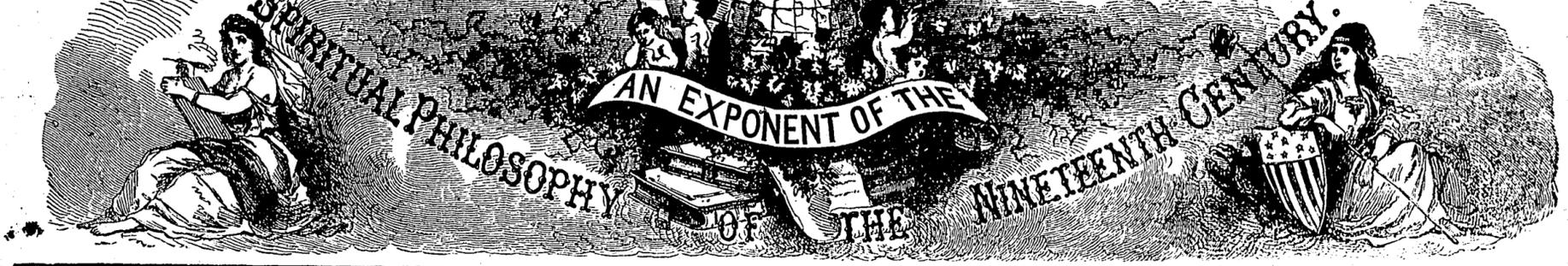


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Original Essay.

### SPIRITUALISM AND ITS CLAIMS.

BY J. D. MAXWELL.

No one who is in the least conversant with the leading events of the day can have failed to mark the wondrous strides which Spiritualism, that modern phase of faith, is making in our land. Hardly a decade ago, the marvels which were wrought in its name were regarded as the artful tricks of jugglers and charlatans, and, in the minds of suspicious and incredulous men, Spiritualism was simply *legerdemain* carried to its highest perfection. It was in vain that the ardent devotees of this mysterious creed urged upon men the merits of their system, and claimed for it the right of a candid and impartial examination. None gave ear to their claim, but regarding them as deluded fanatics, and their creed as the outgrowth of a wild and fantastic imagination, they left them in pity to their boxes and their bells.

And, indeed, whatever may have been the distinctive merits of the system when once divested of the mass of insignificant and unmeaning miracles which in every promiscuous séance were wrought in its name, it cannot be denied that men were, in a measure, justified in refraining from inquiry into a system which adduced as proofs of its genuineness miracles of so trivial and meaningless a character as those performed under the cover of darkness by individuals who laid claim to mediumistic power.

In the miracles which were designed to establish the truth of Spiritualism, men found the *prima facie* evidence of its falseness; and without entering upon a close and impartial inquiry into its theory, they were content to ridicule its practices, and to heap upon the entire system a plentiful allowance of derision and scorn. But derision and scorn have been the inevitable accompaniments of every great religious faith in its incipient stages; and this quaint and derided system, once stigmatized by thoughtless men as the outgrowth of a wild and fantastic imagination, is no longer the exclusive creed of a few fanatical dreamers and visionaries. Its disciples are now to be found among the learned and scientific of the land; nor is it restricted in its limits to the narrow bounds of one or two nations of the earth. Its principles are taught and its miracles worked in almost every nation on the globe which has the least claim to an advanced civilization.

From far across the waters we hear the voice of a distinguished scientist, the co-laborer of Darwin, raised in defence of its claims; and even among those who do not accept its doctrines there are none who seem capable of explaining away its mysteries, and who do not frankly confess that there may be something in it. Even in the church there is seen a tendency toward spiritualistic interpretation of Scriptures; and when Dr. Bullfinch, an author of a recent work on the Christian evidences, declares that in the miracles of Modern Spiritualism we may yet be compelled to recognize the credentials of a new revelation, he gives utterance to a conviction which forces itself upon the minds of many of his co-laborers.

If these things are true—if a close and rigid course of study, on the part of eminent thinkers, has led them to the conviction that Spiritualism contains in itself the germs of a true religion; and if, on the other hand, even those who reject it cannot explain its miracles, but admit that they seem unanswerable, are we not in duty bound to comply with the demands of its advocates, and give to the claims of Spiritualism a fair and impartial examination before we allow ourselves to heap upon it all those opprobrious epithets of ridicule and denunciation which we have been accustomed to use toward it in the past?

It is the object of this article to inquire whether we are not in duty bound to divest our minds of all its prejudices and predilections, and give to this doctrine the favor of a candid and impartial investigation.

And, first, it must be premised that, since there must needs be some limit to our inquiring into the manifold phases of religious faith proposed to us for investigation, we ought to confine ourselves to those which possess at least *prima facie* evidence of their credibility; and when, in addition to this, their teachings are conducive to our moral and ethical elevation, and to the general happiness of mankind, we are surely furnished with a proper incentive to their diligent and impartial investigation.

Applying this test to the subject in hand, let us consider (1), whether the doctrine wears the semblance of credibility; and (2), whether its teachings are conducive to our moral and ethical elevation, and to the general happiness and well-being of mankind. That the former of these suppositions is true, &c., that it wears the semblance of credibility, can scarcely be denied; for apart from the marvelous and unanswerable miracles which are adduced by the advocates of Spiritualism as the incontestable proofs of its

genuineness, one can hardly conceive how men, whose minds have been tutored and trained by long and severe study to accurate methods of thought, could be so far deluded as to give their credence to a doctrine which did not possess strong evidence of its genuineness. To assert that Spiritualism is at variance with an accepted revelation, even if this were the truth, would furnish no proof of its falseness. The day has gone by when the truth or falseness of opinions is measured by their conformity or non-conformity to long-established dogmas. The lessons of the past have been effectual in making men more liberal, and less intolerant of opinions at variance with their own. The test of the truth or falseness of a doctrine is no longer "does it conflict with this or that creed?" but "does it conflict with reason?" and it is by means of this broad and comprehensive test that we must examine Spiritualism.

In view, then, of the unanswerable miracles, which can be accounted for only on the ground of a spiritual communion between the inhabitants of this world and those of the next; and in view of the frequent evidence which scholars and men of marked attainments in science and philosophy have given to the doctrine, having assumed that Spiritualism wears the semblance of credibility, it remains to inquire whether its teachings are conducive to the good of mankind.

In order to decide this question, it is essential to know what are some of the cardinal teachings of Spiritualism, and those which distinguish it as a system from other phases of religion. What, then, are some of its leading doctrines?

I. It teaches us that we are the framers of our own destiny. Ignoring the dogmas of election, of eternal damnation, and of imputed righteousness, it claims that our moral, intellectual and social qualities do not undergo at death a sudden transformation, but pass with us, unchanged, into the future life. Whatever may be our tendencies here, whether good or evil, they will remain with us when we have launched forth into the spirit-realm. If our inclinations here are all of a downward tendency, leading us to delight in vice and sensuality, then when we enter the threshold of another world our position will be among the vicious and the sensual, from which ignoble sphere it will be our arduous task to elevate ourselves by long and severe repentance. If, on the other hand, our highest aim in life is to develop and culture our moral and ethical nature, then, in the future life, a high vantage ground will be ours, and we will continue to advance in purity and holiness throughout the ages of eternity. What an incentive is here to a life of purity and virtue! Placed side by side with the doctrine of justification by faith, which can be the more powerful in inciting us to a pure and noble life? Led to believe implicitly that our own righteousness is, at best, but as filthy rags, that whatever may be our attainments in purity, in virtue, and in nobility of life, we are still "altogether vile," and that if we are ever rendered fit candidates for the joys of heaven, it must be by the mysterious process of imputed righteousness, how can we be inspired to a struggle after righteousness of life, a struggle which our own doctrine compels us to believe will terminate in failure? On the other hand, how inspiring a motive to self-culture is furnished by the knowledge that we are the architects of our own destiny; that an elevated and beneficent course of life here and a pure and blessed life hereafter bear to each other the relation of cause and effect! This is the teaching of Spiritualism, and who can deny that it is calculated to inspire us with high and noble aspirations?

II. Spiritualism also teaches us that whatever may be our darling pursuit in life, we shall not be compelled to relinquish it in the future world. A life destitute of all activities save that of constant adoration of an omnipotent Father, which a modern poet has tersely characterized as "loafing around the throne," is not the heaven of Spiritualism. In the eyes of its devotees there is nothing attractive in this dull, apathetic existence. On the contrary, they believe that in that after-life we shall have ample means for the continuation of those delightful duties which on earth yield us such pleasure. The ardent seeker after truth shall there continue his researches amid the clearer and more effulgent light of a brighter realm. The philanthropist shall there find objects upon whom he may exercise his philanthropy, and those pure and noble outpourings of a beneficent soul which prompt him here to deeds of charity and love, shall still be the all-animating principle of his heavenly life. In short, whatever may be our darling pursuits here, there they will be continued in a larger and nobler scope. With such a belief as this, would not mankind be inspired with a broader and deeper incentive to intellectual culture? Surely in this respect, at least, the teachings of Spiritualism are not at variance with true progress in knowledge, but would rather furnish a powerful motive for developing and culturing the mind; since we would possess the pleasing assurance that the knowledge attained here would not be relinquished at death, but would be our possession when we awoke to the realities of another world.

III. Finally, Spiritualism teaches that, amid the innumerable multitude of beings who through the spirit-world, we shall recognize as the dearest and most cherished of them all, those whom, in our earthly pilgrimage, we had learned to love. The tender and loving companion of our mortal life, she who has shared our trials, and made them easy to be borne, shall still be the one in whose companionship we shall feel the deepest delight. The father and mother of our youth shall still be our father and mother; and the blissful union which here binds kindred souls together shall bind us still more closely when death launches us forth into the eternal world. We shall not simply know each other there, but that same love which animates us here shall glow in a purer flame and with intensified force hereafter.

These, then, are some of the doctrines of Spiritualism; and though in this article we have touched on but few of its teachings, still they are the cardinal teachings, and are sufficient to show us that Spiritualism, in its theory, aims at the elevation of mankind. We do not wish to be understood as advocating Spiritualism; we do not claim that it is, *in toto*, unexceptionable; what we do claim is, that since a conformity to its teachings is conducive to the development and elevation of mankind—and at the same time it possesses outward evidence of its genuineness—that on these grounds it is a proper subject of investigation; nay, more, we are in duty bound to examine its claims; and if, after all, the issue of our inquiry be a conviction of its truth; if we discover that among the countless religions of mankind, Spiritualism alone offers us unmistakable evidence of that glorious truth, "with which religion would be useless—i. e., the soul's immortality"—then we should hail it as the grand and ennobling faith wherein a doubting and wavering humanity could rest in peace.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### A NEW PHASE OF MANIFESTATION.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
A new phase of spirit-phenomena has come under my observation, which I have not as yet seen published in the list of phenomena occurring of a similar character, which you are at liberty to publish if deemed advisable. It occurred in a highly respectable family, and, being of a private nature, I am not at liberty to give the full names of the parties concerned, but I can vouch for the entire truthfulness of the parties and the occurrence of the phenomenon. Mrs. P— and Miss A—, her cousin, called on Mrs. K—, medium for slate-writing, and received a message, purporting to be from a "Grandpa," requesting to be given some fruit raised upon his old homestead, remarking he would enjoy the fruit very much. The ladies, at a sitting a few days afterwards, provided themselves with grapes and some apples—favorite kinds of their "Grandpa's" in his lifetime—and repaired to the medium, Mrs. K—. The Grandpa again put in his appearance by writing on the slate, thanking his dear children for their attentions and kindness in remembering him, and thanking them for the fruit. The ladies placed a bunch of grapes and an apple on the slate, and held it under a small stand-table. One of the ladies remarked, "Grandpa cannot eat the apple without a knife," and placed also upon the slate a knife. No sooner was the slate placed under the table than the knife, by some invisible agency, was thrown with force across the room; and while a talk was carried on by all around the table, the biting on the apple could be distinctly heard. When the signal was given by the spirit, and the slate taken out, the grapes had all disappeared, and nothing remained on the slate but the skins and seeds. Only one-half of the apple had disappeared, the remaining half presenting the marks of teeth upon it; nor was there a particle of the apple which had disappeared to be found on the slate or floor beneath.

The spirit then wrote a message on the slate: "Now you see, 'Grandpa' can eat apples without the use of a knife." As the ladies arose they remarked, "Good-by, Grandpa," when a spirit-hand was thrust out from under the table and shook a cordial good-by to each of the grandchildren.

Now all this occurred in broad daylight. One of the ladies had never witnessed anything of the kind before, and was rendered dumbfounded. I take it the phenomenon was not for the gratification of any materialized gross appetite of the spirit; but merely an exhibition of spirit-power, and the most striking way the Grandpa had of identifying himself to his grandchildren, and to provoke their future efforts of investigation into spirit power of return and communion.

### ONE OF THE FAMILY.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 19th, 1874.

### SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS IN TERRE HAUTE, IND.

A correspondent of the Indianapolis Union, writing from Terre Haute, under a recent date, although not a Spiritualist in belief, bears witness to the remarkable phenomena occurring there in presence of Mrs. Anna Stewart. We make the following extracts from the account in question for the benefit of our readers:

"As is well known Terre Haute, through the energy, perseverance, faith and money of Dr. Allen Pence, and others, has become the stronghold of Spiritualism in this State. The Doctor has built a nice three-story brick building on the corner of the square, 40 feet front and 30 feet deep, entirely devoted to Spiritualism, except one room, 20 by 75, on the ground floor occupied by his drug store. The mediumship of Mrs. Stewart is claimed to be diversified."

The writer here specifies some three phases of phenomena—materializations in the light, physical manifestations in the dark, and slate-writing *à la Dr. Slade*—for which this lady is developed, and says that having called on Dr. Pence, he made an appointment to attend one of the cabinet séances, and being invited by him to inspect the room, cabinet and appurtenances, before the opening of the sitting, he proceeded to do so in the following fashion:

"First I examined the cabinet and found it made of one inch plank, without any means of ingress or egress except through the door. Then I saw the medium, Mrs. Stewart, seated in the cabinet. Then the Doctor seated me so that when the door of the cabinet was opened I could see the medium. The light was then turned down so as to mellow it, yet have everything distinct in the room and the cabinet when the door was open. After this (the appearance of the first form, a lady in white, who was seen plainly for a moment at the open door of the cabinet) many materializations occurred, but all of them dressed in white except three, one woman who wore a black skirt and white waist, one woman entirely in black, and one boy with black pants. All of these representations were as distinct as one you meet on the street; no dim outline, no shadowy form, but a clearly outlined individual. They stood squarely in the door of the cabinet, some of them advancing one foot upon the floor, while the reporter could distinctly see the medium in her chair. Some of them spoke to their friends, and referred to events, names, etc., which were doubtless very gratifying to those who knew something about what was being talked of. From whence come these materialized forms necessary precautions against deception? I examined at the appurtenances, including room, cabinet, etc., closely. I watched the medium carefully, but still the form would stand there, clear as life, and the medium sit in her chair. They can walk, can act, can speak, independent of the medium. What are they, and where do they come from?"

## Literary Department.

### THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

OF

## ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

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

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### Uncle Joe's Letter.

Love works out its ends when Hate fails. Hate defeats its own purposes, because it is blinded by its passion, thus staggers and loses the way. Hate is sleepless, and therefore wears at times. Love may fall asleep by the way, but rises as a giant refreshed, and goes onward to the end. Love is all-conquering; Hate, the fiend who finds his master at last in (Gabriel) Love's angel.

Tell me not that, in God's universe, Hate will lead an invincible host that shall outnumber the legions of Love. I dare not believe the Devil stronger than God. Love putteth all things under its feet at last, and will stand, one foot on sea and one on solid land, the supreme power of earth. Such thoughts as these might be evolved out of the smile of Morton when Uncle Joe Melton asked him, "Can you find Lady Isabella?" Find her! Love had only waited Love's bidding.

Isabella was returning from one of her journeys of mercy to some needy sufferer. As she walked up the steep pathway leading to her humble home, with Davie at her side, a traveler on horseback came up with them. Stopping his horse and bowing politely, he asked if she were Lady Isabella Morton, and then handed her a package of letters. A few minutes afterwards, while seated in her own room beside her sleeping child, she read first the following note from Morton:

"MY DARLING WIFE—I pray God to give me patience to keep my promise so solemnly made—that I would wait your bidding to come to you. God in his love has opened the way for our meeting on earth. There have been moments when I feared it would be a voice from heaven that should bid me come. I am calm now—so calm that I wonder at myself. Great joy is deep, I now believe. Captain Melton sits and wonders at me. Still I no, he is like a boy just freed from school. He rides through the country on Sultan, as he did when he returned triumphant from the wars. I found him this morning dancing a polka with Mary! As for myself, I am so deeply, humbly happy that I walk softly before my God. He has stretched out his hand and divided the waters for us; but our enemy has been swallowed up in the flood, and I stand in gulf and thankfulness, with my hand in yours. Yes, though I see you not I feel you near to me. Write, when you have read the enclosed letter, and let me know when I may come to you."

With eager eyes, and hands that trembled, Isabella opened Dr. Adams's letter. She was alone in the house, save her sleeping babe. Lisette was in the garden; Davie at his sketching on the hill side. It was a beautiful day in early autumn, when the grand old woods were putting on their crown of glory; it was near noon also; the door of the room stood open, and the light streamed in, gilding the spot with one broad sheet of sunshine. Her face was turned from the door, and she unconscious that her whole figure was lighted up with this brightness. She was so absorbed that she did not heed when her child roused from his sleep, crept out of his low bed, and made his way to Lisette in the garden. When, at last, the letter had been read, she rose, and passed into a little room which she had fitted up for her own private devotion. Ossini had been reared of course in the religion of his father. Ross, in her girlhood, worshipped with him, but had never been a devout believer, and after her marriage had no scruples in joining her husband in their devotions at the little church near Morton Hall. Since her isolation from the world she had read many works of devotion written by the good men of her father's church, and had derived much comfort in prayer and meditation. This little room was an oratory.

Now, kneeling before the crucifix, she prayed for the repose of Le Mark's soul. This peculiar doctrine of her church seemed to her, at this time, a truth. When Lisette and the baby, as she still called her boy, came in, followed by Davie, to dinner, she did not join them. After some hours she came out, and taking Henry and Davie with her for a walk, bade Lisette read the Doctor's letter.

The letter did not affect the maid as it had the mistress. The quick blood rushed through her veins like molten lava. She rejoiced in this death. Indignation at the wrongs of her race burned in her soul. She thrust the letter one side, and, flinging back the waves of her long hair, walked back and forth with this exclamation again and again on her lips: "Oh my God! why didst thou give me life? or, giving me life, why endow me with longings and aspirations which belong not to my mother's race? True, I am free, but I stand alone! His sister! his equal in blood, birth and education! his slave by law! Oh Lord, how long!"

Ay, Lisette, you little know what a grand thought is, at this very time, working in the

brain of one man, that shall lead you to thank your Maker for all the weary way in which he has led you. Wait! He who gave you life will show you its value!

This first burst of indignation over, Lisette could not but rejoice in the deliverance of her mistress. When she heard the latter declare that she should remain three months in seclusion, to pray for the soul of him who had gone into eternity unshriven and unblessed, Lisette rebelled, and muttered, "Let him remain so! Think of him whose whole soul is devoted to you, and who waits for your coming!"

"Oh, Lisette! Lisette! life has no value, happiness no perfection, if any duty is neglected. I have vowed to God, and must fulfill my vow."

Not many days after this, Morton and his little daughter ascended the same steep path up and down which Isabella had so often traveled in her gray serge gown, basket in hand. Every now and then they stopped to look at the scene.

"Oh, papa! how wild and yet how beautiful! I do not wonder now that Davie did not find my Lady Mamma!"

"What if we should find Davie, too, my darling?"

"Oh, papa! it would be like a story book! as good as a fairy tale!"

The words were hardly uttered when a tall boy with lithe step, erect head and cheeks ruddy with health came to meet them. Neither Mr. Morton or his daughter knew or suspected that this could be the thin, pale little Davie of other days. But he knew them, and, taking off his hat in the exuberance of his boyish delight, wheeled around as he gave a cheer that was twice answered by the mountain echoes. Then, respectfully saluting Mr. Morton, he turned and stood mute, for not a word could his lips utter. Mary's beauty, so different from the "royal beauty," as he called it, of his lady teacher, never seemed to him so charming before. Her fair skin, the delicate rose upon the cheeks, the brown curls and deep, violet blue eyes were a type of beauty so like the flowers he loved to paint that he stood still in silent admiration, as he often did before a newly discovered flower.

Mary broke out into a clear, ringing laugh. "Why, Davie, we have found you, and you haven't a word to say to me! Where have you been all this time? Why didn't you find Lady Mamma? You are not at all like the hero in a fairy tale that always does his lady's bidding!"

"I did find your Lady Mamma, but she could not come to you. She is so busy here among the poor people, and they all love her so much that I think they would mourn themselves to death if your Lady Mamma leaves them. Come and stay here with us, Mary. It is the most beautiful place you ever saw. There are birds on those trees, and flowers in the woods, and little springs of water that make tiny waterfalls, and there are berries and nuts. Oh, stay with us! Please, sir, may Mary stay with us?"

The father smiled. "We will all stay together, my boy. Certainly no better place could have been found for you. You look as robust and comely as a young Greek."

Mary would understand why the strong religious fervor of the lady was proof against all the pleading of her husband, of Lisette and of her own heart, that longed so much to quaff the cup of bliss held to her lips. She remained the stipulated three months in seclusion, her days filled with almsgiving and works of mercy, her nights to prayer and penance. Mary remained with her mother; it would have been difficult to have persuaded her away. The young heir of Morton Hall delighted his father by saying: "Papa, papa, I have looked for you so long, papa. Davie said you would come sometime."

He was a robust mountain boy, such as a father's heart delights to see. The three months were no days of penance to the children. It was one long, bright holiday, remembered in after years by Mary and Davie as one of the brightest spots of their childhood life.

One clear, cold winter's day, Mount Paradise looked unlike the place for which it was named, for no fields stood dressed in living green, nor "never-fading flowers were there," but snow covered the ground, the sky was gray and the air keen. Inside, however, in Uncle Joe's favorite room, the bay-window was filled with geraniums, heliotropes, and roses in bloom, thanks to Mrs. Abeck's tender care, and an open wood-fire, (one of the old gentleman's luxuries, retained in memory of other days,) burned bright on the hearth. The easy-chairs—they were all easy-chairs in that room—stood about, inviting occupants. Ponto, the dog, lay curled up in a quiet corner behind his master's chair, hiding himself from the chubby hands of Henry Morton, Junior, who delighted to pull his ears, use his tail for a bridle, and treat him generally as a creature made specially for a boy's use, and not



phase of physical phenomena as any parties with whom I am acquainted. Whilst listening to the music, and being touched by spirit-hands, I have often exclaimed, "It is good to be here."

Carter Foss is a seer, and is favored with many prophetic visions. Mr. J. Tobyno is a trance speaker, and has lectured in Plymouth and other places lately with marked success. The people about here are conservative, and use considerable reservation, but are forced to embrace Spiritualism, one after another.

Maryland.

BALTIMORE.—Carroll writes, Feb. 31, as follows: Bro. J. M. Peebles closed his labors here on Sunday. This last engagement of his resulted, as they always have, with profit to ourselves individually, and to the cause at large. The noble, frank and generous manhood that fills his soul is reflected by his words and acts upon and over all who come within the sound of his voice. His coming is always welcomed, and his parting sorrowed over by our friends. The void he has left behind him has been in a measure filled by the return amongst us of our old favorite, Baltimore's own medium, Mrs. Rachael Wolcott. She came back much improved in health, and we hope to retain her amongst us for a long space of time. She is a trance speaker of no ordinary ability, and needs only to be known to be appreciated. The purity of her life and her gentleness of manners win upon all who come within her reach, and doubly arm her to fight unto victory in the cause of God and humanity. Our friends are active, and our ranks are being gradually increased from the best material. In no other place, perhaps, is there a more earnest interest displayed, nor a deeper-rooted determination to work for the cause than here. Amongst our numbers are those whose hands and brains were never made to lay by in idleness. They are working with a will and an energy that no opposition can stay.

Maine.

SEARSPORT.—Thomas Park forwards a few items concerning the spiritual movement in Searspoit, Stockton, and vicinity. He says: There are good and true souls in these parts who love Spiritualism, and are trying to do what they can to sustain it. For a series of years our meetings have been held in private houses within the limits of the town of Searspoit. A little less than three years ago the Spiritualists organized as a Society in a legal manner, in accordance with the laws of this State, and since that time our meetings have been held in a convenient hall in Stockton village every alternate Sunday. We have amongst us several good mediums, who are highly esteemed for their work's sake; among whom I may mention Mrs. Harriet H. Lancaster, who for the last eighteen years has been a successful prescriber and healing medium. She has also been very useful in the lecturing field. We hope the good we have already received is but the prelude to a "more plentiful shower."

Missouri.

CHARLESTON.—Mrs. Wm. Harvey writes: The beautiful Banner of Light, with its pages of spiritual knowledge, bringing to us the evidence of immortal life, reaches this town every week regularly. I consider the message department of the greatest worth, and take a deal of comfort and pleasure in reading the messages each week. We need here a good lecturer or test medium. We have some twelve or fifteen hundred inhabitants, many of whom are liberal minded, and desire to investigate the spiritual phenomena and learn the truth of the philosophy.

Reply to the Cleveland Sunday Morning Voice.

The following communication was sent to the "Voice" as a reply to an abusive article which appeared in that paper against Spiritualism, but was refused insertion by its editors because of its truthfulness and plain showing up of their unfairness. Here is the paragraph that called out the response:

READ, THE "MEDIUM."—Making a Living out of the Dead.—Some More Spiritualist Bosh.—The Infatuated Friend of Louis Agassiz (?).—A Woodcock Assistant.—Some Cleveland Tricks.—The great blows that have struck our Spiritualism in the East recently, seem to have only nerved the faithful in this city to more earnest effort, and hence, when it was announced, a few days ago, that "Charles Read, the great 'medium' of New York, would hold a series of sittings for the benefit of the afflicted, a perceptible flutter was noticeable in Spiritualist circles, and there were many anticipations as to the result.—Sunday Morning Voice.

Messrs. EDITORS OF THE VOICE.—This heading is a double disgrace: first, to its ambitious, aspiring author; and, secondly, to a journal that makes claim to any degree of respectability. As chroniclers of passing events, you are bound to give to the public whatever is transpiring in which the public are interested; at the same time to give facts, without regard to your own prejudices or opinions. In this instance, as in every other where you have referred to Spiritualism, it has been remarkable for anything but truth, and the poor attempt at sarcasm has only been equalled by a total failure at decent ridicule. The manner and prejudice that pervade the heart of the "Voice" render it incapable and unequal to do justice or sit in judgment on the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism. "Making a living out of the Dead!" You deny that the dead have anything to do with this business. How, then, can a living be made out of the dead? On the other hand, if the dead really lend themselves to this business, who is most to blame? those that return from the spirit world and find instruments through whom they can manifest, or the instruments themselves? Is it any worse, with all its faults, than the show business generally, which is largely patronized and is all right, however immoral and ridiculous, so long as it pays the printer?

"Some more Spiritual Bosh." What right have you to call it "Spiritual Bosh"? Spiritualists had no more to do with bringing Read here than you had. He came on his own responsibility, and was generally regarded by Spiritualists, especially the old stock, as a fraud. His exploits here some eight years since left a bad record to come back to, and were very fresh in the minds of those who were not gulled then, and do not propose to be now. "Bosh," is it? Suppose it is; then call all sleight-of-hand "bosh," but not spiritual "bosh." "The great blows that have been struck against Spiritualism in the East recently, seem to have nerved the faithful in this city to more earnest effort." This statement is a square out-and-out falsehood, to begin with. There have been no blows, big or little, struck at Spiritualism in the East but what have recoiled on the heads of those whose ignorance and malignity induced the action.

The great spurge of Dr. Beard against the Eddys was not even credited by skeptics—was false in every particular, as subsequently shown by Col. Olegott and a host of other credible witnesses. The same late followed swiftly on the heels of those who attempted to expose or prejudice the public against Mrs. Hardy, of Boston. The prompt demand by Mrs. Hardy and the people of New England for those who published the vile insinuation to make good their statement, is still waiting for an answer. (See card and demand in Banner of Light, Jan. 2d.)

If by the "great blows in the East," you have reference to the Philadelphia middle, you can no more make Spiritualism responsible for that than you can the religious world accountable for the countless number of defaulters, libertines and villains that come daily to the surface among the pious and holy evangelical churches of this country. As regards this Philadelphia middle, it is by no means certain that the charges against the Holmeses, who were accused of practicing fraud, will be sustained. The evidence that first appeared so square against them turns out to be defective. The most recent developments are almost conclusive in relieving the accused, and showing up a vile conspiracy to blast and ruin their reputation as mediums, as well as their reputation peculiarly for honesty and integrity. They stand up boldly, facing these charges, demanding the proof, and continue holding sittings as before, under more strict test conditions than ever, giving entire satisfaction to all parties, the materializations being varied and the presentations fully recognized.

Returning to Read, the object that called out this criticism on your Sunday article, I wish to ask what right you have to parade the doings of this man through the medium of the "Voice," to the prejudice of Spiritualism, whose "clever tricks" you denounce in severest terms, so far as any agency of spirits is concerned, but which agency you have failed to show was false—but whether false or true, does not in this instance affect the great fundamental, well-attested facts that underlie the Spiritual Philosophy?

Has it ever occurred to the mind of the "Voice," that there are, at a modest estimate, over a thousand open and avowed Spiritualists in this city, and probably as many more that are non-committal? All of whom, for respectability, honesty and good sense, can take front seats with the same number who support the fashionable worship made up of gilt-edged piety and galvanized religion. These people, who have patiently but firmly stood up against the tide of invective, persecution and ridicule for the last twenty-six years, will not of course feel very highly complimented by these scurrilous, unprovoked attacks on Spiritualism. Most of these people are readers of your paper, and if this line of policy suits your taste toward them, why, then follow it out, make abuse of Spiritualism a speciality—it may pay—but there are some who doubt it. We are just as thankful for your ridicule as your praise, so long as it serves to work off the crudities, imperfections and false conditions of your nature. If you desire to issue a respectable sheet, I would respectfully suggest that you abandon the foolish attempts at ridicule, and come down to solid facts and valid arguments to disprove what Science and well-attested phenomena, by unimpeachable witnesses, had established, and which can stand the silly gibes and pop-gun squibs of a thousand "Voices." D. A. EDDY. Cleveland, Ohio, Jan. 17th, 1875.

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THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF WILLIAM H. MUMLER IN SPIRIT-PHOTOGRAPHY.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[Continued from the Banner of February 13th.]

PART FIVE.

MRS. W. H. MUMLER,

my wife, is a natural clairvoyant for diagnosing and treating disease, and has been subject to this influence since her earliest recollection. It is probably hereditary with her, as her mother to-day is one of the best medical clairvoyants in this country.

After I commenced taking spirit-pictures, my wife began to give her attention more to treating disease as a business, where before she had simply done so for pleasure, or gratuitously to those who were suffering. A great many instances of wonderful cures which have been effected through her medium powers, could be given; but as that is only indirectly connected with the subject in hand, I must forego that pleasure. I cannot refrain, however, from speaking of her wonderful magnetic powers, as I believe them to be directly connected with spirit-photography, and that to them I am largely indebted for my ability in taking the likenesses of those who have passed on; also for my first development.

Mrs. M. is a perfect battery in herself, and on her placing her hands upon the head of a patient, the subtle current is felt distinctly coursing through every tissue of the body. I have seen men faint, under the peculiar reaction caused in their systems by imparting this wonderful, life-giving principle of animal magnetism.

In making an examination and while under influence, if the question was asked, "Who gave this diagnosis?" the reply would always be, "Benjamin Rush." After I commenced to take spirit-pictures I made many sittings of my wife, with the desire of getting a picture of her control, but without success, there appearing instead friends, relatives, and sometimes strangers. I often inquired of the Doctor, when she was under control, why he did not show himself? The general reply was, "Don't be in a hurry, young man; you shall have my picture in good time." After repeated failures in trying to obtain the desired picture, I came to the conclusion that I could not control the inhabitants of the spirit-world, and wisely decided to await their own good time.

It was not until about four years since that I succeeded in getting his picture. My wife was engaged at that time in making a medical examination of a lady in a room assigned for that purpose, a door of which opens directly into my parlor, where I take pictures. I stepped into the parlor for the purpose of getting a letter that I left on the table, and, knowing she was engaged, and seeing her door partially open, I was very quietly retiring from the room, when a voice from her room, which I instantly recognized as the Doctor's, said, "Young man, if you will prepare a plate I think you may succeed in getting my picture." I thanked him, and replied that I would be ready in a moment. I cannot express at this time the joy which those words gave me. For nearly ten years I had been anxious for the consummation of this object. I had tried and tried in vain, but now the auspicious moment had arrived.

I well remember the inward hurry that I felt; it seemed as if it took twice as long as usual to coat the plate, and I could hardly wait for that important part of the experiment to be finished. At last the plate being coated, I placed it in my holder, and going into the parlor, arranged my background, and camera, and then said: "Now, Doctor, I am ready." My wife immediately started, while yet entranced, and coming into the room where I was, seated herself in the chair placed there for that purpose. I then focused her, removed the ground glass, placed the plate in position and exposed it. After sufficient time had elapsed, I covered up the tube, and said, "That will do, Doctor." Mrs. M. then went into her room, taking her usual seat, and continued the examination as though nothing had happened.

I went into my closet, and pouring on the developer, a distinct form of an elderly gentleman was seen standing behind her, with one hand resting upon her head, while from the other, which was extended in front of her, appeared rays of light that seemed to be passing from his hand to hers, which were folded in her lap. This the Doctor subsequently told me was the magnetism which was imparted to the patients through her organism. This picture of the Doctor is a most truthful one, as will readily be seen when compared (as it has been a number of times) with an oil painting that now hangs in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, but in an entirely different position. The oil painting above alluded to I have never seen myself, and only state what has been told me by gentlemen who have taken the trouble to compare the pictures; but as an evidence of the truthfulness of the likeness, I will say that an elderly lady, an entire stranger, called on me one day in relation to spirit-photographs, when her eye resting upon this picture, which I had enlarged, and which hangs on the wall of my parlor, she exclaimed, "Why, that is Dr. Rush." I asked her how she recognized it, when she replied that when she was a young girl about eighteen years of age, he acted as physician in her family. Looking up to the picture, with both hands clasped, she enthusiastically said: "I remember his dear, good, pleasant face as well as though it were but yesterday since I saw it."

MRS. J. H. CONANT,

medium for the Banner of Light. From the extended circulation of the Banner, there is probably not a Spiritualist in the world who is not familiar with the remarkable mediumship of this lady. She has for years devoted three days a week exclusively for the benefit of those spirits, of whatever nation or condition, who wish to return and send messages of love to those who yet remain in the earth-sphere. The answers to questions propounded by the audience, requiring oftentimes an extended knowledge of science of every kind, are remarkable for their directness, showing the great wisdom and intelligence of her spirit-guides; while the invocations that fall from her lips as she presides over the gatherings in the beautiful little hall in the Banner of Light Building, are replete with sentences of pathos and beauty. Mrs. Conant called on me one day for a sitting. Her visit was without any prearrangement, and entirely unexpected. Having made the preliminary manipulations of coating a plate, &c., I placed Mrs. Conant in the usual position, facing nearly front. I was about removing the cloth to expose the plate, when suddenly she started, and turning partially to the right, held out her hand. I asked her if she saw a spirit. She replied, "Yes." I told her to remain perfectly quiet, and then removed the cloth, exposing the plate the usual time.

On developing the negative there appeared the form of a girl some ten or twelve years of age, with the features of a white person, but dressed in Indian costume, with feathers on her head, large rings in her ears, while encircling her neck was a chain, to which was attached a charm of crescent shape, which was shown to Mrs. Conant by "Vashti," (the spirit-girl,) a few evenings previous to her sitting for the picture.

Vashti first controlled Mrs. Conant in 1870, as the latter was slowly recovering from a severe illness. The circumstances attending Vashti's birth were as follows: A white woman, from Illinois, crossing the plains with an emigrant party, was taken prisoner by the Indians, and fell by lot to the share of "Big Buffalo," of the Piegans tribe, as his wife. The Indian wife of the chief failed to relish her new domestic partner, and used every means to exhibit her hatred. In time said squaw gave birth to a child, which, (in direct obedience to the law of pre-natal influence,) by reason of its mother's continued thought of her pale-faced rival during the gestative period, resembled a white child in a strongly-marked degree. The squaw mother detested it in consequence from the moment of its birth, called it "Vooshti," (the captive,) in derision of the prisoner woman, and endeavored to kill it on several occasions, but was prevented by the white woman, who took pity on the oppressed little one. "Vooshti," when

about seven years of age, was, together with her father, "Big Buffalo," slain at the massacre of the Piegans on the Yellow Stone River by the troops of Gen. Sheridan, in December, 1869. Her name, "Vooshti," being difficult of pronunciation by white lips, became gradually modified to "Vashti" by those who attended Mrs. Conant's private sittings, and by the latter name she is now known.

After taking the negative of "Vashti," I made another sitting, and was this time rewarded by a most beautiful picture. Three materialized hands and arms appeared, distributing flowers on and around Mrs. Conant, who seemed to be literally entwined with them. I then made another sitting, and this time succeeded in getting an unmistakable likeness of her brother.

DAVID WILDER, ESQ.,

of Boston, Mass. This gentleman, who is well known in Boston, holding a position in the State Treasury Department, had a sitting with me some twelve or thirteen years since, and received the likeness of a young lady that was fully recognized. Some three years since, while Mr. Wilder was conversing with Governor Andrew through a medium, he asked the Governor if he would show himself with him if he (Wilder) would sit with Mr. Mumler. The Governor said he would try. Mr. Wilder came directly to my studio, and the picture was taken, showing an excellent likeness of the late Governor Andrew, in a different position from any taken of him during life.

MR. A. BAKER,

of Boston, Mass., formerly of San Francisco, Cal., came to me a perfect stranger, and desired a sitting. On receiving his pictures he recognized the likeness of his boy, about eight years of age (of whom there was no picture), who had passed to spirit-life some two years previous. To satisfy himself still further in regard to the likeness—thinking perhaps that others might not see it as he did—he determined to have removed by an artist all traces of its spiritual origin, preserving the face intact, but "paining" a jacket on him similar to one worn in life. After this was done he submitted it to some relatives without a word of explanation, when with one accord they exclaimed: "Why, where did you get that picture of Willie? I thought you had no picture of him?" Mr. Baker said: "Are you sure that is Willie?" "Why certainly," they replied; "there is no mistaking it." Mr. B. then told them how he procured it, which, however, did not alter their opinion of the likeness.

Mr. Baker wrote me that he showed it to Willie's playmates without saying a word, when every one said at once, "That is Willie Baker." He sent a picture to his school-mistress, with the request that she would show it to his schoolmates, and ask them who it was. She returned it with the statement that every one who knew him called his name at once, and she with the rest thought there was no mistaking the likeness.

The above is most satisfactory evidence, from the fact of there being no picture of the child in existence.

MR. WILLIAM A. DUNKLEE,

of Boston, in an article on "Unconscious Cerebration," published in the American Spiritualist of Sept. 8th, 1871, after relating other instances of spirit-photography, says: "On the 6th day of July, I went myself and sat to Mr. Mumler for a picture. In ten minutes from the time I sat down a negative was shown me of myself and a light form standing behind me. When printed and sent to me, I found it to be the one I desired mentally to be present, although out of the body thirty-six years, and no other likeness of her in existence."

MR. SAMUEL CARTER,

of Boston. This gentleman, who is a well-known merchant of this city, had a sitting with me, and received correct likenesses of his wife and two sons. The wife stands in a position which is at once beautiful and suggestive, being in the act of crowning him with a wreath of laurel. This picture, Mr. Carter assured me, was recognized by every one who knew her in life.

A very interesting picture was taken for

MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON,

the well-known actor. Mr. Jefferson called at my house with a friend, in my absence, and made an engagement with my wife to have a picture taken the next day, giving the name of Johnson. Neither my wife nor self had ever seen Mr. Jefferson, except once, and that was on the stage in his famous character of "Rip Van Winkle." The next day, punctual to the hour appointed, he walked "Mr. Johnson," accompanied by two ladies. I asked the gentleman if he was Mr. Johnson, and was answered in the affirmative.

I then made a sitting for him, and succeeded in getting the form of a lady standing behind him with both arms clasped around his neck. He then asked me to take a picture of one of the ladies, which I did, and got the same form that appeared with him, only the face was turned slightly to one side. I then took my engagement-book and said, "Mr. Johnson, please give me your full address; there are a great many Johnsons, and, if you should send for more pictures, I might mistake some other negative for yours." "Well," he said, "my name is not Johnson. I was going to give your wife my right name, but my friend who was with me nudged my elbow, and I called it Johnson. My true name is Joseph Jefferson, and the lady you have made a sitting for is my daughter." He requested me to send the pictures to him, which I did, and heard nothing from him until about a year afterwards, when he came to my house to receive the pathetizing treatment of my wife for a disease of the brain. At this time he told me that the form that appeared on both pictures was a perfect likeness of his wife, and mother of the young lady who had the sitting. He said, (to quote his own words,) "When those pictures arrived, my wife's brother was in the house. I showed one to him, covering my picture entirely with my hand, and asked him who it was. He replied immediately, calling her by name."

MR. E. M. WINNSLOW,

of Boston, a gentleman of wealth, had a sitting, and received the likeness of a brother and aunt, and over the head of the latter appears a crown of light, which Mr. W. says is a fitting emblem, as she was when in the form a very spiritual woman. The picture is both truthful and satisfactory in the likeness; as evidence of which, Mr. W., at considerable expense, had the picture enlarged and handsomely framed.

SAMUEL HASTINGS,

of Boston. This gentleman, who at the time was communicating with a lady spirit friend, through a medium, asked if she would show herself with him if he would sit for a picture. She replied that she would. Accordingly Mr. Hastings had a sitting, when the spirit form appeared, as promised, which was fully recognized.

COLONEL CUSHMAN,

of Chicago, Ill. This gentleman, who is well known in the locality in which he resides, received a very satisfactory test, the circumstances of which I will relate to the best of my recollection. The Colonel came to me an entire stranger, and desired a sitting. On examining the negative after development the form of a lady was seen standing behind him, with both arms encircling his neck. Her hair was dressed in the old-fashioned manner, spread out widely on each side, and in the lap of the Colonel appeared a Quaker bonnet, also a lock of hair. The Colonel, on seeing this, took from his wallet a similar one to that shown on the negative, and said: "Mr. Mumler, this lady passed to spirit-life some twenty years since; she belonged to a Quaker family, and this is a lock of hair that was cut from her head."

MR. HERBERT WILSON,

of Boston, Mass. This gentleman, an entire stranger, called on me to have his picture taken, not mentioning what he desired or expected. The form which appeared was that of a young lady holding an anchor of flowers. On examining the picture he fully recognized the form as that of a lady to whom he was once engaged to be married, and was very much pleased with the test. In a few weeks he returned to ask me if I had seen any name on the picture. I told him I had not, when he pointed out to me, in the cross-bar of the anchor, the name "Nelle S.," perfectly plain after having seen it, but scarcely perceptible before. Mr. Wilson informed me that this was correct.

Now here is a test (the truth of which can easily be ascertained by any person desirous of investigation) that can hardly be accounted for on the ground of mistaken identity, for, even allowing that to be possible, there can be no "mistaken identity" in her correct name; and as they both appeared at the same time on the negative, and from the same source, is it not fair to suppose that the likeness is equally as correct as the name? This is not the only instance that the name of a spirit has appeared in a similar manner.

The late Mrs. Cottrell, wife of

MR. JOHN COTTRELL,

of Boston, a gentleman well known in this city by those in the book trade, called on me for a sitting. I was entirely unacquainted with Mr. or Mrs. Cottrell before this, and consequently could not have known who they desired to get a picture of. On taking a picture for Mrs. C., a child appeared sitting in her lap, and in the lap of the child was a wreath of flowers, in the centre of which was the name "Mills," that being the correct name of the child, which was fully and unmistakably recognized by the parents. Could it be possible that both parents were mistaken in the likeness of their child? If so, we will see what an expert in photography has to say in relation to it.

A few months since Mr. B. P. Shillaber, the poet, well known as the author of "Mrs. Partington's" droll sayings, made a friendly call on me, and in the course of conversation remarked that "a few days previous he had called on Mr. Allen, the well-known photographer of this city, and in speaking of spirit-photography was surprised to hear him say that he believed in Mumler's pictures. I asked him," says Mr. Shillaber, "what gave him the belief. He answered by saying, Mr. Mumler took a picture for a friend of mine, a Mrs. Cottrell. Now, Mr. Allen continued, there was no picture in existence but the one I took of that child, and while the one Mr. Mumler took is identically the same face, yet it is in an entirely different position from the one taken by me."

Here, then, is the unsolicited testimony of one of the best photographers of this city, in favor of the correct likeness of the child, which is valuable not only by his being an expert in photography, but doubly so from his intimate acquaintance with the child when in the form, and with the family. Another very interesting picture is one taken for

MRS. H. B. SAWYER,

of Winona, Minn. This lady left her home in Minnesota to come to my studio for the purpose of fulfilling a compact made between herself and husband before he passed to spirit-life. Nothing was said to me in regard to this promise until after I had taken her picture. I sat her in the usual position, when she asked if I would allow her to sit as she pleased. I told her I had no objections, when she held up her arms as if in the act of holding something, and with her head bent a little forward, and looking down upon what she was apparently holding. I remarked that the position was a very unorthodox one; to which she quickly responded, "No matter; take it so." I did as she requested, and on developing the negative, the form of a man was seen standing behind her, leaning forward, apparently in the act of placing a spirit-babe in her arms.

She remained in Boston until the pictures were finished, and on receiving them, instantly recognized them as her husband and babe. She then told me that her husband died of consumption; that about three months before he died he sent to me for specimens of my pictures; which, on receiving, he became intensely interested in, and calling her by name, said: "When I am gone, I wish you to go to Mr. Mumler's and sit for a picture, and if possible I will show myself, and place our spirit-babe in your arms."

In a letter which I received from Mrs. Sawyer after her return to her home, she says: "My husband's picture is unmistakably recognized here by his friends and associates, and the dear little babe is unquestionably mine."

JOHN J. GLOVER,

late of Quincy, Mass., had a picture taken, and received a truthful likeness of his aged mother, which is at once recognized, even by strangers, in comparing it with a picture taken of her while in the form, which was furnished me by Mr. Glover for that purpose.

[Part Six will appear in the Banner of March 13th.]

MULLIGAN'S GOSPEL.

BY ANNIE HERBERT.

I've a rare bit of news for you, Mary Malone; And truth, 'tis the strangest that ever was known; You remember I told you a twelvemonth ago How a soul came from heaven to Poverty row? If an angel had troubled the waters that bore Such little white creels to our turbulent shores, No mortal could tell; but that innocent child, Like a dove without wings, nestling downy and tender, With eyes veiling pictures of Paradise splendor, Came into the tenement crazy and wild, And the hard life so pitiless, rough and defiled, Over to Mulligan's.

It is strange to our eyes, but perhaps you have seen A vine clasp its tendrils of delicate green Round a desolate rock, or a lily gray white With its roots in the tarn and its face in the light; Or when night and storm wrap the sky in a shroud, A star shrank out from the fold of a cloud: So this little one came—but it never seemed right— There were children enough, heaven knows! in that Babel; Cadets for the Tombs from the bold whiskey rabble, Choked out from the love that is heaven's own light, Rank sours of the soil, cropping out for a fight, Over to Mulligan's.

There was many a banquet in Mulligan Hall, When the revels lasted on nothing at all, And a king at the board giving knighthood of pains, And orders of crosses, and clanking of chains; Tim held as a law the most perfect in life, The strong tie that bound him to Nora, his wife; But, blinded by drink, when his passion ran high, He beat her, of course, with a fury inhuman, And she such a poor, patient bit of a woman! Well for her a soft voice answered low to her cries, And her sun never set in the baby's blue eyes Over to Mulligan's.

It was twelve months or more from the time she was born, As I sat at my window one sunshiny morn, "Just come over," the voice of Tim Mulligan said, "I believe in me now that me baby is dead!" He had held a wild revel late into the night, And the wee, frightened dove plumed her pinions for flight; This the man saw at last, with a sudden dismay; "God forgive me!" he cried, "sure she'd never be stayin'! Wid the cursin' an' drink when me lips shud be prayin'!" And the priest came and went, little dreamin' that day, How the priesthood of angels was winning its way Over to Mulligan's.

Then the sweetest, the saddest, the tenderest sight Lay the child, like a fair, sculptured vision of light: Hands closed over daisies, fringed lids over tears, That never would fall through life's sorrowful years. "Ah, mavourneen!" moaned Tim, "it's forever I'll think That the saints took ye home from the devil of drink; An' mayhap"—here he shivered decanter and bowl—"She will see me up there wid the mother of Jesus, An' send down the grace that from sin iver frees us!" So the heaven that spread from one beautiful soul Through that turmoil of misery, leavened the whole, Over to Mulligan's.

Now a thing the most wonderful, Mary Malone, And truth, 'tis the strangest that ever was known, Mr. Mulligan met me to-day on the street, And he looks like a man, from his head to his feet; Though his clothes are but coarse, they are comely and trim, And no man *dares* to say, "Here's a health to you, Tim!" He will soon rent a cottage, and live like the best; And the gossips do say, with wise lifting of fingers, It is all for sweet charity's sake that he lingers In the row where God's peace settled down in his breast, When a soft, weary wing fluttered home from the nest, Over to Mulligan's.

—Christian Union.

All the inhabitants of China who adhere to their ancient belief fully endorse the fact that those who have died are in the space above us, and are always watching us from their abode. Messages to them are stamped or written, and then burned, so that the import may reach their friends in the spirit-world. Food is, once a year, also offered to them, which custom appears to be followed by the Chinese in this colony.—Sandhurst (Australia) Spiritual Inquirer.



interesting reading matter; to which the Rev. Dr. replied, declining to furnish the information sought, as he should not feel at liberty to disclose what every gentleman preferred to keep private, and suggesting that the copy of the paper had better be sent to some one who would value it sufficiently to exchange for it such personal items as were desired.

There are some thirty-six thousand post offices in the United States, and they use in one year seven hundred million postage stamps. The New York post office alone uses one hundred and twenty millions a year, somewhat over one-sixth of the whole number used, or equal to the amount required by six thousand other offices.

Read Samuel Watson's advertisement, headed "The Spiritual Magazine," which may be found in another column. Spiritualists should patronize this work.

He that tears away a man's good name tears his flesh from his bones, and by letting him live, gives him only a cruel opportunity of feeling his misery, or turning his better part and surviving himself.

She walks in beauty like the night Of cloudless climes and starry skies, cannot always be truthfully said of a man's wife who sails nervously across her bedroom toward the coat shovel as soon as she hears him burrowing into the front door, at the public hour, with his night key.

The Boston South End Diet Kitchen—a charitable enterprise for the benefit of poor invalids—calls for funds to extend its work. Contributions may be sent to Mrs. S. Wells, 155 Boylston street.

"Deanthropomorphism is a progressive stripping off of the old idea of purpose, and replacing it by the conception of physical agencies," says one of Prof. Fiske's reviewers. It hadn't occurred to many that this was the case.

The attention of all friends of progress and liberal thought is called to the prospectus of the Banner of Light, in this number. The paper is all that is therein claimed, and more. While its chief aim is the promulgation and elucidation of spiritualism, it is also an able and earnest advocate of all true reform, whether social, moral, political or theological, and cannot but prove of great interest and value to all friends of free thought.—For Ladies (W's), Representative.

A woman recently died in Sheffield, Eng., from the effects of a severe crushing she received at a revival meeting, added to the excitement she had undergone.

Rev. Mr. Dunning, a benevolently active lover of his kind, is stated by the secular press to have found in Boston Highlands recently "one family in his district destitute of almost everything, with six children and the father lying dead in the house." Seven persons lying dead in one house, and all members of one family, is something that cannot easily be paralleled in the history of peaceful times.

Port au Prince (Hayti) was destroyed by fire on the 11th-13th. The utmost confusion prevailed. The houses were principally of wood, very dry, and with a scarcity of water and only three small engines, with hose about garden size, it was impossible to operate. The damage done is estimated at two million dollars. Two-thirds of the city was burned, and six or seven hundred families rendered homeless. The fire is thought to have originated from the explosion of a barrel of kerosene.

Miss Louise King, daughter of Judge John P. King, is in Atlanta, Georgia, working for the passage of a law for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

Gotenborg, Sweden, was the scene of a painful conflagration on Friday, Feb. 16th. A match factory crowded with working people took fire. The flames spread with such rapidity that the employes in the upper stories were cut off from escape, and many perished in the flames, or were killed by jumping from the windows. Fifty-one lives are reported lost.

The Government of Japan has appropriated four hundred thousand dollars for expenditures in connection with our Centennial.

News have been received at London, via Zanzibar, of an encounter between a British man-of-war and a number of African slaves, in which the latter were captured and several vessels with three hundred and two slaves captured.

During a recent severe snowstorm in Northwestern Iowa, two little children, returning from school in Talma County, lost their way and were buried. When discovered it was found that the boy had, like an infant here, stripped off his coat and vest to wrap his little sister in, and they had thus perished together. At Alwain a family of four perished while returning from a visit.

President Grant has decided to recognize Alfonso as King of Spain, and General Cushing, our Minister at Madrid, has been forwarding credentials accrediting him to the new Government.

THE CENTENNIAL.—By a card in our columns it will be seen that Walter Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass., began the manufacture of their world-renowned Chocolate and its various preparations one hundred years ago. In all that long period they have always aimed at purity and excellence of goods for reasonable prices. That they have succeeded is proved by their winning the highest awards in competition with all other manufacturers of Chocolate the world over, and by the enormous demand for their goods in every section of the country.

Charities Donations

Received since our last report in the Banner, for which we tender our grateful thanks: FOR KANSAS SUFFERERS.—From J. Burrows, Stevensville, Pa., \$2.00; Orson Johnson, Atlanta, Ill., \$1.00.

FOR GOD'S POOR FUND.—From "Heliopole," Petaluma, \$25.00; Thompson J. Hough, Idaho Springs, Colo., \$2.00; John J. W. W., 50 cents; Mrs. Mary Webster, East Somerville, Mass., 50 cents.

The San José (Cal.) Weekly Mercury of a recent date gives the following as one of the concluding paragraphs in its report of a lecture delivered in that city by Miss Jennie Leys: "The lecture closed with the statement that the spirits of people on this planet would continue subject to re-incarnation until woman was placed in her proper position; that we would have to go through the treadmill on this earth in different bodies until we became perfect enough to visit other planets, unless by elevating woman, we produced such perfect spirits that they could immediately depart for realms of bliss, instead of having to again and again enter flesh and endure life in the body."

Frank T. Ripley, medical, business, and test medium, 20 Winthrop street, Charlestown District, writes us under a recent date desiring to return his thanks to his numerous friends among the spiritualistic public for their assurances of confidence and esteem; especially does he desire to express his gratitude to some kind, though unknown friend, who anonymously forwarded to his address five dollars on Feb. 18th.

The Spiritualist newspaper, (London, Eng.,) for Feb. 5th, devotes some six pages of its space to a review of J. M. Peebles's new and entertaining book, "Around the World," which work Colby & Rich offer for sale at No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

The February numbers of those popular English periodicals: HUMAN NATURE, and the SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE, have arrived, and are for sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten lectured before the Spiritualists in Chicago, last Sunday.

We cannot accept the infallibility of history and experience, nor call the acceptance of new phenomena "the virgin soil of superstition," nor believe that men should shun their teachings "as they would shun the pestilence." We cannot believe in an infallible Pope, nor an infallible World. We did accept as universal law Newton's theory of gravitation, until we saw a clothes-brush, in utter defiance of that law, rise from the floor without visible or tangible aid, and place itself in our hand. We now believe that the apple will fall under certain conditions, and that the clothes-brush will rise under certain conditions. We believe that these conditions, on both sides, are governed by law, and we know the one law—Newton's. Now we want our scientific teachers to explain the other law. Denial of the fact is the more infallibility of ignorance.—The Gates-ton (Tex.) Civilian.

The New York World says: "Each new phenomenon finds in them [the Spiritualists] the virgin soil of superstition," etc., etc.

Spiritualist Lectures and Lyceums.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Beethoven Hall.—The Music Hall Society of Spiritualists has secured the above-named new and elegant hall, 413 Washington street, near the corner of Boylston street. Philosophy. Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon, at 2 1/2 o'clock precisely. Admission 10 cents, and 10 cents for refreshments. March 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st. Tickets securing reserved seats for the season can be procured at the graduation price of \$5 and \$2, according to location on the lower floor, and \$2 in the front row around the balcony, on application to Mr. Lewis B. Wilson, Chairman and Treasurer, at the Banner of Light office, 9 Montgomery place, where a plan of the hall can be seen, or at the hall Sundays.

John A. Andrews Hall.—Free Meetings.—Lectures by Mrs. S. A. Floyd, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 p. m. on Wednesdays, followed to ask any proper questions on spiritualism. Excellent quartette singing. Public invited. The Children's Rochester Hall, 551 Washington street.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, which formerly met in John A. Andrews Hall, will hold its sessions at this place every Sunday, at 10 1/2 o'clock, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. The public are cordially invited. H. S. Williams, President. The Ladies' Aid Society will until further notice hold its meetings at Rochester Hall, on Wednesday afternoon and evening of each week. Mrs. C. C. Hayward, Secretary.

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Harmony Hall, 184 Boylston street.—Public Free Circles.—Lectures in this hall will be held on Wednesdays, at 7 1/2 o'clock, by good test mediums. All are invited to attend. Lectures every Sunday at 3 and 7 1/2 p. m. The Ladies' Aid Society will resume meetings at Rochester Hall (formerly Fraternity), 551 Washington street, on Sunday, Sept. 13th, and continue them every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. The public are cordially invited. H. S. Williams, President. The Ladies' Aid Society will until further notice hold its meetings at Rochester Hall, on Wednesday afternoon and evening of each week. Mrs. C. C. Hayward, Secretary.

Boston.—Rochester Hall.—Ella Carr, Mary Alexander, Bertha Lovejoy and Frank Union, gave declarations; Misses Cora Hastings and Cora Stone, songs; Almona Danforth, H. B. Johnson, Mr. Joseph Miller and Miss Frank Union, readings; and a dialogue, "Spiritualism and Materialization," was rendered by Almy Danforth and Miss Lizzie Thompson, at the session of Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, on the morning of Sunday, Feb. 22nd. Remarks were also made by A. E. Carpenter. The Ladies' Aid Society gave a well-attended antiquarian supper and dance at this hall Tuesday evening, Feb. 23rd—music by J. Howard Richardson's Band. Some two hundred persons partook of the supper, and the time allotted for dancing was not allowed to run to waste. Charles W. Sullivan sang, at intermission, his popular ballad of "Uncle Joe." This party will be repeated, by special request, on the evening of Tuesday, March 2d.

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The Holmes Exposure.

We are frequently asked what we think of these people. We answer, so far as Mr. Nelson Holmes may be concerned, we know but little of anything about him. We witnessed a séance for materialization in their room last spring, and saw our double; it claimed to be our father: it was a fair simile; it claimed to be every respect; we could not deny it; many others saw it; Mr. Holmes was the medium; and while scanning the features carefully we spoke to Mr. H., and his voice answered us from the floor in the cabinet, while the face was even with our own, and Mrs. Holmes was outside of the cabinet. The same face, form and visage came up before us in a sitting with Dr. Slade, and not in a cabinet, we holding the hands of Dr. Slade. Further than this we know nothing of Mr. Holmes save from hearsay. Mrs. Jennie Holmes, who used to be Mrs. Jennie Ferris, has rare mediumistic qualities, and has no need to stoop (trickery or cheat). We know whereof we write. We fully admit that the testimony at present is against them, and they are under a very dark cloud, and if guilty, should pay the penalty.—The Spiritualist at Work.

Spiritual and Miscellaneous Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cents. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Spiritual Science and Intelligence. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., 21, Bedford Square, London. Price 25 cents. THE SPIRITUALIST: A Journal of Psychological Science. London, Eng. Weekly. Price 6 cents. THE BANNER OF LIGHT: A Spiritualist and Reform Journal. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 8 cents. THE LITTLE BOUTIQUE. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents. THE LYCEUM. Published monthly at Toledo, O. Designed for Progressive Lyceums. Price 7 cents per copy; 75 cents a year. SOUTHERN MESSENGER. Monthly. Published at Nashville, Tenn. Price 10 cents. THE CIRCULAR. Published in Boston. Price 5 cents. THE HERALD OF THE FUTURE. A Spiritualist and Reform Journal. Published in New York. Price 15 cents. THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND ILLUSTRATED LIFE. Published in New York. Price 30 cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in Agency type, twenty cents for the first and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line, Boston, each insertion. BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line, Boston, each insertion. Payments in all cases in advance. For all advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion. Advertisements to be removed at continued notice must be left at our office before 12 M. on Monday.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth St., New York. Terms: \$5 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. J. 2.

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

"A Slight Cold," Coughs.—Few are aware of the importance of checking a cough or "slight cold" which would yield to a mild remedy, but if neglected, often attacks the lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give sure and almost immediate relief.

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

DR. FRED L. H. WILLIS will be at Dea. Sargent's, 30 Clark Avenue, Chelsea, every Tuesday and Wednesday, and at the Sherman House, Court Square, Boston, every Thursday and Friday, from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M., until further notice. Call and convince yourselves of Dr. Willis's ability to cure the worst forms of chronic disease humanity is afflicted with. Dr. Willis may be addressed for the winter either care of Banner of Light or 39 Clark Avenue, Chelsea, Mass. J. 2.—1f.

Angels and Spirits Minister Unto Us. DR. BRIGGS'S MAGNETIC WONDER is a certain, agreeable local cure for the legion of diseases appertaining to the cerebro-funcions, such as Uterine Diseases, Leucorrhoea, Ulcerations, &c. Also, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Sores, and Cutaneous Diseases. These Powders have been perfected by a Band of Spirit Chemists, and are magnetized by them through an eminent Medical Clairvoyant. Sent by mail on receipt of price, \$1 per box, or \$5 for six boxes. Address all communications to Dr. J. E. Briggs & Co., Box 82, Station D, New York. D. 19.13w\*

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

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

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

MRS. NELLIE M. FLINT, Electrician, Healing and Developing Medium, office No. 200 Brookline st., cor. Court st., opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. From 10 to 4. P. 27.—

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

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

ERIE, PA., BOOK DEPOT. OLIVER STRONG, Book and Stationer, and Publisher, keeps on sale at his store, 633 Front street, Erie, Pa., nearly all of the most popular Spiritualist Books of the times. Also, agent for Hull & Chamberlain's Magnetic and Electric Powders.

HARTFORD, CONN., BOOK DEPOT. A. ROSE, 55 Trumbull street, Hartford, Conn., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT. A. J. DAVIS & Co., Booksellers and Stationers of standard works, keep on sale at No. 24 East Fourth street, New York.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT. D. M. DEWEY, Bookseller, 120 State street, Rochester, N. Y., keeps for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. Give him a call.

AUSTRALIAN BOOK DEPOT. And Agency for the BANNER OF LIGHT, W. H. FERRY, No. 56 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia, has for sale all the books of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich, Boston, U. S., may at all times be found there.

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

CLEVELAND, O., BOOK DEPOT. LEE'S HAZARD, 16 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O., All the Spiritual and Liberal Books and Papers kept for sale.

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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light we claim was spoken by the Spirit whose name appears through the instrumentality of...

MRS. COXAST receives no visitors at her residence on Mondays, Tuesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

The Public-Circle Meetings at this office will be suspended for the coming two weeks, while alterations and improvements are being made in the Circle Room.

We pray thee, our Father and our Mother God, for that perfect love which casteth out all fear; that love which is the beginning of wisdom; which shall lead us out of darkness into light; that love that shall assure us that though we go through the valley of the shadow of death thou art with us, thy loving kindness, thy tender mercy will never forsake us; but, inasmuch as we are of thee, we shall finally become one consciously with thyself, and all the darkness, all the ignorance of our being shall be absorbed in the light and the wisdom of thyself, our Father and our Mother God. Amen. Nov. 16.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, whatever questions you may have to offer, I am ready to consider them.

Q.—In the preface to "Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism" is this: "Clearly enough, if Christianity is the best means of civilizing mankind, it did not come from God; and if it came from God through Christ, it is of all the methods most unlikely to promote the civilization of mankind." That is, [comments the Index] civilization and Christianity are incompatible, so opposite, the one looking solely to this world and the other to the next, that both cannot be accomplished together. What are the views of the spirit intelligences upon the subject?

A.—If nations were dependent upon their religious faiths for civilization, they would always remain barbarians, because civilization is not born of any religious element, but of a combination of elements. It is born of observation. The soul takes cognizance of its surroundings, and drinks in the power of those surroundings, and grows by them, unfolds by them, and becomes civilized by them. Now this takes place in correspondence with the growth of the planet upon which the soul exists. Religion, whether Christian or otherwise, has nothing whatsoever to do with it.

Q.—[By Dr. B. F. Clark, Charlestown, Mass.] Is not the Bible untrue in its statement of the creation of man?

A.—Yes; that is a self-evident fact; and yet, if differently interpreted, it may not possess so much of error as it would seem by the interpretation Christianity has given it. All the different stories—allegories—related in the Bible have been made to subservise selfish purposes, and, instead of looking at them from a rational, natural standpoint, they have been looked at from a prejudiced point of view, and made to subservise selfish religious ends. The belief which Christianity inculcates, through the Bible, in a personal devil, has made more Christians than the love of God by far—than the love of good, than the inherent desire of the soul to become good for the sake of good, that exists in the soul of man. This fear of the devil has pushed many a coward over the precipice, and landed him, as it were, upon nothing. Spiritualism has no devil to hold up like a rod over its delinquent believers, and so they seem to run wild, having no check-rein; but by-and-by it will be seen that they have taken a natural course, to become good, to find heaven and to enter heaven, which is far better than all the artificial ones that have ever been set up.

Q.—Was man ever created on this earth in the way that the Bible states that Adam was created—full grown, with all his faculties and powers complete?

A.—No, certainly not; that would be against Nature, against reason, against the facts as Nature has presented them to every intelligent observer. Man has become man by slow, distinct degrees, through the processes of Nature, and in no other way. There has been no special act in his favor, any more than in the favor of the smallest insect that floats in the sunbeam.

Q.—Were there not millions of people on the earth at the time that the Bible states that the first man Adam was created?

A.—Yes, certainly. Every tribe of peoples, every nation had its Adam and its Eve, its first prominent intelligences, that stood out separate and apart from their fellows. These are the Adams and the Eves of all nations; but by no means the first man or the first woman that had existed upon the planet.

Q.—How did Moses, or his spirit-control, or whoever wrote that statement, happen to be so conceited as to make so foolish a mistake, and deceive millions of people too stupid to see the absurdity of the story?

A.—Moses and those who assisted him were human, and not unlike other human egotists. It would have been very strange if Moses, educated in the Egyptian school that he was, should not have made mistakes, and should not have attracted a class of spirits to himself who would be likely to make some mistakes.

Q.—Was ever a man created in any other way than what is known as the natural order of creation?

A.—To my mind, no; for I cannot believe that Nature is a breaker of her own laws; certainly not to so very great an extent. Nov. 16.

Ann Murray. I wish to send thoughts to my two brothers who remain on earth—their names, Thomas and Alexander Murray. My name was Ann Murray. I lived here forty-two years, and died thirteen months ago; I was born in Scotland; I lived in this country nearly thirty years. My brothers, younger than myself, were born here. Our parents were Scotch. My brothers desire to know if there is truth in these modern manifestations; but my coming to you, Aleck and Thomas, proves that there is truth in it. If I can come, others can, and have, millions of them; and if you desire to seek for further knowledge, seek it through the mediumship of your own lives, for you both have it to a rare and exalted degree if you will only cultivate it. That your sister Ann speaks to you from the dead, is no miracle, but an event in accordance

with Nature and blessed by God; so, fear not to make use of the gift, for God gave it for use, and not that it might remain idle, you knowing the while that you had it. Good day. Nov. 16.

Albert R. Baxter. My name was Albert R. Baxter; I was sixteen years old; I was born and died in Boston; my parents lived in Boston; I died of meningitis about a year and four months ago; and now, while the tears of my friends are scarcely dried, I have found the way back to assure them that tears are not necessary; that I live; that death has had no power over me. The grave holds my body, but I live all the same, and should be glad, right glad to open a correspondence with them if they will put aside their prejudices and not be ashamed of this Christ of the nineteenth century. Nov. 16.

John Henry Denny. My name was John Henry Denny; I lived in New York City; my father keeps an auction store in New York, and he don't believe any body lives after they die. I live with grandmother here in this new life; grandmother said if I could come back she thought I ought to, because he'd receive these truths from me sooner than from anybody else; if she had thought he would have received them from her, she would have come long ago.

Now, father, I am alive, and I am going to grow up here in this new world, and by the time you get here, maybe I'll be old enough to keep my promise with you to give you a good sound whipping, as you did me; so you'll know how good it is. I told you, you know, father, if I ever grew up so I knew I could give you a good whipping and not get the worst of it myself, I should just let you know how good it was. Now, father, don't think I've forgot that, or that I shan't have a chance to do it, because I am growing fast and stout, and by the time you get here, maybe I'll have the chance to show you, because I can on this side, just as well as I could here. Grandmother says it's rather a rough way of identifying myself, but it's the best I know. Good day, sir. [Have you said all you want to?] No; if my father was here I could say a good deal more; I do n't know what to say to you people, but if he'll give me a chance, I'll say a lot to him; I can talk fast enough—got things enough to tell him about. I don't want you people to think my father was a bad father, or that he was in the habit of whipping me; he never whipped me but once in his life, and then, you see, I didn't take it very easy, and I told him if I ever got big enough, I'd show him how good it was. Now I come back and tell him of that, so he may know it's me; and nobody else—that's all. Nov. 16.

Aunt Phillis Perkins.

Good afternoon, massa. My name, massa, when I was, was Aunt Phillis Perkins; I belong to old Massa Perkins; he lived in Opelousas, Louisiana; he's done gone dead, same as Aunt Phillis is; but young missie, young Missie Harriet, is here in Massachusetts, and wants to hear from old massa. Old massa well; old massa aint got the gout now any more; if old massa aint afraid of feeling bad he'd come and speak for himself, (maybe he'll come some-time,) but old Aunt Phillis aint afraid. Got good place to live; got good massa and missis to take care of old Aunt Phillis—happy—happy—happy all the time; happy—happy—happy.

Now, young missie, if you want to be happy, don't be thinking too much about what you wear—about how you look, but do a little good—do a little good. Old massa leave you some money—more than you want; now do a little good with it, missie, and you'll have a good place when you come here, but if the voice of the Lord God isn't heard by you in your own soul here, missie, I am afraid if he calls you ever so high—I am afraid you'll be deaf. Now, missie, be good here—be good here, and the Lord God will take care of you in the hereafter. Nov. 16.

Messages conducted by Theodore Parker.

- MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED. Tuesday, Nov. 17.—Edward Payson Hamilton, of Bridgewater, Conn.; Nancy Miller, of Dorchester; Ellen Barrett, of George Staples. Thursday, Nov. 18.—Mary L. Woods, of Auburn, N. Y.; J. A. Fancher, of Watkins, of Great Britain; H. A. Gardner, of St. Louis, Mo.; Patrick O'Malley. Monday, Nov. 21.—Thomas Crozier, Charlotte Carson, of Philadelphia, Pa.; to her mother, Ezekiel Adams; Paul Lincoln, of New York City; to her mother, Arthur Andrews, of Potsdam, N. Y.; Joseph Hill, of New York City; to her mother, William Harrison, of Leeds, Eng. Monday, Nov. 22.—Estelle Vance, of Richmond, Va.; John Hogan, of Boston; to her mother, Mary Wallace Hayes; Annie Parkhurst, of Worcester, Mass.; to her mother. Thursday, Dec. 3.—Daniel N. Haskell; Luis Castro, of Boston; Benjamin Nathan; Andrew Robinson, to his brother. Thursday, Dec. 10.—James Barrows, of Taunton, Mass.; James Adams, of Boston; the Hyde, of Medford, Mass.; Ellen Carver, of Boston; to her brother, Joseph Brown, of New York. Monday, Dec. 14.—Alfred Stiles, of Windsor, Conn.; Ellen Adams, of East Boston; Ruth Perkins, of Summit Falls, Conn. Tuesday, Dec. 15.—Eliza Dunbar, of Boston; George W. Adams, of East Cambridge; Mary Goss, of Edinburgh, Scotland; to her parents. Thursday, Dec. 17.—James Cobley Cartwright, of London, Eng.; Allan W. Howe, of Hoboken, N. J.; Lillian Hill, of Washington, D. C. Monday, Dec. 21.—Mary Adelaide Gaines, of Montgomery, Ala.; to her mother, David Champey, of Boston. Thursday, Dec. 24.—Black Mason, of Boston; Jonathan Parker, of Exeter, N. H.; George A. Barclay, to his father, of Chatham Square, New York City; Charles Dennett, of Plymouth, N. H.; Jennie Johnson. Monday, Dec. 27.—Julia Roberts, of Salt Lake City, to her mother, Judith Frazer, to his brothers; Capt. Thomas Swate, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Nina Vibbert to her mother. Tuesday, Dec. 29.—Jean Ingalls, of Edinburgh, Scotland; to her mother, Mercy Foster, of Hillsboro, N. H.; Caroline Adams, of Worcester, Mass.; Martha Adams, of Philadelphia; Tom, to Miss, Mary Elizabeth Saunders, of Charleston, S. C.; Sebastian Streeter. Monday, Jan. 4.—D. D. Bentley, from Philadelphia, last on the morning star; Joshua Harrison, of Dover, N. H.; Colonel Tom Leavitt, to his son-in-law; William Sanford, of Blackstone, Mass. Sunday, Jan. 5.—Elizabeth Peters, to her sister, Harriet Ellen Peters, of Minnesota; Charlotte Kendall; Thos. Hill; Ralph Johnson, of Boston; Ellen Carney, of Boston. Thursday, Jan. 8.—Susan Mason, of Boston, to his children; Lucy Page, of Augusta, Me., to her mother; Honto, to Mr. Walker, of New Orleans; Henry W. Fowler, of New York City, to his father. Thursday, Jan. 15.—John Eyer, of Chicago, Ill.; Jennie Walters, of Lawrence, Mass., to her father; Edward Walters, of St. Louis, Mo.; Dominie Lantz, of New York City; Margaret Mahan, to her sisters; "Only He Knows" (Anonymous). Tuesday, Jan. 26.—Margaret Barclay, of Boston; Paran Stevens; Harry Smith; Black P. Rice, to his sister; "Only He Knows" (Anonymous). Thursday, Jan. 28.—Angela Sampson, to her mother; Capt. William Crofton, of Kennebec, Me.; Mary Elizabeth Johnson, of Burlington, Vt., to her children; Solomon Stoddard, of Southbury, Ohio. Monday, Feb. 1.—Mary Darrington, of St. Louis; George W. Adams, of Windsor, Mass.; to her children; Susan Stoddard, of Burlington, Vt., to her children; to his son; Nancy Page, of Ray, N. H. Tuesday, Feb. 3.—Charles W. Denning, of Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Major Henry W. Denning, of Second Alabama Infantry; Elizabeth Atwood, of Blackstone, Mass.; Col. Tom Hocking. Thursday, Feb. 5.—Benjamin Talbot, of Franklin, N. H., to his mother; Thomas, to Francis H. Smith, of Baltimore, Md.; Utram Bhakard; Nathaniel Andrews, of Danvers, Vt.; Elizabeth Perkins, of Boston; to her children. Tuesday, Feb. 9.—Shankazawa, to Spotted Tail; Eddie Wilkinson, of New York City, to his father; Sylvia Norton, of Syracuse, N. Y.; Elizabeth Barrows, of Barrington, N. H.; Mary Emerson Guild, of Boston, to her parents.

Written for the Banner of Light. LIFE.

To the tune of "Greenwill." BY WARREN SUMNER BARLOW. Life illumines the radiant flower-drop, Is the fragrance of a dew, Animates all forms of being, Is the essence of all power.

Mortal life, like tints of morning, Ere the sun makes glad the day, Will unfold in endless beauty, While the ages wend their way.

Oh, thou glorious boon to mortals, May we walk thy paths of light, Learn to look above earth's shadows, To that life where all is bright;

Where the music of the angels Welcomes each immortal soul; And the boundless beams of glory Gild the cycles as they roll.

DEATH. To the tune of "Mount Vernon."

Death is but a friendly stranger, That unlocks the golden door, Bids us pass the darkened portal To the bright, celestial shore.

Death is new-born life expanding, Reaching upward for the goal, Breaking from its rusty fetters, To the freedom of the soul.

Death is heaven's appointed angel, Who invites us to explore Richer landscapes, purer pleasures, Fadeless as the evermore.

Oh thou friend to life immortal, We resign our dust to thee; While our longing aspirations Are from earthly trammels free.

Doubly Bereft—A Deferred Bridal.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Returning to the city last evening after an absence of a couple of weeks, I went to-day to make a call upon our good friend and sister Mrs. S. H. Titus. Two weeks before I knew she had followed to the place of decay, and resurrection through decay, the remains of a brother who was called without a moment's warning to the realm of the spiritual, from an attack, in his own home and bed, of neuralgia of the heart. I expected to find her mourning the loss of her relative, but yet buoyant with that confidence which a knowledge of the spiritual life gives to the consistent and rational believer. We have a natural horror of sudden death, it is true; and with the good Episcopalian would say, "Good Lord, deliver us." The old idea is tersely expressed when Hamlet is made to say, when contemplating his father's sudden taking off: "And how his audit stands who knows, save heaven; but according to our circumstance and course of thought, 'Tis heavy with him."

The spiritual philosophy, it is true, teaches that the better the state of preparation for the change, the better the entrance upon the after life; but it relieves even sudden death from the gloom of despair with which the old theology regards it. I found Mrs. Titus's house in charge of those who were strangers to me, and answers to inquiries informed me that Mrs. Titus herself was absent with the funeral cortege which bore the remains of her only son to the grave. I need not describe my own emotions, which were those of mingled surprise and sympathy. The son, Simon Stapleton, was a young man of most excellent principles, with a deep sense of filial duty, courteous, sober, and earnest in the pursuits of life. An attack of pneumonia, however, had proved suddenly fatal.

In what frame of mind could I expect to meet the sister and mother thus doubly bereaved? Was the spiritual light of sufficient brightness to illumine a pathway thus doubly darkened? I may anticipate the narrative a little by saying that her response to my words of condolence was one of trust, of confidence, of resignation—she was not "as those who mourn without hope." There was one other, and a deeper mourner than the stricken mother. Knowing the expectations which young Stapleton had cherished in a particular direction, I asked of the friends in charge, "What of the bridal, what of the bride elect?" They were to have been married to-day. This is the twenty-fourth day of the month; it would have been Simon's twenty-fourth birthday; it is also the anniversary of his mother's birthday.

Ellen T., gentle in spirit and sweet in song, has many times in years past, contributed her vocal powers, which are of a superior order, to the attractions of our spiritual meetings, of which, unfortunately, we lately have none. Simon loved her songs, and longed to love her, and she loved him devotedly. She was the chiefest mourner at his burial. Ellen, do not weep. Learn to wait. It may be a long waiting and a long watching, but your bridal day waits, for

"Somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore, My lover stands waiting and watching for me."

Mrs. Titus looked forward to the expected marriage with scarcely less fond hope than the lovers themselves. Hitherto she had made a home for Simon, and when he and Ellen married, they were to become the householders, and make a home for the mother. This anticipation has vanished, and with her advancing years, any earthly home that she can find must be a lonely one, but cheered, however, by the reflection that a heavenly home awaits her.

"Simon regretted going," she said, "the world looked so bright before him." No doubt. The young clinging tenaciously to life, because there is an instinctive desire to fulfill what seems to be the destiny of created man. Those older in years, although they may not have accomplished all that they could have wished, yet feel that they have fought the fight well or ill, they have done their best—and are less reluctant to surrender to advancing time. The rose bud resists when we seek to pluck it from its stem. In maturity it drops at the touch.

The after life is proven metaphysically, as the counterpart of this. What is incomplete here, has a claim to completeness hereafter, else is Nature false to herself, and human life a shameful and cruel mockery. S. B. McC. Detroit, Jan. 24th, 1875.

The dead are everywhere—under our feet, over our heads, and on every side. They are in the solid earth on which we stand, the unfathomed ocean that girds our continents, and through the spaces of air they ride on every wind. Not formless phantoms, changed in the twinkling of an eye; nor spectra, wrought from the texture of a dream; nor sentient vapors, whose immortality consists in defiance of the chemist and the naturalist, but real and tangible in the perfume of the lily and the whiteness of the snow, the motion of the waves and the hardness of the rock, the richness of the harvest and the primeval grandeur of the forest.—E.

"SNOW-BOUND." BY WARREN CHASE.

Drifted under in the interior of Iowa early in the February part of the winter, four miles from railroad, which was also drifted under by a New England snow-storm, traveling westward, firemen and engineers laid up, and section hands gone into winter quarters. All is quiet outside except the howling winds and snow-waves, but inside, the home-bound school children full of life and motion, keep up the music, while the school-house and Quaker church near it are both silent, although it is Wednesday-meeting day; but the pious and sober old Quakers are sitting by their home fires telling stories about George Fox and other foxes, while the children, debarred from cards and checkers, play with balls and books. We were in the providential town of Providence, and well provided for by Providence and the kind-hearted anti-Christian brothers and sisters, Hinshaw, Benbow, Lundy, and Woodward, who had plenty of everything necessary for a cold winter and a preacher. Here we anchored while the appointments went by without us. Thus two weeks passed by, with many a promise from us never to return in winter. It seemed like our childhood days in a New England home, except the stoves instead of fireplace.

At the railroad town of Union our meetings were a failure, for the Christian drummers had stolen the march on us and got a revival on its rushing way, and with coaxing and calling running in new material for converts; but we did not learn that any were converted, or had new hearts, although most of the young folks went there to see each other. It is a good time for the religious revivals, for the people are largely at leisure for about two months in winter. It is not so much the fear of fire in the other world that converts sinners in the cold weather, as it is the allurements of heavenly ease and idleness, with the promised love of Jesus, who is said to have abundance of good things to please children, and to freely bestow them on those little ones who love him. The converts are mostly children, with occasionally a drunkard or libertine, who is saved for a few weeks, and then returns to his old haunts. Spiritualism alone has the true and real saving balm which takes a soul out of the sins of drunkenness, tobacco-eating, licentiousness and other crimes, and becomes a permanent salvation.

In the locality where we are writing, in the snow-storm, there are the scattered remains of a once powerful Quaker society, now reduced to the elder members of some half-a-dozen families, who meet weekly in their meeting-house to wait for the spirit of the Lord to move some one to speak; and if the spirit does not come, they break the meeting, shake hands, and depart for their homes. It is about dried up.

When the storm broke and the cold slackened, we found the train well loaded with passengers; had been four hours fast in a snow-drift; and among the travelers a young couple who married in the morning and took that train for a wedding trip, and had a good taste of honeymoon joys in the cars and snow-storm, with the help of the other passengers. Two gentlemen—one from Chicago and the other from New York—broke out into the storm, found a farm-house, and procured provisions for all, whether they had money to pay or not, and the train-hands kept up fire, so no one froze nor starved. But a worse fate befell many on the prairies of the great West.

We have looked out, on the map, a dozen places for next winter, with a solemn promise never more to winter in the prairie lands of this latitude. No better people live anywhere than in Iowa and Wisconsin, but the winter winds are cold; summers delightful and alluring, with flowers and soft grasses, and gentle zephyrs floating over them. We shall soon bid them all adieu, for already the gates are ajar for us on the other shore, where we never expect to be "snow-bound" nor creed-bound. We have a few more stories to tell, a few more poems to read, and a few more lectures to deliver, and those who want them must apply soon.

Dr. Loring on Woman Suffrage.

The recent address of Hon. George B. Loring before the Woman Suffrage Club of Salem, which appeared in the Woman's Journal, is carefully prepared and worthy of attentive perusal. Dr. Loring defines suffrage to be a privilege under a monarchy or aristocracy, but a right under a republic. Man, he says, insisted on the ballot as a right, and this demand comes just as naturally from disfranchised woman. It arises out of the same wants, necessities and aspirations, and is entitled to even more respectful consideration, inasmuch as a demand without the power to strike more strongly appeals to the sentiments of justice and generosity than the word which may be preceded by a blow. A vote for pure and incorruptible civil service, and for the enactment of humane and elevating law, may be counted among those sacred duties which are enjoined by the divine precept, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common or unclean." To the suggestion of a divided opinion in the family, as the result of female suffrage, the speaker remarks that differences of opinion in the family are not uncommon, even on the gravest questions; and that there is no more necessity for having the family a political unit than a theological unit. He has no doubt that when suffrage is secured to woman, she will vote very much as man votes. Brought, as she will be, into a practical consideration of the questions in which the welfare of her country is involved, she will be called upon to act as a citizen, not as a woman alone. The history of our country, from its colonial organization to the present hour of republican success, teaches that not by restraint, but by the largest freedom consistent with personal and public safety, have the human faculties been developed with symmetry and health.

This bold espousal of woman's right to vote by so handsome a gentleman as Dr. Loring, will send a thrill of delight through the ranks of the feminine champions of this great idea.

To the Liberal-Minded.

As the "Banner of Light Establishment" is not an incorporated institution, and as we could not therefore legally hold bequests made to us in that name, we give below the form in which such a bequest should be worded in order to stand the test of law: "I give, devise and bequeath unto Luther Colby and Isaac B. Rich, of Boston, Massachusetts, Publishers, [here insert the description of the property to be willed] strictly upon trust, that they shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression."

Social Freedom Convention. The friends of Social Freedom and all interested in any one of the various issues covered by the words "Social Reform," "Social Justice," "Free Love," &c., are invited to meet in Convention at Faneuil Hall at 10 o'clock A. M., on Sunday, Feb. 22nd, and if thought best, to continue to investigate and agitate Social Reform, and probably to hold a plan for more effectual work. MOSES HULL, and twenty-four others.

Passed to Spirit-Life: From So, Abington, Mass., on Tuesday, Feb. 24, Jacob Poole, aged 75 years.

For many years a firm believer in the gospel of spirit intercourse and communion; a faithful adherent of the Harmonial Philosophy, and a constant reader of the Banner of Light; an upright citizen, a good man, an affectionate husband and father, and a steadfast friend. He leaves a beloved companion to linger yet a little longer in the "cold shades" of material life, when she, too, will rejoin the loved ones in the angel home and dwell in joy forever, where sorrow cometh not and partings are not known. A grandson of the deceased informed us, at the funeral, that he had seen his grandfather several times since his departure from the body. "Thus is the sting of death removed; thus doth the grave lose its victory, and the sweet consciousness of continuous life fill our hearts, even while we yet dwell on the earthly side of the 'river.'" Services by J. M. A.

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.

I BLESS THEE, FATHER, THAT I LIVE.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Oh, Father of the human race,
From whence we come, in whom we move,
I bless thy name with glowing grace,
That I the bliss of life can prove.

Rev. Edward F. Strickland before the "Music Hall Society of Spiritualists."

Report for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.

Rev. Mr. Strickland, who has for some nineteen years past been a member in regular standing of the Baptist ministry, gave a graphic picture of the experiences through which he had been called to pass in his journeyings in search of the truth, at Beethoven Hall, Boston, on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 21st.

ing a minister, was called upon to lay aside his former ideas and thoughts on leading matters, and to keep one fact in view, viz.: that at all events he must maintain the positions assumed by the particular church into whose service he was about to enter; whatever his conception of truth, his creed must be paramount to them all.

AFTER THE STORM COMES THE SUNSHINE.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

I have been waiting patiently for the excitement in reference to the Holmes fraud to subside a little. I will now make some further statements, and answer some questions. When the first intimation of fraud was made known to me on Thursday, Dec. 31, 1874, my impulse was to give the details of what I knew, but those who were pursuing the investigation objected to this until further proofs were obtained.

The Reviewer.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER: SAMSON, A MYTH-STORY OF THE SUN. Boston: Colby & Rich, Publishers. 1875. 32 pp.

Who was the strongest man? That is a question that has been, and continues to be weekly, if not daily, put to multitudes of children in Christian countries. Samson! his shouting forth the little ones in answer; and their spouting and dilated eyes, and swelling chests, and feel that they have heard of his exploits, and indicate themselves to be impatient Samsons. They may distrust the story of Jack the Giant Slayer; but that of Samson is in Holy Writ, and therefore true as gospel. Have not they and all good Christians there read how Samson, single-handed, slew the lion, put forth his riddle, "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness;" how he caught three hundred foxes, and tying them together two and two, with a firebrand between two tails, turned them loose into the standing corn, and burnt up the stacks, standing corn, vineyards and olives; how he slew his enemies by the thousand with the jaw-bone of an ass; how, when bound with new cords, green withes, or new ropes, he brake them off as easily as if they had been mere flax and threads; how Delilah, his sweetheart, beguiled him into disclosing that his strength lay in his hair; how she caused him to be shaved and betrayed into his enemies; how they put out his eyes and made him to grind in the prison house, and how he avenged himself and ended his life by pulling down the pillars of the house wherein the three thousand Philistine lords, men and women were making merry, looking down upon Samson while he made sport, so the dead which he slew in his life? Do not all good Christians believe every word of this ancient story? Now the author of this little pamphlet of very rough rhymes—they jolt surprisingly at times—intimates that he has gone to the root of the matter, and finds that the story is an allegory of the Sun, of its influences on earth and movements in the heavens. Perhaps it may be so. Though not versed in mystic lore, we are aware that the Orientals, in their legends, are fond of solving allegories and parables. Moral, religious and political sentiments were often published under the guise of stories and fables. The Talleyrand notion that the use of language is to conceal thought, may have been acted upon ages ago, by Babylonian and Egyptian wise men. They may have clothed their scientific truths and discoveries in wonder tales, whose real meaning only minds as acute as their own could, without previous instruction, perceive. If the question with which this notice commences had been—not, who was the strongest man? but what is the strong One? the response might have been, the Sun! With this clue in mind, a lover of riddles may find it an amusing puzzle to detect and apply the details of the Samson legend. The author of this pamphlet therein presents the correspondence he perceives of the marvels wrought by the Jewish Hercules, to the movements and powers of the Sun. Must we give up the strong man—Samson—the Bible hero of our childish days? Does it pay to be a Samson at such a sacrifice?

New Publications for Sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Allan Kardec's "BOOK ON MEDIUMS," has been translated by Emma A. Wood, and published by Messrs. Colby & Rich, Boston. It differs from most books written in this country, inasmuch as it has a more or less original theory of the nature of spirits and the methods by which it is possible to communicate with them through the mediumship of the human body. It is a very earnest and practical treatise, and is highly recommended by all who are interested in the study of the occult. The work is intended as a "Guide for Mediums and Investigators," and purports to contain the "special instruction of the spirits on the theory and practice of mediumship, the means of communicating with the invisible world, the development of mediumship, and the difficulties and dangers that are to be encountered in the practice of Spiritism." It is a rare and valuable work, and is highly recommended by all who are interested in the study of the occult. The work is intended as a "Guide for Mediums and Investigators," and purports to contain the "special instruction of the spirits on the theory and practice of mediumship, the means of communicating with the invisible world, the development of mediumship, and the difficulties and dangers that are to be encountered in the practice of Spiritism." It is a rare and valuable work, and is highly recommended by all who are interested in the study of the occult.

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History of the Conflict

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