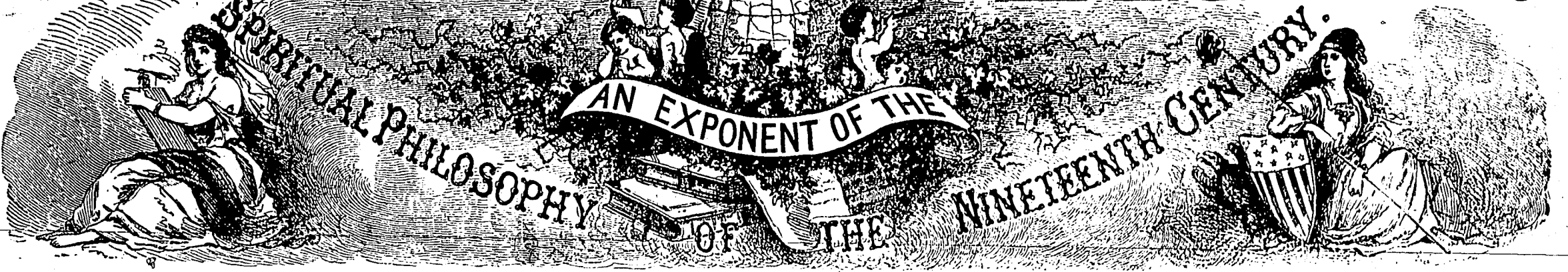


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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The Reviewer.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS vs. SOCIAL FREEDOM.

BY G. A. B.

Everybody knows that the Social Question has not only come to the front during the past few years—notably so within the last decade—but only occupies a prominent position at the fore-front, but that to-day it actually divides the most serious and practical thought of Christendom. However much the disposition may prevail, in certain quarters, to daintily taboo the subject or wholly ignore its existence, it has unmistakably affirmed its relationship to the tribe of Banquo, that most persistent order of tell-tale apparitions, and will not silence keep at the dictation of whomsoever commands it. Having forced itself by virtue of its importance upon the world's attention, it seeks solution or satisfaction, that is, settlement, at the hands of the world's thinkers, on a basis of natural equity, justice and wisdom. To this end, the distinguished exponent of the Harmonial Philosophy, Andrew Jackson Davis, has just contributed "The Genesis and Ethics of Conjugal Love," a small 12mo. volume, of 142 pages. It is his latest utterance, and is, in some respects, a condensation, and in others an elaboration, of what he wrote and published a score of years ago, touching the vital issues of Love and Marriage.

It must be a source of genuine gratification to a lover of his kind, to find that what he writes for the well being of his fellow men, stands the test of time, even when measured by the life-span of a single generation. This can only result by conforming to Universal Principles, to the teachings of Nature, interpreted by man's illuminated reason.

What Mr. Davis was prompted to say in 1856 finds verification to-day, the events of the present giving emphasis to past affirmations.

The entire book is divided into short chapters, the longest not over two pages. At first he treats of the origin of sex, considering it abstractedly and relatively; then proceeds directly to administer a righteous rebuke to those who imitate inferior conditions, who seek to justify their lower propensities by quoting and labeling the practice of animals. He says: "Man's preeminence to every other organized being about him, implies a superior exercise of his attributes. Superstition to the animal world bestows upon him at once both the power and the responsibility of acting out a superior, an unexampled, a peerless part, in his relation to woman. . . . Dare you degrade her spirituality by an imitation of the animality which you have received from the lower kingdoms? Are you yet a passion-freighted quadruped? Do you, a superior being, an immortal, ask of the beasts of the field permission to love and to leave your love, in accordance with the temptations of sense and the gratification of sex? Who gave you the right to do wrong? Who justified your imitation of the creatures beneath you? You know by the gentle teachings of your intuition that pure love gives everything without a thought of selfishness; you also know that passion craves everything without regard to any laws or consequences. . . . Spirit is superior to the coupling habits of animals."

Under the head of True Marriage, he recognizes the fact that there can be nothing of the kind where equality of sex and of personal rights are not first intelligently recognized, acknowledged, and solemnly accepted as the immutable basis. Upon no other foundation can it be attained and made structurally permanent. Mutual development by a reciprocal exercise of the best affections and attributes, is the sure path to happiness, but that happiness is impossible if sought as an end of marriage.

The causes of false marriage, he declares, originate in the heat of blood and in the blind ignorance of passion; that blood marriages originate in the fact that propagation is the intensest and the least controllable impulse of universal animation, and for this reason the children resulting from this sex-madness are sometimes physically fair and very beautiful human animals. In Chapter Eight he clearly though briefly distinguishes the difference between the various loves—self-love, parental, fraternal, etc., and affirms that conjugal love differs, in its very nature, from every other essential principle. While Parental love is delighted with division and participation among many, Fraternal affection is all-embracing as well as unselfish of sex; and while the Universal love of mankind unfolds like a divine flower in the individual character—yet in Conjugal love, the same soul could meet and mingle with only its chosen mate. Failure to note the difference between these different affections, creates

not virtuous skeptics, but skeptics as to the existence of virtue. As there are those born of whom it is piteously said, "they have no music in their souls," what shall be said of that unfortunate man or woman who is born with "no fine sense of virtue?"

In the chapter on Woman's Dependence he draws up a satisfactory Bill of Rights for the wife's protection no less than for the husband's lasting benefit—full of sound sense and wise suggestions. This is followed by a pertinent chapter concerning the relation of the individual to society; the inalienable rights of children, emphasizing the necessity of having "fewer and better" ones born; criticises the term "free love," which he uses synonymously with "unrestrained passion," as "freedom in the gratification of the sexual attraction," never as the *loyalty of love*; argues royally against physical mutilation as a punishment for crime in opposition to those who advocate emasculation, declaring that all such sacrificial means of overcoming evil are invariably barbarous; denounces in round terms the practice of consulting "fortune tellers," "psychometrical readers" or "spirits," touching matters of marriage or divorce. In this connection he has a chapter on "Diakka as the allies and scapegoats of free lovers," in which he says, many believers [who, by the way, regard him as their chief] have adopted the theory, which they try to support by a few straggling facts, that there are spirits who take delight in inflaming men's passions sexually; and in response to the query, whether certain spirits take delight in separating man and wife, says: "Spirits, especially those properly called 'The Diakka,' do sometimes meddle, like the familiar gossips and social ghouls in this world, with the affairs of individuals through mediums correspondingly impressible and inclined. But such mediums are largely responsible for sending such a constitutional invitation, and for indulging in such impressibility. In all these cases, however, the receiver of such information is also unavoidably responsible, for being weak and credulous enough to be led by meddling spirits into false steps and foolish notions. So long as unprincipled believers in Spiritualism can find invisible scapegoats, and refer their private bad practices to the instigations of the 'Diakka,' so long will the diabolism of free love continue to flourish. . . . Following this is an account of 'those social brigands in the conjugal world' who are bold, determined and irresponsible, who defy public opinion and systematically attack individual reputation. Forty pages after we find him taking up the same subject again under the head of 'Cynical Pests of the Social World,' 'Social Maligners and Hypocrites,' concerning whom he quotes:

"There is a lust in man no power can tame, Of fondly publishing his neighbor's shame."

which lends him to affirm that the great overshadowing sacrifice of the age—the direst high treason known in the spirits' court of justice—is the attack which political and sectarian opponents make, both in print and in speech, upon each other's reputation, character and conduct. Scattered throughout this little book are important chapters on Divorce, Slander, Discontent and Association, Early Marriages, Conjugal Attraction, Frankness and Honesty, Self-Interrogation, etc., incorporating pertinent quotations from Emerson, Madame Roland, and other minds of kindred character, each freighted with words of loving wisdom and the weightiest common sense.

It is true minor faults appear here and there, repetitions frequently occur, and to the diligent reader of friend Davis nothing specially new is here added, while not a few particular passages, when isolated from the rest, might be seriously objected to, etc., notwithstanding which, the spirit behind it all is so clear and calm that this republication, issued as it is in the interest of social and individual cleanliness, purity, charity and harmony, can but work wisely and well to all who govern themselves by its teachings. Hence, despite the childish action of the superstitious and baby-like Trustees of the Public Library at Hyde Park, who lately excluded several works of Bro. Davis from their shelves, we shall vote every time for a universal acceptance of the Genesis and Ethics of Conjugal Love.

Metrop. Mass., Oct., 1874.

DROWNED.

[The London World offers every month a prize, consisting of books of the value of ten guineas, for the best poem on a given subject. The successful poem for October is as follows:]

The flashing light-house beacon gales before
The ruddy harvest moon's intensest ray
That bathes, and changes into sparkling ore,
Its stones of granite gray.

Round the tall bridge the greedy ripple laps,
As with the ebbing tide they softly swing;
A shore belated sea-bird slowly flaps
His strong-plumed dusky wing.

The pier-lights, imaged on the water, melt
To silver pillars, such as visions show
Of palaces where fabled Caliphs dwell
In legends long ago.

A single boat steals down the moonlit track,
Through the still night its oar-strokes echo far;
Fringed with cleft light, the outline sharply black
Heaves on the harbor bar.

What strange freight fills it? Yonder heavy sail
Covers some form of blurr'd and shapeless dread;
Rude is the pall, but fitted well to veil
The ocean's outcast dead.

His name—his story? Vain it were to guess,
But short to sum: a wail, a mystery,
Death's mocking gloss upon life's loveliness;
A secret of the sea.

In prosperity we need moderation; in adversity, patience.

Children's Department.

[From Good Things.]

YOUNG LAMBS TO SELL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILLIPUT LEGENDS."

One morning four children, two boys and two girls, who had risen and were waiting for their breakfast, sat looking at each other and did not know what to do with themselves. At last an idea came into the head of one of them, and he began to sing a bit of a song that most children know. And this was what he sang:

"Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell!
If I had much money as I could tell,
I would not cry, young lambs to sell!"

At first he had the singing all to himself, but in a very short time the words had taken the fancy of another of the children; and she also began to sing:

"Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell!
If I had much money as I could tell,
I would not cry, young lambs to sell!"

This excited the third, and by-and-by he struck up the same tune:

"Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell!
If I had much money as I could tell,
I would not cry, young lambs to sell!"

At last, the fourth joined in and lifted up her voice, so that all four of the children were now singing aloud:

"Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell!
If I had much money as I could tell,
I would not cry, young lambs to sell!"

And this went on for some time, while the bread and milk, and the tea and toast, and the eggs and bacon, and all that were getting ready, went the house rang with the cry of "Young lambs to sell!"

But, at last, the mother of those children, who had had a bad night and was trying to get a soothing snooze before getting up, lifted her head from under the bed-clothes, and called out to the father of those children:

"My dear, I wish you'd stop that noise!"
And the father of those children, who was brushing his hair, said to the mother of those children:

"My dear, I will!" and he went to the mantelpiece and took up the little hand-bell with which he always rang "to attention!" and rang with it, and he went to the landing of the staircase, and called to those children in a loud voice, saying:

"Shut up!"

And those children heard the ringing of the bell that rang to attention, and the voice of their father that bade them to shut up, and they all shut up except one. Three of those children shut up, and left off singing "Young lambs to sell!" but one of those children would not shut up, but kept on singing "Young lambs to sell!" as loud as she dared, except when she was eating or drinking her breakfast. At last her voice sank to a whisper, and still she kept on singing, with her hand on her chin:

"Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell!
If I had much money as I could tell,
I would not cry, young lambs to sell!"

And the brothers and sisters of that little girl who would not shut up said one to another, "I do believe she must be asleep over her song!" But how could she be asleep when she was singing all the time?

When the little girl went out into the lane, singing "Young lambs to sell!" she met an old woman with a hook nose and a nut-cracker chin, and a red cloak and horn-handled walking-stick; and the old woman looked her very hard in the face and said:

"Are you the little girl that would not leave off singing 'Young lambs to sell' when her father told her to shut up?"

And that little girl felt forced to tell the truth, and said she was. Then that old woman with the red cloak and the hook nose and the nut-cracker chin, shook her walking-stick at that little girl and said:

"You're wrong, very wrong! But"—and here she smiled—"where are your young lambs? How can you sell young lambs if you have none to sell?"

And the little girl put her finger in her mouth and sucked it, and did not know what to say; for she knew it was stupid to go about the lane crying "Young lambs to sell!" when she no more had young lambs to sell than you have. At last the old woman laughed, and said:

"Shall I give you some young lambs?"

And the little girl took her finger out of her mouth and clapped her hands together, and said:

"Oh yes, if you please! do give me some young lambs!"

Then that old woman said to that little girl:

"Look on the ground, and you shall see what you shall see!"

And that little girl looked on the ground and saw a number of gray peas, and said to the old woman:

"I see gray peas!"

Then that old woman chuckled and struck at those gray peas with her horn-handled staff, and they turned to a flock of young lambs. But when that little girl, who would not shut up when her father told her, was going to thank the old woman in the red cloak, that old woman was gone.

The little girl then turned and made haste home with her flock of young lambs, saying to herself "My papa will be astonished!" and all the way she sang, "Young lambs to sell—young lambs to sell!" And when she had knocked at her papa's door and gone in, she kept on singing, "Young lambs to sell—young lambs to sell!" in a loud voice. And the lambs made a trotting noise, very loud indeed, with their feet, for there were counting up his money with his wife, rang the bell to attention, and looked out of the door and cried, "Shut up!" But just then he saw the flock of young lambs, and did not know what to think; so he said to his wife:

"My dear, I am astonished!"

And the little girl thought to herself, "I was quite right; I knew my papa would be astonished!"

[Concluded in our next.]

To love the unlovely, to sympathize with the contrary-minded, to give to the uncharitable, to forgive such as never pity, to be just to men who make iniquity a law, to pay their careless hate with never-ceasing love, is one of the noblest attainments of man, and in this he becomes most like God.—Theodore Parker.

Life, like some cities, is full of blind alleys; the great art is to keep out of them.

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; or, 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 VI. Early Marriage Days.

It was the season of flowers. Roses bloomed in profusion and filled the air with fragrance. Sweet honeysuckle climbed over trellis and roof-tree. The China trees hung out their graceful clusters of purple blossoms, to woo the bees, and made sweet promises to the birds, who watched and waited for the fruit. The magnolia reigned queen of all, as she sat in state amid the shining green leaves of her lofty home. The air was soft, the skies were blue, and Nature was in her loveliest dress—not drooping in the languor of summer heat, but fresh and fair from cool nights and gentle rains.

To exist was pleasure; to breathe the perfumed air was like drinking nectar of the gods. In perfect harmony with the scene were two persons in the bloom of youthful beauty, walking arm in arm through an avenue of oaks that led to a large house, around which, on three sides, were verandas covered with the Virginia creeper and climbing roses.

The young man was tall, erect, with a figure that bade fair to be commanding when he should have attained a few more years. Richard Le Mark's manhood was, in personal beauty, all that his youth had promised. He was like Saul among his brethren, stately and fair to look upon.

By his side was our sweet Roso. No longer our little Lady Bird, but a well-developed, beautiful woman. Her beauty is peculiar—unlike most other women. She is taller than when we saw her last, and her form is rounded and full.

She wears a white dress this summer evening, but there are no bright colors to adorn it. Her only ornament is a diamond cross upon her bosom. Her hair, which is abundant and long, is wound about her shapely head in massive braids. A black lace scarf, or shawl, lies carelessly upon her shoulders. She has plucked a rose from a bush that had strayed into this avenue, wound itself over one of the oaks, and laid its blossom against the rough trunk of the tree. There is a change in Roso. She is beautiful as ever, but the music of her laugh has not been heard since her father's death, and her step is not as bounding, nor does she burst into music as formerly, singing like a bird for the love it has for its own song. Her face wears a dreamy expression, as if her thoughts were far away from the world around her.

When our loved ones die, do they not sometimes stretch out the hand and draw us after them, a little way on their journey? At such times the body moves about its daily routine here, from force of habit, and without the control of will, like an engine that will go on for awhile after the propelling power has ceased to act.

Roso had found kind friends in Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs, to whose house she had removed with Zell. Here she had lived in great seclusion, for she shrank from the sight of strangers, and refused all society, save that of the family. Her beauty and accomplishments would have brought her many admirers of the opposite sex, but she turned from them with apparent hauteur and real indifference.

Richard Le Mark's return roused her from this apathy. He talked to her about the Italy which her father had loved so well. He had seen her native city, and brought to her pictures of its buildings and scenery for her to look at. Hour after hour, when he saw this pleased her, he talked and read of beautiful Florence. He spent most of his time in Vicksburg, to be near her. He spoke little of love, but bided his time.

Mr. Jacobs was her father's executor, and had managed wisely for Roso. Her little fortune was so invested as to bring her an ample income. The negroes which she owned, with the exception of Zell, were hired out, and the cottage sold. This last was not pleasing to Roso. She loved the place, and it grieved her to see the house where she had lived so happily with her father in the hands of strangers—the room where he died desecrated, as she thought, by the presence of those who knew him not.

In one of her rides with Richard, past the spot, she could not restrain her feelings, and burst out into an uncontrollable fit of tears and wailing. The next day Richard showed her a deed of the place, which he now held in his own name.

"Keep it, Roso, and control it," he said. "The inmates shall move at your will, that you may visit the place whenever you choose."

She was very grateful, and did choose that it should be vacated at once, that she might go there with Zell every day.

Even Richard was a little surprised at this literal interpretation of his words, but as it implied an acceptance of his gift—not a legal one, however, as the reader will see—he was satisfied. He was wishing to marry and take his bride to his plantation, but she was so averse to any intimation of the kind, and shrank from him when-

ever he referred to it, that he moved with great caution. Perhaps the marriage might not have taken place had not Mr. Jacobs, in his zeal for Roso's happiness, taken one false step. He had loved her father, and looked upon Roso as tenderly as upon his own children. When he learned of the purchase of the cottage by Richard, he was sure, though he had had some doubt before, of Dick's intention. Now Jacobs never loved his brother-in-law. There was an instinctive repugnance toward him which could not be overcome. His whole soul revolted at the marriage. With his energy and will, that seldom failed to accomplish what he undertook, he thought to stop it. If need be, he would take Roso to Europe, to the North Pole, anywhere away from Dick.

"Roso, my darling child," he said to her one day, "do not be under a peculiar obligation to Richard. I will buy the cottage. You must look upon me as your father's best friend, and one who desires only your happiness."

Roso's face flushed. She understood at once his implied displeasure of her being under peculiar obligation to Richard. Her own instinctive delicacy taught her that she had made a mistake, but it lessened a little the influence of the friend who had frankly pointed it out to her. She replied with a little ring of resentment in her voice:

"Why did you sell it, Mr. Jacobs, when you must have known it almost broke my heart?"

"I did not know it, believe me, my dear Roso. We business men are not as sensitive as ladies. I got double what your father paid for it, and I wanted to make the most of my fortune."

Roso's lip curled. She knew nothing about money save to spend it. The years of her poverty were in the far away, and childhood that is rich in love as was hers has little heed of it.

"I never feared about the money, Mr. Jacobs, but I loved the house so much!" and she burst into tears.

"If you feel so, my child, you should have told me. I will buy it of Dick-alright."

"You could not, sir. He would not part with it. He loves it, he says, for my father's sake. It was so kind in him I did not think of wrong when I accepted it as if it were my own. I will not go there any more, sir. But Richard will not sell it! no, sir, not for twice its value, to—others!"

Mr. Jacobs's lip curled in scorn. He thought he knew Richard Le Mark better than Roso. He looked at the girl as she sat before him, the bright color on her cheek, the flash in her eye, the bosom heaving with suppressed feeling. He looked into the future—Roso's future with Richard Le Mark. Prejudice or a second sight; a gift to some of God's creatures, and which Jacobs may have derived from his Scotch mother, led him to rise from his chair and place his hand on Roso's head and say:

"My child, I pray you, as I loved your father, as I love you, do not marry Richard Le Mark! He is unworthy! he will torture your heart till you will long for death! He admires your beauty, he will be proud of your accomplishments; moreover, he has willed that you shall be his wife, and he will move heaven and earth to win you. Roso, hear me!"—for he saw the rising anger in her face—"I know Richard! He is handsome as the fallen angel, Lucifer, but he will bind you hand and foot when you are once in his power. Your will must bend to his; no slave on his estate will be more subject to him than his wife. Ay, there will a time come when you would rather be the ugliest old negro woman that picks his cotton than the wife of his bosom! I know him, I know his grandfather whose face and form he wears, and who has come back in his descendant to torment the world. My child, your father, were he here, would unite his prayer to mine. Hear me, Roso: let me take you on a long journey. For your sake I will move my family to Europe, and we will live there till we can find a husband worthy of you."

Roso rose and stood erect, looking tall and stately as her form dilated with anger. Her black eyes flashed, the delicately carved nostril expanded, and the full, red lips quivered as she said:

"My father loved Richard Le Mark! you are unjust to him! cruelly unjust!" and she swept out of the room.

Mr. Jacobs stood for a moment as her form vanished.

"Fool that I am!" he said; "I have been too hasty; why could I not remember that others see not as I see?" He moved his hand across his eyes as he spoke, as if to brush a mist or cloud away. "I will save her yet, if possible. Were it not for this indomitable will of her own I might do it; but I have roused that against me by my rashness."

Thus will the reader see that plain, practical Mr. Jacobs did not love his brother-in-law, Rich-

* "The Genesis and Ethics of Conjugal Love," by Andrew Jackson Davis. New York: 1874.

ard Le Mark. Was it prejudice or second-sight? The reader will decide for himself before this story ends.

Mr. Jacobs was, as we have said, a decided, prompt man. He determined to take his family away for a year, and he set about arranging his business accordingly. Richard was not ignorant of his brother-in-law's dislike to him; he expected his opposition, and was prepared for it. His sister had occasion to visit her old home. He persuaded her to take Rosa with her, and the latter was not loth to do so. It had been her home during some of the happiest years of her life. It was not Richard's inheritance. His estate lay ten miles from his father's house; but when he took Rosa to the old home, he persuaded her to take morning rides, as she used to do when a child. Thus he made an occasion for riding over to Otumwa, as his place was called—named, as he told Rosa, from a lovely woman, who once resided on the estate, and used to spend much of her time in a pretty lodge, or cottage, on a hill, built to catch the cool breeze in summer.

Rosa found Richard's home a beautiful spot. The house stood back from the road, and was approached through an avenue of lofty trees. It was built after the fashion of almost all Southern houses; with extensive verandahs running round it, overshadowed with China, orange and fig-trees. It looked a peaceful, quiet home, as the sunlight of the summer's morning lingered around it. There was no shadow of evil resting upon it, and the dark prophesies of Mr. Jacobs melted away in the beautiful view of that morning. Rosa could not be persuaded to alight and enter, though Zell's curiosity led her to whisper in Rosa's ear, "There are beautiful things in the house which Mr. Richard has brought from Europe—fine carpets and Italian cases and rare pictures." Rosa resisted, and Zell drew back, reining in her horse to a slow pace behind her mistress.

Richard, with consummate tact, drew from Rosa the story of Mr. Jacobs's opposition. It came about in this wise: Jacobs had offered Richard a large sum for Alisso's cottage. With his usual caution Richard hesitated, not from his attachment to the place, as will hereafter be seen, but from curiosity to know the motive of his brother-in-law.

"Ay, Rosa, everybody loves you who knows you. My brother wants you to adorn his home; I want you to be queen of the Oread; your father loved me, Rosa; he made no opposition to our marriage. Do you have more confidence in Mr. Jacobs than in my father? No one has so much right to protect you as I have. My daughter will need a friend when I am gone," your father said.

"The very words he used, Richard," said Rosa; "yes, I think my father loved you."

"Then let me place this ring upon your finger, and we will be married before my brother has a chance to make any objections," said Richard; "here in my mother's home let the ceremony be performed, and my brother's power over you ceases from that moment."

"No, Richard, no; I am not of age for three months, and I once promised my guardian that I would not marry till then. I never broke a promise; I cannot do that."

A dark frown shadowed Richard's face, which Rosa did not see. He stopped a moment before replying to her, and then, bringing his horse near to hers, and bending toward her, he said, in that low tone, often so sweet to a woman's ear, "So be it, Rosa; let me still give the ring, and I will wait till you are free—yes, free; then I can take you from no guardian; you alone shall give me your hand—this tiny, white hand, that holds my destiny in its gentle grasp."

Thus Rosa was won—too easily won; but at that time she was smarting under a sense of injustice to Richard, and, moreover, the latter had skillfully contrived to turn the conversation upon Alisso. He spoke so tenderly and kindly of him as former teacher and friend, that Rosa's heart became yielding and docile. She returned to Vicksburg the affianced wife of Richard Le Mark.

Mr. Jacobs was not to be informed of this fact until Rosa had attained her majority. Preparation was made for a sojourn abroad. Rosa manifested neither pleasure nor dislike to the project. For the first time in her life, she had a secret to keep. She had a few interviews with Richard, but he was engaged on his plantation at this time. They never met save in the presence of Zell. Zell was not only her maid, her bond-servant bought with money, but a trusted friend. "Bob," her dog, was also her companion in all her walks. Once or twice Richard had thrust the dog away from him when the animal sought a caress in his presence, and again, when waiting for her in the drawing-room one morning, Zell had seen him giving the animal a violent kick, which sent him away howling to his mistress, who came into the room soon after, with her pet in her arms, unconscious who had ill-treated him. From that time, "Bob" always hid himself when he heard Richard's footsteps, and never ventured into his presence unless under the protection of his mistress. These incidents were observed by Zell, who was keen-eyed and quick to hear, as we have seen. She began to doubt and sad. Rosa rallied her upon the matter. "I am thinking of my old mother, Miss Rosa, and if you please, I would like to visit her; you remember that she is still with Mrs. Le Mark on the old place." Zell was seldom denied a favor, as she well knew; and therefore it was not many days after this that she was chatting with Phyllis at a late hour of the night, in a little room at Mrs. Le Mark's house.

Phyllis was a favorite servant of Mrs. Le Mark. When informed that Miss Rosa was going to marry Richard, she held up her hands and opened wide her eyes. "De good Lor! hab merey on her! You hab not done your duty; you should hab told me before de ring was given. He is de image and subscription of his ole grand-father; he killed one wife wid his hard ways; broke her heart, Honey. I knowed it, for I was dar, dar when she died, and his second wife—as blessed a cretur as de sun eber shone on—went stark mad; and was shut up in a big room, wid all de windows barred, and nobody but ole Pete and Massa Richard himself slob her till she was brought out a white-headed, dead woman."

Poor Zell was much troubled. She knew her mistress better than any one else. Beautiful and fair exceedingly was she, but her will was law to all around her. As yet, life had run smoothly, check the stream, dam the pent-up waters, and no dull, turbid pool would be there, but a torrent swelling all barriers away.

"I sure you, chile," continued her mistress, "dat you may think young Massa will neber fall into his ole grandfather's ways, he is so young and so smooth in his talk, and has the

handsomest face in all de country, but nebbber dog or pony love Massa Richard. You knowed it, Honey, and you nebbber told her!"

Poor Zell heard the stream of talk go on, and still she sat and thought. Her mother looked at her a moment. A sudden thought seemed to strike her, for she rose, turned Zell's face to the light. "How handsome you are, Honey, and talk like your mistress, and you dress in fine clothes, and hab white folks' ways. That'll do you no good, chile, and you a slave! Tell me now, do you belong to my mistress now, or to Miss Rosa?"

"I belong to Miss Rosa. Her father bought me of Master Le Mark. Mr. Jacobs has the papers."

"De good Lor! help you, if she marry our Massa Richard!"

"Master Richard is very kind to me. I am never to leave my mistress. He has promised her that."

"I was n't thinking of your leaving her; no, you can't do that, but mind what I say to you. If you ever have trouble, come to your mother, come to ole Phyllis, and she will help you."

[Continued in our next.]

ITEMS OF PROGRESS.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Otumwa, Iowa, is a city of nearly ten thousand inhabitants, and the county seat of Wapello County, which, unlike most counties in the State, is hilly, with plenty of stone, wood and coal, and with excellent land on the Des Moines river; it is a great centre of railroads, with a liberal and enterprising population rapidly increasing the business and buildings of the city. In October they had Mr. Mott, the materializing medium from Memphis, Mo., here, at the house of Jacob Millsack, and he gave excellent and satisfactory tests as to spirit materialization, and identity, but not one-fourth of those who wished to see could be accommodated for want of room and capacity to get conditions before large crowds. One infidel from Ohio, out here on a visit, got communications he could not mistake, and saw several friends under circumstances that proved to him that those he called dead were alive. One infidel friend, for several years in spirit life, appeared, and sent word to a friend East that he still lived, and was not yet in hell. The seances were highly interesting, and the stranger was convinced, and went home with a glad heart, knowing that facts are stubborn things. Mr. Mott is a good and successful materializing medium, but very sensitive and timid, and cannot "face a frowning world," as well as many men. If he can keep clear of sharks and Shylocks, he will do a good work.

We reached Otumwa October 22d, after he had gone. R. G. Eccles was giving a course of five lectures in the Court House; the last two we heard. They were well attended and highly appreciated, and he is engaged for a discussion here in the winter with a Christian (Campbellite) minister; a rich time is anticipated, but no advantage to the church need be expected. Brother Eccles is doing a good work in Iowa, and is engaged all the time, and speaks nearly every night. We followed him at the Court House with three lectures on Saturday and Sunday, 24th and 25th, to large and attentive audiences, and with more real and earnest interest than we have witnessed at any place in Iowa except at our State Convention. Otumwa will soon have a free meeting-house, or hall, and be ready for speaking all the time from those who can depend on their audiences for their pay, which is always sufficient for us when a good hall and good notice is furnished, and the meeting made free and open to all. B. F. Underwood accomplished a good work here, and there is a strong liberal, or as they call it, infidel element, which is already too strong for the churches. The latter are making extraordinary efforts to keep their heads above water, but are fast sinking into insignificance.

Paul Castor, the wonderful healer, is still successful in treating patients, and is a most remarkable medium, but being entirely uneducated, he believes in the Bible, and gives God the glory of his cures—that is, what he does not keep for himself. He is a very large man, speaking broken English, but with a very pleasant countenance; he is nearly sixty years of age. He has many trophies of his cures in the shape of steel springs, frames to support the spine, abdomen and limbs of those who wore them there, and went home without needing them. He supplies the whole city with crutches, of which he has an abundance, and of all kinds needed in ordinary cases. He has just built an addition to his large hotel, which is always full, and many patients are sent to other places to board during treatment. A remarkable case of cure recently occurred of a wife whose husband brought her at great risk on a bed a long distance, and he being somewhat talented and pious, had to publish the statement, which he did at length and left the reader to decide which it was that cured, either God working through Paul Castor, or electricity, but he carefully avoided even the slightest allusion to spirits or Spiritualism, the real power working through Paul and his forceful and harmonious physical system. It is wonderful how careful the pious patients are to avoid every allusion to the real power at work through this remarkable man, but the truth will out. He went to Mott's seances, and conversed freely with several friends from the spirit-life, who encouraged him, in his good work.

There is another excellent medium in Otumwa in the person of Mrs. McCarroll, daughter of Mr. Millsack, and living in the same house, who will soon be a materializing medium, as the spirits assure the family, if she can from her large domestic duties give suitable time to development. We have had some excellent messages through her by the dial, and on this visit one from our old friend, Henry C. Wright, who used to be a frequent visitor at their home when she was young. There is also in the neighborhood a good medium, well known in Wisconsin, by the name of Fanny Breed, who is giving in writing some very fine articles on sciences, with which neither she nor any of the family are acquainted, purporting to come from Hugh Miller, and certainly worthy his mind. She is four miles from the city, with a Wisconsin family, which has recently removed here. We also found during our short stay another medium and dial working in an office on the main street, and got a perfectly characteristic message from Horace Greeley, by which we find he is yet quite a politician, and interested in our national affairs.

Fame is like a shaved pig with a greased tail, and it is only after it has passed through the hands of some thousands that some fellow, by good luck, holds on to it.

Written for the Banner of Light.
PARTING.

BY GRACE LELAND.

When the summer days were longest,
And sweetest with grass and flowers,
When the birds their songs were weaving
Out of the tuneful hours,
I roved to a land of beauty—
A land far over the sea,
Where I found sweet rest to my spirit,
The Good there waiting for me.
Strong hearts, true hearts that were tender,
Took in the weary and sad,
And wrapped my soul in the sunshine,
And taught me how to be glad.
And now my way I am wending
The loved ones of home to find,
Yet their welcomes will savor of sadness,
For I've left my heart behind.

Oh, rest! so sweet to the weary!
Oh, love! so like heaven to the heart,
That tired of its pain and longing!
Oh, joy-dreams! so soon to depart!
The ties that knit us so closely
Still bind us to heaven in love,
And though on earth we are parted,
We shall meet in our home above.
Yet my thoughts are tinged with sadness,
And the tears my eyes will blind,
Now while I am hastening homeward,
For I've left my heart behind.

Then I look beyond the present,
And the future, all aglow
With its sure, eternal beauty,
Rebukes my mortal woe:
And I know its blessings waiting
Shall end all earthly pain;
And the hands that here are loosened
Shall surely be clasped again,
And true hearts will be united
That here must wander apart.
Oh, blessed that coming reunion
That shall bind us heart to heart!
At Sea, Oct. 23d, 1874.

"The Little Builders of the Earth."
LECTURE IN REDPATH'S LYCEUM, BOSTON, BY THE
REV. E. C. BOLLES, OF SALEM.

The lecture in Redpath's Lyceum course on Tuesday evening, Oct. 27th, was by the Rev. E. C. Bolles, of Salem, whose subject was "The Little Builders of the Earth." The lecture was illustrated by means of the stereoscope, which threw microscopic images against a large screen which covered the entire front of the stage. The circle in which the pictures were shown was thirty feet in diameter, and the enormous magnifying power thus afforded gave marvelous and beautiful results. Mr. Bolles said that there was no story more interesting than that which geology told us. Fifty years ago but little was known as to who the real builders of the earth were, but the microscope had thrown a great deal of light on the subject. He would first speak of the rock-builders. He described a little organism found attached to seaweeds. These consisted of little cubes of crystal joined like necklaces. These cubes enclosed a little spherical dot or cell, which was a living organism, and which had the power of attracting to itself the silica or flint from the water around it, and forming a hard covering which would melt no sooner than glass. This was one of the simplest forms of plant life known—only a single cell enclosed in a crystal cube. These diatoms, as they were called, though almost invisible, were shown by the microscope to be covered with beautiful sculpture, in regular and symmetrical forms. The city of Berlin was built over a bed of rock formed of these diatoms. The bed was one hundred and twenty feet thick, and the diatoms were so small that there were seventy millions in an inch. The city of Richmond was also built over such a bed, and if human mummies were substituted for the diatoms they would be piled to a height equal to half of the earth's diameter, or four thousand miles. These diatoms were propagated with marvelous rapidity by another cell forming and the cube containing it splitting off. One single diatom would increase to twenty-two in one minute, and to one million in twenty-four hours. The Nile and the Ganges were made shallow by these, and to them the Arctic Ocean owes its hue of deep olive green. Along the coast of Patagonia they had built great bands of white stone, and the Victoria harbor, for four hundred miles along the great Antarctic glacier, was built by them. Wherever building up the substance of the globe. The stone blocks of the great Pyramids of Egypt owed their existence to animal life. They were formed by microscopic animals, simply little masses of jelly, which had the power of attracting to themselves a calcareous secretion from the water around them. The sea was filled with these creatures, which, dying, dropped their living coverings to the bottom of the sea. The delicate gray limestone of which Paris was built was made by these creatures, and the great range of the Andes was in places entirely formed by them. Thus it was seen that the most minute microscopic creatures had had a far greater influence in the formation of the earth than the elephants, whales and mammoths at which we wondered so. We had been told that in the depths of the sea there was no life; but deep-sea dredging showed that it was teeming with life. The dredge often came up filled with a slimy ooze or gelatinous mass, all of which was alive with a living mass of creatures, the like of which had built the chalk cliffs of England. So the microscope gave a good look and a long look into the history of the world.

Mr. Bolles went on to describe the fuel-builders. He showed on the screen pictures of the beautiful fern impressions found in coal-beds. The coal formations of the earth were built by the lives of plants. The propagation of ferns by the spores on the back of the leaves was described. Whole masses of coal were accumulated and compressed fern spores. Coal was formed not only of the ferns, but of the gigantic vegetation. Much good poetry and bad science had been written about the coral insect building the islands up from the bottom of the sea. The truth was that there was no coral insect, but the coral formation was owing to the polyps who built on the flanks of the sinking islands of the ancient sea. The coral was simply the skeleton of the dead polyp secreted in the same way as our bones were formed.

The last described were the frost-builders. Mr. Bolles first told about the concrete, the glaciers, ice-fields and snow-drifts. We were accustomed to speak of winter as the season in which there was an absence of life, but it was a time when mighty forces were at work. He went on to speak of the powers of crystallization, and showed some beautiful forms of snow crystals. We might as well try to count the sands of the desert as the various forms of the snow crystals. It was remarkable that when masses of solid ice melted the crystals appeared in exactly the shape in which they were formed. The lecture closed with a beautiful illustration of the forces of crystallization at work, made by flooding a glass plate with salts dissolved in alcohol. The evaporation of the alcohol produced crystals on the glass, and on the screen the rays could be seen shooting and forming, much as the auroral light shoots across the heavens.

Cure for Hydrophobia.

You published in the Banner Oct. 10th last, a Chinese remedy for hydrophobia, that terrible, incurable disease, so called by a certain class of physicians; but it is well known by reformers in the practice of medicine that lobelia and vapor baths, properly given, will cure this disease. I am respectfully, your obedient servant,
B. FRANKLIN CLARK, M. D.

Free Thought.

BUDDHISM—REPLY TO J. M. PEEBLES.

I had supposed that after I had pointed out to Brother Peebles the source of his mistake in affirming that ancient Buddhism knew no "forgiveness" and no "sin-atoning power," he would silently acquiesce, or confess he had been misled. But he seems disposed to adhere to the original statement—because the source of his information and authority is a Christian reverend—the very reason we should assign for its being called in question. If such information is derived from a reverend, that is the very reason, and a sufficient reason, why it should be suspected. Does not Brother Peebles know that the belief in the atonement, i.e., salvation by crucifixion, has always been regarded as the most important dogma of the Christian faith? And that systematic efforts on the part of the Christian priesthood (the reverends) have been made in all ages of the Christian Church to suppress and conceal the fact from the public that this doctrine was very anciently taught by some of the Oriental systems, which would prove it to be of heathen origin? Has not our good brother read the account of the Christian Bishop, a reverend residing in India, altering the report of the British committee so as to strike out from their thoroughly digested and authentic exposition of Buddhism the account of the crucifixion and atoning offering of their ancient god, Christina? The report was left in his hands to be forwarded to Europe. And, according to Mr. Higgins, he altered and mutilated it as above stated—striking out such parts as referred to the crucifixion and atonement. And Brother Peebles can learn from the same source that a Mr. Maurice, another reverend, and for many years a Christian missionary in India, in his published sketch of the god Christina, omitted any allusion to his crucifixion and atonement, and that many other reverends have pursued the same policy of suppression and concealment. Why, then, should the Reverend Dr. Eitel, Brother Peebles's informant, be considered an authority in such matters? Brother Peebles suggests that when the natives of Mogul or Thibet call Christina "The Saviour of men," they may mean he saves them by "enlightening them." No, Brother Peebles; if you will read Mr. Hue, and then look at their condition, you will discover they could have meant no such thing. We never hear blind men descending upon colors, as they have no practical knowledge of the existence of such qualities. Neither could a Mogul or Thibetan dwelling in total darkness mean that salvation by Buddha consisted in "enlightening people," for they have no practical knowledge that such an act was ever performed.

As for my "authorities," Brother Peebles will find them in abundance in my forthcoming work "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviours," now in the hands of the printers. Or let the Brother read Higgins's *Anacalypsis*; The Asiatic Researches; D. O. Allen's *India, Ancient and Modern*; Hardy's *Religion of Buddhism*; The *Hindoo Bible* (New Testament); The *Romagara*, or *Bhagavat Gita*; Smith's *Mongolia*; Hudson Tuttle's "Christ-idea in History," and other works I might name. According to Mr. Higgins, the "atonement" and "forgiveness" doctrines were several times practically illustrated in ancient Buddhism. For proof see 2d vol., 237. The word Buddha, according to Mr. Higgins, means "A Saviour." I am glad to learn Brother Peebles designs publishing his *Letters of Travel* in book form, for as collections of historical facts they will be valuable.

Brother Peebles asks how I learned that most of the historical facts which he cites can be found in other works, if I never read his "Letters of Travel"? I am a little surprised at this query, as I had supposed any person accustomed to reading could learn in a few minutes the contents and principal facts of any book without reading it, by a mere glance of the eye.

K. GRAVES.

The Boston Radical Club.

This organization has recommended its sessions—as stated by us in a previous issue—and the initial meeting for the present season held at Rev. John T. Sargent's was characterized by a freshness and vigor which were directly opposed to the idea obtaining with the public that the Club had accomplished its mission and been gathered to its fathers. About one hundred and fifty members and guests were in attendance, among the leading minds being Rev. Dr. Bartol, Rev. Dr. A. A. Miner, John Weiss, F. E. Abbott of the Index, C. P. Cranch, Samuel Longfellow, T. W. Higginson, W. K. Potter, of New Bedford, Aaron Powell, of the Northampton Journal, W. S. Robinson of the Springfield Republican, C. K. Whipple, Mrs. Ednah Cheney and Miss Elizabeth Peabody.

Rev. Dr. C. C. Everett of Harvard University was the essayist of the meeting, the subject of his exhaustive treatise being "The Tragic Element in Literature and Life." Life he compared to a clock, which was not like the face was removed, left the tragic elements plainly discernible. Tragedy, he said, is the result of a collision between human wills, or between the great forces which act through the will. All tragic forces, like all natural forces, were pronounced good by the essayist, in whose estimation the principal source of all trouble lay in suffering lower forces to act through the medium meant for a higher. Love often neutralized the impending tragedy by enlarging the nature till it absorbed all differences in itself. Freedom did not beget freedom, but moral necessity, and in free, pure, personal liberty all tragic conflicts found at last their solution.

After a few remarks by Mr. Sargent, Dr. Bartol complimented the essayist; pronounced education to be, to his mind, the solution of the problem; and said the world was better for the tragedies which instructed it; the conflict of lives—the push and pull of existence—being the school which fitted us for higher experiences.

T. W. Higginson pointed to the sublime economy of tragedy—Nature never causing superfluous pain.

Mrs. Cheney spoke concerning certain natures, which, by their calm persistence in well-doing and self-renunciation, put aside the tragedy which seemed inevitable.

Dr. Miner questioned the idea of "underlying forces" and thought the matter should be referred to the elements of life, which overbore or held the reason captive for a time. The real battle of life was from the struggle of certain opposing qualities in human nature, rather than from any conflict between man and the law of things, and the struggle generally resulted from a lack of insight and foresight. In all trouble there was educating power.

Mr. Weiss was the only speaker who is reported to have chosen to go out of his way to misrepresent Spiritualism. To his mind heaven must be a place of activity; an immortal soul was not going to be satisfied with sixty or seventy years' fighting. "The Spiritualists," he said,

"are given to speaking of Heaven as the Summer-Land. Their idea of it seems to be a mish of universal indolence; a paradise of sugar-candy and gingerbread, in which everybody has a flower-bed and a garden and a house with a verandah, and his 'goose hangs high.'" After flinging the accusation at the marriage state that it was a relation into which Providence intentionally brought together two persons who never could by any possibility agree, in order that they might grow through the severe discipline of a constant quarrel, and also declaring that therefore he would not favor the granting of a divorce because of such incompatibility, on the ground that the process of discipline would then be disturbed, and the same trouble would ensue when either of the parties married again, the reverend critic(?) of Spiritualism proceeded to give the following description of the soul's state after physical death, which is identical with the teachings of the returning spirits—his previous description of the Spiritualist's "Summer-Land" being, as all our readers know, a mere "knap of straw," erected for the purpose of being knocked down by the logical(?) and consistent Mr. W.: "We are the same persons as ever, when at the end of our sixty years of life we enter another world, stocked with men of different races and eras. There they are in hordes and clans and crowds and epochs and generations, and we have to live among them, and cannot shut ourselves up in our Little Peddingtons." He said also, that rather than be at rest in the life to come, he would prefer to accept the pantheistic theory of indefinite absorption into the absolute.

The views of Mr. Weiss and others who held to the theory of an eternal conflict for the soul, were wittily referred to by Mr. Higginson as "the gospel of the eternal shindy," and an animated discussion followed thereon, in which the previously named speakers—also Messrs. Longfellow, Cranch, Temple, Towell, Abbott, and Miss Peabody joined—after which the Club adjourned.

A Spirit Message and Verification.

DEAR BANNER.—At the camp meeting held last August at Lake Pleasant, a communication was given to me under the following circumstances, through a stranger, a lady who accosted me by asking if "my name was—[the name I have forgotten], residing in Boston." Replying in the negative, I gave my name, adding that I hailed from Minnesota. Meeting the same lady the next morning on the "Broadway" of that tented city, she recognized me, and made the inquiry if "there was any other person on the ground from Minnesota." Answering her there was not, to my knowledge, she stated "that a spirit was present who was desirous of sending a communication to Minnesota, by the Minnesota man, and if here alone, I was the one wanted to take it down and send it." Signifying my willingness to thus give my aid, she immediately went to her tent, became entranced, and gave the following

COMMUNICATION:

"George says, my father's and mother's names are Joseph P. and Mary L. Kidder; live at Kasson, Minnesota; and they have got Charley, George, Franky, Barton and Jessie; have buried a sister that was not named. And his mother is a medium, and they chose the spirit. Tell Joseph, she does not like to have a rope around her neck—that her name was Sophronia, and was Joseph Kidder's wife; wants her to sit and develop as a medium; that Charley has a cough, and he wants him manipulated. Orsamus sends his love to Lucinda, and Uncle Ralph sends his love, too. That old Nat Clark is in spirit life just as he used to be."

Given through the organism of Mrs. S. E. Davis, of Athol, Mass., at Lake Pleasant, Aug. 24th, 1874.

According to promise, I forwarded a synopsis of the above communication to the parties named in same, to which I have just received the following

REPLY:

KASSON, Sept. 11th, 1874.
MR. COWLES—Dear Sir: We received a letter from you, dated Aug. 28th. What you wrote was all true. We had a boy by the name of George; he died when about three years old; he was a very good little boy. All the other names spoken of are correct.

George died twenty-one years ago last May. The Sophronia spoken of was my first wife; she died in Vermont; she committed suicide by hanging; I lived with her only three months and eight days. I am now fifty-two years old; my wife is forty-one; Charley has a cough; he has coughed all summer; we have tried to have him doctor, but he thought there was no need of doctoring. I should have written before, but I have just got out from a sick bed with the bilious fever. Orsamus and Ralph Clark are my wife's uncles; they are dead; and the old Nat Clark is her grandfather; his name was Nathaniel, but they used to call him "Nat."

Now, if you will send the communication and something that will help Charley, I will write you again, and will give you some of my experience in Spiritualism.

Yours respectfully, J. P. KIDDER.

Kasson, Dodge County, Minn.

The above is a true statement of the facts in the case. W. WALLACE COWLES.

New Britain, Conn.

Written for the Banner of Light.

PRESENT INSPIRATION.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Inspiration is to-day
As it was in olden times,
God with men remains for aye
Here as in the Eastern climes;
Now he breathes his spirit out,
All the race to cheer and bless,
Driving from us fear and doubt,
Bringing peace and happiness!

Let us live to gain this joy,
Live and walk as those of old,
Caring not though foes annoy,
Like the Hebrew prophets bold.
Be it ours with ears to hear,
—And the same with eyes to see,
Knowing love is ever near!
To inspire the just and free!

A Card—"Spiritualist Convention in New Haven, Ct."

Unknown to and unauthorized by me, my name was placed upon the list of officers elected by the body calling themselves as above, at their annual meeting of Sept. 22nd, 1874. I am a Spiritualist of twenty years; and am entirely opposed to the fanaticisms preached on that occasion, and very much chagrined to find myself in such company. I do not accept the Trusteeship, and request that my name be not used in the future, by them or others, without my consent. Will all papers which have published their list of officers please copy the above, and oblige me?
MRS. LITA BARNEY SAYLES.
Dayville, Ct.

ECCE SIGNA.—VI.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

One of the marked signs of the times is the public attention and growing interest in, and respect that is now being paid to, the modern spiritualistic manifestations. They are no truer now than they ever were; and they have had, as now, from their first years, scholars, clerical and scientific and literary, that have risked their reputation by endorsing their stupendous and consolatory claim, that

"The spirit world around this world of sense floats like an atmosphere."

Is a literal truth, and the supposed dead, living therein, now and then can and do put on an appearance, and influence mundane matter; but this endorsement has not reputation and position. To-day the highest grade of cultured minds can examine and become convinced, and tell the world so, and not lose position. That marks an epoch in this era. A student of this subject has seen this gradual change, and has expected it, and expects more; this has been brought about by the "perseverance of the spirits," as well as the "salutis" spiritual.

"The like a drop which night and day falls cold and ceaseless, were the stone away," and now, particularly, during the last year or two, the best of minds say to its truth, "Yea, verily!" and it does not spoil them in the world's estimation.

I am led to make these remarks because the press, which is the weathercock of public opinion, is beginning to cater to the *ton*; one can hardly read a paper now that does not notice, or have a word to say of some manifestation; here or there, and no more or less respectfully. Of course, "Bourbonism" is not a "lost art," and as the poet Watts says,

"And sinners who grow old in sin,
Get hardened in their crimes."

so many an editor must be in apparent unbelief; but the noticeable feature now is the many items or articles, more or less favorable, given to these manifestations—many papers of influence giving attention to them, and large space from paid reporters devoted to this subject in detail. This is no special love to the subject perhaps, but is evidence of a "ground swell" in their constituency; it is demanded; it begins to pay. Well, just as we said, or expected, the sun now begins to shine in the valleys; in time the world will be radiant with its light, and faith will pass out of eclipse. As a specimen of the style of articles now often found in the papers, I will quote one short one, in full, from the last number of the Golden Age:

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

To the Editor of the Golden Age:
The wonderful "materializations," as they are called, of the Eddy Brothers, which have been attracting a great deal of attention, they have been visited by hundreds of people, and almost every one has been profoundly impressed by the phenomena. They have been called by one Dr. George M. Beard, of this city, "prominent men in modern times," and a revival of old tricks perfectly well understood and long ago exposed. The investigation of the phenomenon was conducted by the most experienced judges, and the Eddy Brothers do the whole thing, and lead their visitors through a series of what is called "materializations." In the first place the impossibility that this man should have effect on the bodies of others, and without discovering the slightest evidence or indication of trickery. According to his own account he applied no secret, and made no slight examination. He went there a disbeliever, and came away a convinced believer. But Judge Case goes there an unbeliever, and looks and examines and probes and tests, and his own mind melts into wonder. Dr. Beard goes there incredulous, and the longer he studies, after weeks of patient watching, the more thoroughly satisfied he is of the perfect honesty of the medium and reality of the phenomena. There is no apparatus for producing any such appearances as are nightly visible. Dr. Beard says the exhibitions of hands are induced by the medium, who is sitting with the closest distance of their hands from his chest. These manifestations may not be produced by spirits, but that they are the products of trickery and imposture is the most probable supposition, and the man who can make it deserves commendation.
New York, Nov. 2d, 1874.

We are not obliged now to defend the incredulity and the close observation of the believers—the "Philistines" will do it for us. The papers are very scarce now that will editorially denounce this hopeful claim of the Spiritualists as a cheat and a delusion; the believers are too many and too strong, so the worst feature now is "damning with faint praise," which is a bridge easily crossed into endorsement and approval.

The sun of truth may sometimes be in eclipse—hid by clouds, and often lost in a long northeast storm, but it never moves backwards; and this doesn't; by-and-by and soon the wise men of the east—if I may so call the clergy, without joking will fall down and worship it, and forget its manner, or humble birth and unpopular boyhood.

N. P. Andrews' Lectures in Boston.

Mr. Enron—Permit me to say through the Banner of Light to your numerous readers that we have secured Stephen Pearl Andrews for a course of six lectures in Boston on his newly discovered science of Universology, to commence at the Parker Fraternity Hall, on the evening of the 16th of November. The following is the call addressed to Mr. Andrews, and his reply:

Boston, Nov. 2d, 1874.

MR. STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS,
Dear Sir:—The signed citizens of Boston and vicinity, having long been through various sources of the extraordinary nature and claims of your system of thought and its promise of benefit to mankind, and some of us being students of your works, and desirous, at your convenience, of hearing your own exposition of the subject, we write to inquire if it would be convenient and agreeable to you to deliver a course of six lectures this season in Boston, on Universology, Integralism and Pantarchism, with, if possible, some account of Alwato, the newly discovered Universal Language.

(Signed) REV. WM. R. ALGER,
PROF. W. D. GUNNING,
A. W. STEVENS,
JOHN WETHERBEE,
S. H. MORSE,
PROF. E. WHIPPLE,
C. A. BARTON,
E. H. HILWOOD.

New York, Nov. 4th, 1874.
GENTLEMEN—Your request that I should deliver a short series of expositions of Universology, etc., in Boston accords with my own wish in the matter. For a year past I have delivered a course of weekly scientific lectures at DeGarmo Hall, in this city, on these subjects, and my engagements here would have precluded the possibility of my complying with your request. Now, and for the present, I have closed this series of routine engagements and am sufficiently free to comply with your request, almost at your option in respect to time. Simply give me a reasonable notice of time, place and arrangements.

Very truly, etc.,
STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

Hoping you will extend the courtesy of publishing the above, in behalf of the gentlemen who have united in the call, I remain,

Very truly yours, E. WHIPPLE.

Boston, Nov. 5th, 1874.

Three mushrooms growing under a flagstone weighing eighty pounds, in an English town, lifted the stone out of place. The vegetable kingdom appears to be developing a number of Samsons. Put the mushrooms with the Amherst squash, and call the next strong vegetable.

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.

Orders accompanied by cash will receive prompt attention. We are prepared to forward any of the publications of the Book Trade at usual rates. We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of Books on commission, or when cash does not accompany the order. Send for a free Catalogue of our Publications.

In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of independent free thought; but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1874.

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ISAAC R. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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Church and State Separate.

The Boston Sunday Herald makes the profoundly and comprehensively true remark that "the true American principle of the separation of Church and State must be adhered to if we would avoid political and bloody collisions in the future." It is a truth that lies on the surface for obviousness, yet runs down to the very foundations of the national security with its deep and lasting significance. Why is it that fanatics and bigots must undertake to unsettle a principle so vital to the national peace and security? Why is it that certain men cannot rest easy with some things just as they are in reference to freedom, but must devote their days to meddling for no other possible purpose than to destroy the fair fabric of that freedom and gloat over the ruins of an edifice the like of which is wholly out of the range of possibility for such as they?

We would not presume to deny that every created being has his special uses in this world, and even the zealotry of unmitigated malignity may be made to serve the valuable end of forcing men to combine in the defence of blessings which they might in time forget to prize. This God-in-the-Constitution fiction, for instance, which is straining every nerve and calling in every influence to enable it to rise to the level of a strong party, must have been conceived and brought to its present stage of existence for no other practical reason than to compel us all to investigate afresh the advantages of the beneficent laws which are supreme in the nation, and thus cling to them with an intense tenacity from the mere apprehension of their loss.

These matters are often so ordered and arranged in the plan of Nature, and that of course means the spiritual force which includes and embraces and vivifies all. Out of our very selfishness we are made to do what we would not do voluntarily, though it be for our highest good. In this free country of ours—still free in spite of the manacles which bigotry would be glad to clasp on to the hands of the people—the union of Church and State in any form would sound the knell of freedom and all the train of blessings which attends its movements. It is the one thing which the fathers and founders of our constitutional liberty sought to avoid. Such sages as Jefferson, Franklin and John Adams, who pondered well the grave problem which it was given them to solve in their eventful day, did not do what they finally did without considering the remotest consequences. They comprehended the innate tendencies of human nature, and knew the springs and motives of human conduct. They comprehended the shoals and reefs on which popular liberty was liable to be made a wreck. And they were precisely those which the God-in-the-Constitution bigots of the present day are displaying to the country as the boundaries of the only safe haven into which the Ship of State should be brought. So extreme are the men of different times in respect to their insight and their blind fatuity.

The State must be kept totally independent and clear of the Church, or we are certain to wreck our liberties. There is no middle ground, no compromise, no half-way arrangement that will apply to the case. If the people would but open their eyes to the situation, they could not help seeing that this knot of fanatics, this cabal of self-righteous men, this new politico-pious school, which assumes to do God's legislation for him, is designing an invasion of their freedom on its most defenceless side; and they would rise together as one man, and order in thunder a cessation of this perilous trifling. The whole business would be ended right where it is, and nothing more would be heard of its authors, advisers, or advocates. They would all be swamped and overwhelmed together by an irresistible popular power that brooks no schemes, ecclesiastical or other, which involve or seek the sacrifice of what they hold as priceless in their eyes. That is the manner, too, in which these plotters are to be met and vanquished. To argue with them for a moment is to yield ground. They take their own stand on the buldest assumptions, and they must be overthrown by the direct force of the popular will. It will be time enough to deal tenderly with them when they themselves manifest any special tenderness for the dear-bought blessings of popular freedom. Authority and power are what they are after, and the worst of all tyranny, that over the human conscience, is the fatal result of their unashamed aims. We need not respect their piety till they pay some regard to our freedom.

During the recent lectures in this country by "A Parson," the speaker on one occasion referred at length to the missionary system which European and American churches were prosecuting, depicting their errors and absurdities. He regarded the efforts in that direction as being totally misdirected. He said what India needed was the light imparted by modern science; superstition she did not need; she had enough of that of her own; she was, in fact, the parent of the same superstition that the churches were now so intent on sending back there.

Arrival of Mrs. Kate Fox-Jencken.

This celebrated medium—one of the chosen few who were privileged to act as initial instruments at the coming to earth of the modern phase of spirit communion—arrived at New York City from England last week in the steamship *Helvetia*, and will make a visit to old scenes, and mingle for a time in the companionship of the friends of days now gone.

All who are familiar with the details of that remarkable evening at Hydeville, March 31st, 1848, when the intelligence of the singular confessions heard for some time was finally settled, need not be informed that Kate Fox, then a little child of nine years of age, played an important part in the discovery that a disembodied mind was operating in the hitherto incomprehensible sounds. It would, of course, be incorrect to state that a certain amount of knowledge concerning the phenomena had not existed, and been recognized at a much earlier date—notably in the case of the Wesley family and Ghanvil, the King's chaplain—but the circumstances attending their previous advent were such as to circumscribe the limit of their usefulness, and in most cases they were smothered beneath the cloak of religion. But the Fox family gave freely of the new light to a waiting world, and stood in fear of no class of the community. By the bravery of the girl mediums, Kate and Margaret, the matter was put before the people in a new aspect, and with no desire to detract from the honor of any of the earnest subsequent toilers in the field they sowed, we feel to say that the present tremendous movement which is shaking creeds and dogmas to their centre all over the civilized world, has been the resultant outcome of their pioneer labors.

As is well known, Miss Fox visited England some years since, and while there made the acquaintance of Mr. H. D. Jencken, an eminent barrister in London, and member of the Geneva Congress for the reform and codification of the Law of Nations—a body composed of leading lawyers and legislators from England, the United States, France, Spain, Germany and Italy—and was united in marriage with him, the fruit of said union being a son, whose wonderful medial powers even now, in his infancy, are astonishing all who become acquainted therewith, pointing, as they do, to a widening scope when he shall have attained to manhood, which is at present beyond the power of prophecy. It will be remembered that these events of her life were foretold to her some years before she left America for England—it being stated that she would visit that country, be married, and give birth to a son whose mediumship would develop to such grand proportions that she (the mother) would shrink to the proportion of a cypher in comparison; the matter was not at the time regarded as of much moment, some of her friends indeed calling her jokingly "the cypher"—in consequence, but after events have proved the truth of the first two points of the problem, and the phenomena which are almost daily occurring in presence of the medium-babe—some of which have been recounted in *Epes Sargent's* admirable work, "The Proof Palpable of Immortality"—it is fair to fully demonstrate the verity of the third proposition.

If there is any one individual connected with the cause of Spiritualism who, more than another, merits at this time a public ovation or testimonial, it is Mrs. Jencken, who has borne herself in such manner as to win the respect of some of the best people of this country and England. We speak entirely from our own views—not having seen the lady or as yet heard from her—but it seems to us that the occasion of the visit to her home of this pioneer medium of modern spirit communion should be made memorable in a marked degree by the Spiritualists of the United States.

The New Postal Law.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the provisions of the Appropriation Act passed at the last session of Congress, which affect the payment of postage on newspapers:

"On and after the 1st day of January, 1875, the postage on newspapers and periodicals sent to subscribers or news agents shall be as follows: On those issued weekly or oftener, two cents per pound and fraction thereof; on those issued less frequently, three cents per pound and fraction thereof. Publications so mailed on and after the 1st day of January, 1875, shall be weighed in bulk, at the office of mailing, and the postage prepaid thereon, by a special stamp affixed to such matter, or to the sack containing it, or upon a memorandum, or otherwise, as the Postmaster-General may provide."

We have weighed the fifty-two numbers of the Banner of Light (for twelve months), and find that the postage on the same—and which we are now called upon to prepay at this end of the line—is fifteen cents per year. We therefore desire our subscribers, when they renew, 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) 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.

We would willingly ourselves bear this added expense of prepaying the postage, but with our heavy liabilities, including the support of the Banner of Light Public Free Circles, we do not feel able, in justice, to do it. Our subscribers will not find their bills any larger, but rather smaller, by their sending us this sum.

We hope that all our friends in various parts of the country will take every opportunity to enlarge our subscription lists, for in the field of liberalistic journalism the work of the laborers is at all times hard and scarcely remunerative.

Mrs. Palmer to Lecture in Boston.

It will be seen by the announcement in another column that the Committee of Management of "the Music Hall Society of Spiritualists" has decided to charge a small admission fee of ten cents at the door, in order to defray a portion of the running expenses of the meetings.

Mrs. N. L. Palmer, so well and favorably known as a trance speaker of great ability, is engaged to lecture in Beethoven Hall next Sunday afternoon and the two following Sabbaths. Those who would listen to her inspired eloquence should not let this opportunity go by unimproved.

The serial by Mrs. Ann E. Porter, which we are publishing in these columns, is a well-written production, and is therefore choice reading for the family circle. We can supply back numbers of the Banner containing it.

A letter from the West, by Cephas B. Lynn, will appear in our next issue.

Extermination of the Indians.

The question of the day is, Are the few remaining red men in the Northwest to be exterminated? It would seem so. The rapacious white man, with "Greed" for his motto, claims all this fair garden of earth, and the inferior races must bow to his behest! The Boston Traveller, alluding to the late massacres of the Indians by U. S. troops—massacres, we mean, for they were nothing more—says:

"Several hundreds of Indian lodges were destroyed, recently, and there is a most brilliant prospect that there will be some thousands of the reds—men, women and children—starved from cold or hunger, or by the combination of both cold or hunger, before next spring. This cutting up the Indians by cutting down their crops, and cutting up their lodges, and cutting the throats of their horses and cattle, and cutting them off from the hunting grounds, is as old as the incoming of Christians to the West. It was done in the seventeenth century after prayer; it was done in the eighteenth century after cursing; and it is done in the nineteenth century after swearing; and it will be done in the twentieth century after drinking, should there be any Indians then left to try the last polish of civilization."

What a sad admission this, made as it is by a reputed Christian newspaper, and that, too, at the "Hub"! No wonder that the *Infield Investigator* comments upon the "Christian civilization" of the present day in connection with this subject. It should serve to cause the blush of shame to mantle the cheeks of the devotees of Christianity. Here is what it says:

"The Christian civilization that we have had has crowded the red men back and back, until, standing as it were on the shores of the distant Pacific, they read their destiny in the setting sun while feebly struggling against extermination. Their history is another evidence of what our civilizing process has effected for an inferior and dependent race. When the English settlers landed hereabouts two hundred and seventy-four years ago, the Indians were numerous and powerful; they received the white men in a kind and friendly manner, but the latter soon commenced the aggressions which have been followed up from that day to this. The English began the work of exterminating the Indians, and the Americans have nearly completed it, or so much so, that by the end of the present century the red race will have nearly or quite disappeared from off the face of the American continent. Such is civilization when originated and guided as ours has been, by the saving grace of the Christian religion!"

Popery.

The logical result of papal utterances, now vested with new authority within the Roman Church, says the Boston Daily Advertiser, is that the Church is so far above the State that, in case of a conflict, the Church must be obeyed. This principle is destructive of human government, if the Pope so wills. The head of the Catholic Church claims a veto on all human laws and on the decrees of all less divinely ordained rulers. Every government must protest against the principle or lose its power; and when an attempt is made to enforce the principle, it must use the worldly means at its command to crush out the destructive principle. In point of fact, however, the danger disappears before it becomes dangerous. The Pope has no longer the power he wielded in the Middle Ages, when princes went to war or desisted from war at his command; when the terrors of the Church or the Church's favor gave the ability to one pretender to establish himself on a throne and drove his rival into exile; when whole kingdoms were laid under interdict for years at a time, with terrible consequences to the people, and were only released when the rebellious son of the Church became reconciled to the Pope. Yet even then we read of nations wholly Catholic braving the wrath of Rome rather than submit to the extinction of national life. Who doubts that it would be so now? Religious enthusiasts are to be found everywhere in all churches. Practical patriots are more numerous in every country. The kings of Catholic Belgium and Bavaria, the government, whatever it might be, of Catholic France, King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, the Emperors of Austria and Brazil have never found any difficulty in holding their subjects to allegiance as against the papal power. Popes and priests certainly have a potent influence over the minds of their flocks, but they would always fail in an attempt to overrule the patriotism of a people.

Annie De Montford.

The celebrated European mesmerist, is now giving a series of remarkable entertainments in Boston, illustrating the power of her will over the mind and senses of those who come under her controlling influence. Beethoven Hall has been crowded the past week to witness her performances, and no doubt will be for another week. See advertisement on fifth page.

O. H. Wellington, M. D., 18 Beach street, New York City, writes: "For the present we shall suspend Sunday meetings, as another new movement has just been started; but our Tuesday evening conferences will be continued at 329 West Forty-third street, and we are urged to have a Convention of Christian Spiritualists in this city soon. Will any of the readers of the Banner, who sympathize with this idea, and can attend, communicate with me, especially the Spiritualists of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City?"

The Northern Sioux Indian Chief "Red Leaf," who visited Washington last year, is dead. He was asleep with his family when Sheridan's cavalry pounced down upon the sleepers, murdering them in cold blood! And General Sherman "reports" to headquarters that it was a "fight with the Indians, and Sheridan was victorious." This transaction is the most glaring farce of the nineteenth century.

By the correspondence published in another column it will be seen that several distinguished gentlemen of this city, desirous of hearing Mr. S. P. Andrews descend upon his alleged newly discovered science of "Universology," etc., have invited him to visit Boston. Having accepted the invitation, he will commence his lectures at Parker Fraternity Hall on the evening of the 16th inst.

Read "A Word to Psychometers and Clairvoyants," by Dr. J. R. Buchanan, the scientist, which we publish elsewhere. Psychometrists and clairvoyants should not fail to enter into correspondence with the Doctor upon the subject-matter of his communication.

Questions of interest find attention on our sixth page, and Katie Curran, Atkins Clark, Matthew Hogan, Jennie Johnson, Jared Perkins, and Moses Clark, give characteristic messages.

Thanks to Mrs. Luman White, florist, Winsted, Conn., for a box of rare flowers for our public free circle room.

The Paine Memorial Building.

We are happy to state that this fine and also useful monument to the memory of Thomas Paine, the earnest and fearless champion of free reason, is rapidly approaching completion, and the prospect now is that it will be ready for dedication to Universal Mental Liberty on the 29th of January—the anniversary of his birthday. The visitor in Boston who may direct his steps toward either Appleton or Berkeley streets will soon see the grand twin-brother homes of liberalism—the Parker and the Paine Memorial Buildings—standing side by side, each being an evidence of the rapid change in public opinion which the present generation has experienced. The Paine Memorial (like the Parker) is a substantial, large and handsome edifice, thoroughly built, and an ornament to the locality in which it is situated. The building is five stories in height, is reared in a peculiar style of architecture, and has a front ornamented with marble slabs above the doorway, on which are inscribed political and religious mottoes from the works of the author-hero of the Revolution. Conspicuous, also, in front, over the main entrance to the structure is the neat looking tablet on which is inscribed: "The Paine Memorial Building, and Home of the Boston Investigator."

We hope the friends of liberal sentiment will strengthen the hands of the Trustees so that pecuniary supplies may be forthcoming to complete the work so auspiciously begun and so successfully prosecuted up to the present point. Donations may be sent care of Boston Investigator, 84 Washington street, and will be acknowledged by that journal.

J. J. Morse.

This eloquent English trance speaker is at present in Baltimore—his address being 220 West Baltimore street, care Levi Weaver, Esq. He is having excellent success and winning many friends there. He proposes coming to Boston, and would like to make engagements in New England, at easily accessible points therefrom.

Jennie Collins advises the city fathers—in view of the approaching hard winter, and the grasping character of the landlords—to erect temporary structures in convenient parts of the municipality similar to soldiers' winter quarters, wherein the poor, who would work, but cannot find employment, and who are consequently turned out of their wretched tenements because they cannot pay their rent, may be able at least to obtain free shelter from the cold until the coming again of warm weather. The building of these structures would also give employment to idle hands. A good plan!

Burnham Wardwell announces that steps are being taken to open an industrial institution for discharged prisoners, the plan being to purchase a farm on which to establish various kinds of mechanical shops where the unemployed, homeless and neglected may find food, shelter and work at all times. Any one desirous of learning further concerning the enterprise, can address Mr. Wardwell at 26 North Russell street, Boston.

A new Monthly Spiritual Magazine is to be published by Rev. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn. He is well known to the readers of the Banner as a liberal thinker and talented man. Success to the new enterprise. See his Card in another column.

A correspondent writing from Rawsonville, O., to subscribe for the Banner of Light, says: "I feel that I cannot do without it any longer. It is light and life to me. May the angel-world assist you in the good work you are engaged in."

We have received many commendatory notices of the article "A Spiritualist's Death-bed," which was published in our issue for Oct. 31st.

Wanted, to complete our files, the following numbers of the Banner: Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, of volume one; No. 22, of vol. three; Nos. 1, 2, 6, 7, 17, 21, 24, 25 and 26, of four.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

John Brown Smith is ready to make engagements to lecture anywhere in New England. Address him at Amherst, Mass.

E. Anne Human, who has recently been lecturing in Bartonsville, would like to make further engagements in Vermont and New Hampshire, or elsewhere. Address, West Winsted, Ct., box 323.

Mrs. E. A. Blair is at present located at 707 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill., where she will remain for the winter.

Harvey Barber, Waukegan, Mass., will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism, and also to attend funerals.

Giles B. Stebbins is engaged to speak in Baltimore, Md., during February. He is a good speaker.

Mr. Frank T. Ripley of this city, the well-known trance teller, is on a professional tour West. In a brief note from him dated Buffalo, N. Y., Nov. 3d, he says: After leaving Boston, we stopped at several places along the route and held sances, which were largely attended. We arrived at Buffalo, Sunday morning, and Monday evening gave a sance at Arcade Hall to a large audience. Other sances have been crowded, and great interest is felt. I shall be in Boston by the first of December to full engagements there.

Susie M. Johnson is lecturing the present month, November, in Washington, D. C., and will be glad to make engagements for the winter, either East or West. Address this month, 503 E street, Washington, D. C.; after that, Bay City, Michigan, Box 72.

Miss Nellie L. Davis writes: "Permit me to announce through the Banner, that I have given up my intended trip to California, and that Miss E. Augusta Whiting, of Abilene, Mich., has consented to fulfill my appointments. Miss Whiting has not been actively engaged in the lecture field for some time, owing to her sole surviving parent and relative demanding all of her attention; but this parent having passed on to a higher life, relieves Miss Whiting of those duties which have claimed precedence of all others. She now holds herself ready to answer calls to speak East or West, but more particularly West. All societies in California desiring the services of an able and worthy inspirational speaker, can secure her services by addressing her at Abilene, Mich.

"I have been speaking in Michigan for two months past, and find an increasing interest manifested by the people in the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. Though changing my line of travel, I still remain in the lecturing field, and may be addressed 235 Washington street, Salem, until further notice."

Mrs. S. A. Rogers Heyder has removed from Haverhill to Salem, Mass., 71 Hubon Block.

Lyman C. Howe speaks in New York during November. John Collier, from England, lectures, during November, at Greenfield, Mass., and goes thence to Baltimore, Md., during December. In January, 1875, he returns to Springfield, to commence his second engagement in that city, where he will lecture before the Free Religious Society. His previous addresses in Springfield drew large audiences. Mr. Collier would be happy to correspond to all societies desiring his services. Address him care Banner of Light.

Mrs. George A. Taber, trance speaker, will accept engagements to lecture anywhere within a day's ride of home. Address, Boston, Mass.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—The "Free Lectures Association" meets at Loomis Temple of Music, corner Orange and Center streets. Services each Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M.

There is said to be a birth every five minutes in London, and a death every eight minutes.

(Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1874 by Colby & Rich, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.)

THE PROOF PALPABLE OF IMMORTALITY.

BY EPHEN MARGENT.

[Continued from our last issue.]

Bertrand, D'Huin, Puysegur, Séguin, and other magnetizers, who had stood on the very threshold of Spiritualism, drew back in awe and alarm from further investigation. Deleuze fears that the prosecution of inquiry may "trouble human reason and lead to dangerous consequences." "Magie is rediscovered," said Dupotet, who now (1874), at an advanced age, accepts the spiritual phenomena as the culmination of his mesmeric researches. "The magnetic forces cannot be explained," said Puysegur. "We have no organs," said Moan, "for discovering spiritual beings." "The real causes of apparitions, of objects displaced, of suspensions, and of a great portion of the marvelous," said D'Huin and Bertrand, "are inscrutable." Séguin reports that "wisdom commands him to stop on the edge of an abyss which no man can pass with impunity."

How far the *religione* of theological teachings may have influenced these afflicted investigators would be a curious subject of inquiry. Obviously they were on the verge of the great proclamation of the facts of Modern Spiritualism, but they recoiled and left the further probing of the facts to the courage of a little girl nine years old, Miss Kate Fox, of Hidesville, New York.

It would be unjust, however, did I not pause here to recall the fact that Dr. Justus Kerner, chief physician at Weltsberg, in Germany, and who died in 1859, has left in his "Life of Frederica Hauff, the Seeress of Prevorst," a record of indubitable spiritual phenomena occurring as early as 1826, and fully accepted by him. They include nearly all the most important that have been developed up to the present time: rappings, movements of objects, levitations, apparitions, direct speech of spirits, thought-reading and clairvoyance.

Kerner was of course ridiculed for what was looked upon as his "credulity." The editors and the *sanctus* decided, as usual, on these phenomena, without taking the slightest trouble to investigate them; but they found in Kerner a keen and intrepid champion of the truth, who in literary skill was their superior, and in science was not lacking. Time has vindicated his sagacity and his truthfulness.

There is a class of opponents of Spiritualism, who, having been forced to admit the phenomena, attempt to depreciate and undervalue them. Their objections are summed up in the question *Cui bono?* For what good? What is the use of it all? As if we were bound to answer the question when a fact or phenomenon of Nature is presented! As if the skeptic could not make precisely the same objection to the universe itself, and prove the nothingness of things by his *Cui bono?* He who would set facts aside with a sneer may like to find them irreproachable.

One person, styling himself a medical professor, asserts that "there is no connection whatever between the phenomena of Spiritualism and the theory of Spiritualism," which is about as logical as it would be to say that there is no connection between our solar system and the Copernican theory. And yet platitudes like this, uttered in the loud, confident tone of a *professor*, often impose on the timid and unthinking.

The contradictory character of the communications from spirits is a stumbling-block to many. The objection is truthfully answered by Mr. Shorter. He says: "You complain that the spiritual communications you receive are not to be implicitly trusted. Well, perhaps that is the very lesson they are chiefly designed to teach you."

To the just and reverent thinker the current objections to the facts of Spiritualism must appear as superficial as they are arrogant and rash. A fact of Nature can seem trivial only when our ignorance places it in wrong relations or overlooks its real significance. Nature does not equivocate, though she may seem to do so. The disposition to slight these phenomena, to malign or misinterpret them, is merely a proof of our impotence to read and master them.

As for those persons who admit the facts, but pronounce them diabolical, and would drive us back from investigation by the cries of "danger!" "degradation!" all such opponents transcend the domain of science and enter that of mere theology, where I cannot follow them at present. The purpose of this exposition is to deal with the facts that have led to the spiritual hypothesis, and not to discuss the question how far the spirits manifesting themselves in these days are good or evil, harmless or dangerous, moral or immoral. Surely it is something if we can prove to our modern Sadducees that spirits of any kind may exist. Even a "degraded" spirit may be a suggestive fact.

Meanwhile all advocates of the Satanic theory will do well to ponder Locke's advice to those who, in his day, would frighten him from the pursuit of truth by this cry of *derelict*. "It is very becoming," he says, "that men's zeal for truth should go as far as their proofs; but not go for proofs themselves. Talking with a supposition and insinuation that truth and knowledge, nay, and religion, too, stand and fall with their systems, is at best but an imperious way of begging the question, and assuming to themselves, under the pretence of zeal for the cause of God, a title to infallibility."

The late Baron Guddenstube, a friend too early lost to Spiritualism, in his treatise "La Réalité des Esprits," remarks: "The absurd fear of demons, prevalent especially during the middle ages, is precisely the principal cause of the infrequency of supernatural phenomena, the spirits neither wishing nor being able to manifest themselves to people who take them for unclean spectres. Surely there is nothing more fitted to alienate spirits as well as men and animals, than this invincible repugnance, this shrinking horror, this utter lack of sympathy."

"The only true remedy," says James Martineau, "for the dark infidelity and cold materialism that threaten the utter destruction of the religious life in a large portion of the people, is to give them a living faith,—true to the conscience, true to the intellect, true to the realized science of the age. The Spiritualist is professedly struggling for the realization of this object, amidst the taunts of Orthodoxy and the execrations of Fanaticism."

Another class of malcontents, looking at the phenomena of Spiritualism from an esthetic point of view, find them "in bad taste." The coarse, hard, unmanly facts violate all their preconceptions of what the spirit-world ought to be; shock all their notions of spiritual propriety, and contradict all the theories they may have inherited or formed of spirits as refined disembodied essences, freed from material surroundings and too pure to be brought in contact with them ever again.

But Nature evidently does not consult the dilettanti in her operations. She does many things "in bad taste," and a man, oppressed with a sense of his dignity, has to submit to many mortifying checks and natural limitations. The very processes of birth and death, alimentation and elimination, are, esthetically considered, offensive. But, as Dryden says:

"Reaching above our nature does no good,
We must sink back into our own flesh and blood."

An English clergyman of the radical school finds "much that is repulsive in the so-called revelations of Spiritualism," and is led "to hope most earnestly that it may not be true." He says: "Spiritualists appeal to a vast portion of mankind who prefer seeing to believing, who are over hankering after signs and wonders, and whose materialistic notions of God and soul and heaven compel them to seek satisfaction in visible proofs. We come into the field with very different weapons. 'The weapons of our warfare are not carnal.' And if we cannot hold our ground with these, we refuse to adopt an inferior mode of warfare, or pander to what seems to us a morbid craving for hidden mysteries."

Hidden mysteries! So were many of the wonders of science at one time "hidden mysteries," and the vulgar often thought that chemists and geologists were seeking after hid-

den and forbidden mysteries. Is Superstition now driven from the hovel to the pulpit?

But what relevancy is there in this lofty talk of "carnal weapons" and "morbid cravings"? The question is simply one of facts, not of processes of belief, nor of esthetic sympathies, nor of theological speculations, nor of "warfare" of any kind. As well might we accuse Euclid of "carnality" in proving his propositions, as charge it on Spiritualists in establishing theirs. And if, as this writer says, Spiritualists appeal to those "who prefer seeing to believing," what is this but a proof that they are profoundly sincere in their knowledge, and that they are dealing, not with hazy abstractions but with things that may be tested and verified?

As to the imputation that they "pander to what seems a morbid craving for hidden mysteries," what is this loose phrase but the easy refuge of one too apathetic, too timid, or too preoccupied to face and investigate these extraordinary phenomena? Is the geologist actuated by a "morbid craving," when he pries under slabs of sandstone and earthy layers for the evidences of his science? Or shall the marvels that have relation to the existence of an immortal soul in man, be accounted as less legitimate and important objects of study than the discovery of the fossil remains of extinct varieties of animals?

Mr. St. George Stock has well replied to this class of censors. He says: "A *a priori* objection against Spiritualism rests on our *idea* of a future state. But if the facts alleged are found to be facts, so much the worse for our ideas. Honest old Whately could not bear the phrase, 'I should be sorry to think.' Let truth first be established, and sentiment will soon adapt itself to it."

"Spiritualism, morally considered," says Hudson Tuttle, "is the highest scientific conception of man's relations to himself, to his fellow men, to the spiritual world, and to the divine order of things. It is the essence of philosophy. It asks nothing without giving a reason, teaches nothing without giving a cause. It urges the individual to become just and pure, because no other being in the universe will receive as great a reward for his right doing as the individual, and because every being in the universe will be better for that right doing."

CHAPTER XIX.

In the history of Modern Spiritualism the year 1874 will be memorable for the great access of confirmatory evidence in support of two of the most irresistible demonstrations of the reality of these supersensational phenomena. I refer to the "proofs palpable" presented, first, in the temporary materialization of spirit-forms, and secondly, in the production of photographic likenesses of departed spirits, sufficiently materialized in form to be imaged on the prepared metallic plate, though not enough so to be seen by the normal vision of the persons present in the flesh.

Besides the ample testimony in support of the reality of spirit photographs, given in Mr. A. R. Wallace's "Defence of Modern Spiritualism," we have the result of a very thorough study of the subject recently made by a highly-gifted medium for both physical and mental phenomena, who is at the same time an accomplished scholar and writer. Under the signature of M. A. (Oxon.) he has contributed to "Human Nature," the "London Spiritualist," and other journals, some of the most valuable additions which the literature of Spiritualism has yet received. A private correspondence I have had with him gives me added proof, did I need it, of the rare endowments he brings to the support of the great truths that are yet struggling into light. At once a powerful medium and a cautious scientific observer, combining in himself subject and object, he is qualified, as few have been, for an interesting exposition of the psychological phenomena now claiming such general attention.

In his double capacity of medium and critic he has satisfied himself that spirit photography must be admitted among the established phenomena. The testimony he gives, in addition to that already presented, by Mr. Wallace, Mr. Beattie, William Howitt, Benjamin Coleman, M. Leymarie, M. de Voh, Prince Wittgenstein, Lady Cathliss, and many others in Europe, and by Professor Gunning, Mr. Gurney, Mr. Livermore, Mr. Luther Colby, and others in America, is sufficient to place the fact of spirit photography beyond a question. From his many proofs I quote the following:

"No. 3 is a photograph of Dr. Thomson, of Clifton (England). He went to Mr. Hudson in the hope of obtaining a picture of a deceased relative, and was much disappointed, on seeing the plate, that he could not recognize the figure—that of a female, full length, which stood looking directly into his face. He sent the photograph to his uncle in Scotland, saying that he was sorry he could not recognize it. The reply was that it was not surprising, seeing that the figure was that of Dr. Thomson's own mother, who died at his birth. Since there was no picture of her in existence, he had no idea what she was like. During a visit which I have lately paid him, the same figure, draped in precisely the same way, presented itself at our sittings, and was clearly described in exactly similar terms, while all could hear the rustling of the drapery as the figure moved about the room. Whatever power made that figure in Mr. Hudson's studio, made it again in Dr. Thomson's own house, when no one but myself and his own family were present; and has, since my departure, as I learn by a letter just received, repeated the manifestation in the presence of himself and his son alone."

In the second edition of "Planchette" I expressed some doubt of the genuineness of the spirit-photographs obtained through Mr. Mumler of Boston. My doubt was founded on a misapprehension of some remark made by himself in reply to friends who had taunted him with trickery. Instead of indignantly denying the charge, he had contented himself with replying, "Have it your own way," or in words to that effect, as if he well knew that serious denial would be of no avail among such skeptics.

Having satisfied myself by abundant testimony that Mr. Mumler had been instrumental in producing genuine spirit-photographs, I stated the fact, and in a third edition of "Planchette" withdrew the charge of fraud. Renewed investigation has satisfied me that many genuine spirit-photographs have been produced through his mediumship; and I am happy to have my opinion confirmed by Mr. Gurney, the experienced photographer of New York. In a conversation with Dr. Eugene Crowell,* Mr. Gurney said that he had full faith in the genuineness of the photographs; that he visited Mumler's gallery for the purpose of investigation; that he told Mumler the object of his visit, his name and profession; and to all which Mumler replied that he was welcome to investigate the process in any way he chose. Dr. Crowell says:

"Mr. Gurney then took clean plates and examined them with the closest scrutiny, and prepared them for the camera. The camera itself he took apart, examining the interior, the object-glass, etc., and when all was prepared for taking the picture—a friend of Mr. Gurney's being in the chair—Mr. Mumler placed his hand upon the camera, the lens was uncovered, and in a minute or two the photograph was taken. Upon proving the negative a spirit-form was visible upon the plate beside the likeness of the sitter. The process was repeated with like results; Mr. Gurney managing everything from beginning to end; Mr. Mumler not touching an article, excepting when he placed his hand upon the camera at the moment of taking the picture."

"Mr. Gurney sometime afterward, providing himself with plates and chemicals of his own, visited Boston again, and calling at Mr. Mumler's rooms again, went through the process, using only his own materials, with similar results. He spent some hours in scrutinizing everything about the room, and everything pertaining to the process, and he was perfectly satisfied there was no deception."

"It then inquired if he—Mr. Gurney—could produce similar pictures. He replied: 'Yes, nearly similar; but it would require some days to effect the purpose, while Mumler produces them in three minutes.'"

Dr. Crowell testifies in the most explicit manner to the facts of materialization. He says:

"Innumerable are the proofs that have been furnished of the identity of my spirit friends. Sometimes, when requested, they have given their names, and at others have unexpectedly announced them. Many have presented themselves to me visibly at Moravia, and at Dr. Slade's, some of them while visible conversing with me; and two of them I have

seen apart from any medium. I have in hundreds of instances been touched by spirits; have been lovingly patted by their hands, and have felt and heard the rustling of their robes. Many times I have heard music from material instruments, produced by spirit touches, and once have heard it as clearly and distinctly when no material instrument was in the room."

Whilst I am bringing this volume to a conclusion, the testimony in regard to the materialization phenomena crowds on me so fast, and from so many trustworthy parties, that I should be embarrassed in my choice did I deem that further facts were needed. Col. Olcott has prosecuted his investigations at Chittenden, Vt., in the most thorough manner, testing the Eddy phenomena in various ways, and satisfying himself fully that they are genuine. In this he is supported by numerous competent witnesses, whose names are published in the New York Graphic. Mr. Max Lenzberg, of Hartford, Conn., in a letter to the Daily Times of that city, gives an account of his and his family's experiences at Chittenden. He describes the battery test applied to Honto, the Indian spirit-maiden, by Dr. Beard, a skeptic. The full power of the battery was let on, and Honto received it without flinching. No mortal could have stood it.

Mr. Lenzberg states that the spirit-form of his wife's brother, Abraham, who died seventeen years ago in Texas, appeared on the stage at Chittenden in his shirt-sleeves; and he adds:

"My wife recognized him at once, and said to him, 'Let me introduce you to my husband.' I spoke to him in German; he answered, 'Ja, ich bin es; ich freue mich sehr.' ('Yes, it is I; I am much delighted.' It was a very distinct apparition; there could be no mistake as to the reality of the figure, and my wife said there was none as to identity."

"Another night he came again, and spoke to us in the peculiar idiom of that German dialect which belongs to Westphalia; I detected the idiomatic peculiarity and recognized the words as those unmistakably of a person from that region where my wife came from; the word 'morgen' especially—the German for 'morning,' when he was saying 'to-morrow morning'—was beyond any mistake as to the part of Germany the speaker had lived in."

Mr. Lenzberg further saw the apparition of a little daughter he had lost from earth when she was less than a year old. She was led in by the spirit of his wife's mother, and "appeared as a child of two years, but preserved her own look."

He says: "I went to the railing and spoke to her close by—'Oh, my darling angel Sophie, I can see you!' She smiled, and danced to show her joy at the recognition. My daughter Lena had also come to the railing, and said, 'Do you see me? do you know me?' and the little child, laughing, rapped yes on the railing with her fingers. Her mother sat as if spell-bound; she recognized her child."

Mrs. H. P. Blavatsky, a Russian lady, resident at 124 East Sixteenth street, New York City, having seen in the newspapers a letter from Dr. George M. Beard, who had given less than two days to the investigation of the Eddy phenomena, declaring that they are "frauds who cannot do even good trickery," generously replied to the attack by stating her own most conclusive experiences in a letter to the public, dated October 27th, 1874. She says:

"I remained fourteen days at the Eddys'. In that short period of time I saw and recognized fully out of one hundred and nineteen apparitions seven spirits. I admit that I was the only one to recognize them, the rest of the audience not having been with me in my many travels throughout the East, but their various dresses and costumes were plainly seen and closely examined by all."

"The first was a Georgian boy, dressed in the historical Caucasian attire. I recognized and questioned him in Georgian upon circumstances known only to myself. I was undisturbed and answered. Requested by me in his mother tongue (upon the whispered suggestion of Colonel Olcott) to play the 'Lezgunka,' a Circassian dance, he did so immediately upon the guitar."

"Second—A little old man appears. 'He is dressed as Persian merchants generally are. His dress is perfect as a national costume. Everything is in its right place, down to the 'babouches' that are off his feet, he stepping out in his stockings. He speaks his name in a loud whisper. It is 'Hassan Aga,' an old man whom I and my family have known for twenty years at Tiflis. He says, half in Georgian and half in Persian, that he has got a 'big secret' to tell me, and comes at three different times, vainly seeking to finish his sentence."

"Third—A man of gigantic stature emerges forth, dressed in the picturesque attire of the warriors of Kurdistan. He does not speak, but bows in the Oriental fashion, and lifts up his spear ornamented with bright-colored feathers, shaking it in token of welcome. I recognize him immediately as Saffar Ali Bek, a young chief of a tribe of Kurds, who used to accompany me in my trips around Arrarat in Armenia on horseback, and who on one occasion saved my life. More, he bends to the ground as though picking up a handful of mould and scattering it around, presses his hand to his bosom—a gesture familiar only to the tribes of the Kurdistan."

"Fourth—A Circassian comes out. I can imagine myself at Tiflis, so perfect is his costume of 'nouker' (a man who either runs before or behind one on horseback). This one speaks. More, he corrects his name, which I pronounced wrong on recognizing him, and when I repeat it he bows, smiling, and says in the purest guttural Tartar, which sounds so familiar to my ear, 'Teloch yachehl' (all right), and goes away."

"Fifth—An old woman appears with a Russian headgear. She comes out and addresses me in Russian, calling me by an endearing term that she used in my childhood. I recognize an old servant of my father, a nurse of my sisters. "Sixth—A large, powerful negro next appears on the platform. His head is ornamented with a wonderful coiffure, something like horns wound about with white and gold. His looks are familiar to me, but I do not at first recollect where I have seen him. Very soon he begins to make some vivacious gestures, and his mimic helps me to recognize him at a glance. It is a conjurer from Central Africa. He grins and disappears."

"Seventh and last—A large, gray-haired gentleman comes out attired in the conventional suit of black. The Russian decoration of St. Ann hangs suspended by a large red moire ribbon with two black stripes—a ribbon, as every Russian will know, belonging to said decoration. This ribbon is worn around his neck. I feel faint, for I think of recognizing my father. But the latter was a great deal taller. In my excitement I address him in English, and ask him: 'Are you my father?' He shakes his head in the negative, and answers as plainly as any mortal man can speak, and in Russian, 'No; I am your uncle.' The word 'diadia' has been heard and remembered by all the audience. It means 'uncle.'"

Among the materialized spirit-forms that appear at Chittenden is that of the mother of the mediums. Of her appearance Col. Olcott says:

"I know the full value of words, and I mean to say unequivocally that a woman—a breathing, walking, palpable woman, as palpable as any other woman in the room, recognized not only by her sons and daughters, but also by neighbors present, as Mrs. Zephaniah Eddy, deceased December 29th, 1872, on the evening of October 2d, 1874, walked out of a cabinet where there was only one mortal, and where, under ascertained circumstances, only this one man could have been at the time, and spoke to me personally in audible voice! And nineteen other persons saw her at the same time and heard her discourse."

Mr. Leon Case, a lawyer of Hartford, Conn., of whose experiences at Chittenden I have already spoken, gives the following description of the same apparition:

"One night there came upon the platform, stepping vigorously forth, a woman of apparently middle age. At once Mr. and Mrs. Brown (an Eddy) and Horatio exclaimed, 'Mother!' and others present hailed her as 'Mrs. Eddy.' She was dressed in white skirt with dark colored sack, etc. She appeared very characterfully. Her face was not very distinct to my eyes, save in profile, salutation pleasantly but rather curiously, as if she had something else on her mind, and raising her hands and slightly turning back her head she proceeded to utter, in full, strong voice, one of the most cogent, earnest and beautiful prayers I ever heard, addressed to 'Father of my Spirit'—which words, and no other individual appellation, she repeated three or four times during the prayer, and then withdrew behind the veil, but quickly turned around, so quickly that the clumsy veil had not had time to fairly fall into place behind her, came out, and posing herself like an accustomed platform speaker addressed us in a voice too loud to be in good taste before a limited audience, but evidently at much expense of will force. Her gesticulation was vigorous and appropriate. Her remarks related to the 'new life' principally, and she said some things tenderly of her children—their present works, etc. I think she might have been heard distinctly throughout a common size country meeting-house. Her language was well chosen, indeed elegant, and without grammatical error—save one—the misuse of the verb 'lays' for 'lies,' as 'lays along your path.' I was struck with the singularly forceful character and pertinence of the utterances of this woman; because she was the mother of that brood of 'mediums,' of whom I had heard so much, not having suspected that she possessed the graces she manifested."

Mr. Case tells us that on one occasion Col. Olcott weighed

the Indian spirit, Honto, on one of Fairbanks's platform scales. She was found to weigh eighty-eight pounds. She went behind the veil, reappeared, and was weighed again, this time weighing fifty-eight pounds. At another time she was found to weigh sixty-five pounds. Her bulk at these several weighings was apparently unchanged. Honto is five feet three inches in height, according to measures which Col. Olcott placed on either side of the closet door, and which all could distinctly see. William Eddy, the medium, is five feet nine and a half inches high, and weighs one hundred and seventy-nine pounds.

*This essay was announced in our last "to be concluded" in this issue, but on account of the press of new matter upon the attention of its author, the last installment exceeded the space assigned for it. We shall give the concluding columns in our next.—Ed. B. OF L.

The Rostrum.

Spiritualist Meetings in Beethoven Hall.

Austen E. Simmons closed his engagement before the "Music Hall Society of Spiritualists," at this place, Sunday afternoon, Nov. 7th, his remarks being directed to a consideration of "Prayer." No theme had been so poorly understood as this vital agent in the process of man's growth and happiness. Prayer had been made too much a matter of ceremony, and had been performed rather through lip than heart service. Prayer was a natural thing—a spontaneous outburst of the soul which sought for something necessary to its happiness. But the mere mention of its wants was not enough in a world where material ends must be accomplished through material forces, therefore work was necessary as a companion to prayer; the couple thus joined would tend to compass the result desired. Prayer was a demand, and Nature showed that an adequate demanding power would bring a final supply.—As examples of the natural prayers which humanity was constantly putting forth, the speaker instanced the physical prayers of the infant for food, which were answered by the mother heart; the desires of the adult expressed in the demands of hunger and thirst, which were naturally answered or supplied by the partaking of food or drink; the demands of the human soul, also, for the satisfaction of its intellectual longings, which demands were satisfied or supplied not by miracle but by study and research in the fields of art and science.

The laws of Nature were no less her laws when exhibited through man, than when shown through matter around us, therefore man was naturally a prayerful being, and prayer was the spring constantly pressing him onward. Some might object that these prayers were not all good, and cite the case of the exhibition of overweening ambition or absorbing covetous desires which animated their possessors to the very verge of the next state of being; still the great scale of justice would mete out to these demands a settlement which would bring right from the bosom of seeming wrong.

The Church was in the habit of teaching its votaries to call on God for certain things, without putting forth any individual efforts for their attainment; to assemble their worshipers like some grand *posse comitatus* to demand that they be especially blessed—and that, too, when it professed to worship a God whose leading attribute was that he was unchangeable in his laws! The speaker here cited the case of the pastor who, returning to his parish after a trans-Atlantic tour, lifted up his voice, proclaiming, "Oh Lord! thou knowest that [such-and-such things] occurred while I was in Europe!" as an instance that the modest spirit of prayer which the great founder of the Christian system had inculcated when he said, "And thou, when thou prayest, enter thou into thy closet," was sadly lacking in his modern disciples; and said that this idea of prayer, as a *change of law* to benefit individuals, he (the speaker) could not affiliate with, as each day saw the great rules of the universe working on without swerving; Cause was at work, and Effect said Amen! to the law. If individuals made mistakes they must suffer for them, but the effects which, of themselves, became causes, would lead said individuals to fuller development and broader knowledge. We were here to *work*, not to pray in this life that the effects of this life should be taken away. The speaker counseled his audience, in conclusion, to endeavor to render their prayers actual and real—to make the desires of their hearts so pure and peaceable that the good fruit thereof would be shown in their lives.

Spiritualists' Union.

ROCHESTER HALL, SUNDAY EVENING, NOV. 8TH.

The attendance was quite large, completely filling the hall. For some reason, however, the conditions were less favorable for spirit control than before. Spiritualists are slow to unlearn the lessons of the past. They expect to conduct their meetings on the plan of either the church or the lecture-room. Both methods are false and fatal when applied to communion with spirits. When will we learn that the *Circles* is the only true spiritual institution, and that if we would meet our spirit friends, and have them meet us, we must supply the necessary spiritual conditions.

Suggestions heretofore offered as to the method of presenting questions, the presence in front of the audience of the same persons, and the essential conditions of harmony and receptivity, were—perhaps necessarily—overlooked, and in consequence, there was considerable delay. Dr. Storer, after sitting in vain for some minutes, gave way to Miss Doten.

Miss Doten then gave a passage from her own experience. It related to a vision or spiritual perception of and conversation with a spirit, when she seemed to have actually left her own body, and fully recognized and recalled her sensations upon reentering it. Since this experience she had not doubted her own immortality, or that some time she would realize all her ideals.

After singing by Mrs. Crossman and daughter, and by Mr. Locke, Dr. Storer was controlled, and spoke very rapidly—a few sentences of which we give:

Life in the mental sphere is glorious. The larger a man's imagination, the larger the world into which he goes.

The novelist sits at his desk and combines and records that which comes before his imagination. The public declare him a genius, and speak of the children of his pen. Happy is he who can have many such children. But no man can create anything. If anything comes to him, let him rejoice in it, but not assume he has created it. What we make is soon scattered.

The mind eagerly pursues the career of fictitious characters, and rejoices in the imagination, which is but an expression of the spiritual faculties. Are these souls few? Nay, it is the prerogative of the race; and the time comes when we shall all live in a world where all the characters of the drama shall be to you as friends and familiars.

I look with astonishment—if I could be astonished at ignorance—upon those who suppose there is some royal privilege bestowed upon the favored intellects of the world! Poets, artists, novelists, especially favored in their brief passage through the world! It needs but a clearer sight, a better understanding. What belongs to any man or woman belongs of right to you, and it is your privilege to make it your own. The seeds of great ideas seem to come to naught, but not one is lost. Genial influences shall unfold them.

Gods, we thank thee! Gods many and venerable, we thank thee, and our form of worship is our form of thought. For the myriad of gods whom none can number, for the multitude of influences which none can comprehend, we render our thanksgiving, and hope to be absorbed in the god-heads blended with the Deity that fills all space!

When ye pray let the old idea of the heathen come to you, and pray to *E pluribus unum* that pervades the universe, and shrink not your thought to one God, whether he be Jehovah or any other. No single form of thought will suit this many-angled, this myriad-minded man, who feels the central power of the universe to be one, and yet knows it has many divine expressions.

CONGREGUE AND MME. VESTRIE.—Colonel Congreve, the celebrated inventor of the destructive Congreve rocket, was a musical amateur, and one day accompanied Mme. Vestrie the great singer, to view a monument that had been erected to the memory of Purcell, the composer. The colonel, "He aloud the epitaph with good emphasis and modulation, and is gone to that place where alone his harmony can be exceeded." Mme. Vestrie immediately cried out, "La, Colonel, the same epitaph will serve for you by merely altering one word thus: 'He is gone to that place where alone his growth can be exceeded.'—Editor's Drawer in Harper's Magazine for September."

*This remark was intended for the philosophical Spiritualists, but it will apply equally well to the Spiritualists who have become such through their acquaintance with phenomenal facts.