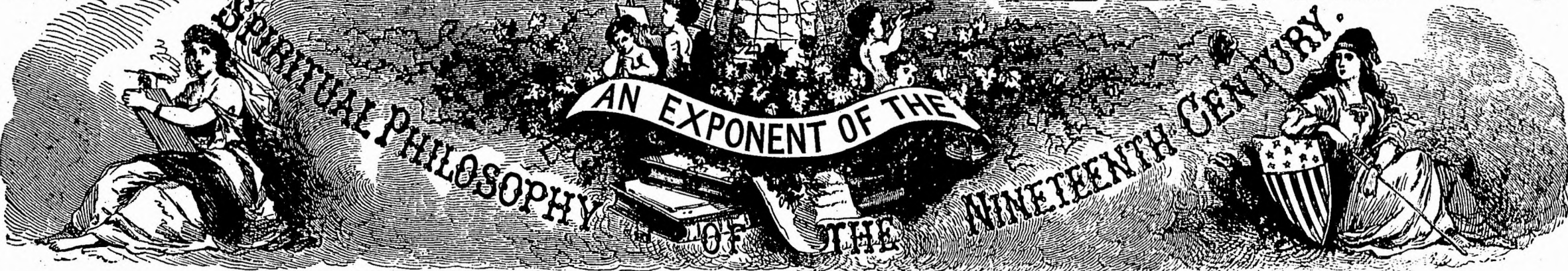


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Original Essay.

### RELIGION—SCIENCE—SPIRITUALISM.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

"Oh ye of little faith," was the cry of one in Apostolic days; but I am now constrained to say, as I hear occasionally that "Spiritualism is ended," because a single and striking case of fraud has been exposed in the Holmes case. "Oh ye of little knowledge, or wisdom, or intuition!" On the one side the "Katie King fraud," on the other such a mass of evidence as hardly any department of the vast realm of Science can equal, proving the reality of the life beyond and the return of the denizens of that great world to our narrow earth! The one is but the dust floating in the sunlight compared to the glory of the light in which it floats, and by its slight obstruction all the more fully reveals. I am not glad of the fraud, but can see its uses, calling us all to careful and critical vigilance—a call greatly needed, for in this realm of thought we have been educated to believe, not to know, not to trust outward senses or the soul within, still less both when they agree and confirm each other. So this fraud has its use and value as an incentive to thoughtful care and close scrutiny, but is of no weight or moment as against the accumulated evidence of the truth of spirit-presence and communion. Six months hence we shall see that its effect and influence will be as slight as the holding a straw against Niagara to stop the sweep of its mighty tide.

Abandon the Spiritual Philosophy, give up clairvoyance, mediumship, and the spiritual experiences that come unbidden and unsought to millions, let go as illusion and fraud the vast array of carefully examined evidence, and what then?

Science and Religion are in the field. The first has always conquered, and will again. What men call religion trusts neither sense nor soul, fears the methods of inductive experiment, and fears more the inspirations and revelations of deductive and intuitive thought, fears both when apart and thus imperfect, fears them more when in union, helping and confirming each other, and thus reaching ever toward perfection and harmony; fears all that can possibly point beyond some "thus saith the Lord" of a dim Hebrew Past. This is what goes by the name of Religion in the churches. Some day a more divine and sacred ideal will prevail, is even now growing in many souls, and the name will mean some spiritual reality, growing with our growth, some truth of God and man, that no truth of rock or flood will harm, but rather help. This religion of the letter, of book or creed, is not rooted in the realities of the world of Mind or the world of Matter, only tied by a dead cord to the old Churches. It is based on miracles which are of human babyhood, and cannot stand the sweep of eternal laws, and so floats off as flood-wood. This is the pitiful weakness of what men call religion, but which is only dogmatic theology. As it decays religion lives, and Science is helping its decadence.

But Science is only half made up. It works only from the surface by inductive thought and experiment—well and valuable, but only half the true method of a perfect Science.

Being inductive, it is and must be materialistic. It knows no "soul of things"; it tells us truths of great value in the material world, of rocks and suns and stars; but when it comes to man, it sees him as a machine, and its every step deals with chemistry and electricity, just as in the granite or the diamond. The poor outcome of all this is, that what we call the vital force is some subtle thing wrought out of food by the chemistry of digestion; that intelligence and thought are fine results of bodily perfectness; that the clay creates, and the soul is but its effect; and as the body grows cold and crumbles away, that is the last of earth or heaven! Put Spiritualism out of the way, and we have this Religion in the field on one side, and this Imperfect and Inductive Science on the other; but this Science is far the strongest, for it is fearless and true, loyal to the facts in its realm, and to the laws it reaches behind them, and so will conquer; but its conquering is the death-knell of man's hope and overmastering desire for a future life; its chemistry and implements reach not to the Infinite Intelligence: it knows no God. The Hebrew ideal of a royal ruler on his dread throne, outside of this or of all worlds, is going; but no other ideal, nobler and more divine, comes of inductive thought or experiment alone. As this type of science drives our present religion of the churches to the wall, as it is doing, the result will be materialism. Immortality and God will find no place.

But this is not to be; for Spiritualism, with its intuitions to be reverently heard, its deductive

revelations from within to be listened to, and the facts of clairvoyance, trances, mediumship, and like personal experiences to confirm and verify the voices of the soul—will lift man out of this darkness, will make immortality a truth of soul and sense, will reveal the Infinite Intelligence, Design, Wisdom and Love—the "Soul of Things"—God.

We shall come to see, by its help, that the subtle tides of spiritual force mold and shape, transmute, dissolve and shape again, at their will, this cruder stuff that we call matter—that the body is molded and fashioned, grows but to serve, and dies but to release, in fit time, the spirit which called it into being and action.

Thus it may be said that "this (Spiritualism) which the builders (of the churches) reject, shall become the chief corner stone" of the future and fairer temple of a spiritualized and large-minded humanity.

It is high privilege indeed to bear some part in so great and timely a work as this—the most momentous and important of any in the realm of thought in our age; and if the fine saying of a late Scotch writer be true, that "high thoughts lead to true lives," it should lift toward a higher realm of action and duty those who engage in it.

In the brief space of this article one must use least possible words, and therefore I would say that it was not just or wise to claim that none save those who may call themselves Spiritualists are helping toward this coming redemption from materialistic tendencies. Others are doing good work in that direction; but the more clear and perfect their comprehension of the harmonious philosophy, the more broad and accurate their knowledge of spiritual phenomena, the better work they can do. The old legend tells us that when Constantine went into a hard fought battle a bright cross stood out in the sky above him, and he pointed to it and exclaimed to his soldiers "In hoc signo vinces"—By that sign you conquer. We can point to each bright fact of spirit-presence, not as shining miracles, whereby bloody battles may be won, but as proof that soul survives body, and by that sign the truth we serve shall conquer.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 22d, 1875.

N. B.—In speaking of the present development of science as imperfect, I did not give my idea of what it is to be with more complete methods and a broader and more receptive spirit. It is now inductive and external, dealing with outward facts and seeking laws behind them. This method has its value; but is fragmentary, as would be a method purely deductive, and therefore speculative and uncertain. It ignores a vital factor—the spiritual, intuitive and deductive powers of the soul. Spiritualism and clairvoyance are indispensable helps to understand the spirit of a man. Take them from within, and the facts gained by inductive investigation from without, each completing and confirming the other, and we shall learn more of the microcosmic nature of man, with its wide reach of relations and powers. We shall see that rock, earth, and all flora and fauna reach up to become his corporeal frame, all subtle forces that hold suns and stars in their places or in their orbits pulse through his form, and that all ideas of immortality, justice, freedom, and the great truths that ever lift up and save this world of man, and all other worlds of men or angels, are in and of his spiritual being.

Thus shall we learn that man is akin to all realms of matter or spirit. As quaint old George Herbert said:

"Thou hast gladly curd our flesh, because  
They find acquaintance there."

In this spirit, and by these methods, the coming scientist will be both deductive and inductive, will recognize man's interior powers, and ask the seers what their intuitions, imaginings, hopes and revelations tell of geology, chemistry, and all natural science, or of life here and hereafter, testing all these by his inductive processes, and thus making the circle of proof more complete and strong. Science will be spiritualized, religion, too, will be spiritualized and made rational also—as it never has been in its popular aspects—both will be known as accordant and divine truth, and dogmatic theology will die.

### UNDER THE ICE.

Under the ice the waters run;  
Under the ice our spirits lie;  
The genial glow of the summer sun  
Shall loosen their fetters by-and-by.  
Moan and groan in thy prison cold,  
River of life, river of love!  
The winter is getting worn and old,  
The frost is leaving the melting mould,  
And the sun shines warm above.  
Under the ice, under the snow,  
Our souls are bound in a crystal ring;  
By-and-by will the south winds blow,  
And the roses bloom on the banks of spring.  
Moan and groan in thy fetters strong,  
River of life, river of love!  
The nights grow short, the days grow long,  
Weaker and weaker the bonds of wrong,  
And the sun shines bright above.  
Under the ice our souls are hid;  
Under the ice our good deeds grow;  
Men but credit the wrong we did,  
Never the motives that lie below.  
Moan and groan in thy prison cold,  
River of life, river of love!  
The winter of life is growing old,  
The frost is leaving the melting mould,  
And the sun shines warm above.  
Under the ice we hide our wrong—  
Under the ice that has chilled us through.  
Oh, that the friends who have known us long  
Dare to doubt we are good and true.  
Moan and groan in thy prison cold,  
River of life, river of love!  
The winter is getting worn and old,  
The frost is leaving the melting mould;  
We all shall be known above.  
Words are but pictures of our thoughts.

## Paulina Wright Davis on Mrs. Hardy's Mediumship.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In looking over your columns a few weeks since we observed that Mrs. Hardy was to be subjected to an investigating committee; that neither her well-known character for truthfulness, nor yet the sweet simplicity and dignity of her gentle womanhood were protection from the charge of fraud. My sympathies were deeply moved for her, and, as illness held me prisoner to my room, I wrote and asked her to pay me a visit where she might rest and feel herself among those who believed in her at the very least. We resolved to leave her in the most entire freedom as to any manifestations, not even asking for one séance.

For myself I did not know much of the form of the phenomena which come through her power, hence my surprise, while conversing with her on ordinary topics, the first afternoon, when I heard a child's voice, and a moment after Mrs. Hardy came and put her arms about me, kissed and caressed me as a loving child might do. I found that she was entranced, and her spirit-guide, little Willie, a three-year-old boy, had taken possession of her. We talked with him for an hour, of the present, past and future. He gave the names of my mother, brothers, and many other friends, not always pronouncing them correctly, but spelling them so.

I had very much desired to see spirit-hands, for I have fully and entirely believed in materialization. Sunday morning Mrs. Hardy said, "I think we can have some spirit-hands this morning." Accordingly two small tables were placed in the centre of my room, which I have not left during the winter, with a small aperture between them. Around these a large gray shawl (belonging to a member of the family) was draped, being pinned to the carpet on the one side, and covering the tables with the other. Mrs. Hardy gave directions as to the arrangement. We then—seven of us in all—gathered around, laying our hands on the table. The room was partially darkened by closing the shutters, but we could see each other and the slightest movement made. In a very few moments more light was allowed, and a wave-like motion of the shawl over the aperture was seen, and then hands appeared for every one present. Some were white and delicately made, others large and strong, while baby fingers fondled some of our hands. The touch was firm, though gentle and soft.

On Monday evening a larger number of friends gathered around the same improvised cabinet, and to all came hands of friends. One large, strong hand beat time while a piece of music was sung; it then shook the hand of its friend and gave place to a lady's hand, which was small and with lace drapery on the wrist. A ring was placed on a finger of one of the hands, and when it went away we heard the ring drop, and found it on the floor after the séance.

I do not, however, regard these manifestations as any more remarkable than the writing on the slate, which is done in a light room without pencil. Mrs. Hardy held one side of the slate, and some member of the family the other under a table or stand, while messages were written with the utmost rapidity. We could hear the scratching of the pencil, which must have been materialized from the slate for the purpose. Some of the messages were exact fac-similes of the writing of the persons they purported to come from. The facts were not even similar.

Such are the facts occurring where there was no possibility of collusion or fraud—a statement which I feel it my duty to give, not only for the benefit of the medium, but for thousands of others who are seeking for truth.

Very respectfully,

PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS.  
Providence, R. I., Jan. 30th, 1875.

WHY THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IS RETROGRADING.—The blue book containing the evidence laid before the Parliamentary Committee on Church Patronage, has not yet, says the Christian World, received the amount of public attention it deserves. The scandal it reveals is appalling. Clergymen are engaged in transactions not only illegal, but deceitful and corrupt. A class of "clerical agents" have arisen, who manage affairs with protestations of "secrecy and confidence," and who really require to make good these promises as much as if they were receivers of stolen goods; for what they undertake to accomplish is simply to make money safe. The actual cases related before the committee were shameful. A clergyman, aged eighty, allowed non-residence in his own living because of physical infirmity, was appointed rector of Spettisbury to enable the patron to sell with prospect of early possession; and although the bishop knew the facts, he was compelled by law to institute the tottering and incapable octogenarian. Of course, the old man never did any work, and never resided on the living. In another similar case, which happened at St. Ervans, the broken down parsonage had to receive wine and water at the reading-desk in order to help him through the induction service; and when he had got only half through he had to be removed to the inn in a fainting state. At a subsequent service he did contrive to get to the end of his work; but it well-nigh made an end of him. The presentee in this case was a helpless paralytic, and of course never did more than read himself in. At Bury St. Edmunds a clergyman between eighty and ninety was appointed to a living of £800 a year, where there had been no resident rector for nearly seventy years. Lord Overstone told of a parish of 36,000 inhabitants, whose vicar spent twenty-eight years in habitual intemperance and utter neglect of his duties, and he cannot be got rid of, for to pension him off would be simoniacal. And the committee in the face of facts like these, recommended that things should be left alone, for that was really the practical outcome of their report.

The best part of beauty is that which no painting can express; the soul beneath which speaketh through the eyes.

## Literary Department.

### THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

OF

### ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

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

#### CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

"In a few days after this interview came the battle at Manassas Junction. I wished to go to the wounded, and obtained a pass to the battlefield, taking Le Mark with me. 'How little I thought that this event would enable me to finish my letter! Among other wounded men lay one whom, by his dress of gray, and golden bars, we knew to be an officer on the Confederate side. They were placing him in an ambulance as we came up.

"Le Mark sprang forward. 'Richard! is it you?' he exclaimed. 'Oh God! my brother!' Then turning to me, 'Doctor, help me to save him.'

"We followed to the hospital, where I examined his wounds. He was conscious, but I saw there was no hope for his life. 'The ball was too near the lungs,' I could not extract it.

"I did what I could for his comfort and left him, to return to other wounded men. I was so much occupied that I did not see Le Mark again till near morning. I was surprised to find him living. The man had a fine physique and great power of endurance. His brother had given him opiates, and he was under their influence and not inclined to talk.

"In a few hours I visited him again, when he asked me if it were not possible for him to be moved. 'I know the nature of my wound well enough, I know that I must die, but I should be glad to die at home.'

"It seemed to be impossible; but so urgent was he to make the effort that Robert desired to gratify him.

"He might as well die upon the way, Doctor," he said, 'as in this place, amid the dead and wounded.'

"A pass was obtained, and they left, with no expectation on my side that he could endure the motion of the cars for three hours. Nor would he have done so were not his brother a good nurse as well as a skillful doctor. When arrived at his own home he was conscious, but very weak. For what occurred there I am indebted to Robert. It seems they carried him to Rosa's room, it being near and the most comfortable. Aunt Phyllis, whom you know through Lisette, had taken care to keep this room just as her mistress had left it. She had aired and swept and dusted, but there still lay the ornaments she had hurriedly laid aside, the little slippers near the hearth, a crimson silk scarf over a chair, her embroidery and worsteds on the table, her Bible and prayer-book on a bracket near her bed, and over it a picture of her child painted by herself. With what love and sweet patience had she wrought this!

"Amid these souvenirs they laid the dying man. He looked around him with the semi-conscious gaze of one whose perceptions have been dulled by sedatives, closed his eyes for a moment, as we often do when rallying the forces of memory, then turned his head slowly, and seemed to be taking in every object in the room. His brother was by his side. The sick man took no heed of him, but groaned as if in great pain, and exclaimed 'And I must die here! Retribution!' It came out slowly, painfully, syllable by syllable, like one trying to recall a long forgotten word. Ruby, the young mulatto girl who had nursed him through his long illness two years before, came in with some gruel in a silver porringer. He turned his head away, muttering 'Not here! not in this room,' and then waving her back with a motion of his hand, closed his eyes, while over his face a gray shadow crept, such as often precedes death.

"His brother raised his head gently and gave him some stimulant. He revived, and looking at his brother, who had not slept for two nights and days, he said, 'Go and sleep, Bob. I do not need you now. Send Aunt Phyllis. She will call you when I need—when I—'

"He did not finish the sentence. The old servant came. She was born on the place—had belonged to Le Mark's grandfather, and had been a house-servant for more than thirty years. No joy or sorrow of that family which she had not shared; no secret unknown to her. Ay! many a deed of cruelty and lust had those old eyes witnessed.

"'Lors, Mas'r Bob,' pears as if 't was ole Mas'r Richard come back! looks jes' like he did,' she whispered, as Robert lingered a moment. She had been Richard's nurse in the days when he lived as a child with his grandfather. Those were the happiest days of his life, for the old gentleman, stern to every one else, had been unwisely indulgent to this boy. The sick man fell into a short sleep, as the old servant sat by his side, watching him, his head and still as a statue. When he awoke, his sight was turned to the side where she sat, and the first object on which his eyes rested was her broad, kindly face. Great weakness often makes us children again. He

smiled—the first smile that had lighted those handsome features for many a weary day.

"'Lors, chile, you done look like de ole gem-man now. You my baby, dat I used tote round in my arms. Now you drink de warm gruel out de same silver porringer dat you used cry for den.'

"She went out of the room and returned with it. He permitted her to feed him as she would a child, for there was little strength in his arm. 'Dere now, Mas'r Dick, maybe you get round all right soon.'

"'No, Phyllis, I shall die. My strength will not last long. You must make me as comfortable as you can. It is all I can do now. Do you remember when I had the scarlet fever, Auntie? I was only five years old then.'

"'I do n't forget nothin' 'bout you, Mas'r Dick, my baby. You was mighty sick, but I pulled you through.'

"'Yes, you watched me night and day. I remember it.'

"'Your own fader was yere dat summer,' said Auntie.

"'Auntie, you always say, 'Master Dick looks like his grandfather.' Have I no resemblance to my father?'

"'Jes' a little, Mas'r Dick, but not as much like him as—' here the old woman hesitated.

"'As Bob, Auntie?'

"'Mas'r Bob ain't like him none; he's mudder all over; but, Mas'r Dick, I'll tell you now, 'pears like you didn't know, and ole Auntie would tell you afore—she feared Zell would put on airs and make trouble.'

"'What is it, Auntie? Speak out?'

"'Zell is your fader's chile. Ole Juno is her mudder!'

"'An ashy gray paleness overspread Le Mark's face as he heard these words.

"'She looks more like him dan any chile he has. Can't ye see it, Mas'r Dick?'

"'But the sick man answered not. He lay there pallid and gray, with his wide-open eyes, out of which gleamed a look of horror.

"'The old servant was alarmed, and thought he was dying. She was leaving the room to call Robert, when Le Mark motioned her back. 'Stay with me, Phyllis; stay close by me, Phyllis. Let my brother sleep.'

"'Le Mark suffered great pain, which opiates only could relieve. Aunt Phyllis administered one, according to the directions which Robert had given to her, and her patient slept again. Now how much of what followed may have been the result of these frequent opiates given in large doses, and how much of that remorse which death sometimes wakes, as the burning light of a torrid sun rouses the torpid serpent, I know not. The doctors never think much of the despair or the joy of a dying man, so curious and strange are the operations of our medicines on the brain. When Le Mark awoke from that sleep, which was the last before the sleep of death, a change had passed over him.

"'Robert had returned, and was sitting by the bedside. No one else was in the room. 'Robert,' said he, 'I never loved you; I believe I hated you because everybody else loved you. I was handsome and ambitious; you plain, and naturally indolent. I determined to win all the prizes of life, and disappoint you whenever you set your heart on anything.'

"'Never mind about it now, Dick,' said Robert, his own heart giving a great throb when he thought of that prize which would have been the crowning joy of his life; 'never mind; it is all past now.'

"'No, Robert, I cannot die without a confession. From the time you laid me down in this bed—and, by-the-way, what an avenging fate it was that brought me here—I have laid on burning coals. Two fair faces rise before me—one, an angel sent to purify and guide my life; but I was possessed of a demon which even her pure love could not cast out. I was determined to win Rosa, and I seldom failed when I wished to do. They say I inherited this demon from my grandfather, with the estate. If so, I hope it will leave the world with me. Better that the plantation return to its primitive wildness, than bring with it such a curse.'

"'He then related to Robert how, when in one of those fearful storms of passion, he would have taken the life of Zell, Rosa came, like an avenging angel, and rescued her. 'Ay, Bob, I never loved my wife as I did then! Strange, isn't it? And yet, perhaps, if she had been less gentle and loving before, if she had mated me in spirit, I might have been a different man! The demon in me felt its power over the woman, and used it. I said "two fair faces rise before me." The other, born a slave, but reared in love and luxury, and enslaved by nature with heart as noble and true as any queen—I hated her because my wife loved her, and I determined to crush her to the earth, and make her feel herself



the slave that she was in law. Alas! the Saxon blood was strong within her: she was my equal in will, courage, and spirit: I have learned too late that the same blood runs in our veins!" "Richard!" exclaimed his brother.

"Do not stop me; my life ebbs fast; I have more to say. The life which God gave me—this vigorous health and manhood—has been only a curse to myself. It is just that he should take it from me in its prime. Take this ring from my hand: Roso placed it there. Say to her that with my dying I exonerate her from all thought of wrong. She believed me dead when she married Morton, two years after she fled from home. Write this down from my lips, Robert—write it now; she can ask no keener revenge than that which torments me now. Lie, as I said, on burning coals. The past of my life rises before me, as it were, a horrid picture painted on canvas; and even when I shut my eyes, I see it still; it searches and burns my brain: I welcome death, for I believe it an endless sleep. It is, is it not, my brother?"

"Robert's eyes were filled with tears. He could not assent, he dare not differ, for already the agony of this man's soul was so intense that great beads of sweat stood upon his face. His strength was well nigh gone, and he was racked with pain. There was no help but in opiates, and they were again administered. While he slept a poor creature lay moaning outside his door. He neither asked for nor thought of her. It was wicked and unlike the kind-hearted Phyllis, but, as she expressed it afterwards, "The devil entered into me," for when she came with a cup in one hand and a bundle of hot flannels in the other, she spurned the prostrate Ruby with her foot, sending her a rod from the doorway. "Do not you be giving in here till he asks for ye, I said once you'd see de end, and such as you allers do—allers!"

"No opiate was of service now, and Aunt Phyllis's hot flannels brought no warmth to the cold feet, for the cold waters of death were rolling over them.

"He could not sleep, and now speech failed him; but a great agony was in the wide-open eyes turned in unappeal to his brother. This great pain passed away, and then Aunt Phyllis held the hand whose tension relaxed, laid her large arm under the head that now fell helplessly upon it, and thus he died, breathing his last sigh in the ear of the faithful creature who, perhaps, after all, had loved him better than all the world beside.

"Thus, my dear Captain Melton, I answer your letter. The mystery is solved, and my Roso comes out of the fire like gold from the furnace.

"I have taken time to write you because it seemed my first duty, but my head and hands and heart are full in these stirring times. How long this contest may last God only knows, but in him I trust. I feel assured of the final result, but I see before me a river of blood. When it is crossed, if my own life is spared, I hope to see Morton Hall and Chetney Park, and sit once more on Mount Paradise, to smoke my cigar and talk our battles over with an old soldier, both of which may be allowed in an earthly paradise.

"Yours truly," ADAMS.

"By St. George!" exclaimed Uncle Joe, "I never thanked God before for the death of a man! But I feel now like shouting 'Glory to God!' like the Methodists in a revival meeting. I cannot hold in. It is all right at last! Hurrah! Glory! There, it has done—"

"Did you call, sir?" said Mrs. Affleck, looking in.

"No; yes; come in, Mrs. A. I am the happiest man in England to-day," said the Captain, who had been on his feet for the last two minutes, gyrating round like a school boy.

"I am delighted to hear it, Captain. Some good news?"

"Yes; will give it to you to-morrow, Mrs. A. Now go and tell John to saddle Sultan. I shall ride over to see my brother, Morton, and bring him here to-day. Give us a Christmas plum pudding."

"I wish I could, Captain, but you know a Christmas plum pudding should be ordered the day before. It needs nine hours' boiling."

"Then get up some of your best dishes, for my brother will be here to dinner."

In justice to the Captain I must add that the first moment past—a moment, it must be remembered, which ended a long period of suspense and sadness on his part—he thought of the dead man whose life had stood between the happiness of those he loved, with more of pity.

"Let the dead rest," he said to himself, "and his Maker be his judge."

He rode rapidly in the direction of Morton Hall. Mr. Morton was at home; he remained there most of his time now-a-days, hoping as the weeks and months went by to hear tidings of his wife. He was in his garden when the Captain came. She had been fond of the garden, and he tended with his own hands her favorite flowers. He was alone, selecting some pansies of rich growth and color. He often put them in the little vase in her painting-room in the tower, where everything remained as she left it: the unfinished picture on the easel, the dry, withered flowers that David had brought to her, and even the delicate handkerchief, around which lingered the aroma of roses.

The Captain had entered the garden unseen. When Morton turned, his brother-in-law could not fail to remark the sad, pale face and sunken eyes that now looked up at him.

"Come in, Henry, and read a letter from my old friend Dr. Adams."

"Good old bad news?" said Morton, his lips quivering and his eyes fixed upon the Captain.

"I call it good, but it is a little like a savage to rejoice when your enemy dies."

Morton seized the letter.

"I am going to the cottage for my niece," said the Captain. "When I return I hope you will give us your company to dinner."

"Yes, yes," answered Morton absently, already absorbed in reading.

The Captain and Mary amused themselves for a long time that day, as they rode slowly through the woodland path. When they returned to Morton Hall the master was nowhere to be seen. The housekeeper, after looking in the library and garden, ventured to knock at his own room. He was there, and said:

"Tell my brother I will be with him directly."

He came down with a calm face and quiet manner, and a look in his eyes as if he had talked with angels. The Captain was surprised and awed. They shook hands as if they had not met for years.

For a moment not a word was spoken. The Captain broke silence by asking in a low voice,

"Will you ride with us?"

"Yes," said Morton. Then he lifted his child in his arms and embraced her tenderly.

"Ah, papa! papa! I love you very much, but I will love you more if you will go and find Lady Mamma. David hasn't come yet, and I look every day, but he don't come."

"I will go myself, darling, and you shall go with me, very soon."

"Oh, papa! papa! How good you are! How I love you!" and she rained kisses upon his face.

"Come," said Uncle Joe; "it is two o'clock, and I haven't read my newspaper yet! Such a thing has not happened for ten years."

It was well for these two gentlemen that Mary was with them that day. Her bright presence and childish gaiety served to draw their minds from thoughts and feelings which, in one at least, were so deep and full of joy as to be painful. One emotion filled his soul—thankfulness to God, who had thus opened the way to a future of great happiness. Yes, he too had tasted trouble only to find it a tonic to the soul.

(Continued in our next issue.)

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### ASTOUNDING AND BEAUTIFUL MANIFESTATIONS IN OAKLAND, CAL.

BY DR. G. MOEDE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For bringing the following spiritual facts, as new and astounding as beautiful, to the knowledge of the readers of the Banner, I hope to earn the thanks of all true Spiritualists. The following communication is not my own, but the verbally copied, plain and unpretending narrative contained in a private letter directed to friends of mine by a lady friend of theirs in Oakland, Cal., which was given to me for inspection. I had some difficulty and it required some coaxing on my part to obtain the permission to take a copy of the interesting letter for the purpose of publishing it. The names therefore appear in initials only. These striking and beautiful manifestations of spirit-power took place in a family of education and culture as well as social standing, and their occurrence was, as will be seen, entirely spontaneous and unexpected, the medium being a servant girl of fifteen years, perfectly naïve, without even rudimentary culture. The correspondent of my friend is no Spiritualist, but of a rather skeptical turn of mind, as will appear from the following passage toward the end of her letter, expressing her wonder how people whom she knows to be as sensible as herself could tell her such stories:

"Mrs. B. says the spirits help her about the house, and she talks to them just as she would to a neighbor. I don't know which is more irrational, the alleged facts, or the hallucination of people quite as sensible as any of us. Mr. M. says to me: 'I do not expect you to believe what I say,' and proceeds to tell me the most extraordinary things."

These are just the class of facts we want for the corroboration of our doctrine, coming from the private homes of educated people through reliable channels, and not bearing the slightest tinge of professional mediumship and money-making interest. But now for the letter itself:

OAKLAND, CAL., Dec. 8th, 1874.

You know perhaps that Mrs. M., my especial friend, went to Paris, more for her health than anything else, about two months ago. Her husband went with her as far as Alta and returned, having arranged that she would write or telegraph from Omaha, and afterwards from New York, just before leaving. The evening he returned here, he was at home. (Mrs. B. is a sister of Mrs. M.) and a lady called who is reputed to be a good medium. She went into a trance while talking with Mr. M., described his wife as traveling with a physician, a fine-looking man, with white hair. "But," she said, pausing in her description, "she says she has written you two letters." Mr. M. thought he had trapped her, having only left his wife a few hours before. So he laughed and said, "I will let something on the letters." The medium replied, "You will get her letters before the morning." Sure enough, before the first letter telling him that a physician from Sacramento, traveling with a son, who was out of health, had joined her immediately after Mr. M. left. She described her appearance and said she liked him very much. In the second letter she said: "There is something very queer happening to me, and I write to tell you that all last night, and while I am writing, there is a constant rapping around me, exactly like that we have heard in séances. It has been constant ever since you left." A night or two afterwards, when dinner was over, Mr. M., the B's, and a friend who was there, were sitting in the front parlor, which was only lighted by the hall light and the full light of the back parlor, the folding-doors being open. The only servant in the house is Sarah, a young uneducated girl of fifteen, lately taken by Mrs. B. out of charity, and I believe, half-Indian. Sarah came into the room on some errand, and her hands were laid on the centre-table. Suddenly a very loud rapping was heard on the table, and Sarah, apparently frightened, ran out of the room.

The previous week this girl Sarah was not well, and Mrs. B. found her asleep in her room. She let her sleep until she thought she ought to wake her, but she was unable to rouse her for more than a few minutes at a time. She slept some sixty hours, and Mrs. B. asked the doctor if she should do anything in the case? He said no, and Sarah came out apparently all the better and brighter for her long nap. Just before the rapping began, she had a second sleep lasting some thirty hours.

When the noises occurred the possibility of their connection with Sarah suggested itself, probably in consequence of so much newspaper comment about the Indians who have figured at the Eldys', and other performances. Mr. M. was disposed to experiment a little, and had arranged some tests in his own mind. He caused Sarah to sit herself at the table, laying her hands upon it as before, when a perfect storm of raps immediately followed. "Is there a spirit in this room?" Mr. M. asked aloud. Three distinct raps followed. "What does this mean?" "Three raps." "What means No?" "Three raps came. Looking at Sarah, her head had dropped on her breast, and she was, to all appearance, fast asleep. A voice (not at all like Sarah's) of a dying person, spoke with evident difficulty, when interrupted by coughing, and said: "I put Sarah asleep." "To night?" Mr. M. inquired.

"Yes, and last week," was the answer. They brought in a light, and the voice ceased, but Sarah did not wake. Her right hand was moving as if to write, but the girl, as far as they knew, had never learned to write. Mr. M. put a pencil and paper in her hand. She wrote with lightning-like rapidity, Mr. M. said, "H. E. L." Mr. M. laughed: "she has written 'Hell,' a good beginning!" But there came other letters very faint, which they could not make out, among them "B-Z-G." "Perhaps," Mr. M. said, "they may mean a name; 'H-E-L' may stand for Helen." Then came three very strong raps. "Are you Helen?" "Three raps." "Why cannot you communicate?" said Mr. M. The answer was written out: "Sarah is afraid of us." "That was all that night," but Sarah apparently remembered nothing that had occurred. They asked her if she had a friend named Helen? She said once she had—Helen B., who gave her the beads she wore. "When was Helen B. dead?" "When?"—long ago, when Sarah was a little girl.

A few days after Mrs. B. was away all day, and had left some plain sewing for Sarah to do on the machine; but on returning she found

Sarah in the yard, where she had stayed all day, not daring to go into the house on account of the noises—raps on the machine, raps on the kitchen table, wherever she was alone.

Again, on the evening, Mr. M. held a family séance, Sarah readily entering into the trance condition. "Helen," Mr. M. said, "will you tell us something of yourself, and why you come to this house?" "To make Sarah know that we love her and watch over her." "Who do you mean by 'we'?" "Sarah's mother, and a child Sarah had known in another family." "Will you show us by some tests reason to believe what you say is true?" "If I can." "What will you do?" "Shut the piano and I will try." They shut the piano, and chords were played and long passages run, as if a finger was drawn over the keys. "Will you give us some flowers?" Mr. M. asked. There were none in the room. In a few minutes Mr. M. felt a hand putting his foot; looking down, a very large geranium leaf lay beside his foot, and the edges of the leaf were streaked with violets. No one had moved from his or her seat. Then Helen began to sing, and neither Mr. M. nor any one in the house had ever heard Sarah sing.

"To make a long story short, for four weeks the house has been full of other world folks, and very lovely ones at that. The house is a two-story one. One day last week Sarah was leaning out of the upper window to detach a ball of woodwork which had rolled out and caught on the woodwork of the window below. She says something passed over her eyes, but a moment after Mrs. B. saw her, looking very pale, standing on the ground—walk in the garden, many feet from the window. Helen's mother had said to them the night before: 'We could carry Sarah right out of this room if she was not afraid of us.' Mr. B. said, 'Can you lift me?'—They immediately raised him to about the height of the table, and gently lowered him again. 'Is it hard to do these things?' Mr. M. asked. 'Very hard sometimes.' 'Where do you get the force?'—from Sarah? 'From all in the room, and also from her,' was the answer.

Mr. C. was then invited, and they did not talk or play that night, only rapped. 'Don't you like Mr. C.?' asked Mr. M. No answer, not even a rap, but the moment he was gone, 'Don't you like Mr. C.?' was spelled out, as if in mischievous tones.

Mr. X. asked to dine with them on Thanksgiving day, saw in broad daylight the knives, forks and spoons disappear, and clean ones take their places. "Frank," said Mrs. B. to one of the spirits, "please go up stairs and bring my braided from the bureau." Instantly the braided dropped into his lap.

Helen rapped one day that she wanted something. Through Sarah she spoke and said: "I want needles, thimble and thread." Mrs. B. had a very choice piece of old brocade put away in a drawer up stairs. That evening Mrs. B., having put the needles and thread where Helen told her to have them, a sealed packet was dropped on the table before Mr. M. It contained a curious little reticule or needle-book made of the brocade, with Mrs. B.'s needles and thimble inside. It was exquisitely made, the stitches like a part of the fabric! "Can you not show us your picture?" asked Mr. M. Helen replied that she was not strong enough in that way. Mrs. B. says she don't know what put it into her head, but she mixed up some starch in cold water and put it in a flat shallow dish. When the starch set, a beautiful face and bust appeared in high relief, and a great many notions, which contained beautiful thoughts, apparently original.

At the last séance, three or four nights ago, Sarah was led to the piano by the spirit Helen. She played finely, and sang over twenty songs, one of them, as Mr. M. says, in a fine baritone. They have twenty or thirty little flower baskets of fine wire which Helen made after asking Mrs. B. to furnish wire. Mrs. B. took a bunch of the wire and laid it on the kitchen table. It disappeared at once, as the knives did from the table, and in the evening the baskets, most delicately woven, were placed on the parlor table. Sometimes the room is beautifully decorated with flowers from Mrs. B.'s garden. One night Mr. M. was awakened by a kind of continuous tune played on the metal bed springs. He called out: "Helen, this is too much; I want to sleep," and the noise stopped. Then the same tune was played or rapped out softly on the door of Sarah's room. They told Mrs. B. if she would go to a medium, Mrs. B. in San Francisco, a sister who had lived for six years ago, would appear in form. Mr. M. had a similar message. Mrs. B. says last night her lost daughter, Viva, came to her. She is in a very happy state of mind; says "her little home is the very gate of heaven!"

I cannot close this article without drawing the attention of Spiritualists to a coincidence mentioned in the beginning of this narrative, which may escape their notice, but would seem to deserve further research. Mrs. M., in the second of her letters, so unexpected to her husband, mentioned that she heard "a constant rapping" around her, "exactly like that we have heard in séances." Are we to infer from this that Mrs. M. is a medium herself—of which there seems to have been no knowledge before her departure—or was the constant rapping she heard while many miles away from her home caused by the far-reaching influence of the yet undiscovered powerful medium in the house of her sister? The one or the other must have been the case; but the former is perhaps the more probable, since, as appears from the narrative above, the whole B. family seems to be endowed with remarkable mediumistic gifts, which, united with the still more powerful force of the girl Sarah, were able to produce the beautiful manifestations above related.

Let such palpable proofs of the truth and reality of Spiritualism console us for occasional "collapses" as are caused by so-called exposures of the "frauds" of the Spiritualists, supposing that they are really exposures, and not rather fabrications on the part of the implacable enemies of our great cause, as, in my opinion, is the case in the Owen-Child "Exposure" of a false Katie King. The glorious light is getting brighter every day, and its victorious rays are breaking out every moment in new and unexpected quarters all over the world. Let us, therefore, stand up boldly, and manfully profess the Eternal Truth!

### PHRENOLOGY AND MEDIUMSHIP.

In the Banner of Dec. 26th, in the reply to a question in relation to the Holmes exposé in Philadelphia, the controlling intelligence through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant urges phrenological examinations of mediums, "to ascertain their phrenological developments. If mediums," says the controlling intelligence, "have acquisitiveness, approbation, secretiveness and cautiousness large, with conscientiousness small, and ideality perhaps in the ascendancy, we may be very sure that if they are tempted, they will fall; if they at any time lose their mediumistic gifts, they will seek to substitute them with deception, if possible."

The above points out the surest way of ascertaining the degree of reliability that may be placed in mediums, and unmistakably merits the attention of all honest mediums, and likewise of Spiritual Associations. That a practical phrenologist such as O. S. Fowler or Dr. J. R. Buchanan can point out the leading traits of any one, with scarcely any liability of being mistaken, there has been ample proof.

A phrenological chart from a reliable phrenologist, showing the natural tendencies of a medium to be on the side of honesty and sincerity, might be reasonably regarded as a good passport to public confidence. J. W. COMFORT, M. D.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### MORN AND EVEN.

Suggested by the remark of a young friend, "You seem to love the very young and the very old."

BY MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

Ay, I love the buds that, blushing,  
Nestle in the lap of Spring;  
In their op'ning beauty flushing,  
Fragrant in their blossoming;

And the pure, sweet hour of dawning,  
With its clouds of rosiest hue;  
Vocal with the songs of wild birds,  
Jeweled with its pearls of dew.

For akin to heaven and angels  
Seems the blessed morn of life;  
Free from all the fevered noontide,  
With its weariness and strife.

And the holy calm of even,  
Nearing the divine repose,  
Promised to the well beloved,  
When the pearly gates unclose.

Then the glory of the sunset,  
Flushing all the western skies,  
Seems a glimpse of radiant brightness  
From the gates of Paradise.

Ay, I love the day's declining,  
When the work of life is done,  
When the goal is reached in triumph,  
And the victory is won.

Autumn leaves! the sunset's splendor  
Mirrored in their gorgeous dyes;  
They have caught the rainbow's promise  
And the glory of the skies.

Like the golden grain they ripen,  
And they have their time to fall;  
They are gathered with His jewels  
By the Harvester of all.

Silvered hair and tresses golden,  
Early morn and eventide,  
Seem to bear a wealth of promise,  
Richer far than aught beside.

La Porte, Ind.

(From The Philadelphia Press of January 25.)

### DEBATABLE LAND—ROBERT DALE OWEN IN HIS DEFENCE.

Are Spiritual Gifts of God or Satan?—Is the Diabolical Theory Rational?—Alleged Evidence therefor Answered, namely, that Spirits Rap; that there are Dark Séances, and that the Communications Received are Worthless—The Main Point in Spiritual Teachings—Belief in Satanism Agency Inexplicable for Spiritual Research—Examination should Precede Judgment.

To the Editor of The Press:

SIR—In studying Spiritualism two distinct questions come up: the first, as to the reality of the phenomena; the second, as to the inferences therefrom. Your correspondent in Monday's "Press" (of whom I am glad to know that he is "a distinguished clergyman of this city") connects the first, and that is so far satisfactory. Speaking of my work entitled the "Debatable Land," he says: "Admitting the facts as presented by our author, I join issue with him on the character of spirits alone, believing them to be demons." An old doctrine, this! It was plausibly set out twenty-two years since by the Rev. Charles Beecher, in his "Review of Spiritual Manifestations," read by him, in 1853, before the Congregational Association of New York and Brooklyn. It was put forth by the Pharisees eighteen hundred years ago, when objecting to Christ's teachings; but, like your correspondent, unable to deny the wonderful phenomena, they said: "This fellow doth not cast out devils but by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils."

The reply to Mr. Beecher and the Pharisees and your correspondent is, that all analogy is opposed to such an explanation of spiritual phenomena. In this world God does not, indeed, but his creatures away from earthly influences tending to deception and error. But the good is the rule; the evil (often good in disguise) is but the exception. If it enter into God's economy to permit evidences and influences to come over to us from a higher phase of being, are we to believe that he excludes from these all that is true and good, and suffers only deceptions and false teachings of diabolical character to reach us? If such were the Divine plan, then—in the words of a modern poet:

"Then God would not be what this bright  
And glorious universe of his—  
This world of light, of peace, of love,  
And endless love—proclaims he is."

Your correspondent writes in Jesus' name, and as "his servant." I remind him that Jesus himself did not regard the powers and gifts which he possessed as exclusively his, or as restricted to the age in which he lived. In speaking to one of his disciples (John xiv: 11-12) he bids him believe in him "for the very work's sake"; and as to such a believer he expressly adds: "The works that I do shall he do also, and greater works shall he do, because I go to my Father." St. Paul tells us (I. Cor. xii: 4-11) that what Jesus prophesied did happen. After Jesus had "gone to his Father," a "diversity of gifts" (verse 4) remained among his followers—the gifts of healing, of faith, of prophecy, and of tongues; the discerning of spirits, and what was then called the working of miracles. St. Augustine—the greatest name of the Patristic Age—devotes a long chapter (Book XXII, ch. viii.) in his celebrated City of God to minute details of the spiritual gifts or "miracles" appearing in his day. Jesus sets no limit as to time, nor does St. Paul, nor does St. Augustine.

Now did Jesus promise to his followers works that are to be interpreted as coming only from an infernal source? Were the diverse gifts of St. Paul's day no better than soothsaying, fortune-telling, necromancy? Did the early disciples discern evil spirits only? Your correspondent will protest against so monstrous a supposition. Very well. Then by what authority does he assume to decide what Christ never decided, what St. Paul never ventured to declare—namely, that these "manifestations of the Spirit, given to every man to profit withal" (verse 7), were after a time to cease? Or who informed him at what period of the world, at what age, in what century their character was changed from divine to diabolical? Does he expect us to take his word for it that, at some undefined epoch or other, they were thus transmuted? Or has he given us more than his bare word in proof of such a transmutation? Let us see.

Our spirits he takes great pains to tell us, "peep and mutter." If he had heard their peepings and mutterings, I have never had that privilege. But they rap, too. For once he is correct; sometimes they do rap. Is that a Satanic proceeding? If a stranger, approaching a dwelling and seeking communion with its inmates, knocks at the door, is it a fair conclusion that it is the devil who wishes to enter? If the chairman of a meeting, by way of calling the attention of his audience, first raps with his gavel, are we to assume in advance that the communication which will follow will be mere demonology? "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you," may be an injunction addressed to spirits as well as to men.

But there is the darkness; that is especially insisted on; physical, not mental or moral darkness, of course, being meant. One would suppose, by your correspondent's insistence, that the Spiritualists attended none but dark séances; nineteen-twentieths of those I have attended in the light; I usually avoid those held in the dark. I care nothing about such feats, be they genuine or spurious, as those of the Davenportes. Some dark séances I have attended to ascertain, by experiment, what effect earthly light, natural or artificial, has in intensifying the phenomena. Others I sought, because some phenomena, especially those of a luminous charac-

ter, can be best so studied. Baron Reichenbach's wonderful experiments on odic light and odic force, prosecuted throughout ten years, were chiefly made in pitch darkness.

Were Reichenbach and I to blame in this? In God's economy physical darkness is as necessary as physical light. "Tired Nature's sweet restorer" seeks darkness rather than light; is asleep, for that reason, a demoniacal state? The aurora borealis cannot be witnessed except in darkness; are its brilliant lights therefore to be termed infernal? The photographer manipulates his negative in a darkened chamber? Is he to be set down as a devil's agent on that account? Or again, your reverend correspondent anonymously reviews my "Debatable Land," am I to imagine him an emissary of the evil one, merely because he sees fit modestly to conceal his name under the veil of darkness? Such reasonings are idle. The real objection to dark séances is that they afford facilities for deception.

Your correspondent's statement, as to the character of (alleged) spiritual communications, carries more weight. These communications are of every grade, from the most trivial to the most elevated; the diversity is as great as that which we find in communion with our fellow-creatures. And just as each human being has his own experience of men, so has each investigator his own experience of spirits. Mine has been favorable. Adopting Christ's excellent rule of judgment, "By their fruits ye shall know them," I find but faint traces of evil character; much less than I have found in this world. Out of many thousands and announcements one only (and that consisting of but five words) was profane. The great majority were either simple messages of affection from deceased relatives or friends, or else earnest asseverations touching the immortality of the soul, the reality of a life to come, and the vast superiority, both as to happiness and character, of that future life as compared with the present.

Of these simple messages I have room here for but a single sample. It purported to come (March 10th, 1864,) from an old and valued friend of mine, Dr. A. D. Wilson, a well-known New York physician of large practice, who had died about a year before, and it was spelt out by heavy poundings rather than raps, in these words:

"I am little changed. My knowledge of the spirit-world is not so great as you would suppose. I am sure of the things I once hoped for. I have found my beloved friends in Heaven, and I know I live in immortality." A. D. WILSON.

Not much, if one will; not much, as a superficial mind may receive it; only a brief, homely message. Yet, if it be true, how immeasurable its importance! How infinitely consoling the simple truths it unveils.

Beyond such utterances as these, the teachings which have come to me are mainly these: that the next world is a supplement to this, a world of activity and of progress, with occupations, duties, enjoyments as varied as those of our own earth; that we enter that world, freed, indeed, from the earth-clog of the body, with its sufferings and infirmities—with new powers, too, of locomotion, of perception, of intelligence—yet substantially the same in mind and spirit as when we lay down on the death-bed; that death neither deprives us of the virtues, nor relieves us of the vices with which he finds us possessed; both go with us. Now this may not square with your idea of the next world, but is there anything diabolical to such a conception of the great future?

Again, Spiritualism teaches us that man's happiness or misery in the life to come is not settled by an arbitrary fiat of the Creator, but is determined by the operation of changeless laws, similar to those which recompense a well-spoken, unselfish life with peace and rational joy, and which repay drunkenness with delirium tremens, and debauchery with disease of body and decadence of mind; that we are the architects of our own future destiny; we inflict our own punishments and select our own rewards; not that we earn Heaven either by faith or works, but that in the next world we simply gravitate to the position for which by life on earth we have fitted ourselves, and that we occupy that position because we are fitted for it. You may believe that far other agencies decide our future state, chiefly, perhaps, dogmatic beliefs touching the Trinity, venious atonement, original sin, election by faith, and the like. But will you venture to call it a satanic conception touching our fate in the hereafter, that man's doings, feelings and habits in this world, the ruling elements in his character, the controlling loves, be they good or for evil, of his life, shall shape and fashion his state in the world that awaits him? Well-doing here ennobling well-doing there. I think such a view of the next world is wholesome and reformatory, tending to good morals and civilization.

A few words in conclusion to the reverend gentleman to whom I am indebted for a review of my book. Do not, I pray you, imagine me as denying that ignorant, or false, or evil communications may come from the denizens of the next world—just as they do from the inhabitants of this. Spirits, like men, must be tested; but, like men, they ought not to be condemned until they are tested, and tested in a fair and reverent spirit, too. If you approach your fellow-creatures with the feeling in your heart that, as a whole, they are deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, and that the thoughts of their hearts are only evil continually, your intercourse with them will be neither pleasant nor profitable. For similar reason, so long as you are convinced that the devil is a powerful and ever-busy agent, seeking whom he may delude, and that all spiritual powers and gifts, in modern days, are granted by him, not by God—while such remains your belief I advise you to refrain from interminable seekings or experiments.

The Puritans of Salem, two hundred years ago, held just such opinions; and you remember what a mess they made of it. If, as a stranger, were to call upon you, and you were to address me in words of exorcism or of evil suggestion, I should bid you good morning, not to return. If any one, knowing he would be so received, still entered your house, he would be not a demon, indeed, but a very poor specimen of humanity.

But if, for these or other reasons, you avoid all spiritual séances, is it fair to prejudice what may happen there? A wise man of old (Proverbs, xvii: 13) has told us: "He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him."

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

Philadelphia, Jan. 21st, 1875.

### Minnesota.

MISSIONARY REPORT.—My report for January is as follows: Places visited—St. Paul, Stillwater, North Branch, Cambridge, Newport and Hastings. I gave sixteen lectures. Three have joined the Association as members. Have received in collections and yearly dues, forty-eight dollars and seventy-five cents; expenses have been seven dollars.

Thus we commence the New Year. Some items of interest have come before us, of which we will speak. At North Branch the Orthodox did their best to keep the peace away from the lectures, but—as they always do—failed to accomplish their object. At Cambridge we contested the ground with the Methodists, who were holding a quarterly meeting. Some of the weaker ones in the faith thought the people would not come out to hear, but they also were sad, and happily disappointed, for our house was crowded after the first night, which of course caused the preacher to pray for us. Just how he prayed you can guess. St. Paul has some items of general interest, and I will say a few words about them. He has opened a Spiritual Catechism Library, that, if conducted upon correct spiritual principles, will prove a success, and be of great help to our cause. Another item of general interest to the traveling public is that Bro. M. T. C. Flower has opened a hall—the Commercial Hall—for the purpose of holding spiritual and reasonable figures also. His house is on the corner between Jackson and Roberts. But the most interesting thing we had was at Newport. The Episcopals and Methodists were in the midst of a great revival. They were shouting at the top of their lungs voices to sinners sinners of hell, they said. The leaders said no one would leave their houses to go and hear in the evening. It was a great thing, leaving the whole town. "Learn to labor and to wait," and all will come right in the end.

They surely know not who our angels are. They look into our eyes; they go in and out of doors; they serve us; they love us; they die for us; and we see them not, till we perceive them by our spiritual sight, beyond the clasp of hand or the reach of our mortal arms.—Mary Clatter Ames.







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It is in the spirit of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open to the expression of personal free thought; but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

## Banner of Light.

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## The Number of Spiritualists.

Not a little comment, intended to be of a disparaging character, has been indulged in by that portion of the press that thinks to signalize itself by assailing Spiritualism, in relation to the number of believers in this beautiful and soul-satisfying faith in the country. It having been stated many times that there were at least eleven millions of the forty-odd population in the Union, the inquiry would be, jeeringly made how it was possible for any one to tell, and if any other mere guess would be not just as good as that one. And so these religious-irreligious jesters have been in the habit of expressing their contempt for Spiritualism, saying that if nothing more definite was known about it than that, there could be nothing in it worthy of belief.

The above estimate of the number of Spiritualists in the United States has usually been credited to the late Judge Edmonds, who undeniably did give circulation to it, but never by virtue of its being an original statement. He merely endorsed it as having truth because of the circumstances connected with it. We have at this moment a letter of the Judge's dated in May, 1873, in which he explains the whole matter to us for such use as we might see fit to put it to; and until now we have never considered it worth while to indulge in any special reference to the matter. Prefacing his explanation with the pertinent inquiry—"Of what consequence is it how many Spiritualists there are?" he adds that "we are not seeking power; if we were, numbers would be important. We have all the freedom we want, and we are spreading the doctrine as fast as the people can bear it. We seek to build up no sect, and therefore converts or believers are not called upon to avow their adherence to us."

Meantime, says the Judge, we can see all around us, in every walk in life, the effect of our principles among men. Reverence for God and love for our neighbor are constantly extending their dominion, and I, for one, am content with our progress. It exceeds that of any other faith known among men, and why should we not be content? And then the Judge proceeds to state the grounds on which the eleven million story is based. He insists that it was by no means his original statement, but that of our enemies. It was first made, he says, before an assemblage of the Roman Catholic clergy of the United States, and compiled by them from reports brought together by themselves from all parts of the country. He adds, that as he could discover no motive they could have for exaggerating, and as the statement likewise agreed with his own knowledge of this spread of Spiritualism throughout the country, he was inclined to adopt it for the actual truth, and he hesitated not to say so.

He said he had never seen any reason for changing his opinion, yet he did not regard the question of numbers as at all important to a faith that neither sought to build up a sect nor to consolidate power. And it is well to let the assailants of Spiritualism fully understand that it is not a faith that depends upon mere outward proselyting for any element of strength. It aims at the silent and steady dissemination of the truth. Its banner bears no motto but what is written in letters of light. Were it disposed to crowd in through the low portal of an Organization, its freedom would be gone however much its power might increase. But it would not increase. The sole condition of that is, that there shall be no limitations of any kind. The moment ambition begins to lead, faith goes to the rear, and progress by the newly opened paths is difficult, if not impossible.

## A. J. Davis and the "Summer-Land."

Mr. Davis having been interviewed by a reporter of the New York World, stated in substance that he "had seen the 'Summer-Land' in a vision, and it is sixty-five billions of miles from this earth. In it are mountains, trees, seas, skies, clouds and rainy weather. It also has cities, and one of the chief towns is 'Spring Garden,' which rejoices in newspapers, theatres, well-planned streets, and even a 'Congress of Spirits,' in which Benjamin Franklin, Theodore Parker, John A. Andrew and Thomas Paine are associated." They are in receipt of daily news from the earth, have an interest in all mundane affairs, and are even said to be preparing a code of laws for our benefit. Far beyond this 'Summer-Land' is a purer realm still, reached by 'celestial rivers, leading to heavenly shores.' Statements corroborative of the above have been made by spirits through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant.

## Matters in Cleveland, Ohio.

In a private letter D. C. Eddy, Esq., writes: "The altar fires which have burned dimly here for some years past, are breaking out and casting their cheerful radiance into every nook and corner of society. Too much credit cannot be given to Brother Lees and the managers of the Lyceum for untiring perseverance under difficulties and discouragements."

## Frank T. Ripley, Test Medium.

It gives us great pleasure to present to the public the claims of this gentleman, whose powers as a test medium we have personally investigated and found, in our own case, to be genuine; and we are gratified to receive the assurance from many others who have visited him at his residence, 20 Winthrop street, Charlestown District, or met him at his public sittings held the past fall and winter at Lurline, Harmony and other halls in Boston, that they have also found in him a reliable instrument for spirit communion. Mr. Ripley is one to whom nature has given a modest, retiring and perhaps painfully nervous temperament, which any sudden shock may temporarily disturb in its normal vibrations, but which if allowed to work (as such delicate machinery should) quietly, and without any disturbing element—either of spoken word or antagonistic magnetism—will give the investigator who may call on him the highest degree of satisfaction. We have of late received various communications signed by responsible parties, wherein are contained most unequivocal acknowledgments of the value of the service which Mr. Ripley has been instrumental in performing for the spread of the cause and the consolation of sorrowing hearts—a few of which letters we here append:

Ira Davenport, Sr., father of the Davenport Boys, writes us under a recent date from Buffalo, N. Y., as follows:

"There has been but little life manifested in the cause of Spiritualism in this city for some time past, or up to the first of December last, when Mr. Frank T. Ripley came on from Boston with me. This gentleman seemed to give the cause a new impetus here, with his remarkable tests, which were so convincing and wonderful. There are very many persons here to whom he gave proofs which convinced them that Spiritualism was no delusion or empty show. He proved himself a good test medium here, affording to many of our prominent citizens some of the most striking evidences of spirit identity that have ever been given here. His labors here have aroused some of our best minds, and they have now inaugurated Sunday meetings in Temperance Hall, 414 Main street, America Block, every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. If any of our speakers who are passing through Buffalo desire to stop over and replenish their purse, we will do the best we can for them."

We have received the following report from the proper authorities of the doings (and the account is only a fair exhibit of what transpires there each week during the public test sittings) at Harmony Hall, Boston, last Sunday:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
Harmony Hall was crowded at 11 A. M., Feb. 14th, only standing room to be had. Frank T. Ripley and Mrs. Stanwood, test mediums, occupied the platform; and many tests in harmony with truth were given to entire strangers, who acknowledged them as true before leaving the place of meeting. Some twenty-five sealed letters were answered through Mr. Ripley, the persons holding the same acknowledging the truthfulness of the answers given. Good harmony prevailed throughout the entire session.

The verifications given below tell their own story. That signed "A. P. S." is vouched for by the full name of its writer, but the name is withheld at request of said party:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
This may certify that Frank T. Ripley gave a sitting to myself and wife on the evening of Jan. 22d. Mr. Ripley was an entire stranger to my wife, and knew nothing of her surroundings. He gave a remarkable test: The spirit of a cousin, who passed away a number of years ago, wrote a message through the medium, signing her name, stating how she died, the thought of the above spirit not once entering the sitters' head. A. P. S.

Boston, Feb. 13th, 1875.  
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
I wish to state a test which I received through Frank T. Ripley, trance and test medium, a few days since. At the sitting a lady who recently deceased made her presence known, gave her name, and stated that she had left a present for my wife. Yesterday we received confirmation of it from the executor of her will. I was not thinking of it at the time, knew nothing about it, and it was my first sitting with Mr. Ripley. Truly yours, W. H. BOYNTON.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
I take this opportunity of giving my confirmation of tests received through our young brother, Frank T. Ripley, who has proved himself, both in public and private, to be a remarkable and truthful medium. I have received many tests, through him, from the first of his development; and to-day (Feb. 12th), when he first entered the room, I received one that was unmistakable from my dear mother. I feel it my duty to stand as a witness of what I know to be true. Yours in faith, hope and charity, LOTTIE F. YORK.

In concluding the present tribute to the honest worth of an unassuming young toiler in the barren field—as far as earthly remuneration goes—of modern mediumship, we will give the following facts, vouched for by the parties, wherein a direct test was given—under circumstances beyond the power of collusion—by Mr. Ripley to a gentleman at that time in Buffalo, N. Y., concerning the whereabouts and welfare of his sons, then absent on the voyage to Europe:

In the month of January last, Ira Davenport (as above stated, father of the world-renowned Davenport Brothers) sent word from Buffalo to Mr. Ripley, asking that his (Ira's) guides would inform him (D.), if possible, as to where his sons then were, he not having heard from them for a considerable period. Shortly after receiving the request, Mr. Ripley had occasion to call on Mrs. Wing, 24 Mount Vernon street, Charlestown District, and while there he became entranced by a spirit purporting to be "John King"—well and familiarly known as one of the guides of the Brothers Davenport—which spirit stated that the "boys" were then off the coast of France, but were unable to make a harbor because of the heavy storm then raging; he further assured the parties present that no anxiety for their safety need be felt, and desired that Mr. Davenport should be notified of the statement. On Mr. Ripley's regaining consciousness he was told what the spirit had said, and wrote to that effect to the father. We were privileged a few days since to see a private letter from Mr. Davenport to Mr. R., in the course of which he acknowledged, among other matters, the truthfulness of this message sent as above, he having received confirmatory information by a letter from his sons which arrived after said message came to hand.

We have always defended bona fide mediums through good report and through evil report to the extent of our ability, and shall continue to do so, for they need all the aid that we and every lover of truth can render them. But we must not be expected to bolster up impostors, who profess to be mediums when they are not, to the injury of those possessing the beautiful gift of true mediumship. Neither shall we, under any circumstances.

Long-winded essays on metaphysical subjects, which contain a grain of wheat to a bushel of chaff, we have no room for in these columns.

## The Importance of Co-operation.

There is no one thing so much needed at the present time, among the acceptors of the Spiritual Philosophy, as a warm, kindly feeling which shall rejoice to mark the triumph of the cause, through whatever chosen instrument advanced. Peculiarities of opinion and varied methods of action are to be logically expected from those who have laboriously broken the bonds of creedism, and can truly join with the chief captain at Jerusalem, when he said: "With a great sum obtained I this freedom!"—such "sums" amounting to nothing less than perfect social ostracism in many cases; but, while it is not necessary or even expedient that the bonds be again set for the tracing out and establishment of a creed founded on the phenomenal revelations of Spiritualism, it is indeed most important that "the brethren should dwell together in unity" in regard to the main purpose, that of spreading the knowledge of man's integral superiority to the flat of physical change, and his ability to communicate with those yet left behind amid the trying scenes of material existence.

As we stated in a recent issue, the Controlling Intelligence of J. J. Morse, the eloquent English trance speaker—Tien Sein-Tie—gave utterance, in the course of his farewell speech at the Rochester Hall testimonial, to valuable views on the necessity of harmony and cooperation among Spiritualists, some of which we now propose to reproduce:

We were all laboring, he said, for the enfranchisement of human souls, that men, being freed from all bonds and chains, might be able to truly live their lives, work out to the fullest degree the satisfaction of their needs, and fearlessly tread the path which their highest conceptions led them to pursue. And how did we, as Spiritualists, propose to accomplish this great work? By internal wrangling and disaffection? By morbid jealousy or open enmity? Most certainly by this course we would fall of the object sought to be attained. Would success attend the display of mere personal prejudice and passion, or the exhibition of that intense individualism toward which we seemed to be so rapidly drifting? These methods, if followed, would certainly insure failure.

He did not desire to be understood as taking ground in favor of organization, at least such as was generally understood when that term was made use of, because of the tendency to fossilization which followed in its train; but yet while opposing stated organization, and favoring individualism in the highest degree, he recognized the value and necessity of cooperation among the family and brotherhood of man. Cooperation was the solution of the difficulty. He did not desire the believers in the new dispensation to bind themselves by lines and orders which might result in a narrowing down of the scope of their progress, but he would have them recognize as brethren all who were struggling for the cause, and to accord to each one a proper and personal right to decide what to each was truth as viewed from the standpoint of present development. When a common object demanded an united effort, reason counseled that all should sink their prejudices and personal differences, and work shoulder to shoulder for the grand result! Spiritualists must, in this way, assume an aggressive position, and not always remain on the defensive; the truth as it appeared to them—the mighty demonstration of man's immortality—must be spoken fearlessly, in the face, it might be, of a frowning world, but that world would learn to respect them and their cause if they boldly presented its claims.

By cooperation and fraternal feeling among its advocates would Spiritualism—the consummation of the inspiration of the ages, and the grandest revelation which earth had ever seen—be most effectually advanced. There were those who claimed that all religious systems would be swept away, and much that science held to be true must fall if Spiritualism were demonstrated to be a verity; better then that theology, science and all else that was untrue should perish! Those institutions which base their claims on faith are not wanted in this age, for the age of faith is dead; we want the man who knows, not the man who believes.

## Spiritualism in Australia—Letter from J. Tyerman.

We are in receipt of a private letter from this worker in Melbourne—who, as our readers are aware, was once an Episcopal minister in good standing in the colony—from which we propose to make a few extracts: After referring to certain books and pamphlets from his pen forwarded by same mail, (which were duly received by us, and are to be noticed hereafter) he speaks as follows:

"I have taken the Banner regularly for some time past, and before that I saw it occasionally. It is not necessary for me to say anything in commendation of it, save that it has a world-wide reputation—a reputation won, so far as I can judge, by a fearless and honorable exposure of what is believed to be error, and advocacy of what is known to be truth."

I regret that I have been obliged for the present to suspend—after considerable pecuniary loss—the publication of my paper, the Progressive Spiritualist, for want of adequate support."

Mr. Tyerman states that the cause of Spiritualism "is steadily progressing in these colonies," and that "Messrs. Peebles and Foster did much good during their visits," and further says:

"Of course there is still much public prejudice and opposition to overcome. Ignorance in some cases and self interest in others, are at the bottom of this. You will not be surprised to hear that Christians, especially the clergy, are our bitterest opponents. They see that their craft is in danger, and hence their wrathful misrepresentations and abuse."

After referring to a proposed movement there looking toward the propitiation of bigotry by endeavoring to put the new wine of Spiritualism into the old bottles of Christianity, and truly stating that if such a course were possible, "I might as well have remained in the church still, which would have been much better for my worldly interests than being an advocate of our as yet unprofitable cause," he says:

"But I could not reconcile the two, and have never regretted the steps I took which led to my exclusion from the ministry. I am thinking of going over to America about the middle or latter part of next year, if no unforeseen event occurs to prevent me. Should I do so, I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in due course. My object will be to lecture on Spiritualism and Free Thought."

Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, and Mr. Jones, of Chicago, were recently giving sittings for materializations at the rooms of Mrs. Cotter, No. 10 Stockton street, San Francisco, Cal.

Read the advertisement on our fifth page of D. Doubleday's great curiosity, "The Pendulum Oracle."

## Mr. J. W. and Mrs. Susie Willis-Fletcher.

Are accomplishing much good in the capacity of test, business and medical mediums, at their office, room No. 4, Banner of Light building; and the rostrum also bears witness to their influence as speakers. We give below the following evidence as to the power of the medical intelligence controlling Mr. Fletcher, premising it with the facts that the parties named are respectively the Unitarian minister of the town and his wife, and that Mr. Fletcher did not visit the patients, or indeed see the children during their sickness, the whole details being carried out by the spirit physicians:

DEAR FRIEND FLETCHER: We believe that our two children have received very great and permanent help from taking medicines by your prescription and preparation. The youngest, after vaccination, seemed full of disease, and declined till few had hope of his recovery. On taking medicine by your prescription he began immediately to gain, and in a little while appeared perfectly well. The older child took medicine by your direction, for catarrh of about a year's standing. In six weeks he seemed free from it, and has remained so nearly two years. Very truly, W. A. GRAM.

MRS. S. E. GRAM.

Westford, Jan. 16th, 1875.

We have received information concerning many surprising evidences of personal spirit identity which have been given to different parties through the mediumship of Mrs. S. A. Willis-Fletcher, and from among the number, as an example, we select the following for publication:

During the session of the late Mechanics' Fair, held at Faneuil and Quincy Halls, Boston, a gentleman—not a Spiritualist—from Providence, R. I., who was deeply interested in an invention of his, which was on exhibition at said Fair, called on Mrs. F., with whom he was totally unacquainted, and desired a sitting, receiving from the spirits influencing her organism what he considered to be valuable thoughts concerning the subject in hand. He returned to Providence and told his friends what he had heard, and as is too often the case, was met with ridicule and unbelief, and was informed that some one in the body had probably enlightened the medium regarding his affairs. Finally, as a test of the matter, it was proposed by his friends that he disguise himself as fully as possible and obtain another sitting with the lady. He accordingly metamorphosed his appearance to such a degree as to be unrecognizable by any one not in the secret, and so presented himself to Mrs. F. for a sitting. On the medium's passing under control his spirit-mother at once addressed him by name, and ridiculed the masquerade whereby he had hoped to impose upon the inhabitants of the unseen world. Other friends, whom he recognized, came, and added their admonitions. When the medium regained her normal state the gentleman demanded to know if she recognized him; to which she replied that she was not aware of ever having seen him before. He insisted that he had had one sitting previous to the present one, when—still ignorant of his disguise—she informed him that if she had seen him but once, she could not undertake to identify him now. He then acknowledged the whole facts in the case, removed a portion of his disguise, brought to mind the occasion when he first called, and said he was satisfied that Mrs. Fletcher could have had no means of knowing either of his personal affairs, his business or social relations, or his plan to entrap her, and that he was assured that it could have been no other than his mother and other spirit-friends who addressed him through her lips. The skeptic in this instance became an investigator, and still continues to hold sittings with Mrs. F. and other mediums, finding his faith gradually deepening into knowledge.

## Demonology.

On our second page will be found an article of interest and value from the pen of Robert Dale Owen, in reply to his clerical reviewer in Philadelphia. In this connection the Boston Herald of a late date thus expresses itself:

The critic expressing a belief that the manifesting spirits of modern times are demons, Mr. Owen asks if the early disciples discerned evil spirits only. If not, he wants to know at what period their character was changed from divine to diabolical. He admits that spiritual communications are of every grade, from the most trivial to the most elevated; that the diversity is as great as that which we find in communion with our fellow-creatures in the flesh. Just as each human being has his own experience of men, so has each investigator his own experience of spirits. Upon this point Mr. Morse, the eloquent inspirational speaker, remarks that so long as we send a large per centage of bad, indifferently good and stupid people into the spirit-world, we may reasonably count on the return of a large per centage of that sort of spirits, especially as, according to the faith of the Spiritualists, death makes little or no immediate change in the moral or intellectual natures of men. Mr. Owen reminds his critic that this idea of demoniacal possession is the same as that entertained during the era of so-called witchcraft, and combats the notion that Divine Providence should restrict spirit communion to malign and injurious ghosts. This had been contrary to his experience, which he in part details. Another point in the faith of the Spiritualists, of which Mr. Owen makes no use, is that undeveloped, or so-called bad spirits, return to the familiar sphere of the earth, not only in obedience to the law of mental and moral gravitation, but as a necessary step or incident in their "unfolding." To assist in this return and in the manifestations is the office of those sensitive called "mediums."

## Cape Town Psychological Society.

A Society is in course of formation in Cape Town, South Africa, having for its object the development of Spiritualism in all its branches, including mesmerism, phrenology, phreno-mesmerism, clairvoyance, electricity, galvanism, magic arts, Pagan mysteries, and other occult phenomena. In connection therewith a library will be established containing numerous volumes in connection with these interesting subjects, as also the local literature of the day, and other works. It will also embody special facilities, affording an opportunity for discussion and the interchange of ideas and opinions. Sittings will be held nightly, and in course of time, should sufficient encouragement warrant it, a professional medium will be procured from England. The subscription is 15s. per quarter, payable in advance. Subscribers are invited to send in their names as early as possible to the Secretary, as the number will be limited.

Recent numbers of the San José (Cal.) Mercury offer clear evidence that Dr. Dean Clarke is doing much good work in that part of the "Golden State," and that at least one member of the secular press fraternity is determined to show him justice therefor.

Paulina Wright-Davis endorses the mediumship of Mrs. Mary M. Hardy in a most unequivocal manner, on our first page.

## The "Music Hall Society of Spiritualists."

Listened to an able discourse from W. S. Bell, at Beethoven Hall, Boston, on the afternoon of Sunday, Feb. 14th. His subject was "The Resurrection of Jesus," and in his remarks the speaker aimed to prove it to have been a spiritual manifestation, and not a physical or material one. As we shall print this discourse in our next issue we will at present make no further allusion to it, save that it bore evidence of careful study and deep thought, and was delivered in a manner calculated to chain the attention of any audience. Mr. Bell, as is well known, has just thrown off the mental fetters of the Universalist ministry, and sallied out into "the green fields and pastures new" of the glorious truths displayed by the new dispensation, and the evidences now are that he is destined to do a great work toward the dissemination of spiritual light among men. So pleased were the members of the society by his opening lecture, that he has been reengaged to address them at Beethoven Hall, Feb. 28th, on which occasion he will speak of "The Relation of Science to Religion." Mr. Bell is a man in the prime of life, of commanding physique, pleasant manners and elegant address, and the friends of the cause throughout the country cannot do better than give him a call. He may be addressed care this office.

## Edward F. Strickland.

Formerly a Baptist clergyman, but who has heard the call of a Higher Truth, and has decided to devote his energies to the advancement of the claims of the Spiritual Philosophy, will address the society at Beethoven Hall, Feb. 21st. Mr. Strickland was a favorite minister among the Baptists, and has gained in power by his course in yielding adherence to what he believes to be a verity, his addresses before Spiritualist societies elsewhere having given the highest satisfaction. Perhaps some of his former admirers may have the courage to listen to his new views, and certainly the spiritual friends in Boston and vicinity should afford him an attentive hearing next Sunday.

## Humanity and Society.

Not long since Albert Brisbane lectured in New York on the duty of humanity to society, saying that throughout Nature we see that organs imply functions, and hence that humanity has a plain duty to perform in the social state. He said that it is now in the early stages of its existence, is building its social edifice, is living in the embryonic phase of society. It has not yet completed its social organism; we are to progress until all the nations of the earth shall combine together and spread a unity of government over the world. There will be, he said, only one great social organism over the globe, a grand combination for realizing the destiny of the race of this earth. This day is not far distant. Our humanity is in unity of spirit with the Cosmos, but not in harmony with its development. Man has been created by Nature, to act as Nature's overseer. Humanity's first work is to take this world in its present crude state, and to develop it and bring it up to perfection.

In man is the standard of all there is of perfection in Nature. The time will soon come when industry will be organized and considered "honorable," and when it will be engaged in not as a task, but as a charm-work of delight. And the world will then be made a beautiful work of art. There are forces yet undiscovered in Nature, more powerful and influential than the electric and magnetic powers. The first work, then, is to exercise oversteership of the globe. Humanity must develop on earth a divine and social order. We should cultivate a true spiritual life on this earth, and bring down upon it the spirit of justice, of morality, and what is termed the Kingdom of God. We must perfect our own social institutions. We want to wipe out the distinctions of class and condition. When all our social elements are systematized and elevated, the divine spirit will flow from us, and we will see human nature blossom in all its grandeur. Man creates the instruments by which this is to take place, and when he brings this day to pass God will live on the earth.

## Ethics and Phenomena of Spiritualism.

These should ever go together as far as possible. We furnish our readers with the ethics and philosophy of Spiritualism, and also with the history of phenomena, but a peculiarity of this wonderful movement is, that every one longs for and demands a personal experience in these blessed visions from the better land. Appreciating this fact, and to meet this demand, Dr. T. B. Taylor, of Chicago, has entered the field as a lecturer, and engaged one of the most remarkable mediums in the country to accompany him in his lectures, and give the "Proof Positive" of the after-life, while the Doctor, in his able and eloquent discourses, will give the ethical and philosophical. This plan will undoubtedly meet a demand that is not fully met according to our present plans of work.

New York City will be head-quarters for the present, and he may be addressed by parties near or in the State of New York, or elsewhere within a hundred miles or two of the city, who desire such work as he proposes to do in connection with the medium—a first-class test and materializing medium. This work at this particular time is specially opportune. Address No. 4 Grand street, New York City.

Mr. Taylor is engaged to speak in Beethoven Hall, Boston, March 14th and 21st.

While skeptics everywhere are overjoyed at the thought that there is a possibility that the Holmes' mediums of Philadelphia, may be frauds—as fraudulent manifestations were admitted in their presence on certain occasions—our readers will be gratified with the account which we publish elsewhere in the Banner of the recent most marvelously wonderful materialization manifestations which have just taken place at Chittenden, Vt., at the residence of the Eddy Brothers. The account is verified by worthy and reliable people, whose names are appended, establishing BEYOND THE REMOTEST DOUBT THE FACT OF SPIRIT-MATERIALIZATION IN THE LIGHT.

Robert Cooper, Esq., who is now traveling in the United States, has a pleasant letter in the London Medium and Daybreak for Jan. 29th, giving some of his American experiences, and stating that Dr. Slade, the celebrated slate-writing medium of New York City, "contemplates visiting London at no distant date."

We shall publish, in our next issue, an article from the pen of D. C. Eddy, Esq., of Cleveland, Ohio, in defence of mediums and Spiritualism.



**J. J. Morse in Greenfield, Mass.**

This gifted, frugal lecturer and genial brother in the faith has found a warm welcome at the above-named place, where he is to labor during February. His addresses there have drawn together large audiences, when the size of the town is considered, and the awakening of a decided interest in the revelations of the Spiritual Philosophy has been the outcome of his efforts even at the present early stage of his stay. The meetings occur weekly at Grand Army Hall, Main street, at 2½ and 7 o'clock p. m., each Sabbath. On Sunday, Feb. 14th, the theme for the afternoon lecture was: "A New Theory of Evil, with special reference to the Personal Existence of the Devil," and in the evening the subject, chosen by the audience, was: "The Union of Religion and Science."

On the evening of the same day the Episcopal minister of the town took occasion to exhibit his polemical combativeness by delivering a sermon severely opposed to the teachings of the Spiritual Philosophy. His remarks excited considerable interest, and called out a large attendance. Mr. Morse at once, in connection with Mr. Robert Cooper, issued a challenge to the clergy of the town to discuss the following question: "Is Spiritualism necessary to the progress of humanity?" Whether the reverends will have the courage to come to the front in defence of their theological views remains to be seen; it is hoped that they will; otherwise they will have to confess by their failure that they are—through the known weakness of their cause—afraid to join issue with the champions of the young giant, Spiritualism.

**Decease of Mr. Samuel Guppy.**

We learn, from the columns of the London Medium and Daybreak for January 29th, that this gentleman, who has for many years been most intimately associated with the spiritual movement in England, has passed from the scenes of time. His decease occurred at Cork, Ireland, Jan. 18th, and he had reached ere his transit the ripe age of eighty-four years. The Medium bears high testimony to the worth of this gentleman, "whose hospitable manner" and "liberality," it says, "find but few parallels in this cause." The transportation of his wife (née Nichols) "by spirit-power from her home in Highbury to Mr. Williams's séance has rendered the name of Guppy famous throughout the civilized world. Once convinced of the true nature of the spiritual phenomena, Mr. Guppy applied himself to the work of promoting a knowledge of Spiritualism by every means in his power. \*\*\* Of his clear-headedness and diligence at an advanced age our columns furnish abundant testimony. Mrs. Guppy is left with two children, the youngest being about two years old."

**The Davenport Boys**

Are (so we are informed by a letter from their father, Ira Davenport, Sr.) at present located at Lisbon, Portugal. Mr. D. writes that the brothers sailed from New Orleans in April last for the West Indies, where they passed several months in endeavoring to call the attention of the people to the spiritual phenomena; after which they visited South America and devoted two months to some of the largest cities, their efforts being very successful. In their South American journeyings they met with many friends of Spiritualism, and made the acquaintance of numerous collaborators in the cause of reform. The climate proving too severe for their constitutions they decided to sail for France. After three weeks of wind and storm they landed safely in Havre about the 17th of December. Their sudden appearance again in Europe furnished matter for newspaper editorials and favorable notices of their wonderful manifestations. They are now in Lisbon, Portugal, where they intend to spend about four weeks, after which they will visit Spain and Belgium.

**Fair for Our Dumb Animals.**

In aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, we desire to call attention to their work, and notice their Fair, which is announced in our advertising columns to open at Horticultural Hall, Boston, February 22d. The work and influence of the Society is world wide. It deprecates cruelty, and encourages kindness to all God's creatures; tends to the humane education of all people, and thus toward peace, good will and concord among the human kind. Contributions of every kind and nature are solicited, and may be sent at any time by freight or express (without cost to the contributor), to Frank B. Fay, Secretary, Boston.

**Abraham Florentine.**

In our last issue was contained a rescript of the remarkable chain of evidence by which the spirit of the above-named soldier in the war of 1812 was identified, though manifesting in England at a circle of strangers. We present on our eighth page an interesting article from Eugene Crowell, M. D., (author of Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism,) in which he gives additional testimony, founded on personal inquiry, to the truthfulness of the claims put forth by this spirit.

Our message department this week will be found of marked interest. Darwinianism, the truthfulness of the Bible, the rise and fall of animal life, and other topics are considered by the intelligences controlling the medium; Minnie Elliot, of Bath, Me., communicates with her grandmother; Charlotte Going, of Lowell, Mass., desires to enlighten those of her friends who remain on earth, concerning heaven and the hereafter; Thomas Sturtevant answers questions asked him by persons in earth-life; John Callender (colored), of Boston, advises his friends "to live true, honest, upright lives here, if they want to be happy when death comes"; Nancy R. Smith, of Boston, sends message to her children; Hannah Tobit, a Quakeress of Philadelphia, bids Friend Joseph "pray for strength"; James K. Hill informs his Eastern friends of his decease in Gold Hill, Cal.; and Oliver T. Robinson, of Cornwall, Eng., speaks in behalf of his son.

The Santa Barbara (Cal.) Index of Jan. 14th says:

"Come from whatever source they may, Miss Jennie Leys delivered two most entertaining discourses [in Cook's Hall] on Sunday last [10th]. Her deportment is easy and graceful, her manner earnest, and her speech abounds in those well-rounded periods that mark the natural orator, and that by their euphony and emphasis go so far toward winning the sympathies of an audience."

Read the valuable essay on our first page from the pen of Giles B. Stebbins.

**BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.**

A religious riot is reported as having recently taken place in the city of Bethlehem, Palestine. The Greeks made an attack upon the quarter of the city inhabited by Armenians, and several on both sides were killed in the fight.

Something must be done about "old Newbury." We are gravely assured by the daily press that "even the urinals in the streets" of that place "talk glibly and learnedly of the pyrites, auriferous, argentiferous, of tetrahedrites and gypsum, of crossites and winzes, of gneiss, porphyry and granite, of carburets and sulphurets."

Dr. Austin Phelps, of the Andover, Mass., University, has just established the "straight-backed" among the Orthodox persuasion by a statement regarding the administration of the sacrament, in the making of which we feel he is alone in his church; viz.: "That the Divine order, in administration of anything, is according to the general principle of Congregationalism, i. e., to the demands of common sense."

When Jonah's fellow-passengers pitched him overboard, they evidently regarded him as neither prophet nor loss.

The London National Reformer thus classifies the tribes of persons:

- "A. The Pedantic.
- "B. The Superficial.
- "C. The Sacerdotal.
- "D. The Apathetic.
- "E. The Jealous.
- "F. The Pugnacious.
- "G. The Delirious."

The Boston Catholic Cathedral Fair netted \$30,000.

A defeat of the Alphonstis, by the Carlists, in Navarre, is the latest news from Spain. Valmaseda will try his hand again to reduce the "ever faithful Isle" of Cuba to subjection.

Digby says cremation is a skin-milk idea.

BIG INVENTION.—Lloyd, the famous map man, who made all the maps for Gen. Grant and the Union army, certificates of which he published, has just invented a way of getting a relief plate from steel so as to print Lloyd's Map of American Continent—showing from ocean to ocean—on one entire sheet of bank note paper, 40x50 inches large, on a lightning press, and colored, sized and varnished for the wall so as to stand washing and mauling anywhere in the world, for 25 cents, or unvarnished for 10 cents. This map shows the whole United States and Territories in a group, from surveys in 1875, with a million places on it, such as towns, cities, villages, mountains, lakes, rivers, streams, gold mines, railway stations, &c. This map should be in every house. Sent 25 cents to the Lloyd Map Company, Philadelphia, and you will get a copy by return mail.

A colored preacher remarked: "When God made de fust man, He set him up arf'n de way to dry." "Who made de fust man?" interrupted an eager listener. "Put dat man out!" exclaimed the colored preacher; "such questions as dat destroy all de theology in de world."

San Francisco has had several earthquake shocks recently—much fright, but little harm.

The first train through the Hoosac Tunnel entered the bore at 3:10 P. M., on Tuesday, Feb. 10th, at Florida, and came out in half an hour.

"My son," said an old man, "beware of prejudices; they are like rats, and men's minds are like traps; prejudices get in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out."

A bill to abolish the death penalty was defeated in the Maine Legislature last week.

Digby says he is not particularly interested in the "domestic relations" of other people, neither has he "the time or inclination to inquire into them."

Australia and Tasmania have about fifty million sheep, and more than five and a half million head of cattle; and New Zealand's cattle exceed half a million, and her sheep twelve million.

"Father, what does a printer live on?" "Live on the same as other folk of course. Why do you ask, Johnnie?" "Because you said you had 'paid' anything for your paper, and the printers still send it to you?"

There is absolutely no reason why a woman owning property in her own right or in joint right, should not have a voice in the municipality which assesses and taxes that property. A woman is a full-grown human being, arrived at years of discretion, and as likely to be possessed of it as man. Why should she be taxed and not represented? That is the question!

NEWSPAPERS.—Professional Gentlemen, Librarians, Clubs and Reading Rooms desirous of getting their English Newspapers and Magazines punctually, not only the prices of publication and postage, will be glad to know that Stevens's List is to be had gratis upon application to his New York Agents, Tice & Lynch, 34½ Pine street.

COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT TO ALONZO BOND.—This veteran musician was tendered a concert in his honor at Music Hall, Boston, on the evening of Saturday, Feb. 13th. The exercises were conducted by himself, and consisted of a rich programme of popular selections—rendered in fine style by a full military band of sixty pieces and songs by Mrs. Jenny T. Kempton and Miss Amelia Wright.

In this concert the band of the band was assisted by Brown's Brigade Band and several members of the Germania, with some amateur and professional pupils. Mr. Bond is the "Nestor" of our Boston musicians, and has been a highly successful teacher and band leader in New England for forty years. He has given his whole energies to the advancement of military band music, almost without regard to profit—in fact, he has been either the founder of or a prominent worker for all the consolidated band conventions, excursions, picnics, etc., which have been held here for the past twenty-five years. He inaugurated at an expense of about fifty dollars the open air concerts (National) on Boston Common, and originated, with two others, the Policeman's Band series, furnishing the music very acceptably at the first one, at Faneuil Hall. Nearly all of the best American musicians started in their career with Mr. Bond; among them may be found Messrs. P. S. Gilmore, H. C. Brown, F. F. Fort, G. A. Paty, H. D. Simpson, J. S. Knights, O. A. Whitmore and many others. In addition to his musical record he is broad and liberal in his views, and a Spiritualist of the most uncompromising type.

Mark Twain says: "The most sublime thing God ever uttered is in Genesis 1:3, 'Let there be light, and there was light,' and the most ridiculous is in Exodus xxxii:10, where God says to Moses, 'Now, therefore, let me alone'; and Moses would not let him alone!"

THE INDIAN VICTIMS.  
They died amidst their dying people's cries!  
No more a wail. They do not sleep.  
In your child's cradle land  
I see them sit and linger yet—  
Avengers of their native land! —Grey.

Says the Brooklyn Eagle: "Whatever the vague term 'infidelity' may denote, there could be no more effective way of popularizing it than the attempt to make men religious by act of Congress, and Orthodox by statute."

The Edison automatic system of telegraphy, which has just been put into operation at the State street office of the Franklin Division of the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Company in Boston, promises to be of great use. All messages handed in for transmission are first printed verbatim on bands of paper run through a "perforator," a neat machine, which, by the manipulation of a simple alphabetical key-board somewhat on the plan of the "type writer" and various composing machines, cuts the dashes and dots with great rapidity. The paper bands are then taken by the operator and wound on a reel, from which they are run rapidly through the automatic machine. A "sending pen" catches in each dot and dash, and transmits the message as fast as the operator can turn the reel. It is claimed that over 30,000 words per hour, or 500 per minute, can be sent over the lines a distance of about 300 miles.

The cold weather of the last three weeks has played and havoc with navigation. Quite a fleet of fishermen are frozen in off Cape Cod, which prominent part of the Commonwealth is reported as "fringed with an Arctic belt for ten to thirty miles out to sea, in some places giving the sea ice how the Massachusetts coast looked during the glacial period." The ice here, and around the harbor of Gloucester extends some two miles down the coast.

The Pope has appointed seven new Bishops and four new Archbishops for the United States.

Hon. Samuel Hooper, United States Representative of the Fourth District of Massachusetts, died of pneumonia at his residence in Washington, D. C., Sunday morning, Feb. 14th.

The British steamer, George Batters, for Gibraltar, is supposed to be lost, with twenty-one persons on board.

Rev. Edward H. Lescrammer, Methodist minister at Andover, Mass., and regular correspondent of the Boston Globe, was instantly killed in that town by the Portland express train from Boston, on the Boston and Maine Railroad, on the morning of Tuesday, Feb. 16th. He was about forty years of age, and leaves a widow and one small child.

Lexington, Mass., will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the battle, on the 19th of April next. It is expected that the occasion will be honored by the presence of

the Executive of the United States, the State of Massachusetts, Representatives of the different departments of the National and State Governments, and distinguished individuals from all parts of the republic.

IMPORTANT TO SOLDIERS.—The following letter from Gen. Butler contains information of value to those having such claims:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 12th, 1875.  
SIR:—Whenever you have a claim for prize money, by corresponding directly with the Fourth Auditor of the Treasury you can get your money.  
You need not employ any prize agent. Yours truly,  
(Signed) BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from White, Smith & Co., 238 and 300 Washington street, Boston, an instrumental theme (for piano) with brilliant variations, by E. O. Snow, entitled "Angelic Hands shall guide thee."

Many thanks come to the charitable from the destitute poor. The present severe winter has tested pretty thoroughly the heart-strings of the wealthy, and with gratitude be it known Boston has done well. Our own mite, "God's Poor" Fund mite, and its friends' mite too, have alleviated the sufferings of many. Their gratitude returns to us in blessings; and our angel friends carry these blessings on wings of love to those who have aided the deserving poor.

We have received No. 1, Vol. 1, of THE SPIRITUAL INQUIRER, a new journal devoted to the advocacy of liberal and free thought, and published at Sandhurst, Australia. The number before us is lively in tone, and interesting as to contents, and we hope the venture will be sustained. By its "correspondence" department we learn that a project is on foot there for the celebration of the 27th anniversary of the dawn of Modern Spiritualism.

Rev. M. B. Craven, Richboro', Bucks Co., Pa., has just published for gratuitous distribution a pamphlet of some eight pages, wherein the "Origin of the Christian Trinity" is considered, much more information being furnished on this difficult subject than has ever appeared in so small a space. This tract, also one entitled "Rational Review of Theology," will be forwarded free by the author on the receipt of a three-cent stamp.

The Spiritual Magazine, published at London, Eng., and edited by George Sexton, LL. D., has come to hand for February. It contains much matter of interest both to believers and investigators, and is offered for sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Young girls visiting Boston in search of employment this winter must beware. The daily press is teeming with narratives of sorrow and misery which have befallen those who have trusted of late too much to the soft-spoken words of strangers.

P. H. Bateson, of Toledo, O., gives to the public a splendid work of his Lyceum for February, in which work he is assisted by Geo. W. Kates, and many valuable writers.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan is doing good work in London, Eng., at present, her meetings at Cavendish Rooms being reported as well patronized.

The price of "The Bhagavad-Gita" is reduced from \$3.00 to \$1.75, postage free. See advertisement.

An interesting and timely essay entitled "Spiritualism and its Claims," from the pen of J. D. Maxwell, will appear in our next issue.

Beethoven Hall Spiritual Meetings. Admission 10 cents, and 10 extra for reserved seat. "The Music Hall Society of Spiritualists" meet in the new and elegant BEETHOVEN HALL, 413 Washington, near Boylston street, Boston, regularly every Sunday afternoon, at 2½ precisely. Lectures by talented speakers.

Edw. S. Strickland, formerly Baptist Clergyman, will lecture Feb. 21st; W. S. Bell, Feb. 28; N. Frank White, March 7th; T. B. Taylor, A. M., M. D., (author of "Old Theology Turned Upside Down," etc.), March 14 and 21; then possibly Thomas Gales Forster for one Sunday. A quartette of accomplished vocalists will add interest to the services.

The small sum of ten cents admission will not pay half the expenses, therefore in order to raise more funds to help sustain the meetings, the following prices will be charged for season tickets, securing reserved seats: \$3 and \$2 for the lower floor, according to location, and \$2 for the front row around the balcony. These moderate rates come within the means of a great many Spiritualists who no doubt desire the continuance of these meetings, and whose help would ensure so desirable an object.

Lewis B. Wilson, Chairman and Manager, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, of Boston, will celebrate the 27th anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism on March 31, 1875, in Rochester Hall, 55½ Washington street, to which commemorative service all Spiritualists are respectfully invited.

G. H. LINCOLN, Secretary.

Received since our last report in the Banner: For GON'S POOR FUND.—From W. B. B., \$2.00; Mrs. H. J. Severance, \$1.00; friend, 10 cents. For KANSAS SUFFRAGES.—From Mrs. C. M. Emmons, Baltimore, \$2.00; Mason S. Peck, 35 cents.

Wanted, to complete our files, the following numbers of the Banner: Nos. 1, 2, and 5, of Vol. I; No. 25, of Vol. XX.

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**

Each line in the Banner, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line, minimum, each insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line, Agents, each insertion.

Payments in all cases in advance.

For all advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Monday.

**SPECIAL NOTICES.**

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT!—Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, No. 102 Westmont street. Magnetic treatments given. Diagnosing disease by lock of hair, \$1.00. Give age and sex. Remedies sent by mail. \$2.00. Specific for Epilepsy and Neuralgia. Address Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, Boston, Mass., Box 2519. 13w\*—F. 13.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth av., New York. Terms, \$5 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS.

All Advertisers desiring to make contracts with Western and Southern papers should send for estimates to Rowell & Chesman, Advertising Agents, St. Louis, Mo. Their book of fifty pages on Advertising, and How and Where to do it, is sent for ten cents. J. 30.9w.

**Colds and Coughs.**—Sudden changes of weather are sources of Pulmonary and Bronchial affections. Take at once "Brown's Bronchial Troches," let the Cold, Cough, or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight.

The Euroka 10 yds. twist for Button Hole and the 50 and 100 yds. spools for hand or machine sewing, are the best.

HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, NEUROUSNESS.—Dr. J. P. Miller, a practicing physician at 327 Spruce street, Philadelphia, Pa., has discovered that the extract of Cranberries and Hemp cures dyspeptic, nervous or Sick Headache, Neuralgia and Nervousness. Prepared in Pills, 50 cts. a box. Sent by mail by the doctor, or by Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., 38 Hanover street, Boston, Mass. J. 16—1y.

Dr. Fred L. H. Willis will be at Dea. Sargent's, 39 Clark Avenue, Chelsea, every Tuesday and Wednesday, and at the Sherman House, Court Square, Boston, every Thursday and Friday, from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M., until further notice. Call and convince yourselves of Dr. Willis's ability to cure the worst forms of chronic disease humanity is afflicted with. Dr. Willis may be addressed for the winter either care of Banner of Light or 39 Clark Avenue, Chelsea, Mass. J2—4f

**Angels and Spirits Minister Unto Us.** Dr. Briggs's MAGNETIC WONDER is a certain, agreeable local cure for the legion of diseases appertaining to the generative functions, such as Uterine Disorders, Leucorrhoea, Ulcerations, &c. Also, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Sores, and Cutaneous Diseases. These Powders have been perfected by a Band of Spirit Chemists, and are magnetized by them through an eminent Medical Clairvoyant. Sent by mail on receipt of price, \$1 per box, or \$5 for six boxes.

Address all communications to Dr. J. E. Briggs & Co., Box 82, Station D, New York. D. 19.13w\*

CHARLES H. FOSTER, No. 12 West 24th street, New York. J. 2.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. Flint, 39 West 24th street, New York. Terms \$2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered. F. 6.4w\*

HENRY SLADE, Clairvoyant, No. 25 E. 21st street, New York. J. 2.

Mrs. NELLIE M. FLINT, Electrician, Healing and Developing Medium, office No. 200 Jordan street, cor. Court St., opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. From 10 to 4. 4w\*—J. 30.

A COMPETENT PHYSICIAN.—Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike, whose office is located at the PAVILION, No. 57 TREMONT STREET, (Room C.) BOSTON, is cordially recommended to the Public as one of the most competent practitioners in the State. He compounds his own medicines, is a mesmerizer, skillfully applies the electro-magnetic battery when required, administers medicines with his own hands, has had great experience as a physician, and been very successful in his practice. He gives close attention to nervous complaints.

**Public Reception Room for Spiritualists.**—The Publishers of the Banner of Light have fitted up a suitable room in their Establishment EXPRESSLY FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, where they can meet friends, write letters, &c. Strangers visiting the city are invited to make this their Headquarters. Room open from 7 A. M. till 6 P. M.

**BUSINESS CARDS.**

ERIE PA. BOOK DEPOT. OLIVER SPAFFORD, the veteran bookseller and publisher, keeps on sale at his store, 631 French street, Erie, Pa., nearly all the most popular and standard works of the times. Also, agent for Hall & Chamberlain's Magnetic and Electric Powders.

HARTFORD, CONN. BOOK DEPOT. A. ROSE, 56 Trumbull street, Hartford, Conn., keeps constantly for sale the Banner of Light and a full supply of Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT. A. J. DAVIS & Co., Booksellers and Publishers of standard Books and Periodicals on Harmonical Philosophy, Spiritualism, Free Religion, and General Reform, No. 24 East Fourth street, New York. J. 16—Nov. 1.

CLEVELAND, O. BOOK DEPOT. LEE'S BAZAAR, 10 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O., has all the Spiritual and Liberal Books and Papers kept for sale.

VERMONT BOOK DEPOT. J. G. DARRIN & Co., Booksellers, keep for sale Spiritual, Reform and Miscellaneous Books, published by Colby & Rich.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT. HENRY T. CHILDS, M. D., 631 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the Banner of Light, and will take orders for all of Colby & Rich's Publications, Spiritual, Reform and Miscellaneous Books, also by DR. J. H. RHODES, 318 Spring Garden street, who will sell the books and papers at his office and at Lincoln Hall, Broad and Coates streets, at all the Spiritual meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. BOOK DEPOT. At No. 319 Kearney street, (at stairs) may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, Planchettes, Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders, Orton's Anti-Tobacco Preparations, Dr. Morse's Nutritive Compound, &c. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. Remittances in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address, HEIMANN SNOW, P. O. box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

WASHINGTON BOOK DEPOT. RICHARD ROBERTS, Bookseller, No. 100 Seventh street, Washington, D. C., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

ST. LOUIS, MO. BOOK DEPOT. H. L. KEMPER, 620 North 3d street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the Banner of Light, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. BOOK DEPOT. D. M. DEWEY, Bookseller, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keeps for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. Give him a call.

AUSTRALIAN BOOK DEPOT. And Agency for the BANNER OF LIGHT, W. H. TERRY, No. 36 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia, has for sale all the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich, at all times be found there.

LONDON, ENG. BOOK DEPOT. J. BURNS, Progressive Library, No. 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn, W. C., London, Eng., keeps for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT and other Spiritual Publications.

**ADVERTISEMENTS.****Great Offer**

Number One.

Twenty Steel Reproductions, fac-similes of famous pictures, original engravings worth \$30.00. Offered to be Free, Jean Ingelow's great story, price in book form \$1.75. "A Woman in Armor," a thrilling story of American home life, price in book form \$1.25. Twenty short stories, a rich variety of miscellaneous reading, and over 150 pages of rare pictures. All the above included in the offer of HEARTH AND HOME, 1000 copies, sent post paid for only \$1.00. The great illustrated weekly magazine, Price reduced to \$2.50 per year. Single number six cents. All news stands and booksellers receive orders to agents and clubs. THE GRAPHIC COMPANY, publishers, 30-31 Park Place, New York. 4w\*—Feb. 20.

A GREAT CURIOSITY. THE PENN. PENAL CODE. Answers any question correctly and at once. The most amusing thing of the age. Copyright secured. Price 50 cents, by mail 60 cents. D. DOUBLEDAY, 694 Sixth av., New York. Feb. 20—1w\*

Mrs. J. W. Ellsworth, TEST AND BUSINESS MEDIUM, Magnetic Treatment, 101½ E. 15th street, New York. 4w\*—Feb. 20.

DR. J. R. NEWTON, Cosmopolitan Hotel, San Francisco, Cal., P. O. address, care of H. Snow, Box 117. N. B.—Persons desiring to be cured by magnetized letters, must enclose a fee of from two to ten dollars, if they state their inability to pay, the money will be refunded. Feb. 20.

MRS. HARVEY, Business Clairvoyant. Magnetic treatment, 268 Carroll street, below Smith, South Brooklyn, N. Y. 4w\*—Feb. 20.

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