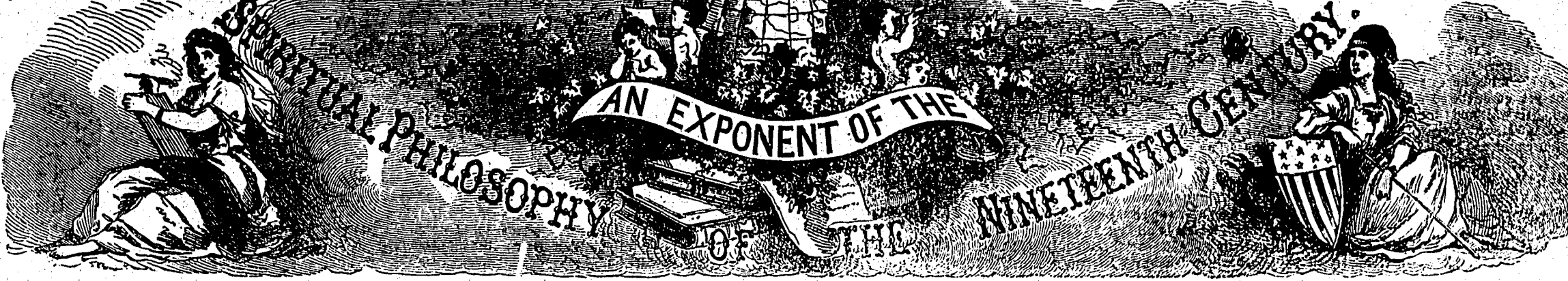


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—*Spiritual Phenomena*: Materializations at Mrs. H. Fay's. Spiritualist Meetings in Boston. Brooklyn (N. Y.) Spiritual Fraternity. Literary Department: "Old Grip"; or, What Came of a Wooden Wedding. SECOND PAGE.—*Poetry*: What? *Spiritualism Abroad*: Review of our Foreign Spiritualistic Exchanges. THIRD PAGE.—*Poetry*: The Journalist. Promotion of Assassination. Foreign Items. Verifications of Spirit Messages. Book Advertisements. FOURTH PAGE.—*Message Department*: Invocation: Questions and Answers: Spirit Messages given through the Mediumship of Miss M. T. Sholhamer from William Graham, Henry W. Briggs, Orrin Pardee, Maria Horton, Lucy E. Penhallow, William Fisher, Capt. O. S. Ellis, Louis Brooks, John O. Adams, Mrs. Rose Worcester, The Indian Maiden Lotela, for Emma Merrill, Jennie I. Goodnow, Mrs. Henrietta Lovell, Annie Miller, Mrs. Maria L. Flint, Annie Jackson, Mrs. M. D. Brown, Mrs. Sarah Weymouth, Abbie C. Lane, Agnes Walton, and Sarah. FIFTH PAGE.—*Chloroform* as a Medical Science. Boston Spiritual Conference. Brooklyn (E. D.) Spiritual Conference. *Banner Correspondence*: Letters from Massachusetts, Indiana, New York, Florida, Oregon, Ohio, Vermont, Iowa, Kansas, and Illinois. Eighth Annual Report of the New England Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association, etc. SIXTH PAGE.—*Vaccination*, and Laws Relating Thereto, The Spiritual Work, etc. SEVENTH PAGE.—*The London Psychologist* Review. Aid for Charles H. Foster. Brief Paragraphs. Social News Bureau. The Spiritual Methods. Berkeley Hall Meetings. Springfield, Mass., Meetings. Movements of Lecturers and Mediums. New Advertisements, etc. EIGHTH PAGE.—*Berkeley Hall*: What Kind of Religious Organization will Best Supply the Needs of the Hour? Obituary Notices. NINTH PAGE.—*Perils*. Translation of Mrs. Wm. H. Coleman. Kellogg. Good Words from Our Subscribers. The Magazines. Book Advertisements. TENTH PAGE.—*Poetry*: By-and-By. *The Reformer*: The Status of the Nation. Royal Agents for the Sale of the Banner of Light. Spiritualist Lecturers. Spiritualist Meetings. ELEVENTH PAGE.—*"Mediums in Boston"*. Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements. TWELFTH PAGE.—*Personal Reminiscences of Epes Sargent*. Excitement in Rochester, etc.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### MATERIALIZATIONS AT MRS. H. FAY'S.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The subject of materialization is one of great interest: one of the greatest delusions, or one of the most startling revelations of truth. Do the so-called dead appear visibly to the human sight?

So fearful am I of being one link in a chain to propagate error, that I have refrained for two months or more from publicly stating my experience; but now feel it to be my duty to give to the world a relation of what I have seen and heard under conditions that rendered fraud of any kind absolutely impossible. During three evenings there appeared before me from sixty to seventy-five forms, male and female, of different statures, different development of person, countenances as varied as those seen on the street, and every peculiarity of action as varied as in every-day life, and in no one instance did I recognize, in face or form, the medium. The sances were held at the residence of the medium, Mrs. Fay, 14 Dover street, Boston. A close and most thorough examination of the premises convinced all present that if any object of human form other than the medium came from the cabinet, it would not be of earth. We had no sooner seated ourselves than a form glided out dressed in white, which was recognized; then another, their habiliments, size and features being dissimilar.

Next came a sprightly form, with extended hands as if to greet me. I extended my own; but in place of the expected greeting she gave me a slight box on my ear, which I thought was strange, but which had the effect of convincing me more firmly, if possible, of the genuineness of the exhibition, for no confederate would thus tempt one to test it. This spirit was not more than two-thirds the size of the medium.

Following the last came a spirit-form attired in colored garments to a gentleman seated directly behind me, who fully recognized her as an acquaintance of twenty-six years ago.

A suspicion had rested on my mind that these forms were masked, and hence so many varying features. To test this point I approached quite near the forms. The result was, my masks dissolved into thin air, as I scrutinized quite a number of distinct facial countenances. Many could talk, and as many could not; and to me it was painfully interesting to witness those who could not; to see their lips and every facial muscle acting with such tensely in an endeavor to utilize the common air.

For brevity's sake I must omit all account of many interesting identifications, and sympathetic endearing scenes, mentioning only the more prominent.

A lady, sitting near the curtain, exclaimed, "Here stands a spirit that has not materialized its eyes!" I at once approached to witness what I had read of but never seen. As I came up I probably screened the spirit's eyes from the light; for they were open and fixed full on me. I exclaimed, "Why, this is Orlando Taylor!" "Yes, yes," said the spirit, "I am Orlando!" and, seizing my hand, he shook it with extraordinary energy; not a woman's hand by any means. Striking my glasses, held in my left hand, with his right, he said quickly, "Put on your glasses! I put on your glasses!" I did so, when I became fully satisfied that, whatever might be the phenomenon, the form, features and voice were those of my friend, Orlando Taylor.

ONE WEEK LATER: Circle full as before; but a different audience. Cabinet examined to satisfaction; form after form came out as previously. Soon there came from the cabinet a male form, short and stout-built; seized a gentleman by the hand and twined him out of

his chair to the floor, the form seating itself in the chair between a lady and gent; a more stolid appearance I never witnessed; had he announced himself from the planet Mars it would have been in keeping with the scene. On retiring I asked the gent, "Did you recognize that form?" Said he, "I guess I did! That was my own brother."

Next came out a slender school-boy about seventeen years old. He appeared amazed; looked first at one and then at another; seemed to recognize no one, and left without being identified by any one present.

Now appeared a form in the cabinet, which was the admiration of all eyes—a lady in shining raiment. Her dress was all bespangled; either omitted light or greatly reflected the dim light of the circle-room, as she was so plainly seen through the broad curtain, walking back and forth.

A lady remarked, "Here is a spirit, beckoning to that gentleman," pointing to me. I stepped to the curtain, and there encountered my friend Orlando. We saluted each other as before. I placed my glasses for a deep scrutiny; there were his beard and moustache, his eyes, his hair, his broad, high forehead, and every lineament of face and form, just as in life; and now the second time, that remarkable depression of the frontal brain, where we locate Veneration. That depression I had often noted in life; I thought he must have had a fall when a child; yet his reverence for proper things was extremely great. His same pensive, thoughtful face, which struck the beholder that here is a man without guile, was now directly before me. Said I, "I give it up! You are Orlando!" "Yes," said he, "I am Orlando!" Said I, "Was I right in fearing that you were buried alive?" He replied, "I was as good as dead!" and again repeated, "I was as good as dead!" This phrase struck me forcibly, for it was with him a common one to describe anything not definitely settled; such as "as good as lost," "as good as won." At the mention of "Alice," had he touched a battery the shock would not have been greater. He had stood as long as he could bear the dissolving power of light, and disappeared.

ONE WEEK LATER: Cabinet examined, while twenty-two persons composed the circle. The first appearance worthy of record was an Indian maiden, bright as a lark, who came the nearest to having faculties in activity to the life, of any form I saw. There was an empty chair in front of me, into which she bounced, with her straight black hair and chattering tongue. Then she commenced a rapid conversation in the Indian dialect, with a gentleman near, back of her; giving me a fine view of her person as well as of her peculiar Indian manner.

The Indian maiden having retired, a lady issued dressed cap-a-pie. Her dress was bright satin; I should think it was never worn before by mortal or immortal; was so stiff with folded plaits as to resist the pressure of my fingers as I attempted to feel its texture. I was so absorbed in her personality as not to be able to describe another thing, except a kind of fleecy veil. Upon her retiring, another form came out dressed in shining black silk.

As I sat making observations on all which occurred, a female form came toward me, with hand extended. I proffered mine, but was seized by the ear, and gently pulled forward to the cabinet, into which she passed, leaving me outside. Perhaps I stood five seconds, when I turned toward my chair, when the circle cried, "There she is!" I turned toward her, but neither of us spoke, when she passed in again; and as often as I turned away the circle would exclaim, "There she is again!"

The fourth time on coming out she threw both arms around my neck, gave me a fervent kiss, which I returned, when instantly she disappeared.

This last manifestation completely astounded me, and I fell into a deep reverie, from which I was aroused by some one saying, "The sance is over." Members of the circle congratulated each other on the most extraordinary phenomena they had witnessed. I turned to a gentleman, and said, "Will you please take note of the sealed door?" In a moment he came back, and said all was right, the seal undisturbed. We shook hands, bade each other good night.

Reaching my home, the truth of the last demonstration of spirit presence flashed upon my mind. That loving spirit form was my daughter, who left me so disconsolate in her sixth year, now a woman. The reason I obtained not the slightest impression of her countenance was because of her lack of ability to materialize the face with the life expression. J. L. DIXSON.

Provincetown, Dec. 20th, 1881.

### Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

NEW ERA HALL was filled to overflowing at the session of the Shawmut Lyceum, Jan. 22d. The exercises opened by singing, and a reading of the Silver Chain Recitations, after which the Grand March was performed with full ranks, which pleased all. The usual time was then devoted to instructing the young in regard to spiritual things. Next came recitations from Harry Hall, Ernest Fleet, Gracie Burroughs, Charley Grey and Susie Pillsbury. Mr. Charles Sullivan then favored us with one of his choice songs, which was so well received that he gave us another, followed by recitations from Bessie Brown, Alberta Felton, George Felton, Reva Huson, Della Murray and Mary Green; and an instrumental trio, two violins and piano, by Misses Dawkins, McIntire and Woods.

Our good friend Mrs. Brown favored the children with another of her choice readings. Conductor Hatch then thanked all for their kind attention, and Mrs. Brown, in particular, for her interest in the children; he also gave an account of an interesting sance held at Mrs. Brown's, and spoke of the three-days' jubilee to be given by this Lyceum March 31st, and April

1st and 2d, hoping that all would strive to make the occasion one to be long remembered. The session closed with the Physical Movements and Target March.

A. S. STAMMER, Secretary of Shawmut Spiritual Lyceum.

471 East Fourth street, South Boston.

PAINE HALL.—The exercises of Sunday, the 22d, commenced with music by Prof. Bond's orchestra, followed by reading and singing and the Banner March by the school. Recitations were given by Sadie Peters, Freddie Stevens, Louis Duettner, May Henly, Carrie Huff, Arthur G. Cook, Lolla and Berlie Mains, Edna Clark, Mamie Haverer, Flora Frazier and Jennie Weeks. Songs presented by Nellie Thomas, Helen M. Dill and Corn N. Gooch, with piano and clarinet accompaniment, were satisfactorily to all and received an encore. Recitations were very readily offered by the following visitors: Mr. Fred Cooley, Miss Cady and Miss Abbott, the latter from Brockton. Mr. Cherrington also made some excellent remarks and concluded with a poem. A prize was awarded to Miss Alice Messer for her efforts in procuring the largest number of scholars for the Lyceum during the past year. The Wing Movements, led by Miss Helen M. Dill, and the Target March, closed this very interesting session of the Lyceum.

The Lyceum Fair, which promises to be a success, will be held in the Ladies' Aid Parlor, 718 Washington street, on the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th of February. ALONZO DANFORTH, Cor. Sec. Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1.

CHARLESTOWN DISTRICT, MYSTIC HALL.—Sunday meetings will be held in this hall every Sunday afternoon till further notice. The speakers and mediums for next Sunday, Jan. 29th, will be announced in the Saturday's papers of this week. C. B. M.

### Brooklyn (N. Y.) Spiritual Fraternity.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Friday evening, Jan. 20th, Mary A. Gridley addressed the assembly on "Psychometry," and gave experiments illustrating it. The speaker said she felt that she stood on the threshold of the science. Once being in the presence of friends, one of them remarked that she was a "Psychometrist." She asked how she would know that she possessed this gift, and was told to hold a letter in her hand, and to see what impressions she could receive; by cultivation this power or gift was said to be a talent, and I know that my spirit-control, and the exercise of this gift, as in other phases of my mediumship. I know that in writing a letter you impart some of your personality; so also to articles you wear or have about you. I believe that the time is coming when I shall be able to trace the history of even the wood of which this desk is made, and to tell where the timber grew, and of its history, and of those who felled it; to be in the forest of all who have been connected with its career.

I am unable to draw the line wherein this power of Psychometry belongs to the natural powers and where the spiritual forces interblend, and when I am aided by disembodied intelligences. Suitable conditions are necessary to produce the best results. Public efforts of this kind are but experiments, and they may fail entirely. If I succeed in any way, it must be by my constant report to the audience, and reaching the magnetic currents first, and afterward the electric, and if I am able to demonstrate this power, it will be by my thus reaching you."

A gentleman in the audience asked if the lecturer could read the character of the writer of a letter that had been handled by hundreds of persons. She said she would try, but in such a case would have to call upon her spirit-control to aid her. On taking the letter in her hand she held it for a few seconds, and gave a description of the character of the individual who wrote it. The gentleman who handed the letter said that the description of character, physical and mental, was correct, and a remarkable test of the psychometric powers of Mrs. Gridley.

A pocket knife was next taken, and the reading, which was very full and complete, was pronounced correct in all its particulars.

Mrs. G. spoke of "Psychometry," and read, and lengthy descriptions of the characteristics of the individual owners were given, and pronounced satisfactory.

Mrs. G. is an easy and graceful speaker, and showed by these public experiments that she possesses the gift of "Psychometry" in a marked degree. The large audience listened closely to her remarks, and seemed to be deeply impressed by this exhibition of her powers.

Mr. E. W. Wallis was controller by his spirit-guides. The speaker of "Psychometry" as "Soul Measurement," and said that thoughts came charged with the impress of their surroundings, and every thought made its impress upon other minds. "If, as is claimed, the ocean steamer in its course disturbs the molecules, that were affected to all eternity by such disturbance, how much greater are the effects of the soul of man upon the future of Humanity. In the experiments given to-night through the speaker, you have seen something of soul-development. There are other sensitivities who possess this power, and if they are not self-centered, the power may be exercised injuriously, and the sensitive become psychologized by influences that would become deleterious. This had been so with their instrument in the past, and the spirit would warn all who possessed this power to be positive for good, and to surround themselves with the best conditions, and corresponding results would be attained, to be open only to such influences as were sweet, pure and good, and then you would be fitted for this unfoldment.

We would not have psychometrists to be "limp lilies" of the aesthetic, but strong and self-reliant, and to welcome the best influences by living such lives as to enable them to unfold and develop these latent powers of the human soul."

Prof. J. R. Buchanan will give our next conference lecture on Friday evening, Jan. 27th; subject, "What Should be Done?" S. B. NICHOLS.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 21st, 1882.

We call attention to the prospectus of the Banner of Light in another column. It is the largest, best, and most extensively circulated paper of its class in the country.—The Berlin (Wis.) Courier.

Statistics disclose the fact that of every ten children born in England and Wales, less than seven ever reach their twentieth year. In France only one-half of the boys and girls who are born attain that age, and Ireland falls even below this standard of juvenile healthfulness.

## Literary Department.

### "OLD GRIP";

OR,

### WHAT CAME OF A WOODEN WEDDING.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY GRACE LELAND.

#### CHAPTER III.

"OLD GRIP" AT HOME—MYSTERIOUS VISITORS—THE OLD BIBLE IN THE GARRET—A TEXT.

While I was in Eggleston I learned a few facts concerning "Old Grip," and since then have come in possession of a portion of his history, which I will tell you, reader. It is necessary that I should introduce you to his home about two years previous to my acquaintance with him.

It was a wild November night. The wind rattled the loose casements of "Old Grip's" small, dilapidated house, and moaned through the pines that stood near by. It was a lonely place, about a mile out of the village, the least inviting spot that could be found for miles around. If he had settled in New England, I can imagine the place he would have chosen—bleak, and drear, and wild, with rocks and pines all around, and a gloomy forest near.

His farm was small, but the soil was good, and he had rich fields of grain and vegetables, and also a fine apple orchard. There was not only food, but money in all this. There were rumors of large sums of money at interest in distant banks, in Damon Burrill's name, and some credulous ones even believed that heavy bags of gold and silver were hidden away under the floors, or in the cellar, of the miserable house. But as is generally the case, though there was much rumormongering, there was little, actually known about "Old Grip." This every one knew, that he avoided all friendly intercourse with all classes of persons.

On the evening referred to, he sat eating his frugal supper. The room, which was sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen and bed-chamber all in one, although large, was but meagerly furnished. At the windows were green paper shades, badly torn; the floor was bare, and far from being even "broom-clean"; the table and chairs were of wood, and the furnishings of the bed, although ample, were poor in quality; on the dilapidated stove sang an old iron tea-kettle, and on the table a kerosene lamp burned dimly, its smoke-stained chimney perceptibly obstructing the light—while everywhere dust and cobwebs might be seen. His supper, which consisted of baked potatoes and hasty Indian pudding, accompanied by strong tea, was partaken of in an absent manner, as if his thoughts had wandered far away.

Finally, as he was draining the last drop from his saucer, there came upon the table three loud, intoning raps, with such force as to rattle the dishes. He started from his chair so quickly that it fell back, and his saucer dropped at the same instant, breaking in its fall. An oath broke from his lips, and the perspiration started out upon his face. A moment, and he rallied.

"Pshaw! what's the matter with me?" picking up his chair and sitting down again at the table. He said no more aloud, but his thoughts were confused and crowded. There was no further sound, except the moaning of the wind, the rattling of the casement and the occasional whining of his dog that had been sitting beside him, but that at his master's sudden movement had curled himself up in the furthest corner of the room.

Damon Burrill had just begun to revolve in his mind the possibility of the source of the sounds existing in his own imagination, when again, as distinctly as before, but not as loud, were heard three slow raps.

He did not start from his chair this time, but his eyes distended with wonder—yes, and with terror, too, for Damon Burrill had a dread of the supernatural—and he listened, half expecting and quite fearing that the sounds would be repeated. And they were. Again, and yet again, they were reiterated, more gently than at first, but regularly, showing order, method.

"I've heard of these infernal 'Rochester Rappings,'" he muttered, half aloud. He listened as they came again and again, sometimes louder, and sometimes more softly, but always with distinctness.

Finally, as if armed with a sudden courage, or, perhaps, putting on an appearance of boldness to hide his tremor, he suddenly exclaimed, in a loud, angry voice:

"What do you want?" The raps came now in a perfect shower—not only on the table, but on the floor and mantelpiece and ceiling. He almost held his breath, but again summoning his courage, repeated his question:

"I say, what do you want?" The raps continued.

"Spose I shall have to call the alphabet—that's the way they do, I b'lieve." And he called the letters rapidly, almost fiercely.

There was no rap in reply.

"Well, now! that's no use!" And he took up his knife and fork again.

All was still for a few moments; then there came loud raps again, and immediately after-

ward a quick movement of the table, which nearly caused the dishes to slide off.

With a look of mingled fear and defiance, he had almost uttered another oath; but some power checked the words ere his lips could frame them.

"Well, how am I to manage this business, I'd like to know! For I b'lieve I'm in for it, hit or miss! If these infernal sounds are made by ghosts, or spirits, rap again; give six loud raps."

Six loud, slow raps were given.

"Who are you?"

No answer.

"Did you ever know me?" he asked.

Three raps again.

"Give an answer for me."

One loud rap was given.

"Give an answer for me."

Three raps were given.

"Well, what do you want of me? Can't you stay where you belong?"

After a moment he asked:

"Do you want me to call the letters?"

An affirmative answer was given.

Damon Burrill began to feel a little interested in his strange visitors, in spite of himself. He called the alphabet again rapidly, not fiercely as before, but with a look of curiosity depicted on his face. There was no sound.

"Why don't you talk?" he asked bluntly.

"I want you to know what you want, I won't spell 'em out!"

He waited a moment. His hasty-pudding was forgotten. His third cup of tea remained untasted.

"Perhaps I called it too fast," said he, relenting. "There's no knowing what airs these ghosts may take upon themselves."

Three loud raps responded.

"Is that it? Do you want me to speak slower?"

An affirmative answer was given.

"Oh, that's it! Well, here goes then to your ghostship—a, b, c," etc.

He called the alphabet this time very slowly. To tell the truth, the lone, hard man was rather glad to amuse himself in this novel way. It broke up the monotony of his life, which sometimes became wearisome even to him. He was making a plaything of mysterious forces, of which he had heretofore stood in fear; and this had in it an element of romance which pleased him.

He became somewhat curious as the words—"We want you to ask"—came slowly from the sounds on the table before him. He was surprised. Here was order. Chaos had come to an end. An intelligence unseen, but real, was playing upon invisible wires. Strange! Incomprehensible! He had heard, in a dim, stupid way, of Spiritualism, but had paid no heed to it, thinking it merely one of the fashionable follies of the day, a sort of furor among people of weak minds, which would die out of itself at no distant day. He had never felt the least interest in it. But what was this strange, unknown something that, uncalled and unsought for, had come to him in his loneliness?

"Well! I wonder what you want of me?" he asked, with a mixture of impatience and curiosity. "If you knew much about me, you'd know it's of no use to ask favors of me! My answer to all requests, is so! emphasized, stereotyped, copyrighted! So you have my answer, whether you be ghost or goblin, or the devil himself!"

It was still for a few moments, but his curiosity, so seldom aroused, was in full exercise now, and he went on:

"Well, what is it? a, b, c," etc.

The sentence, as he read it from a scrap of paper on which he had placed the letters, one by one, as they were signified by the raps, was as follows:

"We want you to ask God's blessing before you eat."

With an oath which I cannot chronicle he rose, dashed his chair from him, lighted his lantern, strode out into the woodshed, took his axe, and chopped wood fiercely for an hour. Then, almost fearing to return to the kitchen, he walked to the village post-office, and made some purchases at various stores, hardly exchanging a word with those whom he met.

It was ten o'clock when he again entered the house. Leaving his hat and overcoat in the passage leading to the kitchen, he went in. All was still. The lamp was burning on the table; the fire was nearly out in the stove. He replenished the fire, cleared the table, took up the evening paper, which he had just brought in, and seated himself in his dilapidated arm-chair. He was greeted, as he sat down, by a shower of raps all about the room; most of them gentle, a few heavy, some sharp, some

"The peculiar course taken by 'Old Grip's' guardian spirits to convince him of the truth of immortality, as revealed by Jesus, and more fully delineated in these later days by the angels, is no fiction. A parallel case occurred, to my own knowledge, many years ago in New England, in which the means used and the results gained were the same as those here related.



muffled—all together, showing a great variety of sound and manner.

His hands trembled as he unfolded his newspaper, and ran his eye over the monetary columns. The raps continued. The perspiration gathered on his face. Perhaps memories of the past came thronging to him on those mysterious sounds. Perhaps conscience began to awake and accuse him with a merciless power. Perhaps—let us enter the closed doors of his past life. Let us wait and see.

His eye glanced over the printed page, but his mind could not grasp the meaning of what he read. Still those strange, mysterious, tormenting sounds reverberated with hardly a pause. At last, throwing down his paper, he hastily prepared for rest. He hoped, when he extinguished his light, that his unwelcome visitors would depart. But no; the sounds came with redoubled force. Finally, losing all patience, he poured out a volley of oaths. The silence which succeeded seemed to him, in his excited state of mind and consciousness of guilt, more fearful than the former visitation of supernatural sounds. The silence became full of dread and mystery; full of language and rebuke to his guilty soul. At last, covering his head, as frightened children do, he tried to sleep.

For a week Damon Burrill was not further disturbed by his unseen visitors; but one morning as he sat down to his breakfast they commenced, with all their former vigor. The table, too, rose and fell, till he feared the dishes would be broken.

At last, feeling renewed courage for the battle, and a decided increase of curiosity on the subject, he again called the alphabet. The following message was given to him, letter by letter, in perfect order:

"Before you eat ask God's blessing."  
As he read the sentence he replied gruffly—  
"Hm! I rather think not! You don't care that came over me, old fellow!"

He began to pour his tea, but the table became so active that he was forced to stop.

"Do you want to say any more pious talk?"

An affirmative answer was given.

"Well, don't stop over my tea! Wherever you come from, you have not learned my manners. Can't you wait till I've eaten my breakfast?"

An emphatic *no* was given, and repeated, and yet again repeated.

"Well, then, a, b, c, d—"

The raps responded, and the sentence as he read it was—

"Don't eat till you have asked God's blessing."

"I tell you I will!" he answered fiercely.

"I will eat my breakfast, and I won't ask any blessing! So you may just go about your business, and I'll attend to mine!"

He proceeded to eat, when the table began to vibrate violently, rocking back and forth, and yet, strange to say, nothing slipped off, and his tea was not spilled.

Damon Burrill looked on in speechless wonder. Here was a power beyond his comprehension. If the food had been precipitated to the floor and his tea spilled, he would have uttered a dozen strong, square oaths, and his heart would have been hardened and his reason unconvinced.

But this he could not account for. The powerful intelligence, whatever it might be, at least was not angry with him, and that was the strangest of all.

As the motions continued, he finally took his plate upon his knee, placed his cup of tea upon the stove-hearth, and finished his breakfast. Meanwhile the table vibrated with a gentle, constant motion, keeping perfect time. Damon Burrill had once been a singer, many years ago, and a sweet voice used to blend with his in these happy, far-off days. That was long before the days of "Old Grip." Then he was "Mr. Burrill," and to her he was "Damon, dear Damon!" These happy days—how far away! They seemed to belong to another life, and he—yes, he was somebody else then. He was not "Old Grip!"

As the table continued its gentle motion, with now and then a shower of raps, all in perfect time, the hard man bowed his head and tears fell over his weather-beaten cheeks.

When he had finished his tea, for he ate little that morning, he moved up to the table again and asked:

"Do you want to say anything more to me?"

"Yes," was the reply, in three distinct raps, as usual.

He called the alphabet, and read this:

"Read your Bible."

"I haven't got any," he replied.

A shower of raps came, as if in emphatic affirmative contradiction to his assertion.

"I tell you I have not got any!" he repeated.

"Have I?"

Three emphatic raps replied "Yes."

"Where is it? Do you know?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell me?"

"Yes."

He called the letters again, and was answered—

"In the garret."

"I can't go up there and hunt for it."

As the motions became more earnest, he again called the alphabet.

"You must!" was given.

"I'd like to know who's master in this house," he muttered good-naturedly, as he went stumbling up the dark, narrow staircase into the garret.

He fumbled around among chests, and boxes, and barrels, and was just turning to go down stairs with a muttered invective against "those lying rappings," when he espied a heap of rubbish in a corner. He went to it, and as he moved away a pile of old blankets and worn-out clothing, he saw behind them a large book. He took it up, and by the dim light of the small window, which was curtained with cobwebs, he easily read on the title page, "Holy Bible."

With a strange mingling of awe, and fear, and rebellious pride, he went down stairs. Dust had gathered on the book, but he heeded it not. He had ceased long ago to care for that. The dust of misused years and selfishness had been gathering thickly on his soul, the while that the sacred pages had lain unread in the darkness of his attic.

He sat down in his arm-chair, and began to turn over the pages with a dim sort of curiosity. Suddenly he remembered that he had seen his mother often reading from that same book, and, turning to the fly leaf, he read her name, and below it in her handwriting his own name, and this:

"Your mother's gift. Read it daily, and it shall be food and drink, and light and joy to your heart."

He had not read it, and all these years his

heart had been starving, his soul had been famishing, and he had groped in darkness, and joy was known only as a memory. He turned the leaves mechanically, till his eye fell upon this passage:

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

Turning the leaves again, he read this:

"For the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

It was enough—the key-note to the day's lessons. His unseen teachers had found access to his soul, and already were dropping seed there that they would not cease to nourish till it should spring up and bear fruit. These passages spoke to him directly, for he feared God. The poor, untutored savage, in the first dawning of his spiritual nature, fears the spirit of evil, which is all that he knows or conceives of God; and even so did Damon Burrill fear the God whose teachings he had scorned, whose laws he had set at defiance, whose name he had taken often upon his lips in vain, and whose children he had hated. Yes, he feared this Holy God; but this book says, He "pitieth them that fear Him." It was a text for him to think of; and through the busy hours of the day he thought of it.

#### CHAPTER IV.

IMPORTUNITIES.—CHRISTMAS EVE AT "OLD GRIP'S"—A PAGE FROM THE PAST—MESSAGES FROM THE DEPARTED—DAMPING OF A HOME—CHRISTMAS DINNER—A STRANGE COMMUNICATION.

Damon Burrill had been, for many years an avowed infidel. He had scoffed at all forms of religion, had ridiculed the Scriptures, had scorned the idea of a future existence, and had sneered particularly at prayer. His mind was much agitated by the messages which the invisible intelligences persisted in giving to him. They gave him no peace night or day. He could not silence them. Whenever he called the alphabet to give them opportunity to express their wishes, he received, in various forms, only the same persistent request that he would seek communion with the Most High. Again and again in the still hours of midnight, were spelled by the raps the following messages: "Get up and read your Bible," "Read your Bible now," "Pray to God," "Ask God's blessing," "Don't sleep till you have read a chapter from the Bible," "Read God's word," "Search the Scriptures," etc., etc.

At length, wearied by their importunities, he arose one night, and, half dressing himself, lighted his lamp, seated himself by the table, and opened his mother's Bible. He read at first mechanically; but soon new meanings flashed upon his mind, from passages familiar to him in his boyhood, and he read, and wondered, and pondered. After that, whenever such messages came to him, by night or day, he no longer opposed or slighted them, but was led by his invisible teachers. And during the day, while busy on his farm, these passages, read at night, would ring through the dusty and almost empty chambers of his soul with startling clearness. And as he thought, and pondered, and reasoned, he was struck with astonishment at the limitless wealth of the Scriptures, of which he began to catch faint and imperfect glimpses. He had thought it was an old and worn-out record of superstition; but he was startled to find that we of the nineteenth century, with all our boasted civilization and culture, have not nearly attained to the simplest of the teachings of the Word of God. That pure and earnest life, lived by the white-souled Nazarene, he saw stand out from the annals of the past and present of human existence, unapproached but by few, and reached by none. And he came to love, to read of, and study that life, in its purity, its self-abnegation, its holy harmony with the divine, its *oneness* with the Father of all. He came to love and revere the teachings uttered from the fullness of that patient and loving heart; and then came the first aspirations after the pure and the Christ-like, after the holy and the divine. For now the God-like part of his own nature, so long dormant, and to him unknown even, was reached; the depths were stirred, and, being moved, they could only reach upward after the Infinite.

Now the messages were changed; for his soul turned longingly, prayerfully often, to the once unknown God, revealed to him now as a loving and tender Father. The messages that came to him now were words of comfort, of hope and encouragement, and precious promises of future reunions and future blessedness.

Damon Burrill's home was no longer lonely and dreary. By that unerring fitness, by which the inner expresses itself through the external, the cobwebs had mostly disappeared, the broom had done better service, and things generally had taken on a brighter look. Some one, I forget who, expressed a truth when he said, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." Certain it is that a clean soul loves outward as well as inward purity. And so Damon Burrill's poor rooms took on a more tidy look, just in proportion as his soul grew clean. He was no longer lonely, for he had recognized his angelic visitors, and in welcoming them, at last, to his heart and home, he had taken in food and sunshine to his starving soul.

But this was the work of months. Let us go back a little.

It was Christmas Eve. Damon Burrill had taken his plate on his knee, with his tea-cup on the stove-hearth, the table vibrating gently, as usual, during his repast. Then he sat thinking. His thoughts were back in the past. He was again a boy, and a mother's gentle teachings sounded in his ears once more. Then—he remembered the hard, dry cough which wore her strength away, the bright, hectic flush on her cheeks—then the sick-room, where he went in on tiptoe, and where he always went in the evening for the accustomed good-night's kiss; he remembered the last kiss—how weak and pale she was, and how her voice trembled when she pleaded, "May God keep and bless you, my dear, dear boy, when your mother—"

she could say no more, but pressed another lingering kiss upon his lips. He remembered how bitterly he cried that night, and the next morning they told him she was dead. Oh, those dreadful days! No one had a word of comfort for him. The busy bustle of preparation for the funeral—oh, how it jarred on his soul and chafed the wound of loss! He remembered that he went slowly and sadly to a neighboring wood, and sat on the fence or roamed about for hours, but could find no relief. He had loved his mother tenderly, and she was his all. Then a lovely vision rose from out of the deep gloom, and once more he saw sweet Aylis Gayle as she came and sat beside him, and with tears in her own eyes said, "Oh, I am so sorry for you, Damon!" Those childish words of sympathy held a world of comfort for him. There was healing in them. He remembered the funeral; the new-made grave; his return home. How empty and desolate the house seemed! Then his un-

cle, who was his guardian, came and took charge of the place. A few years more, and how bright and joyous all things had become! At twenty-one he saw himself rich, courted and flattered by all. The future seemed to stretch out before him bright with promise. Every earthly wish was satisfied. Aylis Gayle, his promised bride, was the pride and joy of his life. His cup of happiness was full. He could ask for no more. Then—

Through the gloom, the chaos, the wild storm of his thoughts, we will not follow now, dear reader. In the midst of it, three gentle raps on the table beside him arrested his attention. He called the alphabet, and read on his paper, as spelled by the raps:

"Your mother speaks to you, my dear Damon."

"Is this really my mother?" he asked, in a trembling voice.

An affirmative answer was given, and repeated again and again.

"Are you happy?"

"Yes."

"Do you come to see me often?"

"Yes."

After some more questions, he asked:

"Have you anything in particular to say to me?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I'll call the letters."

The message, when given, read thus:

"Forgive your enemies, and you shall be blessed."

"Never! never while my breath lasts!" he exclaimed passionately. "Forgive those who have blasted my life, who have withered every hope, and made me detested by everybody? who have changed my life, that was so rich and bright, to a miserable desert? No! never! never! My curse shall follow them!"

He started up, and walked quickly back and forth for some minutes; then resumed his seat.

"Mother, are you here?"

The raps responded.

"Don't you know I can't forgive such wrongs? Why ask what is impossible?"

A peculiar motion of the table was the response.

"Do you mean by that motion that you want the alphabet called?" he asked.

"Yes," the raps answered.

The message given was the following:

"They wronged themselves more than you. Life has still much good for you, much light and joy. Trust us, and we will lead you safely. Trust God, and you shall yet see that all is well."

Tears filled the old man's eyes. His heart was softened. After a time he asked:

"Mother, is Sylvia with you?"

"Yes."

"My poor wife!" he murmured. "I was not kind to her. Is she happy, mother?"

"Yes. Yes. Yes."

He sat long in painful thought. Then, hardly able to speak, he gasped:

"Mother—my boy—little Gayle—where—where is he? Is he with you—there?"

"No," was answered.

"Is he living?"

"Yes."

"Living?"

"Yes."

The old man here broke down utterly, and sobbed like a child. Finally he exclaimed:

"Oh, mother! I thought I had killed him! And he lives! he lives! Oh! I! I could only see him once—once! My boy! My poor, injured boy! Mother, where is he? Tell me, and I will go to him now—at once!"

He called the alphabet again, and received the following message:

"Be patient. Your child lives. He will yet come back to you, and will bless your last days on earth. He is good and true."

"How he must hate his father!" muttered the unhappy man, grinding his teeth.

Again a call for the alphabet.

"Not so, my son. Your son yearns after his father. He has sought for you for years, and in due time we shall lead him to you. But this time is not yet. Have patience and trust."

It was late that night ere Damon Burrill slept; but when sleep came, it brought back to him the forms and faces and tender words of the loved of other days.

(Continued in our next.)

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### WHAT IF?

BY MRS. E. M. HICKOK.

We sometimes moan at the weight of care,  
That will never let us free,  
When we long so much to do and dare  
In the broader fields we see.

And the days and years keep gliding by,  
Whether dark, or dull, or fair;  
And give no heed to our piteous cry,  
"It is hard, so hard to bear."

To see, like a shadowy host, pass by  
The possible things of fate,  
With only a glimmer of comfort nigh,  
And that hardest of tasks—to wait.

What if the work we are sighing to do  
Is lying about us, now?  
What if the edict, both wise and true,  
Be this: To the present bow?

What if the mists of longing and tears,  
From our troubled gaze could fall;  
And we should see that these pain-marked years,  
Were valued the most of all?

What if God's purposes are fulfilled  
In the dreary and barren now?  
What if the garland his love has willed  
Is pressing thy patient brow?

What if the mysteries God can keep  
So hidden from mortal view,  
Be surely and strength for the souls that weep,  
To carry them safely through?

What if the shadows along our way,  
Some clearer vision endow?  
And we shall see in a future day  
That the trial-test is now.

THE VIRTUES OF BORAX.—The excellent

washerwomen in Holland and Belgium, who

"get up" their linen so beautifully white, use

refined borax as a fine washing powder instead

of soda, in the proportion of one large

handful of powder to about ten gallons of

boiling water. They save in soap nearly one-half.

All the large washing establishments adopt the

same mode. For laces, cambrics, etc., an extra

quantity of the powder is used; for crinolines,

requiring to be made stiff, a strong solution is

necessary. Borax being a neutral salt, does not

in the slightest degree injure the texture of the

linen. Its effect is to soften the hardest water,

and therefore, it should be kept on every toilet

table. To the taste it is rather sweet; it is used

for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentifrice

and in hot countries it is used, in combination

with tartaric acid and bi-carbonate of soda, as a

cooling beverage. Good tea cannot be made

with hard water. All water may be made soft

by adding a teaspoonful of borax powder to an

ordinary sized kettle of water, in which it

should boil. The saving in the quantity of tea

used will be at least one-fifth.

## Spiritualism Abroad.

### REVIEW OF OUR FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC EXCHANGES.

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

#### FRANCE.

*Revue Spirite*, Paris, for December. This number, with an elaborate "Index," closes the year of 1881; and as a manifestation of its material progress, its proprietors propose to add to its pages for 1882 a monthly "bulletin" of the *Société Scientifique des études psychologiques*, more or less lengthy, and so appended that it can be detached and made into a separate volume, if so desired. They further announce that on the first of January they will publish a *Revue Analytique*, which will be a summary of the spiritualistic press both at home and abroad.

The "Society for the Continuation of the Works of Allan Kardec" has just held, in Paris, its annual reunion in "Commemoration of the Dead." The venerable Mme. Kardec very kindly favored the gathering with her presence. After prayer, place was given to the poet, M. Camille Chaigneau, who recited a lengthy and appropriate poem. He was followed by Mme. Rosen-Daufure, who pronounced an allocution at once touching and eloquent. The tribute then read the names, with a feeling tribute to each, of the deceased Spiritualists during the year, which had been reported to the Society—numbering about one hundred.

The most noticeable and lengthy article in the present issue of the *Revue* is from the pen of Prince Adéka. It is on the "True Causes of Nihilism in Russia." The author recognizes the alarming popularity of Nihilism, especially among the youthful population, and calls it a moral and intellectual epidemic. To search for its causes in what he terms the condition or state (*état économique et politique*) only, as many do, he considers absurd, and adds: "I affirm that this virus, this evil, resides principally, if not solely, in the doctrines and the culte *sol-disant* Orthodox of the Church Greco-Russe; its multiplicity of symbols, absorbing in the end all the moral truths of the Evangelists, making them a dead letter in the conscience of the great majority of the adherents to this form of religion. The greatest error in the Russian Orthodoxy consists in attributing an immediate efficacy to the observance and signs of its too rich symbolism; the people confounding the form and the truth, the letter and the spirit, the appearance and the reality, without regard to practical morality. . . . The Roman Catholics have the advantage of having a clergy better educated, if not more moral; the Russian clergy are immoral, and as a rule profoundly ignorant. . . . The educated young men, tired of seeking in these doctrines and dogmas of the church a satisfactory response to their legitimate aspirations, throw themselves into the most extravagant systems of the materialists; they become of necessity Nihilists—that is to say, destructive of all religious schemes, of politics, economical and social. . . . It may be well to recall here the just reasonings of Mons. Eugene Nus (in his *Grands Mystères*): 'The morals of a country, incarnated in the manners and written in the laws, flow from its religion.' . . . Several pages, most ably elaborating the views expressed above, and well worth a literal translation (Prince Adéka warmly advocating the introduction into Russia of Spiritualism, which he thinks would be eagerly accepted, must be put aside for the present, awaiting events.

The Supernatural:—Considerations concerning the origin and the useful consequences of apparitions," etc. This is a part of the title of a new book by M. François Vallés, President of the Psychological Society of Paris. The *Revue* says that the subject "is treated with a competence, with a clearness, with good sense, and with a logic that slumbers not for an instant; that the author is an erudite mathematician, a graduate of the Polytechnic School, and has been Inspector General of bridges and ways. His words in this work are chosen with much circumspection as regards their exact significance; and upon the whole it is a work of much importance.

Our learned confrère, Mons. Flammarion, publishes a new work on astronomy, which will be of more importance to the public in general than all that has preceded it. He says that to understand it no particular instruction is indispensable; that he uses no terms not easily understood; that with his maps of the heavens any one can find the stars, constellations, &c., as readily as they can any place on our globe by the aid of our common school atlases. It should be placed without delay in all our institutions of learning; for, as the author says, "not one in a hundred knows anything (regarded sidérally) of the planet he lives upon nor of those that roll around him," and he mourns over the total neglect of a science which would contribute so largely to our enjoyments. "La noblesse," he adds, "of our beautiful science is old. A thousand years before the crusaders our ancestors observed the heavens as we do to-day; and in spite of political revolutions, of blood shed in war (an opprobrium to humanity), independent of the follies and crimes of conquerors, the study of the heavens has been preserved to us. So we have the satisfaction to re-assemble to-day the observations made two thousand years since on the brilliant orbs over our heads: those of Hipparchus—127 years B. C.; of the Persian Abd-al-Rahman-al-Sufi, about 960 of our era; of the Tartar Ulugh-Belgh, in 1430; of Tycho-Brabé, in 1590, etc., etc."

A lengthy review of Mr. Renan's new work, "Marcus Aurelius," occurring here, from the able pen of Mons. Fauvety, might be transcribed in full to the entire approval of the readers of the *Banner*; but a brief summary only can be given. It first enters a protest against a statement of Mons. Renan, to wit: "The design of Christianity was not in any way the perfectionment of human society." "The contrary is the truth," says Mons. F. "It was a fundamental of evangelical doctrine—the 'bonne nouvelle' (*Evangelion*) under which the world has been tremulous (*tressaillant*) for eighteen centuries. . . . The New Testament shows on every page that Christianity was not solely to bring to man a new method of comprehending God, but a new manner by which man should comprehend his relations to his fellowman." He considers that Mons. Renan, with all his great abilities, has trusted to "the letter which kills, to the neglect of the spirit which vivifies." . . . Imbibing views from the sad wheel-ruts in which the various denominations have made their scandalous exhibits—Roman, Greek or Protestant. . . . Mons. Renan says in reference to that passage: "It is given to you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to those without (the profane) it is not given,"

etc.: "It is a misfortune of the times that obliges the revelator, the thinker, the philosopher, the prophet, to cover with a veil, myths, fables, symbols"; and to such thoughts as here naturally arise, Mons. R. adds his views (through many pages), characteristic of his shrewdness and learning.

#### BELGIUM.

The *Messenger*, of Liege (1st and 15th of December), is almost wholly taken up with two subjects (continued from month to month)—"Spiritualism in Antiquity," and "God and the Creation." In the latter Mons. René Caillé leads us again among the wonders of the stellar world; in the former, Dr. Wahn "exposes the chronology of various religions, beginning with Genesis and commenting upon its moral, historical and scientific value. Whatever can withstand modern research and scrutiny will be a gem of no little worth. The *Messenger* notices, also, at some length "Spiritualism before the Anglican Council," quoting Canon Wilberforce's remarks in full, and Mr. John Fowler's, as reported in the *Newcastle Daily Journal*. "Spiritualism in Nantes," from the *Courier* of that city, gives an impartial and vivid exposition of the proceedings of the Spiritualistic Society at its recent anniversary celebration there, where our able and eloquent brother, Mons. Denis, discoursed for an hour and a half, to a charmed audience, of the aims and claims and revelations of Spiritualism. The evening's social gathering is also admitted by the editor of the *Courier* to have been a very enjoyable affair, and in every way worthy of respect and commendation.

The *Moniteur*, of Brussels, (15th Dec.) opens with an article on the "Tower of Babel"—comments on a recital, in the *Gazette* of Brussels, of proceedings of the Superior of the Carmelites of Bagdad, which resulted in his placing upon the ruins of the tower of Babel a statue of the Virgin. "Blessing it, he left it," says the writer, "well fixed, no doubt, so that the voyager can salute it from a distance, offer it his homage, and implore its protection. This innocent example, elsewhere so frequent, of Catholic idolatry is not astonishing; but it does astonish us to read in the *Siccle* that the said Church dignity was happy in finding where the real tower stood (if it ever existed), for he says, 'I have for a long time searched to discover the place.'"

"Spiritualism in Brazil" follows the above with a notice of the new spiritualistic journal (not received lately at the office of the *Banner of Light*), established at Rio Janeiro by the "Société académique," etc. This Society, existing by permission of the Government, is likely to endure, and the two numbers of its monthly, which came to hand, gave much promise of a prosperous permanence.

Favorable change in England" regarding Spiritualism—based on the proceedings of the clerical Congress at Newcastle—and "Communications Interplanétaires" from the *Barcelona Revista*—placing high value



tions from the spirit-world are recognized by forty millions of believers, there is a reasonable foundation for our faith. "Spiritualism from a Scientific Standpoint" is next learnedly discussed. M. Camille Flammarion's eloquent address (in part) recently delivered at the tomb of Allan Kardec, concludes the present issue of the *Revista*. There is no class of intelligent people who would not commend this new periodical for its dignity and learned exposition of what our religion teaches.

*La Revista Espiritista*, of Montevideo, for November, is filled with contributions from the pen of its editor, Don Justo de Espada, with one exception—"Advice and Lesson," from the "Angel Guardian." Under the heading of "From all parts they go to Rome," D. E. shows that "for the same cause that the early Christians were termed the hallucinated or fools, spiritualists are so called to-day;... that we believe in the axiom that the human spirit is never weary in its work of progression; for as there is an immutable law behind all which makes advance, advance, a necessity, new issues must accrue. This sentiment is one of the qualities constituting our moral nature and has the identical origin with that imposed upon material organizations, however varied the manifestations of either." D. E.'s articles on "Love of Country" and "Ingratitude" are worthy of note; but I must reserve a line or two for the other contributor, "The Angel Guardian," who says that "Man must not live for himself only, but for all the members of human society," (and, it might be added, of the lower orders of creation), "seeking to promote its good, and in so doing divest himself of his own vices, the causes of social evils, his pride, hypocrisy, egotism," etc.

*La Constancia*, of Buenos Ayres, opens its latest issue with a plain but noble defense of "Modern Spiritualism"—a reply, in fact, to an attack upon it by a "Professor Puiguari of the University," who, as is customary with our opponents, seizes upon its alphabet, its mere table-tings, to the exclusion of the testimony of the most scientific men of our age. But a few brief paragraphs cannot do justice to twenty pages of clear reasoning and citations from eminent authors, including those with whom we are familiar—Judge Edmonds, Tallmadge, Sargent, M. A. (Oxon), R. D. Owen, et al.—not omitting those of ancient renown, with which this scholarly writer, Don Cosme Marino, is evidently familiar. I will venture to quote one paragraph: "The Zend-Avesta, the Zohar, the Theologia of the Druids, the Prophets, Moses, Jesus, Origen, and the principal part of the fathers of the church, have proclaimed or defined the most important principles of Spiritual Philosophy."

The next article which enriches the "Constancia" is from the pen of Mme. Soler, on the sufferings of a mother and a son incarcerated as blamable for the death of the husband and father, who had committed suicide. Justice, which I had not expected from a Spanish court, and liberty followed, with a triumphal procession.

Mlle. Sanz, who was one of the very acceptable writers for *La Luz*, of Barcelona, has here also an attractive article on "The Remembrances of a Voyage."

## ITALY.

*Annali Dello Spiritalismo*, Turin, for December, with unflattering interest, Visconti Solajot continues his labors on the history of religions (translated here from the Spanish to the Italian), embracing a communication from the renowned spirit, Marietta. This latter says here: "Eden will never be closed again. From no one is withheld the necessary force to conquer it. There is no one who cannot be aided in his reason and will. . . In the house of the Father no one can enter by surprise, for everything must be legitimately acquired. . . Should jubilant triumph precede the fatigues of labor? Perhaps not, or the palpitations of joy may be turned into stings of remorse," etc.

Following the above are: "Observations on Universal Life"; "Thoughts of Lao-tse, the Chinese Sage"; "The World of the Spirits"; "Communication From the Spirit of Giorgio Jan"—themes of general interest to Spiritualists, but that cannot be abridged to advantage. The next number of the *Annali* enters upon the tenth year of its publication. Among the many periodicals I am favored with, few have so thoroughly maintained the even tenor of its way. Its record of spiritual progress is, however, always quite meagre, or lacking entirely.

## GERMANY.

The *Psychische Studien*, of Leipzig, for December, three numbers of *Der Sprechsaal*, also of Leipzig, and four numbers of *Licht, mehr Licht*, Paris, are in hand. With the next number the *Psychische Studien* enters upon its ninth year. It has doubtless wielded great influence in Germany and wherever the German language is spoken. If I could do justice to its able contributors, I should, when space permitted, make lengthy extracts; but I must generally only notice its contents. The present issue opens with an article on Prof. Zöllner's "Transcendental Physics"; extracts from American papers relative to Mrs. and Mr. Roff, and "Theory and Criticism" of Davis's "Principles of Nature." The others are on Mrs. Louisa Andrews's work on Spiritualism, and a contribution from the able pen of Prof. C. Wittig. Among the minor items is a notice from the *Banner of Light* of Prof. Felton's views of Spiritualism.

*Der Sprechsaal*, the popular and cheap weekly, is overflowing with material for thought—lengthy articles, in fact, on "Modern Spiritualism"—with correspondence from Dresden and other important points, and an occasional extract from the *Banner of Light*.

*Licht, mehr Licht*, published in Paris, in English type, is also one of the most inviting of weeklies which come to my hands; and to enumerate even its varied contents would take too much room here. It must be seen to be appreciated.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*La Chaine Magnetique* and the *Journal du Magnetisme*, Paris, for December, have been received. The former contains, as usual, a small engraving illustrative of some topic under consideration: in this instance a subject mesmerized by Mr. Kuhlman, who is enabled to stand on the extremities of the legs of said subject while they are extended on a plane with the seat of the chair on which he is sitting. "The Success of Magnetism in Belgium" (Mr. Hansen, operator), and "Public Health," with a lengthy poem, highly commended, from the pen of the late lamented Mons. L. F. Clavaire, are the principal attractions of the present number. The *Journal du Magnetisme* has articles respectively on "The Beauties of Magnetism," "Magnetizing at a Distance," "Magnetic Sleep," and a lengthy communication, on the "Origin and End of Worlds," from the pen of Mons. Camille Flammarion.

*Op de Grenzen van Twee Werelden*, etc. This

handsome Dutch magazine, edited by Mme. Van Calcar, begins its present issue with a lengthy notice of the celebrated English instructor in magnetism, Miss Chandos Leigh Hunt. This is followed by one treating of George Fox, Jacob Böhm and others, and by Mme. Calcar's notes on Dr. Blöde's Spiritualism, embracing the names of Dr. Crowell, Mr. Newton, and Mrs. Stowe; but I am unable to transcribe any portion of it.

*Deutsche Zeitung*, published in Charleston, S. C., seems to be almost wholly devoted to business, though it has occasionally published articles on Spiritualism. The price of it is only \$2.50 a year.

*Le Guide du Peuple*. I have received No. 8 of the first volume of this new paper, published at Glen's Falls, N. Y., and edited by Mr. J. O. D. de Bondy. It is a large, handsomely-printed weekly of four pages, price \$2.50 a year. It is full of news, of well-selected articles; but I see in it no mention of Spiritualism.

*Rol-Luggaren*, a Swedish and English paper, published at Litchfield, Minn., price \$1.00 a year. It is highly radical—"Usury is Theft," etc.—leading one of its articles; and though advocating temperance, is, I think, too intemperate, in language and suggestion, to make good citizens of its readers. I see no Spiritualism in it.

## THE JOURNALIST.

As shakes the canvas of a thousand ships,  
Struck by a heavy land-breeze, far at sea,  
Tiptoe the thousand broad sheets of the land,  
Piled with the people's breath of potency.

A thousand images the hour will take  
From him who strikes, who rules, who speaks, who sings.  
Many within the hour their grave to make,  
Many to live, far in the heart of things.  
A dark-eyed spirit he, who coils the time,  
To virtue's wrong, in base disloyal lies;  
Who makes the morning's breath, the evening's tide,  
The utterer of his blighting forgeries.

How beautiful who scatters, wide and free,  
The gold-bright seeds of love and loving truth!  
By whose perpetual hand, each day supplied,  
Leaps to new life the empire's heart of youth.  
To know the instant, and to speak it true,  
Its passing lights of joy, its dark, sad cloud,  
To fix upon the unnumbered gazers' view,  
Is to thy ready hand's broad strength allowed.  
There is an inward life in every hour,  
Fit to be chronicled at large and told.  
Fit time to shine to light the secret inner,  
And on the air its inward truth unfold.  
The angel that in sand-droplets minutes lives,  
Demands a message, cannot pass the hour,  
Who stuns, with dusk red words of hate, his ear,  
That mighty power to boundless wrath engages.  
—Cornelius Matthews.

## PROMONITION OF ASSASSINATION.

Col. Rockwell, an intimate friend of the late Mr. Garfield, has an article in the January *Century*, entitled "From Mentor to Elberon," which recites in a touching manner the history, particularly, of the later occurrences in the life of the murdered President. In the course of the sketch occurs the following concerning Mr. Garfield's mother and the warning she received of his approaching dissolution. When she was leaving Washington, after her son's inauguration, Col. Rockwell states "he [Garfield] accompanied her to the train with a friend who was to be her escort," and then proceeds as follows:

"Her last remark to him, as he was about bidding her farewell, acquired, in the light of his fate, a new and startling significance, as another of those inexplicable premonitions of evil to which I have before referred. With great earnestness she said: 'James, I wish you to take good care of yourself, for I am afraid somebody will shoot you.' 'Why, mother,' he asked in astonishment, 'who would wish to shoot me?' When asked recently by a friend, why she had addressed this caution to her son, she said, 'I do not understand; I only know I felt that I must.' This incident possesses an added interest when it is remembered that several months before the meeting of the Chicago Convention, without previous allusion to the subject, she suddenly and bluntly said to her son: 'James, you will be nominated at Chicago next June!'"

## FOREIGN ITEMS.

The interest in the phenomena of Spiritualism is on the rise in Paris, owing to the presence of Mr. J. C. Hux, of London, who is giving séances for materialization. Mr. Leymarie, editor of the *Revue Spirite*, writes eulogistically of Mr. Hux as a sincere and upright man, and the manifestations as satisfactory. The *London Court Journal* gives a report from St. Petersburg that for several nights the late Emperor, Alexander II., appeared at the altar of the cathedral, in that city, clothed in a richly-braided military cloak, and accompanied by a aide-de-camp. "The reigning Czar, it is said, has issued strict orders to the police to seize, if possible, the intruder, in order to ascertain whether the thing is really flesh and blood."

The able reply of Dr. B. B. Brittan to Rev. Dr. Hawley, has been re-published in London in pamphlet form for general circulation.

Spiritualism is, above all, a science of observation, and its conclusions are proved in a rational and natural manner, viz., by an appeal to hard and stubborn facts, the evidence of which cannot be denied. Opinions and theories may be annulled by time, but not so any fact which has once been found to be true after fair and partial examination. Thus, spiritual phenomena having been tried and tested by thousands of individuals in all countries, the only logical conclusion at which we can arrive is, that no matter how long and strenuously they may be denied on *a priori* ground, sooner or later they will, in spite of all opposition and ridicule, come to be universally acknowledged as true. It required but extended knowledge of natural laws to establish the truth of Galileo's proposition concerning the motion of the earth. Had he given no proof of his assertion, it might still have been disbelieved, but all denial falls before a knowledge of the principle. So it is with Spiritualism. It requires but a recognition of its absolute foundation upon facts governed by natural laws to render it capable of universal acceptance. Those who deny the possibility of spiritual phenomena are in the same false position as those who denied the motion of the earth. They prejudice and declare them absurd, even as a belief in the Antipodes was once held in light esteem.—"A New Basis of Belief," by J. S. Farmer.

Says the *Denver Times*: "From twenty to thirty-five miles from Denver, between Cherry Creek and Running Creek, the Denver and New Orleans Railroad forces struck an unusual obstruction, it being nothing less than a buried forest. The trees are all petrified and agatized, are of all sizes, and lie buried at various depths, from ten to twenty-five feet, which as deep as any excavations were made by the workmen. They came upon these relics of a bygone age in at least half a dozen localities, and have met with not a little difficulty in excavating them. The trees are so perfect, and could be taken out nearly whole if suitable machinery was employed."

A rheumatic old gentleman whose son was careless about shutting the front door after him, called out to him one cold day, when he had left the door swinging wide, "See here, young man, you leave that door open too much!" "Do I?" was the response. "Then how much open shall I leave it?" "I mean you leave it open too often!" thundered the old gentleman. "Oh, well, how often shall I leave it open?" politely inquired the son. The father did not dare trust himself to reply.

Hop Bitters strengthens, builds up and cures continually, from the first dose.

## Verifications of Spirit-Messages.

## DAIRY STANCHFIELD.

We are informed by a lady from Elmira, N. Y., that the communication of DAIRY STANCHFIELD, printed in the *Banner of Light* of Jan. 21st, is correct. She says that Dr. Stanchfield, who is a prominent physician of Elmira, lost a son named Barton, about a year and a half ago, a promising young man, who died at Princeton College, as stated by him in the message.

## MRS. PHILENA COLE.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*: I find in the *Banner of Light* of Dec. 24th a message from Mrs. PHILENA COLE. Her son-in-law's name is Garrit Louis. They were near neighbors of mine some years since. I knew Mrs. Cole made her home with her children, and have seen her at her daughter's. One of the first mediums I ever met with was her granddaughter, Miss Philena Louis (since married and gone West). I think Mr. Louis still lives in Hannibal.

I have read the Message Department for years expecting to hear from a dear sister, who promised she would go to the *Banner of Light* office, and if possible send me a message. She was a Spiritualist and a medium.

## MRS. H. P. MANEY.

Onondaga Valley, N. Y., Jan. 4th, 1882.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*: In the *Banner of Light* of the 24th inst. I find a communication from Mrs. PHILENA COLE, claiming to have lived in Hannibal, Mo., forty-four years. I was quite well acquainted with her for many years. The first time I ever saw her son-in-law, Garrit Louis, came and took me to see her, as she had been a cripple for many years, unable to go without crutches. I made magnetic passes over her person with my hands for a few minutes, and then she was enabled to lay aside her crutches, and dispense with their use. This was between twenty and thirty years ago. She then lived with Mr. Louis in West Monroe, Oswego Co., N. Y., and moved with him to Hannibal, N. Y., where she lived with him till she died. She was a firm Spiritualist; and so are her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Louis. She was a constant reader of the *Banner of Light*, in which she took great comfort.

## L. HAKES.

Westbury, Cayuga Co., N. Y., Dec. 31st, 1881.

## WILLIAM HALLER.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

In the issue of the *Banner of Light* of Dec. 31st, I received a message of W. H. HALLER, which I think is very characteristic of him. About thirty years ago we both belonged to a Labor Reform Association, of Cincinnati. He was always agnostic, and inclined to materialism; was a prominent speaker, and very often used the expression that he lacked education. He obtained some notoriety, and was elected one of the Councilmen of Cincinnati; but toward the last he became very radical on Socialism. Probably a few years since he will verify his message. As he says in his message, he was well known all about Cincinnati.

## CHARLES JOHNSON.

Smith's Landing, Ohio, Jan. 3d, 1882.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*: In the Message Department of the *Banner of Light* of Dec. 31st, I find a message from Wm. HALLER, which I wish to identify: having been acquainted with him in times past, and also having heard of his death in the hospital in Cincinnati at the time it occurred.

As the message asserts, he was a man without education, but still of an active and positive turn of mind, and lacked only culture to have made a very fine orator. His views were socialistic, as his message indicates, and his ideas of the end of the world were materialistic. The message is characteristic of the man.

## O. B. LISHER.

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 1st, 1882.

## "LOTELA" FOR "DEWDROP."

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

I wish to bear evidence to a communication in Message Department of Dec. 24th, given by Spirit "LOTELA" for "DEWDROP," that she is one of my band, controlling a lady medium in Utica, N. Y.; that it is recognized true in every part, and has since been verified by her, also by both the other spirits mentioned. "The Eastern Spirit" is very desirous to control, and will as soon as the permit of Miss Shelhamer (*God bless her*) will permit, as "One from the East." I wonder this department of the paper is not highly prized by every one, it bears such positive proof. I ask one of my band to give evidence that they can identify themselves by going three hundred miles away to a strange medium, which in two cases they have done so perfectly that any one who ever heard their control recognizes it at once, and come, and also write me, to congratulate me and them of their success. I enclose donation to Free Circle Fund. Congratulating you upon the enlargement of the *Banner of Light*, and the good work it is doing, I am fraternally yours,

W. B. LORR.

Utica, N. Y., Jan. 4th, 1882.

## EDGAR S. NICHOLS.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

The communication from EDGAR S. NICHOLS (spirit without the 2nd) in your issue, Dec. 31st, is well calculated to give names, &c. It adds another effective testimony to the reliability of the Message Department. It is well that such an avenue is open whereby the loved ones may return and tell us there is no death, and beckon to the better land.

Fraternally, WM. FOSTER, JR.

Providence, R. I., Jan. 7th, 1882.

## CHARLES M. PIERCE, ETC.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

I saw a report from your circle last week from CHARLES M. PIERCE, of this city, printed Dec. 31st. It was well calculated to give names, &c. He was a master mason, and employed a good many men up to ten years ago.

Another was one about a year ago reported from EDWARD C. JONES, a wealthy whaling merchant. One peculiarity of his was in choosing his ship-masters: He inquired who and what were their mothers. If they were not smart he did not want them.

HON. THOMAS DAVIS ELIOT was reported some two years ago. He had been a Member of Congress from this District, and all right. I talked with him while he was in Washington on the subject of Spiritualism, and he said he dare not look at it. He was a Unitarian in strong belief.

HON. ISAAC C. TAYLOR reported some four or five years ago. He had been Mayor of our city. He reported a conversation with Elder Moses Howe on the subject of Spiritualism.

Yours truly, L. C. RAY.

New Bedford, Mass., Jan. 7th, 1882.

In these days, when Prof. Phelps, of Andover, is preaching up a new crusade on the old-time "Satanic" plane, thinking people will do well to read that pertinent work by Allen Putnam, Esq., entitled, "WITCHCRAFT OF NEW ENGLAND EXPLAINED BY MODERN SPIRITUALISM"; Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, have it on sale.

Read "ZÖLLNER'S TRANSCENDENTAL PHYSICS," by EPES SARGENT—HIS LAST GREAT WORK PREVIOUS TO HIS DECEASE—A BOOK REPLETE WITH FACTS, SHOWING THAT THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY IS A NATURAL SCIENCE, AND CONSEQUENTLY NOT OUTSIDE OF NATURE. IT SHOULD BE IN THE HANDS OF EVERY INVESTIGATOR IN THE WORLD.

Colby & Rich have the work on sale at the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

"THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF SPIRITUALISM," BY EPES SARGENT—HIS LAST GREAT WORK PREVIOUS TO HIS DECEASE—A BOOK REPLETE WITH FACTS, SHOWING THAT THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY IS A NATURAL SCIENCE, AND CONSEQUENTLY NOT OUTSIDE OF NATURE. IT SHOULD BE IN THE HANDS OF EVERY INVESTIGATOR IN THE WORLD.

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Visits in the Spirit-World.  
The Hells crammed with hypocrites.  
Sights Seen in Horror's Camp.  
Velocity of Spirit Locomotion.  
Other planets and their people.

Experiences of Spirits High and Low.

John Jacob Astor's Deep Lament.

Stewart Exploring the Hells.

Quakers and Shakers in the Spirit-World.

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The Apostle John's Home.

Brachmans in Spirit-Life.

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SPIRIT WORKS;

Real but not Miraculous.

A Lecture read at the City Hall in Roxbury, Mass., on the Evening of Sept. 21st, 1853.

BY ALLEN PUTNAM.

This lecture, delivered in Roxbury, Sept. 21st, 1853, and repeated in the *Banner of Light*, Nov. 1st, 1853, was, though preceded by several addresses by Leroy Sunderland, A. L. Newton, J. M. Spear and others, in smaller rooms, the first of the kind ever given in this city. It was a landmark in the history of Spiritualism in this country, and the first to be printed through the press and by poster, and the first to be printed in pamphlet form. Through the author's efforts it is now being re-issued, and contains some allusions to local and transient events, it is interesting and valuable because of its connection with the history of Spiritualism.

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A CRITICAL REVIEW



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## The London Psychological Review

For January has come to hand. Its contents are: Programme for 1882; Notes and Comments Retrospective and Prospective; Monthly Summary of Contemporary Spiritual Opinion; Personal Reminiscences of Epes Sargent, by Mr. A. (Oxon), copious extracts from which may be found on our twelfth page; Another Symposium: Some Thoughts Regarding the Mystical Death; The Great Kingsbury Puzzle. Of course the reader is aware that this magazine is devoted to Spiritualism and Psychological Research. It is sought by the publisher to make it cosmopolitan, with agencies in Chicago, Ill., and in Melbourne, Australia. Our London correspondent, M. A. (Oxon), who takes quite an interest in the Review, is one of its regular correspondents. In regard to this periodical he writes to us as follows:

"The Psychological Review, I am told, begins the year with increased size, and is to be published so that an American sale may be secured for it. I was very anxious during the time when my dear friend, Epes Sargent, was alive on this earth to get him to join me in doing a good International Magazine. We never carried out our plan; but I am glad to think it may be done yet. It is, eight or a dozen good American writers would contribute one paper or two each in the year, the Review would contain the best thoughts of the Spiritualists of the two countries. That is worth doing a great deal to get. I open the year with a paper on my 'Personal Reminiscences of Epes Sargent,' with extracts from our correspondence, and a review of his works." It will run through four or five numbers, and I hope may interest many of your readers."

In another part of this paper will be found an official announcement made by the American Spiritualist Alliance of New York regarding the new work which is to go on under its auspices in the department of secular press correspondence. It gives us pleasure to note that Prof. S. D. Brittan has been chosen Chairman of the committee having the matter in charge—his admirable management as Editor-at-Large for two years past demonstrating to the highest degree his fitness for the post. It will be seen that Judge Cross is Secretary, and Prof. Henry Kiddle Corresponding Secretary. Information reaches us that at the same election at which these officers were chosen several gentlemen were appointed by ballot as corresponding members of the Bureau, their duties being the preparation of articles for the press, also the interchange of mutual advice and suggestions. Among these latter are mentioned Rev. Joseph Hull, C. Edwards Lester, L. Colby, A. E. Newton, Dr. E. Crowell, Frank L. Burr (of the Hartford Times), and others.

Among the jarring elements incident to an editor's arduous labors it is pleasant to know that our work is fully appreciated by minds competent to judge, hence we place the following on record from our esteemed foreign correspondent, M. A. (Oxon):

"Dear Bro. Colby—On the eve of a new year I write a few words of personal good wishes for yourself and for the Banner. May you be prosperous, healthy and well in body and spirit! May your paper continue to flourish and abound! It is a marvel to me how you can collect week by week such a mass of good material. The Banner, always notable as an organ of Spiritualist opinion, is now a phenomenon. I heartily and cordially wish it a sustained life of usefulness. It is hard to wish it more, for it seems to have touched the summit."

The London Psychological Review, in alluding to articles published in the Banner of Light for Nov. 12th and Dec. 3d, speaks in the following praiseworthy terms of one of our regular correspondents:

"John Wetherbee is full of quaint sagacity in his paper on 'What Spiritualism has taught me.' We are glad to see that this subject is to be treated in a series of papers, of which this is the first. A quarter of a century of experience has qualified a singularly clear mind to deal with a tangled subject."

It also says that "the local items, contributed over the well-known signature of Cephas, are models of lucid brevity."

By the official statement in another column it will be seen that a Spiritual Bethesda is to be established in our midst. This is a capital move in the right direction, and we earnestly hope it may be a pecuniary success, as we know it will be a spiritual one. Eight hundred dollars, we understand, have already been subscribed. There seems to be a necessity for just such institutions in different parts of the country. Those who possess the divine gift of mediumship need the tenderest care, and it is the duty of Spiritualists to render all the aid they possibly can in this direction.

We regret to announce that Mrs. Susan Nickerson Wirt, one of our most prominent and trustworthy test mediums—through whom many highly reliable people have in the past testified that they have received indubitable evidence of the verity of spirit communion—lies dangerously ill at her residence in Boston. She has been sick ever since her return from Europe, whither she went last summer with a hope of recovering her health, which had been sadly depleted by the arduous labors incident to her position. We trust she will be spared to this community, for her loss would be widely felt.

So many burglaries, in the night time especially, are occurring in this State, it seems to us absolutely necessary that our Legislature enact a more stringent law for the suppression of the evil. Make the penalty twenty years in the State Prison, and the Commonwealth would soon be rid of this class of criminals.

The reception given to Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Newton, 128 West 43d street, New York, on Saturday night, Jan. 14th, was largely attended, and all present united in the opinion that they had passed a very enjoyable evening.

INFORMATION WANTED OF THE whereabouts of Mr. Isaac Esta, a magnetic healer. Any person knowing his present address will oblige by sending the information to this office.

Read J. L. Ditson's account (on first page) of what he witnessed in presence of Mrs. Farn, materializing medium, 14 Dover street, Boston.

Dr. J. W. Van Namee, who has been seriously ill at New Haven, Conn., for several weeks, has now recovered sufficiently to resume business. See his card in another column. In company with Rev. J. H. Beale, late of the M. E. Church, he will answer calls for lectures, illustrated by psychometric readings, etc. Address 6 Orange street, New Haven.

The Fair at Boffin's Bower, 1031 Washington street, Boston, opened on Tuesday last. It is for the purpose of raising funds to furnish free dinners for poor girls and women out of employment. Contributions of money and goods may be left with Macmillan, Parker & Co., 400 Washington street, or with Jennie Collins, at the Bower. This is a blessed work and should be well patronized.

## Aid for Charles H. Foster.

In a recent issue we took occasion to call the attention of the kindly disposed generally, and Spiritualists particularly, to the fact that Charles H. Foster—whose name as that of a powerful, genuine and satisfactory medium of communication between the two spheres of being is a household word in Europe and America—was an inmate of the Danvers (Mass.) Hospital for the Insane, and was there ranked among the "Incurables," his naturally strong constitution having overcome a severe attack of typhoid fever, under the strain of which his mind yielded.

We at that time spoke of the unfavorable financial condition of Mr. Foster, and the necessity of something being done to aid in supporting him at the Hospital, since, as an incurable, he could no longer remain there without expense. To the call then made we have already had several favorable and practical answers, the senders whereof will please accept our thanks, as well as those of Mr. Foster's aged parents and intimate personal friends.

It is desired to raise during at least one year, and longer if required, the sum of \$500 upward per week for the support of Mr. Foster in the Asylum specified, and those who are willing to aid in this laudable work can do so by forwarding direct any sums of money which they may feel to give, to Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, or to John B. Betts, Esq., 26 Hardy street, Salem, Mass. These donations will be gratefully acknowledged—in such terms of mention as the senders may indicate—in the columns of the Banner of Light, and the money faithfully appropriated for the comfort and benefit of Mr. Foster, and, in some degree, should it prove necessary, of his aged parents also. We trust that this proposition may receive a generous endorsement.

The following sums in furtherance of this object have thus far been received:

Colby & Rich, Boston, Mass.	\$25.00
Mrs. Wm. Mumford, Boston, Mass.	10.00
Harry Edwards, New York City	10.00
Chas. Dwight, Boston, Mass.	5.00
Wm. A. Atkins, Proseutown, Mass.	5.00
T. F. Hazard, Philadelphia, Pa.	25.00
Thomas H. Lynn, New York	5.00
Mary J. King, Albany, N. Y.	5.00
J. H. Angell, Red Bank, N. J.	5.00

On Thursday evening, Feb. 2d, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Bliss, the well-known materializing mediums of Providence, R. I., will hold a séance at their residence, No. 47 Greenwich street, for full form manifestations—the entire proceeds of this séance to be donated to the Charles H. Foster Fund. An admission fee of \$1.00 will be charged on this occasion. This is an example worthy of being imitated by other mediums throughout the country, and Spiritualist Societies as well.

## BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

Who is more restless at heart, more frequently fretted, or more grievously enraged, than a lover of himself? This is the case as often as he is not honored according to the pride of his heart, or when anything does not succeed according to his wish and pleasure.—Swedenborg's "Divine Providence," 250.

The subscription books of the American Quick Transit Steamship Company—donated ships—have been closed, the capital stock being all subscribed for.

Uncle Samuel's domain is being populated rapidly. A new "territory" is soon to be established, to be called "North Dakota." We predict that inside of fifty years there will be one hundred States in the Union.

The electric light has come to stay, is the opinion of the public generally. The Boston Common, Public Garden, and other points in the Back Bay District, it is said, are to be lighted by this method. "But why not put the electric light in Haymarket Square, where there is more travel by night than in any other locality in the city, owing to the numerous avenues leading into it? A light of this description would do more service to a dozen police officers. We do hope that our new city government will take this fact into consideration, if it has not already done so, and grant the wishes of many of our best citizens."

The best charities are those which help people to help themselves. Our city is swarming with professional beggars, healthy men and women, who should go to work and earn their own living.

"Natural selection"—A young man in search of a sweetheart.

A formidable insurrection has been inaugurated in Herzegovina, and Austria is in arms to suppress it. The focus of the insurrection lies in the district which was the scene of the first uprising against the Turks in 1875.

N. W. AYER & SON'S AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ANNUAL contains full statistics of all Newspapers in the United States and Canada, descriptions of every County and State and their populations from the Census of 1880. Three dollars postpaid. N. W. Ayer & Son, Advertising Agents, Philadelphia.

Egypt is to be wrested from Turkey. It is only a matter of time.

The Fourteenth Annual Convention of the New England Labor Reform League meets in Science Hall, 712 Washington street, Boston, Sunday and Monday, Jan. 29th and 30th. Three sessions daily. Prominent speakers will address the Convention.

PERSONAL.—A man with fine magnetic power would like a situation as an attendant for an invalid. Address "B," 24 Concord street, Charlestown District, Boston, Mass.

The scythe of Time has mowed down many of our eminent citizens of late. The last in the mortality list is the name of Ex-Governor Bullock.

Innocence is the principle in which heaven most abundantly abides with man.—Swedenborg.

It is midwinter. The cold season, long delayed, caught us napping early Wednesday morning, Jan. 18th, with the mercury below zero, to the delight of ice-merchants and stable-keepers, and as Digby apostrophizes, the snow mantles the tranquil meadows, glistens upon the highlands, and crowns the mountains with regal beauty.

Canadian silver coin is short weight, viz., 5, 10, 20, 25 and 50 cent pieces, representing \$13.55, it has been ascertained, were actually worth only \$10 for old silver. They have been driven out of New York State by law.

The inhabitants of Africa in the pre-historic age were a highly educated and refined people.

The Commission of the general land office has completed a new map of the United States. It exhibits all the public land surveys, completed railroads, military and Indian reservations, and much other valuable information.

An effort is being made in Hartford to enforce an old blue law which makes concert-going on Sunday nights a penal offense.

What the Fire-Flend has done since our last issue: At Abilene, Kan., \$75,000; Indianapolis, Ind., \$10,000; Van Buren, Ark., \$20,000; Boston, \$7,000; Pittsburgh, Pa., \$65,000; Northampton, Mass., \$4,500; Franklin Grove, Ill., \$16,000; Mankato, Minn., \$15,000; Gardiner, Me., \$1,000; Glasgow, Scotland, \$225,000; Janesville, Pa., \$200,000; Hazlehurst, Miss., \$37,000; Newark, N. J., \$5,000; Swansey, N. H., \$35,000; Fort Fairfield, Me., \$4,000; Lewiston, Me., \$800; Pawtucket, R. I., \$2,000; Terre Haute, Ind., \$40,000; Bath, N. Y., \$13,000; Barre, Vt., \$1,600; Black Brook, N. Y., \$10,000; Quincy, Mass., \$5,000; Brainerd, Minn., \$10,000.

"Ah! somehow life is bigger after all Than any painted angel, could we see The God that is within us!"—Oscar Wilde.

In the Franco-German war the Germans lost over forty thousand men by disease or the casualties of battle, every one of whom was a picked man. In the full vigor of life, when he ought to have been adding to the wealth of the country.

The Rector: "A gentleman I know slightly is coming down from London, Farmer Groggins. Do you think you could board and lodge him for awhile?" Farmer Groggins: "Oh, yes, sir." "Z. I believe you will find him to be an immensely studious and deeply, very deeply religious young man." Farmer G.: "In which case, begging your pardon, sir, I expect my money in advance."—Fun.

## SECULAR PRESS BUREAU.

ORGANIZED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

S. B. BRITTAN, CH'N Bureau Com.

NELSON CROSS, Secretary.

HENRY KIDDLE, Cor. Secretary.

Subscriptions and contributions to the SECULAR PRESS BUREAU FUND should be forwarded to MESSRS. COLBY & RICH, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

## ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE COMMITTEE.

Corresponding Members of this Bureau are expected to call the attention of the Executive Committee to all articles in the secular and religious journals—adverse to the interests of Spiritualism—which may come to their notice; to prepare suitable papers for the Press, to be first submitted to the Bureau, and to otherwise aid in the work by their counsel and advice.

The friends of this enterprise everywhere—all who wish well of the SECULAR PRESS BUREAU—who would see the good work go on and prosper on a larger scale of usefulness, are respectfully admonished that the sinews of this holy war for Truth and against Error must be supplied by the People. All friends are therefore invited to contribute as they may be able to the Fund for this purpose, to the end that the service of the Bureau may be commensurate with the importance of its objects.

## AMOUNTS PAID IN FOR 1882.

Col. Moses Hunt (Charlestown Dist.), Boston, Mass.	\$25.00
Col. Gordon Bristol, Boston, Mass.	10.00
Chesman Miller, Beeksville, Ohio	5.00
Cash, Boston, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. H. J. Severance, Cambridge, Vt.	5.00

## AMOUNTS PAID TO PROF. S. D. BRITTAN, FOR THE YEAR ENDING DEC. 31, 1881.

Melville C. Smith, New York	\$25.00
Oak Leaf and Helping Hand	5.00
Charles Partridge, New York	20.00

## The Spiritual Bethesda.

It has been thought, by those having both the food of humanity and the progress of Spiritualism at heart, that the times are ripe for opening, in the city of Boston, an office-home for mediums, where skillful operators can be found by those in need of magnetic treatment, and where mediums can repair who cannot afford the expenses of an office.

With this object in view, and led by wise intelligence, the nucleus of such an organization has been formed, to be known as *The Spiritual Bethesda*, and liberal sums have already been subscribed therefor. A house on Hanson street, admirably adapted for the purpose, can be procured, and if adequate means are furnished, it will be opened early in March. It is for funds in order to organize fully and sustain such a healing-house, that a confident appeal is made to liberal Spiritualists everywhere; for, with the success of this undertaking, others will be opened in other cities so that Spiritual Bethsadas will take their places with the hospitals, asylums, infirmaries, and other great creative agencies of our land.

For the present the Bethesda is intended to be an office-home, or a healing centre. Those having rooms there through the day will live and lodge elsewhere, only coming at certain stated hours when they can be consulted, with or without money, according to the means of the patients seeking relief. But all poor persons will have the same attention paid them as the rich; and whatever ailments applicants may have, a healer suited to their peculiar wants will be found in one of the apartments of the building. In a word, it is intended that the place shall be a veritable Bethesda, like the famous pool of that name, having its five porches in Jerusalem, with this marked improvement: for there an angel went down only at certain seasons, after which those who bathed in the sacred waters were healed, while in our Bethesda angels of healing will be present at all seasons, to cure every infirmity and ailment which healing hands and wise intelligences can relieve.

All subscriptions in behalf of the Bethesda can be paid in monthly installments, if desired. Further particulars will be gladly furnished by the Executive Committee.

For the Executive Committee,  
W. J. COLVILLE, Chairman.  
TIMOTHY BIGELOW, Treasurer.

## Springfield (Mass.) Meetings.

At Gill's Hall, on Sunday, the 22d, "The Power of the Human Spirit" was Mr. Fletcher's subject for the afternoon—and his treatment of it opened a new and a new field of thought. The demands of the body, it was said, are so prepotent that they cannot be disregarded. We teach the child the alphabet and various branches of study, in order to develop the mind, but we ignore the power of the spirit, and fail to recognize its claim; and yet the spirit has endeavored to manifest itself in different ages of the world's history. The different forms of mediumship were dwelt upon at some length, as representing powers of the spirit. Mesmerism and psychometry were also shown to be factors of spiritual power.

At the close of the lecture a large number of test descriptions were given, after which Mr. Fletcher, the President, said it was desired to continue the meetings, and to avail themselves of the services of the present speaker. Remarks were also made by Mr. John H. Smith, Mr. Hart and others, and it was announced that the lectures would be continued, and Mr. Fletcher's services secured.

The evening a large audience assembled to listen to a lecture on the "Two Worlds," by Spirit Samuel Bowles. The effort was a fine one, and the tests that followed very convincing. On Friday evening the society held a social and dance; Mr. Fletcher gave his lecture upon Egyptian travel, and was assisted, very ably, by several of the young friends; the affair was in every way a success.

Mr. Fletcher can be consulted daily at 2 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

## Berkeley Hall Meetings.

Sunday, Jan. 22d, W. J. Colville addressed large audiences in Berkeley Hall; in the morning on "The Coming Religion, Churches and Ministers," in the afternoon on "Ingersoll and his Critics." In the course of their remarks Mr. Colville's guides said that Mr. Ingersoll is in some measure inspired; that iconoclastic work has to be done before a new structure can be erected, and that his great forte lies in his ability to make men think for themselves.

In the evening, at 7:30, Mr. Colville addressed an attentive audience in Temple of Honor Hall, Chelsea, on "The New Spiritual Year."

Sunday, Jan. 29th, he will speak in Berkeley Hall at 10:30 A. M., on "The Coming Man and Woman"; at 3 P. M., on "The Trial of Guileau," and the Lesson it Teaches the Nation." At 7:30 P. M. he will lecture in Chelsea on "The Next Step in Spiritual Development, National and Individual."

Mr. C. can be engaged to lecture out of Boston on Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday evenings. He continues to hold receptions at his residence, 30 Worcester Square, every Monday at 8 P. M., when his guides answer questions of general interest presented to them, and on Fridays, at 8 P. M., to discuss Spiritualism in History.

## Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

[Matter for this Department should reach our office by Tuesday morning to insure insertion the same week.]

Miss Susan M. Johnson has been engaged for a series of lectures before the West Side Association of Spiritualists, meeting in Union Park Hall, Chicago, Ill. She opens her engagement on the 20th.

Mr. E. W. Walls will speak for the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Fraternity on Sunday next; at 3 P. M., subject: "Man's Double Duty—to Gain the World and Save the Soul." At 7:30, "The Reality and Beauty of Spirit-Life." Monday evening, Jan. 30th, a farewell reception will be tendered to him in the conference room of Brooklyn Institute, at 7:30, when a pleasing programme will be provided. Wednesday, Feb. 1st, he will speak in New York.

Millon Rathbun's parlors, at 247 East 117th street, New York. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 2d and 3d, he will visit New Haven, Conn., speaking under the auspices of the Society there, and Sundays, Feb. 5th and 12th, he will occupy the Willamantic platform.

Jonas B. Hagan has spoken for the First Society of Spiritualists, at Willamantic, Conn., the first four Sundays of January. The 29th will be her last Sunday at that place. Miss Hagan, assisted by Mr. Fred E. Hamsell, gave an entertainment to Willamantic friends Jan. 17th, which was fully attended. During February and March address her Connecticut, O. care of George Hunt, agent.

On Sunday next Mrs. F. Dillingham speaks in Pratt's Hall, Salem, Vt., and in Lynn, Feb. 5th.

Mrs. A. E. Cunningham, platform test-medium, addressed the Spiritualists at East Braintree, Mass., Sunday the 15th. Her descriptions of spirits seen by her greatly interested the audience—many of them being recognized as those of departed friends of persons present. She can be addressed for engagements No. 6 Bond street, Lynn, Mass.

Geo. A. Fuller, of Dover, Mass., will lecture in Mechanic's Hall, Lynn, Mass., Jan. 29th, at 12:30 and 7:30. The subject of his evening lecture will be "Thomas Paine and His Works." Mr. Fuller will lecture in West Randolph, Vt., Feb. 5th, 19th and 26th; during the forthcoming Convention at Waterbury, Vt., 10th, 11th and 12th; in Portland, Me., March 5th, 12th, 19th and 26th; April 2d, in Leonchester, Mass., and the 9th, 10th, 23d and 30th at Chelsea, Mass., also at the same place, May 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th. Will make engagements for week-day evenings in the vicinity of his Sunday engagements. Terms reasonable.

A. Rothwell will be in Providence, R. I., for one week after Jan. 29th. His address will be 172 South Main street.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield, of Worcester, lectured for the Spiritualists of Wakefield, Mass., Jan. 22d, afternoon and evening, to general acceptance. Mrs. N. J. Willis, of Cambridgeport, will speak there Jan. 29th and Feb. 5th.

Information reaches us from Detroit, Mich., under date of Jan. 15th, that Mrs. Maud E. Lord recently met with a severe accident in that city whereby her ankle was severely sprained, and an old difficulty of the heart brought on again by the shock. Under the skillful treatment of Dr. Marvin, magnetic physician, and the care of a good nurse, she is improving—but our informant does not think it possible that she can leave Detroit before a month's time at least. Her expected visit to Boston will, therefore, be delayed for awhile.

Mrs. Zella S. Hastings will receive calls to lecture during the spring and summer in New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. Present address, Bartonville, Vt.; permanent address, East Whately, Mass.

Capt. H. H. Brown lectured at West Haven, Conn., Sunday, the 15th, giving great satisfaction to a deeply interested audience.

Dr. J. H. Rhodes, of Philadelphia, willing Jan. 1st, says: "Hon. Warren Chase filled our hall yesterday morning and evening with some of the most intelligent Spiritualists in the city, and all were much pleased with his remarks."

Edgar W. Emerson, of Manchester, N. H., will be with the Spiritualists of Epping, N. H., Jan. 29th; Peabody, Mass., Feb. 5th and 26th; Haverhill, Mass., Feb. 12th.

Mrs. J. H. Esty writes from Natick, Mass.: "Next Sunday, Jan. 29th, Joseph D. Stiles will give a lecture, followed by platform tests. Mr. Stiles has been here before, and we expect his name will fill the place of assembly. Our meetings are held in Child's Hall, which has been tastefully fitted up."

Abraham Smith, of Sturges, Mich., will answer calls to lecture, attend funerals, or solemnize marriages. He has spoken of late with excellent success in Grand Rapids, so a correspondent informs us.

Mrs. Clara A. Field spoke for the Spiritualists of Taunton, Mass., in Grand Army Hall, No. 1, on Sunday, Jan. 22d, to large and attentive audiences. The friends are endeavoring to raise funds, by subscription, to have regular meetings and open them free to the public. Societies wishing to engage Mrs. Field can address her at 19 Essex street, Boston, Mass.

Prof. J. R. Buchanan will lecture for the Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity Friday evening, Jan. 27th. Subject, "What Should be Done?"

Miss Jennie Rhind lectured and gave typical readings, Science Hall, 712 Washington street, Boston, Jan. 22d, and will lecture in the same hall Jan. 29th, at 2:30 P. M. Miss Rhind will answer calls for Sundays, and will attend circles on week-evenings. Address 19 Essex street, Boston.

Frank T. Ripley speaks and gives tests publicly in Onro, Wis., February and March. Societies within twenty miles distance can make week-evening engagements with him. He is open for engagements in May and June next.

W. Harry Powell, state-writing medium, will be at Tippecanoe City, Jan. 31st; Cincinnati, Feb. 3d. Friends between Cincinnati and Chicago can address him for engagements at Cincinnati Postoffice.

LYNN, MASS.—The meetings in Mechanic's Hall, under the direction of Dr. Geo. Dillingham, continue to be well attended. Mrs. A. L. Penell gave tests last Sunday to good acceptance. Geo. A. Fuller speaks there next Sabbath.

Chelsea.—The Spiritual Association holds meetings at 3 and 7 1/2 P. M. in Temple of Honor Hall, Old Fellows' Building, opposite the Bellingham Car Station. Next Sunday afternoon, conference. In the evening, W. J. Colville will occupy the platform. Subject of discourse, "The Next Step in Spiritual Development, National and Individual."

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first and subsequent insertions on the seventh page, and fifteen cents for every insertion on the eleventh page.

Special Notices, forty cents per line, *Minion*, each insertion.

Business Cards thirty cents per line, *Agate*, each insertion.

Notice in the editorial columns, large type, *Minion*, fifty cents per line.

Payments in all cases in advance.

Electrotypes or cuts will not be inserted.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Saturday a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis.  
Dr. Willis will be at the Quincy House, in Brattle St., Boston, every Wednesday and Thursday, till further notice, from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M. Jan. 7.

Mrs. Sarah A. Dinskin, Physician of the "New School," asks attention to her advertisement in another column.

J. V. Mansfield, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 61 West 42d street, New York. Terms, \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. Jan. 7.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMBINED PEN HOLDER. Will write without renewing the ink. Can be used with any pen. Invaluable to those who do continuous writing. Sent by mail for 50 cents, money or stamps. Address: J. B. ALLEN & CO., Louisville, Ky. Jan. 28.

## Elsie Reynolds

HAN moved to 359 Sixth Avenue, New York, where she will continue her Circles for Materializations. She will also make arrangements for private parties. Jan. 28.

MRS. C. H. LOOMIS, Trance Medium, gives diagnosis of disease on receipt of lock of patient's hair. Medicine suitable by mail. Enclose \$2. Magnetized Electric Treatments given. Hotel Van Rensselaer (Suite 4), 210 A Tremont street, Boston, Mass. Jan. 28.

MRS. A. D. WEBSTER, from Chicago, will give spirit communications at 30 Worcester square, Boston, Mass. 1st Jan. 28.

DR. CARPENTER'S powerfully Magnetized Paper and Catarrh Remedy, by mail, per package, 25 cents each. 210 A Tremont street, Boston, Mass. Jan. 28.—1st

## The American Popular Dictionary, \$1.00.

THIS useful and elegant volume is a complete library and encyclopedia, as well as the best Dictionary in the world. Superbly bound in cloth and gilt. It contains 1,000,000 words in the English, Latin, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. It is the only Dictionary of its kind, and is the only one that is so complete, so accurate, and so useful. It is the only one that is so cheap, and so easy to use. It is the only one that is so well adapted to the needs of the general reader, and so well adapted to the needs of the professional man. It is the only one that is so well adapted to the needs of the student, and so well adapted to the needs of the teacher. It is the only one that is so well adapted to the needs of the family, and so well adapted to the needs of the library. It is the only one that is so well adapted to the needs of the world, and so well adapted to the needs of the future. It is the only one that is so well adapted to the needs of the present, and so well adapted to the needs of the past. It is the only one that is so well adapted to the needs of the whole world, and so well adapted to the needs of the whole future. It is the only one that is so well adapted to the needs of the whole present, and so well adapted to the needs of the whole past. It is the only one that is so well adapted to the needs of the whole world, and so well adapted to the needs of the whole future. It is the only one that is so well adapted to the needs of the whole present, and so well adapted to the needs of the whole past. It is the only one that is so well adapted to the needs of the whole world, and so well adapted to the needs of the whole future. It is the only one that is so well adapted to the needs of the whole present, and so well adapted to the needs of the whole past. It is the only one that is so well adapted to the needs of the whole world, and so well adapted to the needs of the whole future. It is the only one that is so well adapted to the needs of the whole present, and so well adapted to the needs of the whole past. It is the only one that is so well adapted to the needs of the whole world, and so well adapted to the needs of the whole future. It is the only one that is so well adapted to the needs of the whole present, and so well adapted to the needs of the whole past. It is the only one that is so well adapted to the needs of the whole world, and so well adapted to the needs of the whole future. It is the only one that is so well adapted to the needs of the whole present, and so well adapted to the needs of the whole past. It is the only one that



Retained for the Honor of Flight.

Myths have all a foundation in reality: stars and suns, moons and comets, signs of the zodiac, all exist; nature is everywhere peopled; spiritual worlds exist veiled in outer semblance, and no matter how wild and weird the imaginings of untaught people, no story is so strange

An old proverb says, "Where ignorance is bliss 't is folly to be wise"; if an ignorant state is, in the estimation of any, a blissful one, it is not to be supposed that they will seek to exchange a blissful certainty for an uncertainty. If any minds are for the present completely satisfied with the cold negations of materialism; if its frigid theories are warm enough for them, it is not improbable that intellectual snows and ice are as congenial to some minds as are the polar regions to certain animals and men. The reindeer cannot abide the heat of Ceylon, while the dweller in the fragrant isle of spice and beauty would perish with cold almost instantly were he transported to Greenland. Prof. Tyndall, by no means a poor authority, has stated that his researches have convinced him that religious ceremonials are indigenous in certain

The great Galilean teacher says, "I am not come to destroy the law, but to fulfill," yet he repeals many Hebrew commands; but is there not a vast difference between the law in the singular and the laws in the plural number? The one law which every human being is morally bound to respect, has been variously interpreted and revealed by men in various ages of the earth's progress. The laws are the outgrowths of the law; and each manifestation of the law is a law, every law being an approximation toward a perfect exposure of the law. So with God and the gods: the gods are partial expressions of God; lives are manifestations of a portion of Life. Intergall may demolish the worship of the gods of antiquity, but God is as far beyond him as the sun is beyond the child who cries for it and wishes to possess and do as he will with it. The God of pure Theism can never be reached by any species of atheistic at-

Here in Boston among ourselves we need consolidation; we need to become a society recognized by the law, so that we can hold property and be acknowledged as a permanent institution.

From his residence, 476 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., Dec. 20th, Capt. Joseph Dexter, of heart-disease.

It has been for many years a firm believer in Spiritualism, and has been a member of the Boston Spiritualists' Association, and of the New England Spiritualists' Association, of Woburn, of Cambridge, Mass., standing hand-in-hand with his first wife, who passed away several years ago. A few months ago he was consigned to his earthly rest in a place at Woodlawn, Chelsea, where he was laid to rest by his wife (the well-known spiritual medium, Fannie G. Dexter), through the mediumship of Mrs. S. Dick, saying that by her aid he was able to see his first wife, and that she was able to sustain and guide her in her spiritual life, as a physician and test-medium. He leaves an only sister, who will be able to give the same assurance, and the assurance of the blessed truths of the Spiritual Philosophy.



ment of Science, at Belfast, Aug. 19th, 1874.  
Paper, 25 cents.  
For sale by COLBY & RICH.



BY-AND-BY.

By-and-by the evening falls,  
Sons of labor rest,  
Weary cattle seek the stalls,  
Rooks are in the nest,  
By-and-by the tide will turn,  
Change come o'er the sky,  
Life's hard task the child will learn  
By-and-by.

By-and-by the dim will cease,  
Day's long hours be past,  
By-and-by in holy peace,  
We shall sleep at last,  
Calm will be the sea and the rear,  
Calm will be the sea and the rear,  
Till and moil and weep no more,  
By-and-by.

The Rostrum.

From The Times, Chicago, Ill.

The Status of the Nation.

A DISCOURSE BY MRS. RICHMOND.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond delivered the following address before the First Society of Spiritualists, claiming to be under the influence of the spirit of Thomas Paine:

Absolute freedom is a pure idealism, the actualization of which must occupy the minds of statesmen and patriots in every age; but pure freedom cannot be realized until every mind is equally well balanced in its possessions, until a place is found for every intelligence, and the order that governs the material universe is discovered in human intelligence. Doubtless, in that infinite scale, all is order and harmony; but man is here for no purpose whatsoever unless it shall be, in his own way and method, to exemplify that order that is observable in the larger governing powers of the universe. What those governing powers may have or may intend for man, must be wisely veiled from human consciousness until such time as the infancy of nations is passed, and the maturer years of the manhood of freedom have been fully attained.

America is the beginning of a new system of government never before known, and never before tried on earth. While much in the freedom of her laws has been borrowed from the past, and every idea of freedom has been born a thousand times, they have never been nationalized or actualized until the present, and are only so in the smallest degree now. A casual glance at the past will satisfy you of this fact.

We are accustomed to suppose—and it is indeed true—that in the height of Grecian and Roman civilization all possible possessions of human safety and human intelligence were exemplified. But we must not mistake an intellectual aristocracy or autocracy for a democracy. We must not confound the empire of the intellect with the empire of republicanism. Spartan government was based upon such principles that only the select, cultured, and prepared mind could be its possessor; soldier and statesman alike could appreciate the possession; but one must be both to understand the meaning of a Spartan liberty. No weaklings found shelter there; there was no room in ancient Greece for either poverty or the allowance of idleness; there was no room for the absence of that thought which, under the severe discipline of physical exercise and culture, brought about alike a race of athletes and a race of statesmen. Spartan and stoic can well afford to stand chilled in the marble dome of history as sculptured images of perfected human thought without soul. Lycurgus, the founder of a system of laws, had a right to be termed a prophet; but all are not prophets who follow after prophets, and leaders possess souls that they are not able to impart to those who follow them. Therefore Greece lost her soul when Lycurgus fled, and the body and brain were depleted ever after in pursuit of the missing fires of inspiration. Gods there were, but they were not living men, and the powers of inspiration did not often connect the living with the dead immortal sufficiently close to make freedom perpetual, or to hand down to successive generations the stern realism of Grecian liberty. Rome was an empire; but her greatness was predicated upon such sacrifices, and her liberties upon such tyrannies, that no succession could follow to the nations of the earth other than the weakening that Italy now is and the weakening that France has been.

But though Roman and Grecian alike have perished, and though the records of their history have served to mark the standards of justice and warfare freedom ever since, we are accustomed to consider that from the subtle intelligence of Greece, and from the mastery and unbearing spirit of Rome, modern Europe has derived her empires, and the kingdoms of to-day are but feeble imitations of those great and wonderful masters.

Monarchies are passing away from the earth; aristocracies will perish, unless these shall be renewed in the republic of ideas that is to come (the republic of pure thought); unless that republic shall gain the ascendancy in the succession of nations of which America must be the mother, since she is the first.

I do not here claim that the thought of democratic governments is anywhere new on earth, where civilization extends; but I do claim that no thought of its existence in the form that it now exists in America, ever had foundation or place, or chance of suggestion, in the nations of the past; and I do claim that the realization of that which is now occurring in this nation and among sixty millions of people, is a realization that, if pictured to any Roman statesman or Spartan patriot, would have been pronounced impossible; that Lycurgus could not have dreamed it; that Solon could not have deemed it possible; and that along the line of Roman warriors, who alike were ready for battle or statesmanship, there was no comprehension of a mass of heterogeneous people being governed by a law having its sole source of power in their own thought, intelligence or sense of right; and that to-day witnesses a greater triumph of those principles than could have been imagined by the most sanguine devotees of the wisest system of law that past time has ever known.

England is the last monarchy, and therefore is not a monarchy in the sense that she claims a power, in the right of a personal ruler; is the last of a line or system of governments that is about to perish from the earth. It is useful to see how closely she can border upon that which is denominated a republic and still not be one.

It is claimed by the best thinkers of to-day, excepting alone the prophet of the political future in this century—John Stuart Mill—that England possesses the liberties incident upon a republican form of government in another name. That is not true. England is an aristocracy of ideas, governed by wealth, carried forward by mental vigor and power, epitomized in a form of representative government that is not republican, since the natural tendency of what she is now doing is the crystallization of

intelligence in some such manner as the Spartans did, without slaying the weaklings, or excluding them from possible connection with her affairs. But England has yet to meet her trial. She imagines that, because she has bridged the difficulties of absolute monarchy, and possesses the Magna Charta of individual liberties, she therefore has escaped the revolutions that all nations must pass ere they reach the standard of a republic.

I mean by this that she is now where the foundations of the American republic found themselves to be: anxious for a government that should represent the people, and be for the people; that should impregnate every thought and every individual in the land, and yet contain such intelligence and such power as would not permit it to be betrayed by ignorance or by anarchy.

England has not breasted the storm, has not met the difficulty, and the wisest statesman of to-day has been baffled because English law is not equal to the situation that Great Britain finds herself in. Had there been wisdom or prophecy enough when Magna Charta was secured to have also established a constitution or code of laws that would have included the difficulties now pending, the statesman referred to would not have found himself baffled in the beginning of the realization of a freedom that must come. But since England represents, not the first of the new system of nations, but the last of an old system; and since, from the beginning of the Hellenic nations down to the present time, there has been one gradual line of descent from the liberties of Rome to the lowest possible depth of monarchical rule; and since that which has transpired is incidental rather than vital, her hour of danger is yet to come, and the conflict will inevitably be waged there that has been successfully waged here, and which this nation has passed.

England is now secure because resting upon the intelligence of her statesmen. If compelled to rest upon the intelligence of her people, unequal as they are in culture, and in opportunities of culture, and without any possible foundation for a conception of what individual liberty may mean, you will perceive that her danger will be greater, and her struggle must inevitably come.

The wars of the past in England have been either wars of ambition through tyranny, or wars instigated through religious ideas, and the desire of the supremacy of individual factions in those religious ideas. Freedom, in its proper sense, has not been considered, only individual liberties in certain directions of life and of property, and of the pursuit of such happiness as is not inconsistent with the monarchical form of government, ruled by the prevailing aristocracy, and subordinate to the customs and traditions of more than two centuries of such power.

The pursuit, therefore, of happiness, means, in England, the subservience of the many to the few, and the entire dependence of the many upon the few that would condescend in themselves to represent the masses of the people.

Thus far the court of intelligence has ruled, and the minds of Great Britain that are most likely to drift into power are minds of greatest intelligence upon the particular subjects to be considered, or in the especial departments that are to be ruled. This will not last, perhaps, the next generation of time, for the tide is drifting away, and monarchical powers and aristocratic governments are feeling the pressure of the new tide of national thought that is sweeping over the world.

To-day Germany is the Rome of Europe, but holding her position by the tenure of one man's life. Her empire must needs soon perish, and as the Rome of Europe she will no longer stand guiding, guarding, and dictating terms to other powers, that, but for Germany, would long since have exterminated one another.

Russia, on the other hand, holds the empire of a new republic; is not of the Hellenic nations; in any sense, nor the outgrowth of the Hellenic nations; is a new creation, born in the north of Europe, for the express purpose of one day wiping out the consciousness of monarchies from that portion of the face of the earth. I say this with a simple view to the fact of the position, born of another class of ideas; sheltered under the dominion of another kind of growth and culture; having all the fire and vigor and sterling qualities that a northern temperature must give, with just enough of that culture that promises freedom. There is in Russia the very germ of the new republic that shall answer the call of freedom at such time as it is sounded from the battlements above; and no emperor, no czar enthroned behind his absolute despotism, can prevent that sudden reaction that will come when soul-growth finally germinates—when the slumbering volcano finally bursts forth.

There are nations that are on the border-land of the republic: France, that has solved her problems so well, and more wisely than Americans are accustomed to consider, than the English believe, or than Germany will admit; vanquished in battle, but successful in peace; fully competent to deal with the emergencies of the hour; volatile, versatile France, has risen almost to the dignity of a republic, and stands now where your fathers would have been proud to stand without the revolution that gave France her present place, or America her beginning of liberties. Surely it is a picture when a nation so degenerate—I say degenerate, from the Roman standard, the Latin derivation of her ancestor—when a nation so degenerate shall have arisen through intellectual culture and idealism alone to the standard of freedom that France experiences under the double dominion and slavery alike of despotism of State and despotism of Church; when beneath the double, galling chain of political and religious bondage, she has raised her standard now on behalf of freedom and such powers of freedom as she has gained; for it is a step in that direction, and no Bourbon or Bonaparte rules her shores.

America, then, is a child as yet, the beginning of the parentage of the nations that are to come. Here is the first experiment of an absolutely popular government; a government that at once has its source, its well-spring, its mechanism, under the direct control of the people; founded in an intelligent conception of the needs of the hour, and fashioned certainly with some idea for the future. Still, the death-knell was well nigh rung when a form of slavery, all the more hideous because of the claims of the republic, was incorporated in its very vitals, nursed at its heart, and held sacred there for many years. That this slavery has been abolished without the disruption of the nation, is, to the mind of the one who addresses you, one of the miracles of the century that will be handed down to the future generations that are to be born as an example of the moral influence of an idea; showing that constitutional liberty and the attraction of cohesion of differ-

ent parts of a vast country can hold together diversified interests in the midst of political conflict.

The moral force of a select and intelligent few is lost to-day. The nation is passing through a period of great peril. It will remain for you to solve the problem whether there can be a perpetual renewal of the life-springs of patriotism, of thought, of liberty, that shall keep alive the foundations of the government; or whether, drifting away into the masses, the masses themselves continually changing by the aggregation of foreign elements, there shall be forcefulness, inertia, and disruption growing out of the lack of proper and intelligent appreciation of what patriotism in this country really means. I mean that there is no school of proper political culture in Greece and Rome. There are no schools for the formation of future patriots or rulers, and, aside from that general memory that clings with beautiful and almost angelic tenacity to the present generation, a memory and gratitude for the foundation and existence of your liberties, there is nothing to perpetuate the spirit in which they were founded, nor to carry forward the idea to succeeding generations that they, in turn, may yield statesmen and patriots as the leaders of the people.

One of two things must follow in this country; either there must be a revival of the absolute spirit of freedom that has been stirred and kept alive, recently, by the abolition of slavery and the civil war, that well-nigh disrupted the nation, or there must be schools of thought, appointed in the midst of all other schools, to keep alive the necessities of knowledge concerning the laws of the land and the proper amendment of those laws. There must be a system of thought that shall impregnate the progress of the country and the progress of the race. There must be a distribution of the works of such minds as John Stuart Mill throughout the length and breadth of the land. The young must be taught in political economy, must understand the meaning and foundation of the liberties of this country, must know that it is their highest duty to serve the nation if called upon to do so, and without any maudlin sentiment of so-called patriotism; must be citizens from the very nature of their education; must be born and reared as citizens of the only republic in the world. Or, drifting from the ancient fastnesses and merging more and more into the democracy of daily life, the central idea of the government will be forgotten; the people will seek only that individualization which is at once the blessing and the curse of the hour, and will forget in the midst of their prosperity the sources from whence this prosperity is derived, and soon the anarchy of a popular government without popular intelligence will be witnessed in this land, unless the word of warning is heeded.

I am no monitor pointing out as an evil genius the times that are to come, without cause. I am not turning, as one might turn from the side of Lethæan darkness, to point to the evils that are possible. One of two things must ensue in a country so widely extended, so diversified in interest, bearing such millions of treasures, such hoardings of wealth in the secret mines and ancient fastnesses of Nature, that at once the cupidity of the whole world is aroused, and they who feel poverty and wrong in its lowest depth fly to freedom without knowing her name or understanding her nature. The blind man suddenly restored to sight; the prisoner transformed from the loathsome dungeon into open air and liberty of limb and voice—these illustrate a portion of the element that is gradually drifting from all the charnel-houses of Europe into this favored land.

These illustrate in some degree the element that naturally seeks this land; but they illustrate also the dangers that are continually arising, and must arise, unless intelligence and foresight meet, battle successfully with this ignorance, vanquish it, assimilate the foreign element, and make it one of the constituents of this nation. Thus far this has been accomplished. With wonderful rapidity one or two generations witness the transformation of the oppressed of Ireland; the ignorant, into the intelligent, the patriotic citizen. One or two generations obliterate almost entirely both the brogue of speech, and the thought of him who flies from the fatherland to gain in this country the greater privilege of tilling the soil. One or two generations must serve to illustrate to the mind of every observer that the Americanization of the new-comer is rapidly transpiring. But what does it mean to be Americanized? The average American of the present day—is he a citizen? Is he prepared to be a statesman, as he may suddenly be called upon to be at any hour? Is he gifted with that prescience that enables him to understand the genius of the nation? Is he sufficiently trained and skilled, not in the art, but in the principle of self-government? For every citizen of a republic must learn that, until he can govern himself under the mandate of the law which is his ruler, he is not competent to sit in legislative bodies as a portion of the government for others. The power of individual life is extended here over into the domain of pursuits; but the power of individual life is not extended into the domain of cultivation, into the domain of religious patriotism. I use the term reverently. I mean the worship of the principle upon which this nation was founded, and upon which it must be perpetuated, if perpetuated at all.

I am neither so limited in my thought, nor do I love this particular nation or this particular locality so well, as to suppose that it either embodies the perfections of the earth or the beauties of government in their fullest extent. I witness in all nations exceptional excellencies, and I discover in the stepping-stones by which these nations have passed to their present positions, both the intellectual and political power upon the earth; but I do not forget that America, the youngest child of freedom, is also the first-born in that succession of nations that will encircle the earth with nations of republics that shall constitute in themselves sister stars in the galaxy of the great republic of the world itself; and I do not forget that much depends upon your success and upon the spirit with which you inculcate the power of freedom for her further fulfillment and expression here; for well I know that freedom is not born of any place, or country, or possession of individual; that if she finds not a fitting dwelling-place here at this hour, she will withdraw. As from Greece she withdrew, and as from where the Tiber poured its waters she struck her feet on the Tarpeian rocks and sped; so from this shore, if she shall not find fitting abode, again will she speed, and across the wide Pacific will seek another and another home, until encircling the globe with her pinions and with her footsteps, she shall weave a chain of magic light around the nations of the earth.

Happy shall it be for you if, anticipating this flight, you shall make her the willing genius of this land. Happy shall it be for you if, anticipating the westward progress of the nation, you shall set your standard so high and your thoughts shall become so exalted that she shall not find room, either in this nation or in any other nation, for a more sacred spot than your own hearts in which she can dwell; and happy, still happy shall it be for you if, in the mighty dominion of land and sea, of river and mountain, of mines and treasures of the earth that the great Giver has given to all, you shall rise to the standard of that spirituality that alone can exalt the nation, that is beyond creed, beyond despotism of any kind, but is the very genius of all poetry and religion in every age.

I am not accustomed to talk to man of the kind of religion that he serves and worships most; but to you this night I say that America must set the example of a spirituality of government that shall neither be embodied in pope nor creed, sheltered in Vatican or abbey, but be the prevailing genius and spirit of the nation. Vitalized by this power, renewed by this living flame, perceiving prophetically its approach and presence, the nation can be saved, and the future can receive the full benefit of the existence of Columbia as a republic.

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Dr. Geo. B. Loring, in pursuance of his duties, will this winter visit Florida, and in the spring go to California. We are glad that he has a position for which he is eminently qualified; and the information he can give to a few men could impart it better—will be of the utmost importance to the country. There is no doubt under the Government, in which he would be more useful. More than three-quarters of all the labor of the country is in agriculture, and more than three-quarters of our annual product of wealth is by his own hands. Give to him the means, and by his own efforts he will create comprehensions of what needs to be done, that will elevate his country to the importance of a department in the Government, without the assistance of any law to that end. The whole country should be thankful that for once the right man is in the right place. Let him write, let him print, and he will enlighten our countrymen so that we can love for the whole country in all of our States.

The reporter left Mr. Warner much impressed

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