

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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[OFFICIAL REPORT.]

## FOURTH NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Held at Cleveland, Ohio, September 24, 24th, 25th and 26th, 1867.

(Reported for the Convention by Henry T. Child, M. D., the Secretary.)

### THIRD DAY—THURSDAY, SEPT. 25. MORNING SESSION.

The Convention was called to order at the usual hour. After listening to a song by Mr. Fobes, the Business Committee made a report, which, after some discussion, was referred back to them.

John Orvis read a series of resolutions, which were referred to the Committee on Resolutions.

Mr. Peckles said that while we professed to believe in harmony, we were represented by the press to be very inharmonious. There has been too much time spent in this Convention foolishly. Let us be kind-hearted to each other, and endeavor to transact our business in harmony. Many of us have come a thousand miles to meet here. We want to counsel together as a band of brothers and sisters, seeking to advance the great work in which we are all engaged. I think our hearts are all right; let us see to it that our words are right, and then we shall have no trouble.

Mr. Tooley, Secretary of the Committee on Resolutions, reported the following preamble and resolution:

Whereas, We, as Spiritualists, are bound to avoid all customs, habits and practices that tend to develop and sustain the animal appetites and passions at the expense of the higher and more spiritual elements of our nature; therefore, Resolved, That we will do our utmost in all cases, to settle our individual and inter-individual differences on the principle that man's right to life, as well as to liberty, is "self-evident and inalienable" and that we, as Spiritualists, will seek to honor ourselves and our profession by suffering rather than by inflicting suffering, and by doing rather than by killing; and that, in all our relations to those who, in our eyes, are wrong, we will seek to overcome them by returning good for evil, and never by returning evil for evil.

#### SPEECH OF HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Mr. President—I am about to leave the Convention, and go to meet engagements in other places. I would move the adoption of the above resolution, and my valedictory shall be on the sentiment therein expressed. I would apply that sentiment to the manner, not to the matter, of the discussions of this forenoon, in this Convention.

During my long career of over forty years as a lecturer, and a member of conventions, as an Abolitionist, Radical Reformer, and as a Spiritualist, and as an enemy of the popular theology and of all creeds, codes and constitutions, and of all individual, social and national customs, habits and practices that tend to "develop and strengthen the animal appetites and passions at the expense of the higher and more spiritual elements of our nature," that tend to debase, degrade and ruin man, and prevent his elevation and happiness, I have endeavored to govern my interior and exterior life by the spirit and principle of that resolution. How far I have succeeded, my life must determine. But in all my relations to those who, in my view, outrage me in any way in Conventions, or out of them, I have settled all my difficulties with them "by suffering, rather than by making others suffer, by dying rather than by killing, and by returning good for evil." In all cases relating to property, person or reputation, however great or small an outrage, whether perpetrated by an individual, or by a State or nation, by a minister or Church, by a Convention, or by a member or President of a Convention, I have always tried to adjust all my vexations, to mitigate all my sorrows, and utterly extinguish all the internal fires of my hot wrath and indignation by silence, or by love for hatred; by giving kind looks, tones and words for unkind ones; by giving respectful words for disrespectful ones; by suffering rather than inflicting suffering, and by doing rather than kill. When others in out of Conventions kindle the fires of hell in my heart by flippant jests, by vulgar jokes, or by taunting, biting remarks, if I can only muster self-control enough to shut my teeth, compress my lips, and hold a little private sitting with Henry C. Wright, and get a short communication from the God in him, I have never failed to extinguish those fires before they could seriously scorch my own manhood, or communicate their blasting flames to the souls of others.

Never in my life did I allow what was said or done to me in a Convention by its President, its members, its committees, or by the Convention itself, to kindle in my bosom the fires of hell; i. e., of hot wrath, of fiery indignation, of envy, jealousy or insulted dignity; or even the lesser fires of vexation, fretting, impatience and a fault-finding spirit, without suffering more under the rebukes of H. C. Wright than a whole Convention led on by President and Committees could possibly inflict. Henry C. Wright always cries **HELL** in a sense which no power in the universe outside of him can initiate when I allow my love to be weakened, my self-control to be lessened, my equality to be disturbed, my manhood to feel degraded and my self-respect to be diminished by any thing which any public Convention, no matter by whom nor for what called, can say or do to me.

I can better afford to suffer than to inflict suffering on this Convention, or on its President, or on any of its members. I, as the only God-ordained representative of Henry C. Wright, can better afford to be the victim than the doer of wrong. I had rather take than give an insult. I had rather take than give a bitter taunt; had rather take than give a cutting thrust; had rather take than give a biting sarcasm or an incensed outburst with deadly venom. In all cases of insult and outrage that can possibly arise in or out of a Convention, affecting my feelings, my reputation, my spirit, my principles, my property or person, I had rather suffer than inflict suffering; HAD RATHER DIE THAN KILL. Far rather would I be the victim than the perpetrator of wrong.

Mr. President ladies and gentlemen! Do you ask why? Simply and solely because I **FEAR** HENRY C. WRIGHT, AND NOTHING ELSE. I stand in awe of that man. I have cause to tremble before him. I fear no God outside of him. I care for no devil aside from him. I am never troubled about any hell outside of him. However hottempered its pit, or fierce and quenchless its fires, I care for no hell, so far as I am concerned, outside of him. Damnation has no terrors to me, except when inflicted by that man, to me so gentle, so grand and so like a God when I rightly believe myself toward him, and naturally and nobly bear myself in his presence, but to me so stern, so relentless, so unforgiving and exacting in his demands, and so potent in his inflictions when I do wrong. Whenever by envy or by jealousy I shall not be appreciated, or least a Convention, or its President, or its Committees or members shall infringe my rights or insult or wrong me in any way, or by any haughty, reckless or unmanly word or deed insult and outrage H. C. Wright as a man, child of God and an heir of eternity, he is to give me hell.

Yes, I fear Henry C. Wright, and nothing else. And because I do, I dare not make this whole Convention, nor any of its members, nor its Committees, nor its President uncomfortable and wretched, merely to save myself from a momen-

tary chagrin and suffering caused by the uncourteous remarks (not intended to be so, but so viewed by me) of others. Suppose, in my place, I have a right to the floor, but the President decides that some one else is entitled to it. What then? Shall I impeach his motives, accuse him of partiality, protest against his decision, and appeal to the Convention to reverse it? By doing so, I cause perplexity, vexation and suffering to the President, and stir up the waters of strife, bitterness and personal favoritism, which when once stirred can cast up nothing but mire and dirt. So sure as I should thus bring sorrow and suffering to the President and the Convention, merely to save myself from what I deem an outrage, but which after all may be but an act of right and justice on the part of the President, so sure would Henry C. Wright give me hell, for he could not approve of my conduct in causing so much unhappiness merely because the President gave the floor to another, when in my view it was mine.

Then the person to whom the President accords the floor, thinks it belongs to him. When we choose our President, we choose him for this very purpose (among others), to decide to whom the floor belongs, when there are two or more claimants. The floor, of right, belongs to him to whom the President gives it. I wrong the man, as well as the President, by my conduct. However I may feel aggrieved because I am, for the moment, denied the right to ventilate my thoughts and feelings, I can better afford to feel that I am wronged than to be made to feel that I have wronged the other claimant. He is as anxious to ventilate himself, as I am to ventilate myself. Probably the Convention would be more benefited by his ventilation than by mine. I am quite sure the man himself would be more benefited by his self-ventilation than he would be by mine. I am certain I should be made to feel that I had done a mean act if I were to deprive him of a right which he and the President decide belongs to him. I should feel self-denied in seeking to shut him out of his own right, and at the expense of the President and of the Convention. In my next private interview with him, Henry C. Wright would surely give me hell.

Then again, a man in speaking, as I think, wanders from the question, or makes an unpleasant allusion to me, what shall I do? Spring to my feet, and with a flushed face, loud voice, quivering nerves and excited manner call him to order? Just so sure as I do, in the next private sitting I have with Henry C. Wright he will surely say to me, "What a goose you are, to lose your temper, and allow yourself to become so excited, and behave yourself so unmanly and unbecomingly, and make such a thing of yourself before me, and this Convention, merely because that man was weak enough and silly enough to act the part of a fool or a madcap, by trying to lift himself up by casting you down, and by trying to make himself pleasant and agreeable to the Convention, by making you unpleasant and unattractive to it. Why did you not pity him and forgive him, and give him a kind and loving word, knowing, as you do, he only makes himself, not you, disagreeable to the Convention? You know he hurts himself more than you. Why not keep quiet; let him alone; see to it that you do not imitate him." So he makes me despise myself, for having, in my excitement, smarting under a sense of injury, allowed myself to become so excited, and to interrupt Mr. President's call the man to order! I rise to a point of order! Whenever I am led thus to disregard the comfort of others, Henry C. Wright always confronts me, and in a stern, imperative tone says to me: "Sit down; KEEP QUIET! DIE RATHER THAN KILL!"

Suppose mine enemy, say A. J. Davis, (for if he is not mine enemy I have none here,) misrepresents me, caricatures my self-sacrificing spirit, and makes fun of my principle that teaches me to suffer rather than inflict suffering, and to return good for evil, and forgive as I would be forgiven, and holds me and my peace-views, so long, so dearly and so sacredly cherished, up to the scorn and contempt of this Convention; what shall I do? Spring to my feet and cry out—"I rise to explain! You will allow me to explain." "No," says A. J. Davis, "I had rather not give way. Allow me to go on. When I have done, you can have the floor, if please do not interrupt me." "But explanations are always in order!" I rise to explain. Mr. President may not explain?" "Not unless the speaker consents," rules the President. "But," I cry out, "the speaker won't consent. Will the Convention take from me the right of explanation? I appeal to the Convention." "Sit down," says the President, till the speaker (A. J. Davis) is done." "I will not sit down. I know my right." I exclaim—"explanations are always parliamentary."

Keep in mind that mine enemy is Andrew Jackson Davis. For if he is not mine enemy, who is or can be? For once, when I was being evaded along down into the hell of party politics, I wrote to A. J. Davis to pray for me, that I might be saved from that horrible pit. He made out to put up one little prayer for me. What was it? These are the very words of it:

"May you be in heaven just three weeks before the devil knows you are dead. Amen!"

If he is not mine enemy—who in my extremity could only offer such a prayer for me—who is? Now this man misrepresents me, caricatures me, insults me, vexes me, makes me and seeks to make me contemptible before this Convention. Shall I cry out, "Order! ORDER! ORDER!" and call on the President and the Convention to let me explain, and thus raise a storm generally, and insist on making everybody around me uncomfortable, that I may have the comfort of making an explanation which is not an individual present cares to hear? If I attempt to pursue such a course, he vexes me, makes me and seeks to make me contemptible before this Convention. Shall I cry out, "Order! ORDER! ORDER!" and call on the President and the Convention to let me explain, and thus raise a storm generally, and insist on making everybody around me uncomfortable, that I may have the comfort of making an explanation which is not an individual present cares to hear? 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## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 29,  
Station D, New York City.

"We think not that we really see  
About our hearts, angels that are to be,  
Or may be they will and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
(Linton Hunt.)

(Original.)

## NELA HASTINGS.

CHAPTER V.—ROSA'S VISIT.

An old red stage-coach run from Adams to Chester on one day and returned the next, carrying in its ample, curtained enclosure those people who determined to venture forth a little into the wide world; and on its top it held a variety of packages, boxes and bundles, called the express. The coming and going of the stage was a great event in the hours of the day—a point of time to be measured from and to be looked forward to.

Aunt Prue, who never forgot anything, had made arrangements with the landlady at Chester to send Rosa over in the stage-coach the next Saturday after her visit there, and to allow her to spend Sunday with the children. What a day of expectation was that! Pleasure comes to children in so many forms, that it is not easy to call one greater than another, or to measure one by another. But in expecting a pleasure the heart finds the most beautiful and most lovely wishes, and wraps them about it until it seems to have a glory that no reality can bring.

"Now," said Mrs. Jones, who had come over in the early morning, "now, Aunt Prue, don't you think it's all nonsense to let the children be thinking so much about a little thing? Why, I should think that the world was going to be turned upside down, by the way you all go on about a little chick's coming in the stage—and she's only a little water-girl at the tavern, anyhow," and she gave her shoulders a shrug, and tipped her head to one side, as much as to say, "It's all nonsense to so wise and practical a woman as I."

"Never you mind, Mrs. Jones," said Aunt Prue. "To expect a good and beautiful thing, is just like catching the glory of the sunrise on the top of the mountain. It's like seeing the little bud half-opened—and everybody knows that's prettier than the full blown flower. Better have a mill-stone hung about your neck than harm one of these little ones. And I tell you it's a heap of harm to cut off their little buds and tear them to pieces. Why, I've been just like a child myself this morning! Haven't we had a good time? I've filled the best vases with flowers, and shown the children how to wind garlands on some old hoops that came off a firkin, and then we've stamped even the butter with roses, and put little sprigs of green around the cheese, and I don't know anything that we haven't tried to make sweet and pretty."

"Like enough Rosa won't notice anything," said Mrs. Jones, tartly.

"That's no sort of consequence," said Aunt Prue. "We've found the beauty ourselves, and got it all laid away for ever, and we've had all the delight, and it can't be taken away from us. I tell you we must lay up treasures in heaven, if we want any good in this world; and the only way to get just as much goodness and beauty as can be got together. Now there's Nela. If she lived in a hotel, I believe she'd find something rich and glorious about her."

"Well, I guess I'd better be going. I was thinking that perhaps I could have Lucy come home and wash the dishes, I've got so much to do."

"Let me go, Mrs. Jones. The children will love to take care of the house, and I was just wanting to take a turn in the air, and to step over and see how old Mrs. Mathers's foot is; so you see it all comes just right."

Good Aunt Prue! She could do another person's drudgery, and put so much glory in the doing, that it was like some great pleasure; like the finding of some beautiful gift, or like digging a diamond out of the sand, or silver out of the rock.

At last the stage came. Its distant rumble was sweeter music to the girls than ever an opera-house heard in the finest melodies. Nela tried to be very circumspect, and to assume the responsibility of receiving her friend; but her feet danced up and down on the granite door-step, and at last she ran with Lucy to catch the first glimpse of the red messenger. Faithful old stage-coach! how many merry heart-throbs it has caused! what a mountain of expected good has come rolling down the street with its wheels! what a delicious sense of coming blessing has laid hidden under the shadow of its top!

In half an hour's time the house had been inspected, the barn visited, the hens counted, the roses admired, and the little treasures all displayed, and what could be done next?

"Why," said Aunt Prue to herself, "of course eating. There's nothing that sets the world right like a good, pleasant sit-down round the table. It's the place to get acquainted and the place to find a good beginning to almost anything."

So she hastened her supper and called the children. What merry laughing there was! Aunt Prue's eyes fairly filled with joyful tears at the delight of her little company. Rosa looked like a little flower transplanted into a new bed; she hardly knew what to say, and seemed to be thinking that this pretty picture would all fade away if she did not have a care. But Aunt Prue patted her so gently on the head and told so many pleasant little stories about the things that Nela and Lucy had been doing in anticipation of her coming, that at last she felt at home, and laughed with the rest; but sometimes she turned suddenly round, as if she expected to see some one behind her that would chide her glee.

"Let's hurry with the dishes," said Nela, "so that we can have a little walk before sundown."

"Go now, Nela, and all have a good time together. I'll do the work."

"Without you, grandma? Where would the fun be?"

And there was a great whispering among the girls, as if some wonderful business was to be done in great secrecy. Nela and Lucy had formed a plan which they had to unfold to Rosa; and who can measure the importance of these plans that are found in the brains of the little ones!

"I'll wash the dishes," said Rosa; "that's what I do most of the time."

"Then that's the very reason you should n't do it now. We want to change in our work, and then it seems pretty much like play, all of it. There's Nela and I—we think we have great fun doing up our work."

"Ah," sighed Rosa.

The house was soon in order, and it was yet only five o'clock, just the sweetest time of a summer's day. Aunt Prue put on her white silk shawl and threw a veil over her snowy cap, and her face so beamed with the youth of her spirit that no one could think her old. Nela and Lucy took a basket with them, as if to gather some wild flowers, and they went directly to the path that

led up Sumach Mountain. It was a glorious walk. The short grass was soft as velvet and cool with the little dampness that it had gathered from the air. Great rocks lay here and there, as if they had been dropped down by some beauty-loving hand to give to the hill its ornaments, its scattered gems, for in the sunlight the mica of these rocks glistened like diamonds. Clumps of the sumach were scattered here and there, lifting over their palm-like leaves in the wind as in asking prayer, and bending them down in the returned blessing.

They ascended the mountain above these, and reached a ledge of rocks. The children were full of the joy and gladness that all Nature uttered in the trees, the flowers, the grass, but their joy went up in sweet but not silent accord. They were as busy in their chattering as a trio of blackbirds. Aunt Prue was quiet and thoughtful, for the others had no need of her mirth now.

"Now sit down, grandma, and take a little rest," said Nela, "and please not to look and see what we are doing. We'll be coming round by-and-by."

"I'll have a good dream," said Aunt Prue, and she leaned her head on her hand and looked off toward the western glory. The sun was yet high up, but a cloud shadowed its brightness and left the landscape clear to the eye. And Aunt Prue dreamed of many things, and really forgot where she was, and in what company. Her eyes half closed, and if she minded that little fingers were working at her dress, she did not seem to notice it.

Only and Nela had brought a basket full of roses and buttercups, and a cushion of pine, and they were pinning them all over Aunt Prue's dress. Rosa stood looking on in silent wonder. How the flowers gleamed on the black background of the skirt, and how tenderly the little buds nestled in the folds of the shawl. It was no work of a moment, but the little hands moved briskly, and Aunt Prue sat quite still, as if asleep. At last they laid a crown on her white cap, made of cinnamon roses and white lilacs, and their work was done. Then they ran and hid behind a rock, to watch the surprised awaking.

Aunt Prue did not intend to keep them long waiting, and opened her eyes to the beautiful surprise, for she had not suspected the real work of the little touches that she had felt on her garments.

"Aha, you little fairies; you robin-red-breasted; you ravens, bringing heaven's own food to this traveler; you little sprites; you nymphs of the Sumach copse; you little angels right out of heaven, come here and let me kiss you, every one of you! Why, I'm not an old woman with a wrinkled brow, but a young bride just going to be wed. Come, my little bridesmaids!"

With laughter and shouts the girls came forth to admire their work; and very beautiful it was, this crowning with flowers this sweet face of goodness.

When they had all danced about in their mirth until they were tired, and had related over and over again all the trembling and anxiety they had undergone, lest they should awaken the sleeper, Aunt Prue gathered them at her feet on the rock, warm with the sunlight, and said:

"I have been dreaming, and I want to tell you what it was all about."

"Oh, dreams are splendid," said Nela; "tell us all about it."

"Well, I was looking at that western sky, and thinking how soon the sunset glory would be there, and I began to see my own self in the light of it. Now you know that a glorious sunset is about the grandest thing we have to look upon in all this universe of ours. It gathers every hue of the flowers, and every tint of the summer, and softening them, blends them together in an outspread glory."

Well, you see that as I was thinking of it and its wonders, I saw how my life was close to the sunset, and I felt all the gladness of little Nela in my heart, and it seemed like the sunlight that brought out the glory. But one thing, girls, I want you to remember: every bright ray of light that shone in my sunset came from some kind deed or good action I had done. I saw it as plain as day. There's no other way to get the glory into the sunset of the life. And all the light that shone for me, was gathered in all the days that I had lived."

"I feel so old," said Nela.

"Bless your dear little heart," said Aunt Prue. "I forgot that I was n't talking to grown up people; how stupid I was! I've been preaching a sermon, but I'll pay you for listening to it by telling a genuine story."

There was once a little girl—

"Was n't it you, grandma?"

"Practical, truthful little one, it was; but let me imagine it was somebody else, it is so far off. This little girl went out to make rose-leaf pies, which all little girls know to be delicious, and she was having a splendid time, when some one called her to run of an errand. That was very trying, and the little girl would n't go; she did n't say she did n't want to, but she said she would n't, and stamped her little feet and shrugged her shoulders."

She was very wisely left to do just as she pleased; and she pleased to go to her rose-leaf pastry again. But what was the matter with the rose-leaves? they were no longer sweet; and what ailed the berries that were enfolded in the upper and under crusts of pink petals? they were really sour. Nothing tasted good, and nothing looked pretty, and the little girl knew just why it was, but she did n't like to think of it, so she threw away her rose-leaves and her berries, and tried to think she was very much abused because nobody came to speak to her or called for her."

But moping won't last long if the one that mopes is left alone; so the little girl jumped up and ran down to the well to see if there was a bucket of water drawn, for children find a deal of refreshment to the spirit in a little draught of water.

Old Dame Maxwell was at the well, with her pail filled for carrying home, but she looked so tired and sad, and her arms so thin and bony, that the little girl wondered how she had drawn up the bucket.

"I guess I can carry half that," said the little girl. "I am real strong. I would like to go down the road."

"Oh, honey, your little hands are like the bees' wings, always busy; what a little blessing you must be, if you'd only been at home when your mother wanted to send of an errand to me. I'll warrant she would n't have had to wait, and I should n't have had to wait, and Mr. Crump would n't have gone and hired somebody else, and I should have had the spinning to do, and should have bought me some flannel to have kept off the rheumatism—dear, dear me, my old bones ache now, and what will become of me next winter?"

If the little girl had caused the failure of the National Bank, she could n't have felt worse. She looked at the old lady's bent figure, and at her thin garments, and felt as if she was the cause of them all. She was about ready for a good cry by

the time she reached Mrs. Maxwell's door, and did not stop long to listen to her many thanks.

The little girl had one place to run to when troubles came too heavy to be borne—to her mother's knee. She buried her face there, and finished her cry without interruption, and then told her grief.

The mother knew that old Mrs. Maxwell was ready to make the most of her disappointment, and so she smiled as her little girl told how she was going to die of rheumatism, because she did n't run and leave her rose-leaves; but she was ready to help her little one in the best way; so in half an hour the little girl was on her way to old Dame Maxwell's with a bundle of warm flannel, which she rolled into the room without waiting to hear the thanks.

Well, on my sunset sky I saw all the lights and shades of that day; they formed one of the purple shadows that at last blend into light. These were all good lessons, little ones, and they make up a part of the sunset. But we must go home. I feel like a little child now, since the fading sweetness of these flowers has touched me. I am not sure if this is the sunset, after all; perhaps it is the morning."

"You mean, don't you," said Lucy, "that you've got through the sunset and all the night, and it's morning again?"

"Why, she means," said Nela, "that she's just like you and Aunt Prue, and we're all girls together. Let us go and get the cow."

(To be continued.)

## The Lecture Room.

## THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF SPIRITUALISM.

(A Discourse by Warren Chase, delivered in Continental Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 10th, 1867.)

The assemblage in Continental Hall, Brooklyn, on Thursday evening, Oct. 10th, 1867, was one of the largest and most intelligent that could be brought together; a fact owing, no doubt, to the reputation of the lecturer who was to address them, Warren Chase. The room was in consequence anything but comfortable, due care not having been had to put the air on the free list, says the Brooklyn Daily Times.

The Spiritualist confederacy, as a matter of course, were present in large numbers, but among the crowd were many unbelievers. All, however, listened with attention, some evidently with unquestioning faith, and not a few with the disposition to be convinced, if the speaker could convince them. Of the latter was a young man whom our reporter heard, as he entered, soliciting a friend to go in. The friend said he did not think it right to do so, lest it might unsettle his religious principles. The other smiled, and said he would not give much for principles that anything could unsettle; that for his part he should never fear to inquire; wise people had told him, when he inquired into the nature of God, that the human mind had no right to go so far. He, however, insisted that truth could have no desire to shun investigation; the avoidance of scrutiny rather pertains to error.

The lecture, according to the custom at Continental Hall, was preluded by music and a hymn. Mr. Chase then read a poem, entitled "The Watcher on the Tower," relating, as its title imports, to the future. He then announced the subject of his lecture to be the Religious Aspect of Spiritualism, and spoke nearly as follows:

I do not know whether I shall be able to rescue Spiritualism from the popular prejudice which an intellectual age has thrown around it; but I shall record my words on the living memories of those who listen, and they shall carry them forward in this world and into the next, until they find that they are true. I shall compare in a few words this new era of religion with two of the religious creeds, systems and modes of worship of the past and present. The Jewish religion commenced with phenomena. Moses gave evidence to the senses of the intervention of a superior power working through him, which the people accepted as miraculous. He tried his skill with the Egyptian magicians, and according to the record outdid them. He gave phenomenal evidence to the Jews on their journey and after they left Egypt, of the presence and power of an Intelligence superior to him and them, and called upon the Jews to worship Jehovah. He had no means but his own testimony for showing what God was revealing, or what he himself was doing. He called upon them to worship that power he named for them, and thus was started the Jewish religion, from which our sacred history is derived. These phenomena occurred in Jewish history at different times and through many persons. If the record is to be relied on, many of the phenomena are as ridiculous as many of those reported in modern Spiritualism. The accounts of the sun and moon standing still, Samson's strength, the quaking of the earth, &c., were relatively unlike the phenomena of modern Spiritualism. When the intelligences were seen by witnesses, it was invariably in the human form, as in spiritual manifestations now-a-days. The Jewish religion was therefore maintained by phenomena evidencing superior intelligence.

The Jews grew powerful and proud, became cruel, and persecuted their enemies; and these things they lost their early simplicity. Then these phenomena gradually disappeared, and while the Jews still had the sacred record and all the religious ceremonies, it was evident that the great Intelligence was no longer with them. They hung their faith and hope on the prophecies of the coming of some one who was to restore them to their former prosperity. Yet, when these very prophecies were fulfilled, the Jews themselves did not know it, and therefore did not recognize, nor do they now, the fulfillment, though they themselves had fixed the time of the event correctly. But whether admitting or denying this fact, no person can deny that Jesus established a new religion superseding theirs, and taking from the Jewish God the heart-worship of millions.

The Christian religion, too, started in phenomena. From the infancy, if not from before the birth of Christ, phenomena evidenced a visible agency that people received, as in the days of Moses, as miracles. In our time we disregard claims to miraculous power, and for so-called miracles find a ready explanation in man's weakness rather than in any derangement of the laws of Nature. Scripture miracles, received as miracles by the ignorant and superstitious, if to be believed, must be believed in accord with natural law. Falsely deduced the fact of God's existence from the harmony, order, perfection and immutability of the laws of the Universe, but in his "Evidences of Christianity," he tries to prove the divinity of Christ from Christ's violating these same laws—a ridiculous position certainly for a man like Paley. The phenomena attending Jesus, making allowance for the times, were not materially different from those that occur in our own time. Christ healed the sick, &c., and we have instances fully equal to those which Christ himself wrought—more numerous, and equally remarkable. The things done by Christ and his followers, are now done every day by mediums. The phenomena in the Jewish religion, in that of Christianity and in Spiritualism, are really of the same class. This does not imply that the religion is the same, for it is not. The first religion of the Jews was superior to that of the Egyptians, where they were educated, and were drawn from them from worship of idols and of signs of the Zodiac, &c., drew off their devotion from these objects, and introduced a higher religion, carried their devotion to a god not made of wood, stone or clay, or a representation of a constellation or a luminary. He carried it to a personal God, but located Him in an invisible region, whence he occasionally visited the earth. The Christian religion has withdrawn the devotion from the visible God. The Christian, it is true, retains the Jewish

Scriptures, but repudiates the Jews. The Christians incorporate the worship of the Jewish God in the worship of the Nazarene. They incarnated the Jewish God in the human body, and had him eating and drinking among men. The Christian religion is different from the Jewish, inasmuch as the Jewish God never came nearer to men than the Jewish one did—brought God nearer to the heart of man, and drew the heart in love toward God in Jesus; and the record of his crucifixion awakened man's sympathies, as well as by his character and the beautiful precepts of his mouth. It was a great improvement on the Jewish religion. You could never touch the love of an audience with the presence of the Jewish God according to the Jewish record. David was said to be the man after God's own heart; but, as represented, neither David nor the Jewish God were lovable.

You might make people worship the Jewish God from fear, but not from love. The Christian religion drew hearts in love toward Jesus, by setting forth his trials and persecutions, his forgiveness of enemies, even in the hour of death, &c., &c. The Christian religion has done good work, enlarged the heart, quickened the affections, and awakened aspirations for a still higher condition of life. The Jews, in their religion, transcended the Egyptians; the Christians in theirs transcend the Jews.

The new religion is introduced, and phenomena are occurring all over the world. The messengers are here. It may be said that devils are at work. The same may be said. We are on the verge of a new religion. A large portion of mankind are receiving it as the Jews received Christianity. Many receive it, and recognize it. They may claim that the manifestations would be made to the churches. It was not so before. The true religion has departed from the churches. The Christian churches have doors and hearts barred against the reception of the new religion. The Pharisees were too proud to go to the manger, and so the churches were too proud to have anything to do with the mediums.

Phenomena did not occur through all kinds of persons. Neither do they now. Christ himself could not do many mighty works in some places, and his disciples failed sometimes. There is a superior law to which phenomena have always to submit. If Peter failed sometimes, is it wonderful that Dr. Newton cannot cure every one? I only claim that miracles are such to us because we do not understand the law by which they are produced. • • • The new religion will retain all the historical part of and all the good principles inculcated by Christianity. These will not be abrogated, but devotion will be as effectually changed as it was in the transition from Judaism to Christianity. Spiritualism brings God nearer to us than Christianity has done. It plants the image of an incarnation of God in every human being, and we are called upon to love one another. It tells us to carry our prayers in baskets of food to the needy, &c. When Spiritualism is understood, it will be found to make man's duty to God his duty to his neighbor. God in mankind comes to be a personal God. He is an aggregation of human souls. Phenomena open the windows and let in the angel-influences on us, to demonstrate to us that they exist who are accounted dead, and that they will be when our bodies die; that the dead do not go to an ethereal shore whence no traveler returns. Since the Rochester knockings first challenged attention, no day has passed that somebody has not been convinced that the spirits of the dead exist. • • • It is said that some mediums become low and degraded; is any medium worse than was Judas? Even such, however, have their mission. They reach those who could not be admitted in other ways. The angels are not perfect as our teachers would have us think. I remembered his displeasure at the barren fig-tree when he prayed that it might be withered; also his calling a disciple Satan, &c. Here were evidences of a spiteful if not malignant disposition in his character; but he was human. If divine influence in Jesus did not make him perfect, why expect spiritual influence to make mediums perfect? The spirits leave the mediums free agents, as far as their own course is concerned. But those persons who possess mediumistic power and act in accord with Nature's law, invariably grow wiser and happier. It is the use or abuse of mediumship that makes the person better or worse, and not the quality in itself. Live true and pure lives, and spirituality will make you better by its effects upon you.

## ONE PENNY FOR MAGGIE.

BY N. FRANK WHITE.

"One penny for Maggie," a faint voice sobbed, And the echoes alone replied,

While the jostling crowd, with a look of scorn, Passed by on the other side.

"One penny for Maggie," and on her cheek

For the night was dark and the winds blew cold,

And no earthly friend was near.

"One penny for Maggie," she sobbed, and sank

Where a church its shadow cast,

While the chimneys a merry peal rang out,

And the crowd went hurrying past.

For one from a heathen land had come

To ask for Christian aid,

And the death-chill crept o'er her sobbing form,

While for distant souls they prayed.

"One penny for Maggie," again she sobbed,

And the rough winds laughed aloud,

For while whistling around the church's walls

They had peeped at the listening crowd;

And their eyes were moist at the mournful tale

The devoted man had told,

And jagged arms at his call were bared

While Maggie perished with cold.

"One penny for Maggie," she gasped, and died

Where the church its shadow cast,

Then a closing prayer from the desk was heard,

And the crowd went hurrying past.

Of the "bloody Car of Death" they spoke,

While they passed poor Maggie by;

And brushed, as they thought of the Ganges' tide,

A tear from each moistened eye.

## Justice to Mr. Mansfield.

The following letter must have been rather gratifying to the personal feelings of Mr. Mansfield. It proves that justice, though sometimes tardy, will come uppermost in the end. The letter tells its own story:

MR. MANSFIELD: Dear Sir—Happening to see your name in the Banner of Light, reminds me of a transaction which occurred about five years ago, in which I fear I did you an injustice. I was Orthodox then; now I am a Spiritualist, and see things in a different light. It was in regard to a sealed letter which I sent to you, addressed to my father-in-law, James Comstock, written by myself, but in behalf of his wife and some other members of his family. Well, when the answer did not give satisfaction. He had always been represented to me as a highly educated and very intelligent man, but the answer to my letter did not appear to me to show any great intelligence, and to all my inquiries made in regard to occurrences while on earth which would have answered as tests, there were only evasive answers given. True, as far as we could see, the sealed letter was unbroken, yet the names enclosed in the letter were given correctly in the answer; but as everything was avoided in the way of a test, we concluded that the opening of the letter was a nice piece of trickery, and the rest all a humbug, and I believe I told you as much in my letter to you. I am of a rather impulsive nature, and have a keen sense of justice, and felt incensed at such an imposition as I then thought it should be practiced; but since I have become a Spiritualist, not through any test nor outward manifestation, but through a true

belief in the Harmonical Philosophy, I see I ought not to have been so hasty. I have often wished since that I had kept the letter, that I might have looked over it with an eye unblinded by pride and prejudice. I might have found more interest in what it contained. My object in addressing you at this time is to acknowledge my fault, and as "to err is human, to forgive divine," I hope you will forgive the wound I inflicted on your feelings, and consider me a friend in the cause of truth.

ADELAIDE COMSTOCK.

Sept. 8, 1867.

## ITEMS BY THE WAY.

NUMBER NINE.

BY J. MADISON ALLYN.

Four lectures in Lowell. Pleasant home at Mr. and Mrs. Silas Day's. The cause in the "city of spindles," as in all other places, is subject to the tidal ebb and flow of Nature, but, all in all, its progress is sure and steadfast. Many earnest and truly liberal minds are to be found there, who will not suffer progressive thought to stagnate. They have a fine large church, (for use,) with organ and well-trained choir, and flourishing Lyceum, and it would seem that they must prosper. Nothing but internal discussion can possibly prevent, and that can easily anywhere.

I was much interested in visiting the manufacturing establishment of Messrs. Cutton and Walker, mill-masters, inventors, in whose employ I found our good brother, N. S. Greenleaf, too long and favorably known to the Spiritualist public to need commendation at my hands.

Five Sundays more in Portland, Me. I shall long remember with pleasure my intercourse, both in the public and private capacity, with the good friends at the "Forest City," and would here express my earnest and heartfelt thanks for the uniform kindness and cordiality of the treatment received at their hands, as also for the opportunity which these conditions frequently afforded me of presenting publicly a more practical type of thought than I had often before been able so fully to project. The yearnings of the soul for the people to realize one's highest and holiest emotions, clearest and purest thoughts, are so rarely gratified, that when the right condition is presented, when the prepared soil is found in which to drop the seed, how exultingly the soul leaps forth for its divinely-appointed work! And how thickly the gems of thought are scattered! and with what satisfaction to giver and receiver! The unreadiness of the people to receive one's best thoughts is often a source of deep regret, of a peculiar and indescribable sadness. Among the highest enjoyments this world affords is the blissful interchange of thought and emotion, in those exalted and ecstatic moments when soul speaks to soul, thought to thought, and all seem baptized in the same genial and happy inspiration—blood, catching the waves of harmony as they roll over the soul in sweet billows from the Elysian Land! What are the pleasures of sense (or sense as compared with the joys of the spirit?) Let us strive for the higher delights of soul-communication. Let us learn how, as mortals, to commune one with another, that we may thus become better fitted for that higher interchange as between mortals and immortals. If we cannot blend in harmony with each other, "whom we have seen," how can we expect to appreciate inspiration from those "whom we have not seen?"

We must cast aside petty differences, personal animosities and jealousies, rivalry and clique, childish criticism, back-bittings and backbitings, and be men and women, no longer babies (and boobies) struggling and toiling and quarrelling for and over the toys and trinkets of a senseless and gaudy materialism. It is high time "Spiritualists" did something else than dispute among themselves over unimportant "side issues." Humanity is groaning in agony, victim and slave of a corrupt and debased "civilization," (?) and shall we fritter away the precious moments, the golden opportunities offered by the angel-world, in the useless and wicked folly of spinning fine theories and never putting them in practice? Heaven forbid! It does forbid! for, behold! the religious world, so called, is gathering its forces for the mighty, the inevitable conflict; and, unless we are true to our trust, the splendid bequest which has been let down from the celestial spheres will be taken from us and we shall be left more pitifully submerged beneath the waves of a *brimstone* theology than were ever the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah!

Spent a few days at Yarmouth, Me., a place quite pleasant in externals, but exceedingly "blue" in internals—after an evening lecture in the Universalist chapel, on "Sunlight." The old mirthfulness of Henry C. Greenleaf, with whom I stopped, caused me to realize, as seldom ever before, the triteness of the adage, "laugh and grow fat" while his earnest and progressive thoughts awakened a great respect for him; and the generous magnetism of his voluminous body tempted, many times, weary me, to nestle in his arms and gather strength—and I yielded to the temptation! Bless him!

The people of Yarmouth have had several opportunities the past season of hearing inspired utterances through the lips of Mrs. Almira W. Smith, of Portland, a lady whose earnest inspirations, clear intellect and purity of character, cannot but become so many passports to a much wider sphere of action and usefulness than has yet opened to her.

Six lectures in North Hanson, Mass., to large and interesting audiences. There is an earnestness and freshness of thought among the Hanson friends which is quite delightful, and it is to be regretted that any misunderstandings should arise as to pecuniary matters; for not all communities are so favorably situated for spiritual growth. But few Societies, anywhere in this broad land, own their place of meeting; and the good friends at Hanson will pardon me, if I entertain of them, for the sake of our beautiful cause as well as for their own sakes, to unite at once upon some plan whereby the wheels of their car of progress may again be set in motion. It will not do to quarrel. It is not *living* Spiritualism, but returning to the sectarian divisions of creedal worship. Let us be above it.

Four lectures in East Boston. The earnest efforts, in the midst of difficulties, of Bros. Freeman and Ollorne, and some others during the past eight months, seem to have placed Spiritualism, as to externals, upon a quite promising footing in that city; and it is to be hoped they will "fade not, never falter," till the people are aroused to the importance and significance of the "New Religion." The Unitarians of East Boston are doing well. Let them go on!

Some weeks engraving, and superintending the issue of a *presentable* work (now in press) on the Natural Alphabet. Be patient yet a little longer, friends of alphabetic reform. Difficulties are being overcome as rapidly as possible, and definitive results reached.

Thus end for the present these "Items by the Way." The theme nearest my heart, too long delayed, must now be presented. It is, the *alphabet of Nature—the foundational element in the coming reconstruction of the scholastic systems of all the world.*

Putnam, Conn.,



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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1867.  
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LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editor of this paper should be addressed to Luther Colby.

### Rapid Intercourse.

Electricity has proved the great revolutionizer of the century. It does away with the cumbersome machinery by which thought has ordinarily found the means of conveyance from place to place, and traverses space with scarcely any obstruction from material objects. While its effects are in one sense material, in another they are purely mental. In short, it appears to us all like the introduction of a new agent, swifter and more effective than any hitherto put to service, into the life of the world. And something of just this character, too, was needed. Something was required to quicken thought, stir up the nations, establish acquaintance and relationship between wide-apart people, and infuse a life into life beyond anything it had yet felt or known.

The means of locomotion have been wonderfully increased and improved, but the means of despatching thought have more than kept pace. It is essential, in fact, that they should be in advance. To merely move the physical part around, with how much soever facility it can be done, is but little; it is well so far as it goes; but unless thought could travel by means of lightning couriers, defying time and space, we could not hope for such positive results from improved locomotion as its originators and advocates would have had us suppose. There is a subtler agency demanded than that which is able to transport men and women from place to place; it must needs send forth their wishes before them with the speed of thought itself, and this very facility of locomotion makes it more imperative.

The men of science may pool-pool it, ecclesiastics may preach at it, a mean-spirited press may fling its appropriate ridicule and slanders at it, but there the fact remains; and, as we said, it is the great revolutionary fact of the age. Seeing that it is purely secular, the scoffers receive it with wonder and thanksgiving; when they are told that it is really religious, that it is a means, recently discovered and practically known as yet mostly by its suggestions, for communicating from soul to soul, and that it is in truth the grand spiritual demonstration of the century—these doubting scoffers declare they know nothing about that, and are wholly content to use the newly discovered power for merely business purposes.

May not the new power be a hint of the great underlying fact in Nature, that it is spirit that, by acting on matter, continually gives it life, expression, character? Does it not fairly illustrate the subtle connection that exists between body and spirit? We may not comprehend what it is, but here is something to hint to us of how it is. Here is thought acting directly on matter. We do not at all understand it, but we at least perceive it, and that is a great awakening within us. And in proportion as this rapid and invisible communication is made easy, is the spiritual brought into the foreground, and permitted to take the place in the popular mind which it occupies in fact.

One thing is certain, that electricity has served, in its uses by man, to quicken ideas, and to infuse an entirely new spirit into the realm of thought. The world is no longer the same world it was, to any of us. We seem to be born into new conditions. We find spirit dominant over matter, mind over the material universe. The world is becoming righted up, and we shall all stand on the side we should. The door is opened for the entry of the great truth that puzzles with such wonder.

### The Indian Commission.

Since the Indians have agreed to abstain from hostilities, preparatory to the second meeting with the Commissioners, they have kept their word sacredly; a fact worthy to be noticed in connection with assertions that the red man cannot be relied on. We have all along known better. Did we deal by him as we ought, there is little question that there would have been no serious troubles. No Indian can well be more faithless than the Indian agent and trader. The prospects now are strongly on the side of peace. Col. Tappan, one of the Commission, writes us under date of October 12th, "Arrived here yesterday. The Indians, about five thousand, are at Medicine Lodge Creek, eighty miles south of Fort Larned, Kansas. Everything indicates peace. Everything indicates a lasting peace." And he enters into the details of conversations already had with some of the chiefs, all going to establish his views.

The Commission, as our readers remember, offer the tribes permanent homes, with every opportunity for improvement. That will be different from the customs of the past. After they have arranged matters with the Northern Indians, the Commissioners will go South to hold a grand council with other tribes, who are already assembled and waiting anxiously to make terms of permanent peace. It is remarked generally, that the peace which has been so long kept is due to the proposals of the Commission, made in all sincerity; and that we may rely on a permanent peace if we only keep faith with the tribes. The experiment is happily in a fair way of being tried at last.

### Rome and Italy.

Garibaldi was getting on at a famous pace, when suddenly his career is checked by the demands of Napoleon on the Italian Government, that the treaty between them in respect to Rome should be strictly observed. Victor Emanuel has acceded to the Emperor's demands, and there practically ends the matter for the present. But the Italian people are impatient of this restraint, and that impatience may speedily become indignation. Garibaldi is a firebrand in the midst of combustible materials. He sees but a single object, and nurses but one purpose; that is the rescue of the Roman States from the Papal power, and the complete unification of Italy. He cares neither for the King of Italy nor the Emperor of France; his only desire is for the security of Rome under the domination of the Italian people. That purpose will of course be accomplished in time, for no such desire as that now manifested by the Italian nation can long go ungratified; but all the elements of progress will have to be allowed play in combination, before the movement can properly be called a mature one, or all parties are really prepared to avail themselves rightly of its fruits.

### Mercantile Hall Meetings.

The Children's Lyceum in the forenoon of Sunday, Oct. 27th, was attended by over a hundred fine-looking specimens of "Young America," who are to take our places in the busy actualities of life in the not far-distant future. How important, then, that the right course should be pursued in their spiritual, intellectual and physical training. No one can look at these young buds of promise, as they go through the various exercises of reading, singing, silver-chain recitations, declamations, answering questions, gymnastic movements, etc., without feeling a deep interest in the welfare of these children and a due appreciation of the benefit of this system in properly aiding their physical and spiritual growth and development.

In the afternoon, the school, to the number of about one hundred, marched to Music Hall, and occupied a place on the platform during the lecture, by invitation.

In the evening, Rev. Edward C. Towne, of Medford, had the largest audience of the season to listen to his lecture on the "Christianity of the Christian Church." Throughout the entire discourse the freest and broadest liberality of sentiment was prominent. In his commendation of Spiritualism, he said it did not belong to any class, but to humanity, and claimed it for all. His picture of the Christianity of the present day was not very flattering. "How they love one another," had been changed to "how they hate one another when they do not think alike." He did not approve of the Christian inquisition of the dark ages, or the inquisition of three days ago—(alluding to the expulsion of the Rowland Convention last week at Milford, on account of his liberal sentiments.) The burden of his discourse was "the spirit of love," and most beautifully did he interlace it all through his fine argument in favor of the "Christianity of a pure heart," from which no one should be excluded who has a pure heart. In elaborating his theme, Mr. Towne made many capital points, which met with appreciative responses in the hearts of his auditors. Mr. Towne spoke again last Sunday evening.

Next Sunday Mrs. M. S. Townsend, who is always a favorite with a Boston audience, commences an engagement. She will have full halls every Sunday.

### Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Dr. H. B. Storor, of this city, lectures in Salem the first two Sundays in November. He has no further engagements for the present, and those who wish a first class lecturer on the Spiritual Philosophy had better secure his services at once.

Dean Clark speaks in Plymouth the next two weeks.

Mrs. S. E. Warner, during this month, has been lecturing in Illinois. Unusual interest is manifested, and the people gather in large numbers to hear her. Her visit to Cambridge, a new field of labor, was crowned with success. She speaks in Chicago during November.

We regret to learn that Mrs. Abby Burnham has been obliged to withdraw from the lecturing field, on account of the very low state of her husband's health. He is now confined to his bed with faint hopes of his recovery, and needs the whole attention of his affectionate wife. They are at Weston, Mass. May they feel the sustaining sympathy of dear friends in and out of the form.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, who is to speak in Chelsea during November, and in this city in December, will speak week evenings in November in adjacent towns, if application is made in season.

Hudson Tuttle is speaking to good audiences in St. Louis.

Dr. J. R. Newton will close his office at Utica, N. Y., Nov. 6th.

George A. Pelree writes from Lewiston and Auburn, Me.: "I have been doing all the work for the cause of Spiritualism possible within the range of my calls; occasionally lecturing and speaking upon funeral occasions, (I could do and am desirous of doing more, if friends could give me a chance,) attending circles, giving private sances for tests and communications from friends in the spheres of spirit-life; also healing the sick and infirm by the touch and will power of superior intelligence; also giving clairvoyant examinations for disease and prescribing remedies. Success has attended all curable cases coming within the sphere of my gifts of healing and clairvoyant practice. Testimonials from reliable living witnesses will substantiate all I have said. Should be happy to receive a few calls to lecture."

### The Eddy Mediums.

By an editorial in the Daily Knickerbocker, we learn that the Eddy mediums are giving the Albanians unmistakable evidence of their mediumistic powers. After fully detailing the cabinet manifestations, the Knickerbocker concludes its article in this wise: "People who do not believe in Spiritualism should attend, and if they are not convinced of the truth of the manifestations made by some supernatural power, then indeed may such be termed skeptics. We advise all who are interested in the subject of Spiritualism, and especially those who are not, to attend the sances of the mediums to-night."

Mr. J. W. Cadwell, the agent of the Eddy Brothers, writes us that, trusting for guidance from the higher spheres of immortal life, he shall try to so present our beautiful philosophy in connection with the manifestations, as to convince the world not only of spirit communion and a better life to come, but that the true condition of the disembodied spirit is hastened or retarded according to the good or evil deeds done in the body.

### Funeral of a Spiritualist.

The funeral of Mr. Jonathan G. True, of Portland, Me., was attended by Mr. Charles H. Crowell, of this city, and was an occasion of marked impressiveness. Mr. True was one of the leading merchants of our enterprising sister city, and had avowed his faith in the philosophy and religion of Spiritualism long before his sudden decease. The remarks of Mr. Crowell at the funeral were calculated to draw attention to the truths of Spiritualism, as they were a solid consolation to the bereft friends of him who went before them. Mr. True leaves a vacancy not easily filled in social and business circles.

### The Ohio State Convention.

Our friends in Ohio are awake to the matter of holding a State Convention at Clyde, on the 8th, 9th and 10th of November. We hope there will be a full attendance. Arrangements are being made to entertain the delegates free, as will be seen by the following notice:

At a meeting of "The Progressive Association of Clyde, Oct. 13, 1867, James E. Vandercook and Bradley Tuttle were elected as Committees to make arrangements for the keeping of delegates to the State Convention, to be held here the 8th, 9th and 10th of November. Delegates will oblige by sending in their names as soon as convenient.

Mrs. B. TUTTLE, Sec.

### What is Spiritualism?

#### MUSIC HALL COURSE OF LECTURES.

Thomas Gales Forster delivered his second lecture, and the third of the course, at Music Hall, on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 20th, to a larger audience than on the previous Sundays, giving evidence that there is an increasing interest to hear these lectures on the subject of Spiritualism, especially Mr. Forster's. All concede that they give a scholarly, sound, logical, and common sense view of this absorbing theme.

Prof. Eugene Thayer played the Great Organ half an hour before the lecture. The children and officers of the Lyceum, to the number of about one hundred, surrounded the speaker on the above occasion, and mingled in the exercises by singing a hymn, accompanied by the organ.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier, the able and eloquent trance speaker, follows Mr. Forster, and next Sunday delivers her first lecture, and the fifth of the course. Usually the halls are not large enough to hold all who wish to hear Mr. C., and we are glad opportunity is offered for her to be heard in the spacious Music Hall.

Below we print Mr. Forster's address, phonographically reported for our paper by H. W. Parmenter. All will be deeply interested in the perusal of so beautiful and close an exposition of—

#### WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

Never, my friends, since the dawning of that beautiful star that is said to have charmed the magi of the East upon an unknown journey to the stable of Bethlehem, has there existed a system of ethics so sadly misunderstood and misrepresented, as have been the forces and the philosophy of Spiritualism. Nevertheless, with all due respect to the professors of other faiths, I have no hesitancy in declaring that, in comparison with all antecedent faiths, modern Spiritualism exists to-day, like the sun in your natural heavens, a golden escutcheon upon the azure shield of Almighty God. Spiritualism, properly understood, as I conceive, is the union of philosophy and true religion. It is love translated by wisdom; a bright and beautiful light descending from the higher worlds, shedding its benign and beautiful influence over the broad plains of material life, and penetrating noiselessly and beautifully into the doubting and troubled soul. The phenomena of Spiritualism, upon which is reared its philosophic superstructure, as doubtless you have (some of you at least) been told before, are all in beautiful, harmonious union with organic law. Deriving none of its powers from without the domain of Nature, this system admits of no supernaturalism; but, uniting the entire range of being, from the Creator to the creature, in one universal system of inter-dependent action, clustering all human affection around the centre of Divine Love, it resolves all rational beings into spirit, and is forever clothing spirit with those beautiful angelic forms that, through organic law, are being perpetually evolved from dissolving matter. Spiritualism, repudiated though it has been, repudiated though still it is, ostracized as you are, my friends, those of you who recognize the truth of the matter, and who see that this system is moving on beautifully and healthfully amid the interstices of the human mind, whilst its influences are beginning to shed their radiance above the hill-tops of superstition and fanaticism, and humanity is awakening to the grandeur and the glory of this faith, that is destined eventually to illuminate your globe, when earth's living heart shall be

"Filled with immortal fires of love again,  
And shepherds of the world, and o'er the tomb  
Grows beautiful with Eden's deathless bloom."

I set out, my friends, in illustration of my subject, or in answer to my interrogatory, with this general proposition that matter has ever had an existence that it would be equally absurd to deny or to affirm, that it is the basis of a world without a God. All the various phenomena by which you are surrounded in Nature, whether those that are perceptible to the natural vision or that are perceived through the agency of the telescope—all these various phenomena are attributable to two principles, matter and force. These two ideas are co-existent in the mind, and upon a clear and definite conception of them, learned men tell you, depends that precise relation of the phenomena denominated science. Most of you are familiar with what is generally known as the development theory, which stands forth in the realm of thought as opposed to the Adamite account of the origin of man and the creation of the world. Those of you who are familiar with this theory, will remember that it teaches that all matter—not only matter that is comprehended within your little globe, but that which is comprehended in all that vast concourse of worlds which float in the ether, and majestic in the heavens spaces—that all this matter for the back within the labyrinth of the past, at one time existed in one vast mass, without form and void. You are also aware that this system teaches that this body of matter was composed of some sixty-five elements or primates, and that they are supposed to be the primary bases of all matter. It will be remembered that it is further taught that in the lapse of time this vast body of matter, this primordial ocean, is said to have congregated together and formed the earth, and exercised the beautiful law of attraction, resulting in the formation of the stellar and planetary worlds—your own included. You are also aware that this system teaches that after the lapse of untold ages, your globe by the cooling process of its rotary motion became incrustated with the original or primary rocks; and that from the disintegration of these rocks the soils of the earth that now produce your grain were eliminated or formed; and further, that the first solid body upon an island and an alkali were first presented to the eye of vegetable life; next the lowest form of animal life; then a higher form of vegetable life; and next a higher form of animal life; until finally man was evolved, in the sphere of conformation standing upon the apex of creation.

The development theory thus evolves man, and presents him to you with that beautiful conformation to which I referred in my last Sunday's lecture. It was recollected by those who paid respectful attention to the beauty and perfection of the human frame, I at the same time, with a view of subverting certain positions of other systems of thought, stated that the human frame had no advantage over the animal kingdom; and as regards the framework of the conformation, it has none. It was supposed by some that they could perceive no point to the anatomical remarks that I gave in this connection. The point that I wished to make was this: that however beautiful (and I attempted to point out some of the beauty of the machinery)—that however beautiful the human frame was, still the believer in a physical resurrection, especially, could find no hope of the truth of his faith upon that perfection, because in the sphere of conformation the Quadrumana family (so called) stood by the side of man. But now, my friends, as a basis of the conclusions which I seek to deduce, I propose to show that man, as a human being, notwithstanding that, considered merely with regard to the framework of the organism, he has no advantage over the animal kingdom, as an individual, still he is in advance of that kingdom in other respects, through the operations of the eternal and universally operative law of progress.

Cast your mind's eye back for a moment to the original primary rocks. Science demonstrates that, comprehended within the rocks and within the soil are found all of those elements or primates of Nature to which I adverted. And science demonstrates that all along through the pathway of development, from the granite to the human, these primates are found distributed as so many bases of matter. Science further declares that in the vegetable kingdom there are fourteen of these primates. In the animal, there are some thirty-five or eight; whilst in man have been found nearly all of the sixty-five. And when a man, clear and spiritual analysis shall have been made, it will be found that man possesses within himself the entire body of the beauty of the matter—thus constituting him truly the epitome of Nature, a beautiful microcosm within the vast material universe with which he is surrounded. But there is a law, which, through spiritual investigation in the world of science, more beautifully and more fully illustrates this idea of the progress of matter, and its culmination in man. And this law, as yet, has never been reached by the materialist investigations. I allude to the spiritual solution of the law of Isomerism. The idea

of the mere material chemist is, that the difference of properties in chemical compounds depends entirely upon or is wholly due to a difference of composition. In the law of chemistry, and the mere materialist has never been able to solve the difficulty. It is true, the material chemist says, these wonderful facts are attributable to the different groupings of the atoms; but this supposition is not based upon any known facts that there is such a peculiarity of groupings, nor is it based upon any analysis elsewhere in chemistry; for, on the contrary, all the analogies are opposed to the supposition. But Spiritualism, with her keener sight, has declared that not only is matter in its aggregated form undergoing the influence of the great law of progress, but that atom by atom is under the influence of this law; and that the primates themselves are separately progressing, and are bringing forth, through consecutive conditions, beautiful results. It is a fact in chemistry that the essential oil of juniper, rosemary, turpentine, the essence of lemon, &c., are precisely the same in elements and proportions; yet they differ in taste, in their boiling point, in odor, medicinal qualities and specific gravity. As I have said, the chemist cannot solve this, but submit the difficulty to spiritual analysis, as to the nature of the primates, and the solution is at once presented. You all know, perhaps, that black lead, charcoal, and the beautiful diamond that ministers so much to the vanity of men, are all carbon, and that there is no difference in composition that material chemistry can detect; but this beautiful law of the primates at once solves this difficulty likewise. If this law of the development of the primates be true, then must be clearly seen the investigation of the matter passes through life, decomposition, decay and death, it has developed into a capacity for higher relations and duties.

And thus this philosophy with regard to primary development, permit me to remark in passing, beautifully illustrates a beautiful conception of the spiritual school—that death as well as life is a beneficent feature in the Divine economy. It is not only applicable and true of the inorganic life, but equally applicable to individual conditions, as we hope to show, in the moral vineyard of our good Father. Yes, death is a pale angel of the Almighty, it is true, but no less a messenger of mercy than the principle of life.

If, then, the primates are thus being developed separately and associatedly, as I have said, the conclusion that I wish to draw therefrom may be perhaps apparent. First, let me instance a fact or two in illustration of the general declaration with regard to the development of these individual elements of matter. You know that the phosphate of lime is the principal earthly ingredient of animal bone. A scientific physician will tell you that the phosphate of lime extracted from the mineral kingdom is a dangerous substance to take into the human stomach; but that the phosphate of lime extracted from the animal bone is a beautiful remedial agent. Thus showing that this element, in its progress from the granite to the bone of the man, having passed through life, decay, decomposition, and perhaps a myriad of other times, has become prepared for the sustenance of human life. Again: if you take a single-leaved rose and plant it at the foot of the mountain, amid the debris there settled, it will grow, it is true, but will remain a single-leaved rose. But if you transplant that rose from the foot of the mountain to the soil of your garden, it will become a double-leaved rose, under the influence of the fact, that the primates in the cultivated soil of the same have passed through the process of life and death that have developed them, up to the capacity of sustaining a higher form of vegetable life. And so, my friends, a just appreciation of the operation of the laws of God in the history of the past and in the history of the present, clearly demonstrates the existence of adaptation and design, and wonderfully bespeak the beneficence and power of the Master Mason of the universe.

If this mode of reasoning with regard to the development of the primates be correct, and if it be true that there are fourteen in the vegetable kingdom, thirty-five or eight in the animal kingdom, and nearly the entire number in man, what is the legitimate conclusion, reasoning by analogy, with regard to their ultimate condition in man? Is it not that as the principle of life increases in demonstration, they become more and more developed? So that as they pass through from the mineral to the vegetable, and from the vegetable to the animal, and from the animal to the human, it becomes clearly apparent that the primates or elements that go to make up the human organism, are not only more numerous, but at the same time are in the highest state of development—constituting him the perfection of the universe—constituting him a wonderful and beautiful manifestation of the power of God, working in and through the bosom of matter.

Again: Do not weary, however, of these scientific references, for you will find that they are necessary to my conclusions. Carry your mind back again for a moment to the granite, and to the first form of life, and you will find the forces of Nature, as they are termed by science, it is a clearly demonstrated fact that the pulses, unseen, of granite life are beating. Now, the forces of Nature, physical, chemical and vital, are all working throughout the various kingdoms to which I have so briefly adverted. The laws of Nature constitute the channels through which these forces of Nature act; and the philosophic observer has no difficulty in combining all these forces into one, and that one force is the mighty, ever-present God—Inexplicable it is true, but ever working, ever present, an ever beneficent power in the universe, that is equal to an infinite will, governed by infinite wisdom and guided by infinite love. This is the God of the Spiritualists—call him Jehovah, Jove or Lord. He is an ever present power that is the soul of the universe, from whom his children have emanated. Now, this force, or God, is moving in the universal kingdom and expressing himself through the material and spiritual kingdoms, in crystallization, in the rounding of the pebble, and in all that relates to mineral life and mineral control. We believe that God is there acting. We believe, likewise, that through the electrical and magnetic life of the vegetable kingdom, God is expressing himself. He does not express himself in the mineral as he does in the vegetable, and why? Because the association of primates and the condition of the primates have not attained to that elevated relation to the sphere of being that enables God to speak through the mineral as he does through the vegetable. God is expressing himself not in proportion to the vastness of his majesty, but proportionate to the capacity of the thing through which he speaks. As with the mineral and vegetable, so with the animal. There is spirit in the animal—not an individualized spirit—but there is spirit, there is power, there is God in the animal, speaking in the instinct of the animal, that in many cases approximates so nearly to reason that it is almost human. But God in his infinite power cannot—I know it is said by some that there are no impossibilities to God, but we affirm it is impossible for God to lie; it is impossible for God to lie against the laws co-existent with himself—we say, then, that the infinite God cannot express himself through the fourteen primates of the vegetable kingdom as he does through the thirty-five of the animal, in their developed condition, consequent upon their passage along the pathway from the mineral to the other.

But continue your observation onward to the human kingdom. You find there a development of all the primates; you find the ultimatum of matter. And what do you find besides? You find that this spirit, this power, this God that has been moving through all the kingdoms below man, for the first time becomes individualized in man—from the fact that he is an ultimate of the vast creation from which he has emanated and by which he is surrounded. And in this sense, man, as a human being, is the first time that he becomes incarnated in the flesh, and in no other. Man, spiritually considered, stands forth as the individualized representative of his Father—his Inexplicable Father, his ever present and Divine Master. Man stands forth as the individualized representative of this divine principle that has permeated throughout all the conditions antecedent to him, and alone individualized in him. This spark of intelligence that manifests itself in the human brain, in this sense, is the first time that it is brought forth in the realm of thought by the human mind, this spark of intelligence is divine; this spark of intelligence is what the Spiritualist believes is the immortal principle—the soul of man as immortal as God, and equally as inexplicable; having a spiritual organism that conforms more nearly to the nature of its divinity, which is destined for its use in the worlds that are to come.

Now, then, my friends, if this be true—if it be true that man is divine by nature—how readily can you appreciate the language of Elihu, one of the advisers of Job, in the beautiful epic that bears that name. You will remember he says, "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." And he says, "The language of Elihu, especially when he professes to believe every line of the book from which the above is taken is divine?"

Thus modern Spiritualism, if properly appreciated, comes in to the aid of Christianity, giving an extension of its views with a newer and brighter light thrown upon its obscurities. And what a beautiful position does man assume in the scale of being, under the impositions of this beautiful philosophy—that all men and women are divine! Ay, the darkest criminal in your deepest dungeon is divine. The worst character that has ever been made by misdirected laws or misapplied judgment—the worst criminal ever thrown upon society as the result of your misdirected jurisprudence, is divine by nature.

My medium walked this morning upon a promenade in your beautiful Common, and while he was seated there drinking in the inspiration of the sky and earth, and admiring the beautiful landscape which autumn is decorating the leaves preparatory to their seeming fall and death, a very quiet looking gentleman approached him and presented him with a tract. Perhaps he thought the inspiration my medium was drinking in was a little too much of the earth earthy, and that he looked a little too happy. However, the intention was kind, and it was so received. The tract presented to him had this title: "Come and welcome to what I call the 'Christ'." Now, my friends, let me ask you what system of faith that has ever had an existence, what system of faith that by possibility can have an existence, that will compare with the beautiful injunctions of the glorious knowledge that modern Spiritualism is inculcating the mind of the age with, in regard to the divinity, not alone of Jesus Christ, but with regard to the divinity of the whole human family—not detracting from the beauty of Jesus, not at all detracting from the beauty of the man of Nazareth, but simply elevating him to the position of a man who would be a medium or could you select in coming to Jesus, that would be more healthful, more truthful, more philosophical than that of learning to appreciate your own divinity?

Oh, ye Conductors and Leaders and Teachers of the Lyceum, while aspiring to rear these young minds that now surround me, in the pathway of rectitude, oh, discard from their thoughts any conception of total depravity and a special divinity of any one of God's creatures. Be acquainted with the grandeur and the glory of the spiritual idea, that all are the children of God, and that all are divine; that all are beautiful, and in the ratio that they outwork their divinity into practical life will they be approximating the character of the beautiful Nazarene. Your speaker does not belong to that class that, through misapprehension as I conceive, think it proper to speak disparagingly of Jesus of Nazareth. On the contrary, my friends, I think him a beautiful example for humanity. I believe you consider him with the grandeur and the glory of the spiritual idea as he went over the city of Jerusalem, whether you stand by his side in meditation beneath the palm-trees of old Judea, whether your heart pulses with love for his beautiful charity toward the accused woman, whether you fondly recognize his filial piety in the forethought of consigning his mother to the care of his best beloved disciple, just before his execution, or whether you observe him as he marches up the Calvary, persecuted, and then sheds his blood in blood in the atonement of the truth of what he taught, whether considered with respect to any or all of these positions, he certainly stands forth as an example to mankind, and as one of the most beautiful characters presented upon the unrolling panorama of time!

And so, my friends, should you learn to consider him; and so should you learn to tutor yourselves that you may become like him, that you may become one with the Father. In other words, that you may live in the likeness of the organic law, and, developing your spiritual natures, plunge your vines hourly for a higher, holier and loftier light.

Again, reasoning by analogy, my friends, this spirit of man to which I have adverted—this divine principle of intelligence in man, according to the laws appertaining to development, standing as it does upon the apex of being, is necessarily positive to all below it. Spiritual magnetism is positive to the human; the human is positive to the animal, and so on down the line. This beginning with the granite and going up to spirit, or to the individualized expression of spirit in the evolution of matter—beginning with the lower and reaching the higher, you find a consecutive line of positives and negatives; so that, as I have said, reasoning by analogy, the conclusion is unavoidable that the spirit of man is positive to everything in the universe. And when, in the progress of time, you shall more fully appreciate the value of the great power of the spirit and beautiful possibilities of the same—then, indeed, will the positive nature of the human soul be made more and more manifest throughout the realms by which you are surrounded. I have said, it will be remembered, that in the development of the primates up to man, death was as necessary a feature in the divine economy as life, and that through death, decay and decomposition, these elemental properties were advanced to higher capacities, and the human, now, my friends, through the death that is to each of us, the spirit is eliminated and goes forth into higher conditions. The spirit itself is not subjected to decay, decomposition and death, and why? Because it is a part of the Divine; because it is a finite culmination of the forces that have been driving matter through death, decomposition and decay—the impure and not the receptive principle in Nature. The body, composed of matter, lies in the power of the forces, and the elemental forces of the universe body are propelled forth, as are the elements composing the kingdoms below the human body, to perform other relations and higher duties in the elemental world. But the spiritual nature of man cannot be disintegrated, because, from its very origin and nature, it is eternal; and, having once become individualized, that individuality must exist forever. The individual spirit, however, is eliminated through the process of death, and goes forth to other and higher conditions, the creature of the same laws by which it was concerned here, and far more obedient to those laws because freed from the entangling influences of the clayey mold in which the statue was formed.

I repeat, then, my friends, reasoning by analogy, if the spirit of man in the body be positive to all the conditions below it, is it not equally as clear, equally as philosophical, that the spirit, disembodied, becomes positive to the spirit embodied; and that, therefore, the claim of the spiritual school that disembodied spirits have the power to control embodied ones, may not only be considered as plausible, but as established logically and explicitly?

I have said when the spirit leaves the body, it is by no means free from the laws of which it was the creature, because the laws of being, the laws of Nature, the laws of God, are co-existent with God; they are eternal, they are immutable. Therefore if your spirits have been the creatures of law here, and if they have suffered from the attempted violation of law here, is it not perfectly consistent that they shall remain the creatures of the same law, to whatever realm they may emigrate—and that experience here will have taught a higher obedience after their disenchantment? Now, then, what are the laws that are peculiarly the channels through which the human spirit acts while it is in the body? What principles are those by which you are all governed, differing only in degree? Is not man a social being? Does he seek loneliness? Does he not seek communion with his fellow? Does he not seek mingling of yourselves together, and all the various phases of thought, and all the manifestations of earth-life—are not all these the evidences of the fact that you are the creatures, all of you, differing only in degree, of an eternal and ever operative law of communion? The spirit of man is averse to solitude. I know that there are misanthropes, and that there are such conditions that are called misanthropic, and that men, it is said, who have been in the madhouse, when a returned mind is never content to be alone unless under the influence of the same spirit that animated the poet when he said: "Solitude is sweet, but I love to have a friend near to whom I may say, How sweet is solitude." Consequently, then, my friends, spiritually, the man disenfranchised is a social being and loves communion. Again, what is the principal influence operative in the material world, in the production of the



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Invocation.

Oh Lord, our Father and our Life, we pray thee that the kingdom of heaven, which is born of good deeds, may draw nigh unto these souls. Grant that those living waters that come alone from fountains of everlasting truth, shall be placed to their lips that they may drink, and thirst no longer—thou spirit whose life no soul can analyze, whose presence is everywhere, and whose love no child of thine is without, we would learn how to worship thee in the beauty of divinity, in the perfection of love. We would know that love which driveth away all fear, and solteth within its embrace all those virtues that make the soul great and good. Our Father, grant that this age may pass away till the children all shall know thy truths, and shall understand the coming of thy children whom thou hast called unto the land of spirits. Oh Lord, we would build thine altars at the vestibule of every heart, and we would bring our gifts, laying them upon those altars from all things in life—from the sunshine, from the shadow, from sorrow, from joy, from all the experiences of life. Oh Lord, we would bring our gifts to thee asking thee to bless them. We know that thou art our Father and we are all thy children, and we believe that thou hast salvation in store for every one of us. We believe that thou hast salvation in store for all thy children everywhere. We do not believe that thou art a God of vengeance. We do believe that thou art a God of love and mercy, and we do believe that thy love is everlasting, and thy mercy embraces all thy children. Therefore, oh our Father, we can trust thy great family in thy keeping. Every one of them thou hast blessed. Every one of them, we believe, thou hast registered in the book of eternal life. Every one of them, we believe, thou wilt finally purge of all sin. Every one of them, we believe, thou wilt finally bring into the kingdom of wisdom, the heaven of peace. Oh, our Father, grant that the darkness that surrounds some souls may speedily be dissipated. Grant that the sunshine that thou hast been pleased to shed upon this day and generation may find its way through the crevices of every soul. Oh grant that none may linger longer in darkness, when thy great light is so free for them all. Father, let thy spirit, like a conscious presence, rest upon these children to-day and forever. Amen.

Sept. 17.

Daniel Hart.

Stranger, seeing as the way is open I thought it might not be out of the way to give my folks some little information concerning my death, seeing as they do not know much about it. I am from the 21 Indiana Cavalry, sir, and I got into a pretty tight place with a squad of rebels, and I was taken prisoner, and I was carried to two or three places. I was carried in the first place to Richmond, then I was carried further down South into Georgia, and then I was finally sent to the prison-pen at Salisbury. I suppose you've heard of it. [Oh yes.] About as good a name as any one could give it.

Well, I never did know much about obeying orders, particularly when I had not agreed to it. When I enlisted in Uncle Sam's service I agreed to obey orders, 'cause I voluntarily enlisted, and that was just the same as saying, "I'll obey orders." But I wasn't so with the other side. I did not agree to such a thing, and so when I was put through what I call a pretty tight place—well, I'll tell you what it was now. I was detailed to flog a Union prisoner, a boy only fourteen years of age, 'cause he refused to do duty, saying he was sick—and he was sick. Says I, "I'll never do it; I'll be shot first." "Very well," they said, I could take my choice. I could be shot, or I could do duty. "Well," says I, "if that's what you call duty, I shall excuse myself from it. I'm a Yankee, western born, and I have a right to refuse sometimes." Well, there wasn't much ceremony about it, stranger, 'cause I persisted in refusing to do it. And I had just about half-an-hour's grace. Said I, "You needn't give me five minutes. I shan't change in half-an-hour. I ain't apt to." So I was shot. And that little fellow, he begged me to flog him and save my life. Says I, "I never'll do it; I never'll do it." His name was Sanborn—Charles Sanborn, from somewhere in New York State. I don't know how the little fellow ever got into the army, but he was in, and was taken prisoner, and I don't know what's become of him. I suppose he's alive now. I ain't seen him here, and I've looked round to see if they served him as they did me, but I don't think they did. Well, now, you see, my name is Daniel Hart, and I should really like to meet that little chap if I could, 'cause, you see, maybe he is fretting about it. Oh, I tell you, he begged and prayed me to save my life, and then he prayed them to spare my life. He tried to make 'em think I was crazy, and wasn't responsible. Says I, "Bub, it's no use talking that way. I'm responsible now, and I know just what I'm saying, and I know what I'm to expect, too, and I don't care a penny for it." Well, you see, my folks never heard only that I was taken prisoner. I'd like to have 'em know, 'cause, you see, well, it'll be kind of a consolation to me to have 'em know I didn't die a coward, and wouldn't do what I knew wasn't right, even if I did get killed for it. I tell you what 'tis, it's pretty hard to decide sometimes what is right, but sometimes it comes so clear that you know you ain't mistaken. And I think if you don't do then just what you think is right, you are pretty sure to get smartly thrashed for it sooner or later.

I don't know much about military tactics. I made as good progress, I suppose, as any of them that had n't been in the service no longer than I had; but I was a very good farmer in my way. I could raise as good a field of grain as any other

one, only give me the right kind of soil and good seed, and, well—I could always find a penny in my pocket for somebody that was hungry—could always do it; and sometimes I could—I could take a glass of whiskey, but not very often—didn't believe in it for myself.

Now I should like to have my sister Elizabeth feel all right about my death, and I should like her to know that I can come back, and that I'm happy here. I don't know whether the Methodist doctrine is true or not; maybe it is, and maybe it ain't—I don't know. She was once kinder on the fence, between the Methodist and the Baptist religion—hard-shell Baptist, where they duck 'em all over, you know. She didn't know which was right, and she prayed, she said, weeks and weeks, and fasted, and I don't know what she didn't do to find out which was the best kind of religion, and I know she'll think if I'm here I'd ought to know. Well, I don't know. I rather think the Methodist. Well, I see plenty of Methodists and plenty of Baptists and plenty of Universalists and plenty of Jews—one here made a prayer, and he is all right—tip-top—and, I rather reckon, stranger, there are all grades of religion here, and I don't see but they are all pretty well-to-do here—they seem to be, anyway. So if she likes the Methodist, let her stick to it. [What was your belief when you were here?] Mel I don't know. There was one spell I kinder thought I was a Baptist—I kinder leaped that way—and then I kinder got cold on it, and it sorter died out, and then I didn't call myself anything after that. [Aren't you well enough off?] Me? Oh yes, stranger, I'm "hunky." Nothing would bring me back here to stay. I used to like the West. I used to wish I owned it all, 'cause then I'd have fixed a way to people it. I'd have had, as I used to say, I'd have had inducements to draw people out West, instead of having them smothering themselves to death in cities like New York and Boston. If you want to live and get a good breath of clear air, go out West—there's where they have it. But, as I said, I wouldn't go back if I had the whole West. But if I was back again, and had to go through the same again, I don't think I'd flinch. I'm glad I did it, and if that boy is anywhere round, I'd like to talk to him. It is now—well, that was in '63. What is it now? I ain't got no almanac here. [September, 1867.] Well, I'd ought to graduated before this time, had n't I? But I ain't. I'm just about the same. Pretty good place, and like to stay. Never felt much like moving away. They tell about spheres up higher where folks are happier, but I ain't never made up my mind to want to travel—didn't like it much here, and do n't now.

Well, stranger, if there's anything I can do for you when you get ready to move your truckle off, just say so. I shall be there. I've got a heart just the same as I always had, and I could open it, wide open, too, when occasion required. I am going now. Good day, sir. Sept. 17.

Susan Murray.

I wish to send a letter to my mother in St. Johns. I came here six years ago. And I suppose I took the fever—the scarlet fever—I suppose I did, on the boat coming up. There was a woman on board who had a little child, and the child was sick, and I offered to help her take care of it, and it afterwards proved to have the scarlet fever; and I suppose I did. I don't know. I had a cousin here who was doing well, and she wrote me to come, and helped me to come here, and my mother said when I come she didn't believe I ever could live here. She didn't think she should ever see me again alive, and she never did. My name, sir, is Susan Murray, and my cousin's name was Harriet Murray. I hoped to reach her here. That is why I came, so she will send word to my mother that I can come back to her. Tell my mother that the dress she gave me the week before I came here, I gave to Harriet, and I believe the reason why she never received any of my things, was because there was nothing of any account to send. Harriet took care of me, and she had what I left. They say you treat all alike here, and it makes no difference whether they are rich or poor. [None whatever.]

You will understand that I hope to reach my Cousin Harriet, and through her my mother. Sept. 17.

Dr. James MacGregor.

The laws governing in life are so intricate and mysterious that one must deal long and faithfully with them to know anything about them. It is now three years, coming October, since I parted with my body and went to the spirit-land. And I then supposed I could return as soon as I might please to do so. And so I told my daughter that I would come back, and I would show her that I could come, and that I was a living spirit still. But I had n't the power to come until this time. I was a Scotchman by birth, and was called by the name of James MacGregor—Dr. James MacGregor. I was eighty-four years old, and some months, when I died. I died at my daughter's house near London, where she has lived since her marriage.

About two years before my death, I was called to believe in these things by the exercise of my common sense. I read many works upon the subject, and I heard much that was said. And I was, I suppose, a Spiritualist, but I was alone in my belief. My family all feared that it was a delusion. Now I told my daughter I would come back, and that I should show her it was myself, and that I was living, and that I was still as I was when here. But it is late I come, because I had n't the power to come. I tried many ways, and thought sometimes I was just ready to come, and something would come between me and where I wanted to come. But I come now. And I tell my daughter Esther—Esther is her name—I want to tell her that it is true, that the spirits do come, and that I am not deceived, and that the great God is in the work, and I am sure it cannot die. She used to say to me sometimes, "It will all die out soon, and you will be disappointed. You will have nowhere to stand. You have given up your Presbyterian faith, and you will have nowhere to stand." Well, that is not true. I have the where to stand, and I am happy here, and I want her to know it, and I want her to spread the word among our friends. Tell them that I am happy, and that I expect to be, and I expect to be in the practice of my profession of a physician again here. Yes, I expect to come back and do much good here on the earth. It is not going away to some distant star. It is right here we are. And now for what I promised my daughter, should I be able to come. Now I will give what I promised to give. It was this:

My daughter, I will give you the name of the ancestor that you used to talk so much about, and used to always find pleasure in questioning about. The name is this—Charles Stuart Gloughlynn. I said, I will come. I will give that name, so you will know it is me. Good-day, sir. Sept. 17.

[The above was given in a broad Scotch accent, which we do not attempt to render here.]

Scance opened by Joseph Lowenthal; letters answered by Nedie.

Poem by "Birdie" Wilson.

I am here, dearest mother, though the summer has flown,  
And the roses their beauty have shed;  
For the world in its blindness determines alone  
That the soul in its freedom is dead!

I am here to watch over and keep you from harm,  
To guide you from darkness to light,  
I am here, and I'll wait till the morning bells chime,  
Proclaiming the end of the night.

And then through the bright shining way of the stars,  
Where the saints and the angels have trod,  
I will lead you away from the earth and its cares,  
To the spiritual temple of God.

The sweet and loving spirit of Anna Cora Wilson, after giving the above lines, turned to her mother, who sat near by, greeted her with a warm and affectionate kiss, whispered, "Give my love to dear father," and then dismissed the circle with the following:

Benediction.

May the angel of mercy and peace be with you to-day, and go with you to your homes, watching over you through your mortal lives, and leading you into the kingdom of the hereafter, whither all souls are bound. Amen. Sept. 17.

Invocation.

Oh Lord, thou Spirit Infinite and just, thou hast tenderly cared for us through all past eternity up to the present moment. Thou hast walked with us through the valley of the shadow of death. Thou hast opened the gates of thine heavenly city, and thou hast called us again to mortal life. Since thou hast guarded us so lovingly in the past, we should be unworthy of thy love if we failed to trust thee, if we failed to lay our endless future upon the altar of thy being, knowing thou wilt care for it.

Oh Lord, thou guardian of the sunshine. Thou takest note of the seasons. Thou givest beauty and fragrance to the flowers. Shall the soul fear that thou wilt forsake it?

No, oh Lord, our Father, we will trust thee, and in trusting thee we will endeavor to serve thee, not alone with mouth-utterances, but with thoughts and with deeds—such deeds as shall make ourselves beautiful in thy sight, and beautiful in the sight of all thy ministering spirits. Father of life! Spirit eternal! thy power we cannot measure. Thy love is boundless as eternal, and all thou hast, all thou art, we know in thy beneficence thou wilt finally confer upon thy children. All the blessings that are stored in thy vast storehouse, we know we shall finally receive. And oh, grant that speedily every soul may hear voice from its own inner life, saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant! thou hast been faithful over the small things of life, I now will make thee ruler over greater things."

We ask no blessing, oh Great Jehovah, upon these thy children, for day unto day thou art blessing them, and when the shades of night fall around them, then when sleep comes to their outer natures, in their inner lives they hold communion with thee. Thou art impressing thine own divine presence upon their being, and so when the morning comes they feel to thank thee that thou hast watched over them through the night, and when the night comes they feel to trust thee because in their soul-lives they feel that thou art worthy to be trusted, and that thy power is seen in life and in what men call death.

In all the circumstances of life, either human or divine, thy power is sufficient for all thy children. Accept our praises; hear our prayers. They are offered in the name of all past life, of all present life, and of all life that is to come. Amen. Sept. 19.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have queries, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to consider them.

QUEST.—Is the ring feat said to have been done recently in the presence of Mr. Danskin, of Baltimore, and others, bogus, or is it a real spiritual manifestation, accomplished by an occult law not understood by mortals?

ANS.—Your speaker has no evidence concerning the subject referred to, but he knows that similar feats, or a similar class of phenomena, can be easily produced, under certain conditions. Therefore it is to be presumed that the case referred to is of genuine spirit control.

A note was read asking the intelligence to make an appeal to the audience in behalf of a sick man.—Mr. Frank Hanson—who was in need of assistance.

SPIRIT.—The friends of the intelligence in mortal are present in the audience, and they have informed your speaker that he is every way worthy of your generosity, and that his hands of life are nearly run. He can remain here but a very short time longer. And as you are all seeking—I presume you are—to lay up treasures in heaven, where moth nor rust cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal, perhaps it would be to your advantage to drop a penny here in behalf of this, your brother, who seems to be in need, and who, we doubt not, is very much in need. For when the spirit finds itself unable to use the machine, the body, in consequence of disease, then you all know that unless that spirit has drawn to itself a goodly amount of worldly goods it must suffer for the necessities of the body. For at best—we are sorry to say it—this is a cold and selfish sphere of existence. Your speaker knows from experience whereof he speaks, because he has lived here and has passed through various experiences incident to human life; has tasted of its joys and its sorrows; has known somewhat personally of the selfishness of human life, and were he again possessed of the knowledge he has gained by sojourning in the spirit-world, he would endeavor, at least, to root out the selfishness that belonged to him as an individual.

I am informed by my good fellow worker, Dr. Fisher, that there is an institution in operation in your city that has opened its doors, inviting all to come within its walls who are not able to pay for what they may receive there. He tells me it is a good home. There are pleasant things there, so far as there can be where many sick ones are gathered together, and we would suggest the propriety of this friend going there, knowing, or feeling, at least, that he will be much happier there. He can be well cared for, go, and come as he pleases, and can be in a condition to enjoy many of the comforts of life while he remains here, that he could not enjoy elsewhere. This is merely a suggestion. The friends of the person referred to can investigate with regard to the institution. I believe it is superintended by one Dr. Cullis, and is situated on Vernon street. We hear very favorable reports concerning it, and we have no reason to suppose it is not a superior institution. Indeed, we believe it to be a most excellent home for such persons as the one we are endeavoring to aid. Homes here are in reality a very poor apology for those real homes in the land of souls; but such as they are, you in human life have need of them, and therefore you who have them should do all in your power to aid those who

have them not, remembering that our elder brother, our divine teacher of eighteen hundred years ago, said to those who gathered around him—and in saying it to them he said it to us—"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me. A cup of cold water in my name shall bring you a blessing. A penny in my name shall bring a blessing." A kind thought, a word of kindness, whether expressed in outward deeds or not, always receives its just reward. You should all remember this, and in all the circumstances of life through which you may be called to pass, never let it be absent from you. Kindness turns away wrath; kindness lifts the soul from hell to heaven; kindness is the key of which all souls have need when they shall pray for entrance into the kingdom of heaven. For if you have been unkind and unjust to your fellows, how can you with unkindness in your souls come to the great Father, asking him to bless you and expecting the blessing to come?

Having noticed several articles that have appeared in several secular papers during the last few months, with regard to the genuineness of the manifestations at this place, and with regard to the purity of the character of the subject through whom they are given, we deem it not out of place or out of time to offer a few words concerning the subject. Not because we have any fear, for our glorious cause of Spiritualism, not because we have any fear concerning our subject—the medium—not because we fear that God is not watching over her, and over all the world, and will take care of his own everywhere, but because we feel it simply our duty. Agitation, we have been told, is the beginning of wisdom, and we believe it. Therefore it is that we are always glad when our cause is agitated. When the waters of life are most turbulent around it, we know it is in a growing condition. It is destined to rise. By-and-by it will overcome all opposition, and shine like the morning star.

We would herewith—although we are not in the habit of doing such things—we would challenge our good friends of the secular press, not to a discussion concerning the truth or falsity of Spiritualism, but to the bringing of what shall be considered substantial proof against the genuineness of the manifestations offered here. We propose to meet them with evidence which to any sound, rational, unprejudiced mind, shall be sufficient proof to overcome at least their skepticism in one direction, namely, that the manifestations at this place are forged—gotten up for the occasion and for money-making purposes. The author of these manifestations—which we claim is God—has furnished us with means whereby we can prove all we offer as genuine. And if our good friends of the secular press can do as much for their theory, then they stand upon better ground than we supposed them to stand upon. And we believe, were they questioned upon the subject to-day, they would tell you that they know neither the medium against whom they talk so coldly, nor have they witnessed any of the manifestations of modern Spiritualism through the medium at this place, or any other medium.

Now any honest mind who was not in all respects below par, would at once determine that such individuals were not worthy of being judges in the case. But, however, whether they know or do not know, that is with themselves. We ask that they will furnish the proof. And we propose when they furnish theirs to furnish ours, and let a thinking public throw them both into the scale and weigh them. If ours is found wanting, amen; we will seek to be set right; and if theirs is found wanting, why, we hope they too will seek to know the right. If they are silent, we have the right to call them cowards. Or perhaps their ignorance may be so extensive as to smother further discussion upon the subject.

Now with regard to the private and public life of our subject, we have only this much to say: There are ample means for investigation, from her cradle days to the present hour, and whose deems it their duty to criticize and investigate is at liberty to do so. We, having her in charge, know whereof we speak. Now, then, if our good friends have ought to say, we earnestly hope they will say it ere long. But if they have nothing more to say, we earnestly hope they will hereafter hold their peace concerning what they know nothing about. Sept. 19.

Josephine Stephens.

Mother and me lived together till I died, and then mother lived alone. And I—I come to ask her if she do n't want to come and live with me. She is here—she is on the earth. I have been here since last winter. I was eight years old. Father went away. He didn't die, 'cause I don't find him anywhere. My name is Josie Stevens. That was my mother's name, too. She says that if she was not afraid to die she should commit suicide. That is n't right, and I don't want her to. But I want her not to be afraid, because we don't never hurt anybody, and it is nice after you get dead. My mother thought I might come back, and I—I want her to go to that lady that lives on Sixth Avenue, where she went past the other day and thought she had a good mind to go in, but she didn't have any money. But she could have gone in just as well, and I want her to go now, because I want in, and I could go there, and I want her to go back there so I can talk to her. I don't know the lady's name; it is way up town. Do you put our letters in the post-office? [We print them in the paper.] Oh, yes. Well, it is for Josephine Stevens, Station A—my letter is—New York. Don't you forget, will you? [No.] Oh dear me! I reckon I will go now. Good-by. [Do you feel tired?] Yes, I do. I don't like to stay. Sept. 19.

Belcher Kay.

Having a few words to say to some of my acquaintances who still remain here on earth, and having no better way to say them than this public way, I very gladly avail myself of it. A few evenings ago I was called upon to visit a certain place in this city and communicate intelligence that would result in the success of a certain friend of mine in money matters. The friend has very strong medium powers in a certain direction—that is, his hand can be used for writing, under certain circumstances. It cannot always be done. Well, the amount of the story was this: His friends wanted me to come and tell them whether or no I would assist him at a certain game of chance by which he could replenish his purse. Well, it would be folly to say I am not at all interested in anything of the kind now, for I do sometimes go to some places on the earth where these games are going on. I am attracted there by those of my friends left here who are present at such places; but I do not believe in the propriety of acting as a sort of underground agent for any such purpose. Supposing I could do such a thing, would it be playing honest toward the opposite party? It would be virtually equivalent to about a dozen against one. Would it be right? Now I want my friends to look the matter in the face. They want me to do a thing my own soul would damn me for doing. I hardly think they would have asked it if they had considered the matter

in a serious light. By-and-by it will be, "Why not run our engines, be our policemen, guard our houses, prevent fires being set—come and do all the business of this earthly life?" Surely, why not? Well, what would become of your poor brains here? Why, they would wilt like flowers in the hot sunshine. It is only the use of them that makes them strong and hardy. If you have got any faculties, use them. If you want to make money, make it by your own brains; don't call on the inhabitants of the other world. If you want to know what is the lucky card, study into the tactics of card-playing, and if you can get the best of your opponent get it. The whole world is nothing but a game of chance. You can't put your finger on a trader in this city but what is a gambler to the clearest and fullest extent. Go a little higher: take your ministers in the pulpit. That is a species of gambling in itself. The minister who can preach the best sermon, put the most eloquence in it, and throw the strongest psychological influence upon his audience, can get the biggest salary; and the poor fellow who can't do it, why, his pocket is often empty. So it is at faro—precisely the same. He who understands the thing best, has got the cutest brains, can win. Well, you understand me to say that I decline the honor of acting in that capacity. I am now, as I called myself here, Belcher Kay. Sept. 19.

Scance conducted by Frederic T. Gray; letters answered by H. Marion Stephens.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Sept. 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Oliver Pike, Sherburne, Mass.; Sumner Paine, Second Lieutenant in the 20th Mass., killed at Gettysburg; Georgiana Higginson, of Virginia, to her brother Wallace. Tuesday, Sept. 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: George A. Atkins; Ruth Kilburn Calkins, born in Waterville, New York, died in Brownsville, Missouri, to her daughter and family; Charlie Story, Rockville, Md. Thursday, Sept. 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Stephen Studley, born in Stockbridge, Vt., to his son Joseph; Sylvia Ann Howland, to her niece Hettie; Annie E. Shaller, to her mother, Cora Smith. Monday, Sept. 30.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: William Niles, of Westville, Ind., to his son William, and his mother, Maria; Maria, to her son, John; John, to his wife, Veer Village, Taunton; "Blake," to the public; Philip T. Jones, Lieutenant in the First Louisiana Cavalry; Charity Niles, Westville, Ind.; Dr. John L. Brooks, Ferdinand, Pa.; Sylvia Ann Howland, to her niece Hettie; Charles Augustus Forney, to his mother. Tuesday, Oct. 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Arthur L. C. Palmer, of Columbus, O.; Maj. Daniel McCook, to Mrs. Martin McCook, of Streuvenville, Jefferson Co., O.; Alice Fletcher, to her "mother," Mrs. M. H. H. Thursday, Oct. 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Samuel Hahnemann Taylor, of New Orleans, to his mother; Mary Lelloy, of Teller, Colorado; Margaret E. Calkins, to her brother, James McLellan, of Rockville, Md.; Sylvia Ann Howland. Monday, Oct. 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Isaac Hudson, to his friends in Salem; Capt. William H. Hart, Third Pennsylvania Infantry; Johnnie Jolee; Frankie Hall, of Lowell, to his mother; Lucy Tilton, of Dayton, O., to her friends.

Letter from the Mississippi River.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I am afloat, going to the south of sunset—i. e., if my boat really moves. It may be a long time before the "Reserve" reaches her destination, for we are out of coal, and steam is the moving spirit upon these waters. Captain Mott, a good-hearted, fatherly fellow, is not in the slightest disturbed by our small pace; in fact, he "laughs at our calamities," and declares that the "Reserve" is as good a place for Sunday service as is any church in the land. He may be correct, but his words do not dispel my vision of a waiting congregation in New Boston on Sunday. But is n't a river steamer the greatest little world that the sun ever shines upon? We have here no second class cabin. Caste, therefore, finds here a poor chance. We, a strange mixture, are huddled together "like sheep for shearing." But then, we are not expected to obey the laws of Greek and Hebrew. Each is left to himself, to work out his own happiness or wretchedness in his own time and way. I rather like this crowded isolation. There is no one to bother me as in human menagerie; I am, therefore, left free to guess, listen and classify. Here are persons brave and brutal; kind fathers, loving husbands, faithful friends; and men bankrupt in all the sweet humanities. Here are earnest, honest, hard-handed women, who know nothing of the shams, nothing of the poetry of life; and here are pretty things, who are as beautiful as butterflies, and as brainless as I like to see them flit. It is real innocent amusement, and then, there is the highest bliss they know; and I like, too, to hear them denounce the woman suffrage question; for by this I know that sensible people will not be ruled at the ballot box by female know-littles. We have here some fine specimens of woman-kind—noble women, who, in storm and calm, in prosperity, in adversity, in war and in peace, have maintained the integrity of true woman. God be thanked! And then there are children—little army of juveniles—among us. In some of their little old faces one reads, "God has indeed visited the sins of the fathers upon the children." Of others we say, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Africa is well represented. Among her children are the stewardess and laundress. Julia is as black as ebony, but her soul is as warm as her own sunny climate. Here is a fragment of her history: "I was born a slave; married when I was sixteen; lost my husband and my three children; but I struck a little girl, to raise, and loves her just as if she be my own little girl, and she loves me. She be smart." I questioned Julia about her freedom—how came she free? "Lor, miss, why God freed us, just as I knew he would. The Bible says, 'The time shall come when all the folks shall get their living by the sweating of the eyebrows.' That time is come. God had a war and freed the slaves, so the white folks may get their own living by the eyebrows's sweat." I would not shake Julia's faith in God or the Bible, as I laughed at the once-made scripture, and blessed her for her kindness to the little orphan that called her mother.

There is a young girl here that interests me vastly. She is, perhaps, fifteen; she wears thick boots, made for larger feet than hers; a faded cashmere dress, a brown hat, and red shawl. I fancy that these garments of various colors are the contributions of charity. The child has a sweet, sad face, and tears have left their tracks upon her cheeks. I noticed her once, and the girl, as the boat bore her on, summed up the spots of the town where she came aboard. From the stern of the steamer she watched till a bend in the river hid the lamlet from sight. Then I ventured to ask, "How far are you going?" "To St. Louis, ma'am." "Have you friends in St. Louis?" "No, ma'am; but I am going to live with some folks who knew my mother before she died." The last word, "mother," set the child's pale lips into a quiver, and the black eyes were in tears. I had ventured upon holy ground, so I turned away, leaving the girl to her own sacred memories, hoping that the angel mother may keep watch over her fair child, and that the St. Louis friends will deal very gently with the world's orphan.

Upon this river one does not linger long upon sad pictures. The kaleidoscope brings us new scenes; so does that winding stream. The picturesque, the beautiful, the grand, the sublime, the hush of the silent valleys, the quiet that the Eternal has written in these hills, call us out and up into the mountains of God, and bid us bow in worship. I heard the call, and, enfolded in my large wool shawl, I have been looking, wondering, worshipping from the pilot-house. What a skillful artist Nature has proved herself! If she makes a rock of unseemly shape, she drapes it gracefully with vines and moss; old trees are cooped up with ivy, and the wild grapes, and all along the watery banks, the quiet, the something of beauty. Here, the willow stoops to kiss the water that reflects its form; there, the tall maple is all aflame in scarlet. The old river, in its younger days, played hide-and-seek among the hills; the result is, grand old hills are standing about here and there, like sentinels, guarding it, may be, those whose lines are cast upon the Mississippi; and there the river runs into the meadows, capturing forests, and setting them like emeralds, up to the bosom. I am all this glory and autumn beauty, we can only exclaim, with one of old, "How glorious are thy works, oh Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of thy glory!" H. F. M. Brown. Steamer Reserve, October, 1867.



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"The old lady, Mrs. E. Hamilton, whom I mentioned in last letter, told me on Tuesday, that she had broken her Negative Powders with your Positive and Negative Powders." (Mrs. Susan E. Bush, Salem, Mass. Co., Illinois, Aug. 10th, 1867.)

"My boy was attacked with Fever and Ague, and the use of your Powders cured him." (G. M. D. TICKER, Muskegon, Mich., Aug. 10th, 1867.)

"In Ague and Chills I consider them unequalled."

"My little sister was completely cured of the Ague by the use of your **Positive and Negative Powders**," MARY S. CAFFEY, *South Charleston, Clark Co., W. Va.*, Aug. 1867.

"I let a neighbor have one of those boxes of **Positive and Negative Powders**, which I bought of you for the cure of his family. He had a case of **Chills and Fever** since last Easter, had but one slight Chill after the Powders. Two or three hundred cured another number of his family," JAMES WITHERS, *Winchester Airport, Kentucky*, *Nov. 22d, 1866.*

"I wrote you that I had the **Chills**. You sent me a **Positive and Negative Powders**. I proceeded to use them, and lo! I had the **Chills** no more. **Chills were gone, and with them the pain**. In my sister, ANNE TINKHAM, *Eaton, Pennsylvania*, *Aug. 6th, 1866.*

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