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## Harmonia.

[Written expressly for the WHITE BANNER.]

### NATURE'S ARTIST.

BY MRS. M. A. UNDERWOOD, MEDIUM.

Dedicated to Mrs. L. Lapirore Daniels, Art. ist.

O silvery clouds that waft along the skies,  
Thy azure forms I see, resplendent dyes;  
By Nature's wondrous skillful fingers wrought,  
I see thee as thou art, thy gift unbought.

O tell me, loving sister, Nature, where,  
Thou learned to weave thy gifts of beauty rare?  
Was it in some far off sunny clime;  
Or wert thou taught by hand of Brother Time?

Thy glory tinted clouds, thy gilded leaves,  
Blown by the autumn winds from forest trees;  
I see thy lakes, thy streamlets they unfold,  
Their sparkling waters ever clear and cold.

I see thy giant rocks, their forms awake,  
The slumbering silence and the echoes break,  
The rude murmuring of thy rock bound shore,  
Whispering of God and Nature evermore.

What forms of grandeur rise along the space?  
That God has given to Nature's varied face,  
And thy rich foliage of o'erhanging trees,  
Has draped each form in beauty (such as these).

And when the sunset of earth's life is o'er,  
Break this frail barque, on the immortal shore;  
Bear my pure spirit from the dismal wreck,  
In fitting robes of light, my soul to deck.

And when I cast life's anchor from the helm,  
My spirit barque safe moored from earth's cold realm,  
A spirit light still shines with hope and love,  
To guide earth's mariner to home above.

Fear not, thy rocks of terror, safe are past,  
The light still shines afar, storms cannot last;  
Death's fearful breakers now are past and o'er,  
We stand united on the golden shore.

## DREAMING TO NIGHT.—Air, Tonting to Night.

We're dreaming to night of the loved ones dear, gone to the summer  
land,  
We pine for the smiles and the tones so sweet, and the clasp of a gentle  
hand.

Chorus.—Weary are our hearts, as we gather, to night; sighing o'er  
our broken chain,  
Longing for the gift of a clearer sight to see the loved again.

We're dreaming to night of the loved ones dear, yonder a vacant chair,  
Seems filled with a form, ever beloved and revered, crowned with sil-  
very hair.—Chorus.

We're dreaming to night of the loved ones dear, many a beaming face,  
Of friend and companion in our fancies woo, to its old accustomed place.

[Chorus.

We're dreaming to night of the loved one dear, darlings with golden  
hair,  
Come back to be rocked in their empty cribs, and fondled with a tender  
care.—Chorus.

There all here to night, yes, our loved ones dear, come from the summer  
land,  
And each has a smile, and a word of cheer, for our sorrowing, stricken  
band.

Happy are our hearts as we gather to night, viewing our unbroken  
chain,  
Every blank is filled with an angel bright, we see our loved again!  
Happy to night, happy to night, happy with our loved ones dear.

## LOVE.

How it tingles the blood, and stirs the soul, drawing into action all  
the diviner affections and the purer sentiments of our nature. Quick-  
ening the pulse, animating the spirit, dancing from the sparkling eye,  
and blooming with modesty beauty's cheek. Love! What is it? It  
was by this Deity the ancients personified the all pervading principle  
of attraction. An affection by which the elements united themselves,  
until that other law of repulsion prevailed, when antipathy and dis-  
cord reigned; or, as in later years, it has been defined by the terms of  
hatred, aversion, sympathy, affinity, friendship, esteem. LOVE. All  
traceable to the one great principle, permeating and controlling all  
things. The vast and many atom'd whole, whose body nature is and  
love the soul.

This great balancing power, attraction, made plain by the inspired  
genius of a Newton; this all prevailing law of love, which indeed is  
before all things and in or by which all things exist, is nothing less  
than the great universal law of motion and cohesive affection. And so,

"Attracted by love's sacred force, like planets to the sun,—

The fondness of a creature's love, how strong it strikes the sense,

Thither our warm affections move, nor can call them hence,

Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one."

This, this is the wedding of the soul, the holy reign of LOVE.

"They that dwell in love dwell in God, for God is love."

[Written expressly for the WHITE BANNER.]

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## MEDIA;

OR

### The Charmed Life:

A STORY OF FACT, PHENOMENA AND MYSTERY.

BY GEORGE SOMEVILLE.

#### CHAPTER II.

(Continued.)

"Enough—say no more; it is here. For God sake haunt me no  
more," said the Jew, shuddering.

Receiving the money and unheeding his last words, the gentleman  
continued.

"To-morrow we shall meet again. On that you will read my  
name."

Eying the Jew contemptuously, he then left the place. On the  
card Seigle read Dudley Clarendon. Holding it nearer the light he  
in a train of quick plotting reflection chuckled:

"Ha, ha, ha, I'll thwart you yet."

And so when Dudley Clarendon called next morning to receive his  
children to his arms, he found the place deserted. Caleb Seigle had  
departed, and of his destination none could tell. The saddening fact  
fell and rested like a heavy incubus on Clarendon's soul, and he left  
the spot at length, his frame filled with heart-throbs of spirit flame  
and burning, shall we say, with silent and deep vows of VEGANCE.

#### CHAPTER III.

SPIRIT OF THE "OLD BOAT HOUSE."

Near the line, which previous to consolidation, divided the districts  
of Port Richmond and Kensington, and commanding a full view of  
the dark rolling Delaware dashing in flashing surges at its base, there  
once stood an old "Boat House."

To this place of rugged retirement, the shop of his weekly labor,  
Clarence Rodgers, in no manner fastidious in the appointments of  
his studio, oft retired, locked himself in and all intruders out, to  
mature and prepare his ideas and thoughts for publication.

It was on a bright Sunday morning, that buoyant in spirits, our  
mechanic author gathered together his writing materials, and with the  
small scroll of an unfinished manuscript in his hand, turned his steps  
with hopeful vigor towards his usual place of seclusion—the boat  
house. As he entered hastily by a back door, he was watched  
narrowly by half-a-dozen suspicious eyes, belonging to half that  
number of stout athletic sons of the Emerald Isle, famous indeed for  
the dexterous use of the sprig o' Shillelah, and also the wholesale con-  
sumption of benzine, or very bad whisky.

Having watched him closely for several weeks, their suspicions were  
now doubly confirmed, that he secludes himself here only for the  
purpose of maturing some gigantic scheme or plot by which to over-  
throw the government and reduce the American Republic to a condi-  
tion of frightful anarchy.

Such were their thoughts, as they skulked behind a board pile, and  
crouching low, watched the mechanic author enter his rugged studio.

"Now be the powers we have him," chuckled Donolon Rafferty,  
the foremost of the spying trio, as he arose from his crouching  
position.

"Let's take a close pape at the spalpeen, and see what the devil  
himself will do for his own to-day," he continued to his burly accom-  
plices, Patrick Maginnis and Dennis McFlinn.

Rafferty, after considerable searching, found a goodly sized knot-  
hole, at which by turns, they drank in with an indescribable keenness  
the mysterious movements of the secluded author, as he sat dashing  
off page after page of a well wrought tale in which all his powers of  
acute concentration and intensest thought seemed absorbed. Their  
numbers increasing rapidly; a tide of murmuring curiosity and varied  
accusation arose low and indistinct at first, like the distant hum of a  
bee hive, but all absorbed in the subject of his soul, he attributed  
mentally the sound to the agency of the wind, and anon bent  
down lower and with greater energy to his work of writing.

"He's beginin another plot," muttered Maginnis, "against the Holy Vargin, save her, and aginst our blissed Father, the Pope," McFlinn replied.

"Let us tear the devil out—hip, hip, hurrah," yelled Rafferty, throwing his ponderous weight against the frail door, followed by several others eager for the fray.

A loud crash and flap like the dash of a flat-bottomed boat against the wave, and the door lay on the floor wrenched from the hinges. Seven athletic Greeks stood on it, glaring like savage gladiators.

Clarence Rogers started to his feet, overturning his table, and scattering the pages of his labor over the floor. Seizing quickly a large boat hook, he stoutly confronted his assailants, strangely holding it against them for a moment at bay.

"Hey, hey, come on boys, we have them now, come on," hallowed Jack Ringgold, leading on a number of his fine comrades to the rescue of their friend.

Come on, and they did come on, like rushing a tornado. The others heard and knew the terrible sound; they turned and fled fleet as their heavy feet would carry them. Two of them, however, stumbling fell headlong into the dock, and floundered in the mud. As Ringgold and his company reached the boat house they were just clambering up the wharf, as the pursuers espied their ludicrous condition, they begged so piteously to be spared a "bating," they were allowed to quietly depart.

"Well, Clarence, what has been the row?" enquired Ringgold, "You might have been killed by those fellows."

"I've been surprised, Jack," said Clarence, "They certainly have been watching me closely of late. They were savage, but I kept them off with this until they heard your voices, then they scampered off on the double quick."

"By the stars and stripes, Clary, we will drive a thousand of such skulking cowards."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE REVEL,—ROBBERY,—THE MISER'S TERROR.

Wine! Wine! I will have wine, and I'll drink to the stars on high. See the moon now hangs like a golden grape ripening in the sky, and the juice drops down like a bloody dew, on the lips of the

While trees and flowers mock paler showers and laugh in their bacchanal mirth,

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" echoed again and again from the hardy lungs of a company of gay sports, seated round a large table, well filled with various and palatable viands of a sumptuous feast.

"Ha! Ha!" resounded through the room, as holding their well filled glasses in the brilliant gas light, glittering o'er them from the rich chandelier pending o'er head—they struck them together in the merry festive toast, and anon gave voice to their glad feelings in the noisy bacchanalian song.

Sefton Stetler, though but lately married, is esteemed by his jovial companions at the feast, a good clever fellow, which seems indeed in their estimation to cancel the charge of his cruelty in neglecting his young wife for the wine cup and midnight revel.

"Fill to the brim," said he, "and let us drink to the gold of old Grimps, the miser."

Abel Grimps was none other than Caleb Seigle, but since his last precipitate removal, he has assumed the former name, and now was known by none other. A brief description of him here may not be out of place. He was five feet three inches in height, while his neck was so short that his head seemed to lay flat on his shoulders. His nose was of the roman shape, and large; eyes small, sparkling and sneak like; hair slightly gray. Having lost his wife, he has grown extremely avaricious and miserly, so that in the neighborhood where he resides, he is known only as old Grimps, the miser. The three balls which hang above his door, convey the impression that his business is that of a Pawnbroker. Yet it is quite well known he would scarce scruple to receive goods with little concern as to how they were obtained.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" went up in loud and boisterous volume from hardy throats, as the flashing and curling flames rolled up in heavy folds against the darkened heavens, and spread themselves in broad sheets of blazing destruction over the alarmed city. Instantly every fire bell sent forth the fearful alarm in rapid tone, and thousands flew like mountain coursers towards the blazing scene. The atmosphere being lowering and heavy, carried the light over the entire city, and many companies were therefore puzzled in finding the real source of the disaster. Though many nearest it were soon on the ground, and of course promptly into active service. But as the up town company who were proud to own the noble Ringgold as a member, approached the bridge on Richmond Street, which they were compelled to cross, to reach the scene of the fire, they were hailed with a heavy shower of stones, bricks and other missiles, hurled upon them by an unseen foe. Disconcerted, surprised and scattered, the attack was followed by a sudden and close, they instantly fled in terror, leaving their apparatus in the hands of their assailants, who seizing it, fled over the bridge with it towards the river. The retreating, met friends headed again by Ringgold, who, as he heard the sound of his loved carriage, being drawn rapidly from them, by their foes.

"Come on, boys! wade in now," he shouted, at the top of his voice. "I see it all—come on, boys! That fire is only a decoy. Its the work of our foes—wade in now and make them bite the dust."

With a wild, terrified yell of renewed courage and desperation, they turned and ran in pursuit of their assailants, as swift as mountain coursers.

"Hey! hey! hey! wade in now, wade in," went up from a hundred throats in a tremendous, Indian like war whoop, striking terror at once to the hearts of their foes. Half a mile was soon passed in such a chase. Surprise was soon transferred and changed to victory. For Ringgold and his gallant company were now on their assailants like so many hyenas let loose.

"Hey! hey! up boys, and at 'em," Ringgold shouted, as his party divided and battled each side of the carriage rope.

For an instant their burly foes looked up in doubt and terror in turn, and striking several blows with short clubs, they were promptly returned by fists almost as hard. Closer and closer; hotter and hotter grew the struggle, and some of the noble firemen were badly bruised, but several of their enemies lay prostrate and trampled on.

"Go in, boys, wade in," Ringgold's voice still rang out, far above the strife and struggle of the fight. With a bound he darted towards

the tongue of the carriage, and with a tremendous blow levelled a large man flat to the ground, stunning him so that he lay there apparently insensible. But the next moment he drew an ugly looking pistol and fired at Ringgold's head. He missed his mark, and Ringgold, enraged at the attempt of his enemy to take his life, drew back and administered him a kick with his foot which sent him reeling like a drunken man, until slipping, he stumbled over the bank into the Delaware.

The fire had now gone down, and it became densely dark, but anon several pistols in the hands of the combatants flashed in the darkness. They soon were scattered and parted. A loud shout of victory went up from the fire boys as they turned their carriage on the river bank, saved from destruction, and their faces homeward.

Nearing the bridge and passing near the old haunted boat house, they were again attacked by those they had late driven before them, who after retreating from the carriage, made a shorter circuit and reached the boat house before the firemen of the late victory.

Again the bloody struggle raged fiercer than before, spreading consternation and alarm throughout the neighborhood. Those who were secure in the boat house levelled their weapons through windows and large knot holes, while the firemen made use of various means by which to batter down the building, occasionally discharging a pistol as an enemy would momentarily appear at one of the windows. "Crack, crack," sounded dolefully on the heavy midnight air.

"A ladder, boys, get a ladder, and let us meet hand to hand," Ringgold cried, darting about frantic with rage, his face blackened with smoke. "A ladder, boys, let us put an end to this Greek war."

"Fire the shop," shouted some one. "Fire the boat house; they would serve us so."

"Aye, aye, that's it! burn them out!" several voices echoed.

In a few minutes, and the heavens were again lighted up with hissing flames, which soon enveloped the boat house in a blaze. Being all of wood, it caught and burnt rapidly, allowing those inside but little time to make good their escape. They came at length, rushing from the windows in the greatest confusion and fright. Some to be wounded by pistol shots, others cuffed and kicked and knocked overboard into the muddy dock.

"Murder! Murder! its killing me ye are," was bawled out in many a coarse and frantic tone, as they attempted at last to make their final flight from those whom in the dark, and in the honorable discharge of their loved duty, they had cowardly assailed.

About the same time, though in a portion of the city distant from the late scene of fire and fighting, another scene, as a shading to that was progressing.

The Jew, or rather as it is now, old Grimps, the miser, sat at a table on which lay several bags of gold which he had just counted, and was placing them into a strong chest beside him, when the clock struck two.

"So late!" he muttered, casting his small, snakish eyes at the old dusty clock. "Humph, I noted not the time passing so rapidly." Placing the money in the chest, he was about to lock it securely, when he was suddenly interrupted by a noise outside. He instantly arose and without staying to lock up his treasure, went to the door and listened attentively. For a moment the noise ceased, then commenced again. It appeared as if some one was trying to force the lock. Grimps seized a large pistol and stole down stairs; as he reached the first floor the noise increased.

"So, so," he chuckled in savage glee. "I'll stop yer fun." He approached the door which led into the yard, but after listening a short time, he heard no more movement. Springing a lantern, he discovered to his utter horror, the lock of the door wrenched off. He thought it strange that his dog was not on the watch. The next moment he entered the yard, and found his usually faithful mastiff fast asleep, dragged, to prevent giving the alarm. In the greatest horror the miser, re-entered his house, and was astonished to find everything as he had left them in their proper place.

"Ah!" he thought half aloud, as he nailed up the door for the night, "I must have alarmed them before they began operations—well thank the fates, I was in time. In the future I must be more vigilant." Securing the door well as he was able, he entered his chamber again, and as was his habit, tried the lid of his money chest. Lo, it opened. For a single moment his glaring eyes starting from their sockets, rested in the empty chest. Then in a frenzy of rage and despair, he exclaimed bitterly—

"My God! My God! Gone! My gold, all gone—Robbed and ruined—ruined. He fell heavily to the floor, gasping in a choking voice, "Robbed, ruined, a beggar."

The love of money is the root of all evil, and they that make haste to be rich fall into temptation, and many hurtful and foolish lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE MISER AND HIS VICTIM,—THE JEWS PERPLEXITY.

A dark and rainy night in September, Abel Grimps, all absorbed in speculative revery, sat in his house, his only company being his old mastiff, who, as his master had just partaken of his evening meal, looked up into the old man's face, with a longing expression for his share of the meagre repast.

"Al! poor Carlo, you are too glutinous, your master has lost too much money lately to afford you a sumptuous living." The miserly Jew muttered, addressing himself to the hungry dog, who now arose and approached, and crouched low at the side of his master. But suddenly he pricked his ears and turned his attention toward the street entrance. Distinctly now the three peculiar raps were heard. The miser started and muttered half aloud, "It is he." He opened the door cautiously, and Dudley Clarendon stepped in saying,

"Well Seigle, not dead yet?"

A peculiar tremor was perceptible in the Jew, as the sudden address caused him to shudder. But regaining his self possession, he presently passed it off, and with a well feigned commercial air, requested the intruder to open his business.

"What is your wish sir?"

"Money," was the laconic reply.

"Sir, I am very poor, I have been robbed; robbed of many thousands of dollars," the miser pleaded.

"Ahem," Clarendon answered carelessly, "If you have so large a sum for burglars, you certainly can afford a small share for me; give me, well a thousand will serve at present."



"I do not possess such a sum," Grimps replied, with a rueful face. "Procure it."

"I cannot," said the Jew, with a look of despair. "Let me have the money, or I'll tell the world of your robbery, which is but a ruse."

"False," Clarendon cried warmly, "You are deceiving me, the use of my power."

"Call to-morrow, I will pay your demand," the Jew answered terrified.

"Caleb Seigle, listen, ere the expiration of another month from the present, I must have those children, or by all that is dear, you shall forfeit your worthless life on the scaffold," Clarendon concluded with emotion.

Calling next day, he received the desired sum, and again admonishing the would-be-murderer, to be prepared fully to comply with his request, he left him to his reflections.

The day following that, Abel Grimps started for New York, in search of Media, whom he had sent to the care of his sister, but with whom the beautiful Media could not live, therefore she left her soon after.

"Well Caleb, what brings you so soon again to our city," this relative inquired of him, as he entered her presence somewhat hastily.

"To see Rachael, where is she?"

"I can scarcely tell."

"Why, has she left you?"

"Self-will. I was unable to do anything with her."

"I must see her. She must return with me to Philadelphia. Give me some clue to her whereabouts?"

"Indeed I cannot, Caleb."

He was in despair. A disgraceful death stared him in the face, and he hurried from the house with anxious heart, to find his late protegee.

It was evening, and Caleb Seigle was sitting once more in his solitary room in Philadelphia. The clock struck eight, and immediately after he was aroused by a low knock at the door. He arose and admitted, slowly, a young man of handsome, delicate countenance, his person clad in a suit of dark apparel, somewhat shabby. Accepting a proffered seat, for a moment without saying a word, he fixed his eyes sharply on the Jew.

"What is your business with me?" the Jew inquired politely.

(To be continued.)

Written expressly for the White Banner.

## MEMOIRS OF SATAN.

### AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY,

BY BELL DEMONIO.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### INTRODUCTION.

Serious reader. It is well, mayhap for the world that the subject of these varied memoirs, as accepted by the people of the past is rapidly becoming obsolete. And well, thrice blessed for the race will it be indeed, when the fossilized idea of a supernatural devil, the Satanic source and remnant of a brutalizing Judaism, shall finally be buried deep in, perhaps the catacombs of Rome, or the sacrificial fires of Gehenna, or better still, the bottomless pit of—well—of oblivion.

Then indeed shall the race, by the TRUTH, unmixured with error, be redeemed from the power of sin and Satan, and transformed into the glorious LIBERTY of harmonial peace and love.

We have never read "SATAN IN PARIS," and in penning his memoirs do not wish to be circumscribed within such narrow limits. For the field of Satan's operations and exploits is THE WORLD.

To the student of Biblical literature, there are three important characters held constantly up to prominent view. The Lord Jehovah, the Lord Jesus, and "Lucifer the Son of the morning." Aye, we may add a fourth also. But for wisdom, sagacity and legislative ability, the man MOSES, is not to be counted, in company with the Devil. My readers will please pardon this rather precipitate introduction of his Satanic majesty. Though in truth, it matters but little how soon indeed we raise the devil, 'tis within our power to effectually lay him low again. Our subject therefore is not really so terrible as at first sound would seem, nor so hideously frightful as would appear at first view, and we find in our dealings with the devil, that tradition and a superstitious Theology, have allied him closely with Deity, so that we find he has very sensibly, of course, managed to keep quite respectable, even good company.

Though it be true, as his historian, Defoe, has said, "That children and many of our ancient grand dames have spoken some hard things against, and formed some monstrous notions of him," so that with the fantastic paraphernalia of hoof, horns and tail of the devil of the ancient Dutch—that really was he to meet himself in the dark, the figure given him by silly men and women, would affright him out of his wits. Indeed such ludicrous shapes and forms have been given him, that we believe, verily, he would fail entirely to recognize himself. We deem it therefore not without some interest to attempt at least a brief synoptical autobiography of this tyrant of the air, this terror and aversion of mankind whom we call, DEVIL, ABADDON, Apollyon, Beelzebub, Lucifer, the Great Red Dragon, That Old Serpent, the Devil and Satan, or in later times Old Nick, Old Scratch, The Gentleman in Black, etc. To show what he is, and what he is not, when he is in us, and if possible, when he is not. Though many times and oft, he seems to have desired to act in the dark, still the record of his origin and the rise of his numerous family is among us.

The devil, wise as the old serpent, though he may be, satanically cunning and subtle as he is, has yet proved himself frequently downright foolish. Monkeylike, exposing himself the more, the higher he attempted to climb. Indeed, some of his diplomatic essays have been managed very badly, and he has failed quite to prove himself anything of a politician, until modern times, and as such, perhaps his most brilliant efforts have transpired in his diplomatic relations with the free republic of the new world, where indeed though some of his own servants have at times nearly outwitted him, others have out sinned even his Satanic majesty, their royal and approved master. For as Defoe says:

"Bad as he is, the Devil may be abused,  
Be falsely charged and causelessly accused;  
When men unwilling to be blamed alone,  
Shift off on him, the faults, which are their own."

Some will look on us after this, as the devil's apologist, as being especially friendly towards his Royal highness. But we would assure such, most sincerely, that our only object in this devilish business, is to be impartial. To extenuate nothing, nor set down aught in malice. But simply strive to afford the devil always his just due. And first, if association be anything in favor of one's character, we must admit that Lucifer is not without a reputation, a religious character, if you please, for as already intimated, Theology has associated the Devil with Deity from the earliest times.

Angels, seraphic hosts have indeed been his social companions, aye, many times and oft, have they sped swift of wing to do his august bidding. For, according to the eloquent Milton, "Prince, O chief of many throned powers, that led embattled hosts to war under thy conduct. While high on a throne of Royal state, which far outshone the wealth of ermus or of Ind, Satan exalted sat." And thus without staying to inquire how indeed the seeds of crime, came to rise in the angel of nature, created in a condition of perfect purity. How it was first found in a place where no unclean thing could enter? How ambition came, or pride or envy to enter there? Can there be offence where there is no crime? Can untainted natures, perfectly holy, breed corruption? Can evil contaminate that which had been constantly drinking in the holiest principles of perfection.

We find Lucifer back, far back in the solemn beginning of things basking in the ineffable presence and glory of the Highest, and thus we find him in his youthful prime, shall we say, in company which has generally been esteemed unexceptional and so indeed we conclude that his majesty is not without, at least, some piety; still we are not permitted here to count him, as among our very amiable CLERICAL brethren, not even so much, we suppose, as a gifted brother. Yet that he sometimes preaches, we, nor they, do not deny, and be it distinctly understood, he has taken orders, and it has been suggested by the Devil's historian, that a certain POPPE, famous for being a favorite of his, gave him both institution and induction. But as we cannot just place our hand on the printed proof of this especial dispensation, we will not insist on it, for we desire, sincerely not to slander Satan. We would deal gently, very gently with the erring. But this we will say, that the Devil has been quite familiar with, and has cultivated terms of the closest intimacy with the holy FATHER, Pope Sylvester the Second, and some go farther even, as to say, that the Devil actually personated Pope Hildebrand on an extraordinary occasion, sitting indeed with all the imperious nonchalance of his Satanic majesty himself in the chair apostolic, in a full congregation, Heaven's Vicegerent on earth. Sitting indeed as in the Temple of God, showing himself that he is God, with all power and signs and lying wonders, with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish, because they receive not the truth in the love of it. And so, perhaps some now will say, we ascertain the peculiar character of the Devil's religion, the particular faith which Satan favors, his favorite creed. Ah, let not our Protestant brethren exult too early in this apparent scandal, on those whom they deem their foes.

Let not this weak unknowing hand, Presume Hell's bolts to throw, And deal damnation round the land, On all I judge my foe.

If, as Protestant expounders of the Prophetic Scriptures, interpret, that the Papal power most surely is the "Mother of Harlots," as indeed seen in vision by the Apocalyptic seer, then it may prove no pleasant task for them to find who, and where the sinful scarlet old lady's daughters are.

But Satan is a believer, which of course is a pre-requisite of salvation; and if in saying this, it should appear that even he possesses more of this latter commodity than some of our theological leaders can truthfully be charged with, we assure them advisedly, that the devil is indeed no infidel. And should this fact contain consolation to our worthiest and most zealous reformers, we hope they will be in no haste to lay the flattering unction to their honest souls, nor laugh too loudly ere they be out of the Forest.

Satan fears God. "The Devils believe and tremble," says James. Then judge ye, who among us, are the best Christians. The Devil, who believes and fears Deity, or many of our most famous leaders, who indeed believe neither Deity nor Devil.

#### CHAPTER II.

##### SATAN'S ORIGIN.—A MILTONIAN CRITIQUE.

We have hinted at the nobility of his majesty's origin. Satan indeed is Heaven-born, and of angelic race; and so sneer at, and despise the Devil as we may, he certainly is or has been far above (in character) and superior to us frail humans, for we read that man was made lower than the ANGELS. But they have fallen from their heavenly eminence, and Satan with them. The angels that sinned, kept not their first estate. How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, Son of the morning? How art thou cast down and become like one of us?

The cause of so fearful a fall of this highly exalted and brilliant personage, seems to be the great burthen of the Prophets prayer, or impetuous question. Ah, Pride! By Pride, ANGELS HAVE FALLEN. Satan with his powers, and hosts innumerable as the stars of night. "His pride has cast him out of Heaven, with all his host of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring, he trusted to have equalled the most High."

The indisputable orthodoxy of the poet Milton, accepted as it is, by the Clergy, we suppose we scarcely dare inquire here, "How Satan, while an archangel came to be PROUD?" How does it consist, that pride and holiness, perfect and pure should meet in the same personage? Can a fountain send forth sweet water and bitter at the same time? With one quotation yet, we will try to be respectful to orthodox authority, and then graciously bid the genatit Milton for the present a happy good night. Night, yes he does seem to be indeed in the dark on the subject of the Devil's origin.

His very poetic argument appears to be, that at the period of their expulsion from Heaven, the arch fiend, with the immense millions of his destroying angelic host rolled immediately down, direct to a local hell. And it would appear in the sequel, that notwithstanding we pride our-elves on our won lerously rapid travelling,—our swift flights through the air, by wing, ballooning and steam, flashing intelligence round the world, with the sudden gleam of the lightning's flash, yet in time's younger period, the immense distance betwixt a local Heaven and a local Hell was safely made within a very few days, though possibly to day it is a less rugged road to travel. But "nine days they fell," says Milton's sacred genius, "confounded chaos roared and felt ten thousand fold confusion in their fall, Hell at last received them whole, and on them closed. Down from the verge of Heavens, eternal wrath burned after them unquenchable." (To be continue!.)

# THE WHITE BANNER.

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February 1st, 1869.

## SPIRITUAL VASSALAGE.

The bondage of the Spirit, how harshly the thought grates upon the sensibilities of the soul set fully free, because it remembers the fiery ordeal, terrible trials and bitter battles of turmoil and strife through which it passed, before made free from all enslaving dogmas—and false notions of life—into that condition of perfect liberty to live the real logic of individual self-hood.

In a favorite contemporary, we find a smoothly written article, entitled "THE FALLACY OF STRIFE." The aim of which appears to be, to show the folly of the great universal struggle for existence—the life of the human race.

We may easily imagine how luxuriantly comfortable the prosy writer of that article, lounged at ease in the spacious, well warmed and richly furnished apartment, of the country villa, leisurely throwing off page after page of the folly of strife. Of course 'tis foolish to leap into the stirring and conflicting arena of life's busy battle, when you can dwell at ease, eating cake and sipping wines of the choicest flavors, and luxury and peace at home.

We regret the writer is a lady—we would like to be more severe. For, as we pause a moment beneath a street lamp of our great City of Brotherly Love, amid the driving sleet and snow, to adjust our coat more closely about us, a shivering, ragged and sickly little straggler, a waif on the great sea of human life—crouched towards us with extended cold, benumbed hands, appealing for relief. We had to open our coat again, but our heart opened also, and with a fervent God bless you, we pushed on; our mind now absorbed upon the subject of the improvidence and the conflicting interests of society. O, ye political economists. There is, there must be, a great radical wrong somewhere. That little child,—the struggling dear little outcast is yet before us. Society, the State, the church, cries, God help the boy, but hangs the man. With the easy adjuration God help him, we leave thousands of human souls in ignorance, neglect and want. Doom them, says another, "while yet walking the path of guiltlessness, to future demons, their own unguided passions. By legalizing the rum traffic, neglect and penury, the government makes them outcast wretches, and then punishes in their wickedness its own selfish weakness. O, come with us, sordid, truckling statesmen, you who are continually striving, within a party circle for place and for power, counting men simply as stepping stones,—the veriest tools with which to effect your personal aggrandizement. Come too, ye author of the "Fallacy of Strife," to this filthy noisome street, and look with us on God's image in its childhood here. Are not children such as these the noblest things of earth. Then will you without an effort, ye City Fathers, allow the fiend of furies to stamp his fiery brand upon it. Shall it, while yet in its innocence, be made a trading thing of misery and vice, a creature driven from street to street, a piece of living merchandise, for mingled beggary and crime.

With its first awakening, what lesson shall it learn, whereby to pass through life's thorny maze, making an item in the social sum? Without the higher culture, Satanic cunning will be its wisdom in such a place as this,—hypocrisy, its only idea of truth, and theft its natural law of self-preservation. The lack of this culture has made the race the inheritor of the hydra of disease. Disease in its multifarious distortions, does the ill-informed parent bequeath to their offspring and in consequence the race is becoming degenerate, feeble, puny, sickly, dwarfs, dyspeptic, consumptive, lepers, and worse, terribly distorted physically and spiritually.

Our waysides are strewn with these wrecks and waifs,—our hovels and sheds, our pauper houses, our prisons are filled with miserably defaced images of God. Beggars, thieves, murderers, and this comes, most of it, of legislative ignorance, weakness, wickedness and neglect. The rivalry and antagonism, existing in society. For the helpless to strive to extricate themselves from their thralldom, would, mayhap be fallacy. But should not the strong, the rich, and the able take them by the hand and help them to help themselves. For where this spirit is, there is liberty. Every one therefore, who has the means of help, should go forth proclaiming, the acceptable year of release, proclaiming as angels in the midst of the darkness and the night of Spiritual slavery,—good tidings to the poor, liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. To comfort all that mourn.

Besides, our legislators should possess sufficient courage to do their whole duty, in assisting to turn the vast tidal wave of the demoralized

ing rum traffic, drifting destruction without let or hindrance over our loved land, and thus aid the enslaved to break away and recover fully from the fearful thralldom of physical and mental Vassalage.

## INTERESTING CIRCLE.

The busiest and most entertaining Spiritual seance we have yet attended, was that of the afternoon of 3rd inst., convened under the auspices of the American Spiritual Association, at No. 736 Arch St. Dr. J. H. Rhodes, Chairman. A large number of indisputable tests were given,—there were not less than six to eight, excellent public mediums present. We saw four of them under influence at one time, each imparting the message to the loved one of the Spirit, and all in perfect order.

We would say to the amiable Chairman of these circles, that in view of the pentecostal influx of spirit power which seems to be hovering over us ready to descend, he should cast about him for a more spacious chamber. We foretell, in the present hall, there will not be room to contain the half of the souls in eager quest for news from the Spirit world. A word to the wise.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.—We hope our brilliant and sterling contemporary, will not allow any frowns to wrinkle its fair face, on account of our inability (for want of space), to reciprocate the usual courtesy at an earlier date. We deemed we had given ample evidence of our high appreciation, in drawing so largely upon the treasury of its rich and spirited columns. We look upon the *Banner of Light* as a leading reform Journal in America. But we consider *The White Banner* more accessible to the Spirit hungering masses,—God's heritage, the Poor. "Light, more light still."

THE PRESENT AGE.—Westward, this Star of Progress, takes its way. That staunch journal of progressive Philosophy, *The Present Age*, has been removed, we see, from Lyons, Michigan to Kalama-zoo. We esteem the *Age*, one of the most vigorous and ably conducted Spiritual papers among all our exchanges—would not be deprived of it, for double the price of its subscription, which by the way, is only \$2 a year, published weekly.

THE OHIO SPIRITUALIST.—An ably conducted paper, by the way, published by Bros. Tuttle and Hammond, at Cleveland; announces a discussion upon the subject of Spiritualism, "Why theism we do not see. Come Brothers, is it not quite time to break away from all 'isms,' and be real men and women? *Spirituality* serves us very well. But the gauntlet is cast into the arena by the indefatigable, Elder Miles Grant of the *World's Crises*, published in Boston.

"Resolved, That the phenomena of Spiritualism proceeds from demons and not from departed human Spirits."

Fair, candid and emphatic, who accepts the challenge? Who is eager to distinguish himself or herself. We would suggest that the acceptor this time be a woman. Probably if vanquished thus, the little indefatigable Elder will forever so remain.

THE RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, reaches us regularly, freighted with the good things of the Spirit, and matters entertaining and instructive. The Journal is decidedly a good and very readable Spiritual newspaper, and yet Brother S. S. Jones continues to add to its attractions; his selections of the rarest gems of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons is quite a feature and we think a decided hit. The Journal is a large eight page paper, published weekly at three dollars per year. But to scatter the good seed of the Spiritual Philosophy, more freely over the land, Bro. Jones proposes to send his paper three months to new subscribers for 25 cents, which is the very practical of liberality. Address him 84 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.

A NOVELTY IN JOURNALISM.—Among our exchanges we receive a neatly printed sheet, styled *The Principal and Personality*. Devoted to every body, and everything in their time and turn; the first thing, invariably first. Monthly, by the band—until further notice free to all. Price, anything, a poor family can use will not be refused, unless the donor be considered the most needy of the two. Address, Newman Abby Brown, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

THE RADICAL, sensibly conservative, we think, is a solid Philosophical and very readable Spiritual monthly magazine—large. Published in Boston, at only \$4 per annum. The *Radical* is doing a quiet, but very effective work in the field of intellectual reform.

## NOTICE.

Subscriptions for the *White Banner* handed to Dr. Henry T. Childs, 634 Race St., or Dr. J. H. Rhodes, No. 255 N. Twelfth St., will be duly accredited, and the paper delivered as faithfully as if sent to the office of publication. Our friends in the northern section of the city, will please hand their names to Mr. John Whiteman,—Miss Alice Tyson, 1362 Hanover St.; Mr. George Ballenger, 1110 S. Sixth St.; Mr. Joseph Johns, Secretary, Academy of Fine Arts, Thomas Marston, N. E. corner Market and Water Sts., and W. D. Reichner, 207 Carter St. Friends be not backward, press to the front. These gentlemen and ladies will cheerfully receipt for any subscription handed to them for *The White Banner*. A very little effort now on your part liberal friends, will easily establish a truthful exponent of the harmonical philosophy in Philadelphia.



## CONJUGAL RELATIONS.

Invited, we were privileged on New Year's Eve, to publicly announce in the fine residence of the sister, Mrs. Spackman, West Philadelphia, what we trust had previously been registered in Heaven, the marriage of Dr. Henry Slade, of Jackson, Michigan, and Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm, M. D., of Philadelphia.

The gathering was large, joyous, imposing; the music inspiring, the refreshments choice and plentiful, and the harmony a beautiful prophecy of those celestial matings in the heaven of wisdom, where soul is consecrated to soul in a union as perfect as eternal. Speakers and media were well represented. Among them were N. Frank White, Dr. H. T. Child, W. F. Wentworth, and Mrs. Katie Robinson, the latter offering an invocation, entranced by "White Feather."

From a long and pleasant acquaintance with Dr. Slade, we feel justified in saying that, for different phases of spirit communion, for test mediumship and capabilities as a healer, under spirit guidance, he has few, if any, superiors.

As an able and eloquent speaker, the name of Mrs. Wilhelm beames, years since, nationalized. All the city societies have been thrilled and edified with her practical discourses and excellent ministrations. Though entering this new arrangement in life, she stands pledged not to leave the reform field.

This promise we shall hereafter exact from our sister speakers before, voicing the marriage ceremony. This marrying out of a wide field of usefulness into a narrow solitude, next to nonentity, is no longer to be tolerated! "Is it any of your business?"

Certainly, most certainly! Whatever relates to the highest interests of humanity is legitimately a portion of our business. Understand this, oh, ye selfish brothers of ours!—*Banner of Light*.

Commentary is quite unnecessary. It speaks for itself excellently well. It is characteristic of our free and outspoken brother Peebles.

We wish we had space to give only brief extracts from the many kind letters encouraging our efforts to establish in Philadelphia a liberal non-sectarian, progressive journal. Brother J. Kirk writes:

GRAMPIAN HILLS, PA.

T. MARSTON, RICHNER & CO.,

GENTS:—Enclosed please find subscription for White Banner. The numbers you sent me were so well liked that I hesitate not a moment to become a subscriber. I only wish it would come weekly to our reading table. I would gladly double my subscription to have it so. Long may it wave.

JONATHAN KIRK.

## PUBLIC SPIRITUAL CIRCLES.

—Are held every Sunday Afternoon, also on Friday Evening, at Harmony Hall, 736 Arch St.; and on Wednesday Evenings, at 1105 Coates St., Dr. Joel H. Rhodes, Chairman of Committee. (See advertisement in another column.)

—Every MONDAY Evening, 7½, at Mrs. S. A. Anthony's, No. 703 Chestnut St. and Mrs. Trego's, 7½, No. 1220 Coates St.

—Every TUESDAY Evening, 7½, at Mrs. H. J. French's, No. 1018 Parish St., and Mr. P. Thompson's N. E. corner 7th and Willow Sts.

—Every WEDNESDAY Evening, at Mrs. Thompson's, No. 337 S. 2nd St.; and in the Afternoon, at Thompson St. Church. Mrs. S. A. Anthony, Medium.

—THURSDAY Evening, 7½ o'clock, Mrs. H. J. French, No. 1018, Parish St., and at Church of Spiritual Progressives, Thompson St. near Frankford Road.

—FRIDAY Evenings, at Harmony Hall, No. 736 Arch St., 7½ o'clock, and at Mrs. Roberts, 1035 Coates St.

—Every SATURDAY Evening, at Mechanics Hall, No. 1105 Coates St. If our friends know of any omitted, they will oblige by apprising us of the same, and they shall appear. We want this list to prove a reliable "stranger's guide to all the spiritual circles in our city."

## TO THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY.

Advertisements of a suitable character will be prominently displayed in the WHITE BANNER, at the cheap rate of *Twenty Cents* per line, first insertion, subsequent insertions, *Ten Cents* per line. Six months or yearly contracts made of especial advantage to the advertiser.

## SPIRITUAL FREE MEETINGS.

The American Spiritual Association, hold their public meetings regularly at Concert Hall, Chestnut Street above 12th, 10 o'clock, A. M., every Sunday, the Children's Progressive Lyceum, Mr. M. B. Dyott, Conductor. At 3, and 7½, P. M. Lecture, Mr. Belrose, Chairman. The Spiritual Union Lyceum, meets every Sunday morning, 10 o'clock, at Washington Hall, Spring Garden and Eighth Sts., Mr. Geo. Ballenger, Conductor; Lecture at 7½ o'clock, P. M. Mr. Rhen, Chairman. Spiritual Progressives, meet every Sunday, in their hall, Thompson Street, near Frankford Road.

## THE MISSIONARY WORK.

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF PENNSYLVANIA: Dear Friends—I have been at work for you now two months, and most of my lectures have been given in Bucks County; and having succeeded in forming a County Organization there, with Dr. H. T. Child's aid, conclude it to be best to change my field of labor for a while.

I would now solicit the co-operation of our friends in Chester County. If they will as kindly and generously aid and encourage me as our friends in Bucks County have, I fear no failure. In justice to our friends there, I should return my warmest thanks. I found my work theirs, and I am hopeful of the best results.

We hope to effect a few more County Organizations before the annual meeting of the State Association, and by that time to have these counties strong enough in the faith to keep a circuit lecturer. I do not believe in kindling fires to let them die out. We must constantly add fuel to the flames. From the spirit-world we have every encouragement, and accepting all things which lead to a nobler humanity, we reach the heart of the people. Fraternally yours,

MRS. H. T. STEARNS,

Address, 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

## WAVELETS.

—While Napoleon Bonaparte was an exile on the Island of St. Helena he made the following remarkable declaration respecting the future of this country: "Ere the close of the nineteenth century, America will be convulsed with one of the greatest revolutions the world ever witnessed. Should it succeed, her power and prestige are lost; but should the government maintain her supremacy, she will be on a firmer basis than ever. The theory of a Republican form of government will be established, and she can defy the world."

—WOMAN BORN TO DO THE LOVING.—That nature has ordained love as woman's task more than man's, is thus declared by a late moralist:—With man, love is never a passion of such intensity as with woman. She is a creature of sensibility, existing only in the outpourings and sympathies of her emotions. Every earthly blessing—nay, every heavenly hope will be sacrificed for her affections. She will leave the sunny home of her childhood, the protecting roof of her kindred—forget the councils of her sire, the admonishing voice of that mother on whose bosom her head had been pillowed—do all that a woman can do consistently with honor—forsake all that she has clung to in her girlish simplicity for years, and throw herself into the arms of the man she idolizes. He that would forsake a woman after these testimonies of affection is too gross a villain to be called a man.

—TO DRAIN LANDS.—Drink whiskey and spend all your time at the village tavern. This will quickly drain you of all your lands.

—Mrs. Stanton says: "If we reason from all man's failures for the last six thousand years, it is fair to say, that the act of governing is not one of the manly accomplishments; hence we propose to govern ourselves." A fair hit.

—A writer in the *World's Crisis* says, Satan in the form of sectarianism, would never have crept into the Church and spoiled it as he has, if the Church had been awake and "searched out the Achans in the camp and burned them in the fire." This language would have been appropriate for a Roman Catholic, but seems very inappropriate for an Adventist, whose sect is one of the Satans referred to, and who is himself one of the Achans in the camp. That old Church did keep out these Satans for a thousand years, in the way referred to by this writer, until the days of Luther and Calvin, since which they have greatly multiplied and overpowered the old Church, until at last comes the Adventists—and this writer and the *World's Crisis*—among the proscribed, but legally protected, Achans or Satans, as he chooses to call them. We cannot see how he could escape by any rule or decision of the majority of Christians from the sentence he would pass on others.

—LADIES SHOULD READ NEWSPAPERS.—It is a great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk—give her education with this actual world with its transpiring events—urge her to read the newspapers and become familiar with the present character and improvements of our trade. History is of some importance, but the past world is dead. Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world—to know what it is, and to improve the condition of it. Let us have an intelligent opinion, and be able to sustain a conversation concerning the mental, moral, political and religious improvements of our times—see that each other's feelings, and thoughts, and actions are pure and true; then will our life be such. The wide pastures are but separate spires of grass—the sheeted bloom of the prairies but isolated flowers.

—Wouldst thou be happy, use every means in thy power to make others happy, for happiness springs alone from the condition of those by whom thou art surrounded. All the wealth of ten thousand worlds will not give the heart rest whilst thou art surrounded by fellow beings who are suffering either mentally or physically, and thou art withholding the means to relieve their miseries.—*Spiritual Rostrom*.

—The Japanese have discovered that a few seconds previous to an earthquake the magnet temporarily loses its power. They have ingeniously constructed a light frame supporting horse shoe magnet, beneath which is a cup of bell metal; to the armature is attached a weight so that upon the magnet becoming paralyzed the weight drops and, striking the cup gives the alarm. Every one in the house then seeks the open air for safety.

An infinite number of changes. The material composing this Planet is perpetually changing by its own inherent law. It is growing more pure, more perfect, better adapted to give forth higher expressions upon its surface. The change is gradual. There will be no marked change, but a gradual passing out of the lower and entering the higher. In looking back over a series of years—say fifty—you will perceive changes all along the way, in society, in politics, in religion, a change in human features, a change in medical science, a change in the entire chemistry of life. Nothing stands precisely where it did even one hour ago.

A physician is out in a dissertation on the advantage of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations by which Nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from injuries than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or to cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty six to sixty in the course of a few hours, by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo, and they will feel 100 per cent. better afterward. In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed, the result may be St. Vitus's dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful; and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain. Probably most persons have experienced the effect of tears in relieving great sorrow. It is even curious how the feelings are allayed by the free indulgence in groans and sighs. Then let parents and friends show more indulgence to noisy bursts of grief—on the part of children as well as the older persons—and regard the eyes and the mouth as safety-valves.

## Spirit Gleams.

## "TRY THE SPIRITS."

Since the issue of the first number of the White Banner, we have been beset with a number of spirits and persons who have labored hard, and by arguments the most convincing and plausible, was not their sophistry so clearly transparent to us, to make this journal the organ of "Free Loveism," and advocate not only liberty, as we do, but go, say they, just a "leettle" further and inculcate the philosophy of a license to the indulgence of the passions, which shall purify and spiritualize, by exhausting or entirely destroying in them, the lower propensities. Ugh! Destroy, say we, not the passions only, but, alas, the poor dupes also. The law is never mocked. "If ye sow to the flesh, ye shall of the flesh reap corruption." If by the better spirit ye mortify or sanctify, elevate the deeds of the body, ye shall enjoy life everlasting.

But we wish not to give them even the attention of an argument. Out upon ye. We despise the stuff. Draw us out upon this corrupting abomination, and you may depend somebody will be hurt.

We intend the unsullied folds of the White Banner to be as its name indicates, ever pure. Harmony, Innocence, and peace shall be our constant aim.

And, sirs, if as you intimate, our little sheet can only attain success by favoring your damping doctrine of Free Love, or passion license, it shall fail.

"Our Father, leave us not in temptation; deliver us from evil." We shall to the best of our ability push to the wall all isms. You may depend there is nothing even in Spiritualism that shall receive less attention from us than the disorderly in any other ism.

## TO THE CHRISTIAN MATERIALIST.

"I saw under the altar the souls of those that were slain." Now, brethren, you say the Biblical Scriptures are your standard and guide of faith and doctrine. If, then, man does not possess a nature, a consciousness other than his mere physical organism, what could the beloved revelator have intended to be understood by the above language. He saw not only the bodies that were slain, but he saw also quite as distinctly the souls which once animated and thrilled with spirit and life those organisms, flesh and blood, susceptible of being killed or slain.

More, these souls that John saw were conscious, "they cried, How long, O Lord! holy and true, dost thou not avenge our blood, &c."

But the apostle Paul was perhaps even more explicit when he wrote: "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." This same standard writer of the Christian world has much to say about the inner man, and likens the outward man, which, he says, perishes day by day, to a mere movable tent. And he knew well, we think, of what he was talking. When he said, "We know that if this earthly house or tent be taken down, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

What is the we speaking here? Correctly speaking, it can be none other than THE MAN, a deathless spirit.

## "THIS SAME JESUS,"

Said the two shining ones to those gathered round, as Christ, leading captivity captive, ascended up on high, "shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into Heaven."

Was this the self-same Jesus that hung upon the cross in all the agonies of intense torture and anguish of spirit; who was crucified, dead and buried? The very same. But flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption; therefore, the Christ that ascended above all principalities and powers, was the spiritualized Jesus, and now that he is ascended, what is it but that he also descended first into the lower parts of the earth. The corruptible body of flesh and blood dissolved and returned to its original elements, for the natural fiat is, "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return."

But the spirit cannot be confined in the narrow limits of the stony tomb. The ancient seer, David, foreseeing this in reference especially to this holy one, prophesied His soul should not be left in the grave, neither should his spirit see corruption. For it is an elemental law that the more refined and purer should rise above the grosser, so the Spirit of Jesus, ascended because it was not possible for death to hold him.

Was it the natural fleshly body which was received by a cloud, from the gazing vision of the group of spectators on the Mount of Olives, or was it not rather a substance in precisely the same form as the natural body, highly spiritualized, the express image of his person. There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body. Then, as it could have been a spiritual body only that went away, then is it by this spiritual substance only that this very same Jesus will ever come again. It is in this manner only that his return is promised. The apostle who was favored with so many spiritual interviews with the divine one, well understood this, and hence on one occasion, just after one of those soul transforming, unspeakably holy spiritual seances with Jesus, he breaks out: "I have determined, henceforth, to know no man after the flesh. Yea, though I have known Christ after the flesh, yet henceforth know we him thus no more." Were we asked the reason, we would answer in the words of this same spiritualist: "The flesh profiteth little, the spirit giveth life."

Come ye Second Advent, Material Fatalists, give up your vain pursuit of the Shadow, grasp and appropriate with us the Substance, the real. For to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace. Beside, the things which are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal." These are the real. Let us, therefore, always be subject to the great Father of Spirits and life.

—Weary in spirit of the week's turmoil and disappointments, we felt on Sunday morning the need of the soothing effect of prayer and the harmonizing influence of the melody of praise. We entered the nearest church of evangelical public worship, just as the congregation were raising the first song of praise, and our soul aspirations floated immediately off in unison with the sweet harmony prevailing. At once we were blessed. O! how soothing and refreshing to the tired

soul is the harmony of sweet spirit voices. Blessed rest to the weary one. But the text. It was well chosen, and the discourse therefrom in excellent keeping, we think, with the letter and the spirit: *There is joy in the presence of the Angels over one sinner that repenteth.* To us it sounded cheerily encouraging to hear so free and hearty outspoken endorsement from an orthodox pulpit, of the philosophical fact of the ministration of angels, their constant attendance on us, and their increasing interest in our welfare and guardianship, and when in the height of his eloquence and from the depths of his spirit, for he spoke with feeling and power, he declared "that Jesus was equally as real, and more powerful to-day than in the days of his flesh; that spiritual beings are now in this audience chambers! ANGELS ARE hovering ROUND, our loved ones are still with us in spirit." Our soul responded heartily, "Amen."

"There is a spiritual world," the speaker continued, "and it is all about us."

We know by the lighting up of many faces, and the magnetic responses of emotion perceptible and felt through the audience, that to many there, though they would hardly like to be called "Spiritualist," yet the fact, presented to them so clearly and earnestly in their own chosen church, was, to say the least, cheerily welcome to them.

Since hearing that able "sermon," brethren, witnessing and feeling its effects, we are assuredly more hopeful; and we ask some of our prominent speakers to be more liberal, if not charitable, and cease their fulsome and impolitic tirades against the church. We are fully assured that the prevalence of a purer and purifying spirituality is the race's only effectual redemption.

[For the White Banner.]

## ASSOCIATIONS AND COMMUNITIES.

LETTER FROM BRO. G. B. HENCK.

These are subjects that should engage the attention of spiritualists, and which they should thoroughly examine. The general communication given by spirits have been intended to prepare man for a higher condition of social life. These teachings should have, by this time, developed the love principle among Spiritualists to such a degree, that they would have a desire to place themselves in a condition to love their neighbor as themselves, by the cultivation of brotherly love. These teachings always find a response in the higher faculties.

Why should these heaven born emotions lie dormant? Why not let them be realized in our every day life? This cannot be done in the present antagonistical condition of society, where selfishness has entirely the control. Some endeavoring by all means in their power to prevent their neighbors doing as well as they might, in the hopes of rising by their misfortunes. Others will induce their customers and even friends to become indebted to them, for the purpose of legally robbing them. Then see how the laborers, mechanics, and producers are oppressed by landlords, capitalists, and others who are constantly contriving to live by the labor of others.

By the rapidity with which these evils are increasing, how long will it take to reach that miserable condition of society so graphically described by Mrs. Emma Hardinge, as existing in London.

Some Spiritualists have not the courage to examine into the advantages of association, because, they say, all associations have failed. But this is no argument against association. Spiritualism was a failure for eighteen centuries, because it never succeeded in obtaining a firm foothold until recently; yet Spiritualism is no less valuable on that account.

But communities have not all been failures. The Shaker communities have shown what industry and economy can accomplish. They have grown wealthy, and on their plan live happily together. They live well now on a moderate degree of labor, and are enabled to relieve the sufferings of many that are rendered miserable by the present social system.

Then, there is the Oneida community, in the State of New York. That is even more prosperous than the Shakers.

They commenced with a capital of about forty thousand dollars, and now are worth over three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

They have supplied themselves with labor saving machinery, and are enabled not only to supply all their wants liberally, but increase in wealth, with only half the amount of labor that we outsiders are compelled to devote for the purpose of supplying our wants.

They are represented as enjoying life in the highest degree, free from cares and anxieties.

We may show the advantages of communities and associations in a future number, for those who are not satisfied of its practicability.

But we should like all those who are satisfied, to briefly address the writer, stating what in their estimation would be essential for the establishment of a happy community.

Let every head of a family, or a representative of several families, state the number of persons they represent, their ages, their occupations, what amount of property they are willing to invest or contribute; whether they prefer a stock association or community of goods; isolated dwellings or unitary buildings; the location they prefer, &c.

Let all speak out freely, that we may know how to answer them, and see how they can be arranged so as to harmonize in associations, communities, or settlements. In this way several places may be commenced.

Or, one settlement embracing the different forms might be so arranged as to assist each other. To facilitate and complete the arrangements, it may be necessary to issue a circular, containing digested plans of associations and communities.

G. D. HENCK.

Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J.

## HOME.

Home's not merely four square walls, though with pictures hung and gilded;

Home is where affection calls, filled with shrines the earth hath builded;  
Home!—go watch the faithful dove, sailing 'neath the heaven above us—  
Home is where there's one to love! Home is where there's one to love us.

Home's not merely roof and room—It needs something to endear it;  
Home is where the heart can bloom, where there's some kind lip to cheer it;

What is home with none to meet? none to welcome, none to greet us?  
Home is sweet, and only sweet, where there's one we love to meet us.



## THE MEDIUM.



"The Spiritual world is all about us."

PRAYER BY NELLIE J. T. BRIGHAM.

AT CONCERT HALL, PHILADELPHIA, SUNDAY EVENING.

Phonographically reported by Henry T. Child, M. D.

O, Thou! to whom we come, at all times, Thou great spirit that speaketh to us through all things, we would offer to Thee our prayer. We would thank Thee that Thou art not hidden from our sight by noontide blaze or the sweeping storms of night. We thank Thee that the dark veil of mystery hangs not around thy form, but that all things beautiful and fair of earth speak to us of Thee, that all things noble and good and pure and true, ceaselessly reveal Thy nature, for this O, God! we thank Thee. That music with its sweet billows of sound can lift our souls, as the waves of the sea lift the fairy barques that float upon them, nearer unto Thy presence O, our God! that borne upon the soul of music our souls are uplifted so high that from Thy founts of inspiration we catch the light and strength that guides and blesses us below.

O, God! we do thank Thee for all things that Thou dost give to us for life with its crown of blessings; for all that makes earth bright and fair; for all its gathered joys, and for its shadows. We thank Thee for these things, O Father! for they fit us for another and better world; they keep our affections from twining around those things that are fast fleeting away. They tell of a another and a better life, where the grand law of compensation is shown clearly to man. And O, Father! now at this time we would pray for those who do not see this light, for those that wander in the darkness of bigotry and superstition; send Thine angels from on high that their souls may be open to the light of truth. Help them to see the beautiful meaning and destiny of life; help them to see that death is no shadow; but that it comes quietly, naturally as any other earthly change. That the angel of death shows man a narrow gate where the ship of life that has long been tossed upon the river of time; it lands quietly, and the soul steps out upon the shores of life. O, Father! help us to that light and inspiration. Help us to have better and nobler aspirations, for we feel we have need of Thee.

## INVOCATION.

BY MRS. H. J. FRENCH.

Oh, thou who knowest the weakness of the human heart, we ask thee to draw near unto us, that we may realize thy presence. Be with us heavenly parent in our every day walks through life—assist us in bringing about a reformation in the avenues of darkness, which are keeping so many souls from seeing the light of the beautiful teachings that spirituality proclaims.

Oh, divine presence, give power to thy ministering angels, to visit the haunts of vice, and touch the heart of the poor outcast, bidding them look within the secret chamber of their darkened souls, and realize they are spirit; prove to them they have a life to live, beyond the tomb, brighten their condition on earth—many of whom have been led to err through ignorance of thy laws. O, God! we earnestly beseech thee to lift the veil of doubt that is slumbering in the minds of many children of earth, and unravel the mystery of spirit communion, making them feel their loved ones are in thy keeping, as thou and thou alone can try the heart. Oh, just tribunal of mercy and love, be with us in casting the seeds of truth throughout the land, for the benefit of the whole human family. Amen.

## PLANCHETTE.

The *Universe*, the Catholic organ of this city, is after "Planchette" as follows:

"Some call Planchette a toy. If it were a toy, its motive power could be detected by the eye, and taken to pieces by the hand. But neither the sight of the eye nor the touch of the hand can discover the spring by which Planchette moves. Therefore it is not, in its movement, a toy. It moves; undoubtedly it does. And how? Intelligently! It answers questions of any kind put to it in any language required. It does this. This cannot be done but by an intelligence. Planchette is, therefore, moved by an intelligence. Well by what description of intelligence. It cannot be supposed that the divine intelligence is the motive; for how can God be conceived to make such a manifestation of Himself as Planchette exhibits? A corresponding reason cuts off the idea that it is presided over by an angelic intelligence. And it is evident to all that a human mind does not control it. There is but one more character of intelligence—that of the evil spirits. Therefore Planchette is moved by the agents of hell."

We had the curiosity to ask Planchette, after reading the above, what it thought of "Spellissy?" It instantly replied: "Oh he is a Fenian." We inquired again: "Do you know him?" "Troth, like a book," was the reply. Spellissy will have to look out.

## SPIRIT TEST IN TONGUES.

As Mediums are rare through whom spirits can speak different tongues, they should be specially noticed. A stranger, who never attended a circle before, and disbelieved that spirits return, was astonished when a medium, Mrs. Trego, described three spirits whom he recognized as those of his mother, brother, and uncle, neither of which were natives of or had died in this country; and as if to remove all doubt from his mind, his mother took possession of Mrs. H. J. French, and began a conversation with him, speaking alternately in Spanish, Portuguese, French and Italian, which he understood, and replied to, stating that his mother's profession in the body was that of Traveling Interpreter, she having been acquainted with seven different languages. He further declared that the style and gestures were characteristic of her throughout.

One of his sceptical friends intimated that the medium might be conversant with those languages. He replied, even if this was true, she did not know the facts given, concerning his kindred, which he knew to be true, and this must be explained, or I am compelled to believe in Spiritualism.

The above test was given at the circle held every Saturday night at 1105 Coates street, under direction of Mrs. French.

Respectfully,

C. S. FORD.

## SECTARIAN AUTHORITY.

BY C. S. FORD.

How vague and ineffective are all systems of education based upon mere authority. How pernicious in their tendency, especially when exercised in the field of religious knowledge. Predicated as it is upon the supposed, innate moral disease of man, and its antidote. Of what little practical value are its teachings, which only serve to gloss over their hypocrisy; influencing its subjects to be proud, perverse, and obstinate. Clouding them with prejudice, and blasting their fairest hopes.

A priori with its conclusions, and assuming knowledge, which, when examined frequently proves to be only rash assertion. Arrogant, conceited, and tyrannical in its dictum; Pharisaically sceptical; dogmatic in its denials, and affirmations, and admitting no substitute for its moral precepts.

Under its influence the noblest aspirations of the soul are crushed, and if it could, would close the only channel of communication between mortals and spirits, obstructing the march of truth, and delaying its triumph. Sectarian authority should be watched with a jealous eye. It designs to break down the great bulwark of the nation's freedom, by engraving its authority in the Constitution. It has already invaded the sanctuaries of modern reform, and unfortunately its encroachments are even there encouraged.

Its principal aggressive point is education of young and pliant minds, who become its victims; from which its magazines are filled, and its source of life and perpetuity obtained.

It caters to popular opinion and power; draws its inspiration from the past, and crucifies the living present; rears its temples with the sweat of ignorance, and like a srocco, withers and blights the mental field of its track. Pitiably is the soul indeed, that must be fanned by its breeze. May bright emanations from angel brows, penetrate and illumine the minds of all who are subject to religious authority of either books or men. May they break the fetters that shackle their manhood, and stand out on the broad platform of reason, where experience, observation, and intuition will be their standard; and then mounted on freedom's summit, bow to no authority, save the power vested in the individuality of the spirit. Even this is not infallible, because the perception of truth in its ultimate sense, involves an eternity. And this calls to mind the cunningly devised "Heaven," which consists of an indolent and inactive condition, which is supposed to be reached through the merits of another. Whereas, the attainment of Heaven, which is only another name for happiness, is dependant on the harmonious development, and exercise of all the higher faculties, and attributes of our nature. So that the council of Nicean Bishops who adopted, as inspired, an Infallible Book, where no more qualified as authority, in matters pertaining to the eternal salvation of souls, than so many Bishops and Divines of modern times. Other thoughts here loom up before the vision, and widen the range; but the printer and space admonish me to stop, and would say I have no affinity in association with those who are thus book-bound, but we listen to, and investigate all new suggestions and facts, welcome every gleam of light that appears in the horizon, let it loom from whatever quarter it may, and promulgate the truth however it may deviate from established notions of society. And when creedists are thus guided, the truth will shine in all its pristine splendor, and by its light, the gilded serpent of authority will be driven from the land forever.

The demand of the age—what is it? Is a question that requires culture of thought,—of intellect,—on a scientific plan. Aspiring into the mysteries of nature, is a demand of the age, through which great unfoldment in every scientific branch will be brought to light, through the great "I am," revealed in the divine law. God gave you your beings to develop into the highest capacities of scientific literature and art, he also gave you spiritual endowments, which lie imbedded within the enclosure of your animal beings, but which are lying dormant, waiting for the light of the gospel teachings of Spiritualism to shine in upon the darkened portals to nourish and bring out the hidden beauty within. This is the demand of the age we live in. Friends of freedom arouse. A war has caused the nation to tremble for its freedom—are you free? No. Your souls are bound by the fetters of oppression and prejudice. Spiritualism has not become popular enough in Philadelphia, they have no fashionable hall, of their own; they are not zealous enough, they do not yet meet the demand of the age. The church people have caught the spirit of the age, and are under the contagious influence of little Planchette, that is doing something towards the great revival among the Spiritualists of Philadelphia.—MRS. HATTIE J. FRENCH.

"They that would be rich suddenly, fall into divers temptations For the love of money is the root of all evil, which some coveting have pierced themselves with many sorrows."

"Many years since a seafaring man called at a village inn on the coast of Normandy, and asked for a supper and a bed. The landlord and landlady were elderly people, and apparently poor. He entered into conversation with them; invited them to partake of his cheer, asked them many questions about themselves and their family, and particularly of a son who had gone to sea when a boy, and whom they had long given over as dead. The landlady showed him to his room; and when she quitted him he put a purse of gold in her hand, and desired her to take care of it till the morning, pressed her affectionately by the hand, and bade her good night. She returned to her husband, and showed him the gold. For its sake they agreed to murder the traveller in his sleep, which they accomplished, and buried the body. In the morning came two or three relations, and asked in a joyful tone for the traveller who had arrived there the night before. The old people seemed greatly confused, but said he had risen very early and gone away. "Impossible!" said the relations. "It is your own son, who is lately returned from France, and is come to make happy the evening of your days, and he resolved to lodge with you one night, as a stranger, that he might see you unknown, and judge of your conduct towards wayfaring mariners." Language would be incompetent to describe the horror of the murderers when they found they had dyed their hands in the blood of their long-lost child. They confessed their crime, the body was found, and the wretched murderers expiated their offence on the scaffold.

## RIPPLES.

—A SMART BOY.—A friend tells us of a lady who was recently reading to her child—a boy of seven years—a story of a little fellow whose father had taken ill and died, whereupon the youngster set himself diligently to work to assist in supporting himself and his mother. When she finished the story the following dialogue ensued:—*Mother*—Now, my little man, if your papa was to die, wouldn't you work to help your mother? *Boy*—(Not relishing the idea of work.) Why, ma, what for? Ain't we got a good house to live in? *Mother*—Oh, yes my child, but we can't eat the house you know. *Boy*—Well, ain't we got flour and sugar, and other things in the store room? *Mother*—Certainly we have, my dear boy, but they won't last long—and what then? *Boy*—Well ma, ain't there enough to last while you get another husband? A roar of laughter ended the colloquy.

—*FELIX*.—To think that the more a man eats, the fatter and stronger he will become. To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained. To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better, is "good for" the system, without regard to more ulterior effects. To commit an act which is felt in itself to be prejudicial, hoping that somehow or other it may be done in your case with impunity. To advise another to take a remedy which you have not tried yourself, without making special inquiry whether all the conditions are alike. To eat without an appetite, or continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste. To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning.

—A clergyman lately addressed his female auditory as follows: "Be not proud that the blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguished compliment of appearing first to a female after the resurrection, for it was only done that the glad tidings might spread all the sooner."

—A pin has as much head as a good many authors, and a great deal more point.

—Many a sweet fashioned mouth has been disfigured and made hideous by the fiery tongue within it.

—A wicked editor says that at a church some people clasp their hands so closely in prayer that they are unable to get them open when the contribution box comes around.

—CHARACTERISTIC MODES OF "POPPING THE QUESTION."  
*Jonathan*.—"Sall, der yer love dough-nuts?"

*Sall*.—"Yes, Jonathan: why?"

*Jonathan*.—"Oh, nothin'; only just consider me one o' them dough-nuts."

—*Loquacious Individual*.—"Hallo, old gal—see here! I've scaterlo-fisterated all over the equanimity of this 'ere country looking for just such a critter as you. What say—will yer hitch?"

—*Western Gal*.—"Oh shucks—I calkerlate; so let's git up and git."

—*Patrick*.—"Biddy, darlint, would yeez like a new house, a cow, a pig, and meself in the bargain?"

—*Bridget*.—"Och, Paddy, don't be tazing me! 'Tis the praste we're after wanting."

—*Hans*.—"Ich will haben you, Johannas. I loves you more better than I does mien lager beer."

—*Johannas*.—"Oh ya, Hans; das ish good."

—THE MOST IMPUDENT MAN.—A citizen of Washington, whom we will call Mr. P., once rang at the door of the British Minister, and telling the servant that he had important business with the Minister, was shown into an ante-room, where he was soon joined by that official, when the following dialogue took place: "May I ask, sir, what business it is that you have with me?" "Certainly, sir; it is this: In passing your house I learned that you had a whist party here to-night; and, as I am remarkably fond of the game, I thought I would just stop in and see what are the trumps." The sublime impudence of the thing so amused the Minister that he invited the intruder into the room where the guests were assembled, and introduced him as the "most impudent man in America."

—HONIED POLITENESS.—Rev. Dr. Wilson, the predecessor of Albert Barnes in the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, used to carry his politeness so far as to say, when commenting on the third chapter of John, "there was a gentleman of the Pharisees called Nicodemus," etc.; and invariably when speaking of the parable of the ten virgins, he called them the "ten young ladies which took their lamps and went forth to meet the bridegroom."

—NOT SO MAD.—A Dutchman, having caught his son in wrongdoing, determined to administer a dose of hickory. So he trimmed a switch and went to look for the youngster, who incontinently took to his heels. After chasing the boy around for a while, the old man thought to persuade him to stop and take the licking. So he halted and hailed the weary fugitive: "Shoo," said he, "Shoo, shoo p, I am not so mad as vat I wash."

[From the Bond of Peace.]  
"I WANT YOU TO ENLIGHTEN ME."

What do you mean by the subject of Peace? War is and was from the dawn of creation the essence of humanity—it is more fashionable to-day than the "Grecian Bend," and all classes pay for it. Let the war bugle sound to-morrow and men will fly like a flock of crows—the latter for safety, but men to kill each other; why because they would be kings or popes, (for we have plenty of them in our midst without going abroad) say war, to maintain their power; and well they know how to stop the hum of industry; and the whole hive of humanity is thrown out of work—will you Mr. Editor or any of your correspondents tell, or propose how those men's stomachs are to be supplied if they don't go to war. This is the all vital question; I cannot answer, but I can tell all your friends when they want pure, fresh Teas, just call at *Wm. Ingram's American Tea Warehouse* where they will find a large stock at very reasonable prices. Remember. **WILLIAM INGRAM, Tea Dealer,** 43 South Second St., Philadelphia.

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