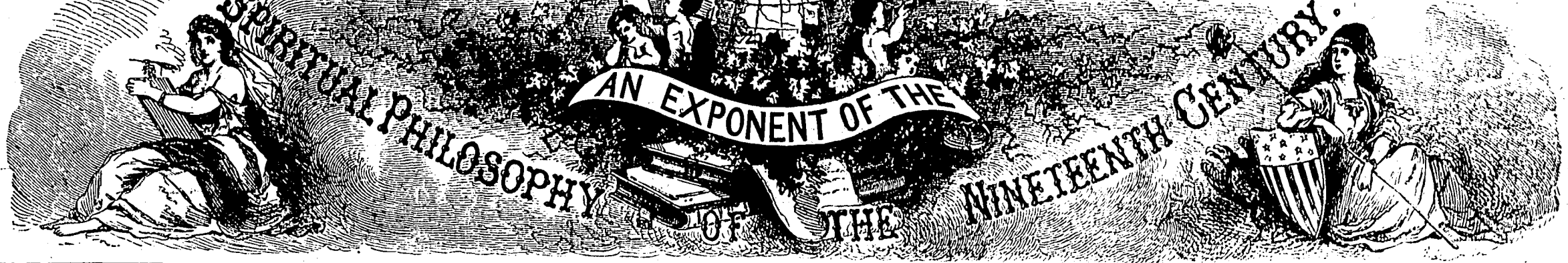


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXVI.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1874.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
In Advance.

NO. 2.

Banner Contents.

First Page: "Cremation," by Thomas R. Hazard; "More Harmony Needed," by J. Rhodes Mayo; "Education," by William Bruntton; "Remedy for Hydrophobia," by Mrs. Ann E. Porter. Second Page: "The Lights and Shadows of One Woman's Life," by Mrs. Ann E. Porter. Third Page: "Free Thought," by Thomas R. Hazard. Fourth Page: "The Lights and Shadows of One Woman's Life," by Mrs. Ann E. Porter. Fifth Page: "Free Thought," by Thomas R. Hazard. Sixth Page: "The Lights and Shadows of One Woman's Life," by Mrs. Ann E. Porter. Seventh Page: "Free Thought," by Thomas R. Hazard. Eighth Page: "The Lights and Shadows of One Woman's Life," by Mrs. Ann E. Porter. Ninth Page: "Free Thought," by Thomas R. Hazard. Tenth Page: "The Lights and Shadows of One Woman's Life," by Mrs. Ann E. Porter.

Free Thought.

CREMATION.

BY THOMAS R. HAZARD.

"He that bath the ashes of his friend, hath an everlasting treasure." *Thomas R. Hazard.*

It would seem as if the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualists should predispose their minds for the early adoption of another and less repulsive method of restoring the mortal bodies of their departed friends to the original elements, out of which they were formed, than that of burial in the ground. The advantages of cremation over burial are so many, it seems to me, that nothing but a prejudice growing out of education and "damned custom" could prevent almost every one from perceiving and acknowledging them.

From my boyhood I have always been in favor of burning the dead. In the first place, in an economical point of view, it has great advantages. The burning of the body would cost but two or three dollars—while its burial or entombment, with casket and accompaniments, costs from fifty dollars to five hundred, or more. To secure a decent and undisturbed place of rest requires another large outlay, especially in the vicinity of cities. New York, for instance, furnishes not less than one million bodies every forty years. An acre affords space for only eight hundred of these, at most, so that it requires twelve hundred and fifty acres, at least, (about two square miles,) every forty years, to furnish houses for the dead. So great an area of land cannot be afforded, and the consequence is that corpses are often exhumed before they are decomposed to make room for others. What can be more revolting to every human instinct than this!

Until the latter part of last century, corpses, in Paris, were packed closely side by side, and above each other, in pits thirty feet deep and twenty square, when full, were covered with layers of soil about a foot in thickness. These pits were emptied once in thirty or forty years, and the disgusting contents finally rattled down wells leading to the catacombs beneath the city, where they accumulated to such an extent that when some excavations were made, by order of government, in 1810, the workmen had to cut galleries through the human bones, in some places more than ninety feet thick. Revolting as this picture is, it is not so sickening as that which is revealed by a close inspection of the remains of the dead when deposited in air-excluding caskets.

In 1793, the French National Convention passed a decree that the graves and monuments of the Kings of France, in St. Denis, and all other places, should be destroyed. As samples of what was then revealed, it may be enough to state that the vault of Francis First (who was interred in 1547) contained six leaden coffins, in all of which the remains were in a state of liquid putrefaction, which made its way through the lead as they were removed, and the odor was horrible. The bodies of many of the latter Bourbon dynasty were also in a state of decomposition, and when the coffins were opened a thick, black vapor escaped, that affected the workmen with diarrhoea and fever. The body of Louis Fifteenth was fresh, but red, lying in a liquor formed by a dissolution of the salt with which it had been covered. All the remains taken from the royal vaults were thrown promiscuously into pits dug for the purpose, and the leaden coffins were melted and cast into balls and bullets in a furnace erected in the cemetery for that purpose.

In our own crowded city cemeteries it is often found necessary to remove half-decayed corpses to make room for others to partially decompose, and then give place to others in like manner. There are instances recorded wherein death has been almost instantly caused by the malignant effluvia emitted by dead bodies thus exhumed.

When we reflect that like poisonous matter is constantly finding its exit from the graves of millions upon millions of human bodies through the springs that furnish the living with the water they drink, it needs no argument to prove that its effect on the health of the species may be deleterious in the extreme.

Now suppose that, instead of burying our dead we should burn the body and preserve the ashes carefully, to be deposited each in a separate vase, or urn, filled with pure white sand, instead of a loathsome grave; every family might thus have a conservatory, created out of the mortal bodies of their relatives, translated into fragrant flowers, plants or shrubs, such as the fancies of the living friends might suggest, or the tastes of the departed may have indicated previous to death.

Spiritualists well know that the long-lived belief in *talismans* having the power to attract the spirits of deceased mortals, is no myth. If the longings of departed souls, then, are so intense as to constrain them to leave their blessed abodes in heaven and return to earth to minister to suffering humanity through the attractions mysteriously furnished by the exhalations that ascend from the putrid, perishing carcases of their earthly bodies—how much more attractive may be the mediumship furnished by the same occult forces, when they have been reduced to their original elements and purified by fire, and re-incarnated through natural laws into beautiful flowers, whose fragrance shall forever ascend with a savor of sweetness grateful even to the spiritual senses of angels! What could be more humanizing and refining to the race than the presence, in each household, of a cemetery formed after this manner; where, as before said, the spirits of living and departed relatives and friends might meet and blend in sweet communion, to exchange tokens of affection and offer up united songs of thanksgiving and praise to the great Omnipotent Power that has done all things in an infinity of wisdom and love that awaits only the fuller development of the innate faculties of man, to understand, appreciate and adore! Unless there may be something in such a practice that might violate the laws of immortality, it seems to me that its adoption by but a small number would soon render its advantages so apparent that the example would be quickly followed by others, and but a few generations pass away before the prejudices of education and habit would vanish, and graveyards and tombstones be regarded as things only of the past.

MORE HARMONY NEEDED.

BY J. RHODES MAYO.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—I am a subscriber to, and diligent reader of your valuable and interesting weekly. In the main I sympathize with much its columns portray; still, from time to time I am pained to see illiberal and uncharitable flings made toward those who differ from your correspondents' views. Now, before I make a specific complaint, I will define my status: I am a strong believer in the truths of the Bible, and the doctrines held by Orthodox Christians; still, as a candid seeker after truth, irrespective of sect and dogmas, I am open to conviction. I believe in truth and purity and love for the universal brotherhood of man; I care not whether they are Orthodox, heterodox, Christian, infidel, Jew, or even Spiritualistic. Like an honest busy bee, I'm ready to "pull the sweets from every flower, minus the thorns. In short, when either creed, sect or society, embarks in a laudible work, I am with such heart and hand. This brings me to the point at issue.

Why, is it Spiritualists are so prone to throw mud at the Young Men's Christian Association? In the Banner of the 22d August, Warren Chase uses this language:

"That almost omnipotent political organization, the Young Men's Christian Association, has attempted to unite with the money power, and with the aid of speculators to control the selection of candidates and election of officers, and thus have Christian speculators, as far as possible, to fill all the offices."

In former years, while a member of the accused Association, I never heard or dreamed of its being a "political organization." On the contrary I knew it had a far different object in view. And to-day I believe the Association has not departed from its old landmarks. So before making such sweeping and uncharitable remarks, I would suggest that Mr. Chase procure and carefully read the constitution and by-laws of the nearest Association he can find. I think he will then see his error relative to "money power, speculators, elections," etc. Such unfounded, ungenerous charges should not be made, or published to the world as truth, from the baseless fabrication of a fallacious brain. Let me suggest to Mr. Chase to remember Davy Crockett's motto, viz.: "Be sure you are right, and then go ahead."

Now, if I understand your spiritual philosophy aright, it inculcates truth, love, purity and harmony; and if I am correct, then I am at a loss to account for the many harsh flings I meet with from week to week, and that, too, from the pens of those advocating the spread of the "Harmonical Philosophy."

In conclusion, I would say I have been an investigator into the truths of Spiritualism for the past twenty years; and not until after a séance at the house of Maud E. Lord, in Boston, July 5th, 1873, which I attended, was my skepticism shaken; so that to-day I must confess I am at least a semi-believer in the new—or rather an old philosophy revived; but this inharmonious mud-throwing would never fully confirm me in the faith.

363 East 49th street, New York.

EDUCATION.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

We have not said all that is to be said on this great subject yet, by any means, and we have not learned all that we may of its importance. To me it seems the necessity of the hour—the only mode of advancing the good of the race. I perceive no way of escape from the evils of life, save by education; all other means are worse than useless, as they augment instead of curing; they simply place a stone in the stream and block it up to gather destructive force that will sweep all before it. See if this is not the case. Examine any of the means used, in the past, against ignorance, and then say if this is not the mode of

its operation. Take priestism, in those nations where it has possessed unbounded authority, and see if it has not worked in this manner. It has left the people unknowing, and made them helpless for a time, but only to be all the worse for mankind; they are spilt material—good wood left in the rain to rot, and a curse to the better portion of humanity. An ignorant priesthood is the worst bane that can afflict the earth—a shame to themselves and a burden to the world.

So if we look to kingcraft and imperialism, that made the people content with such things as they had, the same evil influence is to be seen—darkness, intimidating for a time only, to break out in the flashes of a French Revolution and the uprising of a Commune.

The fear of society works in the same way. This is a good instinct that comes through the intenseness of custom; but inasmuch as it only directs without enlightening, it is not the good men esteem it. If men are influenced alone by public opinion, they will find some way of evading its power, and wrong will be done in spite of it. This is plain and palpable in face of the revelations of the conduct of private and public life. Education alone can banish these shades and leave men with no defence from the sight of heaven. Let daylight be about us, and men will act as men endowed with wisdom and glory.

Education removes the cause of crime; it makes a man bright and human, and gives you something of the angel to appeal to. With education you have judgment to perceive the right and wrong of things, to decide on principle and with equity the problems of daily life; you have the man clothed with royalty and power, no longer weak and craven, but upright, strong, and bearing with the smile of love and the kindlings of light.

Let education be the watchword of the future—education for all—compelling the ignorant to forsake their haunts of darkness and build them a home of worth, and be citizens worthy of the state and helps to the nation of which they form a part. Mothers and fathers, be wise in this and do your best for humanity by giving to your children the best within your reach—education that shall be light and peace and beauty to them, the crown and joy of their existence.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more," let it irradiate our atmosphere, and purify our social and political life. In our midst, as the prophets and seers have seen, and as the million hearts of men pray for it day by day. With education we are a people blessed in all the good things of this life, and prepared for the enjoyment of the next. So, again I say, educate—educate, and make one of the best words in our language to be Education.

Troy, N. Y.

Remedy for Hydrophobia.

A Chinese cure for hydrophobia is to give the patient a dose of the leaves of stramonium, in doses large enough to keep him delirious for twenty-four hours. It is said that the hydrophobic symptoms disappear on the appearance of the delirium, and do not return.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—The above paragraph from the Commercial Advertiser of this city, Sept. 22d, having casually met my eye, recalls a communication received through the mediumship of Mrs. Horn, during the heated term of the past season, when the public were considerably agitated on the subject of the much dreaded malady of hydrophobia.

The message was incidentally given by our familiar spirit friend JASIE (who is of Indian extraction), and is in substance as follows: Let the patient immediately on being bitten by a rabid dog, inhale nitrous oxide (laughing-gas), and repeat the same for three successive days, that is, inhale it thoroughly, once each day. After having done so all the danger, present and future, will have passed.

The method of the process appears to be this: The poison, after having been absorbed into the system, might be represented as a subtle gas, and this being acted upon by or combining with that which is inhaled, will pass off and leave the system in the same way as does the nitrous oxide. This explanation is probably incomplete, though it is the best I can give in a few words, but the method of treatment seems to be similar if not identical with that practiced among the Chinese. I would be glad to see the attention of our gifted healing practitioners directed to this highly important subject.

Yours truly,

HENRY J. HORN.

New York, Sept. 24th, 1874.

BALKY HORSES.—The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals puts forth a set of rules for the treatment of balky horses:

1. Pat the horse upon the neck; examine the harness carefully, first on one side, and then on the other, speaking encouragingly while doing so; then jump into the wagon, and give the word go; generally he will obey.

2. A teamster in Maine says he can start the worst balky horse by taking him out of the shafts and making him go round in a circle till he is giddy. If the first dance of this sort doesn't cure him the second will.

3. To cure a balky horse, simply place your hand over the horse's nose and shut off his wind until he wants to go.

4. The brain of a horse seems to entertain but one idea at a time; therefore continued whipping only confirms his stubborn resolve. If you can by any means give him a new subject to think of, you will generally have no trouble in starting him. A simple remedy is to take a couple of turns of stout twine around the foreleg, just tight enough for the horse to feel, and tie in a bow-knot. At the first check he will generally go dancing off, and after a short distance you can get out and remove the string to prevent injury to the tendon in your further drive.

5. Take the tail of the horse between the hind legs, and tie it by a cord to the saddle girth.

6. Tie a string around the horse's ear, close to the head.

Literary Department.

THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

OF

ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

CHAPTER II.

Mount Paradise.

"I wonder why my father, or my father's father, called this place Mount Paradise?" said Uncle Joe Melton as Mrs. Afleck, the housekeeper, entered the room where he sat in a large easy chair, with his feet on a cushioned stool. "Gout and rheumatism are not at all paradesical. We will alter the name, Mrs. Afleck, we'll alter the name, and call it Purgatory."

"That would be Popish," said the good woman, "and you a worthy member of the church! No, sir, that will never do; suppose we call it the Hill of Difficulty?" Mrs. Afleck alternated Banyan with her Bible.

"No, no, Mrs. Afleck, worse than that; it is Giant Despair's Cave. The old curmudgeon has been mauling and beating me till I am like one more dead than alive, as your two old heroes, Christian and Faithful, were after their beating."

"Very like, sir, but they got out of the old fellow's hands at last, and I have come with your bandage and flannel, and your drops, sir, to help you out."

"Like an angel to deliver me out of this dungeon. Well, as I said, I like flesh and blood angels best, so to work; and it strikes me, now, how much better you can untie those bandages and tend my lame feet than if you had a great pair of wings flapping round."

"Oh, sir! do not make fun of angels. Our minister says they are all around us; only our eyes are not open to see them."

"They may stay if they choose. I wish some others who visit us were as invisible and as silent."

"Sir, you mean Mrs. Flytee, who is always talking to you young folks, and who is blind to the charms of her eldest daughter."

"If my eyes were opened I should see the angel, should I, Mrs. Afleck?" but, unfortunately, I share the blindness with the rest of my sex, and the angel has lived to the age of forty, and no man's eyes have yet been opened."

"I was only thinking, sir, that maybe your life would not be so lonesome if you had some one with you all the time that was chatty and cheerful. You have not been yourself since your little niece left us."

"Ay! now you have hit it, Mrs. Afleck: that is an angel of the right sort—real flesh and blood, but straight from the angel land. I do miss the little one, and mourn for her, but we must not take her from Patsie."

"Indeed, sir, it would kill them both to separate them. She is the only woman I ever saw who would put another child before her own. I verily believe if all three were drowning, and she could save but one, that one would be Mary."

"I believe with you," said Mr. Joe Melton. "But then, she looks upon the child as entrusted to her care by her dying mother, and Patsie is as staunch and true to our family as my ancestors were to the Stuarts. I would be glad to give the whole family a home here, but Patsie loves her home; it is her heritage; and Mary will thrive better there than here. We must have them all here at Christmas, and keep them here as long as we can persuade them to stay. Patsie's own children are nice and well-behaved, I think."

"There never were better children born into the world, sir. Little Davie is a wonderful boy, sir. He can say his catechism, and read like a parson."

"Psha! Mrs. Afleck, I am sorry he is one of those good little boys, who die young. I thought the child had some grit and boyishness in him."

"So he has, sir, if you had stopped to hear me tell. He is as careful of his mother as if she were a great lady, and is very strong and helpful to her. I believe he thinks he was born to keep all danger from Mary. It is like a story-book to see them together. The little thing has a temper of her own."

"I'll warrant you she has," said Mr. Melton, "and comes honestly by it. The Mortons are a hot-headed race."

"Well, sir, it would amuse you to see how easily Davie controls her when she gets into a passion; one look of his eyes, a touch of his hand, and the storm clears and the sun shines."

"We should need him, then, if we had the child."

"I should be sorry for the little one if she were separated from Davie."

"We must content ourselves then with occasional visits till Mary is older, and then I am hoping to get her here as a child of my own. Fortunately, my brother-in-law's estate is entailed on male heirs. Mary has only her mother's jointure, and cannot hold my property unless I choose to will it to her. No doubt her father will see the matter as I do, and consent to give her to me. He cares little for her, I think, anyway."

"Of course, sir, her father will give her to you, and surely she loves you well, the darling. I can hear her trying to say 'Davie, oo must love Uncle Joe; he dood, and big.'"

"Bless the day when she can come to us for good, Mrs. Afleck."

"Amen, sir. Now does your foot feel better?" "Yes, as much better as your poor Christian when his wounds were bound up, and bread and wine given unto him. Sit down, Mrs. Afleck; I wish to ask you a question. What is your opinion of Lady Isabel, as my brother Morton calls his wife?"

"There was a tone in the voice of Mr. Melton, as he said this, which led the shrewd housekeeper to look at him as instant before she made her reply."

"She is very handsome, sir."

"Yes," said Mr. Joe, "she has magnificent eyes, and a tall, graceful figure. She moves like a queen, and she plays the piano like an artist."

"And he in turn looked at his housekeeper, as if to give her a chance to say more; but she was silent."

"Mrs. Afleck," said the gentleman, "you have been in our family ever since I can remember. We are not far from the same age (counting Uncle Joe, he knew she was his senior), and under the circumstances, you are more free to speak than a stranger would be who might take your place. Tell me, will Lady Isabel make a good mother to our darling?"

"Mrs. Afleck was a cautious woman, but conscientious and fearless as John Knox himself, to whose nation she belonged. If her answer could influence the destiny of that child it would not be withheld."

"Mr. Joe, I see you are for an answer, and I will give it to you. It will be a sad day for the child, when she is placed under the control of Lady Isabel."

"Lady Isabel has seen her at a distance, and the child, do you think we can dissuade her from her purpose?"

"The housekeeper shook her head."

"She has a will of her own, sir, and I fear she will not yield it easily."

"Then we must try and persuade my brother to give the darling to me. I certainly have the strongest claim."

"I hope, sir, you will succeed. It will make the house bright to see her in it, and maybe it would make you forget your rheumatism sometimes."

"No doubt of it—no doubt of it, Mrs. Afleck; and now you may send me lunch."

While the gentleman was waiting for his lunch he will introduce him more fully to the reader. He was large, physically, as we have learned from Mary, and he had also grown portly, which had added to his girth. His face was large and broad, as if Nature had not been niggardly when she gathered the material for this man. It was florid, too, not from wine, but he had retained to old age the freshness of youth. His forehead was grand, rising up high and spreading broad above a pair of large, brown eyes, whose sweetness no woman could resist if he chose to shed it upon her. His mouth was large, and the lips—well, Mary used to say, "Kiss me with your lips, Uncle Joe, and let me kiss 'em back." His hair was gray, almost white, inclined to curl. He looked like a man to whom life had not been a burden, who had trodden smooth ways, and lived in sunshine, and a little, too, like a *bon vivant*, as you may have guessed, by the gout and the rheumatism. Not so. He had been a good liver, in our English sense of the word, but never a gourmand. He had inherited one disease from some old ancestral baron who loved wassail and wine, and had caught the rheumatism in the peninsula war, for, being at one time a younger son, he was in the army, and had won promotion there. His elder brother died soon after coming of age, and he was called home to take his place. That no wife cheered his solitude, and no children played around him; was simply because he had kept himself loyal and true to the love of his youth. She died only a week before the time set for the wedding, and he never could find another to fill her place. I mistake; her memory filled his heart, and left no room for another.

Uncle Joe was social in his nature. As long as his sister lived, or rather as long as she was unmarried, he was never lonely. He loved her tenderly, and was beloved in return. It was hard for him to give her up. Her marriage was the second great sorrow of his life. Fortunately she was not removed far from him, and while she lived he never allowed many days to pass without seeing her. To-day, as he sat in solitude at his lunch, the memory of the lost and loved shadowed his noble features; still, the thought that he had perhaps given way to a morbid regret that was as unhealthy for his own soul as it was unjust to others, troubled him. "An old hulk driven to the shore, and lying useless," he said.

While these thoughts were in his mind Mrs. Flytee and her daughter were announced.

"Uncle Joe," as we will continue to call him, did not even make a wry face this time, but wel-

comed the ladies with cordiality, and seized his cane to try and rise to his feet, but Mrs. Flyte was too quick for him. She was a little old lady nearly seventy, but brisk as a girl of twenty. She stepped quickly forward and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"No—no, don't rise; keep your seat. I know what a tyrant the gout is. Why, if Sir John will only be good natured while sitting, with the whole household to wait on him, we should—but, dear sir, he has just recovered from an attack, and we are celebrating the event. He laughed for the first time for a week, and it did me good to hear him."

"I wish he would come over and do a little laughing in my house."

"I will send him; only make sure that your house is solid and strong, for he makes the timber shake."

"Take seats, ladies," said Uncle Joe; "I will order plates for you. I think it will give me an appetite to see your faces at table. Miss Eliza, you are looking remarkably well this morning. I see by your habit that you rode thither, and this, perhaps, has given you a fine color."

"I always ride in preference to driving; one might almost as well stay at home as be shut up in a carriage."

"If I were only sure I could get upon a horse without being tormented as if I were a martyr undergoing torture, I would ride back with you for a few miles. The Doctor forbids more than that," said the gentleman.

Miss Eliza's small, black eyes sparkled with pleasure. Riding was her greatest accomplishment, and her figure was well adapted for it. She was very tall and slender, thin, to be sure, with a flat bust; but even this was a foundation to build upon, and she knew how to improve it. Her well-fitting habit, jaunty hat and floating veil, her neat position, and fearless riding, were all seen to advantage when she rode her high-spirited thoroughbred, while the long, gaunt face, high cheek bones, and large features were not so perceptible at that height as when walking. She was about forty-five years of age, but one of those faces that are no older at forty than at twenty-five. Mr. Melton could never remember when she ever looked young. Ill health in youth had marred her complexion, but had not subdued her energy. She was an active woman in society, superintended the schools on her father's estate, kept the needs and views of the poor, was an efficient assistant to the vicar, never absent from the Sunday school, read the "Times" daily to her father, and could therefore talk politics like a member of Parliament. I was going to say—but they do not talk them much—rather like a candidate who was making ready for the hustings. Her manners were as unlike those of her mother as possible; the one was quick, active, like a bird, now here, now there, singing on one branch for a minute, and then changing to another. Her talk was more like a pleasant chirp than like common conversation. What was lacking in dignity was made up by sprightliness and good humor. Miss Eliza, on the contrary, was precise in her manner, correct in her grammar, and as observant of all the formalities of society as if they had been an appendix to the moral law. She never gossiped about her neighbors, or talked slander, and when others were guilty of doing so, she was as severe in her manner toward them as if they had dropped the hint from the words which should hold them. A very model of propriety was Miss Eliza, and Uncle Joe knew it, and respected her; but he liked her mother best—and yet he did not think she is half as good, and never could be canonized as a saint."

"I am, in fact, very far from the great distance between so faultless a woman as Miss Eliza, and so dreary not approach too near the goddess."

"We have digressed somewhat. No sooner had the gentleman expressed his desire to return with Miss Eliza if the suffering would not outweigh the pleasure, as his remark might be interpreted, though he would not have given it that turn, than the old lady said—

"We came over on purpose to ask you to meet your brother Morton and his wife at dinner, tomorrow. We were at his house yesterday—A very elegant woman, Mr. Melton, quite different from most Italian ladies whom I have met, both in person and in conversation. Why, she speaks our language as if she was born in England, and yet she tells me that she was never in this country till her marriage."

"There were some peculiarities in her pronunciation and in the structure of her sentences," said Miss Eliza, "that were proof positive that she is no Englishwoman, and yet the facility and fluency with which she uses our language are very remarkable in a foreigner."

"She was an *Ossini*, once, quite a well known family in Italy, and prominent among the nobility, but for the last half century almost lost, like many other noble names, in obscurity and poverty. The political changes in that country have made sad work with many a noble name. As for Lady Isabel, she bears the stamp of nobility in form and face."

"Just what I was saying to Eliza, Mr. Melton, almost your very words. She is a very elegant woman, and fitted to shine in society. What you now say, accounts for the sadness which seemed to rest upon her face when we called upon her. She came into the room like a queen. She was dressed in heavy black silk with much rich lace about her head. From out the lace gleamed an arched set with diamonds, and a large diamond cross confined the lace upon her bosom. Some sweet rare perfume filled the air. Why bless you! I became almost enchanted with the beauty, the perfume and the wondrous grace of the woman. It was not that she won me to love her at once, as some beautiful women do, but there was an intoxication about it, that led me as I was driving home to say to Eliza—'I do not wonder Morton married her, though she is a foreign lady.' You know, sir, we prefer our countrymen should find their wives at home."

"Most assuredly they ought to do so, madam," said Uncle Joe with an inclination of his head toward the lady.

"Ha! ha! a good theory, sir, but not always practiced by the gentlemen."

"It should be by me, if I were a marrying man, madam; but about Lady Isabella; did you say she seemed sad? I hope she is not pining for her southern home?"

"Not that I think, for she said England delighted her, and as for Morton Hall, she added—'I am enchanted with it; it seems more home-like than our Italian home.'"

"What did she say about painting, Eliza—that she painted with her own hands that beautiful picture on the wall?"

"Yes, madam, she said that she amused herself in that way. The picture was called 'The Exiles'; the figures are an Italian and a little girl, just landed from a great ship. The two are standing by themselves, beside a square corded trunk, evidently their luggage, which they were guarding. They were father and child. The charm of the picture is in the exquisite beauty of the girl, and the sad, yearning look of the father as his eyes rest upon her. She told me that it was a copy, and I suppose of course a fancy piece. The ship, the busy sailors, the crowd on the wharf, make a strong contrast between that active life, and the loneliness and desolation of the two exiles, who seem to be in a strange land with none to care for them."

"My brother has won a prize," said Mr. Melton, "for I can assure you she is as skillful in music as you found her in painting."

"You must nurse yourself, that you may not fail to meet her tomorrow," said the old lady. "Such a *rara avis* is not caught every day. We must cheer her if she feels like a stranger here. No wonder, poor thing! so far from her own home. Why, Eliza, you would die with homesickness."

"No, mother, I should find a remedy in work. Nothing to make life endurable like living out of yourself."

"Right there!" said Uncle Joe, with emphasis. "Here, have I been mourning and fretting all the morning over my poor foot. Why, ladies, I have forgotten that I had the gout since you came in."

"And we have forgotten how time has fled," said the old lady, consulting her watch. "With our pleasant chat and your strawberries and tea, we have over-taken our time."

"Wait a few minutes, ladies. Miss Eliza, I am resolved to make the effort and ride with you. If you will take so clumsy a gallant. Peter and Mrs. Affleck will help me mount. My gout is a godsend to my housekeeper, who has a born talent for nursing. My foot is her pet, her child. It is a great consolation, too, when the twinges torment me, to see how much pleasure she takes in subduing them."

Peter and Mrs. Affleck succeeded in helping the gentleman to mount with comparative ease. Once in the saddle he was at home, and Miss Eliza at his side rode with more fearlessness and grace than usual. She talked about her schools and the church which was to be renovated, and in the history of which she had become so much interested, that she had studied church architecture to some purpose, at least if a knowledge of towers proved it. Mr. Melton had in his younger days devoted a good deal of study and time to the subject, and now Grecian Doric and Roman Doric and Composite and Gothic and Ionic were discussed with much animation. Miss Eliza had been drawing a Catharine wheel window for the church, and the roses, which were to be of painted glass, had caused her much study. She had a drawing of it in her pocket, which Mr. Melton wished to see, and they drew rein under a large oak tree, while the gentleman examined the sketch, and gave Miss Eliza a little lecture on combination of colors. Their stopping place was near the turn in the road which led to Morton House. While the gentleman held the paper, and the lady was explaining her difficulties to him, they heard the sound of horses' feet, and looking up, saw a lady whom they instantly recognized as Mrs. Morton. Beside her, instead of a groom, was her waiting maid, who had come to her since her marriage, having been detained, Lady Isabel said, in Italy by illness from coming with her. The latter stopped when she saw Mr. Melton, and they exchanged the greetings of the day. Miss Eliza had a few words to say to the lady in answer to some inquiry of the former on the effeminate and dressy manner of some of the younger here that I commit mistakes daily. Allow me to look to you for guidance at times. There must be some great charm in a lady who could draw a compliment from Miss Eliza. "Indeed, Lady Isabel, there is little danger of your erring in that way, or if you do violate a conventional rule, I fear you will do it so gracefully that henceforth it will be accepted as the only right thing to do."

"Thank you," said the lady; her large, beautiful eyes opening wide at such a compliment from her own sex.

Meanwhile the gentleman had turned his eyes to the companion of the lady, who had remained a few steps behind her mistress.

"Well, Miss Eliza," he said, after the group had separated, and Lady Isabel, like a princess in a fairy tale, had disappeared in a woodland path, "I wonder of what nationality the maid may be—she is far less Italian than her mistress, and looks more like a West Indian than a European born. As to the lady, I have not the least doubt of her descent from the Ossinis. I can see the old Italian hauteur in the curve of the lip, and the cut of the nostril; and though she does speak our language with facility, one must have been born in Italy to gather those sweet, rich intonations, which are seldom found in our cold Northern climate. But the face of her attendant is very peculiar—skin of a dark olive tint, and of a satin smoothness, face oval, and eyes large, dark, lustrous. Her features are even more regular and more finely chiseled than those of her mistress. She was beautiful to look at, but while I looked I was repelled. She is an anomaly for an English waiting-maid, and, I confess, a mystery to me."

Miss Eliza smiled.

"Really, Mr. Melton, I wish I had observed the woman more closely, but I cannot, even now, recall the face, and should not know it again unless I met her beside the lady."

"I should," said Uncle Joe, rather abruptly, "if I met her in Pekin. A new sort of waiting-maid that!"

The gentleman accompanied Miss Eliza to her home, but returned back at once, not daring to trust himself, on that day, to the tender mercies of any servant save Mrs. Affleck and his faithful Peter.

Lady Isabel and her maid returned home by a circuitous route, their road leading to a path which ran by Patsie's cottage. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, a sweet, dreamy June day; a slight breeze ruffled the foliage of the trees, and their rich, glossy leaves glistened in the sunlight; the blue sky above was cloudless, but the green turf beneath full of pictures of flickering foliage and spreading boughs. The two rode side by side now.

"Lisette," said the lady, "leave your horse here, and go as near the hedge as possible without being seen. You may get a sight of the child this fine evening; she may be playing near the cottage door."

Lisette and supple as a young panther, the girl sprang from her horse, and crept behind the hedge and the clump of trees which guarded the magnolia. She stopped as she inhaled the per-

fume of the one flower that still remained upon the tree. It affected her as it had her mistress, with a sort of intoxication, tempting her to lie down and breathe its air. But the sound of voices drew her attention. Peeping through the shrubbery she saw three children seated in the porch, eating their supper of bread and milk; one in white frock and sash was sitting in David's lap, while he fed her from a silver cup; his own delf bowl with its wooden spoon stood by his side. Bessie, the sister, sat on the step with a bowl, like that of her brother, in her lap. She wore a calico frock; around her head she had tied a bright ribbon, into which she had stuck buttercups and daisies.

Lisette's eyes were fixed upon Mary with a searching, critical look. She remained till the little one had eaten her supper and had said: "I want Mamma Patsie to put me to bed."

Then she went with a step as light as hers from whose tread

"Well, Lisette," said the mistress, looking into her eyes.

"Yes, she is like her; the same color in her eyes, and brown curls, like hers, on her head, and, when she laughs, I would think it might be her voice."

"I must have her with me, Lisette. I must! And yet, the child shrinks from me. I cannot get her even to look at me. The face that others think so fair, she loathes. Why is it?"

"I tried to hush a crying baby, madam, when I was on the steamer; its poor mother was sick and nigh unto death. I sung to it—and you know how much others have loved to hear me sing—but the child struggled to get away. I soothed and hushed all in vain, the baby refused to be comforted. A rough old Dutch woman, with a voice like a saw, took it in her arms, and it fell asleep as if angels had whispered peace to it. It was never so before."

"Lisette, don't talk so. You frighten me. Do you think children will never love us more?"

"I fear not, madam."

"Lisette, you, at least, do not deserve such a punishment."

The girl avoided her mistress's eye, so that the sudden paleness which made that dark, smooth cheek livid, was not seen. Her lips closed tight, and she made no answer.

"I tell you, Lisette, that child will save me from insanity. I must have her! How I wish there was no Patsie to bar my way."

"She is a good woman, the servants say, and was like a sister to the child's mother."

"Yes, yes; all the worse for me. Oh Lisette, you do not understand how much I want that child to love—to bring forgetfulness of the past, in love of something present."

"Forgetfulness, Lady Isabel, is a blessing sent to but few of us. Do you remember reading to me once an old story of the poor creatures that were ferried across the river Lethe, and were not allowed to touch one drop of the water which would have made them forget the past?"

"Yes, I often think of that classical story, and as often pray for one draught of its waters—only one. The grave alone will give it to us."

"I hope not," said Lisette. "I hope rather that God will remember wrongs then, and avenge them. He forgets now. He forgets, Lady Isabel. It is because he forgets, that memory is bitter to us."

At this instant the lady's husband came to meet his wife. Lisette drew back and took another road leading to the house. Morton looked with admiring eyes on his beautiful wife.

"What a beautiful girl! How she looks like you, my dear! I am sure you do, every way the matter of our animals?"

The road was good, the day fine, and for one mile the lady rode like Netherby's bride. Her eyes were brighter, her cheek flushed, when her husband assisted her to alight; he, as he did so, said:

"You are beautiful enough, my beloved, to go through Purgatory to win."

She smiled.

"If I were Eurydice you would come with music, like Orpheus, to woo me back, would you?"

"Yes, to hell itself, if you were there."

She shook her head.

"Ay, ay," she said, more to herself than to him, "how few know the meaning of that word."

She passed into her own room. Lisette was there waiting to dress her for dinner.

"Put on one of my most becoming dresses, Lisette. Make me look well to-night in my husband's eyes."

"You have never failed to do so, since he knew you, madam."

"If I ever should, heaven help me!"

"Amen!" said her attendant, as she loosened the heavy braids of the magnificent blue-black hair with which Nature had endowed the lady.

[Continued in our next.]

*** In the midst of all that gloom and uncertainty, while the sky was thick with the clouds of superstition and bigotry, a little golden light—so small that one would have supposed the first hostile breath would have extinguished it—yet—modestly peeped forth from the horizon, and though the black clouds strove to hide its light, they were powerless, for it was the light of Truth. Ere long, many of the clouds which had striven to bedim the little light, came to respect it, and as a consequence they were absorbed into its brilliancy, and soon the little light had grown on the whole earth—into hovel and palace—upon the ignorant and the learned—upon old and young. Need we say that Spiritualism is that golden light?

Then let the world rejoice at the rapid advance of a truth that offers no uncertain comfort or consolation in our bereavements, and teaches us for a certainty how we should live here and how we are to live in the spirit world. The present generation may not witness it, but sooner or later shall Spiritualism utterly destroy by absorption the few remaining obstacles which oppose it, and, with "Faith in God" for its motto, and "Truth" inscribed upon its banner, its victory shall be complete, and all mankind will partake of the glory.—*Summerland Messenger*.

We wonder if the time will never come—(yes, it will come)—when use, which constitutes the employment and happiness of heaven, and the honest effort to be useful, will be the standard of manhood. Conditions are nothing. There are no riches in gold, there is no religion in meeting houses, there is no philosophy in books, there is no morality in precepts, there is no poetry in song, there is no greatness in historical record, that will begin to compare with the true heart of man and the true life of humanity. Our measures are false, our weights are false, our opinions, because in our blindness and prejudice we only see through a glass darkly; but some day—the time will come—a man will stand on his manhood, and that will be next to Godhood, since it will radiate with the divine whence it emanates, and to which it returns, in the perpetual alliance of parent and child.—*The Merrimack Journal*.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A SEANCE WITH MARY E. CURRIER.

DEAR BANNER—With pleasure I record my testimony to the mediumship of Miss Mary E. Currier, of Bradford, Mass. Sketches of her mediumship have been heretofore published in the Banner. She is well known to the spiritual public for the peculiar character of her powers. In company with two friends, we wended our way from Haverhill over the iron bridge which spans the Merrimack, to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Currier, to attend a seance, as per their kind invitation.

Before the seance commenced I made a personal inspection of the room, and found the usual furniture of a parlor, with this addition, viz.: About a dozen small bells were placed under the right end of the piano, upon the floor. A horn, tambourine and some other musical instruments were placed in near proximity to the bells. No screens or any other evidences of unseen attachments or confederates were visible. Six of us took our seats in an irregular circle in a corner of the room remote from the piano; we were then requested to join hands and not break our hold. Mary E. Currier, the medium, then took her seat at the piano, and the door of the adjoining parlor was closed, which left us in total darkness. Her spirit guide, Mayflower, entranced her, and came forward and gave us all a kindly word and shake of the hand; at the close of the seance she also entertained us:

My position in the circle was on the inside, which brought me about four feet from the medium. I observed that, while the medium was playing, two airs were played at the same time, and it seemed to the ears as though other hands than her own were touching the keys. While she was playing spirit John rang the bells vigorously, played on the tambourine, or rattled out intelligent answers to questions from the members of the circle: the bells and tambourine were moved around near the door: at the same time I could distinctly hear her watch opened and shut with the usual sharp clicking sound. As the manifestations were drawing to a close the medium moved back to within one foot of the circle by sliding her chair upon the carpet; but the tune was finished on the piano without any apparent physical contact; it would have been impossible for the medium to reach the instrument with her hands. The door leading to the parlor with a light was instantly opened, but there was no confederate present, or a door for one to pass out, other than the one mentioned. I state things as they occurred, but skeptics must form their own conclusions; but I cannot explain it upon other than the spiritual theory.

As I have again returned to the lecture-field, and intend to devote my whole energies to the work the coming year, I will occasionally send the dear old Banner such notes bearing upon the progress of the cause as may be of interest to its readers. I will answer calls for lectures anywhere in New England. Address box 21, Haverhill, Mass.

JOHN BROWN SMITH.
Haverhill, Mass., Sept. 25th, 1874.

MATERIALIZATIONS AT MRS. COMPTON'S SEANCES.

On several occasions within the last six months, we have published letters from Mr. G. C. Hibbard, a well-known merchant in Watkins, N. Y., giving brief accounts of the mediumship of Mrs. Compton. From his statements, it appears that she has been developed for materializations, and that a number of spirits have been seen with sufficient distinctness at her seances to be recognized. We are in receipt of another letter, dated Sept. 11th, in which Mr. Hibbard says, that at a circle held on the 8th, several spirits appeared materialized in full form, one of them giving the name of "Katie King."

At a seance held since the above date, the same spirit appeared again, and among other remarks, said, "Mrs. Compton is the best medium I have ever manifested through."

"Another spirit, the famous Indian chief, Seneca," says Mr. H., "whose bones lie within the limits of our corporation, materialized and walked majestically into the centre of the room to within one foot of the sitters, and seven from the cabinet, and assuming an attitude that an Ajax might envy, delivered a 'war-whoop' that could have been heard a distance of two squares."

Mrs. Compton lives in Havana, three miles from Watkins, where she is holding seances, charging only fifty cents for admission. Mr. Hibbard informs us that he has attended many of these seances, and has watched with interest the progress made while the lady was being developed in various phases of mediumship; he expresses great confidence in the medium's integrity and the genuineness of the manifestations.

SPRITUALISM IN THE NORTH WOODS.

NEW AND CURIOUS DEVELOPMENTS.

To the Editor of The Daily Graphic:

Insight into the spiritual world is by no means so common as it is generally thought. Some years ago, while spending a vacation in the North Woods, along with some artist friends, three of whom are well known in this city, and more readily referred to, I had some very singular experiences. One evening, as we were encamped on the shores of the Raquette River, our conversation turned upon Spiritualism, and naturally we were soon talking about ghosts. The guide sat quietly smoking in the moonlight and listened to us. He seemed to be the most matter-of-fact man in the world, and so we were somewhat surprised to hear him assert not only his mediumship but his power to make what he called a "conger"—where he picked up the word in a mystery—see spirits as plainly as he could see bodies. We laughingly asked him to give an exhibition of his powers. What followed I will relate as briefly as possible, and exactly as it took place.

The guide had with him a rod of witch-hazel, which, for some reason or other, he hardly ever relinquished when it was possible to have it about. He balanced it on the joined extremities of the forefingers and thumb of his left hand, and presently it began to make a complete circle, from which it broke into oscillations, and did not cease till it pointed directly at my forehead, apparently singling me out from the rest of the party. As the guide was standing at the time, and I sitting, the rod made an angle of at least forty-five degrees with the horizon at the time. Thus singled out, I was made to stand about three feet from the guide and bidden to close my eyes—which were then bandaged. The rod was then pointed directly at me, and after two or three minutes of waiting, I felt a singular sensation, as if standing on a stationary raft under which water was rapidly flowing. I tried to steady myself but sank to the ground, and presently saw, with the most perfect distinctness, a stretch of landscape as in broad daylight, over which animals of various sorts were ranging, and which seemed a perfect Arcadia for beauty. A broad boat containing a man and woman, who presently approached the shore. To my intense surprise

I knew them both. One was a brother, who had died some years before, and the other his wife, who did not live long after his death. Following them from the boat came their old water-spaniel, my old friend "Pinto," most defunct, after the flesh. What struck me most was the perfect nonchalance with which they greeted me as a matter of course. John (my brother) told me a number of things of no particular importance to any one but myself, but said that he wanted me to tell "H. D. M."—an old friend of his, and one of the seance party—where to find a certain meerschaum pipe which he said "H. D. M." had lost and long mourned for. I remember at the time laughing at the triviality of such a message from the spirit-land, and presently the landscape faded away, and I came to myself, standing where I had stood when first affected. The bandage was taken from my eyes, and I delivered my message, which was received with considerable chaff. But the joke of the thing was, that when "H. D. M." returned to New York and his studio, he found the pipe in precisely the place indicated. This was evidently not the work of "diakka." H. L. C.
New York, Sept. 17th.

Foreign Correspondence.

ECHOES FROM ENGLAND.

NUMBER TEN.

BY J. J. MORSE.

Since my previous communication was despatched we have held a Conference, under the auspices of the British National Association of Spiritualists, and which was fully and fairly reported in two out of our three weekly papers, the leading public prints in the metropolis and the Provinces devoting much space to copious reports of the proceedings of the Conference. Though carried out under several disadvantages, the Conference was, considered as a whole, eminently successful. The Conference meetings were opened by a soiree, at which B. Coleman, Esq., presided. The remaining meetings were held, four of them, in Lawson's Rooms, Gower street, and two—the final ones—at the Crystal Palace. Dr. G. Ireton presided at these two last mentioned. Your correspondent was present at all of the meetings, and labored with the rest.

Metropolitan Spiritualism is rather dull just now, the only items of interest since Mrs. Tappan went into the Provinces being a series of lectures by Dr. G. Sexton, in the Marylebone Music Hall. The attendance, considering it was the London off season, was very satisfactory.

We have a very powerful and successful healing medium, Joseph Ashman by name; he has just published an excellent little book entitled "Psychopathic Healing." It is exciting much attention, and meeting with a large circulation.

In the Provinces the visits of Mrs. C. L. V. Tappan to the various centres of our movement have been the chief sources of activity during the summer months. As a speaker of rare merit and acknowledged ability, Sister Tappan ranks very high over here. After fulfilling an engagement on the south coast, she will return to London, and resume her winter duties immediately.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, one of our northern English towns, has been greatly exercised over our cause of late. It possesses two very good media—the Misses Wood and Fairbank. A person by the name of Auckland created a disturbance at a seance, a short time since, and a prosecution was talked of against the mediums, for obtaining money under false pretences. Instead of that, however, it came to a summons for a common assault. For this Auckland violated the conditions of the seance—a dark one—by turning on a light, in the hopes of finding the mediums tricking, in which hope he was completely disappointed. A row ensued, and a summons was the result. The hearing came off and the verdict was, a non-suit, each side paying its own costs. This fanatical and impudent attempt to discredit our cause recoiled upon the heads of its promoters.

At the time I write this I am at Newcastle, on my farewell visit to that, among other towns. I have just left Glasgow, Scotland, where I have been on a similar mission. I have several other towns to visit before my London farewell meeting, after which I bid adieu to my native land, and steam off to your shores. I leave England on Thursday, Oct. 13th, per steamer Celtic, White Star Line, for New York, where I expect to arrive on or about the 20th, same month. My very dear friend and spiritual father, J. M. Peebles, has promised to greet the stranger, on arrival. He will be in New York City at that time; letters directed to me, to his care, will receive prompt attention—and I trust to feel as a friend among friends. I will advise further in a week or so.

The following, from the London Medium and Daybreak, will be read with satisfaction:

"The announcement will be received with pleasure that a volume is about to appear, containing Mr. Wallace's contributions to the literature of Spiritualism, including his last performance—the articles in the Fortnightly Review—which have made that magazine famous in places where it was quite unknown a few months ago. From advertisement it will be perceived that the most liberal arrangements have been offered to the friends of the cause to make the new work of use in their hands. We hope the generous terms will be eagerly accepted."

And now permit me, Mr. Editor, to thank you for inserting these communications of mine, and I must tell you that this will be the last I shall have the pleasure of penning for some time. If, upon my return to my native land, you shall again accord to me the privilege of being your English correspondent, I shall be exceedingly pleased to re-commence my labors on your behalf. For the present, with fraternal greetings, adieu.

Warwick Cottage, Old Ford Road,
Bow, E., London, England.

LUDICROUS USE OF THE WORD "HE."—Highlanders have the habit, when talking their English, of interjecting the personal pronoun "he" where not required, such as "The King he has come," instead of "The King has come." Often, in consequence, a sentence is rendered ludicrous. A gentleman says he has had the pleasure of listening to the Rev. Mr. — (let his locality be a secret,) and recently he began his discourse thus:

"My friends, you will find the subject of discourse this afternoon in the first Epistle general of the Apostle Peter, chapter 5 and verse 8, in the words: 'The Devil he goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' Now, my friends, with your leave, we will divide the subject of our text to-day into four heads. First—'Who the Devil he was?' Secondly—'Where the Devil he was going?' Thirdly—'Who the Devil he was seeking?' Fourthly and lastly—'What the Devil he was roaring about?'"

A late British review, speaking of a sermon from a young curate, says: "The sermon was one of those liturgical compositions supplied to the clergy at ten shillings and sixpence per dozen. In country parishes these form the chief part of the teaching the clergy give their hearers, and the use of them is rapidly destroying what little life and reality there is in the pulpits of the establishment."

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1874.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,
No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province
street (Lower Floor).

AGENTS FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, IN NEW YORK,
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 119 NASSAU ST.

COLBY & RICH,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Letters and communications pertaining to the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to LUTHER COLBY, and all business communications to ISAAC B. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

The New York Act to "Regulate" Medicine and Surgery.

The breadth of freedom which America has given to thought and action, as to religious, political and all other matters which pertain to the moral, social or individual nature of man, has brought with it a harvest of good things, but it has also stirred up envy in the minds of many would-be leaders of the unthinking, and we find every day, in the utterances of the churchmen, and their dependents, indications of an endorsement of the sentiment of a prominent Boston clergyman, sometime since, when he said, "The pendulum of toleration has swung to the wall—it is time to look for a rebound." And such a rebound toward arbitrary authority in all the concerns of life and government the bigots are seeking to bring to pass, pausing in their labors in any given direction only when it becomes evident to them that it were better to wait for awhile till the chain in other points is fastened more securely upon the people. As an instance in proof, mark the present effort at medical "regulation," which is now set on foot in several States of the Union. No sooner had the press and people lifted up a decided protest against the God-in-the-Constitution movement looking toward a reorganizing of the government on an evangelical basis, than we find this spirit of bigotry reërring in some half-a-dozen Commonwealths, in the effort to crush out freedom in the direction of the practice of medicine. The latter step has been carefully chosen by the bigots who are engineering the project of establishing some legal precedent for controlling the popular will, from which to argue a greater repression of said will in the future—a pretended desire for the public good furnishing a very convenient mask to their purpose. Taking the ground that the practice of medicine and surgery has fallen of late too much into unmediated and irresponsible hands, the advocates of Allopathy, who find themselves existing on sufferance in a progressive community, instead of being, as heretofore, the frowning, purse-proud magistrates thereof, are clamoring that the great charter of the right to minister to human ills be relegated by sheer force (as in the New York bill which we print below) to the grasp which has proved too weak to hold it unaided, and that their system be endorsed by the State as the true and only way whereby men and women may be rightfully healed according to law. And this view of the fossils in medicine is gladly backed up by the fossils in theology—both feeling that they must stand or fall together, and the churchmen, perceiving readily the force of the precedent—if successfully established—in that if man's efforts to attain to bodily health may constitutionally be "regulated" by law, how much more should the health of the soul be cared for by statute.

If the curative properly rested only with drugs, and man's capability to administer them, then the case would be self-evident that the more information concerning said drugs which the practitioner obtained by study, the better prepared would he be to discharge the duties of a physician. But experience has proved it not to be the case. The history of the medical profession for the past forty years has been one of a gradual drifting away from fixed Allopathic limits, an abandonment of crude and nauseous remedies, and a coming nearer, by sympathy and careful nursing, with the nature of the patient. Hence we have Homeopathy, the Thompsonian cure, the Dixonian, the Hydropathic, the Electric systems, etc., and finally the forms of clairvoyant examination, and healing by laying on of hands. And in all these systems, from the first to the last, may be traced the gradually dawning light of a new form of cure vouchsafed by spirit-world at a time when, through the peculiarity of our climate and mode of living, the American people had fallen a prey to a host of nervous dis-

eases, for which Allopathy was utterly powerless to give relief. The people, even though they would not recognize Spiritualism in its beginning coming, did perceive, however, the superiority of the disembodied physicians over the earthly ones to prescribe for their woes, and also acknowledged the subtle force which filled their frames from the quivering hands of the manipulators, and therefore went (as practical individuals) to that place where they could obtain the most satisfactory return for their money.

Any one who feels to doubt the statement has only to look in mind the universal testimony of our medical mediums, manipulators and clairvoyants, that a large majority of their practice comes from people who are church members, and are frequently extremely careful that no one of their acquaintance becomes aware of their visiting a despised Spiritualist for help in their extremity of need.

Here was the difficulty. It was not their love for mankind, and their desire to protect society from the acts of the unworthy and unprincipled, but their grief at their lessened receipts, which opened the eyes of the old school doctors to the "demoralizing" tendencies of the new system, and led them to hasten to sound a "halt" for it from the State capitol at Albany. And the gloe with which the censors set down to their pleasant dissection-task under the new law, would be refreshing to the soul, if it were not in the interests of stolid medieval darkness and against the dawning morning of present good. The New York Herald comes to us with a lengthy article which states that the censors under the new law have even the power to reject the diploma, license or certificate already possessed by the physician seeking registration if they so decide—there being no redress for the victim, and further presents the lucubrations of a certain Dr. Von Meyer, one of the censors for the city of New York, in which he gives the *animus* of the movement in the choice sentence: "We shall pay particular attention to those women who call themselves clairvoyants," thus showing that "the lepers that have crept into its ranks," and which the medical profession ("is so desirous of 'driving forth on the highway of infamy,' " now that the Legislature has afforded the welcome opportunity," are indeed the disciples of the new dispensation of healing.

Does any one accuse us of taking too radical ground in the premises, and maintain that it is not the old school system which is arrogating to itself the position of forcing humanity backward toward the past, from which it has, with many strugglings, escaped? Let such person read the following extracts from two editorials contained in the New York Medical Mirror—a journal devoted to the spread of surgical and clinical information, and one, too, which no person acquainted with its columns will accuse for a moment of having any sympathy with Spiritualism or its media. It will be clearly seen by the fearless utterances of this liberal journal that, at the door of Allopathy alone, is to be laid the present charge. The Mirror's editor says, regarding the new Act:

"As might have been expected from such a law, it remains unnoticed excepting by societies that have no reputable standing, and these hope to attract some attention by claiming to be active in enforcing the law regulating the practice of medicine. Such societies send notices to physicians in reputable standing, requesting them to appear before them with their credentials, that they may pass upon their qualifications to practice medicine. To the notice is appended the threat of prosecution if the person notified to attend fails to do so within thirty days. This assumption of authority seems more absurd when it is known that many of the members of said societies are ignorant pretenders, and unprincipled charlatans who are a disgrace to the profession, and who would be denied the fellowship of every physician who has the honor of his profession at heart. The very fact of their sending notices to persons whom they know to be in every way qualified, and who possess diplomas and certificates from the leading colleges and societies of the country, is evidence that they are incapable of interpreting the law under which they act, or hope to compel those who are uninformed to appear before them that they may show their authority. If we are to judge from the form of notice sent out, we would have to attribute their actions to their inability to interpret the law, for the notice is ungrammatical, meaningless, and impudent in the extreme, and just such an one as we would expect from such a source. * * * For the sake of the best interests of the profession, and the welfare of the public, it is to be hoped that this absurd and disgraceful law will be repealed during the next session of our State Legislature."

And in the second article the Mirror further complains, with reference to the Medical Register of New York, and stingingly reviews the position occupied by the old school practice:

"In giving the list of physicians in New York and vicinity it is stated that the list contains the names of all physicians who have not violated the code of ethics of the American Medical Association. While this is a qualifying sentence, the entire allopathic profession endeavor to make people believe that any man whose name is not found in this book is not a physician. So universal has this belief become, that druggists upon receiving prescriptions often denounce the prescriber as a quack because his name is not in the Medical Register."

This code of ethics, to which every man or woman must subscribe to gain recognition in the Register, is a code of arbitrary rules the observance of which deprives a man of all personal liberty and even of self respect. It compels a man to practice in a particular way, it prohibits him from consulting with homeopathy or an eclectic or any of their own school who have had independent enough to ignore the intolerant code. It denies the right of a physician to announce to the public that he is devoting himself to the practice of a specialty, while at the same time professors of colleges are continually advertising themselves as such, in their college announcements. In short the code has for its object the advancement of the old established physicians at the expense of the success of the young men in the profession. The only safety of the bigoted and intolerant few is found in raising the cry of quack against every one who asserts independence and refuses longer to do their bidding."

It is evident that the mediums, the clairvoyants, the healers, and the members of all liberal systems of medicine must unite in self defence, and in this direction a movement is making in New York City, in which Dr. Dumont C. Dake, with whose name our readers are already familiar, is actively engaged. It will be remembered that the doctor did excellent service (with others,) in connection with the steps which resulted in the defeat of a similar bill in certain of the Western States, and it is to be hoped that a like success will follow his labors in his new eastern campaigning ground. The following is from his "Declaration of Independence," as given in a lecture in Robinson Hall:

"I maintain the right—first. The most full and free exercise of conscience and private judgment of disease, as well as in religious toleration, should not be infringed upon by legal enactments. Second. That there is no one system of medical practice which is not most emphatically condemned, as resting upon a false basis, and injurious to health, by other schools of practice, equally

popular in the estimation of the most intelligent citizens, consequently there is no one or more well-known systems or bases of practice which the General Assembly can legislate in favor of, without doing violence to the sacred rights of private opinion and conscientious scruples of a large class of citizens.

Third. That we reiterate against legislation which discriminates in favor of the power of popular schools that have the power of conferring diplomas or granting certificates to individuals of no intrinsic worth, moral or intellectual, but who are often a disgrace to society.

Fourth. Experience has demonstrated that all the systems of schools of medicine which you are asked to legislate in favor of, were, at some former period, held as *leading in all the essential* necessary for recognition as *correct medical practice*. What spirit have the old school ever manifested toward the founders of any new principle? Do the old school examine the new systems, and render to the public an impartial verdict? No; the bitterest denunciations, and the most partial and violent criticism, constantly emanate from the various distinguished professors. Thus was Harvey honored for his discovery of the circulation of the blood. This was treated Dr. Jenner, for introducing the system of vaccination for small-pox. Thus was Hahnemann anathematized for leaving old paths to explore and reveal the beauties and mysteries of Homeopathy.

If that have, by lapse of time and experience, become popular, and are now recognized as an improvement upon old systems, why may not new systems, with fair play and equal privileges, and capable of sustaining colleges and schools for public instruction, and take the place of the most popular practices of the present day? Why, then, fine and imprison the far-seeing men who are now laying the foundation for such improvements in the healing art? Why not allow the people in their sovereign rights to judge in this matter, as well as in other matters of conscience? The Nazarene was accused and crucified, because, among other things, he healed the sick contrary to the practices of the regular schools and the laws of the Hebrews, and without asking a diploma from the Scribes and Pharisees.

Almost nineteen hundred years have elapsed, and it is now proposed by the same class, the 'Doctors' of the 'Expert' College, who were so anxious in those days 'to protect the people from Empiricism and imposture,' to do the same thing for the people, by number means of imposture, fraud, and inability to collect pay for services.

We believe the public sentiment will finally be aroused to the injustice of the case, and that this bill—embodying as it does an effort to deprive the people of the right to choose whatever system of treatment they may desire when prostrated by disease, and making as it does only one party (the physician) guilty of crime when the patient is equally criminal in employing him or her contrary to the statute made and provided—will in the end pass to oblivion, to be only the scorn and mock of the oncoming generations. Obtaining their gift from no human authority, our healers and clairvoyants need apply to none for a diploma, since none take cognizance practically of their peculiar phase of operation unless it be coupled with a certain standard amount of earthly education, while many important examples have demonstrated the fact that learning, as far as the mortal instrument of the healing or prescribing power is concerned, is entirely secondary to the peculiar quality of fitness for the transmission of said power in the needed direction.

It is true that perhaps much of difficulty and trouble may for a time be inflicted upon the members of the new dispensation by this law—which may call for united action in self-defence on their part—but with purity of purpose, and a firm determination that no ground gained in the past be lost, let them continue their good work, fearing not but that the truth will finally come uppermost, and to their labor of love may be added the blessing of merited success.

THE WORKERS IN OUR CAUSE.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

All hail, ye workers in our grand, redeeming cause,
Who live for brother-man, for Saturn and his laws;
Who live for larger knowledge of the dim before,
And sight as clear as seers had in days of yore;
Who live that priests may learn and teach the race aright,
And all the earth may beam with glowing love and light;
That Heaven may be near, and felt in dream and life,
A peace in times of peace, a strength in hours of strife;
Glad to go in love and peace, and with the good and true,
Who hold the whole as one in golden clasps of love;
All hail! or high or low, for ye shall win applause,
Ye soldiers in the field, ye workers in the cause!

The word went forth to men from Heaven's highest dome,
"Who will be mediums to call the wanderers home?
Who will approach and heed the voices of the skies,
That Fear may lose its fear, and Ignorance be wise?
Who will to prisoners of sin our better hope unfold,
And tell to hapless hearts our Gospel message bold?
Who will in this wide world believe the story sweet,
That angels still their brother-men with friendship greet?"
And ye, when churches, priests, and all the earth was still,
Glad to go in love and peace, and with the good and true,
Who hold the whole as one in golden clasps of love;
All hail! or high or low, for ye shall win applause,
Ye soldiers in the field, ye workers in the cause!

"Is that the Truth is yours, and ye have felt its power,
Ye come to labor in the field, and ye are true;
That thus ye bear the brunt of this strife with wrong,
And to a doubling world repeat the angels' song:
Ye know the dead still live and visit this our earth,
And bring us inspirations of quickening love and worth;
Ye know they happy are in God's sweet presence clear,
That they have interest still in us abiding here;
Ye know they lift the veil from what so long was hid,
And speak to you to-day as they through prophets did;
Ye know the years have passed, and ye have drawn,
Ye soldiers in the field, ye workers in the cause!"

So hail, honor, to your names, whatever they be,
Or well in hand and glad, or as we cannot see;
Dr. Davis, Peckles, Hardings, Conant, or the host
Who, known alone to angels, keep their faithful post,
Or skilled in Science rare, or breathed upon by those
Who from their shining spheres the light of love unfold;
Whatever your names may be, or station low or high,
Ye shall be blessed 'e'en now, as well as by-and-by;
Ye shall be blessed and crowned with love's undying worth,
Ye brave and noble souls, ye lights of darkness earth;
Press on, and do your best, and never think to pause,
Ye soldiers in the field, ye workers in the cause!"

TRY, N. Y.

Mr. Wm. C. Ford, a prominent citizen of East Boston, passed on to higher life from his residence, 48 Saratoga street, Thursday, Sept. 24th, after a mortal experience of some fifty-seven years. He was well known to the people as a skillful mechanic, (ship-joiner,) and a thoroughly straightforward man, who had no opinions on politics or religion which he wished to conceal. His whole life was an open book, which every person could read. Without making any pretensions to a religious life, he endeavored to do his duty to the best of his ability, as a citizen, a husband and a father. He leaves one son and four daughters, two of whom are married, one to Mr. Walford and the other to Mr. Murray, of New York. The others are at home with their mother, an estimable woman, whose influence shed an unflinching sunlight over the earthly life of him who has just changed spheres.

Read the card of Alfred Cridge, headed "Live Issues," under "Banner Correspondence," on our third page.

The Spiritualist lecture season opened in Philadelphia, Pa., on Sunday, Oct. 4th.

Resurrected.

Another of the clergy has felt in his heart that the call of truth is stronger than the voice of creed, and has obeyed the former's adjuration to "quit the body of this [mental] death," and "come up higher" to the ground of freedom of thought and speech. We allude to the Rev. Edward F. Strickland, whose appended note tells its own story:

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—Dear Sir: I shall esteem it a favor if you will insert the following statement made by me before the Ministerial Baptist Conference, Tremont Temple, last Monday morning, 21st inst.

Yours for the light and truth,
EDWARD F. STRICKLAND.
7 Bowdoin Square, Boston, Mass., Sept. 25, 1874.

To the Baptist Ministerial Conference, Tremont Temple, Boston.—Fellowmen:

I beg leave to notify you that in consequence of my experiencing a change of belief respecting the fundamental doctrines of your church, to wit: Total depravity of mankind—the eternal punishment of the finally impenitent—the doctrine of the Trinity and the divinity of Christ—I can therefore no longer conscientiously retain my position in your ranks, and feel it to be consistent with my sense of honor and propriety to thus publicly inform you of my change of sentiments and the dissolution of my connection with the Baptist denomination, and request that you will be pleased to give the fullest publicity to this statement.

I also beg to inform you that the letter of commendation and dismissal from the pastorate of my last charge, the Calvary Baptist Church, Westbury, R. I., now in my possession, will be returned to that body, together with a copy of this notice.

EDWARD F. STRICKLAND.
7 Bowdoin Square, Boston, Sept. 21st, 1874.

Allan Kardec's Book on Mediums.

Mrs. Emma A. Wood, a woman of great literary attainments, has translated from the French of Allan Kardec his exhaustive "Book on Mediums," containing the special instruction of the spirits on the theory of all kinds of manifestations; the means of communicating with the invisible world; the development of mediumship; the difficulties and the dangers that are to be encountered in the practice of Spiritism.

This book is issued from the press of Colby & Rich, Boston, Mass., in their best style, and cannot but prove an acquisition to the library of every Spiritualist and all interested in the phenomena of Spiritism; and the student of its philosophy will find it a *sine qua non*. Price \$1.50.

Those who have read the extracts from this work which have appeared from time to time in the Weekly, are aware that Mrs. Wood renders the original into the purest English, preserving at the same time all the grace and fluency of the author to an extent unsurpassed by any translator of the French language. Certainly the reputation of the author has not suffered at the hands of his translator.—*Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*.

The Beethoven Hall Spiritualist Meetings.

Will be commenced for the fall, winter and spring season, by the Society lately assembling in Music Hall, Boston, on the afternoon of Sunday, Oct. 11th, by a dedicatory address and lecture by William Brunton, who also speaks at the same hall on the 18th. The subject of his initiatory discourse will be, "The New Gospel and the New Temple." Good singing will be furnished by a fine quartet. The public are respectfully invited to attend. Seats free.

Those desiring to aid the Committee in the pecuniary work of sustaining the meetings, can obtain reserved seats for the entire course—as per announcement in another column—at from ten to five dollars, according to location.

Beethoven Hall, 413 Washington street, Boston—which is to be the Sabbath home of the "Music Hall Society of Spiritualists" in future—was formally dedicated to musical and literary uses on the evening of Monday, Oct. 5th, by a fine concert, in which many celebrated artists gave specimens of their powers, and Miss Charlotte Cushman read an opening address from the pen of Nathaniel Childs, of the Boston Traveller. The press of the city universally commended the new place of meeting—speaking of the hall as presenting "a very elegant and rich appearance," and possessing acoustic properties of the highest order of excellence.

J. J. Morse,

The celebrated English speaker—whose letter will be found on our second page—leaves his native country for a lecturing tour in America, on Thursday, Oct. 15th, per steamer Celtic, of the White Star Line. We hope the ocean experiences of the gentleman will be pleasant, and that, on his arrival, his labors on our shores may redound equally to the good of the cause of Spiritualism and his own pecuniary welfare. Letters for engagements or other business may be addressed to him for the present in care of J. M. Peebles, 210 East 118th street, New York City.

Verification of a Spirit Message.

Under the head of "Banner Correspondence," on the third page, present number, will be found a letter from Orrin W. Smith, of Cold Brook, N. Y., in the course of which a message, given through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, at one of our Public Free Circles, by Mrs. Temperance Fenner, late of that place, and published in our issue of July 11th, is most unequivocally endorsed as being "true in every particular, and a splendid test" of identity.

Books Received.

The following new volumes lie on our table for notice, and will be attended to in due season: KATHERINE EARLE, by Miss Adelaide Trafton, author of "An American Girl Abroad," etc. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers.

OUR OF THE HEAVENLY-BUILD: Or, Life in an Old Corner, by a Soldier. Illustrated. Boston: George Maclean & Co., publishers.

ELLIS: The History of Love, by Paschal Beverly Randolph, M. D. Toledo, O.: Randolph Publishing Company.

Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass., have just issued, in fine and readable shape, a work entitled: "ANIMAL MAGNETISM (Mesmerism) AND ARTIFICIAL SOMNAMBULISM," by the Countess De St. Dominique. The volume seeks to afford the reader a useful and practical knowledge of this science and its application to medical purposes, and also to trace the affinity existing between Magnetism and Spiritualism ancient and modern. For sale as above.

Our Lists of Lecturers and Meetings have been crowded out recently, owing to the pressure of other matter; but we shall print them in our next, and continue them as usual, of course. In the meantime we desire the friends everywhere to send in corrections, if any should be made, at once.

Brittan's Journal.

The reading public are aware that for upward of a year past Prof. S. B. Brittan, of New York, the celebrated Spiritualist lecturer and author, has been publishing a Quarterly Journal of Spiritual Science, which occupies high ground in the departments of literary and typographical excellence, and is a work which is eminently worthy the patronage of every liberal thinker in the land. It gives us pain to reflect that its talented editor and proprietor has, however, not received the pecuniary return which his efforts merit, and that, even now, after the lapse of time since its institution in January, 1873, the Quarterly has not yet become self-sustaining.

We are in receipt of a circular, signed by a committee of twenty ladies—including Mary F. Davis, 24 East Fourth street, New York, Miranda Carter, 257 West Fifteenth street, do., the Misses Bush, Belvidere, N. J., Emma A. Wood, Washington, D. C., Lita Barney Sayles, Dayville, Ct., Nettie C. Maynard, White Plains, N. Y., and others—wherein it is set forth that, "by successive misfortunes, Prof. Brittan has lost all that remained of the means he had acquired by a life of persevering industry in the interest of literature and human improvement," and in consequence, they have issued a call for pecuniary aid from the generous-hearted in the liberal ranks, "with a view of enabling him [Prof. B.] to establish the said Journal on a permanent financial basis, and to the end that he may prosecute other literary labors under more favorable conditions."

Those willing to assist in the laudable work of helping on the cause of the Quarterly can send such sums as they may feel moved to donate to either of the ladies mentioned above, and we hope the amount accruing from the movement may indeed place that Journal upon a firm foundation for the years that are to come.

An Instance of Direct Spirit Impression.

Last week, just previous to our going to press, a strong feeling took possession of us that Austin Kent was in a particular degree suffering for pecuniary aid, and under such impression we wrote to him to ascertain the fact, enclosing a small sum of money, and also inserted a paragraph in the Banner calling the attention of the open-handed friends to his merits and needs. This paragraph has already brought forth a return from two generous gentlemen—"H. J. H.," 780 Lexington Avenue, New York City, sending us \$5 (five dollars), and W. F. Jamieson donating \$1 (one dollar) for our "Austin Kent relief fund"—and all who may feel to further aid a truly deserving man can do so by remitting to our address, to be by us forwarded to him, whatever they may feel to bestow.

Our letter also met with the following response, which proved the correctness of the idea presented to us at the time of writing, viz.: that Mr. Kent's friends in the other life were endeavoring to influence us to some movement for his assistance.

DEAR BROTHER COLBY—Your letter to me was a good task. I have no doubt, my spirit friends visited you on my behalf. They, as well as myself, are no doubt grateful to you for the heed you gave to their request.

AUSTIN KENT.

Stockholm, N. Y., Sept. 29th.

"The Spiritual Congress," its methods, members, intentions, etc., etc., find continued considerations in this week's Message Department; Theodore Parker, the Spiritual President of the Circles, explains the workings, and makes a strong showing in favor of the Banner of Light "Fund for the relief of God's Poor," which he truly says has, according to its means for "so doing," "fed the hungry, clothed the naked, brought comforts to the dying, soothed the orphan, and been a source of comfort and consolation to many a weary traveler who has called for aid at this place"; Adella Frances Williams, of New York City, tells her sorrowing mother that "I am alive, and some day you will see me"; William Dennett, of Portsmouth, N. H., identifies himself to the members of a circle at his former home; Betsey Carter, of Boston, speaks to her son Joseph, in California; Comfort Starkweather desires to communicate with her daughter Deborah, that she may be strengthened to resist the evil influences that tempt her, and be again placed in rapport with "that band of spirits who are ever ready to bless, comfort and guide" her; Capt. William Hacker answers the query of his comrades; Ben. Watkins, from Missouri, denies that he left any property at death, and warns his relatives to give up their pursuit of the same; Matthew Perkins advises his sons; James Irwin informs his friends in Tennessee concerning the correct method of carrying on their investigations of spirit communion; Margaret Ellen Brown, of Nashville, Tenn., counsels harmony among her friends on various vexed questions.

The Holmeses are going back to Philadelphia. Blissfield was anything but a bliss field to them, according to all accounts, owing no doubt principally to the inharmonious of those present at the circles. When Spiritualists and investigators learn more fully the laws controlling mediumship, they will have no occasion, as they often do, to pronounce the mediums deceptive. The fault lies with them more than with the mediums. Were investigators less impulsive and more patient, the physical manifestations would be more apparent and convincing than at present.

We are in receipt of letters from the West criticizing the Holmeses, the writers asseverating that they ought to be denounced. On the other hand, we have information from Philadelphia that these mediums are *bona fide*, and that the accounts of the manifestations furnished us by Dr. H. T. Child and Robert Dale Owen were not overdrawn.

L. U. Reavis, of St. Louis, Mo., well known to our readers as a liberal writer, and to the public generally through his efforts to present the subject of the removal of the United States Capitol to that city, has established a paper entitled, "The American Tribune," of which we have received several numbers. It is a large quarto, presents a fine typographical appearance, and is independent in politics and other matters.

Messrs. Colby & Rich publish, in handsome pamphlet form, Mr. Alfred R. Wallace's "Defence of Modern Spiritualism," which recently appeared in the London Fortnightly Review. Mr. Egar Sargent furnishes an introduction. This essay is notable not only because of the distinguished position its author holds in the scientific world, but because of its very thorough and able character as a presentation of the theory of Spiritualism.—*Boston Post*.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

Spanish news has been received up to October 4th, that Don Carlos has been seriously wounded in the stomach by a ball fired by the Carlist mutineers at Durango. Despatches from the north of Spain contain rumors of a discomfiture of the Carlist bands. The causes of disagreement are not stated. Several leaders of the movement are now opposing the further prosecution of the campaign, and General Doregna has proposed that all submit to the Madrid Government under conditions granting them amnesty.

It is said that seven thousand Japanese houses were wrecked by the late typhoon.

SPICE CAKE.—Girls, if you want some splendid spice cake, here is how to make it: 1½ cups butter; 2 cups sugar; 2 eggs; 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in 1 cup cold water; 4 cups flour; 1 tablespoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg; ¼ spoonful cloves—that is a stronger spice. Fruit is a great improvement.

EARTHQUAKE IN CENTRAL AMERICA.—Late advices from Guatemala confirm the reported earthquake on the 3d of September. The oscillations at Antigua were very violent from west to east, added to a vertical motion. The people fled from the houses to the court-yards, and the air was filled with the screams of affrighted women. None could keep their balance without great difficulty. Houses and walls fell, and there were many shocks during the night. Thirty-two lives were lost, and many houses will have to be taken down. At Guatemala, the capital, the shocks were only slightly felt; but the Indians report that three villages at the foot of the Volcans de Fuego were destroyed. The people are mostly living out of houses at Antigua and Guatemala, fearing a repetition of the earthquake. There is nothing new from the other points.

The "Valour Community" have come to grief—as all such "looseness" should.

Jameson boasts that he has proved Jesus Christ to be a theocrat instead of a democrat. When he knows as much as Jesus he will be a theocrat also. We wonder if Jesus don't look back upon the results of his mission among young men and women. He surely has long since exclaimed, "Save me from my friends." Between the clergy on one side and such as Jameson on the other, Jesus is still crucified.—*Times, Cook's "Kingdom of Heaven."*

A female pawnbroker, loaded up for extortion, claimed immunity on the ground that she was a loan woman.

NEW MUSIC.—White, Smith & Co., 235 and 300 Washington street, Boston, have issued "Beyond the Vale," song and chorus, by C. A. White, author of "Beyond the Clouds."

Seven lady candidates presented themselves in June for preliminary examination at Harvard University. The examination lasted six days, with an average of five hours work each day, and consisted mainly of written answers to printed questions furnished the candidates. Four of the seven received certificates of their having passed, from the Faculty of the College.

A WORD FOR THE MOTHER.—Send the children to bed with a kiss and a smile: Sweet childhood will tarry at best but a while; And soon they will pass from the portals of home; The fatherless child, their life's love, will be gone; Yes, tuck them in bed with a gentle "good-night!" The mantle of shadows is veiling the light; And many a God knows, it is a weary little face, May fall deeper shadows in life's weary little face; Yes, say it, "God bless my dear children, I pray!" It may be the last you will say to me for aye! The night may be long, and the dawn may be nigh; And motherless children may call you in vain! Drop sweet benediction on each little head, And fold them in prayer as they nestle in bed; A guard of bright angels around them will fly; The spirit may slip from their waking to-night.

GINGER SYRUP.—One cup molasses; one cup sugar; one cup butter; two teaspoonfuls soda dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of hot water; one large spoonful ginger; one large spoonful cloves; one large spoonful cinnamon. These will retain their crispness.

This week our contemporary, the Banner of Light, enters on its thirty-sixth volume. The Banner is indispensable to Spiritualists. No paper has ever confined itself so closely to the philosophy of Spiritualism as the Banner. It well deserves its present success.—*Hunt's Crucible, October 8th.*

A serious revolt has taken place in the Argentine Republic. The situation of affairs in Buenos Ayres is represented as desperate. The Government is taking vigorous measures to suppress the insurrection. All the Government offices and commercial houses are closed. The Government has issued an order extending the time on all commercial credits. One regiment of national troops has revolted to the insurgents. Foreigners are hastening to the Consulates to get passports to protect them against the universal conscription which is to be enforced. The insurgents are purchasing steamers and arms, and are recruiting at Montevideo.

Wm. Walter Proctor, well known as "Barry Cornwall," the English author, is dead, in his eighty-fourth year.

In granting the loan of his pictures (now on exhibition at the Boston Athenaeum, Beacon street) to our Museum of Fine Arts, the Duke de Montpensier writes to express his pleasure in being able to aid in spreading the "Banner of Light," a noble love of the arts in that great nation to which so many bonds have so long united the members of my family.

The "Wicked Bible" was printed and issued in 1622. It derived its title from the fact that the word "not" was accidentally omitted from the seventh commandment by one of the intelligent compositors of the period, and an act of Parliament ordered the destruction of the entire edition.

The following Chinese Maxims are excellently well put, and so we put them in this column for some people to see and so we put them in this column for some people to see and so we put them in this column for some people to see:

1. Let every one sweep the snow from his own door, and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles.
2. Great wealth comes by destiny; moderate wealth by industry.
3. The ripest fruit will not fall into your mouth.
4. The pleasure of doing good is the only one that does not wear out.
5. Dig a well before you are thirsty.
6. Water does not remain in the mountains, nor vengeance in great minds.

A clergyman on a stormy night prayed, "Oh Lord, we thank thee for the goodly number here to-night, and also that thou art here notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather."

The excuse of a young lady to her minister, who caught her napping, was, "Don't you think ladies had better be fast asleep than fast awake?"

THE SLANDERER.—There is no character more thoroughly contemptible than the slanderer. The slanderer never enjoys a day in falsehood and deceit, and will stop at no crime which may tend to gratify his malignant propensities.—*The Sumner-Land Messenger.*

A "Woman's Peace Society" has recently been formed in London, which has published an offer of one hundred dollars for the best tract written by a woman on the subject of Peace. The title must be, "In what way do wars affect women, and how may they best use their influence to prevent war?"

BOOK OF OMENS, OR GUIDE FOR MEDIUMS AND INVOCATIONS. By Allan Kardec. Translated by Emma A. Wood. Boston: Colby & Rich. A beautifully printed book, which seems to us hardly worth two lines of praise or eulogium.—*The Christian, Aug. 11, of Sept. 24.*

When may a dog be said to be old? Answer—The one leg, and he will put down three and carry one.

A GREAT CONVENIENCE.—At this season of the year, when parents are selecting clothing for their boys for the colder months, we would invite the attention of our readers to the complete and select stock of hats, caps, boots, shoes, undergarments and clothing at Fennell's well-known, reliable and long-established Emporium, corner Washington and Newbury streets, where they can be clothed from head to foot in a manner alike stylish, comfortable, and at extremely reasonable prices. We believe there is no other store in the city that combines the above advantages.

Lester Day, writing from 355 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 2d, says: "Since my report of Aug. 29th, I have received the following on the Colchester road: Box 622, Woburn, Mass., \$1.00."

Little Crow.—The following spirit message was received at our Public Free Circle, Monday, Oct. 5th, through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

Good moon. Little Crow want to say to Big Eagle: When Red Cloud come to your lodge, counsel him to peace. He is a great chief; his people cannot afford to lose him; they will, if he goes to war. He will hold council of war on the full of the harvest moon, if not at the hunter's moon, and on the way will stop at your lodge. Big Eagle, counsel him to peace. As you believe in the Great Spirit and his red children in the upper hunting-ground, counsel him to peace. Good moon.

Read the business advertisement of Dr. C. C. Beers, on our fifth page.

Spiritualist Lectures and Lyceums.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.
Beethoven Hall.—The Music Hall Society of Spiritualists has secured the above-named new and elegant hall, 413 Washington street, near the corner of Boylston street, for its eighth annual course of lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy. Meetings will commence Sunday afternoon, October 12th, at quarter to 10 o'clock precisely, and continue regularly through the season. Wm. Branton will lecture on October 12th and 13th; Mrs. Emma Harding Britton on October 14th and 15th; and Mrs. Emma Harding Britton on October 16th and 17th. The Committee are engaging other speakers of knowledge and eloquence, whose names will be announced hereafter. Singing by a first-class quartette. Tickets securing reserved seats for the season can be procured at the graduated price of \$10, \$5, and \$3, according to location, on application to Mr. Lewis B. Wilson, Chairman and Treasurer, at the Banner of Light office, 9 Montgomery place, where a plan of the hall can be seen. Free admission.

John A. Andrew Hall.—Free Meetings.—Lecture by Mrs. S. A. Floyd, at 2½ and 7½ P. M. The audience privileged to ask any proper questions on spiritual philosophy. Excellent quartette singing. Public invited.

Rochester Hall.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, which formerly met in John A. Andrew Hall, will hold its sessions at this place every Sunday, at 10 o'clock, Geo. H. Lincoln, Sec'y.

The Boston Spiritualist Union. will resume meetings at Rochester Hall (formerly Fraternity), 551 Washington street, on Sunday, Sept. 14th, and continue there every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7½ and 9 o'clock. The public are cordially invited. H. S. Williams, President. The Ladies' Aid Society will forthwith notice hold its meetings at Rochester Hall, on Tuesday afternoon and evening of each week. Mrs. C. C. Hayward, President; Mrs. Ella M. Moody, Secretary.

John A. Andrew Hall.—Concert No. 1 of Boston holds meetings every Sunday at this hall, corner of B. and E. and Appleton streets. Lectures afternoons and evenings. **Lord's Day.**—Free Public Test Circle, at 10 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Mrs. Carlisle Ireland, medium. Free Spiritual Lyceum Conference at 1 P. M. for young and old speakers, lecturers, etc. No admittance fee. **Mediums' Meeting.** at Temple's Hall, 250 Washington street, at 10 A. M., each Sunday. All mediums cordially invited.

Boston.—**Rochester Hall.**—Silver-Chain recitations, grand banner march, singing by the school, declamations, and readings by Jennie Blecknell, May Potter, Georgie Dunforth, Hosea B. Johnson, W. A. Williams, Alonzo Dunforth (Conductor), Rudolph Burleson and Georgie Hopkins, and some excellent remarks by Mrs. Wilbur, constituted the exercises at the session of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, on the morning of Sunday, Oct. 4th.

Antiquarian Concert.—The "Old Folks" "Singing Meeting," which was productive of so much pleasure at this hall on the evening of Monday, Sept. 22d, was repeated for the secondary benefit of Charles W. Sullivan, on Wednesday night, Sept. 30th, the music being of a finished character, and the people in attendance enjoying the occasion in a high degree.

John A. Andrew Hall.—Mrs. Sarah A. Floyd addressed the people at this place to good acceptance, and answered (while entranced) many questions from the audience, in a satisfactory manner, Sunday afternoon and evening, Oct. 4th. Excellent singing, by the choir, gave added pleasure to the sessions.

Larline Hall.—Mrs. Carlisle Ireland gave fifteen tests at the morning session, on Sunday, Oct. 4th. Remarks were made by Messrs. Clem, Cook and Crafts at the Lyceum conference, and much interest was manifested. Mr. Barker delivered an interesting and truthful address, at three o'clock P. M., on "Happy Homes," which was attentively listened to by a full auditory. The evening circle was largely attended, every seat being occupied. Mrs. Ireland and Mr. Ripley presented many tests; the session closed by Mrs. Youngs giving her wonderful piano manifestations. *Thomas Cook, Chairman.*

Wedding Anniversary.—The officers, a delegation of the members of Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, and a considerable number of friends, assembled at the residence of Mr. Laing, 6 Sterling street, Boston, on the evening of Monday, Oct. 4th, to express their good wishes for himself and his partner, Mrs. Mary A. Laing (née Sanborn) Guardian of the Lyceum, on the occasion of the first anniversary of their wedding. Music from Carter's Band; social converse, singing by Cora Stone and Chas. W. Sullivan, a comic marriage service by "Deacon Gloomiey" and the partaking of refreshments composed the exercises of the pleasant occasion.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.
Mrs. Julia M. Carpenter has returned from her summer vacation, and resumed business for the fall and winter at No. 2 Indiana street, Boston.

A. E. Carpenter will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism, and all phases of mental phenomena. Sundays only. Address No. 2 Indiana street, Boston, Mass.

Henry C. Lull lectured last two Sundays in August, at Auburn, Me., and the four Sundays in September, at Marlborough, Mass. He is now disengaged, and Societies interested in a reasonable lecture, can write to him, or better than to give him a call. His address is Hotel Norwood, corner of Oak and Washington streets, entrance on Ash street, Boston.

M. A. McCord, who spoke during the past season some three months for the Spiritualists Society which met at the corner of Pine and 12th streets, St. Louis, Mo., is about to take the field as a traveling lecturer (trance), commencing with the State of Illinois, about the 15th of October. A good test medium will accompany this Spiritualist missionary.

William Branton lectures in Boston, Mass., Oct. 11th and 12th, at Beethoven Hall; Middleboro', the 23th, and in Philadelphia, Pa., in February.

J. M. Peabody lectures in New York, during October, at address 20 East 118th street; in New Haven, Ct., during November; and in Hartford, Ct., during December, with the exception of the first Sunday.

Mrs. J. C. Ewell, after an absence of two years, has returned to Boston, and will devote her time to the healing of the sick, by the use of her spirit medical gifts. For the present she will visit patients at their homes. Orders left for her at 5 Davis street, will receive attention.

W. F. Jameson will lecture Sunday afternoon and evening at the Parker Fraternity rooms, corner of Berkeley and Appleton streets, on "Our Church: Christian to Debate?" and "Needlessness of Religion."

J. Madison Allen will make a few more engagements in Massachusetts during the present month. He will engage in New Hampshire and Vermont for November. Societies in Ohio may secure his services after November 1st January or February; and for the months beyond he will engage at any point between Ohio and Colorado or Utah. His lectures will be given in the trance condition; and when desired upon subjects presented by the audience; questions also answered by controlling spirit if actually presented. Terms regulated by the ability of the society. He will lecture free evenings near Sunday appointments or at stop-over points. Parties in this section should address him immediately. P. O. Box 24, Mattfeld, Mass.; others at an early day, that all may be made definite as soon as possible. His Vermont address will be Braintree, care of H. J. Hyzer.

Jennie Collins, of Boffin's Bower, Boston, is a good girl herself, and is doing much good for other poor good girls, and bad ones too, we hope. Jennie should therefore be aided by the great public. She has written a book that everybody should buy. It has much to say about the aristocracy of the poor, in distinction to the aristocracy of the rich. It would open the hearts and purses of the rich, mayhap, should they read it. It ought to be at least. Not satisfied with her field of labor in the book line and the Bower line, she is about to enter the field as a lecturer the coming winter—her subjects being selected from the topics of the day.

We have on file for publication in our next issue, a very interesting sketch of materializations, occurring at the séances of Mrs. M. M. Hardy of this city.

Joseph John's Great Painting—an INDIAN MAIDEN, in hunting costume—is on exhibition, free to the public, in our Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Prof. S. B. Brittan's paper in reference to the Belvidere Seminary, in type for this issue, was unavoidably postponed. It will appear in our forthcoming edition.

God's Poor Fund.
Since our last report, the following sums have been received, for the suffering poor:
"One who knows the poor" \$2.00
O. S., East Greenwich, R. I.

The Next Course of Spiritual Lectures.

The Committee of "the Music Hall Society of Spiritualists" is making arrangements to resume the regular series of free meetings in the new and elegant BEETHOVEN HALL, 413 Washington, near Boylston street, Boston, the second Sunday afternoon in October. Rev. Wm. Branton (formerly from England), an earnest and talented advocate of the spiritual philosophy, will lecture October 11 and 12; Mrs. Emma Harding Britton October 13 and 14; Mrs. Emma Harding Britton October 15 and 16; and Mrs. Emma Harding Britton October 17 and 18. Other lecturers of known ability will be announced hereafter. A quartette of accomplished vocalists will add interest to the services.

In order to raise more funds to help sustain the meetings, the following prices will be charged for season tickets, securing reserved seats: \$10 and \$5, according to location. These moderate rates come within the means of a great many Spiritualists who no doubt desire the continuance of these meetings; and it is hoped all such will call at once on the manager, or at the ticket office at the hall, and look at a plan of the house, select seats, and purchase one or more tickets.

LEWIS B. WILSON, Manager,
9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

New Publication.

SHADOW HAND; or Life Struggles. A story of Real Life. By Rev. Henry Morgan, author of "Noel Nevins." This is Mr. Morgan's history of his life, the larger part of which has been devoted to missionary work. It is a compilation of the records of his struggles through life, and a digest of extracts from his lectures and sermons. The story of his life is told with directness and simplicity, and is in parts eloquent and very impressive. Few will read it without being deeply moved. Mr. Morgan has devoted his life to doing good, and if he makes money at the same time he only earns his wages, and is to be congratulated. A very large sale is anticipated for this new book of his, and it will doubtless receive it.

To Correspondents.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return communications not used.

J. F. S. NEW YORK.—We are obliged for your kind offers; but we have no room for the messages and communications you desire publication in the Banner.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion. **SPECIAL NOTICES.**—Forty cents per line, minimum each insertion. **BUSINESS CARDS.**—Thirty cents per line, Agate, each insertion. Payments in all cases in advance.

For all advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion. **Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Monday.**

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Ladies, the next time you buy a spool of silk be sure and get the Eureka. It is the best in the market. Warranted to give satisfaction.

MRS. NELLIE M. FLINT, Electrician, Healing and Developing Medium, office No. 200 Jorumbun street, cor. Court st., opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. From 10 to 4. O. 10.

MRS. M. GRAY, Clairvoyant and Trance Medium, No. 177 Flushing avenue, near Fifth av., Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours from 9 to 10. Fee \$15 O. 10.—947

CHARLES H. FOSTER, No. 14 West 24th street, New York.

DUMONT C. DAKE, M. D., the distinguished Magnetic Physician (Chicago), is now located at 43 West 28th street, New York City. Magnetic Remedies sent to invalids unable to call. "Dr. Dake can be classed among the leading spiritual physicians of his age. He is having grand success, and fully merits it."—*Banner of Light.* O. 3.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT.—MRS. C. M. MORRISON. Diagnosing disease by lock of hair, \$1.00. Give age and sex. Boston, Mass. Luck box 2947. 13w*—J. Y. 25.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 39 West 24th street, New York. Terms \$2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered. S. 26.4w*

Public Reception Room for Spiritualists.—The Publishers of the Banner of Light have fitted up a suitable room in their Establishment EXPRESSLY FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, where they can meet, friends, write letters, etc. Strangers visiting the city are invited to make this their headquarters. Room open from 7 A. M. till 6 P. M.

DR. HENRY SLADE, Clairvoyant, gives special attention to the treatment of disease, at No. 25 E. 21st street, near Broadway, N. Y. O. 3.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth av., New York. Terms, \$5 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. O. 3.

A COMPETENT PHYSICIAN.—Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike, whose office is located at the PAVILION, No. 57 TREMONT STREET, (ROOM C), BOSTON, is cordially recommended to the Public as one of the most competent practitioners in the State. He compounds his own medicines, is a mesmerizer, skillfully applies the electro-magnetic battery when required, administers medicines with his own hands, has had great experience as a physician, and been very successful in his practice. He gives close attention to nervous complaints.

BUSINESS CARDS.

NOTHING LOST.
Whenever adverse winds may blow,
And something fondest hopes have crossed,
Don't give up ship, and go below,
But watch, and see that "nothing's lost!"
Spread all your canvas to the breeze,
And keep your craft from dangers clear.
Then bravely sail life's stormy seas,
While "hope" your trembling heart shall cheer,
And when the buoy shall need you "CLIMB!"
The "nothing lost" (at GEORGE FENNO'S).
By buying there "a Salt complete,"
Corner of Beach and Washington street.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., BOOK DEPOT.
At No. 319 Kearney street (upstairs) may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Pens, Pencilholders, Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders, Brown's Antidote, Preparation of Dr. Moore's Sulfur Compound, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. Remittances in U. S. currency, and postage stamps paid at par. Address, HERMAN SNOW, P. O. box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT.
HENRY T. CHILDS, M. D., 434 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the Banner of Light and the Spiritualist in Philadelphia. He has on hand a large stock of Spiritualist and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Pens, Pencilholders, Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders, Brown's Antidote, Preparation of Dr. Moore's Sulfur Compound, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. Remittances in U. S. currency, and postage stamps paid at par. Address, HERMAN SNOW, P. O. box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

ERIE, PA., BOOK DEPOT.
OLIVER SPAFFORD, the veteran bookseller and publisher, keeps on sale at his store, 303-305 Erie street, Erie, Pa., nearly all of the most popular Spiritualist and Reform books of the times. Also, agent for Hull & Chamberlain's Magnetic and Electric Powders.

NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT.

A. J. DAVIS & CO., Booksellers and Publishers of standard and rare books, 221 Broadway, New York.

ST. LOUIS, MO., BOOK DEPOT.

H. L. KEMPER, 621 North 5th street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps on hand a large stock of Spiritualist and Reform books, at Eastern prices. Also, agent for Hull & Chamberlain's Magnetic and Electric Powders.

CLEVELAND, O., BOOK DEPOT.

LEES'S BAZAAR, 16 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O., All the Spiritualist and Liberal Books and Papers kept for sale.

VERMONT BOOK DEPOT.

J. G. DARRING & CO., Lunenburg, Vt., keep for sale Spiritualist, Reform and Miscellaneous Books, published by Colby & Rich.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

COLBY & RICH,

Publishers and Booksellers

No. 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE,
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KEEP A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
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MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

TERMS CASH.—Orders for books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all part cash. When the money sent is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid C. O. D.
Orders for books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Any book published in England or America, not out of print, will be sent by mail or express.
Catalogues of books, giving prices, &c., sent free.

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CACHEMIRE MILANO,

Equal in color and finish to Bonnet's Silks, at

\$1.90, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50 and \$2.75.

ALSO,

150 PIECES

Bellon's Gros Grain,

The best value we have ever presented to our customers,

At \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00.

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Celebrated and Rich Cachemire,

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BLACK SILKS,

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GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

We earnestly invite Ladies of Boston and vicinity to examine these elegant BLACK SILKS, the equal of which in point of value and cheapness in price has never been seen in this city.

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AT VERY LOW PRICES!

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Winter Street, Boston.

THE SPIRITUALIST NEWSPAPER.

A Record of the Progress of the Science and Ethics of Spiritualism.

ESTABLISHED IN 1860.

THE SPIRITUALIST, the recognized weekly organ of the educated Spiritualists of Europe, is the oldest newspaper connected with the movement in Great Britain, and has steadily increasing circulation in all parts of the world.
Among the contributors to its pages are most of the leading and more experienced Spiritualists, including many eminent in the ranks of literature, art, science, and the penic.
Annual subscription to readers in any part of the United States, three and a half dollars. In gold, in advance, by Post Office Order, payable to E. W. ALLEN, 11 Ave. Maria Lane, London, E. C.

SPIRIT MEDICATED WATER.

O. C. BEERS, M. D.,

345 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

It has been given power by the spirit-world by which they can impart medical qualities to water through him, removing diseased conditions of all kinds. Water thus success has followed every case treated, not excepting many abnormal cases of chronic disease.

OPEN HABIT AND DRUNKENNESS cured as usual. Twelve years of perfect success. Send stamp for evidence. *Correspondence.*

Work at home, day or night, \$3 per week. We send for all ready-made packages of goods by express, and will accept of no other terms. Address with full name, M. YOUNG, 157 Greenwich St., N. Y. 206—Oct. 10.

THE PROOF PALPABLE OF IMMORTALITY.

BY EPHEN SARGENT.

(Continued from our last issue.)

Spirit hands may be the visible and tangible parts of an invisible intangible being; but sometimes they are tangible without being visible, and sometimes visible without being tangible. The instantaneous disappearance of materialized bodies or parts of the bodies, proves that the matter of which they are composed is eminently subtle, bearing some resemblance, perhaps, to those substances that can pass alternately from the solid to the fluid, or gaseous state, and *vice versa*. Here a new order of facts is introduced, and science may some day discover a new law for their explanation.

"Is it not in the most rarefied gas, in the most imponderable fluids," asks Kardec, "that industry finds its most powerful motors?" What is there, then, strange in admitting that a spirit, by the aid of his spirit-body, can raise a table? "Being able to take all appearances," says Kardec, "the spirit presents himself under that by which he would be most readily recognized, if such is his desire. Esop, for example, as a spirit is not deformed; but if he is evoked as Esop, he will appear ugly and humpbacked, with the traditional costume. . . . If the simply visual apparition might be attributed to illusion, the doubt is not permitted when you can grasp it, handle it, when it seizes you and holds you fast. However extraordinary these phenomena may be, all the marvelous disappears when we learn that far from being contrary to Nature's laws, they are only a new application of them."

By its nature and in its normal state, the spirit-body is invisible, and it has that property in common with many fluids which we know exist, and yet which we have never seen; but it can also, the same as other fluids, undergo modifications that render it perceptible to the sight, whether by a sort of condensation or by a change in the molecular disposition; it then appears to us under a vaporous form.

By further condensation the spirit-body may acquire the properties of solidity and tangibility; but it can instantaneously resume its ethereal and invisible state.

We can understand this state by comparing it with that of invisible vapor, which can pass to a state of visible fog, then become liquid, then solid, and *vice versa*. These different states of the spirit-body are the result of the will of the spirit, and not an exterior physical cause, as in our gases.

According to Kardec, when the spirit appears to us he puts the spirit-body into the state necessary to render him visible. In order to do this, his will is ordinarily insufficient; for the modification of the spirit-body is effected by its combination with the fluid of the medium; but this combination is not always possible, which explains why the visibility of spirits is not general. It is not enough that the spirit desires to be seen; it is not enough that a person desires to see him; it is necessary that the two fluids should combine, and that the medium's supply should be sufficient; perhaps, also, that there should be other conditions to us unknown at present.*

Another property of the spirit-body and which pertains to its ethereal nature, is penetrability. Matter is no obstacle to its passage through everything, even as the light passes through transparent bodies. This is why no closing can shut out spirits; they visit the prisoner in his cell as easily as they do the man in the open fields.

In regard to the materialization of articles, of clothing, ornaments, flowers, &c., Kardec questioned the spirits closely, and here is the result: The spirit acts on matter; he draws from the universal cosmic matter the elements necessary to form, at his will, objects having the appearance of various bodies which exist on the earth. He can also by his will effect an intimate transformation of elementary matter, and impart to it certain properties. This faculty is inherent in the nature of the spirit, who often, when necessary, exercises it without thinking, as an instinctive act. The objects formed by the spirit have a temporary existence; he can make and unmake them at will. These objects may become visible and tangible to earthly persons; and could be made to have a character of permanence and stability; but this, according to Kardec's informant, is contrary to order, and is not done.

It was done, however, in the experiments at which Professors Crookes, Mr. Harrison, and many others were present; and some of the cloth which Katie cut from her tunic still remains materialized. It was said by the spirit, however, that a special effort was needed to give the cloth this character of stability.

From the facts here brought together, it may be inferred that the spirit-body is not a mere hypothesis; it is proved by the phenomena and the inductions of Spiritualism; by the objective appearance of spirits themselves in bodies; by the testimony of clairvoyants who can see spirits in the human form; by the phenomena of somnambulism and clairvoyance, indicating supersensory powers, requiring organs other than those of the physical body; by all the analogies which reason and experience supply; and by the belief of men in all ages and climes, a belief founded on the actual reappearance after death of deceased relatives and friends.

CHAPTER XIII.

The existence of a single elementary substance or force, from which, by differentiation, transformation, and the adjustment of proportions, all the varieties and properties of matter are produced, is an hypothesis to which the whole drift of contemporary science is bringing us nearer with every fresh accession of knowledge.

We know that a very slight change in the arrangement of elemental particles converts wholesome food into poison. Two harmless substances, combined in certain proportions, can produce a deleterious one. Without changing the proportions, a slight change in the molecular arrangement changes properties; makes the opaque transparent; the palatable, unsavory.

"Since the spirit," says Kardec, "has by his simple will so powerful an action on elementary matter, it may be conceived that he cannot only form substances, but can denaturalize their properties, will having herein the effect of a reagent."

If, as Liebig, Dumas, and other chemists have asserted, all plants and animals are solidified air, why may not all matter be the product of solidified forces, having their origin in the essence and ultimate reason of things—in that force and necessity which derive all their virtue from the Divine Idea? This is no fanciful inquiry; its practical interest and importance are brought nearer to us every day by the advance of science.

The phenomena here recorded show that matter is not altogether the stuff which our senses would make it appear. "The force which every being is possessed of," says Vera, "as well as the form or law according to which it acts and displays its powers, lies in its very nature, i. e., in its idea. The difference of forces is owing to the difference of ideas. Matter is a force, and the soul is a force, and, as forces, they are the product of one and the same idea, and both produce similar effects; for instance, the soul moves the body, and a body moves another body. Their difference is to be found in their specific elements, or in what constitutes their special idea; for instance, space, and time, extent, attraction and repulsion, &c., for matter; imagination, will, thought, &c., for the soul."

As idea is force, and the source of all forces, so if there be no diminution in the quantity of force, it is because its principle, its idea, suffers no deterioration.

If a materialized spirit—by which I mean a spirit animating a visible, tangible body—can make the matter thus embodied dissolve and then at once reappear by an effort of the will, it is not difficult to conceive that the universe itself may be a concretion of forces, the trunk-force of which is in the Divine Idea.

While Spiritualism is in harmony with many of the facts on which the Darwinian theory is based, it supplies a new order

of facts from which we infer that the idea must ever precede the organism; and that the attempt to prove that this idea is developed through immense periods of time by purely physical means and processes is a fallacy. "Living beings," says Stirling, "do exist in a mighty chain from the moss to the man; but that chain, far from founding, is founded in the idea, and is not the result of any mere natural growth into this or that. That chain is itself the most brilliant stamp and sign-manual of design."

"Even granting," says Vera, "that the germ be endowed with an inexhaustible power of begetting similar individuals, or that it should contain, like some infinitesimal quantity, an infinite number of germs, such hypotheses will explain neither the initial germ, nor the unity of the species, nor even the grown-up and complete individual. The idea must constitute the common stock, and the ultimate principle to which the individual, the species, and the genus, owe their origin and existence."

"Thought is a motion of matter," says Moleschott. But this is no more of an explanation than it would be to try to account for the sentiment and the charm in a melody of Mozart's by saying, "It is a motion of matter." All that science can fairly hypothesize is, that *Thought is accompanied by a motion of matter*; for, were the head and brain so transparent that this motion could be seen, the mystery of thought would be as far as ever from being solved.

"No thought without phosphorus," says Moleschott.* He might as reasonably have said, *No thought without rhubarb*. Spiritualism proves that there can be thought without any brain which a mortal chemist can analyze. Liebig's sarcasm is perfectly just when he says, that the bones should produce more thought than the brain, if Moleschott's asseveration is true. "The honor of the discovery that phosphorus exists in the brain," says Liebig, "belongs not to me, but to Dr. Moleschott; and in my Chemical Letters I have declared it to be a mistaken idea, not based on a single fact."

To Liebig's remark, "We know nothing of the origin of an idea," Buechner's reply is, that "None but a mind prejudiced in favor of a superstition" could make such an assertion; and yet all the light which Buechner himself can throw on the origin of an idea is to repeat Moleschott's assertion, that *thought is a motion of matter*; an assertion which, whether true or false, could never be proved, even if we were to exclude those spiritual facts which disprove it utterly.

"We do not know," says Materialism, "all the powers of matter, its magical and spiritual nature, and its life eternal."

Then if we do not know them, how can any one say that they are not what we mean by spirit? The physiologist of the mind, who would trace it to simple brain motion, is compared by Ferriar to the unheeding woodman who severs the bough on which he stands; for, being cannot be meaningless; its essence must be conscious intelligence.

Mr. Tyndall would trace all the phenomena of mind and matter to the potencies of atoms. He allows Theism, however, to entertain its little hypothesis, and leaves it an open question whether atoms may not have had a Divine Creator.

"Abandoning all disguise," he says, "the confession I feel bound to make before you is, that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we, in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life."

I agree with Mr. Tyndall that there is nothing very alarming in the mild and contradictory materialism that would not exclude the postulate of a Creator behind and beyond matter. His "confession" is not a startling one, either to the Materialist or the Spiritualist; for it is an attempt to sit at the same time on the stools of both; nor is it striking for its novelty.

Spiritualism casts no "opprobrium" on matter, since it holds that individualized mind must, in the next stage of being, continue to manifest itself through an organism, and this organism must be something.

If Mr. Tyndall means merely to repeat Locke, and say that all that he would suggest is, that matter may be divinely impressed, with the power of generating mind, then he at once spiritualizes matter, and lowers the flag of materialism.

But this is not what he means. When he tells us that matter may contain "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life," what he means, obviously, is that, among other qualities of life which mere matter may evolve, is that of mind. Now this has been often put forth, long before Mr. Tyndall's day, and as often answered. By no one has it been answered better than by Schelling (1775-1854), who, said of the attempts, in his day, to make matter account for all the phenomena of life: "To explain thinking as a material phenomenon, is possible only in this way: that we reduce Matter itself to a spectre—to the mere modification of an Intelligence whose common functions are thinking and matter."

Coleridge, who was accustomed to borrow from Schelling, expresses the same idea thus, and his words fully answer all that Mr. Tyndall has to say about matter: "As soon as materialism becomes intelligible, it ceases to be materialism. In order to explain thinking as a material phenomenon, it is necessary to reduce matter into a mere modification of intelligence. Even so did Priestley, in his controversy with Price." (Even so would Tyndall do now!) "He stripped matter of all its material properties; substituted spiritual powers; and when we expected to find a body, behold! we had nothing but its ghost—the apparition of a defunct substance!"

"To say that matter is the principle of all things," remarks Paul Janet, "is simply equivalent to saying, We do not know what is the principle of all things—a very luminous science indeed! Even in its claim that matter is eternal, Materialism has to beg its premises, and to proceed wholly on a metaphysical, *a priori* assumption. If Materialism does not explain matter, much less does it explain mind and thought."

The ignorance which philosophical science is always compelled to avow, in regard to first causes, makes dogmatic atheism impossible for the truly scientific mind. The skeptical attitude is legitimate; the coarse confidence which denounces all belief in a Supreme Being, is the proclaimer of its own insufficiency and charlatanism. Mr. Tyndall is far from this! If he chooses to call by the name of Matter the unknown something that produces Mind, he is at perfect liberty to do so. Others may prefer to call it by the name of Spirit. In the "prolongation of his vision backward" he has got as far as atoms. But we have seen that the Materialism which stops at atoms is false and imperfect, since it would localize, in them, properties for which atoms supply no cause. If atoms are the ultimate reality, the one real substance, then there is no place for spirit, no future for man; an assumption wholly disproved by the facts of this volume.

In the fullness of time Modern Spiritualism has come forth to demonstrate that the atomic theory must be supplemented by the spiritual fact. That same Spiritualism which Mr. Tyndall, in his unscientific spleen, dismisses as "degrading," shows by its phenomenal evidences, as here recorded and authenticated, that there is a power using these atoms at its pleasure, ruling them, instead of being ruled by them.

Mr. Tyndall refers to certain "rash and ill-informed persons" as "being ready to hurl themselves against every new scientific revelation." Alas! Is he himself one of these? "Locke must have had a presentiment of the appearance of a Moleschott on our planet," he says. "A chemist shall reduce Divinity to the maxims of his laboratory; explain morality by salt sulphur and mercury. Let a man be given to the contemplation of one sort of knowledge, and that will become everything." With the sanguine positiveness of a youthful scientist, Moleschott (1822) says: "It is not reflection, but obstinacy, not science, but faith, which supports the idea of a personal continuance after physical death." Why he speaks, who has never felt a little shaky in the argument of the brain?

"Since this was written, Prof. Tyndall has disclaimed atheistic intentions. He says: 'Were the religious views of many of my assailants the only alternative, I do not know how serious the consequences of the doctrine of materialistic atheism upon my alleged case might be. Probably they would be very strong. But, as it is, I have noticed, during years of self-observation, that it is not in heart, but in intellect, that I am stronger, and healthier thought if ever dissolves and disappears, as offering no solution of the mystery in which we dwell, and of which we form part.' Let us thank Prof. Tyndall, with all his life, outgrowth his logical opposition to the facts of Spiritualism. In those 'hours of clearness and vigor,' of which he speaks, who has never felt a little shaky in the argument of the brain? He has assumed toward the testimony of such men as Wallace and Crookes?"

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rash, ill-informed persons? So it would seem; for, chafe as he may, and sneer as he may, the facts of Spiritualism are *non facts of Science*; and he is so "ill-informed" as not to have found it out, and so "rash" as to put himself on the record against them.

He conducts us as far back as atoms, and there sets up his board, labeled, *No Thoroughfare*. But Spiritual Science dis- regards his warning and passes on; *whither*, the next chapter may show.

CHAPTER XIV.

Modern Science, including, as it does, Modern Spiritualism, helps us to a conception of a force behind and beyond atoms.* The unity of all phenomena was the dream of ancient philosophy. To reduce all this multiplicity of things to a single principle has been, and continues to be, the ever-recurring problem. Water, air, fire, the primary elements, were severally and collectively imagined, by the great thinkers of antiquity, as the original factor.

To the question of a unity of substance, Greek science repeatedly applied itself.

The innumerable varieties in forms, qualities, and habits, in both the vegetable and animal kingdoms, suggest the existence of forces adequate to the production of all the differentiations in nature. Hence to mount to the scientific conception of a single force as the originator and regulator of all these minor forces is the legitimate effort of all profound thought on the subject.

It was this craving for unity, which led the white men of Asia, the ancient Aryan race, to the conception of God as the one substance, immanent in the universe. At first they were polytheists, but with the progress of thought their number of gods diminished, and the authors of the Veda at last arrived at the conception of a unity of forces, of a Divine Power as the ultimate substratum of things. They regarded the beings of the world as, in effect, composed of two elements: the one real and of a nature permanent and absolute, and the other relative, flowing, variable, and phenomenal; the one matter, the other spirit, but both proceeding from an inseparable unity, a single substance.

The unity of physical forces is the point on which Science has its eyes now fixed. Materialism is not more eager than Spiritualism for the proof. Already it has been demonstrated that heat, electricity, light, magnetism, chemical attraction, muscular energy, and mechanical work, are exhibitions of one and the same power acting through matter. That all these forces may be transformed into motion, and by motion reproduced, is now something more than an hypothesis. Hence the deduction that all physical phenomena have one and the same primordial agent as their original generator.

Chemistry, by its theory of equivalents, is tending to unity. Few intelligent chemists now regard the elements ranked as simple as being simple any further than the present imperfection of our instruments compels us to class them as such. The employment of the balance has demonstrated that in the chemical transformations of bodies, nothing is created, nothing is lost.

Hence the sum of the material elements is constant, and, as it is impossible to conceive a limit to the universe, this sum is infinite; and thus the aspects so various which matter presents consist only in the forms it successively takes on according to the combinations of its chemical elements.

But the substance of things evades all chemical testing; and so the simple bodies of chemistry are themselves only forms, more or less elementary, the agglomeration of which produces compounds.

If by the theory of equivalents these forms should be some day reduced to unity, chemistry will be entitled to infer, with some reason, the substantial unity of the universe.

Neither the primitive cell, regarded as an elementary form of life, nor any principle known to science, suffices to explain life itself, or that power of action which is in the living being at all the epochs of its existence, and consequently in the cell. In addition, therefore, to the material and sensible elements, there must be in it a principle inaccessible to observation; and it is this principle which is the agent of life, the impelling cause of vital motion and of all differentiations.

But the reduction of all living forms to unity, that is, to the cell, is an indication that the vital agent is itself a form of the one primitive force, and thus physiology tends to unity by the way of morphology; and this reduction of organs to unity may be proved for plants as well as for animals.

The unity of the principle of life and thought is another conclusion, to which science is tending in the department of physiology. Every primary germ owes its evolution to the spirit or idea involved. If the cell is the most elementary form of the living being, the principle of life which it encloses cannot be developed except in so far as the form at which it ought to arrive resides in it already in the state of idea. This idea expands with the life, ramifies with it, accommodates itself to the means and conditions which the general order of the universe imposes; and thus the study of the psychical nature of man points also in the direction of unity. Spiritualism, through all its facts, is suggestive of unity.

The embryo is preserved by intelligent processes of which neither itself nor its parent know anything. This intelligence is a property of the life by which they live.

This life, what it is but the pervading efflux of the defile love and life vivifying all nature and sustaining the animal and vegetable world as well as the world of mind?

Should it be objected that this proves too much; that it involves the identity of the vital principle of animals and vegetables, let us shrink from the conclusion. The essential unity of all spirit and all life with this exuberant life from God is a truth from which we need not recoil, even though it bring all animal and vegetable forms within the sweep of immortality.

The universe is not dead. Think you this earth of ours is a lifeless, un sentient bulk, while the worm on her surface is in the enjoyment of life? To an inquiry whether the soul is immortal, Apollonius, one of the greatest of the ancient mediums, replied, "Yes, immortal—but like everything."

These suns, systems, planets and satellites are not mere mechanisms. The pulsations of a divine life throb in them all, and make them rich in the sense that they too are parts of the divine cosmos. Dissolution, disintegration and change are not death while an immortal principle survives.

"Science," says the Duke of Argyll, "in the modern doctrine of conservation of energy and the convertibility of forces, is already getting a firm hold of the idea, that all kinds of force are but forms of manifestations of one central force issuing from some one fountain head of power. Sir John Herschel has not hesitated to say, that 'it is but reasonable to regard the force of gravitation as the direct or indirect result of a consciousness or a will existing somewhere.'"

In support of the identity of life and spirit, the Spiritualist will find some unexpected allies. Even so orthodox a teacher as President Noah Porter comes up to the vindication of the grand truth, and in vindicating it he has to lend his support to the inevitable doctrine of a spiritual body.

"The soul," he says, "beginning to exist as the principle of life may have the power to create other bodies than the physical for itself, or it may already have formed another medium or body in the germ, and may hold it ready for occupation and use as soon as it sloughs off the one which connects it with the earth. . . . The evidence of observation and of facts is decisive that the soul begins its existence as a vital agency, and emerges by a gradual waking into the conscious activities of its higher nature."

The soul which has had enough divine intelligence to prepare for itself a body in this world may be trusted to have ready a fitting substitute when death loosens the physical tie. If from a little microscopic cell, by successive differentiations, it may evolve man's complex organism, surely it may, from its higher point of being, evolve future organisms suited to its more advanced states.

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lated works of Emile Bournet, especially his 'La Science des Religions,' the 'Enfance Naturelle' of Emile Salgues; the 'Constitution of Matter' of Fernand Pajon; and the papers on 'Matter, Ether, and Spirit,' by the late Israel Dille, which have appeared in Britain's Quarterly Journal of Spiritual Science. My principal indebtedness is to Bournet."

But it is not merely Protestant theology that concurs in this view of the soul as the vivifying principle, active not only in the formation and functional processes of the body, but in the exercise of man's conscious activities. The highest Catholic authority teaches the identity of the vital and the psychical principle. By a brief dated April 30th, 1860, the Pope declares that the doctrine of the substantial unity of the principle of life and that of thought is according to faith, and he condemns any contrary opinion as inconsistent with Catholic teaching.

Both Plato and Aristotle had taught this doctrine. They tell us that the life comes from the soul; from that which feels and thinks. "No," says Descartes; "the soul is that which thinks; consequently we must not attribute to it vital phenomena of which it has no consciousness." To this objection Leibnitz replies that we certainly do have confused, indistinct perceptions of which we are not conscious at the time. Leibnitz plainly refers to what in our day Dr. Carpenter calls *unconscious cerebration*.

[To be continued.]

FROM WASHINGTON TO TEXAS.

BY A LADY LIGHTER.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We are told that this is a great country; but our views become confused and indefinite, shut in by the close walls and field atmosphere of our large towns, in summer time, and encrossed by the routine cares of bread-making and money-getting, and we hear it as a mythical tale. We have become a nation of spendthrifts, and spend our money and our time upon everything but that which brings rational enjoyment and conduces to health and well-being. Our watering places and fashionable resorts are crowded with people who are dying to get into good society, show their Parisian toilettes, and flash their diamonds, and who are never happy unless they can succeed in exciting the envy of some person—people, in short, whose fortunes are on their backs, and who are walking advertisements of the same, and with whom a well developed mind in a healthy body are minor considerations. We have reasons to expect, soon, from the American people, and especially from American women, (the greatest sinners in this regard,) a wholesome reaction—a time when eating, dancing and dressing shall not form the absorbing ideas of life. We need to learn how to spend money. The most able-bodied belle at Saratoga or Long Branch, without any arithmetic, can understand that it would not take long to deplete the whole country, when an imported ball dress for one night costs three thousand dollars, and diamonds from five to ten thousand. A trip to Europe may be well enough, but we have our own Alps and Lucernes, our own beautiful rivers and magnificent landscapes, and our own Jerusalem and pools of Siloam in this vast, unappreciated country of ours.

If you do not believe it, dear reader, just go with me on a little trip of forty days, from Washington to Texas, and see how many things of interest greet you. First, start right, by taking with you an appreciative traveling companion, and the least amount of baggage consistent with absolute necessity, each article answering a double and treble purpose. Leave behind you everything approximating to care or concern about the family or business at home. Have with you a good pen, a good book, papers, etc., with an earnest interest in all of the country that you pass through, so that the delays of railroads and steamboats may add to, rather than detract from your enjoyment. Make yourself pleasant and agreeable to everybody, and obnoxious to none. In short, start out with a rollicking good spirit, determined to find enjoyment and health, and you will be sure to find it.

You leave the beautiful city of Washington, with its parked streets, clean pavements, and governmental departments, and glide down, with a beautiful breeze, through the central portion of Virginia, rich in historical reminiscences of the early settlement of our country, and of the war of the Revolution, and for ever associated with Washington and Jefferson, with Grant and Lee—the two latter the military idols of the Northern and Southern armies. All of the chequered visions of joy and sorrow, of peace and war, of freedom and slavery, of plenty and of desolation, flit through the mind as you are wafted on through the Old Dominion, until the Blue Ridge Mountains rise in quiet and beautiful grandeur before you, with their hazy sky, regular outlines and salubrious air, long the healthful resort of mothers and babes. Of the beautiful scenery in Nature one never tires; but there ever comes back from it to the soul, a life-giving impulse—a new inspiration; and as we wind around the base of these beautiful hills, and vainly endeavor with our futile theories, to solve their origin, the sense of a higher, of a mysterious and controlling power, comes over us like a pervading presence; and as we rush on with the velocity of steam to the higher and more rugged peaks of the Alleghenies, the sense of awe increases. Now we are at a mountain's base, now suspended midway, with an abyss one hundred and eighty feet below, and mountain peaks towering above, (where, our guide very complacently told us, a former train had been wrecked; and as we looked down the dizzy height, the fearful boulders of many fonsi were promiscuously scattered, suggested instant death,) now we are ascending, through a tangled maze, miles in length, chiseled through the mountain's rocky heart, and giving back reverberating sound, or like the groan of earth, that thus her secret recesses are invaded.

This road—the Chesapeake and Ohio—was conceived only a little more than three years ago, and is said to have attained the highest altitude of any road this side of the Rocky Mountains. A quarter of a century back it would have been considered an impossibility, running as it does directly through the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies, tunneling this almost impassable mountain barrier, rock-ribbed and ancient, at innumerable points. One can but pause and wonder, not only at the grandeur and sublimity of Nature, as displayed in these stupendous rocks, almost incomprehensible in their vastness, with strata now horizontal, now dipped from forty-five to ninety degrees, and wonder what tremendous convulsion of Nature has wrought this upheaval in a region not volcanic, with here and there huge boulders rolled down the mountain side, beside which our car seems but a speck, but also at the ingenuity, the thought, the labor that has overcome this mountain barrier, and united as one East and West Virginia.

Just where these two States meet in the midst of this rocky fastness, is that aristocratic old watering place where many a political scheme has been planned, and better known in the palmy days of the South as White Sulphur Springs. They are said to have six hundred guests at the present time, of whom Washington claims a goodly share. At Gordonsville our engine gave out; but as it was midnight, and we were securely sleeping in a Pullman palace car, that blissful invention of modern days, we slept on until the break was repaired. This delay brought us several hours behind time, and luckily caused us to run into a freight train. I say luckily, because it was dinner-time, and we were within half an hour's walk of a good dinner prepared for us at the station, and the walk was good for digestion, while we had been laid up in close vicinity with Kanawha Falls, comprising one of the most lovely and picturesque places in the State, along the meanderings of this beautiful river, and teaching an impressive lesson to the engineers of the two trains, viz.: that it is impossible for two railroad trains to occupy precisely the same section of the same track at the same time without seriously interfering with somebody's rights. These two gentlemen, in an extra effort to save their necks, jumped into a stone heap, and each sprained an ankle, and were consequently relieved of duty for the balance of the trip.

Again we started, and as before of time; and as the course of time never runs smooth, so does not always a journey for profit or pleasure. We had passed West Virginia, and were in contested capital, Charleston, and were gliding smoothly on in blissful anticipation of supper and bed, when a sudden halt and the whistle "down brakes" of two facing passenger trains, about two rods apart, again furnished us food and time for contemplation. It is not a wonder that so many accidents occur, but only a wonder that there are not more, with our hasty, reckless American spirit, that with a hit or a miss rushes on.

We have spent the night and the day at Huntington, which had its birth simultaneously with the railroad we have been scribbling, now numbering three years; it contains about five thousand inhabitants, and has churches, a high school, and hotels to match; and it is situated on the banks of the Kanawha, which is navigable for steamers for one hundred and fifty miles from its mouth. A regular line of packets plies between this village and Cincinnati, making connections with the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad.

We had well nigh forgotten to mention one point that we passed, which, from its novelty, deserves a passing notice. The railroad passes a point among the high bluffs of the Alleghenies, opposite the Kanawha, and beyond what is known as Lover's Leap, called Hawk's Nest. Here, hundreds of feet above the river's bed, are innumerable holes bored in the soft limestone rock, and of the same size as the snail, where a species of hawk has built and brooded for years, far away from the intrigues and machinations of mischievous boys.

West Virginia is almost one vast bed of coal and iron; and at a casual glance would seem able, unaided, to supply us with coal and iron for at least a century yet. Its vast resources in this regard have only begun to be developed. The proposition to connect the James River by canal with the Ohio, already under the consideration of Congress, will, when consummated, be of incalculable advantage to the commerce and wealth of this State, and the beginning of a grand scheme to open up the resources of the South.

B. A. L.
Huntington, West Virginia, Aug. 20th, 1874.

* See "The Book on Mediums," by Allan Kardec, "an excellent translation of which into English by Emma A. Wood has been published by Colby & Rice, Boston, Mass. I have been indebted to it in these quotations from Kardec."

† See A. Vera on "Ideas as Essence and Force," in the St. Louis Journal of Speculative Philosophy for July, 1874.