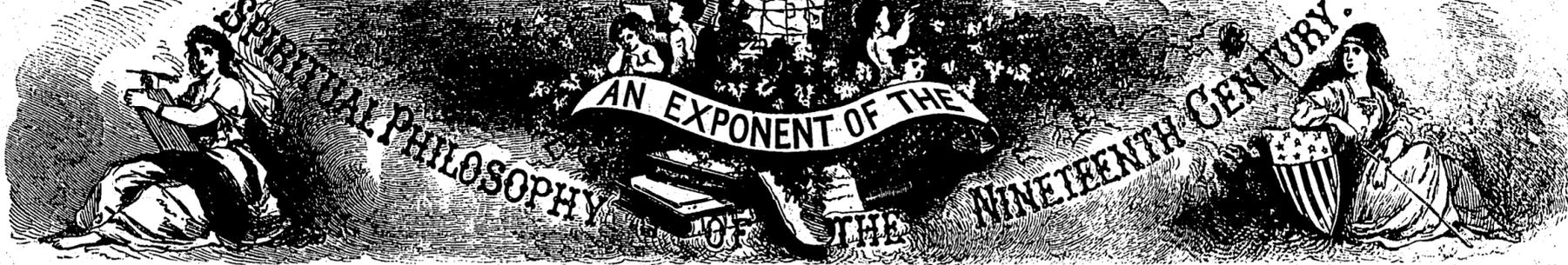


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXVI.

{WM. WHITE & CO.,  
Publishers and Proprietors.}

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1869.

{\$3.00 PER ANNUM,  
In Advance.}

NO. 12.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### ACCREDITED MANIFESTATIONS.

#### EARLIER EVIDENCES OF THE PHENOMENA.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Your suggestion that facts are more important than theories, and that these should be recorded, to enable the world to arrive at correct conclusions in regard to their cause, has induced me to write this article. Although your correspondent is not a Spiritualist, in the popular meaning of that term, he is not so bigoted as to ignore the fact that stranger things occur to the children of time than our ancient philosophy dreamed of. I am glad to see you arranging and classifying all ancient and modern phenomena which throw light upon the nature and destiny of the human soul, for although we may reason differently upon them for a time, building up adverse theories and conflicting philosophies, yet when we shall have accumulated a sufficient amount of data, statistics, etc., to force our reasonings into a proper channel, nothing is more reasonable to suppose than that our theories will grow more harmonious, that light will continue to grow out of darkness, until a sounder faith and a broader morality result therefrom than has ever before blessed humanity. Bidding you God speed in your labors of love, I will now narrate, in as concise a manner as practicable, some of the experiences of one of the most ancient "mediums" of our time.

More than fifty years before the Rochester Knockings sent their first mysterious thrill through the world's great seething heart, causing all classes of men to pause a moment in their mad race for wealth and fame to consider whence came the "still, small voice," a young married couple lived in the shadows of Laurel Hill, near Uniontown, Pa. Their first child, a daughter one year old, lay quietly sleeping in the cradle. The mother was at the spring dipping up a bucket of water when a voice came to her, saying distinctly, "Your beautiful babe will soon be taken from you!" The young mother looked anxiously about, but no one was near. She hastened to the house and ran to the cradle, but the child was in a sweet and tranquil sleep. In vain did she endeavor to call reason to her aid; the voice still rung like a death-knell in her heart. When the husband came in, with tears in her eyes and trembling in her voice she told him what she had heard, but, being a man of "little faith," he only laughed at what he was pleased to term "a mother's weakness." "A queer hallucination," etc., and, by his merry laugh and persistent good humor, succeeded in restoring cheerfulness once more in the house. On the following day, however, the child became violently ill, and on the third day was a corpse.

In 1834 their seventh child was born. They then lived six miles south of Wooster, Ohio. One day, when the child was about six months old, and when the mother was busily engaged with her household affairs and cheerfully humming an old-fashioned church air, she heard a voice audibly say, "Sarah is going to die." The mother hastened to the cradle. Sarah was sound asleep. She took the child up and nursed it; it was quite well, and laughed and crowed in great glee; but so sure was the mother, from her former sad experience in premonitions, that her babe was soon to be taken from her, that as soon as it was again asleep, she commenced making its shroud. She was busily engaged upon it when the father came in. After explaining the affair to him, he took the babe from its cradle, and, seeing that it was quite well, tried to dissuade her from her task; but the many evidences he had had in past years of his wife's fatal power of prophecy caused his tongue to stammer, and the strong man mingled his tears with his wife's. Four days from that time the child was lain away in the cold earth.

One evening in the summer of 1839, just after the family had retired to bed in the second story of the house, a heavy crash was heard below in the kitchen, sounding as if the large kitchen cupboard had fallen and smashed all the dishes, etc., to pieces. On hastening down, however, everything was all right. The next night, about nine o'clock, a loud knocking was heard at the back hall door. On going to it no one was to be seen. Soon after the front door opened, and some one walked heavily across the floor and seemed to open the cellar door leading from the kitchen. The husband hurried down and found all the doors locked as usual; he entered the cellar, and examined every place where a man could hide, looking into all the empty boxes, behind apple barrels, &c., but found no one. He examined all the rooms in the basement story with the same result. The next night, after the doors were all carefully locked and the family had retired, a great noise was heard, as though several persons were below throwing about chairs, pots, pans, etc. Before going down the bedrooms were all visited, and the children found to be asleep. The racket still continuing, they descended to the basement, when the noise ceased, and the two front doors were found securely locked and nothing disturbed.

The next night, about midnight, the two front doors seemed to open and shut. Almost simultaneously the back hall door opened and shut; then the parlor door below, then the parlor and sitting-room doors above opened and shut; then the door of their bedroom opened. By this time the lights had been lit, and the bedroom door was closed and bolted, but the bolt was instantly shoved back by some unseen power, and the door violently opened again. All subsequent attempts, that night, to keep the bedroom door closed proved vain, while every other door in the house—a large three-story brick—continued to open and shut for about half an hour, when everything grew still, except the door of the bedroom occupied by the

parents, which persisted in opening every time it was closed. Of course there was no more sleep that night, and all the members of the family gathered in the parents' room. We were all there, staring into each other's pale faces, when father said, "Let us pray." We knelt down as close to the old man as possible, while he petitioned heaven to "remove this cup from us if consistent with the Divine will." But the doors con-

tinued banging until the family commenced singing:

"Time is winging us away  
To our eternal home," &c.

At this the noise ceased. Singing and prayers were continued until daylight.

I was only eight years old then, but I have a more vivid recollection of that night and its terrors, than any I have lived. Secrecy was enjoined

upon us, lest the rumor might go forth that the house was "haunted." Mother's health was not very good then, and it was the general impression that the phenomena were a warning of her death. These demonstrations, on the part of the invisibles, were repeated at intervals, though with less violence, until about the first of September. On the night of the 3d, as I lay asleep with one of my brothers, we were waked by some one crying,

to sleep beside me, I said to her, 'Here we are at the end of the world, and with such frightful weather! I think it would puzzle the ghost to find us here.' The same cry, on the instant! This was the last time I ever heard it."

Whether the sequel may be regarded as supplying a sufficient explanation or not, it is proper to give it, as furnished by Mademoiselle Clarion.

"That lady desiring to change her residence, and the apartments she occupied being advertised to be let, several persons called to see them. Among the rest there was a lady announced advanced in years. She exhibited much emotion, which communicated itself to Mademoiselle Clarion. At last she confessed that it was not to look at the apartments she came, but to converse with their occupant. She thought of writing, she said, but had feared that her motives might be misinterpreted. Mademoiselle Clarion begged for an explanation, and the following conversation ensued:

"I was, mademoiselle," said the lady, "the best friend of Monsieur de St. Elme; indeed, the only one he was willing to see during the last year of his life. The hours, the days of that year, were spent by us in talking of you, sometimes setting you down as an angel, sometimes as a fiend. As for me, I urged him constantly to endeavor to forget you, while he protested that he would continue to love you even beyond the tomb. You weep," she continued, after a pause; "and perhaps you will allow me to ask you why you made him so unhappy, and why, with your affectionate character, you refused him, in his last moments, the consolation of seeing you once more?"

"Our affections," replied Mademoiselle Clarion, "are not within our control. Monsieur de St. Elme had many meritorious and estimable qualities, but his character was sombre, misanthropic, despotic, so that he caused me to fear alike his society, his friendship and his love. To make him happy I should have had to renounce all human intercourse, even the talent I exercise. I was poor and proud. It has been my wish and my hope to accept no favor—to own everything to my own exertions. The friendship I entertained for him caused me to try every means to bring him back to sentiments more calm and reasonable. Failing in this, and convinced that his obstinate resolve was due less to the extremity of his passion than to the violence of his character, I adopted, and adhered to, the resolution to separate from him forever. I refused to see him on his death-bed, because the sight of his distress would have made me miserable, to no good end. These, madam, were the motives which actuated me. I trust you will not consider them deserving of censure."

"It would be unjust," she replied, "to condemn you. We can be reasonably called upon to make sacrifices only to fulfill our promises, or in discharge of our duty to relatives or to benefactors. I know that you owed him no gratitude; he himself felt that all obligation was on his part; but the state of his mind and the passion which ruled him were beyond his control, and your refusal to see him hastened his last moments. He counted the minutes until half-past ten, when his servant returned with the message that most certainly you would not come. After a moment of silence he took my hand, and, in a state of despair which terrified me, he exclaimed, 'Barbarous creature! But she shall gain nothing by it. I will pursue her as long after my death as she has pursued me during my life.' . . . I tried to calm him. He was already a corpse."

"This is the story, as Mademoiselle Clarion herself relates it. She adds, 'I need not say what effect these last words produced on me. The coincidence between them and the disturbances that had haunted me filled me with terror. I do not know what chance really is, but I am very sure that what we are in the habit of calling so has a vast influence upon human affairs.'"

#### DEVELOPMENT OF MEDIUMSHIP.

BY J. H. POWELL.

Since my return from Cincinnati the most important item of progress, to me, is my wife's mediumistic development. I have said nothing in my articles in this country, of her powers as a medium. In England she was influenced to go through a series of rough Indian dances, to personate the departed in a most wonderful way, and to deliver brief religious discourses, which I printed in the name of "Jessie." In this country, after a deal of buffeting with untoward circumstances, she has taken a new start as a spiritual *douleur* and healing medium. Her development of late has been rapid and extraordinary. At Winchester, where I lately lectured, she gave a couple of private sittings at the house of Mr. Joseph Packett. Encouraged by her success I resolved to invite a few friends, including the editor of the *Muncie Times*, to a séance at my residence in Muncie. Of this séance I cannot do better than give the report of the *Times*, Nov. 11th, 1869, which, considering the fact that Spiritualism has not been hitherto well treated by that journal, is highly gratifying:

"On Monday evening last 'Home News' was present, by special invitation, at what is called a spiritual séance at the residence of Prof. J. H. Powell, in this city. The occasion of the séance was, as stated to us by Mr. Powell, the fact that Mrs. Powell, wife of Prof. P., had lately been developed as a dancing medium. Mrs. P., acting under the guidance of a deceased Indian chief, named 'Silver Arrow,' would exhibit the proficiency she had acquired under the spiritualistic tutelage of the aforesaid S. A., dressed in full Indian (?) costume. We reached Prof. P.'s residence about 7 o'clock P. M., and were met by him at the door with a kindly welcome, and were soon made perfectly at home amidst a small coterie of our citizens—males and females. As a preface to what was to follow, Prof. P. informed us that Mrs. P. had never attempted to take one step in dancing in her normal condition, and was utterly incapable of performing what she was about to perform in and of herself, and had not self-confidence sufficient to even undertake it. Of the truth of this statement we, of course, cannot speak. If it is true, what followed was strange and remarkable even outside of all spiritualistic theories. In a short time after our arrival the room was



THE VISION OF THE COOK.

It was mother, who was talking with sisters. We listened, and heard them say it was so strange, they could not account for their sadness, that they had felt melancholy all day, and that as night came on, their gloomy feelings settled into distressing apprehension of some great and nearing calamity; they felt sure something terrible was about to happen, but could not imagine what it could be. They had all three felt so the whole day, but had forborne saying anything to each other until their bodings became too oppressive to bear. A strange terror took possession of me, as I quietly lay in bed, sharing all their apprehensions. About midnight they were preparing to retire when a carriage drove up to the house, and stopped. A man soon entered and said father had sent for them, that he had been taken suddenly sick while preaching in Wanesburg; had got some better, and come as far as Wooster, but was unable to proceed further. "There is our trouble!" they exclaimed, in one voice; "father will never get well." The next day the whole family were sent for to bid him a last farewell, and two days after he was a corpse. As sister Mary stood by the grave, she said, "I will be the next one to follow him." And she was. Thirty years have passed away since that mournful occasion, and the aged seeress still lives to foretell coming events in the Sunset-Land of the far West.

Just before the Indian War in Oregon and Washington Territory, in 1855, she said some great disaster was about to befall the people.

In the fall of 1860, she dreamed she saw a fiery comet rise in the southern sky and ascend to mid heaven, filling the whole southern hemisphere with flame. She told the dream as a remarkable one, but attached no particular meaning to it. In October, 1868, she remarked one morning that the next mail would bring us news of a death from the East; that one of the children was dead. Her prophecy was too true.

I was working in the garden one fine afternoon, about two years ago, and she sat in the door sewing. When I came in she asked me what gentleman that was who had just left. I remarked that I had seen no one. "Ah, but I mean the one who has been with you for the last half hour." I assured her no one had been with me. She thought for a considerable time that I was jesting with her, but becoming convinced I was not, said she had been watching us the last half hour, trying to recognize the man, but could not; that he seemed to take a deep interest in the fruit trees, vegetables, dikes, etc., examining them carefully; and when I started to the house he went down to the river, and she supposed he had gone away in a canoe. He wore a long flowing coat, was dark complexioned, with black eyes and hair, and wore a black hat. Since then she, by times, becomes insensible to surrounding objects, and seems communing with vacancy, with her eyes fixed on space. On becoming conscious she appears to be in raptures, having heard, she says, most delightful music, and seen myriads of beautiful and happy spirits.

These things are not strange to your readers, but they are an additional evidence that spirit manifestations are no new thing under the sun, and that if men had investigated the matter in a spirit of philosophic candor, the world might long since have been blessed with interchange of thought and sentiment with the loved ones gone before.

M. A. SMITH, M. D.

Munkito, W. T., Oct. 18th, 1869.

#### MURDER PREVENTED BY A DREAM.

A few years ago, a gentleman, whose situation in life is rather distinguished, and whose character is such as to stamp with veracity whatever he

might impart, dreamed that he went down into his kitchen in the middle of the night, and found his cook sitting there aloof, dressed in white, but with a large spot of blood on her bosom.

The dream caused so powerful an emotion that he awoke, but immediately after he fell asleep, and again dreamed the same dream. He a second time awoke, and, though not superstitiously inclined, he was so deeply impressed that he felt impelled to go down and satisfy himself by ocular demonstration that there was no cause for his uneasiness. He accordingly proceeded to the kitchen; but what was his surprise, on softly opening the door, to perceive the cook seated by the fire, and in just such a dress as his sleeping vision had portrayed? He demanded somewhat sternly what could be her business there at such an hour? The woman appeared much agitated at this discovery, trembled, and faltered; but, on her master renewing his question in an authoritative tone, she acknowledged that she and the gardener had been long attached, and that he had promised to meet her at that early hour, in order to accompany her to a village some miles distant, to be married. The circumstances were so odd, more especially connected with the dream, that this gentleman felt convinced all could not be right; and having first locked up the cook safely in the kitchen, he proceeded to a little detached building in which the gardener slept; but not finding him there, he went on to the garden, where he found him digging a pit.

He started, and turned most dreadfully pale at the sight of his master, who asked him how long he had been in the habit of rising at so early an hour, and for what he was digging the pit? He answered he was preparing a melon-bed. But his looks and voice confirmed the dreadful suspicion of the dark purpose for which it was destined, and in the most solemn manner his master charged him with intended murder. Thrown off his guard by the suddenness of this visit, and the unexpectedness of his accusation, he fell down on his knees, and, earnestly begging for pardon, acknowledged that he had powerful reasons for wishing the cook entirely out of the way, and that he had really prepared the pit for her reception.

#### THE FRENCH ACTRESS.

Mademoiselle Claire Clarion was the great French tragedian of the last century. She occupied, in her day, a position similar to that which Rachel has since filled. Her beauty, her grace and her genius won for her many enthusiastic admirers; some professing friendship, others love. Among the latter, in the year 1743, was a young man, Monsieur de St. Elme, son of a merchant of Brittany, whose attachment appears to have been of the most devoted kind.

The circumstances connected with this young man's death, and the events which succeeded it, are of an extraordinary character; but they come to us from first hand, and remarkably well authenticated, being detailed by Mademoiselle Clarion herself, in her autobiography, from which we translate, says *Reynolds's Miscellany*, the essential part of the narrative, as follows:

"The language and manners of Monsieur de St. Elme gave evidence of an excellent education, and of the habit of good society. His reserve, his timidity, which deterred all advances except by little attentions and by the language of the eyes, caused me to distinguish him from others. After having met him frequently in society, I at last permitted him to visit me at my own house, and did not conceal from him the friendship with which he inspired me. Seeing me at liberty, and well inclined toward him, he was content to be patient, hoping that time might create in me a warmer sentiment. But, when he

came to reply candidly to the questions which my reason and curiosity prompted, he himself destroyed the chance he might have had. Ashamed of being a commoner only, he had converted his property into ready funds, and had come to Paris to spend his money, aping a rank above his own. This displeased me. He who blushes for himself, causes others to despise him. Besides this, his temper was melancholy and misanthropic; he knew mankind too well, he said, not to condemn and to avoid them. His project was to see no one but myself, and to carry me off where I should see only him. That, as may be supposed, did not suit me at all. I was willing to be guided by a flowery hand, but not to be fettered with chains. From that moment, I saw the necessity of destroying entirely the hopes he nourished, and of changing his assiduities of every day to occasional visits, few and far between. This caused him a severe illness, during which I nursed him with every possible care. But my constant refusal aggravated the case; and, unfortunately for the poor fellow, his brother-in-law, to whom he had entrusted the care of his funds, failed to make remittances, so that he was fain to accept the scanty supply of spare cash I had, to furnish him with food and medical assistance. Finally he recovered his property, but not his health; and, desiring for his own sake to keep him at a distance from me, I steadily refused both his letters and his visits.

"Two years and a half elapsed between the time of our first acquaintance and his death. He sent, in his last moments, to beg that I would grant him the happiness of seeing me once more; but my friends hindered me from doing so. He died, having no one near him but his servants and an old lady, who, for some time, had been his only society. His apartments were then on the Rempart, near the Chaussée d'Antin; mine on the Rue de Basse, near the monastery of Salut-Germain.

"That evening my mother and several other friends were supping with me. The supper was gay. I had just been singing to them, and they applauding me, when, at eleven o'clock struck, a piercing cry was heard. Its heart-rending tone and the length of time it continued, struck every one with astonishment. I fainted, and remained for a quarter of an hour totally unconscious. When I recovered, I begged them to remain with me part of the night. We reasoned much in regard to this strange cry, and it was agreed to have spies set in the street, so that, in case of its repetition, we might detect its cause and its author.

"Every succeeding night, always at the same hour, the same cry was repeated, sounding immediately beneath my windows, and appearing to issue from the vacant air. My people, my guests, my neighbors, the police, all heard it alike. I could not doubt that it was intended for me. I seldom supped from home, but when I did nothing was heard there; and several times, when I returned later than eleven, and inquired of my mother, or the servants, if anything had been heard of it, suddenly it burst forth in the midst of us. Then I remained several months without hearing anything more, and I began to hope that the disturbances had ceased. I was mistaken.

"The theatre had been ordered to Versailles, on occasion of the marriage of the Dauphin. We were to remain there three days. We were insufficiently provided with apartments. Madame Grandval had none. We waited half the night in hopes that one would be assigned to her. At three o'clock in the morning I offered her one of the two beds in my room, which was in the Avenue de Saint-Cloud. She accepted it. I occupied the other bed; and as my maid was undressing,

comfortably filled up, and Mrs. P. retired to an adjoining room accompanied by other ladies, to dress for the salutary exercises which were to follow. Those present were then requested to "form a circle," which was done by all joining hands. In a few moments Mrs. P. reappeared dressed in red "Bloomer" pants, Garibaldi waist of same color, both being trimmed with beads and other fanciful work. She also joined the circle and stood quiet for a few moments. Shortly her breast began to heave, her face and hands to twitch nervously and her eyes to close, so that in a very few moments she had, apparently, passed from a state of full consciousness to one of utter unconsciousness. Mr. Miller, of Winchester, then struck up a familiar tune on the violin. At first Mrs. P. or whoever or whatever was animating and controlling her body, did not seem to notice the harmonious sounds. Then she turned slowly in the direction thence, where some sounds came. Then her feet began to move, at first very slowly, then more vigorously and rapidly, until finally she dashed off into a sort of vigorous combination of the Schottische and Highland Fling, her feet, hands and every part of her body keeping perfect time with the music. This was kept up for a length of time more than sufficient to utterly exhaust a less fragile body than hers. Finally the music stopped and she sat down to rest for a few moments, and then she commenced her vocal exercises through which she had gone.

The music again commenced, and, as before, the first responses of her body to the sounds were very slow and placid, but grew more and more positive and energetic until it seemed to permeate her whole system, and she again dashed off into a vigorous dance, in which we thought we could discover faint reproductions of motions and gestures which have been seen in the Indian exhibitions which have taken place in some of our cities.

After the dancing was over the proposition was made that Mrs. P. should exhibit her powers as a healing medium. James Charman, who was suffering severely from rheumatism in the arm and shoulder, was selected as the person to receive the benefit of her curative powers. Drawing his coat and placing himself in a chair, she began by making motions over his head and around and about him. Then she rubbed the affected member, and vigorously slapped his back, breast and shoulders. After the operation Charman declared himself much benefited, though whether the benefit will be permanent time alone can tell.

Taking the entire exhibition together it disclosed some remarkable features. Here was the body of an English woman, possessed and controlled, as it is claimed, by the spirit of a deceased Indian. We have a right to suppose that the definition S. A. could not understand a word of English during his earthly career, and we know that none of those present could understand or speak a word of genuine Indian. Yet many present spoke to the spirit in English and he replied in guttural Indian, and they understood each other. Did the Indian learn English after he reached the "Happy Hunting Ground"? or were the favored spectators present so spiritually illuminated that they could "palaver" Indian "just like a knife"?

Another thing. If Mrs. P. never danced in her normal state, why should she exhibit the proper motions in an abnormal condition? If the truth is as stated by Mr. P. and many others, the dancing we saw was as remarkable an exhibition as mortal eyes ever looked upon. We do not attempt to decide any of the questions involved, though we have our opinion. We state what we saw, and leave every body to draw their own conclusions.

I have only to add that I know not how to give a full idea of the perfect grace and marvelous steps and figures exhibited in these dances, which are equal to anything I ever witnessed on the stage, and what is more extraordinary, unlike ordinary dancing. The medium never attempted to dance in her normal state, and never saw an Indian, much less an Indian dance. Opinions vary as to what kind of Indian spirit controls her. I can hear nothing but praise of the performance itself. I can only liken it to "visible harmony," to quote an elegant phrase.

Thus, unexpectedly to myself, I am enabled to chronicle this new addition to developed mediumship. I doubt not some other hand will do the medium justice in future. I may be considered too partial. Yet I know that if perfection in art is worthy of admiration this is, and it is no art of the medium's acquiring.

We are arranging to travel together, and shall hold select parlor séances.  
Maurice, Ind., Nov. 12, 1869.

### The Lecture Room.

PROF. DENTON AT MUSIC HALL.

On Sunday afternoon, November 14th, Prof. William Denton continued the consideration of the theme of a previous lecture, "The Origin of Man," at Music Hall, Boston. A large audience, notwithstanding the storm, was in attendance, and demonstrated their appreciation of his remarks by frequent applause. We give below an abstract of this eloquent and truly scientific discourse:

The speaker commenced by reviewing the ground gone over in his lecture on the preceding Sunday, referring to the fact that man came on this planet either by the operation of law or by the exercise of miracle; and stating that he had taken the ground at the outset that it was most reasonable to suppose man came here by the operation of law, since by the highest scientific authority it was not declared that the earth itself came into being by and through the operation of law. As science extended her domain, the borders of belief had been gradually reduced. The lecturer referred to the law of vital force, which, under proper conditions of heat and moisture, could produce *infusorial life*; the law of variation, by which animals were sometimes able to produce offspring differing from themselves; and the law of inheritance, or hereditary transmission, by which from parent to offspring descended the traits of such variation from the original stock, and said that organized beings had been ascending higher and higher in the scale of existence, not because it possesses the general power to create higher forms, but that it had the faculty to develop as conditions became favorable. He also spoke, in passing, of the law of natural selection by which animals and plants, favored by certain circumstances or gifts, could transmit them to those who followed after, till all the globe came to be filled with animals and vegetables just adapted to their proper sphere.

But he (the speaker) had said on the previous Sunday, that these laws were not the producers of man—man was not the result of a thousand accidents. There was a spirit in the universe, not working sometimes and then at rest, but working to-day, and destined to work for the millions of ages that are to come. There were in addition to the laws enumerated, pointers which, though they did not demonstrate, served to indicate that the various forms of life came into existence in due process of law, such as the metamorphosis in the growth of animals; the similarity between animals and man, &c., referred to in the previous lecture. Another pointer to which he wished especially to refer, at the present time, was the linking form which united man to the animals below him. It was a grand mistake to suppose man stood alone, and above all, those also were mistaken who supposed a great gulf existed between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Philip H. Gosse had said that existences marched into each other by shadowy and imperceptible grades. The speaker referred to the difficulty of classing some existences, such as the sponge, which had been pronounced a vegetable and thrown over the fence by the naturalists to the botanists, who threw it back again declaring it to be an animal; after some considerable discussion, to-day, it was generally acknowledged an animal, though it was possessed of roots like a plant, and seemed utterly devoid of feeling. There were varieties among the mollusks which had been placed among the radiates; many instances were here mentioned of other resemblances among early forms of life, and the speaker said that from the bryozoan to the cephalopod a regular course could be traced. And in the cephalopod, by means of peculiarities in its formation, such as the eyes placed on each side of the head, and cartilages where the others had a back bone, could be traced a connecting link between the mollusks and the vertebrates. The speaker referred to a variety of fish which united with itself the widely different class of reptiles, and then said that the gulf between the reptile and bird seemed to be an enormous one, but by going back geologically to the pterodactyl, he should find in its enormous wings and hollow bones, connected with a reptilian form, the hint of the future perfected aviator. Dr. Hitchcock had discovered among the reptilian forms of the Connecticut Valley some that were bird-toed. The lecturer referred to that peculiar bird in New Zealand whose young, though brought forth alive, were yet hatched from eggs, making it ovoviviparous, thus forming a living fossil, showing in our day the path by which mammals traveled from birds to their present state.

The speaker then referred to the lowest forms of mammals resembling man, and said that the average brain of the gorilla measured twenty-nine and one-half inches, and the lowest form of human beings—the aboriginal Australians, measured seventy-three inches, yet the difference between the Caucasian—the highest type of the race, and the Australian, is greater by five and a half inches; so that there is more difference between men on the planet, than there is between the lowest man and the forms of animal life just below him. The speaker referred to the apparently wide dissimilarity between the hawk and owl, and said that if one were placed on one part of the platform, and the other at the other extreme, and the different varieties ranged between these outside standards, we should arrive at last at a point in the line where we should be obliged to look very closely ere we could tell whether to place them among the owls or the hawks. Sheep and goats were supposed to be different, but by a similar process we should reach a stage when we could no longer discriminate between the sheep to be sent to the right hand, or the goats to be placed on the left—and the rule might also be found to apply to good people and their opposites in earthly life.

Another pointer was the rudimentary organs—or redundant organs as they might be called—possessed by some animals. Boas and pythons possessed a complete set of limbs folded under the skin. These limbs were indicative of another form of existence, and geology revealed the key to the mystery. There were lizards before there were serpents, and one lizard having been born of such a bodily conformation as to find itself easily propelled over the ground by wriggling, instead of the use of its legs, handed down the propensity to its offspring, and in process of years the limbs grew smaller and were useless in each generation, till at last they were enclosed in the skin. The same peculiarity of limbs folded within was noticeable in the blind worm of Great Britain, indicating the passage of lizard to serpent. In the fetal or unborn whale, there were to be found from sixty to seventy teeth on each side, but when born there were no teeth, but the bony lining instead, which enabled it to draw in the shoals of minute fishes and blow out the water. If whales were created just as they are, why were these teeth in their unborn offspring? A believer in miraculous existence could not answer this reasonably, but one who held to the operation of law would find no difficulty. The orig-

inal stock from whence the whale proceeded were armed with teeth, but in process of time, the swarms of minute fishes furnished food to the animals without the need of teeth, and from disease they gradually became lacking in their descendants. The cow has no upper teeth, but eats by rubbing her food between the tongue and the under teeth; but the calf has upper teeth. The race from which the cow descended had teeth in the upper jaw, but by reason of changes which produced the present method of eating, these upper teeth, though found in the infant, were modified or removed from the full grown animal.

Another pointer was the striking resemblance of the animals to-day inhabiting certain portions of the planet and the *geologic* forms found in the strata of the same portions of the country. The animals peculiar to South America, though today in a highly modified form, could be traced in the fossils of that country, but not in Europe or elsewhere. The same peculiarity would be found in Australia and New Zealand.

In the Gallapagos Islands, six hundred miles from South America, the animals and plants are different, distinctive and peculiar to those islands. The miracle-believer would snatch at this as a proof of his theory, and say these forms of animal and vegetable life were made for the islands in particular; but, on close inspection, in the language of Sir Charles Darwin, it would be found that there was reason to believe these plants and animals—though in a state modified to suit their present surroundings—bore the stamp of the American continent. So with New Guinea, as compared with the Australian continent—and the Cape de Verde Islands with that of Africa—the animals and plants, though differing in other respects, still belonging to the same genus or the same family.

Again, there was the liability of animals and plants to fall back again to their original condition, which might be called *reversion*. A crabapple tree could not, in its natural state, give birth to the beautiful Northern Spy, but it might be possible for the latter to fall, by reason of untoward circumstances, and produce a degenerate fruit. So animals are liable to fall, and we are thus able to see in men, animals and plants an undercurrent which shows from whence they came. A visitor to an idiot school in England had described there an "ape-faced" idiot who had all the appearance, the disgusting habits and attitudes of that animal. Here was an individual who seemed to have fallen by reversion from his superior state.

But the objection might be raised, "Is this all which the researches of geology, paleontology and archeology for the last century have been able to discover—that we have an orang-outang for our father and an oyster for our grandfather? We really ought to be very grateful to these gentlemen for rescuing from oblivion these illustrious ancestors of ours." The speaker thought that if the road over which man had traveled in the past could be traced, other names (if not those quoted) would be found quite as lowly as the ones referred to by the Orthodox objector; still he was just as willing to be taught as to teach, and if his serious brother could give him a better solution of the question as to what was the origin of man, he was ready to receive it. "Oh," says the Orthodox, "I believe that God made man," a statement from which the lecturer said he would not dissent, if the word God here used meant Nature—the Great Spirit in all; but if it referred to the Jewish Jehovah he should certainly decide in the negative. The Orthodox brother aforesaid, in continuation, declares that man was made out of the dust of the ground; the Professor would not disagree with him on this point, if there were only a little moisture mixed with it; but if the objector to his (the speaker's) theory believed that we are all made from dust, how could he laugh at anybody else? We males would all have dust for our father, and as dust is only rocks ground to powder, we should have a rock for our grandfather; and the ladies could console themselves that they had a crooked bone for their father, dust for their grandfather, and a rock for their great grandfather.

The speaker then proceeded to show the difficulties into which a believer in the miraculous theory was led in his endeavors to account for the varied forms of animal life. Man being made miraculously out of the dust of the earth, necessitated a similar miracle in the origin of all other forms. The science of geology, which was now too well known to be ignored and thrust into a corner even by the "bluest of the blue," revealed that if the miraculous theory was true, miracles must have been at work through all the primeval ages, not only once but hundreds and thousands of times. Go back to the cretaceous period, with its forms, animal and vegetable, distinct from the tertiary time; the gulf, with its peculiar forms; the devonian, with the carboniferous above and the silurian below it—in every period we find distinctive types of life peculiar to that period. In addition, the forms contained, in certain periods, in the United States, were different, and necessitated a second working of miracles during the same age. The greater the research the more difficulties were multiplied in the path of this miraculous theory. During all the early ages, when the earth was in too heated a state to sustain animal and vegetable life, the Great Architect would have been obliged to wait patiently for it to cool; and, when it was partially so, to have hastily descended, formed a few trilobites, sea-animals and fucoids, and then have hastened away to wait for a few thousand years; then, as matters improved, he came back again and found the trilobites were gone—the gradually cooling sea had been too much for them—and the snails had gone; and he therefore added a few more forms and went away. And thus, through the tremendous ages of the past, the heavenly sentries must have paced their rounds above our planet, watching with anxious eye its varied changes, and occasionally calling out to the great Officer of the Guard: "Lord, it's time for you to come down here! there's an island just popped up from the depths of the sea; there's a valley plowed between a mountain range; or a new order of animals must be placed in a certain position; or it has become necessary to make changes in those already existing," and down came the miracle-worker, and the thing needing repairs was set to rights, and the new order of beings walked forth at his command. What thinking, reasoning soul could be led to hold so narrow and contracted a view of the great spirit of the universe. This idea was that of an ignorant man, and should no longer be perpetuated among the scientific minds of to-day. Had the author of the Pentateuch dreamed of the knowledge which after times have revealed, the first chapter of Genesis would never have been written; it is out of joint with the universe, and diametrically opposed to the teachings of science. No, the great soul of all things worked in the past, and is working in the present, by the operation of law.

Did any one say that this view of the case argued a want of power on the part of the Great Spirit of the universe—as even Agassiz had af-

firmed—the lecturer was astonished by it. This was the same objection urged against geology in its incipency. When that science began to demand millions of years, instead of six days, for the creation of the world, then it was pronounced an absurdity; but if God possessed such power, why was it necessary for him to take even six days, when he could have spoken "as the miraculous theory had it) and it would have been accomplished in a moment of time. One account, if viewed from this supernatural standpoint, was fully as absurd as the other. The fact was that men had made a Deity, and had tried to warp the facts so as to be in harmony with that Deity. We needed only to study the universe—to go back in geology to get our theology—for there we should find what the Deity had been doing in the past, and it would make clear to us that future which lies before us.

Many might object that there were great gaps between men and these lower forms; that there was a long step between the higher quadrumanous animals and man. Well, there (said the lecturer) stands man on the top of a pillar one hundred feet high. I say, "How did he get there?" and my friend, the miracle-believer, says: "Oh, I can tell you; an angel of God came down from heaven and took him by the hair of the head and put him on the top of that pillar." But I say, "I do not think it is necessary for an angel to come from God to do this;" and as I walk around the pillar, I see on the other side a ladder reaching to the top. There are rungs in that ladder, and some of them are far apart; and I come to my friend and tell him of the new discovery, but he says: "I do not want to hear anything about it; I tell you an angel of God came down from heaven and did it. I have an account of it at home in a book which my father and grandfather and all the rest have believed." But few of those who have seen the ladder will be ready to believe the story of the angel. Though the distance between some of these rungs was great, yet the geologist was gradually, in his researches, supplying the missing steps in fossil forms, and in process of time the chain of being, to our knowledge, would be complete to a demonstration, and we should have every step by which man ascended from the lower to the grand position he occupies to-day. There was, then, in this case, no necessity of resorting to miracles.

Another objection which is urged is that if these changes have ever taken place, they must be occurring now; and where could be found monkeys turning into men? These changes of Nature were not so sudden and abrupt as such a questioner supposed. Slowly and regularly did the power of Nature bring forth perfection in all her departments. A person looking at a clock and observing the hour, and coming a day or week after to find the same hour indicated, would conclude that it was standing still; but if the hour hand should be so arranged as to pass round once in a thousand years, and the minute hand in twelve thousand, it would be understood that the clock was in motion, though it might be perceptible only to the scrutiny of the most careful observer. In such a slow and regular order were the varied forms of life produced, and demonstrated that the rounds from lower to higher were symmetrically arranged for that upward development which culminated in man.

Another objection was that this view destroyed immortality. If man came from the brute he dies like the brute. The speaker did not believe that the brute did die, as the term was generally understood; but if the fact of its death were granted for the sake of the argument, what then? Is it not possible for the brute to ripen into man by development? There is a time when the seed becomes ripened so that it can give birth to a tree; and the process is so simple, and yet so mystical, that no man can tell the moment before or the moment after the change comes to it. This is unfolded under the direction of Mind. Then if the brute does die, as has been granted, it gives birth to an intelligence higher than itself. And thus the brute ripened into man, and the first immortal being made his appearance on this planet—not by mistake, but by the gradual ripening of all to that immortality. This the speaker did not believe, but it did not interfere with immortality. Some said it was a degraded idea, a strange story to tell to a Christian people, that these rude monsters formed the original germ of the race. The speaker would answer this objection by a consideration of the side of the argument sustained by the Orthodox Christianity of to-day. According to that account the first man was made six thousand years ago; he was the most splendid specimen of the race the world ever saw. God made him in his own image, and pronounced him good—fair as an angel, holy as the seraphim that sang before the throne of Jehovah day and night. Imagine his lovely Eve, fairer than the fairest Circassian maiden, walking by his side through the bowers of lovely Eden! And then go to the wretched wanderers on the coasts of Terra Del Fuego; look at their spindle shanks, their dark countenances, their brutal back heads! If man in six thousand years has gone so low as that, where will he be in six thousand years to come? [Applause.] There is no hell so low as the condition into which he will degenerate. But if, on the contrary, we consider the origin of man to have been so low that we should think twice ere we shook hands with him and called him "brother," and in this period the race has attained to the high development of a cultured civilization, where is the throne in heaven that we may not mount? where is the kingdom that we may not gain? [Applause.] This idea is full of beauty; it is eminently harmonious with science, and it must prevail.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### LIFE.

BY H. WINCHESTER.

I asked a child whose eye was bright,  
Whose breath was like the flowers of May:  
Say, what is life, my little man,  
And why are you so blithe and gay?  
"Because I'm happy, don't you see?  
I'm gathering flowers for sis and me."  
I asked a youth who proudly stood  
Beside a youthful form of grace—  
His cheeks were flushed with rosy health,  
A beaming smile was on his face:  
Pray what is life? His smile replied:  
To love and cherish my sweet bride.  
I asked a man on whose full breast  
The glittering star of empire shone,  
Who deep had trod through fields of blood  
To gain a fading earthly throne:  
Sir, what is life? He, trembling, said:  
Ask not of me; go, ask the dead.  
I asked an old man who had seen  
His little three score years and ten:  
Pray what is life? what are the hopes  
Of earth and time and mortal men?  
His trembling voice at once replied:  
All vanity! He gasped and died.  
Lower Lake, Lake Co., Cal., 1869.

Aim to do some permanent good, that your existence may be crowned with usefulness.

THOMAS CARLYLE—A. J. DAVIS—THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I read with great interest and profit, the letter of A. J. Davis, in your last number, on Thomas Carlyle and his "ultra brutalism," &c., and a day later read with painful regret and pitying disgust an editorial in the New York Tribune. Singular, indeed, is the contrast between the clear statement, tender regret and generous feeling of Mr. Davis, and the crude and coarse misstatement, the bullying sneer and the wholesale impudence of audacious abuse of the Tribune.

A word on Thomas Carlyle, before giving some idea of this contrast.

Of the eminent ability and learning of Carlyle none doubt, and he is said to be a man of high personal character, if a man's private acts as a friend, and in his family, can be fitly said to make all of personal character, regardless of the revelations of his spirit in published writings. He has grown more and more a remorseless critic, a denier, a doubter, and has struck keen, strong blows of sarcasm and indignation at all manner of sham and cant, but he has built up nothing in place of the evils he has exposed.

This destructive mood is not good for the spirit; to indulge it overmuch leads to bitterness, weakens power, dims the mental faculties, and clouds and perverts the moral nature.

The result is seen in the fierce bitterness of Carlyle's later productions, and in the moral blindness and confusion that led him to sneer at the crushed slave in this country, to ridicule him as "poor Quashee," &c., and thus strike hands with his proud oppressors, and flout at the divine instinct of freedom. After this, his insane and pitiful mauling about Spiritualism need not be cause of wonder, however much it may stir regret and pity.

Now a word on the Tribune, and some extracts from its editorial of a column on "Home the Humberg," beginning thus:

"Of the mumbering of the Liturgy of Dead Sea apes there is no end. No inconsiderable number of the sons of men seem to have eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner. In an age wherein are broken the ancient thralls and fetters wherewith the souls of men have been fettered for a hundred ages, some eccentricities of belief and vagaries of speculation are of course to be looked for. Complete mental enfranchisement is always perilous to a fool. Released from the leading-strings of intellectual control and guidance, he runs headlong into fatuity, chases witch-lights and phantasms into profitless regions of fogs and bilberles, and gets himself stuck in moral quicksands and quagmires. If he would stay there and not make a noise, civilization would be contented to leave him pined in congenial mud. But he makes a row. He flounders about in his mallow, and thinks that he is wandering the asphodel meadows and orchards of Arimda. He wants the world to come and join him in his murky morges and help him hunt the *ignis fatuus*. No zealot urges his cause so eagerly as the zealot of folly—and numerically the fools are formidable. They invade politics, philosophy and religion. They have their synagogues and their sanhedrim, their creed and cultus, their rite and breviary, and, which is more definitely to the purpose, their newspapers and magazines. One of these latter, published in the interest of the Spiritualists, has come to us charged with very inflammatory matter. It consists of extracts from a recent work by a noble author, in which are described the phenomena attendant upon the séances of Home, the thaumaturgist and archpriest of the 'ultra brutalists,' who chatter the baleful litany of the Dead Sea apes aforesaid."

Then follows some derisive account of what occurred in Home's presence, his body floating in the air, &c., &c., the facts being taken from a book by an English nobleman, the Earl of Dunraven, closing as follows:

"The gift of credulity is not universal, and to those who do not possess it the performances of Mr. Home would be what Mr. Robert Browning found them on a certain occasion in Paris—the rather smart exploits of a clever but disreputable juggler. That they delude and bewilder so many is perhaps surprising, until one considers how wide is the empire of imposture, how abundant human credulity, and how numerous the generations of Dead Sea apes. The Egyptians assigned to Serapis the dominion of the apes of the older world, and tradition declares that he made them to the mark. Our modern Pantheon is not very fruitful of gods, and it is probably idle to pray for an avenging Serapis which shall take in hand the new and baleful breed, with their obscene liturgy, their gibberings and mutterings and grimaces which affront heaven. So we must even endure them for a space, but in the fullness of time we hope for deliverance."

The Earl might have been over credulous or not, and Mr. Home may be a "juggler" or not, although the weight of eminent testimony is largely in his favor, and the Tribune can give its opinion fairly and strongly on these points, but the descent to this low slang, the classing millions of persons, counting names of weight and eminent worth among them, as fools to be endured "for a space," is pitiful indeed, and all the more so from the eminent service the Tribune has done and is doing for some good things.

As for Robert Browning, when his verbose and stilted rhymes are forgotten, the noble poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, with the thoughts and ideas of "this thing which calls itself Spiritualism" running through them like a thread of gold, will be a part of the priceless heritage that humanity will preserve and cherish with tender reverence, while his coarse abuse of what was sacred to her will be forgotten, too, or only remembered as sad proof of human obtuseness and prejudice.

Mr. Davis closes by saying, "An age of new ideas is dawning beyond the ocean of this spiritual agitation, and I had some hope that a mind so large and far-seeing as Mr. Carlyle's would be touched with at least one ray of the new sun." Let us hope that "one ray" may reach even that "outer darkness," where dwells this writer of Tribune editorials, for which, by the way, Horace Greeley is responsible, whether they be his or not. Detroit, Mich., Nov. 11, 1869. G. B. STREBINS.

#### RAILROAD PROGRESS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In the Boston Courier of June, 1827, forty-two years ago, Joseph T. Buckingham wrote: "Alcibiades, or some other great man of antiquity, it is said, cut off his dog's tail, that *quid nunc* might not become extinct from want of excitement. Some such motive, we doubt not, moved one or two of our natural and experimental philosophers to get up the project of a railroad from Boston to Albany; a project which every one knows, who knows the simplest rule in arithmetic, to be impracticable, but at an expense little less than the market value of the whole territory of Massachusetts, and which, if practicable, every person of common sense knows would be as useless as a railroad from Boston to the moon." Such were the opinions of the leading journalist of Boston in 1827, and he was not alone in his opinion of the entire impracticability of railroads. In 1835 Massachusetts had 113 miles of railroad, and in 1868, 1425 miles—this in a State of only 7800 square miles. The value of the farms in Massachusetts in 1860 was \$123,255,948, and the value of the real and personal property of Boston in 1868 was \$493,573,700—a change due chiefly to railroads.

The New York Express says that in the incomes of business men of that city, "those who advertise make the largest returns."

### Correspondence in Brief.

INDIANA—K. GRAVES IN THE FIELD AGAIN.—We learn that Mr. Graves's labors, since his return to the lecturing field, are attended with unusual success. The people turn out in masses, and are much pleased and benefited by his able discourses. We give place to the following testimonial of his usefulness:

Wheaton, W. The Fountain County Society of the Friends of Progress, in Convention assembled, on the 19th of November, 1869, have been highly delighted and greatly instructed by a course of lectures by K. Graves, of Hammond, State Michigan, on the subjects of spiritual philosophy, theological reform, and kindred topics, in which he ably, forcibly and eloquently set forth the necessity of a higher plane of moral, religious and spiritual development or unfoldment as a practical recognition of the great law of human progress, &c., &c.

Resolved, That we take great pleasure in cordially recommending Bro. Graves as an eloquent, logical and powerful expounder of the principles and claims of the new Spiritual Dispensation.  
HENRY CRANE, Pres't.  
JACOB BOSTON, Sec'y.

Brother Graves desires to hear immediately from all parts of Indiana where a speaker is needed, or can find access to the people.

COLUMBIA, PA.—A correspondent writes: The cause of Spiritualism in this region is rapidly advancing. Many persons who but a few months ago looked upon it with great distrust, and openly denounced it, may now be found amongst its ablest advocates. Meetings are occasionally held with good results, and many inquiring friends drop in, who leave satisfied that there is something about it that they cannot explain. The pioneers of Spiritualism in this locality may be credited to Dr. N. B. Wolfe, now an eminent physician of Cincinnati, Andrew J. Musser, Henry E. Wolfe, John A. Jordan and others of this place.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.—O. G. Chase says: Spiritualism is making rapid progress in Jamestown. We have a writing medium that has astonished the natives of Jamestown, and all especially the "niggers" of the neighborhood. Her name is C. Manley. The spirits control her hand and write very rapidly. She has written since the 15th of July last three thousand pages; makes few mistakes or errors, and is still improving. She knows not what she writes until she reads the same. We hold our meetings twice a week. The clergy of this place are becoming much alarmed.

MILAN, MICH., NOV. 6TH, 1869.—Charles Gould writes: We have had a refreshing time in this place of late. Father Elijah Woodworth and Charles D. Farlin, both of Michigan, arrived here the 1st inst. and remained three days, and gave us three lectures each, in the Union Church, which were gladly received by the attentive audiences. After the lectures each evening some strong tests were given by Bro. Farlin. He described a number of spirits, who were readily identified by friends present. They stopped at my house two nights, the last of which we had a splendid circle, which was very much enjoyed. My house is always open for spiritual mediums and lecturers.

ERWIN CENTRE, N. Y.—T. J. Presho writes that the cause of Spiritualism prospers in that vicinity. Light is breaking all around. He adds: Deau Clark delivered several lectures in Corning last week to different and respectable audiences, the first ever given in public in the place. I believe. This week he gave one lecture in this place and two in Tioga, Penn., all of which were attended by people of intelligence and respectability.

ALGONA, COSSUTH CO., IOWA, NOV. 3d, 1869.—J. A. B. writes: Frank Dwight, a healing medium, is doing much good healing the sick here. He has treated several severe cases in Fort Dodge and Webster City. He successfully cures spinal complaint, rheumatism, fits, headaches and fevers. He has performed wonderful cures in the short time he has been treading the suffering.



J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn, W. C.

KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1869.

OFFICE 155 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

AGENCY IN NEW YORK, THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 110 NASSAU STREET.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, LITHOGRAPHER, 155 N. B. CHURCH.

L. THOMAS COLBY, EDITOR.

LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All business connected with the editorial department of this paper is under the exclusive control of L. THOMAS COLBY, to whom letters and communications must be addressed.

Emma Hardinge's New Book.

We have been favored by the author, with advance sheets of her new work, "MODERN AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM," now in press and shortly to be issued. We give below the preface entire, as it is one of the most interesting documents on Spiritualism which has yet appeared.

PREFACE.

As these pages seem to imply by their title certain specialities, both in regard to time and place, whilst the subject of "Spiritualism," or the record of man's spiritual experiences, is one which must be commensurate with the physical history of humanity upon this globe, they require a few words of explanation touching the aim and scope of the subject which the author designs to embrace in this work.

The entire history of the race, when recorded in accurate detail and fidelity to fact, ever has, and ever will be found, marked with the shadowy outline of a second world of existence, superimposed upon that of mortality. On the walls of our earthly dwelling-places ever will be seen a writing inscribed by "a part of the man's hand," the form assumed is duly visible, the full proportions of which no human eye may scan. And these mystic writings are discovered everywhere; they are traced in our holy places, and most on the thresholds of our habitations. They are seen in our very city streets, and the stones grate of their whereabouts.

Sometimes we label them "religion," at others denounce them by the weird name of "magic," "witchcraft," or "sorcery"; in a word, we variously denigrate them, as time, prejudice, or custom suggests, under all the different titles which are included in the generic synonym of "superstition," but deem of them as we will, they include a set of experiences, occult and incomprehensible though they be, as irresistible and inevitable in time and space as the more material array of facts which we assume makes up the sum of human history. In truth, this same "superstition" is the wool spun by the hands of a powerful though invisible existence, which incloses all human life and shapes all human destiny. Hitherto we have either determined to resolve the whole realm of power which makes up man's spiritual existence into the universal solvent of all mysteries, "God" and "His Will," or else, with still more unphilosophic ignorance, we have striven to stifle the records of its being beneath the pall of unreasoning and senseless materialism. Neither will longer serve our turn. All mental progress tends to the discovery that "God's will" is only manifest in *his*. Religion, ethics, miracle and supernatural life, like tides, and times, and seasons, all resolve themselves at last into stern and immutable procedures of a set of mental laws as stringent as any of those that bind our physical existence. The whole realm of visionary supernaturalism melts away, then, before the morning sun of that glorious light that science brings, leaving us no refuge for our world of occult facts but to range them within the domain of unexplained but inevitable law, or else, like rude materialism, to deny them altogether, and write upon half mankind's experience the gratuitous charge of "falseness." Between the horns of this dilemma, and in the age when bold assertions or denial can no longer serve the cause of true philosophy, much less religion, comes the dawning of a day of spiritual science, in the vast and overwhelming tides of occult power that for twenty years have swept the continent of North America. And when we cite this mighty witness to our bar of spiritual legislation, we stand alone. Acknowledging that every fact we have to record, or every case to cite, bears a strict analogy in point of representation to other facts and cases witnessed in every land and age, we still claim that the American phenomena—based, as their authors insist they are, upon the foundations of natural law, and produced only in accordance with the conditions that law affords—form such an array of testimony concerning their origin as renders the modern movement in America a distinct and concrete one in the world's history. Several points of speciality cluster around it, as: first, the astonishing fecundity of its manifestations, crowding up tens of thousands of facts into a period of time that baffles the skill of any earthly recorder to keep track of; next, the marvelous coincidence and similarity of the manifestations, extending over immense surfaces of country—including three millions of square miles of thickly populated States—within a period of time that renders the possibility of propagandism or the theory of collusion impossible; and next, the deduction arising from this last named fact, namely, that the same occult and invisible operators that originated the phenomena in one instance, must have been instrumental in producing them in all.

It is contrary to the peculiar method of the writer of these pages to attempt the fortification of any position that may be advanced by human authority, however high or valuable; hence no such course will be pursued, and few, if any, authoritative quotations, outside of the American history itself, will find a record here. Were it, however, admissible, basis of opinions, world-wide in renown and acceptance, could be cited to prove the worth of such wonderfully coincident testimony as the above. The exercise of simple reason, however, should suffice to prove that a unique, well organized, and highly practical concert of action alone could account for the manifestation of a coincident set of phenomena, spread over the immense geographical area we have indicated, dividing itself throughout the districts of thirty six separate States, affecting all ranks of persons and classes of mind at once, occupying in this gigantic system of propagandism less than twenty years, and exhibiting on its simply human side scarcely a single evidence of any of the accepted modes of disseminating strange lidings at present in use, much less of promoting physical changes and developments of the most un-

precedented nature in thousands of individuals themselves.

Still another point of isolated interest presents itself in the modern American movement, and this is in its religious or doctrinal character. Spiritualism, with a large majority of its American adherents, is a religion, separate in all respects from any existing sect, because it bases its affirmations purely upon the demonstrations of fact, science, and natural law, and admits of no creed or denominational boundary. With such a foundation, its philosophy must necessarily ramify through immeasurable realms of natural and unceasing revelation; whilst destitute of the hedge of sectarian limitation, its aims must encompass the whole human race in membership. If the American spiritual movement, therefore, did not stand wholly unrivalled in point of unity of design, wonderful, though invisible concert of action, manifest purpose, and overwhelming numerical strength, the doctrinal isolation of its majorities from all other existing sects would distinguish it from the Spiritualism of all other countries, where the generality of believers appear to accept the phenomena as a means of deepening their convictions in credal faiths, rather than as originating such views of the hereafter as destroy reliance upon ceremonial forms or sectarian beliefs. This religious phase of the American movement has culminated in gathering together in Pentecostal meetings multitudes of persons for Sabbath-day worship, when, chiefly through the lips of entranced or inspired speakers, descriptions of the spheres and conditions of spirit life have been portrayed with such glowing eloquence, and under such an evident allusion of supernatural power, that those utterances have been by millions accepted as truths, received as genuine representations of immortal life, and hence superseded in the minds of the listeners the mere theories of mortals concerning the conditions of immortal existence. In connection with such teachings, keenly analytical discourses have been given—under circumstances that rendered their production from the normal condition of the speaker impossible—on the various natural sciences, illustrative of the all-wise and beneficent character of the Deity, the guardianship of his ministering spirits, and the propelling causes of such human actions as tend to elevate or deform the spirit. In this category all the various reforms of the day have been discussed with a profound logic and searching acumen that would tax the far-reaching powers of the most highly cultivated intellects. Combined with such subjects as these, popular opinions [both in matters of religion and politics] have been analyzed; and seeing that the discovery and application of truth has been the sole object claimed by the intelligences that influence these utterances, and that truth has always been defined as "that which is," it may well be supposed that mere fanciful theories or unsound opinions, assented upon human authority only, have not been treated with polite leniency or excused by the sophistries of custom and prejudice. And hence it is that American Spiritualism, as a religion, based upon facts, proved by science, and denuded with an irresistible tide of burning oratory amply demonstrative of a supernatural source, has not only taken captive the minds of the masses, but has also appealed, and that most successfully, to the deep thinkers of the land, to whom "religion must be a science" and "science a religion," or one or the other must be false and worthless.

As we are not aware of any other country than America, where a popular religion thus appeals to the reason and requires its votaries to do their own thinking, or of any other denomination than "American Spiritualists" who base their belief on scientific facts, proven by living witnesses, so we deem our claim, on these grounds alone, would be justified in describing American Spiritualism as an unique, concrete, and at present isolated movement, demanding from historic justice a record as full, complete and independent as itself. Two other considerations induce the author to attempt this record, however unworthy it may seem of the stupendous subject. The first of these is the somewhat remarkable indifference with which modern American Spiritualism has been treated by European writers on kindred topics. From whatever cause the overwhelming importance of the American movement may have been deemed sufficiently disposed of in occasional paragraphs or at most a few chapters of meagre detail, it matters not now to inquire, suffice it to say that Asiatic, African, European, and even American Indian Spiritualism has been fully and ably represented in most of the languages spoken by civilized man, and has engaged the attention of the highest talent of every age and country, admirable compendiums of which may be perused by the student of our own time from the ever-fertile pens of a Howitt, Emerson, Kerner, DeMorgan, Scott, Brevior, Ashburner, Reichenbach, Karlie, Browning, Bushnell, Crowe, and others, whose honored names command the world's attention and respect for the subjects they treat of. William Howitt alone has exhausted the subject, and as far as a world-wide history can be transcribed and bound up in limited space, that noble champion of divine truth has ransacked the ages to bear witness on the side of God, immortality and religion. Robert Dale Owen, too, with all the acumen of his keenly analytical mind and the charming style peculiar to this highly cultivated intellect, has added many a laurel wreath to the triumphs of spiritual versus material philosophy; whilst the venerable and learned Dr. Ashburner has penetrated as far into the alchymy of that temple of occult force which enshrouds the mystic cord that unites spirit and matter as the investigations of the present time can carry man; and yet the stupendous realities of what the great good God and the spirits have done for man in America, during the last eventful twenty years, remain almost a sealed book, or one which, if opened to the world, no authoritative finger has pointed out to the heedless crowds who think through the leading minds of the day.

And who is it, may well be questioned, that dares to raise such an index finger where minds accustomed to grasp the reins which guide the ear of popular opinion have deemed the task beyond or beneath their notice? No matter who or what; enough if the task be done, or at least the attempt be made; enough if one grateful hand, that the loving clasp of spirits have guided through life's stormiest paths, now wields the encyclopedist's pen, to record their doings, or as much of them as that feeble pen can note or the narrow page preserve. And how small a portion of that mighty sum can here find place, none better knows on earth than the mind that is now bent with reverent purpose to gather up the fragments of those small leaves and fables that have yet, in the providence of God, sufficed to break the bread of spiritual life to America's throving millions. But a score of years ago the name of "Spiritualist" was unknown on the American continent, whilst all the sum of Spiritualism was contained in the persons of three young girls, ignominiously designated the "Rochester Knockers." According to the last statistical accounts of this movement, furnished by its opponents in 1867, Spiritualism now numbers eleven millions of persons on

the American continent! And it is to trace some of the most prominent footprints made by the invisible hosts who have wrought this stupendous change; to point to the beneficent effects on some individuals, the marvels enacted in the persons of others; preserve the memory of well-timed though evanescent specimens of spiritual literature, bred of the hour, but long since incorporated in the body of the movement and lost almost to recollection, and gather together the scattered blossoms of that garden of spiritual beauty that angel hands have planted, into one immortal wreath, that this record is attempted. Geographically considered, the harvest-ground of this great American movement has been spread over a surface of country extending from Maine to California; and not the pathless wastes of two vast oceans have sufficed to cut off or break the telegraphic wires which have conducted the sound of the low tap, tap, of "the Rochester knockers" over three millions of square miles. Modern Spiritualism is rife along the length of the far Pacific shores, and skirts the Atlantic seaboard. It is in the cabin of the miner, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, on the peaks of the White Sierras, and consoles the toiling emigrant in his nightly camp on the desert waste or the wild prairie. It has breathed its first lessons of freedom and redemption to the Carolina slave, and humbled the pride of the Louisiana planter. It has cheered the hours of toil in Massachusetts factories, and stimulated the energies of Minnesota pioneers, East, West, North and South, its viewless lines have run; whilst mental science, burning oratory, triumph over pain and death, trust in God and hope for man have followed in its march. To count up its triumphs, number its achievements, its faintest justice to its treasures of hope, consolation, moral improvement, or spiritual elevation, would be as impossible as it has proved for the puny arm of man to stay its progress; but to redeem from cold forgetfulness, or ungrateful obliquity the memory of some acts, words, works and writings that else might be lost in the whelming floods of change and time—this can be done at least, and to the work the author's highest and most faithful aims are dedicated. One pledge more is offered; though, in some special cases, names and dates cannot be fully stated, all incidents related are vouched for on the author's keenest sense of honor. The case of each not personally known or verified, by individual testimony, has been searched out and scrutinized with the strictest care. Authoritarian names, having no intrinsic value with "the spirits," possess none with their scribblers. But little of philosophy is offered, and few deductions or theoretical opinions will be given on what is here presented.

Faithfully to render such well-attested proofs of spiritual intercourse as the multitude of riches with which the author's stores are overloaded can permit her to select from, is all her hope or aim, and yet the half can never be related, and much that is left unsaid may be, and is, of far more worth, perhaps, than what is here preserved.

"It is said," the vibration of one single note of music will linger on in motion through the corridors of all eternity." Nothing, then, is ever really lost, and whether written or unwritten on the page of mortal sense, all that has been done is done forever. Farewell, then, regrets for half-attempts or ill-considered purposes. In the eternal printing-houses of creation, the types of all that is here found, accept or reject these pages, then, world, as you may! They and their author's aims and purposes, and all that may be said or left undone will meet and greet her on that distant shore, where angel reapers gather in God's harvest treasures "over there!"

How do Spirits Show themselves to Mortals?

Many people of good sound sense often put the question to Spiritualists, "How can a disembodied spirit make itself visible to mortals?" In other words, "How can it render itself objective in form to mortal sight? If disembodied, how can spirits become embodied?" Various hypotheses have been adduced from time to time in explanation by those who have investigated the subject; but we think the answer to the question given by the controlling spirit of our Public Circle, meets the case exactly. See report on our sixth page. On the following day Thomas Paine controlled, and in answer to a question, he stated that spirit was material. The spirit-world being a reality, must be tangible—tangible to the spirit. "Spirit, as spirit," he adds, "you never see; no one ever saw it; no one ever will." Further on the controlling influence asserted that thought was spirit—the subtle presence that in some form pervades all life.

New Subscribers.

We acknowledge this week additional new subscribers, forwarded since our last issue by the following named friends: William Beard, one; L. Armstrong, one; Lucy A. Thompson, one; Rev. J. S. Zelle, one; S. R. Keese, one; C. A. Reed, two; William M. Rider, three; Mrs. K. L. Vandover, one; Susan Spencer, one; William McDaniel, one; J. B. Young, one; Mrs. D. Cook, one; Susan C. Waters, one; E. Rhoads, one; A. M. Rambo, one; C. Hendee, one; O. G. Chase, two; J. P. Adleman, one; Isaac B. Price, one; William O'Bryan, one; J. M. Wood, one; L. G. P. Adams, one; Mrs. M. T. Hathaway, one; A. Smart, one; Dean Clark, one; Mrs. M. E. Burroughs, one; Andrew Idlebrook, one; Dewitt Brewster, one; T. J. Presho, two; H. Hammond, one; A. Wyman, one; L. A. Hart, one; V. C. Beale, one; John S. Lucas, one; Seth M. Nutting, one; William C. Potter, one; William T. Bell, one; Snyder and Anderson, one.

Father Hyacinth.

The ex-Carmelite has been among us here in Boston for a week, receiving more or less attention from our citizens, and by no means wholly neglected by the clergy. The latter, however, are rather more chary than when the good man was first announced as on his way to this country, since hearing his plain declaration, made while in New York, that he still remained a Catholic. On the whole, the better sense of the people of Boston appears to have prevailed while the distinguished visitor was with us, and he has been left as much to himself as he expressed his earnest desire to be while he remained in the country. He visits the United States for very different purposes than some of the over-zealous clergy know anything about, and even for wiser ones than he may just at present comprehend himself.

Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Mrs. EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in the above hall next Sunday afternoon. The return to this country and to Boston of this popular speaker, will be gratifying to those who have listened to her eloquent and able discourses in the past, as well as to those who are now wishing for the same privilege. Her inspirational discourses are of a high order, and we hope all who can will bear them. If she returns to England again next Summer, as she now contemplates, this will probably be her last lecturing tour in this country.

The Recent "Exposure" of Physical Mediumship at Mercantile Hall.

Certain weak-kneed Spiritualists whose doubts and fears have obtained the mastery over their reason, have for some months past been manipulating E. T. Carbonell, (a resident of this city, but formerly of London, Eng.) at a hall of Washington street, Boston, with a hope of casting a cloud over the reputation of a certain well-known class of mediums—those for physical manifestations—represented by the Brothers Davenport, Mrs. Blandy, the Eddys, Annie Lord Chamberlain, Laura Ellis, the Allen Boy, &c., and have lately, under the patronage and countenance of the Mercantile Hall Library Association, introduced him to the press of Boston, at a meeting held in their hall, Summer street, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 23d, 1869.

Before proceeding to a description of this occasion, we will give an extract from a recent report in the Boston Post, showing the general "fairness" with which "the press of Boston" are accustomed to view the subject of Spiritualism, and the readiness with which everything is seized upon by them which promises a chance for a denunciatory "item." The Post's reporter uses the following language in reference to recent gatherings in the "sky parlor" near Washington street, referred to above. He practices the "low hot" and "low cold" game very easily, as will be seen by the quotations below from that paper: "Several times last week, a *Sky-Parlor—How They do it in Blank street—Exposures on the Rampage*—There is probably not a Spiritualist church in the whole United States, but the thousands who profess the faith, next to the Catholics, are more devout than any other religious community. They sit hourly in halls, whether of brick or wood, according to the number of followers, and invite outsiders of all denominations to unite with them. There are various classes of Spiritualists, and they can probably be best described as the conservatives and radicals. It is the latter class who are the most restless in their devotion, and who, by their singular manner of conducting their services of worship, have from time to time attracted considerable attention and no small amount of ridicule. A way up three long and tedious flights of stairs, on a street, in a little room, containing about forty feet by twenty, where there assemble semi-weekly a goodly number of the class of Spiritualists just described. The room is liberally provided with sofas, and from the ancient whitewashed ceiling depend a couple of chandeliers, each bearing six burners, but only two of which are lighted, except upon extraordinary occasions. There is a small pulpit upon a diminutive platform of about ten inches elevation, but as the speakers become warmed up in their discourses it is rarely shaved aside and the orator has full scope for the most rapturous of their fervor and gesture, the subject under discussion. The meetings are held Thursday and Sunday evenings, and the free and easy crowd which assembles is from forty to sixty in number, the sexes being about evenly balanced numerically, and the ages ranging from the most advanced years to the three score and ten usually allotted to man and woman. The appearance of the audience, intellectually considered, does not approach that perfection which should be accorded if it was classed in a physical sense. The men and women are by no means the most refined, and their hair grows to be shown on their foreheads to excite the enthusiasm of a chronologist.

A whole column of such stuff is reported in the Boston Post, regarding an assemblage of those who met to worship agreeably to the custom of their faith. Were we disposed to be critical, we should say the article was written in a loose, ignorant and vindictive style. But Spiritualism rests so firmly on the everlasting rock of truth that no event or opposition can check its progress; and, calmly awaiting the result of time, which indeed "proves all things," we are ready to let our contemporary's utterances pass by us "like the idle wind which we observe not."

These weak-kneed Spiritualists, who are moved by the popular cry—whose "highly sympathetic" natures are ready to groan out, "Spiritualism is done for!" at every seeming difficulty; and those also who in a flurry of excitement are transformed into combative Titans to defend their "fading" philosophy, would do well to remember that the cause of Spiritualism, though exposed (?) time and again—if we are to believe those who ever strive to cast obliquity and derision upon the progress of truth and reform—somehow always rises from the defeat, stronger and more vigorous than before the agitation of battle. Agitation, even by our opponents, incites thought, investigation always follows, and the honest seeker never loses ground. Investigation once begun, we are sure of a recruit; if not as an active worker, at least as an agitator, a disturber in the ranks of superstition and error. We can ask no more.

THE REPORTS.

And now to the occasion in question. The same reporter for the Post, in referring to Carbonell's exposure, speaks as follows: "A Complete Exposure of the Tricks, Manipulations, etc., as practiced by the Great Fraternalists—Last evening a select audience of gentlemen only assembled in Mercantile Hall for the purpose of exposing the imposture of the Davenport swindle, as practiced by these celebrated fraternalists in this country and in Europe. The experiments were all of a nature highly interesting, and were much enjoyed by such as were present, and the favored ones, Mr. E. T. Carbonell, recently of London, was the 'exposer,' and a most successful one he proved himself. At half-past seven o'clock, Mr. Baker, the librarian of the Association, stated the object of the exposure to be the correction of the erroneous impressions which the Davenport Brothers had succeeded in imparting by virtue of the apparent reality of their pretensions. The programme for the evening embraced a considerable variety of experiments, of greater or less interest, all of which, however, had been planned out upon the chair for the benefit of the imposture of inhabitants of the world of spirits. The arrangements for performing the diabolical experiments of the Davenport Brothers were very simple indeed, consisting only of an oblong box or cabinet, with a door and an aperture in the top of the door, and a small hole, which whoever he might be, the sole point of mystery which it possessed, were the words ornamenting its front: 'Invisible Deception' and 'Malta,' which were no doubt intended as a sort of invitation to the shadowy ones. That they were in fact, as we have seen, a matter of certainty. In order to make sure that no deception should be practiced upon the credulous and unsuspecting audience, a committee of two was chosen to watch and report proceedings. Mr. Wyzman, the editor of the Post, and Mr. J. B. Libby were the gentlemen who acted in this capacity. The exhibition, as the case may be, commenced the entertainment by performing the 'spirit tele' known in the Davenport nomenclature as the cabinet manifestation of the prominent imposture himself to the box above mentioned, as far as he was concerned, the door was closed a moment, then opened, and he sat seriously bound with cords, apparently as helpless as ever the Davenport Brothers appeared to be. A glass of water was next set inside, beyond the door, and he was asked to drink. 'Will you drink?' asked a voice from within, possibly that of a spirit, although it sounded decidedly as though it proceeded from some physical frame. 'Want the water to disappear and the tumbler to go on the floor of the person in management, addressing the shadowy, of course.' Hardly a second elapsed when the words came, 'Come in.' The door was opened, and Mr. Carbonell sat still bound, with the tumbler, emptied of its contents, on his head. This, necessarily, was greeted with applause. A couple of iron rings were then thrown in, the door immediately opened, and the fingers in some mysterious manner slipped upon his arm. A victim was handed the spirit intermediaries, which Mr. Carbonell endeavored to play. He also exposed his general powers upon a small table, and effected sounds which, if not melodious, were a sufficient demonstration that he knew how to use his hands if they were bound. An unceasing rattle then proceeded inside the box, but he lay out through the top and was caught in its descent through the aperture in the door and lastly Mr. Carbonell came out freed from the cords. This is a sample of the whole performance. It would be useless to follow through the entire list of experiments. They were conducted in a manner highly creditable to Mr. Carbonell, as was also the exposure. As the gentleman intends to take his departure to his own pecuniary advantage, rightly enough of course, to go into a detail of his explanations would probably not be agreeable to him. Everything passed in a manner perfectly satisfactory to all concerned. The different phases of the exposure being liberally applauded.

In order that the general reader may fully appreciate the candor of this report, and to understand how "perfectly satisfactory" to all concerned "this exposure was," how "frequently" it was applauded, &c., it is only necessary to say that the reporter of the Post was seen to leave the hall before the programme was carried out—indeed before the exhibitor had proceeded to any length in his description of "how he did it." The reporter evidently did not need to see the explanation—his mind had been made up before entering the hall. Indeed, so rapidly did he retire as to

even misquote the mottoes on the cabinet, giving the first correctly, and then putting "Malta," an English word, instead of "Malta Ficta."

The Journal, in speaking of this occasion, says that "it was a complete exposure of the remarkable performances of the Davenport Brothers, Miss Ellis, and other persons who have given exhibitions before the public some of them claiming to have spiritual assistance;" and also says: "The foundation of the whole is the slipping of the hands out of the knots tied, which Mr. Carbonell did as quickly as the Davenport Brothers, and returned them with equal celerity."

We are sorry to call in question the veracity of our contemporary, but we would respectfully ask the attention of its reporter to the fact that Mr. Carbonell repeatedly apologized to the audience for his delay and his failure to accomplish his work as well as the Davenports, saying in defence that he wanted practice, and by-and-by he could do it as quickly as they. The gentleman presiding also stated that Carbonell was a mechanic, and gained his livelihood by working with his hands, and they were not so "smooth" as the professional jugglers, therefore he could not do it as fast as they. So our friend the Journal, by the showing of Mr. Carbonell himself, has fallen into an error, to say the least.

That paper also says the flour test was successfully performed by a new supply being kept in his pocket, after eating that first supplied by the Committee; but the flour was plainly to be perceived not only on the pocket but on the pantaloons on the side from whence the new supply was obtained, when the exposé came out of the cabinet—a thing which has never been found either in the Davenports' cabinet or on their clothing when they came out. Besides, the Davenports are always examined for flour, pockets and all, before going into the cabinet. The fact is, the manifestations were very slow in being produced, whereas in the Davenport séances the horn not infrequently flies out before the door is fairly closed.

THE EXERCISES.

The Committee chosen on the occasion, Wyzman Marshall and Mr. Libby, superintended the operations and reported, through Mr. Marshall, that Mr. Carbonell was well secured in the "spirit tele," but Mr. Marshall also stated that he was not tied as firmly as he should have tied him. Having freed his hands from his own knots, Carbonell then proceeded to perform the water test by drinking the water and putting the tumbler on his head. A pair of handcuffs being produced and put on Mr. Carbonell by a police sergeant of the Second Station, he went into the cabinet, and after some time called to be let out, and came out with the iron still on. He could not get them from his wrists because he had no key to open them; he afterwards showed by a pair given him by one of the reporters present, that he opened one by a false key held in his mouth, and performed the ring test by slipping the freed hand through the ring and then snapping the iron on his wrist again.

The music furnished when he was tied in the cabinet was mostly from one instrument at a time, though now and then several would join in. Toward the close of the meeting, when he endeavored to arrange the instruments in order to play them all in view of the audience with the cabinet door open, he could do but little, and asked that the door be closed, when the instruments did much better. This fact would seem to go far in proving mediumistic powers on the part of Mr. Carbonell, and that he has invisible assistance, which he is unwilling to allow. But by reason of mercenary motives and the influence of some "weak brethren," he is led to adopt his present course.

In this connection it is unnecessary to say anything as regards the Davenport mediums. They are known as perfectly reliable and honest in their performances. Commencing, as Epes Sargent says in "Planchette," when "mere boys," they have continued in an uninterrupted course of success which no paltry imitation can hinder or becloud. When last in this city their committee, consisting of some of our most distinguished citizens—Wendell Phillips, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wyzman Marshall, Dr. Ayer, &c., &c.—reported that as far as the most careful scrutiny could go, everything was perfectly "square" in the exhibitions; and it is too late for this London juggler, with his poor imitation, to endeavor to shake the public confidence in face of such testimony, and that of thousands of thinking and reflecting minds in this country and Europe.

In the tying after the Eddy style when the exhibitor came forth freed from the cabinet, Mr. Marshall objected, saying that in Mr. Eddy's exhibitions all the knots were untied, whereas Mr. Carbonell brought out the rope with every knot in it—he having managed to escape from it without so doing. The time occupied by him in freeing himself was longer than required by Mr. Eddy, even then. The hands shown were unquestionably Mr. Carbonell's—not as in the Eddy séance larger than the medium's, or deformed, and no naked arms of different sizes were shown, such as were exhibited in the Davenport manifestations. As regards the Eddys (Horatio and Mary,) we would say that we know them to be genuine mediums, having tested them some three years ago privately at our Free Circle Room. The cabinet and other arrangements were then thoroughly inspected by the company present—about twelve in all—comprising some of the most reliable men of the city, and everything was pronounced satisfactory. Again we would say that Prof. Cadwall and Mr. Eddy, during their month in this city, repeatedly endeavored to induce Mr. Carbonell to come to a mutual investigation on that platform, but failed to get him to "come to time."

His faint-hearted friends dare not trust him. At last the reculant Spiritualists had had Carbonell in charge, lit upon the clever expedient of "humbugging" the city press, by inviting the reporters to Mercantile Hall, thus getting advertised gratis. Hereafter, doubtless, the managers will make the public pay the bills. It would be well to say here, that both Prof. Cadwall and Dr. Dillingham, who wished to attend the Mercantile Hall exposé, were refused admittance, as dangerous guests.

As regards this matter, the following note from Prof. Cadwall will explain itself:

ENTRUSTED BANNER OF LIGHT—I closed a three weeks' engagement with Mr. Eddy at Mercantile Hall, Nov. 15th, during which time every effort was made for the best that Mr. Carbonell, or any "exposer," as high as five hundred dollars was frequently offered by committees who had tied Mr. Eddy if Carbonell could get loose from the same tying, but he failed to try. Learning of the "exposure" Nov. 23d, I called on Mr. Carbonell for a ticket of admission and was sent by him to Mr. Baker as the only person who could grant passes. Taking Dr. Dillingham, of 100 Carver street, called on Mr. Baker, but he could not get a pass under any circumstances a matter for myself or friend to defend Mr. Eddy of the grace of grace to be brought against him. Mr. Carbonell is reported to have freed himself readily, but I have tied him with eight feet of rope in forty-three seconds, and saw him try in vain for forty-two minutes to get loose, when I untied him; and I will forfeit twenty-five dollars if I cannot do the same again, and that in the identical way I tied Mr. Eddy the first time I ever saw him from which he was free in ten seconds. Mr. Eddy has been tied by several hundred different committees while traveling with me, and hands have been secured at the cabinet window instantly on climbing the same again, and that in the identical way Eddy has been found secured precisely as I have done before. Yours respectfully, J. W. CADWALL.

When secured—as Laura Ellis generally is,

with strips of cloth—the test of sewing it to his sleeves, (as has been done at her dances,) was not applied to Carbonell. He undertook to explain the gag test by raising his head, taking the block of wood from between his teeth, and holding it in his lips while he spoke the words desired clearly; then slipping it back into its place again, when he was to speak as himself.

The dark séance was a total failure, when compared with the Davenport. Freeing himself from his fetters, Carbonell arose, took the instruments (covered with phosphorescent oil) by their necks, reached out as far as possible over the edge of the platform, and perambulated back and forth, his form being distinctly seen by a grayish background, caused by a light from the Mercantile Library, which was open at the time. No one who saw the majestic phenomena of saffling instruments at Music Hall last summer, when like spectral serpents the guitar and violin wound their mazy circles up almost to the top of the great organ—could, if their memory served them, and their judgment was unblinded by prejudice, help exclaiming, "What a fall was there, my countrymen!"

The coat test he explained by freeing himself, removing his coat, carrying it to a confederate, one of whose hands was held by the committee, when the exposé called out "light," which was the signal that he was "all right," his confederate threw the coat in air and lighted a small lamp, also held in his free hand. The bungling imitation was apologized for by Mr. Carbonell's saying they had not practiced it so long as William Davenport and William M. Fay, to whom the contesting was generally assigned.

So much for the grand exposé. We do not wish to be understood as saying one word in favor of impostors and charlatans. We have ever been ready to denounce, when discovered, all tricksters in the great field where we are laboring; but we must have evidence of the fact of trickery before we do so. When H. Melville Fay proved dishonest and was detected at Titusville, Pa., we exposed him fully, and have ever been ready to do so when, in our judgment, there is foul play. Mr. Fay, after trying to make peace with the Spiritualists and falling, went to New York and was employed by Barnum. From the antecedents of Mr. Carbonell, it seems that he once claimed to be a medium, but has back-slidden, and we would now advise him to visit Gotham and enlist under the banner of the "great showman."

It is too late for weak-kneed Spiritualists to foist such a man as Carbonell upon the public in order to disprove the physical phenomena, through whose convincing evidence the eloquent Emma Hardinge and thousands of respectable people, both here and in the Old World, have received the light of spiritual truth. If these brethren will but remember that Wendell Phillips, a skeptic, when on the committee of the Davenports at Music Hall last summer, said the man was a fool who attributed the occurrences then witnessed to trickery, and gave it as his opinion that something new had come in our age, demanding at least "careful investigation"; that Dr. Nichols, the scientific editor of the Journal of Chemistry, when speaking of these manifestations, said that "there must be some occult force in Nature of which mankind is totally ignorant"; and that the mass of thoughtful and candid people are satisfied that there is a mystery connected therewith which demands serious attention, they may be able to muster courage once more "to face a frowning world."

As for those who have made up in their minds a foregone conclusion that Spiritualism is an "unmitigated humbug," it is useless to waste words. Neither ignorance nor prejudice will wait for facts—they construct them to suit themselves; but the time is coming when the knowledge will be diffused among the masses that underlying the mere phenomena of Spiritualism are the grand basic principles of our philosophy, which, like the deep flowing river, moves silently but resistlessly along, bearing in its course toward the final goal of truth alike those who gladly ride upon its waves and those who, noisily resisting its onward flow, bespatter the willing voyagers, but dirty themselves the most—alike the noble craft and the drift wood, the pure water and the scum and filth from either shore.

This is the age of investigation and demonstration. Crown and scepter, priest and king are feeling its influence, and Spiritualism demands to be considered, fearing no trial which is conducted in reason and justice, and no exposé which does not appeal to a higher motive than the derisive shouts of those who are ready-to-day to crucify that which to-morrow they will adore.

The Davenport Brothers are in Chicago, exhibiting their wonderful powers of mediumship. They are meeting with the same success that attended them in this city. Large audiences, composed of the best minds in the city, attend nightly, astonished at what they behold, but do not attribute it to trickery nor cry "humbug."

Out of Town Lectures.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 21ST, 1869.

CHARLESTOWN.—Mrs. Fannie B. Felton, of Malden, closed her engagement with the First Association of Spiritualists, by a lecture at Union Hall, Main street, Sunday afternoon. Her subject was, "The Right Use of Life." She is ready to accept calls to lecture where her services are required.

E. S. Wheeler spoke in the same hall Sunday evening, his subject being, "Is Spiritualism a New Religion?" We shall print an abstract report of his lecture at some future time. At the conclusion of his speech, remarks were made by Dr. A. H. Richardson and Fannie B. Felton.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, of East Cambridge, will address this Society at the above-named hall, afternoon and evening, on the first two Sundays of December.

It is to be hoped that the Spiritualists of Charlestown will see the necessity of sustaining the Committee—who are earnest and faithful in the discharge of duty—and make this course a credit to all concerned, as it has been thus far.

CHELSEA.—Prof. William Denton addressed a very large audience, comprising several ministers and many church members—at Granite Hall, Sunday evening. His subject was "Christianity not a Finality," and his views on the matter discussed were received with marked attention. The effect of the Professor's labors in Chelsea are everywhere apparent among the people.

Miss Lizzie Doten is announced as the next speaker in this course, which has thus far been a perfect success.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Horace Seaver, Esq., lectured to a good house, at Harmony Hall, Main street, on Sunday evening. His remarks were well received, and seemed to be duly appreciated by the audience.

Phenomenal Excitement in Waltham.

Prof. Cadwell and Horatio G. Eddy, who for nearly a month past have been giving entertainments at Mercantile Hall, recently visited Waltham, and astonished the skeptics of that place with exhibitions of wonderful physical phenomena and psychologic power. Certain very determined opponents to the spiritual philosophy having heard of the exploits of Mr. Carbonell in Boston, sent posthaste for him—or at least so the chairman, Morehouse, stated to the audience before the commencement of the exercises—to give an entertainment to offset Mr. Eddy's labors in their neighborhood.

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 24th, Rumford Hall, in that place, was densely packed—many standing—and the wildest excitement prevailed. The church party was strongly in the ascendant, but the Spiritualist element, of which there is quite a strong sprinkling in Waltham, were also present, desirous to see "fair play."

After some confusion, it was agreed that Mr. Carbonell should be tied by Capt. Sherman, in the same manner in which Eddy had been tied by him the evening previous. In eight minutes the individual tied freed himself—in sight of the audience sitting on the platform, and not inside the cabinet—from the ropes, evidently with great difficulty, and doing nothing that is done by Mr. Eddy during his interval of being released, when frequently hands are shown before the door is hardly closed, and only nine seconds are needed to free him. On the previous evening, at Waltham, the door was repeatedly opened during the Sherman tying, and Eddy found at all times all right, and not in the various stages of untying which Mr. Carbonell presented. Again, Mr. Carbonell could not get back again into the ropes, as is the case at the Eddy séances. At another time during the evening Carbonell was tied by Mr. D. Marsh, and occupied fourteen minutes in freeing himself, and could not get back again.

During the evening it was evident that the fossilized Christians of Waltham were determined to prevent any fairness in the matter. The committee chosen by the audience pronounced that they knew Spiritualism was a humbug, and it was no use to try to tie Carbonell, and they evidently did not. To do justice to Mr. Carbonell himself, it should be stated that, on several occasions, when it was proposed to expel Prof. Cadwell, Horatio Eddy and Dr. Dillingham from the hall, he interfered in their behalf. The exercises were much the same as those at Mercantile Hall, Boston, on the Tuesday evening previous.

Nothing is to be feared from this agitation. The Spiritualists of Waltham are firmer than ever in their belief, now that they have seen the same attempt at imitation which their Orthodox neighbors so readily swallow, and many who did not see Mr. Eddy before, will hasten to gratify that curiosity which will be the opening wedge for the admission of truth into the very citadel of prejudice.

Our Lyceums.

BOSTON.—The Progressive Lyceum of this city held its regular meeting at Mercantile Hall, Summer street, Sunday morning, Nov. 21st. The usual exercises were varied by answers to the question, "How can we find Truth?" some experiments in the cultivation of memory, by Mr. Nickerson and daughter, songs by the Quartette and Miss A. L. Davenport, and music by Addie Morton. Notwithstanding the bad weather, this Lyceum turned out with larger numbers on this occasion than for the last three months. Great preparations are being made for the monthly concert, to be held on the first Sunday in December. All who would aid this organization will do well to attend.

CHELSEA.—This Lyceum still holds the even tenor of its way, gradually increasing in numbers and strength. Its hall is excellent, its officers efficient, and there is no reason why it should not, in the future, exhibit a high state of excellence.

CHARLESTOWN.—The officers and members of this Lyceum met at Washington Hall, Main street, Sunday morning, Nov. 21st. The exercises peculiar to these institutions were executed, many answers given to group questions, six scholars (mostly misses) declaimed, and singing and wing movements closed the session. In the evening a rehearsal of the children was held at the hall, in preparation for an expected entertainment.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—This Lyceum, which for some time past has been suffering from various causes, has at last taken a new start—Dr. S. A. Wheelock, Conductor, Mrs. D. W. Bullard, Guardian, and a full corps of leaders and officers—having made up their minds to carry it on as it has been in days gone by. They have leased a fine hall—Harmony, Watson's Building, Main street—for two years, and strong hopes are entertained of a good work being done. On the occasion on which it was visited, (Sunday, 21st,) the exercises consisted of singing, marching, declamations by Master W. Thurber and Flos Bullard, and answers to the question, "How far should public opinion control our daily acts in life?" The music, under management of Messrs. G. W. Lovett and S. K. Conant, was excellent.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Edward S. Wheeler being liberated from his engagement in Philadelphia, in December, by the consolidation of the Societies in that city, has made satisfactory arrangements to postpone his visit until February next, and consequently desires to make engagements for December and January. Address 6 Gloucester place, Boston, Mass.

Dean Clark has been lecturing, the past few weeks, in Horseheads and Corning, N. Y., and Tioga, Penn. Some of the most respectable people in both places came out to hear him, and were highly gratified with his discourses. Mr. Clark has few superiors as a lecturer, and is a gentleman of excellent reputation. His address for the present is Byron, N. Y., care of J. W. Seaver.

A. S. Hayward, of Boston, magnetic healer, has opened an office at 449 Jackson street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Moses Hull speaks in Waltham, Mass., Dec. 5; in Leominster, Mass., Dec. 12; in Somersville, Conn., Dec. 19 and 26.

D. W. Hull is now in the East, and will answer calls to lecture. Address care Banner of Light, Boston.

Miss Susie M. Johnson will be in Providence, R. I., during December. Address care of I. Searle. She will receive calls to lecture anywhere in New England during the winter.

J. S. Loveland has resumed his editorial position on the Present Age.

A letter from Florence states that Mr. Thomas Ball has so far perfected his status of Governor Andrew that it is polished and ready for the publisher. A photograph of the status conveys a very agreeable impression of the work. The block of marble selected for it has proved to be of excellent quality.

In prosperity, it is the easiest of all things to find a friend; in adversity, it is of all things the most difficult.

A Bad Debt—The owing of a grudge.

Caution.

We are in receipt of a letter from Lynn, in which the writer states that McDougall, the party alluded to in these columns as having got money by false pretences from our friends in various parts of New York State, mulcted some one in that city to the tune of one hundred dollars. Beware of the impostor. Rascally puts on all sorts of garbs.

We have just received another letter from O. W. Reynolds, of West Haven, Conn., wherein the writer states that a person calling himself McDougall came to his house, accompanied by a woman whom he called his wife, and represented that they had just arrived there, with the intention of locating either in West Haven or Fair Haven; that he was a healing medium and a clairvoyant; that they had just met with a severe misfortune, and were without means to procure food or pay charges on their baggage, and appealed to him as a Spiritualist and brother for pecuniary aid. Mr. R., although himself poor, let McDougall have a small sum of money, which the recipient promised to refund as soon as he got started in business. This is the last he saw of the party. Undoubtedly this is the same scamp who swindled our friends in New York State. Since then he has been operating in Utica, writes a friend. The press generally should show him up.

Woman Suffrage Convention.

The National Woman's Suffrage Convention met at Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 24th. Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell called the Convention to order. Delegates were present from sixteen States. Among them were Mrs. Colfax Burleigh, Mrs. Antoinette Brown, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, of Chicago, and Stephen S. Foster, of Massachusetts. Col. Thomas W. Higginson was elected President, Mrs. Mary F. Davis, of New Jersey, Secretary, and W. H. Hudson, Treasurer. One hundred delegates were present at the opening of the Convention. Among letters received, was one from William Lloyd Garrison, opposing the objects of the Convention. Speeches in favor of the 16th Amendment to the Constitution, offered in Congress, by Mr. Julian, of Indiana, were made by Rev. Mrs. Hannah Ford, of Massachusetts, and Susan R. Anthony. In the evening, speeches were made by Mrs. Livermore and others.

Skating.

The skating season is close at hand. Those who enjoy this healthy and exhilarating exercise, will rejoice to know that the Skating Rink, on Lenox and Tremont streets, in this city, is to be reopened this winter. Col. Charles E. Fuller, the treasurer of the company, has set a large force of hands at work, taking up the flooring. The clay is to be repulped and then rolled as smooth as a floor, and arrangements will be completed for the opening of the rink on the 1st of December, by which time we usually have ice two or three inches thick. On a perfectly level floor half that will answer. Some five thousand dollars have been expended the past summer in still further adding to the strength of the edifice. It is intended by the managers to have a succession of novelties all through the winter, a new star every week, including every leading skater in the country.

Troy, N. Y.

Dr. J. R. Newton, the healer, returned to Troy, Nov. 23d, and resumed his vocation. He was very successful there a few weeks ago.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The price of season tickets with reserved seats to the Music Hall Spiritual Meetings has been reduced to \$3 for the balance of the course. There are good choice seats to be had. More season tickets should have been taken by those who can well afford the trifling sum; and thus aid in the support of the meetings. Call at this office during the week and secure them.

Economy in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes that good breeding has on our conversation.

The Woman's Parliament held a meeting at New York on Saturday afternoon. The principal business was the discussion of a new paper—"The Woman's World." A letter from Mrs. Pierce, of Cambridge, Mass., announcing that a similar council would be formed in Boston, was received with great enthusiasm.

The new Lord-Mayor of London is a printer. Clever fellow, of course.

Books.—A good library is a precious catacomb, wherein are embalmed imperishably the great minds of all ages.

Friendship is like earthenware, if it is broken it can be mended; but love is like a mirror, once broken, that ends it.

The famous little Paris journal, Woman's Rights, suspended a while ago, is now under full headway again and is gaining a very large circulation.

What is the greatest want of the age? Want of funds.

Mr. Thomas Ball's first ideal statue, representing "Eve," has been shipped at Florence for New York. It has commanded the highest praise from the art critics.

Father Hyacinth arrived in this city Saturday, Nov. 20th, and is the guest of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, at his residence in Brookline. He is especially invited to visit our Free Circle.

About seven hundred bishops are going to the Ecumenical.

Dr. J. W. Stewart, the healer, of Rochester, N. Y., will cure the sick and afflicted at Way's Hotel, in Binghamton, N. Y., "a little money and without price" to all that are unable to pay, commencing Dec. 6th, and remain thirty days. We are assured that he is remarkably successful in curing those afflicted with spinal disease, and female weaknesses, in any form and at any stage. He will visit those who cannot be brought to him.

Rev. Rowland Connor, pastor of the Boston Fraternal Association, was married in this city last week to Miss M. Emma Hilton, daughter of A. J. Hilton.

J. S. Loveland has resumed his editorial position on the Present Age.

A letter from Florence states that Mr. Thomas Ball has so far perfected his status of Governor Andrew that it is polished and ready for the publisher. A photograph of the status conveys a very agreeable impression of the work. The block of marble selected for it has proved to be of excellent quality.

In prosperity, it is the easiest of all things to find a friend; in adversity, it is of all things the most difficult.

Message of David Forsyth.

(Given at the Banner of Light Free Circle, on Thursday, Nov. 23, 1869.)

I come here to-day on a strange mission. I come to warn one who is very near to me against the course he is walking in, and has been walking in for the last nine years nearly. I am to give my own name but not his, because I do not come that I may hasten on human justice, but that I may hasten on a higher justice than human. A few months since, this person that I desire to come to, came into your city with others.

He came for the purpose of operating in his peculiar and unholy way, and a little less than one week ago he, with those others, achieved what they considered a great success, and have departed; and now, since he knows as well as mortal can know, that there is a power that can stop him in his wild course whenever it will; and more than that, he knows that this power employs unseen agents called spirits who return to earth, he will not be taken by surprise on hearing from me.

What I desire of him is that he simply return his portion of the gain, without name, without any other information, to those to whom it belongs. And I also desire that they, too, will be visited by a more unerring judgment than that of earth, and they had better follow his course, that the sword of justice may fall lightly upon them.

I am by name, when here, David Forsyth; and I expect my message will reach one if not all of those persons who robbed one of your banks here a few nights ago.

(To the Chairman.)—I have permission to ask that you will waive your customary rules, and print my message in your next issue. Farwell.

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Dec. 4th, Lecture by Mrs. Emma Hardinge.

The third course of lectures on the philosophy of Spiritualism will be continued in Music Hall—the most elegant and popular assembly room in the city—

on Sunday afternoons, at 2 o'clock, until the close of April (29 weeks), under the management of Lewis B. Wilson, who has made arrangements with some of the ablest inspirational, trance and normal speakers in the lecturing field. Mrs. Emma Hardinge will lecture in December, Miss Lizzie Doten, Jan. 9 and 16, Thomas Gibbs Foster, Jan. 23 and 30 and during February. Other announcements hereafter. Vocal exercises by an excellent quartette.

Season ticket, with reserved seat, \$3.00; single admission, 15 cents. Boston tickets can be obtained at the counter of the Banner of Light Bookstore, 158 Washington street, and at the hall.

A season ticket without reserved seat, for the convenience of those who do not like the trouble of paying a fee at the door every Sunday, can be obtained as above for \$2.50—a less price than single tickets will cost for the course.

To Correspondents.

(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.)

G. H. A.—The account of the "Runaway Pond" you sent us appeared in the Banner of Light two years since, furnished by one of our correspondents.

Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. 4w.023.

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

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

Mrs. ABY M. LAFAN FERRE, Psychometrist. Psychometric readings, \$3.00; Directions in development \$3.00; Personal directions, \$5.00. Address, San Francisco, Cal.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND THROAT DISORDERS, use "Brother's Breathing Trunk," having proved their efficacy by a test of many years. The Trunk is highly recommended and prescribed by Physicians. Those exposed to sudden changes should always be supplied with "The Trunks," as they give prompt relief.

NOTHING. Nothing should such pleasure give As to tell for others' good; And if men would rightly live, We are sure that nothing would. Nothing gives the worldling pleasure But success in gaining increase. For success also will give him treasure, Nothing else will give him peace. Nothing to the boys so pleasant As a suit of CLOTHES complete, Bought at PENNO'S, as a present, Corner of Beach and Washington street.

Special Notices.

WARREN CHASE & CO., No. 827 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo. Keep constantly on hand all the publications of Wm. White & Co., J. P. Mendum, Adams & Co., and all other popular Liberal Literature, including all the Spiritual Papers and Magazines, Photographs, Parlor Games, Golden Pens, Stationery, &c.

Herman Snow, at 310 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal., keeps for sale a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books at Eastern prices. Also Phisettes, Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, &c. The Banner of Light can always be found in his counter. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. May 1st—4.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment in all cases in advance.

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

Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Tuesdays.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA. A NEVER-FADING REMEDY. EVERY FARMER SHOULD HAVE IT. EVERY LIQUOR DEALER SHOULD HAVE IT. EVERY MEAT MARKET SHOULD HAVE IT. EVERY BUTCHER SHOULD HAVE IT. EVERY RESTAURANT SHOULD HAVE IT. EVERY HOTEL SHOULD HAVE IT. EVERY HOTEL SHOULD HAVE IT. And can have it by calling on the nearest Druggist, and buying a bottle of

PAIN KILLER. Price, 25 and 50 cents and \$1 per bottle. Buy none but the genuine, made by PERRY DAVIS & SON. Sold by all Medicine Dealers. Wholesale Dealers will address J. S. Lewis & Co., Cincinnati, O. 3w—Dec. 4.

ALMOST A MIRACLE IN DOVER, N. H. "A YEAR ago last June, I was on a visit to a sister of mine in Dover, N. H. While there she informed me that there had been almost a miracle wrought with her in a terrible case of Neuralgia by Mrs. Spence's Positive Powders, and she induced me to try them myself. I did so, with wonderful success."—(M. H. TUCKER, North Richmond, N. H.) See advertisement of Powders for information. Nov. 27—4w.

MRS. M. E. JOHNSON Medium for Oral and Written Communications, No. 11 Hayward Place, Boston. Hours from 10 to 5. Terms \$1.00 4w—Dec. 4.

MONEY MADE WITHOUT RISK. Send for an Agency of the Positive and Negative Powders. See advertisement of the Powders in another column. Address PROF. FAYTON SPENCE, M. B. BOX 5617 NEW YORK CITY. 1w—Oct. 9.

GRAND INVESTMENT.

GLOBE

GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY,

MONITOR, ALPINE CO., CALIFORNIA,

OFFER FOR SUBSCRIPTION TWO THOUSAND SHARES OF ITS UNASSASSABLE STOCK (par value \$10) at 45 currency

per share, or a discount of from 10 to 20 per cent, when from 100 to 200 shares are taken. The MINING opened by a tunnel, now in 300 feet, nearly completing the development. The Stamp Mill is purchased and ready to ship by Pacific Railroad. PROSPECTUS and CIRCULARS, with Maps, Reports, Assays, &c., with full and particular information, sent FREE to all. REFERENCED: Hon. HORACE GIBBEY, Editor Tribune; Hon. JOHN W. GEARY, Governor of Pennsylvania; Hon. MORDECAI BATES, Lieutenant-Governor of Michigan; Grand Traverse; Hon. P. POTTLER, Judge of Supreme Court of New York; Schemelitz; Hon. F. W. PALMER, M. C. of Iowa, Washington, D. C.; S. YORKE ALLEE, Librarian Treasury Department, Washington; Rev. E. C. EWER, New York; Hon. HIRAM WALKER, New York; E. W. KEYS, Esq., Bank Department, Albany, N. Y.; Hon. W. M. STEWART and JAMES W. NYE, Senators from Nevada; EPES SARGENT, Esq., Boston, Mass.; Prof. S. B. BRITTON, Newark, N. J., and others. Address: President of the Company, J. WISCHNEITZ, 30 John street, New York, for shares and all useful information. 2w. Dec. 4.

KING OF THE ASTHMA.

THE Positive Powders can do just what they please with the Asthma. Ask the following witnesses if it is not so:

"I have cured with Mrs. Spence's Positive Powders a case of Asthma which the doctor had tried in vain for twelve years. They have also cured every case of Neuralgia in which they have been taken."—(S. C. CHENEY, New Orleans, La.)

"I have cured six cases of Asthma with Mrs. Spence's Positive Powders and Miss Harriet Lathrop, of North Adams, Mass., permits me to report that the Positive Powders have cured her Palpitation of the Heart."—(Mrs. MARY E. JENKS, South Williams-town, Mass.)

"I called on the house of an acquaintance of mine on business, and found his wife down with the Asthma. Having the box of Positive Powders with me, I gave her a Powder and left two more for her to take as needed. Next morning I called again, and she was sitting and cutting apples preparatory to making pies. She said she could scarcely tell how much better she felt. My own case of Neuralgia, or the Double-nerve in the head, has been a pretty good test of their efficacy and virtue in this neighborhood."—(BENJAMIN MOORE, Shelby, Mich.)

"I am so troubled for breath that I can't write. I have been troubled for breath for a week, and last night with severe pain in my side."—(JOHN BOSTON, New York City.) "I have taken Mrs. Spence's Positive Powders according to directions, and through the mercy of God and the Powders I can breathe again quite easy. But oh! what distress I was in before I took the Powders. I think it was the Asthma; but I would not call it the true Asthma, because they came so near killing me a number of times."—(Second Edition) JOHN BOSTON, of Cattaraugus Station, N. Y.)

See advertisement of the Powders for information.

2w. Nov. 27.

BROCHITIS, OR THROAT DISEASE.

THOSE AFFLICTED WILL FIND A REMEDY IN

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM.

BE CONVINCED BY POSITIVE PROOF, AND TEST IT YOURSELF.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO, February 20th, 1869.

MRS. J. N. HARRIS & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Druggists, Zanesville, Ohio.

I have been afflicted for ten or twelve years with Bronchitis in its worst form, and have tried everything that I could be recommended, but with little or no relief, until I used your Allen's Lung Balsam, which gave me relief in a short time. I believe it is the best preparation extant for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and I feel it my duty to say this much for my own case, so that others may try it and get relief.

Respectfully, MATTHIAS FREMAN.

We know Mr. Freeman well, and his statement above is correct.

W. A. GRAHAM & CO.,

Dec. 4—3w Wholesale and Retail Druggists, Zanesville, Ohio.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

On the 15th of July last, Mr. J. A. B. Blakelee and his daughter, of Springfield, Crawford Co., Penn., were both struck by lightning. They both bleated very much, and were perfectly benumbed, and lay in a stupor, insensible condition. There happened to be in the house, at the time, but one half a box of Mrs. Spence's Negative Powders, which Mrs. Blakelee administered to them, and which raised and revived them very speedily, so that Mr. Blakelee was enabled to write to Prof. Spence for more Negative Powders. While waiting for them they fell back into their first state of stupor; but they were soon cured by the Powders when they received them. Nothing else was done for them besides giving them the Powders.

See advertisement of Powders for information.

Nov. 27—2w.

DR. GEORGE H. EMERSON.

HEALING, Clairvoyant and Personal Medicine Office, 103 1/2 Summer street, Boston. Will give examinations of disease at a distance, \$1 each.

"The medicines that for two years past I have been afflicted with liver complaint, dropsy of the heart, and catarrh, the spells of heart complaint being of frequent occurrence, attended with unconsciousness, and continuing me to the bed for a week at a time. I applied to Dr. Emerson for treatment, and I am happy to state my health is better than it has been for a long time. I have had no symptoms of the complaint since, can sleep well at night, and attend to business daily. I think the doctor has done wonders for me."

GEORGE H. EMERSON'S Building, Harrison street, Manchester, March, 1869. 1w—Dec. 4.

SOMETHING NEW!

TWO Million Copies of the Annual SHAKESPEARIAN ALPHABET for 1870 will be given away, and in order that the distribution may be made in the most judicious manner, I have to send, prepaid, one or fifteen copies to any person who will judiciously distribute them in his locality. One of its features are the Seven Ages of Men's Life, illustrated in a masterly manner. Address: DR. D. THOMPSON BROWN, No. 21 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J. Dec. 4—2w

A PSYCHOMETRICAL VIEW.

THE distinguished Psychometrical reader, Mrs. A. B. SKYFRANCE, of Milwaukee, Wis., volunteers the following: "I have taken a Psychomet

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT is claimed as spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

The Banner of Light Free Circles. These Circles are held at No. 155 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs) on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Invocation.

Spirit, infinite and perfect, through the varied mystery of life being, we come to thee in prayer, and bowing our souls before thy sacred altar we seek for truth.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT—Mr. Chairman, in accordance with the usage of this place, we are now ready to answer whatever questions you may have to propound.

Q.—Can a spirit show itself to any one it wishes, or must the person to whom the spirit wishes to show itself do something to assist?

A.—In order for a spirit to render itself obdient in form to mortal sight, to mortal senses, it must have some means of conveying its message. Now do not misunderstand us. We do not mean there must be some person present in high proximity to the spirit, who is able to give them, through their physical life, such a subtle, and also material force, that can be used by the spirit in rendering itself obdient.

Q.—In a Bible class I lately attended came up the commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

A.—He who was the leader and teacher of my people was said to have written this commandment under inspiration, or that Jehovah gave it to him. It was intended, in my opinion, for my people—to those to whom it was given—and not intended to serve you who live in this age.

Q.—Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

A.—The teacher and founder of the Christian Church, we are told, ever sought to cause his hearers to be humble. He had come out from the pride of the Egyptian Church. He had stepped aside from the stern dignity of the priesthood who upheld it. He was a humble man. He walked in lowly paths.

Q.—Have you any evidence that the leader and law-giver, Moses, was a historian, or wrote any of the sacred books commonly ascribed to him?

A.—The only evidence you have is that which you may find in your Bible—the very imperfect record of his sayings and his doings as found there—but for me to say that you have anything which should be taken as absolute evidence, would be saying what I cannot and at the same time stand close by my conscience.

Q.—When theology wants teachers it educates them. Parents who consider the welfare of their children educate them. And as the spirits are father and mother, in a more particular sense, to all mediums, how, then, is a regular system of education for such a self-instructor that will meet every contingency, seeing that upon their mediunistic education depends the progress of spirituality and the enlightenment of the masses?

A.—All mediums who are upon the mental plane, who speak to you by inspiration or trance, have within themselves a fountain of knowledge, and all the way the spirits have need to educate them to draw from that well and give it to the world. They have only to draw forth what is already there. They do not know themselves that they have this inner mental, never-failing well. It is only as spirits and as outward circumstances bring up the hidden treasures and

impress them upon the outward brain, that they know aught of it. An impression, however vague, that is left upon the brain does its appointed work in educating or leading of the external work in educating or leading of the external work in educating or leading of the external work.

Q.—Feeling the need of an education for the mass of mediums who are necessarily left to educate themselves under the severe trial of a trial-life, too often made cruel by the ignorant and thoughtless, who take occasion to censure unjustly, and too often succeed in destroying their usefulness, I wish to ask, for the benefit of a first development in a community where all oppose, and a circle cannot be had?

A.—Under such circumstances it would be exceedingly hard to determine how to proceed. Better leave the matter with those who know best how to deal with it from time to time. Mediums have no need to go into your schools or to read your books to become educated.

Q.—What is the best method in the transition from writing to clear seeing, or trance, under a like condition?

A.—There could be no general method instituted for all classes of media. In the external spirit world, conditions are all made differently. Each case demands special treatment, and it will differ from all others. Were I, or any spirit, to tell you how you should proceed with Mr. A., that would not answer for Mr. B. So you see it is impossible to give you any advice in this direction, because it could not serve you well. It would be of no use to you; you might be made the worse for it.

Q.—How may a medium, under isolated conditions, secure a development conforming to the honest spirit?

A.—Mediums are never under isolated conditions. CONTROLLING SPIRIT—I am requested to state that the boy, Philo, whose parents made inquiries concerning him a few weeks ago, is not in the spirit-world. His friends here say that he went in a westerly direction from his home; that he is well; that in all probability he will return home again—how soon they are unable to say.

Oct. 18.

Annie C. Taylor.

I stopped on earth twenty-three years. The name I was known by here was Annie C. Taylor. I was born in Brewster, Mass. I died in St. Louis. It is now a little more than two years since I died. I have been trying much to return, but never could till today.

Q.—I have been trying much to return, but never could till today. I saw by coming here that these spirits who control us are being the laws of return, generally suffer a great deal. The psychological effect of their earthly sufferings would be very strong upon them; it would be more than work to them. So I have labored very hard to learn how to overcome this difficulty, to know how to come without suffering, and without transmitting any suffering to the body I should use. I knew very well if I did transmit any of my sufferings I should be very sorry for it; it would make me unhappy. And I knew also if I left, while here, the psychological effect of my sufferings I should hardly be able to speak at all, for I died of congestion of the lungs and stomach, and I suffered terribly for nine or ten days before my death. You see, that by making ourselves acquainted with the laws that control in these matters, we can overcome death, which is suffering. Now I do not suffer at all; I should not know that I had ever died, or ever suffered at all. And what I can do in this matter, it seems to me that a great many others can do. I won't say all, because all could not seek so earnestly to know concerning the law as I do.

Q.—My father came here to this life when I was a child about nine years of age. He was a seafaring man, and was lost at sea. I have one brother, who is in California, and one sister, who is married, living in Missouri. I have a mother also, but I pause when speaking of her, because I know that her religious prejudices are very strong. She has the doors upon me, and says, "It is impossible she can return. She has gone to that land from whence none ever return, except at the resurrection morn."

A.—I have often made to pause upon the very threshold of the doors of joy on returning to our friends here, when we are reminded of their prejudices, and remember that perhaps we are at the very door of their hearts, they may close them upon us, and do so conscientiously, believing it to be religious duty. When we remember this, we are almost inclined to turn back without even making the attempt. I say that, because I do in this matter but represent many, many others. I felt like making the attempt, like saying that I live, that I can return, that I rejoice in a home here that is permanent and satisfactory, that I am not obliged now to think what I shall do this year, or this month, to sustain life. Here the laws of mine and thine are different. Here we have whatsoever we need, and when they are there, they are there. I never will make us happy and add to our happiness, that we can have. If it is best for us to suffer here, we do, and we see the wisdom of it. We are not in darkness here. The last time I saw my mother, she said to me, "Annie, I hope the time will come soon when you won't be obliged to be separated from me, and to labor for a living. These separations are like death to me; but with God knows best. These were her last words to me when she visited me here. That ought to be proof to her that I live. Her last gift to me was sent to her after my death, and she said, on receiving it, "I don't believe the dear child ever wore it," because it was done up just as she gave it to me. Well, I never did.

Q.—I only come to-day to open the way, perhaps, to come in the future and do more good; only to say I live and have found a home; that I am happy, and wait the coming of those who are left behind, for I know that by-and-by I shall meet them with joy and not with sorrow. Good day, sir.

Oct. 18.

Hans Heinrich.

Well, well, I was waiting for that young lady all this time. Pretty young lady, so I have no objection to wait. Well, it's pretty hard coming just in time when you want to. I have one brother in New York. He was in the line with me, and I comes to the spirit-world, here to get me sick, I cough, cough, cough, and I was bleed to death—then I have to go. I leave things pretty well, but I not leave as I might if I not think I should get well. I leave one brother, John Heinrich. Mine was Hans. He believes. Well, we were seeing those things. I was in Belgium, I seen them there. Then I was in my own country, I seen them there. I not see them speak, like this, but things moved, and there was voice, like this, "John is in the air. There was man things that make us believe that spirits come. So when we come to this country, we know about it; and when we come here it was all around. It was everywhere; we comes right into it.

Now I want him to bring the business into as small compass as he can, and do straight—do straight all the time, and if he makes so much—what we agreed upon—make so many dollars one day, make more than that, we give away to the sick, to the sick, to those who can't do like we can. Now he thinks he do not know how to get to his mind. I go up here, maybe I see some other way. So I would come; I have come, and I want that to be carried out—carried out. If he makes more than what we said we be contented with, give away, give away. If he gets tempted to hold all, I shake it all out of his hand like the sand. There now, Hans Heinrich. I want my message to go to John.

Oct. 18.

Mrs. M. A. Pearson.

Tell my friends I am all right here, and will communicate again soon. Mrs. M. A. Pearson.

[CHAIRMAN TO THE AUDIENCE.—Mrs. Pearson was buried last Sunday.] SPIRIT, WITH EMPHASIS.—No, no, no, I was n't. [CHAIRMAN.—Wasn't your funeral last Sunday?] SPIRIT.—My body! my body died. Oct. 18.

Zeke Moore. By gracious! I feel strange. I want to tell my old friends, Theologian, Garrick and Daniel Watson—that it is true. It's true. I can come. Zeke Moore, from San Jose, California. Don't put it Zeke! Nobody will know me. We got one of the spiritual papers and a book telling about these things, and I said I believed it. They said I was just fool enough to. Well, says I, there's a time coming for all on us when we shall know, that is, if we live at all after death, we shall know, and if we do n't, we won't know it's the last of us when we die, that's the end. Don't make no difference whether you are Methodist, Spiritualist, or nothingarian. But if there is another life, and the Christian idea is true, we shall know it; if the Roman Catholic idea is true, we shall know that; if the Spiritualist idea is true, we shall know that. We shall see when we go there, and I will be just fool enough to do snags as the rest of you have—come back to this life in true. One of them said, "I will give you the best claim I own if you come." Says I, "I shan't need it, but you may give it to my old woman." Fork over now, or I will do as the Dutchman said he was going to—shake him—not as we shake dice, but a little harder. If he has got any gold in his fist, he may drop it, and I may pick it up—can't tell. Strange things in these days. Oh Lord! I've got that horrid pain. Young lady there, that talked to us about leaving about these things, she says every body could see the Good God! I could n't trouble my brains to learn as she did if I did have to suffer.

Well, I'm here, and I come for the express purpose of letting 'em know I could come, and of asking my friends to pay up. I've been some time, I know, in coming round here, but then I've got here. Now this circumstance that I have related about the spiritual business, was known only to us three. We never spoke of it outside; there was nobody else present, so it ain't me, who is it? That's the question, who is it? If it's the devil, he is a pretty smart fellow. If it's God, why, seems to me he might be in better business than coming back here to them chaps, telling them to pay up. Better be making works, and turning out ideas and grinding his mills.

Well, I'm going now. I do n't care about having this pain any longer, so if they do n't respond, they will hear from me again, that's all; they will hear from me again, I mean, not as they do, but dead, more than the old woman was. She could have shook your insides out for saying she was buried. So look out. Never say that again about anybody; you may get stoned on your head. Good day, captain-general, and all the folks. [Do n't forget to come again.] No, I won't; Garrick, remember the claim; I will remember my part of the business. Oct. 18.

Seance conducted by Gileon-Lowenthal; letters answered by L. Judd Pardee.

Invocation. Oh Divine Life, do thou breathe upon us, that we may live anew in thee. Do thou fan the small flame of goodness that burns upon the altar of our being, till it shall be brighter than the sun; till its light shall be steadier than that of the moon. And grant, O Father, that it may burn up all the chaff; that it may dispel all the shadows; that all the dark experiences of error may pass away. Our Father and our Mother God, we have much to praise thee for—the for the earth with its glad beauty. Though there is somewhat of sorrow therein, yet there is much of beauty, and much to cause the hearts of thy children to look up to thee with thanksgiving, with rejoicing. We praise thee for the gift of immortality; for that crowning gem which thou hast given unto us. We praise thee for duties sacred and severe, pleasant and sacred; for all the different phases of life that come to us day by day, each one shedding their light or their darkness across our pathway. We praise thee for sickness, for sorrow, for death, for they are all sent in wisdom and in love. We praise thee, O God, for thy great volume of Nature. We are glad that it is open to all—to the great, and the small—to the learned, and the ignorant, to the child, and the man. They may read it, and each one may understand it according to their spiritual unfoldment. Thou wilt not require more of thy children than thou hast given them. Thou art not the austere Judge, claiming more than is thine own, for, O Spirit Eternal, thou art love and wisdom combined; thy sacred presence makes our souls what they are—divine in thee. Grant that we may always know our duty, and never fail of doing it. Oh Lord, we are glad to return to earth on a mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner lives; may the outer ever correspond to the inner, the diviner, the holy; may our deeds be such as the holy can look upon with approbation; may our thoughts be harmonious with Nature and our God, smile upon our mission sacred and holy, standing by thy children who still remain in the shadow, gently leading them out of spiritual darkness into spiritual light. While our mission is here, O God, may we fulfill it well; may we answer all the demands of our spirits—of our inner



Banner of Light.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WARREN CHASE, No. 51 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

PORK AND CORN.

We notice an article going the rounds of Western papers showing by figures that there is a loss usually to the farmer in feeding corn to swine for the purpose of making pork to sell. It states that by the best estimates it takes ten and one-half bushels of corn to make one hundred pounds of pork...

PECULIARITIES OF ST. LOUIS.

The people of St. Louis are a reading people, as we know from the large amount of papers and magazines sold daily, and the large number of stands where they are kept for sale. From our observations, we think they are more generally readers of periodicals and light and trashy literature...

THE INNER AND THE OUTER LIFE.

It is amusing to a person who looks over the battlements of this world into the next, to see so many beings with human forms and germs of future soul-growth, who are, for the time, entirely absorbed in the outer and sensual gratifications of the physical life...

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

The Influence of the Banner—its Freedom from Personalities—its Increasing Power for Good—The Everett Rooms Society—Frank White's Effective Work—The "Socialists"—Sister Death of a Young Woman—Her Funeral—Dr. Cooper—J. W. Van Namee—Miss Jennie Reed—Mrs. Myers—The Future of Spiritualism.

DEAR BANNER—It is said that "first love" is most enduring; therefore it is that the Banner of Light, while not less radical than other progressive papers, yet wins alike the affection of its friends and the respect of its opponents...

Our only society, at the Everett Rooms (what a shame that in a city of a million inhabitants, and thousands upon thousands of Spiritualists, there should be but one!) is steadily consolidating its influence and extending the area of its power...

Among the pleasantest things that we are enjoying, as an additional bond of union in the society, are the so-called "socials" which take place twice a month. The fourth of the season took place on Friday evening last, and "everybody and his wife" or affianced felt that it was "good to be there," very good. The large hall was literally filled, and as many as fifty "sets" were over one hundred and fifty of both sexes...

Our present speaker, N. Frank White, is doing his work with the resistless vigor of an Ajax. Yesterday morning, from the text, "They say so," he gave a scathing exposition of the baleful influence of the scandal-mongers, and of the ruin and agony brought upon thousands by the tyranny of society toward those who come under the suspicious shadow of "they say."

In the evening the lecture from the Shakspearian text, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in thy philosophy," to a greatly increased audience, was grandly eloquent in its array of the evidence upon which the Spiritual Philosophy is immutably based, closing, as in the morning, with a thrilling poem, which "went through" the people like an electric current.

And now I write with sadness of our loss—a sadness occasioned by the peculiar circumstances of the passing on, to the Higher Life, of a most dearly-loved young woman, the daughter-in-law of Mrs. Myers, the well-known and highly-esteemed medium. The deceased had a large circle of friends, and had won all hearts by her sweetness of disposition and purity of soul.

Young Mrs. Myers was well, cheerful, happy, on Thursday afternoon—looking forward to a bright future, as only a loving wife can look on the eve of maternity—of the bursting into life of the first bud that was to blossom in her earthly Paradise. At seven, next morning—following almost immediately upon an overdose of the tincture of croton, unwisely or imprudently administered by the medical attendant—the spirit of the expectant mother was forced out of its earthly casket, while yet life therein was its right, and no preparation had been made for its reception in the beautiful Summer-Land.

I ought to have given, as I now have permission to do, the name of the lady so wonderfully cured by our worthy brother, Dr. Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, some weeks ago—not to glorify the successful healer, who is modest as he is faithful to duty—but that others, knowing the facts, may seek and find relief. The lady is Mrs. Eliza Burnett, wife of Mr. J. D. Burnett, and daughter of Mr. William C. Jones, all respected citizens of Orange, Triumbull County, Ohio. A letter from Mrs. B. several weeks subsequent to the treatment of her case by Dr. Cooper, says she is doing well, and had been able to ride a distance of five miles. The case had created much excitement, and there was a great deal of anxiety to know when the doctor would visit the place again.

Miss Jennie Reed has returned to the city, and taken a most eligible suite of rooms at 351 Sixth avenue. I can say, from my own experience, that she is a medium of very diversified gifts, and will give satisfaction to all who call upon her under appropriate conditions. I forward an advertisement...

ment, which will inform her friends what she wishes them to know, as a matter of business.

Let me express the hope that the numerous friends of Mrs. Myers will not forget that she not only needs their sympathy in her deep sorrow, but also more substantial tokens of their regard, by doing what they can to influence a reasonable flow of greenbacks into her depleted pocket.

The FUTURE, if it portends a fierce conflict between the old and the new in the establishment of Freedom of Thought and a truer, purer Religion, also is full of Promise that the RIGHT will triumph. Forces are gathering, both upon the spiritual and material planes, that will, in a few years, make a terrible quaking among the dry bones of Old Theology.

Very truly yours, J. WINCHESTER.

New York, Nov. 23d, 1869.

THE BROKEN HOME.

"TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

In San Francisco, on the north side of Folsom street, overlooking Mission Bay, stands a palatial residence.

The interior of this house is even more beautiful than its exterior, every apartment being in its way a gem of magnificence and refinement. The library especially realizes the most perfect ideal of an elegant and cultured home.

And yet, at the moment we look in upon him—one August afternoon, as he occupied his library—the proprietor of all this wealth appeared of all men the most miserable.

He was Mr. Morton Preble, for many years a leading banker of San Francisco. He had a fine view of the bay from the south end of the room, and the fragrance of rare flowers—in vain that the walls were lined with richly-carved book-cases and paintings—in vain that soft couches and luxurious chairs had been gathered around him.

He lay on a sofa in the depths of the great bay-window, the wreck of a once powerful man. His figure was thin and gaunt, his face white as marble, his eyes having an expression of awful apprehension, of harrowing anxiety, of dreadful expectancy.

It was evident at a glance that no merely physical ailment had made him what he was. By what withering secret, by what destroying affliction, had he been thus agonized? Thus haunted? Thus hunted? He so noble and good! He so wealthy and distinguished!

As he moved restlessly upon his luxurious cushions, the great clock on the marble piazza struck five, every stroke seeming to fall like a hammer upon the heart of the nervous invalid. He arched himself, struggling feebly to a sitting posture.

"Oh, will this fatal day never, never pass?" he murmured; "nor bring us relief!" Nothing with a nervous start that he was alone, he touched a bell upon a table before him, and called:

"Helen! Helen! where are you?" Before the echoes of his voice had died out a step was heard, and his wife entered his presence.

"I left you only for a moment, Morton," she said, advancing to the banker's side. "You were dozing, I think. I wished to send for the doctor."

She was a beautiful woman of some six and thirty years, graceful, with broad white brows, and loving eyes, in which the brightness and sweetness of a sunshiny nature were still perceptible, under a grief and anxiety no less poignant than that which enshined by her husband.

"The doctor?" he echoed, half reproachfully. "Yes, dear," she said, in a calm and cheerful voice, as she drew a chair to the side of the sofa, and sat down, stroking the corrugated forehead of the invalid with a magnetic touch. "He will be here immediately. Your last nervous crisis alarmed me. You may become seriously ill!"

Mrs. Preble then, with an affectionate look upon his wife, but said, despondently: "The doctor! He cannot minister to a mind diseased! Oh, if these long hours would only pass! If I only knew what the day has yet in store for us!"

"Look up, Morton!" enjoined Mrs. Preble, with a reverently turned glance upward through the open window at the blue sky, and as if looking beyond the azure clouds therein. "Let us appeal from the injustice and recklessness of earth to the goodness and mercy of Heaven!"

The banker gave a low, sobbing sigh. "I cannot look up, Helen," he answered, with a passionate tremor in his voice—"only down, down at the grave that is opening before me!"

Mrs. Preble continued to stroke his forehead softly, while she lifted her pale face to the sunlight streaming into the apartment. "Look up, Morton—always look up!" she enjoined upon the invalid, furling all these four years of agony, for I cannot doubt that Heaven is your good friend, and the justice of Heaven. "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. I believe that we shall yet rejoice more keenly than we have mourned, and that we shall come to a glorious day of joy beyond all this long night of sorrow!"

The face of the invalid lighted up with an answering glow, and he murmured: "Glorious faith! My wife, you are indeed a blessed comforter! Perhaps, after all, you are right."

A knock resounded on the side door at this juncture, and the next moment Dr. Hutton, the family physician, for whom Mrs. Preble had sent, entered the room.

He was an old man, portly in figure, with white hair and beard, but with a fresh and ruddy complexion, a pair of shrewd blue eyes, and with an exuberant highness of manner that sat well upon him. He had a big heart and a clear head. He approached the sofa, after greeting the husband and wife, and lifted the thin, restless hand of the invalid, feeling his pulse.

"Quite a high fever," he said, after a brief pause. "Worrying again, eh, Mr. Preble? You are wearing yourself out. Medicine will do you no good so long as your mind is in its present condition. I must give you an opiate."

"Not now, doctor," interposed the banker. "I cannot—must not—sleep to-day! I need to be kept awake now, for I cannot tell at any moment what the day may bring forth. I am looking for the culmination of all my years of anguish—for the crowning agony of the whole. Perhaps even now—Ah, what was that?"

He started up wildly, and then, as the sound that had disturbed him was not repeated, he sank back again on his cushions, pallid and panting.

The doctor looked at Mrs. Preble with an anxious, questioning glance. "It is the anniversary," she replied to his unspoken inquiry—"the anniversary of our loss."

"Ah, yes," said the doctor. "I remember."

"Yes, it's another of those terrible days," cried the banker, in a hollow whisper. "Sit down, doctor, and I will tell you the whole story. I can think of nothing else to-day, and am almost wild with apprehension and anxiety. Sit down!"

Dr. Hutton drew up a chair and seated himself, his face expressing the double solicitude of a friend and physician.

"You know me fourteen years ago, doctor," said Mrs. Preble. "We lived then where we do now, in a cottage on the site of this great mansion. There were but three of us—Helen and I, and our three-year-old Jessie. And it was fourteen years ago to-day that our little Jessie was stolen from us."

"I remember it," said the doctor softly. "Yet might she not have been lost, Mr. Preble? She went out to play in the garden, if I remember rightly, and was never seen by you again. She might have strayed away."

"So we thought for a whole year, doctor," interrupted the banker. "We never dreamed that she had been stolen. We searched everywhere for her, and offered immense rewards for her recovery. I employed detectives, but all to no pur-

pose. When our little Jessie ran down the steps into that flower-garden, and he pointed to the front of the house, "as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up, we never saw her again!"

"She must have found the gate open, and wandered out," suggested Dr. Hutton. "She might have straggled down to the waters and been drowned!"

The banker fixed his burning eyes upon the physician's face, and whispered: "I said we never saw the poor child again. I did not say we had not heard of her. She was lost on the 9th of August, 1854. For a year we thought her dead. But on the anniversary of our loss we received a written message concerning her."

"A message?" cried Dr. Hutton, starting. "A mere scrawl—a single line in a hand evidently disguised," said the banker. "Here it is." He produced a dirty scrap of paper from a drawer in the table, and held it up to the view of the physician, who read as follows:

"August 9, 1855. Jessie, ha, ha! Jessie." Dr. Hutton looked, with a puzzled air, from the scrap of paper, which he turned over and over, to the countenance of the banker.

"I can make nothing of this," he declared. "It is merely a date, with the name of your lost daughter. It tells me nothing."

"Nor did it us, at first," said Mr. Preble. "Then the child discovered who he is. And a still greater wonder is to me what can be his motive. It seems incredible. If it was stated in a novel many people would not believe it. But 'truth is stranger than fiction.'"

Mrs. Preble drew from her husband's breast pocket his note-book, opened it to the proper page, and presented it to the physician.

Dr. Hutton adjusted his spectacles, glanced over the page, and then slowly read the group of entries aloud. The entry the first year is as follows:

"August 9, 1855. Jessie! ha! ha! Jessie!"

And the next year it is—

"August 9, 1856. Your Jessie still lives!"

And the next—

"August 9, 1857. She is in good hands!"

And the next—

"August 9, 1858. She is well as ever!"

And the next—

"August 9, 1859. I saw her yesterday!"

And the next—

"August 9, 1860. She's growing rapidly!"

And the next—

"August 9, 1861. She continues to do well!"

And the next—

"August 9, 1862. I've seen her again!"

And the next—

"August 9, 1863. She's becoming a woman!"

And the next—

"August 9, 1864. Your child is thirteen!"

And the next—

"August 9, 1865. She's lovelier than ever!"

And the next—

"August 9, 1866. She's really charming!"

And last year it is—

"August 9, 1867. My reward is at hand!"

And what shall we get to-day!

The physician looked up and fixed his thoughtful gaze upon the bereaved husband and wife.

"How did these messages come to you?" he demanded.

"Invariably by post," replied Mr. Preble. "Usually to the house, and sometimes to the office."

"And you have never seen their author?"

"Never!"

"The last of them is dated, I see, a year ago to-day."

"Yes, yes," faltered the banker, "and the time has come for another message. This is the 9th of August, 1868."

"I see," said Dr. Hutton. "And this is the second of your terrible excitement! You are expecting to receive to-day another of these strange messages!"

There was a brief silence. Mrs. Preble's hand fluttered in its task and her face grew very pale. The banker breathed gaspingly. The physician regarded them both in friendly sympathy.

"We shall hear of her again to-day," said Mr. Preble, "and what will the message be?"

The mother averted her face. Her brave heart faltered as that question echoed in her soul.

"No," said the father, "the letter is unquestionably the abductor of your child," said Dr. Hutton. "Have you any suspicion as to his identity?"

"Not the slightest," said Mr. Preble. "We have puzzled over the problem for many years, but we cannot guess who he is."

"Think," said the doctor. "Have you no enemy? I do not mean people with whom you are not friendly—every stirring man has plenty of these—but a downright enemy? Is there no man whom you know in the East who hated you? No one to whom you were called upon to testify—no one whom you possibly injured?"

The banker shook his head. He had asked himself all these questions repeatedly.

"I have no such enemy, doctor," he answered with sincerity of voice and manner.

"And Mrs. Preble?" suggested the doctor, turning to her. "Have you no rejected suitor who might be revengeful enough to desolate your home?"

"No," said the lady. "I was married early. Morton was my first lover."

"This is strange, very strange!" muttered the doctor. "You are not conscious of having an enemy in the world, and yet you have an enemy, a hidden foe, a fiend in human form, who is working out against you a fearful hatred! And you have not the slightest suspicion as to whom he is?"

"Not the slightest!" declared the banker. "My husband and I are in the habit of being called upon to testify in God's mercy. The last message we received from our enemy seems to point to some kind of a charge."

"True," assented Dr. Hutton, looking at the message in question. "It is unlike the others. It says that his 'reward is at hand.' He means either that he intends to marry your daughter, or that he intends to demand money of you for bringing her back—or both."

"We shall soon know," said Mrs. Preble, with forced calmness. "To-day we shall have another message, no doubt. What will it be?"

The banker turned restlessly on his sofa, and his face grew even paler.

"Whatever it is, let it come!" he murmured. "Anything can be borne better than this awful suspense. Let it come!"

As if his impatient words had precipitated a crisis, a step was heard on the walk at this moment, and a ring at the front door followed.

"Another message!" breathed the banker.

A servant soon entered, bearing a letter, which he extended to Mr. Preble, saying:

"The bearer is in the hall."

With an eager gaze, the banker glanced at the superscription of the message.

"It is from him!" he faltered.

He tore the envelope open.

It contained a slip of paper, of well-known shape and appearance, upon which was scrawled a single line, in an equally well-known handwriting, which the banker exhibited to his wife and the physician.

"This line was as follows: 'August 9, 1868. At six I will call!'"

A shock of wonder and horror shook the three simultaneously.

"Will call!" cried Mr. Preble, starting to his feet, and glancing wildly around.

"Is coming here?" cried Mrs. Preble, also arising.

"It seems so," said Dr. Hutton, his eyes again reverting to the message. "He will be here at six o'clock; and see! it is six already!"

Even as he spoke, the clock on the mantelpiece commenced striking the appointed hour, and at that instant heavy footsteps resounded in the hall, approaching the library.

"It is he!" cried the doctor, also arising.

As the last stroke of the hour resounded, the door leading from the hall again opened.

One long and horrified glance cast the banker and his wife in that direction, and then she fell heavily to the floor.

Her senses had left her. The above we publish as a specimen chapter; but the continuation of this story will be found only in the N. Y. Ledger.

Ask for the number dated December 4th, which can be had at any news office or bookstore. If you are not within reach of a news office, you can have the Ledger mailed to you for one year by sending three dollars to Robert Bonner, publisher, 182 William street, New York. The Ledger pays more for original contributions than any other periodical in the world. It will publish none but the very, very best. Its moral tone is the purest, and its circulation the largest. Everybody who takes it is happy for having it. Leon Lewis, Mrs. Harriet Lewis, Mrs. Southworth, Mr. Cobb, Professor Peck, Mary Kyle Dallas, Fanny Fern and Miss Dupuy will write only for the Ledger hereafter.

Mr. Bonner, like other leading publishers, might issue three or five papers and magazines; but he prefers to concentrate all his energies upon one, and in that way to make it the best. One Dexter is worth more than three or five ordinary works.

One science only can one genius fit. So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS, THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS, THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS, THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

THE WORLD-RENOWNED

DAVENPORT BROTHERS,

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS,