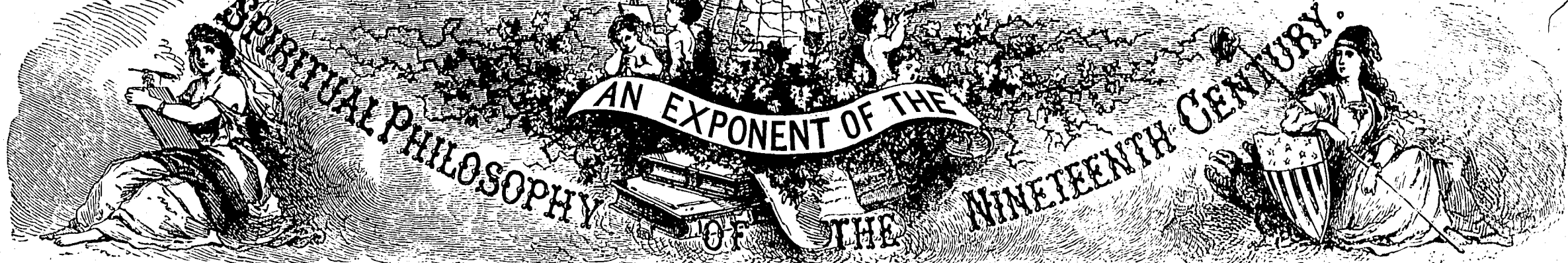


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE MEDIUM, OR SIX SEANCES.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

SEANCE TWO.

As one whose doubts have proven vain,
Or one refreshed by wine,
Renewed in faith, I sought again
The spiritual shrine.
And I exclaimed, "Before I die
And quit this mortal plane,
Oh, Woman! of all women! I
Would seek thine aid again—

"For thou hast made the world more bright,
And if thou wilt restore
My mother to my longing sight,
I'll bless thee evermore.

For she, the best beloved of yore,
All memory must have lost,
Or surely she'd have sent me o'er
Some message from that coast—

"For day by day, and year by year,
I've called her by her name;
But ah! she never did appear,
No message ever came."

But while I spoke, the Woman sat
As pale as she the dead;
Calm and composed, her eyelids closed,
But not a word she said.

When all at once I heard a strain
That filled the very air,
As if a shower of heavenly rain
Was falling everywhere.
It seemed the very soul of yore
Was breathing in that strain;
I never heard its like before,
And never may again.

And a star, surpassing clear,
A holy radiance shed,
And glowing nearer, and more near,
It hovered o'er my head.
I watched it with a glad surprise,
For it was like none other;
It vanished, and before mine eyes
Stood my ascended Mother!

"T was sudden, yet I did not start,
But stood in mute surprise;
All memory, and soul, and heart,
Were looking from mine eyes.
The calmness of eternity,
Oh, the immortal grace!
The light of immortality
That shone upon her face!

"Oh, Mother! when life's toils are o'er
Shall we be re-united
Upon that ever-radiant shore,
Where hearts no more are blighted?
Oh, since you left me life has been
A tempest-troubled sea;
And I shall ne'er have peace, I ween,
Till I'm again with thee."

And so she spoke! "My son, my son!
My heart still yearns to thee;
And till thy long life-battle's done,
Thy guardian I shall be.
I'll oft be with thee, though unseen,
To aid thee and to guide;
Perchance too, as of yore, I ween,
To counsel and to chide.

"Oh, ne'er from rectitude depart!
The simple and sincere,
The good alone, the pure in heart,
Can only enter here.
You may outgrow the evil done,
And from the wrath may flee,
But be assured of this—no one
Can bear thy sins for thee;

"And good deeds underneath the sun
Are crowns of glory here;
And Self's the only Evil One
The sons of men should fear."
And while she spoke, she seemed to rise,
As on a ray of light;
As if ascending to the skies,
She vanished from my sight.

A New "Way" to Make Butter.

It would have astonished not only the rural population, but everybody else, to have been seriously informed, two years ago, that first-class butter could be made without cows or cream. But such is announced to be a fact. The domestic absolutism has been invaded and overwhelmed by science. The careful and skillful housewife may cultivate her art so as to compete with her neighbor, but she can no longer produce the luscious wealth of the dairy, the rich gold of the domestic laboratory, on equal terms with machinery, aided by chemical analysis and combination. It will be taken as a stranger statement than all, before explanation, that a prize ox will make better butter than a lean cow, but there is a promise of even such an anomaly. A New York company, with a capital of half a million, organized under the corporate title of the Oleo-Margarine-Manufacturing Company, are the principal producers at present, and exponents of the new magic. Their agents visit the slaughter-houses and buy the beef fat usually called suet, which, when brought to the factory, is first cleansed, then chopped fine and separated into its component parts. The oily substance, consisting of butter matter and stearine, is again put through a process by which the former can be drawn off, and with thirteen per cent. of milk and a little salt added, beautiful butter can be churned in a few minutes. The refuse is made profitable in various ways, and hotels and steamship lines have shown a great preference for butter by the new method, which can be produced at half the usual cost, though the farmers need not sell their dairies quite yet.

REVIEW OF OUR FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC EXCHANGES.

Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY DR. G. L. DITSON.

The denizens of the spirit-world gather about us in glad mood when we turn from the too-constant contemplation of material things, the worldly affairs that overshadow the soul's bright wavelets, and bestow a few hours to that which is purely spiritual; and no one has ever done this with profound heartiness but has been largely rewarded by a sense of the development of something latent in the consciousness that had the perfumed breath of immortality, and a "peace that passeth understanding."

Thus have been suggested to me the pleasant thoughts, mingled though they might be with the ever-silvering rays of sadness, that must have accompanied those who recently went out from the great hive of bustling humanity, Paris, to linger awhile at the sepulchre of Allan Kardec. I will record the affair as given in the *Revue Spirite*:

"On the 31st of last March, the representatives of the different societies and groups of Spiritualists in Paris, at the anniversary of the death of Allan Kardec, were gathered at Pere La Chaise, where several appropriate discourses were pronounced. We should be happy to insert them, if their number, and above all the printed pages they would require, did not exceed the limits of a *Revue*. Each one carried away with him a pleasing souvenir, and promised himself to return to Pere La Chaise the following year."

In her discourse, Madame Georges showed Spiritualism to us as come to combat materialism, which, reaching its apogee, ought to disappear after having destroyed the gods fabricated by man, and prepared thus in spite of himself the ordinance of the new doctrine of the spirits. She finished with some considerations of human magnetism whose agent is the perispirit.

Monsieur Boiste read with emotion his thoughts dictated by his recollections and experience: he said that Spiritualism is not a child born yesterday, but was the spirit of justice, the master, the heir who would enter into his house.

Monsieur Duenn, in some general considerations, showed that humanity was always disposed since the first ages to vindicate light and liberty, and to free itself from the yoke that would interdict the progressive. After Christ, Allan Kardec had for his mission to precede the Consolator.

Messrs. Stevenard and Bourlon read discourses giving energetic affirmations to the principles of Spiritualism.

Monsieur Leymarie explained the doctrine of Spiritualism practiced by the most ancient peoples, and this grand idea had reached us intact after hundreds of years.

Monsieur Michel, in sometimes full of tender feeling, advised us to go often to the atelier, this sanctuary of the workman to carry to him the good truth and the initiation at the end of life; he desired also that individually each one should sometime station himself near the tomb of Allan Kardec, to explain to the numerous visitors drawn thither by this monument that which might seem enigmatical in the spirit devices engraved upon its tablet.

The *Revue* has also a continued account of that increasing mystery at Milan-la-Chapelle. After the arrest of Leon Canard, all the written manifestations ceased. The walls were silent. But great and irreparable evil had been done during the four years of those strange expressions of evil intent. Many persons had quit the place. André went to Chavreux after the burning of his mill. Marete departed, leaving his aged and invalid father, after having seen his poor mother die of chagrin. The supposed culprit manifested little uneasiness, and constantly repeated, "I shall be acquitted." When brought forward for examination, his custodians discovered between his vest and shirt a paper containing these words: "Leon, you have been arrested and imprisoned; you will be condemned as we desire." The chi-rography was exactly that which had characterized all the "posters." But how came this paper in Leon's possession while closely guarded in prison? He said he found it in the evening in the yard. But by what strange change came he and no other to discover this? If written by him, when, where, with what, and why was it not discovered at the previous examination? When brought before the court at Versailles, he was ably defended by M. Albert Joly, who presented the good character which his client had always borne in all the relations of life, that he could not have willfully set fire to his father's property or poisoned himself with the rest of the family, etc. Leon, when interrogated, calmly replied that he had invisible enemies who had resolved at all hazards to destroy him. "But how is it," said the President Durand, "that these writings and placards have entirely ceased since your incarceration?" "It is quite natural, for when my persecutors see me delivered up to justice, they would frustrate their own plans by throwing suspicion upon others." Again, it was affirmed that the writing on the posters was like his, but his lawyer brought an expert to show that it was more like that of Marete, who had already been suspected. Leon Canard was acquitted, but the mystery remained.

A writer from Marseilles gives an account of a family at Maillane, consisting of father, mother and two daughters, who live numbers of days without food or sleep, in a constant state of ecstasy, and have been thus since the 9th of February. A younger daughter of fourteen years, not thus affected, attends to them. They have all been exceedingly devout, and now kneel perpetually before an altar constructed in their own house. M., the procurer of the Republic of Tarascon, called upon them, and was told by the father that when kneeling in his devotions he had seen blood trickling from a picture upon the altar. The youngest of the daughters, who can scarcely read or write, has, during her ecstasy, drawn in crayon, with no little skill, a virgin surrounded with clouds. She has also cut from paper, with scissors, a large admirable rose.

The *Breitan Revue* reports a case of house-stoning, and the transit of objects within the house, (reminding one of occurrences at the Rev. Dr. Phelps's,) which took place in October, 1871, at the farm of Monchell, near Stallhofen, in Styria. The account is from the pen of M. Aschauer, professor of mathematics in Gratz, who was an eye witness of what he relates. For days stones fell from undiscoverable sources, breaking the glass of the mansion; but instead of passing through, as would have been the case if thrown by a human hand, they either remained where they struck, or fell outside, as if at once deprived of all force. Heavy objects flew across the room with great swiftness, so that no one could avoid them; but when hitting the person aimed at, only a slight concussion was the result. A pot weighing forty-eight pounds and tubs of water were tipped over; spoons, bats, basins, sped from point to point as if instinct with demonic life. Fifty or sixty persons were at once witnesses of these events, and twelve names were affixed to the paper forwarded to the journal.

Under the heading of "On the Assistance which a Disincarnated can afford to an Incarnated," the *Revue Spirite* gives a brief but most touching account of the salvation from suicide of a young girl, as good as she was beautiful, who had been betrayed by her lover. She stood upon the banks of the river, having knelt and prayed for her good mother, even for the pardon of her seducer, and with a deep sigh sprang forward; but the arms of a spirit arrested her and she swooned. When recovered, a fair spirit talked with her—reasoned with her. She saw the justice and value of its words, and returned home. Her seducer was then sought, and impressed with the high purity and beauty of the heart he had so incarcerated, and in a few days was made to redeem his earlier pledges. The spirit was visible on each occasion.

La Messager, of Liege, (Nos. 29 and 31,) is at hand, having a continuation, in a historic point of view, that embraces the Aryan, Chinese and Persian speculations, "In the world all is Spiritualism." It has also a regularly characteristic communication from Alexander Dumas, in which he says "he had much to pay in the spirit-world, having contracted so many moral debts."

La Prædication, of Cordova, the cheerful little semi-monthly modern herald from one of the oldest and rustiest cities of Spain, opens its second number with "Know Thyself." But is there anything more difficult in this round world? This is your library of truths or errors, the immortal temple where, when you enter, your feet should be unsandaled. Know thyself, were the most impressive words that could have been put over the door to the temple of Delphi. An Egyptian library had at its entrance one of no little beauty; but its deep significance reached not the depth or the majesty that marks that on the temple of Apollo.

After referring to the *physique* and the laws to which it is subject, the *Prædication* says: "I feel that in me are verified phenomena very distinct from the former. I feel, I think, I desire, and these three modifications of my being cannot be weighed or handled, and are only known by their effects, and this goes not with the poor body down to the grave, but floats over the sepulchre as an angel with noble brow and golden locks spreads its wings in space and soars to distant worlds."

The next article shows the value of Spiritualism in the face of the materialism and positivism of the day; while the third and last, with the exception of a long poem, treats of the plurality of habitable worlds.

La Instruccion Espiritual (Nos. 29 and 30), of Mexico, continues its well-digested article on Modern Magic. The spirit of B. Pallasy gives some beautiful thoughts on woman, "noted above all for the delicacy of her thoughts, the grace of her movements, the purity of her words; all coming from her, harmonizing with the beauty God has bestowed upon her."

A paragraph in reply to the *Voz* holds this defiant but progressive language: "If the Catholics wish to prove that our Spiritualism is the work of the devil, they, from the archbishop down, can come to one of our sessions, where they will be well received, and putting in practice all the resources of Catholicism to cause his satanic majesty to depart, can see what effect it produces."

La Luz en Mexico (Nos. 15 and 16), refers to the *Revisita Catolica*, which holds the same language regarding the demoniacal character of Spiritualism as that indicated in the preceding quotation. Its article on "Persecutions" shows that, "in all times the different faiths have had their martyrs; but fanaticism is diminishing, and blood now seldom flows in its wake. 'Other times, other customs,' says a wise proverb."

The little paper from Chicago, the *Dagbladet*, (Nos. 2, 3, 4,) has a variety of short but comprehensive articles. Those on Catholicism in America, Woodhull and Claflin, President Grant, Fremont, The Farmers' Union, and the New York Correspondence, have their piquant phase that will doubtless deeply interest those who are well versed in the language in which they appear.

Space forbids my further notice of that valuable article in *El Criterio*, quoted from in my recent "Review."

Albany, N. Y., May 31st, 1873.

ACCURACY OF REPORTING.—Mr. Wedderburn was once asked whether he had really delivered in the House of Commons a speech which the newspapers ascribed to him. "Why, to be sure," said he, "there are many things in that speech which I did say; and there are many more which I wish I had said."

Literary Department.

QUEEN MARGOT

AND

THE MOUSQUETAIRE.

Translated from the French of Paul Féval, expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY O. D. ASHLEY, ESQ.

CHAPTER III. The Mansard.

The four largest horses from the stables of the Paris guard, and the four handsomest cavaliers of that corps d'élite grazed on the right and left of the front of the "house of revenue," before the *porte cochère* which gave access to the Lemercier Mansion. All the population of the faubourg Poissonnière crowded into the street, in spite of the piercing cold which made the glazed frost glisten upon the pavements, to see the long file of carriages which slowly and in turn entered beneath the arch, lighted up with unusual brilliancy.

Paris amuses itself in seeing others amused, which is the indication of a good heart. It is satisfied to look at the carriages passing with closed windows, full of invisible finery. It crowds, obstructs the way, and babbles, then goes off to bed, saying, "The rich are very happy!" What do they know about it?

In the court, which was lined with evergreen trees, and upon which garlands were suspended, the festival had already begun. The blinds upon that side of the "house of revenue" facing the mansion were all closed. The tenants thus manifested the contempt which this hall, to which they had not been invited, inspired in them. Behind the closed blinds the children of the man of bronze, the little family of the advocate, and even the youngest of the notary, gazed eagerly beneath the Marquise when the maskers descended, and into the vestibule which resembled a fairy garden. The babies of the fourth floor (little "trash," according to the familiar expression of the concierge) whistled in keys as they do at the theatre. There were none there to cast upon the gaudies of the rich mansion a kindly look, except the two beautiful children of the poor Mansard; Henri and Henriette.

They were alone, and fastened their eyes to the cold panes of glass. The mother had gone some distance to the home of one of her pupils, where she played the piano for them to dance; she would not return until very late. The two little ones had promised to be good, and to go to bed early. They shivered a little, for the embers upon the hearth had long since been extinguished. They had blown out their lamp, that the light might not betray their childish curiosity; but the rays of the reflectors reached even their pretty, eager and astonished faces. Never had they seen anything like it. They admired heartily, and without an envious thought.

"It is splendid," said Henri, blowing upon his fingers, which had become numb with the cold; "it is very fine!"

"It must be still finer inside," replied Henriette. "See how brilliant it is!" through the curtains."

The band now struck up briskly the prelude to the first quadrille. It was like a voice from that mysterious pleasure, from which they were separated only by the width of the court. "Their little hearts were beating, and both thought:

"However, we were invited."

Henri resumed aloud, "In our Hungarian clothes, we should have been as much disguised as the rest."

Henriette sighed and answered:

"Mother did not sell our clothes until after having pledged all of her own wardrobe."

"Oh!" exclaimed the little boy, "do you suppose that I regret them?"

They joined hands and exchanged a kiss. At this moment, under the Marquise, a handsome couple had stopped. Two children, a little boy and girl, stepped from the carriage with their mother. Henri and Henriette rubbed their eyes, as if dazzled.

"My chapske and my polonaise!" murmured Henriette.

"My dolman and even my beautiful steel spurs!" added Henri.

The two children turned from each other to conceal the tears which shone upon their eyelids, and spoke no more.

Carriage succeeded carriage. The band discoursed gay and sprightly music; shadows upon the curtains were turning and skipping. Alas! between this expansive gaiety and our two poor little exiled hearts, there was the court, wide and deep as an abyss. In a corner of this court there was a second entrance to the mansion; this was the common door. There was no Marquise, and no carriages stopped here, but by way of compensation, a crowd of scullions, pastry cooks, ice dealers and confectioners could be seen. It was the suttler's department of that pretty army which was so bravely giving battle to pleasure in the parlor. Through the large open windows, behind the bars, could be seen all the supplies of the sideboard; heaps of bonbons and cakes, rows of champagne bottles with their shining silver necks, sherbet in its crystal glasses on Chinese plates, leeks in various colors, and what not! All those good and delicious things which are the accessories of a festival, and which you like so much, Jane, although you are not a glutton.

Henri and Henriette gave to all that but a passing

look. The clock of their neighbor struck one, and the odor of his pipe, which came through the chinks of the door, began to disperse. He had gone to sleep, no doubt, for it was time. A poor devil, this neighbor, who passed his time in writing and smoking; a somewhat crazy poet—like all poets. Sometimes his pipe would set the curtains of his bed on fire, and he declared in a loud voice during the night fragments of tragedy. It was proposed to give him notice to quit the next quarter.

Henri and Henriette left the window for the little bed-room, which was dark. "We will go and dream of dancing," said Henriette, without bitterness. "Are you hungry, little brother?"

Henri, by groping, opened the closet where they kept the bread, and cut two slices.

"Come, little sister," he replied softly, "take this cake and pour out some champagne for me." Then they heard a gurgling noise from the pitcher, the clear water in which could not make a cork pop.

"Be careful not to lose the figm."

"Your good health, darling!"

And thus our good little neighbors enjoyed themselves heartily. They ate and they drank! A moment after, nothing was heard in the Mansard but their soft and regular respiration; they had exchanged the last kiss and slumbered. They dreamed too—but not of the ball; they saw those grand plains where the broad Danube rolls; those fields which the summer's sun had gilded with an horizon of yellow corn. It was their country which they saw in dreams.

CHAPTER IV.

The Ball.

"Mademoiselle la Mandarine, will you honor me by granting me the next quadrille?"

"With pleasure, Monsieur le Druse, although you have been treating the Christians badly—out yonder."

"Do you dance opposite, worthy Abd-el-Kader?"

"How much wool did it take, great Victor Emmanuel, to crisp your royal moustache? They say you are a little jealous of Garibaldi, who, however, has no moustaches à la Cossack."

"A Venetian, sir, cannot with propriety polk with a pigmy Zouave."

"Celestial Empress, deign to accept this ice cream."

"A sherbet, Commodore?"

"Cousin Marmite, you will strangle yourself if you eat so much cake!"

Mon Dieu, yes; one carnival is literary, another political. We have seen a fat ox call himself *Monte Cristo* or *Père Goriot*; now it is this name; by-and-by it will be Solferino, Pekin or Shanghai. Fashion is not at the caprice of narrators. You would not have found in this glittering crowd a single Queen Margot or a single Mousquetaire; their dresses remained in the family storeroom with the costumes worn the last year by Mlle. Claire and Mlle. Antoinette, M. Gaston and M. Maurice.

There was hardly one *Monsieur de Bois-Doré*, and two Queens of Sheba circulating unnoticed in that infantile crowd.

For other times, other fashions. Bisaglieri in quantity, Chinese in abundance, English (with faces as red as their uniforms), papal soldiers, Austrian officers, queens of Naples; kings of Italy (distinguished by the somewhat canonical splendor of their moustaches), Palikars, Turks, Japanese, Druses, Tonaregs, Syrian Christians, Confederates, Federals, and even a new member of the French Academy.

But all of these warriors, these statesmen, savages and saints waged courteous war, and fought only in the figures of the dance. Lanoucière promenade arm-in-arm with a colonel of the red shirts; the Daughter of Heaven danced the mazurka with an English admiral, without thinking of the burning of the summer palace; Abd-el-Kader was surrounded by little Druses or Drusenos; Garibaldi and Ratazzi were inseparable, and the young Emperor of Austria had mild success with a crowd of beautiful Venetians.

You can imagine nothing more gay, or more noisy, Jane, than this grave and illustrious assembly. The equilibrium of Europe was there in a merry mood, and everybody laughed, even M. de Metternich. There were, too, besides, some babies, punchinelloes, and even some superannuated "titis" to complete the grotesqueness of this gathering. They amused themselves by frisking, jumping and running, and the band, well provided with brass instruments, thundered above all this mirth. The row of smiling mothers gazed upon this charming happiness. I know of nothing prettier in the world than a children's ball.

This of Madame Lemercier was superb!—superb! do you hear?—and that is not saying too much. The parlors had been considered too small, although there are but few as large in Paris; and they had accordingly built a saloon in the garden—a wide and high saloon, like a

Louvre, and hung all over with flowers, from the vault to the floor. The chandeliers, suspended at different heights, shed the light around in glittering cascades; the drapery, bathed in brightness, seemed fresher than the flowers themselves; and, in the midst of this atmosphere, made up of smiles, perfume and sparkling, five hundred children, all pretty, joyous, and intoxicated with the impulses of the festival, formed like wine at the edges of a glass—going, coming and mingling together like a harvest of animated rose-leaves, whirled by an August breeze into a ray of the sun.

Who triumphed? The Council of Eleven. It was the understanding that the Council of Eleven should be allowed to think that it had done everything. It was the all-powerful genius, and in its little hand the wand of the fairies had performed all these marvels. It was amusing to see with what benevolent dignity Mlle. Claire, disguised as an empress of some country which it is unnecessary to name, did the honors of her court, assisted by Mlle. Antoine as a shepherdess of Liban, Mlle. Louis as an English bévue, and by the Little Agathe as a Chinese baby; also to see with what courtesy M. Gaston (lieutenant in the navy), attended to the ladies, assisted by the impetuous Maurice clothed in steel mail—representing Schamyl; Ferdinand as Ambassador of the Shah of Persia; and others. M. Lemercier declared emphatically that they were the handsomest, and that the rest served but to make the shining which protects the jewel in its casket. We must pardon that pride in papas which springs from love.

Madame Lemercier wore all her diamonds in honor of the Council of Eleven. She was surrounded by four young mothers, calm, but radiant. They followed them all with her eyes and kept track of them, but above all, off above all, she never lost sight of Maurice—her heart—the beloved child who resembled her Henri. Occasionally a shade of sadness passed over her, as a veil of light vapor suddenly shadows the summer day. It was when her thoughts returned to days gone by—when in memory she saw herself younger by twenty years, at the age of her daughters, presiding at those festivals when Henri, the dear, wild fellow, spread fun and disorder among his companions, who to-day were fathers and mothers. Henri alone was lacking to Madame Lemercier. But a smile from Maurice reached her with a kiss from the distance, and the affectionate grandmother felt a wave of joy which swept over her and drowned her melancholy. We asked who triumphed. "These two old people, a thousand times more intoxicated than their children," M. Lemercier, ashamed of his moist eyes; but it was the good grandmother whose pulse beat in a fever. How handsome these little ones were! how charming! how adored! Observe! had not Claire already the reserve of a young lady, with her infantile graces? How gallantly and proudly Gaston bore himself in the uniform of our naval officers! And Maurice—what a cavalier! A few years hence new families will be grouped together—other young branches all growing from the same heart. The grandmother, leaving the past, dreamed of the future, and saw all the children of these dear children, and bathed herself delightfully in that ocean of caresses.

Suddenly, in the middle of a quadrille, a sinister cry came from without, piercing like a sharp point the noise of the band. A loud murmur was heard in the parlor, the band ceased playing, and silence reigned among the motionless dancers.

The cry was Fire! Fire!

CHAPTER V. The Conflagration.

It was Maurice who first repeated the cry of alarm. In three bounds he was in the court, followed closely by Gaston. Behind Gaston came the whole ball: Ferdinand the handsome, Anatole, Gérard, Viscount d'Agincourt, Claire, Aimée the danseuse, the elegant Honorine—all. It had grown cold. The mothers rushed after them, the papas wished to prevent the sortie, for the sudden passage from the warm air of a ballroom to the icy temperature of the street, might be fatal in its consequences; but that little rogue Maurice had given the start, and all passed out—some at the right, some at the left, and some between their legs. Nobody took even time enough to put anything upon their bare heads, or to throw a mantle upon their shoulders.

The court was more brilliant than the parlor, for there was the fire. The "house of revenue" was burning at the roof, and blazed up already like a funeral pile. The pipe of the poor devil of a poet had set his curtains on fire, and this time nobody had seen it in time to prevent the disaster. Madame Jacoby was not at home. It was these very flames, coming from the window, which gave notice of the fire.

"Go in again, children—go in again!" was the order all round.

"Form a line!" ordered Maurice on his side, already holding a kitchen pail, filled at the fountain.

The orders of Maurice were executed, and the court soon presented the singular and touching spectacle of a bucket line, formed by all these little dancers, but just now excited in their enjoyments. The flames of the conflagration vividly illuminated this motley and brilliant throng, which found means of amusement still in doing a good action. The fathers and mothers tried no longer to draw them from the work of succor, but from time to time a papa might be seen covering the smoking hair of his son, or a mamma throwing a neckerchief or scarf over the quivering neck of her daughter. There was really no need of it. Our little friends set about the work so earnestly that, after a few minutes, they were warmer in the court than in the parlor.

The engines of the *Garde-Mobilié* were mounted on the other side of the street. The firemen worked in the house and on the roofs. Maurice commanded the line, and God knows that the reservoirs lacked no water. All those delicate, fragile little hands passed the leather buckets as if they had never done anything else in their lives; the professional men had said that everybody up stairs had been saved. The house now was only in question, and they felt privileged then to laugh as they worked; and laugh they did, more and more, from one end of the line to the other. When an arm became weak the railery was pitiless, and when a bucket dropped, soaking satin shoes or embroidered slippers, there were thunders of applause.

The flames diminished, and were then extinguished, giving place to a thick smoke, which, in its turn, began to decrease. Finally, the last cloud disappeared in a gust of wind, and the firemen declared that it was all over. It was now the turn of the parents; hundreds of mantles

were displayed and fell upon the refractory shoulders. M. Lemercier surprising Maurice in the rear, raised him in his arms and bore him into the library. This brilliant action carried disorder into the ranks of the generous rioters, and force began to yield to paternal reason, when a new flash suddenly lighted up the court. A window had just been opened in the fifth story, and a heart-rending cry fell upon their ears:

"Help! help! my sister is smothered! help!"

"Are the little Jacobys here?" asked Maurice, bearing himself, with more than a man's strength, from the embraces of his grandfather.

"No," replied the concierge, "I had forgotten them."

"It is Henri who calls for help," cried Maurice. "Come, my friends, to the escalade!"

A fireman stopped him in the passage way, saying:

"They thought there was nobody else up stairs, and they have cut away the staircase to the fifth story, which was on fire."

During the moment of anguish which followed, a woman with hair all in disorder passed through the arch on a run, and rushed to the middle of the court.

"My children! Where are my children?" she asked, in a choking voice.

No one answering, she raised her head, and the flames of the rekindling fire lighted up the agitated features of Madame Jacoby.

"Help! help!" cried the little Henri, whose voice began to grow feeble. "Mother! oh mother! Henriette is dying; send us aid!"

Madame Jacoby looked about her with a wild air. She took a step to throw herself toward the staircase; but this unexpected shock was too violent for her feeble powers, and she fell senseless upon the pavement.

At the very moment, when every one crowded round to raise her, a new actor entered upon the scene. This person no one knew. At first sight, he might have been taken for one of the maskers, although he was not of an age to take part in a child's ball. He wore a costume closely resembling that of our little Garibaldian Colonel, and he wore it so proudly that all eyes were at once fixed upon him. He was still a young man, with an agreeable, but daring look, and a complexion bronzed by the sun. His tunic, gathered in above the hips with a leather belt, displayed the elegance of his figure.

He heard the last cry of Henri, and regarded the place from whence it came. A flash of daring gleamed in his eyes; he threw his sabre and cloak upon the pavement, and outstripping the firemen who were hastening up with ladders and cords, he mounted the staircase in the twinkling of an eye.

Some minutes of delay followed—minutes which seemed a century. The little Henri had disappeared from the window, from whence the flames poured as from the mouth of a furnace. They heard nothing more. The silence was horribly oppressive. Madame Jacoby was still in her swoon.

Presently an acclamation was heard from above in the house; it came from the firemen, who clapped their hands and cried "bravo."

There are, Jane, modest heroes, whom we can neither admire nor exalt too much, because such persons live and die in the obscurity of their humble devotion. Should this sentence raise a smile upon skeptical lips, I proclaim that the bravo of a fireman has, for me, quite an exceptional value, because the fireman is hardened to peril, and is competent, from bold experience, to form a just idea of the difficulty surmounted.

The firemen were still applauding, when the Italian Colonel reappeared, carrying the little girl in his arms, and holding the little boy by the hand.

The bravos of the firemen were then no longer heard, for an immense acclamation filled the court. Parents and children rushed to the stranger, whose face was blackened and hair burned. Maurice leaped unceremoniously upon his neck, crying, *bravo*, and kissed him a hundred times in ten seconds.

The stranger smiled, and said, without appearing to be much agitated:

"Well, well, little one; that was not a very difficult thing to do."

But his unaffected modesty only increased the emotion of those who surrounded him. The children took his brave and handsome face by assault to kiss it; the parents shook him by the hand, and the good M. Lemercier, who was fond of speeches, sought for some eloquent words, appropriate to the occasion, when Madame Jacoby raised her eyes and breathed a long sigh.

"My children! my children!"

These were her first, as they had been her last words.

At the sound of her voice the Italian Colonel started and turned. Their looks met. Madame Jacoby passed the back of her hand over her eyes, as if to dispel an illusion, and murmured:

"I am becoming mad!"

The stranger rushed to her and fell upon his knees.

"Is it you? tell me, is it you?" she stammered.

But great tears were coursing down the bronzed cheeks of the stranger, and he could only utter this name:

"Jeanne! Jeanne!"

Then raising himself wildly, and extending his hands toward heaven, he said:

"I have saved two children; are they yours, Jeanne?—Jeanne, my beloved wife, are these two children whom I have saved, mine?"

[Continued in our next.]

Spiritualism in the Secular Press.
A writer in the *Evening News*, Chester, Pa., replies to an attack on the spiritual philosophy at some length, from which we take the following extracts:

The charlatanism and trickery of impostors is not Spiritualism, any more than selfishness, pride and bigotry of some professing Christians is Christianity.

Spiritualists admit that they are innovators upon established opinion in reference to the unseen world; their interpretation of Scripture being of a very different order. Hence the determined opposition and often false representations of their opponents. A Spiritualism based upon such an eternal and unchangeable proof as that of communicating with superior intelligences is destined in spite of all opposition to enter into and vivify all organizations, whether of Church or State, encouraging the loftiest aspirations, energizing the soul by presenting only exalted motives; prompting to the noblest endeavors and inculcating self-reliance; its only authority Truth, its interpreter the reason which God has given us. The sooner such a Spiritualism is "exposed" and accepted, the sooner shall we rise in the scale of humanity and learn the wise policy of doing unto others as we would they should do unto us; the sooner shall we have a religion of which no man need be ashamed in life or in death.

Children's Department.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

Good folks ever will have their way—
Good folks ever for it must pay.

But we, who are here and everywhere,
The burden of their faults must bear.

We must shoulder others' shame—
Fight their follies and take their blame.

Purge the body, and humor the mind;
Doctor the eyes when the soul is blind;

Build the column of health erect
On the quicksands of neglect;

Always shouldering others' shame—
Bearing their faults and taking the blame!

Deacon Rogers, he came to me;
"Wife is a-goin' to die," said he.

"Doctors great, an' doctors small,
Have n't improved her any at all."

"Physic and blister, powders and pills,
And nothing sure but the doctors' bills!"

"Twenty old women with remedies new,
Bother my wife the whole day through;

"Sweet as honey, or bitter as gall—
Poor old woman, she takes 'em all;"

"Sour or sweet, whatever they choose,
Poor old woman, she dare n't refuse."

"So she pleases whoever may call,
An' Death is suited best of all."

"Physic and blister, powder an' pill—
Bound to conquer, an' sure to kill!"

Mrs. Rogers lay in her bed,
Bandaged and blistered from foot to head.

Blistered and bandaged from head to toe,
Mrs. Rogers was very low.

Bottle and saucer, spoon and cup,
On the table stood bravely up;

Physic of high and low degree;
Calomel, catnip, boneset tea;

Everything a body could bear
Excepting light and water and air.

I opened the blinds; the day was bright,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some light.

I opened the window; the day was fair,
And God gave Mrs. Rogers some air.

Bottles and blisters, powders and pills,
Catnip, boneset, syrups and squills;

Drugs and medicines high and low,
I threw them as far as I could throw.

"What are you doing?" the patient cried;
"Frightening Death," I coolly replied.

"You are crazy!" a visitor said;
I flung a bottle at her head.

Deacon Rogers he came to me;
"Wife is a-comin' around," said he.

"I really think she will worry through;
She scolds me just as she used to do."

"All the people have pooled an' stirred—
All the neighbors have had their word;

"'T was better to perish, some of 'em say,
Than to be cured in such an irregular way."

"Your wife," said I, "had God's good care,
And his remedies—light, water and air."

"All of the doctors, beyond a doubt,
Could n't have cured Mrs. Rogers without."

The Deacon smiled and bowed his head;
"Then your bill is nothing," he said.

"God's be the glory, as you say!
God bless you, Doctor! good day! good day!"

If ever I doctor that woman again,
I'll give her medicines made by men.

THE POOR OLD MAN.

OR,
The Sequel to "Edna Darling."

BY MRS. H. N. GREENE BUTTS.

One day as Edna was returning from Mrs. Henry's, after having again sold that kind lady fruit and flowers, singing all to herself, she heard a low moan, and looking around, she saw an old man sitting by the wayside. His hair was very white, his face had a sickly, care-worn expression, and he looked as though he had battled long and hard with the ills of life. Edna did not turn away frightened, as many little girls would have done, but stepping softly up to the old man, said kindly:

"Poor old man! are you sick? You look very pale."

"Yes, my little girl, I am sick in body and weary of this old world. I desire to die and go where the weary are at rest," the old man said with a trembling voice.

"But this is a beautiful world," said Edna quickly, "and I love it very much; everybody is so good and kind to me. I am sorry the world treats you so badly. Why don't you stay at home; I suppose they love you there?"

"Home!" exclaimed the old man, lifting his eyes upward; "my home is in heaven."

"Poor old man!" said Edna; "and have you no little girl like me to love you?"

"Tears glistened in the old man's eyes as he replied:

"I once had a dear little girl, as beautiful to me as an angel. She was gentle, kind and loving; but she died, and no one cares for the old man now. Oh Clara! dear Clara! why was she taken from me? Why was I left so desolate and lone? Many sad and weary years have gone by since her precious form was hid from my sight. The flowers have bloomed and faded many times upon her grassy mound, and birds have sung their sweetest songs over her lowly bed. Still I am spared; but, like a tree that has been shivered by the lightning's flash, so am I withered and dead. The flowers are all fading at my feet, and I stand alone, uncared for by the world."

Edna was now weeping at the old man's sad recital, and laying her hand upon his withered palm, said softly:

"Poor old man! don't say that you are all alone, for I will love you, and everybody that is good and kind will love you, I guess."

"But, my little girl, where are the good and kind?" said the old man, with a trembling voice.

Edna began to repeat, in a hurried manner, the names of her own dear household, not forgetting to mention Mrs. Henry and her little Clara, but here she paused, for her personal friends were somewhat limited, and she ended abruptly by saying:

"I guess everybody is pretty good, don't you?"

The old man looked into Edna's sweet, trusting face and said, sadly:

"Would that thou, sweet child, could always take this view of the world. But I will not teach

three distrust, nor cause a shade of doubt to flit across the flower-wreathed path which thou art treading. Angels are thy guardians, and they whisper to thee of the 'Better Land.'

The old man seemed now quite exhausted, and Edna thought that he looked paler than when she first saw him.

"I fear you are very sick. Won't you go home with me? Grandfather and mother would like to see you."

"No, no, child, not to-night; but you had better go home now."

"What! and leave you here alone? No, I can't do that. I should think, all of the time, what if it was my dear grandfather that was out here sick, with nobody to love him," said Edna sorrowfully.

"But you must go, child; don't you see it's getting late? I will go along with you as far as the corner of the street."

Edna helped the feeble old man on to his feet, and taking him by the hand, she led him carefully along. When they arrived at the corner where they were to separate, Edna said:

"I want to give you something; will you take it?"

"That will depend something on what it is," said the aged man.

"Well, it's money," said Edna. "I have been selling strawberries, and I will give you half of the money and grandfather the other half; won't that be nice?"

"No, no, child; I can't take your money; I don't need it. They give me enough to eat where I live, and it's but little the old man wants."

"But I thought you had no home," said Edna.

"I stay at the poor-house; you have heard of a poor-house, have n't you?"

"Oh, yes, I have," said Edna, "but I don't think I should like to live there. Are they kind to you?"

"They give me enough to eat and wear; but you must go home as quick as you can; you have cheered the heart of a lonely old man, and heaven will bless you, my child. Good-by."

The old man went on his way, and Edna is soon at home.

"Why, Edna, how long you have been gone! Where have you been? I've been a good deal worried about you," exclaimed her grandfather, as she entered the door.

"Oh, grandpa! I have so much to tell you. I have sold my berries and flowers, and I—"

"But, stop, stop, Edna, not so fast; you are all out of breath; rest a bit, before you say anything more, and take off your hat, for we are waiting for you to eat supper," said good Grandfather Elwood.

"Yes, I will, grandpa, if you'll let me tell you while we are eating supper," said the excited little girl.

"Yes, yes, I shall be glad to hear; for I suppose you have made some pleasant acquaintances in your new business," said her grandfather, smiling.

Edna commenced by relating her success in selling her berries and flowers, and how kindly Mrs. Henry always met her, and what a darling little girl Clara was, and how much money she had taken; but when she spoke of her interview with the old man, tears filled her eyes, and she ended by saying:

"Dear Grandfather, what if you were all alone in the world, and had nobody to care for you. And if I was in heaven, where Clara is; do n't you suppose I should come to you and make you feel that I loved you more than ever, now I had gone to live with the angels? Do n't you think so, grandpa?"

"I think, child, if you are in heaven what you are here, you will be loving enough; I do n't see how you can be much different," said grandpa Elwood, with moistened eyes.

"Well, grandpa, I wanted to tell this old man that his dear Clara was not dead, but a little angel, watching over him. And it seemed to me, when he was talking about her, that she had her spirit arms about his neck. Do you think she heard us talk, grandpa?"

"I can't say, child; but I think it quite likely that angels would go anywhere where you happened to be."

[Concluded in our next.]

SPIRITUALISM IN NASHVILLE, TENN.

BY MOSES HULL.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—I feel especially gossipy this afternoon, and can think of no one who would bear the infliction of my thoughts with more patience than yourself and readers. The great spiritual battle has been fought here in Nashville, the smoke has cleared away, the dead and wounded have been carried off, the remnant of the castigated party has retreated sadly demoralized, the General who undertook to conduct this battle has fled as any other "hireling" does when the "wolf cometh," to his fortifications, the pulpit, and left the enemy to feast on his few remaining lambs. Really there has been the most smoke and the least fire in this battle of any in historic times.

Last autumn, Rev. W. P. Harrison, D. D., a Methodist priest of Atlanta, Ga., a man who is represented to be the most learned man in the South, concluded that he would turn David and kill the Goliath commonly called Spiritualism. He owed Spiritualism a particular grudge. Without being invited into the South, and even without the aid of any recognized speaker or medium of any reputation, it had taken their most widely known and justly celebrated Methodist preacher, Samuel Watson, from their ranks and placed him on duty in the enemy's ranks. It had taken Miss Clara Robinson, of Brinkley College ghost-notoriety, and her father's family, without the aid of mediums, out of the Church and set them to making converts from Methodism to Spiritualism. The Reverend Doctor of Sick Divinity was justly indignant, and now Spiritualism or something else must "down." He would not so much as say, "By your leave."

Down came the dead ones it must go!

Lo! he came to Nashville, the "seat of government" of Methodism in the South; and fortified by the Christian Advocate and the Methodist Church and ministry of this city; he, after learning that there were no spiritual lecturers within several hundred miles, made his attack, and in three lectures totally annihilated Spiritualism! Then he was anxious for a debate; all he wanted was to get sight of a representative spiritual lecturer—"none of your small fry" for him—and he would, as the fighting Quaker said, "chaw him up." The poor Spiritualists were "down in the mouth." The Doctor had proved—abundantly proved—that spirits had nothing to do with mortals; that Baron Von Reichenbach's *Od Force* had learned to move tables and chairs, to rap out sensible communications, make

Rev. Samuel Watson's clock strike, and even entrance mediums and preach on Sundays. He did not state how it happened that some of the first-class Methodist ministers could not obtain a supply of *Od Force*, and thus compete at least with second or third rate spiritual lecturers. Those are the things "no fellow can understand."

But enough. The Methodists and opposers of Spiritualism were generally jubilant, and stock in Spiritualism could not have been sold to them at one cent on the dollar. Bro. John A. Cooper picked up courage to write to me to see if I thought it was possible to "hear the Hon in his den," and to know if I was willing to risk my ability, reputation, and the life of Spiritualism. He would submit to almost anything if there was any chance to rescue our sacred religion from the clutches of Parson Harrison. In a moment I comprehended the situation. Harrison had been overrated, and the easiest if not the most perfect victory that Spiritualism ever had, was to be obtained in a discussion with him; so I wrote back, offering myself as a sacrifice. Mr. Harrison must have a discussion of not less than ten days, and it must not come off until the 12th of May. He must fix all the preliminaries himself. In short he must be everybody and everything, and I nothing. This was all right with me. His terms were granted in every particular, and as early as last November the victory trumpets began to sound in the camps of Methodists. What a fool Moses Hull was to attempt to compete with the learned W. P. Harrison, D. D., and how short-sighted the Spiritualists, to allow such a thing! These boasts were regularly forwarded to me by mail, and I sent word to the Spiritualists to let the opposers do all the advance boasting. Elijah gave a bit of wholesome advice to Ahab that all would do well to follow. It was in these words: "Let not him that putteth the harness on boast as he that taketh it off."

When the opposers found that every possible condition they could make was gracefully accepted by the Spiritualists, they began to see that we would not "scare" worth a cent; it was time for them to scare. So learning, that I was engaged for a year ahead, all except the time I was to debate, they positively refused to debate at that time. The discussion must commence the 19th instead of the 12th, or there should be no debate. Mr. Harrison had been called to Philadelphia to deliver the annual address before the American Bible Society. But to their surprise, I telegraphed back that, debate or no debate, I would spend the whole month in Nashville—would be quite as willing to commence the debate on the 19th as on the 12th. So here they were up a "stump" again. Now there was no back out; the debate must come off. The Reverend Doctor prepared a big speech on blasphemy, which was to annihilate me at once; and church members came to the discussion full of glee. I had delivered four lectures in Nashville, which enabled the Spiritualists to look up somewhat.

We met to discuss the first proposition.

Resolved, That the spirits of the departed hold tangible intercourse with persons living on earth.

I delivered my first speech on the general belief of all nations and ages, that the dead hold communications with the living. On this point I quoted Paul, the Pharisee, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Addison, De Foe, Sir William Blackstone, John Wesley, Adam Clark, Pres. Mahan, and a host of other witnesses. Friends and foes—all, including the Reverend Doctor, saw that it was useless to attack that speech. Although the Doctor had been disappointed in both my manner and ability, and though it was entirely inappropriate, yet he "spoke his piece" against blasphemy. Every one of my ten speeches on the first proposition, were replied to by this same "piece," with the additions of personal abuse, slanders and falsehoods. He put in three-fourths of his time in accusing me of ignorance, of never having read, etc.; but it proved that whether I had read or not, I was able to read every fact in history that he denied, and was more than ready at any point. His friends, so jubilant at first, dropped off; some of the ministers did not pretend to disguise their disappointment in Bro. Harrison. He was neither a smart man, an educated man, nor a gentleman! His personal friends came to me with apologies; religionists were disgusted with him; and one minister came to me, taking me by the hand, and said, "Bro. Hull, I am a minister, and a Southern man. I do not believe you are right, but allow me to say, I am ashamed of Dr. Harrison. You have been outraged; but through it all you have shown yourself a man of ability and a gentleman; you have gained the sympathy of your audience, and I pray heaven to bless you."

The discussion of the second proposition commenced, but Harrison acted more like an insane man than ever. I will not attempt to describe his speeches or his conduct; no pen is equal to the task. Among other things he said: "I will fight until I lose every drop of my blood before Spiritualism shall succeed." Again: "I would lose my right arm before I would permit a Spiritualist to speak to my wife or my daughter; they are all lecherous scoundrels."

My only reply was: "Spiritualists, how do you like the compliment? Ladies and gentlemen, there are a hundred Spiritualists here with whom you are acquainted; will your knowledge of them justify the Doctor's charge?" Concerning the Doctor's wife and daughter, I have nothing to say. It might not be safe to trust them in speaking distance of certain persons. As to my wife and daughters, knowing them, I feel safe in trusting them anywhere except in the presence of such burly Methodist priests as Dr. Huston.

His friends all voted that he should stop the discussion—mine all voted that I should continue it. After this of course I had everything my own way, and continued it to an increased audience.

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The West.

Warren Chase, Regular Correspondent.

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WARREN CHASE.

MORAL DEPRAVITY.

An individual named O'Neil, in Peoria, Co., Ill., killed a man last year, and on trial was acquitted, as nearly all murderers are who have money or influence, and are tried in States where the odious death penalty is still in the statutes and not in the hearts of the people. A short time since he killed another man, near LaSalle, Ill., and the citizens caught and hung him without jury or trial, and most properly, "done right," for if we have laws and they cannot be executed by process and through the courts they must be by mobs and violence. It is a terrible state of moral depravity that requires it, but there is no safety for peaceable citizens if the laws cannot be executed. We have murderers in our city who have been tried and proved guilty, who ride and walk the streets, and whom it is not safe to offend, and who are more dangerous than before their trial. Some ride in the best outfits and own them, and run saloons or houses of social evil registry; while others are sneaking about and threatening those who offend them or have testified against them.

This old Jewish barbarous law of life for life should have been abolished in all the States, as it was in Michigan over twenty years ago, and the punishment made sure, and such that jurors of tender feelings and with a conscience could have signed a verdict of guilty. The lawyers are now successful in selecting jurors who will not be instruments in causing a second murder, and hence the guilty are turned loose without the punishment that would and should secure the people against more murders from the same hand.

Lynch law is terrible, and the state of society that requires it is to be dreaded, but the people say, "What can we do? There is no law, the lawyers cannot break, and no justice in juries, nor safety in the courts."

It has been evident to us for a long time that vigilance committees, lynch law and mobs would soon prevail in the Western States, if not in New York, where corruption has triumphed so long that it has outgrown the name of Gotham, and reached that of Babilon. There is so much Christian conservatism regarding the necessary reforms in our criminal laws and marriage laws, that there was in the case and cause of slavery, that they may hold on till they bring on a bloody revolution in our country, where we should have peace and plenty and progress, were it not for CHRISTIAN depravity preached and practiced, not by all preachers, but by all Christians—but by the majority who rule or ruin, or both rule and ruin. The truth is, moral depravity prevails from Christian resistance to reforms and necessary legal progress in sacred institutions.

REFLECTIONS.

Sitting in the jolting cabin of the "Emma C. Elliot," which is forcing her way up the Mississippi against the rapid current, by the power of steam, and faced by several bouquets of beautiful roses just collected by Nellie and Ida and Lizzie Deane, from the terraced garden of our beloved brother and sister, their parents, at Chester, Ill., we are casting about for a suitable subject, not exhausted by some of our rude scribblers for the press. The showers have fallen heavy and fast, with a "trundling thunder" and sharp flashes of lightning, and the air is purified and almost fragrant from foliage and flowers. The winds refreshing and invigorating and bland, and the broken sunshine, variegated by shades from the clouds, combine to make up what would have once been considered a heaven, except perhaps there should have been some female faces and voices in it, which are missing here.

Here we recall a few scenes of the last four months of our own experience. Only a few weeks have elapsed since we were addressing an eager, earnest crowd of listeners in a full and thickly studded hall of sitting and standing forms. A little later, in a larger place and better hall, scarcely a score of hearers could be collected, by extraordinary effort of a few friends, to come and hear, without money and without price. Cold, dead and stagnant, even in the decay of sectarian Christianity, are the people in many places, and it has led us to inquire into the difference, mentally, spiritually and intellectually, and we find in the places where there is little or no interest in spiritual lectures, that the people are stupefied by dissipation and religion of the old sort, and are ignorant on other general subjects, as well as this, and by the counsel of their priests and rum-sellers are advised to remain so.

We have marked, and often reported, the fact that Spiritualism is sustained and accepted in proportion to the intelligence, temperance and refinement in any and every section of our country; and Christianity, in its older and more popular forms, in proportion to the ignorance, depravity, dissipation and tobacco-chewing. It is of course natural that it should be so, since Christianity is a religion of the heart, (passions,) and Spiritualism of the head, (reason,) but many people, and especially sectarian Christians, are either not aware of this or are unwilling to acknowledge it; but facts are stubborn things, and the reports of the U. S. Census cannot well be set aside.

Warren Chase lectures in Chicago, Ill., the last two Sundays of July, and may be addressed at that time, care S. S. Jones, Religio-Philosophical Office.

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99—Inquoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications furnished or otherwise of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of important free thought; but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

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Mr. Beecher's Sermon.

To allude to any one of the Brooklyn preachers' sermons in particular, is to imply that it is somewhat different from its predecessors. He preached one on a very recent Sunday morning that awakened a great deal of comment; though why it should, apart from the consideration bestowed on the preacher, his church, his personality, and the accepted importance of theological authority at large, it would be wholly impossible to say. The talk only means that the Church habitually takes up more room in the professed Christian mind, than the Truth—which is not necessarily Christianity, if it be even very near to it. What seems to have occasioned remark in this sermon is the fact that its author announced his belief in what the larger portion of civilized and Christianized mankind believe, and that is, the ultimate redemption of man from the dominion of evil. Dr. Chapin says far better things every Sunday, but it occasions no remark outside of the circle of his hearers. For all that, we accept this avowal of Mr. Beecher's as an important and most gratifying one, for the reason that, to a very large class, he is a representative man; not representative in the sense of a high originality, for in comparison with Emerson he can be accounted but a translator. His special virtue is that he makes his translations themselves so strikingly original.

His course of statement was after the following order: He could not believe in an intermediate state for the soul, or what he styled "an unconscious vacation." He thought such a state not consonant with any human instinct. Paul makes no reference to such a state; yet he does refer to the condition of man after death, "absent from the body, present with the Lord," was his doctrine; out of this, into that. Mr. Beecher would not allow himself to be positive on this point, but he believed the Scriptures so implied. But immediate entrance into heaven does not exclude the idea of progress. It meant progress to be as the angels in heaven. "They were not to propagate," said the preacher, nor to frame themselves into little companies as on earth. The family relation there was to be different. The passions which continue the race, hunger and thirst which prompt to bodily nourishment, the combative powers requisite for protection here, were not requisite in the future state. When we leave the body we shall leave behind our burning-out passions. We shall not carry our earthly bodies into the other life, yet we shall have spiritual bodies which will identify us one from the other. The souls that emerged from death into heaven would range along an extended scale.

These souls that were low in spiritual culture in this life would be low down the scale in the next. Each soul would begin with the capital acquired in this life. Those who had one talent would be far below those who had five. But scripture justified the belief that all would be as happy as they could bear. They would develop, however, with a rapidity of which we could form no conception. Children who entered the next life as children would rise and develop more swiftly than on earth. Men of low culture here would grow with wondrous rapidity, so that the lowest and least would speedily outgrow all this world's standards. Take away from man all that belonged to his lower nature, and give him in force all that pertained to his higher nature, and then you might conceive of the aptitude with which he would receive the lessons of the other. He would be in a society, too, where all would move with one intent—the evil gone, the temptable dropped—moved together like the gulf stream, irresistibly irresistible. There would be also the direct influence of God—how mighty the influence, how noble the joy!

We might thus see, said Mr. Beecher, how men who, when they died, were not very fit for earth, might nevertheless enter heaven, and heaven might develop what earth never would have developed. Sometimes when opening up a long disused well, men found a few old seeds at the bottom. They had lain there for years. There was no sign of life about them. They were brought to the light, however, and the sun shone upon them. They began to grow and sprout, and soon became healthy vigorous plants. On earth, the seedling people here untried by force of animal passions for a spiritual life, who, nevertheless, when death took away what was their bang on earth, might begin a good life in a future state. Some represented a man as taking into the next world the nature, the disposition he had in this. How could we conceive a man's taking all his sensual, rude, inchoate nature into the other life? He did not take it with him. Men grew as straw. We could conceive a germ which—when freed from the chaff and bettered, nurtured, and educated, and glowing on by the sun of God's love—would open up and grow and flourish. On earth, all through much sin and darkness, it lived and grew as at times. But with a thousand hindrances shrouded off, we could understand how men whom society rejects now, may get standing room in Heaven, not high up, but at a starting place. If heaven was so rigidly pure, then death must be a great sifter. Look at the saint of years. How imperfect, how deficient, how very far down he is. What man ever walked to the gate of heaven, and had the angel lay on him that seal, and say, "Enter, because thou art pure?" Not one; though he may have been washed by floods of tears, and sifted by years of trial, and enabled by acts of heroism. No; heaven was opened by grace—by grace only. Love. God lets in whom he would, and we didn't know his gauge.

All this is interesting inside the Church, and more or less so outside. But for what reason? Why, unless it shows that Divine Love, flowing down steadily and silently upon the human race from the heavenly heights, washes away the

dykes of a hard old Theology one by one, perhaps taking long centuries to do it, but effecting it surely at last. It shows that the human soul is gradually but certainly becoming dissatisfied with the husks of dogma on which it has been fed by priestly hands so long, and demanding something more nourishing than the creeds whose decaying authority is the only vitality still left to them.

Sex in Crime.

The Social Science Association discuss, some most interesting questions of social economy, that involve a thorough and patient search for the working motives as well as the constitutional functions of human character. At its recent meeting in this city, Dr. Edward Jarvis, perhaps the most accomplished and best informed special statistician in the country, produced a paper upon the origin of crime physiologically, and its relations to sex. It is a very nice inquiry, never before raised that we are aware of. By investigating it patiently, it might be possible to accumulate and digest a mass of facts of no little value in their bearing upon the natural course of crime. After distributing crimes into their appropriate classes, Dr. Jarvis asserted that the physical always exerted a great, if not a controlling influence over the mental state, to stimulate crime, to modify it, or to arrest the force of temptation. Crimes are the products of differing motives and causes, operating both in the mind and heart. It is more often the mastery of the animal propensities over the mental that induces their perpetration. Some will take, as if by natural tendency, to one class of crime, and others to another. In all cases the moral supremacy is gone. An appetite gains on one until it controls him, and then farewell to all considerations of less potency in the mind. Self-respect itself bows to the storm it can no longer resist. It is true enough that the state of the physical system may corrupt the finer sensibilities, and thus make men called moral insensibly criminal.

What does this argue but that it is necessary to preserve the physical health with the greatest care? If, as Dr. Jarvis maintains, unsound digestion may produce ill-temper, and these, in turn, provoke to jealousy, suspicion, anger, and, by indirect and complicated courses, cloud the sky of the understanding, deaden the sensibilities, destroy the poise of the judgment, and lead to acts which their author would not have dared to think of, how essential it is that the digestion should be faithfully cared for, and the general health cherished with pains really religious! "Cleanliness is next to godliness," said Paul, "cleanness is next to godliness," sound digestion may prove to be its very right hand. It is a fact that you cannot get good specimens of religious men and women without good sound health as a basis. It is Beecher's excellent digestion, and his consequent relish for life, that will not let him stay behind the high bars of dyspepsia and bilious Orthodoxy. The divinity doctors will have to reduce his health to a much lower standard before they can hope to get him into their small ecclesiastical measures. What effect drunken habits have on the morals, first totally debasing them, and finally throwing everything open to the inroads of crime, no intelligent observers need be told. Dr. Jarvis employed this fact as one of his most forcible illustrations. As for the influence of sex on crime, he showed that men are more prone to crimes of injury, and women to those of sensuality. His statistics are worthy of being carefully read and pondered.

Beecher's Busy Buncombe.

Beecher says many a good thing, and a good many more foolish and flat ones. His "covenant" with Tilton and Bowen was Beecher all over, and so is its recent publication for the cause of religious scandal. It seems that Bowen and another editor fell to discussing the Woodhull story, and out of it grew the feeling between the three high contracting parties to the covenant never named. Bowen promised never to repeat what he had been guilty of saying against Beecher. This was a year ago. This year he has broken his promise, and hence the publication of the covenant by Beecher's friends, who speak of "the great preacher's" "brave silence," and thereby show what denkeys they are willing to make of themselves for Beecher's sake.

Next comes the deacons' meeting, for nothing can be said against an Orthodox minister without calling out the deacons. It may as well be foretold that the deacons will clear Beecher, and bring Bowen out of the door of Plymouth Church by the ear. That is the law according to the deacon system. Beecher of course expects to be free. He is the biggest fish that swims in the pond, and the minnows are not going to try to shoulder him out. Bowen's trouble is chiefly his size as a fish. He has grown too large and important for Beecher to handle. If the whole of the mystery would but get out by the promised investigation, it would give general satisfaction. Why won't Mr. Beecher tell himself, instead of laying back for an investigation?

Birthday Party.

On Friday evening, June 6th, the residence of Dr. Samuel Grover, No. 30-Dover street, Boston, Mass., was the scene of a pleasant convocation of personal friends, assembled to do honor to the celebration of the fifty-third birthday of this well known mediumistic physician. Songs and a recitation by C. W. Sullivan; music by Emma Fessenden Brackett; congratulatory speeches by Drs. J. H. Currier and A. H. Richardson, Mr. George A. Bacon and others; an address in reply and a song by the host; a duet by Mary A. Sanborn and Mr. Sullivan; the bestowal of presents (for which Dr. Grover returned thanks); social converse, and the partaking of a bountiful supply of refreshments, comprised the services of the evening. The occasion also celebrated by its date the sixteenth anniversary of the mediumistic development of Dr. Grover, and the first year of his second marriage—facts which were pleasantly set forth by the speakers.

Among the gifts were a fine copy of Giles B. Stebbins's "Bible of the Ages," a suit of clothes, an office chair in black walnut, and an artistic mantle ornament in bronze.

Mrs. H. W. Cushman, the musical medium, has removed to West Amesbury, Mass. As she intends to rest during the summer months, she has discontinued her seances, designing their re-inauguration in October next.

We shall publish in our next paper a Reply to the "Cincinnati Commercial on Spiritualism," from the able pen of Allen Putnam, Esq., of this city. The reply is terse and pointed, and therefore may let a little light into the dark corners of the Commercial's sanctum.

Spiritual Manifestations.

Spiritual manifestations have been so often described, and in their variety, that repetition seems almost superfluous. To Spiritualists it is really so, but the world outside is still incredulous; yet no experience is so easily and cheaply obtained by those who will, as spiritual phenomena. The number of people around us who consider them hallucination or deception is very large, and as long as this is so the details of seances, new manifestations or incidents of these phenomena will have a place (and ought to) in the columns of the spiritual press, although to the believer such records have lost their interest, they preferring matter growing out of the fact, rather than the details of the facts themselves.

When so many names of high and scientific repute admit the manifestations as facts, and a large number of those their spiritual origin, or at least as the only definition that meets the case—that holds water, so to speak—it is astonishing there are so many who still doubt the facts—that is, doubt that raps, tips and other manifestations are facts, disconnected from sleight-of-hand or some kind of deception. These are growing less, but while they exist, the testimony of the manifestations, however true to some, should be kept before the people. We write but little on this subject, leaving it for others, for we are of a frivolous turn of mind, and would not treat lightly a subject of so much moment as one that covers all the ground of hope there is of man's existence beyond the grave; hence, though we are a veteran in Spiritualism, we are glad when the serious writers open on this subject, or when young or new converts, fresh from the seance, testify of these manifestations in the columns of the Banner of Light and other papers.

We have a great deal of charity for those admitting the facts, but who doubt their spiritual origin—who think the communications unworthy of that source, and look for other solutions. We must own, Spiritualists as we are, a large proportion, from an intellectual standpoint, justifies such a conclusion; but then we know we are on the wrong or mundane side of the fence, and feel modest, and as long as no one grasps clearly the dynamics of these phenomena, but only their manifestations, we incline to be lenient, cautious in our definition of sense, nonsense, or what is trifling, knowing, as Emerson says, that crabs and scorpions; trifles on earth, become sublime when hung as signs in the zodiac. So much that is trifling, from an earthly standpoint, when doing duty as "pointers" to another life, may properly have the benefit of the doubts, and when the dynamics of mediumship are understood, if not here, hereafter there may be a sublime side to these "trifles" that even the Faradays and Tyndalls will see, as they now do, in the "trifles" which investigation and study have proved to them stepping-stones to dignified scientific knowledge. On this point we can only say, the tipping of a table is a matter of very small account, and the subject-matter spelled out by the motions referred to, may be of an infant class order; but the simple fact of its being the manifestation of intelligence disembodied, takes it out of the field of vulgarity, of "trifles," and hangs it sublimely in the zodiac of that heaven to which we are all bound. We are safe when we steer by the stars. We are sorry when the "stars" are hid by fog, either scientific or religious—which is so often the case.

We admit that the fact of the disembodied or spiritual origin of these phenomena is, with many who are well disposed toward the subject, the rub or the question; then we say, so long as science and culture and assumed respectability have no unexplored substitute to offer for these spiritual manifestations, and the cog fits its wheel every time in the spiritual definition, and though we respect all caution if not captiousness in reference to the subject, we think St. Paul's words adapted in such doubters' cases, viz: "Be not unmindful to entertain strangers; some have entertained angels unawares," or the more modern words lately uttered by Prof. Tyndall, who forgot them himself when he had occasion to speak of Spiritualism, which numbered among its believers scientists whose names stood as high as his own; his forgotten words or advice were these:

"If you ask him [the materialist] whence is this matter of which we have been discoursing, who or what divided it into molecules, who or what impressed upon them [molecules] this necessity of running into organic forms, he has no answer. Science also is mute in reply to these questions. But if the materialist is confounded, and science rendered dumb, who else is entitled to answer? To whom has our secret been revealed? Let us lower our heads and acknowledge our ignorance, one and all."

That is just what we say; and why don't he follow his own advice in this to him *terra incognita*?

When we began this article, we intended to write a brief description of Mrs. Lord's circle for spiritual manifestations, but we have started with so large a porch, that our edifice must be reversely small, and will only say, though a dark circle, her seance was to us, on the two occasions we were present, very interesting and very satisfactory.

She forms her circles with as many chairs as there are persons, each occupying one, herself in the centre, seated, with her hands in motion all the time audibly, her feet touching some one in the circle for the purpose of proving that the manifestations are not done by her. On the occasions when we were present, it required no great expertness to be satisfied that neither she nor the members of the circle were in any way the performers; but the manifestations—such as playing on guitars, ringing bells, winding up a music-box, its playing, manipulations on our faces and hands, by apparently spirit-fingers, taking rings from fingers and putting them on others' fingers in the room, on the opposite side of a circle of twenty, whisperings of spirits audibly to friends in the circle, and many other and varied manifestations commenced the moment the light was extinguished—were, as stated, very satisfactory. We had an idea of selecting one manifestation and fully describing it, which was quite satisfactory and interesting to us, as a selected sample illustration, but having been switched off the track of our intention in writing this article, as we have already stated, and touching on more general matters, making the article longer in consequence than we proposed, we will let the above suffice, and suggest to those who are seeking for spiritual phenomena, that this circle of Mrs. Lord, which she holds at No. 27 Milford street, is well worth an evening's attention; for perceiving, feeling, hearing the thing itself, is better than any one's description or testimony.

J. WETHERDEE.

United States machinery is now running in Vienna, and outstrips that of any other country—of course!

DeWitt C. Hough at Nassau Hall.

This well-known physical medium gave a demonstration of his powers at the above named hall, corner Washington and Common streets, Boston, on Sunday evening, June 8th. A good audience was in attendance. Success attended, as to phenomena, and the announcement by his mother, Mrs. R. K. Stoddard, that the seance would be repeated on the following Sunday evening, June 15th, was received with evident satisfaction.

The occasion was remarkable from its being the first public appearance of Mrs. Stoddard since the highly successful challenge circle held by herself and son with H. D. Twiss, at the same hall, some two months since. It will be remembered that on that evening the opposer, Twiss, endeavored to disturb the conditions as much as possible, and used his psychologic power and magnetic forces, through manipulation, to prevent the operations of the invisibles. Such a radical breaking up of harmony reacted upon Mrs. S., and nearly two months of extreme prostration resulted, from which she was at last raised by the assistance of A. S. Hayward, the well known magnetic physician. This experience of Mrs. Stoddard would seem to be a lesson of warning to all our public media to submit to no interference with the harmony of conditions during their seances, whether for the giving of tests or physical manifestations, to please those individuals to be found in every assembly whose skeptical whims are paraded as the sum total of human knowledge.

The Illness of Mrs. Woodhull.

It pains us to learn of the serious illness of Mrs. V. C. Woodhull. Our warmest sympathy goes out in behalf of this afflicted lady. We believe that she is a good woman, and that her character will be fully vindicated in the coming time. We learn that she was attacked with heart disease on the evening of June 6th, and has been in a very low condition up to the present writing—so near the portals of the tomb that her physician gave orders that no one should see her except her immediate attendants. The wide-spread reports of her precarious condition appear to have greatly alarmed her friends far and near, and many who called at her residence had never seen her, but had long taken an interest in her, and wished to offer their condolences to the family. Telegrams and letters poured in, and several baskets of flowers with kindly written notes attached were received. Mrs. W. had so far recovered her strength on Tuesday as to be able to give directions to her sister and Col. Blood about their business in the event of her death. Since then she has bled at the lungs. We hope soon to learn of her speedy recovery.

The Orphans' Rescue.

Those of our readers resident in Boston and vicinity who may find leisure to visit it, are notified that the splendid oil painting setting forth this touchingly spiritual scene is on exhibition in the window of Messrs. Elliot, Blakesley & Noyes, No. 127 Tremont street, nearly opposite the Park-street church. This work of Prof. John, the highly educated inspirational artist—who is now supplying a want long needed, and embodying in beautiful figures our spiritual conceptions—is thought to surpass anything which has yet left his easel. Such art enshrinement arrests the attention of the world, dignifying our philosophy, and exerting an exalting and refining influence upon humanity.

The Roman Catholics and Protestants have large numbers of Bible and other pictures illustrating their peculiar views; considering them as necessary missionary aids. Let us, as liberal thinkers, learn a lesson from them, and adorn our walls with choice, well-selected spiritualistic gems of art, which will be sunlight to our hearts and homes. Fine copies of this painting, executed in steel by a competent artist, are for sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore—price \$3.00.

Re-incarnation.

Several of our public speakers and others have of late taken grounds against the theory of re-incarnation, pronouncing it absurd, etc., etc. We believe the doctrine of re-incarnation true, and to us it is a beautiful truth. When fully understood and comprehended, as in time it will be, we think, no one can object to it. Until that time arrives there will be those who will oppose, on principle, the theory. It is their undoubted right so to do. But when they dogmatically asseverate that Spiritualists should not discuss the question, it is quite a different matter. Some of the best minds in Europe and America believe there is much truth in the re-incarnation doctrine. Several able writers have given their views upon this subject in the Banner of late; for instance, an article against, from the pen of Prof. Leon Hyman, (in last week's Banner), and one in favor of re-incarnation, by Wm. F. Lyon, Esq., which we print in this issue. All we desire is to arrive at the truth in regard to subjects which agitate the public mind—nothing more, nothing less. As our columns are open to the subject *pro and con*, we cannot possibly conceive why the Banner should be blamed.

Dr. G. L. Ditson.

We call the especial attention of our readers to the "Review of Foreign Spiritualistic Exchanges" which appears on our first page, and is from the scholastic pen of the well-known writer whose name heads this paragraph. The description of the services in honor of the anniversary of the death of Allan Kardec, held at his tomb in Pere la Chaise, Paris, is especially interesting. We are under deep obligations to the genial Doctor for his literary gleanings, which cannot fail to prove of interest to thousands of our patrons.

Aid to Keep the Banner before the People.

We are happy at being able to acknowledge the receipt of the following donations toward the staying up of our hands in the effort to continue our journal. The donors have indeed our sincere thanks:

T. M. Mosely, Boston, Mass., \$25.00
John Scott, Belfast, Eng., 10.00
Louisa D. Belcher, and others, 7.00
Hosen Allen and thirty-one "Friends of Progress" in Vineland, N. J., 10.00

A very interesting Biographical Sketch of the excellent physical medium, Mrs. Maud E. Lord, now located in Boston, prepared by our regular reporter, fills the eighth page of this issue of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Circulate it, friends, everywhere. A knowledge of the great truths of Spiritualism, as demonstrated through our media, should be scattered broadcast to the end that the needed light may permeate the darkened corners of the earth.

Written for the Banner of Light by John W. Day

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It is a fact pregnant with meaning in the history of the spiritual movement, that the majority of its leading exponents and exemplars have been, so to speak, shielded, in their youth days, from the slow, cramping process of education as bestowed in the schools, and have received through the gate of intuition, as time proceeded, the knowledge necessary to fit them the fulfilling of—the destiny unto which they were called. Miss Barrock was a remarkable stancer of this. She cannot remember that ever attended school, with the exception of a single day; and the circumstances accompanying that brief period of tuition were such as to deter her from entering that or any other school again. She was about seven years of age when she made this initial effort to become skilled in “the wisdom of the Egyptians” — the place of the attainment was at a small school in Camden, her native place; the result was that the manifestations occurring—such as the throwing of her books upon the floor, the violent overturning of her desk, &c., by the invisibles—caused such an uproar in the temple of learning that the wrathful teacher drew nigh with intent to administer corporal punishment to the new comer; but when school-mistress beheld with her own eyes some of her books withdrawn from the desk and thrown upon the floor, when no mortal hand was visible as an agent, she believed the story of the frightened child, and told her that she was no blame, but must leave the school that fits or

Her father, to make one desperate effort more, called in a minister to endeavor to exorcise the plague of his household. The reverend gentleman came; a sheet arranged instead of a cabinet afforded the spirits an opportunity for materi-

Not at the moment comprehending what child meant to express by the word "they," lady ordered her to take a light; she did so, started down the stairs, the daughter accompanying her as before arranged. Hardly had the girls reached the cellar floor when the light extinguished, the candlestick stricken from grasp, and the particular can of fruit which desired was put into her hand instead, while spirit voice of "Clarecpe," one of her best spoyle audibly to her. The daughter of her tress screamed and fell fainting to the ground upon the hostess appearing with a light, finding how matters were situated, she demanded of Maud to explain the method by which obtained the can of fruit in the dark, and in short a time. 'The child repeated her former pression, "*They gave it to me.*"

"Who do you mean by *they*?" inquired

FROM this time she embarked thoroughly medium. Though not exactly comprehending the full the significance of the term, she yielded to the demand of the public curiosity, and visits to Hannibal and other places followed. She was well received in Illinois, and crowned with perfect success. A striking demonstration occurred while she was in the place of Keokuk, which created the most profound excitement, and stirred the opinion of the phenomena to the bitterest measure of denunciation, though all in vain, as the proof was too strong to be overturned: A letter, returning from the army, found that, during

The present sketch of the life and experience of Mrs. Lord may be compared to that glimpsing the landscape which the railway traveler can while peering from the windows of a light train; express; in effect has been made merely to sent in a few words some of the salient points in her history, and to state a few of the remarkable tests and phenomena for which she has been earthly medium—the medical field of work.

Her sphere of labor has also at times pinged on the medical domain, she having great success in treating diseases both clairvoyantly and by laying on of hands—several cases of paralysis, in particular, having gazed at her magnetic touch. Her great success as a medium in every phase is owing to her perfect passivity, which renders her a perfect willing instrument in the hands of the inviolable operators.

And thus the early prophecy of her guides she should yet "be a light to the world" has been fulfilled. The sum of her existence was rose in girlhood to be hid in the darkness of cruel opposition, has, in the early womanly burst of light in a moridian glow of usefulness, found it is the hope of thousands of friends wherever she has journeyed, that the day may long ere in trailing splendor it sinks beyond the verge of mortality to rise in chastened radiance in the spirit-spheres.