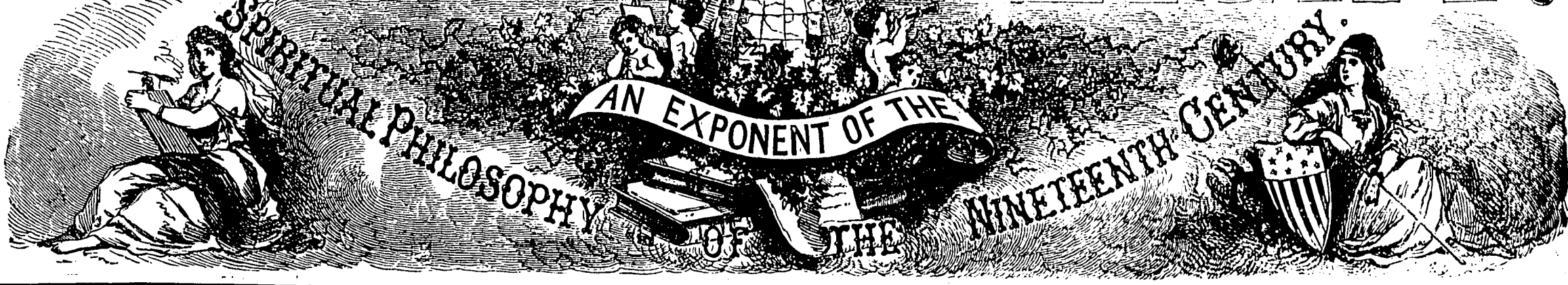


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## HELL!

FITZ ADAM'S STORY.

The next whose fortune 'twas a tale to tell  
Was one whom men, before they thought, loved well,  
And, after thinking, wondered why they did,  
For half he seemed to let them, half forbid.  
And wrapped him so in humors, sheath or sheath,  
"I was hard to guess the mellow soul beneath;  
But, once divined, you took him to your heart,  
While he appeared to hear with one ear part  
Of life's impertinence, and once a year  
Betrayed his true self by a smile or tear.  
Or rather something sweetly shy and loath,  
Withdrawn are fully shown, and mixed of both.  
A cynic? Not precisely; one who thrust  
Against a heart too prone to love and trust,  
Who so despoiled false sentiment he knew  
Scarcely in himself to part the false and true,  
And strove to hide, by roughening of the skin,  
Those cobweb nerves he could not dull within.  
Gentle by birth, but of a stem decayed,  
He shunned life's rivalries and hated trade;  
On a small patrimony and larger pride,  
He lived unuseful on the Other Side  
(So he called Europe), only coming West  
To give his old-world appetite new zest.  
A radical in thought, he puffed away  
With shrewd contempt the dust of vulgar gray,  
Yet loathed democracy as one who saw  
What he would long to love, some vulgar flaw,  
And, shocked through all his delicate reserves,  
Remained a Tory by his taste and nerves.  
His fancy's thrall, he drew all ergos thence,  
And thought himself the type of common-sense,  
Misleading women, not from cross or whim,  
But that his mother shared too much in him,  
And he half felt that what in them was grace  
Made the unlucky weakness of his race.  
What powers he had he hardly cared to know,  
But sauntered through the world as through a show,  
A critic fine in his haphazard way,  
A sort of mild La Bruyère on half-pay.  
For comic weaknesses he had an eye  
Keen as an acid for an alkali,  
Yet you could not, through his sardonic tone,  
He loved them all, unless they were his own.  
You might have called him, with his humorous twist,  
A kind of human entomologist:  
As these bring home, from every walk they take,  
Their hat-crowns stuck with bugs of curious make,  
So he filled all the lining of his head  
With characters impaled and ticketed,  
And had a cabinet behind his eyes  
For all they caught and mortal oddities.  
He might have been a poet—many worse—  
But that he had, or feigned, contempt of verse,  
Called it tattooing language, and held rhymes  
The young world's lullaby of ruder times.  
Bitter in words, too indolent for gall,  
He satirized himself the first of all;  
In men and their affairs could find no law,  
And was the ill logic that he thought he saw.  
Scratching a match to light his pipe anew,  
With eyes half shut some musing whiffs he drew,  
And thus began: "I give you all my word,  
I think this mock-Decepcion absurd;  
Boccaccio's garden! how bring that to pass  
In our bleak clime save under double glass?  
The moral end, wind of New England life  
Would snip its gay luxuriance like a knife.  
These foreign plants are but half-hardy still,  
Die on a south, and on a north wall chill;  
Had we stayed Puritans! They had some heat,  
(Though whence derived, I have my own conceit.)  
But you have long ago raked up their fires;  
Where they had faith, you've ten sham-Gothic spirals.  
Why more exotics? Try your native vines,  
And in some thousand years you may have vines;  
Your present grapes are harsh, all pulps and skins,  
And want traditions of ancestral bins  
That saved for evenings round the polished board  
Old lava-fires, the sun-steeped hillside's board;  
Without a Past, you lack that southern wall  
Or which the lines of Poesy should carve;  
Still they're your only home, no midnight oil  
Makes up for virtue wanting in the soil;  
Manure them well and prune them; 't won't be France,  
Nor Spain, nor Italy, but there's your chance.  
You have one story-teller worth a score  
Of dead Boccaccio, nay, add twenty more,  
A Hawthorne asking spring's moist southern breath,  
And him you're freezing pretty well to death.  
However, since you say so, I'll tease  
My memory to story by degrees.  
Though you will cry, 'Enough!' I'm well-nigh sure,  
Ere I have dreamed through half my ovature.  
Stories were good for men who had no books,  
(Fortunate race!) and built their nests like rooks  
In lonely towers, to which the Jongleur brought  
His pedlar's box of cheap and tawdry thought,  
With here and there a fancy in golden glaze;  
The morning newspaper has spilt his trade,  
For better or for worse, I leave unsaid,  
And stories now, to suit a public nice,  
Must be half epigram, half pleasant vice.  
"All tourists know Shebagos County; there  
The summer idlers take a yearly stare,  
Dress to see Nature in a well-bred way,  
As 'twere Italian opera, or play,  
Encore the sunrise (if they're out of bed),  
The greater part of this poem was written many years ago, to form part of a larger one to be called "The Noon-Coming," made up of tales in verse, some of them grave, some comic."

And pat the Mighty Mother on the head:  
These have I seen—all things are good to see—  
And wondered much at their complacency;  
This world's great show, that took in getting up  
Millions of years, they finish ere they sup;  
Sights that God gleams through with soul-tin-  
gling force  
They glance approvingly as things of course,  
Say, "That's a grand rock," "This a pretty fall,"  
Not thinking, "Are we worthy?" What if all  
The scornful landscape should turn round and  
say,  
"This is a fool, and that a popinjay?"  
I often wonder what the Mountain thinks  
Of French boots creaking o'er his breathless  
brinks,  
Or how the Sun would scare the chattering crowd,  
If some fine day he chanced to think aloud.  
"I, who love nature much as sinners can,  
Love her where she most grandeur shows—in  
man;  
Here find I mountain, forest, cloud and sun,  
River and sea, and glows when day is done;  
Nay, where she makes grotesques, and molds in  
jest.  
The clown's cheap clay, I find unfading zest.  
The natural instincts year by year retire,  
As deer shrink northward from the settler's fire,  
And he who loves the wild game-flavor more  
Than city-feasts, where every man's a bore  
To every other man, must seek it where  
The steamer's throb and railway's iron glare  
Have not yet startled with their punctual stir  
The shrill, wool-wandering brood of Character.  
There is a village, once the county town,  
Through which the weekly mail rolled dustily  
down,  
Where the courts sat, it may be, twice a year,  
And the one tavern reeked with rustic cheer;  
Cheesegogglesmoot erst, now Jethro high,  
Red-man and pale-face bore it equal spite.  
The railway ruined it, the natives say,  
"Thick passed unwisely fifteen miles away,  
And made a drain to which, with steady oze,  
Filtered away law, stage-coach, trade and news.  
The railway saved it, so at least think those  
Who love old ways, old houses, old repose.  
Of course the Tavern stayed; its genial host  
Thought not of fitting more than did the post  
On which, high-hung, the fading signboard  
creaked,  
Inscribed, 'The Eagle Inn, by Ezra Weeks.'  
"If in life's journey you should ever find  
An inn medicinal for body and mind,  
'Tis sure to be some drowsy-looking house  
Where easy landlors had a bustling spouse:  
He, like you, will not long forego  
Some bottle deep in cobwebbed dust laid low,  
That, since the War we used to call the 'Last,'  
Has dozed and held its longy-syne memories fast;  
From him exhales that Indian-summer air  
Of hazy, lazy welcome everywhere,  
While with her toll the napery is white,  
The china dustless, the keen knife-blades bright,  
Salt dry as sand, and bread that seems as though  
'T were rather sea-fan baked than vulgar dough.  
"In our swift country, houses trim and white  
Are pitched like tents, the lodging of a night;  
Each on its bank of baked turf mounted high  
Perches impatient o'er the roadside dry,  
While the wronged landscape coldly stands aloof,  
Refusing friendship with the upstart roof.  
Not so the Eagle; on a grass-green swell  
That toward the south with sweet concessions  
fell,  
It dwelt retired, and half had grown to be  
As aboriginal as rock or tree.  
It nestled close to earth, and seemed to brood  
O'er homely thoughts in a half-conscious mood,  
As by the peat, that rather fades than burns,  
The smouldering grandmothers and knits by  
turns.  
Happy, though her newest news were old  
Ere the first hostile drum at Concord rolled;  
If paint it ere had known, it knew no more  
Than yellow lichens splattered thickly o'er  
That soft lead-gray, less dark beneath the eaves,  
Which the slow brush of wind and weather leaves.  
The ample roof sloped backward to the ground,  
And vassal lean-tos gathered thickly round,  
Patched on, as sire or son had felt the need,  
Like chance growths sprouting from the old  
roof's seed.  
Just as about a yellow pine-tree spring  
Its rough-barked darlings in a filial ring,  
But the great chimney was the central thought  
Whose gravitation through the cluster wrought,  
For 'tis not styles far-fetched from Greece or  
Rome,  
But just the fireside, that can make a home;  
None of your spinning things of modern style,  
Like pine stuck through to stay the card-built  
pile.  
It rose broad-shouldered, kindly, debonaire,  
Its warm breath whitening in the October air,  
While on its front a heart in outline showed  
The place it filled in that serene abode.  
"When first I chanced the Eagle to explore,  
Ezra sat listless by the open door;  
One chair careened him at an angle meet,  
Another nursed his hugely-slippered feet,  
Upon a third reposed a shirt-sleeved arm,  
And the whole man diffused tobacco's charm.  
Are you the landlord? "Wah! I guess I be,"  
Watching the smoke, he answered leisurely.  
He was a stoutish man, as through the breast  
Of his loose shirt there showed a brambly chest;  
Streaked redly as a wind-foreboding morn,  
His tanned cheek curved to temples closely shorn;  
Clean-shaved he was, save where a hedge of gray  
Upon his brawny throat leaned every way  
About an Adam's apple that beneath  
Bulged like a bowlder from a furzy heath.  
"Can I have lodging here?" once more I said.  
He blew a whiff, and, leaning back his head,  
"You come a piece through Bailey's woods, I  
s'pose.  
Across a bridge where a big swamp oak grows?  
It do'n't grow neither; 't's ben dead ten year,  
Nor 't's a living creeper, fur nor near,  
Can tell 'twas killed it; but I s'pose misdoit  
'T was borer, there's sech heaps on 'em about;  
You did'n' chance to run ag'inst my son,  
A long, slab-sided youngster with a gun?  
He'd oughten ben back more'n an hour ago  
An' brought some birds to dress for supper—Sho!  
There he comes now. Say, Obed, wut yer got?  
(He'll have some upland plover like as not.)  
Wal, them's real nice uns an' 'I eat A I,  
Ef I can stop their bein' overdone.  
Nothin' riles me, (I pledge my fastin' word,)   
Like cookin' out the natur' of a bird;  
(Obed, you pick 'em, out o' sight o' sound,  
Your ma'am do'n't love no feathers clutrin'   
round.)  
Jes' scare 'em with the coals, that's my idee.  
Then, turning suddenly about on me,  
"Wal, Square, I guess so. Callitate to stay?  
'I ask Miss Weeks; 'bout that 't's her'n to say."

That sometimes makes New England fit for liv-  
I watched the landscape, erst so granite glum,  
Bloom like the south side of a rippling plum,  
And each rock-maps on the hillside make  
His ten days' sunset doubled in the lake;  
The very stone walls dragging up the hills  
Seemed touched, and wavered in their roundhead  
wills.  
Ah! there's a deal of sugar in the sun!  
Tap me in Indian summer, I should run  
A jule to make rock-candy of—but then  
We get such weather scarce one year in ten.  
"There was a parlor in the house, a room  
To make you shudder with its prudish gloom.  
The furniture stood round with such an air,  
There seemed an old maid's ghost in every chair;  
Each looked as if it had scuttled to its place  
And pulled extempore a Sunday face,  
Too snugly proper for a world of sin,  
Like boys on whom the minister comes in.  
The table, fronting you with icy stare,  
Strove to look witless that its legs were bare,  
While the black sofa with its horse-hair pall  
Gloomed like the bier for Comfort's funeral.  
Two portraits graced the wall in grimmest truth,  
Mister and Mistress W. in their youth—  
New England youth, that seems a sort of pill,  
Half wish-I-dared, half Edwards on the Will,  
Bitter to swallow, and which leaves a trace  
Of Calvinistic colle on the face.  
Between them, o'er the mantel, hung in state  
Solomon's temple, done in copperplate;  
Invention pure, but meant, we may presume,  
To give some Scripture sanction to the room.  
Facing this last, two samplers you might see,  
Each, with its urn and stiffly weeping tree,  
Devoted to some memory long ago  
More faded than their lines of worsted won;  
Cut paper decked the frames against the flies,  
Though none e'er dared an entrance who were  
wise,  
And bunched asparagus in fading green  
Added its shiver to the franklin crenn.  
"When first arrived I chilled a half-hour there,  
Nor dared delver with use a single chair;  
I caught no cold, yet flying pains could find  
For weeks in me—a rheumatism of mind.  
One thing alone impressed me with its power  
To hold me in the place that one half-hour—  
A scutcheon this, a helm-surmounted shield,  
Three griffins argent on a sable field;  
A relic of the shipwrecked past was here,  
And Ezra held some old-world lumber dear;  
Nay, do not smile, I love this kind of thing,  
These cooped traditions with a broken wing,  
This real estate in Fancy's pipe blown ball,  
This less than nothing that is more than all.  
Have I not seen sweet nature kept alive  
Amid the humdrum of your business hive,  
Undowered spinsters shielded from all harms  
By force imagined of a coat of arms?"

He paused a moment, and his features took  
The flitting sweetness of that inward look  
I hinted at before; but, scarcely seen,  
It shrank for shelter 'neath his harder mien,  
And, rapping his black pipe of ashes clear,  
He went on with a self-delirious sneer:  
"No doubt we make a part of God's design,  
And break the forest path for feet divine;  
To furnish foothold for this grand provision  
Is good—and yet to be the mere transition—  
This less than nothing that is more than all.  
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Undowered spinsters shielded from all harms  
By force imagined of a coat of arms?"

At firing up they're barely half as spry  
As Spaniards or Italians, though they're dry;  
At first we have to let the draught on stronger,  
But, 'bout 'em through, they seem to hold  
longer.  
"Bitters he took the rod, and pretty soon  
A teamster comes, whistling an ex-palmy tune.  
A fellow chap you would n't ask to see,  
No different, but his limp, from you or me—  
'No different, Perez? Don't you remember fall?  
Why, where in thunder were his horns and fall?  
'They're only worn by some old-fashioned pokes  
They mostly aim at looking just like folks.  
Such things are scarce as queues and topboots  
here.  
'I would spoil their usefulness to look too queer  
If you could always know 'em when they come,  
They'd get no purchase on you; now be mum.  
On came the teamster, smart as Davy Crockett,  
Jingling the red hot coppers in his pocket,  
And close behind, 'twas gold dust you'd ha  
sworn.)  
A load of sulphur yellow than seed corn—  
To see it wasted as it is Down Town,  
Would make a Friction Match Co. tear its hair!  
'Hold on!' says Bitters, 'stop right where you  
be.  
You can't go in without a pass from me.'  
'All right,' says 't other, 'only stop round  
smart,  
I must be home by moon-time with the cart.'  
Bitters goes round it sharp-eyed as a rat,  
Then with a scrap of paper on his hat  
Pretends to elpher. 'By the public staff  
That sulphur does twelve foot and a half.'  
'There's fourteen foot and over,' says the driver,  
'Worth twenty dollars if it's worth a silver—  
Good fourth proof brand-one that'll make 'em  
squirm,  
I leave it to the Headman of the Firm;  
After we measure it, we always lay  
Some on to allow for settling on the way.  
Lump and full-grown I've carted sulphur here,  
And given fair satisfaction, thirty year.'  
With that they fell to quarreling so loud  
That in five minutes they had drawn a crowd,  
And before long the boss, who heard the row,  
Comes elbowing in with 'What's to pay here  
now?'  
Both parties heard, the measuring rod he takes,  
And of the load a careful survey makes.  
'Sine I have bossed the business here,' says  
him,  
'No fairer load was ever seen by me.'  
Then, turning to the Deacon, 'You mean eus,  
None of your old Quompegan tricks with us!  
They won't do here: we're plain, old-fashioned  
folks,  
And don't quite understand that kind of jokes.  
I know this teamster, and his pa before him,  
And the hard working Mrs. D. that bore him,  
He would not sell his conscience with a lie.  
Though he might get the cent-on house thereby,  
Here, constable, take Bitters by the queue  
And clap him into furnace ninety-two.  
And try this brimstone on him: if he's bright,  
He'll find the measure honest before night.  
He isn't worth his fuel, and I'll bet  
The parish poor-house has to take him yet!"

This is my tale, heard twenty years ago  
From Uncle Reuben, as the logs burned low,  
Touching the walls and ceiling with that bloom  
That makes a rose's calyx of a room.  
I could not give his language, where-through ran  
The gony flavor of the blockish man,  
Who shows a word before the fancy cools,  
As lonely Cruise had to forge his tools.  
I liked the tale, 'twas like so many told  
By Rutebeuf and his brother Trouveres bold;  
Nor were the hearers much unlike to theirs,  
Men unsophisticate, rude-nerved as bears.  
Ezra is gone and his large-hearted kind,  
The landlords of the hospitable mind,  
Good Warner of Springfield was the last.  
An inn is now a vision of the past.  
One yet surviving host my mind recalls—  
You'll find him if you go to Trenton Falls."  
—Atlantic Monthly.

Advice to Writers.  
It is said that the senior editor of the New  
York Observer laid the foundation of his fame  
as a writer by a single article, which he was per-  
suaded to re-write and condense two or three  
times after he had offered it for publication, and  
which, thus prepared, was copied all over the  
country. The Observer gives the following good  
advice to writers:  
"Omit the beginning of your essay. Most  
writers, not accustomed to the press, imagine  
that a newspaper article, like an oration, should  
have an exordium, an argument, and conclusion.  
Not at all. The argument is all that is wanted.  
That is, state your case, say your say, and stop.  
Do not take time and space to get into the sub-  
ject, and more to get out of it; but come to it im-  
mediately, and stop when you are done.  
Be short. The time is short, the world is very  
fast now, and readers of newspapers do not  
want long articles. Pack your thoughts into  
short words, sentences and short essays. If you  
never do a great thing, never do a long thing.  
Come to the point. If you have no point, lay  
down the pen, and do something else, rather than  
write for edification, and you may not be one  
who can.  
Write the article two or three times over care-  
fully, making it shorter each time. Write on one  
side only of the paper. Write legibly. Keep a  
copy of what you send to the press. Editors do not  
return manuscripts. We cannot undertake to,  
and we do state every week, but are every week asked  
to. It is impossible to make the reasons plain to  
writers; but it is out of the question.  
Be very modest in your estimate of your own  
productions, and do not let others esteem them  
even less than you do."

The grave holds the mortal, but the im-  
mortal roams on the plane of the green fields of  
Eden. Why mourn the dead when there are no  
dead? All nature cries aloud, there are no dead.  
Man only dies to give tribute back to mother  
earth. The spirit goes whence it came to seek  
the infinite mind of the universe; to learn the  
law, and its relationship, under the law, to that  
beautiful world in which it is a dweller. Why  
mourn the weak and weary? Why lament over  
that which you know has life, a new life, a life  
in beauty and grandeur?—Spirit Sanctified Opinion.

The man who has written anything for the editor and  
don't "scratch off in a hurry" will please call it this  
and hear of something to his advantage. But  
Berwick. He is busy looking after the man who read a per-  
sonal paragon up, and did not have "his attention called"  
to it.—Evening News, Gold Hill, N.Y.

If a word spoken in its time is worth one piece of money,  
silence in its time is worth two.—Ta'med.

A torpid shoal of jest and anecdote,  
Like those queer fish that doze the droughts  
away,  
And wait for moisture, wrapt in sun-baked clay.

"T was there I caught from Uncle Reuben's  
lips,  
In drinking monologue 'twixt whiffs and sips,  
The story I so long have tried to tell.  
The humor comes, the persons common—well,  
From Nature only do I love to paint,  
Whether she send a satyr or a saint;  
To me Sincerity 's the one thing good,  
Soiled though she be and lost to maidenhood.  
Quompegan is a town some ten miles south  
From Jethro, at Nagusmoot river-mouth—  
A seaport town, and makes its little good,  
With lumber and dried fish and eastern wool.  
Here Deacon Bitters dwelt and kept the store;  
The richest man for many a miles of shore;  
In little less than everything dealt he,  
From meeting houses to a chest of tea,  
So delectable therewithal a flint to skin,  
He could make profit on a single pin;  
In business strict, to bring the balance true,  
He had been known to get a fig in two  
And change a board-mut for a shingle nail.  
All that he had he ready held for sale—  
His house, his tomb, whate'er the law allows,  
And he had gladly parted with his spouse.  
His one ambition still to get and get,  
He would arrest your very ghost for debt.  
His store looked righteous should the Parson  
come,  
But in a dark back-room he peddled rum,  
And eased ma'am Conscience, if she e'er would  
scold.  
By christening it with water ere he sold.  
A small, dry man he was, who wore a queue,  
And one white neckcloth all the week-days  
through,  
On Monday white, by Saturday as dun  
As that worn homeward by the prodigal son;  
His trousers gray, striped with a foxy brown,  
Were braided up to hide a desert crown;  
His coat was brownish, black perhaps of yore;  
In summer time a banyan loose he wore;  
His trousers short, through many a season true,  
Made no pretence to hide his stockings blue;  
A waistcoat buff his chief adornment was,  
Its porcelain buttons rimmed with dusky brass.  
A deacon he, you saw it in each flash,  
And well he knew to deacon-off a hymn,  
Or lead the choir through all its wandering woes,  
With voice that gathered unctious in his nose,  
Wherein a constant snuffle you might hear,  
As if with him 't were winter all the year.  
At his peep-head he sat with decorous pains,  
In sermon-time could foot his weekly gains,  
Or, with closed eyes and heaven abstracted air,  
Could plan a new improvement in long prayer;  
A pious man and thrifty, too, he made,  
The psalms and prophets partners in his trade,  
And in his orthodox straitened more  
As it enlarged the business at his store;  
He honored Moses, but, when gain he planned,  
Had his own notion of the Promised Land.

"Soon as the winter made the sliding good,  
From far around the farmers hauled him wood,  
For all the trade had gathered 'neath his thumb;  
He paid in groceries and New England rum,  
Making two profits with a conscience clear,  
Cheap all he bought, and all he paid with dear,  
With his own meat-and-measure every load,  
Each, somehow, had diminished on the road;  
An honest cord in Jethro's still would fall  
By a good foot upon the Deacon's seat.  
And, more to abate the price, his glinted eye  
Would pierce to catsticks that none else could  
spy;  
Yet none dared grumble, for no farmer yet  
But New Year found him in the Deacon's debt.  
"While the first snow was mealy under feet  
A team drawled creaking down Quompegan  
street;  
Two cords of oak weighed down the grinding  
sled,  
And cornstalk fodder rustled overhead;  
The oxen's muzzles, as they shouldered through,  
Were silver-fringed; the driver's own was blue  
As the coarse frock that swung below his knee.  
Behind his load for shelter he leaned he,  
His mittened hands now on his chest he beat,  
Now stamped the stiffened cowhides of his feet  
Flushed as a ghost's; his armpit scarce could hold  
The walnut whiplstock, slippery bright with cold.  
What wonder if, the tavern as he passed,  
He looked and longed and stayed his beasts at  
last,  
Who patient stood and veiled themselves in steam  
While he explored the bar-room's ruddy gleam?"

"Before the fire, in want of thought profound,  
There sat a brother townsman weather-bound;  
A sturdy churl, crisp-headed, bristly-eared,  
Red as a pepper; 'twixt coarse brows and beard,  
His eyes lay ambushed on the watch for fools,  
Clear, gray, and glittering like two bay-edged  
swords.  
A shifty creature, with a turn for fun,  
Could swap a poor horse for a better one—  
He'd a high-stepper always in his stall;  
Liked far and near, and dreaded therewithal.  
To him the in-comer, 'Perez, how'd ye do?'  
'Jest as I'm mind to, Obed; how'd you?'  
The eyes twinkling, his swift gleams as run  
Along the levelled barrel of a gun  
Brought to his shoulder by a man you know  
Will bring his game down, he continued, 'So,  
I s'pose your hauling wood? But you're too  
late;  
The Deacon's off; Old Splitfoot could n't wait;  
He made a bee-line last night in the storm  
To where he won't need wood to keep him warm.  
'Fore this he's treasurer of a fund to train  
Young ups as missionaries; hopes to gain  
That way a contract that he has in view  
For drop-foot pitchforks of a pattern new.  
It must have tickled him, all drawbacks weighed,  
To think he stuck the Old One in a trade;  
His suit, to start with, was n't worth a carrot,  
And all he'd left would hardly serve to swear at."

"By this time Obed had his wits thawed out,  
And, looking at the other half in doubt,  
Took off his fox skin cap to scratch his head,  
Donned it again, and drawled forth, 'Mean he's  
dead?'  
'Jes' so; he's dead and t' other d that follers  
With folks that never leave a thing but dollars;  
He pulled up stakes last evening, fair and square,  
And ever since there's been a row Down There.  
The minute the old chap arrived, you see,  
Comes the Boss-devil to him, and says he,  
'What are you good at? Little enough, I fear;  
We calculate to make folks useful here.'  
'Well,' says old Bitters, 'I expect I can  
Scale a fair load of wood with e'er a man.'  
'Wood he do'n't deal in; but perhaps you'll  
sell.'  
Because we buy our brimstone by the foot;  
Here, take this measuring-rod as snooty as sin,  
And keep a reckoning of what loads come in;  
You'll n't want business, for we need a lot  
To keep the Yankees that you send us hot;

"The man who has written anything for the editor and  
don't "scratch off in a hurry" will please call it this  
and hear of something to his advantage. But  
Berwick. He is busy looking after the man who read a per-  
sonal paragon up, and did not have "his attention called"  
to it.—Evening News, Gold Hill, N.Y.

If a word spoken in its time is worth one piece of money,  
silence in its time is worth two.—Ta'med.



## Original Essays.

## A REVIEW OF CLAIRVOYANCE, THE SUPERIOR CONDITION AND NIRVANA.

BY C. O. POOLE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

In the Banner of Dec. 28th is published a letter of A. E. Giles, Esq., wherein it is stated, on the authority of Baboo Peary Chand Mitra, a Hindu scholar of Calcutta, "that *Nirvana* literally means extinguishment, or the extinction of the animal and emotional element in man, and that it clearly means what Andrew Jackson Davis denominated the *superior condition*."

As the writings and lectures of Mr. Davis result from that "condition," it becomes not only interesting but important to know what he means by being in the spiritual state or the *superior condition*.

From his boyhood of sixteen to the present time—over thirty-five years—he has made the interior and spiritual universe, and especially that of man, his particular object of investigation, study and revelation.

He must, therefore, be regarded by those who know of his antecedents, career, and truthfulness, as an expert in the science of psychology. Under the strict rules of evidence adopted by our highest courts of justice, he would be admitted as a competent witness, and his testimony considered as relevant on all matters appertaining thereto; for the law of evidence is, that knowledge of any kind, gained for and in the prosecution of a business or pursuit, which is not generally known, but which only comes from a particular training or experience, is sufficient to make its possessor an expert and to entitle his opinion to be received.

I therefore trust that the readers of the Banner who may not have the works of Mr. Davis at hand, will not only be glad to read some of his testimony on clairvoyance and the spiritual condition, but that under the above rule it will be regarded as pertinent and conclusive. And let it be noted that his revelations and opinions amount to the best and highest kind of evidence, because they are based upon facts occurring under his own observation and upon experiences within his own spiritual nature.

Twenty-two of his lectures in the third volume of the Great Harmonia make disclosures and discuss questions affecting the human mind and its unfoldment through the rudimentary, the somnambulant and clairvoyant states of man's existence into the *superior condition*—all of which are predicated upon and grow out of these two grandest of truths of the spiritual universe.

First, That the *body* exists as an all-pervading spiritual and substantial essence, permeating all matter and space with the principles of intelligence, love, goodness and wisdom, all working for and accomplishing the individualization of the human spirit.

Second, That the human soul, mind or spirit, is a substantial, living, intelligent substance, endowed in a limited degree with like attributes and principles, and destined for eternal existence, progression and development.

In these lectures the clairvoyant and spiritual states (the latter being the *superior condition*) are the only ones which he considers actual advancements upon the rudimentary state.

The philosophy of the psychological and sympathetic manifestations of the mind he regards as fatal to all theological assumption of supernaturalism, "for it most beautifully harmonizes all developments of mind with the established laws of Nature," shows the psychological condition of the ancient prophets to be substantially identical with the mental illumination or aberration of several persons of this age, and this, most distinctly and permanently, our philosophy lays bare the stupendous arena or mysteries of human life, and develops, without any virtual disparagement, the real character and intrinsic excellence and beauty of all scriptural accounts and other sacred developments of prophetic power.

The transition state is midway or intermediate between the above mentioned, and the opening of the interior or spiritual senses.

On page 125 he says:

"The transition state, as the term implies, is characterized by neither absolute sympathy nor absolute perception, but by a blending or inter-fusing of one condition with the other—to the confounding and utter superconcentration of both. The individual in this state is occasionally and transiently sympathetic and independent. There is a constant fluctuation between two extremes. The mind indicates a distinct vision at one moment, or during one period of its exercises; but, perhaps, on the succeeding occasion, the same mind will utter the thoughts and impressions of its own memory, or will lose its individuality of character in a close and apparently complete sympathy with the minds or circumstances which surround it."

And on page 127 it is affirmed that all religious chieftains known to the world—Moses, Isaiah, Paul, Mohammed, Zoroaster, Swedenborg, Smith—were all more or less in this state, "in which the soul is strongly sympathetic with hereditary impressions, with educational convictions, and with prevailing forms of belief." The writings of Baron Swedenborg and the claims for them by his followers, are tested in two of these lectures by the standard of reason and spiritual illumination, showing most clearly that the learned and talented Swedenborg is properly placed in the transitional state.

The philosophy of somnambulism is discussed in lecture eighteen, and in its phenomena, it is alleged, we behold the glimmerings of a spiritual reality. The proposition is again reiterated that the entire organism of Nature is permeated with a spiritual or vitalizing principle, which is diffused throughout all the wide realms of creation, that this universal vital principle establishes a means of communication between all bodies in Nature, and is the great sensational medium and grand vehicle of influence which pervades the illimitable nervous system of the universe, and yet it is far inferior to and vastly different from that celestial combination of elements which constitute the Divine Being. The state of somnambulism, it is stated, results as follows: Should, by any cause whatever, the external senses of an individual be confused, deadened and closed, the internal organs of sensibility become immediately intensified in their capabilities, and alone perform the functions common to those of the external body.

The vital principle which before pervaded the external portions of the organism, is now transferred to the interior departments of the body, and conducts impressions of the most fine and delicate character to the mind. And a person in this state, without the use of any of the external organs of sensibility, sees and distinguishes ob-

jects as distinctly as when awake and in his ordinary condition. He can without the use of the external organs of perception, read, write, walk about, play, paint, perform delicate operations in mechanism, &c., &c., in security and confidence; but the clairvoyant on a higher plane of perception, can survey the interior of objects correctly, including the earth, the human body, and the soul, even extending his vision far into the life of things.

Some individuals are natural somnambulists, others are capable of it only while under magnetic influence. And yet it matters not how the interior senses are opened, because the manifestations are the same, as a general principle. Many reasoning men in all countries regard this manifestation of the mind as demonstrating its materiality and immortality. Nearly forty years ago Jabez D. Hammond, a profound lawyer, and the author of the "Political History of the State of New York," delivered a lecture in the city of Albany upon the natural evidences of immortality, which was published, and attracted considerable attention at that time. Somnambulism is the leading fact in his chain of evidence. He looks upon its phenomena as so relevant and conclusive in his line of argument, that he recommends the Legislature of that State to enact a law, authorizing a commission of observing and learned men to be appointed to investigate and report upon all of its manifold phases.

Clairvoyance is declared by Mr. Davis to be the complete development of somnambulism into *clair vision*. He states that he first attained that condition on the 1st of January, 1811, before he was seventeen years of age.

In his autobiography he gives a summary of his mental peculiarities at that time thus:

"I had a love of truth; a reverence for knowledge; a somewhat cheerful disposition; a deficient imagination; an unbelief concerning the existence of ghosts; an unconquerable dread of death; a still greater dread of encountering what might exist beyond the grave; a vague, apprehensive faith in the Bible doctrine of eternal misery; a tendency to spontaneous somnambulism, an ear for what I then called imaginary voices; a memory defective as to dates; a mind nearly barren of ordinary education; a heart very sympathetic in cases of trial and suffering; and lastly, I was disposed to meditation and the freedom of solitude."

In the tenth lecture he gives the following graphic account of what he saw in that first and most memorable introduction into the realities of things:

"I observed an intense blackness before me. Gradually this midnight mass of darkness lifted and disappeared, and as gradually my perception was awakened and enlarged; all things in our reach together with the individual I felt, were suddenly illuminated. Each human body was glowing with many colors, more or less brilliant and magnetic. The figure of each person was enveloped in a light atmosphere which emanated from it. The same emanation extended up the arms and pervaded the entire body. The hands had one sphere of light surrounding them, the hair another, the ears another, and the eyes still another; the feet were also luminous, the emanations, taken in combination, spreading out into the air from four inches to as many feet."

The utter novelty of this view overwhelmed my mind with astonishment and admiration. I could not comprehend it. A few moments more, and I not only beheld the exterior of the individuals in that clothed with light, as it were, but I also as easily perceived their interiors. And then, too, the hidden sources of those luminous magnetic emanations. Now I could see all the organs and their functions—the liver, the spleen, the heart, the lungs, the brain—all with the greatest possible ease. The whole body was transparent as a sheet of glass. It was invested with a strange, rich, spiritual beauty. It looked illuminated as never. Every separate organ had several centers of light, beside being enveloped by a general sphere peculiar to itself. I saw the heart, surrounded by one general combination of living colors, with special points of illumination interspersed. The arteries and veins, together with their orifices, gave out distinct flames of light, and the pericardium was a garment of magnetic life, surrounding and protecting the heart while in the performance of its functions. The pulmonary or respiratory department was also illuminated with beautiful flames, but of different magnitude and color.

The various air-chambers seemed like so many chemical laboratories. The fire in them wrought instantaneous chemical changes in the blood that flowed through the contiguous membranes; and the great sympathy of the nerve, whose roots extend throughout the lower viscera, and whose topmost branches reached to the head, appeared like a column of life, interwoven and super-blended with a soft and silvery fire.

The brain was very luminous with prismatic colors. Every organ of the cerebellum and cerebrum emitted a light peculiar to itself. I could easily discern the form and size of the organ by the shape and intensity of its emanations. In some portions of the surface I saw gradations of color, and in other portions I saw gradations of color, down to a somber and almost black flame.

On the other hand, in the higher portions of the larger or superior brain, I saw flames which looked like the breath of diamonds. At first I did not understand the cause of these beautiful breathings, but soon I discovered them to be the *thoughts of the individual* entering the stage phenomena then manifested in my own condition. The superior organs of the cerebrum pulsated with a soft, radiant fire; but it did not look like any fire or flame that I had seen on earth. In truth, the brain seemed like a crown of spiritual brightness, decorated with shining crescents and flaming jewels. Each brain seemed different, but very beautiful. From the brain I saw the diversified currents of life, or magnetic fire, as they flowed through the system. The brain appeared very dark or brown; the muscles emitted in general a red light; the nerves gave out a soft, golden flame; the venous blood a dark purple light; the arterial blood a bright livid sheet of fire. I saw not only the real physical structures themselves, but also their ill-dwelling essences and vital elements.

Another thing was very remarkable: I knew the individuals had garments upon them, because I could see an element of vitality more or less distinct in every fibre of clothing upon their persons. The properties and essences of plants were distinctly visible. Every fibre of the wild-flower, or atom of the mountain violet, was radiant with its own peculiar life. I saw the living elements and essences flow through these simple forms of matter. It seemed that I could see the locality, properties, qualities, uses and essences of every form and species of wild vegetation that had an existence anywhere in the earth's constitution.

But my perceptions flowed on. The broad surface of the earth for many hundred miles before the sweep of my vision became transparent as the purest water. Earth gave off one particular color; stones another; minerals still another.

When I first discerned a bed of minerals under the ocean floor—I remember how I started and shivered with a sensation of fright. It seemed that the earth was on fire. The instantaneous elimination of electricity from the entire mass gave the appearance of a deep seated furnace under the earth. And my agitation was not lessened by perceiving that these rivers of minerals ran under the ocean for hundreds of miles, yet were not diminished in a single flame, and yet were not extinguished. Immense beds of zinc, copper, silver, limestone and gold next arrested my attention; and each, like the different organs of the human body, gave off diverse kinds of luminous atmospheres. The various salts in the sea sparkled like living gems, the

deep valleys and dim-lit ravines through which old ocean flows were, peopled with countless millions of animated all-permeated and pulsating with the spirit of Nature; while the sides of ocean-mountains, far, far beneath the high pathway of travel and human commerce, seemed literally studded with emeralds, diamonds, gold, silver, pearls, and sparkling gems beyond computation. I looked abroad upon the fields of dry land and saw the various species of animals that tread the earth. The external anatomy and internal physiology of the animal kingdom were alike open to my inspection. An instinctive perception of comparative or relative anatomy filled my mind in an instant. I saw the brains, the viscera, and complete anatomy of animals that were (at that moment) sleeping or prowling about in the forests of the Eastern hemisphere, hundreds and even thousands of miles from the room in which I was making these observations."

The clear vision, or clairvoyance, which enabled him, without the use of his external organs of perception, to see, as above related, was effected, as he says, in consequence of the sensational medium being repelled from the external surfaces of the body to the internal surfaces—from the serous to the mucous membranes. And much of that principle, which, in the normal state, formed the medium of sensation, went into the cerebro-spinal centres and into other centres which pertain to the anterior or front portions of the brain, the body being left in a death-like, senseless, and profound slumber; for the elements of the mind were almost all absorbed into the brain, except enough to maintain the moderate performance of the organic functions.

And he remarks that "when the brain is thus illuminated the forehead is perfectly transparent. It appears like a window from which the soul looks out upon the fields of creation. All the upper portions of the face, including the bodily eyes, are also illuminated. These phenomena are not visible except to the mental vision. Clairvoyants are generally not illuminated in the highest regions of the brain, but only in the base of the cerebrum, extending from the centre of the forehead around to either side, and downward to the tops of the cheeksbones. This is the source or locality of the mental perceptions."

Clairvoyance implies the clear perception of things beyond the powers of bodily vision; but it does not imply an understanding of the things observed. The front division of the brain only is illuminated. The vision extends in straight lines when the distance is subjected to contemplation; and yet, as with the bodily eyes, the interior perceptions harmonize very readily with the rays of light and electricity which play abroad in Nature, so that the vision usually comprehends fully the half of a very large disc. Nevertheless, the faculty is so tender and so sensitive to the understanding, develop love, invigorate benevolence, increase the wisdom-principle, and conduct the spirit into higher and larger spheres of contemplation. The discerning mind at once discovers the analogy, yea, even the identification, existing between the higher phenomena of magnetism and those states which characterized the Jewish prophets and all true pioneers of religious inspiration."

The direct and practical effect of this manifestation of clairvoyance in the uneducated boy was, its use in diagnosing and successfully prescribing for disease, for nearly two years, at which time he attained the spiritual or superior condition.

And now what is this "superior condition" that Baboo Peary Chand Mitra likens unto that Nirvana which so puzzles our Oriental scholars?

In lecture twenty-one, Mr. Davis says:

"It is mental illumination—a high reality—that which brings the soul into close proximity with that 'interior life' which holds perpetual converse with the high, the holy, and the sanctified. It is an expansion of the expansive energies of the mind, a sublimation of the material to the spiritual; the body to the soul."

It is the flower of clairvoyance, in truth, the fruit of a large and beautiful tree, whose root is the rudimentary state; whose body is human magnetism; whose branches are somnambulism; and whose buds are clairvoyance—in all its various degrees and developments. The spiritual state grows upon the summit of this tree as naturally as the peach succeeds the blossom, or the rose the bursting of the bud. This state signifies an opening of the interior understanding as well as an exercise of the interior perceptions. In this condition the spirit not only sees, but seeing, it also comprehends. The love and wisdom principles have an harmonious play; they act for, upon, and with each other.

In the superior condition the mind sees, the mind hears, the mind reasons, the mind understands. The whole interior man is concordantly exalted. The perceptions, the retentives, the reflectives, the contractives, the expansives, the solids and the religious faculties are—one and all—in a high state of exaltation. But the social and intellectual elements are harmoniously subordinated and made subservient to the religious.

When in this condition the vision extends far and wide; transcending all mere imagination, and inspecting things and realities which the most vigorous and artificially excited fancy could never approach. Sciences and philosophies; things real and things imagined; existences which swarm this earth, and those which dwell in the stars of distant realms; human beings in the material body and those in the immortal organization, all within the grasp of the vision, the illuminated, and to a certain extent, they are as comprehensible. When the mind is in this state the upper portions of the head are beautifully illuminated. The superior divisions of the social and the intellectual faculties are glowing with a bright, mellow light which centres in the moral faculties, and this light glows and extends upward about four feet; the upper portion of which light is generally about twenty inches in diameter, and variegated as the rainbow—indicating the different loves and wisdoms which are excited by the illuminations. This light is derived wholly from the interior elements of the soul. When the body is de-magnetized, or rendered comparatively insensible, by the transference of the positive power from the external to the internal surfaces, then the life of the body flows, not only into the mind, and the elements of the soul, but into the etherial elements. Into the bosom of this light—the heat of which a sensitive hand can detect—flow the breathings of the love-circles or of the wisdom-circles, just as the law of use may at the time prescribe. The profoundest thoughts and contemplations may be introduced into the thus illuminated mind, accompanied perhaps with the most useful and otherwise appropriate language.

It is a religious condition. All true prophets and seers of the olden times were mainly in this exalted posture; an attitude supremely heavenly in its character—one which the mind is naturally inclined to accomplish when left to follow out the living laws of intuition and nature."

In his autobiography, he emphatically declares that he receives his knowledge through the disentanglement of his inherent intuitions, which are the only reliable philosophers in the universe. And he gives, among others, this example:

"My intuitions ascend like a light column of ether toward the upper realm, and I come in contact with an atmosphere of light. Whence that atmosphere? From a congregation of professors, students and guests, at Union College. Why that congregation? It is Commencement Day. What's the subject of the present speaker? The Relation of Christianity to Civilization. Whence Christianity? From the teachings of a person named Christ. Whence that person?"

Now, in asking myself this historical question while my intuitions were in contact with the etherial column of light, I strike the right vein. Then, true as the earth to the sun, I glide swiftly down the enormous grooves of time, halting the intervening centuries as I pass, till I fix upon the ex-

act events which preceded and characterized the birth and life of the individual under examination. In like manner, every other question, scientific, ethical, psychical, poetical, prophetic, &c., can be investigated.

The best evidence, however, of the spiritual illumination of Mr. Davis, is to be found in his numerous writings, from which it will be seen that he has investigated the invisible yet real nature of man and the universe, and formulated many of the laws thereof most reasonably, thus promulgating what is aptly termed the Harmonical Philosophy. His life and works demonstrate that he is the seer and philosopher of the nineteenth century, imbued as he is with "an unselfish, dispassionate divine love of immutable principles."

St. Augustine, Fla.

## SPIRITUALISM OR MATERIALISM—WHICH?

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The power and sway of dogmatic theology are on the decline. Its fall is not sudden, but by slow and sure degrees it falls and weakens, is spasmodic in action, hails in doubt, blindly rushes into "revivals of religion," goes into a chill after the revival fever is over, yet weakens continually. Men and women hunger for some "bread of life" it cannot give, darkened and crushed souls seek light and liberty, the thoughts of men broaden beyond creeds and holy books.

What shall come in place of this dogmatism? How can we best keep what good it holds, avoid its grievous ills, and reach on and up to better ideals and a higher life on earth?

The path of man leads either to Materialism or Spiritualism. Only some transient debatable land lies between. Inductive science goes back to "the potency of matter," which is but on the surface of visible things, and ends there. It makes the unseen secondary to the seen; the internal a transient result of the external; the spiritual some fleeting and subtle essence eliminated from the material. Man's spirit is evolved from his bodily life, his thought and inspiration come from food and digestion; his physical death ends all; his immortality is a dream, beautiful perhaps, but idle; the Life Beyond cannot be; no sign or token, no blessed presence can come from that impersonal void. The Soul of Things, the divine and indwelling Intelligence, is not; this world is "a dynamic engine, and not an embodied thought." This is the logic and tendency of the materialistic method of thought, the outcome of its philosophy. It is a philosophy of negation—cold and dark.

Spiritualism (using the word in the sense of a Spiritual Philosophy, yet bearing in mind the beautiful facts of spirit presence, which illustrate it) holds to the Soul of Things, the Infinite Intelligence, will, wisdom and design, which we can but partially comprehend.

"Embracing all, supporting, ruling over; being whom we call God, and know no more."

Spirit is the soul of matter, and matter the body of spirit, each independent, yet the indwelling spiritual forces positive and permanent, making the visible stuff they shape like "clay in the hands of the potter."

Man is microcosmic, his body framed, and used for a time, by a "vital spark of heavenly flame" within. The poet is sometimes the best philosopher, for he intuitively truth from his own soul, and Spenser well said:

"For so the soul the body form doth take,  
For soul to form, and doth the body make."

The immortality of the spirit is but "the survival of the fittest"; the low condition in the future life of such as were slaves of selfishness or crime here is but justice working through law; the final reaching to a higher harmony is but the conquest of good over evil which makes the upward tendency a part of an infinite and divine purpose, and the "real presence" and actual assurance of our translated friends is but the blessed assurance that the hunger of the soul shall be satisfied.

So we keep the great truths that the church has kept—God, Duty, Immortality—and we save them from the hideous perversions of bigoted creed-makers, and cruel dogmatists, and self-righteous priests.

Inspiration is fresh, as of old. Reason, conscience and intuition are free; thought is untrammelled by dogmas; wisdom and love supplant ignorance and fear, and life reaches up to higher levels. Our philosophy affirms great spiritual realities, full of light and power.

Free thought is precious, but let us learn to use our freedom well, by thinking wisely.

I am ready to act and speak with and for all Liberal Leagues, Unitarians, and Free Thought Associations on the same platform with Materialists, Inductive Scientists and Free-Religionists, for common purposes and in a spirit of mutual respect for honest opinions, but I must stand for Spiritualism, and never lose sight of the transcendent importance of its facts, the uplifting power of its religion, the broad sweep of its philosophy, the fine method of its science, making deduction and induction meet and complete its proofs.

My feet are on that path, and the air grows pure and magnetic, the sky bright, and the horizon broadens as I go on. While ready to join others for practical work and free thought, let us never fall to keep up our efforts for the life and growth of that Spiritual Philosophy which the world needs, and which will supplant the dying dogmatism of sectarian theology.

G. B. STEBBINS.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 22d, 1878.

## New England Spiritualist Camp-Meeting Association.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The directors of the New England Spiritualist Camp-Meeting Association had a meeting at Greenfield the 26th of February, to begin planning for next August's camp-meeting at Lake Pleasant, and will meet again before long to perfect their arrangements. The meeting will begin on the 6th of August, and close September 3d, thus taking in four Sundays instead of three, as last year. The Fitchburg band of twenty-four pieces has been engaged, and will arrive on Saturday, the 10th, and remain twenty-three days. Wednesdays and Thursdays of each week will be special days for phonics and lectures.

The Association is in a flourishing condition, and the prospects for a very large attendance are already assured.  
J. H. SMITH, Sec.  
Springfield, Mass., Feb. 28th, 1878.

SIMPLICITY ITSELF.—Suburban resident to Builder: I wanted to put a tin fox on the top of my house as a "vane." What ought I to do? Builder: Do! Why, give notice to parish under metropolitan local act—give notice of section, cross-section, and block plan of adjacent property, with design and two perspectives of fox, enclose two copies of all men to board of works, Spring Gardens, and then—wait!—Funny Folks.

## Ethics of Spiritualism.

(We again extract from the columns of the Religio-Philosophical Journal paragraphs from this last work of Hudson Tuttle.—Ed. B. of L.)

## BENEVOLENCE.

It is the antidote of selfishness. Its office and delight is to bestow. It pictures the Infinite on a throne, from which as light from a central sun unintercepted flow boundless streams of beneficence. Uncontrolled, it is like the shower that falls alike on the just and unjust; the parched desert and the flood. Its manifestation even thus indiscriminate has a charm, for it shows how far removed human actions are toward the spiritual, the unselfish, and such actions are always beautiful, however undeserving the objects of their bestowal. Better to suffer ten impositions than turn one needy away, is a proverb growing out of this love. The public charities which have grown out of this faculty are productive of great individual good, but it has been questioned if they are of any real benefit to the community. They can only reach a small fraction of want and wretchedness, and it is thought better to devise some means whereby all may be elevated from degradation. Yet as the means have not been devised, and are apparently very remote, we shall not soon escape the demands on our charity.

This, however, is only a lower form of benevolence. Its higher sphere of activity blends into the qualities better expressed by love, that love which exists for its own sake. In its ideal expression, it is absolute devotion to its object, not for any hope of reward, or any benefit to self, but from a spontaneous desire to promote the happiness of others.

In animals we often see the affections exhibited in great strength; the conjugal, parental and fraternal instincts banding herds and flocks together. These are, however, momentary, and when the physical necessities or occasions pass, they separate. It is interesting to observe this dim beginning, and by it we learn the beautiful unity of the world. The instinctive attraction developed into disinterested desire to promote the well-being of others, a desire which transcends all others. Few attain its ideal.

To love those who return vindictive hate; to feel the same kind regard and interest in an implacable enemy as in a friend; never to repay unkindness with harsh invective; to regard wrong and error with charity, is an ideal that few attain, but with which the noblest of beings, and thus claim as our own highest estate.

To be benevolent and to love one's own family; to extend these to friends, is too common to mention. Benevolence which goes beyond is more rare. When it grasps one's country it becomes patriotism, still selfish and in a degree instinctive. In all these forms benevolence does not rank high in the scale of the virtues, nor does it tend greatly to elevate the mind. The father who loves his children to idleness, and who strives for them any sacrifice, may be a hard, exacting, unjust man beyond his own fireside. When it arises from the family, and grasps mankind, irrespective of nationality or race, when it feels for suffering wherever found, and with self-forgetfulness devotes to the good of others, benevolence becomes philanthropy; its most angelic expression. It sends its Florence Nightingales to bind up the lacerations of war; its Howard into the dark recesses of prisons; it holds devoted men to their posts of duty in times when pestilence is abroad, and great suffering crushes the people.

Cunning, fraud, deception, perfidy are tolerated in the animal because they do not conflict with the purposes of its life. In fact they are essential to its existence. They do not defeat higher purposes, for it has none. Man, however, has some what more than existence to strive for. His preservation is undesirable when united with dishonesty and falsehood. The immortal spirit claims mastery over the flesh, and scorns its limitations and degradation.

## IMMORTALITY IS CONFERRED, AS THE HIGHEST AIM OF CREATIVE ENERGY.

Immortality is conferred as the highest aim of creative energy, admitting of no mistakes. Man's spiritual state must surpass his mortal, which is its prototype; extending and consummating the mortal life. Whether we die drawing our first living breath, or after a full century, has not the least influence on the final growth and performance of the spirit, which embraces every law of progress. Whether as a spirit, clad in flesh, or as a spirit in the angel spheres, man is amenable to the same laws.

## REASON AS INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL CONSCIOUSNESS.

They are to man what gravitation is to the physical world. It is unlimited by any other faculty, nor is it dependent for its manifestation on any other. Unlike the lower, it makes no prophecy of another faculty; its promise is of its own perfection. The appetites minister exclusively to the demands of the body, and performing which their task is finished. But if there is not something more, nothing but animal life is attained. The body is nourished for something. There is a work for it to do. That work is the evolution of spirit and its mentality. On the appetites rests a group of desires, from the most selfish to that which reaches into the future, for continued life, and the loves which are represented in the physical world by heat, making out from the individual to the family and the world.

The body was made to serve the mind, and not the mind the body. The Appetites were made to serve the Desires and Love, and not the Desires and Love to serve the Appetite. All below were made to serve those above. And lastly the Intellect was made to serve the moral Consciousness and not the moral Consciousness the Intellect. Here we grasp the true distinction between the high and the low.

## WHY SEEK IMMORTALITY OUTSIDE OF PHYSICAL MATTER?

Granting the existence of the unknown elements beyond the limits of hydrogen, the existence of which has been conjectured by many scientists, why should immortality be achieved by them more than by ordinary oxygen, carbon, and hydrogen which enter into the mortal body? These questions lead to an investigation of what constitutes immortality. In the healthy organism the forces of renovation balance those of decay. As soon as a fibre or nerve cell or bone particle is worn out, new material is ready to supply the waste. So rapid is this wonderful process of decay and renovation that all the soft tissues of the body are renewed at least every thirty days. Thus the body is restored twelve times a year, and an individual at sixty years of age has had seven hundred and twenty different bodies. Could such balance of forces be preserved, living forms would never perish; an immortal man, oak or pine would be as possible as an immortal man. But they cannot obtain it with the material of the physical world. Organic forms reach maturity only to feel the insidious mastery of decay. The absorbents become obstructed with bone-forming material, and deposition going on in the bones they become hard, almost material. Through the important organs—as the heart, in its very valves on which life depends, bony atoms are deposited. The minutest arteries thus obstructed the muscles waste, contract and harden. The entire mechanism of complicated fibres, channels, cells, and fluids becomes impaired, and at length falls altogether. It is not want of vitality; it is a necessity growing out of the elements of which they are formed.

THE "WASHOE SEERESS."—Over four months ago Mr. G. L. Whitney, a resident of this city, lost a valuable gold watch chain. After a diligent but fruitless search for the lost chain he determined to call on Mrs. Bowers, known as the "Washoe Seeress," to ascertain whether she could give him any clue to the missing treasure. He informed her in advance that he believed a Chinaman formerly in his employ had stolen the chain. Mrs. Bowers directed him to search carefully in a pile of rubbish in one of the rooms of his house that was undergoing repairs, and he would find the lost chain. Although having but little confidence in her prediction, he did as directed, and after poking over the rubbish pile for a couple of hours, he was rewarded by finding the object looked for. Mr. Whitney states that he is willing to make an affidavit of the facts as related above.—Virginia Enterprise.







and had to pay the damages. The clerical party

and had to pay the damages. The clerical party pestered the great Chancellor by reviving a long-forgotten story. Thus the matter assumed a political character, and was carried into the Landtag. The clergy had profited by the appearance of the new and incontestably genuine phenomena to claim recognition for their old miracle for the appearance of the Virgin Mary in the Marlingen community. It appears that the devout believers in this "miracle" had come in crowds

to pray at the spot where the apparition had been seen, and had been badly treated by the local

to pray at the spot where the apparition had been seen, and had been badly treated by the local police. The old complaints were now revived. Minister Friedenthal, in the Landtag, defending the police pronounced both the clerical "miracle" and the mediumistic phenomena dangerous frauds. The clericalist deputy Bohms demanded the punishment of the police and damages for the insulted community. Wind-gorst, the well-known orator, of the church party, claimed recognition for both miracle and phenomena, pointing out that even such men as Shopenhauer, Fichte and others, did not deny their possibility. The fight

was lively for a time. Bismarck was annoyed and the public scandalized by this clerical impudence which was provoked by Dr. Slade's spirits. All this led to Prof. Virchow himself coming

out with an offer to investigate Slade's phenom-

ena. But the celebrated medium felt, most probably, if anything, still more annoyed to play a part which, though political, was at best a thankless one. He refused point-blank, remarking that he did not feel justified in trusting a scientist

who belonged to that party of progressionists which had so bitterly attacked him. Then it was that the American medium was advised to leave Berlin.

And no wonder! A man who had encountered Science (?) in the persons of a Lankester and his Donkin had good reasons for avoiding any more such intimacies. And now he is reaping laurels in St. Petersburg. If Spiritualism should be the

gainer by his present demonstrations of his marvelous powers before Mr. Aksakof's committee, its friends will at least have to put this fact to the credit of the Theosophical Society as a counterpoise against the thousand-and-one sins that

have been laid at its door, that it knew how to select among American mediums the "one best of all fitted to convince the most hard-headed of

European skeptics. H. T. DEAYATSKY.

Dr. J. K. Bailey lectured at the Woodbury Schoolhouse, Lyle, Feb. 21st, at Varco Station, Rose Creek, Feb. 23th, and at Cherry Grove, Minn., March 3d. He contemplates a trip through Iowa, commencing at Lyle, Minn., about the 20th of March, via the Illinois Central Railroad to Waterloo, Ia.; thence, via Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Minnesota Railroad to Burlington, Ia. Spiritualists and Liberalists along this route will do well to arrange for his services—a full course, or one or more lectures. He will consider propositions from places along intersecting lines of travel, or at any points of practical access therefrom.

His lectures—under the general head “Spiritualism Examined”—embrace the following subjects: Introductory, Historical Indices; Spirit and Matter; Is Man Immortal? Nature’s Testi-

**W**e are pained to meet with the announcement in the columns of the Boston Advertiser

that the Rev. Charles W. Emerson, pastor of the Unitarian church, of Chelsea, is about to resign on account of illness. This gentleman has won the esteem and admiration of all lovers of fair play in medical matters by his earnest protests against the proscriptive "Ewing" bill last year, and his determined opposition of that obnoxious statute and its companion, the city petition, this

season. The Boston traveller, with its usual mendacity, has striven to besmirch his reputation because of his defence of what it is royally pleased to call "the quacks," but the gentleman stands too high with those by whom he is known to be injured by the vituperations of that sheet.

**Ex Senator Benjamin Franklin Wade**, of Ohio, died at Jefferson, in that State, at half-past six Saturday morning, March 24. He was born in Feeding Hills Parish, (Springfield,) Mass., Oct. 27th, 1800. His father was an ex-soldier of the Revolution and a poor man, and was able to give him only an indifferent education. The young Wade worked on the farm in the summer and taught school in the winter, and afterward worked for some time with pick and spade on the Erie Canal. At the age of twenty-six he began the study of law, was admitted to the bar in 1828, commencing a successful career which was continued to old age. He has been for many

f cheering revelations of Spiritualism.

**137** Parker Pillsbury, Esq., lectured in Palmer Memorial Hall, Boston, last Sunday morning and afternoon, his remarks calling together good audiences. Miss Etta Clark and Robert Cooper furnished music. Prof. N. M. Wright speaks there next Sunday morning. Subject: "Christian Morality vs. Natural Morality." Mrs. Clara Neymann lectures in this hall on the afternoon and evening of the same day. Subjects in the first instance, "Skepticism in Germany," in the second, "The Rights of Women."

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**138** Bishop, the exposé, (?) has been of late in Palmetto, O., and a sarcastic correspondent of the Telegraph, of that place, in the name of the resident Spiritualists, returns hearty thanks to those who brought him there "for their agency in *this triumphant failure*. It has [he says] created much talk, which is being followed by investigation, which is all we ask in the premises."

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**139** Major Thos. Gates Forster and Dr. J. M. Peebles were announced to deliver addresses in Doughty Hall, London, Sunday evening, Feb. 17th. Mr. Wm. White, author of *Life of Swedenborg*, was to preside.

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**140** We have received a report of the proceedings of the Western New York Spiritualist Convention, recently held at Lockport, which we shall publish in our forthcoming issue.

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**141** It is a melancholy fact to contemplate, through all the ages down to our day, that the

It is rumored that Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia, has withdrawn his connection with Spiritualist Associations and joined the Hicksite Quakers.

10. Quinto, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404,

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