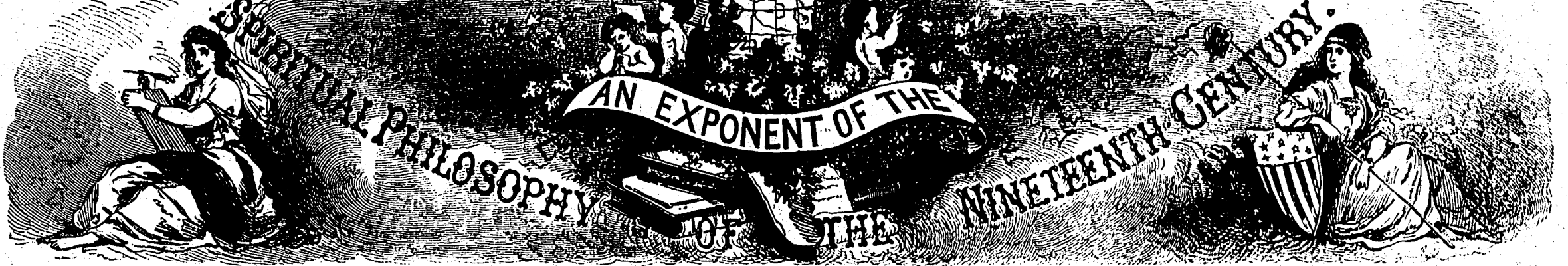


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 12.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### ACCREDITED MANIFESTATIONS.

#### EARLIER EVIDENCES OF THE PHENOMENA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

tinued banging until the family commenced singing:

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

At this the noise ceased. Singing and prayers were continued until daylight. I was only eight years old then, but I have a more vivid recollection of that night and its terrors, than any I have lived. Secrecy was enjoined

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

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

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

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

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

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

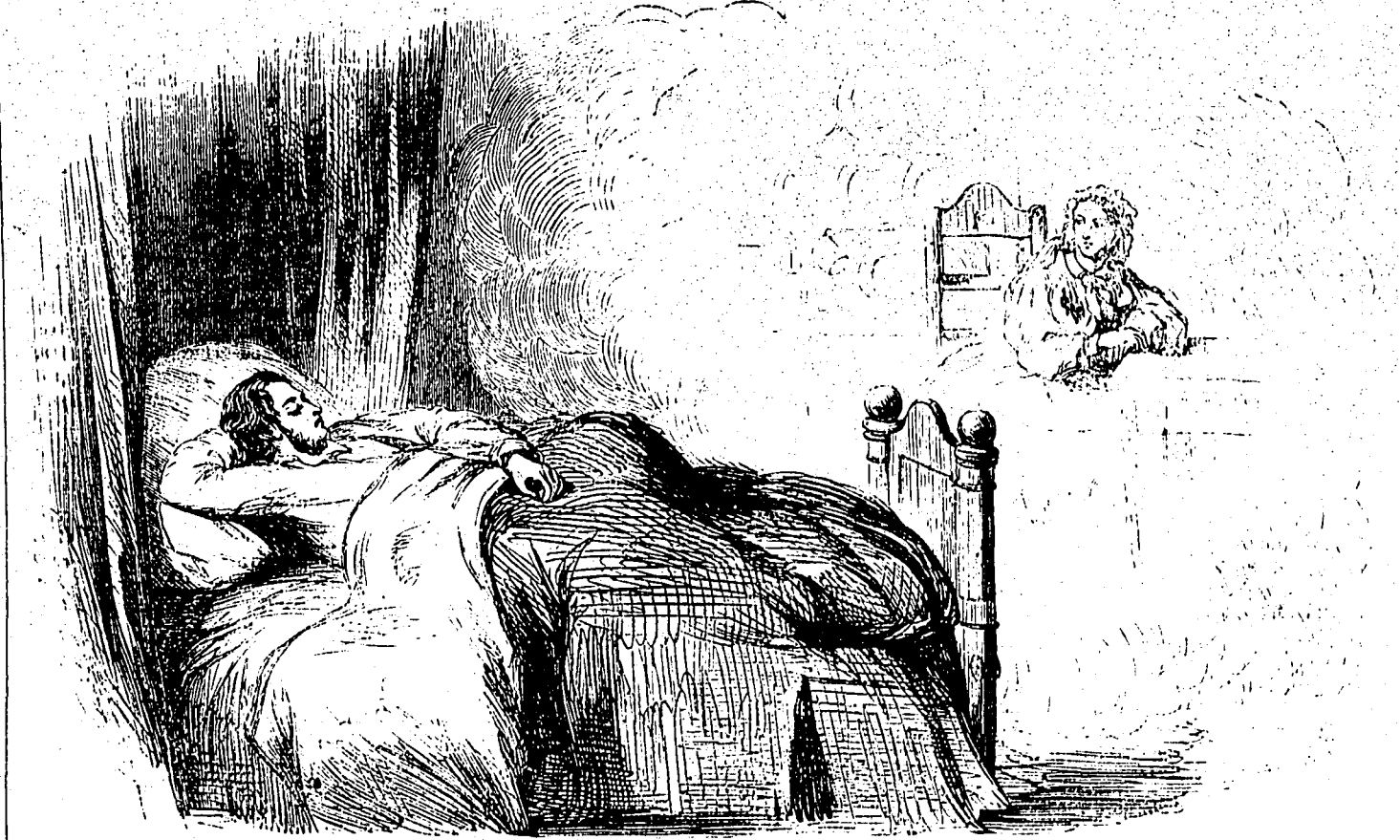
"This is the story," as Mademoiselle Clarion herself relates it. She adds, "I need not say what effect these last words produced on me. The coincidence between them and the disturbances that had haunted me filled me with terror. I do not know what chance really is, but I am very sure that what we are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

#### DEVELOPMENT OF MEDIUMSHIP.

BY J. H. POWELL.

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

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



THE VISION OF THE COOK.

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

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

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

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

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

M. A. SMITH, M. D.

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

#### MURDER PREVENTED BY A DREAM.

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

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

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

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

#### THE FRENCH ACTRESS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The music again commenced, and, as before, the first responses of her body to the sounds were very slow and placid, but grew more and more positive and energetic until it seemed to permeate her whole system, and she again dashed off into a vigorous dance, in which we thought we could discover faint reproductions of motions and gestures which had been seen in the Indian exhibitions which preceded the circle, some years ago. After the dancing was over the proposition was made that Mrs. P. should exhibit her powers as a healing medium. James Charman, who was suffering severely from rheumatism in the arm and shoulder, was selected as the person to receive the benefit of her curative powers. Drawing his coat and placing himself in a chair, she began by making motions over his head and around about him. Then she rubbed the afflicted member, and vigorously slapped his back, breast and shoulders. After the operation Charman declared himself much benefited, though whether the benefit will be permanent time alone can tell.

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

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

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

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

We are arranging to travel together, and shall hold select parlor séances.

Muncie, Ind., Nov. 12, 1869.

## Correspondence in Brief.

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

**Whereas**, We, the Fountain County Society of the Friends of Progress, in Convention assembled, on the 10th of November, 1869, have been highly delighted and greatly instructed by a course of lectures by K. Graves, of Indianapolis, State Missionary, on the subjects of Spiritualism, Theology, and kindred topics, in which he has ably, forcibly and eloquently set forth the necessity of a higher plane of moral, religious and spiritual development or fulfillment as a practical recognition of the great law of human progress, therefore,

**Resolved**, That we take great pleasure in cordially recommending Bro. Graves as an eloquent, logical and powerful expounder of the principles and claims of the new Spiritual Dispensation.

Wm. Crane, Secy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## The Lecture Room.

PROF. DENTON AT MUSIC HALL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Written for the Banner of Light.

## LIFE.

BY H. WINCHESTER.

I asked a child whose eye was bright,  
Whose breath was like the flowers of May:  
Say, what is life, my little man,  
And why are you so blithe and gay?  
Because I'm happy, do you see?  
I'm gathering flowers for sis and me.

I asked a youth who proudly stood  
Beside a youthful form of grace—  
His cheeks were flushed with rosy health,  
A beaming smile was on his face:  
Pray what is life? His smile replied:  
To love and cherish my sweet bride.

I asked a man on whose full breast  
The glittering star of empire shone,  
Who deep had trod through fields of blood  
To gain a fading earthly throne:  
Sir, what is life? He, trembling, said:  
Ask not of me; go, ask the dead.

I asked an old man who had seen  
His little three score years and ten:  
Pray what is life? what are the hopes  
Of earth and time and mortal men?  
His trembling voice at once replied:  
All vanity! He gasped and died.

Lower Lake, Lake Co., Cal., 1869.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 11, 1869. G. B. STEBBINS.

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

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





Nov. 20.—3wls<sup>o</sup>

## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the **Banner of Light** is claimed to be spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of  
**Mrs. J. H. Conant.**  
 while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life, and are not left behind for good or evil, but those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

**The Banner of Light Free Circles.**  
 These Circles are held at No. 155 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at all times; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.  
 Mrs. Conant receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock p. m. She gives no private sittings.  
 Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room are solicited.

### Invocation.

Spirit, infinite and perfect, through the varied mystery of life being, we come to thee in prayer, and bowing our souls before thy sacred altar we seek for truth. Believing in thy power, trusting in thy wisdom and thy love, we are safe, and our life resteth in thy life, and our spirits we believe to be one with thine. Thou hast given us Nature as a divine revelation, and thus thy light shineth all along the shores of time. New stars are constantly gleaming the mental skies. New suns are perpetually being added unto the kingdom of truth. Thou art indeed the light of the world. Thou art a city set on a hill. Thou art forever the central sun around which we all revolve. And, oh Lord, we seek to know of thee; we seek to understand thy way. Teach us; enlighten our spirits; illumine all the dark chambers of our being, and bring us out of the night of ignorance into the morning of light and truth and joy. There are shadows to come to each one of us. Allow us, oh Spirit Eternal, to see thy face in the shadow, and we shall have no more fear. Let us know thee and within us. Let us know that thou art in the silence. And again there are sounds of harmony and joy around us and within us. Let us know that thou art in the sounds of harmony and joy. Let us always feel that upon whatever we look we look upon thee; in whatever we hear we hear thee. Oh our Father God, thou who art the spirit presiding over Jew and Gentile, bond and free, white and black, thou who art the spirit of all, we beseech thee, will hear our prayers, thou will strengthen our weakness. We believe that will guide us out of the wilderness of error, and finally crown us with all that is best for us in thy kingdom of the hereafter. Amen.

### Questions and Answers.

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

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

**A.**—In order for a spirit to render itself obdurate in form to mortal sight, to mortal senses, it must have some one to conduct the machine. Now do not misunderstand us. We do not mean there must be some person present in high proximity to the spirit, who is able to give them, through their physical life, such a subtle, and also material force, that can be used by the spirit in rendering itself obdurate. In other words, some medium must be present who can be used as a condenser, else you may wish to behold your friends who have passed from mortal sight to all eternity, and never have the light of the world. Conditions are a necessity in this case, as in all other cases. It does not often rain when the sun is shining brightly, unless there are clouds in the sky. Conditions are requisite in all phenomena, whether natural or spiritual.

**Q.**—In a Bible class I lately attended came up the commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." The question is as to the significance of the promise of length of days. The writer had his opinion of the meaning. What is yours?

**A.**—He who was the leader and teacher of this commandment under inspiration, or that Jehovah gave it to him. It was intended, in my opinion, for my people—for those to whom it was given—and not intended to serve you who live in this age. My people were then a wild, rude, almost ungovernable people, and were to be brought into subjection to their masters, whether it be the parents or anyone who had rule over the slave. He believed this to be his divine mission—or one of the divine missions entrusted to him—to make the child subservient to the parents; to make the slave subservient to the master. There was a law in force at that time which expelled from the land of their nativity all disobedient children—all children who did not honor their parents, and all slaves who did not honor their masters. The law was as to the significance of the promise of length of days. The writer had his opinion of the meaning. What is yours?

**A.**—He who was the leader and teacher of this commandment under inspiration, or that Jehovah gave it to him. It was intended, in my opinion, for my people—for those to whom it was given—and not intended to serve you who live in this age. My people were then a wild, rude, almost ungovernable people, and were to be brought into subjection to their masters, whether it be the parents or anyone who had rule over the slave. He believed this to be his divine mission—or one of the divine missions entrusted to him—to make the child subservient to the parents; to make the slave subservient to the master. There was a law in force at that time which expelled from the land of their nativity all disobedient children—all children who did not honor their parents, and all slaves who did not honor their masters. The law was as to the significance of the promise of length of days. The writer had his opinion of the meaning. What is yours?

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

**A.**—The only teacher and founder of the Christian Church, we are told, ever sought to cause his hearers to be humble. He had come out from the pride of the Egyptian Church. He had stepped aside from the stern dignity of the priesthood who upheld it. He was a humble man. He walked in lowly paths. He was said to have ate and drank with publicans and sinners. He ignored and eschewed all that which savored of pomp and pride. He came into Jerusalem riding on an ass's foal, thus giving a demonstration of his meekness. He believed as the Essenes did, for he was one. They were a very meek people, and they believed that finally they God would sweep away all pomp and arrogant pride, and that the meek would cover the face of the earth. The spirit teachers who came to this man taught him that all spiritual pride should finally be done away with, and that those who did not seek for the highest state should obtain them. He taught the people as he was taught, and what he believed. He believed in meekness. He believed the meek would finally overcome those who were arrogant, and would finally possess the earth.

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

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

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

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

impress them upon the outward brain, that they know ought of it. An impression, however vague, that is left upon the brain does its appointed work in educating or enlightening the outer life. The wisdom that lies down deep in their inner lives. No rule or general standard of education can be set up for all, for all differ. They all need a special plan, therefore it would not be advisable to seek to inaugurate one system by which mediums could be educated. They are daily, hourly, momentally being educated by the great world of mind that is beyond them. There are those who are constantly going to the well and drawing forth water. Each seeker leaves his mark upon the mortal senses. The waves of time cannot wash these impressions away; they are eternal.

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

**A.**—Under such circumstances it would be exceedingly hard to determine how to proceed. Better leave the matter with those who know best how to deal with it from time to time. Mediums have no need to go into your school or to read your books to become educated. There is a different process, as I have before said, by which they are educated, and that process is the only one that can stand side by side with their mediumship and be made of public use. The controlling spirit would be obliged to erase all their (the mediums) former prejudices in education ere they could give their own ideas intact.

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

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

**Q.**—How may a medium, under isolated conditions, secure development conjoining to the honest inquirer?

**A.**—Mediums are never under isolated conditions.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—I am requested to state that the boy, Philo, whose parents made inquiries concerning him a few weeks ago, is not in the spirit-world. His friends here say that he went in a westerly direction from his home; that he is well; that in all probability he will return home again—how soon they are unable to say.

### Annie C. Taylor.

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

My father came here to this life when I was a child about nine years of age. He was a seafaring man, and was lost at sea. I have one brother, who is in California, and one sister, who is married, living in Missouri. I have a mother also, but I pause when speaking of her, because I know that her religious prejudices are very strong, and she does not understand me, and say, "It is impossible she can return. She has gone to that land from whence none ever return, except at the resurrection morn." We are often made to pause upon the very threshold of the doors of joy on returning to our friends here, when we are reminded of their prejudices, and remember that perhaps as we are at the very door of their hearts, they may close them upon us, and so conscientiously, believing it to be our duty, when we return, we never will make us happy and add to our highest good, that we can have. If it is best for us to suffer here, we do, and we see the wisdom of it. We are not in darkness here. The last time I saw my mother, she said to me, "Annie, I hope the time will come soon when you won't be obliged to be separated from me, and to labor for a living. These separations are like death to me; but, there—God knows best. These were her last words to me, and I have never forgotten them. That night I was sent to her after my death, and she said, on receiving it, "I don't believe the dear child ever wore it," because it was done up just as she gave it to me. Well, I never did.

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

Oct. 18.

### Hans Heinrich.

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

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

Oct. 18.

### Mrs. M. A. Pearson.

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

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

### Zeke Moore.

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

Well, I'm here, and I come for the express purpose of letting 'em know I could come, and of asking my friends to pay up. I've been some time, I know, in coming round here, but then I've got here. Now this circumstance that I have related about the spiritual business, was known only to us three. We never spoke of it outside; there was nobody else present, so it's all about me, who is it? That's the question, who is it? If it's the devil, he is a pretty smart fellow. If it's God, why, seems to me he might be in better business than coming back here to them chaps, telling them to pay up. Better be making works, and turning out ideas and grinding his mills.

Well, I'm going now. I don't care about having this pain any longer, so if they do n't respond, they will hear from me again, that's all; they will hear from me again, I am not asleep, I'm dead, and I can't come, I can't say, I shan't have shook your insides out for saying she was buried. So look out. Never say that again about anybody; you may get shot on your head.

Good day, captain-general, and all the folks. [Do not forget to come again.] No, I won't; Garrick, remember the claim; I will remember my part of the business.

Oct. 18.

Seance conducted by Gideon Lowenthal; letters answered by L. Judd Pardee.

### Invocation.

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

### Questions and Answers.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—Having learned, Mr. Chairman, that one of your correspondents sends you an inquiry which alone can be answered by myself, I am here to answer it, and also all other questions which you may propound.

**Q.**—Will Thomas Paine inform me if, in what is termed his last moments on earth, he called upon Jesus to save him?

**A.**—By no means. This story is on a par with a great many others that were coined with a purpose to mislead, or secondarily to say that I called upon Jesus. Well, I have no recollection of so doing. I believed in the goodness, in the power and wisdom of God; I believed him to be supreme, and that he would take care of me, as he had and would take care of all the rest of his children. One story that was circulated about the time of my death was this: that I was spirited away in the night by His Majesty the Devil, and that no one had been able to find the whereabouts of my body; and that I was taken to a place called "the blood," or "brimstone," where I was, that there were groanings and moanings heard in the apartment where I died for many weeks; another was, that several persons saw His Majesty when he came to take away my soul, to bear it to the infernal regions; another was, that I died with a feeling of extreme horror over me, and prayed those who were with me in my last moments to annihilate me—to do anything to get rid of me, or to take me to a distance forever. Now common sense can see at once the absurdity of these stories, and the one which your correspondent refers to is equally absurd to my mind. It would not be to the Christian mind—not according to the popular idea. To me it is very absurd, because I do not believe Jesus can have anything more to do with my salvation than the stones can—only so far as he teaches us to live up to the highest law of our nature. If Jesus can serve us in a really, to that extent, he is our saviour; and whenever, now or then, we are so virtuous that, but, after all, we must work out our own salvation if we are saved. If we desire happiness, we must rest there; we can never obtain it by the prayers, or the deeds, or the thoughts of another. We must build a mansion in the spirit-world, or what you term heaven, for ourselves, if we ever have one.

**Q.**—Is there not an absolute and perceptible lapse of time necessarily occupied by spirits in journeying from place to place—that is, are their spiritual bodies really material, and occupying a place in a material universe?

**A.**—Yes, they are material, they do occupy a place in the material universe. There is a lapse of time. Time is used up, even in the sense that you understand it, by passing from one point to another; but it is that time which belongs to the eternity of the world, not that which is measured by the revolution of the sun. The spirit-world is a reality, must be tangible, tangible to the spirit. They are there, and what is equivalent to space; there must be everything there that the spirit has need of. It has need of time, of space,

of form, of material; for without material, there could be no form. Spirit, as spirit, you never see. No one ever saw it; no one ever will, in my opinion. But when here, it is acting upon me; it acts upon the flowers, upon human life, upon the heavenly bodies, upon the stones—everywhere you see its manifestations, but it you do not see.

**Q.**—In what way does a spirit progress from one sphere to another?

**A.**—Just the same as you do here—by growth. Not material, but spiritual growth. A few years ago the most of you were in the churches. Well, where are you now? Most of you are out of the churches. You have progressed, developed, unfolded spiritually so far. You were babes with the swaddling robes of the church over you. But you have grown out of them. They are too small. They would cramp your spiritual vitality now. It is just the same in the spirit-world.

**Q.**—Do all mankind have a spiritual existence? **A.**—Well, what do you think? That is quite an absurd question. Well, really, you might as well ask if the sun has any existence because you do not see its light, that is to say the bright rays, the communications coming therefrom. We will leave the question for the questioner to answer, for it is one of those problems that the soul must work out for itself. I must work it out for myself; all must for themselves.

**Q.**—Is thought material? **A.**—Is thought material? I thought only as it is outgrown in matter or comes forth in speech? I think you never did. Thought is spirit; it is that subtle presence that in some form pervades all life. To me it is God. These flowers (flowers on the table) are a part of God's covering and beautiful raiment. These human bodies are temples in which the living God has deposited all the gems of creation; and through the agency of these temples he thinks, he acts, he accomplishes much, ay, if you please, all things.

**Q.**—We are very anxious for moral agents? **A.**—Finally considered, you are; infinitely considered, you are not. You think you can do this or that; you have faith in yourself, in your own powers to do this or that, to go here or there. Well, you go or come; you act, in a certain sense, as you please; in a certain degree you do as you have a mind to. So far you are free moral agents. You do not see any outside agency acting upon you.

You feel it, to be sure, but you do not know what it is. It is a mystery, you have not solved it, therefore you do not know how much it leads you nor how much you go alone. So, in your finite being and by finite measurement, you are a free moral agent, responsible to your best education, to your divinest reason, and to that alone—to nothing else outside of that. But when we look at the subject from an infinite standpoint, your free moral agency vanishes like the dew before the sun.

**Q.**—Is the influence that we sometimes feel from those gone before direct from the spirit?

**A.**—Sometimes it is so; sometimes it is not. Sometimes the influence of the spirit-friend is shed through numberless spirit-mediums. Sometimes they come in direct contact, so near that with their spirit-hands they can touch you, and their life is mingled with your life.

**Q.**—Who or what power is it that influences our good or bad thoughts and actions?

**A.**—To send it to you, to do one small, infinitesimal point, we should say it is God; the one life that is everywhere; the infinite principle which works through soil, through climate, through the heavenly bodies, through the flowers through fruits, through vegetables, through all the events that come to you—through every means, through everything that can come upon you receive inspiration.

### Sarah A. Sawyer.

If you could only all suddenly become clairvoyant, what a glorious thing it would be for your faith! I think you would be converted from faith to absolute knowledge as quick as Paul was said to have been converted, because then you could see for yourselves, and you would know by your own senses concerning the truth of modern Spiritualism. I am here, in Bath, Me. I left home when I was quite young—between thirteen and fourteen years of age. Sarah A. Sawyer, my name. I was in my twenty-second year when I changed worlds. I was an operative in the Penobscot Mills at Lawrence. I was so suddenly whisked into the spirit-world that I did not realize the change. I waked up in the other life with a great fear of something terrible that was about to happen upon me; and the first thought or sound—for it was expressed in sound—that came to me was this: "No danger now; it is past; it is all over." Well, then I seemed to try to rouse myself. I tried very hard to shake off something that seemed to oppress me, and that left me like so much fog, and I saw my dear old grandmother. She said, "Blessed child, don't be frightened! your friends are all here." "Oh, no," said I, "you are dead." "No, dear," she says, "no more than you are." "Oh," says I, "I was n't killed." "Yes, the world would say, you were; but it is all over now." "But I am alive," says I. "Then I ain't dead?" "No; but you are what the world calls dead." And so she talked to me till others came, and I was soothed and quieted, and after a time I was brought back to earth, and I felt such a shuddering, such an unpleasant sensation, I could n't realize that I had ever been happy on earth, and I had no attraction at all to return. I did not care to return. I only wanted to know what was the cause of my friends, and then I was ready to go away.

When my friends came to look for my body they never found anything they could recognize. But by some subtle law I knew what had once been mine. But it was so far disguised that they could not recognize it, and I heard my sister say, "Oh, if we could only have found her body, if that only had been spared, we should be reconciled!" I thought then, "How I wish I could know I was here, and I could understand what you know I am here, and what your thoughts are." I was impossible, and, to this day, my friends look up at that occurrence as a terrible dispensation of Providence or God. To me it was a natural occurrence springing from a natural cause. I could tell my friends much more about it if they will only give me the opportunity—much that I have learned here in this beautiful life. Our labors are labors of love. They are pleasant; they are sweet; and our sorrows do not do what is repulsive to some. Our grandmothers Emma and Mary, all dear friends on the earth that they will be greatly surprised, as much as you was when you came here, unless they learn of these things before they come. And I think it will be the better way for them to learn something about them. It is always well for travelers to know something about the place they are going to. It serves them very well.

### Theodore Woods.

Strange sensations I have in coming here! I suppose it is all according to order. I come back here to give an account of my manner of death, which is still unknown to my friends in Illinois and California and New York State. Just about a year ago, or breaking out of the rebellion I was transacting some business in St. Louis. I received a letter from my brother, who was then in California, requesting me to go immediately South and settle some business of his, for he apprehended some serious trouble there, and in case of such trouble—and he believed it was coming too quick for him to come himself and see about it—he wanted me to hurry with all speed to Charleston and settle his accounts. I started next morning, and after some delay I reached Charleston. I found things there in a very much worse state than I had anticipated. I had, at that time, never thought that the rebellion would prove anything but a flash, and soon go out. But I saw it was quite another thing long before I reached Charleston. I saw the hydra-headed monster in full form, and so I pushed matters as fast as possible, or tried to. I succeeded in making quite an unsatisfactory settlement; but, from all I could observe, I concluded it was the best I could do; but I had better do that than nothing.

Just before I was called ready to move North again, I was called upon by what they termed a war committee, and told that I should not be able to leave the South without swearing allegiance to the Confederacy. Well, that took me a little by surprise, but still, later, the next day I was a great deal more surprised by having a call from another committee, composed of my business friends, those whom I had known in peaceful times, and had always been on the best of terms with. They told me that the Confederacy was now sworn allegiance to the Confederacy, and never to enter the Union army. Says I, "I do n't believe there is going to be anything so serious as

that." They told me they were in earnest, and the North should fight them or give them their freedom. The Government of the United States could no longer hold certain States, and several of the States were determined to unite, and they were well organized; this matter had been under consideration a long time, and they were terribly in earnest. "Well," said I, "I cannot help it if you are right; I shall not mind. We have been friends; let us be so still." Their answer was, "You are no friend to your Southern friends unless you are willing to take the Confederate oath." "Consider it in that light if you please, gentlemen. I shan't take it." "Very well, then, take the consequences." "What are they?" said I. "You must either be pressed into the Confederate service, or die." "Well," said I, "if it comes to that, we will see." They were not left without guard after that. The committee asked a consultation, and finally they came back to the room where I was guarded, and held out another proposition; that is, they were going to give me so many days to consider the subject, and if I then failed to do what they required, I must take the consequences. They washed their hands clean of my blood, and went on to pray me to think seriously of it. One of my friends was moved to tears. Said he, "Theodore, I did nothing to see you so stubborn. I thought you were our friend." "You are," said I, "but I have friends North, as well as South." "Well, we know what you are; you can do us a great deal of harm. You are already in possession of a great deal of knowledge about our matters, and you will doubtless go into the Federal army—for there will be one—and you will act largely against us, and it is our duty to take this severe course. But, now, all you have to do is to swear allegiance to the Confederate army, or take the oath, and you will not take up arms against us, and that you will be silent upon all you have seen and heard here." "I can't do it," I said. "They gave me so many days to think of it, and I tell you those were dark days to me. There I was, with my business West needing me, and I felt as if the matter was a serious one; I had got into a pretty hard place.

Well, at the expiration of the time set they came again, to receive my decision. I told them I was just where they left me. I did nothing to see subjects stubborn. I had thought you were our friend, and I had got so many friends in other parts of America as there. I should never know anything about anything against them that my conscience would not approve of. I should consider them my friends till they proved themselves my enemies, and act accordingly. Well, they left me feeling rather bad. The next day a paper was brought me to sign. "I can't do it," I said. They went away, and thus I was kept guarded till the two armies were in motion. I would hear that the Government was organizing an army, and was going to be well war. Presently the news of the first gun from Sumter reached me. I said, "Sure enough, it is begun now, for the Yankees never will stand that."

Well, after they got well under way they endeavored to press me into the service. Go I must, they said, or take the consequences. I said, "I can't go. I never will carry arms against the Government that has sustained me. Give me the old flag, and I will bear it for you." They would not hear of it. I was not to be taken, and you can hear ours, but not in the same sense that you can hear a common man, and quite a degree of indignation was exhibited by those whom I did not know, who were enemies to the North, and bitter enemies; and one night the place where I was guarded was broken into, the guard, gagged, and I was taken out and hung. That would up the thing with me here.

My friends West, and all round the compass, have heard the story that I was suddenly fired up with Southern ardor, and espoused the cause of my own race with entered the Southern army, and was killed in the first battle.

I have told my story, and told it as truthfully as I know how to. All those committees, and all my business friends that I had there save one—and he is, I believe, disabled in some way, physically disabled, I do not understand how, whether he went into the army or not, but he is the only one that is on the earth, and his name is Gallup—Stephen Gallup. I can't tell you anything about his antecedents, but I should like to know his business capacity; and if my friends West will take the trouble to go to him with this statement that I have made, and ask whether it is true or false, they will find out. I have been quite troubled because my friends thought that I was dishonest. I was sent out there in good faith to attend to my brother's business. They think I pocketed the money, and used it against the Government, and went into the Confederate service, and was everything but what I should have been. I am sorry to have taxed our nation, ladies and gentlemen, but I was obliged to tell my story entire, in order to have it understood.

Theodore Woods, my name, sir; age, forty-two. Good day. [Shall we send your letter to any one?] No, I have prepared for it as best I could. If it falls to reach where I wish it to, I will come again, and ask the favor that you forward it.

Oct. 19.

Prayer by Theodore Parker; questions answered by Thomas Paine; letters answered by L. Judd Pardee.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

**Thursday, Oct. 21.**—Invocation; Questions and Answers: Albert Winslow, 31 Ohio Cavalry; Josephine H. Carter, of New York City, to her parents; John A. Rawlins; Reading by Neos Koda, an Indian girl; Anna Cora Wilson (Birdie), who died in New York City, to her friends; Samuel Johnson, to his brother, in Texas; Maria Elizabeth Foyle, of New York City, to her mother; L. J. Pardee, to his friends; Elizabeth Ashleigh, to her friends in England; Eliza Evans, of New York



## Banner of Light.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

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

## PORK AND CORN.

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

## PECULIARITIES OF ST. LOUIS.

The people of St. Louis are a reading people, as we know from the large amount of papers and magazines sold daily, and the large number of stands where they are kept for sale. From our observations, we think they are more generally readers of periodicals and of light and trashy literature, than are the inhabitants of New York or Boston, but far less readers of solid literature and works of philosophy and metaphysics than those of Boston. The extraordinary number of second-hand book stands and stores (exceeding in proportion to population any city we ever visited) proves that they speculate largely in literature. School-books, bibles, prayer-books and palm-books are sacrilegiously bartered daily at these stands, many of them that have been sacred, if not hallowed, in the homes from which they are torn. Families, when short of money for the theatre or market, resort to the bookcase, and take such as they can spare best, until the bible is gone, to the second-hand dealer, and when they get money to spare, replenish from the same market, in second-hand books, which are abundant and cheap. Many men have made handsome little fortunes dealing in such goods.

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

## THE INNER AND THE OUTER LIFE.

It is amusing to a person who looks over the battlements of this world into the next, to see so many beings with human forms and germs of future soul-growth, who are, for the time, entirely absorbed in the outer and sensual gratifications of the physical life, plying around some little spot of earth, like a cat around the hearth and kitchen of its protecting house, and knowing and apparently caring as little about the life and world beyond. Often we find them with minds so imbued and saturated with sensuality that they attribute the emotions and actions of others to the same moving power that prompts their own circumstances, life, measuring others by themselves, honestly, perhaps, because they have no other measure, but none the less erroneously. We often meet with men, and sometimes, though far more rarely, with women, who are full of sensuality, and so wholly controlled by it that, like the drunken man who sees through man's eyes everybody drunk, they attribute the actions and motives of others who are as free from it as the most sober person from drunkenness, to the lustful and licentious feelings that govern their own actions, and while they attempt to deceive the people with pretended purity, and wear a mask to accuse others and claim a virtue they do not possess, are not in the least aware that they are seen as they really are behind the mask from the spirit-world, and that when it with the body drops off, they will stand naked before the angel-world, with their true character open to public inspection.

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

## LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

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

DEAR BANNER—It is said that "first love" is most enduring; therefore it is that the Banner of Light, while not less radical than other progressive papers, yet wins alike the affection of its friends and the respect of its opponents, by its freedom from the personal feuds and bitterness which are too often allowed to disfigure spiritual as well as other journals.

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

Our only society, at the Everett Rooms (what a shame that in a city of a million inhabitants, and thousands upon thousands of Spiritualists, there should be but one!) is steadily consolidating its influence and extending the area of its power, gathering to its bosom more and more of the free, thinking men and women who have found the "churches" too narrow for their expanding minds. Slowly but surely is the little heaven hidden in the dough—from the tiny raps of twenty years ago—leaving the whole lump.

Among the pleasantest things that we are enjoying, as an additional bond of union in the society, are the so-called "sociables" which take place twice a week. The fourth of the season took place on Friday evening last, and "everybody and his wife" or affianced felt that it was "good to be there," very good. The large hall was literally filled, and as many as eighteen "sets"—over one hundred and fifty of both sexes—were engaged in the merry dance at one time, while an equal or greater number—patrons, fathers and mothers in Israel—looked on the happy groups with pleasure-beaming faces. Progressive in recreations, as in philosophy, these reunions begin at eight o'clock and punctually terminate at midnight; but the time is vigorously improved during these four hours. The only refreshment is pure, cold water and healthy, magnetic, life-giving currents, which leave no after-crop of aches and pains.

Our present speaker, N. Frank White, is doing his work with the resistless vigor of an Ajax. Yesterday morning, from the text, "They say so," he gave a scathing exposition of the baleful influence of the scandal-mongers, and of the ruin and agony brought upon thousands by the tyranny of society toward those who come under the suspicious set about by "they say." It was listened to with wrapt attention by a large and intellectual audience. The closing inspirational poem was most grand and effective.

In the evening the lecture from the Shakspearian text, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in thy philosophy," to a greatly increased audience, was grandly eloquent in its array of the evidence upon which the Spiritual Philosophy is immutably based, closing, as in the morning, with a thrilling poem, which "went through" the people like an electric current. Few societies have better music than ours. Mrs. Adams, pianist and soprano singer, may well be proud of her popularity. Particularly was the plaintive melody with which the morning exercises opened, "She has crossed the shining river," given with a touching beauty of expression, that, from its reference to the sudden passing away of a gentle and loving woman whose funeral was to take place at one o'clock, mediated all sympathetic heart to tears.

And now I write with sadness of our loss—a sadness occasioned by the peculiar circumstances of the passing on, to the Higher Life, of a most dearly-loved young woman, the daughter-in-law of Mrs. Myers, the well-known and highly-esteemed medium. The deceased had a large circle of friends, and had won all hearts by her sweetness of disposition and purity of soul. Young Mrs. Myers was well, cheerful, happy, on Thursday afternoon—looking forward to a bright future, as only a loving wife can look on the eve of maternity—of the bursting into life of the first bud that was to blossom in her earthly Paradise. At seven, next morning—following almost immediately upon an overdose of the tincture of crocus, unwisely or imprudently administered by the medical attendant—the spirit of the expectant mother was forced out of its earthly vessel, while yet life therein was its right, and no preparation had been made for its reception in the beautiful Summer-Land. A surgical operation released the child—but its spirit, too, had accompanied its mother. The services were performed by Mr. N. Frank White. Accustomed, as I have been, to see the work of the Angel of Death in all its forms, a sadder sight never met my gaze—that the marble-like form of the departed, with her baby on her breast, and wreaths of immortelles and roses—emblems of immortality and love—as they lay in the coffin. Heaven and ministering angels comfort the mourners—for they need more than mortal sympathy can supply!

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

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

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

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

Let me express the hope that the numerous friends of Mrs. Myers will not forget that she not only needs their sympathy in her deep sorrow, but also more substantial tokens of their regard, by doing what they can to influence a seasonable flow of greenbacks into her depleted pocket. We have no better or more reliable medium, nor a more excellent woman in our midst than Mrs. Myers, and it should be not only a duty, but a pleasure, for all true Spiritualists to sustain good mediums, wherever they may be found.

The future, if it portends a fierce conflict between the old and the new in the establishment of Freedom of Thought and a truer, purer Religion, also is full of Promise that the Right will triumph. Forces are gathering, both upon the spiritual and material planes, that will, in a few years, make a terrible quaking among the dry bones of Old Theology. Of these, it is not yet time to speak. Let us learn "to labor and to wait," and we shall see "the salvation of the Lord," as our credal brethren so often quote.

Very truly yours,

J. WINCHESTER.  
New York, Nov. 23d, 1869.

## THE BROKEN HOME.

"TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

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

The interior of this house is even more beautiful than its exterior, every apartment being in its way a gem of magnificence and refinement.

The library especially realizes the most perfect ideal of an elegant and cultured home.

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

He was Mr. Morton Preble, for many years a leading banker of San Francisco.

It was on a rainy day that the broad bay-window at the south end of the room had been opened, giving ingress to the sunshine and the fragrance of rare flowers—in vain that the walls were lined with richly carved book-cases and paintings—in vain that soft couches and luxurious chairs had been gathered around him.

He lay on a sofa in the depths of the great bay-window, the wreck of a once powerful man. His features were thin and gaunt, his eyes were marred by his ever having an expression of woful apprehension, of harrowing anxiety, of dreadful expectancy.

It was evident at a glance that no merely physical ailment had made him what he was.

By what withering secret, by what destroying affliction, had he been thus agonized? Thus haunted? Thus hunted? He so noble and good! He so wealthy and distinguished!

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

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

Nothing with a nervous start that he was alone, he touched a bell upon a table before him, and called:

"Helen! Helen! where are you?"

Before the shadow of his voice had died out a step was heard, and his wife entered his presence.

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

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

"The doctor," he echoed, half reproachfully.

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

Mrs. Preble cast an affectionate look upon her wife, but said, despondently:

"The doctor! He cannot minister to a mind diseased! Oh, if these long hours would only pass! If I only knew what the day has yet in store for us!"

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

The banker gave a low, sobbing sigh.

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

Mrs. Preble continued to stroke his forehead softly, while she lifted her pale face to the sun-light streaming into the apartment.

"Look up, Morton—always look up!" she again enjoined upon the invalid, turning all these foreboding words of agony, into a clear and cheerful assurance of the goodness of Heaven.

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

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

The banker fixed his burning eyes upon the physician's face, and whispered:

"I said we never saw the poor child again. I did not say we had not heard of her. She was lost on the 9th of August, 1854. For a year we thought her dead. But on the anniversary of our loss we received a written message concerning her."

"A message!" cried Dr. Hutton, starting.

"A mere scrawl—a single line in a hand evidently disguised," said the banker. "Here it is."

He produced a dirty scrap of paper from a drawer in the table, and held it up to the view of the physician, who read it as follows:

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

Dr. Hutton looked, with a puzzled air, from the scrap of paper, which he turned over and over, to the countenance of the banker.

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

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

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

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

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

And the next year it is—

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

And the next—

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

And the next—

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

And the next—

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

And the next—

"August 9, 1860. She is growing rapidly!"

And the next—

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

And the next—

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

And the next—

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

And the next—

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

And the next—

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

And the next—

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

And last year it is—

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

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

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

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

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

"Another message!" breathed the banker.

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

"The bearer is in the hall."

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

"It is from him!" he faltered.

He tore the envelope open.

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

"This line was as follows:

"August 9, 1868. At six I will call!"

A shock of wonder and horror starting the three simultaneously.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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