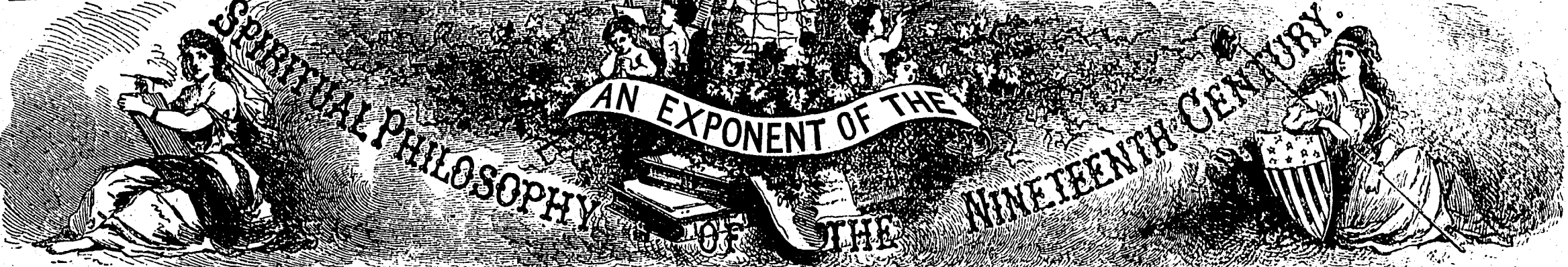


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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The Lecture Room.

THE ORIGIN AND CURE OF EVIL GEOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED.

A LECTURE BY PROF. WILLIAM DENTON,
In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Nov. 28th, 1869.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

On Sunday afternoon, Nov. 28th, Prof. Denton closed his present engagement at Music Hall, Boston, by a lecture on the "Origin and Cure of Evil, Geologically Considered." A very large audience was in attendance, and the remarks of the lecturer called forth frequent applause. We give below an abstract report of this discourse:

"The origin of evil!" say some? "why, there is no such thing as evil; it has no positive existence; it is but the negative of good." But if we say there is no such thing as darkness, it is only the negative of light, we shall need lamps just as much, and our bills for gas will be quite as heavy. If we say there is no such thing as cold—it is but the negative of heat, it will be just as necessary to warm ourselves in winter, and furs will bring just as good a price. There is in the world what we have agreed to call evil, and to baptize it by another name does not alter its character.

That is an evil to the crystal which prevents its attainment of a perfect form, or mays it after it is attained; that is an evil to the plant or tree which acts upon it to retard its growth, or deprive it of strength and natural powers—such as a worm in the root or an imperfect seed to the flower, or a stroke of an axe to the tree; all these were evils to the forms suffering them. So that was in like manner an evil to man which tended in any way to injure his progress, physically, mentally, morally or spiritually; and that was an evil in man which led him to do this to himself or others. The great question comes up for consideration: Whence came this evil which we find everywhere in the world—especially this moral evil which we so much mourn? In reply to this question we had a great many answers; theologians differed in their views, and could give no satisfactory account. The Yezidees, or "Devil-worshippers," of Asia Minor, said there were two potentates ruling the world between them: God, all good, and the Devil, who is all evil in his very nature. According to their theologic ideas they never worshiped God; why should they? He was all perfectness and purity; it was just as natural for him to ray out happiness and good as it was for the sun to give its light to a waiting world. But the devil was a bad fellow; he was dangerous; he was the cause of all their woes; he must be appeased and made a friend at any price. The speaker thought the Orthodox way of accounting for evil was quite "of a piece" with the Yezidee idea. Somewhere or other, in the mighty past, evil rose up in heaven, and Satan made war against God himself—no wonder, then, at wars on earth—and, as a result, behold a grand struggle which ended in his Satanic Majesty and his minions being hurled over the glittering battlements into that infernal pit which was "prepared for the devil and his angels!" But this aforesaid exiled archangel had been permitted by God to assemble his grisly cohorts on the surface of our globe, and all its children are now at the mercy of the arch fiend, to be saved only by feeling to the ark of "covenant grace."

Another class accounted for the evils to which we are heirs, by saying that this life is a state of probation; we had been great sinners in some past age and world, and were put here to learn how to behave ourselves better in future; and all evil was the result of our having failed and been corrupted in a previous condition of existence.

Others say man has the power to do right or wrong as he pleases; and they say all the evil on earth is the result of man's unfortunate choice to do evil. Others say, no matter how the evil came here; we must get it out of the world. They believe with the farmer who chided his boy for not driving the cattle out of the field, instead of running about to see where they got in. But the speaker would here parenthetically remark that if they had known where the cattle got in it would have helped them the easier to expel them.

Whence the origin of evil—all these troubles, mental and physical, which afflict mankind? The speaker first proceeded to consider those troubles which come to us without any human agency, and pictured the farmer sitting at evening counting the gains which a fair June day promised at harvest time—the waving wheat, the lusty corn, the flowering orchard, and his heart is glad at the prospect of plenty spread before his eyes; but that night there falls from the sky a killing frost, and in the morning, when the farmer wakes, it seems to him that death has breathed on his fields, and all the hopes of autumn lie blackened in his pathway. The husbandman can do nothing but sit in despair, perhaps inwardly cursing his misfortune. But man had nothing to do with this; if a man had done it we could not find a name bad enough to apply to him. Again, there was a village, smiling and tranquil; up from its happy homes the voice of hope and thanksgiving ascended to the skies; but all at once came a rumble, a roar; an earthquake heaves; the giant mountain is cloven to its roots, and its vast, heaven-clearing pinnacles away and topples in ruin upon all those scenes of domestic joy; the village is destroyed; young and old are crushed into an indistinguishable mass of quivering agony. Who did it? Man had nothing to do with this evil. A volcano becomes active; up from its smouldering breast ascends a black column reaching from its crater to the skies; the sun is darkened at noonday, and down comes the sifting shower of ashes, and along its blazing sides the burning lava cataract comes, sweeping all in common ruin, till cities are buried, thousands lose their lives, and the face of the country is blasted for miles around. Here is an evil for which man is not accountable.

Now an inquiry into the cause of these evils will give us some clue to the origin of others. He had once heard an eloquent preacher assert that before Adam's fall, or rather Eve's, poor old lady, who introduced evil into our world by eating of the forbidden fruit, there was not a lion, tiger, or any beast of prey on earth—no earthquakes, no volcanoes, no diseases—all was fair and beautiful—a paradise lovelier than a poet's dream. The mislatter who should attempt to palm off such a statement in Boston, to-day, would not be allowed to speak twice before the same congregation; for men had at last begun to demand a little reason from those who addressed them. We have in our time begun those researches in fields of natural science which teach us of causes lying behind outward effects. Geology revealed that back of that terrible frost which destroyed the hopes of the husbandman, was the glacial period, when vast mountains of ice swept over the surface of New England, grinding down the mountains, and leaving their pathway scored into the solid breasts of compacted hills, and one glance at this period gave us a certain insight into the cause of the frost. So there had been a time in earth's history, when such a volcano as Etna or Vesuvius would not have been noticed, amid the terrible upheavals and convulsions of this seemingly destroyed world, when earthquakes leveled mountains to the ground, or heaved vast masses of earth's splintering crust high above the parent plain. The earthquake and volcano of to-day are, therefore, proved to be only (as in these cases in the past) the result of the gradual cooling of the earth's interior. No man could succeed in satisfying human reason, who attempted to account for these occurrences in the present, without referring to and taking into account the revelations of the past which geology gave.

But some one might say: "What has this to do with moral evils, the greatest and the most debasing? What has it to do with licentiousness, bigotry, gluttony, intemperance and the host of kindred evils, which make earth's philosophers mourn over the weakness of their race?" Very much. The earth is our mother; her blood flows in our veins; those tremendous battles between fire and water, in the early history of the globe, were but the prototypes of the wars which man carries on to-day. We are now very much what we are, by virtue of our connection with this planet. We must go backward in the past, as demonstrated by geology, to find the cause—geology, which, in its researches, went deeper than hell, and reached to the highest heaven.

The speaker said that when he looked on mankind, he viewed them not as they were to-day, but as the result of causes that had been operating upon them for millions of years. He could see around him in life, a good proportion of splendidly organized physical men—men well developed as far as their muscles were concerned—men who could do anything that the body needs to do. Such men are by no means uncommon—there are hundreds and thousands of them; but if we look for a good mental man, one who can think well, write well, reason well—a man who is as well developed mentally as the other is physically—such men are very rare; they are scattered wide apart, with centuries of barrenness between them. When we want to find a man who is a true moral man, a spiritual man, a man who sees into the soul of things as well as the external, where shall we look for him? The ages have failed to produce one—he has never lived on this planet, and the time is a long way off ere he will live. How is it that we have so many complete and well developed physical men, so many mentally advanced men, and no spiritual men?

The speaker could only account for it by taking man's origin into consideration, and tracing it to his present condition. When he wished to trace the origin of man's heart, he went back to the first mollusk in the early seas, and in a contracting and dilating muscular movement which sent the cold, colorless blood through its appropriate conduits, could be found the heart of man in the germ.

The outline of the human hand, in its first rude appearance, could be traced in the fins of the fish, then in the foot of the first reptile that ever set his feet in that sand which afterward became sandstone and bore the signet of his life, from the first fin that enabled the first fish to balance itself in the warm ocean of those times, to the artistic hand of to-day, there has been steady growth. Thus plainly could be traced the fact that man is a creature of development, and that these past ages were required to bring him to perfection.

The muscular part of man was the result of millions of years of action—so of his mental nature, but it was younger than the first. Why (said the speaker) are there so many good physical men? Because man's physical nature is the oldest. In the first monad that ever lived in the Silurian seas, can be traced man's first step in muscular existence; the fish developed it, the reptile handed it down in its turn, till reaching the lower mammals, and proceeding from thence to the higher order of mammals, man gets it after all this unfoldment in the mighty past—it has been in training through all these years, and is the result of such exercise.

Now, (said the speaker,) when I look for man's mental nature, it is younger. The early forms manifested no mind, and it was not till we passed through the three sub-kingdoms, radiates, mollusks and articulate, that we would begin to find traces of that which through reptiles and birds reached the lower mammals, the higher mammals, and finally man. Hence, to-day, from want of practice, this mental part of man's nature is weaker than the physical. Why is it that the moral and spiritual nature of man is still less developed? Because it is more backward in its opportunities of growth than either of the others just mentioned. But little morality could be expected of the fish and the other forms of primitive life. Man's moral nature being the youngest

and weakest, and his physical nature the oldest and most fully developed, the animal propensities obtain the ascendancy over the reason, and hence results evil and the lack of religious sensibility.

The speaker said that what was true of man's nature was true of every part of it, and referred in high terms to phrenology, which he said was just as much a science of the mind as physiology was of the body. All the ordinary books which treated of the human mind were miserable failures compared to the poorest work on phrenology. Phrenology could not be claimed to be perfect, but it was so in its sphere, as much so as geology or any other science. The acknowledgment of the fact that when a man used his brain in certain directions he did not use it all at once, but that there were departments for every faculty of the human mind, was a great step in advance; and the classification of the brain—the back part to animal propensities, the higher portion to the religious sentiments, and the front to the intellectual faculties, was to his mind a clear and comprehensive solution of the question. He claimed that man's tendency to evil morally was the result of the preponderance of this back brain over the other parts—his reason not having power therefore to control his brutal nature. The oldest faculties of man would be found, on examination of the subject, to be the most powerful. Take for example alimentiveness, which is the name assigned by phrenology to that desire for and appreciation of food, which seems implanted in every human being. It requires no instruction to make known the necessity for food—all seem to know instinctively that without it life could not exist; and so even in the lowest animal, the exercise of alimentiveness begins with life itself. The first forms of existence were little better than animated stomachs, taking in whatever floated to them, and closing over them to enjoy their repast:

"They ate and drank and slept, and then,
They ate and drank and slept again."

And up through all the ages came this power, this attribute, losing nothing in the ascent along the scale of being, till it at last reached mankind. We need not to enter into a long address to prove to our children the necessity of eating—give them the food and they would demonstrate the proposition very satisfactorily. No colleges or seminaries are necessary to teach people the art of eating. Millions of ages ago, that appetite was brought into existence, and no one could wonder at its general diffusion who took the trouble to consider this fact.

Amativeness—the love existing between the sexes—was another ancient attribute, although not quite so old as alimentiveness. The first animals appear to have been destitute of this passion. The different species were propagated by budding. A bunch would appear as if attached to a larger form, and when sufficiently sizeable to take care of itself, it dropped off from the parent stock, and commenced its own individual existence. But after a while the quality made itself manifest, and it continued through all the succeeding years, till to-day mankind had quite a large development of it. In the same way we might trace the origin of combativeness and destructiveness. There is no necessity to bring out these faculties; man has all of them that he needs to have, and the reason for it can be easily perceived. Far back in the earliest ages animals existed by millions, who had to live by eating other animals; no sooner did the crinoids spring up on the sea bottom but they began to stretch out their feathery fingers to entrap the smaller animals, which were their prey. Then came the ganoids and placoids, those panoplied free-boaters of the sea, sent abroad by Nature, armed with helmet, sword and shield to kill that they might live, and live that they might kill. And advancing from those days to the coltlike period it would be found that beneath its luxuriantly waving tropical verdure all the ground was one vast battle-field, where the gigantic Suarions and kindred forms preyed upon the weak, and the weak strove to escape from their formidable antagonists. Everywhere life was brought into existence that other life might devour it. Then came the tertiary period, and with it the ferocious tiger, lion and kindred shapes; and man at last received the tide which was poured into his veins, and was ready on too many occasions to give rein to these passions, which ought rather to be kept in subjection, and only used on important occasions.

Secretiveness came also to all animals; it was naturally implanted in the weaker as the safeguard of their existence, and cultivated by the stronger that they might obtain their prey. The fox who sought, and the hen who endeavored to save the chickens, both exercised the quality naturally on this planet to-day. It had come down to us through the years, and man received it with a large development—larger, however, among savages than civilized men—the more civilized the race became the less need for the exercise of this quality, which would grow smaller and smaller by disuse.

Then let us look at some of the thinking powers of man's brain—constructiveness, for instance—that faculty which enables man to rear elegant buildings and create shapes of usefulness and beauty. This was not so thoroughly developed—it was younger by ages than other qualities of the brain. During the Silurian and Devonian periods there was no trace of construction visible. The corals grew as a man's bones grow in his body. In the tertiary period the beaver and bird manifested its promptings, and in process of time it also reached man; but smaller and younger, so that a boy must spend years at learning an art, when some other qualities speak out naturally and without cultivation. Take time and tune—how weak they are to-day. Many persons are unable to tell the difference between one and the other. Only laborious practice for years could give to the student proficiency in musical composition or execution. In the early history of the world many ages passed ere sound appeared on

this planet through animal forms. The Silurian and Devonian periods were without even the chirp of a cricket or the croak of a frog. The tertiary period marked the commencement of musical notes, in the birds. Hence the faculty in man was much younger, and consequently more feeble.

The speaker referred to those organs mentioned in phrenology which bore upon the reasoning powers, and asked how many men in Boston to-day were governed by their reason in religious matters—not one in a thousand. And this in a city which was called the "hub of the universe." If so, the *speaks* must indeed be poorly off. The question in such matters is, what does the Bible say?—what did the Jewish Jehovah command?—or what did my father believe? And before these questions reason must "stand and deliver"—"your reason or your life"; for the man could hardly be allowed to live who exercised his reason in matters of religion. The reason is, because this faculty has had so little culture. How much could be found in the fish and their kindred shapes? Monkeys had more than any other class of animals below them. Reason has not had that training necessary to give it the proud preeminence which is its due, and which it is to have by-and-by.

How about conscientiousness—that power which says, do right? Reason decides what is right, but conscientiousness says, do it. That faculty is feeble in the race to-day, I am sorry to say. How many men do right at all times, let the consequence be what it may? Very few indeed. How many, even among our public men—our editors of newspapers in the city of Boston—say always what is strictly true? And if they did, how many people would listen to their speeches, or how many patronize their papers? The very fact that these public individuals have to "knuckle down" to the ways of the world is a damning one, and tells its own story. (Applause.) Conscientiousness was essentially a human faculty, for there could none be found below man; it was weak from want of culture, and time must bring it to where it ought to be in the affairs of life.

The fact could thus be proved that these faculties in man which were geologically the oldest were the strongest to-day, and those weakest, were the youngest geologically. War, the curse of every age, did not begin with man, but had its existence on this planet with the dawn of life—as soon as living forms came here, there came also others to devour them; and man had not outgrown the powerful influence inherited from his primitive ancestors. The savages of to-day were men who had outgrown in a less degree than ourselves these inherited attributes—they had started, but had not gained so great a distance as we, on the same road. The speaker referred to the lack of conscientiousness in the savages—said that their first business in life was the acquisition of scalps, and he who had the largest number was the best fellow in the eyes of the dark-skinned beauties of his tribe; that among the Feejee Islanders murder was an accomplishment at which they trained their young; that among the New Zealanders heaven was considered to be a place where they would always be fighting and always victorious; that among many of these nations prisoners were killed and eaten by their conquerors; that among the Fuegians, when pressed for food, the oldest woman of the tribe was suffocated and eaten; and when the warriors were asked why they did not kill their dogs, they replied, "Dog catch other," but the old woman could not, so she was eaten instead. We had grown out of that state during the lapse of time, and the day would come when the light which was poured on us should spread its kindly radiance over the "wide, wide world."

Did any person cite intemperance as a case outside the pale, and declare that no animal got drunk—man being in that respect "alone in his glory"—the speaker would reply that such was not the case. Pigs, elephants and monkeys would get drunk, and if the rivers had run alcohol, instead of water, in old days, the early animals would have been drunkards also. As regarded intemperance in eating, the lecturer referred to many examples of gluttony among the primeval and present animals, to prove that they were as adept at it as the greatest human gourmand.

With reference to truth telling, David had recorded, "I said in mine haste, all men are liars"; and he might have taken time, and still had the same report to make at his leisure. It was not necessary to speak to tell an untruth, therefore those who supposed lying to be an accomplishment, invented by man, were much mistaken. If an individual were to ask the way to a certain town, he could be misdirected as well by a point of the finger as a spoken word. Animals, therefore, can lie as well as human beings, and they do on all practicable occasions. If any one approached the nest of the partridge, the mother bird would expose herself for their safety, and running along in front of the intruder, would pretend to have a broken wing; the stranger, hoping to catch her, would follow her rapidly away from her nest, till, having got at a safe distance, she would mount in the air, and, after many winding flights, return back to her young. The speaker also referred to a hare endeavoring to escape from the bounds; having found that it could run under a gate, while the dogs had to climb over; the sagacious animal continued to double and return to the gate, till the dogs became discouraged and gave up the chase. Thus by adroitly lying did the hare preserve itself. So from the animal kingdom direct, descended the tendency to untruth manifested by the human race to-day.

That might be called up. But there was much of it in life which was not called so. The poor man might steal a dollar, but the rich aristocrats who grew corpulent in body and plethoric in purse at the expense of all the rest, were the greatest thieves of all. The speaker referred to the habit of thieving as exhibited by monkeys, and said that when a poor fellow was found who

could not keep his fingers from what belonged to another, we ought to remember the ancestors from whom he inherited this difficulty, and pity him for a propensity which neither he nor they could overcome.

We might thus go over every form of evil, and trace its origin in this way. The old Adam and Eve of days gone by, are now wrapped in oblivion; their fall, which was supposed to have been a terrible one, was in reality a great rise; we had been steadily advancing from the remotest ages, and should outgrow this nature of ours and come to that which essentially belongs to man. There was no need to look to Adam and Eve for this. Man is what he is to-day, and cannot be otherwise, considered geologically. But some might inquire, "Can't God do it?" No; he doubtless would have done it if he could. We cannot have a ripe apple till there are green ones. No doubt the worms in the fruit, as they toll and tug through the hard green substance, lament their fate, and wish God had made all apples nice and tender and ripe at once. So with human worms in this progressing orb of the earth—they must wait till it is ripe before they can expect of it the mellowness of maturity. Our business is to take this universe as we find it, and then to do our part toward amending its disadvantages. This is the work of the philanthropist.

When a man said, "What is the cure of evil?" the speaker would reply, "Development, culture; nothing else can possibly cure the evils of humanity." It was of no use to pray to God to take all the evil out of the world. We might as well blow on an apple seed and hope thereby to bring forth a tree and its ripened fruit. It is a matter of growth, first and last, and everything done to assist the race out of evil must be by gradual means. The speaker here referred severely to those parents, who, finding their offspring inherited unpleasant qualities from themselves, endeavored to remove them by the process of corporal punishment, which only fastened deeper and gave more strength to the seed they sought to eradicate. For instance, combativeness and destructiveness in a boy should be met with kindness, not the rod; his moral faculties should be brought out and given the preponderance.

What a grand thought it is that the ages of the great future lie before the soul. Time to outgrow the brute, time to grow into the man. It cannot be otherwise. The mighty future shall make us all that man can conceive of in his holiest moments.

From London Human Nature for November.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE DIALECTICAL SOCIETY FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUALISM:

GENTLEMEN—In a late number of *Human Nature* I am reported (in reply to your president's question—"How can you distinguish between a medium who is an impostor, and a spirit that is a liar?") to have said: "One cannot distinguish." If these are the words I uttered they illly expressed my thoughts; for such an answer implies the idea of some suspicion on my part of having, in the course of my investigation of Spiritualism, been made the dupe of unprincipled individuals, pretending to mediumship. If such an idea has been conveyed to your mind, I beg, in the interest of truth, that you may dismiss it. For I most emphatically declare that I have not the most distant suspicion of having, at any stage of my investigation of the new philosophy, in any country, by any medium or means, been made the victim of deception; and although it is humanly possible that I may have been so deceived, I have not the shadow of an idea that I was so deceived. Mrs. Marshall I suspected in the beginning, but after sitting with her scores of times, I found her perfectly genuine. This I say in spite of the assertions of Messrs. Addison & Co., who presume so much on the gullibility of the world as to suggest that it is possible for a woman to take up a pencil, place it between her toes, indite legible lines, written every time in a different too-writing, under a table, and without using hands or eyes; nay, more—that with a seven yard crinoline at her command, this cunning witch would allow Messrs. A. & Co. not only to see but to catch her too! Fie! Mr. Addison—rude boy—you boast of having done that for which many a puerile adventurer has been soundly birched! It is easy to say you caught the foot, but you shall not so easily clean your hands! I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant.

G. DAMIANI.

London, Oct. 11, 1869.

A Noble Woman.

The *Woman's Advocate*, published in New York, says: "Mrs. Charlotte Lozier, of this city, the eminent physician and Dean of the Women's Medical College of New York, is entitled to public gratitude for upholding the dignity of the profession and administering a just rebuke to a wealthy Southerner, one Andrew Moran, who, with his victim, a relative, approached her to induce her to engage in malpractice. Although the infamous proposition was accompanied by the proffer of a large sum of money, Mrs. Lozier unhesitatingly refused to accede to the villainous request, earnestly counselling the unfortunate girl against resorting to such a criminal and dangerous remedy, and lodging complaint against the seducer which, we trust, will result in his trial and punishment to the utmost extent of the law. This act upon the part of Mrs. Lozier, although in keeping with her high character, is one of great delicacy, involving moral courage of no common order, but which, as a duty to society, will be unflinchingly performed."

The *Hebrew National* says there are 6,000,000 Jews in the world, of whom 1,300,000 are in Russia, 1,046,000 in Germany, 80,000 in France, 51,000 in Great Britain and 260,000 in America.

Railroad men are looking with astonishment at a trunk marked "11 worth, Kansas."

Free Thought.

SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

The famous "spiritualistic trial," as it was called, Lyon vs. Home, in which Mr. Lyon sought to recover £50,000 or £300,000 from the medium Daniel Home, which sum had made a gift to him, on adopting him as her son—in which attempt she succeeded, on the ground that Mr. Home was supposed to have worked upon her feelings by falsely pretending to communicate with her dead husband's spirit—has been the means of calling the attention of the British to the subject of Spiritualism, with a seriousness which the matter would never have possessed as yet, in the eyes of this practical and sensible people, had it not thus been forcibly brought before their notice in connection with the ordinary affairs of life, love and law.

And if Spiritualism does, as the Spiritualists claim, herald the advent of a new era, a new dispensation, as it were, in the religious world, this freak of a foolish, low-bred and unprincipled old woman, although so annoying to Mr. Home, would seem to hold the place of what is ordinarily called a "special providence" in the history of this fast advancing creed. Spiritualism, where before it numbered only its hundreds of half-secret adherents in the modern Babylon, now counts them openly by thousands; and whereas before it was regarded by the masses as a humbug, and its professors as charlatans, it is now attracting the serious attention of all classes of the community throughout the United Kingdom. I say all classes, for its supporters have as yet been numbered only amongst the elite of society, the upper ten of the West End and of the Provinces; the old, the young, the most ignorant, and therefore the most bigoted, have hitherto scorned it. It was a mob of the most barbarous portion of the savages of Lancashire, who maltreated the Inoffensive Brothers Davenport at Liverpool and Hull, but now even the great unwashed, and the great unlearned, whose name in the British Empire is Legion, are beginning to inquire into this matter; whilst their betters, who have hitherto kept their convictions in the background, are now declaring before all men the faith that is in them.

Nothing has been so characteristic of this progression of late years, as the open confessions of Messrs. Varley, Wallace and De Morgan, to their conviction of the truth that the physical phenomena of Spiritualism are such as can be satisfactorily accounted for on no other hypothesis than that of the immediate agency of the spirits of the departed. Sir David Brewster, at a séance at Cox's Hotel, in Jermyn Street, London, at which Mr. Home presided, on seeing the table lifted some feet above the ground, palpably without the agency of any person present, exclaimed excitedly, "This is wonderful! this upsets the philosophy of a life time." He afterwards thought fit to retract this expression, and in writing an account of the phenomena, stated disingenuously that "the table seemed to be lifted up," but hinted that it must have been done by means of some trickery or mechanism employed by Mr. Home. Some gentlemen who were interested in the matter, wrote to Lord Brougham, who had also been of the party, and had expressed himself on the occasion much as Sir David had done, to confirm their account of the facts, and of Sir David's expressions at the time; Lord Brougham, with more simplicity than candor, answered "that he did not wish his name to be mixed up in the discussion." With regard to the late pretended exposure of Spiritualism by Messrs. Tools and Sothorn, no one who knows the characters of these gentlemen will attach the least importance to anything they may say on the subject; they have over and over again been convicted of practicing the most disgraceful and unprincipled practical jokes on women and aged persons, some of which they have carried so far as to endanger the lives of their unfortunate victims.

Lord Adair, a most intelligent and amiable nobleman, universally beloved and respected by all who know him, has, in conjunction with the Earl of Dunraven, just published a remarkable book, in which he thus publicly bears witness to the truth of some of the most remarkable phenomena which have manifested themselves at séances under the direction of Mr. D. D. Home, and in this he also prints the attestations of many well known and much respected names of members of the English Aristocracy, in confirmation of his own fidelity of narration. He here brings evidence which would about any other matter be considered amply conclusive; he adduces witnesses—whose testimony would convict any accused man of a capital crime and hang him—to the truth of Mr. Home's having been repeatedly elongated and shortened more than two feet; of his having often subjected his body to the influence of fierce fire without being burned or harmed, and of his having floated in the air, as well as of many others equally remarkable, and, in the language of a passing age, miraculous occurrences which have taken place before their eyes and senses, in connection with this most remarkable medium, Mr. Home, over and over again. I who write—*moi qui vous parle*—am personally acquainted both with Mr. Home and with many of his intimate friends, and I am quite sure that if a man is to be judged from the company he keeps, Mr. Home should take rank very high up indeed among the upper ten; whilst those who most steadfastly defend and believe in him are none of them people who would willingly lend their names to or countenance a fraud or a deception, even in the shape of an innocent practical joke.

As to Mr. Home himself, I first made his acquaintance about four years ago. I called upon him at his rooms in a small, dirty street, leading out of Oxford Street. I found him occupying the first floor of a very shabby house. He impressed me as being a highly nervous, weak-willed, sickly, but certainly an honest and straightforward young man. He had then lately lost his wife, who belonged to a noble Russian family, and was engaged in a law-suit seeking to recover some of her property, which, according to Russian custom, had, on her death, reverted to her relatives. He had then no ostensible means of living; his health was very bad; he was highly consumptive, and frequently spat blood; and he spoke feelingly of his position, and of the prospects of his only child, a boy, of whom he seemed very fond. I believe he was in receipt of an annuity freely given to him by one of his noble friends, but this was of a very small amount. I asked him why, as he was in great request as a medium, he did not charge a fee? He said he thought that this would be a prostitution of the power lent him for a better object, and that he would never use it for mercenary purposes; in fact, he hinted that he had been warned not to do so. He was then rehearsing at St. James Theatre, with the view of going on the stage; in fact, his first appearance had been placarded all over London. I visited him several times at rehearsal; I found him to get more and more nervous as the time of his appearance drew near,

and, at length, much to his chagrin, he broke down altogether. His disappointment was terrible, for thus every (to him) legitimate mode of making a livelihood and of educating his child, seemed to be closed up. Just at this time he fell in with Mrs. Lyon, a vulgar old lady—the illegitimate daughter of a low-bred north country man—who, although possessed of an enormous fortune, for which she had no use, as she had no direct heirs or near relatives, yet lived in lodgings in two miserable rooms in a second rate part of London. The old lady was ignorant, superstitious, and infatuated. She had been dabbling in Spiritualism for low and silly purposes, and she got, as she believed, messages from her husband advising her to adopt Home as her son, or, at all events, approving of such a course should she take it. She was fully old enough to be Home's mother. She adopted him, and made him (unwillingly) a free gift, at the time, of £50,000. The acceptance of this sum was Home's great mistake. Whatever the nature of these messages from Mr. Lyon, or whatever the mode of their communication, he ought never to have condescended to form such a connection with such a person, for whom it was impossible for a refined man to feel any respect or affection, filial or other. But Home was "hard up"; he was anxious about his son's education; he thought every other mode of gaining a livelihood shut upon him with his failure on the stage, and he yielded. It was not, perhaps, a fault that any of us could throw very big rocks at him for. I think if any old lady would offer to adopt some of us, we should consent to call her mamma for £300,000 down, and twice as much in reversion, without much pressing; at all events, I'd feel it a great temptation myself. Home yielded, and he was deservedly punished, and bitterly has he had to repent of his weakness and folly. The old lady soon grew dissatisfied with the coolness of his filial demonstrations of affection, and Home, I think, had to tell her more than once that he could not bring himself to be as demonstrative as he wished. At length they had a quarrel, and the old lady sought to recall her gift and to withdraw her adoption. Home held, but had not touched the money. The case went against Home entirely, on account of the foregoing presumption of the court: that Spiritualism is a humbug from beginning to end; that all its believers are dupes, and all its professors, cheats and charlatans; consequently, that the £50,000 was not a free gift. It is very probable that if this same trial took place to-day, in the present position of the public mind with regard to Spiritualism, after the evidence adduced in its favor by the open confessions of such adherents as Varley, the electrician, Wallace, the naturalist, and De Morgan, the mathematician, and after the publication of such respectable testimony as that contained in Lord Adair's book, the decision of the court would be greatly modified.

Mr. Varley is the first electrician in Europe, and is consulting electrician to the Atlantic and some of the other great lines of the world. Mr. Wallace is one of the first naturalists; he spent years on the Amazon and in the Celebes, collecting, and was probably the primary originator of the now celebrated Darwinian theory of the "Origin of Species"; while the name of Augustus De Morgan is known all over the world as that of the chief of modern mathematicians and logicians. His preface to his wife's book, "From Matter to Spirit," is one of the clearest, deepest, and most logical demonstrations of the fact of spiritual agency in the production of these modern phenomena, that has ever been traced by human pen. He is a personal friend of my own, of long standing, and I know both him and his wife to be careful investigators, thorough analysts, and utterly incapable of anything approaching to exaggeration or prevarication of any kind.

During the course of the said Lyon vs. Home trial, many of Mr. Home's friends made affidavits in his favor and in support of the fact of his genuine mediumship, whose evidence, had it been given on any other matter but Spiritualism, would have carried everything before it. Mr. Home gave his testimony with the greatest possible clearness, decision and straightforwardness, although nervously, as his temperament obliged. Mrs. Lyon, whenever she was put upon the stand, fumed, prevaricated, and contradicted herself so shockingly, that the judge, who was frequently obliged to call her to order, characterized her testimony as disgracefully unreliable, and in his charge severely reprimanded her in powerful language, for her untruthfulness and ill temper. Yet so biased was he against Spiritualism, so impossible did he find it to believe that a medium could be anything but a rogue and a swindler, that in spite of all that was convincing in Home's favor, and all that was damning to Mrs. Lyon, he charged strongly for the plaintiff, and she recovered her gift without costs; and not only that, but Mr. Home, after repaying her the money with interest up to date, had to get an order of court to recover, with great difficulty, jewelry of his own—chiefly valuable diamond rings, the gifts of the Russian, French and Italian royal families—which this woman still held, and which were valued at some thousands of pounds. When I first knew Home, although very poor, he declined either to sell or pawn these useless trinkets, because they were gifts.

I was in India when I read the account of this singular trial, and knowing as much about the subject, and the parties to it, as most people, I was so astonished and indignant at the result that my astonishment and indignation found a vent in the following—I was going to say impromptu—which has never been hitherto read by any besides an intimate friend or two. Thinking that it might possibly amuse and enlighten some here who are but imperfectly acquainted with the facts of this—hereafter to be historically celebrated—trial, I have sent it to our good friend of the *Banner of Light*, in the hope that he may see fit to give it circulation in the columns of his widely read and liberal journal, that I may thus do what little lies at my door to support a cause I believe to be a true and a progressive one, and to clear the fair fame of a friend whom I honestly believe to be a true, an honest, if a weak and an unfortunate man.

It is singular that it does not strike those Orthodox and excellent persons, who, like the just judge mentioned above, cannot bring themselves to believe in the possibility of what they deem "modern miracles," on any amount of perfectly reliable and trustworthy living testimony. How inconsistent is their conduct in believing implicitly—as I am sure they do—in the facts of ancient miracles of *identically* the same kind, and sometimes the same even in details. Yet, can they tell me why I should believe the evidence on this matter, of Daniel or Luke, whom I have not seen," and still per *fas* et *nefas* persist in rejecting the testimony of men whom I have known for years, and whose veracity every acquaintance regards as unimpeachable, with regard to precisely the same class of events.

It has always appeared to me that that poor old lady in the Orkneys—of historical fame—evincing far more acuteness and common sense than such

hypocrites, who, when she was told by an earnest and enterprising missionary of the facts of the Saviour's sufferings and death, asked, "And where, sir, pray, might all this have taken place?" "Oh, in a country very far away," replied the padre; "a place called Judea." "Ah," said the old girl; "very far away, ye say, sir. And when, pray?" "Well, a long, long time—eighteen hundred years ago." "Eighteen hundred years! a weel, that is a long time, sure enough," said she; then, reflecting, added, "Weel, sir, 'tis a dreadful story—poor young man—'tis indeed; but 'twas very far off, ye say, and a long, long time ago, so let's hope 'tisn't a true."

The worthy minister is reported to have left her in despair at the skeptical and illogical spirit she displayed; but I am sure the missionaries of Spiritualism have far more reason to despair of the illogical bigotry and want of common sense displayed by some very excellent and intelligent Christians on the subject of the miracles which are taking place, to-day, under their very noses. The glaring unfairness, on the other hand, with which the scientific big wigs in England have always treated this subject, and in connection with it, my friend, Mr. Home, is now a matter of history. I have mentioned above the ingenious behaviour of Sir David Brewster and Lord Brougham, both of whom have by this time learned their mistake. Professor Faraday, during his lifetime, was repeatedly solicited by Mr. Home and his friends to attend a séance and examine for himself. He refused to do so or to be a party to any investigation of the sort, unless these gentlemen would dispense with darkness and furnish him with a programme of the performance, persisting not only in taking it for granted that Mr. Home was a rogue and a trickster, but also in thus rudely intimating to his friends that he thought so; and up to his death he persisted in this course, in spite of the representations of these gentlemen that the phenomena being altogether beyond their control or volition, they could not foresee or produce them, whilst, as far as they knew, they were produced through the medium of a fluid or force, called *odyle*, to which, under certain circumstances, a bright light seemed to be immixed.

Professor Tyndal, after Faraday's death, when the same proposition was made to him as to his illustrious forerunner, repeated both the illogical folly and the unbecoming insult of his predecessor in almost identical terms.

AT HOME WITH THE LYONS.

When Daniel of old shut the mouths of the Lyons,
And set *Ecce* life with those brutes in their den,
The puzzled professors of Chaldean science
Demurred to a séance with Daniel then.

They wanted a programme, no doubt, or rehearsal,
And gazed at these lions, all holding their jaws;
Till Darius got riled, and gave them the reversal,
The benefit, that is, of Median laws.

They to judgment had brought this young Daniel in triumph,
And, of feelings devoid, to their felines consigned,
But when he stayed untasted Darius said, "Why, humph!
Walk in, if ye please, gentle, my lions and I dine."

But as soon as they 'd entered—these magi and mediums—
To see these five lions on straw-litter fed,
The unfearing brutes started from *ennui's* dull tedium,
And their bones on the paddy straw literally spread.

"Well out of that, Dan!" shouted, watching his greedy ones,
The jovial director of this Sunday "Zoo."
"You are welcome, my prophet, to preach at your *te deums*,
Since they've got small profit by peaching on you."

So, when Shadrach and Meshack and 'Bedeago ventured
To suggest slight improvements in Babylon's creed,
Old Orthodox Neba these heretics censured
As "Atheists," "Infidels," "bad examples" indeed.

Then he heated his *grog* to have them well toasted,
A Spanish prescription, approved in such case;
But the bakers who set down this high-bred batch roasted,
Whilst the leaves loafed quite coolly, unris, through the place.

Nor did they get crusty with all this fierce baking,
But walked with good spirits, unsmiling, midst the glow
Of that white-hot furnace. The jailors stood quaking
To see their loosed prisoners fetterless go.

Nat one hair of their beard frizzled up with caloric,
Not a white turban scorched, not a toga the worse,
Yet the strong cords that bound them were nowhere; this
Cholerie

King looked for their cinders, but found the reverse.
And Nebuchadnezzar was much disconcerted
To see such an end to his *auto da fe*;
When he deemed them done brown, admiration he burst out,
Finding himself done much browner than they.

So he ordered them out of those very warm quarters,
And started to find them not smelling of smoke.
Though *au fait*, like most tyrants, at all sorts of slaughters,
Yet he found lacking Hebrews a mighty poor joke.

In disgust left cathedral and statecraft and palace
To roam in the meads, autocratic ass!
Formed a penchant for thistles, dropped murder and malice,
Forsook *calm*, and took like a donkey to grass;

Till his hair like fowl's feathers stood up on his caput,
And rose from his poll like a cockatoo's crest;
His nails eagles' talons resembled, in habit
This talented king went extremely undressed.

And he dreamed of Ahab's horrible nightmares,
Who to bed could go coolly, shrouded with flame,
As he lay with his steeds in their clover, and light cars
Sat on the Houyhnhnms this Yahoo to shame.

In the pride of his glory Belshazzar carousing
Pledged his generals and bishops in bumpers of wine,
No alarm for his state apprehension arousing,
Not one doubt of the Church he'd received as divine;

Till young Daniel, the medium, came in at a séance,
That Daniel who erst with those lions abode,
And the king had to put the next song in abeyance,
Yet, when spirits came rattling, he cried, "You be blowed."

Till a spirit hand came forth, and wrote without passing,
With style free and flowing, with pencil of fire,
"Mene, mene," then "tekel," and lastly, "upharzin"—
The scribes beheld, some suggested, "bell wire";

Some "mechanical dodges," "false bottoms," "trick lanterns,"
"Polytechnical goblins, and Pepper therewith,"
And turning to Daniel attempted to banter him,
Asserting "that spirits were only a myth."

Mene mene had meaning, he found, in his trouble,
And knew spirit writing not always a sell,
For Darius, the Median, came down at the double,
And his spirit creed rose as his high spirits fell.

So our Magi, Chaldeans, and bulwarks of science,
Laugh the spirits to scorn from their lecture rooms' dais,
And girding at Daniel at Home with the Lyons,
Had been awfully glad to have stood in his place;

Provided the Lyons were quiet as mice,
Nor held them in chancery with unfeeling wile,
Few savants object to devour widows' houses,
Though many might chafe perhaps at such a long trial.

But Daniel was patient, and bore with defiance
The feline mendacity Madame displayed,
While a righteous judge shut the foul mouth of the Lyons,
But took from the prophet the profits he 'd made.

Go, traitress, and gloat o'er your thousands recovered,
Go, hoard them in attic, your Lyons denote;
The prophet, had he been a more earnest lover,
'd have had for his profits the Lyons' share then.

And spirit hands come now, and write on museums,
On pulpits, and lecture rooms, churches, and state,
Mene, mene, and *tekel*, upharzin, you see 'em
With fiery style score the burnt ark of the great.

Their meaning, "Beware ye, mean farces! avant ye!
Go; tickle men's senses with folles no more!

Ye are weighed in just balances, ye, and found wanting.
Your dominion is over, like Betty's of yore."

"For your monarch and sage shall eat dirt like sick oxen,
Your magi and bishops consume in their fire,
Whilst fellows in fustian, of *politi* with smocks on,
Walk free in the furnace and do n't e'en perspire."

God hath numbered your kingdom, ye humbugs, what mean ye.

Who Babylon's throne hold spite Median lance;
God that severed your sceptre, ye hypocrites—*menes*—
Leave our Baby-dom free to the medium's advance.

N. B.—Professor Pepper invented and patented the ghosts exhibited nightly at the London Polytechnic Institution, which are made by reflection and refraction, and the position of the spectator with reference to certain—to him—invisible sheets of plate glass. These have been used to throw ridicule and contempt on Spiritualism in London, but, *magna est, et providet*.
VERITAS.
San José, Nov. 15, 1869.

Biographical.

NEW YORK, 87 3d AVENUE, Nov. 30, 1869.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Mrs. Hardinge's "History of Modern American Spiritualism" is in the hands of the binder. It was thought best that a portrait and life of the author should go with the work. The portrait will, and the life will not; there was no room for it. But I send you a chapter for the *Banner* to-day, and will send you some further ones, if you deem it well to print them.

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. EMMA HARDINGE.

NO. I.

EMMA HARDINGE is too well known to American readers to need an introduction, and too well beloved by Spiritualists everywhere to require one word of praise.

Her prolonged journeys in the cause to which this volume is dedicated have left their footprints on the soil of nearly every State and Territory of our Republic; and what she has done for the New Dispensation of Light and Love, has won for her the sympathy of countless hosts who have gained "the upper circles," and the love of the vast "army of the desert" who are marching on to join them.

But something in the shape of an authentic biography of the author may be looked for in connection with this work. I am from all quarters told that a sketch of Emma Hardinge's life and labors will be expected; for all her friends know that many words of appreciation about her could be gracefully said.

Knowing all this I wrote to Mrs. Hardinge in England, and asked her to send some personal sketch of herself, if it were only a little, brief record; and as she is so slow to say anything of herself—except what she must say—she sent me only this note. It was private, but I put it in here, for it will tell its own story so much better than I could, and so much better than even she could have told it if she had felt that she was speaking to "the multitude":

"I have tried again and again, and all in vain, to write a sketch of myself—such as I think might suit you. I cannot do it. As it is, I am ashamed of the egotism of recording my deeds, and sending you such a mass of what 'great I' have done. 'Put it into shape' I cannot. If you can make anything of the rough notes I send, I should be most grateful; but for my own part I simply cannot do it."

"I have letters of thanks, resolutions, and flaming critiques, &c., &c., by the thousand. They are not arranged, and I don't think they ever will be, or ought to be. My life has been, at first, a terrible tragedy. Its sad and painful details cannot come before the world; hence the foundation stones being hid from sight, the real effects will be ever incomprehensible."

"The career of struggle, romantic adventure, and fearful effort I led in England, is too much of the wild and wonderful for print."

"In America my life was all public property. Hence all my statements in that country can be amply verified. Still I feel the impossibility of writing the details myself, and hence simply send such matter as might do to fill from, if you should ever get leisure and inclination to make the sketch. The letter and 'Notes' I send, with the illustrations, will best explain them, together with the last words, and the two fresh chapters."

From the "Notes" I continue this sketch—intending all the time to have Mrs. Hardinge write her own life for this work, which, even in a fragmentary form, I am persuaded will be so much better than could be written for her by any hand but her own.

She says in one of her letters: "After writing for the English press for a while, I went to America; I was twenty years old—my career there has been detailed in the printed matter I send you. Now I cannot see anything better than to refer you to the printed paper No. 1, published by Dr. A. B. Child, of Boston, about three years after I first went to America, in the *Banner of Light*, as No. 5 of 'History of Mediums.'"

"Of my earlier life I can only say, briefly, I was born on the 2d of May, 1833, in London. Married at fifteen a gentleman far above myself in rank; endured many reverses of fortune in various ways, and at eighteen found myself left a widow under the most calamitous and painful circumstances, with a mother (also a widow) dependent on me for support."

"Having possessed in youth a very fine voice, I had studied under the first masters, with a view of becoming an opera singer. From excessive work and over-exertion, together with a very feeble constitution, I lost my singing voice, and under the pressure of most necessitous circumstances I was obliged to change my sphere of action from the Opera to the Drama."

"For some years I was a member of 'The Adelphi Company,' London. Here, in order to eke out a very slender salary, I became organist and choir leader at a fashionable chapel, wrote for several magazines, and some of the plays and farces in which I myself appeared. I composed music under the name of Ernest Reinhold, wrote serious for preachers, and speeches for members of Parliament. I obtained several prizes for my Glees, amongst which are two still celebrated, the one written for the *Anchor Society* in Bristol, called 'They rest not here'; the other written for the *London Glee Club*, called 'The days of Robin Hood.'"

"The best known of my writings is a series called 'Tales of the Stage,' by Aunt Ann,' 'The Prompter,' and 'The Popular Preacher.' The best known of my dramatic works is 'The Tragedy Queen,' a two act drama; 'Mr. Gander's Breakfast Party'; 'The Witches' Frolic,' farces. I wrote chiefly for *The Musical World* and *The Court Gazette*, and then mostly essays on scientific subjects."

"Professor," said a student in pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, "why does a cat, while eating, turn her head first one way and then the other?" "For the reason," replied the Professor, "that she cannot turn it both ways at once."

Spiritual Phenomena.

INTERESTING FACTS—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

I stated, some time since, that flowers and a cane had been brought into my parlor by an invisible agency, while the doors and windows were all closed. I see by an article in the *Review Spiritualist*, taken from *Human Nature* of last August, that a similar phenomenon had transpired in London, in presence of credible witnesses, and of which Mr. M. G. Damiani thus writes: "I attended a séance where—the windows being closed and the doors locked—fresh flowers were showered upon the company just previous to their departure. It was at the house of Baron Guldenstubbé, in the year 1867. The flowers would have filled quite a large basket. They were perfectly fresh and covered with dew. The medium (Mrs. Guppy, nee Nichol) was continually present for, at least, two hours before the séance commenced; besides, the highly honorable character of the lady excluded all suspicion of any crinoline mystification or legerdemain. It may be well to state that in examining the flowers, some of which remain in my possession, the ends of the stems appeared black and burnt. Asking of the invisible intelligences the reason of this, they told us that electricity, with which the flowers had been out, was the cause."

When Miss C. Fox was staying with us last summer, another phenomenon took place which I think is worth recording. Three of us were seated in my dining-room one evening, when I was told by a spirit (purporting to be Dr. Miller's) to examine my outside pockets. I complied with the order, but finding nothing unusual, was told that he referred to something up stairs. I went up, and in the pocket of a morning gown discovered a small vial containing laudanum, that was always kept in a closet in the aforesaid dining-room. It must have been carried through two rooms, a hall and up stairs, by this unseen agent, for I am quite sure that Miss Fox was not aware that either the bottle or the closet was in the house.

Reading recently some communications in *English from Napoleon I. and Voltaire*, I inquired of the spirits how this was accomplished. They replied, that they made use of the medium's mind to translate their ideas *seriatim*, in harmony with an exhortation on their part.

An facts are all important, please excuse me for crowding as many as I can get into my short article, even if they are old and retranslated, and give a disjointed air to the subject in hand. "I knew at Bristol," says a writer in the *Review Spiritualist*, (attested by Messrs. Watson, Blackwell and Bentley), a woman who was so extremely near sighted she could with glasses scarcely read the largest print. Four years ago, being developed as a medium, her mother's spirit said to her, "Leave off your spectacles; have faith, and you shall soon recover your sight." She did as directed, and almost immediately so far recovered the use of her eyes she was enabled to do fine embroidery by an ordinary light. The front teeth of this same person projected at an angle of nearly 45°. After some days, having received a message from the same spirit promising the result, as I understand it, her teeth were carried back to their proper place without the aid of a dentist.

The same magazine gives also the following: "One of our correspondents, of Odessa, (Southern Russia), has transmitted us some interesting details concerning seeling mediums by means of a glass of water. This faculty appears to be diffused through all classes and grades of society, and is employed as a means of divination and consultation by the sick. These persons thus endowed look into a tumbler of water, or a mirror, without any magnetization, and it is rare that they do not see images, which sometimes often change their aspect. The following facts our correspondent relates: 'One of my friends, an old retired Colonel, who is a Spiritualist, and a writing medium a long time before modern Spiritualism was talked of, resided at Nicolajeff. The daughter of his coachman, a child about twelve years of age, was an idiot, and thus remained in spite of all efforts to restore her to reason. One day the father came to me, he said, to ask permission to call in a *ruakharke*, (literally, *femme savante*), who, he had been assured, could cure his daughter. There being no objection, the *ruakharke* was summoned, and I went into the kitchen to attend the séance. The woman had given to her a flat dish of brown stoneware filled with water, at which she looked, murmuring incomprehensible words. Soon she turned to us, saying that the child was incurable, and she urged me to look in the vessel myself and see the proof of what she said. Regarding it all as mere jugglery, I looked with incredulity, but to my extreme astonishment I saw there produced the image of the sick child, in her habitual position; that is, seated upon the floor, her hands between her legs, and swinging her body backward and forward like the pendulum of a clock. Before the child, and looking at it, he was able to spring upon her, was a frightful black dog. Thinking myself the dupe of some cunning *ecameote* or trick, I thrust my hand into the dish and agitated the water; this caused the image to disappear, but naturally, I found nothing."

There is not a village, not even the smallest hamlet, in which there is not one or more of these *ruakharke*, well known, and venerated or feared, according to the good or evil effects they produce in the community. They occupy themselves sometimes with divination, but ordinarily in the treatment of disease, in the latter by murmuring prayers or by cabalistic forms, or by imposing finger or hand, or both hands, on the diseased part. One can indeed say that there are as many ways of curing the sick as there are physicians (*ruakharke*). For the most part they do not treat all diseases, but have their specialties, and the effects which they produce are wonderful, (prodigious), and the more so as they do not employ any substantial medications."

It is very natural that among these *ruakharke*, so many of whom cannot be denied great magnetic force or mediumistic power of healing, charlatans are mixed up, who practice the most gross impositions, to the moral, physical and pecuniary detriment of the poor people who fall into their hands. Seeing the effects—often beneficent, then again pernicious—which they produce, the people regard these *ruakharke* with confidence mixed with fear, which they often know how to employ to their advantage; but there are some who will not accept of anything for their services."

These facts, adds our correspondent, 'are another proof that mediumistic power in these different phases and the use of magnetism are not new inventions, but, on the contrary, are disseminated everywhere, even where one the least expects to find them; that they have been in use among nearly all peoples, back to the highest antiquity, and that it is only necessary to make a reasonable and conscientious separation between the true and the false, of the laws of Nature and superstitious practices, to make clear and not overturn, to group around the true doctrine millions of treatment of disease, who now lack a rational elucidation to become Spiritualists, or, at least, not in name."

If you think it useful to publish these lines you may do so, and add to them my name, for one ought not to fear to proclaim *hautement* his convictions when they are honest and loyal. Accept, messieurs, my expressions of the highest consideration. (Signed,) GUSTAVE ZORN.
Odessa, 24th Aug., 1869."

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London, Eng.

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All business connected with the editorial department
of this paper is under the exclusive control of the EDITOR,
to whom letters and communications must be addressed.

American Religion.

What is American religion? Wherein is it different from any other? We might make answer, that the American Constitution provides, very wisely, for all possible religions, and thus makes our Government perfectly tolerant. The established religion in the United States is such as men, acting within the law in all respects, choose to make it. Liberty, to be of any value or to have any political meaning, must necessarily leave men to worship their Creator in any manner they may think proper. Hence it is not surprising that there are numerous religious organizations holding different and sometimes conflicting views. So long as men's minds are untrammelled by compulsory law on the subject of religion, there will be various creeds, various forms and ceremonies, and different churches. All these, whether one hundred or one thousand in number, aggregated, present the sum of American religion.

Altars may not be raised to the "unknown God," yet each altar speaks the thought of each separate denomination, in harmony with the knowledge and the belief of each denomination. The idea of a national creed, however natural it may appear, historically, in connection with the ignorant masses of ancient nations, is obviously an absurdity among a people as intelligent as ours. And if a national creed is absurd, so would be, if it were possible, a national religion. A national religion involves a national creed of some sort, and the attempt to establish one creed for all would of necessity destroy our boasted liberty and reduce American freemen to servitude. Hence, logically and inevitably, American religion can be nothing short of absolute freedom on the subject of belief.

Independently of this view of the question, we will find ourselves constrained to admit, not merely that religious belief cannot be made compulsory, but that even an individual has not the slightest control over his belief, and is in no degree responsible for his belief, whatever it may be—reasonable, we mean, in the eyes of Omnipotence. Nevertheless, men are responsible to God; but how? and to what extent? They, as individuals, can only be responsible, morally, in the eyes of Omnipotence, for the exercise of such faculties and such knowledge as they possess. We cannot assume that God will hold a man responsible for the exercise of a faculty he does not possess; and on precisely the same principle an individual will not be held responsible for the exercise of knowledge he does not possess. And if each and every individual is only accountable for the exercise of his faculties, and to the extent of his knowledge, (no matter how acquired,) the idea that all men are alike guilty, in a moral world, whether they have personally sinned or not, is preposterous; and therefore the necessity of a vicarious atonement for the sins in general of a world of human beings, cannot be proved by fair reasoning.

In a free country, governed by a Constitution, which is only a name for necessary limitation of power in the hands of those who for the time being govern, it will not do to delegate to any man, or set of men, the authority to constrain the religious belief of any member of society. All that a free Government can do in that direction is to guarantee equal protection to all of its citizens in the enjoyment of whatever religion each may have been born in, or may have adopted.

Mankind by this time should have learned that the particular religious belief has very little to do with the moral acts of individuals as they daily occur between man and man. Christianity, in the aggregate, or in any of its numerous divisions or sectarian denominations, has not changed in the slightest particular the natural faculties or attributes of the human family, nor will it ever. It is civilization and humanitarian teaching and example, which soften the asperities of the human heart. This takes place in connection with the Christian as it does with other religions. The Christian, as well as other religions, must, in the long run, conform to the advance or retardation of this movement of civilization and humanitarianism.

Religious societies, since they never have changed the nature of the human race, we may logically assume were not designed by the Almighty for any such purpose. They, as part of the system of human government, tend to restrain men from evil, and to encourage them to good, and thus to give a higher moral tone to the human character. To this extent, and no more, they may be regarded as operative upon our human nature; they regulate its manifestations in the conduct of the individual.

Religious societies are as much a necessity as government—they seem to fulfill and unite men in systematic efforts to aggrandise their duty to God and to their fellowmen; in fact, the whole duty of religion itself, in the very nature of the case, can only be to encourage or to constrain each man to do to his neighbor as he would that his neighbor should do to him. There can be no other and no higher object in any religion, or in any law.

Taking the Bible as giving a true history of ancient religion, over a certain portion—though a very limited one, comparatively—of the earth, what do we learn? Does it show that those who are claimed to have been under the special guidance and hourly supervision of the God of the Hebrews were better than others? By no means. They are presented to us, from beginning to end, as an ignorant people, entirely incapable of rising to the dignity of independent manhood. The history of the children of Israel, in and out of the wilderness, if it were possible to have been literally true, (which it is not,) is the history of a people who did not change or improve in the smallest degree for several hundred years, although they had Moses and the prophets to teach them.

God reveals himself to mankind in a variety of ways, and being invisible, men can see him only

in his works. Just in proportion, therefore, to our knowledge of God's works, he becomes less and less an unknown God; and we, as created beings, subject to his control, become more and more accountable to him, all of the responsibility and accountability always being proportioned accurately to the extent and kind of knowledge vouchsafed to each individual.

We hear a good deal and we read still more about faith. Does it mean faith or trust in the unknown? The only way that man can have faith in that which he does not know, is by having faith in some one that he does know, from whom he derives the thought.

In the nature of belief it cannot be possible that an individual has any option respecting what he believes—he cannot believe or disbelieve any matter merely because he may desire it to be true or otherwise; and if he does not believe a thing to be true, he cannot have faith in it, faith being, at least, to that extent, the synonym of belief. Hence, among an intelligent, thinking people, there will necessarily be a variety of religious creeds or beliefs, because of the variety which God has implanted in the minds of different men—partly for this very reason; and hence the utter folly of attempting to establish among such a people a homogeneous religion, or any one single prescribed mode of regarding Providence.

The wisdom of our forefathers was remarkable; and in nothing is it more clearly visible than in that clause of our constitution which separated once and forever religion from the State; whereby they planted the germ of American religion, which is, perfect freedom of thought in connection with religion, and which has now become a flourishing tree, supporting, instead of being supported by the State.

Why Seek Money?

Some do it with a purpose they cannot define. There appears to be a sort of insanity about it. One does it because another does. The millionaire goes ahead in his crushing, relentless, merciless style, because he knows no other excitement. There is a mysterious fascination about money making. It seems such a fine thing to be rich, and yet few rich men realize their power. If anything, they employ it less than if they had much less money. Their original character appears to shrink in force, and energy just in proportion to the extent of the pecuniary strength with which they buttress it. And then, our people are almost, if not quite, as eager in spending their money, as in making it. That is a matter which puzzles beyond account all foreign observers. "They see," says the New York Sun, "the same men who in their business are sharp, close bargainers, and indefatigable in searching out and following every new source of profit, equally excessive in their prodigality of their hard-earned earnings. They wonder why it is that they do not try and save money with the same zeal that they labor to get it. The amounts lavished in fine houses and furniture and horses, and costly entertainments, would, if saved and laid aside, wonderfully increase the accumulated store of those who indulge in these luxuries; but that is not what they want. They want to do the very thing they are doing—spend their money; and they seek it for that purpose and for no other. This, again, is not an altogether praiseworthy trait of character, but it is not by any means as bad as that for which our people usually get credit." And the same paper goes on to hope that one of these days, this energy of Americans in getting, and freedom in spending money, will be more sobered and tempered than it is by sound principles. The ambition of our stewards and Astors to wield vast masses of property, and the love of luxury displayed by lesser millionaires, will diminish; while the impulses manifested on occasions like that of the death of Gen. Rawlins and the Avondale calamity, will increase. People will learn that money is valuable not for the power or the sensual pleasure it brings, but as a means of doing good, of relieving want and suffering, and of promoting the welfare of society in general.

Cruelty to Children.

We may surround our children with all that gives their little minds security and a sense of happiness, but we are in the worst sense cruel to them, consciously or unconsciously, by telling tales of burglary, robbery, violence and murder in their hearing;—by retelling hard scandal in their sensitive presence;—and, above all, by putting in their hands a whole library of juvenile books, containing hymns, ballads, tales and sketches of most horrible and unnatural woes, set off with pictures that aggravate the evil immensely, and harrowing up their young natures with horrors not to be described on the pages that produce them. A writer in a recent number of the *Radical* overhauls this crime—for that is what it is—of poisoning, shocking, terrifying and distorting tender natures, by agencies no doubt intended kindly, yet the most wicked and cruel in their effects of any that could be devised. Among such agencies are many of Mrs. Sherwood's tales, Dr. Watts's "Divine Songs," the "Original Poems" of Jane and Ann Taylor, "Little Red Riding Hood," and a number more of like tendency. They frighten young childhood out of its wits, and give a sudden turn to tender feelings that can never be corrected. They teach children to fear animals, to dread the dark, to believe in hell, and expect the companionship of devils. Even so plain and simple a duty as charity is taught in the most forbidding manner, as by battered beggars on the one side and haughty persons of wealth on the other. If a reform is needed anywhere it is just here, on this threshold of life from which the human soul consciously looks forth on existence. It is time that believers in the good and the true impressed youth with the beauty of both, rather than continued to frighten them out of faith in anything.

Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge was greeted by a large audience, notwithstanding the rain, Sunday afternoon, Dec. 5th, it being her first appearance here since her return from Europe. Her friends were pleased to see her looking so well, strong and vigorous. Her rich toned voice was heard in every part of the spacious hall, as she sent forth grand inspirational utterances in a style of eloquence rarely surpassed. In the introductory remarks she said she proposed to speak in the course of these lectures of four problems which the soul forever puts to itself, and the theme of the lectures might properly be called "The Soul and its Questionings." The subjects might be classed thus: "What am I?" "Who am I?" "Whence am I?" and "Whither am I bound?" She then proceeded with force and earnestness to elucidate the first named topic, greatly to the satisfaction of the audience. We shall print the report of the address in our next issue.

Next Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Hardinge will deliver her third lecture. No one should fail to hear her.

Prof. Denton has been secured for the first Sunday in January.

More Knots to Untie.

While Carbonell is professing to clear up by juggling words astute mind than his have for many years been utterly unable to explain after any such trivial method, more problems are handed in by the invisibles for the solution of such as think themselves wise above mortals in general. The Eddy Brothers are no sooner despatched, as supposed, by some acknowledged charlatan, than another case comes up which puts the problem in a still different shape. We shall say no more here than to give the accompanying account of the manifestations of Master Hough, in New York, as given by a correspondent from that city to the *Hartford Times*, and transferred from that paper to the *New York Herald*. It proceeds:

"The writer of this has for the last two weeks had an opportunity to investigate the singular and wonderful manifestations of invisible force in the presence of Master DeWitt C. Hough, of this city. We have not time to enter into a full description of what we have seen. But the time has come for a more candid and thorough investigation of these singular phenomena. The person who investigates candidly and carefully will find something in these manifestations not to be disposed of by the cry of 'hoaxing'."

We have tied Hough in almost every conceivable manner, and have seen him tied by cords with cords and strips of cotton cloth, and invariably the knots in the cloth have been secured through and through with the thread, in a manner to preclude the possibility of untying or slipping. The ends of the strips of cloth have been sewed in the most thorough manner to his coat sleeves and his coat, from the collar down, at least eight inches, and sewed together in a manner which ought to satisfy the most skeptical. Notwithstanding all this iron ring and sewing, he found on his arm, above the tying and sewing, a small ring which a moment before is known by every one present to have been on the table, and certainly after the tying, is found on his wrist and under the end of the tie which is sewed to his coat sleeve, and with all this explanation of tying and sewing his coat is entirely removed from his body without a stitch or tie being affected in the least. After a thorough examination of the coat by the persons present it was not back upon his person in the same mysterious manner, with no evidence of untying or breaking of stitches. We have tied him with a cord over twenty feet long, in a manner that would preclude the possibility of his getting his hands together, and the final knots were tied where it was utterly impossible for him to reach them, and notwithstanding all this, he would be untied in less time than it takes to describe the process of tying. Musical instruments are carried about the room with a velocity quite surprising. It is not in the power of the most scientific trickster to carry things about a dark room in such a manner without hitting some one.

The operating force ties the hands of Master Hough in various ways, and always with a tangle of "witch knots," completely bewildering in their complications. A sewing machine has been run in a room in which all objects were perfectly visible, Master Hough being three feet distant from it and positively no other visible persons near it. Again we say, let this subject have a candid investigation. The parties concerned cordially invite it. The subject is one not to be summarily disposed of by the stale cry of "hoaxing." The writer does not say that the operating force is by the spirits of men and women once living on the earth; and being unable to satisfy himself that it is not of spiritual origin, after a close and protracted investigation, he cannot accept the assertion of those who never did investigate that the "devil does it." He appeals to those who are able to investigate, to do so, in order that God's truth may be known."

Co-operative Labor.

The practical method of securing a fair share of the fruits of its exertions to labor, is getting to be expressed in the phrase—Industrial Partnership. It avoids the confusion of many heads in managing a business or a trade, by leaving management and direction where it now is, but giving to labor the privilege, or right, to take, over and above its regular wages, a share of the profits. In this way all the energies of the laborers are enlisted on the side of the employer, because their interests become identical. We find one of the most striking illustrations of this new plan in the following account of the arrangement made between the proprietors and the workmen in the famous carriage establishment of the Brewsters, of New York. Their plan consists in establishing an "Industrial partnership" with all their employees, first paying them the highest wages and then dividing among them, in addition, a certain percentage of the annual profits, giving to each man in proportion to his yearly earnings. This scheme will go into operation on the first of January, and a committee of the hands, in conference with the members of the firm, are engaged in maturing all the details of the plan, which Brewster & Co. are thoroughly assured must have the happiest results, not only in a pecuniary way, but in promoting harmony between labor and capital, and in creating an *esprit de corps* in the factory and throughout the trade, which must tend eventually to elevate the whole guild of carriage builders, and to attract to it the best mechanical talent in the country. About two-thirds of Brewster & Co.'s workmen are foreigners, and so many of them are Germans that lager beer is tolerated in the factory for a quarter of an hour twice daily. All strong liquors, however, are strictly tabooed, and drunkenness is a deadly sin, procuring the offender's instant dismissal. Brewster & Co. select their office boys and apprentices with the utmost care, taking from the public schools bright lads who have not been spoiled by cramming for the "Free Academy," and then encouraging them in every way to excel in their chosen vocations. There is a spirit of enlightenment and genuine philanthropy about this arrangement which deserves the approbation of all who are sincerely interested in seeing labor coming into possession of its own, and in the most immediate and practical manner.

Wit by the Thimbleful.

The Round Table has fallen into a namby-pamby way, and, unhappily, is not at all conscious of it. It objects to the Dialectical Society of London, and to the manifestations of Mr. Home; but it objects above all to the *Banner of Light's* use of the plural "mediums," when it probably thinks—though it dare not say so—we ought to say "media." On the same rule, it no doubt says, when speaking of several omnibuses, *omnibis*, and of course gets laughed at, as it deserves. This hypercriticism is twaddle which some persons try to pass off as wit. A whole column and more of that enterprising journal is devoted to the manifestations through Mr. Home, and to that particular one which consists in an elongation of his body. This the *Round Table* makes merry over until its little vocabulary is exhausted. It is doubtless the only way in which it thinks it worth while to meet and investigate phenomena, and the *Round Table* is probably contented to settle back on its pillow and declare that it has succeeded in squaring the circle.

No Franking.

The Postmaster General recommends that the Franking privilege be entirely abolished, and thus the ends of the Department be made to meet. There is now a deficiency of nearly five and a half millions, and if the Franking privilege, with its consequent abuses, can be done away with, there is no doubt that a long step will have been taken to make the income and outgo of the Department balance one another.

OWEENA.

An inspirational poem, (given under the influence of a highly developed Indian maiden,) by Miss Lizzie Doten, in Chelsea, Dec. 5th, 1869, at the close of her lecture on "The Land of the Hereafter."

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Once, when Death, the mighty hunter,
Bent his bow and sent an arrow
Through the shadows of the forest,
Harming not the bear or Panther,
Harming not the Owl or Raven,
In the bosom of Oweena,
Fairer of the Indian maidens,
Was the fatal arrow hidden.

On the ledge of Massa-wam-sett,
Fell a deep and dreadful shadow,
He, the wise and warlike Sachem,
Mourned in silence for Oweena,
But the mother, Nah-me-o-ka,
Like a tall pine in the tempest,
Tossed her arms in wildest anguish,
Pouring forth her lamentation:

"Nee-wa-ma-su! Nee-wa-ma-su!
Oh, my darling! My Oweena!
Mat-ta-neen won-ka-mot na-men—
I shall never see thee more!"

"Ho-ho-mo-co, evil Spirit,
Hiding darkly in the forest,
Making shadow in the sunshine,
You have stolen her away.

"She was like the flowers in spring-time,
She was like the singing warbler,
She was like the summer sunshine,
Nee-wa-ma-su!—She is dead!"

"Hear me! Hear me, oh Great Spirit!
I will bring thee Bear and Bison,
I will bring thee Beads and Wampum,
Wilt thou give her back to me.

"Nee-wa-ma-su! Nee-wa-ma-su!
Oh, my darling! My Oweena!
Mat-ta-neen won-ka-mot na-men,
I shall never see thee more!"

Ceaseless was her plaintive wailing,
Even when the fair Oweena
Slept beneath the Pine trees' shadow,
In the green and silent forest,
Where the birds sang in the branches,
Where the roses of the summer,
And the vines with slender fingers,
Clasped their loving hands above her.

From the lodge of Massa-wam-sett,
While the brave old chieftain slumbered,
In the silence of the midnight,
To the grave stole Nah-me-o-ka,
Pouring forth her lamentations:

"Nee-wa-ma-su! Nee-wa-ma-su!
Mat-ta-neen won-ka-mot na-men,
I shall never see thee more!"

Once, the tempest, on its war-path,
Painted all the sky with blackness,
Sped the arrows of the lightning,
And the war whoop of the thunder,
Made the mighty forest tremble,
But it moved not Nah-me-o-ka,
Only moaning, "Nee-wa-ma-su!
I shall never see thee more!"

All the forest leaves were weeping,
And the black wings of the darkness
Brooded over Nah-me-o-ka,
Filled her with a chilling shudder;
And the thunder seemed to mutter
With a cruel exultation—

"You shall never see her more."
But thereafter came a whisper—

"I am with you, oh my mother!
For I cannot turn my footsteps
To the land of the Great Spirit,
While I hear your mournful wailing.
Calling, calling me again.

"In the hunting grounds beyond me,
There is sunshine, peace and plenty,
But I wander sad and lonely,
In a land of death and darkness,
Listening only to your cry.

"Let me go to the Great Spirit,
To the lodge of peace and plenty,
To the land of summer sunshine,
That with life and strength and gladness,
I may meet you yet again."

Then the soft hand of Oweena
Gently lifted Nah-me-o-ka,
Who with wondering eyes beheld her,
Like a light amid the darkness,
And Oweena softly led her
Through the tempest and the midnight,
To the lodge of Massa-wam-sett,
Kissed her tenderly—and vanished.

From that time did Nah-me-o-ka
Dry her tears, and cease her moaning,
For she said, "I will not keep her
From the land of summer sunshine,
From the home of peace and plenty,
From the lodge of the Great Spirit.
Nee-wa-ma-su! Nee-wa-ma-su!
In the Land of the Hereafter,
I shall meet her yet again."

* Nee-wa-ma-su—"My darling."
† Mat-ta-neen won-ka-mot na-men—"I shall never see thee more."

Fresh from the Press.

Last Saturday we issued in elegant style Miss Lizzie Doten's new book, "MY AFFINITY, AND OTHER STORIES." We cannot speak too highly of any of the productions of so gifted a nature as Miss Doten, whether they manifest themselves in prose or verse. She writes, as she speaks, under genuine inspiration; and, therefore, she could not sit down to pen a sketch or a tale without imbuing her subject through and through with the influence of that inspiration. The several titles of the stories in this very attractive book, (which can be found in our advertising columns,) will arrest the eye of every reader who is familiar with her peculiarities. They suggest precisely the rich contents which will be found beneath them. And we hazard nothing in promising for their perusal a delight such as few similar productions are capable of conveying. They tend, while they please, to elevate, to school the aspirations, to fix the purpose, and to shed a purifying influence over the thoughts and conduct of every reader. Miss Doten has but improved on herself in this new and handsome volume, which we cannot but cordially commend to all who are looking for a gift for these holidays.

The Indians.

Gen. Hazen, whose character as an old Indian campaigner of wide experience entitles his views to some weight, declares his belief that the reservation system is the only solution of the Indian question. On that plan, and that only, can the Indian be kept away from rascally agents and traders, and from the danger of collision with the always pushing columns of the white race. But he should be kept on his reservation, and there treated as a ward of the government, until, by proper instruction, and a change of his habits, he is able to assume the duties and privileges of citizenship. The Indians now stay on the reservations as long as they please, and go away when they feel a desire to roam, either for game or scalps. Gen. Hazen thinks they should be rewarded for remaining and chastised for leaving. He speaks favorably of the work performed by the "Quaker" agents who were appointed by the President.

The Banner Spirit Message Department.

This branch of our institution was inaugurated in 1837, and has been continued regularly to the present time. That we have succeeded at all in promulgating the fact of the return of the spirit after the change called death, is a wonder, when we take into consideration the immense opposition which confronted us at every turn. But as we established the Message Department of this paper at the earnest solicitation of our spirit friends, and having faith in their promises that we should be sustained, we have toiled on, both early and late, and to-day the fact of direct spirit-communication is established beyond a shadow of doubt.

WE NOW NEED FUNDS TO CONTINUE THE WORK THUS AUSPICIOUSLY BEGUN. Will those who possess wealth aid us in this the mightiest duty ever allotted to mortal man to perform? Or shall we be compelled to close the avenue that has been opened between the two worlds from lack of pecuniary means to keep it open? Shall those sorrowing ones who have been made glad by the knowledge that their departed dear ones still live, and under suitable conditions can and do communicate to them, be debarred the pleasure of hearing from them in the future through the columns of this paper? We trust not. It is true that we are in receipt of small sums occasionally, donated by devoted friends, for which we are truly grateful; but the amounts are entirely inadequate to meet the extra demands upon our exchequer. Consequently we have been advised by the spirit friends who control these avenues to appeal thus publicly to those Spiritualists who have more than enough of this world's goods, to come forward and without stint donate sums sufficient to insure the permanent success of the enterprise. They also assure us that there are plenty of men all around us, who, did they but know of a fraction of the blessings that would flow in upon them in consequence of their liberality, would not hesitate a moment. This may seem to the skeptical world strange talk, but Spiritualists will understand it. We must have the means. At our spirit friends' suggestion we now ask for funds. Shall the call be heeded? "Give, and ye shall receive" is written all over the heavens in living letters of light.

The Dog a Temperance Orator.

The following, which we clip from the *Boston Daily Herald*, is the best temperance lecture we ever perused. "The Dumb Orator" is evidently a moral sensationist:

THE DUMB ORATOR—"Good Heavens, what does that dog mean?" was the ejaculatory expression of the writer on witnessing one of the most remarkable demonstrations of intelligence and affection ever displayed by a dumb animal. On Thursday night last, only a few minutes before midnight, when the avenues of the city were almost deserted, there might have been seen passing along Cambridge street, just below the Rogers House, a well dressed and evidently well-to-do gentleman, somewhat past the medium of life, but who at that hour was certainly not himself. He had been drinking immoderately, and required all the latitude that the sidewalk afforded to direct his staggering steps. But he moved along slowly and steadily from one block to another closely followed by his faithful and most affectionate coach dog. Directly he came opposite the doorway and brilliantly lighted windows of a drinking saloon. Here he halted for a moment, when with stumbling footsteps he seeks to enter the saloon. Just as he reaches the doorway his faithful dog seizes hold of the skirts of his overcoat, pulls him back and with a determined air of opposition endeavors to prevent his master from entering. With pleading whines and demonstrations of great anxiety and affection he tried to stop his master. Still holding on to the skirts of his coat the dumb but faithful creature said with all the eloquence he could command, "Don't go in, master, let us go home," and then he rubbed his head softly against his master's legs; raised his soliciting feet as if to seek the patting hand, and while thus pleading his cause he whined and trembled in such a manner that his mute eloquence did not and could not escape the attention of his master. A slight such as the unaccustomed solicitude of this loving dog presented, was perhaps never seen before. The anxiety he manifested—the unabating perseverance of that devoted dog to accomplish his purpose, and the eloquence he then and there addressed to his intoxicated and unheeding master can never be expressed in the speech of England. But it was all to no purpose. After speaking roughly to his more than faithful dog, he entered the saloon and called for drink, and even there his four-footed friend stood by him, and as he raised the glass to his lips tried to push him away from the doorway. After drinking the poor dog used every art of affectionate persuasion in his power to call his master to the door, and when they were again upon the street he bounded up and kissed his master's hand with all the endearing affection of the little child. Men, with minds, what call you this? Is it instinct or reason?

Our Subscription List.

Since our last issue our old subscribers have sent us forty-nine new ones. F. D. Wood sent two; W. Price, one; W. Ellis, one; Edward Hottenstein, M. D., one; H. F. M. Brown, one; M. C. Lancaster, one; M. R. Winegar, one; H. W. Luther, one; J. S. Leverich, one; J. L. Edson, one; R. H. Ober, one; L. P. Freeman, one; M. Woodward, one; Theodore Phelps, one; George Brown, one; Daniel V. Rogers, one; L. White, one; Susan Ormsby, one; O. S. Poston, one; Edward A. Shepard, one; Mrs. R. N. Cushing, one; George A. Fuller, one; C. J. Cartwright, one; R. H. Reeves, one; Myron Orvis, one; H. T. Child, M. D., one; Samuel Blair, one; Monroe & Dawey, one; M. E. Dorsey, one; W. S. Brown, one; H. M. Holdridge, two; Beth S. Raymond, one; Mrs. M. D. Moor, one; D. B. Marsh, one; H. Stevens, one; Mrs. L. F. Mason, one; Mrs. P. H. Fisher, one; P. S. Whitcomb, one; A. Hayward, one; Daniel Wait, one; M. Harrington, one; S. S. Smith, one; W. H. Moore, one; Lou H. Kimball, one; L. F. Whitinger, one; W. D. Wright, one; J. S. Crosby, one.

The Bible in the Public Schools.

It is stated that a member of the House from Ohio will present a bill at the present session of Congress, providing a final settlement of the question of using the Bible in our public schools, by establishing a Federal school system under the control of the Bureau of Education, and declaring that sectarianism must be avoided. The idea evidently is to apply the principles of freedom in religious affairs guaranteed by the Constitution to educational matters.

WE wish our readers to distinctly understand that we do not consider ourselves responsible for any statements in these columns in regard to mining corporations, whether of gold, silver, lead, iron, or copper. Those who feel disposed to invest in such institutions should thoroughly investigate the whole subject. The special reasons why we make this statement, once for all, are, first, because we would not have our readers drawn into financial difficulties, peradventure, on our account; and, secondly, because we are continually importuned to puff into notice not only gold and silver, but lead and copper mining companies, and other similar enterprises.

Prof. Denton's lecture in this issue of the *Banner* is worthy the attention of every one.

New York Advertisements.

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