

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

VOL. LXII.

COLBY & RICH,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1887.

{ \$3.00 Per Annum,  
Postage Free. }

NO. 1.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—Free Thought: "Matter and Spirit"; Insanity. Spiritual Phenomena: Independent State-Writing at Cassadaga Lake Camp, N. Y.; State-Writing at Mount Pleasant Park, Iowa. Poetry: Angel Teachings. Amaraona (Illustrated).  
SECOND PAGE.—John C. Grinnell.  
THIRD PAGE.—Banner Correspondence: Letters from New York, Illinois, California, and Massachusetts. A Prophetic Dream. New Publications, etc.  
FOURTH PAGE.—Volume Sixty-Two. The Correct Shakespeare Theory. The True Doctrine to Preach: Working-Girls and their Rights. "God-in-the-Constitution." "Abuse of the Insane." "Light" on the "Seybert Commission," etc.  
FIFTH PAGE.—All Sorts of Paragraphs. Movements of Mediums and Lecturers. New Advertisements, etc.  
SIXTH PAGE.—Message Department: Invocation; Questions and Answers; Spirit Messages given through the Mediumship of Miss M. T. Shalhamer.  
SEVENTH PAGE.—Poetry: Just Beyond. September Magazine. Mediums in Boston. Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
EIGHTH PAGE.—Close of the Camping Season of New England for 1887. Saratoga Springs and Lake Pleasant. Queen City Park, Y. C. Cassadaga Lake, N. Y. Elm, N. H. Camp. Spiritual Meetings in Boston. New York and Brooklyn, etc.

## Free Thought.

### "MATTER AND SPIRIT."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
Under the above caption I perceived an article from the pen of Dr. Dean Clarke in the BANNER, bearing date of Aug. 20th. Having carefully read Dr. Clarke's letter twice, though I should like to reply to it in *extenso* in your columns, I will not request you to allow me to do so, as of course a rejoinder from Dr. Clarke might then be reasonably expected, and a controversy distasteful to yourself and wearisome to your readers allowed to drag its weary way through any number of issues of the BANNER.

I therefore shall not attempt to answer any word of Dr. Clarke which refers to a general question relative to science or philosophy; but where I am credited with words and actions which are in no sense mine, either as a normal or inspired individual, I feel it to be a duty to the public to make a correction. I am, therefore, ever having "scolded" at physiology, and I challenge Dr. Clarke or any other person to prove that I have done so, either in public meetings, select classes or through the press. I however claim, on the authority both of standard dictionaries and "scientific physicians," that physiology is simply a science which deals with the functions of living beings, as anatomy deals with the structure of the skeleton. Now I beg to say that not only have I not scolded at physiology, but have recommended its study to the general public as well as that of anatomy; and have even gone further than simply physiologists in recommending hygiene and dietetic reform.

As to the use of water, a person would surely be a fanatic who protested against it; however, I have known cases where painful wounds, etc., have been thoroughly healed through the operation of spiritual power, where even water was not employed. (In some instances it was not procurable.)

It seems to me any child of average intelligence can draw a line between physiology and pathology; also between food, water and drugs. I most certainly do protest against misquotation and misrepresentation, and would mildly suggest to your readers that if they are interested in this discussion, they can obtain a work at the BANNER OF LIGHT Bookstore, entitled "Spiritual Science of Health and Healing," the perusal of which will quickly show them that however good an authority Dr. Clarke may be on *materia medica*, he has failed to comprehend the position taken by myself, as a result of personal experience, and also by the intelligences who operate through my mediumship, on the topic of spiritual healing.

Dr. Clarke suggests another discussion with me on Metaphysics. If he intends visiting San Francisco or Oakland, Cal., I shall be happy to debate with him if he so desires—but as I have no prospect of visiting Massachusetts again for an indefinite period, I can scarcely see my way to "challenge" him; and in the use of that word he is very inaccurate: I never challenged him to debate, but after he had gone out of his way to criticize me in public print, I agreed to meet him in an open discussion, which took place May 15th, in Parker Memorial Hall, Boston; he throwing down the gauntlet, I responding to his "challenge," if the word is in place at all.

Apologizing for this trespass on your space, and hoping this may end the further consideration of this matter, I remain,  
Yours respectfully, W. J. COLVILLE.

## INSANITY.

"Gone crazy upon Spiritualism, and sent to the Insane Asylum, nothing else the matter with her." Such was the remark made in my presence the other day. Now, Mr. Editor, I have a few words to say—words which seem needed at the present time. As to going crazy because of Spiritualism, can there be any more danger than from Calvinism, which teaches that eternal damnation is ours if we do not believe a certain creed, no matter what the life may be; or that we are in danger of committing a sin which God will never pardon, or from an interpretation of a command to Abraham, that we must kill a beloved child?

Until we learn that insanity is simple, physical disease, and should be thus ministered to, our Spiritualism will continue to be crowded.

No thoroughly healthy person, sound from head to foot, with every nerve and muscle working in harmony, is insane. Possessed with a devil, the remedy applied to poor

brain-diseased sufferers. We know better now, but we have not learned that some one string of the thousand-stringed harp has broken, and thus the discord which we hear.

"A blow upon the cerebrum will turn an intellectual giant into a gibbering idiot—in other words, send him back to that state from which ages ago his ancestors were developed. Old age will harden the cerebrum so that the man is a child again."

Phosphorus, in greater or less proportion, will affect thought. A clot of blood on the brain will paralyze its power. The semi-starvation of poverty will weaken the brain, and the luxury of the gourmand will gorge its delicate network of vessels, as it will the blood-vessels of the liver. Grief, misfortune, pecuniary losses lower the tone of the body as surely as Arctic cold, and, if long continued, the brain will succumb to the torpor.

Doctors, to cure the weakness of fever, will prescribe quinine in such quantities that the brain is permanently affected, and opium for diseases of the intestines, so that the patient, if cured of one trouble, has for life a disordered brain.

Away then with the expression "a diseased mind." Let the medium through which the mind manifests itself be pure and clear, and the spirit, like sunshine through clear, transparent glass, will shine brightly through it.  
A. E. PORTER.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### Independent State-Writing at Cassadaga Lake Camp, N. Y.

A correspondent writing us from this popular resort, states that the present season the attendance has been good, and much interest has been taken in the meetings, the mediums and the phenomena generally. With reference to state-writing the account proceeds as follows:

Lovers of the mysterious as well as believers in Spiritualism, had something happened the other day to set them thinking. It appears that a Mrs. Juliana Reynolds, of Reynoldsville, N. Y., was consulting Mr. W. A. Mansfield, the state-writing medium. This lady, Mrs. Reynolds, lost a son about a year and a half ago. Some few days before his death the son called for writing materials and transcribed something which he sealed in the ordinary way, then covered the joint parts of the envelope with sealing wax. He addressed the envelope as follows: "Mother: Not to be opened until you get a message from J. D. R."

Mrs. Reynolds was sitting with Mr. Mansfield, endeavoring to receive a communication. She had brought the slates from home, tied them with cord, and further bound them together with a handkerchief that had been the property of the son. There was no immediate result, and as T. J. Skidmore was passing by the house Mr. Mansfield requested him to come in and assist. He entered the room, and the three placed their hands on the slates, when the medium stated that he felt influenced to go to the amphitheater and give a public test. Mr. Skidmore at the request of the medium untied the slates. They were pronounced perfectly clean by Mr. Skidmore and Mrs. Reynolds. The sealed letter was placed in one end and a small bit of slate-pencil, which had dropped out in untying, was replaced by another. The slates were faced together and bound as before with the string and the handkerchief. The three, Mrs. Reynolds, Mr. Mansfield and Mr. Skidmore, then proceeded to the amphitheater, where a conference was going on. Mr. Skidmore stated that their object was to give a public test.

They sat down at a small table, and Mrs. Reynolds, Mr. Skidmore, Mr. Mansfield (the medium), Mr. Howells, Mr. A. B. French and Mr. E. W. Bond all placed their fingers on the slates. Mr. French shortly announced that he could hear the writing. This was followed by three raps, indicating that the writing was finished. Mr. French then untied the slates and discovered the following message, which, after being shown to Mrs. Reynolds, was read to public:

"My dear mother, I thank you for complying with my wish to the very letter, and every chance that you have given me. You may be assured that I have tried to keep my promise, and now let this prove to you beyond a doubt that I am the same dear son to you. If I have proven this to you alone I have accomplished my heart's desire. Please now open my letter and find that 'Spiritualism is a grand thing.' J. D. R. on earth."

Mrs. Reynolds was deeply affected, and thought the letter should not be opened, as she had an idea that the contents of the envelope were something different. But on re-reading the message, she noticed more closely that he had directed her to open it. Then the seals were broken, and the only writing found therein was, "Spiritualism is a grand thing." J. D. R. on earth."

The handwriting was similar, the last few words being an exact fac simile. Mr. Mansfield had not touched the slate beyond putting his fingers on it at the same time with others, and had not touched the letter. Mrs. Reynolds had on previous occasions tried to receive communications from her son, which fact makes clear the wording of the message.

### State-Writing at Mt. Pleasant Park, Iowa.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Two slates were carried through the large audience in the pavilion on Sunday, that they might see there was nothing upon them. They were then tied together, and held under the table on the platform by Mrs. M. B. Thayer-Goodsell—one of her hands being upon the top of the table.

The first message received was from the late Charles Partridge, publisher of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, the first Spiritualist paper I ever saw.

There were a number of communications for different persons—names and tests being given, all of which were acknowledged to be correct.

My spirit-wife concluded a communication thus: "I am glad to meet you, and bring these earthly blessings"—referring to two red pinks between the slates.

Afterward had a private seance with Mrs. Goodsell. The slates were clean and tied together; a tablecloth was wrapped around them, and while on the floor, with our feet upon them, the following was written on one: "I am here with these earthly flowers that you so much desire."

We are all here with love and tender care to watch and care for you and your earth companion. Your once loving wife, Mollie."

On the other slate was written: "My earthly friend, do not feel that you are old. Oh I am the spirit never grows old. The spirit grows in beauty and knowledge. If time presents, write on, brother. The truth that may fall from your pen will cheer many a weary heart. The true worker will never cease. Charles H. Foster."

There were eight flowers and some beautiful leaves between the slates. I know no better medium than Mrs. Mary B. Thayer-Goodsell.

Yours truly, S. WATSON.

Memphis, Tenn.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ANGEL TEACHINGS.

BY EMMA BOARS BOOTH.

Oh, when the sunset furts her golden banner,  
And daylight fades away;  
When planetary hosts rise on our vision;  
When flows the "milky way,"  
Bathing the brow of night in streams of glory,  
Come, love, to me, I pray;

And I will tell thee of a rare existence  
Beyond Death's heritage;  
And read to thee what Truth herself has written,  
From a celestial page,  
And show thee wonders yet unthought, undreamed of  
By mortal bard or sage.

When, unobscured, thy heaven-directed vision  
Pierces the walls of space,  
And, unrestrained, thy soul with mine may wander,  
What pathways we will trace  
Leading to Nature's innermost recesses,  
Replete with every grace.

There we will open Wisdom's mighty volume,  
And I'll unfold to thee  
Whatever thou comprehendest not, oh, loved one,  
Of its grand imagery;  
For it is full of deep and hidden meaning  
To which is found no key.

But we explain it as we understand it;  
(What more can any do?)  
We are immortal teachers of earth's offspring,  
Whose blinding eyes but view  
A pigmy sand-hill where we see a mountain  
Uprear its peak of blue.

Heaven is within you and around you; never  
Its angels hear your call;  
But well we know that from your spirit's vision  
The blinding scales must fall  
Ere you can grasp at will the great creations  
Of the exceeding small.

Believe us, man has but a faint conception  
Of what himself contains,  
Or the dense orb that holds him to its bosom  
By strong material chains,  
Or the light atmosphere that surges round it  
And his control disdains.

The meanest weed your feet have crushed in passing  
Along the dusty road;  
The (to you) loathsome reptile which you start from;  
The worm beneath the sod,  
Bear, all of them, enstamped upon their natures,  
The sacred seal of God.

We need not tell you this of birds and flowers,  
Whose beauty you adore;  
We need not tell you this of stars and rainbows;  
For oft to them you soar  
And at your poet-foot of fervent feeling  
Baptize them 'o'er and o'er.

These have developed into grace external  
Of form; we have no need  
To bid you love them and be glad in loving,  
And yield them ample meed  
Of praise; then let us turn, dispassioned,  
To reptile, worm and weed.

They—even they—were fair to you in childhood,  
Before your infant eyes  
Were taught by prejudice to loathe and shun them  
(Ay, there the secret lies!)  
The teachings of the elder mold the younger—  
Then should the first be wise.

Nature makes no distinction 'mong her children,  
They all draw from her breast  
The nourishment they need, and all in garments  
Most suitable are dressed;  
Then why, with self-debasing scorn, should any  
Look down upon the rest?

Each atom is an undeveloped treasure—  
A germ from which may spring  
To grace the annals of a far-off future,  
Some great and glorious thing;  
Then judge not rashly, child, the meanest creature  
That chance may near thee bring.

Perfect thyself, and be thou self sustaining;  
Revere the Golden Rule;  
And harken unto Reason when he urges:  
"No longer play the fool;  
Be taught no more by Prejudice and Folly,  
But go to Wisdom's school."  
Cleveland, Ohio.

Above me, as I lay, shone the eternal  
stars, and there at my feet the imphal mar-  
born balls of fire rolled this way and that,  
vapor-tossed and earth-desiring, and methought  
that in the two I saw a type and image of what  
man is, and what perchance man may one day  
be, if the living Eury who ordained him and  
them should so ordain this also. Oh! that it  
might be ours to rest, year by year, upon that  
high level of the heart to which at times we mo-  
mentarily attain. Oh! that we could shake  
loose the prisoned pinions of the soul and soar  
to that superior point, whence, like to some  
traveler looking out through space from Dar-  
en's giddy peak, we might gaze with the  
spiritual eyes of noble thoughts deep into in-  
finity! What would it be to cast off this earthy  
robe, to have done forever with these earthy  
thoughts and miserable desires? No longer, like  
those corpse candles, to be tossed this way and  
that, by forces beyond our control; or which  
if we can theoretically control them, we are at  
times driven by the exigencies of our nature  
to obey! Yes, to cast them off, to have done  
with the foul and thorny places of the world;  
and, like to those glittering points above me,  
to rest on high wrapped forever in the bright-  
ness of our better selves, that even now shines  
in the fire of faith, and within these lurid  
walls, and lay down our listless in that wide  
glory of our dreams; that invisible but sur-  
rounding good, from which all truth and beau-  
ty comes.—B. H. KASAMAN'S "SUN."



AMARONA.

(From Hall's Journal of Health, New York City.)

### AMARONA.

We present our readers with a reduced/ac-  
cording engraving of an original life-size crayon  
drawing, executed under circumstances which  
cannot fail to render their narration of pecu-  
liar interest. We shall be content with giving  
the facts regarding its production precisely as  
they occurred, and in the order of their occur-  
rence, with the assurance that they may be re-  
lied upon as true in every detail.

We have before this taken occasion to re-  
mark upon the importance of a recognition on  
the part of physicians of the spiritual, no less  
than the physical nature of those to whose  
needs they are called upon to minister. Indeed,  
it is oftentimes a correct understanding of the  
spiritual that enables the practitioner to intel-  
ligently diagnose the disease, and arrive at the  
proper remedy.

Prof. E. D. Babbitt, in his late work entitled  
"Religion," truthfully says:

"In this age of scientific attainment, the thoughtful  
and cultured minds demand the demonstration of all  
beliefs and theories by actual facts of the living pre-  
sent, rather than by the traditions and old historical  
narrations of the past. Under their lead the world is  
tending inevitably to one or the other of two great di-  
visions: first, to materialism, which being accus-  
tomed to look upon the coarser side of nature, and  
putting stress mainly upon the tangible and the vis-  
ible, denies the existence of an immortal spirit in man,  
and hence tends to doubt the being of an infinite  
Father Spirit; or secondly, to Spiritualism, which being  
intuitively has a quick perception of the  
finer laws of being, and building upon a large array of  
phenomena, both objective and subjective, is led to a  
knowledge of spirits who have once been human beings,  
and hence very logically infer that there must be an  
infinite spirit as the source and parent principle of the  
boundless spiritual life of the universe."

The story of the crayon drawing, of which  
the foregoing is a diminished reproduction,  
plainly and simply told, is as follows: We have  
from time to time in these columns made allu-  
sion to a class of sensitives, who are endowed  
with faculties so keenly alive to and in such  
harmony with the spiritual as to form inter-  
mediates of intelligible communication between  
the seen and the unseen worlds; that through  
their instrumentality the denizens of the two  
worlds may not only intercommunicate, but in-  
teract by the employment of forces no less sat-  
isfactory of result, because incomprehensible  
of method.

Mrs. Harriet E. Beach is a middle-aged lady,  
the wife of a prominent scientific gentleman of  
New York City, very well known in literary  
and artistic circles. For a number of years she  
has devoted herself to the investigation of oc-  
cult matters, being largely assisted in this by  
her own mediumistic powers. There is indeed  
no phase of occult phenomena with which she  
is unacquainted. Her private apartments at  
her city residence constitute a museum of curi-  
osities in this line, so mysterious to most minds.  
For three years the intelligence represented by  
the before-mentioned drawing has manifested  
himself to Mrs. Beach in various ways, by  
means of different medial agencies. He gives  
his name as Amaraona, and represents himself  
as having lived in the seventh century, A. D.,  
in Egypt, and as having been an alchemist, as-  
trotologer and magician of that remote period,  
when it is known that persons of his profes-  
sion were among the most learned in the State,  
to whom was accorded great distinction. Lat-  
terly, at the residence of one of our best known  
sensitives, this distinguished personage (for we  
must needs speak of him as such) has presented  
himself to Mrs. Beach, in tangible form, on no  
less than six different occasions, and conversed  
with her with the familiarity of an old ac-  
quaintance, as he in truth was. It so hap-  
pened that on at least one of these occasions  
there were present Dr. and Mrs. Henry Rogers,  
two well-known sensitives, of whom it is un-  
necessary in this place to give a more extended  
account than to say that, through their medial  
instrumentality, some of the most marvelous  
and psychographical phenomena of modern

times have been produced, the *modus operandi*  
whereof will sufficiently appear in the course  
of our narrative. The presence was robed in  
flowing white, bordered with gold, a glittering  
golden-bued vestment embellished with a double  
row of hieroglyphics on either side, and a white  
turban in harmony with the rest. He signified  
that with the aid of Dr. and Mrs. Rogers he  
would be able to give Mrs. Beach his picture,  
after the manner of their monochromatic por-  
traits taken in their presence, a proposition of  
which the recipient was only too glad to avail  
herself.

The process ran through a period of ten days,  
and involved an hour's daily "sitting" by Dr.  
and Mrs. Rogers, and four "sittings" of the  
same period with Mrs. Beach, with no visible  
results, although it is understood that these  
preliminary sittings are not alone to harmonize  
conditions, for it is given out that, during their  
continuance, the invisible artists are actively  
employed in producing the picture by methods  
only known to themselves, and that the final  
"sitting" is for its transference upon the ma-  
terial surface provided for it. During these  
preliminaries, Dr. and Mrs. Rogers were quar-  
tered at the Hotel Lafayette, on the southwest  
corner of Broadway and 42d street, New York  
City. They were to leave for Boston early on  
the morning of Feb. 1st, 1887, and the evening  
of Jan. 31st was appointed for the final achieve-  
ment. The arrangements for it were very  
simple: an ordinary prepared sheet such as is  
used for life-size crayon portraits, fastened to  
a stretcher, was placed upon an easel, which  
occupied a middle space between the doorway  
and the rear wall of a small room adjoining a  
more ample sitting-room, which together con-  
stituted Dr. and Mrs. Rogers' hotel apartments,  
and in a receptacle attached to the easel was  
placed some finely powdered crayon.

These were all the appliances in the room  
which could be made available in producing  
the likeness. The only persons present were  
Dr. and Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Beach. They  
ranged themselves about the doorway leading  
to the smaller room, which was now curtained  
off by loosely falling drapery. Almost immedi-  
ately Dr. Rogers entered into the trance state,  
being subjected for the time being to the con-  
trol of an ancient spirit who gives his name as  
Esmond, who, after a few words explanatory of  
the divine purpose in permitting the contem-  
plated manifestation, offered a solemn in-  
vocation wherein he implored the aid of the Great  
Spirit in presenting to the children of earth  
another link in the chain of evidence which es-  
tablishes the inestimable truth that man is, in-  
deed, a spiritual being, endowed with spiritual  
perceptions, which have only to be cultivated  
and redeemed from his grosser elements to en-  
able him to obtain a knowledge of the ever-in-  
creasing excellences which lie within his moral  
and intellectual grasp, not only in this life but  
in the life to come.

At the conclusion of the invocation Dr. Rogers  
was moved to take his seat just within the  
doorway on the opposite side of the curtain,  
which remained sufficiently parted to make his  
presence visible to the two ladies who main-  
tained their seats as first ordered, and who  
kept up a running conversation with the Doc-  
tor's more familiar control now using his or-  
ganism, which was continued for some minutes  
after the picture as now imperfectly laid before  
our readers was completed. We speak of what  
we know to be true, for aside from the fact that  
on a former occasion we were permitted to  
form one of the "sitters" during a similar man-  
ifestation, we were on this January evening re-  
leased to the Doctor's apartments at the very  
moment when the likeness was ready to be  
shown, and before the Doctor had been released  
from his enforced subervency to its accom-  
plishment, and we are able to state that each  
of the three persons most nearly concerned in it  
at once recognized the likeness to be that of the  
spirit "Amaraona," to whose presence in vis-  
ible form we have made allusion. The drapery,  
too, is substantially the same, but it will be



readily understood that however faithful the reproduction of the life-size, and strikingly lifelike the drayon, it must necessarily lose much in delicacy of touch and execution in the processes of photographing and photo-engraving which were required for its diminished reproduction here.

That it required the intermingling of spiritual and material elements for its production, is apparent from the conditions demanded by its projectors. That the preliminary sittings were for the purpose of harmonizing these elements, and bringing them into more perfect accordance, as between spirits and mortals present, there can be little doubt. As to its being the likeness of one who lived in a past age, we have no well founded conception, but when it is taken into account that prior to this some ten or twelve crayon portraits have been taken in like manner through the instrumentality of Dr. and Mrs. Rogers—among which are those of persons long since deceased, of whom no likeness was extant, yet the portrait made, as this unquestionably was made, by invisible agencies, was in every such instance pronounced by those knowing to the fact a most perfect representation of the individual for whom it was taken—it is fair to infer that the likeness of "Amarona" is of the same category.

### JOHN C. GRINNELL.

BY THOMAS H. HAZARD.

[The following interesting narrative of incidents in the experience of one of the most remarkably developed mediums known to Modern Spiritualism was handed to us by its author a short time previous to his (Mr. Hazard's) transition to spirit-life.—ED. BANNER OF LIGHT.]

I think all the exceptionally highly gifted spirit mediums I ever knew have in their novitiate of development been subjected, through poverty, disease, persecution or otherwise, to privations and sufferings corresponding in severity largely in degree with the excellence of their several gifts. Of these John C. Grinnell, of Newport, Rhode Island, who, I think, to say the least, possessed as versatile and perfected occult gifts as any medium I ever met, affords a most striking example. John's father died before he was eight years old, up to which time the boy had been to school less than three months, which was all the school education he ever had. From his eighth until his fourteenth year, John worked in a cotton factory to help maintain the widowed family, and from that time forward to his seventeenth year he labored on a farm, until he was taken sick with typhus fever, concerning the effects of which, Grinnell, in a letter to me under date of Feb. 28th, 1870, writes:

"The calamity took caused dropsy of the blood, and a stiffness of the joints, and I was growing worse all the time under the medical treatment, until nearly every bone and joint of my body was drawn out of place. At the end of about six years' treatment the doctors left me with my limbs and feet so swollen that whenever I moved it seemed as if the world would burst, and I was not able to get up at all, or move without help. My heels were drawn nearly into my back and my head and chin drawn down to my chest. My left arm became sore and helpless, while my right hand was doubled so that I could not use it. I did not have my clothes on for nearly a year, my flesh being so sore that I could not bear their weight."

To the substantial truth of the latter part of the foregoing narrative I am able to bear witness, as I was one of a number of individuals who for some years were accustomed to visit the poor sufferer for the purpose of ministering to his needs. John continues in his letter:

"In this state I continued until the good angels came and delivered me. Before they came I had grown to be a hard, cold Atheist; a deep feeling that the God of the Universe, if there was one, had left me to suffer, caused my unbelief. But in 1840 the power, or influence, of unseen angels, came upon me: at first by tipping the stand, and then by controlling my hand to write. Before that I could not feed myself, but after they had controlled my hand I could use it to eat my food and eat. Not long after a spirit came and my hand to write to a lady living in Fall River by the name of Phoebe Shelling, in which he told her if she would come to Newport she could help me. The next day Mrs. Shelling came to me. We were entire strangers to each other. I never having heard of her except through the spirit communication. As soon as Mrs. Shelling entered the door she was entranced and commenced operating on me, saying she could and would make me walk. This was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and she worked on me about twenty minutes. The next morning I got up and dressed myself, which I had not done before for seven years. The spirit in control of Mrs. Shelling told me that if I would come to Fall River, where his medium could see me every day, he would soon have me walking about. I concluded to go to Fall River, where I stayed with a brother-in-law, and in seventeen weeks, under Mrs. Shelling's magnetic treatment, my limbs were so straightened that I measured thirteen inches more in height than I did when she began, and she made me walk without crutches, which I had not done for many years. . . . Whilst I was under Mrs. Shelling's influence I was made clairvoyant, and could see the different diseases of persons who came to me, and I could see the house in the street, and could tell how and where they were affected. . . . I have during the last fourteen years kept an account of about thirteen thousand patients that I have examined, all of whom, with the exception perhaps of about ten, have expressed themselves satisfied with their diagnosis."

Not only had Grinnell the gift of discerning and ministering to maladies of the body, but he had a corresponding gift to discern both the mental and moral status of every individual who came near him, as I have often witnessed. For instance, I was one day conversing with him while he sat with his back to the window of his little room that opened on Willow street, Newport, R. I., just beneath which scores of people were passing on their return from a funeral. As we conversed on indifferent subjects, I noticed that Grinnell's countenance was continually undergoing remarkable changes. Now it would be lighted up with a pleasant smile, quickly succeeded by a frown, and anon by a savage scowl, and so on. Said I, "John, what is it that makes the expression of your countenance change so often and suddenly?" Without turning his head the medium replied: "It is because the people passing under the window each daguerotype in turn a truthful expression of their several internal natures on my soul-memory and from thence to my features," or words to that effect.

I once held a sitting with Grinnell in company with a very learned and apparently candid gentleman, who wished to witness some of the manifestations. Grinnell, as usual, was quickly entranced, but we could get nothing in answer from the controlling guide to our queries but monosyllables. I was thoroughly disgusted at the failure, and still more offended when, on the stranger leaving the house, the state of the entranced medium commenced talking with his usual volubility. "Yes," said I, "I am not a spirit, but I am a man, and you can talk

like a book; but when I bring a gentleman of great learning and high character into your presence, whose conversation would prove a great benefit to the cause, you are all mum!" Said the spirit: "How would you feel in the presence of a rattlesnake that was all the time spitting poison at you?" A remark that it would be wise for thousands of (so-called) investigators of the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism to ponder well before they pass judgment on spirits or their mediums.

Grinnell says further: "I have operated on eighty-one cases of cancer, and have seventy-nine certificates of cures being effected, which I will show any who wish to see them. [Mr. Hazard remarks here that he had in the above-named cases, with the post-office address of the signers attached to nineteen.—ED.] There are several cases in the vicinity of Newport that you yourself know about, among them Mrs. Hannah Allen, from whose breast I took a cancer as large as a tea-cup; Mr. John R. Peckham, from whose under lip I took two about the size of walnuts; Mr. William Howland, from whose nose I took one as large as a marble. I have never failed to cure but in two instances; one of these cases was that of Mrs. Croucher, whom you also know. It had five heads, and they were all healed except one, which was about as large as a nickel cent when she left me at Newport to go home. When she came to me afterward it was not larger than the end of my little finger, and the artery that burst was in the centre of this head."

I can bear witness to the truth of all that Grinnell states in the foregoing in connection with my name. Mrs. H. Allen of Newport told me that her cancer had been operated upon by the surgeons two or three times, (I think the latter,) before she, in despair of help from the Faculty, went to Grinnell. I think the case of Mrs. Croucher which Grinnell so characteristically puts down in his modest way as a failure, might, on the contrary, very properly be cited as one of the most remarkable cures of cancer on record, as her death was not in reality directly chargeable to cancer, but to the bursting of a blood-vessel caused by the patient's willful refusal to be advised by Grinnell's spirit-guides. Some of the facts of Mrs. Croucher's case are as follows: One morning I was called upon by a poor woman whom I had never seen or heard of before, who asked me to give her twenty-five dollars to pay a surgeon in New York for cutting out a cancer from her breast for the third time. In reply to my questions, the poor woman said that she knew she had to die, but she thought if she had the cancer cut out once more it might prolong her life and enable her for some time longer to assist her aged parents, who were both past work. I finally persuaded her to go with me to Grinnell's and place herself under his treatment, a sister of mine and myself becoming responsible for the cost of board and treatment. Some days after this I called again at Grinnell's and looked at the cancer. It was the most awful looking sore I ever saw on man or beast. It was as broad as a large saucer, and had, as Grinnell states, five angry-looking heads, all but one of which under the spirit's treatment entirely disappeared in a few weeks, and the terrible wound became clothed with new flesh and a thin transparent skin, as I saw with my own eyes a few weeks or days before her death. In spite of the spirit's earnest remonstrances, Mrs. Croucher insisted upon going home to assist her parents, under the belief that she was about well! And this is one of the two cases out of eighty-one that Grinnell puts down as a failure to cure.

I have before me an autograph letter of John C. Grinnell, dated Oct. 10th, 1864, in which he narrates some of the details of the method he pursued in addition to magnetic treatment in the cure of cancer, from which I condense the following facts: On the 13th of June, 1863, a spirit manifested in personal form to Grinnell and alleged that he was when on earth a professional German cancer doctor by the name of James Albert Starke, who extracted cancers and tumors with a certain vegetable gum in connection with two other chemicals which he named. The gum he alleged came from the west coast of Africa, from whence he said Grinnell could obtain it; giving him at the same time both its Latin and African name, and stating the effect it had on tumorous flesh. Grinnell having but little confidence in the revelation, paid no attention to it until the following year, when changing to fall in with a friend of his, Capt. William T. Pettipiece, who was about to sail from New York to the west coast of Africa, he gave him the African name of the gum, with the request to obtain some for him should he find it. The order was given April 17th, 1866, and Capt. Pettipiece after his return gave him in 1867 a cocoanut shell full of the gum, which he had found, I think, in Monrovia or some other port in Liberia. Grinnell stated to me that he tried the gum cautiously on several bad sores before he became convinced of its wonderful efficacy in cases of cancer. Grinnell has been deceased now several years, and I know not whether he has left any record whereby the gum can now be identified.

Grinnell was equally successful in his cures of most other maladies that humanity is subject to as he was in those of tumors and cancers. Some of his methods were very unique. About the year 1853 I had so severe an attack of illness that at one time I felt sure my soul and body were kept together solely by the exercise of my will-power, and that I might part with earth-life at any moment by simply throwing my head back on my pillow accompanied with a wish to die, which I should probably have done were it not that I felt desirous to remain longer in the body on account of my motherless children. I relied wholly upon Grinnell for medical treatment, which was almost exclusively magnetic—except that he occasionally put me on a prescribed diet, from which I found it useless to vary, as he would at once clairvoyantly discover it if I did. One day I had been tempted to eat some blano mange. When Grinnell came to examine me, he said: "What is that white stuff I see in your stomach?"

In his method of imparting healing aura to his patients, Grinnell did not generally bring his hands in contact with their persons as many spirit-healers do, but simply made passes with them downward over the face and chest. On one occasion, when my fever ran so high that my tongue resembled a pointed piece of shriveled dried beef, whilst I was under treatment Grinnell suddenly left the room and returned with a glass of fresh, cold water. This he set down on a table and commenced making passes over it downward with both his hands. To me, with my then little knowledge of the phenomena of "spirit-healing," the whole proceeding seemed perfectly farcical. After some minutes' manipulation of the water, Grinnell, at the glass down in an empty glass by my side and commenced making passes over my face and chest as usual, at the same time requesting me

to take a few sallows from the tumbler occasionally. As I sat before the medium with my face inclined downward I saw drops of water falling on the floor, and casting my eyes upward was surprised to see Grinnell's face suffused with large drops of perspiration! Said the spirit in control: "With this magnetized water I will take the fever from your body and pass it off through my medium." The air in the room was cool, and the exercise of the medium so light that it was wholly unreasonable to charge his copious perspiration to either of those causes.

Grinnell was himself strikingly susceptible to mesmeric influence. I have in scores of instances thrown him into a profound mesmeric sleep simply by passing my hands once only downward over his face. As my hands approached his forehead his visual organs would begin to relax, and by the time the influence had passed over his entire face, his head would droop and a profound sleep immediately ensue, from which I could at once arouse him and restore consciousness by making a corresponding counter pass with the back of my hands upward. Whilst sitting on one side of a room opposite Grinnell (with others present), I have many times caused him to wince as if he had been smitten with a stick, by simply motioning my forefinger in his direction, the effects of which Grinnell said he felt as sensibly as if the motion of my finger had been accompanied with a blow. This mesmeric power, which I, in common with millions of other individuals of both sexes, of extra strong vital and sympathetic temperaments, possess, though often unconsciously, is closely akin to the healing gift designated in the apostolic era by the term "laying on of hands," and might, were it not for the prejudice inspired by a false education, be exercised for the good of humanity and the relief of the sick and infirm to an untold extent, apart from the sensible aid of spirits from the unseen world, but to a much greater extent where, as in the instance of John C. Grinnell, the healer possesses an organization and mediumistic temperament that invite and permit the denizens of the unseen world to use them as instruments for the healing of human infirmities and the promotion of good generally.

Early in my spiritualistic experiences I was told by unseen spirit-friends that my organization was adapted to the healing of disease in an eminent degree, and they repeatedly urged me to exercise my gift in that direction. Their advice, however, has been unheeded, except that I have in several instances removed headaches by passes of my hands, and occasionally, whilst traveling in steam and horse-cars, have taken a sick child from the arms of its mother, and after apparently playfully fondling it, have restored it, seemingly well, to the arms of its wondering mother, to which it has sometimes returned lothly—and one other striking case which I will here mention:

Some thirty or more years ago a radical change in regard to the hitherto faulty methods of the treatment of the pauper and insane poor in Rhode Island was inaugurated under State authority and prosecuted to a most successful conclusion. At an early stage of the movement I held a commission from the Governor of the State, clothing me with official authority to visit all the public poor-houses and infirmaries in Rhode Island and report their several conditions to the Legislature. By virtue of my office I called one day at the poor asylum of the town of Portsmouth. As I entered a back door of the establishment in company with its then excellent superintendent, Mr. William Sisson, I observed an inmate mechanic in the act of completing a little coffin, which Mr. Sisson told me was intended for an infant child, then dying in a room above, with its mother and four other little brothers and sisters, had recently been brought to the asylum. After looking through several rooms we went into an upper apartment that was wont to be occupied exclusively by several respectable though impoverished aged females. As I took a seat I observed that in the lap of an old lady lay, on its back, the apparently lifeless form of the infant that had been spoken of by Mr. Sisson.

Shortly after the Irish mother of the infant came into the room, and taking the little child in her arms sat down in a chair but a yard or so distant from me. I was told that the child had not taken any nourishment for more than twenty-four hours that had not been immediately thrown up again! The poor thing was evidently practically as bad as dead, which under the circumstances I held to be a mercy, rather than an infliction. From some strange influence, that I was unable to comprehend, my attention was drawn to the little thing so strongly that I could not take my eyes away from it. Obeying an impression, I finally got up and placing one hand on the infant's head and the other on its chest, I proceeded to manipulate it with both hands; upon my perceiving, as I thought, some faint symptoms of revival in her child, I asked the mother to nurse it. This she refused to do, and at the same time cast on me an angry glance. I then spoke more positively. "Nurse your child, I tell you!" The mother then offered her breast to the infant, which it seized and nursed heartily. All in the room looked on with astonishment, whilst I heard the remark repeated: "He is a Spiritualist!" After manipulating the head and chest of the child again, I went with the keeper down stairs, but quickly under impression returned again and found the child vomiting. Said I, "What have you been doing?" The mother said her child would not nurse and she had fed it with a spoon. I now spoke sharply, and told the mother not to do so again, but to let the poor thing die in peace if it would not nurse, as feeding it otherwise would not save it. I manipulated the child's head and chest again, and then ordered its mother to nurse it, which she did without further opposition, and the child, as before, nursed heartily. Repeating my order most positively, that let what would happen the child should not nurse and be fed with a spoon. I left the house. On the next day I changed to go to Newport, and in passing down the Parade accidentally saw Mr. Sisson on the other side of the street. I, at the time, had but little doubt that the vitality had imparted to the child had become exhausted by that time, and that it was dead. Said I, "How is the baby, Mr. Sisson?" "As smart as a crack," he replied, and as far as I know, or have ever heard, it remains so still.

J. C. Grinnell lived in such close rapport with the spirit-world that with him the celestial and mundane spheres seemed to be merged into one, so that he conversed as readily with the denizens of the one sphere of existence as the other. Oftentimes when I have been conversing with him whilst in his normal condition, on a question being asked that he was not of him, self competent to discuss or answer, one of his spirit-guides would instantaneously control his organs of speech and speak for him. In the year 1870, during one hundred and twenty sittings

held with the medium for the purpose, I presented to Grinnell, whilst in a deep trance, the names, separately written on small slips of paper, of fifteen hundred historical and other persons, more or less eminent or distinguished; to one and all of which he wrote with his crippled hand compendious replies, so significant when viewed in the light of ancient and modern history and biography, that it would seem impossible any reader of ordinary intelligence should conceive them to have been written by an uneducated scribe like Grinnell, who had never in all his life read a page of biography or history apart from what is contained in the Bible. When completed, I arranged the whole series in alphabetical order after the manner of a Gazetteer, which was published in 1870 in an octavo volume of 130 pages, bearing the imprint of William White & Co., now Colby & Rich, under the title of "Ordeal of Life." Many of the characters are so strikingly defined, together with the costumes, personal ornaments, weapons of war, instruments and accoutrements of various kinds, etc., of the individuals described, that a student of history finds but little difficulty in assigning to very many of the more ancient spirits the exact age or era of the world in which they severally lived. I subjoin copies of a few of the written characters merely to exhibit to readers fair specimens of the style of the mediumistic scribe:

#### VINGIL.

"A man of great cultivation, deep intuition and perception, and a powerful intellect. His countenance expresses wisdom and knowledge, enough to make of itself the best of voices of a sage. He wears a small peaked cap, made in a very peculiar style. He has a large, full face, a large full, dark eye and a broad forehead, and is in fact nearly a perfect man. He has risen to celestial life."

#### NEBO.

"A deep, scorpion nature; a real deadly creature, who is now in one of Swedenborg's slimy hells, where the quality of spirit is like the foulest stench. He is the least and most of a scorpion. He has been represented here to me. He was selfish, jealous, wicked and bloodthirsty, and a tyrant even to his own friends. He has made no progress yet in spirit-life."

#### JUDGE JEFFRIES.

"One in whom is concentrated the quintessence of devilry and wisdom. He is a very intellectual man, of strong individuality and fair perception, but awful in his judgment. He is a spirit of wilful, tyrannical will, allied to wrath and madness, and has made slow progress in spirit-life."

#### SAMUEL FOTHERGILL.

"A man of almost divine nature. He has a full, strong heart, very high spirituality, and is full of wisdom and benevolence. He has very full perception and intuition, strong individuality, and a very reverential countenance. He is a spirit of wonderful beauty and love. He has a calm look, a great soul, and loves God and man. He has made great progress in spirit-life."

Quite a number of the characters were given after the symbolic or metaphorical method of the North American Indians by an Indian guide of the medium. As for instance:

#### MARSHALL MOREAU.

"His' pate be's full of the paths of blood. Him's heart be's the channel where big's much kill be's. Him's be's full of the cries of the earth hunting-ground. Him's be's a very hard brave."

#### TORQUEMADA.

"Big old taunting brave. Him's be's much cruel. He put big twists through braves. Him's big red face. When him's find out braves no like him, him's much, him's have stretched out and big pull, and he twist, and him's big old chest-throat brave. He be much worse than Indian. Him's have mighty much writes (writing) in him's hands. Him's now have go with his throat out all time, and big holes in him's body where big hot fire coals goes through bolts, make him big howl all time for him bad acts on hunting-ground."

#### CANONICUS.

"Full of wisdom as the dragon-root is of smoothness. Heart deep and profound as the ocean, broad as the seashore, and high and exulting as the dashing waves; full of cunning as the serpent, with intellect as full as the ears of Indian corn. He was the chief of sparkling waters; clear, true, noble and good."

#### CANONCHET.

"Him's bright as the morning's beam. Him's full of the love of big spirit as the sun is full of light. Him's as big in him's heart as the big swelling ocean. Him's be's strong in him's thinker as the tides of the seashore. Him's speak big truths as the thunder makes big loud. Him's be's swift as the chains of lightning in him's progress."

Unlike very many spirit-mediums, who, as a class, are charged with being diffuse in their utterances and writings, Grinnell was remarkably terse and concise. The moral ethics his guides taught were expressed in such simple and precise words that it would seem a child could hardly mistake their meaning. They held man in his spiritual and physical nature to be a dual being, constituted of an external perishable body of flesh and an internal imperishable and immortal body called the soul, of which a spirit ray emanating from the Dely constitutes the light and life. Thus the soul, occupying a middle position between the two, becomes, as it were, the battle-field on which the powers of good, represented by the spirit, and those of evil, represented by the flesh, contend for mastery on equal ground, the former ever striving, by gentle entreaty and persuasion, to draw the soul upward, whilst the latter ever seeks, through its tempting animal propensities and degrading fleshly lusts, to draw it downward—the soul, in the meantime, being induced with the innate power to choose the good and reject the evil, or vice versa, at its own free will and option. Thus situated, the soul's earth-existence becomes, as it were, the rudimentary and probationary school in which it learns, through the lessons of experience, to take its first steps in its endless, progressive life throughout eternity; its entrance, after its separation from its clothing of flesh, into its next sphere of existence being graduated in its favorable or unfavorable aspects and surroundings precisely in accordance with its good or evil conduct and life in this.

I have before me a tract of sixty-six pages, printed on my account in 1875, in which Grinnell's spirit-guides essayed, in my presence, to tersely illustrate some of the spiritual and moral principles they would inculcate, from which the following selections are made:

"We cannot comprehend Dely in its fullness, nor can we the smallest portion of his identity or his works: In the language of a mortal, all that a man, either here or hereafter, can know of Dely, is that 'nothing can be known.' How vain is it, then, to attempt to localize or define the nature of God further than that he is God, to declare him to our unlightened individuality as being the perfection of all power, goodness, knowledge, wisdom and love."

"The spirit constitutes the light and life within, whilst the individual soul has the power to give it any direction, whether for good or evil, it chooses."

"The Kingdom of God is without and within. As existence expresses everything that is individual, so does spirit everything that is universal and divine. As we could have no life without a divine spirit, so we could have no soul without a divine spirit. The soul is the individual, and the spirit is the universal. The soul is the body, and the spirit is the life. The soul is the matter, and the spirit is the form. The soul is the flesh, and the spirit is the bone. The soul is the blood, and the spirit is the life. The soul is the heart, and the spirit is the mind. The soul is the stomach, and the spirit is the soul. The soul is the liver, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the lungs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the kidneys, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the bladder, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the intestines, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the rectum, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the anus, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the chest, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the back, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the shoulders, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the arms, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the legs, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the feet, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the hands, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the head, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the face, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the eyes, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the ears, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the nose, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the mouth, and the spirit is the spirit. The soul is the throat, and the spirit is the spirit. The



**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, IN ADVANCE:**  
 Per Year.....\$2.00  
 Six Months.....1.00



**TO BOOK PURCHASERS.**  
Colby & Rich, Publishers and Bookkeepers, 105 North Street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymn Books, and all other religious books, at wholesale and retail prices. Orders for books, to be sent by mail, must be accompanied by cash or by check, payable to the order of Colby & Rich. We would remind our patrons that they can secure the best of all books, by sending us the names of the books they desire, and we will send them by mail, or by express, at the lowest possible price. Any book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**  
In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of important personal thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance. We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a pencil or ink line around the article he desires specially to recommend for publication. Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday of each week, as the BANNER goes to press every Tuesday.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1887.

**PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE.**  
105 North St. (formerly Montgomery Place),  
corner Province Street (Lower Floor).

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:**  
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,  
14 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,  
39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

**COLBY & RICH,**  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

ISAAC B. RICH, EDITOR.  
LUTHER COLBY, ASSISTANT EDITOR.  
JOHN W. DAY, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Business letters must be addressed to ISAAC B. RICH, Banner of Light Publishing House, Boston, Mass. All other letters and communications must be forwarded to LUTHER COLBY. Private letters should invariably be marked "Personal" on the envelope.

Before the oncoming light of Truth, creeds tremble, ignorance dies, error decays, and humanity rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—Spirit John Pierpont.

### Volume Sixty-Two.

Another volume—the sixty-second—of the BANNER opens with the present number. These new volumes seem to be coming along thicker and faster, as time speeds on its course; but it is a supreme satisfaction to reflect that age implies increasing maturity, and contains the promise of a larger wisdom. The constant readers of the BANNER are best able to testify of the truth of this implication in its own case. It certainly has labored and never faltered in the cause for which it was launched on the waters of journalism. From the first day of its existence it has striven to be loyal to the commission with which it was entrusted by the invisibles. It has aimed at but one object, and that was the demonstration and dissemination of the truth of spirit-communion. With this great revelation it knew would surely come into men's minds a host of other vital truths to which they were before closed. While others have strayed away to start personal philosophies, the BANNER has held fixedly to this single, central verity.

And so it has subserved the purpose for which it was called into being with far greater success than if it had been led away by some vague ambition of its own nourishing. Of the value and extent of its service in the field to which it was called it has no desire to speak; they are best known to others, those who for so many years have been its readers and its friends. Nevertheless it cannot forget that it has borne an active part in the great work, revolutionary in the best sense, which has been going forward since the last half of this century began. It has seen the grain of mustard seed grow into the spreading tree, wherein the fowls of the air find lodgment and shelter. It has witnessed the increase of one man to a thousand. It has lived to note the spread of this deepest and dearest of all truths from the humble cot of its origin to the halls of large cities, the cabinets of crowned heads, and the retiring-rooms of Presidents. This alone is proof of the vitality of a truth which more than any ever given to man has been subjected to a storm of denunciation and ridicule. What the human heart instinctively accepts, that it is safe to acknowledge to be true and good.

In these latter days the press is an individual power. It may not supplant other influences supposed to be established, and really does not seek to; yet it possesses the elements of influence known to but few other recognized agencies in modern social life. It is for this reason that it needs to exercise all the more care over its utterances. Because it is so powerful in its first impressions, that surely is the last excuse to be offered for its indifference to truth and general irresponsibility of assertion. Least of all is any excuse for the outright abuse of its conceded power by the free use of vituperation, by ambitious designing, or by the ridicule of that which to others is still sacred. The greater the responsibility of a journal, the greater the care with which its service should be conducted. Such, at least, has been the spirit in which the BANNER has gone forward in its appointed work from the date of its first utterances to the public. And so it will continue to the end. It rejoices sincerely that it has lived to see what it does see as the result of the dissemination of the newly revealed truths which are more and more illuminating the world. And it will go on working for their further dissemination as long as its services shall be found acceptable.

The sketch of mediocrity experiences, from the pen of the late Thomas R. Hazard, which will be found on our second page, should be read by every one into whose hands the present number of the BANNER may fall.

### The Correct Shakespeare Theory.

The renewed attempt to unseat Shakespeare from the throne he has so long occupied among the world's immortals is to be regarded as much in the light of personal ambition as anything else. If it were good healthy criticism only, that would be one thing; but we cannot see that at best, and if it proved successful, it accomplishes anything for truth or for literature that is to redound to the benefit of either, while it does serve to magnify temporarily the fame of one who evidently counts on achieving a liberal share of it as an iconoclast instead of a commentator. The hope of fresh distinction in the latter rôle is become very faint indeed at this late day. In order to overturn what is the fixed tradition in regard to Shakespeare, and transfer the authorship of his marvelous plays to other hands, it is found necessary to invent a cipher that shall work just as its author would have it work, and then to assume that it exists on the pages of the poet by the deliberate purpose of the contemporary on whom it is designed to confer the credit of the plays.

Every one will say that such testimony is too forced to possess any intrinsic value. First and worst of all, it is assumed that such unparalleled products of the human mind may be the result of a calculation that is almost purely mechanical, instead of being, as they must be, the fruit of the highest inspiration ever received by mortal faculties. This is the vital consideration in making up any just and adequate estimate of the plays of Shakespeare. He who is content to fancy that they were composed on so low a plane as that in which a personal secret only could be concealed, is prepared to credit them with being not much greater than ingenious inventions, worked out with intent to create a puzzle that could not serve any known purpose during the life of the author. However ingenious the reputed discoverer of this new cipher may be thought, he certainly has not begun to touch the height and depth, the glory and grandeur of a body of plays in which no puzzle can be more profound than that they were the emanations of the human mind as they exist.

We cannot but look upon this whole business of seeking to dethrone imperial Shakespeare as puerile and petty, wholly unworthy of the lofty spirit of the productions with whose authorship he has always been credited. If little is known of his personality, thus leaving the widest possible margin for petty critics to slander and decimate his memory, it ought to be sufficient to know that he was praised to the skies by so thorough a scholar and so noble a poet and playwright as Ben Jonson, who was his devoted personal friend, and who enjoys the credit of having been one of the three who were out on that last traditional over-night debauch in the fields for which Shakespeare is believed to have paid the forfeit of his life. But allowing that he was not known to be learned in the law, in history, in geography—or even that he was but a limited traveler—it is by no means impossible that he should have been able to equip his mind with terms which implied knowledge enough of each to enable him to employ them in the free and large way he has done, and to make their meaning as impressive as was necessary to serve his turn.

Phenomenal as the thirty-six plays credited to Shakespeare's authorship are admitted to be, it is vastly easier to believe them to have been the result of the largest measure of pure inspiration, composed by him as a rarely favored impersonal medium, than to accept the labored theory put forward by Mr. Ignatius Donnelly in respect to their paternity. There is altogether too much to be taken on trust in order to transfer them to the credit of Francis Bacon. The entire case, as presented by him, is a made-up one. As one of the many persons who have expressed their views in the course of this controversy remarks: Ciphers are like figures—they can "prevaricate" with almost mathematical precision; the slightest flaw may invalidate them; a cipher is often the accident of an accident; and he refers, by way of illustration, to the discovery of a cipher in Shakespeare's old folio that made the poet confess he stole his plays from a contemporary author, a clergyman, whom he killed and buried under an apple tree!

It is by the cipher system alone that Shakespeare is to be displaced as the author of the plays. No other plea will be admitted. Calling the "bard of Avon" a thief, a sot, an illiterate ood, and all that sort of thing, will not strengthen the cipher nor do any credit to those who indulge in such abuse.

Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice, the editor of the *North American Review*, admits in a published interview that the theories put forward in this fresh controversy are ingenious, yet he adds, "one might doubt, by similar arguments, the fact that Abraham Lincoln is entitled to be regarded as among the greatest statesmen of his age. He was a flatboatman, a village champion wrestler, a country lawyer, a small store-keeper's clerk. He had no thorough education, no experience in diplomacy, nor did he give any premonitory symptoms of being capable of such eloquence as he exhibited at Gettysburg. Yet we do know that he excelled all his contemporaries in statesmanship and diplomacy, and made the most classic American speech of his age." The fatal mistake made by these supercilious critics is in assuming that the day of inspiration is over and gone, and, as Theodore Parker felicitously expressed it, that the divine spirit and creator has hidden himself up in a corner. The best educated men are very far from being men of the fullest inspiration. Edward Everett is reported to have expressed to Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg his unaffected apprehension that the latter had not properly prepared himself for so great an occasion. The brief but immortal speech of the latter was the silencing reply.

It is with no purpose of discussing the Donnelly cipher theory, much less of attempting to answer the low personal attacks on the character of Shakespeare, that we now comment on this current controversy. The poet doubtless had many of the weaknesses that are incident to humanity. As for Bacon, we all know of a certainty that he possessed them in full measure. But we desire to approach the subject on its purely inspirational side, which was clearly the commanding one. Years ago, when the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy was started up in the public press, we improved the occasion to inquire through the mediumship of Mrs. J. E. Conant, of the BANNER circle, whether Shakespeare was or was not his own author. The answer given was that he was the writer of these plays to a greater extent than any other mortal; i. e., that he was the mortal instrument through which they were given by wise intelligences in spirit-land to the people of earth. The age in which he lived was one in which a new and brighter light broke upon the minds of

men. The three great events had occurred in modern history that signaled the dawn of a new day for the human race. The sum and substance of it all is that Shakespeare was a medium, whose rare combination of faculties the higher intelligences were able to inspire. That little or nothing is personally known of him is only calculated to strengthen this belief.

### The True Doctrine to Preach.

If one will stop to notice it, it will be discovered that while the orthodox pulpits are discussing more frequently than ever the future life, they are taking a different way from what was their custom in former days, and are steadily coming over to the ground of Spiritualism. The latest pulpit discourse of this character which has specially attracted our gratified attention was one delivered in Brooklyn, N. Y., by Rev. Mr. Bradnack, based on the familiar inquiry of Job: "If a man die, shall he live again?" The preacher said we had enough of gloom and sadness connected with our life here on earth, and therefore needed to be cheered with the prospect of another life. He thought that the belief that death does not end all is calculated to comfort and sustain us, particularly in the loss of friends. The returning spring and the renewal of the flowers suggest a continuous life and an everlasting spring, with flowers that never wither. He believed the resurrection took place at death; that the spiritual body already exists; and that this spiritual body is the body that is raised up.

He instanced the numerous analogies in vegetable and animal life to substantiate it; the oak in the acorn about to become another oak; the butterfly emerging from the chrysalis. In the case of the latter, he said that at a certain stage the chrysalis may be opened, and the members of the winged insect may be seen—two bodies in one; one fed through the agency of the other, but not identical with it. He pronounced it nature's own gospel of the resurrection. He asserted that man is essentially a spirit. He does not merely have a spirit; he is a spirit, and every distinctive human quality he possesses is spiritual. To reverse the proposition, a spirit is a man, a human being, and there are no human beings who are not spirits. Instead of man being a material being, having a spirit, it is just the reverse, he said; he is a spiritual being, and has a material body; and when he dies the man departs, and leaves his material body behind him; its organization falls asunder, the substances composing it are dissipated, and the whole form disappears, but the man himself is not touched by it; he still retains his distinct personality. His human form is no more affected by the dissolution or dissolution of the material body than the body is by the wearing out of his clothes.

John saw in the spiritual world a multitude which no man could number. These, said the preacher, were not merely vital sparks; they were men and women, who had lived and labored, and struggled and died, upon this earth. So he held that death is only the completion of the first little round in life; nay, rather, it is the first grand step in life, for it is the gate to life eternal. Instead, therefore, of shrinking from it as a dire enemy, we ought to recognize it as our great deliverer and best friend. Death, he eloquently continued, is the withdrawal of the man from the material body; the body is cast aside; he descends it; and by this act he steps out of this world into the spiritual world. If we look at the body alone, and mistake that for the man himself—as most persons practically do—the change is indeed terrible. There lies the form we have loved, cold, motionless, dead. The red current of life that flowed through artery and vein has become like a standing pool, no eye to see, no ear to hear, no heart to love. The arm has lost its power, the hand its cunning. The feet will no more run on errands of duty and love, and soon the very form decays and disappears, mingling with the elements and is lost. How terrible the fate if that body was the man himself! But if we regard the spirit as the real man, there is no loss of being or form or consciousness. There is then no death. A new, another, an eternal life has commenced.

Our preacher said that man cannot enter into full consciousness of the perfection of the spiritual world until the proper spiritual organization has been formed in the material body. So, too, the bird cannot enter into its new world until it breaks its shell and escapes from it. Neither can man rise into the spiritual world until he throws off the material body, and thus breaks down the partition walls which separated him from it. It requires a spiritual world to satisfy all the demands of our spiritual faculties. Hence death is not a curse, but a blessing. It deprives us of no good; it introduces us to innumerable and inconceivable delights. Let us, then, thank God for it, and prepare for its coming. One says sadly: "I must die, and be laid in the graveyard, and that is what I do not like to think of." It is all a mistake. It is true that the body dies, but the being, the individual, does not die. A person's body will be laid away in the grave out of sight, but he himself will be awake, alive, more alive than he is now, and living a truer, a more perfect, a spiritual life.

The speaker proceeded: there is no break in the continuity of life; no long and dreary sleep; no waiting for a future and far-off resurrection; no future use of this lame, blind, deaf, ailing, sick and worn-out body after it is laid away in the grave; no conceivable use in preserving it by embalming, or putting it in a stone sarcophagus, or metal casket, or a closed tomb. It is only the soldier's tent; his campaign is over; he is at home; and the sooner it is made over into some new and valuable thing, the better. It is but the emigrant's wagon; he has reached his destination; the wagon has served his purpose, but its journey has come to an end; knock it to pieces, and turn its material to good account. The resurrection is accomplished when life is ended; and the soul and the breath leave the body forever at the same moment, and thank God it is so. Thank God that your mind is not to be fettered always by an easily-worn brain, nor your heart checked in its aspirations by a body gross and sensual and earthly.

Then, asked he, what is death? and he quotes the apostle for his answer. Absence from the body, therefore, he infers, does not destroy the identity or the consciousness of the man; but the preservation of our consciousness and identity necessitates the preservation of the human form, and even of our individual human forms. The man whose body is dead must still remain a man. Man must consequently possess two bodies: one the material, which dies, and one a spiritual body, which survives the dissolution of the other. The natural body is dead and decays, with, and because, death; with, and up from, the dead husk, or body, the living principle, the true man, the spiritual body,

rises as in the case of the acorn and oak. When the husk of the grain dies, the germ of new life has sprouted forth; and when the natural body of the man dies, the spiritual being is released from it and ascends. Man must be born that he may die, and be born and die in order that he may rise a spiritual, immortal being and life. Man's spirit rises from the dead body; its ascent from the body is the cause and sign of death. The apostle does not speak of the resurrection of the dead body, but the resurrection of the living man from the dead body. The death of the body is not the death of the man; the dead are raised, not shall be; the resurrection of the dead is a fact now taking place. It is folly to presume that spirits are enjoying only half of their existence, and pining for and anticipating a reunion with their old worn-out earthly body, which they rejoice to cast away.

### Working-Girls and their Rights.

A Chicago clergyman has been forced to resign for offending some of his rich pew-holders by preaching too plainly against the wickedness of grinding down the working-girls by long hours and semi-starvation pay. What these men wanted to hear about was the sins of people who lived a couple of thousand years ago or more, or the dreadful fate awaiting those who do not believe as they do to-day.

So says a daily contemporary of this city, and its editorial criticism is well-pointed and in the direction of justice in the broadest acceptance of that term. It gives us pleasure to see that organized and practical efforts are making to present before the popular comprehension the state and condition of the working-girls of our great metropolitan centres, and to form some sort of rallying points around which their friends and themselves can gather in defense of their rights, few enough at best, which are being daily threatened with contraction and subversion under the combined untoward influence of an overplus of population and the increasingly bold and shameless demands of mercantile cupidity.

The Globe of this city states that Charlotte Smith, of Washington, D. C., is now in Boston, and is using her powers as an organizer for the benefit of her sister women. In an interview with this lady had by a representative of that paper, the following points (somewhat condensed in this account) were set forth: The Woman's League of Washington celebrated its fifth anniversary on the 10th of the present month; it owed its inception to the discharge, for political purposes, of two hundred and fifty women from the Interior Department, which resulted in an indignation meeting under the conductorship of Mrs. Smith, and the reinstatement of the women who had been removed. From this, as a starting point, the movement grew to its present encouraging proportions. The Knights of Labor have—while doubting the practicability of the step at first—reached the conclusion that useful allies can be found in the working-women of this country, and have encouraged the formation of female assemblies, with excellent results.

Asked as to her views regarding the Knights of Labor, and the present condition of that order, she is reported to have replied that no signs of disintegration existed therein except those consequent upon enormous development: "The organization has outgrown a single man's capacity to control it. I believe each State should have its own official head and executive board. There is a younger generation of men growing up who are ambitious to figure as leaders in the struggle for industrial freedom, and openings should be created for them in which to give scope to their individualities."

She said the movement she represented, and whose interests she had come to Boston to advance—in which work she was promised the support of the Knights of Labor—was willing to proceed in harmony with that of Woman Suffrage, but she regarded the question of industry as above that of Suffrage.

The Woman's League referred to in this sketch was declared by Mrs. Smith to be "stronger and better organized than any other woman's labor organization in this country. It has branches in almost every State."

The subjoined paragraphs comprehensively set forth the working plans of the movement:

"Just how does the League go to work to help women who are in want?"  
"After much study, observation and experience we have found no better means of assisting women and girls who are obliged to earn their bread than by association, combining influence, money expended for information, and spreading facts before the public, appeals to those who, blessed with wealth, have lapsed into self-indulgence and neglected the suffering humanity around them; pointing out to the bread-winners how they can earn more bread, in time perhaps secure a little saving and lessen their hours of toil; cheering and encouraging the desponding; and above all, demanding an equality for women in all industrial pursuits, with an equal wage for equal work."

In addition to the above evidence that the working-women of the nation are awaking to the necessity of definite action toward self-protection within the law, it is pertinent to note the following (from the *Herald*) as proof that ground has already been broken, in this direction, in the old Bay State:

"A joint meeting of the executive board and the woman's commission of district 30, Knights of Labor, was held recently at 530 Washington street, D. A. 30 headquarters, for the purpose of formulating a method of thoroughly organizing the working-women of Massachusetts. It was decided to investigate all cases of ill-treatment of working-women which might be brought to the notice of the women's commission. The commission states that all complaints of women of ill-treatment by their employers will receive prompt attention, if the statement of their trouble is sent to F. O. Box 2381, Boston."

### "God-in-the-Constitution."

It is a fact in all history that religion, whether from Rome or Geneva, instinctively clutches at the reins of political power whenever a chance appears to offer. We have no desire to ridicule what any number of men may conscientiously believe to be holy and true; or to deny their right, through principles of moral suasion, to convince others of the justice of their position; but we do emphatically protest against movements on their part intended to call in the arm of the law to assist them in the work; and hence utter the present warning.

We have recorded in another part of this issue the accusations now being leveled at the church party in Mexico as seeking to subvert religious liberty in our sister republic; and justice to the people demands that we note the fact that certain Protestants are already plotting to overturn the same sort of liberty in the United States. The God-in-the-Constitution zealots are already on the move for the fall campaign; they are putting out their circulars multitudinously among clergymen, editors, merchants, political strikers, and wherever they think any result can be hoped for which will benefit their reprehensible plot.

We shall refer to the matter at greater length in a future issue. Meanwhile we hope the friends of liberty of conscience throughout the Union will speak out in their own time at this crisis. These men are already plotting to

already—after several efforts in the past to project an endorsement of their peculiar belief upon the fundamental law of the land—been repeatedly forced to seek safety from an outraged public opinion by a retreat into merited obscurity; and now that they are showing front again, we trust that under the unqualified reprobation of all true men, a recourse to the same inglorious tactics may be forced upon them.

### Abuse of the Insane.

The New York State Board of Charities, having investigated the condition of the imposing insane asylum on Ward's Island, in the East River—a building that attracts the instant attention of every voyager through that part of Long Island Sound—have reported in reference to the charges of mismanagement and cruelty brought against its managers, that the evidence fully sustains the charges. "It is not difficult," says this report—"to imagine the general condition, with patients huddled together, many of them without sufficient air space, in associate dormitories, and most of them deprived of day rooms, which have been filled with beds, and confined to long wards as cheerless and comfortless as are these miserable masses of humanity which crowd them."

"The day attendants," it goes on to say, "compelled to pass fifteen working hours in these repulsive places, and in the arduous duties of restraining and quieting the excitements which are responsive to such environments, are at night compelled to sleep two or three or six and seven in small and uncomfortable rooms. In this condition violent wards must become more disturbed, and filthy wards more disgusting, and the entire asylum well nigh demoralized, even with the best material for educated attendants. But the worst effect is that, while the salaries of these officers are not relatively low, the general situation repels not only the best but even ordinarily good men, who would otherwise become applicants for their position; and attracts such as have no due appreciation and perhaps not even a dull apprehension of the depressing and disturbing influences to be overcome."

This is the picture of one of the largest insane asylums in the country. What must the rest be? The committee consider that changes of a radical character in the management of the institution are necessary. We should think so!

### Re-opening of the Banner Free Circle Meetings.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, Sept. 13th, the Free Circle Room in the BANNER OF LIGHT building was the scene of an interesting service, marking the commencement of the exercises at this place for the fall, winter and spring season of 1887-8.

Lewis B. Wilson, the efficient chairman, was at his post, and Miss M. T. Shelhamer, controlled by her guides, pertinently answered many questions of a diversified and practical character, all which replies were taken down verbatim by Miss Emily Chase, and will appear in due season in the Message Department, regularly printed on our sixth page.

At the close of his replies to questions, the spirit proceeded to hold what he called a private talk with the friends present, during which he took occasion to describe certain spirits who were in attendance, and to give brief communications from these spirits to their friends. This concluding feature of the séance will not appear in print, as the controlling intelligence stated that it was of a private nature, and did not concern the world; but we are informed that the quiet talks may be continued from time to time at our Tuesday séances, as Father Pierpont may decide.

An organ voluntary by Mr. O. Fuller, and a choice collection of floral tributes from J. William Fletcher and other friends, to beautify the circle-room table, also contributed their part to make the occasion a pleasant and spiritually profitable one.

These meetings will be continued during the season, on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons of each week. On the former, questions will be answered by the controls of Miss Shelhamer, on the latter individual spirit messages will be given through the media instrumentality of John William Fletcher.

### "Light" on the Seybert Commission.

Our London contemporary, *Light*, introduces a passage from Mrs. E. Hardinge Britten's letter (published in the BANNER OF LIGHT last week) in reply to Moncure Conway's bitter and bigoted thrust at Spiritualism, with the following pertinent sentences:

"Mrs. E. Hardinge Britten has addressed to the *Manchester Guardian* a letter in reply to Mr. Moncure Conway's remarks on Spiritualism apropos of the Seybert Commission's Preliminary Report. She has little difficulty in exposing the exposure; but the fact remains that any stuff is good enough to be accepted against an unpopular belief while the most conclusive facts are ignored and passed by as worthless. The more the Report is studied, the more worthless and flimsy does it appear. We do not allege misrepresentation; but we do say that persons of the mental type of those that compose the Seybert Commission are unfit to pronounce an opinion on acquaintance with the subject. They know nothing about it, and should decline to stultify themselves by meddling with it. There is too much cause to say, in the case of the Seybert Commission, that the members have qualified themselves in a way that is decidedly questionable to claim the money left by Mr. Seybert."

Following the above in the columns of *Light*, is a letter from C. O. Massey, addressed to and first published in the *Manchester Guardian*, in which, after remarking that from Mrs. Britten's letter he gathers that Mr. Conway has been repeating "the absurd myth of Zöllner's insanity," he says:

"I have been a student of the principles of evidence and of their practical application for some five and twenty years, and I confidently declare that if Mr. Conway is satisfied with the so-called evidence of Zöllner's insanity, he is singularly ill-qualified to preach against credulity, superstition, or myth of any kind. For if he can believe that upon the grounds alleged by his American authority, he ought to believe anything, and his belief or disbelief can only be determined by his prejudices."

We are informed that Mr. O. D. Cowan's development séances are proving very satisfactory to those who attend them; also, that the séances for full-form materialization, held by Mrs. Cowan, are equally satisfactory to the intelligent and orderly class of persons who avail themselves of the opportunity of witnessing the phenomena under exceptionally fine conditions. As will be seen in the advertisement on our fifth page, Mr. and Mrs. O. are now centrally located near Hotel Pelham.

Attention is called to the card of Mrs. C. B. Currier, widow of the late Dr. John H. Currier, of Boston—which will be found on our fifth page.











## New York Advertisements.

ner Stone,<sup>1</sup> etc. The contents contain the following: 1. The Historical Jesus. 2. The Origin and Mission of Jesus. 3. The Moral Teachings of Jesus compared with the Old Philosophers. 4. Influence of Christianity. 5. Jesus and the Positive Religion. An attempt to present the evidence of the actual existence of Jesus, comprising many interesting quotations from scholarly writers.



