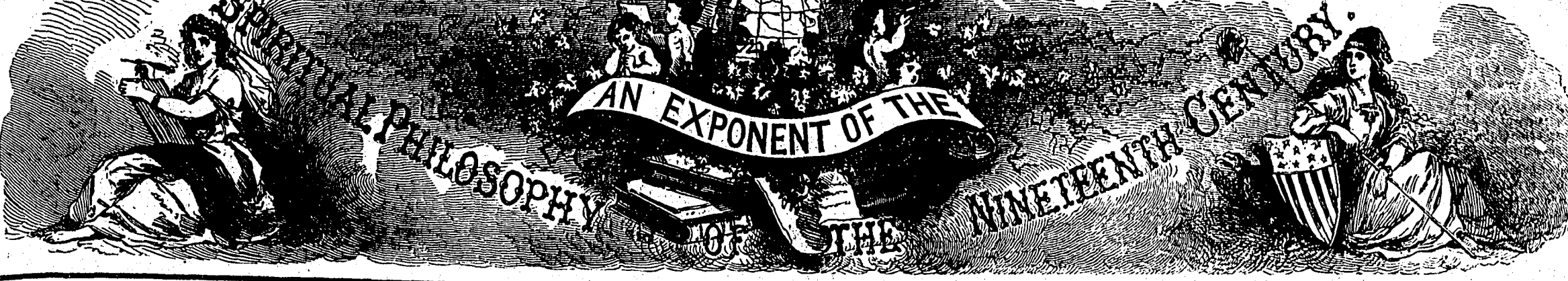


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
MY ANGEL GUIDE.

BY MALICE.

As o'er Life's weary way  
I toil, with joy unblest,  
My worn feet, day by day,  
Longing to vain for rest,  
An angel hovers near,  
To guide my faltering feet;  
Her soothing voice doth cheer,  
In whispers soft and sweet.  
When my despondent heart  
Murmurs at adverse fate,  
Her pale lips open apart,  
And whisper softly, "Wait."  
"Wait," soothingly she saith,  
"Rest never comes too late;  
Gird thee with trusting faith,  
And firm endurance—'Wait.'"  
A look of spirit grace,  
Of suffering, true and tried,  
Rests calmly on her face,  
So pure, so glorified.  
Her eyes turn meekly down,  
Though not with any shame;  
Her hope 's a golden crown,  
And patience is her name.

## MY LOVER HORACE.

BY LAURA HATCH.

Such a bright, happy, joyous month! I have learned to look back upon it since as a sort of golden dream, strangely true at the time, yet too bright to last long.

Horace Travers and I had been engaged a year. During that time I had seen him but once, when he made a flying visit to wish me a merry Christmas, and then go back to his business in the far distant town of C—. But when spring came round and the earth had put on her gala robes of green, Horace wrote me that the whole month of May should be mine and his. And he kept the promise.

This is why that month was so happy; we were together most of the time, either riding, walking, or reading. Horace could sing, too; and after we had practiced awhile our voices went well together, and in many ways during the four weeks we grew to know each other better than in the previous year of our acquaintance.

I can remember yet just how he looked as he turned in the hall door, after our parting was over, to raise his hat. The shadow of parting hung over him yet, and gave a sad expression to the quiet, regular features; and as his eyes met mine, he gave repeated, hesitating gestures of farewell, then vanished from the door.

That was in the afternoon; and at three o'clock I heard the train which was to bear him home whistle as it left the station. Then I went back to my work and sat down sewing. I did not feel as sad as I might, because I knew that this parting was to be a short one, and that when Horace came again it would be the last time, for he would take me home with him.

So I went to dinner when it was ready quite contentedly, and after it was over I took a book and went into the parlor. My father went into the town on some errand, my mother with him; and our servant-girl went out to evening church, leaving me alone in the house. It grew dusky by-and-by, so I could not read, and I drew my chair up to the window, where I could look through the door at the stars coming out one by one in the sky, and wondered if Horace could see them, too.

It grew quite dark at last; and I lit the lamp on the table and returned to my book. For a time I read on; then the air grew chilly, and intending to close the door, I rose from my chair and looked out.

There, in the hall-door, as I had seen him a few hours before, stood Horace Travers.

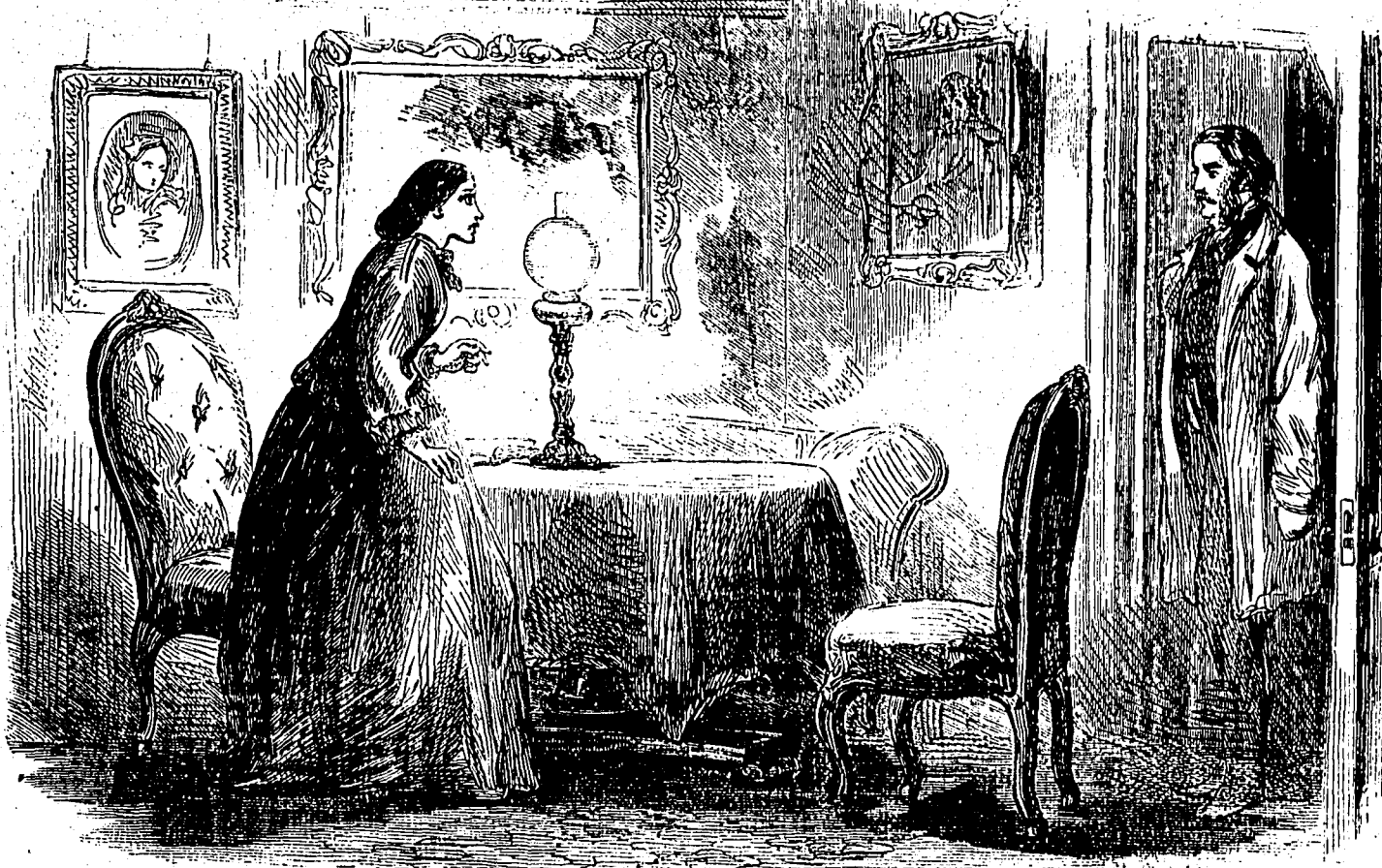
I saw the soft, dark eyes bent upon me, with an expression of tender sadness; the mouth grave and quiet, and shaded by the slight moustache he always wore; the night breeze rustling through his dark, curling locks. Surely, it was Horace; he had been belated, or had forgotten something and returned for it; and I ran forward with a glad, eager cry; but, almost in my grasp—I was conscious that there was nothing there. I reached, of course, and called, but vainly. Horace was not there; and I knew quite well, at last, that he had not been there at all.

I went back into the parlor and sat down. I reasoned, scolded, and argued; but I could not rid myself of the icy shivers which ran through my frame, or the leaden weight which fell upon my spirit. "I called myself the victim of a delusion. I recalled all my philosophy and common sense, but vainly; the icy chill, the leaden weight, grew colder and heavier with every moment."

My mother came in at last, and sat down, with some trifling remark on the beauty of the evening. When she looked up, she crossed over to me in alarm; and taking my hand, cried out: "My child, what is the matter? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I think I have, mother," I said, trying to smile, but bursting into tears instead; and then I told her all.

"Now, my darling Laura," said she, when I had finished, and lay sobbing in her arms, "you must listen to me. Here, for the past four weeks, you have been doing an amount of work sufficient to unbalance the nervous system of a stronger person than yourself. Yet, because it was such pleasant work, this entertaining Horace, and riding and walking with him every day, you thought to escape the consequences of over-exertion. But Nature claims her own; and, as a natural consequence, you are ill. Your nerves are prostrated; you have been thinking of him ever since he left. You look up a moment, and the



THE APPEARANCE OF HORACE TRAVERS.

face you are looking at all the time in your mind appears before you. Nothing is more natural. You have heard of optical illusions. This is one of them. Go to bed, and take a good night's rest; and my word for it, you will be troubled with no more alarming glimpses of Horace, except in dreams, when his presence is agreeable rather than otherwise."

I took my mother's advice. She accompanied me to my room, and watched me until I fell asleep.

The next day I was ready to look at the whole occurrence in the same light; and my father, when he heard the story, laughed heartily, and threatened to tell Horace that I had seen his ghost; and presented the matter in such a ridiculous light, that I had to laugh myself, and in a few days nearly forgot the occurrence.

But when it came near the time when I expected a letter from him, I began to be very impatient about him. The letter, of course, would settle my mind effectually. But it did not come. In fact, it never came; and that was the last, last sight I ever saw of Horace Travers.

I wrote at least a dozen letters to his post-office address. Some of them were returned to me as un-called for; others probably found their way to the dead-letter office. I knew no one to address in the town of C—, where his business was situated, except himself, and I kept on writing to him until my father forbade any further inquiry.

"He has probably seen a prettier face," he said, "and I must get over my regret as best I could."

My mother was sympathizing, but took the same view of the matter, and I was forced to suffer in silence.

Ah, those years—those weary, weary years! How each day dragged its slow length along! How the weeks and months crept away—how the years tortured me!

Each day I said, "Surely I shall hear from him at last!"

Each night I went to bed, saying, "I am one day nearer to the tidings which must come at last."

But I never heard from him, and I waited the tidings vainly. I was only nineteen when I lost him; and all the years from that until I was twenty-five, I lived over and over again the golden month he had given me as the only remembrance of him. False—was he? He, so upright, so conscientious, so noble, so fond and devoted! True, other men, and women too, had seemed to others full as noble, as upright, as tenderly loyal. It was human nature to change. Perhaps he had married suddenly, on the spur of the moment. What then? Ought he not, did he not, know me well enough to feel sure that I would be happy to be his friend in any case? Was this deathly, torturing silence the way to atone, if he was unfaithful? Some men would say, yes. Perhaps he was one of that class who hide themselves in ignominious silence from their mistakes and ill deeds, instead of bravely facing up to what he had brought upon himself.

But though I thought time moved so slowly, still it moved on, and brought me to my twenty-fifth year. Then I began to go back to the friends I had so long neglected. Society received me with open arms. I had outgrown old or faded memories; my thoughts of Horace Travers were growing bitter, and I longed for some diversion to take me from them.

My engagement had never been made public. It was my wish that our marriage should be the first announcement of it; so I was spared the questioning of friends and the comments which society makes upon such events.

The life I took up now was a busy one. Our family was so small, there was so little home-work to do, and I had grown so tired of solitary reading and music, that I took to the change kindly. Our place had not yet acquired the airs and vanities of a great city; people had not yet been ranked by their money or dress, and intelligence and good manners were the only passports to our society. In summer we had picnics, excursions, and riding parties; and in winter, balls and evening parties.

At all these festivities I noticed the presence of a tall, distinguished-looking gentleman who had settled in our town nearly a year before. His name, I knew, was Edward Hatch, and his business was that which Horace Travers had followed. This was what had interested me at first; and afterwards, when I came to understand that he noticed me closely, yet persistently avoided an introduction, my curiosity was piqued, and I watched him still more closely. He was past his first youth; was unusually reserved, almost gloomy; but when he threw off the depression of spirits which troubled him, he could make himself the life and soul of our company.

I do not suppose I should have ever come in close enough contact to be intimate with him, had not some of our friends proposed an amateur concert by way of variety; and when the proposition was taken up with eagerness and the arrangements perfected, I found, at the first rehearsal, that Mr. Hatch and myself had been assigned parts which must be practiced together, and the introduction which he had wanted off so long at last took place. After that, he came to our house every evening to practice with me. At first he was stiff and reserved; but gradually the ease and grace which became him so well were brought out for my benefit, and he grew friendly, and even attentive.

After the concert was over, he continued to visit us. He impressed my father and mother favorably, and all the inquiries they made concerning him gained satisfactory answers. He was temperate, industrious, and moderately well off, and made himself a favorite with old and young.

The only thing I did not like was the atmosphere of reserve which seemed to close around him now and then. I had outgrown that romantic age when a mystery is charming. I had suffered bitterly enough from one mystery. I wanted all things fair and clear henceforth. Yet there was nothing tangible in the conduct of Edward Hatch which I could condemn. It was only his manner.

It came to pass in the course of a year that I married Edward Hatch. How, why, wherefore it happened, to this day, I cannot tell. But I married him, and fancied myself quits with the past. But did any one ever get rid of a past either pleasant or painful? My fancy in this respect fell short of reality. At the very altar the face of Horace Travers was as fresh in my mind as on the day I saw him last. But, once irrevocably married, I made up my mind to be happy, and I meant to carry out this intention. Still I found, when I had been married a year or two, that my life had gone fatally wrong.

The gloom and reserve of Edward Hatch's character took a tangible shape at last. Night after night he paced the floor steadily, untiringly. Day after day he went to his business, his food untasted and the darkness of night on his face.

"Edward," said I, one night, "are you angry with me? I cannot bear this coldness and separation; I am your wife for better or worse, and I would try to make you happier if I only knew how."

He came and sat down by me. He took my hand, and said, "Laura, dearest, I have no fault to find with you; but I wronged you terribly by marrying you, as you will know some day. Oh, heaven! I may make a lengthy stay, and as I have a house there, you may as well come with me, Laura."

"A house in C—!" I cried. "You never told me you had lived there!"

He looked at me with a strange burning look in his eye; then bit his lip, and said, carelessly, "What do you know of C—? I might have

mentioned it, had I known the name had any special interest for you."

"It has," I said. "I had a friend there once, years ago. His business was the same as yours. It was more than eight years ago that he took leave of us, and we never saw or heard from him since. If you could throw light on his fate, it would be something of a relief after all these years."

"That I can hardly do. I left C— nearly ten years ago, and have only been there since on flying business visits like this one. However, if you are going, you had better lose no time in your preparations. After you get there, you may meet some one who knew your friend. By-the-way," he added, "you have not mentioned his name yet."

His back was toward me now; he was getting out his writing-desk from the secretary, and I looked up as I said, "Horace Travers!"

He did not move; he was silent a long time, and when he turned to me his face was no paler than usual. His tone, too, was deliberately careless, when he at length said, "Horace Travers? I did not know him."

That same evening we spent with my father and mother. We had arranged to start the next day. At the last, Mr. Hatch tried to persuade me to remain at home; but I told him frankly that I would not forego the opportunity of making inquiries for my missing friend, and that I would go.

I brought the subject up before my father and mother again, and Mr. Hatch showed quite plainly that he was annoyed by it.

"You speak of your friend so often that he must have been a dear one."

In the midst of the dead hush which followed the half-angry words, I replied, "He was a dear friend. I was to have married him."

Mr. Hatch's face grew livid; but he controlled himself almost instantly, and said, with the careless air which was habitual with him in moments of suppressed passion, "So I suppose, from your constant recurrence to the subject." And, without waiting a reply, spoke of something else.

He was silent all the way home. But when we reached our gate, I put my hand upon his arm and said, "Wait a moment, Edward."

He stood still then, and I went on: "I forgive me if I deceived you about Horace Travers. I meant to have told you before our marriage; but your mood always repelled me. You know all now. The poor broken dream of my lost youth need not stand between us unless you will it. Can you forgive the deception, Edward?"

He answered: "There is nothing to forgive. I wish I could show how forgiving I could be in a great cause. If you were the meanest criminal all your life before I knew you, I should love you all the same now—nay, better. How would it be with you, Laura?"

He had put his arm round me; and shocked and terrified by his strange words and stranger manner, I faltered: "I could not love any one in that way, Edward. With me, esteem is the basis of all affection."

His arm fell to his side; and we entered the house.

The next day our journey began. It was a long, tedious ride in the railway train, and Mr. Hatch wore his heaviest reserve. He was careful for my comfort; but the old barrier was still up between us.

C— was a large town, crowded and busy. I made no inquiries for Horace Travers the first day of our stay. Edward took me directly to his house, a large, handsome building in a retired part of the place. It was elegantly furnished, and I secretly wondered how an unmarried man came to be possessed of so comfortable a dwelling. I fancied he might have been married before; but dismissed the thought as impossible. A man might conceal the knowledge of a dead love; but a dead wife always takes an honorable place in his memory.

He left me alone a great deal. He said he had been trying to sell some property of which he had found it troublesome to take care, and he meant to stay in C— until he was rid of it.

Naturally, of course, I took to the library in his absence. I read a great deal, studied some, wrote home nearly every day, and lided off the hours in a solemn way. There was a staid old house-keeper, and two other female servants in the house; but they came near me only when obliged to, and none of them had ever heard of any one named Travers.

There was a curious old secretary in one corner. I rummaged this in search of a sensation, for the days dragged on heavily; and at last I found a sensation I little expected. There was a drawer in it which I had never succeeded in opening; and my curiosity was roused to such a pitch that I broke it open. I doubted if Mr. Hatch would ever know or care what I had done.

There was a folded newspaper in the drawer; it was yellow with age, and when I lifted it I saw under it a small hammer. In some places the iron was bright; but the face of it was dark with rust. That was all; and as I put the hammer back, I wondered why it was locked, and thought the breaking open was not going to be repaid by any discovery. However, I was always fond of dusty old papers, and took this one to an easy-chair before the window, and sat down to read.

There was not much that was interesting. It was dated eight years back, and had the usual chronicle of births, deaths, and marriages, and the usual business advertisements. I looked over these carelessly; and at last my eyes fell upon a name in one column:

"Travers & Co."

My heart gave an awful bound, and then stood still. Darkness came over me, and I heard a sound like rushing waters in my ears; but I rallied, beat back the deathly faintness, and read on.

It was nothing but an advertisement. But from it I learned the locality of his place of business, and made up my mind to dress and go directly to that street and number, and see if the mystery could not be solved at last.

As I rose, still holding the paper, another dropped from its folds. It was smaller, dated later, and printed in a town east of C—, at least a hundred miles. I wondered if I were to make any more discoveries. I was trembling all over, and felt that nothing would seem strange now; and, as I took up the paper, I began with the first page, and read it over carefully. Then I turned to the second, and half-way down the first column I read:

"MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—The body of a young man was run over by the night-express, two miles from the station, yesterday evening. The deceased was a stranger in the place, and there was nothing upon his person to identify him except a small Testament, with 'Laura to Horace' or the like. The wheels passed directly over his chest, and there was a small concussion on the back of his head, probably caused by some of the machinery, as the surgeon who examined the body pronounced it sufficient to have caused his death. The remains will be buried to-morrow, after the inquest, as their dreadfully mangled condition rendered early interment necessary."

And that was the end. The long years of suspense and wretchedness were over. The faithful, loyal heart had been true to the last. Even from the Summer-Land his spirit had come back to give me a last farewell. And, as I laid my head back in the chair, all the wretchedness and anguish of my heart seemed to join with a rush all the long, desolate years to be, and I fell back with a wild, bitter cry.

When I became conscious again, my mother was with me. She nursed me back to health tenderly, and guarded me closely. When I was well enough to travel, she took me home.

I asked for my husband, and they told me at last that he was dead. My mother admitted that he had killed himself; but why, I never knew until years after. Then I came across it in a paper.

He had killed Horace Travers. They were partners—Hatch under another name, probably his real one. They had been bosom friends, and when Horace came to visit me, he had left everything in the hands of his partner. The latter had converted it into cash, and fled.

Quite unexpectedly he met Horace at that little wayside station. Without knowing it, each had stopped there for the night, and met face to face.

Hatch was an adept in crime then, and his confusion and guilt were only too evident to Horace, who comprehended ere long that the friend he had trusted had robbed him of everything, and was on his way to leave the country with his ill-gotten gains. Horace sprang at him, seized him by the collar, and called loudly for help; but the engine was blowing and whistling in the station, and no one heard the cry. He was repeating it, trying to drag Hatch with him, when the latter, rendered desperate by the attack and his probable arrest, seized a hammer off a pile of lumber, and, quick as thought, struck him with the implement on the back of the head.

It killed him instantly. Hatch had only meant to stun him, and so effect his escape; but when he realized that he was dead beyond a doubt, he threw his victim across the line, and, favored by the darkness, gained his seat in the train just going out, and rode over the body of my dead lover.

And that was the way my darling died.

Hatch knew of his engagement; he wrote in his confession that he came to our town with the intention of marrying me, and leaving me all his own money and Horace's as an atonement, meant to go away and never see me. But he said he loved me, and never could leave me, though remorse stung him even more bitterly after his marriage than before.

When he came in that day and found me raving in a chair, and the old papers in my hands, and the drawer broken open, he thought I had guessed all; telegraphed for my mother, wrote his confession, sent it to a neighboring magistrate, and threw himself into the river.

But oh, my murdered Horace! All the money in the world could never atone to me for the loss of your dear face and your noble heart! Oh, if Fate had only decreed that both of you had passed each other by unknowingly in that wayside town, then my life had been a happier one, and he would not have had the stain of your blood on his soul.

I can but be thankful that he is safe in the spirit-world, nor deem my fate so very hard since I have the blessed hope of meeting him there.



## THE VIOLET.

BY RICHARD HARRIS.

Down in the valley where mists of the morning,  
Dispel by warm sunshine, chase the night shades away,  
A violet pure, the rough hillside adorning,  
Beats alone, untended, its head to the day.

Only a violet—yet transcending in glory  
The highest conceptions of art we can reach;  
And to my heart tells a far plainer story  
Than preachers proclaim or theologues teach.

It tells of a care unending, unyielding;  
A love ever present wherever we stray;  
A bounty the needs of the humble supplying,  
And scattering beauty along our way;

That germs of pure goodness, though planted in sorrow,  
And choked by foul weeds and chilled by the night,  
Will bloom in the sun of a brighter to-morrow,  
And the dark clouds of Error be dispelled by Truth's light.

Williamburg, N. Y.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

## MARY E. CURRIER, THE MUSICAL MEDIUM.

This lady, whose wonderful powers have long been known and appreciated in her previous residence, Haverhill, Mass., removed to Charlestown some three months since, and located at 300 Main street. Her circles (which have been carried on successfully for the last eight weeks—the largest attendance at any one time being forty-one persons) have produced a profound influence upon those who have attended them, and have been the means of calling much attention to the subject of spirit-intercourse.

Our reporter, on the evening of Thursday, Feb. 24th, attended a private sitting by this medium, there being present, besides herself, only Mr. and Mrs. Currier (her parents) and three ladies. The apartment which is used for a cabinet is a small side-room adjoining one of the divisions of the parlor (which has folding-doors)—i. e., the one furthest from the street. The cabinet room has a door also leading to the outside entry, which is securely locked before the commencement of every seance, and is examined by some one of the audience, who reports the fact.

Over the door which opens into the cabinet from the parlor are suspended the following regulations for the information and guidance of all attending the seances:

1. There will be no change of conditions to please the particular notions of any person.
2. No conversation allowed during the seance.
3. Quietly hear the manifestations; then be your own judge.
4. Any person who cannot comply with these rules will please retire before the seance commences.

On the evening in question, the medium, a slight, delicate young lady, somewhere about twenty years of age, entered the cabinet (or room used as such) and took her seat upon the piano-stool. The room had been previously examined by the reporter, and a collection of instruments—comprising one piano, thirteen bells, a triangle, guitar, tambourine, violin and four harmonicons—was found therein; the bells being under the piano and on the right hand of the medium; the violin in the front corner of the room, to the right of the piano; the guitar in the front corner to the left of the piano; the harmonicons upon the piano, and the others disposed in various positions.

The medium was in a normal condition on entering; the cloth curtains which alone closed the entrance to the room was dropped, and the light was reduced. Upon a tune being played by the lady, the bells, two in number, at the same time accompanied her, and were joined, before the strain ended, by the tambourine. Several bells were then heard as they were thrown violently across the little room, the piano all the time continuing, and proving, by its well-sustained parts, that both hands of the medium were necessarily engaged in executing the tune. Heavy jars next occurred, caused by the lifting of the piano and its falling again in unison with the music, which still went on. The tambourine was then suddenly pushed half out into the room, in the gas-light, and the reporter, taking hold of one half of it (the other remaining inside the dark room and under the curtain), desired the influences pushing it out to take the instrument away from him. Although the music of the piano was still testifying that both the medium's hands were actively engaged, yet a positive power seized hold of the tambourine, and quite a trial of strength ensued. The contest being abandoned, the invisible drew the tambourine back under the curtain, and thumped vigorously upon it, as if to signalize their victory.

At this juncture the voice of the medium was heard in an entranced state—the influence being represented as that of her younger brother "Freddie." When this influence took control, he removed the medium from the piano to a position against the wall nearest the company, and she frequently demonstrated her position by rapping on the wall and by the rattling of ornaments around her neck. Miss Currier then stated the piano was about to be played (as usual) by the spirits attending the seance, without using the hands of the medium at all—the playing being represented as done by an Italian spirit. Various airs, such as "Wearing of the Green," "America," and others, were then played in this manner—the harmonicon finely accompanying the strain, and the tambourine marking the cadence, after which the last named instrument was thrown violently across the cabinet. "Yankee Doodle" then came in for notice, the tambourine and harmonicon accompanying. Then the delicately executed strains of "Sweet Home" and the "Last Rose of Summer" were furnished from the piano and harmonicon.

Sometimes tunes were executed on the strings of the piano, as a harp, without using the keys. All the time the medium's position was marked by the lively influence possessing her—her voice being frequently heard, and the chain around her neck being vigorously rattled. At another time an exhibition of "double playing" on the piano was given successfully. An influence, Horace Bond, then commenced playing "Good Night." One of the ladies present—Mrs. King, of East Cambridge—recognized him as her brother, as did her daughter also.

Upon the close of the seance, the room was opened and examined, and the piano was found pushed out from the wall on one corner, and the tambourine upon the piano with a bell in it. The rest of the bells were scattered under the piano—three of them near the guitar. The guitar and violin were not, however, disturbed.

No person listening to the music at any time during the seance, either before or after the commencement of the medium, could entertain for a moment the idea that she had anything to do with the manifestations—that is, in a deceptive way. The very hopelessness of the hypothesis is shown by the fact that skeptics visiting her never accuse her of making the extra music outside of the piano, (they know that the testimony of their

own senses proves to the contrary) but attribute the remarkable occurrences to the presence of a trained confederate. The utter impossibility of a person entering the room after it has been locked and searched by disinterested parties attending the seance, is fully apparent to all, save those who are determined to accept no human testimony as valid which goes to prove the reliability of spirit communication. Such people, in their chronic fear of being deceived, often deceive themselves far more than it is possible for any one else to do so. We consider Miss Currier as a bona fide and reliable medium, and advise all desirous of seeing an interesting exhibition of spirit power to attend one of her seances.

## "ELECTRICITY OR SOMETHING ELSE IN EAST BOSTON."

Under this scornful heading the Boston Traveller, of a late date, gives an account of some reported manifestations occurring at a house in Saratoga street, across the ferry. It gives the story as follows:

"Mr. Zephaniah Bradford states that while he occupied a house in Saratoga street, he was so much annoyed by strange sounds that he left it, and since then has not been troubled. The noise first disturbed his two daughters. They were kept awake by raps in various parts of their bed chamber, which induced Mr. Bradford to remove their bed to his own sleeping apartment. Here the noise was repeated more loudly than ever, and all attempts to discover its cause failed. One of the young ladies, though not a believer in Spiritualism, ventured to ask questions, and was answered by raps, that is, two raps were assumed to signify no, and three yes to the questions, but nothing of consequence was communicated. Still the raps continued during the night. The ring around the stove funnel was sent whirling with a disagreeable sound, and a heavy noise was sometimes heard, as if a man had fallen backward down stairs. A sofa was moved in the parlor without hands, and various other movements were made, much to the annoyance of Mr. Bradford and his family."

We are told by the Traveller that "some of the leading Spiritualists in the place were anxious to hold a meeting in his house, to learn the cause of the noise; but he said if the noise was produced by spirits, they could learn the fact as well outside of the house as in it, and therefore declined their services."

Thus, although complaining that nothing of consequence had been communicated, he is represented as showing the true Orthodox spirit and refusing admittance to those parties who might perhaps have elicited something of interest:

"This disturbance continued four weeks, and since we left has been heard at intervals by the neighbors, but in this room the noise has been troubled. He learned that other parties who had occupied the house before him were also disturbed, and attributed the noise to the action of a spirit who had lost his life by falling into a ship's hold, and that said spirit had something important to communicate."

If this story is correct, and the Traveller says, "We obtained the foregoing particulars from Mr. Bradford himself, with a request to publish them as a correction of the many strange stories now in circulation," then a very foolish thing has been done in refusing the right of investigating the cause of the manifestations. Those cases where troubled spirits have for some time disturbed the household equanimity have generally yielded when a medium has been brought to the house through whom they could convey their desires, which was evidently not the case with any member of the families above alluded to.

## SPIRITUAL VISITATION TO AN INFANT.

The Richmond correspondent of the Norfolk Journal is responsible for the following strange story, which is told in that city:

Two years ago, a gentleman, whom I shall call Mr. X., married, and subsequently he became a father. When the child was several months old, the mother died. In her dying moments she was exceedingly anxious about her infant, and besought her husband to place the child in charge of one of her kinswomen whom she named.

After her death, the husband did as his deceased wife had requested; but some time since he married again, and soon reclaimed the child, who could neither crawl nor talk. One day the child was left alone for a few moments in its cradle, some distance from a high bench in the same room. When the second Mrs. X. returned, she was surprised beyond measure to find the child lying, smiling and cowering, in the middle of the bed! She asked, in her amazement:

"Who put you there, child?"

And the infant, who had never before spoken a word, plainly replied:

"Mamma!"

The strictest inquiry failed to show that any living person had entered the apartment during the absence of the step-mother.

Since then, there have been many other mysterious evidences of visitations, spiritual or otherwise, to the child. Whenever the baby was left alone, it was heard to laugh and cower as if it were fondled by some one, but the most audacious entrance failed to catch any one in the room besides the child.

A few nights ago, Mr. X.'s first wife appeared at the side of his bed, and commanded him to remove the child to the care of her relative, as she had directed on her death-bed. She threatened, unless this was done, to haunt him incessantly. It is said that the apparition was seen and heard by both Mr. X. and his wife. The result was that the child was carried back next day to the person originally designated by the deceased lady. Such is the tale as 'tis told to me, and that, too, by most respectable and intelligent people.

## PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS—HARRY BASTAIN, MEDIUM.

We have had a visit from this medium, accompanied by Mr. Ira Davenport, who, in a quiet way, have excited a lively interest in this place. Being now at home a short time, I attended one of the seances, and was well satisfied—as also are the friends here—of the honesty and integrity of the parties, and hope that they will meet with that welcome which their cause demands.

Ottawa, Ill., Feb. 11th, 1871. J. P. COWLES.

## Aphorisms for the People.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Impartial justice is the price of peace. "Man is more than consultations." Woman, by right, is the political peer of man. Religion should never be politic, but politics should ever be religious.

He serves God best who does the most for his fellow-men. Truth and error are the positive and negative forces that move the moral world. Happiness is the fruit of virtue. Misery is the result of vice. Ignorance is the root of evil; knowledge is the power that eradicates it. "The fear of God" may be "the beginning of wisdom" with knaves, but the love of God is the beginning of wisdom with the just. Love is the saving power of the world. Compensation is the inevitable decree of Nature's laws. Power may restrain evil, but good is the only force that subdues it. Pleasure satiates the senses, and pain purifies the spirit.

DEAN CLARK.

A child, while walking through an art gallery with her mother, was attracted by a statue of Minerva. "Who is that?" said she. "My child, that is Minerva, the goddess of wisdom." "Why do not they make her husband, too?" "Because she had none, my child." "That was because she was wise, was it not, mamma?" was the artless reply.

## I KISS THE HAND THAT GIVES TO ALL.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

It was a calm October day, after up the Levant. For several hours I had been wandering in that famous Mohammedan burying-ground, Soutari, Asia. This cemetery, three miles in length, and somewhat irregular in shape, is tastefully surrounded and beautifully shaded with tall cypresses. On nearly every tomb-stone was carved a turban. The Mohammedan's mother is usually buried nearest him. 'Tis a mark of honor. "I can have many wives," says he, "but only one mother."

The scenery was so strange, so half-entrancing, that time passed unheeded. The sun now low in the west, I left the speaking monuments of mortality around me, and hastening to the shores of the Bosphorus, to take the steamer for Constantinople, saw a venerable-looking Turk, tall and turbaned, distributing coins and fruits to a group of ragged children standing by the wayside begging. The beneficence was as suggestive as patriarchal. When through with the deed of mercy, several of the children, stepping forward, bowed and kissed the giver's withered hand. Smiling, he asked Allah to bless them, and then passed quietly on his way. The scene, purely Oriental, so touched my heart, that my eyes were immediately suffused with tears. It was a moment of transfiguration. Under the inspiration, my soul so warmed into love and sympathy for humanity, that I too, in spirit, kissed the old man's hand.

Kissed, knowing it to be the hand of Ishmael, wrongfully said to be "against every man." Ay, God, whether known as Brahm, Allah, or Father, is good—human nature is good—all is good, and love is omnipotent. Seldom offending the critics with attempts at rhyme, because believing most efforts to voice sentiments in poetry could be better expressed by the use of plain substantial prose, I trust to the kindly nature of the reader, this once, for the following:

The Orient sheds its shimmering haze  
O'er field and garden, sea and vale,  
And Asia's red is red with rays;  
That turn to gold each Islam pile;  
My heart is filled with warmth again—  
I feel for Moslems in their thrall;  
I only hate the hate of men,  
I love the heart that loveth all.

Each soul hath stommed some fearful storm,  
Each heart is choked with weeping care;  
My life-bark wrecked in manhood's morn,  
Now drifteth like a shooting star.

Oh, that I had not lost the power  
Of sympathy at sorrow's call—  
For love inspires each fading hour,  
That love which feels—then gives to all.

Oh, think it not a vain conceit,  
That angel-voices linger still  
In hearts whose chords of music sweet  
The damps of earth can never chill.

Ay, there are souls with holy love,  
Who like the circling stars may fall,  
But falling, rise to heaven above—  
I kiss the hand that helpeth all.

## A Dream of Stephen Girard, and its Consequences.

Stephen Girard was one of the most remarkable men who ever lived. Philadelphia, the city where he amassed his fortune in business, was the recipient of his munificent bounty at his death, and his name and memory are well preserved in the Girard College, Girard Bank, Girard Avenue, Girard Bank, Girard Insurance Company, Girard House, etc. At Girard College, where the support and education of some five hundred orphan and half-orphan boys are provided for, there is a marble statue of Mr. Girard, which represents him with exact fidelity to his appearance in life. He was of short stature, benevolent smile, and a shrewd face. He wore a large, peculiar coat, and his hair was tied up in a queue. His whole life was marked by the eccentricities which in no particular were more observable than in his occasional acts of benevolence.

In his office was a young man as clerk, who attended to his duties very intelligently and faithfully. This had attracted the attention of Mr. Girard, for nothing escaped him. One morning he came into the office, and calling the clerk, remarked:

"Young man, I dreamed about you last night."

"Dreamed of me?" returned the clerk, in surprise.

"Yes; I saw a form and heard a voice. The form was your own, and the voice said: 'This man is your best clerk, but he should be a cooper. Merchants fail; coopers are always sure of a living, by their trade. So you must leave me, and learn to be a first-rate cooper. I never go contrary to my dreams. I trust in them as I do in my own judgment, and I obey them conscientiously. Go and get a place, and learn the trade of a cooper; and when you get so you can make a barrel, come and see me again.'"

He had no fear of toil, and he knew that he would lose nothing in any event, by falling in with the direction of Mr. Girard. Accordingly he settled up his affairs in the office, and in a few days engaged with Mr. Girard's clerk, to learn the trade of a cooper, and he kept steadily at work, and made progress.

Meanwhile, Mr. Girard has not forgotten him. He had often seen the young man in his overalls on the wharves at work, and he always spoke encouragingly to him. He had not made up his mind as to what he would do for him, but he was greatly pleased at the successful carrying out of his dream. He had the occasion as he came from the wharf, he muttered:

"My young cooper is doing well. He is a man every inch of him. I must give him a helping hand."

A few nights subsequently, the good old man was sleeping calmly in his humble lodging apartment. He had been told to show himself in anything about him. The furniture was old-fashioned, and the surroundings were strictly after the taste of the owner. As he slumbered, his countenance was without the trace of a single care. At times, a smile flitted over his face, and he seemed to be in a pleasant dream. His slumbers were disturbed for a considerable time, when he suddenly awoke. He rubbed his eyes and then exclaimed:

"Ah, ah!" he said, "I've had a dream about my young cooper. I thought I'd heard something about him again. There is a good spirit looking after his welfare surely. When he finishes his apprenticeship, and is a good cooper, I'll give him twenty thousand dollars to start him in business. He is worthy of encouragement. Of course I will give it to him, but in my own way. Ha, ha, I've a plan for that."

Soon the old man dropped into slumber again. He had the same calm countenance and the same serene smile. His life was devoid of all evil, and his dreams were full of good deeds in store for the future.

Time passed on. One day the young man came into Mr. Girard's office. He was in the garb of a mechanic, and he looked healthy and sinewy from manual labor.

"Good day, Mr. Girard," he said, as the old gentleman turned to him with warm greeting. "I have come to tell you that I am a good cooper now; I have served my entire time."

"Can you make a good barrel?"

"As good as any cooper in Philadelphia."

"Make me twenty, and bring them here yourself."

The young man went off, and in an hour was hard at work at the barrels. He was really a superior workman, and when the twenty barrels were completed they were the admiration of all the shop. When they had been placed in Mr. Girard's store he examined them all with the closest scrutiny. He looked at the staves, the hoops and the heads, the ends cutting and the driving, and in the end remarked to the young cooper, who was anxiously waiting for the verdict:

"They are good barrels. I never saw better."

## You have learned your trade, and done your part well. Come into the counting room, and I'll do

The couple went into the office; the old man's face beaming with pleasure and satisfaction, and the young man pale and flushed by turns; for the peculiar circumstances of the moment. Mr. Girard took down his check-book and wrote a check for twenty thousand dollars, and then turning to the young man, he said:

"My young friend, listen to me. Your fidelity, promptness and energy early attracted my attention. Then I had the dream about you I mentioned to you long ago. You acted with alacrity upon the suggestion made in consequence of that dream, and to-day you stand beset in a trade, I have dreamed of you in the meantime. A good spirit whispered in my ear to give you twenty thousand dollars. You have made for me twenty superior barrels, for which I will now pay you one thousand dollars each, making twenty thousand dollars in all."

Mr. Girard at this juncture placed in the hands of the agitated young man the check he had prepared.

"Now," he continued, "you have a capital to commence business as a merchant if you see fit. Should misfortune overtake you, go to your trade again."

The young man broke forth in a torrent of thanks, but he and abruptly stopped him saying:

"I have interest on your money while you talk. I have fulfilled my dreams, and I have done justice to you. Good morning."

Here this strange interview ended. The young man went away with the deepest gratitude in his heart, and a resolution to make a name in business worthy the respect of his benefactor. He had quickly become one of the first merchants of Philadelphia. This incident is one of the most singular in the history of Mr. Girard, and no less in the annals of dreams.

## Immortality in the Light of Science.

The Rev. William J. Potter, of New Bedford, delivered the sixth lecture in the Radical Course, Sunday afternoon, Feb. 12th, at Horticultural Hall. A very good audience—favorably comparing with those of other assemblies—greeted his appearance. The subject of the lecture was "Immortality in the Light of Science."

Mr. Potter said that there was a conflict between the positive and intuitional philosophies on the question of immortality, and there was a large number of people whose faith in immortality had been seriously shaken. None but those who were in a position to become acquainted with the history of peoples thought could know how widely this doubt prevailed; and he thought the safe as well as manly course was to face this doubt and investigate it, rather than to hide it. Science had set aside the argument for immortality based on the resurrection of Christ, because the evidence was insufficient. If Jesus died, he was not really dead. But if Jesus were God, then his resurrection would not prove the future existence of finite men; and if he was only a man, his resurrection would not prove the immortality of any one but himself.

Potter referred to the fact that the advance in science had caused a revision of mental philosophy, said it was a loose use of words to say that man is conscious of immortality. This consciousness is not a pure intuition, but involves a deduction of reasoning. Again, science demands that this question shall be discussed without regard to moral consequences of the various decisions. Moreover, the theological argument cannot be admitted that the moral welfare of the world depends upon a belief in immortality. The belief in immortality ought to dignify human nature; but the history of religion shows that it has done a great deal of harm, and that the religious sentiment of the world has been in a degree corrupted by it.

The lecturer was of the opinion that those examining and coming close to the real question at issue would find that the scientific men are not all on one side. There is a small class of scientific men, said he, that agree with the religiousists who accept the doctrine through faith. There is another class who invariably evade the issue by claiming that science has nothing to do with the question. Another larger class of men, like Huxley and Darwin, hold that this question is undecided and must be left freely open to whatever light science may be able to throw upon it. But there are also scientific men who deny the doctrine of immortality; the men who are popularly and scientifically known as materialists. Their position is that the soul is a product of matter and cannot be separated from it. Their arguments must be met and refuted scientifically. But the belief in immortality is here; it has possession, and the burden of proof is on those who deny it. Mr. Potter pointed out several flaws in their argument, and showed that although mind as a phenomenon may have been evolved from matter, it must have been an element of matter from the beginning. He claimed that many phenomena which are at present accounted for by science, including the mysteries of clairvoyance and Spiritualism, must be investigated, and will have an important bearing on the question of immortality.

## A Case of Insanity Cured by Dr. J. R. Newton.

A case of insanity in its worst form was successfully treated recently by Dr. J. R. Newton, 23 Harrison avenue, Boston, under the following circumstances: Six months since, Mr. F. A. Plaisted, of Gardner, Me., brought his son, a young man, to be cured. He was taken directly from the Lunatic Asylum in Augusta. The father was advised not to bring him, as he could not live to get here. Mr. P. said: "I will carry my child to Dr. Newton, if he dies by the way." His condition seemed utterly hopeless. Much confidence was given Mr. P. by the representations of a prominent merchant in this city—George Plaisted, 75 Dover street—who stated that he had been cured of a bad case of catarrh by Dr. N., with one treatment, and that a lady friend of his was perfectly relieved of insanity, fifteen months since, after having been in two asylums. Her case had been pronounced incurable by several physicians; but since the Doctor's treatment, she has continued well to this time.

Young Mr. Plaisted is now a picture of health and happiness. His mother, who had turned gray with sorrow, in a year, for the confinement of her dear son, writes to Dr. Newton the following letter:

"GARDNER, ME., Jan. 29, 1871.

DR. J. R. NEWTON: Dear Sir—Allow me to address you in these few words. I have been trying to write you ever since you have restored my darling son to me in such perfect health. I am so happy, my joy is unspeakable. There are no words in English language to express myself. And he is so very happy too; he never was so free to converse as he is at the present time. My whole soul flows out in gratitude to God and to you for his restoration; and my prayer is that he may prolong your days to make other souls glad and happy. I am your friend.

MRS. F. A. PLAISTED.

Dr. J. R. Newton has no doubt that he can cure most cases of insanity. He is also willing to engage to cure every case of softening of the brain.

## CURE OF CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS IN THE FAMILY OF DRAGON MOSES CRISTY, AT GREENWICH, CONN.

On the first day of January, 1871, Miss Lizzie Cristy was cured of congestion of the lungs, together with an incessant cough. On that day, Dr. Newton treated her without the least apparent hope, and even told Mrs. Cristy that the patient was dying. The death-rattle came in her throat, and she lay to all appearance dead for some twenty minutes, when Dr. N. spoke aloud: "Use your will-power; open your eyes!"—when the eyes rolled, and she whispered, "This is not death." "Speak aloud," said Dr. N.; and she did speak aloud—the first time in three weeks—saying, "I have been in the spirit-world, and a spirit whom I saw told me that this is not death, and that I had to return to earth to finish my mission of life here." She at once partook of food. Her cough had all gone, and she was cured.

## Banner Correspondence.

## North Carolina.

DEAR BANNER—Over three months have passed since I left my summer resort, the "Hub," and its delightful agencies, the surrounding cities and towns—three months of traveling, lecturing, discussing and visiting; and my heart pulses for a few moments' gossip, through the widely-extended columns of your Banner, with my many friends North, South, East and West. Everywhere I find increasing inquiry in regard to our glorious philosophy, and although there is a world of sustaining organization upon the part of those who might so easily make our work lighter, there is nothing but encouragement in the signs of the times.

November was pleasantly spent in that "garden of New Jersey," Vineland, a most unprofitable garden, it is true, like our friend Horace Greeley's farm, but a garden still, with its tasteful dwellings and elegantly laid out streets, only equalled by the noble, earnest, intellectual and independent souls who dwell and move in the garden. The memory of the many true hearts there, that bound me with their cordial greetings and their friendly sympathies, will never grow dim, but continually brighten, until it takes me back to them once more.

A short but pleasant visit with some big-hearted Philadelphia friends, and an unexpected sojourn of a month in Washington, drinking in positive magnetic life through association with the noblest spirits in the nation, strengthening for my winter and spring work; and I started with new energy to "break the ice" of religious conservatism, and the capital of the world. A grand ride over the ground so lately made historical, and full of so much interest to all both North and South, and I came in sight of my hill-land Richmond. Its beautiful location enchanted me. No barren and aridly sterile land, but a fertile and green swept by the crumbling earth-works on the plain, the angular outlines of the embankments had been changed by the subduing hand of time into harmonious curves, which, in the light of the setting sun, seemed glowing with the promise of a more harmonious earth for our once divided country—of a day when with us there will be no North, no South, but a truly united and prosperous people, listening to the freest expression of thought, unswayed by religious or political high.

In Richmond I was soon made at home, and although I was compelled to labor under the difficulties which are ever in the way of the first presentation of an unpopular subject, I soon found that I was not alone. I met many friends, no useless or unprofitable, and that the way is open for further effort in that direction.

From Richmond to Goldsboro, N. C., over my route of last year, and I soon found that I was not alone. I met many friends, no useless or unprofitable, and that the way is open for further effort in that direction.

I have found here, also, many warm friends, even among those who last spring were bitterly opposed to my heretical notions. A number of them have been so kind as to greet me wherever I am in the street, and "We're glad you've come again" from many lips, assured me I was not forgotten. I lectured on Sunday to a good audience, despite the rain and cold notice, and then hurried on to this place, my destination.

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## Dakota.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN DAKOTA.—Mrs. Louisa T. Whittier Congar writes from Yankton as follows: Dear Banner—My best of paper friends: As I come in communion with the thoughts and ideas of old and new friends through your weekly visits, I am at once reminded of the union of ideas between the East and West, and of the fact that progress is not confined to any particular locality, for even here reformers and thoughts are forcing their way to the surface for consideration.

The Debating Club of our young city has been discussing the question of "woman's suffrage" for several evenings, calling to its aid all the arguments of the most able statesmen, and for its audience the larger and more thinking part of the community.

Especially noticeable was the fact that even the most bitter opponents of the right were very willing to grant woman equal educational advantages with man, and even to grant her equal rights of labor with equal remuneration, and in fact, everything else but this; and with the most of them this right was denied the woman, not on the ground of her inferiority, but on the ground of her political and social degradation.

It does not require a very great stretch of memory to recall the time when as bitter opposition was made to woman being educated, and to her becoming a teacher, and even the teacher in the higher branches of learning, as is now made to her helping to make the laws by which she also with man is governed.

It reminds me forcibly of the manner in which the public have fought and then accepted mesmerism, dyls force, clairvoyance, etc., etc., one after another, in order to believe in Spiritualism, till now, at last, they are beginning to believe and accept the genuine fact without any qualifications, as inevitable is the law of progress.

During the present sitting of our Legislature, as was also the case two years ago, a bill for an act was introduced to strike the word "man" from the constitution, so that woman might have equal rights on both sides, it was defeated by 15 votes to 7; but very "the end is not yet."

In conversation with our Governor, I called him a little while ago, his non-committal answer was, "He shan't be so frank as to acknowledge that he was in favor of granting the women of Dakota the elective franchise, as he knew of no other way by which a step could be put to the baseness and fraud of our political parties, and to the corruption of our government."

So, women of Dakota, put on your meekest look, and prepare to accept the proffered favor, not because it's your right, but because the men need your saving influence! They would never have even known the difference between belief and fact, if it were not for our mothers. Ever and now, if her daughters can come to the rescue, and keep them from the evil, they will be doing another commendable act.

Our city is growing rapidly, and we begin to feel that we belong to the world, and that we have a right to have two weekly papers, and in direct telegraphic communication with Sioux City, and all other points from thence. Spiritualism is waiting its time to come forth to public recognition, and shorten the prayers and faces of the Orthodox believers.

## New Jersey.

BURLINGTON.—Helen A. writes, under date of Feb. 10th: Learning that E. V. Wilson was to give a matinee at Camden, a friend and myself exerted ourselves greatly to find the place. Would Mr. Wilson pardon me if I should suggest that it would be well to put a large poster in or near the post-office, as a place where "strangers and aliens" would naturally see it, if in earnest search for information as to the time and place of the meeting.

We were more than repaid for toil and trouble of tramping through the mud. He gave many convincing tests as to the mental, physical and ante-natal condition of those present.

One gentleman, who did not acknowledge to Mr. W. the truthfulness, except in part, of what I said, showed the truthfulness when he accompanied me to the matinee, and that he had grown together with the truth. "I am a statement relative to ante-natal conditions. To the lady at my right he said there came a person who was drowned, and he wished him to say to her: 'Be of good cheer, for you are not dead.' He says, I ask him: he shan't be so frank as to acknowledge that he was in favor of granting the women of Dakota the elective franchise, as he knew of no other way by which a step could be put to the baseness and fraud of our political parties, and to the corruption of our government."

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This paper is issued every Saturday Morning, one week in advance of date.

In quoting from the *Banner of Light*, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condemned or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of free thought, when not too personal; but of course we cannot undertake to endorse all the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1871.

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LESTER COLBY, Editor.  
LEWIS B. WILSON, Assistant Editor.

Business connected with the editorial department of this paper is under the exclusive control of LESTER COLBY, to whom all letters and communications must be addressed.

### "The Lord's Day."

There is a great deal said about keeping the Lord's Day and working on the Lord's Day, and the statute is often invoked, on behalf of some bigot, to interfere for the protection of "the Lord's Day." But we have yet to learn what particular day is the Lord's, under the statute, and on what assertion or authority of the Lord, to be found in the New Testament—which is the sole basis of what are called Christian morals—is based the assumption that the present Sunday was so directed to be kept by Him after whom it is named. No matter on what day the disciples came together once, for a specific purpose, that is not sufficient to prove that a particular day was set apart by Christ, to be forever kept by his name, or that, if he did so set one apart, it was our present Sunday. Our Sunday, in fact, is named after a pagan-fancy, and not after the Christian at all. Christ, as we all know, paid no respect whatever to the Jewish Sabbath—which corresponds to our Saturday—but he took special pains, on the contrary, to show that he held, on that subject, that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." There are enough significant incidents in the New Testament to show that Christ scouted the pretensions set up by the Jews in favor of a holy day; and it is yet to be shown that he who deliberately sought to overthrow the influence of a superstition, feeling strove for himself to establish a corresponding one on a point of his own raising.

We read, the other day, a pointed communication in the *Herald*, of this city, from Mr. Richard Walker, of Hopedale, on this very subject which we have taken in hand. He goes through the whole list of instances to be found in the New Testament, in which such a matter as a Lord's Day, or a Sabbath either, was alluded to. Before going about that, however, he demands to know our legislators ever gave up Sunday to the Lord by express statute; and he wants to know further, when and where the Lord commanded that work should be done on that day, which act of work is so often punished by our local magistrates. He states truly that "in the New Testament, which all Christians profess to follow, there is not one requirement for the followers of Jesus to keep any Sabbath, much more our Sunday." And he proceeds to show that Jesus did not even reverence on his followers for the Jewish Sabbath, for he went through the cornfields on that day with his disciples, plucking corn; and the Jews sought to kill him expressly because he did not keep their Sabbath; and St. Paul told the Galatians that they observed days and months, and times and years, and he was afraid his labor among them had been in vain; and he wrote to the Colossians to let no man judge them in meat or drink, or in keeping a holy day; and to the Romans he said, that while one man esteems one day above another, and another man esteems all alike, he would himself let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. And this completes the matter in the New Testament. What basis can this be for hauling individuals before a magistrate for doing work which is forbidden by no law, human or divine?

### What We Want.

WE WANT MORE SUBSCRIBERS TO THE BANNER OF LIGHT. AND WE WANT OUR FRIENDS EVERYWHERE TO SEE TO IT THAT WE ARE FULLY SUSTAINED. Be it understood, we have no fault to find. On the contrary, we are grateful to the friends who stood by us in times past, and who lend us a helping hand to-day. But our means are yet limited. We cannot, therefore, expand our business as fully as the importance of the work in which we are engaged demands, for lack of capital. Hence we call upon those who have the interests of the glorious cause of SPIRITUALISM at heart—and who of its friends have not—to aid us peculiarly by subscribing for the BANNER OF LIGHT, and soliciting subscriptions from others.

It has been contemplated by us for a long time to enlarge the *Banner*, that we might the more fully meet the demands made upon our columns; but we have not as yet seen our way clear to carry our design into effect. The moment our friends second the motion by sufficient patronage, we shall give them a larger and we trust a better paper; and this can only be accomplished by a large accession of names to our subscription list.

### The Magazines for March.

The following magazines for March have come to hand, filled with unusually interesting articles, especially so *The Atlantic*, *The Galaxy*, *Lippincott's*, *Scribner's*, and *The Radical*. *The Ladies' National* is splendidly embellished. *The Nursery* and *Our Young Folks* are full of good things for the young folks. J. Wm. Van Namee, of New York, has issued No. 1 of his new monthly, entitled *The Fireside Friend*. It wears a handsome and fresh look and has a good table of original contents, just suited for the family circle. It is published by R. Leonadas Hamilton, at the moderate price of two dollars per year. It ought to have a large circulation.

### "Die Tafelrunde."

The above is the title of a German Spiritualist paper, published in Washington, D. C., edited with ability by the talented scholar, Dr. Schucking, aided by some of the best German minds in America. It is a very valuable and entertaining journal, and our German friends should see that it is sustained. Subscribe for it at once.

A new edition of that popular work, "The Hieroglyph," has just been issued from the press. It is a remarkable book, and has been out of print for some time. Our advertising columns give further particulars in regard to it.

A man behind the times should be led on kech-up.

### Spiritual Literature.

Very early in my investigations into the phenomena of spiritual intercourse I imbibed the idea that its great end and aim was to reveal to us what was the life into which we were to pass from this earth-life, and in that was to be found its great blessing to mankind. About that time it was that I said to one of the archbishops of this country, that, if it was true, it was destined to overthrow all the ideas or conceptions of the future life which modern Christianity was teaching, and to substitute something natural and comprehensible in place of the strange, mysterious, supernatural existence which that religion was describing.

Aware how deep seated and wide-spread was this erroneous conception of the future throughout all Christendom, and knowing how slow a process it ever had been to change in the masses the notions which ages had sanctified by their adoption, I did not dream that I should live to see the day when this grand result should be attained.

I know that the first step in the work would be to convince the world of the actuality of the intercourse; and that that, of itself, would be a tremendous task, because it would have to contend with our fear of ghosts, our abhorrence of witchcraft, our contempt for astrology, the superstition of theology, and the wide spread infidelity which had ranged the majority of all Christendom in the ranks of those who doubted, if they did not actually disbelieve in the existence of any life beyond this. And it was very evident that to bring that about would require thousands of manifestations and much time—time not only for their reception, in the first instance, but for their diffusion abroad among men. I readily saw, therefore, that our first publications must be devoted to the manifestations, in the chief degree, if not exclusively; and I did not suppose that the time would arrive, in my days upon the earth, when our spiritual literature would extend beyond the first step, and occupy itself with the grander objects of this extraordinary movement. I knew that it would come in due time; but, judging from the history of past ages, and the progress of former reforms in religion, I supposed that decades, if not centuries, would be necessary for the attainment of that end.

I had frequent conferences upon the subject with the spirits who seemed to have the control and direction of the movement, and I found them much more sanguine than I was as to the rapidity of the effect upon the minds of men; and therefore it was, that, after some ten or twelve years' operations with the physical manifestations—sometimes in most extraordinary forms—they informed me of their intention to withdraw them in a great measure, and thenceforth to direct their attention rather to the mental manifestations; and they gave as their reason for so doing, that those manifestations were rather tending to pander to the love of the marvelous than to produce that conviction of the reality of an intercourse with the spirit-world, which lay at the very foundation of the reception of the intended revelation of what that future was.

Hence it has been—in this country, at least—that, for the last six or eight years, the intercourse has been and is now directed chiefly to the intellect and the emotions rather than, as formerly, to the senses; the object being to convince the reason of the possibility and even the probability of an intercourse with the unseen world, and to satisfy the inquirer that his senses were bearing true testimony to his understanding.

Still, I thought that so much time would be required even for this second stage of the movement, that I should not live to see much done toward the final object in view. I rejoice, however, beyond description, to find that I was mistaken, and to perceive that, even in my day, our literature is rapidly assuming the form originally designed for it; and my object now is to call the attention of Spiritualists to the fact.

I have observed all the way through, from the very first advent of the manifestations among us, and even when they assumed their most physical form, that every once in a while something would be said calculated to give us some idea—some faint notion of the nature of the future; and at one time hoped that I might gather together the scattered fragments from the broad field over which they were flung, and present them as a whole to my fellow-men. But I was told that the time had not yet come for the work, and I fully realized my own incapacity for its proper performance.

There was another consideration impressed upon me throughout, which was this: The spirits who were engaged in this work told me at an early day that they were determined now to avoid the error which had been fallen into eighteen hundred years ago, and would not now, as in those days, concentrate all their powers in one person, so as, by their marvelous character, to induce an uneducated age to worship man instead of God; and they should therefore diffuse those powers among many people, and broadcast all over the world; and in order to avoid the formation of sects, which had for ages been a curse to mankind, they would now take care that no one person should, under any circumstances, have an undue pre-eminence over his fellows in the work, and thereby give to one mind a rule over many.

I have, therefore, waited patiently and watched narrowly for the progress of events—for the approach of the anticipated result; and it seems to me that its advent is now upon us. Four works have lately been published, which seem to me to be significant thereof. I do not mean that there are only four among the great number of spiritual books, but that there are four whose most distinctive character is in that direction.

The first one is *Sweet's "Future Life,"* published by Wm. White & Co., Boston, early in 1869, and now gone to its second edition. It is devoted entirely to accounts of what is the "Future Life," and to a detail of the experience of many who have entered it.

Among those whose experience is thus given are Mrs. Hemans, Margaret Fuller, Calhoun, Daniel Webster, Voltaire, Woolsey, Richell, the Mechanic, the Preacher, the Drunkard, the Orphan Boy, the Man of Ease and Fashion, the Self-satisfied, the Cynic, the Slave, the Queen, the Miser, the Erring One, the Idler, the Beggard, the Skeptic, the Convict, the Dying Girl, the Foolish Mother, the Disobedient Son.

All of these persons profess to give an account of their entrance into the "Future Life," and what they then and afterwards found it to be; and when we consider that there is no other mode conceivable by us of our receiving the information, except from those who have gone there, I am sure I do not overvalue the importance of the Revelation.

The second work to which I refer is "Strange Visitors," by a Clairvoyant—published by Carlton in 1869; republished by Wm. White & Co., Boston, in 1871. It contains communications of a literary character from Henry J. Raymond, Margaret Fuller, Hawthorne, Irving, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Browning, N. P. Willis, Fredericka Bremer, on science, from Prof. Olmstead, Hum-

boldt, Sir David Brewster, Buckle, Prof. Mitchell and Dr. John W. Francis; on dramatic topics, from the Elder Booth and Burton; on art, from Charles L. Elliott, Gilbert Stewart; on theology, from Archbishop Hughes and Lyman Beecher, Prof. Bush and John Wesley; and on government, from Bonaparte and Edward Everett.

These various topics are touched upon, not merely as they are on the earth, but also as they are found to exist in the life beyond the grave, and some of the articles are intensely interesting.

Thus, as to the Drama, Booth says: "The gift of speaking, and of representing individuals 'separate from our own identity, is a spiritual gift; decidedly; and with us theatres and amphitheatres are as numerous as churches are with you.'"

As to theology, Wesley, speaking of the progress of Spiritualism, says: "Then the primitive Church of Christ will be revived again upon earth, simple and unostentatious; its creed will be the creed of Jesus Christ—the brotherhood of man and the love of God for his children." "This creed, you perceive, embraces the whole of the Spiritualistic faith, which is causing these great changes throughout the Church of Christ, 'on earth.'"

Lyman Beecher, after declaring that experience in spirit-life had caused him to change his opinions, adds: "I see now that Beecher, Spurgeon, and a vast host of others, are teaching human souls the great truths which will fit them for life hereafter. I have done now with endeavoring to solve improbable problems, and with simple faith in man's efforts for his own progress, I give my testimony as to the uses of the Sabbath, and the advantages of religion in advancing their progress and in preparing the spirit for its future home."

Professor Bush declares that "The soul passes through many stages of existence in the process of refinement. The next state of existence to the material I term the spiritual, and the one beyond that the celestial, and beyond that, the 'sacred.'"

"With us the transmigration is not veiled in darkness and mystery, as with you. We can see the spirit emerge from its old casement more ethereal than ourselves, but still visible, and we can hold communion with it."

Everett says, as to government: "An unlimited monarchy is not known in the spirit-world." "The one-man power is incompatible with spiritual laws." "In the government of the spirit-world every man can rise, and become, for a space of time, the patriarchal dictator of a republic." "The prevailing form of our republic differs from that of the American republic in many particulars. Our term of office is shorter than with you; our directors are divided and sub-divided into associations or bodies, which, in your world, would be termed nations and states." "The emperor or dictator is chosen by the people." &c., &c.

The third work to which I desire to direct attention, is the "Arcana of Spiritualism," by Hudson Tuttle, published in 1870.

This work is professedly that of communing spirits. The writer says he is but an amanuensis, writing that which is revealed to him, and claims to have "faithfully, carefully and conscientiously presented his impressions as they have been given to him by his masters, the invisible spirits."

The work commences with a general statement of principles, intensely interesting, and giving a fair and full exposition of what Spiritualism claims to be. For instance, it says: "Man is a duality—a physical structure and a spirit. The spirit is an organized form, evolved by and out of the physical body, having corresponding organs and developments."

"This spiritual being is immortal."

"Death is the separation of this duality, and effects no change in the spirit, morally or intellectually."

"The spirit holds the same relations to the spirit-world that man holds to physical nature."

"The spirit there, as here, works out its own salvation, receiving the reward of well-doing, and suffering for wrongful action."

"Salvation is attainable only through growth."

"There is no arbitrary law, final judgment, or atonement for wrong, except through the suffering of the guilty."

"The knowledge, attainment and experience of the earth-life, form the basis of the spirit-life."

"Progressive evolution of intellectual and moral power is the endless destiny of individual spirits."

"The spirits are often near those they love, and strive to warn, protect and influence them."

"Their influence may be for evil, as well as for good."

"Communications from spirits must, then, be fallible, partaking of the nature of their source."

"Spiritualism encourages the loftiest spiritual aspirations, energizes the soul by presenting only exalted motives, prompts to highest endeavors, and inculcates noble self-reliance. It frees man from the bondage of 'authority' of book or creed. Its only authority is truth—its interpreter, reason."

"It seeks for a whole and complete cultivation of man—physically, morally and intellectually."

"It is to the elucidation of these principles that this work—a volume of 450 pages—is directed. It is all of it—well worth the perusal, and particularly its seventeenth chapter, treating of 'The Spirit's Home.'"

There is still another work to notice in this connection, viz.: "Real Life in the Spirit-land," given through Mrs. Maria M. King, and published by Wm. White & Co., in 1870. Vol. I.

In this work is given, among other things, the experience in the spirit-life of one who died from starvation in prison, in the seventeenth century; and of a mother, who was herself a slave, married to a slave who was sold away from her, and who had given birth to three children, who also were slaves; an account of the condition and education of children in the spirit-world; "a chapter in the life of a poet" looking marvelously like an autobiography of Shelley; the pauper's resurrection; the condition of a depraved spirit, of the inebriate, the gambler and the murderer; of a miser, smarting under the reflection of the good he had left undone, from his sordid love of gold; of a mother who, by her own unworthiness, was separated from her child; and an account of the mode of instruction designed to fit the spirit for an upward progression, "no means being left untold to aid the progress of the lower grade of spirits, who are so emphatically the dependents of the higher." All calculated to show how infinite is the variety of spirit-life, and yet how consonant it all is at once with our instincts and our reason.

In calling attention to these works, I repeat that I do not mean to be understood as implying that they are the only ones devoted to this topic, or that they are the best yet given to the public. I am aware of others, whose teachings on the same subject are as valuable. In my own two volumes, published seventeen years ago, there is much kindred matter, and probably there is no spiritual work that does not contain more or less

of it. But what I mean to say is, that I rejoice to see thus begun the work of concentrating within accessible limits the revelations that are being made to us of the immortal life beyond the grave, and my object is to point out to the inquiring minds that are stirring all around us, where they can most readily approach such concentration.

I am fully aware how vast is the quantity of such revelations already made to man from the spirit-world—some of it only resting in the memory of the recipients; but much, very much of it already reduced to writing, and prepared for preservation and distribution to the world. Whether it will, like the Jewish Bible or the Christian Testament, ever be concentrated into a single work, cannot now well be divined. But we may well entertain the hope—nay, the firm conviction—that if that ever does come to pass, the book will never be received as "authority," binding man to a belief that he cannot comprehend, but as an appeal to his head and his heart, to be received or rejected as the intellect or conscience may direct.

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, Feb. 1st, 1871.

### Intuition and Science.

"Intuition and Science," or we might write it, the hidden and visible hemispheres of Nature. I suppose the line between the two is imaginary or arbitrary, but some of the exponents of Free Religion have somewhat accented the line in treating the subject of immortality lately, and I will take it with their accent, at least, for the purposes of this article. No two men ever see the same rainbow. The intuitive man never perceives the thought or idea of anything as the matter-of-fact man does. The difference is fundamental. F. E. Abbot and W. J. Potter have lately delivered each a thoughtful discourse on the subject of immortality. The former calls his "Intuitionism versus Science;" the latter, "The Doctrine of Immortality in the Light of Science." These discourses read like the sober second thought, or the last word on this important subject from the radical standpoint, or the voice of Free Religion to thoughtful men. These discourses follow close upon one by Alger in Music Hall, to an audience gathered to hear what he had to say of the life, if any, that follows this. In the summing up of it, and snubbing Swedenborgianism, and, offensively so, the modern Spiritualists—he said there was no proof of any existence after this life's fitful fever was over. One could see by the faces in that congregation then, that the mercury fell some degrees; and the Sunday that followed many a well-known Spiritualist face was not there—the last link was broken.

Rationalism is to rise or fall on the one subject of immortality, and we might say, religion too. Two of the leading spirits of the free religious movement have touched the subject loudly in the able discourses referred to. We have listened to the sound; if that is all, we must hang our harps upon the willows, and weep when we remember Zion. Mr. Abbot sees two classes among the free religionists "who turn away from the traditions of the past and look toward the insights of the future with equal hope." For the sake of convenience, he designates them "as the intuitive and scientific schools of religious thought"—a very good division, if we do not lose sight of the fact that we cannot draw the line. If I may be excused for a paraphrase, this explains my meaning:

"Intuition and science every man must be; Few in the extreme, but all in the degree."

These two schools could be tolerably well divided thus: Science rests on matter; the soul is the product of matter, or the thinking nature of man is the bright particular flower of the material universe. Intuition rests on spirit. Spirit is real, and matter ephemeral; that the soul, instead of being (using the words of Mr. Potter) "a quality of matter which appears under certain conditions of development," that the base of all is spirit; the physical man and the material universe are but the flowering out of the spirit. I think these thoughtful men who have suggested these remarks give rather a wide field to science—more than is claimed by its exponents. They (its exponents) claim that its domain ends with matter; that science knows no spirit. True, Mr. Abbot says, "Physical science is not all; neither Darwin nor Agassiz nor any other is the pope of science. The authority of science is the authority of truth alone." That is, his science means truth. The world's definition of science is, what is known to be truth; and the definition of the four Harvard professors, by Allen Putnam's testimony, is in substance this: what is known of truth, and what we do not know is not worth knowing.

Mr. Abbot's definition would include intuition as well as the facts proper, and his argument, and Mr. Potter's also, is—with that definition—superfluous. At the present moment science is not universal, and there are the two tolerably well defined classes referred to—the intuitive and the scientific—and both Abbot and Potter recognize these divisions in their discourses, and turn their backs on intuition, and (using the words of Abbot for illustration) say, "science is to be the world's Messiah." If science means truth, there is then no question; but that is not what either of the men mean in their arguments, for they put intuition on one side of the equator of truth, and science on the other. Hear this on the point, quoting from Abbot: "Now that the empty affirmations of the intuition school ring out with the hollow sound of base metal, the great question rebounds, and the world's heart grows sick with hope deferred. In this great crisis (the eclipse of faith) the world's eyes are fixed on the youthful figure of science; science alone must give, in its own time, the final answer to our anxious, earnest question [immortality]." If there is truth in the words of Emerson—and I think there is—"that mankind is the flux of matter over the wires of thought," then intuition is warranted in filing a protest against this claim for science. I submit that intuition and science are two roads to the same point; and science—which Mr. Abbot says truly is in the veal stage—can hardly snub, with any propriety, intuition; what it may do when it is full grown and universal, and intuition, as a matter of course, one part of it, I have nothing to say; I refer to it now, in its youthful and veal stage, one of the two schools of religious thought, and, in behalf of the intuitionist, will say, by the time that science has discovered cause I am sure intuition will have found God.

The great question of future life lying far this side of God and cause, has got to be discovered and demonstrated by both, or, perhaps, discovered by one, and demonstrated by the other. I think intuition has done so, (quoting from Potter) "in a revelation to a faculty in the human soul which is specially fitted to receive it." Science, which knows no such faculty, says, doubtfully, "This cannot be. Using, then, the words of Abbot, 'Must we, then, wait for untold years before the question of God and immortality, on which the whole happiness of humanity depends, can be answered? Friends, I must frankly meet this inquiry. Science, whose present attitude toward God and immortality is pure indifference; science, now in its youthful and veal stage; sci-

ence alone must give the final reply to our anxious question; it will be long before its final verdict is rendered, and wisdom cautions us not to take its first rude guesses for its final word." "The empty affirmations of intuition," which make hope spring eternal in the human breast to half a world, are nothing—"only a labor-saving machine, doing the work of consolation for human hearts without taxing human brains." No—"We must wait," say these men, "till science shall have claimed its whole inheritance, and learned to treat the greatest of questions as respectfully and as honestly as it treats the least; it alone must answer. A whole world waits to hear." But, referring to intuition, "the great weary part of the world cannot be thus consoled. Humanity cries for bread, and receives a stone." I think up to this point humanity has cried to science for bread, and has got the stone. I think the world will wait a little longer, holding on to intuition. The intuition school has more to offer for soul sustenance than the scientific school has. We welcome the facts of science, and cry, like Oliver, "for more," feeling assured, from the nature of this subject, that they will have been already discounted by intuition, and have been appropriated by the human race in advance of science, and it find and admit that there was

"A royal road that leads to life,  
And thousands walked together there,  
While science found a longer way,  
With here and there a traveler."

Mr. Potter asks, "Will science let us keep our faith in immortality?" If he refers to that future when science means universal science or truth, the answer will be unquestionably in the affirmative; but with their definition, there is no pertenance to the question. "Watchman, I tell us of the night, what its signs of promise are." Now, while the world is looking "at the youthful figure of science," will it let us keep our faith in immortality? It answers now in the negative. I have no fears but the "unconquerable will" of human instinct will keep the sacred fire alive and burning, and man will not be without his God and his hope in the world.

That pious scholar, Saint Bouve, said, "Science has killed faith." That sounds well, only it is not true. Science may have killed the Bible as a special revelation, by demonstrating its authority to have been unsound in its facts, and those who rested on it for their faith may be adrift; but science has not squelched or touched intuition, or the faith born of it. Certain great thoughts have been written, and have found expression in the Bible. It is not now either scientific or rational to say God wrote them in person, or by proxy, but it was rational to have thought so with the then understood cosmogony and the then state of knowledge and definition of God. It has been the privilege of science to strip off the deformities associated with the blossoms of intuition—all thanks to it—but intuition exists to do and is doing its work. It would be wise for the exponents of Free Religion to stand firm and solid, one foot on science, and one foot on intuition; but resting their weight on only one, and that one science, as the true men seem to be doing, mankind will turn from it and them, and drink of that warmer, even if less? reliable stream, whose source is in the heart, and which is responded to by the sentiments and emotions of mankind.

The human heart can live on intuition, and flourish without science, but it will starve on the facts of science divorced from intuition. The world will have both, and the accented one must be intuition, for it is heaven-born; the other is of earth; in the duality is the Emanuel, God with us; of which it may be said, "Is not this he that should come?" I once heard Theodore Parker, at the funeral of a Spiritualist, and, officiating, say: "This good brother, now dead, was happy in having the evidence that there is another life after this; but he (the speaker) needed no evidence to prove to him that the other world was a reality; he was sure of it; if he had any doubts of either, it was whether this one was real—none whatever of the one beyond." This was the voice of intuition; and because science, as Mr. Abbot says, "finds the old supports of religious beliefs rotten beyond repair," therefore Theodore Parker, who also with it denied the claims for Bibles, Christs and miracles, in his hope he rests on an illusion. The common instinct of man favors Parker, not science, on this point. That great intuitive cosmopolitan soul may have felt as few can immediately, but there are thousands who know and feel the fact to be true in themselves, because he said so who was honest and plain spoken and ruggedly square; these grafts of faith having deductive power enough to know that if Theodore Parker lives, they shall live also. Science to-day seems to me to be hunting for gold in the gulches of facts, and paying its way; forgetting, perhaps, that the source of these facts is higher up, and is not in possession yet of the implements or philosophy to detect in the original quarry the elements or stuff that become facts or gold by the developing process of time. The world of spirit and matter has lasted a long while. God and Cause never hurry. Much that is science now will pass away. The basic truth underlying the records of science, and the records of intuition, will remain and express themselves, and in their combination, feeding both heart and head. Instead of science ever killing faith, or taking the backbone out of religion, it says, as I interpret it, always and forever to religion, the child of intuition, "Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness!" And I trust is now putting on her beautiful garments.

While Prof. Huxley, in his lectures, is getting where the partition wall is very thin, so to speak between spirit and matter—and if his intuitions were as sensitive and keen as his intellectual perceptions, he would almost hear the hammer sounds from the other side—I feel that the opening has been made elsewhere by the workers on the other side, and Jacob's ladder, on which the angels are ascending and descending, is modern Spiritualism. Crude to-day and rough; as a stream it needs filtering before it is limpid and clear, but carries in it the solution of the great question, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

I am making too long a story to dwell on this point, and must stop; merely saying that to me, after careful and thoughtful investigation, it appears to be "the way, the truth and the life," and is the bridge on which intuition and science, "instinct and intellect," or "heart and head," can walk together, making the union, so much desired, of science and religion. This is my testimony; others have a right, according to their experience, to see it differently. I have tried hard to make the platform shake, and it stands firm. I should testify myself if I attempted to choke off the evidence of my senses, and I have no desire to, knowing that I am a happier man and that I am trying to be a better one for knowing something definitely (and I claim that I do) of that other world which, using Mr. Longfellow's words:

"Lies all about us, and its avenues  
Are open to the keenest of phantoms  
That come and go, and we perceive them not,  
Save by their influence, or when at times  
A most mysterious Providence permits them  
To manifest themselves to mortal eyes."

JOHN WETHEBBER.

Great powers and natural gifts do not bring privileges to their possessor so much as they bring duties; sci-

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**BANNER OF LIGHT,**  
AND ALL  
**LIBERAL AND SPIRITUAL BOOKS,**  
**PAPERS AND MAGAZINES.**  
Also, ADAMS & Co.'s  
**GOLDEN PENS AND PARLOR GAMES,**  
The Magic Comb, and Voltale Armor Soles,  
**Dr. Storor's Nutritive Compound,**  
**SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS,**  
Congress Record Ink, Stationery, &c.  
**WARREN CHASE & CO.,**  
No. 601 North Fifth street, (corner Washing-  
ton Avenue) St. Louis, Mo.

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—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; i. e., the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume and the number of the paper itself, then know that the time for which you paid has expired. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary to send you a bill, and in the case of the non-compliance, should render their subscriptions at least as early as the weeks before the receipt-figures correspond with those at the left and right of the date.

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Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Monday.

GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO., 40 PARK ROW,  
AND  
S. M. PITTENGER & CO., 37 PARK ROW.  
Are our authorized Advertising Agents in New York.

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE!  
**A FARM**  
FOR EVERY PERSON WHO WANTS ONE.  
At the Hyde Park Settlement,  
Hyde County, North Carolina.

**CLIMATE** genial, soil rich enough to raise from 50 to 100 bushels of corn to the acre, without fertilizing; and all kinds of fruit and vegetables flourish abundantly. The climate contains about 27,000,000 bushels of wheat, 10,000,000 of rye, 10,000,000 of oats, 10,000,000 of sweet potatoes, 3,500 of peas, 200,000 lbs. of cotton, and 2,500 gallons of honey. One grape-vine has been known to bear 100 lbs. of grapes. The climate is also very fine for raising of wine.

**Timber** is very abundant. *Cypress*, *Slip Pine*, *Cypress* (which is the celebrated *Cypress*, *Singles* are made) *Red Cedar*, *Gum*, *Hickory*, *Oak* and *Holly*. Lumber sells from 10 to 15 cents per foot. *White* in the West it sells for ten to fifteen cents, and it can be raised as cheaply here as in the West; freight to New York 10 to 15 cents.

A tract of 90,000 acres has been laid off in small farms of 20 acres; (40x80 rods) streets 100 feet wide; price from \$3 to \$25 per acre. The land is sold on credit, and the balance in three equal payments—two, three and four years.

Readers of the *Banner* who choose to join us within thirty days, can send me a post-office order for \$25, and I will send them 100 acres of land for the same price. (I want as many progressive people as I can send, and they can locate where they please.) I send a prospectus free. Hereafter, I will send the *Banner* free to all who send me \$25. I am a Turning and Furniture Manufacturer, as well as all kinds of Mechanics. Address, J. W. Kelly, 110 State street, Boston, Mass.

—Hon. Wm. D. Kelley, of Philadelphia, says that North Carolina is the finest part of the world his foot or eye has seen.

—Mar. 4.

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If you are looking for a Settlement at the West, we would recommend you to Missouri. Mr. L. F. Healey's work in connection with your cause, and the fact that we have no such settlement, whatever hindrances are presented in other sections of the Continent, those presented in Missouri are sufficiently numerous for all reasonable minds. We think we are in excellent connection with what we present another, to-wit: all persons

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a settlement with those who are free to think for themselves and who wish to live where difference of opinion will not be considered a difference of religion. We are a free ostracism will not exist, except for such as are persistently dishonest and impure, will find an especial attraction at this time in this State.

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within sixty miles of St. Louis; 5000 acres of land have been secured by prominent Spiritualists and men of independent thought; an enterprise of no ordinary magnitude has been undertaken; and persons are now being sought for the village. Liberal and prudent inducements are offered to all who accept the spiritual faith to secure for themselves a congenial and profitable location and a pleasant home. We will correspond from St. Louis with any one who is interested in this enterprise; in addresses we enclose return postage.

J. E. MERICMAN & CO.  
515 Chestnut street, St. Louis Mo.

Mar. 4.—2wis

**THE NEW CHURCH INDEPENDENT**  
A QUARTERLY MONTHLY

THE PUBLICATION OF THIS NEW DIMENSION, A tabular list of 192 leaders of the *Great*, has reached its nineteenth volume, and for the year 1971 will be a year in an enlarged magazine form, with several new features. The new volume will be published in the form of a book, devoted to the welfare of the New Church. A corps of the most talented writers of this organization are now contributing to its columns.

Rev. W. M. Ferrall, W. H. Holcombe, Ben. James, Rev. Samuel Bewick, W. L. Galbraith, Dr. John L. F. Yule, Lucille Fuller, Rev. W. M. Ferrall, W. H. Holcombe, Miss Ella Mosby, Rev. Solomon Brown, T. H. Stringfellow, Mrs. M. C. Joslyn, George, Rev. W. M. Ferrall, and others.

Terms, \$2.00 a year, or \$1.50 for two copies paid by one person; \$5.00 for three copies, and \$1.50 for any number of others. Address, WELLS, BENTLEY & METCAL, sports, Ind. Mar. 4-2m.

## P. B. RANDOLPH.

As **L**overs throughout the world who have purchased and read Dr. Randolph's books entitled "After Death," "The Powers of the Human Will," "The Rights of the Hidden History," "The Master Passion," "The Great Secret," "Havaleite," "The Rosicrucian Story," "My Adamite Man," "The Guide to Clairvoyance," "Seership by the Light," and "The Rosicrucian Mystery," and many others of his works, are informed that the promise made in the foreword of "The Master Passion" to send to every man, woman or child a copy of the book, "The Powers of the Human Will," as a standing revelation regarding Soul, its location and powers, **Kid, Love, Pigrant its floor, the one hundred derivatives of the soul, the actual truth of the formative mystery, disclosed, foretold in all his books, and as held and maintained in all true Institutions in Asia, Europe, America, Africa, is hereby fulfilled.** We regard this single chapter as the grandest this world has ever known. **It is the only book in the world** in brief, he ever wrote, and however *startling and extraordinary*, will challenge all Christendom's attention! Sent to you **free of charge** for a *paid directed envelope*, and printer's fee of one cent. **It is the only book in the world that reveals the powers of the HUMAN WILL**—sent on *precisely* simple terms. Address THE ROSICRUCIAN PUBLISHING CO. Box 3352, Houston, Mass. Int—Feb. 1.

**O. P. RICKER & CO.,**  
ECLECTIC AND BOTANIC DRUGGISTS, 64 Washington  
street, Boston, Mass., keep constantly on hand a large  
assortment of all Herbs, Barks, Gums, &c., &c., of every va-  
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**DR. PLUMB, Natural Healer.**  
**MRS. J. L. PLUMB.**  
PHYSICIAN and Local Business Clairvoyant. Answers  
all kinds of letters, and examines all kinds of diseases at  
distance, for \$1.00 per case. Office, 63½ West street, oppo-  
site the residence, 63½ West street, opposite the head-  
office, 629 Washington street, from Main street, Charlestown, Mass.  
167-Mar.

**MRS. A. M. BUMKIN**, Medium, Clairvoyant, Healer, and Developing Medium, 230 Madison street, Boston Highlands. 3w—Mar.

**MRS. ANNA KIMBALL**, M. D., Clairvoyant, Healer, Writing and Trance Medium, 737 Fifth Avenue, New York. Mar.

**MRS. M. A. PORTER**, Medium and Business Clairvoyant, 83 LAGRANGE STREET, BOSTON. Mar. 4.—5w\*

**MRS. MARSHALL**, Medium for spirit communication, 3 Jefferson street, Boston. Hours, 10 to 12, 3, 4.—2w\*

**SARAH C. SOMERBY**, Clairvoyant, Healer, and Developing Medium, 719 Sixth Avenue, New York. Mar. 4.—2w\*

**PSYCHOMETRICAL READING OF CHARTER.** \$1.00; ditto Reading and Conjugal Adaptation, \$2.00. 3w—Mar.

**THE SCIENCE OF PSYCHOMETRY** gives the true physical, mental and spiritual characteristics of the human mind. **Terms \$2.00**, including conjugal adaptation. **\$3.00.** Add **STELLA PERCIVAL**, 242 East 13th street, New York City, Mar. 4.



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