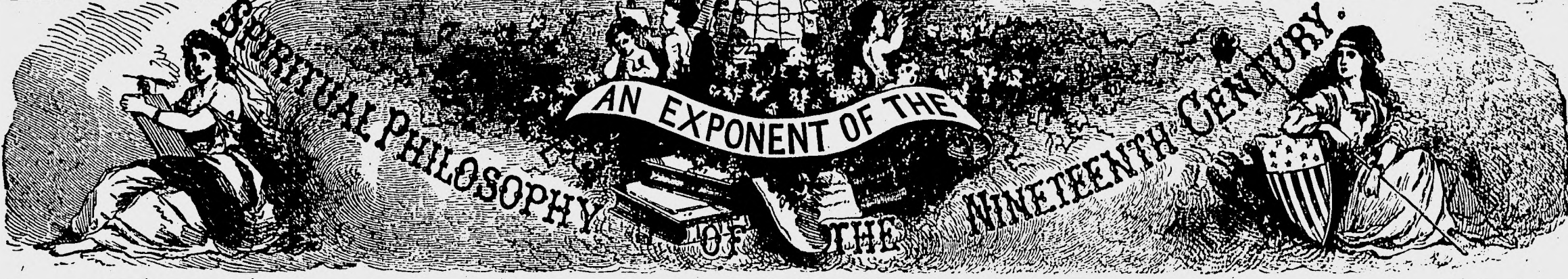


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Foreign Correspondence.

### LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

NUMBER NINETEEN.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light,  
BY J. M. PECKLES.

#### EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—

"We have turned away from the fragrant East,  
For the desert sand and the arid waste."  
"Sellin," our guide, announcing himself ready with horses watered, bridled, equipped, we are again snugly in the saddle under a scorching sun on the way from Ramleh to Jerusalem. It is several miles yet across the plains of Sharon to the foot-hills that fringe the more mountainous regions. The landscape is diversified and beautified with the olive-orchards, the leaves resembling those of the willow, only more soft and delicate. This is a common tree in the south of France, in Greece, and Syria. The beautiful plain of Athens, as seen from Hyettum, appears almost covered with olive-trees. Olive oil—quite an article of export in Syria and Asia Minor—is eaten with lettuce and other salads all through the East. The fruit is plucked by the hand, reduced to a pulp in the olive-mill, put into sacks of coarse linen and subjected to a crushing pressure. This tree in portions of the Orient—like the oak in the West—is held in a sort of veneration. It was an olive-branch that the dove brought to the legendary ark; while in Greece the wreaths that crowned the victors in the Olympic games, were woven from the slender branches that tremble upon the leafy olive.

The road winding, the country now wild and desolate, we gallop along quite reckless of the thought that this portion of Palestine, storied in song and trodden by apostles, had given birth to Jeremiah, witnessed the duel of David and Goliath, and the recorded standing-still of the sun on the plains of Ajalon. Passing old stone villages and rude tombs, we meet more pilgrims. These travel mostly in the night-time, during this, the hot, dry season. It is nearly noon, a burning August noon, and the way begins to seem long to the city of the "Great King." Through ravines and cañons, how rugged the country, and barren too, save the orchards of figs and olives that dot the valleys or terrace the hill-sides. What strange geological formations! Giving our panting horses a little rest, we lunch to-day in an olive-grove, and have delicious prickly pears plucked fresh from a cactus hedge, and brought us by some sore-eyed Syrian girls, living a little distance from the way-side. "Sellin," our dragoman, provides well, but the day seems long. Other hills and mountains are scaled, and Jerusalem is still before us. This is novel and "odd-looking," surely. "What?" Why, this summer-threshing-floor in the open field, the grain being trampled out by the stamping of oxen. It is decidedly primitive. The Egyptians have a similar method.

Traversing these regions one naturally asks, "How do the people live?" Only in dreams could it have been called a land "flowing with milk and honey;" and yet when irrigated there are tasty oases, and numerous vineyards, too, burdened with white and purpling clusters. Cities and villages, built upon hill-sides, frequently crown their summits. Thus situated, these warlike inhabitants of Scripture records could better see the approaching enemy and defend themselves in battle. Terraced up toward the steep hill-tops, many streets are on a range with the stone-houses below. And then these tiled-roofed buildings are generally flat. Some are handsomely grassed over. In several places we saw goats and cattle feeding upon the house-tops.

But see! here's a *restaurant*! Two men come out—American-dressed. They speak English. One of them, originally connected with the American Colonists to Jaffa, is now employed by the Palestine Exploration Society on the east side of Jordan, in the land of Moab. These explorations are certainly confirming Jewish history. Our horses are weary and worn; so are their riders. The sun has now dipped his disc in the Mediterranean.

#### OLIMPIES OF JERUSALEM.

There's not a cloud in sight. The skies are as blue as departing sun-rays, crimson and golden. Only "this hill to rise!" Ay, there—there it is! the very Jerusalem over which "Jesus wept." Some poet sings:

"Jerusalem! I would have seen  
Thy precipitous steep;  
The trees of palm that overhang  
Thy rugged dark and deep;  
Around thy hills the spirits throng  
Of all thy murdered seers;  
And voices that went up from it  
Are ringing in my ears."

The fading light throws over the city a gray, sombre, shadowy appearance; and yet you see around its entire circuit a lofty wall with beauti-

ful parapets; and within, white roofs, balustrades, domes, minarets, majestic churches, and the Mosque of Omar crowning Mount Moriah. Though situated upon a mountain-top, Jerusalem is surrounded by still loftier mountains. It surprised us, however, that a city so historically famous should be so small. Pictures and Sunday school teachings had impressed us with the belief that it must be marvelously great, because built and adorned by King Solomon. Nevertheless it is large, and rich in Semitic associations. Here Abraham dwelt. Here patriarchs and prophets had their pastures, their wells, their tents, their tombs and their altars. Here Jesus performed many of his spiritual marvels. Here apostles sat at the feet of their Divine Teacher. Here disciples learned the commandment, "Love ye one another;" and here the tender, sweet-hearted John, lovingly leaned upon Jesus' bosom, giving to all these hills and mountains an associate sacredness. Well might Whittier write:

"And thronged on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,  
With dust on her forehead and chains on her feet;  
For the reviver of her people to the meek and lowly,  
And the holy shekinah is dark where it shone."

OTHERS' IMPRESSIONS OF JERUSALEM.  
Lieut. Lynch, of the American Navy, approaching Jerusalem, writes:

"I rode to the summit of a hill on the left, and beheld the holy city. Men may say what they please, but there are moments when the soul, casting aside the artificial trammels of the world, will assert its claim to a celestial origin, and, regardless of time and place, of sinners and sinners, pay its tribute at the shrine of faith and weep for the sufferings of its founder."

Prof. Osborne observes:  
"Though weary from the day's ride in the saddle, and exhausted as were the pilgrims by the way, it was near night when we obtained the first view of the city with its mosques and towers. How unexpectingly charming was that moment's vision. Never did silence and loneliness appear so gratifying."

Believing as firmly in Jesus' suffering, bleeding, and dying a martyr to principle, as in Socrates' draining the hemlock draught, the sight of Jerusalem had for me a thousand charms:

"Here dwelling where their heads were bowed,  
And held their green shields o'er the pilgrim's head;  
At once repelling Syria's burning ray,  
And breathing freshness on the sultry day."

To Socrates Jesus was a wise Rabbi; to Renan, a moral teacher; to Fourier, a warm-hearted socialist; to Fenelon, the most rapid of mystics; to Paine, the most sincere of philanthropists; to Miller, the harmony of all history; to Emerson, a true prophet seeing the mystery of the world; to Parker, a fellow-brother and self-sacrificing reformer; while to me he was the marvel-working medium of the East—the baptized of Christ, and the great Syrian *Spiritualist* sent of the gods to bear "witness to the truth." Previously I had looked upon the Isle of Samos that gave birth to Pythagoras. I had stood upon the spot where Socrates was imprisoned for corrupting the youth. I had wandered over the fields of Samothrace where Buddha's feet had pressed the soil. I had traversed the land where Plato taught in the Athenian groves, and now I was at the gates of the city where Jesus had toiled and taught, healed and suffered, wept, and died with the prayer upon his purpling lips—"Father, forgive them!" The sainted John Pierpont sweetly wrote:

"A lonelier, lovelier path he mine;  
Greece and her charms I'd leave for Palestine;  
There purer streams through happier valleys flow,  
And sweeter flowers on holier mountains blow:  
I'd have to breathe where Gilead sheds his balm;  
I'd have to walk on Jordan's banks of palm;  
I'd have to wet my foot in Hermon's dew;  
I'd have the promplings of Israel's muse;  
In Carmel's holy grove I'd court repose;  
And deck my mossy couch with Sharon's blooming rose."

This is August 24th. We enter Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate, and follow "Christian street" to Mount Zion.

#### THE CITY AS IT NOW IS.

How often in life does sunshine fade away into cloudland, poetry into duldest prose! So Jerusalem, which was so beautiful an hour ago in the softening, fading light of the setting sun, shrunk away to a trafficking Turkish city the moment we entered within the gates. The city has at present a population of some twelve thousand, of whom three thousand four hundred are denominated Christians, three thousand Jews, and five thousand Mohammedans, each class largely occupying separate quarters. The streets are narrow, dirty and poorly paved. The houses, built of stones, look like fortresses, presenting front little more than blank walls. Morning and evening they are crowded with Turks and Arabs. The bazaars were sparsely supplied, with the exception of fruits. The principal trade of the city consists in beads and coins, crosses and relics. There are no gaslights, as in Alexandria, and therefore it was impossible to see much of the city in evening-time. Stopping at the Mediterranean Hotel, on Mount Zion, kept by Mr. Honsstein, a Free-Mason and a free thinker, we had a delightful night's rest. Waking rested and refreshed, we could say most heartily, "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces."

#### OUR FIRST DAY IN JERUSALEM.

Out in early morning upon the house-top I saw the sun rise from beyond the Jordan. After a delicious breakfast of eggs, bread, honey and several kinds of fruit, we started, with a guide, for the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Fronting it is a neatly paved square, reached from the street by descending a flight of worn stone stairs. This area is usually thronged with Syrians, Abyssinians, Armenians, Greeks, Copts and Turks, as well as Europeans. Monks and tradesmen also frequent the place daily to sell amulets and cheap relics. The Holy Sepulchre is open to all religionists except the Jews. These, with an intolerance unparadiseable, are excluded. There is little doubt but that the "new tomb" of Joseph

of Arimathea was in this mountainous eminence. It was so designated in the first, and confirmed by the fathers of later centuries. The magnificent dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre has been erected directly over this white marble sarcophagus under which is the veritable rock-hewn "tomb." Near the sepulchre is a marble slab on which it is said they anointed the body of Jesus, and to the east of it is a small door, requiring a stooping posture to enter, made, in all probability, to harmonize with St. John's account—"And as she wept, she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre." About the tomb and the altar are gifts of precious stones, wreaths of pearls and diamonds, from the "Christian Sovereigns of Europe," and lamps of gold and silver kept continually burning. These, glittering with the smoke of the incense, the perfume of spices and the altar of roses, induced in us a strange, weird sensation. Silently we said: Jesus and the poor; Jesus and the beggar by the wayside; Jesus, once treading the wine-press, alone, without "where to lay his head," now a god with a costly, garnished sepulchre, and the poor of the nineteenth century begging, starving, dying! Jesus was genuine, Christianity is a sham.

The crucifixion upon Calvary—the stone of anointing, the burial sepulchre, and other holy places, to say nothing of the Greek, Latin, Armenian and Coptic departments of worship, are all included under the roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Mount Calvary, within a stone's throw of the Sepulchre, is reached by climbing a flight of eighteen stone steps, introducing us into a richly decorated chapel. In this chapel is quite a rock with a hole therein, said to have received the foot of the Cross; and a tablet, showing where the "mother of Jesus stood" during her son's agony. Descending a rugged stone stairway, we entered the Chapel of St. Helena, mother of Constantine, where, three hundred years after the crucifixion, it is pretended were found the "three crosses" in a state of perfect preservation.

It is claimed that the Armenian Church covers the site where John was beheaded, and close by they pointed us to Adam's grave and a picture of his skull. They also showed where the cock stood and "crowed three times" before Peter's denial; showed us the Judgment Hall; the place where Jesus, leaning against the wall when weary, made an indentation in the rock; the spot where he fell under the cross falling upon Simon of Cyrene; the place where they scourged him; the cleft in the rock, made when he yielded up the ghost; and, what is more, they identified the exact locality where the angel stood that appeared to the Marys. Further, they pointed to the tomb of Melchisedec; the palace of Herod; the place where Stephen was stoned; the house of Dives; the dilapidated stone shanty of Lazarus; and the prints of Jesus' footsteps where he stood when confounding the "doctors of the law."

Naturally incredulous, the fixing of these localities with such cool precision, disgusted me. Tradition and superstition are the handmaids of ignorance! The truth is, the most imaginative genius cannot re-construct Jerusalem as Jesus saw it, and Josephus and other Jewish writers describe it. The demon of war, crimsoning its streets, too often sacked the city. It has been burned, built and rebuilt. The localities of towers and tombs, pools and sepulchres, therefore, are mostly hypothetical; and yet the general topographical outlines of the city and immediate country are as clearly marked as they are ineffaceable.

#### "THE WALL AND THE GATES THEREOF."

The present wall, with its five gates, surrounding Jerusalem, is about two and-a-half miles in length, and portions of it evidently occupy the line of the ancient *first wall*. Some fifteen feet thick, and from twenty-five to forty feet high according to the location of the ground, this wall has salient angles, square towers, battlements, and a breast-work running around upon the top, furnishing a fine promenade for tourists. Standing upon the topmost stones and surveying the scenery, we were shown a horizontally projecting column upon which Mahomet is to "stand when he comes to judge the world." It was interesting to examine the excavations of Capt. Warren, who, commencing some fifty yards outside the walls, pushed a shaft under them, discovering the foundations of the *old Temple*, the pillars and arches of which are marvels.

Visiting the gate that is called "Beautiful," and then passing out of St. Stephen's Gate, we descended the steep hillside to the vale of Kedron, just by the valley of Jehoshaphat. No water flows along the bed of the Kedron, save during the rainy season. Previous to beginning the ascent of Mount Olives, we came to the garden of Gethsemane, a pleasant bit of level ground about fifty yards square, surrounded by a high wall, and containing besides several old seraggy olive-trees, some flowering shrubs, plants, and semi-tropical flowers, carefully cared for by Latin monks. Over this "Garden of Agony" Greek and Roman monks, fired with rivalry and jealousies, have not only wrangled, but not only fought with their tongues, but they have several times actually come to blows and bloodshed. Turkish officials, in the name of the *Atah* of the prophet, were compelled to interfere. Behold! how these Christians "love one another!"

#### THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Though the stones were rough and rolling, the nimbleness of our Arab steeds made us feel safe while climbing up the steep hillside of Mount Olives from the Garden of Gethsemane.

Jesus and the Apostles must have often left the passing imprints of their bare feet along this winding way. Upon the summit we had reached, is a miserable, dirty village, whose dark-hued inhabitants greatly resemble, both in dress and appearance, the Mussulmen of India. The women, sitting at the doors of their low stone houses, partially covered their faces as we passed by, and the children chased us, calling for money as a matter of right, rather than charity. Upon the top of this uneven mount, guides, showing the impress of a large foot legibly stamped upon the face of a stone, declare that the indentation was there made when "Jesus ascended to heaven." Saying nothing of the immutability of the imprint, the alleged ascension was not from Mount Olives, but from Bethany. Accordingly, the Evangelist Luke says: "Jesus led out his disciples as far as Bethany, and blessed them, and while he blessed them, he was parted from them and carried up into heaven."

"Peace I leave with you." From days departed  
Flows down the blessing, simple and serene,  
Which to his followers, few and far between,  
With yearning love, thus spake the Nazarene,  
Peace I leave with you!  
Jerusalem, Syria, Aug. 27th, 1873.

#### THE PASTORAL LETTER.

So, this is all; the utmost reach  
Of priestly power the mind to fetter:  
When laymen think, when women preach,  
A war of words, a "pastoral letter."  
Now, shame upon ye, parish rascals!  
Was it thus with those, your predecessors,  
Who sealed with racks, and fire, and ropes,  
Their loving kindness to transgressors?  
A "pastoral letter," grave and dull:  
A list of hoofs, and horns, and features,  
How different is your Brookfield bull!  
From him who bellows from St. Peter's!  
Your pastoral rights and power from harm,  
Think ye, can words alone preserve them?  
Your wiser fathers taught the arm  
And sword of temporal power to serve them.

Oh glorious days, when Church and State  
Were wedded by your spiritual fathers,  
And on submissive shoulders sat  
Your Wilsons and your Cotton Mathers!  
No vile "liberalist" then could mar  
The beauty of your tranquil Zion,  
But at the peril of the spear  
Of hangman's whip and branding iron.  
Then wholesome laws relieved the church  
Of heretic and mischief-maker,  
And priest and ballot joined in search,  
By turns, of Papist, with an Quaker!  
The stocks were at each church's door,  
The gallows stood on Boston Common!  
A Papist's ears the pillory bore,  
The gallows-rope a Quaker woman!

Your fathers dealt not as ye deal,  
With "non-resistance," frantic teachers;  
They bared the tongue with red-hot steel,  
And flayed the backs of "female preachers."  
Old Newbury, had her fields a tongue,  
And Salem's streets could tell their story,  
Of fainting women dragged along,  
Gashed by the whip, accursed and gory!  
And will ye ask me, why this taunt  
Of memories sacred from the scorner?  
And why with reckless hand I plant  
A nettle on the graves ye honor?  
Not to reproach New England's dead,  
This record from the past I summon,  
Of manhood to the scaffold led,  
And suffering and heroic woman.

No! for yourselves alone I turn  
The pages of intolerance over,  
That in their spirit, dark and stern,  
Ye laply may your own discover!  
For, if ye claim the "pastoral right"  
To silence Freedom's voice of warning,  
And from your pulpits shut the light  
Of Freedom's day around ye dawning:  
If when an earthquake voice of power,  
And signs in earth and heaven are showing  
That forth, in the appointed hour,  
The Spirit of the Lord is going!  
And, with that Spirit, Freedom's light  
On kindred tongue, and people breaking,  
Those slumbering millions, at the sight  
In glory and in strength are waking!

When for the sighing of the poor  
And for the needy, God hath risen,  
And chains are breaking, and a door  
Is opening for the souls in prison!  
If then ye would with puny hands  
Arrest the sacred work of heaven,  
And bind anew the evil bands  
Which God's right arm of power hath riven—  
What marvel that, in many a mind,  
Those darker deeds of bigot madness  
Are closely with your own combined,  
Yet "less in anger than in sadness?"  
What marvel, if the people learn  
To claim the right of free opinion?  
What marvel, if at times they spurn  
The ancient yoke of your dominion?

A glorious remnant linger yet,  
Whose lips are wet at Freedom's fountains,  
The coming of whose welcome feet  
Is beautiful upon our mountains!  
Men, who the gospel tidings bring  
Of Liberty and Love forever,  
Whose joy is an abiding spring,  
Whose peace is as a gentle river!

Oh, ever may the power which led  
Their way to such a fiery trial,  
And strengthened womanhood to tread  
The wine-press of such self-denial,  
Be round them in an evil land,  
With wisdom and with strength from heaven,  
With Miriam's voice, and Judith's hand,  
And Deborah's song for triumph given!

And what are ye, who strive with God  
Against the ark of His salvation,  
Moved by the breath of prayer abroad,  
With blessings for a dying nation?  
What, but the stubble and the hay  
To perish, even as flux consuming,  
With all that bars His glorious way  
Before the brightness of His coming!  
And thou, sad angel, who so long  
Hast waited for the glorious token,  
That earth from all her bonds of wrong  
To liberty and light has broken—  
Angel of freedom! soon to three  
The sounding trumpet shall be given,  
And over earth's full jubilee  
Shall deeper joy be felt in heaven!  
—John G. Whittier.

## Spiritualism Abroad.

### REVIEW OF FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC LITERATURE.

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

My friend, Mr. Seman, the estimable official here, has kindly supplied me with the following notice of that new periodical, named in my late article as *Psychische Studien*, published at Leipzig and New York, and edited by the distinguished Russian, Alexander Aksakow:

"In our days, when physiological researches are prosecuted with extraordinary vigor and results, the study of psychology can hardly be said to keep step with it."

It is not rare to find the latter referred to, only to prove that all psychological phenomena can be traced to physical or natural causes.

Were we disposed even to grant to some of the ordinary manifestations such a probability, there are yet others belonging to a far more incomprehensible and unexplored realm of Nature's mysteries which science ignores *in toto*. On that account we consider a work of this kind to be very desirable, in order that those who have experienced phenomena in their own family circle may add the same to the general treasury of accumulated facts, and lay them open to scientific consideration.

This work will be divided into three distinct parts:

First, Historical and Experimental.  
Second, Theoretical and Critical.  
Third, News Items.

Mr. S. remarks: "From a perusal of this first brochure, I feel satisfied that the author is a good reasoner, and supports his arguments by sound logical deductions."

*El Eco De La Verdad*, of Montevideo, is also a new paper, small quarto, bi-columnar of twelve pages. Its editor, Dr. J. A. de Escudero, a native of Mexico, (which he hands with the becoming affection of a child,) opens his "Prospectus" thus: "The hour has already sounded; the time has arrived in which men of intelligence, of science, unprejudiced, desire the investigation of truth. We believe firmly, and without the fear of misapprehension, that humanity marches progressively, reforming ancient customs, destroying past errors, establishing beneficent institutions, gentileizing characters, tolerating opinions and faiths; but in the midst of these advancements in this illustrious nineteenth century, human intelligence has reached a grand discovery, which is no other than the law of human destiny, that universal harmony that can be realized on earth. . . . Harmony is truth; she alone is sufficient to make pacific all things, all the questions that are to-day agitated among mankind," etc.

Thus, with large views of humanity, its scope, its ultimate triumph over the crudities that have heretofore so dwarfed it, the editor presents *El Eco* to the reading public of Montevideo.

The *Eco* contains in its first number an article on "Education in the City," one "To a Father," "Reason and Faith," and "Universal Suffrage," which quotes John Stuart Mill. No. 2 congratulates "The Club of Liberty and Progress of Santa Lucia" on its being so well founded that it could serve as a model for those of other districts; and when it states that it has a library of one thousand and fifty-one volumes of popular works, it may serve as a stimulus to us to do something similar in all our societies. Universal suffrage's again ably handled; and that "Cuba ought to be free," impresses one by its boldness and clear statements regarding its relation to Spain (as a republic) with the irreversibility of its position: "Six years the Island of Cuba has raised its arms against the Spanish government. Six years Liberty has manifested there a sublime abnegation, and bathed with precious blood the soil of the Antilles—that little piece of America. Six years Spain has also seen the broken chain that had for ages been around her neck. Six years, in the Spanish peninsula, the nations have heard the hymn of equality, while in yon portion of her domain is the odious feature of slavery and negro despotism."

I can only give the animus of Don Mora's stirring paragraphs. We are so apt to kill the fatted calf for the new comer, we may be a little prone to neglect the old "staid boys." This hint makes me drop the *Eco* and the *Leipsic* magazine, and turn to the *Revue Spirituelle* of Paris, than which few exponents of our faith have a higher claim to respectful attention. Its second article in the February number is an extract from the "Journal of Prince-Emile de Sayn Wittgenstein," which is graphically written and of the most startling interest.

Spirit photography has received such formidable confirmation at the photographic rooms of Monsieur Boguet, that his visitors are numerous. The writer in the *Revue* says that he took to that gentleman's rooms a Mr. Bérat, a photographer, who had no faith in this matter. The former did not touch the instrument, but allowed Mr. Bérat to manipulate everything as he desired, and finally take to his own apartments, for completion, the first impression, which contained a spirit likeness.

It seems that, at Dijon, some twelve or fourteen years ago, there appeared on a window-pane the figure of the man who had inhabited the dwelling where it was, but who had been dead several months. The people gathered about the premises, saying that the man's ghost was in the house, but when in the house they could see nothing. It was the same phenomenon that has been repeated many times in this country.

"The blind must see and the deaf must hear," says a writer in St. Petersburg, remarking on an article taken from the *Feuille de Petersburg* recounting the following:







[illegible]















## New York Advertisements.

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Positive and Negative  
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**MRS. MARY TOWNE**, Magnesian and Electric Physician, No. 9 Grand Jones street, New York. Diseases of Women treated with great success. (Chloroform) and Examinations made. Best of references given. Jan. 3.-M.

**W** M. WHITE, M. D., 51½ West 32d street near Broadway, New York, author of Student Manual of Medical Electricity, and Professor of Electric Therapeutics in the New York Free Medical College for Women. June-Nov. 22.

**M**RS. H. S. SEYMOUR, Business and Telephone Medium. 102 Fourth Avenue, East Side, near 12th street. June-Nov. 22.

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*(continued)*



Washington street, Boston, publishers—gives a goodly table of contents, in which appear the names of many of our favorites. The departments of the present number are eminently worthy of perusal, and "The Lord's Day Tale," by Edmund C. Stedman, is a standard poem, fresh as spray-dash, but solemn with ocean's monotone.

ST. NICHOLAS, for April, shows a shining face, while thousands of little ones will hail with joy. **Mary Maple Dodge** edits it in a manner worthy of all praise, and Scribner & Co., 64 Broadway, N. Y., furnish it to the public in a style at once practical and ornamental. The touching article by Thomas Halley Aldrich on "Young Americans," will not fail of a multitude of readers.

**MEETINGS IN BOSTON.**—*Music Hall.*—*Free Admissions.*—Seventh Series of Lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy, in the course of the named elegant and spacious Hall, Meetings on the Sunday evening, at 2½ precisely. Speakers of known ability and eloquence have been engaged. Singing by a first-class quartette. Tickets securing reserved seats for the season can be procured on application to Mr. Lewis C. Wilson, Chairman and Treasurer, at the Banner of Light office, No. 9 Moultrie street. Speakers:—Wm. H. Bryant, Esq.,—J. B. Stebbins and Gerald Masses.

*New Fentrillian Hall, Parker Memorial Building.*—*"The Spiritualists."*—Union hold meetings, for addresses and conference etc., every Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.

this hall, corner of Appleton and Berkeley streets. A. A. Gardner, President. Friends of Liberalism are cordially invited to attend. *Admission free.* H. F. Gardner, President.

*The Ladies' Aid Society* meets each Tuesday afternoon, commencing at same place. All invited to the evening Sociable.

*John A. Andrew Hall, - Free Meetings.* - Lectures by the Rev. Mr. Mrs. S. A. Floyd, at 24 and 25, on the subject of the audience being begged to attend. Free questions on spirituality. E. A. Gardner, President. Quartette singing. Public invited. The Children's Temperance Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, which formerly met in Ellen's Hall, will hold its sessions at this place, corner Chauncy and Essex streets, every Sunday, at 10 o'clock. G. W. Gardner, President.

*French, Secretary.*  
*Tent Circles* are held at Nassau Hall, corner Washington and Common streets (entrance from No. 8 Common street) every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 2½ P. M. Mrs. L. W. Little and others, mediums. *Boats free.*  
*Codman Hall, 156 Tremont street.*—Sunday morning, 8 A. M.; 10½ A. M.; 2 P. M.; 4 P. M.; 7 P. M. Free circles. *Mediums invited.* Evening, free conference, Thos. H. Moon, President. A Lyceum also meets in this hall.  
*Templar's Hall, 2nd Washington street.*—Meetings of social and conversational nature are held on Thursday evening of each week. The public and mediums generally are invited to attend.

*Harmony Hall.*—Primary Council No. 1 of Boston and the Universal Association of Spiritualists, holds meetings every Sunday at this hall, No. 184, Boylston street. Discussion in the afternoon, and lectures in the evening. Admission free for 10 cents.

*The Children's Independent Progressive Lyceum Association* holds meetings Sunday, at 1 o'clock P. M., in Harmony Hall, 184 Boylston street. Seats free. Dr. C. C. York, Conductor.

*Dramatic Entertainment.*—On the 21th of April the Lyceum Dramatic Club will give their first grand entertainment in John A. Andrew Hall, when they will present the plays of "Once on a Time" and "Down by the Sea."

**Mrs. S. A. Floyd** interested good audiences at this house on the afternoon and evening of the same day.

ceum Dramatic Club will give their first grand entertainment in John A. Andrew Hall, when they will present the plays of "Once on a Time" and "Down by the Sea."

Tickets at 25 cents, to be obtained of any member of the Club. Wm. S. FRENCH, President.

*List of Articles drawn at the Fair held by the Children's Progressive League Nov. 1 in Codman and John Andrew Halls, Boston:* Piano—C. C. Kenrick, No. 9 Auburn Court; Wath and Chain—Mrs. N. S. Alexander, Melrose street; Chair—Miss Cora Stone; Berry Dish—A. Marshall; Castor—Mrs. A. F. Cheney; Picture—Mrs. Wade's table—Mrs. Dodge, Somerville; Table—Alonso Danforth; Pie Knife—Miss S. A. Gay; Silver

Forks—Mr. Grimes; Teaspoons—Alonzo Danforth; Tol  
 Set and Vases—Mrs. S. A. Bullard; Order for Paints—  
 Grover; Skeleton Leaves—Mrs. Thomas Jordan; Doll  
 1—Willie S. French; Doll No. 2—Mrs. Alonzo Danforth  
 Rug—Mrs. J. A. Kemp; Cotton Cloth—A. Fessenden  
 Head Basket—Mrs. C. A. Jackson; Combination—Sm  
 lug Set, J. B. Howard; Jewel Case, C. M. LaGros; Sm  
 ing Set, M. A. Laug; Combination No. 2—Pink Tol  
 Set, Frankie Brigham; Ugar Holder, W. C. Vaughn; P  
 ture—F. E. Harris; Eleven Napkin Rings—Mr. Jo  
 Hanchett; Mrs. M. Wolcott; Mr. Lapham Stone; Mrs. A

*Nissau Hall* was well filled with an appreciative audience last Sunday, both morning and afternoon. Mrs. Dick opened the meeting in the morning with an invocalistic address followed with an interesting address. Mr. Lull also offered remarks. Mrs. Dick then gave an inspirational poem with a subject furnished by the audience. Mr. Lull was presented with a bouquet of flowers as a mark of esteem from the audience.

MAHLBO'G.—Sarah A. Byrnes gave two able and instructive lectures, March 15th, to the Spiritualists of

place, Mrs. Dr. A. C. Cutler, of Boston, gave an interesting lecture, March 29, narrating her spiritualistic performances at séances with Andrew and William Potts, Haverhill, Penn., (the great test mediums,) Maud E. Lovell, Mrs. M. M. Hardy, Mrs. Young and others. On the evening of the same day she treated the Social Question as it affects the individual, and set forth what it should be, if we would but do our duty. Mrs. Dick, of Boston, lectures for us March 29th, gives a séance in the evening. SIDNEY HOWE. Sec'd.

SALEM.—Feb, 26th, 1874, a meeting was holden at

rooms of the First Spiritualist Society, for the purpose of  
organizing a Children's Progressive Lyceum, when  
following Officers and Leaders were elected for the en  
year: Conductor, Mr. James M. Choate; Assistant C  
ductor, Mr. E. Hall; Guardian, Mrs. Waterhouse; Ass  
tant Guardian, Mrs. A. Hall; Musical Director, Miss  
Balecon; Librarian, Mr. Foster; Guards, Mr. Nich  
son; Mr. Thing, Mrs. Day, Mrs. Pearl; Secretary, M  
Hooper; Treasurer, Mrs. A. Walker; Leaders, M  
man; 2 Miss Goss; 3 Mrs. Plummer; 4 Mrs. Land  
Mrs. Owen; 6 Mrs. Tibbitt; 7 Mr. W. W. Dwyer; 8

Hooper; 9. Mrs. Knight; 10. Mrs. Glidden; 11. Mrs. L. by; 12. Mr. N. P. Allen.

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**First Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore—Exhibition of the Children's Lyceum.**

MR. EDITOR—Our Lyceum gave an exhibition on Thursday last (March 12th), which was very creditable to both officers and children. Mus-

dancing, recitations, dramatic pieces, and the usual exercises of the Lyceum, were all handsomely given, and I have seldom seen a more delighted audience than crowded our hall on this occasion. Much of our success was due to the devoted energy of Mr. Uriah Jones, Conductor of the choir, Mr. Benjamin M. Haylip, Assistant Conductor, and Mrs. Lizzie Wilhelm, Guardian of Grouches.

Messrs. I. Henry Weaver and F. S. Johnson labored untiringly in adorning the hall, which

now one of the most beautiful rooms in the city.  
Our Lyceum is growing in numbers. Our  
President—Mr. W. A. Danskin—has been lectur-  
ing on Sunday evenings the last three months  
to full houses. The cause in Baltimore is now  
growing steadily and healthfully.

Yours, SPIRITUALIST

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