuns you with a bewildering assertion or incident in his spiritual romance, and then shows that it is in perfect accordance with the most advanced scientific discovery.

In the first story, entitled "Lumen," a spirit, who assumes that name, is introduced as in conversation with an inquiring friend, still an inhabitant of the earth. The friend asks Lumen what his sensations were immediately after death; to which inquiry the following is the reply:

"One is scarcely aware, conscious of this final severance, which seems to you so cruel, than is the newborn child of his birth. We are infants in heavenly life, just as we have been infants in earthly life. Only the soul, not being wrapped in the corporeal swaddling-bands which clothe it here below, acquires far more rapidly a knowledge of its condition and personality. This perceptive faculty varies greatly in different souls."

To the inquiry, "What essential difference distinguishes the soul from the body, since the one dies while the other does not?" Lumen makes the following reply:

"I will not give you a metaphysical answer, like that of Socrates, nor a dogmatic one, like that of the theologians, but a scientific answer; for you, like myself, value nothing except facts determined by positive methods. Now there are in man, as in the universe itself, three quite distinct principles: first, the body; second, the vital force; third, the soul."

"I name them in this order that I may follow the method of a posteriori. The body is an aggregation of molecules, themselves formed by groups of atoms. The atoms are inert, passive, unchangeable and indestructible. The ether into the organism by respiration and alimentation constantly renews the tissues, are replaced by others, and thrown off by life, go to make part of other bodies. In a few months the human body is wholly renewed; in the blood, in the skin, in the brain, and in the bones, there remains not a single one of those atoms which constituted the body a few months before. Through the vast medium of the atmosphere, especially, atoms travel incessantly from one body to another. The molecule of iron is the same, whether it is incorporated in the blood that pulses under the temple of a illustrious man, or is part of a rusty scrap of rust. The molecule of oxygen is the same, whether it gleams in the amorous glance of a lover, or combined with hydrogen, casts its flame into one of the thousand lights of the Parisian night, or falls in a drop of water, from the bosom of the clouds. Bodies actually living are formed of the ashes of the dead, and if the dead should be resuscitated, some of the last comers would lack many fragments belonging to the first. And during life itself, many exchanges take place, between enemies as well as between friends; between men, animals, plants, which greatly astonish the eye of the analyzer. What you breathe, what you eat, what you drink, has already been breathed, eaten and drunk thousands of times. Such is the body—an assemblage of molecules constantly renewed."

"Vital force, life, is the principle by which these molecules must be grouped in a certain form, and constitute an organism. Force dominates the passive atoms—incapable of self-conduct, inert; it calls them, makes them come, takes them, places them, disposes them by rule, and forms this body, this marvel of organization, that the anatomist and the philosopher contemplate. Atoms are indestructible; vital force is not. Atoms have no age; vital force is born, grows old, dies. An octogenarian is older than a youth of twenty. Why? The atoms of which he is composed are in him only a few months, at the most, and besides, are neither old nor young. Analyzed, the constituent elements of the body have no age. What has grown old in him? It is his vital force, enfeebled, used up. Like heat and electricity, life is a force engendered by certain causes, it begets itself, it generates. It begets the body alive, instinctively and unconsciously. It has a beginning and an end. It is the vital principle, an unconscious physical force, which organizes and sustains the body."

"The soul is an intellectual being, thinking, immaterial. The world of ideas in which it lives, is not the world of matter. It has no age, and it does not grow old. It is not changed in a month or two, like the body; for after months, years, decades, we feel that we retain our identity—that our ego remains. Otherwise, if the soul did not exist, and the faculty of thought were a property of the brain, we could no longer say, 'I live.' A body, it would be our body, our brain, that could have us. Moreover, from time to time our consciousness would change, we should no longer be sure or even have a mere feeling of our identity, and we should no longer be responsible for the resolutions secreted by the molecules which passed through our brain months before. The soul is not the vital force, for that is measurable—transmits itself by generation—has no consciousness of itself—is born, grows, declines and dies—conditions utterly opposed to those of the soul, which is immaterial, indestructible, unchangeable, unconscious. The development of the vital force, the resurrection geometrically by a spindle which swells insensibly as it whirls, to its middle, then diminishes to nothing. In the middle of life the soul does not reduce itself (if I may employ this comparison) to an end, but continues to extend its parabola, darting into infinity. Besides, the soul's mode of existence is essentially different from that of life. It is a spiritual mode. The sentiment of justice or injustice, of the true or of the false, of the good or of the bad—study, mathematics, analysis, synthesis, contemplation, admiration, love, affection or hate, esteem or desecration—in a word, the occupations of the soul, whatever they may be, belong to an intellectual and moral order that neither atoms nor physical forces can know, and which exists as actually as the physical order."

"We find in the entirety of the universe the three elements of the human person: first, the atoms—the material worlds, inert, passive; second, the physical forces, active, which rule the worlds; third, God, the spirit, eternal and infinite, the intelligent organizer of the mathematical laws which the forces obey—the unknown God, in whom reside the supreme principles of the true, the beautiful and the good."

"The soul can be attached to the body only by the intermediary vital force. When life is extinct, the soul naturally separates itself from the organism, and ceases to have any immediate relation to space and time. It has no density, no weight. After death, the soul remains in that place in the heavens where the Earth is at the moment of the separation. You know that the Earth is a planet of the heavens as well as Venus and Jupiter. The Earth continues to traverse the length of its orbit at the rate of 28,800 leagues per hour, so that after death the soul finds itself at that distance from its body by the mere fact of its emancipation from the laws of matter, and its own immobility in space. Thus we are in the heavens immediately after our

death, as, indeed, we have been the whole of our lives. Only we are freed from that weight which tied us to the planet. I will add, too, that the soul is generally some time in disengaging itself entirely from the nervous organism, and that sometimes it remains several days, several months even, magnetically attached to its former body, which it is reluctant to abandon."

Lumen was not incorporeal, it seems, for he says: "I felt and saw that a substance constituted me; nevertheless there was no likeness between it and the substances of which earthly bodies are composed. The sight of my soul was incomparably more keen than that of the earthly organism I had just quitted; and, wonderful as it may seem, its power seemed subject to the will."

The facts of science in regard to the transmission of light, give occasion for some of the most astounding incidents of the romance. For instance, Lumen, shortly after his terrestrial death, finds himself on the star Capella, so distant from Earth, that the light proceeding from the former reaches the latter only at the end of an uninterrupted journey of seventy-one years eight months and twenty-four days. In like manner, light proceeding from Earth to that star occupies the same time in its passage.

What happens consequently to the spirit? Why, when he gets to Capella and turns his regards upon earth, and then upon Paris, he sees that the events of the old French revolution are just transpiring! Leaving Capella and drawing nearer to Earth he comes to a point whence he sees himself as he was when a child; as he was when left by the ray of light that has just reached the place where his spirit now is! The phenomenon, scientifically possible, calls forth the following remarks:

"One thought especially stupefied me. I said to myself: This child is really myself. He is really living. He grows, and must live sixty-six years more. He is truly and unquestionably I. And, on the other hand, I who am here, aged seventy-two terrestrial years, I who think and see these things, this too, is surely I, and just as much I, as that child. There are then two of me. There on earth, here in space. Two persons complete, yet quite distinct. Observers stationed in my place could see this child in the garden as I should also see me here. There are two of it; this is indisputable. My soul is in that child; it is also here; it is the same soul, my only soul; yet it animates these two creatures. What a marvelous thing! And I cannot say that I deceive myself, that I am under an illusion, that I am betrayed by an optical error. By nature and by science I see myself at once a child and an old man, there and here—there, careless and happy, here, thoughtful and agitated."

The sublime lesson which Flammation draws from all these speculations is partially summed up as follows:

"You have been taught, to this day, to worship a God created in man's image, or boldly to deny the existence of an Author of Nature, because he is incomprehensible. Neither the dogmas of official theologians nor the negations of infidelity are true. God is no more in any part of heaven than on Earth, or more accurately, he is nowhere more visible than here. There is not anywhere in infinity a certain place with payments of pearls, on which stands the throne of the Most High. The Empyrean of the middle ages no more exists than does the Olympus of the Greeks. The Paradise of Mahomet never shone save in the glowing imaginations of the prophet's disciples. The seven heavens of Buddha are no more real than they are in the grotesque pictures of China and Japan that figure them to you. To see God face to face is an expression purely symbolic. The eyes of the most glorified, most angelic body, could not see or admire anywhere that invisible Person. Heaven has no existence. Astronomical space is infinite. God is a pure spirit, or rather, the pure spirit, conscious of itself, and of every infinitesimal part of the universe; personal, but without form; infinite and eternal, that is, without extent or duration; as really present here in the heart of Paris, where I am speaking to you, as in the brightest stars; as active in the operations of terrestrial Nature as in the sublime manifestations of the higher spiritual spheres."

"The infinite Being—Cause of causes, Principle of all that is, virtue and support of the universe, absolute, eternal—is moreover wholly incomprehensible by you and me, and all creatures. His existence is indisputable, for without it it would be impossible to explain the existence of intelligence in the creation, of mathematics (which man did not invent, but discovered), and of intellectual and moral truths. But the Author and Supreme Judge of all things is above our conception. Still we can understand that for Him there is neither time nor space, that he sees all things at once, and astronomy has also taught you that the light proceeding from all the stars and planets carries their past history into space, so that, supposing one's self placed at a point whither comes to-day the luminous ray reflected by the Earth an hundred years ago, one would review the Earth of that time and its people; and so for the whole past of the Earth, that one could see by withdrawing to a sufficient distance, and so for the history of all the worlds, which thus survives perpetual in infinity—in God. Even now we can conceive also that the future as well as the past may be present to Him, for the events that are to happen are comprised in the actual state of the universe as the past is in its result. But efforts to comprehend the intrinsic nature and mode of action of the infinite Being would be utterly vain labor."

It will be seen from our extracts that Flammation handles his theme with the skill of a scientist as well as with the imaginative daring of a Dante. If some of his speculations may seem fanciful and extravagant, there are others which will be found in accordance with the views of many Spiritualists. The translation by Mr. Crocker is excellent. His rendering of this work and of Figuier's "To-morrow of Death," is sufficient to establish his reputation as a clear and accurate translator.

The book may be had at this office.

## "Free Religion."

The Evangelical Alliance having completed its work, whatever it specifically was, the next convention in order is the Free Religionists, who are following up their opponents in the very spot where the former supposed they had overthrown and demolished every vestige of so-called infidelity. The convention is of course not to be numerically compared with that of the Evangelicals, but it is fully its equal in grasp of intellect, breadth and largeness of view, and liberality of belief and conviction. The men who meet in this assembly are, as the Tribune observes, "gentlemen of vigorous and cultivated intelligence, who have made their mark on the literature, the science, and the spiritual development of the time." Among them occur such well-known names as those of O. B. Frothingham, John Weiss, T. W. Higginson, James Parton, and others of related views and sympathies. Their discussions have the merit of being clear and comprehensive, and of putting everything extraneous aside that they may go the straighter to the work at which they aim. It is fortunate for the cause of truth that this body succeeds so soon to that of the Alliance, not so much to contest its dogmas, but to clear the atmosphere and assist the vast public to a healthier oxygen, for their spiritual respiration.

## "The Life."

This is the brief but expressive title of a little volume just published by Colby & Rich, whose author is and intends to remain *incognito*. In that way he will unquestionably increase the influence of his book. It is crammed with nuggets of thought and suggestion. Purporting on its face alone to be the product of one or more disembodied spirits, it is, in fact, practical talk direct from the spirit-land. There are axiomatic truths in this little book enough to last one for years in chowing upon. "What an invisible point is your life, compared to the line through which your soul will go!" exclaims the spirit-author; "you look around you, and see one or two effects, and imagine their importance. How small a matter in the whole purpose of all things! And yet, on the other hand, that one little unit, that unimportant thing, rolls through eternity, and its effects somehow are never lost. Whilst I would laugh at the unimportance of temporary things as compared with the eternal, I would not be understood to teach the unimportance of anything in itself." This is a specimen of the blended penetration and comprehensiveness that runs through these pages. Tenser statements of actual truth are not often to be found. Another specimen: "What does it signify to be remembered, except the good there is in it to those who do the remembering? If any one is remembered one hundred years hence, he will be occupied then in other ways, so that he will hardly care to return to see how, when and where he is remembered; but it will be important in the progress of 'The Good,' not that the body who did what little he could shall be remembered, but that the good wrought be remembered. You know not how personal fame grows small and insignificant as you recede from it in The Life. Personal fame is also an element of selfishness."

The real objects taught in this little book are thus enumerated: 1st, that the absolute does not apply to the quality of moral acts; that the best means of testing truth is, that each one for himself measure it by its symmetry to himself, its application to his daily practical life, its application to his further future life; 2d, that belief in dogma is in many cases an impossibility, made so by the constitution and surroundings of the individual conditions, over which he often has no control; 3d, that the demands of life are best met and answered by each one when he does the best he believes—whatever that belief may be—and endeavors to cultivate his life and belief, and to make a harmony of them; 4th, that it is better for you, for the world, and for eternity, that you strive to work for an object outside of yourself.

On the subject of organization, the author says that, as isolation is the evil which follows from too great an exercise of individuality, so injury to the freedom of individual thought and action is the evil which follows from too great organization. "The danger that follows organization," he declares, "is this: as the organization grows permanent, its tendency is to hamper and restrict individuality; and if its power grows too great, it stifles freedom, until, at length, the lives of the members cease to be lives of conviction, and become lives of formula. *Guard against the insidious tyranny of organization.* Some organization is necessary for any large enterprise; but when organization is effected to accomplish moral purposes, beware that the organization does not come to be regarded with too much reverence. Too intense a disposition for organization causes us to ignore the rights of our opponents, and thus trample upon our duties—ay, and overturn our rights also; to make us partisans; to lead us to combine only to succeed with temporary success, that we may exult in victory over our humiliated, vanquished adversaries; to assert a creed of superiority in goodness, that we may be very devils at last."

## Gerald Massey.

Now in this country on a lecturing tour, delivered recently in London a very successful series of lectures on Spiritualism. He is the author of a little volume, bearing the title "Concerning Spiritualism," in which, assuming the facts as proven, he deals chiefly with the philosophy of the subject. The following passages in reference to the Darwinian system, &c., will be read with interest:

"Spiritualism will accept evolution, and carry it out, and make both ends meet in the perfect circle—with it is the *veritas*, not on the physical side of the phenomena, without it the doctrine of Mr. Darwin is but a broken link. Complete evolution is the ever-unfolding of the all-present, all-pervading, creative energy working through all forces and forms."

"Mr. Darwin, as much as any theologian, when he does allude to the Creator, appears to look upon him as operating *ab extra*, and working from without; a mind dwelling apart from matter, and commanding results which are executed unconsciously in his absence; whereas the Spiritualist apprehends him as the innermost Soul of all existence, the living Will, the spiritual evolution that makes the physical evolution—the immediate and personal Causation of dynamic force, no matter by what swift transmutations—the creative Energy in presence penetrating every point of space at each moment of time, effectuating His intentions, and fulfilling His creative being."

"Spiritualism will also destroy that belief in the eternity of punishment which has, for many marring souls, filled the whole universe with the horror of blackness, and made God a dark, menacing, and cruel deity. 'Ah,' said the dear, elderly Calvinist, 'these people—the Spiritualists—believe in a final restitution and the saving of all, but no hope for better things.' Many good people will cry out in an agony of earnestness, as Charles Lamb stammered in his fun, 'But this is doing away with the Devil; don't deprive me of my Devil!'"

"Spiritualism must also destroy the dogma that God has but one method of communicating his love to men, and but one doorway through which he draws them into his presence. I tell you the God of heaven bends and broods, as lovingly, as divinely, and with a balm as blessed, in the dear, appealing, winsome face of my little child, as He can in the face of Christ."

We need not say more to show that Mr. Massey's little tract on Spiritualism is worth reading; but it will require close attention and study in the reading, for he enters into some of the profoundest of questions of life and creation.

We have received reports of the proceedings of Knox County Spiritualist Convention, Ill.; The Society of Spiritualists and Liberals in Toledo, Ohio; The Society of Spiritual Investigators in St. Louis; The Spiritual State Associations of Minnesota and of Iowa, which we intend to print in our next issue.

The Fourth Anniversary Meeting of the American Woman Suffrage Association was commenced on Monday evening, the 13th, at Cooper Union, New York City, and was continued the 14th in Brooklyn. The chair was taken by Col. Thomas W. Higginson, President of the Association.



Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan.

One of the oldest American advocates of the spiritual philosophy, is at present creating the utmost interest in the subject to whose promulgation her whole life has been devoted, by a series of discourses at St. George's Hall, London, which began September 21st. Her presence called together at her first appearance an audience which exceeded the capacity of the place of meeting, so that many were unable to obtain admittance. The London Medium and Daybreak for Sept. 26th gives a full report of her first lecture, also of the poem improvised at the close of the address, as is the usual custom of this medium's guides, and says editorially:

"A greater success could not be desired than that which was won by Mrs. Tappan on Sunday evening. In every respect, the meeting was of the most gratifying character. Mrs. Tappan rose to the occasion with a noble and noble bearing. Her delivery was clear, strong, and full of power. Her voice was heard in every part of the hall. She spoke in a deep, rich, and melodious tone, which was well adapted to the subject. Her manner was simple and unassuming, but full of dignity. She was perfectly at ease, and her words were received with the most attentive and respectful interest. The audience was composed of persons of all ages and of all nations. The meeting was a grand success, and it is hoped that it will be followed by many more of the same kind."

The city dailies—among them the News and Standard—of the next morning gave many flattering, and in some cases extended notices of the speaker and her powers as an orator and reasoner, thus bearing witness—rather unconsciously than otherwise—to the strength of the spiritual world which has sustained, and given her the words she should speak, since her sixteenth year, in defence of the new "day-dawn" among men. The Hour, a conservative daily, thus reports her:

"Last evening St. George's Hall was densely crowded by a number of ladies and gentlemen, assembled to hear an oration on Spiritualism, delivered under spirit influence, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, of New York. The speaker, who is a lady of about 50 years of age, is a native of New York, and has been a member of the London Spiritualist Society, together with a number of Transatlantic supporters of the movement. Her oration was delivered in a simple and unassuming manner, and was well received by the audience. The speaker was perfectly at ease, and her words were received with the most attentive and respectful interest. The audience was composed of persons of all ages and of all nations. The meeting was a grand success, and it is hoped that it will be followed by many more of the same kind."

"The delivery of this oration was, perhaps, its most noteworthy feature. Mrs. Tappan, for upwards of an hour, poured forth an unintermitted flow of language, without hesitating for a single instant, sentences of the most involved character, and of the most profound meaning, which she delivered with a clear and powerful voice, and with a manner of delivery which was well adapted to the subject. Her oration was a masterpiece of spiritualism, and it is hoped that it will be followed by many more of the same kind."

"Not with trumpet or sennet of gold, But hushed voices, the story is told— The light dawned of truth it is come. Measures, 'twas then announced, would be taken for a repetition of the performance, and a vote of thanks to the fair orator, the assembly dispersed."

The Alliance on Infidelity.

Prof. Warren, a D. D. of the Boston University, delivered a harangue before the Evangelical Alliance, in New York, on "American Infidelity," and took the pedantic view that it came over to this country pretty much as the cholera comes, or the yellow fever, instead of obeying a law of mentality which operates with divine regularity on civilized intelligence. He said much of the infidelity of this country had its origin with the French settlers who came over before and after the Revolution, and who brought, together with the welcome assistance which they contributed to the young republic, a deal of the frivolity and irreligion with which France was so deeply tainted in those days. He charged especially that three "doubting Thomases" were likewise instrumental in spreading heretical doctrines: Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Cooper and Thomas Paine. And he should have added to his list of dreaded Thomases such worthies as John Adams and Benjamin Franklin, and Washington himself, who, in his later years, fell away from his church-going habits, and inclined decidedly to Liberalism, or what Prof. Warren styles "infidelity." Then came Robert Owen, said the speaker, with his doctrines of materialism, and the disease gradually spread until Spiritualism (oh, dear!) sprang into life. Well, it is something to hear a D. D. admit that there is life in Spiritualism, after having been killed so many times. "Ere long," said this Professor of Divinity, "America, with her spirit rappings and her necromancy, attracted the attention of the entire world." Yes, and is holding that attention to-day; which certainly shows that the world is spiritualistic in spite of Boston University.

John Chalmieale.

(The following spirit message was received at the Banner Free Circle on Monday afternoon, Oct. 14th.) I was dead one week—gone one week. I leave a frau and two children. They bees in West Philadelphia; I bees here. I takes here here (on the lungs). I sick fifteen days. I die. My name was John Chalmieale. My frau like this one—a medium. I goes there. I say to her, "Go to Germany." I leave this country." She say, "If you mean so, John, go there in Boston and say so to me." I come; I say so. Go home; better for you there than here. They that bees with you take all you got if you stay here. You know nothing about how to deal with them. They take all you got, and leaves you nothing. Now take it quick, and go away; then you do well.

"Publish this in advance, I should like it, because she's doing what she better not—got bad advisers. They tell her that—she not know; they tell her that—she not know. She do everything she no business to do anything. Thanks, Sir Chalmieale. I do much more for you when you come here. Good day. Oct. 13."

WORDS OF APPRECIATION.—A correspondent in the South says: "The Message Department is by far the most interesting feature of the Banner. I read the questions and answers, especially, with great satisfaction. They stir up more effectively the stagnant waters of old theology than anything else. Accounts of physical manifestations are also of deep interest to investigators."

WANTED AT THIS OFFICE.—A copy of the book entitled "THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS," 1st series. Any person having one to spare will oblige by informing us by letter.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

SHORT SERMON.—Forget not, oh man! that thy station on earth is appointed by the wisdom of the Eternal, who knoweth thy heart, who seeth the vanity of all thy wishes, and who often, in mercy, deneth thy requests.

Read Mr. J. M. Peebles' interesting foreign letter on the first page.

The sufferings of the people of Memphis from yellow fever call loudly for aid from all quarters, and our citizens cannot be behindhand in answering this call. Funds sent to the office of the Daily Advertiser or Evening Traveller, of this city, endorsed "Memphis Relief Fund," will be acknowledged in print, and added to the general fund for the relief of the sufferers.

In view of the importance to America and to the world of the event which brought on the American Revolution, we recommend that the evening of Tuesday, the 16th day of December next, the centennial anniversary of the Tea Party, bespent by every family in these United States, as far as possible, in honor of the occasion of which it is the centennial anniversary.

The New York dailies consider Rev. Mr. Morgan's sensational lectures below par.

A. S. Hayward, magnetic physician, has returned from a professional trip through Vermont and New Hampshire. Until he secures rooms, his letters will reach him care of this office.

Rev. Mr. Bates, a Methodist minister of Boston, inquired lately in a sermon: "What but Christianity has made the United States, with 40,000,000 of people, more powerful than China, with 450,000,000?" What but Christianity makes a five-foot white man with a Spencer rifle stronger than a six-foot Indian with bow and arrows?—*Index.*

A Spanish column was surprised by one thousand insurgents near Holguin, Cuba, recently, and one hundred and twenty-five were killed, wounded, or captured.

Miss Lottie Fowler has returned to England, and is now in Liverpool.

In the following paragraph the favorite mode of evangelizing non-believers—though now practiced rather in a mental sense than a physical—is set forth by the forcible words of the African chief:

"Dr. Livingstone says that Schiele, a famous African chief, said to him, on the occasion of his preaching to his tribe, 'Do you imagine that these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them, and, if you like, I will call my head men, and with our whips of rhinoceros hide, we will soon make them all believe together.'—*Dr. Livingstone Lost and Found.*

Bro. J. M. Peebles lectured in London, recently, at Goswell Hall.

While witnessing a game of base ball out West, a boy was struck on the back of his head, the bowl coming out of his mouth.

The first law of gravity—Never laugh at your own jokes.

"You ought to let me pass here free of charge, considering the benevolent nature of my profession," said a physician to a toll-gate keeper. "Not so," was the reply, "you send too many dead-heads through here now." The doctor did not stop to argue the point, but paid his toll and passed on.

Mexico, it seems, has taken the final step toward stripping the Catholic clergy of their power, Congress having decreed that hereafter Church and State are to be separate, and that Congress cannot make any laws establishing or prohibiting any religion, making matrimony a civil contract, doing away with the religious oath, and suppressing monastic orders. The fight has been waged vigorously between the government and the priesthood, the latter having excommunicated all persons recognizing the Constitution and the reforms inaugurated by the government, which has retaliated by ordering the Jesuits to leave the country.

Talent is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is.

The expansion of Boston is conceded to be a plain necessity. It contains all the elements of a great and powerful municipal city. It is to be the seat of commerce and manufactures. Its harbor is unrivaled. It is a day nearer Europe than New York, and the future railway from Halifax will bring all ocean travelers to Boston first.

The religious question enters to-day into the political life of almost every nation of Europe.

These golden autumn days are each a perfect poem; full of vitality and warmth and health. The forests fairly blaze with colors, richer than the painter's palette can command, shading from vivid green to palest gold, and thence to flaming scarlet and flashing crimson. The air exhilarates like wine, the sky is as clear as a baby's eye, and the sunlight, losing its willing heat in the decadence of the season, seems to have gathered added brightness to complete the lovely picture. For the enjoyment of rural scenes and the pure delight of out-door life, nothing equals a bright October day.

Lake Champlain is shown by recent soundings to have water 419 feet in depth.

The Christian Union says an accident befell a certain eminent clergyman in preaching, the other day. His teeth dropped out in the middle of a severe attack on the looseness of Mr. Beecher's theology.

There is no substitute for thoroughgoing, ardent and sincere earnestness.—*Dickens.*

Women are fast getting their rights in England, and people are as quick in recognizing them as they are in this country. Not only does the Government show a decided disposition for employing female clerks in the public departments, but no fewer than thirty-six young women are performing clerical duties in a large London insurance office on Ludgate Hill.

The Daily Press says the Indians of Bad River are not such a bad lot after all. This year they have raised 3000 bushels of oats, 1000 of corn, 5000 of potatoes, 2000 of rutabagas, and 300 tons of hay. And they have gathered 1500 bushels of cranberries and 2 tons of rice.

A facetious senior asked a freshman to tell him the difference between a *franklin* and a sick family; but the laugh was on the senior, for the freshman instantly replied: "No difference. A sick family is a family that is sick, and *franklin* means the same."

Music Hall Spiritualist Free Meetings.

Services are held in the elegant and spacious Music Hall, Sunday afternoons, commencing at quarter to three precisely. Lecturers well known for ability and eloquence as exponents of the Philosophy of Spiritualism, will occupy the platform. Among those selected and yet to be heard are Lyman C. Howe, Miss Jennie Leys, Prof. E. Whipple, Miss Lizzie Dutton, Giles B. Stebbins, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Prof. S. B. Brittan, J. M. Peebles, Bryan Grant, Esq., Mrs. Emma Harding Britten. Other names will be announced in due season.

A quartette of accomplished vocalists will take part in the services.

A number of choice seats have been reserved for the accommodation of those who feel disposed to contribute toward the support of the meetings. Season tickets, which will be sold at prices ranging from \$10, \$5 to \$3, according to location, can be procured at the hall on Sunday, p. m., or of the manager during the week.

Per order Committee, Lewis B. Wilson, Manager, No. 9 Montgomery Place, up stairs, room 8.

To Correspondents.

We pay no attention to anonymous communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve communications not used.

J. W. T., LONDON, ENGL.—We do not know where the individual is located. The medium you alluded to was at the place you named the last we heard of her.

Spiritual and Miscellaneous Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

BUTTER'S JOURNAL of Spiritual Science, Literature, Art and Inspiration. Published in New York. Price 30 cents. THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cents. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoology, Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents. THE RELIGIOUS-PHYSIOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago. Ill. Price 30 cents. THE LITTLE HERALD. Published in Chicago. Ill. Price 30 cents. THE CHURCH. Price 25 cents. THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 30 cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent line. SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line. *Hintons*, each insertion. *Agate*, each insertion. Thirty cents per line. Payments in all cases in advance.

For all advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Monday.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Happy now are the children whose thoughtful parents have bought for them "Avilude, or Game of Birds." They gather around the table with bright eyes and smiling faces as it is announced, "we are to have a game of Avilude." A whole winter of enjoyment combined with instruction for *Avilude* is sold. Sent post-paid on receipt of price, by West & Lee, Worcester, Mass. 25c. O. N.

DEMONS OF DARK, M.D., assisted by Dr. H. L. HOPKINS, now located at 333 Wabash avenue, Chicago. Remedies sent to any address, O. N.

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CHARLES H. FOSTER, New York, 19 West 22d St.; Denver City, Nov. 1st, Champlin Hotel; Salt Lake City, Nov. 9th, Cliff-Hotel; Sacramento, Nov. 23d, Orleans Hotel; San Francisco, Dec. 1st, Grand Hotel; Australia, and around the world.

Look out for the FOSTER PAMPHLET; will be out on the 15th. As interesting as the latest novel. Price 50 cents. O. N.

THE REPORT OF THE LONDON DIALECTICAL SOCIETY, a volume of intense interest as presenting the spiritual phenomena in a scientific light, is presented to the American public in an attractive typographic dress, and may be obtained at the Bookstore of Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery place, Boston, Mass.

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REPORT

SPIRITUALISM,

OF THE

THE COMMITTEE

OF THE

LONDON DIALECTICAL SOCIETY,

TOGETHER WITH

THE EVIDENCE,

ORAL AND WRITTEN,

AND

A SELECTION FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE.

The volume is an extremely curious one. Few, however, could read the mass of evidence collected in this volume, showing the firm faith in the reality of the alleged spiritual phenomena possessed by a number of individuals of honorable and upright character, without giving evidence, some of which had been hitherto unimpeached by disbelievers, and the gathered testimony of respectable witnesses, justify the recommendation of the subject to further cautious investigation. Spectator.

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STORIES OF INFINITY.



**New Hampshire Spiritualist Association.**  
The Friends of Progress are requested to meet in Anniversary Convention at Bradford, Town Hall, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 1st, 2nd and 3rd, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. Fairbanks is engaged for the meeting. All speakers and free thinkers are cordially invited. Come one and all.  
Per order of the Committee,  
G. S. MORGAN, *President*  
ALBERT STORY, *Secretary*.







