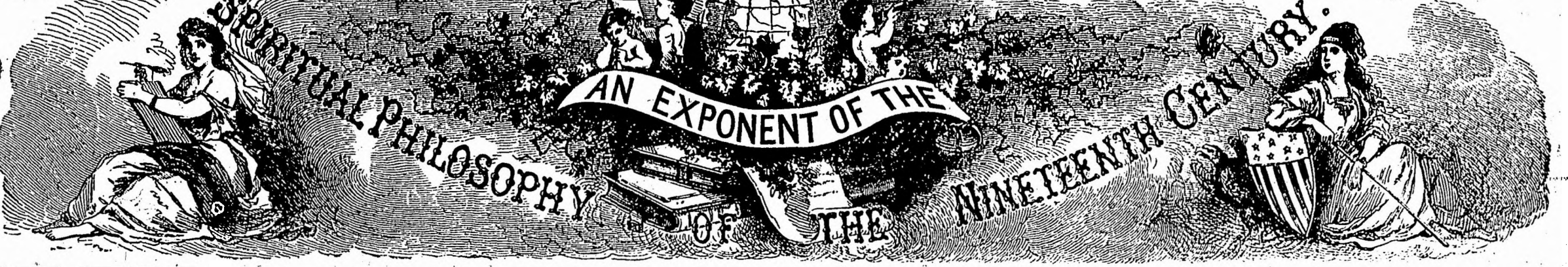


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Original Essay.

A THERAPEUTIC AGENCY NOT KNOWN TO THE MATERIA MEDICA.

BY B. L. CETTINIERI, M. D.

That there is a healing power acting independently of the materia medica, and as efficacious in its sphere as any remedial agent known to science, is now a well established fact with all those who are willing to witness its operations at the bedside of the sick. It acts in broad daylight, and is not disturbed in the least by the scrutinizing eyes of the scientific physicians. This healing power is generally known by the name of "zöo," or animal magnetism. A more pompous name is given to it by some fanciful writers, in the newly coined expressions "psychic force," "psychomancy," "psychophysic," in connection with some wild theories concerning the nature and *modus operandi* of that mysterious power. The naked fact is, that there are men and women who can cure diseases by simply putting themselves in contact with the sick person, and expressing their will to effect a cure. The expression takes various shapes and forms, according to the idiosyncratic habit of the healer.

This marvelous healing power has been known for ages; but, while by the ancients it was considered as a special favor accorded by Deity as a reward of great holiness, or as a sign of high social position (as kings and priests), it is demonstrated in our day as being a simple attribute of some peculiar organizations, entirely independent from holiness or social position. The inquiry into the nature and character of this power, and the conditions indispensable to its manifestations, is perfectly legitimate; but the various theories propounded until now appear to be a wonderful tissue of hasty conclusions, drawn partly from imperfect experiments made and suggestions thrown out by various scientific men concerning the nature and *modus operandi* of the medicinal virtue of drugs in general, and partly from inadequate observations made of phenomena of different kinds, and unequally considered, as the late Professor Czermak has it. It is this unscientific process of combining heterogeneous elements into a theorem that has opened wide fields to charlatanism, which fills the papers with certificates testifying to ephemeral cures of imaginary complaints, to the delight of the credulous. I do not intend to enter now into a proper analysis of the various phenomena exhibited by this power, and suggestions they may offer for a plausible theory; but as I had of late the opportunity to experience the effect of this mysterious power upon myself, produced by one of our most genuine healers, I cannot resist the impulse to submit to your intelligent readers a few thoughts concerning the main characteristic feature of this wonderful gift, with a few hints elucidating the floating schemes for its explanation.

Mesmer, by the exhibition of his marvelous power, has given a new impetus to the scientific investigations concerning the relation between mind and body, and although the said investigations have taken a centrifugal direction and ultimately in a psychology opposed to the tendency of the phenomena observed in Mesmer, he nevertheless has left enough of stir and commotion in the investigating mind to secure, in a future time, a rebounding from the periphery to the centre. Hence the uneasiness among the serious and independent thinkers on the subject in view, in spite of the assurance that psychology has said its last word. Descartes' discovery of the relation which exists between the manifestation of our emotional and sensational life and certain changes going on in the nervous and muscular substance, gave rise to a series of scientific investigations, culminating in the modern view of the origin of sensational thought, or in other words, the materialistic view of our spiritual nature, to which phrenology, with all its errors, has contributed not a little. But although science has indeed succeeded in explaining satisfactorily a great amount of mental phenomena in its own materialistic way, it has left out from the arena of its investigations a certain class of phenomena which are by no means covered by its suggestions, and has thus left the door open to wild speculation with regard to the primitive mesmeric phenomena, which continue to accumulate in spite of ridicule, and which were lately enforced in number by facts from Modern Spiritualism. Remembering in this respect that Descartes' own expression for molecular motion in nerve and muscle is "animal spirits," and "flow of animal spirits," and the like, it is not to be wondered at that while on the one hand there is a great looseness of scientific thought in the hinging of every mental and analogous phenomenon on some of the nerve centres and filaments, there is on the other hand a deal of fanciful speculation on the animal spirit and its flow, expressed now by nervous fluid, nerve-aura, nerve-od, and the like.

But it is especially interesting to contemplate the train of ideas generated from time to time in our intellectual atmosphere, which ideas, not brought, as yet, under the control of sound inductive reasoning, have given rise to wild schemes and furnished aliment to hungry nostrum venders, spiritual and others.

(1.) One of Zoroaster's doctrines with regard to medicine is, that as a sequel of the alliance of Ormuzd, or supreme being, with the Fernars, or spirit of everything, every fractional part of a medicinal substance contains the whole of the medicine or its spirit.

(2.) Paracelsus, but especially Hahnemann, by his strictly scientifically conducted experiments, with regard to ascertaining the physiological relation which must exist between a remedial agent and the human organism, was led step by step to the conclusion that the power of medicine is a pure dynamical or a kind of spiritual power, and that said power is developed in an inverse ratio of the complexity of the bulk, so that the medicinal virtue of a drug acts freer and more powerfully through the vehicle of the smallest fractional part of the drug. This is, as Dr. Veit justly remarked, (Hogg. v. 443) Zoroaster scientifically applied.

(3.) But G. H. Von Schubert, in his history of the soul, starting with the belief that an unseen world of forces forms the complement of the visible world, and that the first manifest themselves when the visible forces fail to manifest, by reason of exhaustion or lack of power, advances the bold assertion with regard to medicine, that by the homeopathic attenuation the hidden soul of the medicine is made to appear, which fact, in dead matter, is equal to the phenomena of animal magnetism. Von Schubert finally asserts that the homeopathist acts by means of a psychical agent following the psychical forces of the body, and through them on the gross materiality of the organism.

(4.) Dr. S. Luitze, a devoted disciple of Hahnemann, a man who evidently possessed the gift of healing in a very high degree, catching the idea, proclaimed openly a monopoly for his own homeopathic preparations of drugs, on the ground that he communicates his extraordinary healing or magnetic power to his drugs during the process of attenuation, and there were thousands of patients under his treatment who swore by him and his magnetic force-globules.

(5.) This is not enough; some of the most learned physicians who adopted Hahnemann's therapeutics, (Dr. Rumel and Surgeon Tietz) starting again from a pure scientific impulse, arrived by experiments and speculations, aided by microscopy, at the conclusion that the medicinal virtue of drugs was either identical with or analogous to electricity and magnetism, and follow consequently the same law of expansion centrifugally as in electricity.

(6.) There remains but one step in advance to make, and we arrive at the conclusion that a medicinal virtue can be transferred from a medicinal to a non-medicinal substance, and this step is really taken by the erudite Dr. Rau from Giessen and others.

(7.) But to complete the picture, I must not forget an anonymous writer in the *Alg. II. Zeitg.* 27, 265, who advances his opinion, supported by microscopic experiments, that a violent disintegration of a medicinal substance produces a lively molecular movement which he calls "vivification" of the drug, and believes that the secret of the homeopathic attenuation consists in this, that *life is made to act upon life*. This again is a revival of an old maxim of the Essians concerning the medicinal virtue of fresh animal blood, that *"life gives life."*

Here, I think, we have all the elements of that chaos which surrounds that marvelous remedial agency not known to the materia medica. It is certainly premature, in the present state of our physiological and psychological knowledge, to undertake any useful speculation concerning the nature and *modus operandi* of the healing power, in question. My own experience with this power of which I am going to give a short account, induces me to refer, with regard to giving an appropriate name to this power, to a simple but very significant utterance of an invisible who has favored us of late with more than one visit. I don't remember, now, whether it is the London or the Philadelphia Katy King, who is accused by some, of Diaknism, but though I had not the pleasure to make the personal acquaintance of that charming creature, I am very grateful to her for a very cutting answer she is said to have given to one of her learned inquirers. She was asked by one of them what element or elements she used in her wonderful re-incarnation or materialization—whether it was magnetism, electricity, od, or what she may call it? "Stupid!" she exclaimed. "It is all nonsense you talk about electricity, magnetism. If I should call it by any name, I would call it *Will Power*." Here lies a sublime truth which does not fit at all a Diakna, as I understand it. Now I come to my own experience:

I have witnessed the operations of the famous Dr. Newton and other genuine healers, but was not able to discover in their methods anything corresponding with the use of electro magnetism or Faradization by the profession. The patients' accounts of their sensations were very unsatisfactory. All that I could get by studying the play of the facial muscles of those healers was a well determined will to cure, characterized by great benevolence. But some two weeks ago, while on business in New York City, I suddenly felt a shooting, itching pain, starting somewhere in the supra-scapular nerve, extending rapidly to all the connected muscles covering the shoulder-blade anteriorly and posteriorly, rendering me

unable to proceed in my walks, and soon the pectoris-major became involved. Having no medicine about me, and being obliged to remain in the city the whole day and be on the move, I determined to apply to the famous healer, Dr. Briggs, whose office was not far off, (24 E. 4th street,) for prompt relief, if possible. Finding him in his office, I told him, meekly, what had happened to me, not giving him my diagnosis, but called my suffering, rheumatism, from cold, pain in arms and back, etc. I found him a gentleman of much suavity, and of a very sympathetic nature. He disclaims any pretensions to working miracles, but believes he has the vocation of healing the sick, and feels always happy in relieving the sufferings of his fellow-beings. I understand his previous occupation was that of a druggist, chemist, and then a practitioner of the eclectic school. He gave up a lucrative business and prepared to follow his inner promptings to confine his activity to his mission of a healer without the materia medica.

Although my slight personal acquaintance with him impressed me much in his favor, I am not the one to be easily psychologized by any one; and less so by him, who is inferior to me in physical strength, stature and self-will.

Briefly: I stepped into his sanctum, sat down and allowed him to operate on me, watching closely his manipulations. I was much surprised to see that the first contact of his hand with my body was at the very spot where the pain started from, although I did not give him any details of my sensations, nor did I give him any topical indications. I have every reason to doubt his knowledge of what should determine the diagnosis in my case. Yet he put his hand immediately on the right spot, pressing gently on it for a while, then manipulating upon the whole area involved in such a manner as if his hands were directed by a knowledge of the most interior workings in the painful muscles, all the time keeping up a most pleasant, calm, suave conversation on indifferent topics. Very soon I felt glow in the *brachial plexus*, and a kind of commotion therein, which alarmed me at first; but soon became aware that the motion took a well-defined direction, and in a few minutes more I felt an affluence of fresh blood in the capillaries and in the painful region, and felt immediately refreshed all over, as if after a genuine Russian bath in my own country.

Thinking I was through, I was about to get up, when the doctor commanded me to rest, for he had some more work to perform. Immediately he put his hand on the region at my left kidney, saying, "You need here some fresh vitality!" which surprised me in the utmost, as, in fact, there is a very weak spot in my organism, for which I treat myself occasionally, but never thought of it at that time. A few manipulations of his upon the said region made me conscious of an increase of tenacity in that organ, and I was soon allowed to rise. Resting a little while, chatting and recruiting, I left the doctor's office, completely restored to my normal condition, and have had no occasion since to resort to my medicine case for myself. Now what was it in Dr. Briggs' operations, in my own case, that relieved me, in half an hour, of a severe acute attack, as described above? There was not a shadow of resemblance in his manipulation to the operations of Faradization or electricity according to science. Then, again, does electricity, magnetism—even zöo-magnetism—make a diagnosis based on the knowledge of morbid physiology? Is it psychic force—if it is anything of the nature of force—scientifically understood? does it reason, make diagnosis? Is psychic force a clairvoyant force? What absurdity! stupid! I would Katy exclaim, and so it is. All we know is that Dr. Briggs can cure diseases when he wills to do it. It is a God-given gift, of which he makes a noble use. God bless him! I do not think to act contrary to our medical code of ethics, if I say to all who are suffering and do not find relief in the knowledge of their doctor, call on the great and genuine healer, Dr. Briggs, whose office is 24 E. 4th street, and get cured. This gift seems to be able to act not only independently of the *materia medica*, but, in many cases, also, independently of surgery. I mean surgery as used by non-Hahnemannian practitioners, in and out of season.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

It is for mothers to teach the boys of today, who will be the men of a few years hence, a truer religion of the body than the present generation learned in boyhood. It is for them to show their boys how truly alcohol is a poison, not merely in name but in fact; to teach them just what its effects, even in moderate doses, are—how it inflames the coating of the stomach; how it gives to the heart, every time it is taken into the system, an extra and hurtful task of lifting, measured by tons in a day; how it over-stimulates the liver, and leaves it torpid; how it affects the brain and the muscles destructively; how that the drunkard's purple and vein-seamed nose means something more than mere ugliness, and is only an evidence of a dangerously disordered circulation. Let them teach these things thoroughly and intelligently, and let them remember that the appetite for alcohol is itself a disease, born often of badly ventilated nurseries, or of a dainty feeding upon unwholesome victuals. Let mothers remember that when they pamper young appetites and cultivate infantile self-indulgence they are sowing the seeds of future drunkenness in their precious ones.—*Hartha and Home.*

Among different nations there are different kinds of loafers. The Italian loafer spends his time in sleeping, the Turkish loafer in dreaming, the Spanish in praying, the French in laughing, the English in swearing, the Russian in gambling, the Hungarian in smoking, the German in drinking, and the American in talking politics.

Literary Department.

THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER,

Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," "The Two Orphans," "Rocky Nook—A Tale for the Times," "Bertha Lee," "My Husband's Secret," "Jessie Gray," "Pictures of Real Life in New York," "The Two Cousins," or, "Sunshine and Tempest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Robert and his mother lingered after the others had taken their departure. Richard pleaded business, and accompanied Colonel Beverly Scott to the city of Vicksburg, where he remained only a few days. On his return no wife waited for his coming at the gate. He entered the house unannounced, and found the three sitting cozily together, Robert reading a new book to his mother and sister, who were occupied with their embroidery. They were in the guest room, which had been given up to the mother. The apartment was the most cheerful one in the house. Robert had wreathed it with Christmas evergreens, and every day brought such flowers as the season furnished. A fire was burning on the hearth. Robert and her mother sat near each other, with their bright-hued worsteds on the table beside them, Robert in an easy chair reading Tennyson's "Maud." He read well, throwing his soul into his words, and he read, also, to appreciating hearers. The sudden appearance of Richard surprised them. Robert threw down her work and sprang up to greet him. Something in his manner and in his face repelled her, and she stopped half way across the room.

"A pleasant time you are having!" he said.

"Am I too much of a stranger to intrude?"

"Yes," said Robert, "unless you can enjoy our book. If I remember correctly, you were never fond of poetry."

"No; I am no romancer, and, moreover, I have no time for idling in the house and reading silly verses to women."

There was a sneer in his voice that did not escape Robert's ear, and to which Robert had become accustomed, but it was unperceived by Mrs. Le Mark.

"Come in, my boy," she said, "do not stand at the door. It is a chilly day without, and you must be cold with your long ride."

"I am hungry, mother. Will you come and take lunch with me?"

Rosie started. "I will order it, Richard," she said.

"No," said Richard, "remain where you are. It is not often that you can get such a reader of poetry as my brother."

The little sensitive heart fluttered. She preferred a hundred times over to make tea for Richard than to hear Robert read, agreeable as was the latter. She stood irresolute. Her husband's look decided the matter; it was imperative; he waved his hand to a chair. No one else saw the motion. She understood and obeyed. The kind little mother, pleased to wait upon her handsome boy, passed out with him. Robert looked grave, turned one glance to Rosie's face, and then resumed his reading.

He remained only two or three days longer, and during that time he avoided Rosie, but kept a watch upon Richard's words and looks. When he left the house a shadow rested on his face as he said to himself:

"With such an angel by his side, I thought Richard's demon would depart; but he is strong as ever. God defend the helpless!"

After the departure of Richard's mother the household returned to its old routine. It was a dull life for Rosie. She practiced music two or three hours a day, wrought upon her embroidery, and, after incredible labor and study, succeeded in making a dozen shirts for Richard. She was very proud of this feat, and carried them to him.

"Very well," he said; "I hope they will fit as well as those which Ruby made."

"I think they will, Richard, because Ruby showed Zell how to make them. Zell says that Ruby's were beautifully made, but mine are as nice."

Richard looked at his little wife keenly for an instant. That sweet, innocent, pleading face was turned to his, longing for one word of praise, yet fearing blame.

"Well, well, Rosie, I have no doubt you have taken a world of pains with them." He drew her toward him and kissed the red lips. "How pretty you look in that bright morning dress!"

Rosie was amply rewarded for all the time and trouble which she had spent upon the shirts, and went dancing about the house, singing like a bird.

With the exception that her three servants were again ordered to field labor, much to Rosie's regret, and that her husband was away a great deal, and when at home busy in his office or among the hands, life went on quietly. The rooms had been cleaned and locked. Richard held the keys. Ruby did not occupy Number Eight, as Zell knew, who climbed once more up the veranda pillars to assure herself of the fact.

Why do I lengthen out these pages? Why do I sit, pen in hand, with the record of poor Rosie's life before me? Here it is given by Zell, who was a faithful chronicler, for I write no fiction.

The truth must be told. I shrink from the record. Longing to get back to the other characters of this story, I have still lingered at Orrend, dreading to write of life there, because one of wretched existence. I do not like to send out sensation stories from my pen, and will hasten to give as briefly as possible the record of Rosie's life for two years from the time of this Christmas visit.

Business affairs went wrong with Richard and irritated him. The last year's crop had been sold in the market at a reduced price. The prospect for the coming year was no better. He differed with his overseer, and during the summer parted with him in anger. In September there was born to Rosie a daughter. Never was a young mother more delighted when told that she had a living child. She went for joy, and lay there, so full of happiness, that when Richard came and did not even kiss her, and said "he wished it had been a boy," she did not mind it much. She was getting used to neglect, and this new sensation was so overpowering, so full of joy, that she was in paradise.

"If only papa were here!" she said to Zell. "He would be so happy. I must call it for my mother, Zell. Richard says he does not mind, I may name it as I choose."

"Vesta Ysabella, then, it will be," said Zell. "I must have it baptized," said Rosie. "It will not be named if we do not."

She begged so hard for this favor that the rector of a church some few miles distant was called in, and making the sign of the cross upon the infant's brow, consecrated it to God as Vesta Ysabella.

There was no lack of interest and amusement now in Rosie's life. The love that had been repressed and chilled found room to expand and grow and blossom into full flower. She read all the books she could get hold of on the treatment of infants; she consulted Mamie Phyllis, and sent for her almost every day to come and see if baby was all right. The old woman, who had raised more than a dozen children, was an oracle in the eyes of the young mother. Absorbed in these new pleasures and duties she forgot that there had been any bitterness in her life.

During this time Richard was superintending the plantation himself. The poor servants fared hard under his fitful temper. Loney became desperate. Her master wished to marry her to a field hand. She resisted, and continued obstinate. When she found him determined, for his will was law, she ran away. He pursued her and brought her back. A dreadful time ensued. She was whipped very severely. Her screams reached the ears of Rosie, at the house, and overcame with pity she sent a petition to Richard, begging him to spare her life. She was helpless for many weeks, but not subdued to her master's will. She ran away again, and was brought back the second time. This time she was chained to the kitchen floor. The chain was long, so that she could get about her work. After some days she broke the lock, and would have drowned herself could she have got to the water; but she was secured, and taken down to New Orleans and sold.

Rosie wept, and ventured to remonstrate with her husband, pleading:

"She was my servant, Richard. It was wrong to treat her so. She was always obedient and good when papa was living."

"Never let me hear you say my servant again. They are mine, now, and you are mine. I shall be supreme in my own house. I have made a good thing by my trade, and bought as fine a slave in Loney's place as is to be found in the State."

This slave was named Washington, and was a noble looking negro.

"He will soon lose that look," said Zell, when she saw him, "for all the servants crouch like dogs."

Wash said he had never been whipped, and never would be. He feared he was going to be at one time, and attempted to run away. A bloodhound was set upon him. Wash was prepared with a cane-knife, a long, broad knife, used in the cane field; and with this he nearly cut the dog's head in two. He was shot at. The bullets lodged in his side, and he was brought back in great suffering. He was a faithful servant, and never would do a mean thing. Strange to say, he was never whipped. Whether the native nobility of the man, united to his great strength, awed the master, or fear of his own life prevented, I know not. Certain it is that Wash alone trod that plantation fearless and unharmed.

Poor Uncle Peter and Jennie were slowly dying from the labor of the field and the severity of the master. Rosie seldom saw them. She ventured once to the quarters in the absence of her husband to carry medicine to Loney, who was ill, and to tell Uncle Peter that she would try

again to intercede for him to be sent to Vicksburg, and hired out at his old place.

"I mean to speak myself, Miss Rosa, too; may be de master will let me go when he knows how much money I will fetch him."

Rosa sought her husband and pleaded for Peter, but to no purpose. What Peter said to her husband she never knew; but she was pleased the next day to see him at work about some slight repairs in the dining-room. He had a mechanical taste, and was very handy around the house. Rosa spoke kindly to him, and brought little Vesta for him to see. As she passed out she met her husband. No one else was in the dining-room. Rosa and her child were in the garden; she was gathering flowers to deck the baby, when Aunt Phyllis came to tell her that Uncle Peter was dying.

She ran to the dining-room, but the poor fellow had just breathed his last. He was a stout, healthy man, and in health ten minutes before his death.

"What is it? What has happened to him?" asked Rosa of Aunt Phyllis.

"The old woman shook her head.

"I was in the smoke-house, Miss Rosa. I don't know nothin' 'bout it. 'Tears like a mighty sudden death."

There was a shadow in this house, and it grew deeper every day. Rosa and her baby were all the brightness there. So long as the child was well, and with her, the mother could not be wholly unhappy. The baby did not look like its mother, but had the fair skin, blue eyes and brown hair of its father's Saxon race. I think she loved it even more for this. It was a pretty sight, when it was old enough to walk, to see it toddling round the house after its mother. She would have no nurse but Zell, and hardly allowed the latter to nurse her treasure save when she took her meals with Richard. Richard cared little for the child, and was annoyed when it was in his sight. Rosa had learned not to bring it to him, unless he were in a genial mood.

The child was about fifteen months old, when Rosa, proud of her baby, who now walked off strong on its little legs, went with it one summer evening to the kitchen to see Aunt Phyllis. Vesta was admitted and praised to its mother's content. The little thing, as if to please her mother, put its hand on the black, laughing face of the cook, and said, "Aunt Phyllis." It was the first time it had used the words, and wonderful did it seem in the eyes of servant and mistress.

"De blessed darlin'! De good Lord bless it now and evermore," said the old woman.

"Did you ever see such a beautiful baby as this in the house, Aunt Phyllis?"

"No, ma'am, I never did, and only one lady as sweet as yourself."

"And who was that, Aunt Phyllis?"

"Oh, Honey! she lived here when I was a little slip of a gal. She was the old Colonel's first wife. Maybe you have seen her picture in de room up stairs."

"Yes, Aunt Phyllis; tell me about her. Did she have a baby?"

"Yes, Missy, she had a baby, and it died in free months after it was born. You see, Honey, I would not tell you of dis before, when dis blessed child was a baby; but now it is jes' as well to know about it."

"And what became of the mother?"

"Oh, Miss, she pined away and died of a broken heart."

"Because her baby died, Aunt Phyllis?"

"Treenon so, Honey; leastways she died, and I saw her buried in de grove yonder. I tell you, Miss Rosa, dem was dark days after she died. Dere was 'nother' bright about de house."

Rosa walked away with her child, and as the day was fine, they rambled around the place, now picking flowers, now chasing a butterfly, now perhaps sitting down to rest while Rosa sung a baby song.

"They had gone some distance from the house, but were still on the grounds, when Rosa suddenly stopped, caught her child in her arms, and stood as if turned to stone. She found herself before a small house, shaded by China trees, with a little gallery in front. Over this gallery ran a Virginia creeper and a prairie rose. It was a pretty place. There was but one room, the door of which stood open. This room was neatly furnished with a straw matting, cane chairs, pictures, flowers, and a small musical instrument.

In an easy chair reclined Richard Le Mark, smoking a cigar. At his feet played a child some six months old, a beautiful boy. Near by sat Ruby, sewing. She was gaily dressed and looked very happy.

Rosa stood as if transfixed, her face as pale as marble, her large black eyes gleaming with a strange fire. There was no motion, save perhaps a closer grasp of the child in her arms. Ruby, with the instinct of servitude, rose. Richard Le Mark took his cigar from his mouth, threw his head back laughingly, and said:

"Walk in, if you choose, Mrs. Le Mark. If my brother Robert were only here, he might give you some information which would humble that haughty look of yours a little. When the wife prefers the brother, let her beware how she assumes such a look of injured innocence as you wear."

It was a moment before the young wife comprehended the import of the words. She had heard them. They had dropped into her ear, and had gone very slowly to the heart, but they did drop there like balls of hot lead. She had all this time kept her eyes fixed upon her husband. Now they turned to the woman standing. There was an insolent, mocking triumph on her face. She believed what her master had said. Why should she not, in her ignorance and her degradation?

Rosa felt humiliated for an instant, and then the old patrician blood in her veins, the blood that had flowed for centuries in a haughty and noble race, was roused. It had never been thus roused before. Drawing herself up to her full height, and clasping her child tight and more tightly to her bosom, she gave her husband such a look of contempt and disdain, that for a moment he covered as if a woman's hand had struck him. Then she turned away without a word. This loving, all-enduring woman had ceased to be patient, had ceased to love; and pitied the Richard Le Mark when love has turned to hatred in the bosom of such a wife as Rosa.

She returned to the house, to her own room. Zell came to take the child; it fell asleep in an instant in her arms; it was very tired with its long walk. Zell laid it in its lace-embroidered crib, and then came and knelt down by Rosa and looked into her eyes kindly, lovingly as a pet dog ventures to look at his master. I think the look reminded Rosa of her dog, for she started, and turning quickly to Zell, said: "Zell, who killed Bob? You remember that we found him dead one day?"

"Your husband killed him; I heard the shot, and saw the dog die."

Zell knew by Rosa's look that the secret which she had guarded with so much care was now known. She had seen her mistress come from Ruby's house, and she knew Le Mark spent his evenings there. The storm had come; Zell was prepared for it; she recoiled a little from the pain it would bring upon herself, but she could not retrace her steps; perhaps she would not if she could. Rosa did not speak again for some minutes; her lips were tightly pressed together, her little hands clenched, her eyes fixed and staring. Zell brought her some iced water; she drank it eagerly, the goblet full.

"Rosa, my darling, you have the baby! See how sweetly she looks!" She drew aside the lace and pointed to the little sleeper, its soft cheeks just tinged with healthy color, its brown curls clustering over the white brow, and its little hands clasped on its bosom. Rosa stooped to kiss it.

"My darling! my precious! Yes, I have my baby! And she, the beautiful lady who died of a broken heart, had no baby to comfort her; her baby died, Zell!"

"Yes, her baby died; I have seen its grave in the grove."

"We will go and plant some flowers upon it, Zell."

"There is a white rose growing there now, Miss Rosa."

(Continued in our next issue.)

Written for the Banner of Light.

LIFE'S BEST.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

It were a gift if we might live life's best—
Obey the highest rule that safe would guide,
And in the right, like Truth itself, abide,
And in the wise like elder sages rest,
And stand like martyrs old the fiery test;
Oh, might we live as heroes revered wide,
And still be true, whatever might betide,
Then were we all in all with comfort blest;
But, woe on woe, we serve as vassals base,
We bow and cringe to wrong, and shame the right;
We lie from day to day with smiling face,
And serve the golden calf with all our might;
Distract ourselves in life with doubt and din,
And walk half loving, half in fear of sin!

Select Circle at the Parlors of J. V. Mansfield.

NO. VII.

BY HON. A. G. W. CARTER.

DEAR BANNER—Our circle met this afternoon, most of the regular members being present; but Mr. Mansfield was not in very good medium condition, having done a great deal of test work during the day for the many persons who called upon him to get communications from the spirits; and on this account our band could not be so communicative as usual. We got something, however, and this, in the line as delivered, I will give you for your readers, as well as I can under the circumstances of lacking very much to give.

I first wrote as follows, after the members of our circle had much discussed how we should proceed:

PRESIDENT KINMONT—We have been discussing how to proceed in our circle. Please say to us what are the wishes of yourself and the band in that regard. We will abide by your direction.

A. G. W. CARTER.

This answer came, as usual:

"My DEAR CARTER—I have listened to the conversation between you and the circle, and will here say we will try and respond to any question the circle may propose; but we must do so in a condensed form. When your circle is complete, we will then come to a definite arrangement as to future proceedings."

ALEX. KINMONT.

As to what is meant by "when your circle is complete," in the above reply, will be seen in a subsequent communication of Mr. Kinmont. Mr. H. J. Newton next put the following question:

"Will Dr. Hare report to the circle how I shall proceed to photograph spirits?"

H. J. NEWTON.

And received the following answer:

"DEAR NEWTON—I have given the matter of photography some attention since my arrival here, thinking I might discover a method by which photography might be made practical generally by the photographers—that is, in photographing the spirits. But I have come to the conclusion it can be made practical when there is a proper medium power. There are those who can so control, but there is only now and then one. I am fearful, dear Newton, you do not of yourself possess that magnetism."

ROBT HARE.

Mr. Newton, as an amateur, has been very much engaged in experimental photography, and has accomplished a good deal. It will be remembered that at our last meeting he asked Monsieur Daguerre about photographs in colors, and received an answer. It would seem from the above answer that spirit photography cannot be accomplished without a proper medium, and such ones are few and far between; so that there is no use of experimenting without the medium from whom the necessary elements can be congregated, so as to effect the purpose. Mr. Newton is informed that he does not possess the magnetism. He will have to look up a proper medium for his experiments, if he has not got one already.

Mrs. Newton now, by permission of the circle, asked the following private question to her son:

"DEAR FRANKIE—As you were present at our last meeting, I take it for granted that you are with us to-day. I have several times been told that you were in the school of science; if so, tell me how you pursue your studies, and whether you would advise your brother to enter the school of mines connected with Columbia College."

Your loving MOTHER.

And in usual form and manner this gratifying response ensued:

"Bless you, darling mother, for allowing me to speak to you at this important time. I say important, when I see so many great minds gathered together as now assembled. But they very politely gave me an opportunity of speaking to my mother at this moment. Now, mother, you would know how I employ my time; what are, and how do I pursue my studies. Well, mother, if I should tell you you could not comprehend me. I will sometime try and explain it through Nellie. But as to Harry, I should advise you to allow him to follow out the bent of his own mind. All I fear, it may draw faster on his vital forces than his physique may be able to part with. I think you had better encourage his going into that school—Columbia College."

Your son FRANKIE.

Dr. S. B. Brittan next propounded a scientific inquiry in reference to the manner in which the spirits in materialization at the "Eddys" made and varied their weight when placed upon the scales. But having neither the question or answer by me, it will be perhaps sufficient to say, that the weight of the spirits materialized at the

Eddys' home was much controlled by the will of the spirits, and the conditions of the medium and the surroundings. But Dr. Brittan left his question in written and sealed form with Mr. Mansfield at his request, to receive hereafter a more particular and extended answer, when Mr. Mansfield himself might be in better and more receptive condition for solving such a problem.

The medium at this stage of affairs evidently showed signs of fatigue and exhaustion, questions not having been answered with the usual alacrity and clearness; but after a while, with the permission of Mr. M., I put the following:

"ALEXANDER KINMONT—Please state to me the *particular reason* of the failure of our meeting this afternoon? Tell me, too, shall we continue our meetings of the circle?"

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in the usual, though somewhat smaller back-hand writing, with *fac simile* signature, this answer came:

"Well, my Carter, I am not aware it was a failure; it was even more than I had anticipated. In the first place, the circle was incomplete; and then again, the medium had been overtaxed in the forepart of the day.

Yes, continue them, if you feel you can organize a circle that will attend regularly; but do so fill your circle, and close the door, and then should one excuse himself from the circle, not allow another one to take his place. We would rather have one less in a new magnetism after the battery has been complete."

ALEX. KINMONT.

Now we have what the spirits mean by the circle being complete; not by filling up with extra members, but by keeping the same members, and not introducing new ones. This we have not strictly followed, and the fact has been too apparent that members do not sufficiently well attend as to keep up the same magnetism as the spirits need and want. It is a curious fact about these circles for spirit manifestations, that the most of them, as many of experience too well know, are broken up, and rendered comparatively useless, by non-attendance of members, and the introduction of new members, which interferes with the established magnetism of the circle, and changes it so much as to keep the circle continually in the state of *beginning*, and *never progressing*. I therefore put down a distinctive list of nine names for the acceptance of the spirit band—names of those who can be depended upon hereafter for regularity in attendance and attention, and they were placed in writing before Mr. Kinmont, with the following question:

"Shall the above names constitute those of our circle for permanent existence, and those only?"

A. G. W. CARTER.

And this was the answer received:

"That is all proper, and to us very acceptable. That looks like business. If they will all attend we ask no more."

ALEX. KINMONT.

He also added to my oral question:

"We are not particular, so long as it does not draw too heavily on the medium. I should say ten would be a fair number, but we want them all present before we attempt to communicate, that we may harmonize the influence. What we mean by that is, to have the door closed before we commence talking."

ALEX. KINMONT.

Again, after the notwithstanding apparent untoward circumstances, I ventured, with the full permission of the medium, to ask Swedenborg as follows. In order, if possible, to have explained the ambiguity of a communication of his at a former meeting:

"EMANUEL SWEDENBORG—At our meeting before last, you said in your communication: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular; it would appear more clear to you.' What did you mean by that? Your vernacular was the Swedish language; your works were in the Latin."

A. G. W. CARTER.

And in remarkably fine, unique, and peculiar handwriting, in the usual way, came the following answer:

"DEAR CARTER—I have been amused exceedingly with remarks growing out of one word which occurs in a sentence addressed to you some weeks since. One Mr. B. quite mistakes my meaning. I will repeat it again: 'Could you read me in my own native vernacular.' What I intended you should understand was this: could you but talk the Swedish language as you do the English, and we could sit together of an evening and discuss our ideas and thoughts freely, then I could make myself perfectly understood. I am aware my writings were expressed in the Latin, yet my own native vernacular was Swede."

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

This, then, for the benefit of Dr. Bloede, perhaps myself, and those who might have been troubled in any degree by Swedenborg's equivocal or ambiguous words "me," and "my own native vernacular." It does seem that spirits have sometimes much difficulty in expressing themselves explicitly and accurately through mediums. But we need not wonder at this, for in common conversation how careless and inaccurate are we; and that because of the hurried course of converse with each other; and this, too, is the case when we write in haste and "off-hand." Mr. Mansfield himself never at all is surprised at inaccuracies or mistakes in expression in communications through himself. He says for various causes they frequently occur, attributing most of them, however, to himself.

Then, again, Mr. Mansfield says that he is not a medium for scientific or philosophical disquisitions and dissertations of length. He is a *test* medium for written communications from the spirits, and in this we know he is most successful; but to questions of practical philosophy or science, the spirits, through him, will give brief and pointed answers, and in this direction that is all, for the most part, we may expect. But he has so many answers to make he must, for the sake of the spirits and himself, be brief. For the spirit-world and this—for letter communication between that and this—he is most distinctively, as he has so often been called, the *Spirits' Post-Office*!

POSTSCRIPT.—I must add for your readers the following facts and communication: In the body of my article I referred to a question put, in the "Select Circle," by Prof. S. B. Brittan, which was not thoroughly answered, because of the apparent fatigue of the medium, who requested the Professor to leave the question with him, and the spirits would answer it when the medium was in better condition. Accordingly Mr. Brittan left the question written in ink, and closely sealed up in envelope, with Mr. Mansfield; and yesterday Mr. Brittan called upon me, with the sealed envelope containing the following question, without his signature however, the envelope having been opened in my presence:

"TO ANY PHILOSOPHICAL SPIRIT: Col. Olcott says that he weighed the materialized spirit of Honto four times, and that the weight varied from fifty-four to eighty-eight pounds avoirdupois. Did the varying weight indicate the several degrees of materialization, and the precise specific gravity of elements actually condensed in the process, or were the results dependent on the will-power of the spirits exercised on the scale, on the materialized form, or otherwise?"

And this is the answer, and a quite important,

spiritually scientific one it is, written in large, bold hand, and *fac simile* autograph signatures:

"DEAR FRIEND BRITTAN—Touching that matter of materialization, we will say, the 'Colonel' is justified in saying he actually weighed the materialized body of the Indian girl. Spirits have the power of materializing themselves so as to take various forms, such as birds, dogs, horses, in fact any form they please below the mortal form, and at times they have and no do materialize themselves and show the human form. The latter is by far the most infrequent, yet it is accomplished under favorable conditions. But the materialization through the lower order of beings, as above narrated, is common to the inhabitants of the spirit-world. We are often successful in making the dumb animals speak—birds in particular."

In materializing, the spirits can vary their weight on the scales, just in proportion to their will power, or force they possess. One spirit can so increase the weight of a ponderable substance, for instance a table, that ten powerful mortals could not raise it from the floor.

"The Indian could have weighed one hundred and fifty pounds as easily as she did eighty-eight pounds. She could have weighed one pound as well. It depends entirely upon the will force of the spirit how much it will weigh—more or less."

BENJA. FRANKLIN, ROBT HARE.

There then is the answer—with the *fac simile* autographs—and what a manifestation it is! We learn new facts; one very interesting and peculiar and important—that spirits have facilities in materializing themselves in forms below mortal, but more difficultly in human forms, which, however, is now done. Another remarkable fact—that spirits are often successful in making dumb animals speak, birds in particular. And still another—that, in materializing, a spirit can weigh just so much as it will. Much food for spiritual, scientific and philosophical reflection, is it not?

New York, Nov. 10th, 1874.

Conversations on Spiritualism.

ROCHESTER HALL, SUNDAY EVENING, DEC. 6.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

The meeting was one of the most largely attended and most interesting of the series. Excellent singing was furnished by Mrs. Stone and daughter, and Miss Sawyer and brother, assisted by one of the Hampton vocalists. The question suggested by the committee was the following:

"What definite power have departed statesmen over the affairs of the nation?"

Dr. H. B. Storer being entranced, the spirit responded:

The subject presented by your committee is one peculiarly proper and characteristic of the century in which we live. Indeed, I may say characteristic of this latter part of the century, for such a question would hardly have been asked at the dawn of the century. The prevailing theological ideas so controlled the minds of the people, that they would have regarded it as a strange question to inquire as to the interest of departed statesmen in earthly affairs. If you had asked the question what interest have those who dwell in heaven above, or in hell below, you would have been thought simply blasphemous. It was assumed that after men had left the shores of mortality they had no interest in the life they had left. All this is changed. The public mind everywhere is penetrated with the idea that man feels an interest in human affairs after he has 'shuffled off this mortal coil.'

You properly ask what power departed statesmen have in the affairs of the nation, now that they have entered upon different scenes. I am invited here to answer this question. The suggestions I have to make will be practical. I may not be able to demonstrate personal interest; I might have difficulty in demonstrating my identity. You may at least consider that he who is speaking is interested not only in this nation, but in that composite whole of which this nation is a part. Governments are established for the protection of the weak against the strong. Governments rightly exist for this object. Although the office of government has been perverted by evil men—the various forms of government having rather expressed the strength of the strong, than their disposition to protect the weak in accordance with the principle of justice—yet from the first establishment of government there was recognized the idea that it was for protection that government was instituted. And there was always an inner voice of protest against any other object.

If I am to speak unbiased by personal interest, I must speak in accordance with the eternal principles upon which governments are based, and for which they are instituted. I think I shall have the sympathy of all who hear me—and I include those unseen—when I say that if intelligent power is exercised so as to control others, that power must be employed in accordance with the voice of conscience, recognized as the voice of God. I am to speak to those who recognize the central principle of justice.

I am met by the thought that governments have existed not in accordance with this principle, not recognizing it. I assure you you need not be deceived by appearances, need not allow your intuitive convictions to be baffled by any presentations of history, which represent man as outgrowing the limitations of each successive step of progress. Mankind has ever sought for the good and the true. The struggles of the race have been after the more perfect. If to day you seem to have attained a system of government superior to what preceded it, it is because you are standing upon the monument reared by your fathers. If you have not yet attained the best, if your methods of wielding power are not altogether perfect, it is because you are not simply to die leaving none to follow, but because others are to continue the work, beginning where you leave off. We do not look upon the past with enmity. We do not look upon the future without hope. We do not look upon the present with despair.

Every human being passing through this stage of life continues to feel some degree of interest in whatever relates to human well-being. Their interest in any special work continues till that work is perfected. Fortunately it happens to us all that we have special interest in certain directions in which our minds can most easily work.

It happens that I was early interested in a system of government that should realize my ideal of absolute justice; and I here affirm that, in my career, brief though it was, you can find nothing that seemed to be born of a spirit other than this. I affirm that every act, every vote, and every speech was born of a desire to realize a higher condition of things. Though my views differed from others, though I met those who challenged me in debate, and who sometimes successfully overthrew my argument, yet never was I met by one who brought to my face the blush of shame, or made me feel that I brought dishonor upon my name. But I am not to make this personal.

Statesmen often find themselves compelled to reverse their methods, but they do not necessarily change their motives. We are all limited in our apprehension. Your great and noble-hearted martyr, John Brown—at heart a statesman—was compelled to recognize that his method was not the wisest, yet he recognized as well that it was inevitable, and aided in bringing tardy justice to a race—ay, two races long enslaved.

Those who are thus compelled to change their methods, are sometimes spoken of as feeling remorse, as 'getting their deserts.' Men get their deserts by looking into their own souls, and appreciating their own motives. In the spirit-world it is our privilege to survey a larger space, to comprehend a greater variety of views, to understand that great men are great simply because they embody the purposes of a host who speak and act through them. When men perceive this—that they are each but one of many workers—they take less credit to themselves. Often a man, unduly estimating himself, finds himself momentarily shamed, not for his motives, but because of his egotism.

You are each of you actors—one of many set to do that which constitutes the work of the body politic; you are but a cell in the body politic—a nucleated life. Men of intelligence are very quick to perceive when they enter spirit-life, that the whole burden did not rest upon their shoulders.

I look over this country—this *E pluribus unum*, many in one—these several States, each with its own privileges, each with its own duties, each with its own strength, its own limitations, its own peculiar powers, and each recognizing its duty to itself. And this duty to itself is the central idea of State's rights: to seek the well-being of every member of the State; its chief concern is this, because its power is limited, and hence must not be diffused and wasted.

I promulgate my clear conviction, shared by many, that the doctrine of State Rights must be jealously preserved; that you must not suppose that you can surrender the rights of a State, in order to secure the rights of the General Government.

I come to you as voters—men who vote now; women who must and will vote by-and-by. First, it is your duty to consider intelligently what makes the good of the individual. You cannot be true to your individual selves, and fall to be true to the Government, and you cannot be true to your Government unless first true to yourselves. If the simple element is not adapted by its own nature to combine with others, the body or result of the combination must be faulty.

I am not privileged to predict when we will have a perfect form of government, when every man shall be a law unto himself. But there can never be a perfect form of government till that law, that right to rule, is sanctioned and enforced by conscience. You may think I have gained something by my transit; man always gains something when he investigates principles. He whose footing is established upon principles is safe. Better that revolutions continue until it is seen that the law of rectitude in private life is the law of rectitude in public life.

I cannot yet discern the time; it belongs to the future. Your battle for the next fifty years is to be concerning this principle of individual sovereignty. You will not be afraid; you will not, if wise, believe that individual sovereignty militates against just government. The star is a beautiful object to gaze upon, but what is a single star compared with that magnificent galaxy whose splendor bursts upon your view at night, and in which every star holds its proper place perfectly related to the rest?

The statement that it is necessary for mankind that governments exist, is founded in truth; but the illustrations employed to sustain it are often very far from true. It does not follow because by the exercise of arbitrary power you can accomplish some pet project, that you have the right to exercise it. That the mistake of monarchies is to place the power in the hands of one man, who continues to feel an interest in affairs in which he was so actively engaged, is one of no wrong. But republics, founded upon the will of the people, come as a substitute for the idea of autocracy, finding its best expression in America.

We ask you to consider that the will of the people—the *vox populi*—is not always expressed in accordance with the rights and needs of the masses. The majority have not always that sympathy for the weak which qualifies them to wield their power. It is a great gain to pass from a monarchy to a republic. Though the majority rules, it does not follow that the best possible condition has been attained. Minorities should always be represented. I have to criticize your politics in this particular. Always, in your Congress and representative bodies, minorities should have certain rights guaranteed to them, which the majority cannot touch.

It would be well for you to give full attention to this thought of the subject, for I am not really answering distinctly the question asked as to the interest of spirits in government. Would you ask me concerning individuals? I must, by way of illustration, cite the example of my noble friend, your late martyred president; that man, simple as a child, whose motives were altogether pure, born out of conditions of hardship, who attained a comprehensive judgment by the conditions in which he was placed—that noble man, my personal friend, my former antagonist on the reform, I will cite him as an instance of one who continues to feel an interest in affairs in which he was so actively engaged. His influence to-day is not so much in Congress, in government, not so much with the leaders—the great lights of your politics (I find these can be numbered on the fingers of one hand, and your parties are dissolving rapidly). His influence is being exerted upon the class from which he came—upon minds who drink in the principles which animated him. Abraham Lincoln is to-day more truly the boatman, more truly the lumberman, more truly among the workmen, those who are not recognized as great, but who are the substrata of your liberties, who are depended upon when any great or unusual crisis in your affairs occurs. He is a teacher among laboring men, wielding power because of his simplicity and purity, for the great heart of this people responds to sincerity, and will recognize one who was its embodiment.

You mistake when you suppose that a man is necessarily elevated to a position corresponding to the one he occupied here. That elevation was an incident. He was borne upon a wave which has receded. His own interior character determines his position now. When you send such a man as him I have named, you enrich the spirit-world.

Men who represent and embody great principles, are centres about which spirits group. You can hardly build a public edifice but it becomes a centre of thought; you locate your places of residence by their distance from these landmarks.

Your Parker speaks through many lips. It would be difficult to prove that Parker himself stands behind every medium. He may know nothing of what is spoken. But it may represent the truths he taught. So of Lincoln, Washington, and Paine, one of your truest statesmen. Their names are often taken upon lips simply inspired by the principles they represented.

When you desire information concerning your national affairs, let your minds go out to some representative mind. Your desire may not reach the mind, but it will the centre of that sphere of thought. "Where two or three are gathered together," it is absurd to suppose Jesus gives a personal response to these multitudinous petitions. But if you appeal to that centre and source of influence gathering around his name, you do draw something belonging to his sphere. Believe in your departed statesmen, not as having personal ambition, but as men pure of heart, desiring the nation's good.

In concluding, the speaker referred to the opposing prayers offered North and South during the late war, and suggested that Calhoun, for example, might have been successfully appealed to to give his aid to the cause of the South, and such men as Paine, Adams, and others, represented centres of influence for the success of the North. Those who fell in battle from the opposing sides met and clasped hands, recognizing their mutual sincerity, and especially the true purpose of the conflict and the great good resulting from it.

What a wonderful thing love is to a woman! How it helps her to know that some one is always fond of her, and rejoices when she rejoices, and sorrows when she grieves; to be sure that her faults are loved, and that her face is fairer to one, at least, than faces that are more beautiful—that one great heart holds her sacred to its innermost recesses above all other women! She can do anything, suffer anything, thus upheld. She grows prettier under the sweet influences, brighter, kinder, stronger, and life seems but a foretaste of heaven, and all her dreams are golden.

Health is the one thing needful; therefore no pains, expense, self-denial or restraint, which we submit to for the sake of it, is too much. Whether it requires us to relinquish lucrative situations, to abstain from favorite indulgences, to control intemperate passions or undergo tedious regimens—whatever difficulties it lays us under, a man who pursues his happiness rationally and resolutely will be content to submit to.

Spiritual Phenomena.

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. COMPTON.

BY DR. FRED. L. H. WILLIS.

DEAR BANNER—The attention of your readers has been called to the mediumship of Mrs. Compton, of Havana, Schuyler Co., N. Y., in two or more articles that have appeared in your columns, from the pen of Mr. Hibbard, of Watkins.

Having had two remarkable experiences with this medium, I propose to give you a detailed account of them, feeling that the great interest now being manifested in the phenomena of Spiritualism, especially those attending materializations, will render it of interest to your readers.

Havana is a pleasant little town, famous for its beautiful glens and its magnetic springs, situated about three miles from Watkins, and ten miles from my summer residence on Seneca Lake.

I had heard much of Mrs. Compton's mediumship from my worthy friends, Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Lewis, of Watkins, who were pioneer Spiritualists in Schuyler Co.; but, being absorbed in professional labor, I had made no effort to see her. Some weeks ago, however, there was a great hue and cry made over one of those *exposés* that have been so famous in Spiritualism ever since its modern advent, and by which it has been so often exploded that the wonder is that there is a microscopic fragment of it left, and throughout the country went the tidings that Mrs. Compton was a fraud, and that pictures, cut out and pasted upon cardboard, had been found there in her cabinet.

As soon as the story was related to me, I at once received a strong impression that a gross fraud had been perpetrated upon this poor woman, and that those pictures were carried there with malicious intent. The sequel has demonstrated the truth of my impression.

I felt at once a strong desire to have a test sitting with her. But in consequence of the excitement caused by this pretended *exposé*, and the harshness and utter uncharitableness with which she was treated by some of the professing Spiritualists of Watkins, the poor woman was thrown into a low typhoid condition, and prostrated upon a bed of illness.

When will Spiritualists learn to treat their mediums decently, even though they stumble and go astray? When will they cease to violate every principle of the beautiful religion of the angels and visit with contempt and scorn the sensitive spirit already stung to the quick by false accusations hurled at it?

Hearing of the illness and distress of the medium, Mrs. Willis and a lady friend who was visiting with her, who is also a fine medium, decided to go and see her. They did so, and found her an object of pity indeed, crushed and despairing; and in the moments of her delirium begging that she might be permitted to go into the cabinet and subject herself to any test to satisfy them that she was not an impostor.

The spirits found her only about a year ago, a poor woman, in the humblest circumstances of life, working at a wash-tub to support her family of little children, and finding that she possessed an organism that they could control and make the instrument through which to accomplish a great work, with that broad charity and divine love that knows no distinction of persons, they poured their gifts upon her in the midst of her poverty, and the humble cabin in which she dwelt became the gateway of heaven.

She began with raps and physical manifestations. From thence she developed into a medium for voices and materializations. She is ignorant—utterly uncultivated. Her hands are hard and rough with toil; but she impresses one as being truthful, honest and earnest—and I believe that I read character as readily as any sensitive in the country, my whole time being given to psychometric delineations of disease from hair and hand-writing, which keep my perceptions intensely active.

As soon as she had sufficiently recovered from the shock that had prostrated her, I made arrangements for a test sitting with her. We visited her for that purpose on Wednesday evening, Oct. 28th. But there was some misunderstanding about the evening, and not expecting us she had given a sitting that afternoon to some strangers, from Elmira; and having been so recently ill, she had not sufficient strength to sit again in the evening. So we arranged for a morning séance the next day, as we could not remain over another night.

At the appointed hour we were present. The little cabin, by the way, has been made over into a comfortable house, enlarged, and in every way improved. The circle room is over the parlor; a room perhaps 12x16. It is fitted with close shutters to the windows, so that it can be made quite dark. It is reached by a flight of stairs from the parlor. A partition just large enough to contain an ordinary sized door has been placed in one corner of the room, forming a small, three-cornered cupboard, scarcely large enough to allow two persons at a time to stand in it. This forms the cabinet; it is lathed and plastered; the floor of it is bare, and it has no communication with any other part of the house. A chair occupies one corner of it, in which the medium sits. The upper portion of the door has been saved off, leaving an aperture of about fourteen inches, which divides in the centre.

On the morning in question the circle comprised Dr. and Mrs. Lewis, myself and wife, and Mrs. G., our guest, Mr. Hibbard, two children of Mrs. Compton's, and her husband. The latter, however, did not sit in the circle, but outside, in the opposite corner to the cabinet, where there was a small table with a kerosene lamp upon it, which he managed, increasing or diminishing the light according to the dicta of the spirits.

The rest of us formed a half circle in front of the cabinet. The light all the while was sufficient for us to distinguish each other, and discern objects in the room.

Before the circle commenced I examined the cabinet rigidly in every part. Mrs. W. and Mrs. G. took the medium into an adjoining room and searched her person carefully, as it had been asserted that she carried the pictures and drapery, and the whole paraphernalia of her materializations, concealed beneath her skirts. They found nothing whatever in the least degree suspicious. She then entered the cabinet and took her seat in the chair. Mrs. Lewis and myself then took a paper of good sized carpet tacks and nailed the bottom of her dress securely to the floor, driving the tacks firmly in.

Before she entered the cabinet I scrutinized her dress thoroughly, making myself familiar with its every detail. I noted just how her hair

was dressed. She has dark, almost black hair, and it was dressed very nicely in the modern style with braids and bands. I noted the manner in which the pin was fastened into the ribbon she wore upon her neck, and just how that ribbon was tied. I noted especially, too, the form and expression of her hands, studying them carefully. She wore a black alpaca dress, much worn. I closely observed the style of its drapery, and the length of its skirt. All these things I made myself familiar with, so that I should know, when she came out of the cabinet, if she had removed her own clothing—as she was accused of doing—and substituted the costume of the pretended spirit; for I knew that it would be utterly impossible for her to resume her own costume in the dark, and restore everything precisely as it was before; and I studied her hands carefully for the purpose of comparing them with the hands of the apparition, should it make its appearance under the conditions named.

When all was in readiness, and the light was made dim, we were requested to sing. We did so, and in a few minutes the cabinet door seemed to open a few inches, and a weird phantom, bearing the semblance of a woman, clothed in a flowing costume of white, glided out. She had light golden hair, that hung in ringlets upon her shoulders. Over her head was thrown a veil of delicate texture, and in one hand she carried a handkerchief, that looked like a bit of fleecy cloud. Her dress was exceedingly white and lustrous, without a wrinkle or fold in it. The drapery fell gracefully from the figure, and trailed upon the floor behind. She advanced toward me, and put the hand that held the handkerchief upon my head, and the folds of it fell upon my face. It felt like no fabric with which I am familiar. I specially scrutinized the hands, and found them totally unlike the medium's. Three times the phantom returned to the cabinet, apparently to gain more strength. The second time it came out it seemed to come directly through the substance of the door, which I am positive did not open for its egress. The first and third time the door opened about six inches, not wide enough for a mortal body to pass through.

This apparition calls itself Katy King. This seems to be a favorite name with the influences that control these séances for materializations; and I have come to look upon it as a sort of generic term.

After the spectre had disappeared for the last time, the voices commenced. One control purports to be Daniel Webster; another, an Indian, who calls himself Seneca Chief; yet another, an old lady, a Mrs. Williams, who was over ninety when she laid aside the mortal. Webster shows himself above the door, and the head and features certainly show a marked resemblance to those of the great statesman. The Indian materializes himself fully, and steps out of the cabinet in full Indian costume with two feathers on his head. On the present occasion this did not occur, as it was claimed that it exhausted the medium's strength materializing Katy.

I received from the voices a very fine test: A great-uncle, whose name was peculiar, and which my wife, even, did not know, talked with me some time, and gave his name in full.

At the close of the séance we rushed to the cabinet, and there the medium sat, just as we had left her, with her skirts tacked so securely to the floor that we were obliged to use a claw-hammer to get the tacks out.

On comparing notes afterward with Mrs. Willis and Mrs. G., we found that our observations corroborated each other. To Mrs. G. and myself, who were nearest the spectre, it seemed transparent. The drapery quite elaborate, and very beautiful. The medium's dress, which I had scrutinized so closely, was precisely as it was when she entered the cabinet, and her hair undisturbed. We felt satisfied that whatever the apparition was it was not the medium.

But the above sitting pales into insignificance beside the one I am about to relate. Feeling that I wished to apply still more rigid test conditions, and knowing that her evening séances were always the finest, I made arrangements to sit with her again on Thursday evening, Nov. 19th. This time Dr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. Wm. Newman, two gentlemen by the name of Cass, Mr. Hibbard and myself composed the circle; all but myself well known citizens of Watkins.

Before the medium entered the cabinet we searched it thoroughly. To test the voices I took strips of adhesive plaster, warmed them well, and thoroughly secured her mouth with them; so that she could by no possibility speak an intelligible word. I put a narrow strip across the mouth diagonally, each way, in the form of a cross. I then put a broad strip across straightway, over the whole, fastening it securely beneath each ear.

Mr. Newman and myself then bound her securely with six feet of rope, in such a manner that she could by no possibility move her arms in the least. Her hands she could move from the wrist only. We formed peculiar knots, and the ends of the rope we carried behind her and fastened with an intricate knot between her shoulders. Through this knot, unknown to any one, I thrust a pin, in such a manner that the knot could not be tampered with without dislodging it. We then led her into the cabinet, seated her in the chair, and again nailed her skirts securely to the floor, and this time with a black lead pencil we marked the floor where each tack went in. As I was leaving the cabinet she tried to speak to me, but I could not understand one word she attempted to say, so securely was her mouth fastened. Only by gestures could she give me to understand that she wanted some more nails driven into her dress.

We then closed the door of the cabinet, the light was made dim, and in three seconds two beautiful hands made their appearance at the aperture. The arms, also, were materialized nearly to the elbow, and draped in a white, glistening material unlike any fabric I can think of. The hands of the medium, as I have said, are long, bony and hardened with toil. These hands were plump, short and beautifully shaped and white as a lily. They passed three times slowly to and fro, and then the door of the cabinet opened, and to our surprise, the phantom Katy glided out. Not five minutes before we had seen the medium bound, nailed to the floor, and her mouth covered with adhesive plasters. We knew as positively as we can know anything outside of pure mathematics in this life, that, besides the medium and the chair she sat in, there was nothing in that cabinet—not so much as a thread or a splinter, and yet in this brief space of time here stood before us a figure that we all distinctly saw emerge from the cabinet, most elaborately dressed, far more so than when I saw it the first time. To assert that the medium could,

in that brief space of time, in utter darkness, have unbound herself, stripped those plasters from her mouth, withdrawn those tacks from the floor, and clothed herself in this elaborate drapery, with flowing curls, and head and neck most elaborately dressed, is simply preposterous.

Three or four times she came from the cabinet, returning to gather strength apparently, for twice she seemed to shrink in stature and almost to dissolve before she could reach the medium. After a few seconds' stay in the cabinet, she would come forth again, and move about freely, and would touch our heads, but said nothing excepting to request us to sing.

As soon as she entered the cabinet the last time, the voices commenced and continued most wonderfully for nearly two hours. The first voice announced Dr. Watkins, a well known citizen of Watkins, for whom the town was named. He accumulated great wealth, and died a rich man. The two gentlemen present by the name of Cass were his relatives. For fifteen minutes or more we listened to an earnest, solemn appeal not to commit the blunder that he did, in order that when we were summoned to enter the spirit-life we need not have to pass through the deep darkness that for a time enveloped him. Said he, "I loved money too well. I loved to accumulate and hoard it. If, instead of leaving so large an inheritance to my heirs, I had helped the poor and suffering as I went along, if I had done more active good with it while in the body, I should have been saved the great darkness in which I so long wandered."

It was one of the most impressive and forcible lessons upon the effects of devoting this life solely to Mammon to which I ever listened.

This was followed by an address from Abijah Newman to his son William, who was present. This address contained many striking tests of a business nature upon matters known only to the son. Also many revelations of peculiarities and eccentricities of individuality, exceedingly gratifying to Dr. and Mrs. Lewis, who were old friends and neighbors of the spirit claiming to be present. In both these cases I was assured that the voice was remarkably natural and life-like.

A little daughter of Dr. Lewis addressed her father and mother with a few words; Webster spoke to us occasionally in reference to conditions, the situation of the medium, &c., and Seneca, the Indian, had much to say, giving me quite a remarkable communication. Said I belonged to him. I asked him, "How so?" He replied: "My old bones buried on your place; we take care you; we watch much over your wigwag." Three weeks previously, an old resident of an adjoining town, whose childhood was passed on Seneca Lake, told me that fifty years ago some men were digging on Rock Stream Point, where now stands my house, and they discovered a large flat stone. They forced it up, and beneath it in a stone-vault lay or sat the skeleton of an Indian, seven feet in length. This I had related to me on present. Seneca, as he materialized at Mrs. Compton's, is of gigantic size almost. He closed the séance with a terrific war-whoop. Such yells I never heard issue from mortal lips. They certainly could not have come from the frail lungs of the medium under the circumstances.

We opened the cabinet door immediately, and there sat the medium precisely as we left her, only in a very exhausted condition. Every knot was just as we left it, and the pin was undisturbed. I removed the plasters from her mouth, and they adhered so closely that their removal was painful, and the flesh beneath them was almost blistered. The nails were just as we had driven them in, each in its pencil-marked position. She had been bound so long—three hours—that her arms were numb and cold as those of a dead body, and I had to rub her a long time to get life and strength into her. She had evidently been in a profound trance for hours.

Thus ended my second test-séance with Mrs. Compton. Let the skeptic explain these facts if he can, without bringing in the absurd accusation of fraud, or remain silent. Otherwise, public opinion will write him down an ass, as it already has Dr. Beard in quarters where he least expected it.

TURNED AND RETURNED.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Closing our engagement of five Sundays in Cairo, Ill., on Nov. 29th, it was announced that day that the Rev. Mr. Thayer would deliver his lecture against Spiritualism on Tuesday evening, Dec. 2d, and as it had been noticed as in process of preparation and completion during our entire stay in the city, and its delivery delayed till we had closed our lectures, of course he and his friends did not expect a reply from us; but they were mistaken, as we were immediately engaged to return from Cobden on Tuesday and hear him, and reply next evening. He had selected the evening of the meeting of a festival by the Ladies' Aid Society, and under their management put in the lecture for a festival, and sold tickets at fifty cents to all the infidels and Spiritualists they could, and with the Aid Society, church and all, got in nearly one hundred persons. The lecture was the most candid, respectable, and one of the ablest we have ever heard; nothing personal was said, and it was free from all those rotten-egg arguments of free-love slang, which in most cases constitute the main part of lectures and articles against us. We took full notes, as he was aware, and thanked him for his able and gentlemanly treatment of the subject, and invited his audience to come to our free lecture and review next evening; and many did come, and heard both sides, and they will surely decide in our favor before long. This finished up our labors at present in Cairo, to the great satisfaction of at least two editors, who, although not alarmed at snakes in their boots, nor at spirits that are bottled, are greatly alarmed at the spread of Spiritualism, and think, for political purposes and the renewed success of the late democratic triumph, that the invisible spirits must be kept at a distance; and they think the social mud the best argument to prejudice the people, and hence they attack it with this alone, and hurl it from the mortars of the press. Individually, this never injures us, whether coming from within or without our ranks; but it does frighten some weak kneed friends whose hearts and sympathies are with us in the spiritual cause, and it is for this purpose that it is used, and no other, as they know their arguments are only filth of their own manufacture.

Detained too late in the week to reach Iowa, we lectured in Cobden Friday evening and Sunday, and Monday started for Iowa via St. Louis and North Missouri; sorry we could not spare time to visit the home of Bro. Mott at Memphis, Mo., and witness his materializations, which are now attracting much attention in the West.

Written for the Banner of Light.

NELLIE AND ANNIE.
A Christmas Carol.

BY MRS. H. N. GREENE BUTTS.

"Oh, Nellie Brown! what would you say
If you could have, on Christmas day,
New books and games, and a new dress?
You'd be as glad as I, I guess."

And then on Christmas eve, you see,
We have a splendid Christmas tree
In mother's room, all lighted bright.
Will it not be a pretty sight?

And oh, we children have such fun!
For something comes for every one;
And Santa Claus, he is so shy—
Why, Nellie Brown, why do you cry?"

"I'm thinking of my mother dear,
Who lives now in another sphere."
Said Nellie Brown, with tear-filled eyes,
As she glanced upward to the skies.

"When she was here, the holidays
Seemed full of light, of love and praise.
I, too, was glad on Christmas night,
For mother dear made all things bright."

Would you, dear little Annie Gray,
If your mamma had gone away,
Think it a joyous Christmas eve
If you alone were left to grieve?"

And then a shadow, dark and deep,
Caused little Annie Gray to weep;
But a new light shone in her eye
As she glanced upward to the sky.

Then Annie Gray more softly said,
With her hand laid on Nellie's head:
"Come to my home on Christmas eve;
You must not stay alone and grieve."

Perhaps your angel mother, bright,
To us may come on Christmas night,
And bring sweet flowers of peace and love,
From her fair summer home above.

And we will little sisters be,
For I have brothers four, you see;
And all my books and games you'll share,
And we will for each other care."

Hopkist, Vine Cottage, Dec. 1874.

Banner Correspondence.

Spiritualism in the "Land of the Lakes."

The readers of the Banner are aware that I have been for years urging the necessity of a system of efficient liberant labor in order to reach the masses with the grand truths of Spiritualism; as not one in a hundred of the people, take the country at large, have yet had an opportunity of listening to lectures on Spiritualism, and but a small portion of the people can ever become acquainted with our beautiful religion and philosophy, or hear it proclaimed from the rostrum under the present chaotic system of lecturing (or rather lecturing without system) which now exists in most of the States. I am, however, gratified and rejoiced to find one State can now be excepted from this inefficient money-wasting mode of lecturing which generally prevails throughout the country.

Minnesota has taken the lead and set a glorious example which all the States would do well to imitate. She has established a very simple and yet a very efficient financial system. She has a State working organization, of which most of the Spiritualists in the State are members, either directly or through local organization. An initiation fee of one or two dollars is required on becoming members, and this amount is to be contributed annually. By this arrangement, which has been in operation for several years, a speaker is kept constantly in the field from year to year, who travels from town to town dispensing the new gospel of the New Spiritual Era. And finally, funds are collected from the rostrum in this way for another speaker in the field.

The first employed was J. L. Potter, a trance speaker. Another who has recently entered the field is K. Graves, of Richmond, Ind. And already the great superiority of this mode of lecturing most distinctly visible throughout the State. Most of the towns have been visited, and in nearly every city, town and village in the State (a good brother informs me) a number of Spiritualists may be found. And there are a much larger proportion of Spiritualists in this State, as the result of this system, than in any other State in the Union. So much for a systematic mode of doing business. How much I should rejoice to hear of other States following the example of Minnesota. Such a system, if generally adopted, would soon spiritually revolutionize the country. So general is the interest already excited on the subject of Spiritualism here that we usually have large and deeply interested audiences to address, and we always make a strong impression in presenting the many grand, beautiful and soul-charming truths of our new gospel. Well done, Minnesota! K. GRAVES.
Lake City, Minn.

New York.

SPRINGVILLE.—Bishop A. Reals writes, Dec. 7th: I have been speaking in country towns during the past month in the interior of Pennsylvania, and I am pleased to report a revival of the cause of truth in many localities. At Moxton I was called to officiate at the funeral of Mrs. Emily Bustmore, who left the form the 23d of November, after an illness of a few weeks. She was an estimable wife and loving mother, and much respected by all who knew her. She has been an outspoken advocate of our glorious philosophy for years, and in that remote locality has done very much toward disseminating the truths of angel communion.

She leaves a husband and a beautiful family to mourn her physical departure, but in their hour of grief they feel the sweet spirit of consolation lifting the heavy clouds from their hearts, and the light of a mother's presence still lovingly leads them toward the Morning-Land, where the flowers of youth again return with the freshness of spring.

That mother's voice I gently hear,
Whispering back these words of cheer
From her home of light so near:
"From my home where all is light—
Father than thy mortal sight
Ever saw in vision bright—
I return to greet my dear ones,
Swift as the light rain runs
From God's world of living suns.
Oft when earthly cares oppress,
I will come with fond caress,
And by heart and home will bless;
And the fragrance of those hours
Touched with the breath of heavenly flowers,
Will be to thee the springtime showers.
Think me near when winter's shroud
Pales the earth once so proud;
Think me near when spring's dawn
Sheds its light on thy new-born dawn;
Fill the earth with gentle strains,
Murmuring back a sweet refrain,
I will walk the household floor
As I did in days of yore!
Dear ones, grieve for me no more!"

BATAVIA.—A. E. English writes: There appears to be a very general awakening among humanity for more tangible proofs of a continued life beyond this. I feel that a glorious time is coming. The dear old Banner stands in the front rank of reform and truth. God and the angels will move the hearts of the people to sustain you.

ALEXANDRIA.—Rhodes Balgcock writes, Dec. 4th: This town contains a voting population of about seven hundred. There are in the place four families of Spiritualists "died in the wool," and there never has been a Spiritualist lecture or a public medium in town. We have

no mediums of our own to enlighten us. Any medium or a lecturer who would be willing to work for low wages, and a plenty of good board free, will find a hearty welcome among us.

Wisconsin.

FOX LAKE.—A reliable correspondent writes as follows: "The cause of Spiritualism has been greatly advanced in this locality by the advent among us of Dr. J. Swanson, a magnetic healer, who has treated over all forms of disease seems to be unlimited. He came here in July last with the intention of remaining but a few weeks, but the number of his patients has been constantly increasing, and he will remain here during the winter. He has successfully treated over one hundred persons, among them several cases of chronic disease of long standing, on which medical treatment of all kinds had utterly failed. Gentleness in deportment, of reserved and unobtrusive character, never attempting to force Spiritualism upon the unwilling, yet ever ready to maintain and demonstrate its truths, he has been employed in many of the first families here, including those of two of our Orthodox clergy, and has given such indisputable evidence of spirit-power as to awaken a sentiment of earnest inquiry on the part of many who three years since had nothing but ridicule and denunciation for Spiritualism and Spiritualists. Truly the 'world moves,' and it is awakening to the fact that it must move with it or be crushed to annihilation. There are many church members here who are now avowed Spiritualists, and a few of them who do not attempt to disguise their sentiments in regard to it."

Texas.

HOUSTON.—Dr. Wm. Cleveland says: I have heard E. V. Wilson—who has labored so hard, and is still working with all his strength in the great and glorious cause of Spiritualism—lecture in half a dozen States, and also heard him delineate character, and give tests, when hundreds would testify to the truth thereof; I have heard him debate the subject of Spiritualism with some of the ablest divines in the West and South, where the people and press admitted he had the best of the argument. I have never heard him, on the rostrum or in private, advocate promiscuity or free loveism, but on the contrary he would advocate the monogamous marriage system with his whole soul. I believe him to be one of the finest mediums of his age in the land. His words doubtless convinced thousands, through his medium powers, of the truths of immortality. He is working hard to make his paper, "The Spiritualist at Work," a success. Let us all encourage him the best we can, and my word for it, it will be truly appreciated by him, and the good angels will bless us for so doing.

The Banner of Light has many warm friends in the West and South; there are those who cannot do without it; they say it is a source of great comfort to them in the times of trouble and affliction. I find it on sale at most of the large towns and cities in the South and West, and I always hail it as a welcome messenger.

Minnesota.

ST. CLOUD.—J. L. Potter writes, Dec. 1st: As the month of November has gone, I am called to write its obituary, by way of a report of how my time was spent during its stay with us; also to furnish reliable data concerning the progress of our common cause, Spiritualism. During the month I visited Granite Falls; Montevideo, New London, Koronis, Paynesville and St. Joseph, giving seventeen lectures, adding ten new names to the Association as members; receiving in collections and yearly dues \$51.35; expenses, \$3.35. People are turning their attention to the subject of Spiritualism more than ever before. They begin to see that there is honor left among the speakers and workers in our cause. Truth will triumph in the end.

The above is respectfully submitted to the Spiritualists of Minnesota.
Permanent address, Northfield, Rice Co., Minn.

Massachusetts.

LOWELL.—Benj. Blood writes: Spiritualism in Lowell is not entirely dead, but appears in a dormant state. Whether it will awake to life and activity again, I do not know. A Mr. Stewart is giving some kind of lectures, as I am informed, in a small hall over the First National Bank, corner of Middle and Central streets, and a few Spiritualists have hired the hall of him at a nominal price, Sunday afternoons and evenings, for three months, commencing the third Sunday in November. The speakers are to be residents of Lowell, as I understand. The medium is a Mrs. Cleaves, and probably some question will be discussed.

To the Connected Spiritualists.

A card, given to the public, and published in the columns of your paper, over the signature of Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, necessitated from me a statement, as its implication not only creates distrust, but also has a tendency to influence the people to withdraw their support from the speakers of the Association. "The Spiritualist," says Mrs. Sayles, "I suppose, has reference to the annual Convention of the Connected Association of Spiritualists, as it was in session in that city at the time of the publication of the card. I am, however, a member of the Association, and have been for many years. I have never met with the Board, she has written, existing herself and apologizing for her inability to attend, and has never notified any of my friends, or our party, to have been so absent. Such a totally untrue statement, and one so easily refuted, is a disgrace to the cause of Spiritualism, and should be at once exposed. 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To Book-Buyers.

At our new location, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street, Boston, we have a fine bookstore on the ground floor of the Building, where we keep on sale a large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works, to which we invite your attention.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1874.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,
No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province
street (Lower Floor).

AGENTS FOR THE BANNER IN NEW YORK,
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 19 NASSAULT.

COLBY & RICH.

LETTERS and communications pertaining to the
Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to
LUTHER COLBY, and all business letters to ISAAC
B. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOS-
TON, MASS.

Special Notice—The New Postal Law.

In consequence of the provisions of the new postal regulation which demand the prepayment of all periodical mail matter, our patrons, when they renew their subscriptions, are requested to forward us, in addition to the usual \$3.00, the sum of fifteen cents for postage, which will be a saving to them of five cents from the amount (twenty cents) which they have heretofore had to pay at the local post offices. Those whose names are now on our list are also requested to send a proportionate sum to defray their postage from the first of January next until the time for which they have paid their subscription runs out. Our patrons will not find their bills any larger, but rather smaller, by their sending us this sum. Those who have paid us the postage will find a "P" affixed to their names upon the paper.

"The Proof Palpable of Immortality."

Those who desire a real gem of Spiritualistic literature, which aims to give a condensed history of the Materialization Phenomena as far as known, and also to present the philosophy of the subject, in its bearings upon theology, religion and morals, should at once purchase Mr. Epes Sargent's new book bearing the above title, which is now ready for issue. It is a handsome volume of some 210 pages. Price, in paper covers, 75 cents; neatly bound in cloth, \$1.00. It will be sent by mail by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, at these prices. Every Spiritualist who desires a convenient answer to the carols of opponents will find it here amply supplied.

The Godly Constitution.

The middle of the present month was fixed for the assembling of a public Convention in this city of the God-in-the-Constitution folk, who are conducting a powerful raid upon Congress through the agency of the petitions which they now understand the secret of getting up as required. Rev. David McAllister is the name of the gentleman who is specially devoting himself to what he doubtless thinks a most worthy object of his highest exertions. The date of the Convention was arranged some time ago for the 15th and the 16th; and the place in which it was to be held was Tremont Temple. The zealots in this scheme are pleased to style their movement an effort to secure the "Christian Amendment" of the Constitution. Whatever may be done with the present Congress, the avowed plan is to come before the Congress that will begin session in 1876—the Centennial of our national freedom—with a petition subscribed by two million names. About a year ago, at their annual Convention in Pittsburgh, Pa., they then reported between fifty or sixty thousand names, which they boasted to have been procured in a few weeks only. Evidently these Constitution gossellers believe in numbers as the most powerful argument, or they would not make such strenuous efforts, afterwards openly boasted of, to secure the names of people, but a very small fraction of whom have paused to reflect on the real effect of the proposed amendment. That this new cabal of pious and pretentious men who assume to possess all the goodness, is exerting itself in an unprecedented manner to compass its ends, is beyond the reach of refutation. We have lifted our voices in warning against the perils they challenge, and it shall be through no fault of ours if they carry out their plans to final success.

It only remains to reiterate the doctrine, which ought not to need reiterating at this day, that our safety as a free people lies in our resolutely keeping Church and State wholly apart. The example of England at this very moment ought to furnish us with all the teachings we require on the subject. There the question of High Church and Low Church, of Catholic and Protestant, is agitating the popular mind to its very centre. It is but the revival in our day of the same fatal quarrel that rent the nation in the time of James the Second, who was driven from the throne nearly two hundred years ago, to be supplanted by the Prince of Orange. It was the knell of the House of the Stuarts in England. And just so long as England consents to maintain what is styled the Established Church as an essential part of the State, so long will these intestine troubles break forth and threaten her peace and security. Gladstone and his Catholic opponent need not be exercising their intellects in this gladiatorial style over the infallibility of the Pope and the predominance of spiritual over civil authority, if England were not thus fatally entangled in a mesh laid so long ago as the time of Henry the Eighth, who wilfully set up a national Church in opposition to that of the Pope, after he had already received the title of "Defender of the Faith." What England most needs to-day to release her and give her the use

of her native powers for the solution of the Irish problem, the suffrage problem, and the labor problem, is perfect extrication from this question of a political Church, which has ever been a source of pride and corruption rather than an aid to religion, and is practically just as mischievous as any church ruled by Romanism that dominates the governments of the States of the Continent.

If we in this country are emulous to enter upon a "Thirty Years' War," such as once convulsed and tore Germany, or would see, as English history enables us to see, our system of government made the sport of religious passions and a wreck before their excited power, all we have to do is to follow out faithfully the course which such men as those who advocate this amendment to our Constitution would recklessly or bigotedly prescribe. The result will be just as certainly like all similar results from like causes in the past, as there is any truth and reality in the logic of human events. The people of this country must take a firm stand on this question. Zealots are proselyting for their cause, and appealing to sentiments which it is most dangerous to confound with political views and duties. To enact the amendment proposed is as surely to invite civil war, nay worse, religious war, as that the sun rises in the east and sets in the west. The bigotry of this dangerous movement with which it is impudently intended to memorialize the Centenary of our civil freedom, is obvious enough in the malignity with which those who conscientiously oppose it are stigmatized as unworthy of any other kind of citizenship than what these marplots would be pleased to extend. Only let their ruinous movement be met by one equally united and determined by the true friends of free government, and we shall very soon have an end of such meetings as those held in Boston and Pittsburgh. And it is high time for the people to organize their utterance.

Pepper Extraordinary.

Professor Pepper, the ghost manufacturer, declares his ability to produce all the effects of the materializations which have made such a sensation at the Eddy household in Chittenden, Vt., and he has no hesitancy in promising those ghosts people dressed up for the occasion, or optical delusions.—Boston Herald.

(If the Professor has taken up the ghost business, our spiritual neighbor of the Banner must keep an eye upon him, as "materializations" belong only to the faithful.)—Lancaster, Dec. 18th.

We might "keep an eye" on this quality of "Pepper," or even have such dust thrown in both eyes, without danger of serious inconvenience to our spiritual vision. The article is non-injuring. Even the "Pepper" sauce made from it, and offered in Redpath's Boston course of Lyceum Lectures, was not pungent, but simply nauseous. This traveling showman, who claims to represent "science," simply exhibits amusing experiments, sandwiched between inglorious stories and dismal efforts at wit, but does not make his experiments subservient to the purpose of illustrating scientific lectures. The method of producing his famous "ghost" is not explained, to illustrate the laws of light or optics. The reflection of a confederate, dressed to represent a variety of personages, by the aid of mirrors, screens, and paraphernalia that occupy a large space upon the platform, is the show for which the audience pay their admission fee, as they do at the theatre, where the same thing is shown. "Science" is as much represented by the theatrical ghost as the Pepper ghost. Amusements confine themselves to their legitimate business as a showman. But when he takes advantage of his elevation upon a platform to ridicule the phenomena of Spiritualism, of which he is evidently an ignoramus, and particularly when "he has no hesitancy in pronouncing" phenomena that challenge and receive thorough investigation from such recognized scientific leaders as Crookes, Varley, Wallace, Hargreaves, and others, to be simply "optical delusions," or people dressed up for the occasion," he shows evident incapacity for scientific observation, and renders it evident that he has wisely chosen the show business instead of the lecture platform as his proper sphere.

Mrs. Mary H. Hardy at Fall River.

This celebrated medium visited Fall River, Mass., on Saturday evening, Dec. 12th, by special invitation, and gave one of her dark circles for physical manifestations. On Sunday she held two sittings—one for materializations. The usual success attending these circles of Mrs. H. followed her here—we are informed by a correspondent—the manifestations being truly marvelous. The sittings were attended by many of the first citizens of that city; and one gentleman, a life-long materialist, declared, at the close of one of the sittings: "I have received on this occasion more evidence of a future life than can be obtained from tons of Bibles, and I now think that my little daughter may still live!"

The intense interest manifested by the residents of different localities visited by Mrs. H. in nearly all the various phases of spirit manifestations, but especially in that of materializations, is represented as something wonderful.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy were hospitably entertained by Dr. Wilbur and lady, of Fall River, who kindly opened their doors for these spiritual demonstrations of the life to come.

The Hyde Park Library.

The Library Committee at Hyde Park, near this city, finally decided, after a considerable show of discussion, to admit the other volumes of Andrew Jackson Davis to the shelves of that fastidious institution, and at the last meeting voted to accept the gift of A. E. Giles, Esq., so far as the remaining volumes are concerned. "Conjugal Love" is accepted, in spite of the previous charge that it advocated "free love" heresies. The former vote rejecting the "Autobiography" and "Morning Lectures," was reconsidered, although one clerical member of the Committee was sure the latter volume was filled with blasphemy, and another clerical member believed no such thing. The whole of this discussion has been amusing in part and puerile altogether. A public library would be a comprehensive and meaty affair that was collected under the directions of such men as certain members of this Hyde Park Committee.

"A Defence of Spiritualism."

Such is the title of a pamphlet of some seventy pages reaching us from Cape Town, Africa. The writer, Mr. Hutchinson, having made himself thoroughly acquainted with the phenomena involved in the study of Spiritualism, has presented to his countrymen, as a result, a most readable book. The selections are as judicious as excellent. While the purpose is noble, and the style of the author clear, an admirable spirit of candor runs through the pages to the close. It cannot fail of doing much good.

Col. Olcott, the Eddys, and the Graphic.

The New York Daily Graphic for Friday, December 11th, presents the twentieth and last letter of Henry S. Olcott to its columns, in which that talented author proceeds to sum up the evidence, as does a lawyer who is about to rest his case with an intelligent public. He informs his readers that he has in this matter reasoned "by exclusion"—in other words, has rejected "everything that happens in the presence of these mediums which could be accounted for on the hypothesis of fraud;" he also states that though he has not been able, from being denied the right "to apply tests and prescribe conditions," to reach what he considers to be the fullest amount of testimony to be gained in the sciences, yet he has "gathered enough together to point the men of science in the direction which they should take;" and has reasoned enough "from oblivion to show the church the importance of neglecting no longer the chance that offers to get proof palpable" to sustain the doctrine of the soul's existence after the bodily decease. The following paragraph shows the character of what Col. Olcott considers that he has seen demonstrated:

"In the first place, it has been proven that, after making every allowance for fraud on the part of the mediums—for Horatio's removing his hand from his neighbor's bare arm in the light circle, for his untidy and re-binding himself in the dark circle, and for William's personating every alleged materialized spirit that approximates to his own height and bulk—we have a large balance of marvels to account for. We have the writing of certain names that the medium had no means of knowing, the exhibition of detached hands of various sizes and colors, some deformed by accidental pre-mortem causes; we have the simultaneous playing of musical compositions by such a number of instruments that one or even two men could not have done it; we have the playing of Georgian and Cressian and Italian music by invisible performers, in response to requests made in languages that neither the medium nor any other person in the room, except the asker, understood; we have the pulling of a spring-balance by detached hands unlike the medium's, one with a finger amputated, and the other with tattoo marks upon the wrist, which in each case would prove that the medium had nothing to do with the pulling; we have had the playing upon an instrument, and the display of hands beyond the reach of the medium, and when his position and movements were all under easy scrutiny; we have had the passage of a solid iron ring upon the arm of the medium, and its transfer to my own, with both of the medium's hands held by mine, and also the dropping of the same solid ring from the medium's arm to the floor, in the light, with a lamp standing within two feet of the medium; we have had the execution of airs upon various musical instruments in concert, in a style so utterly unlike the best efforts of the medium as to preclude the idea that he could have been the performer upon either one of them; we have had, finally, the appearance of a multitude of figures emerging from a closet, where, in the nature of things, it was impossible that any mortal person except one man could have been, dressed in a great variety of costumes, and differing in size, apparent weight, manner, sex, age, and complexion from that person—to make no account of those whom he might have personated if he had been supplied with the appliances of the actor's art. We have, moreover, and especially, seen some of these figures dressed in Oriental costumes, and speaking Oriental languages, besides others who conversed audibly in the modern tongues of Europe. Of the appearance of children, and even little babies in arms, of the appearance of two of the former at one and the same time, of the speaking of words, and sentences by various children, I have heretofore given such circumstantial accounts, and the substantiation of my statements is so easy, that I cite the facts as among the most wonderful of the proofs accumulated during my protracted investigation."

In view of the contention between modern reason and ancient faith, which Professor Draper has declared to be now so wide-reaching and all-important that "all men whose temporal interests are not involved in existing institutions" are earnestly desiring "to find the truth," a conflict "so widespread and so powerful that it can neither be treated with contempt nor with punishment; it cannot be extinguished by derision, by vituperation, or by force," Colonel Olcott speaks hopefully of the results which have already attended his labors at Chittenden—in that clergyman and scientists and laymen have given him in their recent requests for information the strongest evidence of the awaking of a feeling of free inquiry in society, and the broadening of the public sentiment.

He says in the course of his article:

"What a curious law of evolution! How beneficent and wise that every human want seems to be provided for at the proper time! Let any one thing necessary for our existence, comfort or progression fail, and some substitute is found. When the forests of Europe were in danger of extinction, coal was discovered; when the whale fishery failed, mineral oil was struck in Pennsylvania; when the discovery of the iron ores of that region offered us a new source of wealth, the uses of anthracite coal were first learned by the accident of a careless laborer; when the progress of the world demanded the overthrow of ecclesiastical imperialism, the printing-press came to enlighten mankind. That not only dispersed secular knowledge broadened, but proved the most powerful ally of the Church itself in widening the boundaries of true religion. So, also, when the increase of population called for simpler methods of communication by sea and land, steam offered itself as the great desideratum, and in the progressive development of the same need, the electric telegraph came to unite all the people of the earth together in a constant, heaven-descended tie. In view of all this, who dares say that at the very instant of this 'great conflict' between science and religion, when the latter is looking about for better weapons to meet the onslaught of her traditional foe, this spiritualistic manifestation has not been made? If there is anything not beneath contempt in the phenomena, they are calculated to arrest the attention of both antagonists—of the materialists, because, if they are real, their position is untenable; of the religionists, because in their verity they would find an impenetrable armor of defence and an invincible sword of offence against the opponents of immortality."

We desire in this connection to refer to the course of the Graphic in putting the Eddy and other Spiritualistic matters so prominently before the public. Those of our Spiritualist friends who have—with an enthusiasm born of their kindness of heart—fancied that they saw in the great New York illustrated journal a "Moses" that was to lead them out of the Egypt of contumely to the promised land of popularity, are destined to disappointment, as we have delicately hinted in past issues. That the motives which inspired the Graphic publishers to such action were simply and purely of a business—shall we say mercenary?—nature was evident from the special announcement regularly printed over Colonel Olcott's letters, wherein, in Italian, the said gentlemen desired it "to be distinctly understood that this journal is not committed, even indirectly, to the opinions and inferences of its correspondents," and the varied slurs and compliments-by-inversion which the Graphic has of late indulged in, together with its recent half-

page effort, through pictorial illustration, to awaken, at the expense of Spiritualism, that "loud laugh" of public ridicule which so clearly "speaks the vacant mind," must have shown the true animus of the paper, which evidently seeks the "shackles," and is apparently willing to take any steps, or wear (if need be) any "shackles," to obtain them. Indeed, it would seem that its publishers have suddenly become convinced that they are to be reckoned among the "men whose temporal interests are involved in existing institutions," and they are hastening to low-tow to the prejudice of the masses by printing columns of mental drivel from the pens of "Mediomanda Marvin," "John Paul," (Webb) and the like ilk.

We find the editor of the Graphic publishing, as a saving clause, in the same number which contains the closing letter of Col. Olcott above referred to, over a column of senseless twaddle from writers upon whose crania the bump of self-esteem assuredly does not make itself conspicuous by its absence, concerning "The Uselessness of 'Spiritualism,'" "An Asylum for Spiritual Lunatics," etc., etc., and backing up the baseless assertions of the same with editorial paragraphs like the following: "The faith in science, and that it will finally discover the secret and explain the cause of these wonderful phenomena on natural grounds, is too strong to be overturned, even though one were to rise from the dead." Verily, friends, the Graphic Ephraim is evidently "joined unto his idols—let him alone!" But the conflict will go on, and the final triumph of truth is sure.

An Illustrated Spiritual Monthly.

Mr. William H. Harrison, editor of the London Spiritualist, has sent us a specimen sheet of a new illustrated monthly magazine, devoted to Spiritualism, which he will issue with the new year if orders enough to guarantee a minimum circulation of twelve hundred per month during the year 1875 are sent in. The price of each monthly number will be one shilling; so that the cost of the work per annum to American subscribers will be about three dollars.

The specimen sheet, which may be seen at our office, is very handsome, and from Mr. Harrison's ability and experience we may expect a work that will be really creditable to the cause. He proposes to have engravings, executed in the highest style of art, in every number, and to present such a record of the progress of Spiritualism as every Spiritualist will desire to bind up and preserve. We commend Mr. Harrison's project to the attention of our readers, and hope that it will meet with general favor. Letters on the subject, with subscriptions, may be addressed to Mr. W. H. Harrison, 11 Ave Maria Lane, London, E. C. The work will form an annual volume of 192 pages, on thick paper, elegantly printed. Mr. Harrison says:

An illustrated journal will be of great value to the cause of Spiritualism, for several reasons, for instance:

1. Although standard literature and science have of late years been greatly indebted to the spiritual movement, the power of art has not aided in the work.
2. Because deeply interesting manifestations, like the recent materialization phenomena, have been occurring in our midst, without the scenes being placed on record pictorially. Experiments also, such as the photographing of spirits by the magnetism and electric lights, and galvanic experiments with entranced mediums, have not been represented by the aid of art. Again, there are many old and tried workers in the cause of Spiritualism, in our midst, as well as celebrated mediums, whose likenesses ought to be properly engraved, for the present gratification of their pupils and the future interest of the pictures to posterity. Without an illustrated journal the chronicles of Spiritualism of the present generation are imperfect.
3. Rather two large engravings, or one large one and several small ones will appear in each number of the Magazine, and if many more than the twelve hundred copies per month be ordered, the number of engravings will be increased. Artists of high ability will execute the drawings, and pencil-drawings, and other persons who will have to work at bringing out the proposed periodical have already been made, so that if the public determine that the plan ought to be carried out, they have only to enter their names for copies, rapidly; everything else is now ready for the execution of the idea.

ENDURANCE.

'Tis bitter to endure the wrong
Which evil hands and tongue commit.
The bold encroachments of the strong,
The shafts of calumny and wit—
The scornful bearing of the proud—
The sneers and laughter of the crowd.
And harder still it is to bear
The censure of the good and wise,
Who, ignorant of what we are,
Or, blinded by the slanderer's lies,
Look coldly on, or pass us by
In silence, with averted eye.
Conscious of purity and worth,
We may with calm assurance wait
The tardy recompense of earth;
And e'en should justice come too late
To soothe the spirit's homeward flight,
Still heaven, at last, the wrong shall right.
—E. L. Josselyn.

Christmas Fair and Festival in New York.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, of New York City, will hold a fair and festival at the Harvard Rooms, southwest corner Forty-second street and Sixth ave., on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Dec. 23d and 24th, 1874. On Tuesday evening the Fair will open at 7 o'clock, for the sale of goods exclusively. On Wednesday evening the doors will be open at 7 o'clock, and the following programme will be executed: Singing and speaking by the children; distribution of presents to the Lyceum children, from a Christmas Tree provided for the occasion; after which dancing will supervene, which will conclude the entertainment.

Those who feel kindly toward the enterprise—as all should—who understand the importance of educating the young in the truths of to-day—can forward such donations of money or articles as they may feel to make, to the address of any of the following-named parties: Mrs. H. J. Newton, 128 West Forty-third street; Mrs. H. J. Cozino, 342 West Thirty-second street; Dr. A. E. Cooley, 667 Second avenue; D. G. Taylor, 329 West Forty-third street; Miss Mattie Reed, 222 West Twenty-eighth street; or the same may be brought to the hall, 1195 Broadway, on Sundays only.

Dr. George Sexton, the indefatigable, talented and successful English editor and lecturer, is out with a close-printed and meaty volume of some sixty pages, wherein the claims of "SCIENTIFIC MATERIALISM" are "calmly considered," and a reply is given, from the standpoint of Spiritual revelation, to the Belfast address of Prof. Tyndall. The matter in this brochure was originally given as a discourse before the Spiritualists of London, and we doubt not its rendition in book form—from the press of J. Burns—will secure to it multitudes of readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

We have received from G. K. Warren, Photographer, 289 Washington street, Boston, Mass., a finely executed likeness of Stephen Pearl Andrews.

Read the advertisement of Col. D. M. Fox, in another column.

Spiritualism before the Radical Club.

At the semi-monthly meeting of Radical Club No. 2, of Boston, on Monday evening last, Modern Spiritualism was the subject, and for the first time. Our friend and well known contributor, John Wetherbee, read an essay, on the occasion, by invitation. We need not say to the readers of the Banner familiar with his articles, that the manner in which the subject was presented was both attractive and original. In our next issue we shall publish the essay in full.

The attendance of the Club on this occasion was large, indicating both a popularity of the subject and a disposition to hear it treated by this essayist, it being known that he is not in the habit of following the beaten track, but has a way of illuminating whatever he touches peculiar to himself.

The essay was listened to by this intelligent and cultivated gathering—including many well known, scholarly minds, conspicuous among them the Rev. Mr. Bartol, also Mr. F. E. Abbot, of the Index, and others—with the greatest attention, and treated by those who took part in the conversation at its close with the profoundest respect. There was such evident honesty, plainness of speech, and earnestness in the words and manner of this "Bohemian" from State street, that it disarmed criticism and led the usual commentators on the essays of the Club into a psychological assent, if not a conviction.

Mr. Bartol followed the essayist, and spoke at some length, saying with what pleasure he had listened to the essay. He also had a real good word for the subject, with his usual sincerity and thoughtful simplicity. He, however, did not need demonstrations himself, or phenomena, to make him a believer in God, or immortality. He commended Spiritualism and Spiritualists, and said he had had considerable opportunity of witnessing the manifestations, and with evident pleasure. He related some of his experiences, which endorsed the modern spiritualistic claim, one of which will bear an account, and made a good impression on the Club. He said a year or two after Theodore Parker died he manifested to him through a medium, in a manner which was very convincing to him, and uttered a thought which, for beauty and depth, was equal to anything in Shakespeare: Theodore Parker's spirit, referring to his struggling earth-life of conscientious duty, said that in it he had "attended the funeral of his affections." Oh! remarked Mr. Bartol; how beautifully expressed, how full of meaning are those words: "I attended the funeral of my affections!" Some ten or twelve years after Mr. Parker communicated again, and said in a few beautiful words what meant about the same thing, and the reverend gentleman felt that it really was the spirit of that heroic worker.

Dr. Storer was invited to follow him—a well-known Spiritualist, who had come on invitation, attracted by the subject. He spoke briefly and in good spirit, related an interesting experience, and ended philosophically, his speech being received with applause and evident satisfaction. Mr. Abbot, of the Index, and many others made remarks, and conversation was continued with interest to a late hour. The remarks did not take the form of a discussion, and, upon the whole, were favorable to Spiritualism, though the speakers were generally outside the ranks of the Spiritualists.

It was generally admitted by those who have attended these Radical Club meetings that it was one of the most interesting sessions the Club has had.

Brittan's Quarterly Journal

Is out—Vol. 2 finding with this number (4) its conclusion. Those who have read this sterling work will agree with us when we say that the Quarterly has, since its inauguration, won for itself an enviable reputation for unexceptionableness of matter, taste in execution, and breadth of vision in all affairs of a spiritualistic nature. The present number starts off with an illustrated article, concerning "Joan of Arc"; Fannie Green McDougall furnishes an intensely interesting sketch of "Semiramis"; Belle Bush sings of "October"; Prof. Brittan serves up "Mediomanda" Marvin with the appetizing sauce of keenest criticism; "Spiritualistic Philosophy in America" finds treatment at the hands of George Sexton, M. A., M. D., LL. D., of England; Mary F. Davis writes of "Woman Suffrage"; Hudson Tuttle discourses on "The Origin of Spirit"; Hon. A. G. W. Carter speaks comprehensively of "Law and Spiritualism"; and other articles of merit—both in prose and verse—from standard writers, together with much important matter in the shape of reviews, etc., from the pen of Prof. Brittan himself (among which we are pleased to see a candid notice of Allan Kardec's Book on Mediums), conspire to make a number worthy of the series of which it forms a part. We hope Prof. B., the enterprising founder and conductor of the Quarterly, will find pecuniary returns coming in for the next year which will place it where it richly deserves—firmly upon the basis of ensured success. It would indeed be a misfortune to let this bright star-index of modern intellectual progress go down for want of a pecuniary sky in which to shine.

The Boston "Music Hall Society of Spiritualists"

Met at Beethoven Hall, Sunday afternoon, December 13th, to listen to the remarks of the disembodied intelligences through the lips of Mrs. Nellie L. Palmer, the celebrated trance medium. As a preliminary exercise, Alderman Jenkins, Dr. Hayward and Mr. Amory were appointed by the audience to serve as a Committee to receive from the ushers the written questions propounded by the people, and to choose therefrom a number to be submitted to the attention of the controlling spirit at the close of the lecture. Singing by the choir, and an invocation, prefaced the discourse. The subject considered by Mrs. Palmer was, in effect, the scriptural injunction, "bear ye one another's burdens." We shall speak more fully concerning this lecture in our next issue.

Mrs. Palmer closes her present engagement—her second for the season before this Society—on Sunday afternoon, December 20th, at which time the audience will be privileged to propound such relevant questions as may arise.

As will be seen by a memorial article from the pen of Prof. S. B. Brittan, in another column, Charles Partridge, Esq., of New York, the whilom publisher of the Spiritual Telegraph, also of A. J. Davis's and other reform and spiritualistic books, has been called upon to lose the material fellowship of his wife Sophronia, who for so many years has been to him a loved and valued mate, companion and friend. May the consolations of the new gospel be and abide with him in his hour of trial.

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