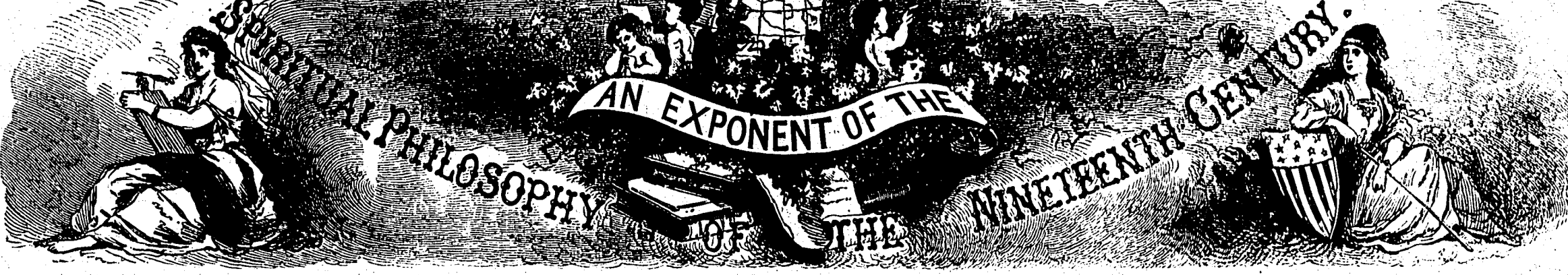


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Spiritual Phenomena.

### ACREDITED 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 results 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 1824 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 cried 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 it a 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 laid 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 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.



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 forbore saying anything to each other until their feelings 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, 1863, 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, dyes, 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.  
Mukilleo, 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 alone, 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. His 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 doing so at so early an hour, and for what he was digging the pit? He answered he was preparing a molon-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 tragedienne 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

ed 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. Falling 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 bustling with untoward circumstances, she has taken a new start as a spiritual dancer 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—male and female. 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



comfortably filled up, and Mrs. P. retired to an adjoining room, accompanied by other ladies, to dress for the salutatory exercises which were to follow. These present were then requested to "form a circle," which was done by all joining hands. In a few moments Mrs. P. repeated dressed in red "blouse" pants, Garibaldi waist of same color, both being trimmed with beads and other fanciful work. She also joined the circle and stood quietly 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 it was, was emitting a faint and controlling her body, did not seem to notice the harmonious sounds. Then she turned slowly in the direction from whence these 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 contortion 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, but did not seem at all distressed by the violent exercise 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 we have seen in the Indian exhibitions which traveled the country some years ago.

After the dancing was over the proposition was made that Mrs. P. should exhibit her powers as a healing medium. A lady 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 about him. Then she rubbed his back, breast and shoulders. After the operation Chairman 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 were, 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 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 condition, who taught her the proper steps 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 everybody 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. *Ophiophanes* vary as to what kind of Indian spirit controls, but 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 seances.

*Maurel, Ind., Nov. 12, 1869.*

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 immense success. The people turn out en masse, and are much pleased and benefited with his able discourses. We give place to the following testimonial of his usefulness:

*Report.* We, the Fountain County Society of the Friends of Progress, in Convention assembled the 10th of November, 1869, have been highly delighted and greatly instructed by a course of lectures by K. Graves, of Richmond, Mass. Missionary for Indians, on the spiritual philosophy, theological reforms, and kindred topics, in the most forcible and eloquent style, and the necessity of a higher plane of moral, religious and spiritual development or fulfillment as a practical recognition of the great law of human progress; therefore:

*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.

*Witness our hands and seals this 10th day of November, 1869.*  
JACOB ROUTZ, Secy.

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 short time 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 have satisfied that there is something about it that they cannot explain. The pioneers of Spiritualism in this locality may be credited to Dr. S. 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 will eventually astonish the world. Her name is Mrs. E. G. 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 last of last, and remained three days, and gave us three lectures each, in the United Church, which were gladly received by the attentive audience. 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. Preshe 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 attentive, intelligent 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. 31, 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 complaints, rheumatism, fits, headaches and fevers. He has performed wonderful cures. The short time he has been treating the suffering.

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 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 today, 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 existence 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, 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 aerial navigator. 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—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 a serpentine 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 foetal 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 original 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 disuse 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 to-day 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 orange-outing 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, however, in continuation, declares that man was made out of the dust of the ground; the Professor or would not only agree 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 oolite, with its peculiar forms; the devonian, with the carboniferous above and the silurian below—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 infancy. 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 don't 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 don't 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. Geology revealed the course of their production, 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 died, 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 spindly 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 little and gay?  
Because I'm happy, do n'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 stars 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, O God, 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 fairly 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, weakness of 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 a "poor Quaker," &c., and thus strike hands with his proud oppressors, and flout at the divine instinct of freedom. After this, his insane and pitiful maundering 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 Humbug," beginning thus:

"Of the mummification of the Dead Sea apes there is no end. No inconsiderable number of the sons of men seem to have taken of the same root that takes the reason prisoner. In an age wherein are broken the ancient thralls and fetters wherewith the souls of men have been girdled for a hundred ages, some eccentricities of belief and vagaries of speculation are of course to be looked for. Complete mental emancipation 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 billeries, 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 planted in congenial mud. But he makes a row. He flounders about in his wallow, and thinks that he is wandering the asphodel meadows and orchards of Armida. He wants the world to come and join him in his murky morass, and help him hunt the *ignis fatuus*. No zealot urges his cause as eagerly as the zealot of folly—and numerically the fools are formidable. They invade politics, philosophy and religion. They have their synagogues and their synhedrim, their creed and cultus, their rubric and breviary, and what 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 seances of Home, the thaumaturgist and arlequin of the 'ultra-brutalists,' who chatter the baleful Hany of the Dead Sea apes afresh."

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 Egypt, assigned to Serapis the dominion of the apes of the older world, and tradition declares that he made them too 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 brand, with their obscene Hany, their gibbering and muttering, and their games 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 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. STEEDINS.*

RAILROAD PROGRESS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In the Boston Courier of June, 1827, forty-two years ago, Joseph T. Buckingham wrote: "Alas! blades, 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, 1423 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 \$493,673,700—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."



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precedent 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. Spiritual-  
ism, with a large majority of its American ad-  
herents, 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 do-  
minational boundary. With such a foundation,  
its philosophy must necessarily ramify through  
immeasurable realms of natural and unmeasured  
revelation; whilst destitute of the hedge of sectarian  
limitation, its aims must encompass the  
whole human race in membership. If the Amer-  
ican spiritual movement, therefore, did not stand  
wholly untried in point of unity of design, won-  
derful, 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 gen-  
erality of believers appear to accept the phenom-  
ena as a means of deepening their convictions in  
creedal faith, rather than as originating such  
views of the hereafter as destroy reliance upon  
ceremonial forms or sectarian beliefs. This reli-  
gious phase of the American movement has ul-  
timately in gathering together in Pentecostal meet-  
ings multitudes of persons for Sabbath-day wor-  
ship, 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 these  
utterances have been by millions accepted as truths,  
received as genuine representations of immortal  
life, and hence superseded in the minds of the lis-  
teners 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 ren-  
dered 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 re-  
forms of the day have been discussed with a pro-  
found logic and searching acumen that would tax  
the far-reaching powers of the most highly cul-  
tivated 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 influ-  
ence 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, asseverated upon human authority only,  
have not been treated with polite leniency or ex-  
cused by the sophistries of custom and prejudice.  
And hence it is that American Spiritualism, as a  
religion, based upon facts, proved by science, and  
defended with an irresistible tide of burning argu-  
ment, 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 what  
ever cause the overwhelming importance of the  
American movement may have been deemed suf-  
ficiently disposed of in occasional paragraphs or  
at most a few chapters of meagre detail, it mat-  
ters not now to inquire, suffice it to say that  
Asiatic, African, European, and even American  
Indian Spiritualism has been fully and ably re-  
presented in most of the languages spoken by civil-  
ized man, and has engaged the attention of the  
highest talent of every age and country, admir-  
able compendiums of which may be perused by  
the student of our own time from the over-fertile  
pens of a Howitt, Enochson, Kerner, DeMorgan,  
Scott, Brevior, Ashburner, Reichenbach, Karbe,  
Browning, Bushnell, Cowe, 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 cham-  
pion 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 adytum of that tem-  
ple of occult force which enshines the mystic  
cord that unites spirit and matter as the investi-  
gations 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 reflex which guide the  
ear of popular opinion have deemed the task be-  
yond 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 yields the encyclope-  
dian'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  
known 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 thronging millions.  
But a score of years ago the name of "Spiritual-  
ism" was unknown to the American continent,  
whilst all the sum of Spiritualism was contained  
in the persons of three young girls, ignominiously  
designated the "Rochester Knockers." Accord-  
ing to the latest statistical accounts of this move-  
ment, furnished by its opponents in 1867, Spiritu-  
alism now numbers eleven millions of persons on

the American continent! And it is to trace some  
of the most prominent footprints made by the in-  
visible 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 litera-  
ture, bred of the hour, but long since incorporat-  
ed 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. Geographi-  
cally considered, the harvest-ground of this great  
American movement has been spread over a sur-  
face of country extending from Maine to Califor-  
nia; and not the pathless wastes of two vast  
oceans have sufficed to cut off or break the tele-  
graphic wires which have conducted the sound of  
the low tap, tap, of "the Rochester knockers"  
over three millions of square miles. Modern Spiritu-  
alism is life 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 re-  
fuge 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 justies to its treasures of hope, conso-  
lation, 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 re-  
deem from cold forgetfulness or ungrateful obli-  
vion the memory of some acts, words, works and  
writings that also might be lost in the whirling  
dunes of chance, change and time—this can be  
done at least, and to the work the author's high-  
est 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 per-  
sonally known or verified, by individual testi-  
mony, has been searched out and scrutinized with  
the strictest care. Authoritarian names, having  
no intrinsic value with "the spirits," possess none  
with their scribe. But little of philosophy is of-  
fered, 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 cor-  
ridors of all eternity." Nothing, then, is ever re-  
ally 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-  
told tales or ill-executed 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 un-  
done will meet and greet her on that distant  
shore, where angel reapers gather in God's har-  
vest 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 advanced 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 sub-  
scribers, forwarded since our last issue by the  
following named friends: William Board, one;  
J. Armstrong, one; Lucy A. Thompson, one; Rev.  
J. S. Zoley, one; S. R. Keese, one; G. A. Reed,  
two; William M. Rider, three; Mrs. K. L. Van-  
dercar, 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. Henden, 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. Bur-  
roughs, one; Andrew Idlebrook, one; Dewitt  
Brewster, one; T. J. Preshe, two; H. Hammond,  
one; A. Wyman, one; L. A. Harl, one; V. C.  
Bedell, one; John S. Lucas, one; Seth M. Nutting,  
one; William C. Potter, one; William T. Bell,  
one; Snyder and Anderson, one.

### Father Hyacinthe.

The ex-Carmelite has been among us here in  
Boston for a week, receiving more or less atten-  
tion 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 dis-  
tinguished visitor was with us, and he has been  
left as much to himself as he expressed his ear-  
nest 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 lis-  
tened to her eloquent and able discourses in the  
past, as well as to those who are now wishing  
for the same privilege. Her inspirational dis-  
courses are of a high order, and we hope all who  
can will hear 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 Mediumism at Mercantile Hall.

Certain weak-kneed Spiritualists whose doubts  
and fears have obtained the mastery over their  
reason, have for some months past been manipu-  
lating E. T. Carbonell, (a resident of this city, but  
formerly of London, Eng.) at a hall off Washing-  
ton 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 Mer-  
cantile 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 oc-  
casion, we will give an extract from a recent re-  
port in the Boston Post, showing the general "fair-  
ness" with which "the press of Boston" is ac-  
customed to view the subject of Spiritualism, and  
the readiness with which everything is seized up-  
on by them which promises a chance for a de-  
nunciatory "item." The Post's reporter uses the  
following language in reference to recent gather-  
ings in the "sky parlor" near Washington  
street, referred to above. He practices the "blow  
hot" and "blow cold" game very easily, as will  
be seen by the quotations below from that paper:

"SPIRITUALISM RUN MAD.—Scenes in a Sky-Parlor.—How  
they do it in Blank street—Faintest on the Rampage.—There  
is probably no Spiritualist church in the whole United  
States, but this thousand, who profess the faith, next to the  
Catholics, are more devout than any other religious com-  
munity. They generally worship in halls, smaller or larger,  
according to the number of followers, and invite outsiders  
of all denominations to assist them. There are various  
classes of Spiritualists, and they can probably be best de-  
scribed as the conservatives and radicals. It is the latter  
class who are the most enthusiastic in their devotions, and  
who by their noisy and noisy conduct, their noisy  
of worship, have from time to time attracted considerable  
attention and no small amount of ridicule.

Away up three long and tedious flights of stairs, on—  
street, Washington, is a little room of about forty  
feet by twenty, where there assemble semi-weekly a good  
number of the class of Spiritualists just described. The  
room is liberally provided with seats, and from the an-  
terior part of the room 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 eleva-  
tion, but as the speakers here are seated up in their dis-  
course, it is rarely used, and the order has full  
sweep of that end of the room to give force and gesture to  
the subject under discussion. The meetings are held Thurs-  
day and Sunday evenings, and the free and easy crowd  
which assemble on these nights is in number, the sexes  
being about evenly balanced numerically, and the ages  
ranging all the way from sixteen years to the three score  
and ten usually allotted to man and woman. The appear-  
ance of the room is decidedly comfortable, and the ap-  
proach that perfection which should be accorded if it  
were viewed in a physical sense. The men and women are both  
of prodigious proportions, but their hair grows too far down  
for their foreheads to excite the enthusiasm of a phrenologist.

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, ig-  
norant 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."

Those weak-kneed Spiritualists, whose 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 transform-  
ed 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 obloquy and derision upon the progress of  
truth and reform—somehow always rises from  
the defeat, stronger and more vigorous than be-  
fore the agitation of battle. Agitation, even by  
our opponents, incites thought, investigation al-  
ways follows, and the honest seeker never loses  
ground. Investigation once begun, we are sure  
of a result; if not as an active worker, at least  
as an agitator, a disturber in the ranks of super-  
stition 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  
exposé, speaks as follows:

"A COMPLETE EXPOSÉ OF THE TRICKS, MANIPULATIONS, ETC., AS  
PRACTICED BY THE GREAT FRATERNITY.—Last evening a select  
audience of gentlemen only assembled in Mercantile Hall  
for the purpose of witnessing an exposé of the Davenport  
swindle, as practiced by those celebrated fraternalists in this  
country and in Europe. The experiments were all of a na-  
ture highly interesting, and were much enjoyed by such  
as were fortunate enough to be among the favored ones. Mr.  
Edward T. Carbonell, recently of London, was the 'ex-  
poser,' 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 exposé to be the cor-  
rection of the erroneous impressions which the Davenport  
Brothers had succeeded in imparting by virtue of the ap-  
parent reality of their pretensions. The programme for the  
evening was a variety of experiments, of greater or less  
interest, all of which, however, had been  
palmed off upon the public as being performed with the  
incorporation of inhabitants of the world of spirits. The ar-  
rangements were of a most elaborate character, and the  
Davenport Brothers were very simple indeed, consisting  
of an oblong box or cabinet, with a door and an ap-  
erture in the door, and a chair for the comfort of its occupant,  
wherever he might be. The sole point of mystery which it  
possessed were the words ornamenting its front: 'Invisi-  
bilia Descripta' and 'Malta,' which were no doubt in-  
tended as a point of invocation to the shadowy ones. That they  
were successful, it is simply a matter of certainty. In or-  
der 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. Wy-  
zman Marshall and Mr. J. B. Libby were the gentlemen who  
acted in this capacity.

The exhibitor, or the exhibited, as the case may be, com-  
menced the entertainment by performing the "spirit light."  
Known in the literature of the cabinet as the cabinet magi-  
culation, Mr. Carbonell introduced himself to the box  
above mentioned as free as he was born, the door was closed  
moment, then opened, and he sat variously bound with  
cords and chains, his arms and legs protruding from the  
apertures. He was then asked to perform the "water walk,"  
and he did so. A glass of water was next set inside,  
beyond his reach, and the door again closed. "What do  
you want?" 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 his head," said the person in management, addressing  
the exhibitor. The sole point of mystery which it  
possessed was the words ornamenting its front: 'Invisi-  
bilia Descripta' and 'Malta,' which were no doubt in-  
tended as a point of invocation to the shadowy ones. That they  
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BY  
**DR. E. F. GARVIN'S**  
**SOLUTION,**  
AND  
**COMPOUND ELIXIR**  
OF  
**TAR.**

**PURST AND ONLY SOLD THON ever made in one mixture**  
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**THE TWELVE ACTIVE PRINCIPLES dissolve and volatilizing,** for the first time, the remedy called **Tar**. It contains **twelve active Principles**, but in its official use, only **three** are required. These are the only remedies ever acknowledged by any profession to have a direct action upon these diseases. In liquid form for internal use, **Aquilaria** for influenza, **Camphor** for colds, and the **Tar** and **Mandrake Pills**, form a reliable treatment for Consumption, and, specific for Stomach, Bronchitis, Heart Disease, Liver Disease, Rheumatism, Catarrh of the Bladder, Catarrh of the Uterus, Catarrh of the Lungs, and all forms of Scrofula, Piles, Female Diseases, &c., &c. I am of those who use the following names:

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**HEART DISEASE.**

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sating, no vomiting, no oppression of the bowels,  
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sugar.

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sipelas, Erysipeloid, Erysiploides, Erysiplo-  
id, Erysiploides, Erysiploides, Erysiploides,  
Weakness and derangements; Fits, Cramps, St-  
tus Dances, Spasms; all high grades of Fever, Small-  
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Oct. 9.

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## Banner of Light.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. LOUIS, MO., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1869.

## 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, and shows that farmers had better sell their corn at twenty-five cents per bushel than feed it at usual prices. We are surprised at the superficiality of such statements, however correct they are in mathematics, and would not if we could, for a moment deny or dispute the advantage to the farmer of selling his corn, knowing, as we do, the unsuitableness of swine feed for human food, and its scrofulous tendencies; but the more important fact in this case is entirely neglected, viz: corn (in meal) has seventy per cent. of good human food, and the best of pork has but thirty-two per cent. of poor scrofulous human food. Corn is a natural and healthy food for man, and if we could stop its being fed to swine and to distilleries, there is plenty of it raised to supply the hunger of all the unfed portion of our race, and they could mostly be reached and supplied with it. The truth is in these matters that our economy runs the individual against the general good. We are ever looking for a market for the individual producer, and neglect the public economy and general profit and good of society; hence when a distillery is erected the farmers are consoling with the prospect of a market for corn and barley, and this is thrown out to lead the honest man into a defence of the institution which is run entirely on the ruin, or injury, of the body politic. Distilleries could not be sustained in our country one year, were it not for this defence which they get from producers of the grain they consume; and for the country at large it would be cheaper (or a thousand times better) to pay for the grain consumed there and ship it to the starving port of foreign countries, free of cost to them. It is bad enough to feed to swine and feed out the flesh to human beings, but a hundred times worse to feed it to the distillery and feed the liquid to the poor. The disparity in the food is so much greater than the disparity in the prices, and wholly at the loss of community, that we wonder writers do not take up the greater as well as the lesser, and look after the interests of the community as well as a few individuals.

## 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 of light and trashy literature, than are the inhabitants of New York or Boston, but far less readers of solid literature and works of philosophy and metaphysics than those of Boston. The extraordinary number of second-hand book stands and stores (exceeding in proportion to population any city we ever visited) proves that they speculate largely in literature. School-books, bibles, prayer-books and psalm-books are sacrilegiously bartered daily at these stands, many of them that have been sacred, if not idols, in the homes from which they are torn. Families, when short of money for the theatre or market, resort to the bookcase, and take such as they can spare best, often till the bible is gone, to the second-hand dealer, and when they get money to spare, replenish from the same market, in second-hand books, which are abundant and cheap. Many men have made handsome little fortunes dealing in such goods.

There are many other peculiarities in the people of this city, which we will not now attempt to describe; but one more of great importance deserves the notice of all who come to St. Louis to settle. While there is much wealth in the city—and far more than in most, if not in any Western city, in proportion to its population—there is much less of enterprise and speculation. The people are too cautious and penurious for the general good of the place. Many of the wealthy citizens seem satisfied to live on the interest of their money, and let the poorer, or non-residents, build up and develop the magnificent resources of the city and its surroundings. By this policy the city has been almost cut off from the northwest by the enterprise of Chicago, which is now running out its iron arms for the rich region even southwest of St. Louis. The cheap river routes of transportation which govern St. Louis, are nearly lost by the enterprise and capital of Chicago and its immense railroad competition. In nothing have we been so surprised as in the want of concentrated effort of this city to secure the trade of the immense rich country to the west and northwest of it. Even the Missouri River is topped by Chicago roads and immense amounts of freight taken off the natural line of travel.

## 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, putting around some little spot of earth like a tent around the hearth and kitchen of its protecting house, and knowing and apparently caring as little about the life and world beyond. Often we find them with minds so imbued and saturated with sensuality that they attribute the emotions and actions of others to the same moving power that prompts their own circumscribed life, measuring others by themselves, honestly, perhaps, because they have no other measure, but none the less erroneously. We often meet with men, and sometimes, though far more rarely, with women, who are full of sensuality, and so wholly controlled by it that, like the drunken man who sees through manila eyes everybody drunk, they attribute the actions and motives of others who are as free from it as the most sober person from drunkenness, to the lustful and licentious feelings that govern their own actions, and while they attempt to deceive the people with pretended purity, and wear a mask to accuse others and claim a virtue they do not possess, are not in the least aware that they are seen as they really are behind the mask from the spirit-world, and that when it with the body drops off, they will stand naked before the angel-world, with their true character open to public inspection.

The principal objection in England to a law compelling all children to attend school is the shameful one, that if they leave off work for that purpose, they will starve. We are so low that parents are compelled to rely on the wages of children of tender years for the support of the family.

## 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"—Sad Death of a Young Woman—Her Funeral—Dr. Cooper—J. W. Van Natter—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, by its freedom from the personal feuds and bitternesses which are too often allowed to disfigure spiritual as well as other journals.

In the infancy of so grand a revolution as that which the Spiritual Philosophy is creating and carrying forward, it is not strange that it should gather within the influence of its rapidly widening current a great deal of the rubbish of undeveloped humanity, or that many should assume prominent positions from the promptings of selfishness or ambition, who will soon be left behind in the eddies or upon the shoals which bound the flowing river of progress. But in all these conflicts of opinion—these personal bickerings which mar the beauty of Spiritualism, it is pleasant to see the Banner pursue the "even tenor of its way, winning golden opinions" as well as substantial success "from all sorts of people." If less pronounced, or, rather, if less aggressive in the discussion of the many social questions of the day than others, it is far more influential for the good cause, by its gentle and loving spirit, its broader charity for the errors and honest differences of opinion, even to be expected, than by vehemence of manner or intemperance of language.

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, gathering to its bosom more and more of the free, thinking men and women who have found the "churches" too narrow for their expanding minds. Slowly but surely the little heaven hidden in the dough—from the tiny raps of twenty years ago—leaving the whole lump.

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 eighteen "sets"—over one hundred and fifty of both sexes—were engaged in the merry dance at one time, while an equal or greater number—priests, fathers and mothers in Israel—looked on the happy groups with pleasure-beaming faces. Progressive in recreations, as in philosophy, these seasons begin at eight o'clock and punctually terminate at midnight; but the time is vigorously improved during these four hours. The only refreshment is pure, cold water and healthy, magnetic, life-giving currents, which leave no after-crop of aches and pains.

Our present speaker, N. Frank White, is doing his work with the redoubtable 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 so." It was listened to with wrapt attention by a large and intellectual audience. The closing inspirational poem was most grand and effective.

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. Few societies have better music than ours. Mrs. Adams, pianist and soprano singer, may well be proud of her popularity. Particularly was the plaintive melody with which the morning exercises opened, "She has crossed the shining river," given with a touching beauty of expression, that, from its reference to the sudden passing away of a gentle and loving woman whose funeral was to take place at one o'clock, melted all sympathetic hearts to tears.

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 casing, while yet life therein was its right, and no preparation had been made for its reception in the beautiful Summer Land. A surgical operation released the child—but its spirit, too, had accompanied its mother. The services were performed by Mr. N. Frank White. Accompanied, as I have been, to see the work of the Angel of Death in all its forms, a sadder sight never met my gaze—the that marble-like form of the departed, with her baby on her breast, and wreaths of immortelles and roses—emblems of immortality and love—as they lay in the coffin. Heaven and ministering angels comfort the mourners—for they need more than mortal sympathy can supply!

A flying visit from our energetic brother, J. W. Van Natter—now located and doing an excellent work at Elmira, in this State—a couple of weeks ago, was a pleasant surprise. May his shadow never be less!

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, Trumbull 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 called upon her under appropriate conditions. I forward an advertise-

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. We have no better or more reliable medium, nor a more excellent woman in our midst than Mrs. Myers, and it should be not only a duty, but a pleasure, for all true Spiritualists to sustain good mediums, wherever they may be found.

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. Of these, it is not yet time to speak. Let us learn "to labor and to wait," and we shall see "the salvation of the Lord," as our creedal brethren so often quote.

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 the way of 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.

It was in vain that the broad bay-window at the south end of the room had been opened, giving ingress to the sunshine and the fragrance of rare flowers, and 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 eyes were in and out, his face white as marble; his eyes having an expression of woful 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 a cruel secret, by what a deadly affliction, had he been thus afflicted? Thus haunted? Thus hunted? He so noble and good! He so wealthy and distinguished!

As he moved restlessly upon his luxurious cushions the pretty clock on the mantelpiece struck five, over stroke seeming to fall like a hammer upon the heart of the nervous invalid. He raised himself, struggling feebly to a sitting posture.

"Oh, will this fatal day never, never pass?" he murmured; "nor bring us relief?"

Noticing 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 sunny nature were still perceptible, under a grief and anxiety no less poignant than that which seized 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!"

Mr. Preble bestowed 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 me!"

"Look up, Morton!" enjoined Mrs. Preble, with a reverently trusting 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 wickedness of earth to the goodness and mercy of Heaven!"

"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 again enjoined upon the invalid. "During all these fourteen years of agony, I have not once doubted either the goodness or the justice of Heaven."

"Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted," he believed that we shall yet rejoice together in the happy moment, when 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 boyishness of manner that sat well upon him. He had a kind 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 as usual," 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 broad awake now, for I cannot tell at any moment what the next 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?"

His 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."

"And another terrible loss," 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 knew us fourteen years ago, doctor," said Mr. 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. It was fourteen years ago to-day that our little Jessie was stolen from us."

pose. When our little Jessie ran down the steps to 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, 1851. 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 dingy scrap of paper from a drawer in the table, and held it up to the view of the physician, who read it as follows:

"August 9, 1851. 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."

"Nor did it end at first," said Mr. Preble. "Then that name and that date, with the demon laugh connecting them, set us to thinking. A whole year we agonized over the dreadful problem, and then we received another message, which you shall see."

He thrust a second slip of paper, identical in shape and appearance with the first, before the gaze of Dr. Hutton, who read it aloud:

"August 9, 1851. Your Jessie still lives."

"The physician started, as if electrified. "Ah! this is something definite—something decisive," he muttered. "It convinced you that your daughter was still living?"

"Yes, doctor," said Mr. Preble, "and every anniversary of that day has brought us some message. The disappearance of the child, mysterious as it is, does not seem to me half so strange as that the villain who took her away could contrive to communicate with us every year since, and always on a particular day—the anniversary of that on which she was stolen—without our being able to discover 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, 1851. Jessie! ha! ha! Jessie!"

And the next year it is—

"August 9, 1850. 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, who had fixed his thoughtful gaze upon the bereaved husband and wife, said:

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

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

"And you have never seen their author?"

"Never!"

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 a eager gaze, the banker glanced at the unscription of the missive.

"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 glaring 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 happier 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.

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