

BANNER



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LITERARY.

The Bridal.

BY A DECIDEDLY CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

Not a laugh was heard, not a joyous note,
As our friend to the bridal we hurried;
Not a wit discharged his farewell shot,
As the bachelor went to be married.

We married him quick to save his fright,
Our heads from the sad sight turning;
And we sighed as we stood by the lamp's dim light,
To think that he was not more discerning.

To think that a bachelor free and bright,
And shy of the sex as we found him,
Should there at the altar, at dead of night,
Be caught in the snare that bound him.

Few and short were the words we said,
Though of wine and cake partaking,
We escorted him home from the scene of dread,
While his knees were awfully shaking.

Slowly and sadly we marched him down
From the first to the lowermost story,
And we never have heard or seen the poor man
Whom we left alone in his glory.

[Written for the Banner of Progress.]

THE LUNATIC BRIDE.

BY FANNY GREEN McDUGAL.

The Sequel.

"Do you intend to murder me?" gasped Matilda, "or what are you going to do?"

"For once, Madam, I am going to tell you the truth, and that shall be the last between us. Thanks to your coyness! Thanks to your dishonesty! Thanks to your cruelty! Yes, thanks for your last most foul and brutal insult, for they have all helped to set me free! I have been bound these three long years, by a promise made to my mother, and I thank God I have been; for out of the deepest dregs of its bitter experience has been wrung a terrible strength—yes, Madam, a strength that enables me, for the first time, to stand erect, and unabashed before you, and makes you, too, proud and cruel as you are, equal at the truths I tell. I am happy to inform you, Madam, that I have now reached my majority, and the first use I make of my freedom is to leave this house directly. Another day will not find me here."

"Good God! are you going away?" almost shrieked Matilda, for she did not like to lose her victim; and it may be, too, that, cruel and heartless as she was, she had some sense of the duty of protection to the motherless child. "Where are you going?" she continued, staggering back against a statue, which, by a coincidence that seemed ironical, was that of Charity spreading her mantle over a shivering, naked child.

"You have no right to inquire, Madam. You have, yourself, broken the bonds which I might have borne longer without daring to break. You have possessed me of myself, and for that I have already thanked you."

"Do you speak thus to me, Mrs. Godfrey Grandswine? Do you dare to tell me that you will leave this house without my consent?"

"Yes, Madam, I dare to tell you, and I dare to do it."

"You cannot do it; you are still a minor, placed under my protection by the last words and will of your mother; and if you attempt to leave, I will advertise you, and have you taken up and carried to the station-house."

At another time Ruth would have been terrified and disarmed by this threat; but now she had no fear, and with a still more imposing aspect of strength and self-reliance, she advanced a few steps toward Matilda, saying, "You cannot hinder me. I will myself call to the police and demand protection; and glancing out of the window, she added, "There is one crossing over this moment."

Instantly, as the sash was raised, the practiced eye of the man caught something uncommon or startling in the manner of Ruth; but with a look at the locality, and that house in particular, he seemed to correct his mistake, and, touching his hat with a nod of apology, passed on.

"For Heaven's sake," said Matilda, "what are you going to do?" and crouching down, so as not to be seen from the street, she clutched at the dress of Ruth, and attempted to withdraw her from the window.

"Be not alarmed," said the girl, disengaging herself, and standing erect; "I neither wish nor intend to expose private affairs, unless driven by necessity, and then, Madam, I shall not flinch. But enough has been said, Madam—you understand me. When I am gone, dare your worst, and do your worst; you can never hurt me any more."

Thus saying, with a look almost of pity on the miserable being she left, Ruth walked out of the room, leaving the haughty woman paralyzed by this sudden exhibition of power, and instantly set about preparing for her departure. This was a much lighter task than it would have been if her late protectors had been more generous, or rather less mean. Two moderate-sized trunks—once filled with books, and a few old keepsakes and remnants of home, the other with clothing—contained the whole. These she fortunately had ready, joined in time to send round the corner of Fourth Avenue by the milk-man, who had always seemed very respectful and friendly, for he had known something of her father, and now had a feeling that the child was not treated as she should be. All this was happily effected without any observation from portico or area. During all this time, Ruth had never stopped for a moment to think what should or could be done, beyond the first most urgent necessity of getting out of the house with as little delay as possible. And now the sinking sun admonished her of the coming night, in which, for the first time in her life, she knew of no shelter.

The next duty was to explain her position to Mammy Gray, which was done with as small waste of time and words as possible, and in return she received, from that devoted friend, all the money she had, amounting to almost three dollars.

Without a look around, or a farewell glance at any familiar object, her eyes bent sternly forward, she seemed to say: "The past is behind me; my life is now all in the future—this new future, that I must now create and call forth, and clothe for myself."

She went safely down the back stairs, and out of the area-door, which Mammy Gray herself closed and locked after her, reaching the street just as the setting sun streamed through every opening of the Fifth Avenue, tinting the boasted marble front of Grandview with a soft, rich rose-light.

There is, perhaps, nothing more terrible to a woman unaccustomed to such exposure, than to find herself alone, at night, in the midst of a great city. And in this respect Ruth was a perfect child. She had scarcely ever been the length of a square after dusk, and now the terrible thought that she was alone, amid unknown dangers, came over her suddenly, and brought her to a stand-still while crossing the street. She knew that bad men and miserable women were waiting and prowling all around her, and, for aught she could tell, the police might be already on her track. But the terrors were momentary. "Why should I be afraid?" she said softly to herself, after having walked several squares unmolested. "Am I not able to take care of myself?" she continued, with a growing and glowing courage; "and if I need help, do not the angels walk by my side? and will not they protect me? Have I not a will to be and do what is right? and who shall hinder me?" Thus assured, externally and internally, and without seeing many women apparently no older than herself, quietly pursuing their way with market-baskets, hat-boxes, and other signs of business, she gathered greater courage, and left the nervous and irritating sense of loneliness, which otherwise might have attracted notice, and have tempted some one to molest her.

There were several places she had been thinking of for months, as possible homes; and two of them being out on the Sixth Avenue, thither she bent her steps. The first place was that of a dressmaker, of whose art she always knew something. But when she came to the door, for the life of her she could not go in. So it happened at two other places; and then she knew she must go to Hoboken, and seek the Sybil, dangerous and lonely though the way might be. She knew not, indeed, if the woman were still living; or, if so, she might be hundreds of miles away; or she might have removed to some obscure place, where it would be impossible to find her. She might lose her way. She had not been to Hoboken for several years, and everything must be changed.

But the flood of night that flowed into her mind, when she first seriously turned her thoughts in that direction, dissolved all her doubts, and completely reassured her. At that very instant a car came along, which she was just able to stop, and by this means she reached the ferry at the very moment when the Hoboken boat was pushing off. After this, being fairly on her way, there was no more struggle, and she yielded herself to the quiet enjoyment of a scene, which, being entirely new to her, had all the effect of enchantment; and this was a moonlight sail over any part of New York Bay, but especially this. It was in the height of the holidays, and there were star actors, and star orators, and star dwarfs and giants at Barnum's, and the Bay was all alive with people going to see them. Hundreds of dashing wheels broke the waves, and till the whole immediate mass of water shone and sparkled like a sea of diamonds. But farther away, out toward the Narrows, or up along the mouth of the Hudson, in all the still places lay the level beams, clothing the deep with a robe of silver. And lights of many hues, with a flower-like beauty, bloomed out on the night, until it seemed as if the whole air were sprinkled with flowers of the rainbow.

It was not until the boat touched the wharf that Ruth was recalled to a sense of the present emergency. But, as nothing seemed disposed to harm her, she gathered greater courage; and now feeling herself wisely conspicuous, she walked up the principal street, in company with many others.

At first Ruth could not tell which way to go; but having passed a little way out, eastward from the town, she stood still a moment, to see if she could catch any impressions, for she dared not, and, in fact, could not, inquire of any one. As she did so, a tree of peculiar form attracted her sight. She remembered it, and this was the "open sesame." She instantly knew the way she had gone with the children, a happy child, to the picnic, nearly ten years ago. The ground was covered with snow, and Ruth had feared that these by-paths would be impassable; but she was happy to find a good, clean, hard path for one traveler, broken through the snow. But before turning from the highway, she paused again, and with hands and eyes lifted to Heaven, she invoked her dear parents, and all the blessed angels who might care for her, or love her, to guard, and guide, and keep her safely; and then, with a firm step, she struck out into the unknown. A few laborers, bound homeward, passed; but as they politely turned out of the track, with some little civil speech, or a friendly nod, as of the poor to the poor, she began to feel that her position had not so very bad a look after all.

At length a glowing window shone before her, as if to light and guide her through the gloom. Then she knew that her toilsome and dangerous journey was at an end, for it was the Sybil's cave, and she herself was there. Ruth knew it, for the sensitive already began to feel the potent magnetism of the place and person, renewing the same sweet sense of attraction she had at first felt.

But again that most musical voice saluted her in

the burning speech of song, which, however, had so strange a chorus, Ruth was tempted to run away every time the notes, so awfully weird and wild, fell on her sensitive ear.

SONG.

Maiden of the sunny eye,
From thy cruel prison fly!
Fly from insult, fly from wrong,
With a spirit true and strong,
Ere they give the fatal token,
And the orphan's heart is broken.
Waugh, Oh! Waugh, Oh! Waugh, Oh!

Walk in safety, angels lead!
Help awaits thy utmost need!
Darkness ends in morning light;
Life is lovely, maiden bright!
For thy future all is dawning,
Winged with music, fair and glowing.
Tu whitt! Tu whitt! Tu whitt!

O! let me wipe thy tearful eye,
Kiss from thy lips the struggling sigh;
I've wept to see how many a dart
Sent the cold iron to thy heart,
As day by day the bitter sorrow
Seemed bitter in the dark to-morrow!
Waugh, Oh! Waugh, Oh! Waugh, Oh!

I hear her step! I feel her power!
I stretch my arms! I leap! I fly!
Come, maiden of the sunny eye!
My love from thee no fate can sever;
Clasp thee to myself forever!
Tu whitt! Tu whitt! Tu whitt!

"Could this, indeed, be addressed to me?" thought Ruth, and then the largest pair of eyes she had ever seen stared out of the window, as if looking for her. It was a large horned owl, doubtless the minstrel, who had taken part in the remarkable performance she had just heard. But she was not left long in doubt. The moment the song ceased, and before Ruth was aware of her approach, the Seeress rushed from the door, and folded tenderly the poor wanderer in her expecting arms.

"My poor, suffering child!" were her first words, "come home at last, and the distant watch of years is ended!" In these few words Ruth was delighted to perceive that the strange light had left her eyes, and that Dora, for it was she, was now a sane woman.

"You have answered my summons speedily and happily," continued Dora, as she led the way within doors, where they were met by the owl, who surveyed the guest, as if he, too, had a personal interest in the matter.

"She's come, pet!" said Dora, caressing her strange favorite. "There, down, my bonny bird, and go to your perch directly," she added, as she seemed disposed to play closer attention than the timid guest was willing to receive.

"I found him on the banks of the Wabash, in Indiana," continued Dora, "his large eyes—are they not beautiful?—dimmed by the daylight, which a wounded wing prevented his escape from. I nursed him, and finding that he loved me when nothing else seemed to, I brought him home, and he has been a great blessing for more than ten years; and if he thought it would give me any pleasure, I believe that bird would die for me."

"But enough of this. Come, darling, and see how you like your new home!" Thus saying, she threw open one door after another, inviting entrance.

"Are you really a fairy?" asked the girl, looking round on the beautiful and peaceful scene that opened to her view.

"No," answered Dora, smilingly, "I am nothing but a plain witch."

But Ruth felt in all she saw that the tender sense of the Beautiful, the poetry, the music of an exalted and refined nature had here attained itself. The apartments were small, but exquisitely decorated; and yet, for the most part, the decorations were simple natural objects, feathers, shells, flowers, autumn leaves, sea plants, nuts, acorns, pine cones, and seeds of various kinds, wrought into picture frames, mats, garlands, rings, and grace-hoops, with an endless variety of invention; it was a scene of pure enchantment, worthy to be the palace of a fairy queen. In one of these rooms Ruth was no less surprised than delighted to find an elegant upright piano-forte, the rich rosewood scenting the whole room, and also a guitar and a harp. It was long since the poor girl had been permitted to touch an instrument, except in the way of dusting, though she had a fine ear, and a voice of almost unrivaled richness and sweetness; and now, charmed and carried away captive, in the joy of her surprise, she threw open the piano, and improvised a piece of music, that uttered for her, as no words could, the terrors and the struggles of the last few hours. Dora stood by, her clasped hands pressed to her heart, and her eyes lifted to heaven with an expression of divine delight, for joy and wonder at the power of Ruth inspired her with ecstasy. No sooner was the last strain hushed, and before the sobbing chords were completely still, Dora clasped the girl to her heart, and amid streaming tears and almost smothering kisses, she said, "Mine! mine! By this wonderful power more than ever mine!" Then turning the sweet face, yet glowing with inspiration, more to the light, she exclaimed: "O, beautiful! far more beautiful than I had dared to hope!"

"But," she added, turning to the instrument, "you have only chanted your Exodus from the Old. I will give the Advent to the New." And, with her first touch, the inspiration of new hopes, the gladness of present joy came dancing over the keys, and the dancing heart kept time to the rich, exuberant flow of sweetest sound.

"But, I forget myself," said Dora, suddenly rising. Then, turning to Ruth, she said: "The next question is, what shall be done? Have you thought of anything?"

"Nothing at all," answered Ruth, sadly.

"Of course not, poor child! so much the better," returned Dora, drawing the girl yet closer to her heart; "but I have thought, for I saw what was coming, and have been long preparing for this emergency. But before we sleep, Ruth May, tired and excited as you are, I must speak to you, woman to woman, as I told you I should. You remember?"

"Yes," replied Ruth, "I remember well, for I have often thought and pondered on it since, wondering what it could mean. Only yesterday morning, while I was sweeping the parlors, it all came back to me, and with such force I was near to forgetting myself, and being too late with my work."

"I know it," answered Dora, "for I then began to impress you with my presence and power. I could have done this long ago, had it been best."

"You speak in riddles," responded Ruth.

"Yes," said Dora, "and the world is full of them—fuller by far than it knows of; simple things they are, too, if only understood; and when it can read them aright, it will be wiser and better."

"I do not understand you at all," observed Ruth.

"Dear child! no—how should you? But you know something of the telegraph. You know, at least, that electricity is the seemingly miraculous agent of its power. Every force, or principle in external nature, has its counterpart, or correspondence, in the spirit world. So, also, there is a spiritual electricity, by means of which mind can speak to mind, and by direct approach, and without regard to distance. When the law that governs this beautiful truth is well understood, we shall be able to outdo Puck—you read Shakespeare—for he could only 'put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes'; but the right conditions being given, we may speed our thoughts not only round the world, but beyond the world, and be responded to with instant vibrations."

"But you are tired, child, and hungry too, I dare say; so let us see what my good Sally has for supper. An admirable creature she is," continued Dora, as she led the way to a small ante-room adjoining the kitchen; "and her virtues, like those of my friend, the owl, I have had the pleasure of finding out, and might in fact claim them myself by right of discovery."

"She was said to be simply an idiot. I found her in the street and brought her home, thinking her a good subject to test a favorite theory, that there is an all-redeeming power in kindness, or love—call it what you will. So far the experiment succeeds. She has developed rapidly in intelligence and executive power. She does all I wish, and is a perfect treasure to me."

The viands themselves, as well as the manner of their setting forth, were all in the same exquisite taste and delicacy that pervaded the whole place.

"What a wonder must this woman be!" thought Ruth. "She seems possessed of some fairy wand, whose simple lifting brings her the best and most beautiful of all things."

After the repast was finished, Dora conducted her young guest directly to her chamber, that she might, as she said, be put to ease at once.

"How nicely it fits!" she pursued, helping her on with a rich merino wrapper. "I had it made on purpose for you. A trifle too long, I see; but we will have that all right in the morning. But how do you like your cosy little chamber, and its furnishing—blue and gold? How sweetly it foils your fairness! By-and-by you may have crimson, while the old and tawdry, like me, must content themselves with a drapery of orange."

Then they sat down together, and Dora told her story, simply as it was, without extenuation or embellishment. At the close, dropping her arms, she sat perfectly still, as if, at the turning point, she almost doubted how it would be. But Ruth was never disgusted nor greatly astonished, though profoundly shocked by the heartless depravity of her uncle. They had been seated face to face, with the shaded lamps behind them. Ruth, meanwhile, had been so carried away with the interest of the story, that she hardly realized when the voice ceased speaking, until a deep sigh aroused her. Rising slowly, and standing before Dora, she looked into the pale face a moment, with a feeling of unutterable love; then unfolding the passive arms, she clasped them round herself, and clung to the bosom, sobbing, "O, my mother! my dear, adopted mother!"

And Dora, with a pale and solemn, but profoundly serene face, said: "It is well. They have appointed me, long ago, to this guardianship—to take the place of the lost father and mother of the orphan child."

She waved her hand toward the door, where Ruth could only see a pale light, saying that there were her parents, and dearest friends; and she particularly described an aged minister, whom Ruth recognized as the very one whose voice she believed had spoken to her in the morning.

"Now, my dear child, I lay you in your bed—for you much need rest—thank God for the priceless gift of your love, and blessing the good angels for their help in obtaining you. Yes, dear child! call me mother—call me always by that dearest name, for which my heart has long been fastened."

Then seating herself by the bed-side, she sang low, loving hymns of rapturous sweetness, till the spirit of the weary one, borne on the billowy music, floated away into dreams as sweet.

Never beamed a brighter morning than the next, and Ruth rose refreshed and beautiful, and even before she was dressed Dora came in, saying, as she gave the morning kiss, "To relieve you of all unnecessary anxiety or suspense, I am now prepared to show you I am perfectly able to do what I wish and will." Thus saying, she pushed back a sliding panel, curiously concealed, and opening a box, displayed to the astonished eyes of Ruth a large amount of coins, both silver and gold.

"Are you really a witch?" exclaimed the girl, no longer able to conceal her amazement; "or whence this wealth, and all this array of rich and beautiful things?"

"No, my child, I am nothing but a fortune-teller. You see before you the famous Seeress of Hoboken, Madame Rochelle. Here," continued the Seeress, "is about \$1,500. It is not all I have, but will be sufficient for immediate needs. I told you last night that my plans were all laid. You remember your mother's old friend, Mrs. Lee, who removed with her family to Illinois?"

"O, I do, indeed!" answered Ruth.

"I have taken the liberty," resumed Dora, "to write, and inform her of your situation, and crave for you her protection. But it is not to be as a poor dependent. You will be my adopted daughter and heiress, for I am really wealthy. Now listen to me, Ruth. I am perfectly able to maintain you in ease and elegance, but I have a holy horror of a useless and motiveless being. So I propose to prepare you to be an accomplished teacher, and in that noble vocation I see that your life will be rich in uses to the world."

"O, my sweet mamma!" answered Ruth, "most of all I thank you for this, because I feel a strength in me that must have action, and bring forth results, by some honorable and useful work."

Thus doubly armed with means and power, they went their way; but all that is left now to tell of years of suffering, struggle, and final triumph, is the "Sybil's Spring."

[THE END.]

Manhood and Religion.

Say what you will, there is a kind of mother-wit or common sense in men, which comes to a conclusion by a short cut, and says that the end of a thing is a very important part of it, and judges everything by its result. Theorize as you will about religion, the homely question will always be put: "What kind of a man do you make? Show your man. But what seems to me an error is directly in the face and eyes of all this. It affirms that religion is no carrying out of the man at all; that it is no augmentation of manhood, but runs counter to human nature, heads it in, and makes it into a fence instead of a tree. I think that a type of religion quite common in the world involves a contradiction between itself and man. Thus we have men of a kind of hybrid conviction, that I believe it to be an error, a delusion, a blunder as monstrous and absurd as the farmer who, misconceiving the nature of the air and sun and their influence on his fields, should undertake to make the beams of the morning into posts and rails. I think religion is used more as a medicine than as a food; that is why it makes so many people sick. The idea that it is the enriching of our manhood seems not to have dawned on the thought of man. Thus we have men of a kind of hybrid stock, with one set of faculties for their religion and another for their work; who consecrate their rest and secularize their duty. Take one of these men aside a little when he slacks up and becomes natural, go with him in friendly companionship to ride, to ramble in the mountains, or lie down upon the sands and the shore of the sea. He talks well, and well; honor, justice, truth, are hearty in him. You feel him, as he puts himself in genuine relation with you, on grounds simply manly and human. But tell him that religion is the furtherance and exaltation of these, even the flavor of life, and he changes countenance as with surprise he says: "Religion is a solemn thing. Christianity is a scheme of redemption, and I hope to be saved." Thus we see men who are better as men than they are as religionists, because there is more religion in their nature than there is in their religion. So we sometimes see a minister who is frank, manly, and generous in all social relations, but who can suddenly become professional, and his high-sounding words are poor, mean, and scanty. His soul has no digestion, and the man feels faint and gone. There is no unconscious rejoicing health, no hearty, careless pluck. Thus, we have that strange anomaly of the sense of the common mind, that a man is under no obligation to be religious unless he professes religion; upon every man by virtue of his misdeeds, and that God's baptism is earlier than any laying on of hands.

There is a curious little illusion of sense familiar to our childhood, caused by resting the middle and fingers of the right hand and raising the ball with the palm of the other hand. The illusion is such as to make the impression of two balls. The theory of this illusion is this: The order of the sense of touch, as it becomes distributed by the habit through the fingers, is reversed, and the first becomes second and the second first. Put the fingers naturally upon the ball and it is one. So in religion there is an illusion by doubling over or inverting the order of the soul's perceptions. Touch religion naturally as upon every man by virtue of his misdeeds, and that God's baptism is earlier than any laying on of hands.

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BETTER eschewed than chewed—tobacco.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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Ancient and Modern Spiritualism.

Rev. Mr. Wytke, A. M., M. D., and we know not how many more collegiate affixes, who was formerly a pastor in this city, but who is now located at Salem, Oregon, has recently delivered a sermon of the same type as are the lectures of Rev. Mr. McMonagle, but of much more ability. He has made the same admissions and occupied similar ground to that on which McMonagle takes his stand; namely, that spirit communication does occur in these days as in ancient times, but that the spirits communicating are all evil, and should be shunned as sinful and pernicious. Mr. Wytke maintains, what no Spiritualist denies, that the modern spirit manifestations are a reappearance of ancient magic, sorcery, necromancy, witchcraft, divination, demonology, or whatever else he may be pleased to call it. After quoting from ancient and modern authors in support of this theory, he proceeds to adduce the denunciations of Moses and the prophets against the consulting of familiar spirits and the persons obsessed by them, as evidence of the sinfulness of the practice; and also attempts a comparison, as did and does McMonagle, between angelic visits to patriarchs and prophets of old, and the visits of spirits to modern mediums.

In this connection, in our review of the lectures of Rev. Mr. McMonagle, we took the opportunity of saying that the authority of Moses and the prophets, being only human, could have no more effect on the conscience and belief of mankind than any other human testimony, and must be submitted to the same test—the crucial test of Reason.

It must be evident to every one who reflects upon the subject, that there is exhibited in all the sayings of Moses and the prophets a very human fear and jealousy of the influence of other seers and mediums, whom the former called false, and deserving of punishment for prophesying at all.

If Balaam was a false prophet, what harm could his cursing the Israelites do, supposing he had been permitted by the spirit world to pronounce his curse. If the woman of Endor was a false prophetess and seer, how was it possible for her to command the appearance of the good prophet Samuel, and be immediately obeyed? Finally, and more emphatically, we ask, if the magicians of Pharaoh were impostors, by what power were they enabled to "do the same things with their enchantments" as did Moses and Aaron? And if there were some things they could not do, was it not rather owing to want of skill in the performance than to a lack of knowledge? That the mere feats, set forth by Moses as miracles, could be as well done by the magicians as by himself, shows conclusively, we think, that the power possessed by Moses was identical with that of the magicians, and no greater or more wonderful. In fact, it is said (Acts vii. 22) that "Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." Now, the wisdom of the Egyptians must have been that possessed by Pharaoh's Egyptian magicians, who rivaled Moses in the performance of "miracles." A "miracle" is, literally, a wonder, or wonderful thing. (See Webster, unabridged.) It is only in theology, or the speculations of Doctors of Divinity, that "a miracle" is made to mean something supernatural, or above nature, and independent of natural laws. Inasmuch as we deny the possibility of anything supernatural, we must conclude that the "miracles" or "wonders" of the Egyptian magicians were executed by the operation of natural laws, and that the "wonderful" acts of Moses were performed by the same means. The "wisdom" of Moses being that of the Egyptians, this conclusion seems inevitable. The rivalry, therefore, subsisting between Moses and the magicians of Pharaoh was perfectly natural. So also was that between the prophets and wonder-workers that arose in later times. It is not surprising, viewing the matter in this light, that some should call others "false prophets," and claim to be the only authorized exponents of the will of God. We see the same thing occurring in our own day. Our Doctors of Divinity are the successors of Moses and the prophets, Jesus and his apostles, and all others are false, and unauthorized teachers of false and pernicious doctrines. This is the position that has been taken by authoritarians from time immemorial. No matter how much truth innovators may possess, or how many "wonders" or "miracles" they may perform; only the anointed, or hereditary, or self-appointed teachers and divines have the power of divination and the right to exercise it. Divination, indeed—which is the same in all ages, and means nothing more than the power of ascertaining and utilizing the will of Divinity, or God—has been made a monopoly of all who have had physical force enough at command to compel reverence and obedience. The reason why Doctors of Divinity do not and cannot now work miracles, is really because they have not now sufficient faith—that is, they do not believe any longer in the occult powers of Nature; they have abandoned the study of Nature and her laws, which are the laws of God, and have taken to studying the dry letter of Scripture, forgetting that it is *spirit* that gives life; they no longer divine the meaning of the hidden mysteries of natural law, which contain the "spirit of prophecy," but are ever trying to divine the meaning of obscure passages in the record, written in obsolete and dead languages; while they anathematize and condemn those who are attempting to practice true divination—that is, to ascertain the will of God through the operations

of His laws, and to act in obedience to that will by fulfilling those laws.

In short, Spiritualists, and scientists generally, are the only true Doctors of Divinity. The mousing owls who by suzerainty at present bear the title are "the blind, leaders of the blind," who see nothing in Nature to admire and worship, but are continually preaching a theology that ignores both Nature and Reason altogether. They present to our minds the idea of a God of impossibilities, working by methods which the most inferior man would reject as absurd and impracticable, and ask us to worship this God of their own creation as the great God of the Universe, "in whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." In other words, they ask us to give up the study and application of God's immutable laws, and devote our lives and our time, as do the devotees in monasteries and nunneries, to weak and senseless praying, repetition of formulas of faith, and mourning over the imputed wickedness of mankind. Such Divinity as this has no place, in the nineteenth century, except within the confines of a mad-house.

And this conclusion introduces us again to the sermon of the Rev. J. H. Wytke—reverend only by courtesy; because absolute qualities only should be revered, such as Truth, Justice, Mercy, and Charity. We have said enough in this article to give a general idea of the ground of argument assumed by the Rev. gentleman; but we intend to pursue the subject further, by making some extracts from the work itself, and extending our comments thereon as far as may be necessary to show their fallacy. Among other topics, it may not be amiss to include the one of least effect as an argument against our doctrines; namely, that Spiritualism is not new, but as old as the history of man. The blind doctors do not see that we have them at a disadvantage in this very particular, and, consequently, will continue to throw this objection in our faces as long as it serves them. It will not be very long, as we shall be able to show.

SPIRITS AS SERVANTS.—A skeptical writer in the *Boston Investigator* assumes that spirits, on leaving the body, ought—and would, if they existed at all—immediately become the servants of their fellow-men still in the flesh, subject to call and obedient to the wishes of their masters. "You may call spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come?" This writer ("W. H. C.") thinks that Mitchell, the astronomer, should come back to earth and teach us astronomy, with all the new discoveries he has made since he "shuffled off this mortal coil." It is true that spirits do return and communicate facts in science and philosophy, and that all new discoveries in each may be traced to impressions received from the spirit world, whence all knowledge comes to the mind of man; but to expect those who have "entered into rest" to renew their labors on earth for the benefit of survivors, and to become pack-horses for the indolent inhabitants of earth, is rather less than just. Whatever is done by spirits in this regard is a "labor of love," a matter of desire and gratification on their part. They "rest from their labors" on earth, but enter into employments more congenial to their new state. Their larger liberty is not an encouragement to them to enter into slavery to the flesh again, leastwise to the flesh of others.

THE NEW USE OF SALT.—The *San Francisco Times* says that Herr Schultz, of Berlin, has announced the theory to the French Academy of Sciences, that an abundance of salt in the human system is a reason for the possession of great magnetic powers by some persons. The *Times* goes on to state its own opinions about the measure of animal magnetism of each individual, and the relation of the doctrine of spiritual affinities to the operation of magnetic laws. The remarks have a vein of humor in them, but a much larger vein of truth. Did not Jesus of Nazareth say to his disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth"? If magnetic force be increased by the use of salt, and spiritual activity be promoted also, it is certainly no laughing matter that a scientific *savant* has discovered in his investigations the law by which these results are produced, even if they be traced to so unassuming and unpretentious a source as "common table salt."

McMONAGLE has repeated his first lecture "down town," and Spiritualism survives, while "Christian Spiritualism" is still a myth. By the way, did it ever occur to the Revs. McMonagle and Scudder that opposition is the best means in the world to develop and advance the truth? We know of at least two of McMonagle's former hearers, who have since made investigations for themselves, and have become satisfied of the truth of Spiritualism. How many more there may be, we shall know in time. We see in our mind's eye many, who, like Scudder, at present are scudding away in the dark from the doors of mediums, but who will in the future be outspoken believers in Spiritualism, not afraid to be recognized as such in open daylight.

LOGIC WANTING.—The *Boston Investigator*, the most incisively critical periodical in the United States, quotes a part of a Calvinistic article which we republished from the *Dramatic Chronicle* of this city—and which we took occasion to flatten out at the time of its publication—and says that "the logic is wanting" in said article. We assure the editor of the *Investigator* that, if he could more frequently "investigate" articles appearing as editorial in the *Chronicle*, he would soon become aware that "the logic" is almost always "wanting" in them.

SPIRITUALISM IN GERMANY.—A new work on Spiritualism has been published in the present year in Dresden, by Prof. Daumer, entitled "Das Geisterreich," which is an epitome of facts observed and recorded in previous works, and is also accompanied by a theory of his own concerning spirits and the spirit world, differing somewhat from those of all other authors on the subject.

THE LIBRARY OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, of this city, is open every Sunday afternoon to members and invited visitors. This fact is in striking contrast to the action of the city authorities of Boston, Mass., in refusing to open the Public Library on that day.

Rev. Mr. Stebbins at the Metropolitan Theater.

The lecture at the Metropolitan Theater, on Sunday evening last, was devoted by Mr. Stebbins to the discussion of a singular subject, suggested by a remarkable text; which may be found in Paul's epistle to the Philippians, chapter iii. verse 2: "Beware of dogs." After reading a part of the 14th chapter of Romans, the Rev. gentleman took up the matter referred to in the text, and explained it to be a caution against a school of cynic philosophers that was founded by Antisthenes in the suburbs of Athens, of which school Diogenes was a notable disciple. The name of "dogs" was thus applied because, on one occasion, a white dog had stolen the sacrificial meat from their altar, and ran away with it; from which circumstance, their place of meeting was thenceforward called the White Dog, and they themselves came to be considered as dogs, or "cynics." Their philosophy and manner of living agreed very much with the canine temperament and disposition; for they contemned and snarled at riches, virtue, art, and the pleasures and comforts of society—everything, in fact, which they did not themselves possess. These things they pretended to shun and have no desire for; and Diogenes carried the affectation so far as to sit all day in a tub in the sunshine, and deliver his oracular teachings from thence to those who chose to listen to him.

Mr. Stebbins said that we have no particular school of cynics in our day, but that the cynical spirit seems still to exist everywhere and in a great many people. There are some who have no sympathy with mankind, no large-hearted liberality and charity. They are always exhibiting their dislikes, and snarling cynically at every other man. They do not believe in human virtue, and have no confidence in anybody. His opinion of their disposition was, that their dislikes originate in the narrowness of their own natures—the fault is not in the thing or person censured, but in the fault-finder.

Mr. Stebbins urged upon his hearers the importance of cultivating a wide sympathy for all mankind, an expansive benevolence and charity. Cynical contempt is owing to the provincialism of the mind. A single individual should look upon himself as but a narrow border of all nature. Many people even wonder what a "witty" man is made for. As a general thing, the man whom we dislike, has some good quality that we ought to have. We should learn to like all sorts of people. We are too much in the habit of imitating the cynics, in assigning the lowest motives for the actions of other people, even when they act better than ourselves. Our feelings toward and judgment of our friends—those whom we like—are good for nothing, because we are melted and prejudiced in their favor; and our feelings toward enemies are worthless, because we are frozen and prejudiced against them. Disappointments, the treatment of each other, and want of success in life, make men cynical; it becomes the characteristic of their habits and dispositions. From this temperament come all evil-speaking and uncharitableness. The truly charitable and unselfish—*all*, in fact, who are not cynics—believe evil of their fellows only when they are obliged to believe it.

Mr. Stebbins made many good points of wholesome doctrine, based on this singular text, and his discourse was eloquently and emphatically delivered. He might have entered, however, upon the domain of psychology, and have discovered more profound reasons for our likes and dislikes than the mere volition of our own minds. It seems to us not wholly a matter of will that we are attracted to or repelled from each other. The laws governing our affections are yet but imperfectly understood; and we may profitably consider whether the singularities of our nature, in the disposition of the affinities, are not as much the result of the operation of law as are the well known movements of substances when subjected to chemical action.

We see it stated that the clergymen of other denominations will be invited to the platform of the Theater, to address the people on Sunday evenings, as Mr. Stebbins has done, eschewing all controverted points, and confining themselves to moral and philosophical essays. We doubt the practicability of this. For, in the first place, it is questionable whether ministers of the so-called evangelical churches can so limit themselves in their discourses; and, secondly, whether the audience at the Metropolitan would be pleased with any other speaker. It is one thing to listen to the utterances of a progressive man like Mr. Stebbins, and another to tolerate the hypocritical platitudes and whining self-abasement so peculiar to the Calvinistic and Methodist clergy. The latter not only lower man in his own estimation, but degrade the Universal Father to the standard of their own limited conceptions of such a Being. They ascribe to God all the meanest passions of man, and ask us to worship Him because of the possession of those qualities. Anger, hatred, and revenge are attributed to a God whom we are expected to love and venerate, while we are taught that these qualities in ourselves are sinful and displeasing to Him. No such theology will attract the same or as large a crowd to the Metropolitan Theater as is at present pleased to assemble there, to hear the noble and liberalizing sentiments uttered by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins.

IF THE PRAYER WERE ANSWERED.—The question of the Jews as to whose wife a certain woman should be in heaven—she having had several husbands—was answered in this wise: "In heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels in heaven." In the "Lord's Prayer," so called, a petition is offered that God's will may be "done on earth as it is in heaven." What would then become of the institution of marriage?

"ZOUAVE JACOB."—The French authorities have forbidden the further public exercise of the healing powers of this wonderful medium, in Paris, fearing popular disturbance—so great was the crowd of people surrounding his lodgings. A method of evading the prohibition, by receiving patients at some place in one of the provinces, will be soon adopted.

When Does Sunday Begin?

In the *Boston Investigator*, of Sept. 4th, is the best argumentative disposition of the above question that we have seen. It seems that while the citizens of New York and Boston are commencing their Sunday devotions, the people of San Francisco are still in sound sleep, and remain so for three hours longer; and while the citizens of this city are listening to the preaching in their churches, the people of Canton, in China, are retiring to rest. With these facts before us, it is difficult to decide when the sacred twenty-four hours of the Christian Sabbath begin. For while the sun is making day for one side of the globe, the other is in the darkness of night, caused by the earth's shadow. When, therefore, it is Sunday at the Sandwich Islands, it is Sunday night in England and the United States—or Saturday night in the latter countries, according to the points of time and place at which we commence. It is impossible that the Sabbath should be kept in all portions of the earth during the whole of the same day; for the earth is twelve hours completing each half of its revolution on its own axis. Whatever point of departure be selected, therefore, for the beginning of Sunday, the people at the opposite point of the earth's surface will not have their Sunday till twelve hours later. What becomes, then, of the Sabbath, as a day for the simultaneous observance of all earth's inhabitants? It will not do to say that the Sabbath begins at sunrise in every part of the earth, because there is so much difference in the time in opposite places. While the Sandwich Islanders are drinking and carousing on their Saturday night, the people of New York and Boston are at their religious devotions on their Sunday Sabbath. The same relation would exist if the Mosaic Sabbath were solemnized instead of the Christian. Then who shall be condemned for disregarding an institution which has neither beginning nor end—for simultaneous observance is impossible.

The Late National Convention of Spiritualists.

This body met in Cleveland, Sept. 2d, and continued in session four days. It was larger in point of numbers than any previous National Convention. Among the recommendations adopted was one for the formation of a secret benevolent society of Spiritualists, and another for the wearing of an emblem in the form of a locket, stud, or breastpin. Considerable feeling was manifested on the presentation of a report against the reliability of mediumship in dark circles—the committee on the subject having been moved to their objections by the discoveries of fraud in the case of S. T. Church, and in that of other mediums of this class. The committee was one appointed on the Observance of Phenomena. The Convention, after accepting the report, refused to print it in its record of proceedings. Andrew Jackson Davis afterward offered a resolution, which was adopted, declaring that the purpose of the Convention, in refusing to print the report, was to prevent misunderstanding of the value and reliability of physical tests, and not to stifle a free and discriminating investigation of the various phases of mediumship.

The Convention closed harmoniously, and the large hall was crowded with visitors during its sessions.

FIRST SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION OF BOSTON.—This is an organization of Spiritualists on an entirely new principle—that of confining the authority and management of its affairs to the *working members*, or rather to the officers of the Society. Those who are only contributing members are thus excluded from all participation in the business of the Society, and a fruitful source of trouble and discord is thereby avoided. For it must be evident that, after having intrusted the management of its affairs to a set of officers, it is highly derogatory to every principle of dignity and order, for the members to attempt to influence their action solely because they contribute to the finances. This plan is certainly an improvement, and is feasible everywhere. We hope to see it adopted forthwith by the Spiritualists of this city and State.

QUINTESSENCE OF BIGOTRY.—The citizens of Sycamore, Ill., appointed J. O. Barrett, a Spiritualist, as Chaplain of the ceremonies in celebration of the Fourth of July last; and, in consequence, the deacons and dignitaries of the Methodist and Congregational churches would not allow the Sunday school children to walk in the procession! If Spiritualists ever reach the kingdom of heaven, these denominational saints may not desire a mansion in our neighborhood, for fear of contamination! We believe the "end of the world" did not transpire on the Fourth of July last, on account of the refusal of these bigots to join in celebrating the day with a Spiritualist; and, in all probability, we shall survive the shock, which these sanctimonious deacons inflicted on our sensibilities, a few years more.

FLIGHT OF THE POPE.—The prospect is, now, that the infallible Vicar of Christ will be compelled, for a second time, to flee from his capital, and take refuge in a more peaceful region. It is claimed that the gates of hell cannot prevail against the Roman Church; but it is more probable that the gates of Rome may not prevail against the assaults of Garibaldi's army of freedom. In case they do not, what a spectacle will be presented, of the precipitate flight of God's vicergerent on earth from the wrath of man!

MORE CURES BY DR. J. M. GRANT.—P. J. Conlisk, corner of Eighth and L streets, Sacramento, was paralyzed in his left arm and side for two weeks previous, and could not raise his left arm from his side. After nineteen days' treatment, he was so far restored as to be able to walk well, and went to his work in a machine-shop.

Mr. J. D. Daily, of Sacramento, who has been afflicted with a pain and weakness in the back for several years, has been entirely cured by Dr. Grant in a few operations.

MISS JANESON, independent clairvoyant, has returned to this city, and may be found at No. 465 Minna street. We are informed that she has been very successful, in the country, in prescribing for disease.

Why Is It So?

As we walk along the streets of the crowded city, our eyes fall on many with sad, countenances, others with flushed cheeks, and shortened breath, and feeble pace. Why is it so? We meet a friend, and ask after the health of his family and neighbors; his children are ailing, or his wife is sick, or a neighbor lies at the point of death; even he does not feel well, as he leaves us and hurries to his business, and the next we hear from him is a summons to assist at his funeral—and again we ask ourselves, Why is it so? We enter the cemetery, and wander from grave to grave, and there, on the silent tombstone, we read, "Died—aged one year." "Two years," "three years," and so on, step by step, to old age, and we ask, Why is it so? Why do children die, at such a tender age? why do blooming youth drop into the grave with so much of life un-lived? why are middle-aged men cut off in the midst of strength and manhood? why do not all live to three-score years and ten?—but the cold, cold grave answers not. With saddened hearts we repair to the health officer, to learn from his records why it is that all these have died so young; and, as we examine the long lists of the dead, amidst the credit of killing the man—not one of a thousand dies of old age. Fevers, abscesses, consumption, or some one or more of a thousand other diseases, attack, and opposite each name as the immediate cause of death, and certified to by the physician attending the case. We leave, asking ourselves, Why is it so? as we lead our steps toward the office of the health officer, among his patients have the greatest practice; and then, finding him, we relate what we have seen, and ask, Why is it so? why do children, youth, and middle-aged die? Can disease be brought about, not these have lived? "O, yes!" he replies, "I could have cured them had they employed me!" We then place before him the long list of his own cases, to whose deaths he had certified as having been their attending physician, and ask, Might not these have lived? The answer is, "No; all was dead when they came to me, and I could do nothing could save them"; and as we inquire what was done for them, he gravely informs us that to one he gave calomel, to another strychnine, to another arsenic, and to another a mixture of hundred other virulent poisons, he winds up by saying that none of these did any good in these cases, but had rather the contrary effect of what he expected. With feelings of sadness, we cry out, with the prophet, "Is there no balm in Gilead?" Is there no physician there? why, then, were not these healed? Why is it so? We repair to the sanitary officer, and there we may learn the solution of this question. We ask the teacher of religion, Why is it that children, youth, and middle-aged sicken and die? He tells us that all this is the wonderful and mysterious working of Providence—that the ways of God are past finding out—that He doubtless has some wise purpose in view in all this; and thus God is charged with being the special agent who brings about, by means of sickness, and pain, and premature death! O monstrous folly! Why is it that M. D.s and D. D.s join in hand to teach the people that disease is a punishment, and by so doing, has increased the condition of the body, and Mr. M. D. steps in and drags him to death, and Mr. D. D. performs the last act in this sad scene by charging the result of his lack of intelligence, and manifested action of his home upon God, and the curtain drops, only to be raised again, alas! too soon, that the same scene may be re-enacted by others, and in his turn turn steps upon the stage, and by the same treatment, is hurried to the grave, and the grim monster, Death, smiles at each new victim enters, and the sexton sings, "One by one I gather them in—gather them in!"

Why is it so? Are there no laws by which the various organs of the human organism are governed in the performance of their proper functions? or did God, in creating man in the fearful and wonderful manner in which he is organized, with his health and life, intended by a brittle thread, and that the laws to govern him in the maintenance of that health and life? or are those laws so intricate that man cannot understand them? or has man placed his physical well-being in the hands of the physician, thinking that he may sin against his life and health with impunity?—*M. G. Kellogg, in the Pacific Hygienist.*

MRS. STARCHGRITT ON STEBBINS' METROPOLITAN THEATER SERMON.—What the preacher said about being honest unbelievers was more noble than anything I have ever heard of. He was true, and that the City of Philadelphia done very wrong to stop the street cars, and let the rich ride in their carriages on a Sunday. But I think the cars are very vulgar on a Sunday. They do very well for week-days though. What he said about Jesus Christ not being as well treated if he should go to Philadelphia as he was in Jericho was blasphemous, and it gave my nervous system such a nervous shock that it's been vibrated ever since. As for Philadelphia being a city of gilt-edged prayer books, I'm glad of it. I like a gilt-edged prayer book, with velvet covers and gold clasps. I think it's more sacred, and it corresponds with silk dresses and velvet cloaks. Nobody wants to carry a common-looking prayer book. I always objected to the word *common* being on the prayer book, I think it's out of place. *Common* is always vulgar. I don't see the point about gilt-edged prayer books. But then nobody could see the point in that there sermon no way.—*Golden Era.*

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.—A short time since, we published the application of a poor widow for a situation as housekeeper. A response comes now from a German gentleman in San Bernardino, who wishes not only a housekeeper, but a companion for life. He is thirty-nine years of age, well-to-do, and able to live comfortably on a paying business. He says the lady should be between twenty-five and thirty-five years of age, of good character, honest, mild, well-balanced, and benevolent, with a healthy physical organization. To such a one he offers a good home and a kind heart. He can give abundant reference as to himself. Whether he would accept a woman with children is not stated. An opportunity to open correspondence with him and obtain an interview can be afforded on application at the office of this paper.

A PIOUS SWINDLE.—We learn from a New Orleans paper that a Gosseller from the North was recently terribly distressed at finding the negroes living together as husbands and wives in that community without having been married by a preacher. He was at much pains to represent to them the enormity of such a sin, and so wrought upon their credulity as to induce them to repair to him, that he might marry them again, according to the Scriptures. This he willingly did; in fact, that was just the job he was seeking; but he took good care to demand two dollars from each couple before he would perform the ceremony. Two dollars a pair wiped out the sin already committed, and also satisfied the conscience of the pious Gosseller. Our New Orleans contemporary says that the pious man quickly made about two thousand dollars by this pious fraud.—*Boston Investigator.*

"THE HOUSE OF THE LIVING."—The Black Jews of Malabar, in India, have an inscription over their tombs, signifying that they are the houses of the living, not of the dead. Recognition of the doctrine of immortality, it seems, is not confined to Christian civilization.

NO SABBATARIAN.—We make no Pharisaical professions of Christianity; our morality we claim to be no better nor worse than that of the heathen; but we always feel a preference for that type of Christianity that shows itself every day in the weak, and in all the transactions of life, without waiting for the Sabbath to display itself in saintly ostentation.—*Oregon State Sentinel.*

COMMUNICATIONS.

SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER SIXTEEN.

The number twelve is familiar to all Bible readers, as the number of tribes of Israel, and of the Apostles of Jesus. It is the decided opinion of many who are well qualified to judge in such matters, that, in both cases, the number has direct reference to the twelve signs of the Zodiac. The blessing of Jacob upon his sons conveys this idea very forcibly. And Jesus seems to refer to it when he informs the "twelve" that "in my Father's house there are many mansions," that is, there is one for each; for in the astrological classification of the heavens there were twelve immovable divisions, called houses, or domiciles, through which the twelve signs passed in their daily revolution round the earth.

In astrology, the twelve signs represented another class of temperaments, intermingling with and modifying the elemental, celestial, and deific temperaments. The sign arising at birth determined the Zodiacal temperament. The temperaments were also classified into "triplicities," the signs in each triplicity being respectively fiery, earthy, airy, and watery. But as it is not my intention to describe at length the peculiarities of Egyptian astral philosophy, those curious in such matters will do well to consult the following works: Taylor's "Diegesis," "Devil's Pulpit," and "Astro-Theological Lectures"; Volney's "Ruins"; Wilson's "Dictionary of Astrology"; Lilly's "Introduction to Astrology"; Claudius Ptolemy's "Tetrabiblos"; the writings and almanacs of Zachei and Raphael, of London, Eng.; etc.

I have stated enough to answer my purpose, which is, to show that Spiritualism is not a "Yankee invention," either in regard to its phenomena, or as to the philosophies and theories it has evolved. Undoubtedly, it has the name and superscription of "American" stamped upon it, as it has in all ages assumed the character and opinions of the people who fostered it. Spiritualism has never been the leader of opinion, but has followed in the wake of, and adopted as its own, opinions already formed. This is illustrated in the astral spiritual philosophy. In the olden times, spirits and men had daily intercourse, as now. Philosophers had their own special familiar spirits, yet not a single hint was received from any of them that the Ptolemaic system of astronomy was based on a false idea of the structure of the universe.

Century followed century, till the erratic theories based on this falsehood assumed gigantic proportions. Crystalline spheres, in which were placed the planets, performed their daily revolutions round our globe; these spheres were inhabited by spirits who knew all things, and yet confirmed the system of Ptolemy as truth. No wonder that the heretical glasses of Galileo were looked upon as things of evil, and leagued with Satan. The system of Copernicus destroyed the homes of the gods, and heaven fled into infinity. Faith in the habitation of the spirits once destroyed, unbelief in spirit existence naturally followed, till, previous to the present advent of Spiritualism, it was extremely unpopular to believe in ghosts.

In this the Infidel was not the only scoffer, for the Christian, too, marched in the ranks of skepticism, and laughed to scorn the idea of a ghost which he had reduced to immateriality. In former times, angels and spirits had "a local habitation and a name"; but science having routed them out of house and home, Christians, in their profound wisdom, placed heaven—the abode of God, angels, and spirits—away beyond the bounds of time and space—away beyond the interference of meddling science.

It seems strange that the seven spheres, after such a decided downfall, should again find expression in Spiritualism, in its new birth on American soil. Strange—is it not?—that fallacies once exploded, will not remain exploded!

Strange, that science cannot pursue, in the even tenor of its way, the tasks it has imposed on itself! Why do fallacies again and again appear, the ghosts of defunct ideas, to haunt the man of science—to retard him in his onward march? It must be annoying to have this work repeatedly brought to his door, when it has on each occasion been so completely performed! Magic, black art, and witchcraft, till very lately, were viewed as tales only fit for children, in order to frighten or amuse them into obedience. Mesmerism, animal magnetism, and clairvoyance were considered as scientific heresies, and every means were tried to expose the practitioners as charlatans, impostors, and vagabonds. The man of science became the dogmatist. Having unseated faith as the guide of public opinion, he assumed for science the prerogative he denied to faith. No discovery could be permitted to proceed from any other source than the professor's chair, without the severest frown, and most unqualified condemnation. The uneducated and "half educated" had no business to think or experiment; they ought to have known that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and leave the "thoroughly educated" to tread the dangerous path. It was not till the "stupid fallacy"—clairvoyance, with its kindred assumptions—assumed the form of Spiritualism, that the "man of science" condescended to examine and accept animal magnetism as a true principle, in order to use it as a weapon against this more outrageous error. And Christianity, too, began to awake from its lethargy, and revive the dust-covered, worm-eaten theories of demonology, in order to combat this "latest device of Satan." For Spiritualism, be it a truth or an error, has in it a principle of vital energy which brings it into notice, go where it may. In its modern manifestation it is young, and has not learned to walk with that strait decorum its more aged competitors for public credence assume. It is full of boyish tricks and capers. It has no regard for conventionalities, and will not "sit still and behave itself." Full of innovations, it delights in upturning its neighbor's theories—can hardly resist destroying its own; like a boy, who, after building a block-house, is full of glee at seeing it fall to pieces again. Some of the friends of this youthful system have tried to keep it in-doors, by forming societies, and passing resolutions; but all to no success. It is yet too young and too wild to be restrained and confined. By-and-by, when it has reached its

growth and full measure of strength, it will no doubt settle down in a home of its own, and command the respect and admiration of the world.

In these and other peculiarities the Spiritualism of to-day resembles its ancestors, the Spiritualisms of the past. It regulates itself with the same regard to numbers, rules for eating and drinking, sitting in circles, and in having its own way in general, without regard to existing forms and creeds; altogether plainly manifesting a decided family relationship with the forms of Spiritualism which have existed before it. J. W. MACKIE.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE WRITINGS OF THE ANCIENTS.

NUMBER SEVEN.

In our chronological researches we have at length reached the confines of ancient Egypt, than which there is no land on our prolific earth richer, archaeologically considered, or one that bears stronger testimony of the fallacy of very many of the Hebrew and Christian dogmas; nor yet one that furnishes more indubitable evidence of inherent honesty and truthfulness, throughout the land watered by the sacred Nile.

It is but a few years, comparatively speaking, since the whole of this spot, now thought to be the oldest among the birthplaces of humanity, was a mysterious puzzle to the most far-reaching and educated intelligence among enlightened nations.

But thirty-seven years ago, that which is to-day a mighty river, sweeping on in its course over theories, and dogmas, and systems, was but a puny rivulet, unworthy of special notice, save to the very few who were engaged in opening the way to what we behold of the grandeur of human persistence. This swelling flood of light from the cradle of humanity is overwhelming all opposition by its strengthening current of revelation, setting aside the half-way researcher, and carrying on its broad bosom the listless, the impotent, and the over-zealous opposer, who strains every nerve to stem the force, but all in vain.

It is said, with some degree of emphasis, that we are better posted in regard to Egyptian history, and of the character of the inhabitants of ancient Egypt long anterior to the days of the patriarch Abraham, than with many points in English history before the reign of Alfred the Great, or with that of France before the days of Charlemagne.

There is a small work entitled "Chapters on Early Egyptian History," published by Mr. Gliddon, New York, 1849—Philadelphia, 1850, which contains a large amount of the rudimentary labors of a few eminent scientists and scholars, who entered the field of research among the hieroglyphic monuments of Egypt as early as 1832.

"With 'Dr. Young's Key,' and 'Champollion's Alphabet,' contained in his letter to M. Dacier, a group of scientific Englishmen, headed by Henry Salt, and subsequently aided by A. C. Harris, commenced in Egypt, each in 1829, the scrutiny and examination of all the monuments of antiquity existing, from the sea-beach to Upper Nubia, from the Oases to the Peninsula of Mount Sinai, and in every direction through the Eastern and Western Deserts. These gentlemen, mutually aiding and co-operating with each other, amassed an amount of instant advantage of the true method of interpretation. Egypt was then all virgin ground. Every temple, every tomb, contained something unknown before, and which these gentlemen were the first to date, and to describe with accuracy. A more intensely interesting field never opened to the explorer—every step being a discovery. Nobly did these learned and indefatigable travelers pioneer the way, and mightily have been the results of their arduous labors. They procured lithographic presses from England, and at their individual expense, for private circulation, Messrs. Felix, Burton, and Wilkinson printed (at Cairo, 1836 to 1839) and circulated a mass of hieroglyphic tablets, legends, genealogical tables, texts, mythological and historical, with other subjects, which, under the modest titles of 'Notes,' 'Excerpta,' and 'Materia Hieroglyphica,' were disseminated to learned societies in Europe. Lord Prudhoe's distant excursions and correct memoranda rendered the collection of antiquities, with which he enriched England, extremely valuable; and his labors were the more appreciated, as his lordship's liberal mind and generous patronage of science were above any sordid motives of acquisitiveness. Mr. Hay's own accurate pencil, aided by various talented artists, whose his princely fortune enabled him to employ, amassed an amount of drawings that rendered his portfolios the largest then in the world. The researches of all these gentlemen have been of incalculable value to the cause. They have preserved accurate data on subjects that the destroying hand of Mohammed Ali has since irrevocably obliterated; and as they all pursued science for itself, they deserve and enjoy a full measure of respect. The rumor of their successes reached Europe; and Champollion, with reason, apprehended that, if he delayed his visit to Egypt any longer, the individual labors of English travelers would render that visit as unprofitable as unnecessary. National jealousy was excited, and, to preserve her position as the patroness of Egyptian literature, France determined not to be anticipated.

"In 1833, the French Government sent a commission, consisting of Champollion Le Jeune, and four French artists, well supplied with every necessary outfit, to Egypt, in order that the master might, for his own and his country's honor, and at her expense, reap the harvest for which his hand had sown the seed. A similar design having suggested itself to another patron of arts and sciences, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the celebrated archaeologist and Oriental scholar, Professor Ippolito Rosellini, of the University of Pisa, and four Italian artists under his direction, were appointed a mission to proceed to Egypt, with the same intent as the French mission. It was amicably arranged by the respective governments, and between the chiefs of each expedition, that their labors should be united; and, in consequence, the French and Tuscan missions were blended into one, and both reached Alexandria in the same vessel, and prosecuted their labors hand in hand from Memphis to the second Cataract. They returned in 1839.

"It was also amicably arranged, between Champollion and Rosellini, that they were to combine their labors in the works that were to be issued, each, however, taking separate branches—Champollion undertaking the illustration of the hieroglyphic language of Egypt; to Rosellini was assigned the task of elucidating, by the use of monuments, the manners and customs of this ancient people, and the formation of a hieroglyphical dictionary. Each set to work by 1830, but Champollion, finding his end approaching, hastened the completion of his grammar. Intense application had prostrated the fragile frame which enveloped one of the most gifted mental capacities ever vouchsafed to man. The government gave him, in the College de France, a Professor's chair, created for him alone; and his address to his pupils, at the first and only occasion he accorded to Providence, is a marvel of eloquence, sublimity of thought, and classical diction. He finished his grammar on his death-bed, and summoning his friends around him, delivered the autograph into their custody, with the injunction to 'preserve it

carefully, for I hope it will be my visiting card to posterity.' A few weeks after, Champollion Le Jeune was followed to the grave by the noblest men of France; and the wreath of immortality hung over his sepulcher (at his native town, Figeac) symbolized the imperishable fame of the rescuer of the earliest records mankind has hitherto possessed."

Earthly fame is at best but a pleasant shadow of a moment. J. D. PIERSON.

Spiritualism in Honey Lake Valley.

EDITORS BANNER OF PROGRESS.—I became a resident of this valley nine years since, at which time there was but one person here who had the moral courage to acknowledge publicly that he believed in the return of disembodied intelligences—Father Craig, who may truly be called the pioneer of Spiritualism in Lassen county. I say, God bless him! and may good spirits guide him safe to the bright summer spheres of the faithful; for it was through his instrumentality, directly, that I was led to investigate the only theory that can furnish to mortals a positive evidence, of a tangible nature, of the immortality of the soul or spirit. Now, although but a few years have passed, I have before me the names of sixty-four persons, all residents of this valley, who acknowledge, in public and private, that they are firm adherents of the Spiritual Philosophy; among whom are seventeen mediums; or persons through whom spirits of the departed communicate to earth's inhabitants. Aside from these, there are a few who have not as yet grown sufficiently independent to acknowledge publicly that their Redeemer lives, or, in other words, that their friends return from the other side of Death's door to communicate with them; but, in private conversation with a known Spiritualist, they freely admit a firm belief in the Spiritual religion. Many more are extremely anxious, and seek opportunities to investigate for themselves.

As yet, but few of our mediums are developed sufficiently to give satisfaction to a public gathering. Mrs. Vincent, a noble, whole-souled, true woman, is well developed as a clairvoyant physician, and, by the aid of her invisible friends, is doing much good in relieving physical suffering, without the use of poisonous drugs. But what we need most at this time, is a good, reliable, test medium; such an one could lift the veil of doubt that hangs over the minds of many, and double our numbers in a short time, and be productive of much genuine and lasting good. Considering our isolated location, hemmed in as we are by lofty mountains, and away from the thoroughfares of the State, we have been highly favored with public speakers. The talented Mrs. Emma Hardinge did much good, cheering the firm, strengthening the weak, and giving tone and stability to the believers in our beautiful religion. J. P. FORD.

Thanks to Dr. Bryant.

In behalf of the Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Friends of Progress, we desire to tender to Dr. J. P. Bryant our sincere thanks for kindly donating to this Society the proceeds of a collection taken at the close of an able lecture delivered by him at the Court House, in this city, on Friday evening last; and we would assure the Doctor that our best wishes will ever attend him in his labor in healing the sick, causing the blind to see, the lame to walk; and may Heaven's richest blessings be as abundantly his, as his deeds of charity have been wide and universal to the afflicted of earth's children.

MRS. L. REED,

MRS. J. E. CLARK,

MISS L. E. MOORE,

Committee.

At the regular meeting of the Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Friends of Progress, the above named Committee were appointed for the purpose above stated, and the Report of the Committee was unanimously adopted; and it was further

Resolved, That a copy of the resolutions be furnished the BANNER OF PROGRESS for publication.

Attest: MRS. C. M. SAWTELLE,

Salem, Oregon, Sept. 26, 1867. Secretary.

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"Angels where'er we go attend
Our steps, whatever be our fate,
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside." —CHARLES WESLEY.

God Bless Little Children.

God bless little children
We meet them everywhere;
We hear their voices from our hearth,
Their footsteps on our stair,
Their kindly hearts are swelling o'er
With mirthfulness and glee;
God bless the little children
Wherever they may be.

We meet them 'neath the gipsy tent,
With visage wan and thin,
And eyes that sparkle as they glance
With roguery and fun;
We find them fishing in the brook
For minnows, with a pin,
Or creeping through the hazel bush
The linnet's nest to win.

We meet them in the lordly hall,
Their stately father's pride;
We meet them in the poor man's cot—
He hath no wealth beside.
Along the city's crowded street,
They hurl the hoop or ball;
We find them 'neath the pauper's roof—
The saddest sight of all.

For there they win no father's love,
No mother's fond caress;
Their only friend the God above,
Who hears the orphan's prayer.
But dressed in silk or draped in rags,
In childish grief and gloom,
God bless the little children
Wherever they may be.

Daniel and Ezekiel Webster.

A Boston farmer came many years ago into the office of the *Statesman*, and illustrated the difference between the economic habits of the brothers Webster in the following way: Ezekiel, he said, having a cord of wood at his office door, would say to a laboring man, "Mr. Jones, there is a cord of wood to be sawed twice, split and carried up stairs. What will you do it for?" "One dollar," replies Jones. "But, my dear man, you can complete the job by the middle of the afternoon, and you do not pretend to ask more than a dollar a day. Come, say seventy-five cents, and the money is yours." Jones yields and does the job. Daniel, having a cord of wood to be served in the same way, calls the first man who comes along, and says, "I wish you would properly prepare that wood for my stove, and take it up stairs. When the work is done the laborer is asked what is to pay, and says, 'One dollar, Sir.' 'One dollar,' says Mr. Webster, 'why, man, you can't afford to work so cheap as that; here is a dollar and a half, and call again when you see a load of wood at my office door.'"

THERE is now stationed not far from Gotham, a happy, ruby-faced, fun-loving clergyman, who has several sons, brimful and running over with wit and mischief—unsanctified chips of the old block. Among them one, who will call Sam, is a ringleader. A few months ago Sam was arraigned one morning before the domestic judiciary, when the following dialogue occurred:

"Now, my son, you are getting to be a very bad boy. Why will you not mind your parents and not more like a man, and not be getting into all sorts of scrapes?"

Sam, looking down to the floor, quite serious and demure, meekly replied, "Yes'r."

The reverend parent, thinking he was getting a good hold of the boy's feelings, added:

"My son, if you do not take a different course, I have very grave fears. Do you know what my great fear is, Samuel—the fear that distresses me day and night?"

"Yes'r," said Sam, his long face looking almost ready to give way to tears; "I know well enough—it's burglars!"

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER.—Is there anything like the ringing laugh of an innocent child? Can any other music so echo in the heart's inner chamber? It is sympathetic, too, beyond all other melodies. When the father sits absorbed over his book, which seems to concentrate every faculty, he hears his little boy laughing in his sport, and laughs also, he knows not wherefore. The bright being, constantly gathering intelligence, casts around us gems of thought and pearls of affection, till our paths seem paved with precious stones from Heaven's treasury. No day of storm is dark where he is, no wintry eve is long. A young child is a full fountain of delight to the house and heart.

CHARLEY WISDOMTOOTH to old lady: "Say, missus, can you tell me what makes them 'ere roosters' feathers so smooth?" Old lady: "No, my son." Charley: "Why, it's because they always carry their combs with 'em." Old lady: "Here's sixpence for you; don't walk with your face to the sun."

A BOY was relating how his father had just come in from hunting, and bragged of having killed nine hundred and ninety-nine pigeons at one shot. "Why didn't ye call it a thousand?" asked a bystander. "Good heavens!" said the boy; "do you think my father would tell a lie for one pigeon?"

In a certain school, during the parsing lesson, the word "waif" occurred in the sentence. The youngster, who was up, a bright-eyed little fellow, puzzled over the word a few minutes, and then a bright idea struck him. "I can parse it: positive waif; comparative waifer; superlative seeling-waif!"

"GEORGE," asked a minister of one of his parishioners' little boys, "where is your sister Minnie?" "Gone to heaven, sir." "What is she dead?" "O, no, no, sir; she went to buy a box of matches." "Why, you said she had gone to heaven." "Well, you said last Sunday that matches were made in heaven, so I thought she went there."

A WESTERN EDITOR thinks that if the proper way of spelling tho is "thoug" and ate "eight," and bo "beau," the proper way of spelling potatoes must be "poughteighaux." The new way of spelling softly is "psoughtleigh."

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Thy golden chains infold with down,
Thy lamp with heaven's own splendor bright!"

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[Accompanying the above was a box of the "sweetest of matrimony," in the shape of a beautiful slice of delicious wedding-cake, with other confectionery. The happy pair have our sincere wish that their happiness may continue "till the latest syllable of recorded time," and as much longer as they can make it last; for we think they are a desirable couple.—M.]

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8:30 A. M.	9:10 A. M.	9:50 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
9:30 A. M.	10:10 A. M.	10:50 A. M.	11:30 A. M.
10:30 A. M.	11:10 A. M.	11:50 A. M.	12:30 P. M.
11:30 A. M.	12:10 P. M.	12:50 P. M.	1:30 P. M.
12:30 P. M.	1:10 P. M.	1:50 P. M.	2:30 P. M.
1:30 P. M.	2:10 P. M.	2:50 P. M.	3:30 P. M.
2:30 P. M.	3:10 P. M.	3:50 P. M.	4:30 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	4:10 P. M.	4:50 P. M.	5:30 P. M.
4:30 P. M.	5:10 P. M.	5:50 P. M.	6:30 P. M.
5:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	6:50 P. M.	7:30 P. M.
6:30 P. M.	7:10 P. M.	7:50 P. M.	8:30 P. M.
7:30 P. M.	8:10 P. M.	8:50 P. M.	9:30 P. M.
8:30 P. M.	9:10 P. M.	9:50 P. M.	10:30 P. M.
9:30 P. M.	10:10 P. M.	10:50 P. M.	11:30 P. M.
10:30 P. M.	11:10 P. M.	11:50 P. M.	12:30 A. M.
11:30 P. M.	12:10 A. M.	12:50 A. M.	1:30 A. M.
12:30 A. M.	1:10 A. M.	1:50 A. M.	2:30 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

SAN FRANCISCO.	ALAMEDA.	SAN LEONARD.	HAYWARD'S.
9:00 A. M.	9:00 A. M.	8:45 A. M.	8:30 A. M.
11:15 A. M.	11:15 A. M.	11:00 A. M.	10:45 A. M.
1:30 P. M.	1:40 P. M.	1:20 P. M.	1:00 P. M.
4:30 P. M.	4:40 P. M.	4:20 P. M.	4:00 P. M.
6:30 P. M.	6:40 P. M.	6:20 P. M.	6:00 P. M.

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5:30 A. M.	5:40 A. M.	6:45 A. M.
6:45 A. M.	6:55 A. M.	7:45 A. M.
7:45 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	8:00 A. M.
8:00 A. M.	8:10 A. M.	9:00 A. M.
9:00 A. M.	9:10 A. M.	10:00 A. M.
10:00 A. M.	10:10 A. M.	11:00 A. M.
11:00 A. M.	11:10 A. M.	12:00 P. M.
12:00 P. M.	12:10 P. M.	1:00 P. M.
1:00 P. M.	1:10 P. M.	2:00 P. M.
2:00 P. M.	2:10 P. M.	3:00 P. M.
3:00 P. M.	3:10 P. M.	4:00 P. M.
4:00 P. M.	4:10 P. M.	5:00 P. M.
5:00 P. M.	5:10 P. M.	6:00 P. M.
6:00 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	7:00 P. M.
7:00 P. M.	7:10 P. M.	8:00 P. M.
8:00 P. M.	8:10 P. M.	9:00 P. M.
9:00 P. M.	9:10 P. M.	10:00 P. M.
10:00 P. M.	10:10 P. M.	11:00 P. M.
11:00 P. M.	11:10 P. M.	12:00 A. M.
12:00 A. M.	12:10 A. M.	1:00 A. M.
1:00 A. M.	1:10 A. M.	2:00 A. M.

EXTRA TRIP SATURDAY NIGHT.

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A line of Freight Boats for Oakland and San Antonio will leave Ferry Wharf, near foot of Market street, daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

SAN ANTONIO.	OAKLAND.	SAN FRANCISCO.
7:50 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	9:00 A. M.
9:00 A. M.	9:10 A. M.	10:10 A. M.
10:10 A. M.	10:20 A. M.	11:20 A. M.
11:20 A. M.	11:30 A. M.	12:30 P. M.
12:30 P. M.	12:40 P. M.	1:40 P. M.
1:40 P. M.	1:50 P. M.	2:50 P. M.

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