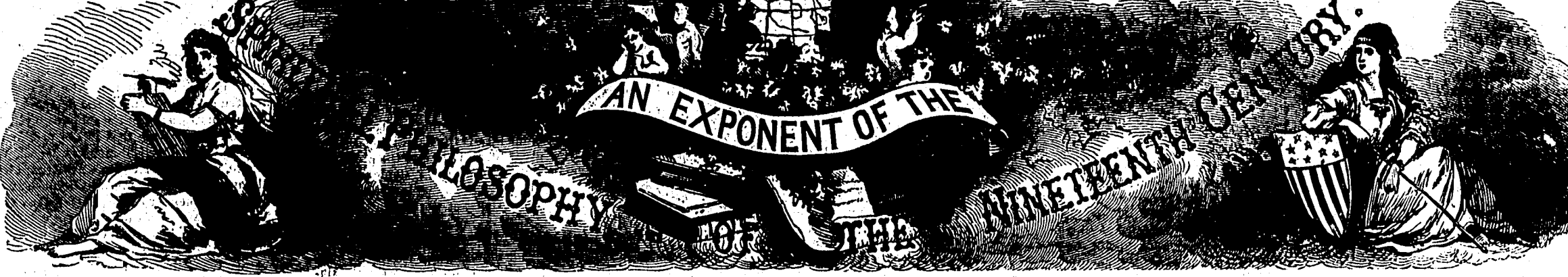


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXV.

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1869.

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NO. 3.

Spiritual Phenomena.

ELONGATION OF MR. HOME, WITH MEASUREMENTS.

From the London Human Nature for March.

The character of the manifestations I have now to record differs from that described in former letters; and though what I have to say may not possess the elements of the terrible, such as the carrying of Mr. Home through space from one window to the other at Ashley House, nevertheless what I have to relate here is quite as full of interest as the more marked phenomena, and I shall, with your permission, detail the circumstances of the occurrence at some length.

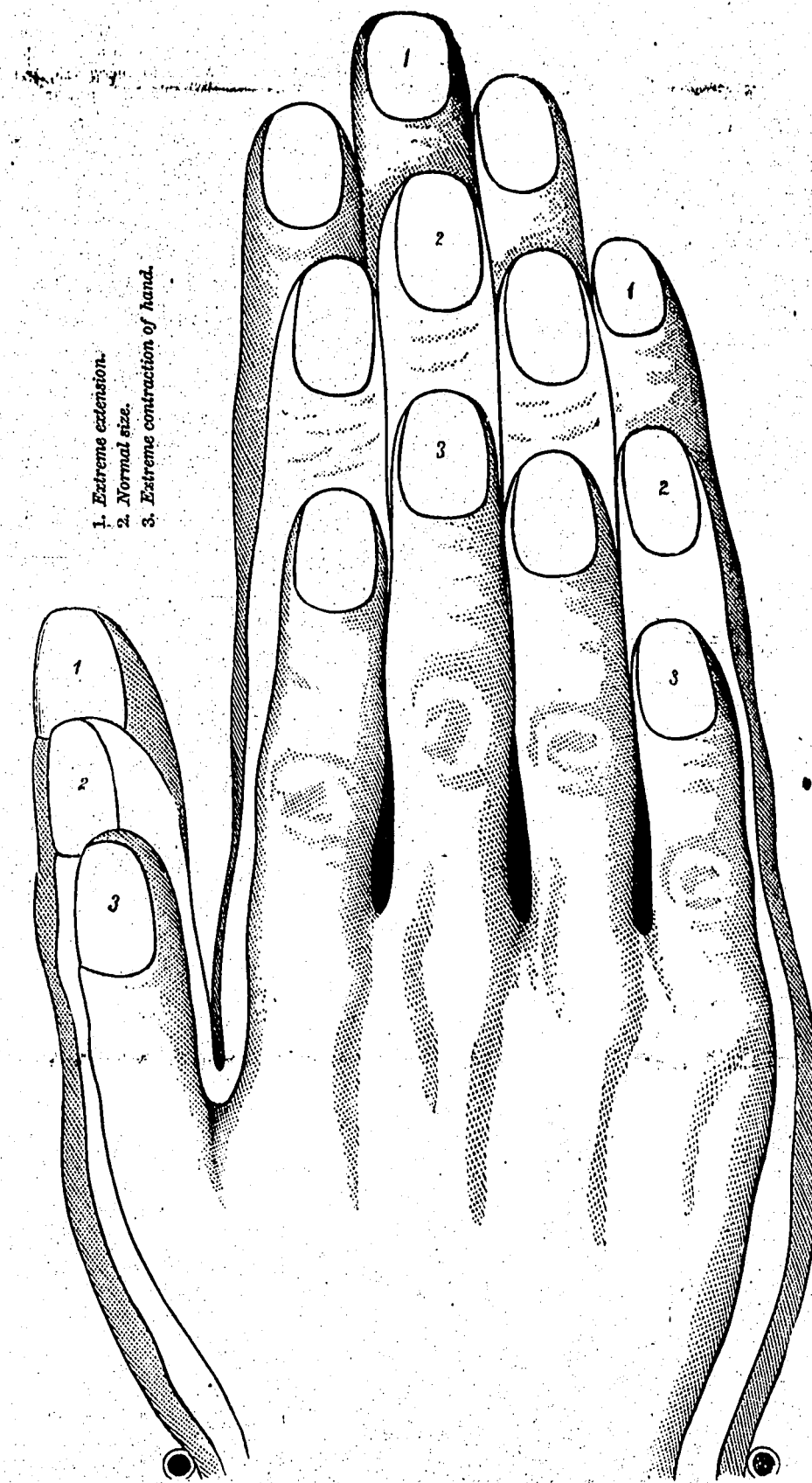
Our circle, consisting in all of seven, met as usual at tea. During the whole of the time we were seated at the tea-table, raps were heard close to the mantelpiece, and the chair behind the friend who was seated next to me trembled and moved. On re-seating ourselves in the drawing-room, a cold current of air was felt to pass over our hands; the floor vibrated, and the table tilted, moved, and finally was raised into the air, remaining suspended in space for nearly a minute, as if balanced, if I may use the comparison, upon a cushion of steam. The semicircular then moved spontaneously from the wall into the room, and raps and a tremulous vibration-movement of the instrument were noticed. Mr. Home had by this time taken the accordion, holding the lower end, the keyboard hanging downwards. Gradually the instrument placed itself horizontally, and a very fine piece of music was played. The accordion was then carried underneath the table to Mrs. J., and played, whilst held by her, a few chords. My opposite neighbor, Miss P., said she was being touched and her dress pulled; then her right hand became stiff and rigid, as the hands of Mr. Home usually are when in his trance state. The gentleman to the lady's left, Mr. P., was now touched by a hand on his knee; then Mrs. J. was gently patted on her knee, and her dress pulled and rubbed so strongly that all present could hear the rustling of her dress.

Mr. Home now passed into the trance state, and, rising from his seat, his eyes closed, his arms rigid and drawn across his chest, he walked to and fro; opening the door, he beckoned for the unseen friends to enter; then stepping up to Mrs. J., said, "Amelia is here; she says that since she departed and her sufferings ended, it appears only a day, though in true love it is an eternity." Mr. Home now took a violet and a few leaves, and, kneeling down at the hearth, stirred the fire with his hand. He then showed us the flower, and, seizing it with the fire-tongs, placed it in the fire. I distinctly saw the leaves burn away, and, on withdrawing the fire-tongs, only the stem was left. Twice he repeated this burning of the flower; then, handing the fire-tongs to Miss —, he stepped on one side, and we saw the flower being replaced between the lips of the fire-tongs. I asked whether they had reformed the flower, to which he replied, "No; that the flower had never been burnt, only shielded, protected from the fire; that the freshness of the flower had, however, been destroyed." He then handed me the violet and leaves, which Miss P. took, and I believe has preserved. Mr. Home then showed his hands, which felt harsher, harder than in their normal state.

Mr. Home now stepped into the middle of the room, and we noticed the elongation from the hip, such as I have described in my former letters. Mr. P., to make certain that the lengthening was not caused by the levitation of the body, knelt down at his feet, and, placing his hand on Mr. Home's hip-joint, satisfied himself that the elongation proceeded from the centre of the body. Mr. Home asked us to measure the length of his outstretched arms; this was done by placing our arms parallel to his. The extreme extension or elongation of each arm was equal to the length of an outstretched hand; the total space from finger-point of left hand to finger-point of right hand, upwards of seven feet six inches. The right leg of Mr. Home was then elongated about six inches, then shortened, the foot literally shrinking into the trouser. I carefully examined the leg from the ankle joint to the hip. The limb felt slumped and withered, and gradually elongating, it felt as if it were being expanded by air being inflated. Whilst the leg was so shortened, he walked about the room, proving, that though lessened in size, the function of the limb was unimpaired.

The final and most satisfactory test was, however, the lengthening and shortening of the hand. Of this extraordinary phenomenon I have given a sketch or tracing made at the time, and, as the weight of the testimony depends much upon the accuracy of the tracing taken, I will describe my method in making the outline. I caused Mr. Home to place his hand firmly on a sheet of paper, and then carefully traced an outline of the hand. At the wrist joint I placed a pencil against the "trapezium," a small bone at the end of phalanx of the thumb. The hand gradually widened and elongated about an inch, then contracted and shortened about an inch. At each stage I made a tracing of the hand, causing the pencil point to be firmly kept at the wrist. The fact of the elongating and contracting of the hand I unmistakably established, and, being the cause what it may, the fact remains; and in giving the result of my measurements, and the method adopted to satisfy myself that I had not been self-deceived, I am, I believe, rendering the first positive measurement of the extension and contraction of a human organism. Mr. Home now resumed his seat, and awoke from his trance, exhausted and feverish. These phenomena took place in a well-lighted room.

The phenomenon of elongation I am aware has been questioned, and I do not quarrel with those who maintain their doubt, despite all that may be affirmed. In my own experience I have gone through the same phases of doubt, and utter dis-



ELONGATION OF MR. D. HOME'S HAND, ON THE 10TH JANUARY, 1869.

belief of what I was seeing. The first time I witnessed an elongation, although I measured the extension at the wrist, I would not, could not credit my senses; but having witnessed this fact some ten or twelve times, and that in the presence of fifty witnesses, from first to last, who have been present at the sittings where these elongations occurred, all doubts have been removed; and that the capacity to extend is not confined to Mr. Home, was shown some months ago at Mr. Hall's, where, at a séance held at his house, both Mr. Home and Miss Bertolacci became elongated. The stretching out and contracting of the limbs, hands, fingers, above described, I have only witnessed on this one occasion, and I was much pleased to have a steady Oxonian to aid me in making the measurements above detailed.

You will ask, whence arises my urgency to re-impress the reader with the *modus operandi*, and weary him with reiterated proofs upon proof. I am prompted by a double motive—first, I wish to perpetuate the record of what is occurring, hence I publish; and secondly, I am seriously putting it to the scientific world, ought they to keep aloof, and not investigate with facts crowding in, facts attested by witnesses whose evidence can hardly be rejected without exposing the recusant to the just reproach of wilful blindness? Whatsoever the cause of these phenomena is, I will not trespass upon your space in giving my theories; but that they do take place is true, absolutely true, as a physical fact; and I repeat that such being the case, the time has come for an earnest, scientific inquiry into the causes that produce them. H. D. JENCKEN.

Northwood, Feb., 1869.

P. S.—Since writing the above, the spirit form of Mrs. Home has appeared to some eight friends at Ashley House, distinctly visible, and sufficiently dense to obscure light. At some future time an account of this manifestation will be published.

NOTE IN FURTHER EXPLANATION OF THE PHENOMENA DESCRIBED IN FEBRUARY LETTER.

The Levitation of Mr. Home.—It appears he was only raised three feet clear of the ground, not four feet, and that he placed the arm chair, described as being held out at arm's length, next to Lord —, but it was not carried round.

Voices Heard.—These were only understood by one witness; the others did not perfectly understand the words.

At the time Mr. Home went out of the drawing-

room window, and appeared at the other window, the folding doors of the former were closed. The second time he was shunted out into space all but horizontally, whilst the first time he appeared at the window of the adjoining room, and opened it, and was half shunted and half stepped into the room. The second time he was shunted into the room feet foremost, all but horizontally.

The dove mentioned in my last letter was only seen by one witness; but the other witnesses heard the flap and fluttering of the wings.

I omitted to mention that Mr. Home said "the phenomena now witnessed were similar to those mentioned in the Pentecost, and explained that they had been produced with that object." Finally, I have omitted to state that tongues of fire formed in an irregular circle round Mr. Home's head, flickering in fits and starts, from one to three inches long.

I have at once rectified any error in my former letter. The phenomena are so extraordinary, that it is quite necessary to give as accurately as possible the narrative of what happened, and rather to err on the side of caution. H. D. J. Feb., 1869.

In an article giving an account of a séance held a year ago, Mr. Jencken relates in detail all the manifestations witnessed during the evening, from which we take the following extracts:

"On the first of the evenings Lord — was seated next to Mr. Home, who had passed into a trance state, in which, after uttering a most beautiful and solemn prayer, he alluded to the protecting spirits whose mission is to act as guardian angels to men. 'The one who is to protect you,' addressing Lord —, 'is as tall as this.' And upon saying this Mr. Home grew taller and taller; as I stood next to him (my height is six feet) I hardly reached up to his shoulder, and in the glass opposite he appeared a full head taller than myself. The extension appeared to take place from the waist, and the clothing separated eight to ten inches. Walking to and fro, Mr. Home specially called our attention to the fact of his feet being firmly planted on the ground. He then grew shorter and shorter, until he only reached my shoulder, his waistcoat overlapping to his hip. Other and equally remarkable manifestations occurred that evening; six spirit-hands were made visible; beautiful discs of light floated about the room, and our semi-grand was raised bodily two feet into the air."

The Mount of Olives has become the property of the Crown of France.

Literary Department.

REMINISCENCES AND EXPERIENCES

OF A WORKINGMAN.

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

Translated from the French, for the Banner of Light, BY SARAH M. GRIMMÉ.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

History of a Little Glass of Brandy—The Influence of Boyhood upon Manhood—Lodging Rooms for Laborers—The Good Man Marcotte and Faroumont, nicknamed The Galley—A Difficult Position.

To return home I got into one of those carts, then quite common in the environs of Paris, which transported pell-mell merchandise and passengers. The vehicle was drawn by a single horse, which walked leisurely over the stony road. The seats were only boards poorly fastened. I got out of patience with this sort of traveling, so I jumped out and joined the driver, who was on foot. He was a young man of attractive appearance, whose countenance announced that robust health and contented mind which is the recompense of a good conscience. At every hamlet where we stopped I saw him deliver packages, &c., and receive commissions, without hearing a word of complaint. If he had to return the change for money, it was always taken without being counted. The women inquired of him respecting their children, and the men engaged him to make purchases for them in the city. The conduct of all proved the affection felt for him and the entire confidence reposed in him.

So far as I could judge, the driver well merited both. His conversation exhibited great good sense and a degree of courtesy which I was wholly unaccustomed to meet with in the Parisian conclaves. He was acquainted with all the agricultural improvements going on in the surrounding country; he named the owners of the different fields that we passed, and showed an interest in the crops which each one was raising. I soon learned that he owned several acres of land, which he cultivated between his trips to and from the city, and he profited by all the observations he heard from travelers, as to the best modes of agriculture. He was giving me the history of his domain, as he jestingly called it, when we were passed on the way by a man shabbily dressed, his body bent and his gray hair hanging in disorder about his pimpled face. As he passed us I perceived that he staggered; he saluted the driver with all the noisy familiarity of a drunkard, and the latter replied with the affability of an intimate acquaintance, which surprised me.

"Is that one of your friends?" I inquired when he had passed on.

"That man? He is my benefactor and my master!"

I looked at him in wondering amazement. "That astonishes you," he replied, smiling. "It is true, nevertheless. But the unfortunate man has never suspected it. I must preface my story by telling you that Jean Picou—that is his name—was one of the companions of my childhood. Our parents lived next door to each other, and we made our first communion the same year. Picou very early showed a disposition for fun and frolic, and, as he grew up, he adopted all the airs and habits of his jolly companions. I had not seen much of him for some time, when chance threw us together as workmen in the employment of the same gentleman. The first day, as we were going to our work, Picou and the others stopped at the tavern to take a morning dram. I remained outside, uncertain what I had better do.

"He is afraid of being ruined!" cried Picou, laughing. "Two sous of his wages! Perhaps he thinks if he saves it he will become a millionaire." The others joined in the laugh. I felt ashamed, so I went in and drank with them. While I was busy at my work the words of Picou were constantly recurring to me. True, the price of that little glass was, in fact, but a trifle; but two sous every day would amount to thirty-six francs ten sous at the end of the year. I next calculated what that sum would purchase.

"Thirty-six francs ten sous," said I to myself. "If I were at housekeeping, that sum would enable me to hire an additional room, which would add to the comfort of my wife, contribute to the health of my children, and to my own good humor. It would furnish all the winter's wood, and give us sunshine in the house when there was nothing but clouds and snow storms out of doors. With that sum I could purchase a goat, whose milk would greatly increase the happiness of the household. It would pay for the schooling of a child." Then, continuing to reflect, I repeated, "Thirty-six francs ten sous! Our neighbor does not pay more than that for the rent of the ground which he cultivates, and with the proceeds of which he supports his family. It is precisely the interest of the sum that I want to borrow, to buy from the city commissioner the horse and cart he is about to sell. With the money I should spend every morning, to the detriment of my health, I can purchase a home, bring up a family and save something for old age."

These calculations and reflections decided my course. I cast aside the false shame which had induced me once to yield to the solicitations of Picou. I laid by out of my first earnings what he would have had me spend at the tavern, and soon I was enabled to make a bargain with the driver whose place I now occupy. Since then I have carefully calculated every expense and practiced the strictest economy, while Picou has persevered in what he calls enjoying life. You see the result in both cases; the rage which cover the poor Picou, his premature old age, and the contempt of good men, in contrast with my comfortable clothing, my robust health and my good reputa-

tion. All this is the result of a little firmness at first, and of habit afterwards. His wretchedness is the consequence of his little glass of brandy drunk every morning; my prosperity I owe to the two sous which I daily save."

Since I heard the driver's history I have often called to mind the little glass of brandy, and I have frequently related it as a warning to others. The departure of my mother made a great change in my circumstances. Left alone, I was compelled to eat at a restaurant and sleep at a lodging-house for workmen. Not entering into the amusements of my fellow laborers, I did not know how to dispose of my Sundays and my evenings. Maurice perceived that I was getting low-spirited.

"Take care!" said he, "the wise man learns a lesson from every change. I have passed through many, my child. I know what it is to lodge as you do in some temporary place, to carry one's life in one's hand, and swallow one's breakfast in a hurry. At first all that is very perplexing and annoying; one would rather sleep on clean straw than in sheets that have been used by everybody. But we must serve our apprenticeship. I tell you it will do you good to be left to depend upon yourself, to stand on your own feet. As long as we have mothers to care for us we are never weaned. When we are babies they are a great blessing, provided by God to supply our wants and minister to our necessities; but when we are men and are separated from them for a season it is of great service to us. If Madeline had not gone away you would never have learned even to sew on a suspender-button."

I felt the truth of what he said, but I found this new apprenticeship harder to bear than that I went through in learning my trade, and I began to understand that it was more difficult to be a man than to become a workman.

The lodging-room in which I slept had a dozen beds occupied by laborers, who were working on different parts of the same building, masons, carpenters, painters and locksmiths. Among them was a man from Auvergne, named Marcotte, who was about to return home, and who had formerly worked in our yard. He was a quiet man, devoted to his work, although he was not a first-rate workman. He never spoke except when he could not keep silence. The good man lived on nuts and turnips, and sent nearly all his earnings home to buy land. He was already the owner of about ten acres, and intended as soon as he completed the dozen to retire from his business and live upon his farm. He calculated on building a small house, buying two cows and a horse, and turning farmer.

This project, cherished ever since he was fifteen years old, was about to be accomplished. In a few months he would realize his darling desire. We sometimes rallied the good man, whom we had nicknamed the *Landed Proprietor*, but our jests made no more impression on him than rain on a slated roof. Absorbed in his own idea, he heeded nothing else. Seeing what he had accomplished, I became deeply impressed with the marvelous power of will, when always directed to the same object, and unceasingly active. Before my acquaintance with Marcotte I was not fully aware what perseverance can do, even against great obstacles.

The man who occupied the bed next to Marcotte completed the lesson. He was a locksmith, young and skillful, but who only worked when he pleased, amused himself according to his fancy, and never staid in the same workshop more than a month, for fear, as he expressed it, that the moss might gather upon him. All restraint was treated by him as mere superstition. If any one mentioned regularly in business, he cried out, "Superstition! Honesty toward employers, superstition! Obligation to each other, still superstition! Doing to others as we would they should do to us, all superstition!" Faroumont loudly proclaimed that everybody ought to live for himself, and regard other men as capital game whenever they could be caught. We only laughed at his ideas, but rumors were afloat that he had been guilty of crimes, which merited fine and imprisonment, and honest workmen avoided all intercourse with him, save the exchange of common civilities.

For my part, I shunned him as much as possible; less at the suggestion of reason, than because I felt toward him an unconquerable repugnance. Besides, from the first day of our acquaintance he nicknamed me the *Pink*, in ridicule of some scruples I had expressed, and I retaliated by calling him the *Galley*, in allusion to the kind of punishment to which I thought his principles must inevitably lead him. By these names we had ever since been known in the lodging-room. Although Faroumont had appeared to take it as a joke, he had evidently a grudge against me, and several times had tried to pick a quarrel with me, well knowing that I was no match for him in physical force. But I had self-control enough to avoid a fight. Maurice, who witnessed one of these attempts of his, encouraged me to persevere in the line of conduct I had adopted.

"Mistake the *Galley* as you would the devil," said he seriously. "I am no child, and I have come in contact with some sturdy and brutal fellows, but I would rather be ill for six months than have a quarrel with that man."

I thought so too. His skill in fighting, and his malice, rendered Faroumont truly formidable. One of the misfortunes of us workingmen is the absurd, blind respect we pay to brute force. A kind of code of honor reduces the workman to the necessity of personal defence. It is a disgrace to use any other, so the strongest man, or rather the greatest bully, tyrannizes over the whole corps of workmen. If the race of duellists, with the sword, is disappearing in the upper classes, the race of boxing duellists continues quite as numerous among us. How often have I seen these ferocious and worthless fellows cripple good and honest workmen, sometimes even kill them, making their wives widows. And yet their mere

New Publications.

TALENTS EMERSE, by Charles T. Congdon, are a make-up of the editorial articles written for the columns of the *New York Tribune* in the last two years, many of which are striking specimens of the satirical humorous style of writing for the newspaper. The larger part relate to slavery and the immediate causes of the war, and discuss those stirring events which followed. The flavor of the moment of first reading has by no means escaped, yet we could not fix our belief that fugitive and temporary editorial essays are the staple of permanent literature. Too often the very best of them would be dull reading, if pursued a day too early or too late, showing what an element of timeliness is in their value. Mr. Congdon is a ready and idiomatic writer, loving good English with an individual relish, and fond of throwing out discursive glances, as he goes, at the rich stores of reading with which his vigorous mind has been fertilized. For sale by the New England News Company.

PURMAN'S MONTHLY for April continues the romance of To-day, and gives us a variety table, with such attractive titles to the several dishes as *Confessions, Incidents in the Spanish Struggle, A Political Romance, Hunting in Oshmore, My Dear Mr. Hon. John Bright, the Young Men's Christian Association* and other good things pertaining more especially to current literature. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for April is seasonably on our table, with a fresh Spring feeling of engravings, fashion plates, patterns, receipts, poems, tales, essays, and criticisms. A spicy, racy, taking number of this always pleasant and useful magazine.

Joseph Warren, of Chittenden, Mass., publishes the fourth edition of Part the First of a work entitled "*Tax Civilization*," going to show that society has been formed on a wrong model—which is that of Communism, Clanship, and Combination, instead of on that of Individuality, which is the great, supreme, divine, unquenchable law of order, peace and improvement.

A RECAP of the Surveys made across the Continent in 1867-68, on the 35th and 33d parallels, has been published by Gen. Wm. J. Palmer, to whom we are indebted for a copy. It is of most interest to all who turn their thoughts toward the furthest West.

THE NURSERY for April is a little gem for the little darlings. Mr. Shorey and Miss Seaver are outdoing themselves with each new issue. "Once upon a Time" is just the picture to introduce the young folks to a feast of pleasure.

The Rev. Mr. Hamilton, of Oakland, Cal., has preached four sermons from his pulpit (Presbyterian) on the future State, which gave serious offense to the Presbytery and finally led to his separation from the same. We have before us the offensive sermons, printed in handsome pamphlet form from the press of Carmony & Co., San Francisco. We may find space to recur to these discourses again.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE has a pretty steel engraving, called "Grandfather's Pipe," followed by brilliant fashion plates, blazings with the newest modes of Paris modiste, and the usual variety and attractiveness of patterns. The letter-press is from the most popular pen in light literature. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

ORWARD keeps true to its name, and monthly grows more substantially brilliant and enticing for the juveniles. Capt. Mayne told is throwing his energies into its success. His promises still better things ahead. The contents of the April number are very attractive for youthful eyes and minds. Published by Carleton, New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April continues Malbone, an Oldport Romance, gives a pleasant essay on the Mission of Birds, commences the promised Autobiography of a Bachelor, and proceeds with its table of supplies after this fashion: Run Wild; A Strange Arrival; How we Grow in the Great Northwest; A Carpet Bagger in Pennsylvania; The Fox in the Household; Our Improbabilities, Classified and Clarified; Doorstep Acquaintance; The Pacific Railroad—open; A Ride with a Mad Horse in a Freight Car; To-day; and Reviews and Literary Notices.

LITFORD'S MAGAZINE gives the following table of contents: Beyond the Brink, Part IV (by Robert Dale Owen); Hans Breitmann in Politics; College Education; The Prince's Surprise; The Neglected Grave; Our Globe in 1868; Traditional Fish Stories; First Fruits; Over Yonder; Women; Sam's Sermon; A Plea for the Shad; and Monthly Gospel and Literature of the Day.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for April presents the Story of a Bad Boy; What are Corals? What will become of Mr. Wrocks and Wrocks? Gardening for Girls; The Violet; Tom Twist; The William Henry Letters; How to do it; At Queen Maude's Banquet; The Excitement at Kettleville; Round the Evening Lamp; and our Letter Box. A fresh and enticing series of papers.

THE NEW ECONOMIST MAGAZINE—which we have noticed in previous months, published in Baltimore—has been consolidated with Gen. Hill's "The Land we Love," which is published by Turnbull & Murdoch, Baltimore. It gives a striking head of Bismarck, and the usual variety of fresh and readable selections from reviews, magazines, and daily journals, foreign and domestic.

Lee & Shepard have the "FAIR MAID OF PERZEL," by Sir Walter Scott, from the press of the Petersons.

VIRGINIA GRAMER, the Spy of the Grand Army, by Justin Jones, is one of the latest of Loring's publications in paper covers, and will be found full of excitement and entertainment.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

A. E. Carpenter, State Missionary, will lecture in Lowell, Sunday, April 4th, in Charlestown, April 11th.

Cephias B. Lynn lectured in Charlestown, March 21st and 28th, to crowded audiences. His lectures were sound, logical and very interesting. He is ready to answer calls to lecture in New England, before again returning West to fill engagements.

J. B. Morrison will lecture in Central Hall, Charlestown, April 18th and 25th.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook is engaged to lecture in Salem, Mass., during April.

Mrs. Fannie T. Young is lecturing in the West. Her address is Cedar Falls, Iowa, care of E. H. Griggs.

James Trask is lecturing in Somerset County, Maine, with marked success. His lectures and tests are awakening a lively interest among the people.

G. A. Lomas, a Shaker, "being desirous to advance the cause of Spiritualism from a Shaker standpoint," holds "himself free to lecture wherever 'two or three are gathered together' in Christ's name." He refers to S. J. Finney. His address is G. A. Lomas, Shakers, Albany, N. Y.

E. V. Wilson is lecturing in Cleveland to large audiences.

E. S. Wheeler wishes to make engagements to lecture "anywhere on the planet." Address, care of *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, Chicago, until March 28th; otherwise, room 1, 89 Bank street, Cleveland, Ohio, until further notice.

Prof. J. H. Powell gave his first discourse in Chicago on Sunday afternoon, March 14th, on the subject of "Spiritualism in England," to a very attentive and fair audience. A desire was expressed, says the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, to hear Mr. Powell on the same subject again, which of course will depend on circumstances. Prof. Powell is waiting in Chicago for engagements, and will answer calls within any reasonable distance. His lectures are of a practical character, and delivered with force and earnestness.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

S. L. Walker writes that "the subject of Spiritualism in Poughkeepsie is stirring the public mind to a greater extent than at any former period of its modern history. We have had no lectures, or meetings, except private séances, but we have at least four healing mediums, and they are a convincing power in our city."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The use of intoxicating drinks in the United States has recently been the subject of an extended investigation by a physician of St. Louis, Mo., who has published the results of his inquiries. From these statistics it appears that out of every three hundred men in the United States, one hundred and twenty-two never drink spirits and one hundred and seventy-eight drink to various degrees of intoxication.

The Women's Cooperative Union in California, six months old, has already cleared \$1000, having about \$8000 stock on hand. It provides one hundred and sixty women with sewing.

The Emperor of Russia gets \$25,000 salary a day; the Sultan \$18,000; Napoleon \$14,200; the Emperor of Austria \$10,050; the King of Prussia \$8200; Victor Emmanuel \$3840; Victoria \$3270; Leopold of Belgium \$1643; and President Grant \$38.50.

What is the best stimulant for the hare? The greyhound. Mayor Hall of New York is trying to break up the numerous swindling agencies which have their headquarters at New York, and find victims in all parts of the country.

Why was Herod's wife a Fenian? Because she had a bent son her.

Witz is to have a monument.—Es. He has one already, composed of the bones of his starved victims.

The New York Episcopalian fears the Methodists are "trying to take possession of the government." Poor bigot!

The Indian Ring folks are likely to lose their scalps under the new order of things at Washington. "Quaker" guns are much more economical than iron ones, Uncle Sam is finding out at last.

The colored people of the District of Columbia are making arrangements to celebrate, on an extensive scale, the anniversary of the abolition of slavery in that District.

As the price of gold goes down, so flatten railroad stocks.

Charles W. Elliot, son of the late Samuel A. Elliot, formerly Mayor of Boston, has been nominated to the Board of Overseers, to fill the President's chair of Harvard University. The appointment awaits the confirmation of the Board of Overseers. He is a good specimen of "Young America," and cares more for physical culture than for creeds.

John Stuart Mill says all reforms "have to pass through three stages—ridicule, argument and adoption."

The Stockbridge Indians in Wisconsin are rapidly disappearing. This tribe once numbered ten thousand warriors. They immigrated from Massachusetts to New York in 1780, to Ohio in 1800, and to Wisconsin in 1821. They are now suffering for food, and number but three hundred men, women and children.

Why might carpenters really believe there is no such thing as a stone? Because they never saw it.

In the angel's holy presence my fainting soul grows strong. Strong still to seek to do the right, and meekly bear the wrong.

Strong still to suffer patiently, where'er my lot may be. Knowing the bliss hereafter, where my spirit shall be free.

Mrs. M. E. B. S. T. Bigelow Lawrence, of this city, Consul-General to Italy, died suddenly in Washington, D. C., March 21st.

Use makes the angel. Only the knowledge that subserves the ends of life becomes a working power.—Harris.

When stoves are red-hot the gases of combustion leak through their pores like water through a sponge. This is one cause of the unhealthiness of rooms thus heated.

THE TREE OF HAIN.

[This is all very fine, provided the lover gets hold of one of the born and not bought treasures.]

Nay, but, who do you not love her, To shun the pure gold, my mistress? Holds earth aught—speak truth—above her? Aught like this tree, see! and this tree?

And this last fairest tree of all, So fair, so true, I tell it to you, Because you spend your lives in praising, To praise you search the wide world over; So why not witness, calmly gazing, If earth holds aught—speak truth—above her? Above this tree, and this I touch But cannot praise, I love so much!

—Robert Browning.

When is a blow from a lady welcome? When she strikes you agreeably.

The following typographical error shows the vast importance of the comma. At a banquet this toast was given: "Woman—without her man, is a brute."

RATZKE HAS THE DOCTOR.—Jesse Grant relates that the Rev. Dr. Wadsworth lately affirmed that "Satan is the God of this world," and then advised his hearers to "look for assistance to the Ruler of all the earth!" Fair Jesse does not mean to say that the Doctor told his hearers to "go to the devil," does she?—*Oakland (Cal.) Transcript.*

Why do girls kiss each other, and men not? Because girls have nothing better to kiss, but men have.

A lady in Philadelphia quotes a "notice" in the announcement of a grand ball at the Academy of Music: "Females of an equivocal character will be rightly excluded." Why not apply the same rule, she asks, to males of an equivocal character? The question is well put.

THE MARRIAGE OF PRIESTS.—The Court of Appeals at Naples, Italy, has decided that the marriage of priests of the Catholic Church is legal. This decision establishes the perfect independence of the State in its relations with the Church, and determines the position of a priest in presence of the law. It is expected that the Ecclesiastical Council, which is to meet at Rome, in December next, will confirm and endorse this decision.

EMMA HARDING'S NEW BOOK.—The London *Human Nature* says: "From various sources, the information has reached us that Mrs. Harding's 'History of Modern Spiritualism' is rapidly approaching completion, and some positive announcement respecting it may be looked for soon. From all reports, it is a work of great interest." The same magazine adds: "A well authenticated rumor intimates that a Biography of Mrs. Emma Harding is in preparation."

The centenary anniversary of the birth of Napoleon I., which will occur on the 15th of August next, is to be the occasion of great festivities throughout the French Empire.

Never give your tongue its full liberty; let it be always your servant, never your master.

True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing.

A Louisiana paper says: "A mother and her child were accidentally ground up in Dagg's sugar-cane mill last week. We regret the accident, as the quality of sugar furnished at this place has been very good."

Mrs. Moulton—she that was Miss Greenough of Boston—is coming home from Paris to elug for charitable objects. Her voice is described as "the finest that America has produced, and her face as one that throws trouble into the innermost depths of the soul of man."

A dispatch from Omaha says the Union Pacific Railroad commenced carrying passengers and mails to Ogden, one thousand and twenty-four miles west from Omaha, on Thursday, March 25th.

TO INVALIDS.—Dr. Swan continues to treat all kinds of chronic diseases at his rooms, Washington Hall, with marvelous success.

We have seen many certificates of persons who have been cured by Dr. S., showing that they have been cured or greatly benefited by the treatment.

Mrs. Morrison, of Bushnell's Basin, who had been confined to her bed for ten weeks by nervous debility, was able after one treatment to ride ten miles.

Mrs. Adair, of Toronto, who had been a great sufferer for ten years from female weakness, came to this city for treatment some time since, and now writes that she is well.

Mrs. S. E. Roberts, of this city, states that her mother had for six months been confined to her room by what was pronounced by one eminent physician as an incurable cancerous disease, and that Dr. Swan was called, who gave one treatment, where she was enabled to walk without support or supporters.

The above are only samples of the cures daily effected.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat, March 30.*

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE, 544 BROADWAY.

WARREN CHASE,.....LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT. FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

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Four books by Warren Chase—*Life Line*; *Fugitive Wife*; *American Crisis*, and *Gist of Spiritualism*—can be had for \$2. Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price \$4; postage 50.

Persons sending us \$10 in one order can order the full amount, and we will pay the postage where it does not cost book rates. Send notices of orders when convenient. They are always safe, as are registered letters under the new law.

New Spiritual Magazine, a most valuable monthly, mailed on receipt of price, 30 cents. Human Nature, also a London monthly of rare merit, price 25 cents. The Rostrom, a Chicago spiritual monthly, can be had at our stores; and also the Radical, the ablest monthly published in our country on religious subjects, and fully up to its name.

Call and see our stores, which now comprises nearly all the books and papers in print on our widespread and fast spreading philosophy of Spiritualism.

Is Life a Failure?

Some years ago we were standing by an old friend of our earlier days, one who had sought riches and found them, who had raised a large family and seen a large amount of trouble with them, arising mainly from his wealth, but none from his wife, who had ever seconded his wishes, and proved a true and faithful sharer in his efforts to get rich. In an old familiar style of expression he said, "Well, with me life has been a failure. I started to get rich, and have got rich, and soon I shall die and leave a quarrel over my estate, and more misery than happiness for all this effort." He further remarked upon the uncertainty of the future to him. He had no fixed belief in a future life; all was uncertain; sometimes he thought Christianity was, as his Calvinistic mother taught him, and sometimes he thought there might be truth in Spiritualism; but the phenomena he had seen led him to fear it was the devil, and his business did not allow him time to thoroughly examine anything pertaining to the future, even to the day of his sudden death, which occurred soon after our conversation. We assured him that to us life had not been a failure, and that the future was real, certain and transparent, and although we had not started to get rich, and were glad we had not, yet life had been a blessing, and amply rewarded us for living it. This conversation and its two histories has often been a source of reflection to us, and led us to take into its scope many other persons whom we have known in whom some ruling passion has predominated, that led the mind away from the true source of happiness in this and the life to come, viz: a knowledge and performance of the proper and highest relations, obligations and duties to our fellow-beings, and in adding each to unfold the Divine germ within to harmony and love.

To try to get rich, and succeed for the sake of riches, is a failure in the purposes of life. To try to be popular for the praise of man only, is also a failure in its triumph, and such men, though counted wise, are often ignorant, as was the case of Daniel Webster, who seemed surprised to find he still lived when he was dying. He did not know that he could live through death.

Threescore and Ten.

We heard Judge Edmonds relate the incident out of which sprung the piece of poetry which we insert, and a copy of which we begged from him. On Saturday, March 13th, he was seventy years old. He returned home from his office late in the afternoon of that day, wearied with toil and pain, having suffered a good deal, for several weeks, from neuralgia. On arriving at his house he found it full of company; his children, grandchildren, sister, and nephews and nieces, having assembled, of their own accord, to celebrate his birthday, on his "Threescore and ten." And a very merry party it was, as he said, at dinner, and kept up to a late hour in the evening.

After the company had left, and his family had gone to bed, and he was sitting alone in his library, between eleven and twelve at night, he was influenced to write the following lines:

THRESCORE AND TEN.

I stood by the side of an old oak tree, Whose branches were bare and whose trunk was frail; As the winter's wind blew strong and free, It told, in tones of a long-lingering wail, A tale of the present and past.

Of the leaves that forever were gone, Of the summers it ne'er would enjoy again: And as it bent to the turbulent blast, It told me in language so sad and forlorn, Such is the fate of Threescore and Ten.

I stood by its side when the storm had passed, When its life had withered and fled; While in the earth its roots were fast, Still to the Heaven it lifted its head, And as it got the world of God, Of the bliss of a eternal;

And wrote with the first of a living pen— That beyond the reach of suffering's rod, There was a life in realms superior, Rapidly coming to Threescore and Ten.

I saw it again when I had fallen to earth, And was a moldering log in the wildwood; When there was nothing left to tell of its birth, Or recall its vigor of childhood.

But out of the life of its certain decay The germs of a new life were springing, And I saw in Heaven's kind providence then, That in the mortal life of to-day Death a new use was bringing.

Even to the earthly Threescore and Ten. Let us not mourn, then, at so certain a portent Of the end of man's Journey of life; But joy that Heaven's angels have sent To bear him away from the strife.

That rejoicing, believing, And filled with a knowledge of him, God's greatest, best blessing—when From his own hand he's receiving— The grave no longer looks grim To happy old Threescore and Ten.

Signs of Repentance.

The New York *Dispatch* published a short, fair and candid letter from one of our friends, in reply to its scurrilous attack on our glorious gospel by the "Professor," and followed it with an honorable apology for the sweeping, infamous article, in which apology occurs the following:

"We have never denounced 'Spiritualism' in its character as a religious belief, and we entertain profound respect for the investigators of spirit worlds, with revelation and history as its guides, would explore every mystery of life and death, for the sole end of reaching immutable truth. Far be it from us to denounce the believer in 'Spiritualism' as a rule of faith and practice, more than we would do the Catholic, the Protestant, or the Hebrew for his devotion to the creed which he accepts as the true one. We abhor the intolerance of Calvin in burning Servetus at the stake, of the Inquisition in torturing its victims, of the Puritans in several years, and of the bigots who would, in our enlightened day, oppose all forms of faith or worship which differ from their own denominational dogmas. In an age when iconoclasm is more popular than fetishism of any

kind, and when, unhappily, the teachings of true religion are indifferently preached and loosely practiced, the lover of his fellow-men ought to welcome any phase of belief which tends to exalt the hopes and refine the perceptions of large masses. We have no doubt that the influence of 'Spiritualism' as a religious belief, is both elevating and ameliorating in its effect upon those who separate its ideal character from the gross impurities which degrade its so-called 'manifestations,' and delude so many honest seekers after light."

We are glad to see this candid and fair statement coming from that source, for the article alluded to by us before was not the first scurrilous attack on the whole body of Spiritualists, and which we never before saw followed by an apology or a word of palliation. But the press generally, of late, is changing its tone and coming round with the public opinion of our country.

No doubt the above apology was elicited by the following remarks of a correspondent in reply to Mr. Anonymous "Professor," who, by-the-way, we understand is a rigid Swedenborgian. His "church" is in danger, he perhaps thinks; and so, like a mad dog, he barks at everybody, and would bite, had he teeth with which to nip:

"New York, March 10th, 1869. To the Editor of the New York *Dispatch*:"

An article having appeared in your paper denouncing Spiritualism as a form of fanaticism, from the pen of a professor or follower of Jean Christ, it may not be inappropriate to remind the writer that the same style of abuse and aggression has been tried many times before in the world's history; and the bigot should know by this time, that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, and also, that no heresy was ever stamped out in the way the writer proposes. The Jews tried it eighteen hundred years ago. They no doubt, hated the Christian as heartily as this great Christian Champion Professor hates the Spiritualists of to-day.

We hope, if he speaks again, that his reason will get the better of his prejudice, intolerance and passion, and that he will tell us in the name of our Father in heaven, why he entertains such a bitter spirit toward his fellow-creatures. For the enlightenment of the gentleman we will mention some of the principles of belief and practice in which all Spiritualists agree: We believe in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; that God is a God of love; in the immortality of the soul; that the future life is a continuation of this life; that our happiness hereafter depends on our deeds in this life; after death, we retain our identity, and that human beings, after death, do return and make themselves known to their friends and relatives in this life. These are some of the articles in the creed of the Spiritualist. They are not printed in catechisms, but constitute the consciousness of the Spiritualist, the every-day struggle and effort of that consciousness to manifest in deed and practice. For further information, we cordially invite the gentleman to be present at our next anniversary, which will take place at the Cooper Institute on the 15th of March, in the evening, on which day the child will be twenty-one years old. Respectfully, J. R. A."

New York Children's Lyceum.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Permit us to call the attention of the Spiritualists and mediums in general, and New York City in particular, that, though the Lyceum, in this city, under the able direction of Mr. Farnsworth, and the meetings at the Everett Rooms, are prospering, and that Spiritualism is fast becoming a power through the above organizations, yet we need the pecuniary efforts and support of every friend of our cause in this city. There are many here possessing abundant means to aid us, and if they, and many mediums who are prosperous, would come forward with a will, to encourage us by their presence and contributions, we would not be behind our brethren in your city in obtaining a hall of our own. We appeal to every Spiritualist who sincerely desires to advance the cause of humanity in this world and the spirit-world; to encourage, support and strengthen the organizations in his respective locality. Our motto is onward and upward. J. R. A.

New York, March 11th, 1869.

Spiritualists visiting New York, can be accommodated with rooms, in a private family, on more reasonable terms than at the hotels, at No. 140 East 15th street.

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Services are held in this elegant and spacious hall every SUNDAY AFTERNOON, at 2 o'clock, and will continue until next May, under the management of Mr. L. B. Wilson. Engagements have been made with able normal and inspirational speakers. Season tickets (securing a reserved seat), \$1.00; single admission, ten cents. Tickets obtained at the Music Hall office, day or evening, and at the *Banner of Light* office, 158 Washington street.

Prof. William Denton will lecture April 4.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 50 cents, per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Scientific Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents. THE RALPHO-PSYCHOLOGICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. S. Jones, Esq. Single copies can be procured at our counters in Boston and New York. Price 5 cents. THE ROSTROM: A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Harmonical Philosophy. Published by Hull & Jamieson, Chicago, Ill. Single copies 20 cents. THE SPIRITUALIST: Devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy. Published by the Michigan Spiritual Publication Company. Price 6 cents. THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 5 cents.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot expect to return rejected manuscripts.]

L. ARMSTRONG, SACRAMENTO, CAL.—Jan. 7th, 1869, received \$6.00; from 19th, received \$6.00.

C. H. GORDON, TREASURER CITY, NEVADA.—\$6.00 received. "SHAWMUT."—Would like to see you.

Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. 4w, M6.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps. M133w

Mrs. R. L. MOORE sends clairvoyant prescriptions on receipt of \$1 and two stamps. Address care of Warren Chase, 544 Broadway, New York. F27.8w

THE BEST PLACE—THE CITY HALL DINING ROOMS for ladies and gentlemen, Nos. 40, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. Open Sundays. M64w C. D. & I. H. PRESTON, Proprietors.

THE BOND OF PEACE.—The only Radical Peace Paper in America. Published monthly by E. James & Daughter, No. 600 Arch street, Philadelphia. \$1.00 per annum.

LOSS OF TEETH.—The teeth often fall out without apparent cause. It is occasioned frequently by the use of charcoal and imperfectly powdered substances, which make the gums recede from the teeth, thus producing the trouble. Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice has been in use several years, and is universally approved. Made only by John I. Brown & Sons, and sold by most dealers at 25 cents.

Special Notices.

Agents wanted for Mrs. FARNER'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS. Printed terms sent free, postpaid. For address and other particulars, see advertisement in another column. Jan. 2.

Herman Snow, at 410 Kearney street, San Francisco, California, has a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books at Eastern prices. Also *Flashes, Spence's Positive and Negative Powders*, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. J613w

BE YE HEALED of whatsoever Disease ye are afflicted by, by the GREAT POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS. Send a brief description of your disease to the Editor of the *Banner of Light*, New York City, and those mysterious, wonder-working Powders will be mailed to you, post paid, 1 box \$1. 5 boxes \$5. Jan. 2.

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