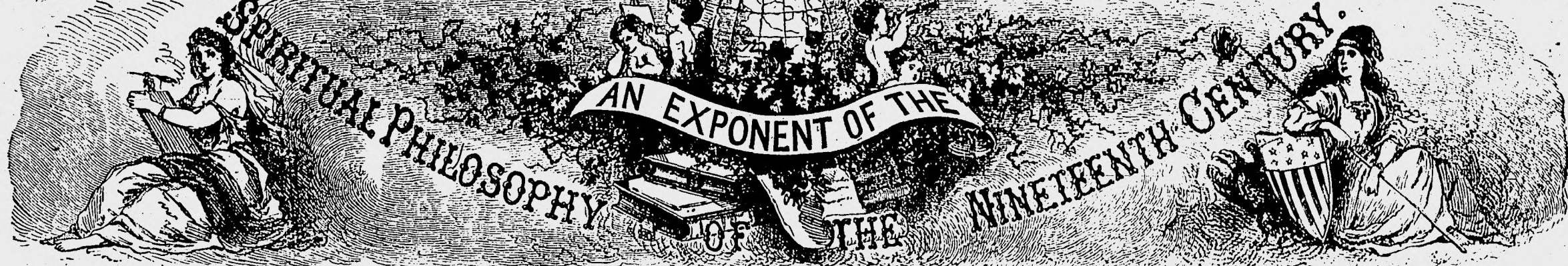


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXIV.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1873.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
In Advance.

NO. 8.

For the Banner of Light.

TWO ROSES.

Kindly Dedicated to Charles H. Foster.

BY DORA SHAW.

Two roses sweet, and nothing more,
Showed their fresh faces at my door,
Bright as the roses of yore—
Two roses—white and red;
More precious far than gold could be,
Or gleaming pearls from deeps of sea—
The cher they whispered lovingly,
And these the words they said:

I grew so, spake the one of white,
All slowly through the pallid night,
A-tremble at the fear of blight,
A-waiting for the dew.
And I, I heard the red one say,
Bloomed out despite the autumn day,
And little sunshine knew.

Take courage, heart; somewhere I know,
Flower-wise, we'll to perfection blow—
Be purified, expand and grow
Inside the Jasper gate.
Be patient yet awhile, nor pine
Though loss and grief and tears be thine;
Make this thy motto, heart of mine:
I, like the Roses, wait!

A SPIRITUAL DETECTOR.

THE PATENT-OFFICE DECIDING RELIGIOUS QUESTIONS.

Robert Dale Owen, pays his respects to a Patent-Office Examiner—An Invention that is Patentable Refused a Patent.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

Sir—Is an Examiner of the United States Patent Office, in virtue of his position there, a competent or constitutional judge of religious matters? And ought he to be suffered to decide religious questions, even without appeal to the Commissioner?

Does such a question seem to you superfluous? Probably. Yet it is a question that has come up quite recently in practical form, and which has to be looked to and settled. Gen. Lippitt, now of Cambridge, but formerly a favorably known and successful lawyer in San Francisco, where he raised a regiment of volunteers during the war, filed an application, last June, for a patent for what he calls a new "Psychic Stand and Detector." The function of this invention, as set forth by the applicant, is "that of spelling out words and sentences usually called (spiritual) communications, through an alphabet not only invisible to the operator, but the very location of which he cannot know," and thus, if the operator resort to imposture, to detect him in so doing. The application was rejected in a communication (without date) received Sept. 8th; and the refusal was twice reiterated, in reply to argumentative letters of the applicant, protesting against the reasons assigned for rejection. The device was "admitted to be novel," and so far patentable. The reason given for rejection in the first letter is: "The office cannot concede the truth of Spiritualism; as, though individual scientists may, as applicant says, have given the phenomena some attention, scientific men, as a body or in any great numbers, have never conceded their reality." It is added, perhaps with intention to soften the refusal, that "the office is disposed to believe that, as a game table, or means of amusement, the device might be more favorably viewed." But in that case a new specification is demanded, in which "all allusion to the use of the device by mediums should be avoided."

When pressed by the applicant on the ground that the investigation which his invention seeks to aid is a legitimate one, whether the object of those pursuing it be to demonstrate the existence of an occult natural force, or to obtain experimental proof of the existence of the soul after death, or finally to show that the phenomena are all caused by imposture, the Examiner says, under date of Sept. 10th: "This far the alleged facts have almost entirely shunned the cool scrutiny of intellect alone, and, furthermore, much trouble and sorrow have been caused the delicate and young by the excitement naturally pertaining to the investigation of such tremendous pretensions"—which reasons, together with the fact that the phenomena are "uncertain, variable, and inconstant," have led the office "to adhere to its refusal to grant a patent for the invention, except under the restrictions indicated."

In his final letter (September 24th), the Examiner declares "the non-patentability of the invention, not alone on the ground of lack of utility, but as having a tendency to the production of injurious results in society, under any aspect in which the device may be presented." And he winds up by stating that this decision of his "is not, under the rule, deemed appealable"—to the Commissioner, he must mean; for he admits that (by payment of ten dollars) the case may be taken to the Board of Examiners-in-Chief. Gen. Lippitt, in his reply, asserts the importance of his invention, rejects the proposal to have it regarded as a toy, sends the required fee, appeals to the Board; and so the matter stands. In all this, the Commissioner himself does not appear, except in formally transmitting the decisions of his Examiner in the matter of the "Game Tables." Nor does the sole responsible person give his name; let us suppose it to be Smith.

Here, then, we have the case. Millions of persons throughout the civilized world (but their rights would be the same if they were thousands only) believe that, under certain conditions, and in virtue of certain intermundane laws, the denizens of the next world may communicate with the inhabitants of this; and they regard the power thus to communicate as the most effectual check to the materialism of the age. The applicant, without deciding whether such communications are due to a natural mundane force or to imposture, or are proofs of a life to come, proposes to eliminate one element from the inquiry, so that the student of these phenomena may secure himself against willful deception on the part of the Psychic or Medium. Thereupon, the Examiner declares that any device intended to afford such security is not useless only, but injurious to society.

Unless we are unreasonable enough to suppose Mr. Examiner Smith an imbecile, we can come but to one conclusion, namely, that he regards any one who is studying the question of the experimental evidences of immortality as engaged in a mischievous inquiry. Considering the present religious condition of the civilized world, that is certainly a very remarkable opinion!

The members of the Evangelical Alliance, during their recent session, admitted and deeply deplored the increase and wide range of Materialism, and sought means to arrest it. From other authentic sources we have corroborative testimony to the same effect; as from an official report on religious worship, made Dec. 8th, 1863, to the Registrar-General of England. There we read:

"There is a sect, originated lately, called 'Secularists,' their chief tenet being that, as the fact of a future life is (in their view) susceptible of some degree of doubt, while the fact and necessities of a present life are matters of direct sensation, it is prudent to attend exclusively to the concerns of that existence which is certain and immediate, not wasting energies in preparation for remote and merely possible contingencies. This is the creed which, probably with most exactness, indicates the faith which, virtually though not professedly, is held by the masses of our working population." (Page 78.)

And the writer adds, speaking specially of artisans and other workmen:

"It is sadly certain that this vast, intelligent and growingly important section of our countrymen is thoroughly estranged from our religious institutions in their present aspect."

As to another influential class, not in England and on the European Continent only, but in our own country, a Bishop who is held in deservedly high estimation by the orthodox body to which he belongs, stated to me his conviction that evidences of infidelity are daily multiplying among intelligent men; adding that he had lately heard a Professor of Harvard College express the opinion that three-fourths of our chief scientific men were unbelievers.

Now I, and millions more, lamenting this prevalent skepticism, and believing that there is no human inquiry so important as that touching a future state of existence, do not choose that a Patent Office Examiner shall decide for us whether it is proper, or not proper, in seeking assurance of a better world, to enter that experimental field, where science has won her triumphs; nor yet whether, during our studies in that field, we shall or shall not take precautions against imposture. Nor do we choose that, within the walls of the United States Patent Office, discrimination shall be made between students in that field and students in our schools of orthodox divinity. We make no complaint, however, that a Patent Office exhibits ignorance of the religious needs of the world, and of the manner in which these can best be met. A Civil Service Commission, empowered to ascertain Mr. Examiner Smith's qualifications, would not question him on such a subject. What we do complain of is that he should intermeddle in matters with which, in his official capacity, he has no concern whatsoever; and that he should assume an authority of decision which by this country no Government officer, from the President down, has any more right to exercise than he has to dictate to us what we shall eat or drink, or what clothing we shall wear.

The manner of this impertinent intermeddling, too, is notable. Scientific men in great numbers have never, we are told, conceded the truths of Spiritualism; hence the scruples of the Patent Office, or rather of her bungling representative. He is probably unacquainted with a curious and instructive fact. Though Harvey gave to the world his great discovery in the year 1628, yet, as the records of the (Paris) Royal Society of Medicine inform us, a certain Francois Bazin, candidate for membership in 1872, sought to connect the favor of that learned body by selecting as his theme the impossibility of the circulation of the blood ("Sanguinis motus circulatori impossibilis"). Forty-four years sufficed not to procure for the new theory the sanction of medical science in the French metropolis. If there had been Patent Offices in those days, and if Harvey, while scientific men in large numbers still rejected his theory, had sought to patent any ingenious device for its illustration, some Examiner Smith of the seventeenth century, in rejecting his application, might have told him that his phenomena were "uncertain, variable, and inconstant," and that such "tremendous pretensions" could not receive official aid or sanction.

But even if preponderance of authority in favor of one set of opinions could abrogate the civil rights of those who believe differently, there are some items here to be taken into account which have probably escaped this supercilious Patent Office officer.

Mr. Alfred Wallace, an eminent English scientist, well known on both sides of the Atlantic, published last year, under his own name, in The London Quarterly Science Review, edited by a Fellow of the Royal Society, a ten-page review of an American work on Spiritual Phenomena, entitled the "Debatable Land." In that review he says that "such a subject is not out of place in a scientific journal, for in whatever light we view it, it is really a scientific question." And his conclusion is this: "The facts here given force upon us the spiritual theory, just as the facts of geology force upon us the belief in long series of ancient living forms, different from those now existing on the earth."

Again: Mrs. Stowe, in the Christian Union, says of the same book: "It ought to be reckoned as of the same class with Darwin's late work; being a study into the obscure parts of nature, conducted in the only true method, by the exhibition of well selected facts." The editor of Every Saturday declares "its logic to be of a kind to command the respect of Bishop Butler or Archbishop Whately." And, not to multiply examples, that most critical of journals, The Nation, at the close of a candid two-column review, thus expresses itself: "What is spirit? What is matter? Science, to all appearance, draws nearer and nearer to answering these questions; and books which, like the Debatable Land, contribute their quota of carefully observed and recorded facts to the discussion, are to be welcomed." How does all this—certainly from reputable sources—tally with our over-zealous Examiner's assertion that "these alleged facts have almost entirely shunned the cool scrutiny of intellect?"

I have no idea what such an invention may be worth in the market, nor need we ask. Such matters are to be treated not with reference to the amount of money, but to the importance of principle, which they involve. The tax on tea coming from England to her American Colonies in 1773 was two-pence only; and religious rights are at least as sacred as political. A single additional aspect of this particular case may suffice to indicate what vital interests are involved in the question whether the (alleged) spiritual phenomena of the day are veritable or spurious.

An old belief seems about to disappear: the belief in the exceptional and miraculous. The civilized world is gradually settling down to the assurance that natural law is universal, invariable, persistent. Now if natural law be invariable, then either the wonderful works ascribed to Christ and his disciples were not performed, or else they were not miracles. If they were not performed, then Christ, assuming to perform them, lost himself, as Keenan and others have alleged, to deception; a theory which disparages his person and discredits his teachings. But if

they were performed, under natural law, and if natural laws endure from generation to generation, then inasmuch as the same laws must exist still, we may expect somewhat similar phenomena at any time. Add to this that Jesus himself, exercising spiritual powers and gifts, promised (John xiv., 12) to his followers after his death singular faculties.

The question, then, touching the existence or non-existence, at the present time, of phenomena not proofs of a life to come, may, if decided affirmatively, furnish to men of science and to other skeptics who reject the Gospel narratives, the very species of evidence that is demanded at this modern day, to change their discouraging creed. To act upon the ignorance of the first century, it needed works which that ignorance looked upon as miracles; but to act upon the apathy of the present age, it needs phenomena acknowledged to be natural, yet of an intermundane character. If such could be placed before Materialists, then they will have the evidences of their senses in proof that the marvelous powers ascribed to Jesus and the spiritual gifts enjoyed by his disciples were natural and age credible; that, in fact, we have no more reason for rejecting them than for denying the wars of Caesar or the conquests of Alexander. And thus the alleged spiritual manifestations of our day, if they prove genuine, become the strongest evidences to sustain the authenticity of the Gospels.

Looking to the interests of Christianity itself, can one overestimate the results which may follow an inquiry, reverently conducted, into the genuine character of these manifestations? And when an inventor has thought out a mode by which, in the prosecution of researches thus immeasurably important, imposture may be effectually barred, is it not monstrous that he should be told by a government official that his invention can only be deemed worthy of protection on condition that he assents to have it regarded and recorded as an improvement on game tables? What would be said of a magistrate who, fearing for the "delicate or young the excitement naturally pertaining" to protracted camp meetings, should deny a request made by the officiating preachers for the aid of the police in keeping order, unless these reverend gentlemen would first agree to have their religious exercises regarded as a species of public amusement?

My conclusion, as touching the whole matter, is that Mr. Examiner Smith got outside of his depth and outside of his official duty, of which it behooves the Commissioner of Patents to apprise him. If we could imagine similar usurpations suffered to creep into the various Departments of our Government: the clause in the Constitution which forbids Congress to pass any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, would not be worth the paper it was written on.

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

Hotel Broadway, New York City, Nov. 7th, 1873.
P. S.—Since writing the above, I have read a thoughtful paper, entitled "Spiritualism," the leading article in the Catholic World for November, beginning: "It can hardly be denied that the question of Spiritualism is forcing itself every year more and more upon the public attention, and that a belief in the reality of its phenomena, and as almost a necessary consequence, a suspension of their at least partially preternatural character, is on the increase among honest and intelligent persons."

Spiritual Phenomena.

A Half-Hour with Professor Anderson—son—Pictures in the Dark.

Having heard much of Prof. Anderson, the "Spirit Artist," and the marvelous works of his pencil, the Mercury yesterday dispatched one of its most reliable reporters to the Professor's rooms, for the purpose of interviewing the gentleman, and if possible, testing his skill in delineating the features of the "gone before."

The Professor occupies a suite of rooms in the Hensley Block, directly over the Post-Office. The corner room—large and nicely furnished—is used as a reception room, and parlor and bedroom; while adjoining is a small unfurnished room, with its only window darkened with inside shutters, which he calls his studio.

In response to the rap of our reporter, a spare, middle-aged, pleasant-faced gentleman, with a long, flowing beard, sprinkled with the frosts of time, came to the door and bade him welcome. Taking the proffered seat, they dropped into a pleasant conversation concerning his work, which soon led to the immediate object of our reporter's visit, which was to obtain, if possible, a sketch of a departed relative, who had left no picture of himself except in the reporter's recollection. It was readily seen that the Professor had been recently suffering from illness, as his steps were slightly faltering and his voice weak; although he stated that he was rapidly recovering, and was already able to perform nearly his usual amount of labor.

Coming at once to the work, the Professor placed in the reporter's hands a large sheet of drawing board in the form of a rug, which he requested him to hold at each end for a few minutes, for the purpose of charging it with magnetism. Then, tearing a piece from one of the corners for the reporter to retain, he retired to the inner room, closed the door, remarking as he did so, that it would be their (meaning the invisibles) first effort at sketching in his new studio. He always speaks of his work in this manner, taking no credit to himself therefor, claiming that he is wholly unconscious during the performance, and is in just seventeen minutes he returned with a life-size bust of a man, bearing a striking resemblance surely to the subject intended. The manner of the artist was that of a man suddenly awakened from a profound sleep. The sketch was certainly a wonderful piece of work, considering the time and manner in which it was performed. The shading, fine touches and amount of work performed upon it, could not, it would seem, have been done by a skillful artist in two days' time; and yet there it was—the sketch of a departed quarter of an hour, and no mistake, as the jagged piece torn from the corner fitted exactly.

In finishing up his portraits, he makes no use of the first sketch, as that is taken simply for recognition, and to give one an idea as to whether it will suit or not. If found satisfactory, he takes a new piece of board, charges it with magnetism, and removes a piece from the corner as before, and without even the first rap, proceeds as at first.

Thus having been inducted, as far as possible, into the mysteries of this novel mode of drawing, our reporter retired, with a cordial invitation from the Professor to call again.—Weekly Mercury Oct. 30th.

Literary Department.

(Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Colby & Rich, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.)

THE TWO COUSINS; OR, SUNSHINE AND TEMPEST.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER IX.

A HIDE-OUT ON THE COAST.

The whole household were deeply excited by the wonderful escape of Mrs. Leigh, the women in the different wards gathering together to discuss the matter, and listening with wonder to the report from the Doctor that she was unhurt.

The first account of her death had taken such hold upon their minds that they were very reluctant to give it up. When, at last, they slowly took it in—the fact that she was alive—they said that her arms and legs were broken; but when assured of the contrary, they declared she must die of internal injury. To death they devoted the poor lady. Mrs. Johnson, of the fifth, who usually quoted the Bible or poetry on any important event, walked back and forth, repeating, "And being tempted of the devil, she went up into an exceeding high place."

"And fell down, and got up again," answered one of the ladies.

"Do not you believe that," said Mrs. Johnson. "Not all the king's horses nor all the king's men can bring that woman to life again."

All that day, from early morning till nearly noon, Auntie Dick had watched Mrs. Leigh as a mother watches a babe, till, toward noon, she fell asleep in her chair. This had never happened before, for she was a busy, restless little woman, with no sleepiness in her composition. She was roused from her sleep by a thorough shaking from some of the women, and, once sensible of the danger of Mrs. Leigh, she was like a caged lioness while the danger lasted. Miss Phelps was absent from the ward that day, Miss Brown alone being in charge. When the sad news of Mrs. Leigh's death was brought in, there was dead silence for a moment; then, as we have said, Mrs. Johnson made quotations, Miss Dead stopped her monotonous tread back and forth, which usually lasted most all day, Mrs. Ames threw her old-baby away, while poor old Mrs. Jones, who had rocked herself back and forth in her chair, day after day, till the carpet was worn through with the ceaseless motion, stopped rocking and leaned her poor, trembling head upon the arm of the chair.

Silence and decorum prevailed. Reason seemed to resume her power, and to lead these poor wanderers back to the common highway of life. Auntie Dick rifled down her sleeves, which were up, ready for any scrubbing, took off her apron, and sat down with folded hands and a look of utter misery. Two great tears rolled down her cheeks as she murmured to herself, "My poor, broken Lily!"

In the next instant, she brushed away the tears with her sleeve, doubled up her hands into two great fists as knotted and gnarled as the protuberances we sometimes see on old oaks, made up a face horrible to behold, and, sparring with both her fists, like a boxer, made motions toward Miss Brown's door, saying, "Come on! come on! I am ready for you. Would n't I like to scrub you!—yes, scrub you with strong soap and coarse sand! That is all the scrubbing I want to do for the rest of my life. Come on, I say! I am ready!"

As if in answer to the summons, the door of Miss Brown's room opened, and not Miss Brown, but a young woman came out, dressed in a gray traveling-dress, and carrying a small valise. A veil of brown tissue, long enough for a mantle, was thrown over her head, completely hiding the face. She passed quickly through the ante-room, into the hall beyond, without turning her head toward the patients.

So absorbed were they in the discussion of the late exciting event, that they failed to notice her; but Auntie Dick ran from one window to another in great haste. She stopped before a window which commanded a view of the orchard. Across this orchard runs a pathway, onward through the fields, to the city depot—a short route often taken by those who do not care to ride. The young woman in the gray dress opened a little gate in the hedge that separated the garden from the orchard and a strip of meadow beyond, and passed on till Auntie Dick lost sight of her in the distance. While the old woman sat there, straining her eyes in vain to catch another glimpse of that gray dress, Miss Love came up, with the news of Mrs. Leigh's safety.

The women, so quiet before, now shouted with joy, and the room echoed with the clatter of tongues and noisy feet. Auntie Dick sat apart, motionless and silent. Strange thoughts were surging through her brain. She held no key to the mystery, but she did hold a warm, loving, tender heart.

"Oh, Love! thou art a wonderful magician! Thou dost give an inner sight to help us guide the loved ones, and a new, keen sense to perceive the presence of danger to them. Such love as Auntie Dick bore Mrs. Leigh was as unselfish and as pure as God gives to guardian angels. For weeks she had watched over her by night

and day. She felt the presence of evil as the sons of God felt it when Satan came among them. There would be less sorrow in the world, if there were more of such love.

Miss Love said to her, "Did you hear, Auntie Dick? Mrs. Leigh is alive and well!"

"Did I hear?" said Auntie. "If I had been dead and buried under a stone, I should have heard that and come to life!"

"But you don't seem glad like the others, and yet the last words that Mrs. Leigh said before she went to sleep, were, 'Tell Auntie Dick that I am all right now!'"

"Did she say that, Honey? Did she think of poor old Auntie Dick in her trouble?"

"Yes, Auntie; but you don't seem glad like the rest!"

Two big tears followed these which had hardly dried on the old withered cheeks.

"Do you think, Honey, darling, that I don't love her because I can't laugh and dance and sing like them poor crazy women here? You ought to know Auntie Dick better than that? Haven't you seen, dear child, that my love for her has made me well? I ain't a bit like them poor things yonder. You see I look crazy because I had nothing to love. I can't tell you the story now—it is too happy a time now. But it all came of a sudden, one dreadful night! A few awfully bright moonlight. I lived here year after year, year after year, with nobody to love! Do you see that old tree down yonder that was once struck by lightning? It looked black and ugly till John Salt planted a vine near it. Now the vine runs all over it, and clings to it closer because it is rough and old. Well, that is Lily, and me. I have n't cried after her for ten years. I thought the tears were all dried up in me. I don't understand why I cried when I was sorry, and cry again now that I am so happy, but I guess it is when we are deep glad or deep sorry that we cry. Honey, dear, you tell Lily when she wakes up that Auntie Dick tried to keep her away from the window. Don't you know I did, Honey? But she—here Auntie Dick went to sparring again with her two fists, but this time toward the window—"she, you know who I mean, was too quick for me."

"Where is Miss Brown, Auntie?" asked Miss Love, not appearing to notice Auntie Dick's excitement.

"You will not find her here, for she hasn't been in the ward for two hours. Why, bless your heart! these poor critters would suffer if Auntie Dick did n't watch over them when you are away."

The old woman took hold of Miss Love's dress. "Come close to me, and let me whisper in your ear. Did you ever read in the Good Book that devils can turn into all sorts of shapes?"

"No, Auntie."

"Well, Mrs. Johnson in the 'Fifth' will say the verse to you if you will ask her; but now, Honey, run and look into that bedroom, her room; you know, where the 'witch of Endor' slept."

Miss Love did knock at that door, and receiving no response, ventured to open it. The reader knows the result.

The express train was just moving off, when the young woman in the gray dress sprang in. She was light and fleet of foot as an antelope, or as Auntie Dick expressed it, "she was spry as a cat, when she ran through the garden and orchard."

The shriek of the steam-whistle died slowly away, while a dense volume of black, sulphurous smoke rolled backward, enveloping the train, and sending its tainted breath into all the open windows of the cars.

The young woman in the gray dress took the first vacant seat, drew her long veil over her face, gathered the skirt of her dress close about her form, and turned her gaze outward. On with increasing velocity the train sped. The engineer was behind time that day, and was making up the lost hour. The passengers were not aware that the great fiery heart which beat for them was pulsating in the madness of fever heat. To one silent traveler this rapid motion was very welcome. On, through fields hundreds of acres in extent, the soft tassels of the ripened corn waving in the breeze like an army with silken banners. On, through long stretches of stubble fields, where miniature hills of ripened grain waited the thrasher's hand. On, through little towns where the swift flight of the train blotted the name from the station. On, on, through a long stretch of level country, so monotonous that the eye wearied of sameness and longed for woodland or hill.

Well for the passengers that day that the engineer was alert and cautious, that he had "eye and ear attentive bent," and knew that with one touch of his hand he could still the throbbings of that mighty heart. Do you ever think, you lady in costly robes which you draw away from the

touch of the "common herd," what you owe to that rough workman, black with smoke and toil, who, armed with lantern and hammer, creeps under the train in search of loose bolt or screw, heated tire or a broken bar? Or you, the young gentleman, with your spotless linen, silk hat, and big seal ring on hands all year to toil, do you know how worthless your life compared to that of the smoke-begrimed engineer, in red woollen shirt, greasy cap and hard hat? Had you any gratitude to that poor flag man who faltered not at his post, though he saw his infant child fall into the stream and drown before he could be released? He saved hundreds of lives that day at the sacrifice of what was dear to him as his own life.

We cry out in indignation, and with justice, when one of the least of these railroad employes is careless for a moment, falls asleep at his post, or forgets a duty, but how seldom do we feel grateful to the hundreds who, in cold and heat, in darkness and light, in storm and calm stand at their post! How small their reward compared to the responsibility!

The train stopped at last in the city of the marshes—that city which, like the water-lily, has its roots in the mud, but which blossomed at last into the fairest flower of all the valley; that city which has come out of the fire like gold refined in the furnace.

It was midnight, but the large depot was lighted by gas, which light brought into strong relief the hard, vulgar features of the few loungers that remained, and the pale, anxious faces of passengers roused from sleep to change cars, and who cast drowsy looks upon the panting engines that were going slowly back and forth, back and forth, ringing bright bells. They seemed to a looker-on to be one-eyed monsters, seeking rest and finding none.

The young woman in the gray dress had not noticed that she was alone in the car till the conductor touched her on the arm and said:

"We are in the city, ma'am; this car does not go to-night."

The touch aroused her, but she shrank from the man's civil enough in his way—as if he were a venomous reptile.

She rose and went slowly out. She had eaten nothing since morning, and her step was unsteady.

"Have a carriage, ma'am?—have a carriage, ma'am? Briggs House?—Sherman House?—National?"

She turned herself in the first carriage at hand.

"Your check, ma'am?"

"I have none. Drive immediately to the hotel!"

The driver gave one look at the pale, handsome face of the speaker, with its great black eyes, closed the door and mounted his box.

Alone in her room, the traveler hung up her bonnet, veil and sash. Still feeling oppressed, she took from her bag a white night-dress, and changed her gray suit for this loose robe, then, flinging away the pins which confined her hair, it fell in a great wavy mass about her shoulders, almost to her feet.

"Free again!—free!" she exclaimed, as she walked the room with bare feet and flowing hair. "Dead!—dead! That little doll-faced beauty—that weak girl—she is dead at last! She has gone to her baby; well, she wanted to go to it! (She thought more of the baby dead than of him living!) Bah! what was her love for him? a school-girl fancy! A fancy bird, a pretty poodle, a kitten can love like that! Oh God! why did she ever come between him and me? I would never have gone, crazy for a dead child while he remained to me! I would have bartered heaven itself for him! Have I not bartered it? No! not so she killed herself! They say her doctor! Dead! dead! Verdict: Killed herself—a suicidal patient! That is what the world will believe—and so she did. The world is right. But how came she on the roof? Ay! climbed out herself. Wasn't that window left for weeks so that a child might remove it? I did not show it to her. No—no! it was all her own act! Am I my brother's keeper?"

These last words were not spoken loud by the young woman. She thought she heard them harshly whispered in her ear. She stopped her walk across the room and stood still—"Am I my brother's keeper?" The words came again slowly, heavily, like leaden weights falling one after the other.

"Yes, yes, she was as a sister to me. But she darkened my whole life—and she is dead now! dead! I shall never see them happy together at their own fireside; that torture will never make me wretched again!"

Flinging herself on the bed, she fell asleep, but only for a short space. Starting up from a horrid dream, her eyes glared wildly round the room. The gas was burning low, and threw strange shadows into the corners of the large chamber.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" The hoarse whisper came again and yet again. Rising from her bed, she sought her carpet-bag. Taking from it a small vial, she swallowed part of its contents, and again she threw herself on the bed.

Oh! Nature! What wonderful secrets have been drawn from thy arena to calm the fevered brain!

The young woman ceased her restless tossing to and fro, the eyelids closed, and the long black lashes dropped over the flushed cheek. She lay upon the outside of the bed, her hands clasped above her head, while her long dark hair lay in great waves upon the white spread.

The ci-devant gray-headed Sarah Brown, in black stuff gown, mob-cap and spectacles, was transformed into the beautiful young creature—beautiful from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, as she lay there, motionless and silent, hushed as if Charon had permitted her—the only one of all the doomed—to quaff one long draught from Lethe. It was a deeper sleep than that produced on Auntie Dick by the same potion. Love is ever more watchful than hatred.

[Continued in our next.]

ANSWER

TO ENIGMA IN LAST BANNER.

I found a nut, and down I sat,

But nothing had to eat.

I took an E, made m-at and tea,

Which gave me quite a treat.

I'll eat my food, I will do me good,

And walk my lonely way.

Alone as yet, a friend I've met—

One who I hope will stay;

And now if we can both agree

To mate, we here can stay;

If best we deem can make a team

And on it ride away.

The population of London is given in the last census report at 3,254,260.

THANKSGIVING—1873.

BY D. C. GRANDISON.

Through realms of space swing orbs of light,
Whose jeweled radiance shines afar
Like diamonds on the brow of night,
Each burning planet beacons a star;
Each constellation of the spheres

Sweeps onward in a flight sublime—
God's great chronometers of time.
Heaven's swinging pendulums of time,
Thus through each year, in robes of light,
Our Earth has swept her circling way,
Along the shining paths of night.

Through golden avenues of day,
Each season has its genial morn,
When Nature's warring tempests cease:
She hushes her angry winter's storm,
And brings us benisons of peace,
Though conflagrations wildly burned,
And swept our cities in their wrath.

Whose granite palaces were turned
To ashes in their fiery path.
Even then, through commerce, smouldering wars,
Relief in golden currents ran—
A tide from sympathizing hearts—
That proves the brotherhood of man.

And when the skies in blackness frowned,
And storm and tempest swept the plain,
Her valleys and her hills were crowned
With clustering fruits and golden grain;
For He who notes the "sparrow's fall,"
And holds the planets in their spheres,
Hearts faintest cry of those who call

Upon his word that, through all years,
"Seed-time and harvest shall not cease,"
But every zone and every clime
With bounteous crops and large increase
Be blessed to latest day of time.
Each human heart should brim with love,
And gratitude like incense rise.

For bounties sent us from above—
For fruitful fields and genial skies.
And thus were taught no bigot's creed,
To dwarf the human soul
Who finds God's footprints in the rocks,
His form where planets roil.

For bright the torch of truth shall burn,
And science still rehearse,
"God's temples are not made with hands,"
But the wide universe
We learn to love his perfect works,
His majesty, his power;

To recognize him in the stars,
And in the opening flower;
No less in summer's vernal bloom,
In morning's holy light,
Than when he trails with sable plume
The cloudy tents of night.

His voice we hear in running brooks,
His whispers in the air;
The God we worship walks with me,
In presence everywhere.

Revising with the sun's warm kiss,
Nature shall spurn chill winter's chains;
Her pulses all be thrilled with bliss,
Electric currents course her veins;
Her cheeks suffused with summer's blush,
While sparkling dewdrops fill her eyes;
And all her mountain-tops be flushed
With rose-tints, dropping from the skies.

When Spring awakes, a gleesome child,
From its dream through the winter's night,
And the mellow air, as a mother's smile,
Wrathes her loved one's eyes in light,
So Nature's face, with the breath of Spring,
Shall laugh in buds and flowers

Awoke to life by the south wind's wing
And the dash of vernal showers.
Her streams, released, shall leap to the sea,
And their silvery voice be heard
When the cooling breeze through the forest trees
Ships the song of the wildwood bird;

When the oriole comes, in his golden vest,
And the orchards are flooded in bloom,
And we see where he hangs his swinging nest,
By the flash of his crimson plume;
When the silken web the spider weaves
Spans the paths where the squirrels run,
And the dew drops that glisten on velvet leaves
Hang as pearls in the morning sun,

And the air grows faint with sweet perfume
Exhaled from the buds and the vines,
And the wind's asleep with balms of June
And the musk of the fragrant pines.

Then Summer in robes of purple
Glides on in queenly grace,
And spreads through the tops of the maples
The glow of her radiant face;
While her breath in floating incense
From the rose-bud chalice shall rise,
When the sun quaffs up from the flow'ry cup
Dews dropped from the evening's skies,

Till August, crowned in golden sheaves,
Hangs her head "neath the tropics rays,
And the insect hid 'mong thorny leaves
Takes its home through the noontide blaze,
Where the whispering leaves of panting grain,
As they sway in the breeze of morn,
Petition the clouds to fill with rain

The urns of the thirsty corn.
So our years each keep the promise
Of harvest in the Autumn's time,
And the russet ears of September
Bear the fruits of the Summer's prime,
And our granaries groan with fatness
In the hazy Autumn days,
As the dainty step of the early frost
Sets the forests all ablaze,

And we hear the nuts from chestnut-burs
Fall dreamily through the air,
Where the scarlet plumes of the oak are twined
With the maple's golden hair,
And the sunset glides the evening clouds
As they float in golden hue,
And the arching depths of heaven above
Are draped with a deeper blue.

Yet soon these flaunting banners,
Which stream from the forest high,
Will trail in dust as the northern gust
Sweeps down from the leaden sky,
Where the Frost-King wields his sceptre
Till chilled Nature sinks to repose,
And shields her from the piercing storm
With the fleece of her Winter snows.

Other harvests have been gathered
Than these cereal crops of earth,
Of far richer, purer fruitage,
Dearer, nobler, holier worth,
As the sunshine, warm and golden,
Gilds each vale and upland round,
So in Heaven's chancel opened
Gleam their tresses glory crowned.

And from steepy heights crowned
Fall their silvery accents here:
"Fear not sin, nor power infernal—
Truth shall grasp thy eternal year!"

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY J. M. PIERCES.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—India, oh marvelous country! Land of tree-worship, serpent-worship, the lotus-flower and the mystic linga-land of the ancient Vedas and the unparalleled epics, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, with its hundred thousand stanzas! Land of the ascetic Rishis, the eighteen Puranas, and the Tri-Pitaka of the Buddhists! Land of pearl-built palaces, temple-caves, marble pillars, dust-buried ruins, walled cities, mud villages and idolatrous worship—these, all these are among the sights, the lingering memories of India's mingled glory and shame!

When legendary Rome was a panting babe, and proud Greece a boasting lad, overshadowed by Egyptian grandeur, India was far bearded and venerable with years, worshipping one God, and using in conversation the musical Sanscrit, a language not only much older than the Hebrew, but confided by all philologists to have been the richest and most thoroughly polished language of the ages! Well may India have been considered the birthplace of civilization and the primitive cradle-bed of the oriental religions.

TERRITORY AND ENGLISH RULE.

The empire of India, extending over a territory of a million and a half square miles, equals in size all Europe except the Russian. Swarming with two hundred millions of people, exhibiting almost an endless diversity of soils, productions and climate, the deltas of India's great rivers are befitting granaries for the world. And England, claiming that the sun never sets upon her dominions, holds direct rule over three-fourths of this vast country.

Early in the seventeenth century, British cupidity, looking at the immense wealth of Indian kings and princes, coveted their possessions. Under the pretext of Christianizing, and other reasons, a cause for war was manufactured. Reckless of justice, fraternity, and the New Testament principles of peace, England, in brief, decided upon a war of conquest for territory and trade for gold, diamonds and precious stones. No historian pretends to whitewash Britain's course of crime and infamy in the East. Learned Brahmins understand that history well, and, understanding, secretly hate English rule. Still, they prefer Englishmen to Mohammedans for masters. Disguised in any way, however, slavery is slavery—a condition to be hated!

The "mild Hindoo" is a common term in the Orient; and while the Hindoo is mild, forbearing, peace-loving and contemplative, the Englishman is unfeeling, stern and dictatorial. The theistic reformer, Keshub Chunder Sen, sensibly said, in a late Calcutta speech: "Muscular Christianity has little to do with the sweet religion of Jesus; and it is owing to the reckless, warlike conduct of these pseudo-Christians, that Christianity has failed to produce any wholesome moral influence upon my countrymen!"

There was a monstrous mutiny in 1756; there have been minor mutinies since; and, mark it well, there is destined to be another, eclipsing in blood and carnage all the others. The Aryan-descended Indians love liberty and self-government.

WHENCE THE HINDOOS?

The Aryan tribes, inhabiting the highlands of Central Asia, the banks of the Oxus, and the southern slopes of the Caspian Sea, emigrating, entered India by the northern passes, and descended into the valley of the Indus, and then that of the Ganges, attaining their full strength and development along the rich alluvial valleys of the latter river. They brought with them agricultural implements, some of the fine arts, and the elegant Sanscrit. "Brought it from where? or in what country did it originate?" The inquiry, natural enough, shall be noticed hereafter.

In this great and fertile country, the Aryans—primitive Hindoos—found themselves in comparative security. The aborigines, supposed by some to be of "Turanian descent," fled, in many cases, to the mountain fastnesses before them, as though conscious of their physical inferiority.

The Aryan type, including the pre-historic races of Central and Northern Africa, the Caucasians of Europe, the Assyrians of Western Asia, and the fair-skinned, Sanscrit-speaking people who entered India from the north, developed, wherever it settled, marvelous civilizations. The purest Aryan blood at present is found in Northern India; but wherever within the bounds of the Indian Empire, to-day, you find light complexioned, noble-featured Brahmins, you find direct descendants of the ancient Aryans.

The non-Aryan natives, called, in the Rig Veda, Dasys, Rakshasas, Asuras and others, with outlandish-sounding names, were dark-complexioned, yet timid, spiritually-minded tribes. Remnants of them, ever the physical inferiors of their Northern invaders, are still found in the mountainous districts of interior and Southern India. Known now under the names, *Todas, Gonds, Bhets, Kols, Korkus, Buggis, Chupars,* and others, the *Parakas*. Some of these tribes have only hair and no teeth. The influence of the Aryan element into the aboriginal stock took place rapidly; and yet, the observant traveler among them will come upon stratum after stratum, showing in a distinct manner the intermediate stages between the two races. Generally, the physical type diverges from aboriginal features and manners toward Brahminical Hindooism. Some of these aboriginal races have so verged toward the status of Brahminism that they have assumed the "sacred thread," claiming membership with the "twice-born caste."

GROWTH AND LITERATURE OF THE ARYAN HINDOOS.

None of the other oriental countries have clung to so many of their primitive customs, retained so much of their early literature, experienced so few internal dissensions, or suffered so little from ancient Aryan invasions, as the Hindoos. Early in the history of the world, the Hindoos, the dangerous and nomadic, mounted ranges along the northern boundaries of India presented formidable barriers to conquering hordes from Northern Asia. Accordingly, while the nationalities of Central and Northern Africa, in pre-pyramidal times, as well as the populous countries of Central and Eastern Asia, were engaged in wars both civil and aggressive, destroying, so far as possible, all the historic monuments of antiquity, and exterminating every vestige of literature within the enemy's reach, the Aryans of India seem to have been left in comparative peace and isolation—left to work out the problem of civilization and mental culture, unaffected by foreign influences or ravaging internal revolutions.

The advancement for a time was all that could be desired. The Aryan-Hindoo stood upon the world's pinnacle of progress. This was the era of the Mahabharata, 1300 B. C., of Manu the law-giver and Panini the great grammarian, and of the Sanhitas and Brahmanas, of the Vedas, and of the Sastras, all something like a 1000 B. C. Brahmins, educated in English colleges and learned in the Sanscrit, insist that Homer modeled his verses after their ancient poets. Putting it plainer, they boldly affirm that Homer's Iliad was "prigged"—largely borrowed from the Mahabharata.

Though this was the golden age of Aryan learning, mental friction was wanting. The national intellect, at this point, became either stationary or shaded off into the metaphysical and the speculative. The inductive method of research was abandoned. Mystical theorizing ran rampant.

Though the Vedas distinctly taught the existence of one Supreme Being, a dreamy mythology slowly sprung into existence, and fastened its fangs upon the national mind. Chieftains and heroes were made gods. Imagination painted and tradition ascribed to them valorous deeds and marvellous attributes as unnatural as mountains. The ignorant masses, craving their images in stone, and seeking daily to fall to worshipping them, while the higher classes, either cultivated philosophy and deductive abstractions, or mentally merged away into a passive self-meditation, looking for final rest in Nirvana.

INDIA UNDER MY OBSERVATION.

Steaming through wind and wave out of the Bay of Bengal, Indiaward, we entered the broad mouth of the Ganges, Hooghly, one of the outlets of the Ganges, and, consequently, to Hindoos a sacred stream. Calcutta is something like a hundred miles from the mouth of this river. Though the banks are low and nearly level, the stretching jungle thickly shaded, the cultivation only ordinary, the stately palms, coconut-groves and luxuriant vegetation along this winding Mississippi of the East, rendered the scenery decidedly attractive.

Just previous to reaching the city, we passed the royal mansions of the ex-King of Oude. This prisoner of state, though despising the English, as do the Rajahs generally, maintains much of his kingly magnificence, and gets besides a yearly stipend from the English Government. A Mohammedan in religion, preferring polygamy to monogamy, his social instincts are said to be decidedly animal. Several European women grace—rather disgrace—his harem. Within the enclosure of his private, high-walled grounds he keeps quite a menagerie of wild beasts, and continues to repair a large artificial mound, said to contain two thousand missing serpents. It was feared at one time, that he would let loose benas and serpents upon the city.

CALCUTTA.

On the 7th of July, by the steamer "Statendam," we reached the capital of British India—the famous City of Palaces. The importance of custom-house officers, diluted upon by some of our fellow-passengers, proved a fraud. They were simply gentlemen doing their duty.

The hot, rainy season had just commenced. It was truly oppressive the first few days. In the city and along the delta of the Ganges the mercury frequently rises to one hundred and twenty degrees, reminding one of the sun-scorched clime of Africa. In landing, half-naked coolies clamored loudly for our baggage; actually they exiled the New York hackmen. Dr. Dunn, fighting his way through the crowd, bravely, saw the trucks safely aboard the *Gharie* for the *Great Endrick*. The rooms in these Asiatic hotels are high, commodious and oriental, even to the *puddles*.

MEN IN THE CITY.

The first movement was to report in person to Gen. Litchfield, the American Consul, whom we found a most genial and sunny-souled gentleman. His family residence is Grand Rapids, Michigan. Gen. Grant was singularly fortunate in his consular appointments at Calcutta, Singapore, Hong Kong, and Melbourne. Having made the acquaintance of Keshub Chunder Sen in London, several years since, to inquire about Spiritualism and the progress of the Brahmo Samaj in India, I sent him my card, receiving in reply a most cordial welcome to his country. Our future interviews, I trust, were mutually pleasing and profitable. Though singularly non-committal upon the causes of spiritual phenomena, he extends the hand of fellowship to Spiritualism, because a phase of liberalism.

Knowing something of the Unitarian missionary, Rev. C. H. A. Dall, through the Liberal Christian, and being the bearer of a letter from Herman Show, of San Francisco, Cal., I called upon him at No. 24 Mott's Lane, Calcutta, where he has a flourishing school for boys, with several native teachers. He has joined the Brahmo Samaj, preaching at present little if any Unitarianism, and nothing new in the way of religion to send to the Brahmins of India.

Daily counting money, Mr. Dall was at first not very communicative, although he warmed up when the conversation turned upon progress and the natural relations existing between radical Unitarianism and true Spiritualism. Having read of "free love," "fanaticism," and other rubbish floating upon the "spiritual river of life," he not only refused, but certainly lacked a knowledge of the Spiritual Philosophy. Our chat became quite spicy. In residence, priestly presence, or, perhaps, palace, during these round-the-world wanderings, have I evaded or hidden my belief in Spiritualism? No one principled in truth, or fired with a spark of genuine manhood, would so do, even though shunned by the slim goal of the age—"society." Policy, cunning and craft, is king of the hells! Worldly gain is spiritual loss.

Calcutta, founded by the "Old East India Company," near the close of the seventeenth century, is the site of an ancient city called *Kali Kutta*, sacred to the goddess Kali, has a population of about 800,000, some 17,000 of which are Europeans.

CITY SUBURBS AND NIGHT-SEEING.

The gardens, the bright foliage, the luscious fruitage, and the palm-crowned suburban scenery generally, win at once the traveler's admiration. The Government House, the High Court, the massive Museum, yet unfinished, and other city buildings, are magnificent structures. The Post Office, imposing in appearance, is built upon the site of the notorious "Black Hole" of mutiny memory, where one hundred and forty-six prisoners, thrust into a room eighteen feet square, were left in a sultry night to smother and perish. Only a few survived. The act was infamous. The Maidan below the gardens, crowned with a *barometre*, is the fashionable resort in the evening time. The drive skirts the river and for phyety and costly equipage, Paris can hardly parallel it. Through the kindness of our Consul-General I was privileged with a carriage ride in the gray of twilight down the river and around the square to the music-stand, where the Queen's band nightly discourses delicious music. The seclude surroundings, the blending of occidental style with oriental grandeur, cannot well be described. Many of the costumes were singularly unique, and the social intercourse remarkably free from any stiff provincialisms. All had fashions, and styles of their own. The rich *barometre*—Hindoo gentlemen—occupied prominent positions in the gay procession and motley gathering.

Lower-caste Hindoo life is seen in the bazaars—and though there are disgusting sights and rank odors along the narrow native streets, we neither heard nor saw the Calcutta jackals so often described by romancing writers. Crows, however, may be numbered by myriads. Nestling at night in the ornamental shade-trees of the city, they engage early in the morning at the scavenger business, and often mistake the kitchen for their legitimate field of operations. "Tall, work-like birds, called 'chattars,' also do scavenger-work. At night they perch upon the tops of the public buildings, standing like sentinels on guard.

The city is watered from immense reservoirs. The natives bathe in them, wash their garments in them, and then filling their goat-skins for domestic purposes, and slinging them under the arm, supported by a strap, they trudge moodily away to their employer's residence. Drinking water is drawn from wells in a very primitive way. Women have but few privileges. They seldom appear in the streets, and then, if married, they veil their faces. One is continually reminded, while studying the Hindoo socially, of Old Testament manners and customs.

RIVER SCENES, JUGGERNAUT, AND THE BANIAN TREE.

Occupying a place in General Litchfield's harbor, we drove along early one morning by the river's side, some four miles, witnessing the bathing and worship of the Hindoos in the flowing Hooghly. Gesticulating, bowing, sprinkling themselves, and intoning prayers, these worshippers counted their beads much as do the Catholics. Paying no regard to the Christian's Sunday or the Mohammedan's Friday, these sincere Hindoos hold in great reverence

festival days of their gods. The English Government grants the different religions of the country some sixty holidays during the year.

Unfortunately we reached India just too late to see the yearly Juggernaut festival, during which the great idol-car in Eastern India is drawn with such gushing enthusiasm! Believing devotees do not, however, throw themselves voluntarily and thus die a glorious death, as crushed, as falsifying churchmen, at a widely reported. While the excitement is at a high pitch, careless devotees may accidentally fall into the rotating wheels, and perish. This actually happened the present year. And so similar accidents often occur on Fourth of July occasions in America. That a few impulsive fanatics in the past may have purposely rushed under the ponderous wheels, much as Christian pilgrims in the Crusade period walked through Palestine with bare feet, to die by the Holy Sepulchre—is quite probable. Fanaticism has been common to all religions.

But crossing the river on this delightful morning, by the banks of which nestled neatness and filth—Christy and demoniac men in close proximity—we were soon strolling through the Botanical Gardens, admiring tropical flowers—with the lilies white, golden and purple—on our way to the crowning glory of the gardens, the great banian-tree—*atlas* the bread-fruit tree of the East. This grand old tree fully met our expectations, only that it bore berries about the size of acorns, instead of bread. The natives are very fond of them. While this gigantic tree is not tall, it is wide-spreading and symmetrically shaped; and, though not an overgrowth, it is clothed in a dark green, glossy foliage, radiating at sunrise a thousand vivid tints, varied as beautiful. This Calcutta banian-tree, throwing down to the soil one hundred and thirty creep-like limbs, all forming trunks—symbols of the American Union (many in one)—would afford shade or shelter in a light rain-storm for two thousand persons. No traveler in the East should miss of seeing it. Tradition says that Alexander's army of ten thousand, in the fourth century B. C., sheltered itself, while in Northern India, under the far-reaching branches of a princely banian. Just after leaving this kindly tree there fluttered up before us from a clump of date palms a fine flock of green-plumaged parrots.

THE HINDOO FACE AND CHARACTER.

The higher classes of these Asiatics have fine-looking faces. Tall and rather commanding in person, easy and graceful in movement, they may be pleasant open countenances, dark eyes with long eye-brows, glossy black hair—for which they seem proud—thoughtful casts of expression, and full, high foreheads. The complexion is olive, shaded, according to caste and in-door or out-door exercise, toward the dark of the Nubian, or white of the Northernman. In Northern India they are nearly as fair as Caucasians; and what is more, English scholars have been forced to admit that the Hindoo mind, in capacity, is not a whit behind the European. In hospitality they have no superiors. The lower, oppressed classes, as in other countries, are rude, rustic, and vulgar.

As a people I have found the Hindoos exceedingly polite. When two Brahmins meet, lifting each the hand—or both hands—to the forehead, they say, "Namaskar"—"I respectfully salute you!" Sometimes the inferior bows and touches the feet of the higher personage, the latter exclaiming, "I bless you, may you be happy!" The Hindoo, naturally mild, meek, and fond of peace, will sooner put up with oppression than engage in a battle of reclamation. An English ethnologist considers him sufficiently "womanly" to be considered reforming. Certainly, his docile and cool self-possession, inclining him to sail tranquilly along the placid waters of life, present a striking contrast to the impatient, ambitious and dictatorial spirit of Anglo-Saxons. Each and all, however, fill their places in the pantheon of history.

THE KALI GHAT AND SLAIN GOATS.

Religion, when unlighted by education and guided by reason, degenerates into superstition. The Kali temple, situated in the suburbs of Calcutta, sacred to the ugly-looking, blood-thirsty goddess *Kali*, was to me a deeply interesting sight, because showing unadulterated Hindooism in its present low, degraded state. The shrines and the altars, the flower-covered *ding* and the crimson yard all were dripping with the blood of goats sacrificed at the rising of the sun, forcibly reminding me of the Old Testament sacrifices offered as sweet-smelling savors to Jehovah, the tutelary god of the Jews. The bowing of the face to the earth, the kissing of cold stones, the sneering of the face with mud, the liturgical mutterings, and the howling beggary by the wayside, were all repulsive in the extreme. The temple was only a coarse ordinary structure. Being Christians, we were not permitted to pass the threshold. These temples are not constructed as are churches, to hold the people; but rather as imposing shelters for the gods, priests, and sacerdotal offerings. The worship of the sun, formerly reminded me of the Old Testament sacrifices offered as sweet-smelling savors to Jehovah, the tutelary god of the Jews. The bowing of the face to the earth, the kissing of cold stones, the sneering of the face with mud, the liturgical mutterings, and the howling beggary by the wayside, were all repulsive in the extreme. The temple was only a coarse ordinary structure. Being Christians, we were not permitted to pass the threshold. These temples are not constructed as are churches, to hold the people; but rather as imposing shelters for the gods, priests, and sacerdotal offerings. The worship of the sun, formerly reminded me of the Old Testament sacrifices offered as sweet-smelling savors to Jehovah, the tutelary god of the Jews. The bowing of the face to the earth, the kissing of cold stones, the sneering of the face with mud, the liturgical mutterings, and the howling beggary by the wayside, were all repulsive in the extreme. The temple was only a coarse ordinary structure. Being Christians, we were not permitted to pass the threshold. These temples are not constructed as are churches, to hold the people; but rather as imposing shelters for the gods, priests, and sacerdotal offerings. The worship of the sun, formerly reminded me of the Old Testament sacrifices offered as sweet-smelling savors to Jehovah, the tutelary god of the Jews. The bowing of the face to the earth, the kissing of cold stones, the sneering of the face with mud, the liturgical mutterings, and the howling beggary by the wayside, were all repulsive in the extreme. The temple was only a coarse ordinary structure. Being Christians, we were not permitted to pass the threshold. These temples are not constructed as are churches, to hold the people; but rather as imposing shelters for the gods, priests, and sacerdotal offerings. The worship of the sun, formerly reminded me of the Old Testament sacrifices offered as sweet-smelling savors to Jehovah, the tutelary god of the Jews. The bowing of the face to the earth, the kissing of cold stones, the sneering of the face with mud, the liturgical mutterings, and the howling beggary by the wayside, were all repulsive in the extreme. The temple was only a coarse ordinary structure. Being Christians, we were not permitted to pass the threshold. These temples are not constructed as are churches, to hold the people; but rather as imposing shelters for the gods, priests, and sacerdotal offerings. The worship of the sun, formerly reminded me of the Old Testament sacrifices offered as sweet-smelling savors to Jehovah, the tutelary god of the Jews. The bowing of the face to the earth, the kissing of cold stones, the sneering of the face with mud, the liturgical mutterings, and the howling beggary by the wayside, were all repulsive in the extreme. The temple was only a coarse ordinary structure. Being Christians, we were not permitted to pass the threshold. These temples are not constructed as are churches, to hold the people; but rather as imposing shelters for the gods, priests, and sacerdotal offerings. The worship of the sun, formerly reminded me of the Old Testament sacrifices offered as sweet-smelling savors to Jehovah, the tutelary god of the Jews. The bowing of the face to the earth, the kissing of cold stones, the sneering of the face with mud, the liturgical mutterings, and the howling beggary by the wayside, were all repulsive in the extreme. The temple was only a coarse ordinary structure. Being Christians, we were not permitted to pass the threshold. These temples are not constructed as are churches, to hold the people; but rather as imposing shelters for the gods, priests, and sacerdotal offerings. The worship of the sun, formerly reminded me of the Old Testament sacrifices offered as sweet-smelling savors to Jehovah, the tutelary god of the Jews. The bowing of the face to the earth, the kissing of cold stones, the sneering of the face with mud, the liturgical mutterings, and the howling beggary by the wayside, were all repulsive in the extreme. The temple was only a coarse ordinary structure. Being Christians, we were not permitted to pass the threshold. These temples are not constructed as are churches, to hold the people; but rather as imposing shelters for the gods, priests, and sacerdotal offerings. The worship of the sun, formerly reminded me of

Undeniable Evidence!

ONE OF THE GREATEST TESTS
OF THE
Truths of Spiritualism!
THE GREAT LITERARY SENSATION!
THE
MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD
COMPLETED
BY THE SPIRIT-PEN OF
CHARLES DICKENS.
The press declare the work to be written in
"Dickens's Happiest vein!"
To show the demand there is for this work, it may be well
to state that the
**First edition of 10,000 copies has been in advance of
the press.**
A few opinions of the press on published extracts:
"From the *Boston Herald*, July 25,
"Shure had Christmas, the author has back at work
steadily and as busily, producing a work which resem-
bles Dickens so closely as to make one start, as though hear-
ing the voice of some one close by."

Dickensian. "If Mr. Charles Dickens had written the book, we should say that he had inherited his father's 'ability and manner to a greater degree than the help of any other literary man with whom we were acquainted.'"

From the Hartford Courant Times.

"It is almost equally certain alike, whether one regards it as a literary, transcendental, or a social manifestation of some of that great power and pathos which have been the glory of the South Sea Islands, that the ghostly extracts from the ghostly second volume do, undeniably, exhibit many characteristics of Dickens as a writer."

From the Worcester West Chronicle.

"Not only surprising talent, but much flavor of the real Dickens is to be traced in the book. The style of Emerson has already come forth from the pencil point of this Spiritualist to awaken the liveliest interest and enthusiasm. The public will await further treatises with high expectation."

From the Nashua (N. H.) Telegraph.

"The captiousness of new critics are given in full by

the *Union*, and among them are the following, which are certainly in Dickens's happiest vein. . . . Quotations are also given, which all admirers of Dickens will be compelled to confess are not unworthy of his pen.

From the *Springfield Union*, July 26, . . .

Each one of the *dramatic personæ* is as distinctly, as characteristically himself and nobody else, in the second reading.

There are forty-three chapters in the whole Work, which embraces that portion of it written prior to the decease of the great benefactor, and contains many beautiful and useful pages, in handsomely gilt binding.

Price \$2.00, postage 34 cents.

For sale by wholesale and retail, at the LIBRARY & RECH. at No. 9 Montgomery place, Boston, Mass.

NOW READY.

The Proceedings of the Tenth Annual Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists, held in Chicago, Ill., Sept. 16th, 17th and 18th, 1873, photographically reported, is now ready.

This book, of nearly 200 pages, contains every word uttered to the Convention, all its business, all its speeches, and the great variety of phenomena exhibited.

**ORIGIN AND PROGRESS
OF THE MOVEMENT FOR THE
RECOGNITION OF THE
CHRISTIAN GOD, JESUS CHRIST,
(AND THE BIBLE,
IN THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION**

BY W. F. JAMISON.

Price 6 cents, postage 2 cents.
For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, COLVER
& RICE, 107 No. 2 Montgomery Street, Boston, Mass.

**A ROMAN LAWYER
IN JERUSALEM:
First Century.**
BY W. W. STORY.

The story of Antias Isearion is here related in a different light from that usually given by the Evangelists.

Price five cents, postage 2 cents.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, COLBY & BUSH, at No. 3 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

RELIGION AND DEMOCRACY.

A lecture delivered before the Society of Spiritualists assembled at Robinson Hall, New York City, October 19th, 1879, by H. C. LYNDEN.

Price 2 cents, postage 2 cents.

For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & BUSH, at No. 3 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

THE NEW FRENCH SYSTEM.

OF MEDICAL ELECTRICITY

M^R. WM. BRETHER AND **M^{RS}. EMMA HAR-**
VEY, PHYSICIENS, graduate of the European and
Parisian Schools of Electricity, late associate of Dr. E. Z.
Beth, J. Frey, and chief operator of the Philadelphia
Electrical Clinics, are prepared to examine and
treat every case of Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia,
Sciatica, etc., by means of the most improved and
highly successful new French system of Electricity, the
most reliable method of Therapeutics ever discovered. T

PHYSICIANS

Especially: Examinations made for patients and **Physicians** by the
Infallible Electrical Cranial Diagnosis
 Practiced only by the Graduates of the new French School
 and acknowledged to be the greatest scientific discovery of
 the age.
 Instruction in Anatomy and Physiology, illustrated by
 surgical methods.
 155 West Broadway-street, Boston, 2d door from Tremont-
 street. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. SAT. EVE. & SUND.

W. H. MUMLER,

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHER

AFTER a short respite from business, is now ready to resume sittings.

Parties at a distance who desire Spirit Photographs, without being present, will receive full information by sending stamp to

W. W. BAKER

W. H. MUMLER,
170 West Springfield street, Boston.
Nov. 22.-1w*
Dr. Garvin's Catarrh Powder.
A SAFE and reliable remedy for the cure of Catarrh

A Head, THE LEAVE a celebrated Physician
 this city, says: "I would not take for thousands
 this city, says: "I would not take for thousands
 more, I was reduced very low with Catarrh, and it
 cured."

Billed, Two paid, 1 Package.....	81.00
For sale wholesale.....	7.00
For sale retail.....	10.00

No. 100 North County Place, Boston, Mass.

ROOMS TO LET.

TWO SPACIOUS ROOMS in the new Building N.
 Montgomery Place, are ready for occupants. Have
 modern conveniences. Apply at the Bookstore, No. 11
 N. Montgomery in the afternoon. - Nov. 1.

W. M. WHITE, M. D., 515 West 32d St.
 N. near Broadway, New York, author of the treatise
 Manual of Medical Electricity, and Professor of Electric
 Therapeutics in the New York Free Medical College.
 - Nov. 2.

MRS. HENRIETTA KNIGHT, Magnolia Pl.
 sician, No. 16 25th street, near Fur Fair avenue, New
 York. Public Circles for communications and tests ev-
 ery Sunday. - Nov. 2. Good medicines always present.
 - Nov. 2.

Message Department.

EACH Message in this Department of the Banner of Light we claim was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of

MRS. J. H. CONANT.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. All those who have the earthy sphere in a modelled state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Public Circles are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 114 West 19th Street, (second story) every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The Hall will be open at two o'clock, and we commence at precisely three o'clock, at which time the doors will be closed, neither allowing entrance nor exit until the close of the service. In case of necessity, any one desiring to leave the room during the service, the fact must be signified to the chairman, and permission will be granted to retire after the expiration of five minutes. But it is to be hoped that visitors will remain throughout the session, as every spiritualist knows that disturbing influences produce inhumanity, and this our spirit friends particularly object to us to avoid, if possible. As these circles are free, we have no doubt that visitors will be greatly comforted and edified. The questions answered at these Sessions are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

Donations of flowers for our Circle Room solicited.

Mrs. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock, P. M. She gives no private sittings.

SCALED LETTERS.—Visitors at our Free Circles have the privilege of placing sealed letters on the table for brief answer by the spirits. First, write one or two proper questions, addressing the spirit questioned by his or her full name, then put them in an envelope, seal it, and write your own address on the envelope. At the close of the service, the Chairman will return the letter to the writer. Questions should not place letters for answer upon our circle table, expecting lengthy replies, otherwise they will be disappointed.

LEWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

Invocation.

Oh Thou, who in the beginning breathed upon matter and it became possessed of a living soul, thou First and Last, and all of Life and Being, thy children have gathered here, this hour, to receive thy blessing. They have come, the living and the dead, in counsel; they represent all nations and all grades of intelligence. Father-Spirit, bless them then.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, I am ready to hear your questions.

QUEST.—(From a correspondent.) Do spirits after re-incarnation recognize those they knew before? And do they who are spiritually afflicted before re-incarnation, continue to be so after, in any of all cases?

ANS.—Re-incarnation is a term that may be used signifying more than one thing. It may signify perception, or it may signify an entire knowledge of the object perceived. Now, the soul's powers of recognition with regard to its fellows and with regard to its surroundings, are dependent upon the condition externally in which the soul finds itself at the time. Now, there are many living on earth who are re-incarnated, who have lived other natural lives than the one they are now living, yet they have no knowledge of the fact; they cannot tell that they ever lived before; they have not the faintest gleam of intelligence pointing in that direction. What is the reason?

The reason is, that the soul, at the time—the present time, is not exercising its powers in the past, but has them absorbed in the present, and perhaps eliminated into the future; but it is evident, from the fact that memory with the soul does not go back and take up these events and bring them into the present, that the soul is not active in the past, at the present time. That is the cause, the absolute and perfect cause. Now, there are others who have a faint idea that they have lived another life. They seem to perceive a something of the past; they tell you that they seem to be at the present time living two lives—one goes into the past, the other takes firm hold of the present. Now this comes in consequence of the soul's being partially active with regard to the past; certain powers of the soul are active in that direction. That is evident; it cannot be otherwise, and so it brings into the present the experiences of the past. There are others who have a distinct remembrance of having lived another life. They can tell you the name they bore in that life, what their occupation was, how long they lived, and how they lived, and where. These souls are very active in the past; their powers are not all used up in the present, but they are stretching away into that that has been, bringing it in as soul-offerings upon the altar of the now; that is why they remember. But, I have said, that these conditions of the soul were dependent upon the soul's surroundings, and so they are. For example, the individual who remembers having lived another life sees perhaps in an ancient coin, in a relic of other days, a window through which a light is streaming, lighting up the past, taking him back, as it were, into that past. Show such an individual anything with which he has been familiar in a prior life, and it will immediately arouse his mind to activity in that past, and it will bring it like a faithful servant into present memory, and leave upon the record of the present distinct reflections of what has been.

Q.—Is a spirit which in its earth-life occupied a female form, ever re-incarnated in a male form, and vice-versa?

A.—Yes. It should be understood, at the outset, that all souls are principles, and, if they are, they are powers, holding within themselves the male and the female, the positive and the negative of being; therefore it is just as lawful and as natural for a soul that has passed through one life and has inhabited a male form, to take upon itself, in another life, a female form, as that it should always remain in one class of form. If the soul were not a principle this would be otherwise; but, as it is, the law may be said to run both ways, or to embrace the two, forming a circle, completing the thing. The life-principle would be incomplete without it embracing the male and female element.

Q.—Are they obliged to pass through both forms before becoming perfect spirits?

A.—No; they are not. The same elements that go to make up the form female go to make up the form male. The female looks out upon Nature, beholds the mountains and the valleys,

the ocean and the dry land, and reads God's wondrous scriptures of Nature by the same process that the male does; therefore the soul gets the same education through the one as through the other; the difference is only in degree.

Prof. Faraday.

It is a matter of wonder to many spirits, in and out of the body, that the entire world of scientific minds have not long ago made themselves more thoroughly acquainted with this philosophy of life; but the longer I abide in the spirit-world the less I wonder at this condition of things. Now the student, in taking up Modern Spiritualism to analyze it, finds, at the outset, something with which he is already familiar. It may be the presence of electricity. "Oh," he says, "I have studied electricity before; it is nothing but that?" and he gives it up at once. Another student perhaps takes it up, and the first condition that meets him is what has been popularly termed "old force." "Oh," he says, "that's nothing but old force; we have studied enough of that?" So he lays it down. Another takes it up, and he is met by the magnetic, the magnet, the power. "Oh," he says, "that is nothing but magnetism! I've studied that long ago! I am tired of that?" and he lays it upon the shelf. And so they go on, each one being met by some familiar force, and, therefore, abandoning the thing as a something with which they themselves are already quite familiar.

Now instead of pressing on to see just how much this thing contains, whether it is anything more than electricity, whether it is anything more than magnetism, whether it is anything more than old force, they lay it down too quick. If they would press on they would find that it is the all of life; that it is the science of all other sciences; and, embracing all; that it can and will not only tell how the grain of sand is formed, but how worlds and souls are formed, and what becomes of the whole—from whence all things are, and whither all things are to go.

It is very apparent to me that this spiritual flood of power that is expanding itself in an infinite variety of ways throughout the entire world, must, ere long, produce some mental convulsion—something which shall be analogous to an earthquake. Now, when there are any extraordinary convulsions in the world of Nature, men make inquiries as to what means, and inquiring minds are not satisfied till they know, till they have solved the problem, till they find out the wherefore of the earthquake, the wherefore of the eclipse, or whatever it may be, and I predict it will be so with regard to Modern Spiritualism.

Soon, by an aggregation of forces that must expend themselves in some definite direction, there will be a great mental upheaval—a wondrous convulsion in the mental, in the intellectual world; and then, and then, through the human mind, will turn its face that way; and, if I am not mistaken, keep it steadily there, until it has solved the problem and made itself acquainted with this, the most glorious of all sciences. I was opposed to it when in the body, because I saw only the dark side of it. I saw that, if it continued to exist, it would prove a powerful leviathan that would make very great destruction in church and governments; but I did not look beyond, to see if it had anything better to offer than what we already had. I, like my fellow-students, laid it on the shelf. Thinking it was something I already knew about, I desired nothing further in that direction. Believing, as I did, that certain culpable minds were making use of forces that were in existence, to humbug the world and produce an entire change of affairs in church and government, I believed this; but, seeing as I now do, differently, from a higher, clearer standpoint, I would invite the student to come with me. I will stretch my spirit-hand across the sea of death to lead any inquiring minds that may ask for me to lead them, out of the conditions which have surrounded this beautiful philosophy, into clearer, holier and more perfect light. I was called, when here, Prof. Faraday.

Tom Devine.

My name, sir, was Tom Devine. I lived in South Boston. I was born in Cornwall, Derby Co., Ireland. I have four brothers and two sisters. They are all in this country except the two oldest brothers. What brings me here just now is this: I have an old uncle that has just died in the old country, and has willed all his property to my youngest brother and sister. The sister was called, after his mother, and the brother after himself; and the two oldest brothers—well, they're not doing right about it—that's all I have to say; and I think that Matthew had better go on there and see about it himself. That's what brings me here. Though I don't want to say anything against my oldest brothers, yet they're not doing just right. Tell Matthew—that's the one that's here—the one it belongs to—he'd better go and see about it for himself and Margaret; it belongs to them.

I don't ask anything for coming in this way. I only ask that my brother will be kind to those that have need, and be upright, honest and true to himself and everybody else, as long as he lives. Be easy, be easy with our brothers; that's best. Don't make any trouble for 'em. Just get your own as quietly as you can, and come away; that's my advice to you. If you follow it, you will be the better off. Good-day, sir.

Oct. 16.

James Fisk.

To a question which has been sent me—the question is this: "Do you think Edward Stokes will be hung?"—I have this answer to give: "Not if I can help it." According to the laws governing in these matters throughout the entire States of the Union, he ought to be hung; but if I can help it, he won't be. There are cowards enough in the spirit-world here, without sending him to make one more. Keep him here; imprison him; educate him; make a man of him, if you can. I doubt whether you can or no. Do your best toward it, and do not send him to the spirit-world, like a half-fledged chicken. Good-day. James Fisk.

Oct. 16.

Minnie Talbot.

My name is Minnie Talbot. My father's a lawyer in the city of New York. I died on the 16th day of last March, and I would like that my mother should know that I am alive and happy, and that I shall get a better education than I would have got if I had lived here—get it easier, too.

When I was twelve years old I was to have been sent away to a boarding-school. I always objected to it, but mother said she supposed it

must be, *she said*, and I was to be reconciled. Now, mother, press me, *she said*, am I at boarding-school, and am I filled with misery? Then you'll feel better about *she said*, gone a little sooner, just a little *she said* (after a minute's pause), I am away, and if you want to send me anything you can, through the action of your mind. Just sit down and say to yourself, "I wish Minnie had this or that"—and I shall get it, mother, just the same as if you sat down and made it for me—that is making it. Don't try any more. Just feel happy about it; just think I am gone away to school; it's the grandest school that ever you saw, too. Oh, I tell you, mother, they don't use their scholars in the spirit-world as they do here; they learn differently; it is easier every way, and we like it—we are happy. I know I should have been dreadful unhappy if I had been away from you at boarding-school, mother, so now, just think of me as away to school, and be happy about it. You said you would make up your mind to be, now see if you can. Good-day, sir.

Oct. 16.

Lydia Stephens.

My name was Lydia Stephens. I was born in Spencetown, N. H. My maiden name was Sanborn—Lydia Sanborn. I have two children in earth-life. One is nine years old—the youngest; the other is in her twenty-first year—the oldest. My oldest is married, and living in California. There was some misunderstanding between her and me when she went away. I objected on good grounds, as I then thought, to her marrying the man she did, so she got offended with me and went away. She was always a good child. I know her heart is all right, and I come here to apprise her of my death, and to ask her to be a mother to her little sister. Lucy, be a mother to Emma. She's all alone now. It is my wish that you take her—that you do by her just as if she were your child. I know you will be kind to her. I know you will do right by her. Remember it is your mother from the soul-world who asks it.

Oct. 16.

Henry C. Wright.

A skeptical friend—skeptical with regard to the power of his own senses to convey truthful impressions to his soul, I mean—desires to know from me, at this place, if I manifested to him five weeks ago at the séance given by the Eddy Brothers—if he did indeed shake hands with me. Yes, he did. I did manifest to him just as much as I ever did here, in my own body. Henry C. Wright. Good-day, Lewis [to the Chairman].

Oct. 16.

Séance conducted by Professor Olmstead.

Invocation.

Oh thou who art infinite in wisdom, love and power, we thank thee that the kingdom of thy love is around about us, and that thy power is outworking itself through us, and thereby leading us, step by step, higher and nearer to thee. We thank thee for Mother Nature's falling tears, for in them we behold a prophecy of good to humanity—a mild winter and an early spring is written on every falling drop. For this, in behalf of humanity, we thank thee; for there are poor and sorrowing ones scattered all over the world, who, in the cold frosts of winter, are pinched with cold and with hunger; the hand of suffering is laid heavily upon them. So, then, for them, every falling drop is a harbinger of glad tidings. We thank thee, our Father, for all thy benefits which meet us at every turn, for thy loving kindness which is spread out in universal life. Although much of sadness, much of sorrow, much of pain is everywhere apparent, yet it is all modified by thy love and the knowledge of its necessity. Father-Spirit, receive our praises for all that thou hast done for us. We bring unto the altar of this hour our hopes and our fears; but we bring also a sublime trust, in thee which stretches out into the infinite future. Father, we trust thee because we love thee, and do not fear thee. In thy kingdom we shall ever rest secure; in thy love we shall ever feel blessed; in thy power we shall ever pursue the way of life as thou mayest direct, singing our little song of praise, and sending out our little petition in prayer, knowing that thou wilt hear us and thou wilt answer us, forever and forever, as we call. Amen.

Oct. 20.

Questions and Answers.

QUEST.—[From a correspondent.] By the process of combustion, decay and evaporation, there passes into the atmosphere in an invisible form an immense amount of matter, including nearly, if not every, known element in the world. Water returns to us as rain; but what becomes of the rest?

ANS.—It revolves perpetually in atmospheric life, until it is called for by the law of Nature and of change to go toward making up some other form of life—some distinct form—some entity of itself. This power which resides in the atmosphere is being constantly called upon by all forms which have an objective existence. It helps to supply those forms with the necessary elements to perpetuate their existence. The atmosphere must be the great reservoir of Nature, out of which anything that ever has been, or ever can be, can be called.

Q.—[By W. W.] Why was Swedenborg instructed that the wicked are never to be redeemed from hell?

A.—Swedenborg failed, as many others have done, to make a distinction between wickedness and they who do wickedly. He classed them as synonymous; wickedness and the wicked were one and the same thing to him. Here he made a great mistake. Now, they who commit wicked acts are just as sure of redemption as they are sure that they exist in the present time; and why? Because the temple of the external is but an expression of the living soul, which is a spark of Deity itself, and must, sooner or later, return to that pure, primal state from whence it has come. All wickedness must pass away. There is no forgiveness for the sin, but there is for the sinner. Many philosophers make a very great mistake in not distinguishing between the sin and the sinner—in not giving each a separate classification. The sinner is to be saved, but the sin is to be destroyed; thus it is there is a necessity for a place of destruction.

Q.—Dr. R. T. Trall, in the Philadelphia Star, prophesies that we are approaching the climax of a pestilential period. From 1880 to 1885, the planets Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune will approach the earth nearer than they have for eighteen hundred years. Whenever any one of the four has come near enough for us to feel its influence, pestilence, famine, and extremes of heat and cold have been the result. Now we are to have the influence of the four combined; and

he predicts that, in seven years from now, all manner of evil which grows out of the atmospheric sphere will come upon us. Will the controlling intelligence give an opinion in regard to the above statement?

A.—That there is ground for such a theory, I must admit, but I do not apprehend that it will sweep over the earth, violently. I do not apprehend that there will be a general famine, but I do that there will be local famines and new classes of disease. You have been upon the threshold of that epoch for seven years in the past. Your late civil war was but one of the results springing from such a planetary condition. I do not apprehend much more suffering for the earth's people than there has already been, but that there must of necessity be local disasters, famines, earthquakes, various forms of pestilence, famine and war, is a well-known fact to the scientists of the spirit-world, and it is to be hoped that the scientists of this life will catch the key-note and become warned by it, for to be forewarned is to be forearmed. The savage in his ignorance in the long ago knew not how to protect himself from the storm, and so he suffered severely in consequence. By-and-by, by experience, he learned how to protect himself. He made himself a covering of skins; he built himself wigwags; he shielded himself in various ways; he learned by experience. Now, the human mind in a developed, cultivated state, learns not only by experience, but largely by intuition. It is not only the astronomer that can predict with certainty concerning these events, but they who are sensitive enough to discern the signs of the times in political, religious and social conditions can give as correct a rendering as the astronomer can.

Oct. 20.

William Stover.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
And a wind that blows fast,
That fills our white and glistening sail,
And sends our gallant mast.

[The spirit took possession singing the above.]
Well, Captain, [to the Chairman] I am on deck, all right, and ready for duty. The Master-General called me aloft, so I went; but I've come down on deck here to serve awhile, and if I don't serve well, you can unship me and let me go, that's all. My name was Stover—William Stover. I am a sailor, sir, and I've been out of this life, and alive in the other, about five weeks. I have a sister who has a belief in the return of the dead. I used to laugh at her when I was here, but she told me I'd die a different time when I came back. I said to her, "Kitty, if ever I come back, I shall come back jolly, singing some old jolly sailor's song. If I don't do this, don't you believe it, me." So I've kept my word, and I've nothing further to say against her Spiritualism. She's right, and I was wrong; but I'll make myself as well acquainted with it as I can, and give her from time to time some instructions which may not come amiss. I suppose she has received by this time a letter from me which was dated three days before my death. I was knocked overboard in a storm. I always considered myself sure-handed and sure-footed, before; but I take it the old chap aloft had need of me, so my time had come—that's the way it looks to me. I suppose Kitty will want to know who I've met on the other side. Well, I've met father and mother, and George and Darius and Samuel, and the little one she and I never saw that was born and died before we came on the stage of action. He's grown up, and is a teacher in one of our institutions here. And I've met a great many others—a good many of my old sea-faring friends—old Capt. John Coffin, of New Bedford—I've met him, and he says that this Spiritualism is hardly in the bud yet, and if this is so, what may we expect when it is in full flower?

Now, Kitty, don't make any stir about my death; just feel that it is all right. I am happy and as saucy as ever, and able to hold my hand against any of 'em here. You know you once said to me, "Will, I don't know of anything but death that will ever take the laugh and the kinks out of you." That hasn't done it, Kit. I am just the same as I was when I was here. If you don't believe it, just seek out some one of your good people like this one [the medium], and I'll show you whether I can laugh, whether I can sing, whether I can dance, or what I can do. You'll find I ain't much of a ghost if I have gone through the operation of death. Good-day, sir.

Oct. 20.

Aunt Susie Cook.

My children are wondering why I've never come back this way. Well, I did not see any necessity for it, and I did not want to take up time here that somebody might fill it to better advantage; but as it seems they would like to have me come, I thought I would just say a few words.

It seems proper good to get back, and feel that you ain't so far away from your old home. Why, I should not have been in heaven at all if I was separated too far from the earth. I shouldn't have been happy at all. I want to come back and see my children and my grandchildren, and see the places I used to know and love, and watch the changes in the old places. Why, I take a great deal of comfort in doing it, and I think God knew what he was about when he instituted this way of return. He knew what he was about, and I believe it has always been open, only the bridge has not been seen, that's all. Within the last twenty-three years it has been spanned by a rainbow, and so you see it. You see the bridge—you didn't see it before; it was all the same, though, and the dead were coming and going, coming and going all the time, just the same, only you didn't know it, and it wasn't as much satisfaction to them, to be sure, as it is now, to come and be known, and to have your friends know you are with 'em, and appreciate your coming—that's a good deal. Now my daughter says, "Mother, if you ever do go there, give us something that we shall know you by." Well, I don't know what to give 'em—I am sure I don't know, except I sing one of my old songs—one that I used to sing to 'em when they were babies, and arter they had grown up, too.

[The spirit sings:]

The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.
We lay our garments by,
Soon our beds to rest we seek;
So Death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we once possessed.

That's what I used to sing to 'em. I did the best I could. I've most forgot the tune, but I guess I got it pretty nigh. Aunt Susie Cook—that's my name. I lived in Boston. I lived up into the nineties. I wasn't very young when I left here, but my faculties was good. My mind was clear as a bell. Good-day, sir.

Oct. 20.

Jennie Johnson.

How do you do, Mr. Wilson? I am Jennie

Johnson. My father and mother wanted me to come here to tell them how the baby is getting along. You see, the medium is dead I used to communicate through. I don't have any chance now, very often, to go home and tell them about things. They've been getting anxious, lately, so they said: "Now, Jennie, can't you go to the Banner circle and tell us how baby is getting along?" Baby is getting along nice. First, she cried a good deal—didn't seem to be happy, but now she's doing nicely—she's learning fast; she's the dearest little thing that ever was—and some day the lady she was named for—Neoskolata—is going to teach her. She's going to train her for the drama, then I know I shall be proud of her. I know she has elements in her that will "work just right," as Mr. Parker says, "in that groove." He says there's a groove for everybody—every human soul to work in—a right groove—and if it happens to get out of it it runs every-which-way—is not harmonious at all; but once let it get in its own proper groove, it runs smooth and steady, and gives harmonious manifestations.

Mother, we send our blessing, all of us children, to little Panny. Don't be afraid she's going to leave you as Neoskolata did. I don't think she will; but don't let anybody leave a window open on her all night. If you do, something bad may happen. I don't think it will, because you'll watch things better—that's why I think she'll stay with you. I know baby would send a kiss to you if she could, and if she knew I was sending a message home to father and mother; so feel that you've got it just the same. She's a dear little thing! I keep her memory fresh with regard to you. Don't be afraid she'll forget you, mother; she'll keep you in memory just as long as the world lasts, because for teachers always turn her mind, from time to time, back to scenes of earth, back to father and mother here; so don't be afraid, mother, that you'll be forgotten. You'd hardly know me, mother, I am grown up so big and stout—big enough to take care of her, and see that she has everything to make her happy. Jennie.

Oct. 20.

Preston C. Brooks.

An old friend of mine wishes to know what the signs of the times are with reference to the South, and he adds, "Would you advise me to remain where I am, and strive to gather around myself a settlement, and something like a comfortable life?" The signs of the times with reference to the South, for a while, are not very propitious. It will take years to bring about anything like comfortable circumstances there, and you should abandon, my friend, at once and forever, the idea of the South's ever being able to establish the semi-feudal system again. It never will; it is not written in its destiny. So, if you are building your hopes of happiness upon that, build no longer; but if you are willing to content yourself with a home such as are scattered throughout the far Western States where you are, persevere, and you will be crowned with success. I see you have some bad advisers—some who are still clinging to the notion that there is strength enough in the South, if it will only assert itself, to become a separate confederacy. It is a mistake. The back-bone is broken; it is a fact patent to every clear-seeing spirit, either in or out of the body. So now don't mistake the case; don't blunder along with a blind hope leading after an *ignis fatuus*. I tell you you will fall into the swamp if you do. Look at the thing in a reasonable light if you can. I do not know as I could have looked at things in a reasonable light when here. I think, after passing through the experiences that you have, I should try to do so, at all events. Good-by; you have my blessing and all the advice that it is possible for me to give you.—Preston C. Brooks.

Oct. 20.

Donizetti.

Be not afraid, fair bird floating in the musical atmosphere of an earthly life, of those influences that come to you, from time to time, and would possess themselves of your powers that they may enlarge upon them and bewitch them. Fear them not, I say. Yield up your own individuality, if need be, to them; they will raise you higher—make you a celebrity in this life, and ensure for you beauty and comfort and satisfaction in the life to come. Fear us not; we will lead you in safety, no matter what may come. We will care for you tenderly, and bring you out upon the highest wave crest of this great ocean of time. Donizetti, to Alina Topp.

Oct. 20.

Séance conducted by Prof. Olmstead.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, Oct. 22.—Philo Emerson, of Greenfield, N. Y., to his brother, Benedict Arnold and John A. Andrews, Dilly, of Savannah, Ga., to Massa Brown.
Thursday, Oct. 23.—John J. Glover, of Quincy, Mass.; Anne Louise Cabot, of Troy, N. Y., to her mother, William H. Preston; Michael Hogan, of Boston.
Monday, Oct. 27.—Daniel Owen, of Alpena, Mich.; Matthew Thimmas, of Boston; Johnny Felt, of New York, to his brother, Willie Phillips, of Hartford, Conn., to his mother, Capt. Jack, to the Big Father at Washington.
Monday, Nov. 10.—Ellis Thomas, of Boston; Jennie Ingalls, of Cambridge; Sally Bennett, of Boston.
Friday, Nov. 15.—Margaret Vance, of New York City, to her sister, Thomas Cook, of Boston, to his mother, Thomas Daggett; Count D'Orsay, of Dresden, Germany.

[From an Occasional Correspondent.]

Spirit Advice.

Given by a Mother in the Presence of Mrs. Burton, No. 114 West 19th Street, New York City, Nov. 14th, 1873.

My DEAREST SON—I am always willing to take time by the front if I can get to you any the sooner for it, and I shall never be behindhand in my efforts to reach you. I have been as watchful over you as any mother over a nursing infant in arms, and when the paths have been rugged I have helped your feet to scale them, and have strengthened your heart to endure. Darling child, you have many kind spirits around you, and I am helped by the wisest in my ministry upon you, and yet human nature is but human nature with all of its props, and you will have to abide the issues incidental to it. You are ardent and strong, brave and true. Hold fast to the faith as delivered to you by wise heads—judicious minds of true spirits. Give no heed to seducing spirits which lure men to run into folly, but whatever your own conscience approves, that receive and adopt. I will not leave you though the whole world flee from you.

I am stable and staple enough to be depended upon, and when you feel inclined to doubt the fact of spirit manifestation, collect together the evidences gathered in the past and your faith will be reinstated, your ambition for greater research aroused, and the whole schedule of your future life be seen plainer. My son, mis-use no man or woman, condemn no sinner, and hate no opposer; let each have his own full swing till experience has secured a better self-government, a more direct appreciation, a fuller acknowledgment and a freer salvation. I come to you with love, and I leave you in love, and shall watch by you still until the whole canon of God's righteousness shall be made plain to you, and infinite justice be made aright.

I am your mother, MARY.

