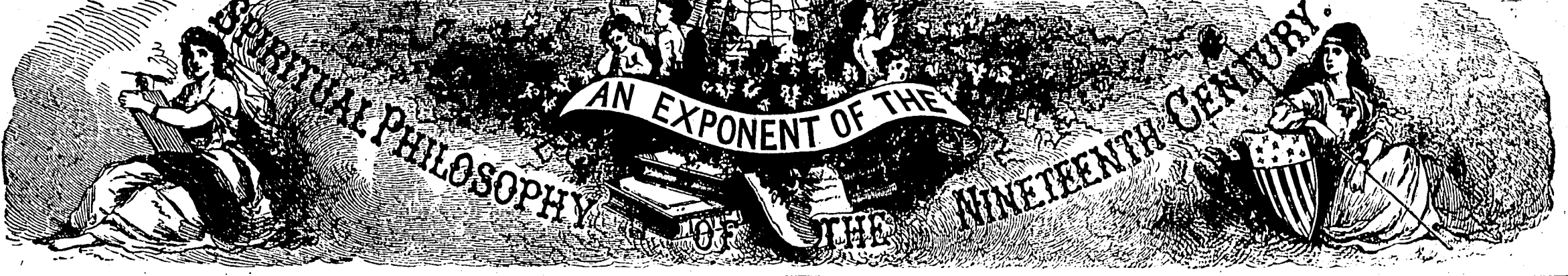


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXIV.

COLBY & RICH,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1874.

\$3.00 Per Annum,  
In Advance.

NO. 26.

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## Foreign Correspondence.

### LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

NUMBER NINETEEN.

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

#### 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-orchard, 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 Illymetus, 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.

#### OLIMPESES OF JERUSALEM.

There's not a cloud in sight. The skies are aflame with 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 precipices steep;  
The trees of palm that overhang  
Thy gorges 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 beau-

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 suzerains and sarcasms, 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 unspeakably 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 the palms grew,  
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 Müller, the harmony of all history; to Emerson, a true prophet seeing the mystery of the soul; 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 tolled 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 happy valleys flow,  
And sweeter flowers on her mountains blow.  
I'd have to breathe where Gilead sheds her 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 promptings of Isaiah's muse;  
In Carmel's holy groves 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 Mahometans, 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 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, erasing 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 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 hill-sides 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 unnaturalness 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 be with you!" From days departed  
Flows down the blessing, simple and serene,  
Which to followers, true and faithful-hearted,  
With yearning love, thus spake the Nazarene.  
—*Prayer: I have 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 pews!  
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 woes, and horrors, 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 their 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 huzman'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, witch and Quaker!  
The stocks were at each church's door,  
The gallows stood on Boston Common!  
A Papist's curse the pillory bore,  
The gallows-runs a Quaker woman!

Your fathers dealt not as ye deal,  
With "non-professing," frantic teachers;  
They bored the tongue with red-hot steel,  
And fayed 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 lay up 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 chaff 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 irrepressibility of its position: "Six years the Island of Cuba has raised its arms against the Spanish government. Six years Liberty has manifested 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 bys." This hint makes me drop the *Eco* and the *Leprie* 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:



During the night of the 11th and 12th of September, in the house of Mr. Zibing, Glazome street, the door-bell rang, but no finger could be discovered. A minute after, another violent ring, but no visible cause. The *concealage* was called and search made, but to no purpose. Then began the strongest possible disturbances in the house. The crockery flew in all directions. A bottle passed through the window into the courtyard. A priest was summoned, and while invoking protection from these *chances*, a cork was thrown at his head. The police finally came, but made no arrests.

The above mentioned French Review gives several pages of extracts from William Denton's "Soul of Things," translated for said journal by the Baroness Adeline de Vay. She expresses the hope that some of the mediums of France will make essays in this new mode of manifestation. The editor thanks the distinguished lady for her frank hardihood in being willing to combat those prejudices which are so active and powerful in arresting the progress of thought.

Doctor E. C. records a touching communication received through a medium in the district where he resides. After mentioning some that had verified, being of persons known to him, he says:

"A spirit, after many vain efforts, succeeded in tracing these words:

"Marie. Go to my father, I will speak with you there. I will console my parents."

"What is the name of your father?" I asked.

"M. Deletan, at the Fourneaux."

"But, my little Marie, your father will not be here," I replied.

"I will not believe his own little child, who will speak to him."

Marie Deletan was eight years of age, and I was ignorant of her death or even her illness. She died the preceding night.

The next day Marie returned and began writing, as if a child just learning to write.

"Ah, my friends," (said an accompanying spirit,) "forgive little Marie, for she is always thinking that she is in the class with the other little children."

Being informed that the child had been much to her parents, and that they were deeply grieved at her death, Marie replied:

"Poor father, poor mother, regretting the happiness of their little Marie."

"You are, then, quite happy."

"Yes, tell them I am very happy," she subsequently wrote (or dictated it). "If you only knew the happiness reserved for the little innocents who quit you, dear, good fathers and mothers, you would never cry. Again she wrote:

"How good God is! How beautiful are my surroundings!"

The *Message* continues its able history of the various "Deluges" of the world. In its paragraph relating to Noah, it says: "The name of Noah, *Noah*, is an Aryan word; its radix is *no*, to which all the Aryan languages attach the idea of water; and the Semitic additions cannot explain it; the Greek and Romans have made these derivatives: color, water, swimming; the people of the North say: *Nir* and *Nick* to designate the Waves, *Spirit of the waves*."

The name *Noah*, *Noah*, is not Semitic, for no trace of it can be found in the Babylonian tradition. The Indians call *Nahusa* their god, God of the waters; and in the Rig-Veda, the Aryans say of the race of *Nahusa*, son of *Manu*, *dhriti bhava devanant* in *compte de Sama*; this personage lived fifteen thousand years before the Noah of the Bible, invented the fermented liquor, *Le Sama*, etc.; hence giving to the Bible its just value, that is, that it ought to be regarded as a faithful compilation of Oriental legends transmitted by the emigrants of antiquity," etc.

#### HASTY BURIAL.

In pursuing my investigations in Spiritualism, I went, a few weeks ago, to a good test medium, well known in Boston, who informed me, by the spirit of my deceased aunt, that my favorite cousin—her daughter—who died several years since after a short illness, was buried alive! adding: "Had she not been she would have lived about three weeks longer and then passed away. She did not suffer, however, for the guardian angels watched and severed the cord of life when consciousness returned. It grieved me, her mother, great suffering to think she was interred while still alive. The spirit friends brought all their forces to try to influence you to prevent it, as you were more developed as a medium than any other of her relatives, but you said nothing. They would have pulled you to it if they could." I was terribly shocked, as may be supposed, at such a revelation. It was very true that at that period I was painfully haunted with a fear that they were about to bury her alive; but young and difficult, I refrained from expressing the feeling very emphatically, as I had no reason to offer that was not known to her nearer relatives. The medium proceeded: "For proof of my words, if you will have the grave opened you will see the body is turned over." The spirit spoke in a whisper, as if the subject was painful for her to speak upon as for me to hear. She went on: "Hundreds are buried alive."

"But," I inquired, "does not placing the body on the resting place, the remaining life?" She replied: "No; the life of the heart is not so easily frozen. The body should not be put on ice, but kept amid those who loved it till it changes; not till then is death certain."

Whether this communication was genuine, I can have no proof, and I sincerely hope it was a deception; but the fact remains to be considered that, almost daily, persons are expiring (or appear to) in our midst, suddenly and in full health; a physician is called, he says "apoplexy," or "heart disease," probably knowing no more of the cause than the other lookers-on; and without any effort to bring the person to life, he or she is in two or three days buried.

Is not this terrible? It certainly is not doing as we would be doing by, provided there is no affection in the case to suggest a different treatment.

I know a young lady who was, after a railroad accident, taken up insensible—supposed to be drowned. Several physicians exhausted their skill upon her, for hours, without effect, then pronounced life extinct; but a kind-hearted workingman seemed to feel she was not dead; and after he had continued to work over her twelve hours, she was restored to life!

Drowned persons might be brought to life more often than they are. I once read an article which said, "Never despair of restoring a drowned person; for I have known persons brought to life that had been under water from five to seven hours." (Perhaps salt water may make some difference.)

Does it not seem that it would be well to have some change in our custom with regard to funerals? I would suggest that the funeral be in two days or so after death—simply services at the home; then, all friends and acquaintances can take a farewell look at remains, and return to their abodes; the family and relatives only following the corpse to the grave some days later, when a change of appearance indicates certain death.

March 16th, 1874.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### BEYOND.

BY MRS. ELIZA M. HICKOK.

The sky grows dark, and the cold winds blow;  
The moon of night falters here below;  
And our bright hopes fade as the sun departs,  
And a burdening gloom weighs down our hearts.  
Oh, the way is rough, and the way is drear;  
Oh, the light looks far and the darkness near;  
And the weary many, the days are few,  
While the shadows dim obscure our view.

Our hands are weary, our feet are torn;  
Our hearts are fainting, our robes are worn;  
We mean to anguish, we sigh, we weep,  
Most we gain each bright thought through the lowest deep?

When erst we passed in the sun's glad light,  
We longed to tarry with pleasure bright;  
But the voice of fate cried, "Glad, press on  
To the promised goal which lies beyond!"

Then we fix our gaze on a glimmering star  
Which with trembling faith we can view afar,  
And we struggle on through the valleys deep,  
And up on the rugged, solitary steep.

And we ask for strength to hold our way,  
Though cold and sore we be all day;  
Though doubt and darkness surround us,  
We will hope for the brightness by-and-by.

Is this the faith which cheers us on  
To the spirit-land which lies beyond?  
When we gladly cast our burdened robes,  
We shall change the cross for a starry crown.

#### Free Thought.

##### MEDICAL VIEW OF SPIRITUALISM.

Of all mental ailments, none seem to yield to treatment so readily as Spiritualism. I have watched many cases of genuine Spiritualism, but do not remember to have seen a chronic case permanently cured. I have seen typical cases pass regularly through their successive stages, and terminate in open insanity, and have never been able to mitigate the symptoms nor avert the result. Spiritualism is the most unaccountable complaint with which the physician is called to meet. No epidemic of modern times can compare with it. It is a delusion which has existed twenty-five years, and attacked in the United States alone nearly three millions of people. The last census informs us that there are in the republic twenty-four thousand insane, selling aside idiots, and it is believed that out of this number seven thousand five hundred cases may be traced directly to Spiritualism. The delusion does not appear to be decreasing, though certainly less violent than almost all other forms of the vulgar and illiterate classes, and scientific men do not seem to be able to find the connection. It numbers among its victims a few men and women of talent and genius, but they were attacked years ago, and we venture to say that, had they been free from the delusion up to the present day, they would not have been susceptible to its influence. The fact is, Spiritualism has lost its hold on the higher classes, and is spreading with great rapidity among the lower and illiterate. Whole communities are given over to its influence. Its believers have their organizations, places of worship, and their own peculiar dogmas, and they are as sincere, earnest and fearless as were the Flagellants, the enthusiasts and Crusaders of the middle ages; but they are even more dangerous.

The above medical view of Spiritualism, it seems to me, ought to be preserved in the columns of the Banner. It is certainly one of the most remarkable views ever taken of this great "delusion." Read it carefully, and see what an "air of restrained omniscience" pervades it—what a thorough honesty of opinion; and what heart-rending sadness in that closing "alas!" It is purely professional in its tone—*allopathic*, surely, for homeopathy, in his mind, is another delusion undoubtedly. Spiritualism is simply a disease, and "chronic cases" can't be "permanently cured." "No epidemic of modern times compares with it," and, alas! it is "spreading with fearful rapidity," while the doctors of the Medical Review acknowledge themselves powerless to "mitigate the symptoms or avert the result." Surely, a "krysis is onto us." What shall we do?

In pure pity for the doctor, however, we suggest, out of his own mouth, an escape for him from his dilemma that may help him preserve his professional credit a while longer. He says "there are in the republic twenty-four thousand insane, setting aside idiots." Now, why "set aside idiots," doctor? Just set down these Spiritualists as the "idiots," and you can have all the twenty-four thousand insane left you for any other professional emergency that may arise. Let the readers of the Banner just look at the summary of the doctor's medical examination of our faith. It is a "mental ailment," a "chronic case," an "unfathomable complaint," an "epidemic," a "disorder," a "contagion," a "delusion," "insanity!" Heaven preserve us, "alas!" we are "fearfully deranged!" contagious, too!

Artemus Ward feelingly expresses the state of things, and we quote it for the consolation of our learned doctor. "Man is a creature of intellect and is movin' on to a goal. Sum men have bigger intellects than others, and they will get to the goal at last. The etherial essence of the coordinate branches of superhuman nature become miffmorfused as man progresses." That's what all us and you, doctor, only you are in the first class and we in the second.

Seriously, however, is it not about time for thinking, sensible men to stop writing and uttering such arrant nonsense? The author of the article must know that the statistics of insanity do not show any record against Spiritualism to distinguish it from any other belief, faith, profession or business. How different is the "view" of this learned doctor, who discovers among its believers only the "vulgar and illiterate," with no intellectual or scientific thought in them, from that of such men as Frothingham, Gamett, Abbott, Alger, Crookes and Wallace—men who are not Spiritualists, but who think and write the thoughts and beliefs of others.

Frothingham, on 14th October, 1873, says of Spiritualism: "The older it grows the more intellectual it becomes; the clearer its view, the loftier its range of aspirations; it takes a noble character and exerts a wide influence through the upper classes of society statistics." Only a few days ago, (23d February,) at the Church of the Disciples, in Boston, he says, "Spiritualism embodies the idea of God, of man, of human nature and destiny. It is born of the aspirations and desires of the human heart. It is the germ of a new faith with a new theology—anthropology and technology together." Abbott calls Spiritualists "emancipated men and women." The columns of the Banner may be filled with extracts of a similar character from authors and thinkers of note of the present day, and from the secular press, and there is no excuse for such ignorant impudence as pervades this article of the New York Medical Review.

Portland, Me., March 1st, 1874.

#### "A STATE RELIGION."

To the Connecticut Spiritualists:  
In the Banner of a recent date we noticed an article with the above caption, which contains information of great interest to the Spiritualists of Connecticut. It seems there are in the State about 826 churches, valued at about \$13,928,109, all exempt from taxation; and, brothers of freedom, that don't comprehend all for a law was passed by the Republican Legislature of 1871, making a further exemption of a parsonage to each ecclesiastical Society in the State not to exceed five thousand dollars each; and still further, a candidate for office on the

Republican State ticket engineered this bill of additional church exemption through the Legislature of 1871.

It would seem that the exemption of over \$13,000,000 of church property was quite enough to try the patience of this little State, without the addition of an extra burden of \$14,000,000.

Where is the remedy? It is in voting. Let every Spiritualist vote against any ticket having names on it in favor of taxing the people for sectarian purposes.

W. P. GATES.

#### THE INDIANS AND THE BANNER.

BY GEORGE A. BACON.

Just now we are being treated to our annual cry of Indian uprising—our regular feast of savage butchery, all of which, however, proceed from interested parties, made up chiefly of swindling contractors and agents, who thus periodically do all they can to embroil the Government and our Indian allies in sanguinary conflict.

Rumors of war on the plains, of active preparations, of depredations, skirmishings, individual deaths, of attack and repulses, in short, rumors of all sorts are coming over the wires thick and fast. That these reports are often manufactured for the worst purposes, by parties of like character, yet, alas! in the employ of the Government, the common people, the general public have been too slow to accept. The unwelcome truth, however, will not down at the mere bidding of any one, but ever and anon rises before the public's vision with garments dyed in blood. That the great majority of these foreboding reports are officially contradicted a few days afterwards, seems to go for naught, probably because some observing eye has noticed and recorded that sometimes a lie will travel many a league while truth is putting on its boots. In the papers of this very day do we find these words sent over the telegraphic wires of the Associated press, relative to the previously reported trouble with the Apache Indians: "The whole report is a tissue of garbled facts, false statements, plausibly arranged to deceive the outside world, and bring about the accomplishment of certain objects."

In respect to this subject, not to stop to specify others, the Banner has ever merited and unqualifiedly received our fullest measure of approval, sympathy and gratitude for its impartial and consistent treatment of the Indian question. From first to last it has argued and appealed for justice on the part of the Government toward the red men. Nay, more, it has with emphatic voice demanded this, on the ground of every principle of reason, every consideration of humanity and the indubitable lessons of political economy. No other journal of like character, in all the land, to our knowledge, has done this with equal persistency, and hence, in this connection, do we take advantage of this opportunity to express our recognition of what we conceive to be the truth touching a matter of such vital importance and public concern.

Two weeks ago the Banner had an editorial on "The Indian Peace Policy," which was a clear and satisfactory statement of the subject, specially needed at this particular juncture; and we think no candid mind can read it through without being convinced of its reasoning and the necessity of the American Government seeking to protect by every reasonable effort, rather than to destroy, either through unscrupulous officials or its military force, the wards of the nation—the aborigines of the country.

As pertinent to this, we append the significant words of the Buffalo Press concerning the pending trouble with the Hanapais Indians. It says:

"If we have the true state of affairs in this matter, it plainly manifests the shocking unfitness for office of our Indian Commissioners, and the inhumanity, even cruelty, they commit upon the Indians, then attributing wrongs brought about by them to the perky and treachery of the Indians. It is shameful to suppose that if a war is thus forced upon us, it will be the result of the white man's deception, not that of the Indian, and it is to be hoped that either Gen. Sherman or Gen. Sheridan will avert the consequences by the performance of an act of simple justice, and not rely upon the false statements of any commissioners."

Here is another corroborative statement from the Cincinnati Commercial of March 19th:

"A dispatch received today from Gen. Terry's headquarters says no trouble is apprehended from the Indians at Leech Lake. This corrects previous reports sent to Washington, it is now known, by persons interested in creating a disturbance with the Indians."

Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, is out in a letter in behalf of the Chippewa Indians, in which he takes the ground that the State has no right to interfere with the sale of the pine-land, shows how the Indians have been wronged by the State, and says that in a few years they will have no means of support. In the letter he says that he had been requested, by the Secretary of the Interior, to investigate the affairs of the Leech Lake Reservation, and, while he thinks the sale of timber was wrong, he commends Commissioner Smith from blame, and vindicates his conduct while agent from censure. It is now charged by friends of the Commissioner that his integrity in this matter would never have been called in question if the old method of compensating the head of the Indian Ring had been followed.

Detroit, Mich.

#### Minnesota—Missionary's Report.

One more station has been passed in our journeying down the winding path of time. February, though a short month, is full of events. It was a busy day of winter and the return of spring. Experience has taught us that summer will soon be crowding its way along, making the heart glad as it fills the air with sunshine and delightful breezes, painting with delicate touch the waxen-leafed emblems of the hereafter, the home of the soul. When I mark time in its swift passage, preparing here and there a home for the spirit, where we shall live forever, I often ask the question, Do the people as a whole really believe that they are to live always? If so, why do they accept this short day of earth as all that had been delegated to them?

The spiritual cause is prospering in Minnesota as well as could be expected. The people are fully alive to the great work of reform and the spread of spiritual communion, laboring earnestly in the cause of the oppressed. During February, I visited St. Paul, Newport, North Branch, Hastings and Lake City, delivering fifteen lectures, adding six new members to the Association, receiving in collections and yearly dues \$15,700 expenses \$6.30.

The Spiritualists and Liberalists of Minnesota have succeeded in getting a bill before the Legislature imposing a tax upon church property the same as other real estate, and we propose to follow it up until churches pay their proportion of the taxes. The Spiritualists of Lake City have banded themselves together and erected a beautiful hall. The ship under their own vine and fig-tree. They have formed a Free Thought Association, which will be a mark of a new era in the religious sentiment of Lake City. The spiritualizing influence is already felt. Straws show the wind of a new era. The Association, which has been wonderfully exercised over the outcasted, idolatry, and all of which tend to disturb the churchman's faith in blood. It is a sad thing to see the people of this State, this ought to be a wise age, for we have plenty of it. A man, a brave, sound, true man, will be evolved from the mass of the people. Some of our best men are still underneath all of this discordant harmony and truth. We shall work, respectively.

Wabash, Minn.

Address, Northfield, Rice Co., Minn.

A stationman lately bought a interest in a ready-made clothing shop. He occasionally starts a customer by "going at him" with a brush, with a cautionary "Whoa, there!"

#### Spiritual Phenomena.

From The Daily Review, Edinburgh, Scotland, Feb. 25th.  
A LADY SPIRITUALIST IN EDINBURGH.

During the past few weeks the public of Edinburgh have been treated to a series of lady Spiritualist, in the person of Miss Lottie Fowler, the distinguished American clairvoyant and test medium. The wide attention which Spiritualism has attracted of recent years, the numberless wonderful feats which have been attributed to its influence, the astonishing predictions and startling variety and extent of knowledge evidently possessed by some mediums, are of themselves sufficient to arouse curiosity as to the manifestations which occur at a test seance under the direct inspiration of spirits from another world, if not to awaken interest of a higher order as to the source of the power and the methods and modes by which it makes itself apparent. Acting under the former impulse, our observation sharpened by repeated warnings that the whole system was a sham and a delusion, we found admission to a seance, and shall simply narrate what there occurred, without saying one word to prejudice the claims to veracity of believers or disbelievers in this occult mystery. Before doing so, however, we may present to our readers a few facts in the career of Miss Fowler, which will show the influence she has exercised and the excitement she has occasioned in the land of her nativity, alike by the striking nature of her revelations and the charges which have been made against her.

Shortly, then, Miss Fowler is a native of Boston, Mass., and lived the life usual to most young ladies whose parents are in comfortable circumstances, and without exhibiting any of the extraordinary sensibility which afterwards came to distinguish her as a medium. The manner in which her peculiar talent—hitherto latent—was first observed was singular. It is worthy of remark, also, that it was announced previously by another medium, while Miss Fowler was yet unaware of her special capacity. In her childhood she had been tended by a Mrs. Smith, who afterwards left the family and resided in another town. This lady, happening to visit a test medium, was informed that a girl whom she had nursed possessed a mental constitution which in especial manner, fitted her to act as a medium.

Subsequently, at a public meeting at which spiritualistic manifestations were being indulged in by the company, it was noticed that Miss Fowler became affected to a great degree, while those present remained seated in the "magic circle" which forms the initiatory process at seances, and which appears to be the only means of localizing spirit force. This made aware of her capability of what we may term spiritualization, a becoming imbued with the spirit of some deceased person, she turned her attention to the subject and gave it much consideration. Formerly her tendencies had been toward unbelief; but the investigations she was induced to make left on her mind no doubt of the reality of a subtle power, which, working in and through a living human being, makes known what has been, and to some extent shadows forth what may be in the future—in fact, she became convinced that Spiritualism was no delusion, but a great truth which required to be made known to be accepted and recognized. Her experience since has proved that it is less easy than she then imagined to root out old prejudices and establish a new faith. When repeated experiments had satisfied her that she could rely on her ability to get into the state of trance, in which she acts as the communication between the visible and the invisible worlds, Miss Fowler determined on the advice of some friends to give public sittings; and the reputation she established as a revelator of the unseen and the unknown placed her immediately in the front rank as a medium. From the cities, towns, and rural districts throughout her native State, people flocked to witness the extraordinary phenomena; and sometimes when they came to sneer or gibe, they departed in wonder and fear, and not a little impressed with the idea that the possession of such mysterious power was something dangerous and dreadful. While on a visit to Bridgewater, Miss Fowler was arrested on a charge of fortune-telling, but the case, which excited immense interest, coming to a trial, she was acquitted; and since then she has pursued her vocation unmolested.

It is about two years since she arrived in Britain, and within that period she has given many public seances, and has, independently of her fame across the Atlantic, come to be recognized as one of the most highly favored naturally, and intellectually the most acute, public expositors of Spiritualism. Her stay in Edinburgh, however, has not diminished her reputation, but rather tends to verify the statements which have been elsewhere published as to her amazing facility for receiving supernatural impressions. When waited on professionally the course adopted is as follows: Miss Fowler joins hands with her visitor, and after a little conversation she exhibits slight muscular twitchings of the hands and face; and sudden suspensions of the respiration. Presently, as the influence begins to grow stronger, she withdraws her hands and leans back in the chair as if overcome with fatigue or about to go off to sleep. Then, after a short interval she commences in a lisping voice, quite unlike her naturally decided and clear accent, to talk to the visitor of his or her departed relatives. Of course she beforehand explains that she only acts as medium, and that the actual speaker is the spirit of a little German girl named "Annie." Without pretending to explain the means by which she accomplishes it, we may state that Miss Fowler, while entranced, told us many family events which occurred while we were yet in a state of juvenescence which it was utterly impossible that she could have learned by hearsay, and these, too, without the aid of leading questions—for she guards you at the outset that your part is simply to answer, yes or no to her assertions. And it is not the least striking feature of the seance that occasionally, when the answer is in the negative, she insists pertinaciously that she is in the right, which, in our own case, after consideration, proved to be the fact. We shall best conclude this notice by stating that Miss Fowler will be yet a week in Edinburgh, and that she will have pleasure in unfolding the mysteries of Spiritualism to convince the incredulous and to strengthen the faith of believers.

#### MRS. GUPPY'S MEDIUMSHIP.

We were furnished by the recipient with a copy of the following private letter, giving a brief account of the development of Mrs. Guppy, which our readers will find of interest:

1 MORLAND VILLAS, HIGHBURY HILL PARK, LONDON, Feb. 3d, 1874.

Mrs. S. C. LOOMIS—Dear Madame: My wife has requested me to reply to your letter—in fact, I do the most of her correspondence.

As to her development, which is her first question. It arose in this way: She went on a visit to a lady who was a Spiritualist, but my wife was utterly ignorant of it. That lady took her one day to visit a friend, and the two sat down to the table, asking my wife (then Miss Nichell) to put her hands on also. Very loud raps immediately ensued, and the ladies said she was the cause; but she denied it, and was soon corrected. The husband of the lady was president of a learned Society, and took great interest in her development, and advised her to go to the college of mesmerism, where it was found that she was a very powerful mesmerizer for the cure of diseases. Perhaps four or five months after her development, one evening a quantity of fresh flowers was brought through closed doors, at which she was not less astonished than other persons present. This phase was so astonishing that her presence was solicited by members of the nobility. It was so unbelievable that the ladies understood her at every seance. I have been with the Davenportes, in Paris, and my friend took me to a seance, the Chairman of the Stock Exchange, and

there I felt the shower of cold, wet flowers coming on, and covering all the table. Since our marriage her powers have become more developed, until there is hardly anything which has not been brought in through closed and locked doors—pigeons, rabbits, lobsters, eels, canary birds, whole trees (the size of gooseberry trees) and their roots, with hundreds of other things. Once, while she was at Ostend, while on a seance, perhaps two hundred miles—a quantity of shells, and a lady's hair ribbon, were taken from a seance; in London, and put on her table at Ostend.

You ask what her seances are particularly for. When with me the spirit-voice comes. In trance, she can see and describe internal wounds and sores. The spirit can tell, in many instances, what people think, in her presence. Seven or eight times, when snow has been on the ground, quantities—say two buckets full—have been brought in through locked doors, and showered on sitters and table; also lumps of ice. The locality does not make any difference, as the manifestations occurred equally in France and Italy; but the state of her health makes a great difference, and if she is in weak health, the manifestations are weak.

I am, dear madame, yours truly,  
SAMUEL GUPPY.

#### THE BOSTON HERALD AND MAUD E. LORD.

In a recent Sunday issue this lively daily devoted nearly two columns to a report of the occurrences at one of Mrs. Lord's public seances; at 711 Tremont street. After giving a sketch of the first part of the evening services, the reporter closed with the following liberal summary of the latter portion:

"'Please remain,' said the medium, 'and we will fill the circle from persons up stairs.' And sure enough the young married couple referred to early in this sketch came down stairs with several other persons. The manifestations were much more demonstrative in the circle which followed. There was more music, more bell-ringing, numerous communications, and other phenomena. A ring was taken from one of the writer's fingers and instantly—in fact, scarcely before the request was fully expressed—placed on another person's finger. Another sifter had his watch taken from his pocket and placed in care of a person on the opposite side of the circle. Baby hands and adult hands were felt, phosphorescent lights were seen in every section of the room, and some of those present saw, or imagined they saw, spirit hands. The guitar floated above the heads of the sitters and violently rapped several of them on the heads. All sorts of pranks and tricks were carried on by invisible agencies, and the last sitting was pronounced a perfect success. Although still as skeptical as when he commenced his investigations a month ago, the writer is convinced that the manifestations are produced by some agency other than that of Mrs. Maud Lord. By whom it is impossible to state."

#### THE FINANCIAL QUESTION.

BY J. B. WOLFF.

DEAR BANNER—I am glad you introduce the practical questions of every-day life, and would modestly suggest, in view of the fact that politicians and editors have utterly failed, and the Ship of State is being battered to pieces by ignorance and corruption, that every agricultural, spiritual and reform paper would greatly aid the country by introducing a department of Political Science, and thus educate their readers out of the old ruts.

The main theory of finances offered by Warren Chase has been for years urged by the Labor organizations. I deem it a mistake to say that there was any necessity for unfavorable bargains with bankers. On the contrary, had Secretary Chase (not Warren) understood finances, he could have saved at least three thousand millions by continuing the plan he first adopted, and to-day we should have been a free people. The bonds were sold, and the money obtained on the credit of the country, which has not increased in value, and yet the bonds are par, or nearly so, which cost \$2.50 per dollar. The act was against the public good, and the public have a right to rid themselves of the consequences of that act by converting so much of the interest-paying debt as shall not damage the creditors into a non-interest-paying debt, in the shape of currency. This currency the bond-holders could readily loan at 40 per cent., and thus suffer no damage, and at the same time rid the country of paying double compound interest on \$350,000,000, and single compound interest on \$300,000,000 of deposits loaned out by banks.

I object to his system of national saving banks, for reasons: 1. It does not belong to the general government. 2. It multiplies national legislation and officers. 3. It is not comprehensive enough. 4. It properly belongs to the State to regulate all financial securities within its own borders.

The suggestion of country post offices as fiscal agents is equally faulty, as it violates a true science of government, complicates and augments public duties and agents, and invades vested rights. Every State should hold all fiscal agents, profiting by the public, to a rigid responsibility equal to their current liabilities, limiting the liabilities. We want the same equity of security for deposits and other liabilities, but not the same general government security. When the bonds are all canceled, we should have to adopt some other method. Better then to have a system which need not be changed, and which may be good bonds to mortgagors. I agree with him that any free banking system is pernicious based on bonds, specie or property. It is pernicious, because it permits the functions of government by individuals, because it cannot hold to absolute equity, and is liable to great abuses.

The whole question is simple enough to many minds, and there are those who would take hold of them for the people, but there is no people's party; and reformers are so split up and factions that I fear it will be a long time before we shall have such a machine, except in the shape of a great monster devouring itself by its nonsense and pernicious measures. All the old and new parties, led by political chrysores, are clamoring for specie payments, as the only remedy for our financial troubles. Even the late Liberal Convention of New York (lately suicided), after being informed that three-fourths of the people repudiated specie and preferred paper, adopted this plan.

The proposition for the Government to build great thoroughfares is also very objectionable, because, 1. It is not the proper remedy; 2. It is not the business of the General Government; 3. It increases officers; 4. The means (deposits of other people) are improper.

The true remedy is an equitable distribution of productive force, and the preservation of surplus labor in permanent improvements, which make true wealth. The theory of increasing values, by transferring them from one to another, or from one place to another, is false. Let railroads be held to limited profit on their actual values, by State law, and the question of cheap transportation is settled, as far as the Government has any right to meddle. Any system which depends on foreign markets for the sale of surplus is faulty. These fluctuations and the true policy of all countries is to avoid buying that which is produced abroad.

I make the broad assertion that all unnecessary transportation diminishes the wealth-producing capacity. Nothing proves more clearly the need of clear heads than the remedies of Warren Chase. For thirty years he has been watching the changes, rejoicing in the progress toward a true system, and yet presents theories and methods not less faulty than the old systems.



REV. JOHN S. ZELLER, Burlington, N. J.



### To Book-Buyers.

At our new location, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Boston, we have a fine Bookstore on the ground floor of the building, where we keep on sale a large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works, to which we invite your attention.

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For the purpose of the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents. The former are the property of the Editor, and the latter are the property of the contributors. The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed in the editorial articles, but he is responsible for the opinions expressed in the communications of correspondents.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1874.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,  
No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, NEW YORK,  
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 119 NASSAU ST.

CORRY & RICH,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

EDITOR,  
JAMES B. RICH.

Letters and communications pertaining to the BANNER OF LIGHT should be addressed to the Editor, at the above address. Letters to the Editor should be addressed to the Editor, at the above address.

### Our New Volume.

Will commence with the next number of the Banner, Vol. XXXV. The various attractive features which have heretofore marked our issues will be continued, with added interest. It is our hope that all our patrons, whose time of subscription may expire with the present volume, will at once send us the money for a renewal, and thus strengthen our failing hands.

### Death to the Dogmas.

Men must certainly put faith in something; the error is in pinning their faith and limiting it, for the purposes of bigotry in its various forms. It is a mistake to assume that what the spirit receives to-day must suffice for its cravings to-morrow. Here is the insufferable tyranny, and the deadly movements of the age are but an unyielding protest against it. An honest "Methodist Minister" writes in the Chicago Times that he is about disgusted with the dogma-line. "Brethren," says he, "is it not about time we had begun to believe? Is it not about time we had come to ourselves? I have read the semi-liberal discourses of Revs. Swing, McKim, and others, and so far as they go they please me much; but in my opinion they fall far short of the mark. We do not, any of us, believe in a literal hell. Then why do we preach and hold up Christ as a Saviour to save men from a place that has no existence? If all the hell there is, is mental, then common sense and common honesty would dictate that we quit that kind of preaching, and that we hold up the teaching of Christ and all other good men, and call upon sinners to conform to these teachings, and thereby secure happiness—secure heaven. If this is the reasonable view of the case—and I affirm it is—then away goes the dogma of vicarious atonement; of Christ being a God; and many other dogmas that are only a hurt to the church."

Coming from such a source, right out of the heart of the Methodist ministry, this admission is a startling one. It breaks down and tramples upon the old division fences of the creeds with a reckless vigor that challenges admiration for the courage which inspires the action. If a great many more in the churches, of this creed and denomination or that, were to speak out their convictions with equal candor and plainness, there would go up on the general air a pretty loud Amen. "It appears to me," continues this Methodist minister, explaining that it is but recently that he has "come to himself," "that if we are honest, we will, one and all, abandon these unreasonable things, and come straight down to our work—down to the needs of humanity. He must be blind indeed who cannot see that the tendency of the most enlightened thought of this age is dead set against the dogmas of Old Theology. Science, and I may say the true God of Science, with adamant strength has spoken, and we tremble to the very marrow. I have said that the tendency of enlightened thought is against us. The literature of a people may be said to be a confession of their faith. If this is a fair proposition, then the dogmas of theology are doomed. It is a notorious fact that there are no men or women of culture or enlightened sense converted in our prayer-meetings—the converts are ignorant, and mostly young persons who have no minds of their own. If the creeds that we require persons to assent to before admitting them to our churches are false, then I say, in the name of God, of honesty, of truth, let us abandon them; let us come to ourselves. I trust that my brother ministers of evangelical denominations will unite in calling a meeting, and unanimously make a clean sweep of the dead-wood of theology. I am sure, if they will, that there will be such rejoicing in this city, and throughout this country, as has not been heard of since the surrender of Lee."

This is good, healthy, rugged talk. We could not quote it into the Banner without reproducing its exact language. It is but another witness coming forward to testify against the dead dogmas which rest like a nightmare on the human mind and keep down the holy aspirations of the human heart. If any one still doubts that the heaven of truth is working actively in the land, let him pay particular heed to such testimony as the above. The confession is especially worthy of note, that "there are no men or women of culture or enlightened sense converted in our prayer-meetings; the converts are ignorant, and mostly young persons who have no minds of their own." It is by terrorism that the work of so-called "conversion" proceeds, and of course none but infantile and ignorant minds are generally impressed. What can that religion be worth which, in its forms of statement to which all are summoned to subscribe, does not interest the more cultured minds sufficiently to enlist their practical cooperation?

In such a condition of things, was it not full time that the encrustations of a hardening dogmatism were broken through in all directions, or melted down with the warmth of a fresh influx

of divine influences from above? The church had accumulated only authority about itself, and in its various denominational names had become as autocratic as the Pope and the Vatican. If this was all that was to come of Liberal Christianity, then surely the gospel had not come to make all men free. Material wealth and power had so overlaid the real life of the church and suppressed the pulses of religious faith and growth within it, that the need of some new and universal manifestation like that of Spiritualism was apparent, in order to break up incrustations of dogma that were mercilessly dwindling and destroying the soul for its own aggrandizement.

### Female Suffrage.

There were so many good points, salient ones all, in the majority report from the special committee of the Rhode Island House of Representatives on Woman Suffrage, that it is quite unnecessary to apologize for returning to them. It is at the close of the report that its merits, especially of reasoning, are discoverable. It is, in fact, an answer to the oft repeated question whether there are any political and legal duties and liabilities that women cannot share with men. The reply is, that none such can be found. One of the most onerous of these liabilities, namely, subjection to taxation, women share equally with men. And it is argued directly from that, that women who are taxed should certainly be allowed to vote. One other liability, and the most serious one, which women should share equally with men, if they are to share with them all rights and privileges, is that of service in case of war. The answer to this is, that perhaps one-half of the positions in the army and navy might as well, or even better, be filled by women. They might occupy positions in all Hospitals and Commissaries, Quartermasters' and Paymasters' Departments. It would be no discrimination in favor of women, for it is not so considered now by the men who fill these departments. That the army is absolutely organized as it is, is evident from the fact that in actual war thousands of women voluntarily and persistently, and at times in opposition to authority, entered into the service of the nation, numbers of them at the sacrifice of health and life. What noble service they performed, and in what precious and high esteem they were held by the soldiers and the country, is known of all. It is rightly argued that their services would have been many times as effective, if they had formed a part of the organized service, instead of being only volunteers.

In case of a war, argues the report, women are as free to provide substitutes as the men are. In the late war many women carried muskets themselves. Where the town provided for the families of drafted men, the property of women equally with that of men was taxed to raise the necessary funds. There is nothing so very impracticable, after all, in this war view of the question, although it will have to be allowed that few persons would care to see women bearing arms and sustaining the fatigues and dangers of the march and the battle. But it is urged by the report referred to, that this very tenderness of sentiment, in view of woman's equal exposure with man to the chances of war, would visibly tend to diminish its liabilities of occurrence. In this sense it is maintained that it would be one of the most excellent of peace measures. Then, says the Rhode Island Committee, "there is peculiar propriety in consummating this great reform in this State (Rhode Island), which led the great reform of perfect liberty of opinion in religious matters, a reform in that day considered as impracticable and chimerical as this is in ours. And, as in that case, the time will come when men will wonder at the strange apprehensions and fears entertained. For come the reform, must. We see the signs of it on all sides, and it is only a question of time. The more the question is agitated, the more apparent is the necessity for the reform, and the more converts are made. Women now vote in the Territory of Wyoming, and the testimony of one of the judges of their courts, who, before the change, was utterly opposed to it, is that nothing but good has come of it, and that he feels compelled, by the facts and actual working of the measure, to approve it unreservedly. He is a competent and unbiased witness, and reports not theoretical views, but his own experience in court. And the State Senate of Kansas has even now submitted the question of Woman Suffrage to the vote of the people. The opposition may be said to be composed mainly of the weak in intellect, the ignorant who have never thought of it, and the inert mass of conservatives, and the so-called reasons against it to be mainly the results of ignorance, sentiment and prejudice, even admitting that some people are conscientiously opposed to it. There are even some opponents of the measure, who, while acknowledging the abstract justice of the proposed reform, fear that the result would be an increase of immorality—as if justice ever could breed immorality." And those who, opposed to the reform, speak so slightly of the capacity of women, if they speak from experience, as they must to entitle their opinion to any weight, should not forget the evidence it furnishes of the estimation in which they hold their wives, mothers and sisters."

### Was Mr. Sumner a Spiritualist?

A couple of Philadelphia gentlemen, of the highest respectability, who recently visited this city, informed a friend of ours that they knew Mr. Sumner was a believer in the Spiritual Philosophy, and gave us evidence of the fact that he was in the habit of consulting mediums at their residences as well as in his own house. The gentlemen further averred, so our informant says, that the Civil Rights Bill before Congress was the result of spirit advice.

### Music Hall Spiritualist Free Meetings.

Bryan Grant, Esq., who made so favorable an impression in Boston, last Sunday, will speak again to-morrow afternoon, on the important theme, "The Law of Life."

### Giles B. Stebbins.

This able writer and lecturer will follow Mr. Grant, speaking the first two Sundays in April.

It should be understood by our friends, in Boston especially, that the Banner forms are put to press every Wednesday afternoon, hence notices of meetings, etc., sent in after Wednesday noon are too late for insertion in the next Saturday's issue. We are always ready and willing to impartially aid, to the extent of our power, all the friends who are laboring in the cause of spiritual truth, whether they be mediums, lecturers, or "secular" workers.

### The Twenty-Sixth Anniversary.

Of the advent of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated under the auspices of the Boston Spiritualist Union, Dr. H. F. Gardner, President, at Parker Memorial Building, corner of Appleton and Berkeley streets, on the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, March 31st. The afternoon, from two to five o'clock, will be exclusively devoted to the enjoyment of the children, under the care and direction of the "Ladies Aid Society," and the exercises will consist of speaking, music and dancing. For the evening the "Union" have secured the use of the upper (Memorial) hall in addition to their apartments, in order to accommodate all their friends. Exercises in the large hall (entrance on Berkeley street) will commence at half-past seven o'clock, and will consist of brief addresses (by several of the most popular speakers), readings, singing, etc. Admission free to all.

In the lower (Fraternity) hall the Anniversary Social Dancing Assembly will be held in the evening, under the direction of a competent Board of Managers, to which the small fee of fifty cents to gentlemen and twenty-five cents to ladies will be charged, to aid in defraying expenses and to give the managers control at the door.

All Spiritualists and their children are cordially invited to unite in the appropriate observance of the day which brought to humanity the positive knowledge of a future life of progress, harmony and happiness, and forever banished all fear of death and the Orthodox Devil.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 of Boston will give its third entertainment in memory of the anniversary, in John A. Andrew Hall, on Monday evening, March 30th, 1874. The exercises will consist of declamations and singing by the children of the Lyceum; also able speaking by I. P. Greenleaf, Dr. John H. Currier, Mrs. N. J. Willis, and others; to conclude with a grand social dance. Admission—adults, 50 cents; ladies, 25 cents; children of the Lyceum, FREE.

In New York City the Anniversary will be commemorated by services at Robinson Hall, 18 East Sixteenth street, in the afternoon—from 2½ to 5 o'clock—consisting of addresses by eminent speakers (both ladies and gentlemen), music, etc.; and in the evening a grand Ball will be given at the hall, commencing at 9 o'clock.

The Spiritualists of Providence, R. I., will celebrate the anniversary by an address from Jennie Leys, music, and a social dance. So writes L. K. Joslyn, of that city.

The Spiritualists of Oswego, N. Y., are making extensive arrangements for celebrating the anniversary, and have engaged Mrs. S. A. N. Kimball, of Sacket's Harbor, to speak and give tests for them after the manner of E. V. Wilson, on Sunday and Tuesday, the 29th and 31st insts.

### Material Test of Spirit Power.

D. Stevens thus speaks of his experience with De Witt C. Hough and his mother, Mrs. R. H. Stoddard:

"March 18th, 1874, at an interview with Mrs. Stoddard and her son, an opportunity of testing in a crucial manner the power possessed by these persons."

I attached a weight to a spring balance, which was fastened to the chandelier of the room. The string by which the weight was suspended passed through a small stand, so that the weight hung directly under the stand. De Witt Hough then placed his hands on the stand, and while both his hands and feet were in my view, and no person or mechanism was near the weight, the balance indicated an increase of twenty pounds. Immediately after, the weight indicated by the balance was reduced to zero.

This experiment (with others) was performed in such a manner and under such conditions, that it cannot be explained except by the intervention of some other power than those with which we are ordinarily familiar."

### Father Beeson and the Indians.

The friends of the red man recently held a well-attended meeting in Lyceum Hall, Washington, D. C., to listen to remarks from Father John Beeson and others. A series of Resolutions counseling the taking of measures toward the awakening of a stronger public sentiment to sustain President Grant's peace policy; and a memorial to said President, urging that he authorize Alfred H. Love, President of the Peace Association in Philadelphia, to send a delegation among the Indians and investigate the cause of the difficulties—were adopted. In reply to the memorial, Gen. Grant assured the Committee who presented it that the matter should be thoroughly investigated, and only such military movements made as were dictated by the mandate of self-protection.

### New Fraternity Hall.

Corner Appleton and Berkeley streets, Boston, was the scene, on Sunday, March 22d, of two interesting and well-attended lectures by N. Frank White. In the afternoon, at half-past two o'clock, he spoke on the subject: "What Demand has Spiritualism Supplied not Supplied by Evangelical Christianity?" In the evening, at half-past seven o'clock, he gave a distinct and startling portrait of "The Impending Religious Struggle" between Liberalism and Evangelicalism, in which the God-in-the-Constitution scheme, and kindred evils, received a logical analysis and a severe holding-up to the popular condemnation. Next Sunday Mr. White speaks at Liberty Hall, Springfield, Mass.

The cause is reported, by a correspondent, to be in an active and encouraging condition in Springfield, Mass. N. Frank White has labored there with good effect at Liberty Hall for three alternate months, and William Denton and Jennie Leys have also spoken to good acceptance. The ladies connected with the Liberty Hall Society arranged and successfully carried out a dramatic and musical entertainment, closing with a dancing party, at that place of meeting, on the evening of Tuesday, March 10th. The hall was filled to overflowing, and happiness ruled the hour.

Cephas B. Lynn, we learn from Western journals, has been orating on the life and character of Charles Sumner. The editor of the Milwaukee Times, at the conclusion of a lengthy report, says: "Mr. Lynn closed his truly grand effort amid storms of applause, and was warmly congratulated by his friends with many hearty hand-shakes."

Just as we were going to press a letter comes to us from E. D. Babbitt, of New York, in which he says: "My Health Guide, after many hindrances, is just about coming out, and will be hovering on the wings of the mail to many subscribers before this reaches the public eye."

### The Orthodox Advisory Council.

Which is to offer up (or try to) Henry Ward Beecher upon the altar of uncompromising Puritanism, held its first session—for organization—on the evening of Tuesday, March 24th, at the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Of the seventy-nine churches asked to join the conference, seventy-four were represented by one hundred and sixty members. Rev. Dr. Buddington welcomed the delegates by a speech; Rev. Dr. Stearns, President of Amherst College, was appointed temporary chairman, and Rev. Dr. Quint secretary pro tem. The indications are that Henry's society will stand by its pastor and make a firm fight. At the initiatory session of the Council it was stated that Plymouth Church would be admitted on condition that the investigation be so enlarged as to comprehend "the entire scandal," but, up to the time of our going to press, no report has reached Boston of the action of the Wednesday morning (25th) mass meeting of said Church, called to consider the question of sending a delegate.

### Boslin's Bower.

Which may be classed as the headquarters for respectable working-girls, is under the superintendence of Miss Jennie Collins, a lady who has the good of her sex deeply at heart, and her institution should be sustained by the philanthropist. Miss Collins lectured to a party on Sunday night last on "Dress Reform"—a subject that was fully discussed in these columns some ten years ago—and said much worthy of the consideration of her hearers. Among other points raised she said it had been urged that reform should begin among the wealthy, as their example of extravagance often inspired poor girls to imitate them at the expense of elasticity. Miss Collins did not like this imputation, and combated it. She characterized the working-girls of Boston as the true women of the city, and rebuked as a falsehood the insinuation that the ranks of prostitutes were recruited from among them. They were the producers of wealth, the useful members of society, and it was an outrage that they were so seurlously spoken of.

### "Spiritualism Running Down in Philadelphia."

A correspondent and patron of the Banner of Light writing us from the Quaker City, says that—

"Those fossiliferous croakers who sometimes exhibit their 'smartness,' by saying 'Spiritualism is running down' should step into Lincoln Hall Sunday and see it run." Our course of lectures this season has been unusually well attended, and our circles intensely interesting. At present J. M. Peebles, fresh from his 'round the world' journey, is lecturing to absolutely crowded houses. Last Sunday evening the body of the hall and the gallery were not only full, but the standing room was all occupied, even to the top of the stairway leading into the hall, and yet he held this packed audience in perfect silence for nearly an hour and a half, discoursing upon the religious of the East and their relations to Spiritualism."

### Woman Suffrage.

Gen. Lee, in a recent lecture at the Woman's Club Rooms, Tremont Place, Boston, said that woman suffrage, which was, in reality accorded by the Legislature of Wyoming as a sort of advertisement to induce emigration, had proved beneficial to the political and moral state of the Territory, and that women as justices of the peace, jurors and voters performed their duties ably and conscientiously. By so doing they had, in no cases failed to come under the lecturer's observation, caused domestic infelicities or neglected household claims, although man and wife frequently cast their ballots for opposing political interests.

We shall publish in our forthcoming issue many unusually interesting articles. The first on the docket will be the long-promised essay, "Clairvoyant Travels in Hades," under the heading of "Dissolution."

2d, A full account of recent astonishing physical manifestations of spirit power at a gentleman's residence in West Roxbury.

3d, A translation: "Journal of the Prince Emile de Sayn Wittgenstein."

4th, A letter from Mrs. H. F. McBrown, explanatory of the De Long manifestations in the presence of Charles H. Foster, recently copied into this paper from the San Francisco, Cal., Chronicle.

5th, We shall reproduce an article published many years ago, entitled "Extraordinary Account of Rev. William Tennent, who lay three days apparently lifeless." This Memoir is important in at least two respects, as it goes to show (first) that a person apparently dead may only be in a trance condition, and that people therefore should be careful not to hastily bury their supposed-to-be-dead friends; (second) because it corroborates the evidence we have through our media to-day in regard to the actuality and condition of human souls in spirit-land, as seen by Mr. Tennent.

Other matters of general interest to the Grand Cause of Spiritualism will also appear.

"The Granges" and other interesting topics are made the matter of consideration in this week's "Questions and Answers" Department, sixth page. The messages are also original and striking: John C. Marten, of West Springfield street, Boston, encourages his mother in her hour of sickness; Antonio Marten, father of New York City, sends loving words to her mother; George Kendall, formerly of the New Orleans Piqueune, counsels "Philip," his friend; Thomas McCarthy, of Boston, says he is "all right in the other world"; Augusta Jellison, of Farmington, Me., desires to reach her brother, Capt. Thomas Jellison; Thomas Spear, of Malden, Mass., wishes to communicate with friends; and Betsey Talbot, of Framingham, Mass., gives advice to her descendants.

The Evangelical Ministers of Boston and vicinity are on the alert! At their late meeting in the Melancon, Tremont Temple, they organized themselves into a society whose constitution unreservedly endorsed the creeds of the past, and declared it to be their object to advance "Christ's Kingdom in the world." The student of history will understand what that means. A team of ten reverends is harnessed to the new creedal chariot as a board of officers, William R. Clarke and R. G. Seymour being the wheel horses.

J. Frank Baxter has recently been doing excellent work in Salem, Mass., as a public lecturer and test medium, to the value of which larger audiences have borne witness. He is to speak there again April 12th and 19th.

### Spiritualist Convention in Vineland, N. J.

Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 21st and 22d, the first Quarterly Convention for 1874 of the New Jersey State Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress was held in Plum-street Hall, Vineland. Its sessions were presided over by L. K. Conoley—Eva Holden acting as secretary pro tem—and were well attended and harmonious. Remarks and addresses of a reformatory character were made by the President, also by J. B. Beach, of Bricksburg, Pa.; J. G. Drew, of Elizabeth, N. J.; John M. Spear, Messrs. Cadwallader, S. H. Atkinson, and Dr. Anna Melick, of Philadelphia; Dr. P. P. Field, of Michigan; Mrs. Bryant, Miss Bassett, Mrs. M. E. Tillotson, of Vineland, (who read an original paper) and others; and singing by Mrs. Bryant and a choir of volunteers added interest to the services. During the sessions a series of some fifteen resolutions was adopted.

Saturday evening was devoted to a soiree in memory of Washington's birthday, at which the exercises consisted of music by Read's Band, singing by Mrs. Bryant, and Miss Angie Barrett, reading by Dr. Marshall, of Wilmington, Del.; a dialogue by Misses Anna Bennett and Laura Ingalls, and dancing from nine to half-past eleven.

The thanks of the Convention were returned to the citizens of Vineland for their hospitable treatment of the friends from abroad, also to the singers. The next meeting of the Association is announced to take place at Newark, N. J., in May next.

### Dr. H. B. Storer.

We are glad to know that the Clairvoyant Medical practice of our esteemed friend, who has for more than twenty years been identified with the beneficent work of Spiritualism, is meeting with such large success and thorough appreciation. We seldom enter his case rooms, which are just under our editorial sanctum, without finding patients awaiting their turn, either for examination by Mrs. M. J. Folsom, the Doctor's excellent assistant, or for consultation with himself. His remedies are sent to every State and Territory of America, involving a very large correspondence with patients afflicted with all classes of disease; and we hear of many cases where persons considered incurable, have, as a last resort, decided to try the Doctor's medicines; and, having done so, have been restored to health.

It is worth everything to a patient to know that the physician whom he employs is a thoroughly honorable and reliable man; and that where nothing can be done to help, his money will not be taken for services that can do no good. Dr. S. enjoys this perfect confidence of all who entrust their life and health to him; and we feel that while he is not as actively employed in ministering to the souls of the community as formerly, that he is none the less adding the spirits to help humanity, by restoring physical health, without which the mind is unfitted for spiritual growth.

### New Movement in New York.

A New York correspondent says: "There will be a social conference at 23 Irving Place, on Monday evening, the 30th inst., at half-past seven o'clock, to take measures to start a society of those Spiritualists who wish more recognition of Bible Christianity, many of whom still cling to the old church on this account. All such are invited."

We reprint to-day a grand poem entitled "THE PASTORAL LETTER," written some time since by our fellow-townsmen, John G. Whittier, Esq. If it had been written by a professed Spiritualist it would have received the condemnation of the church folk long ago; but... no matter: it contains a mighty deal of truth; and we reproduce it, especially at this time when church bigots are endeavoring, with all the power that influence and money can bring, to reërect the same "Church and State" laws that placed the gallows-ropes around a poor Quaker woman's neck on Boston Common. It is quite time for every liberty-loving man and woman to cry, "Watchman, what of the night?" or they will find themselves in chancery ere they have any idea of their danger.

Elsewhere we print, from a secular paper, an affecting account of the "singular death of a husband and wife"—not singular to us who are familiar with such scenes. While the "Infidel" press and the "secular" press (that which is in the interest of Old Theology) are continually deceiving their readers by crying "humbly" in regard to the demonstrations of spirit-presence through the agency of media, here is a case where the dying woman saw her spirit-husband and children, who welcomed her to their eternal home.

Herman Snow, writing from San Francisco, Cal., under date of March 12th, says: "William Denton commences his course of lectures this evening. Gerald Massey is expected soon. Our San Francisco Spiritualist Union have just engaged Mercantile Library Hall, Bush street, opposite the Cosmopolitan Hotel, for one year, for all their Sunday meetings. This is a very great improvement from the previous arrangement, and argues well for our increasing prosperity."

Newspapers multiply in Boston as rapidly as leaves upon the trees in Spring, and live just about as long. The newest one we have seen heretofore is called the "Kingdom of Heaven." Did not know any such sheet was printed in Boston before, although the number on our table reads "Vol. IV, No. 2." It is a monthly, at 75 cents a year, and is published by Thomas Cook. There is much good reading in it.

We publish in the present issue a very interesting review of our foreign spiritualistic exchanges, by Dr. Ditson. It will be seen that the translator alludes to an extract of startling interest from the "Journal of Prince Emile de Sayn Wittgenstein." Dr. D., at our special request, has translated it for the Banner.

Read the caustic remarks of our Portland correspondent, "J. S. P." in reply to an editorial in the New York Medical Review, entitled "Medical View of Spiritualism." In the language of the "Review" is *non compos mentis*, then words mean nothing.

We are pleased to know, by virtue of a personal call from the gentleman himself, at our office, that A. E. Giles, Esq., the talented barrister and unflinching reformer, is convalescing from the severe illness which has for some two months past confined him to his residence.















