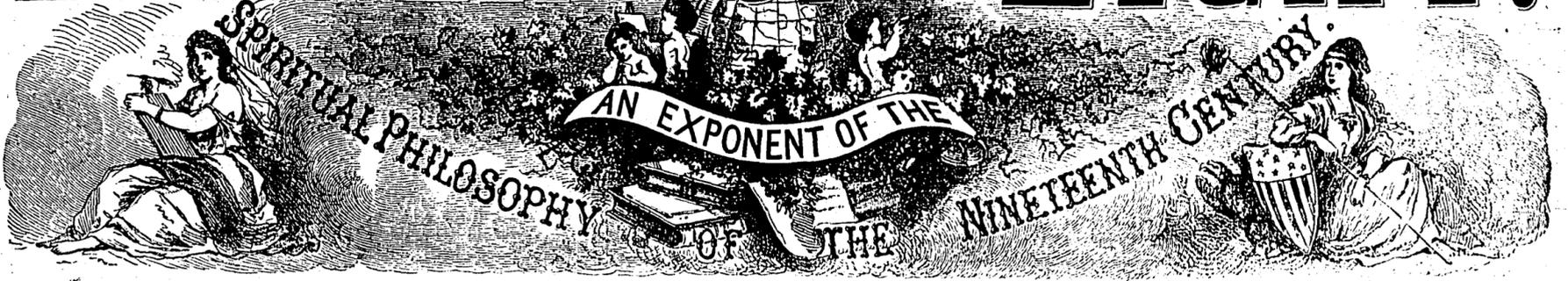


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## Free Thought.

### CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN NEW YORK.

The Government Surrenders its Judiciary, Law Officers, Sheriffs and Turnkeys into the hands of the Masters of Medicine, to Compel the People to Submit to their Malpractice and Extortion, under Pain of Fine and Imprisonment.

BY THOMAS H. HAZARD.

#### PART IV.

There is scarce any end to the instances wherein the lives of patients have been saved through the administering to them cold water at the most critical period of their disease, against the positive orders of their attending physicians, and God and the angels only know how many millions of lives have been sacrificed from the attendants of the sick obeying in this respect the commands of the doctor rather than Nature's appeals.

A lady friend has just narrated to me some of the particulars of a most distressful case of this kind, that once occurred at a summer boarding house in New York State where she was staying, wherein a little girl of some six or eight summers died whilst almost in the act of begging her natural protectors for water to quench her burning thirst. But it was all in vain. A diplomatic physician had ordered that not a drop should be put to her parched lips until it had stood long enough in a tumbler to become stale and lifeless. The poor child asked her parents "for bread, and they gave it a stone." She died with all her little might to her father and mother for a cup of water drawn all fresh, elastic and sparkling with life-giving elements from the cool bubbling spring, and the weeping priest and doctor-ridden fools gave their dying daughter a lukewarm emetic instead. She died, as millions upon millions have died, not through the violence of disease, but from the diabolical malpractice of diplomatic physicians, whose ideal of torture by thirst can nowhere be found except in the fire and brimstone flames of a mediæval orthodox hell.

Whilst the regular faculty are slow to adopt any improved methods of administering to the sick that emanate from without their pale, they are nevertheless addicted to constant minor changes of practice within it.

Hence at one period we find them prescribing a milk diet for every conceivable malady. After awhile the symptoms of all human ailments (if we are to believe them) undergo a change, and milk being discarded, fat mutton is substituted.

Again, cod liver oil becomes their panacea, and still again, all these being dropped from their medical calendar, Bourbon whiskey is made the doctor's cure all.

And again, no longer permitted through the presence of a sounder public opinion (then formerly prevailed) to mitigate pain or oppression, or other symptoms of disease, at the expense of an aggravation of the cause through letting of blood, of sufficiently stultifying the action of the vital forces by internal applications of morphia (through stomachs worn out by its frequent use) to produce in all cases a like effect, the faculty have of late years, seemingly through sheer inability to banish symptoms of disease by striking at and removing their cause, resorted to the stupid and hurtful expedient of benumbing the vital organs by ejecting the poisonous opiate beneath the skin by means of a little *squirt-gun* or syringe invented for the purpose.

Still again, iron is declared to be the grand restorer of strength to the human system and tonic for the blood, forgetful or ignorant of the fact that by Nature's undeviating law no crude mineral can possibly assimilate with the blood of the animal kingdom until it has been first prepared and qualified by natural absorption through the sap (or blood) of the vegetable, the next kingdom of life in divine order beneath and in affinity with the animal, as the mineral kingdom is still next below and in like affinity with the vegetable.

A striking illustration of this ascending principle in Nature occurred in the experiences of the medical staff attached to the East India Company's troops some years ago, wherein a certain phosphate had been proved to be a certain cure for a mortal disease incident to Europeans in India. The specific was costly, and the Company, tempted by its comparative cheapness, were induced to buy the article at other hands, not, however, before having it thoroughly tested and analyzed by the best of chemists, who could not detect the least difference in the two preparations. It proved, on actual trial, however, worse than useless, aggravating rather than diminishing the virulence of the disease that the original preparation was so efficacious in curing. On a thorough examination into the apparent mystery, the fact was elicited that the worthless phosphate was made from the crude mineral, whereas the life-saving specific was derived from the bones of animals into which, of course, the vegetable kingdom had entered on the ascending scale.

If instead of having the phosphates analyzed by a material chemist, they had been put into the hands of an unlearned clairvoyant, his controlling spirit physician from the higher interior plane of knowledge would at once have detected

and explained not only the minute external difference in the two compositions that the earthly chemist could not detect, but shown also why the one would have ministered to the principle of life, whilst the other would have conveyed a savor of death.

Man being the last and most perfect of God's earthly creations, may be truly said to be an epitome of all things beneath him, including every specimen of the mineral as well as the vegetable kingdom. If from some cause any of the former become deficient in his organization, it is necessary that the natural want should be supplied, which the materialistic doctors vainly seek to do by a direct application of preparations of the crude mineral itself, which can only act as a temporary stimulant that tends in the end to weaken rather than restore the vitality of their patients. On the contrary, the clairvoyant physician, whose spirit vision sweeps at a glance throughout the whole realm of the three kingdoms, selects therefrom the precise vegetable that manifests the natural properties needed, and which after having been subjected to the refining process incident to vegetable absorption and growth, is thereby fitted not to stimulate, but to assimilate with the functions of animal life.

If, for instance, iron be lacking in the blood, preparations of the elderberry, which is largely impregnated with the properties of that mineral, will perhaps be prescribed by the spiritual physician, instead of the raw material itself—it being patent to his superior understanding that the latter can only stimulate and thereby weaken the natural forces, whereas the former will assimilate or enter into the circulation and strengthen them, and so on to the end of the chapter, each and every vegetable growth absorbing its appropriate mineral and other qualities adapted to the wants of animal life from the earth and that great receptacle of every element—the atmosphere that surrounds and circulates through all the climatic kingdoms of the world.

These are truths that educated minds are slow to learn, and, last of all, those who, being taught in medical schools, have imbibed false theories in the art of healing; for, as Buckle wisely observes, when the average mind has been led to adopt a false theory in youth, it is seldom that facts, however forcibly presented in after life, will suffice to overthrow it.

The truth of this aphorism is well illustrated in the case of Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, which was bitterly controverted in its day by physicians forty years old and upward, for these were of the class of men referred to by that shrewd observer, Helvetius, in his remark that "He who is falsely learned, and has lost his reason when he thought to improve it, has purchased his stupidity at too dear a rate ever to renounce it."

We read that but few men of learning and science gave heed to the divine precept of the unlettered Galilean, but that "the common people heard him gladly." And why was this? Simply because the "ignorant man," as Helvetius also says truly, "is as much above the falsely learned as he is below him of real science, ignorance being the middle point between true and false learning." Consequently the ignorant man has nothing to do but to learn, whereas the falsely learned, before being fitted, are obliged to give up and unlearn all their pride of opinion and false theories before they can commence to learn the truth.

One of the latest and most startling inventions of the faculty in the art of healing that I have observed is the stuffing system, whereby they seek to restore their exhausted patient's strength by stuffing him full of reptiles, the learned black-bird being specially favored, on the fact that all that is forced into the stomach beyond what the organs can digest and assimilate, tends to weaken rather than strengthen the functions of life.

A case in point recently transpired within my knowledge, that in enormity almost beggars belief, wherein a most estimable man was, in the last days of his life, under advice of his physicians, made to swallow, every twenty-four hours, all the boiled-down fluid that could be extracted from *two to fifteen pounds of beef, the whites of from ten to twelve eggs, and one quart of brandy!* However improbable, not to say impossible, this may seem, I will pledge my word to prove the fact to be as stated, if it be authoritatively denied.

This stuffing mode of cure, or rather method of killing, was probably conceived in the addle brain of some medical student who had observed how both the lamb body and limbs of a rag-baby and the limp sausage-casing may be stiffened into lifelike form by filling the one to repletion with sand or sawdust and the other with minced-meat.

"Hence," argued the ingenious spirit of medical science, "if such be the effect produced by stuffing the rag-baby and hogs' intestines, why may not the same methods be applied with like results toward resuscitating and restoring to his natural form the man whose intestines have from some mysterious cause, not as yet guessed at by the faculty, become as limp as the unstuffed sausage-casing, and his body as lank as that of an unfilled rag-baby?"—Q. E. D.

Probably the same brilliant brain conceived a method some physicians have adopted of staying the progress of cutaneous diseases by enclosing them in a *codon* of paint, beyond which they cannot penetrate, *a la militaire*.

carry the war that is now being waged against them by the M. D.s "into Africa" and thus fight them on their own ground, I think one of the most vulnerable points of attack may be found in their business or professional dealings with the street corner druggists.

Although the criminal practices of the faculty have, through force of public opinion and influence of the more rational homeopath, hydropath and other quack physicians, been somewhat modified in these respects, still many can wonder when the atmosphere of the sick room (as it now often is,) was rendered stinging with the smell of almost every "villainous compound" imaginable, emitted from the countless boxes, bottles and packages of drugs which the attending doctor had ordered, in visiting from day to day, under the real or convenient pretext of change of symptoms.

In many if not in most instances, although it may not be often susceptible of proof, I have scarce a doubt that the physician who orders and the apothecary who furnishes these drugs are in reality confederates, and share the profits.

A friend in Philadelphia complained, not very long since, that in a serious case of illness that occurred in his family, the principal anxiety evinced by the attending physician was lost the medicines he ordered might not be got from a designated apothecary.

Apart from this criminally drugging their wretched victims to death for the sake of sharing in the spoils, the prepared medicines in the drug stores in New York, if we are to believe one of their own profession, used to be and are probably now compounded, in great measure, of stale and unmerchandise drugs and of the leavings and sweepings of the bottles and boxes on the shelves.

Such I have been told by the late Lewisohn's S. Haskill, was the case when he himself instituted and in part accomplished a reform of the vile nuisance. Haskill also told me that, on occasion of his going to France to procure certain vegetable medicines and drugs from first hands, the dealers manifested much surprise at his selecting the best qualities, and remarked that such had never been before ordered for the New York market.

(Continued in next issue.)

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### A New Medium.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
Knowing the interest that is felt in the community in relation to physical manifestations, I will give you a brief account of Mrs. Adams's mediumship. Something more than one year ago she first received flowers at her séances; since then she has increased in power, and now large quantities of the choicest material flowers are brought when harmonious and adapted magnetism is supplied by those composing her séances.

While the doors and windows are closed, flowers are brought, and also plants with roots upon them, which have been transplanted and are now growing finely, and in some instances birds and fish are said to have been brought. Mrs. A. has visited some of the homes of our prominent citizens, and in one instance was placed in a bag, (after the manner in which Mrs. Thayer was tested,) still the flowers came just as they did when not under absolute test conditions, thus doing away with the theory of confederates, "trap-door," and the effect of a psychological influence.

The costly flowers brought, if purchased, would cost more than the money received at her séances. She has given her circles successfully in a country village, twenty-five miles from the city, where no hot-house flowers are raised, and by no way except the spirits could they have been produced without the medium carrying them there, and in such a case she no doubt would have been detected, as their fragrance could not have been confined neither would they have been kept fresh, and free from being bruised.

Sunday evening, Feb. 20th, I attended a séance held at her residence, 50 Baldwin street, this city. This was my first visit to a flower séance. There were fourteen persons present besides the medium; all but two were strangers to me. Good harmony prevailed; no one asked for strict test conditions; the room was up one flight of stairs, and but one door led into it. We all joined hands. The medium and the family, also all external surroundings, had not the slightest appearance of deception or fraud, and I believe that honesty for facts and truth prevailed with the entire company. The medium was unconsciously entranced by a little spirit, who calls herself "Topsy." She gave me several satisfactory tests, the subject-matter concerning which was not in my mind, neither could it have been in the mind of any one present. Afterwards each person present received a rose, the flowers differing in quality and shade; four of the company received each a calla lily, also all of us were sprinkled with water, none being seen in or about the room before the séance. An Indian spirit came, with a full bass voice, and said many good things. The spirit guides of the medium said that it was a great injury to have *positives* individuals present, who were constantly desiring test conditions. The inference that I drew from the remark was, that the element of suspicion destroyed the vital forces of the medium, or, in other words, made it hard for the spirits to overcome the obstacle. The spirit said if the public still persisted in placing test conditions upon the medium for every skeptic that wanted to be personally satisfied, they should be obliged to withdraw their power, or it would take her to the spirit-world.

The medium has given her séances in the light, but it takes much more of her strength, therefore she now gives them in darkness, with the exception of a spirit-light, which is seen occasionally. So great is the public interest in this phase of development, that she is engaged weeks in advance.

I am fully satisfied that there is an intelligent invisible power that can convey material things into rooms when the doors and windows are perfectly closed. How it is done is beyond my comprehension. A. S. HAYWARD.  
Boston, Mass.

## A Splendid New Serial.

### DAISY DOANE:

### SUNSHINE AFTER DARKNESS.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. A. E. PORTER.

Author of "Dora Moore;" "Country Neighbors; or, The Two Orphans;" "Rocky Hook—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;" "The Lights and Shadows of One Woman's Life," etc., etc., etc.

God is the master of the scenes; we must not choose which part we shall act; it concerns us only to be careful that we do it well, always saying, "If this please God, let it be as it is."—JEREMY TAYLOR.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### Reveries in Fortune.

The Brothers Doane were in earnest conversation in Uncle Joe's room. Sam was walking to and fro with an anxious face.

"I see no harm in it, Joe. Joan's property is by right ours. We are her legal heirs. Three years have passed, and no will has been found, why should we not take it, and relieve ourselves from present embarrassment?"

"Were I not assured that she made a will, and that she did not intend to leave her property to us, I should feel and act otherwise," said the elder brother. "But she said again and again that she should make a will, and that as we needed nothing, we would receive nothing from her. Judge Minot told us that he drew up a will for her; his successor in office says that he signed such a document, but has no remembrance of its contents. I cannot, Sam, give my consent at present to diverting her fortune to our own use."

Sam continued his walk. For a few minutes he said nothing, but at length burst out suddenly and rapidly: "It is worse than you think, Joe. The ship is gone, lost! There is no hope of her now, the underwriters tell me."

"Yes, I feared so," said Joe; "and what is worse, we cannot retrieve our loss by building another, as my father might have done, for shipping is prostrate; our vessels are rotting at the wharves."

"True," said Sam; "had it been otherwise, I would have had one of the stocks before this day."

"It is not a total loss, Sam; master and crew were saved, God be thanked, and then the insurance."

Sam groaned aloud. "Is worthless," he said. "I never completed the papers. We have always insured our vessels, and finding how much we had paid out, and all for nothing, so to speak, never having lost a vessel before, I was indifferent to the matter."

"Oh, Sam, this is bad business," said Joe, but he spoke with his usual calmness of manner.

"Yes, Brother Joe. In my haste to be rich, I have been reckless. To leave a fortune to my boy, I have impoverished my family. I thought perhaps I could retrieve with more capital, and it seemed no wrong to use that which rightly belongs to us."

"If it does belong to us, Sam! She had a right to do what she pleased with her own, and in my heart I believe she did not give it to us; or to express it more strongly, I believe she gave it to others."

"Then she should have seen to it that the will could be produced at her death."

"I have no doubt she did. It will come to light some day, and if then we should find we had wronged others, and be unable to replace it—what then, Brother Sam?"

"I trust we should be in a situation to refund every dollar."

"I dare not risk it, Sam. Let us try another way out of our difficulty."

"I know of none," said Sam, sitting down passive, like one resigned to his fate.

This conversation took place nearly three years after Joan's death. The ship, the beautiful ship *Carlotta*, had fulfilled Joan's prophecy. They all understood now those ominous words—"sad fate; early death, blasted hopes." Like the beloved Princess Charlotte, when the hopes of the British nation were fixed upon her and her heir, she died with the scion of royalty at her side, and a nation mourned for her.

The ship was wrecked in the Southern Ocean. The master and crew were picked up by a Spanish vessel, carried into a distant port, and thus the brothers had remained a long time in suspense. Now the Captain had returned; the sad tale was told, and nothing remained but submission to loss. How great the loss the elder brother learned slowly, and by degrees. He had trusted the business to Sam, in whom he had confidence, but Joan was right when she said that the latter needed the prudence of his elder brother to guide him.

"Come, Sam," said his brother, "we will not despair. 'Never give up the ship!' To-morrow morning we will begin and make an investigation, a thorough one, and learn just where we are—what we have lost and how much we possess. I will take a walk now with Daisy, as I promised."

"Joe," said Sam, "you make no reproaches! I alone am to blame. Why do n't you blame me?"

"My brother! best beloved! all of my own blood that I have left to me! Can I reproach you for errors of judgment, for mistakes? No; I would not reproach you if you were guilty of a crime, much less for the loss of patrimony! Whatever else we lose let us keep our friendship—hold sacred our brotherhood!"

"I cannot tell you how my heart is frightened," replied Sam. "If you know how much I had dreaded this interview you would pity me."

Joe came and threw his arm about his brother, and thus they walked into the garden. Sam had suffered much—had grown thin and melancholy, so much had he dreaded his brother's displeasure. How little had he understood that generous heart! As they parted at the garden gate where Daisy waited, Joe said, "Sam, you will conceal nothing? Let us know the worst."

"I promise," said his brother, but how much that promise involved, Mr. Doane little knew.

Sam was busy at his desk all that day and evening. Had it not been for these words—"Whatever else we lose let us not lose our love and brotherhood," he would have gone away and perhaps have done something desperate, for his temper was quick and impulsive. These words buoyed him up, while his promise to reveal all was held as sacred.

Four o'clock by the Old South! Mr. Doane is again walking down Fair street as he used to do before his sojourn in Europe. Uncle Paul lies on his bed, a martyr to suffering, but, like Saint Paul, he says, "Neither tribulation nor distress, persecution, famine, nakedness, peril nor sword shall separate me from the love of Christ. I can more than conquer through him that loves me." Strong in spirit, he comforted the weak; full of sympathy for human suffering, everybody in trouble felt better for an hour spent in his room. He had heard of the wreck of the *Carlotta*. Of the suspense of the brothers he had not been ignorant. When he learned, in answer to his question, that the vessel had not been insured, he was silent an instant, then said:

"Brother Doane, it is of no use to soothe ourselves with false comfort. You were wrong—it was a blunder, almost crime, not to insure so valuable a craft! You must submit to it now as a just punishment for great carelessness. I wonder at you! but then wise men do foolish things."

Mr. Joe smiled. He did not say, "Saw was to blame." He only replied, "If I were younger I should profit by the experience."

"Now a Christian submission may be all your duty," said Uncle Paul. "I need not preach to you, for you know what our favorite author, Jeremy Taylor, says, 'When our fortunes are changed, our spirits are unchanged if they always stood in the suburb and expectation of sorrow. The apostles, who every day knocked at the gate of death and looked upon it continually, went to their martyrdom in peace and evenness.' He says also, 'Let us, in all trouble, take sanctuary in religion, and, by innocence, cast out anchors for our souls, to keep them from shipwreck, though they be not kept from storm.'"

Daisy staid a few minutes with Uncle Paul, and then went on to Peaceful Hall to await Uncle Joe there. She could not help shedding tears when she told them the story of the wreck, which she had heard from the Captain.

"Oh, Miss Sybil, do you believe Miss Joan knew what was going to happen? I shall be afraid of dying people now. I wish we had heeded her, and then papa would not be in so much trouble."

"You must not feel so, my dear," said Miss Sybil. "Miss Joan read the papers, and understood how the change of times was affecting our commerce. It was a risk to build a vessel at that time, but I think if it had not been for the storm, the brothers would never have been sorry that they built the *Carlotta*. It is strange, Daisy, that Miss Joan's will has not been found. Are you sure she made one?"

"Yes, Miss Sybil; she told me so, and she said to Betty that she must always stay with Uncle Joe, for she had provided for her in her will."

"Where is Nurse Coffin? Can she tell us nothing about it?"

"She says," replied Daisy, "that she saw a paper that she thought was a will lying upon the bed, and as I came in soon afterwards, she supposed that Miss Joan asked me to put it away."

"Didn't you, Daisy? You must try to remember. It would be a great relief to our friends if that will could be found."

"I am very sure she did not ask me, Miss Sybil. We all think Judge Minot took it away; he was old and forgetful, and may have misplaced it."

"I will have his office searched to-morrow," said Miss Sybil, in her quick, decided way. She did do it, going herself to help, but no will was found, only a loose paper with these memoranda upon it: "Made Joan Doane's will—abstinate woman that will leave nothing to her brothers, nor to her cousins Sybil and Patsy—will make it up to those ladies myself before I die. Mem.:"

don't like women that are obstinate." This confirmed Mr. Doane in his determination not to touch Jean's property.

When Sam showed all his accounts to his brother the next day, the latter stood agape at the result. The bulk of their fortune had been swept away by the loss of the ship and through the speculation of Sam. The latter hoped that some of the rest would turn out well. He clung to them in his desperation, but Jean's foresight led him to a different conclusion. They sat in silence for some minutes with books and papers before them. Sam was the first to speak: "Brother Joe, I must go to California again. I will try once more, perhaps success will come, as it did years ago, when my father's affairs were perplexed."

"It may be well to go, Sam," thought Jean, frowning at answer. "I agree that Jean's share, which had remained with us, has gone. We must make that good. Keep up heart, brother. We are spared to each other, you have your wife and child, I my Daisy; we will not despair."

They parted, for the hour was late, and the rest of the household were asleep. Mr. Joe Doane was a strong man, endowed with firmness of will and a certain purpose. Such men are calm in great reverses. He had appeared so to his brother, but now that he was alone, his courage gave way for a moment. "If it were not for Daisy," he murmured, "I should care little. My Daisy, I have said she is a good girl, but I know positively I thought I had secured her from it. Alas! my will, so carefully made, so well guarded, is nothing now but empty words. I am too old to make another fortune; and as to Sam's doing it, poor, dear fellow! I dare not hope much from his plans. If he can keep his wife and child from want, I shall be content."

It was a terrible blow. The strongest man might well stagger under it. Sleep was long in coming to Mr. Doane that night. It came at last toward morning, a troubled sleep from which he was awakened by Daisy singing as she dressed herself. He groaned audibly. Then came a tap at his door, and a merry voice said: "Come, Uncle Joe, it is a splendid morning. Shall we go out into the garden?"

"I will be with you in ten minutes," he replied. "Meanwhile I will give you a serenade," she said, sitting down to her piano, she sang and played till he came down, looking as neat in his person as usual, and speaking with the same gentleness of manner.

"I suppose you know who is coming to-day, Uncle Joe," said Daisy. "No, I do not recall the name of any expected guest."

"Don't you remember that Clive Duncan is to come for a week? It is six weeks since he was here."

"I did not think it had been so long, Daisy. What shall we do to amuse him?"

"He will buy a boat, and we shall have some fine days on the river; then I hope he will take me riding, the woods are beautiful now that the leaves are beginning to turn. No danger that Clive will not be amused, he has a faculty for that."

"Let me see! how long has he been in this country?"

"Why, Uncle Joe, he came with us in the spring. Your wife is wandering this morning."

"I believe they are, child—perhaps breakfast will restore them."

The brothers were not long in laying their plans to repair the loss of fortune. Before winter set in the younger brother, with wife and child, was on his way to India. Uncle Joe and Daisy mourned their absence, but could not be said to suffer loneliness, while they had each other. Their pecuniary troubles were unknown to Daisy. Uncle Joe would spare her all that he could. He was obliged to take a position in one of the banks, and accepted it. This occupied many hours of the time which had been spent with Daisy. She, however, at his request continued her studies with Miss Sybil, who read history and general literature with her, and they translated some French works together. This with her music filled up much of the day. Her friend, Mary Wood, was away from home at school, and Daisy found her society at Peaceful Hall and at home. Clive Duncan came down every few weeks. The remaining days of autumn, those sweet, sunny days, when all nature wears her holiday dress, reflecting in brilliant colors, and marching in a grand, gay pageant to meet the stern king who rules the year, were spent by these two in the woods and on the waters. They brought home loads of autumn leaves, scarlet berries, ground ivy and mosses, till the house was glorious with their vivid tints. Daisy grew strong and tall, the color deepened on her cheeks, and her face wore the brightness of health and happiness. Uncle Joe saw it and was glad. A great anxiety lay deep in his own heart, but he covered it with smiling lips and kind words. He came out of the bank at four o'clock, made a call upon Uncle Joe, and then returned for a call for Daisy at Miss Sybil's house. Sometimes the order was reversed and Daisy called for him, but they always came home to tea together, where Betty, who knew to the minute when they would arrive, never failed to make her appearance in the dining room in a clean white apron, ready to wait at table. Jennie had gone to India with her mistress, and Betty did double duty. Daisy's evenings were always spent at home, reading the paper aloud, or making music for Uncle Joe, who was always tired at night, now and did not want to go out.

When the cold weather came on, he dismissed Peter and sold the carriage horses, retaining Daisy's riding pony. "I have so little time to drive," he said to Daisy, "and both Peter and the horses are getting so lazy with nothing to do that they will become demoralized. We will buy again when spring comes."

It was a great affliction to Peter, but as he went only to the next neighbor, and took the horses with him, he was comforted, the more so that he looked forward to returning, as he believed, in the spring.

In December, a letter came from Jim Wood. It was brought by a vessel that met the "Eagle," Captain Baker. Of course it was only a letter written on shipboard, and little news, save that he was well and the voyage thus far pleasant.

This letter was received on the day that Clive came to spend the holidays. Daisy remembered her promise, and answered the letter on the same day it was received, but, as usual in her letters and conversation, put in what interested her most at the time, and this was Clive's visit, and the sleigh-ride they were to have together to Boston. It was to be a grand affair—a party to visit an exhibition of rare paintings; but they were all going in sleighs. Clive had bought a beauty, and his horse was dressed as the swiftest and the sleigh was furnished with robes of long white fur lined with scarlet flannel. She was to wear a chinchilla hat with blue and white plumes, and a quilted blue satin wrap, trimmed with swan's down. If only Jim and Mary were here she would be delighted. She missed him very much, and Uncle Joe often said that he wished Jim were here. She did not believe he knew how much Uncle Joe thought of him. He prophesied that he would be a successful man.

This letter had a more bitter than sweet in it. It was the first that which Jim read after he arrived in Canton. He had had a letter addressed to him, but he remembered that Uncle Paul had sent it to him, and folded the letter away and turned to his work.

There was not much merry-making in the Brick House this year, but Daisy was bright as a bird, and surprised Uncle Joe with sundry presents of her own handiwork, such as wrought slippers and a quilted dressing-gown. Her own heart was made glad by the gift of a large pearl brooch that had once belonged to the beloved Alice for whom she was named, and which bore that name on its reverse.

Clive staid two weeks, during which time the house resounded with music and cheer. Poor Betty! She tried hard to keep up the honor of the house, and sat up nights to make all the traditional dishes. Peter came over to tease her; he was getting out of practice; but when he found her with a pair of great round spectacles on her eyes trying to stone raisins in the evening, he relented and went to work nimbly and stoned them for her.

"Lonesome times, Betty, in the old house," he said.

"You're right about that, Peter," she said as she cleared out her brick oven for the last batch of mince pies. "The time was when I made one hundred mince pies every Thanksgiving week, and sold my plum puddings in a pot big enough for a wash-bowl; but now, Peter, they don't eat nothing to speak of, and most of the time the house is so full of 'em, it's like Quaker meeting. If I were not for Mr. Duncan now, we should forget it was Thanksgiving."

"Pears to me, Betty," said Peter, keeping his eyes on his work, "that Mr. Clive studies his lessons more here than he does at school. Who knows but he may conclude to settle down here? Couldn't find a better book than Miss Daisy to study?"

Betty dropped her hot "slice" upon the hearth, and turned round, her face and bare arms shining with the heat of the coals that lay in one big lump in the oven. "Pete, do you think you are a talkin' in that way about our Daisy? She's but a child—a baby—a mere baby! Clive Duncan has nothing to do but amuse her, and if Mr. Joe invites him here he is welcome; but as for marryin'! law's sake alive! it is not to be spoken of, and don't you in yer heart think of it!"

But as if some sudden and unpleasant thought had entered Betty's own head, she raked out the coals with a sharp, jerking motion, now and then stopping to wipe her face with her apron, and saying, "Pete, if you don't empty your head of the chaff that is in it, there won't be room for anything good to get in."

"Them raisins are all piked, Betty; I will pound that spice for you now," beginning to use the pestle vigorously, stopping to ask, "Betty, how old were you when you married?" and then pounding away without waiting for an answer.

"I was sixteen years old the day I was married. You knowed that before, Pete. I have often told you."

"Miss Daisy is past fifteen, and you called her a baby." "Pound, pound, went the pestle; Peter was working in earnest."

That night after her pies were in the oven, the kitchen cleaned, and Betty waiting for the last batch to come out, she sat down in her big arm-chair by the fire, and fell to musing.

"Yes, I remember his mother well; he looks like her, not her big black eyes. She bewitched everybody. I wonder if Mr. Joe remembers—suppose he does, couldn't forget if he tried. Ah me! this is a world of sorrow and trouble. Our Daisy, our baby! Peter Doane, you are a busy-body, and have eyes before and behind like something I have heard them read about."

Betty took her pies out with an absent air, as if her thoughts were far away, as they were to the old times when she was a girl, and the house was full of company on the holidays. Among them was the slight form and strangely beautiful face of a girl who used to glide about the house like a spirit or fairy, charming all who saw her. Clive Duncan's face was as neat like that of a man's face can be to a woman's, and his smile, Betty thought of that now, yes, nobody could resist that.

"Well, well," said Betty, "we must all live out our lives, and if folks are handsome it can't be helped, though it is a great pity sometimes, with which reflection she went to bed."

The sleighing party to Boston was as merry as young hearts could make it. Uncle Joe saw them off, Daisy's bright face the last picture on his memory, and then turned to his papers. He had a great deal of writing to do. He did not get to bed till late, but he knew he was now days. He worked late into the night, and all the day long. It was a hard winter for him. If it were not for Daisy, he often said to himself, life would have no brightness. Spring came on tardily this year, the winter duplicating itself in April and May. Mr. Doane dropped under it. He was not strong as he had been to resist the changing climate of our sea-coast. A long residence in a tropical climate had made his system sensitive to cold.

No one heeded this change in him, for he was cheerful, never intruding his own cares or ill upon others. June came at last with its soft green and life-giving showers. The garden tempted Mr. Doane out of doors, where Daisy liked also to be, looking like a Hebe with her round, plump figure and rosy face. Her garden hat and gloves, and tools were always donned when Uncle Joe could go out, not long hours now as formerly, but while in the morning, and an hour in the evening. Toward the last of June Uncle Joe found himself often working alone, for Clive Duncan came. His boat was got out, and newly painted, and every day found them floating down the river toward the ocean, or rowing up stream between banks of rich verdure, and in all ways where a fine echo gave back their words and music.

Life was very sweet to these two, who were full of vitality and hope; no care to mar enjoyment, no fear of the future to cloud the prospect, sunny skies around them, and brightness in their hearts. The man with a rich, rare beauty that a woman might worship, the girl in the flush of opening womanhood, sweet as a half-opened rose. Oh, Uncle Joe! Uncle Joe! of what were you thinking those afternoons when you came home alone and knew that Daisy was floating on that beautiful river with Bertha Burleigh's son? You thought only this, "Daisy has a fine day for her, and you said, 'Betty, the children will be here at ten to-morrow.'"

They always were punctual, for Daisy had been so trained to this habit that tardiness was a crime in her eyes. Then came the pleasant evening together, when Clive talked with Uncle Joe about the outside world, and read the paper to him, and charmed the old gentleman with his melodious voice and fine face, while Daisy sat by, with her embroidery or knitting.

Thus passed away nearly two years, during which life in the Brick House was varied only by Clive's visits. Mr. Doane gave his days to business, Daisy to study, and every amusement were her daily morning ride on her afternoon walk. She was happy, grew more and more lovely, and made her guardian bless the day when he gathered the fatherless child to his heart. There were others who loved her, and one pair of sharp eyes followed the girl day by day.

One fine summer day, about two years after Mr. Sam Doane's departure for India, Miss Sybil Sage, dressed in her black satin cloak, with its antique lace, her black satin bonnet, carrying her embroidered bag in one hand, and with the other her parasol of black silk and rich lace, made her appearance in Uncle Joe's drawing-room. The blinds were closed, a soft odorous pervaded the large room, which was filled with the fragrance of flowers—flowers on mantel and table, and in all parts of the apartment. Silence reigned; not a sound came there from any other part of the house. Miss Sybil sat down on one of the large Canton straw chairs to rest herself. As she did so she sighed.

"Ah, me! what merry times I have had in this room! That large mirror has reflected many beautiful, happy faces; once was the time when I smiled back at my own face in it—don't want to look now. Well, well, sorrow and joy, life and death have been here; such is life, and I would not have it otherwise. God knows best how to manage the world, and I am willing to leave it with him."

She rose and walked into the library. Mr. Doane sat alone there, his head thrown back, in a large easy chair. Miss Sybil's step roused him. He rose quickly, placed a chair for her, and said: "This is an unexpected pleasure, Cousin Sybil; you have come at an opportune moment, to rouse me. I had fallen asleep—a habit which has come upon me of late, in times and places when drowsiness is unwelcome. I do not like it, for I fancy it makes me sleepless at night. It is one of the symptoms of old age, I suppose, to want repose."

"Perhaps so, Cousin Joe; but we all think and speak of you as young and active yet. I cannot think of you as an old man."

"I have yet ten years to live if I reach my father's age," said Mr. Doane, "and I hope to exceed that, for he was predisposed, you know, to the disease of which he died, while I have felt no symptoms of it."

"Sudden death is not to be dreaded," said Miss Sybil. "It would be my choice, rather than a slow wasting away of life—a daily dying, when

nights are unweleome and mornings bring no pleasure. Sudden death is heaven's magnetic wire. One touch brings the two worlds together. You know I like to put my house in order daily, even if company is not expected."

"Most of us when we arrive at threescore mean to do it, but our plans are thwarted some-thing."

"Cousin Joe, where is Daisy?" asked Miss Sybil in her quick way.

"Gone to the Point with Clive. Let me see," looking at his watch, "they will be here in half-an-hour. You will stay to tea with us, I hope."

"Yes, I intended to do so, never doubting my welcome here."

Cousin Joe rose at once to relieve Miss Sybil of bonnet and shawl. He was thoughtful and delicate as a woman. The brisk little lady gave herself the least bit of a shake after laying aside her cloak and bonnet, set her turban a trifle further forward, and glanced at the mirror to see that all was in order about her; then turning round, like a soldier ready for warfare, opened her batteries: "Cousin Joe, I came here to ask you if you had lost your senses? Your eyes are certainly falling, and I fear that inner sight, also, which ought to grow stronger with years and experience. Where have you been this last summer, and what thinking about, that you have forgotten all discretion?"

"The lady was standing; her trim figure drawn to its utmost height and her black eyes looking as if she had only begun to tire, and had been over-exposed to wind; and a smile lurked in the corners of her mouth. He knew Miss Sybil well, and was not afraid, but full of wonder at this accusation."

"Cousin, in what have I offended?"

"You are ignorant! I expected to find you so. In the first place, when you took a girl to bring up, you thought yourself capable, you, a man, to take the care of her till she should come to womanhood. That you assumed too much, is evident."

"If you mean Daisy, cousin, she has not come to womanhood; she is a child yet, an obedient child. I never knew her to go contrary to my wishes."

"A child! Daisy a child yet! That is about as wise as men are, when speaking of women; we are all children to them, I suppose. Why, she is in her sixteenth year! How often has our darling Alice when you married? Not quite seventeen, to my certain knowledge."

Mr. Doane winced a little. His face flushed, and then grew suddenly pale.

"You are right, Cousin Sybil. It is strange that I have not thought of it. I cannot bear to think of Daisy as other than a child—my child, to love and cherish."

"And yours she ought to be for years to come, Cousin Joe. But a child needs a father's care and protection. You have taken her from her mother, and therefore owe her double watchfulness. Where is she now? Who is with her? Who has her companion? How often do you darling Alice when you married? Is it not Bertha Burleigh's child? A young man, handsome as Apollo, with his mother's eyes and smile? Would you wish him to win her heart, and then claim her hand?"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Mr. Doane, rising hastily from his chair.

Miss Sybil was not through yet; "Cousin Joe," said she solemnly, "you wished to guard that child from all sorrow, to make her life a path of roses, near which no thorns grow. You felt strong to do it, and you said: 'I will, that one human life know only happiness from her cradle to her grave.' Every wish has been gratified, and yet you forget that God in his infinitude brings us to great happiness only through the discipline of sorrow. In your eagerness to make her life one long holiday, you have exposed her to the fascinations of a man whose love would be a curse."

Mr. Doane groaned. "I would rather see her in her grave! Cousin Sybil, I have been to blame. Engrossed in business this summer, I have left Daisy to find her own amusement. She is gentle and loving. One word from me will make her yielding as a babe."

Miss Sybil shook her head. "Too late, I fear, but we will hope for the best."

For the rest of the day, and blooming with a warm welcome to Miss Sybil, and an appeal to Uncle Joe to know if her watch agreed with his. "Just five minutes to tea," he said. "You never fail, Daisy."

Clive Duncan left the next morning for college. A few days afterwards, Mr. Doane brought a letter from Clive to Daisy. He watched her as she read. The color came and went on her cheeks, the eyes grew bright, and a smile played about her lips.

"Daisy, may I read your letter?" he asked, as she folded the missive.

For the first time Daisy hesitated. Her hands lingered on the letter, and her look expressed a reluctance to give it up. These two had never had a secret from each other. Mr. Doane's heart died within him. He did not speak again, but Daisy, who knew the lights and shadows of that face, saw his distress. She ran to him—"Read it, Uncle Joe! Read it! I know you will approve, you who love me so well, will be happy in my happiness."

Mr. Doane read it, and learned that Miss Sybil was right; it was too late. This letter told Daisy that she was loved, and painted a future of happiness in language glowing and impassioned. "And you said, 'Betty, the children will be here at ten to-morrow.'"

He did not say that care and perplexity—care for her future, had made him thus.

"You have never been careless of my interests. You are a most watchful and tender father. I never, never will leave you, no, not while you live, Uncle Joe, but, and those firm lips spoke more eloquently than words, "I cannot make that promise."

Mr. Doane rose and walked the room. Daisy looked at him and saw a look of stern displeasure there which she had never believed he could wear.

"Uncle Joe! Uncle Joe!" she said, taking his hand.

"Leave me, Daisy; I would be alone."

The girl dared not disobey that stern command. Shrinking from him she turned away, more unhappy than she had ever dreamed it possible to be, and hurried to her room, where, with her letter in her hand, she wept great, scalding tears.

Mr. Doane walked the room full of sadness. Suddenly he remembered what Aunt Margie always used to tell him. "In all your difficulties hope and pray; hope is like the wing of an angel, soaring up to heaven, and bears our prayers to the throne of grace."

Mr. Doane was a Christian. He believed in Him who knoweth all our infirmities, and who pitied us in our sorrows as a father pitieth his children. In the spirit of a child he prayed for guidance.

[Continued.]

For the Banner of Light. SUNSET ON THE PACIFIC.

(Written Feb. 2d, 1876.)

BY COHA L. V. TAPPAN.

Land of the sunset gold, Beautiful, wonderful land! Thy beauties earth doth hold In rare and golden band; Even heaven o'er thee doth hold Her wondrous wand. Lovely and vernal shore, Broided with sea-foam-spray; Green waves forevermore Melting to blue and gray; Land of the sunset gold, Beautiful, wondrous land! Even heaven descends to hold O'er thee her wand. Sea of the sunset gold, Beautiful, wonderful sea! Purple depths fold on fold Blending in thee; Fair vales of amethyst, Paven with purest light, Close to thy bosom prest, Full of perfect delight. Sea of the sunset gold, Beautiful, wonderful sea! Splendors of isles untold Hidden in thee, Palaces of burnished gold Melted in thee. Sky of the sunset gold, Beautiful, wonderful sky! Tint upon tint untold In thy vast canopy; Wonderful purple steep, Pillar'd with clouds of flame, Paling where Hesper keeps Guard o'er thy name. Sky of the sunset gold, Wonderful, purple sky! Cloud-splendors all untold, Merged, blended fold on fold, (Arches and tints untold) In thy canopy. Shore, sea and sky of gold, Beautiful, wonderful gold! Mountains of rarest height, Snow-clad and purely white, Girdled with wealth untold. Shore-mountains pure and high, Snow-crowned and cloud-arrayed, Cloud-mountains in the sky, With amethyst inland; Sea full of fairest gold, Jasper and chrysolite, Merged, melted, fold on fold, With cloud and mountain height; Golden shore, and sea, and sky, In splendor crowned and drest, Leaning even like a bride On heaven's breast.

Phonetic Reform Proposal, &c.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Will the friends of phonetic and orthographic reform convene, or in some way confer together, and agree upon some alphabet for adoption and use? Let a uniformity prevail, both in phonetic and orthographic and stenographic characters—i. e., all agree to adopt the same, whether it be Costock's, Allen's, Lindley's, or Pitman's, or a selection and combination, the best which can be made, both as to form and feasibility, from all or any others. Then let measures be instituted among stationers and manufacturers of paper and to some extent book-makers and newspaper publishers, whereby this perfected alphabet shall be constantly and in all appropriate ways paraded on head lines, margins, &c., that all readers of the English language shall become familiar with and learn them.

As an initial movement, let all friends of the reform use the adopted orthographic or the stenographic alphabet in all their written correspondence, using note or letter paper, upon the heading of which is printed the alphabet which is used by the writer, which alphabet, with the sound indicators adjacent to each letter, may be a perfect key to use in reading the message. The use of the alphabet will thus measurably be forced upon the people and their acquaintance with it will be a prelude to a more extended use of it. Should this or some similar measure be perseveringly practiced by all leading reformers, the masses of the people, discerning its simplicity, must inevitably adopt it, and in due time our awkward and bungling orthography and difficult orthoepy will be superseded by a much simpler mode and a uniform pronunciation.

Let the ball of lingual reform be started anew, this centennial year, and rigorously pushed as it may be, and ere the twentieth century arrives, the work will be done. Shall the motion be seconded? FRANCIS RICE.

Griggsville, N. Y., Feb. 2d, 1876.

A Good Hint.

An observing correspondent, whose years number three score and ten, says:

"After a long life of observation I am satisfied if every city in the Union, was to properly placard its streets and number its houses, every country locality be furnished with guideboards at the corner of every road, and every railroad be supplied with polite and considerate conductors who understand how to accent the English language distinctly and properly, and who, in calling out the names of streets and places the cars are approaching, would take pains to speak so deliberately and plainly that every passenger might understand them, that in the aggregate the altered state of things would assume a national importance, and tend not only to promote vanity, at a more moderate cost, the comfort and convenience of citizens generally, but also the pecuniary and business prosperity of the whole country to the extent of millions of dollars annually."

Banner Correspondence.

Texas.

MEXIA.—E. N. Swinburn writes: I have concluded to drop you a few lines to post your readers in regard to this part of the South. Spiritualism must of necessity run against the popular current everywhere; and it seems to be a strong current of prejudice, priestcraft and doctor-craft in this place. Nevertheless, there is "light shining in the darkness, but the darkness comprehends it not." There are but few freed souls here. And let me call the attention of the friends generally to the wonderful mediumship of Mrs. A. C. Pierce, a medium from childhood. The power that others sit for and work for seemed to come to her spontaneously. She has also labored as a rapping, writing, clairvoyant, medical, healing, trance and test medium for several years. She is well known in this State as possessed of many phases of this occult power. But I wish to say she has lately evinced extraordinary power as a physical, transfiguring and materializing medium, similar to that possessed by Mrs. Miller, the Davenport's and others. I have seen her securely tied, and in less than half a minute the bells were rung and articles thrown about; yet upon instantly raising the curtain she was found tied as before. We heard loud clappings of hands, saw hands thrust through the cabinet, yet she was found tied.

Once we saw feet thrust through the top of the cabinet, six feet from the floor. Again, the iron rings found on her arm, and the next instant it is off, yet upon examination she is tied as at first. Faces often appear that are recognized, and sometimes spirits appear in full form. On one occasion she was examined by some ladies, yet after being tied spirits put in their appearance, men, women and children. A man often appears with heavy whiskers. And not the least remarkable feature of her mediumship is the ready conversation of the spirits, giving tests of satisfactory character. We have been acquainted with her powers for several years, and know her to be a genuine and reliable medium. She has undoubtedly done more for the cause as a medium than any other here in the State, and with less remuneration. Dr. H. C. Pierce himself is an able speaker, highly inspirational, and will answer calls to lecture anywhere in the State. He permits his audience to choose the subjects of his lecture. If the friends of progress desire to correspond with Dr. or Mrs. P., they can be addressed in the care of E. N. Swinburn.

Ohio.

NEW LISBON.—John Frost writes: We, in this vicinity, have never been favored by visits from either spiritual lecturers or mediums, yet not a few feel an interest in the work in which you and many others are so earnestly engaged. As a class we are poor, and can't afford to pay the prices demanded and needed by lecturers or mediums; yet we have faith that the good spirits will send us missionaries of the welcome gospel of Spiritualism sometime. Unexpectedly we find persons among us who seem to possess mediumistic powers, to some extent, but who are content to confide to take a leading part, so we let matters work in a sort of quiet way. Both the Banner and Chicago Journal are taken here, and they are doing pretty fair missionary work in a noiseless but effective way. Mr. Foster, the distinguished medium, has been in Northern Ohio, and wherever he has visited a great interest has been awakened. Some of the most influential men, both as to material wealth and brains, have been convinced from what they have seen of Mr. F. that there is a spirit-world right around them, having received personal proofs and manifestations that are too forcible to be overcome. Yet the enemies must exert something to present a sort of opposition; but this adverse spirit is weakening. When our millionaires, as has been the case where Mr. F. visited, have such proofs as it is impossible for them to evade, that their departed relatives have had communion with them, in his presence, it is pretty evident things are working favorably.

Massachusetts.

WORCESTER.—J. E. W. writes: Although we have no organized Society of Spiritualists here, Spiritualism is not dead, but progressing. We have had two excellent discourses, by J. F. Baxter, which, with the tests he gave from the platform, awakened an interest in many, to know the "truth of these things." Think I can safely say there never was a time when there were so many honest investigators of the glorious truth of Spiritualism as the present. The latest in working in the churches, and among all classes; and the cry comes from many, like the Macedonians, "Come over and help us." How gladly would they come, if the channels of communication were not so obstructed by mammon. We may believe the angel-world rejoiceth, when they find one following in the footsteps of him who eighteen centuries ago said, "If freely ye receive, then freely give," and to all gave the Bread of Life who would receive without money and without price. We have here "the blind doctor," Frank Richardson, who has opened his parlors to the public, free, on Sunday and Tuesday evenings, when his controls give an hour's discourse upon the Spiritual Philosophy, then answer questions and give tests.

California.

LOS ANGELES.—Jennie Leys writes: I enclose five dollars to renew my subscription to the beautiful Banner of Light, which I think grows ever more soulful and radiant as it grows older. When I am permitted to pass out of my present silence and seclusion, Mr. Editor, you may rely on my doing all I can to extend the circulation of this chief and best of the angels' standards. May you live to witness and enjoy the final triumph of the Spiritual Philosophy over bigotry and superstition, a victory now near at hand. May God and the angels ever bless you for all the noble, devoted work of your life, for all the true and tender words you speak. They cheer and direct myriads of souls who never speak but through thy feet. In God's kind way, I hope soon to add my share to the sacred unrolling work of the human co-laborers of the angels.

Sojourner Truth's Narrative and Book of Life.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A book of life indeed is this rare volume, advertised in the Banner. Thirty years ago I knew Sojourner Truth—then a tall woman, erect as a palm-tree, full of power of body and mind, full of intuition, a clairvoyant, not knowing what it meant, her wit quaint and rich, her pathos tender and beautiful, telling of sad experiences as a slave, a mother whose children were "sold and gone," a soul tried and purified by sorrow. Now she is old and feeble, bearing the burthen of some ninety years, dependent on the help of others, after she has long and well helped the needy, and been a prophet and teacher far over the land.

The book is sold for her benefit, and those who buy it will serve her as well as help themselves. It begins with her youth, and the last part is full of varied incident, anecdote, correspondence from a wide circle of friends, and interviews with eminent persons—reformers, Presidents, philanthropists. Her portrait, "black but comely," fitly illustrates the title-page, and the neat volume comes fresh from her home at Battle Creek, Michigan. G. B. STEBBINS.

NEW BOOK.—SOUL AND BODY: OR, THE SPIRITUAL SCIENCE OF HEALTH AND DISEASE. BY W. F. EVANS, Boston: Colby & Ives, Publishers. This book is the fruit of the years of study with care and thought, and thoughtfulness. It is full of good sound advice. Let every Spiritualist in the land read it; it is good to your soul. The Spiritualist at Work.

Scientific.

THE LESSON OF THE LITTLE.

BY GEORGE WENTZ, M. D.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It may be seriously questioned, whether, in the light of science, there be, in this world, or in any other that we know of, anything little in the sense of being insignificant. The far-reaching action of the little leaven which leaveneth the whole lump, was an early observation; yet we are not usually attracted by what is minute, serviceable though it be, but have a natural weakness for the large, the vivid, the blatant. Voltaire expressed this mental tendency when, speaking of history, he said: "We must look at things in large, for the very reason that the human mind is small, and sinks under the weight of minute." We gaze at the heavens through the telescope, which is well enough; but in our daily view of the common things around us, we make use of the reverse end of the glass, and see them in diminished perspective. We are so accustomed to expect large results, so habituated to the grosser forms of perception, that the more delicate shades and refined conditions of material surroundings remain unnoticed and unexplored. Not that it is necessary to see with the eye of a fly, but it is desirable that we should observe more with the eye of the mind. It is not a very striking fact that an apple should fall to the ground; but when the law of its falling is revealed, the fact takes its place at once in the category of phenomena which associate worlds together. The steam which lifts the lid of a teakettle attracts but slight notice; but when we come to write the history of arts and inventions, we find it to be the indicator of a force which holds up the superstructure of modern civilization. A child swinging a red light in front of a locomotive engine moving at the rate of thirty miles an hour, has by this means saved a number of persons from sudden death or horrible injury. Upon casual observation, there is nothing in this object, as to the means employed, at all commensurate with the results produced. Let us examine this object and its action more closely; let us turn upon it the large end of the telescope. The light in the lantern which the child swings, is the sun himself, derived, if the flaming material be petroleum, from the slow combustion of forests of fern untold centuries ago, or if it be a tallow candle, laid up by his wonderful organic chemistry in the corn and grass of the field, to be afterwards elaborated by the still more wonderful vital chemistry of the ox or sheep. The light itself rushes through space at the rate of four hundred miles in one stroke of the pendulum. The glass through which the light is seen, is the outcome of the stupendous power of frost which ground down the flinty hills. The red stain in the glass through which the light glares is that refrangible portion of white light which vibrates 454 millions of millions of wave-lengths upon the eye in one second of time.

The child moves its arm by reason of a will and nerve-force transmitted to it through a race of ancestors whose line reaches back into that dim and limitless region which stretches between geology and human history. As for the child itself, it is what Goethe, Shakespeare, Bacon, Jesus, as children, once were; and in itself, or in those it saves from death, is the possible means of philosophy vitalized, culture made popular, knowledge increased, society advanced, a world made glad.

The statement, therefore, that the child has stopped the moving engine, means something like this: the sun has traveled ninety-five millions of miles in eight minutes and a quarter, storing up its beams through long ages by wonderful organic, or by still more wonderful vital processes, in order to be adapted to man's use; to make which use possible, there is a necessity for a God by whose creative power there should be born a being of independent volition, with a faculty to apprehend danger, a mind to deduce the consequences of acting in opposition to physical law, a heart to feel for the possible sufferings of his fellow-creatures which he has determined to avert by moving his arm in their behalf: back of all which again are the long ages before the present, the slow progress of men, the heavy burdens of humanity, the ameliorations and achievements of the races, the organization of society, and the vast flood of Western civilization, as utter necessities, to render this child's existence and condition such as to make his action possible and useful.

Now, it is impossible to contemplate this occurrence in such a view, and fail to regard it as of the order great, both in itself and in its consequences. Yet all Nature teems with just such lessons of the little, equally unnoticed, in assertion of its claim of divine right to be and to do in a sphere where everything is great, and God is law. Nothing, however humble may be its office, or unobtrusive its existence, or limited its action, but is compendious in its significance of Supreme Intelligence.

A failure to perceive the proper proportions of an object, is usually accompanied with an inability to comprehend its appropriate functions. Not only is there a prevalent idea that things are insignificant because they are small, but also an equally erroneous one that they are mean; as if anything which is necessary, can at the same time be unimportant. "The very air we breathe, and without which we die; which is unseen and unfeelt, except under conditions not its own, exciting in us a consciousness of its necessity only, when we are about to be deprived of it, falls from a height of fifty miles upon the most delicate balances without disturbing their equilibrium, and yet presses upon all objects at the surface of the earth with a force of fifteen pounds to the square inch. The unobtrusiveness of its presence is only equalled by the vast importance of its functions. That busy little organ, the heart, within our breasts, propelling twenty-seven pounds of blood per minute, has, at the end of a single day, lifted thirty-eight thousand fluid pounds, and yet leaves us unfeeling, unconscious not merely of its immense activity, but even of its existence.

And now it appears that not content with referring great natural processes to the molecule of air, which one would suppose were going quite far enough, we must descend to minuter sources still. Prof. Tyndall says that he at one time regarded radiation and absorption of heat as the acts of the molecule of air as a whole, but subsequent experiments demonstrated them to be mainly the work of the constituent atoms of the molecule. Must it not intensify the awe and wonder with which we contemplate these grand atmospheric processes, which are so intimately associated with all life upon the globe, to find

them hanging in such fine sources of action—atoms of molecules! Microscopic in form, but world-wide and gigantic in effects, from the dew to the avalanche, the support of what is in continual fluctuation and change, yet themselves unchangeable and indestructible!

The atomic divisibility of matter, and its capability of acting and of being acted on in states of extreme tenuity, will be best illustrated by the late researches of Prof. Tyndall on heat. This distinguished experimenter says he will not venture to answer the question how far the quantity of vapor may be reduced before its absorption of heat ceases, but he has succeeded in measuring the radiation of an amount of vapor possessing a pressure of less than the thousand-millionth of an atmosphere! "A platinum wire heated to whiteness in a vacuum by an electric current, becomes comparatively cold within a second after the current has been interrupted; yet that wire, while ignited, was the repository of an immense amount of mechanical energy. What has become of this? It has been conveyed away by a substance so attenuated that its very existence must remain an hypothesis. But here is matter [the vapor of boracic ether] that we can weigh, measure, taste and smell, proved to be reducible to an attenuation which, though expressible by numbers, defies the imagination to conceive it. Still, we see it competent to arrest and originate quantities of energy which in comparison with its own mass must be almost infinite." While oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and atmospheric air, confined in a tube, absorbed but a fractional part of the heat of boiling water transmitted through them, olefiant gas absorbed more than seven-ninths, or eighty-one per cent of it. And what was the density of the gas which arrested this vast volume of heat? "Assuming that each fiftieth part of a cubic inch of the gas had to diffuse itself through a space of two hundred and twenty cubic inches, a single measure of the gas thus diffused would be the one-eleven thousandth (1/11,000) of an atmosphere, a pressure capable of depressing the mercuial column connected with the pump one three hundred and sixty-seventh of an inch!" Tyndall tells us that "experiments are recorded which show the infinitesimal action of elementary gases, and the perfectly enormous action of some of the compound gases, upon radiant heat. To render these contrasting results secure, and to avoid impurities which, though infinitesimal when measured chemically, were found competent in the case of the feeblest gases to entirely vitiate the results, some thousands of experiments were executed." A state of matter in which an infinitesimal impurity (that is, matter merely out of place) was so powerful as entirely to vitiate results, to obviate which some thousands of experiments, that is, time and skill, ingenuity of thought and mechanical contrivance, were required. The insignificance and unimportance of even so small an amount of misplaced matter are not half so apparent as its undoubted importance and meaning are real and striking.

It would seem, then, that the word "mean," as well as all words which level expressions of contempt either against agencies in Nature, or positions in society, will sometime hereafter, by the force of scientific revelation, be obliged to undergo very considerable modification if they are not altogether up-rooted and cast out of the vocabulary, to lie foreign in language as fossils do in Nature, exciting the curiosity of the student as to the strange conditions in which such ungainly forms of thought arose and were maintained. It is not too much to say that science will hereafter make it plain that conceptions of the mean and ignoble are the products of association of ideas, and not substantialities; and that when the consensus of minds shall have become cleared of old time and old world notions, such misnomers, having no natural analogies, will lose their arbitrary significations and disappear from speech.

Is it not also true that where there is least light and progress, there first appear only faint glimmerings and feeble movements, and not sudden illumination and tremendous upheavals? The enormous cataclysms of the elder geologists are giving place to the more general but not less effective operation of the minor forces. How slow the progress of the Christian system, even after it received the sanction of the State under Constantine; of all general ameliorations; of the nations themselves. Mr. John Morley says: "Nearly all lovers of improvement are apt to forget that if all the world were ready to embrace their cause, their improvement could hardly be needed. It is one of the hardest conditions of things that the more numerous and resolute the enemies of reform, then the more unmistakably urgent the necessity for it."

The higher organisms, also, exhibit this principle of the infinitesimal; they reach their more elaborate perfection of form and function by minute steps of growth taken in longer time. The gnat, which a few hours of sunlight brings forth, dies in a day; while the leafy giant of Californian forests slowly reaches its thousands of years. The order of natural procession may be stated thus: what is good grows slow, what is better grows slower, what is best grows slowest. The great inventions and discoveries which appear to start up at once before the world, present in this respect a fallacious aspect. They are really the collective results of the labors of many minds whose slow accumulations of thought in a special direction eventually coalesce and burst, like a surcharged cloud, in a shower of practical applications. The discovery or invention would seem to exist in the general contemplation, as shown, in one instance, by the almost simultaneous invention of the electric telegraph in two quarters, France and America, and the suggestion of which, indeed, had been made long prior to the date of its appearance, by an English experimenter. Long before the discovery of America, pieces of carved wood floated eastward, as well as the strange stories of seafarers, indicated land in a direction which Columbus afterwards took only for the purpose of visiting the Great Kahn of the East, for whom he had a letter.

Not the less in morals, as in science and society, is what is small the indicator and necessary accompaniment of what is great. That the moral world is based on the principle of good, no one will deny; though not a few will be found ready to assert that it is constructed upon the principles of both good and evil. To account for the existence of evil in a system of things admittedly proceeding from Supreme Goodness, has been the great difficulty of a philosophy too superficially informed by science. That there is evil in the world is undoubted; but what and whence is it? Has it an independent existence, or is it a thing of relations—a dependency? In the physical world we find in regard to the two states of heat and cold, that one is absolute, and the other merely its negative condition; that is to say,

heat is a positive force, and cold merely an index of its absence in lesser degrees of it; or, like colors, which are conditions of colorless light dependent upon the degree of its refrangibility. Cold, therefore, is the negative state of heat, whose existence is inferred from its absence; as sound, which is all of one extraction—sonorous vibration—depends upon its arrangement to produce harmony or noise. And so in the moral world: If its primary principle be good, then it is the absence of good—a less amount of it—which is evil; evil being not *aut generis*, but negatively conditional. Upon this essential principle rests all the machinery of the social organism; society being constructed originally not upon the principle of good and evil, but upon the theory of good as against a want of it. In the biblical view of creation in Genesis, good is shown to be fundamental and primary, and evil an afterthought depending on the voluntary relations of the subject to the source of government. In the conduct of human affairs we see evil operating, not of itself nor on account of itself, but as against something else which is prior and dominant, the possibility of its manifestation depending upon the existence of a force already in action against which it may be thrown in contrast. How often do we find that misdirected action might have been omitted, and thus indirectness of results prevented? But when good is done, who ever thinks of correcting that? The maxim, let well enough alone, is founded less upon the idea that a small sum of good may be intensified by interference, than on the belief that, however little there may be of it, it can take care of itself. But by contrast we see best; and in some predominance of shade we perceive how much more excellent is the light. The contemplation of a level of unbroken goodness might be monotonous, like the unvarying plain of the pampas, where an occasional jut of rugged mountain-chain would be a relief to the eye of the traveler. So civilization, as the positive outcome of its various propagating forces, may be seen shining the brighter for the Dark Ages which lower beside it. The presence of evil may serve, like a rock or shoal, both to quicken the vigilance of the sailor and intensify his enjoyment of seas which are deep and safe.

Evil, then, being a thing of relations, has no proper force of its own; a fluctuating quantity dependent upon the greater or less predominance of a positive and primary factor. Its objects are accomplished when an endeavor is made to put its agencies in active operation by a force outside of itself; by a stimulation of what is the opposite of itself. For there is no more effective way of doing evil than by giving it the semblance of goodness.

In our secret selves we most likely feel toward eternal things—the absolutely good and true and beautiful—and the difficulty of their attainment, much as the child feels who struggles to attain all of the best that lies so far before him, or beyond him in the world. In his desire to reach the higher sphere of manhood, he may become impatient of restrictions which are the preparatives for future action, but he does not therefore doubt their necessity, or despise the advantages they will confer. His vigorous youth will teach him that gain of strength lies in the constant overcoming of successive impediments, accompanied also with increased facility in surmounting the greatest of them; and as he progresses, the burden of his retrospect is lightened by the reflection that had it not been for such obstructions, he would never have been able to stand so high. And if this be not the use of evil in this world, then it must be of the nature of

—a good.

By us not understood.

The distribution of goodness in human nature may be illustrated by an analogous distribution in the material world. Since the discovery of the metal lithium in very minute quantities in mineral waters by the celebrated Bunsen, it has been ascertained that substances heretofore supposed to exist in small quantity in rare localities, are really distributed universally, though minutely, through nature. Gold, for example, is found so disseminated through brick clay that a space of several inches in extent on the surface of every brick molded might be covered with a thin film of the precious metal, were it not that the quantity of it is too small to pay for the cost of extraction. There is little of it, to be sure, but it is gold nevertheless. It is pleasing to be able to record this fact, which may be fairly considered a natural protest against the atrocious doctrine of the innate depravity of the human heart—a doctrine which little children in any age of the world, and even the lower animals, under certain circumstances, would show to be a dogmatic libel upon the highest order of creation. We are all just, magnanimous, humane and virtuous, but no one is as much so as he might be; and between the extremes of what we are not and what we may be, lie all the degrees of excellence to which it is our privilege to aspire, and with which it is our right to be rewarded.

The lesson then is, that the little exists only in point of comparison, and not absolutely; that the small is the necessary accompaniment of the great, and that its action in a world of law not only connects it with causes which are great, but impresses greatness upon it as an independent quality; that terms of comparison do not necessarily affix definitions of the odious to the thing compared, nor to its consequences; and that what may seem anomalous, disconnected, or in consequence, or trivial, either in the things of nature or in society, are not so much substantial defects in them, but rather a want of perfect vision in ourselves.

The Lunatics of Speculation.

Some time since Prof. S. B. Brittan spoke on this subject before the New York Republican Hall Spiritualist Society. In the course of his remarks he said:

I honor the struggling millions who bear the burdens of society, the great chain-gang of the honest poor, in whom a worthy ambition is restrained; whose hands are tied by the poverty of their circumstances. Their faith and hope and patience are sublime. Their palms are open, but their lips are sealed; they work and wait; they suffer and are mute. They are the victims of a false system and of cunning men who naively speculate in the world's misfortunes. If an ordinary lunatic breaks your window you have him shut up; but the fashionable lunatic who goes "on a change" and keeps a large bank balance, may take your whole house, from sleeper to rafter, and reduce an entire family to beggary, and he is left to run at large. The most stupendous fictions originate in the business world. They are created by the lunatics of speculation, who watch for lawful opportunities to do wrong. They set snares for the simple-minded; they qualify the truth in many ways, until ordinary lying seems by contrast quite respectable. They buy up things necessary to subsistence; they seize the staff of life and hold on to it, and thus starve the poor. If a noble but destitute man, like Hugo's Jean Valjean, steal a loaf of bread

for a starving family, he is arrested, tried for felony and locked up in a cold, damp cell. There is no disguising the fact that the laboring classes, even in this country, are suffering under great wrongs that demand instant redress. A poor man may not sell a fresh shad or a dried herring in the street without a vendor's license. He must pay the public authorities for this poor, beggarly privilege. Even this is not the worst aspect of this oppression. If an indigent widow wants three ounces of medicine to save the life of a sick child, she must pay for the government stamp on the bottle! And yet the government allows here gamblers in public securities to freely buy and sell millions without one cent for tribute. The vital of cordial must be taxed, and sick babies contribute to the public revenue; but the bonds of millionaires require no stamp. This is rank injustice that challenges retribution. Can oppression transcend these limits under other forms of government? In the presence of such wrongs the seeds of revolution germinate. Our freedom is "a tinkling cymbal." Where is liberty when the wolf is at the door? American independence is a pale shadow without substance when strong men with large families must work all day on the Midland Railroad for eighty cents. Our boasted democracy is little better than a pitiful show until the burdens of society are left to fall on those who can bear them, and even-handed justice is meted out to all.

Review of Allen Putnam's Article, the "Remissness of Spiritualists."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In your issue of Feb. 12th an article from the facile pen of your able correspondent, Allen Putnam, Esq., explaining the apparent "remissness of Spiritualists," as alleged in Col. Oleott's lecture reported in the Banner of Feb. 5th, seems to merit some consideration from another point of view; and without presuming to speak for Col. Oleott, (who is abundantly able to speak for himself,) or desiring any controversy with Mr. Putnam, for whom I have great respect, perhaps a brief review of the article in question may be allowed space in your valuable paper.

In perusing the report of Col. Oleott's lecture, Mr. Putnam finds one passage to which he can say "Amen," and proceeds to use said passage as a text, which he elaborates into an argument against the positions taken in other parts of the lecture, not forgetting to apologize for the alleged "remissness of Spiritualists," and to show the folly of organization, the "accumulation of funds" for "erecting costly structures," and "the absorption of the individual in associations," etc.

Most Spiritualists probably would be willing to endorse the quotation alluded to, viz., "the best method of investigating is, when possible, to institute spirit circles at home, among the family," but it may not always be possible; therefore many—among them Col. Oleott—believe in the utility, as well as the necessity, of other and more extended methods, by which the "family" circle may be enlarged into associations, through which the investigation may be carried on more systematically, and the facts and phenomena scientifically demonstrated to the world preparatory to establishing a consistent and comprehensive philosophy; and the advocacy of such measures always seems to greatly alarm a number of our prominent writers and speakers, who are ever ready to warn the faithful against "humpering creeds," the danger of "absorption of individualities in associations," etc., as if the soul once made free could ever be bound again, or that any one could lose their individuality.

Personally I consider Col. Oleott's criticism on the remissness of Spiritualists, for the last twenty years, eminently just, and his emphatic endorsement of the need of organization creditable to his good judgment.

Why these senseless diatribes against organization? Has there ever been a valid reason (save the abuses of associations) given, or a logical argument advanced, why Spiritualists should not associate themselves together like other people, for their own improvement and the advancement of their cause and the cause of humanity? Why should they not use their means for building halls for social enjoyment, temples for religious worship, and institutions of learning for the promulgation of their faith?

Mr. Putnam says, "this youngest of all isms" "is the most vigorous, potential and aggressive of them all, and has done, and is doing, its work with but little aid from wealth or organized bands of embodied laborers; it is under the supervision of supernals, who are our financiers and guides, and whose plans it may be unwise for us to supersede or supplement by any that may be hatched in our tyro brains. These controllers have succeeded admirably during the past, are doing well now," We answer, Yes, they have done well, and are doing well now, in spite of the "remissness of Spiritualists;" but have we any reason to believe that much more might not be accomplished if we should heed the suggestions of the spirits, and render such aid and assistance as they always insist must necessarily come from the material plane of life? Do not the spirits themselves urge us to contribute of our wealth and material means, and to concentrate our efforts for the more rapid spread of our faith and philosophy among the people? Are they really willing or able to become our "financiers," and successfully manage our material affairs on earth? Possibly, in some cases. But have we really nothing to do except to sit passively at the feet of a medium, and enjoy the sweet assurance that our friends who have left the form still live and are interested in our welfare? Shall we fold our hands in idleness, and leave the management of our affairs entirely to the spirits?

Should we not rather feel—having been, through spirit communion, active of our immortal existence—that our active life has but just begun, and that we for the first time fully realize the importance of earnest labor for individual improvement and the elevation of the race, in view of the stupendous fact that all our acts count for eternity?

With our knowledge our responsibilities increase. If we have received light and truth beyond our fellows, it becomes our duty to put our "light upon a hill," not "under a bushel," that those yet in darkness may be attracted to it, by which means the whole world may know the truth.

How can this be done more effectually than through the union of individuals in associations? Therefore let us not be afraid of "large contributions of funds" for "the rearing of temples," the "formation of guilding and cramping associations," or "any of the means extensively applied by sectarists," that promise to aid our work and the cause of humanity. Experience has taught us to avoid the abuses of other organizations, and our cardinal doctrine, progression, admits of the largest liberty to change our methods and plans to meet the needs of the hour, and their harmonization with future experience and wisdom.

Spiritualism is something more than a fact or phenomenon. It is a comprehensive philosophy,

and science, and a religion, and requires the same organic methods for properly presenting it to the world that other great truths require. Its mission is not merely to cater to our curiosity, or our happiness even, and it needs not only passive but active mediums, without which its divine mission on earth will be greatly retarded.

Certainly there is no occasion for applying brakes or "checks" to our people for fear they, in a fit of generosity, may waste their "accumulated funds" in building temples, or losing their individuality in noble endeavors for the good of others in organization.

Spiritualists deserve no apology for their remissness, neither will any good be accomplished by an appeal to their prejudices against organization, or to the individual selfish side of human nature. Rather let us have some sound reasons, or logical arguments, to show us why we should not organize and form associations to carry forward the great work we feel should be done. It is not sufficient for us to feel that everything is "all right" as it is, that "we are doing very well" now, and that the spirits will manage us and their cause, and console ourselves with the false idea that no hard work is required of us.

Such reformers never move the world. There is much to be said on this subject, but your space is limited. In closing, permit me to say that should we confine our investigations to the narrow limits of the "home circle among the family," then your free circle-room, which so many consider one of the best means of investigating the spiritual phenomena, would be closed, and the many thousands who are woefully fed by that worthy association of spirits and mortals would be starving for the bread of life.

H. S. WILLIAMS.

AN HORATIAN LYRIC.

Oh, blest is he, from business free,  
Who tills his land with his own stout hand,  
And knows not the lust of gold.  
No sallow he sows in sloth,  
No seedling from the seed of greed;  
And he shares the town and the laughing crowd  
Of the country's laughing field.  
But he bids the vine with her tendrils twine  
Around the poplar that shades his door;  
And he decks a great wall with a gardener's craft,  
To the tree that climbs his wall.  
Or a garret he keeps on the pasture green  
He grazes his own flock;  
Or he shares his field with the hewer's stock  
Of his rustic herd and team.  
And when autumn at length, in his manly strength,  
Has plucked his fruit and crowned his head,  
He racks the pen with his flagrant ree,  
And the grape with its clusters red.  
With his knee on the sod he thanks his God  
For his harvest and his favor's nod;  
And he has him along with him the song  
Of the thrush in the oak-wood tree.  
While the waters gush with the rippling tide,  
Over the water-gate, 'midst the murmuring trees,  
And the lark sings to sleep.  
But when the sun has set from his store above  
Spreads white snow and rain,  
And the wind howls and the rattle of flood,  
Lay bound in his icy chain.  
With his hand in the wood's embrace,  
He hunts the quail's track;  
And he decks a great wall with a gardener's craft,  
To the tree that climbs his wall.  
When the sun has set he spreads his net,  
And the partridge, flapping its wing,  
He takes the hare in his ready snare,  
And the crane, a kindly prize.  
"Mid joys like these what can I complain—  
Who could remember pain?  
He feels no wrong, and he laughs at the throng  
Of the wretches that seek his strain.  
If a feeling with a staff of life  
Reeds, and children feed,  
The fire-burns bright with his ruddy light  
His homestead roof to cheer.  
At the cottage door, when his fall is o'er,  
His hand on the children's head,  
And he bids up her face with a modest grace,  
His welcome kiss to meet.  
And children glad swear in trust their dad,  
But the luxury man must die,  
So she spins the cloth and she spins his cloth,  
While she pours out her home-made wine."  
—Blackwood's Magazine.

They Say.

Well, what if they do? It may not be true. A great many false reports are circulated, and the reputation of a good man may be sadly sullied by a baseless rumor. Have you reason to believe that what they say concerning your brother is true? If not, why should you permit your name to be included among "they" who circulate the scandal?

They say—Who says? Is any person responsible for the assertion? Such phrases are frequently used to conceal the point of an enemy's insinuation who thus, in a roundabout way, whom he dares not openly assail. Are you helping the cowardly attack? If "they" means nobody, then regard the same as nothing.

They say—Why do they say so? Is any good purpose secured by the circulation of the report? Will it benefit the individual to have it known; or will any interests of society be promoted by whispering it about? If not, you had better apply time and speech to some more worthy purpose.

They say—To whom do they say it? To those who have no business in the affair? To those who cannot hold it or mend it, or prevent any unpleasant results? That shows a tattling, scandal-loving spirit that ought to be rebuked.

They say—Well, do they say it to him? Or are they very careful to whisper it in places he cannot hear, and to persons who are known not to be his friends? Would they dare to say it to him, as well as about him? No one has a right to say that concerning another which he is not ready to speak in his own ear.

They say—Well, suppose it is true? Are you not sorry for it, or do you rejoice that a brother has been discovered erring? Oh, pity him that he has fallen into sin, and pray for him that he may be forgiven and restored.

If it should be true, don't put it abroad to his injury. It will not benefit you or him, nor society, to publish his faults. You are as liable to be slandered, or to err as your brother; as you would that he should do-foul, or excuse, or forgive you, do ye even so to him.

"The Battle for Bread."

Such is the title of a small, neat 25-cent pamphlet, now lying before me, the production of that noble brother and indefatigable worker for the cause of humanity, Mr. A. Townsend. I have long been familiar with the name of this upright philanthropist, and have often wished the work could be blessed with more such earnest laborers. "The Battle for Bread!" How pregnant with meaning! How significant these words just now when millions of our fellow countrymen are nearing the door of starvation! How appropriate such a work in an age when social advance is snatching "the staff of life" from the laboring poor—almost the only class entitled by "heaven's just law" or a court of strict moral justice to receive it. In a country where religion strictly forbids its disciples to lay up treasure on earth, and imposes the solemn, rigid and imperative injunction, "Thou shalt not take thine oath with the name of the Lord thy God in vain," and where the highest of our laws is to live the life of a Disciple, and yet hoping at death to receive the reward of a Lazarus, vain hope! Fatal delusion! If the teachings of their own Bible can be relied upon, for it declares a man is to be "rewarded according to his deeds," and not according to his desires. How then can people profess the doctrine of Disciples and expect to escape the awful fate of Disciples a mystery that can only be explained by referring to the solemn fact that their whole practice of the book prove they have no real faith in the teachings of the book they profess to follow as a guide in faith and practice. They are practical infidels to its most important and unconditional commandments. Ever since Christ gave forth the command—"Lay not up treasure on earth," there seems to have been almost a universal strife and rivalry among his disciples to see who can get the greatest length in violating this solemn injunction, and thus virtually making a fool of having given utterance to it. Friends, buy this little work of Bro. Townsend's. It is a very good and timely work, and will awaken more sympathy in your souls for the suffering millions who are suffering for bread, and will induce you to do something to relieve them.

E. GRAYES,  
Richmond, Ind.

To Book-Buyers.

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

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Banner of Light.

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The Materialization Phenomenon - Mrs. Stewart Vindicated.

As we have already informed our readers, we received, under date of Terre Haute, Ind., Jan. 23rd, 1876, a circular signed by eleven persons, all of them but one unknown to us, in which they express their "honest belief" that the "so-called materializations" through Mrs. Anna Stewart are mere fabrications.

Inasmuch as no facts are given by them, the negative opinions of these persons are of no value. They are fairly off-set by the names of several hundreds who are ready to express their "honest belief" that the "so-called materializations" are not fabricated. Well authenticated facts we shall always be ready to publish; but mere "beliefs," however honest, get their weight only from the known character of the investigator, his intelligence, his opportunities, and his proved ability.

The circular referred to has been eagerly copied into many of the papers more or less actively opposed to Spiritualism. Our neighbor of the Index, who some time ago with charming naïveté exclaimed, "What phenomena occur?" as if he had just awaked to the fact that something was going on, but nothing that his sagacity could not annihilate with one of his piercing glances, remarks, in publishing the circular, on which he had been requested to make "scientific comments," "We fear that the only scientific comments of which the case admits are already made in this circular itself." All the science in said circular being conveyed in the crushing expression, "We unhesitatingly declare to the world that we honestly believe," &c.—a science which carries not quite as much force as the assurance which a scientist gave some centuries ago in regard to the Copernican theory in these words: "I assure you, on my honor, it is not true."

Besides the circular, we have received a communication, originally published in the Indianapolis Sentinel, and signed G. B. W.; the only material point in which is a statement that the writer, in company with four other persons, blackened his fingers with lamp black; that he grasped the hand of one or more of the supposed spirits, and afterwards found that the hand of the medium gave evidence of having been smirched. Now every experienced investigator into the phenomena is well aware that the spirit-hand, taking on any adhesive or coloring substance, will, in the recoil of the transitional atoms, or, as some call it, the *nerve-aura*, carry back that foreign substance to the corresponding member of the medium's frame; years ago we proved this at a sitting instituted for the purpose, at which Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain was the medium. It was afterwards verified in the case of the Allen boy, one of the most reliable and most thoroughly tested of our mediums. Repeatedly we have explained these conditions in the Banner; and we had thought that every investigator, who had qualified himself for his task, would be acquainted with a phenomenon so notorious in the history of Spiritualism. But G. B. W. makes this simple and legitimate occurrence the very key stone of the arch that is to bear up his charges of fraud. Our advice to him is to study a little more before he pronounces so confidently in the case of Mrs. Stewart. However honest his intentions may be, he has his spurs, as a qualified investigator, yet to win.

Skeptics, ignorant of the subject, may ridicule the fact, but a fact it is nevertheless, that in these subtle phenomena, mere glimpses of the laws which have begun to get, *like attracts like, and fraud attracts fraud.* We do not mean to say that an honest, well-meaning person may not be cheated by a mischievous spirit; but, in a harmonious circle, where all the influences, including those of the medium, are pure, earnest and holy, and all the spheres are such as attract the true and the good, the spirits manifesting are likely to be such as will attempt nothing like imposture or mischief. Now G. B. W., however orthodox and saintly he may be, began his investigations, according to his own admission, with a fraud. He pretended that his wife, who was still living, was dead; and he wrote a letter to her as a spirit, to which he got this reply: "Dear husband—I will write now. We are happy. Will manifest for you." The spirits who, as Shakespeare says, "do wait on mortal thoughts," were not slow to help G. B. W. in his trick. He subsequently got some independent slate writing, beginning, "My dear husband," and ending, "Your loving spirit wife, E. \* \* \*"; and on another occasion what purported to be a materialized spirit (according to his own story) came forward, put her arms about his neck, and kissed him, and he felt her warm breath fanning his cheek; upon which he remarks: "Tell it not in Gath. If my wife should find it out—oh! I was very much affected and shed tears copiously, which greatly endeared me to the medium and the general managers, who ever after figuratively took me to their bosoms."

It is evident from this slipshod, and from the mood in which G. B. W. writes of the phenomena, that there was no true earnestness, no high, truth-seeking motive prompting his investiga-

tions. The cant with which he winds up his communication, where he speaks of "such characters" as Mrs. Stewart as "leading many souls astray and ruining them for time and eternity," shows that his animus, in spite of his protestations of candor, is a secret sympathy with the old Orthodox, hell fire notion, that if a man, in his sincere quest after the truth, happens to make a mistake of judgment, or goes counter to the so-called *crampological* formula, he is "ruined for time and eternity"—in other words, "damned to eternal perdition."—Brother our opinion instead of another on a purely speculative question. Does G. B. W. really hope, in this Centennial year, to scare off crown Spiritualists, or grown men and women of any class, by mimicking the priest's awful shake of the head, and uttering his idiotic cry of "*ho, ho! ho! hell fire!*" It is easy enough to see whence comes the inspiration of G. B. W., in attacking mediums and trying to throw discredit on this great fact of spirit materialization.

Mrs. Stewart is one of those born sensitives in whose history we have the indubitable signs of genuine medial power. With indignance for her lot, the wife of a common laborer, destitute of education, she seems to have been adopted by the spirits, under whose direction she went to Terre Haute. Here her remarkable medial powers became known to three respectable, truth-seeking citizens of that place, Dr. Allen Pence, Capt. James Hook, and Mr. Samuel Conner. With no conceivable motive but a genuine desire to benefit their fellow men, these three bound themselves together to aid Mrs. Stewart in her development as a medium. They gave her a séance room, together with rooms for her family in the same block; and they promised to manage her séances for her, and protect her, as far as possible, from the attacks of ignorant and prejudiced assailants. They have never asked or received compensation from her earnings. The time and labor they have given to the service of the truth, in the face of much prejudice and false ridicule, have been given freely and unselfishly; but this fact has not saved them from the coarse suspicions of those who could not comprehend their motives, nor from the attacks of hasty and ungenerous skeptics, anxious to see Spiritualism put down and this great fact of spirit materialization crushed out as an absurd imposture. But such antagonists little know the force they are fighting against.

From this managing committee of good and true men we have received a communication which throws some light on the objections raised in the circular to which we have referred, and in the remarks of G. B. W. As the communication from Messrs. Pence, Hook and Conner is somewhat too long for us to give it entire, we select such parts of it as bear most strongly on the question which the malcontents would raise:

"The complaining parties unfortunately came at an unfavorable time. The weather was rainy, the air of the room was bad and unsuited for good manifestations, and moreover the medium, owing to her peculiar state at the time, (the result of a natural law of her sex,) was not in a condition for the display of the higher proofs of her remarkable powers. Under these circumstances we ought to have suspended the séances, and it was our mistake that we did not do it. But many persons had come from a distance to be present, and we consented, against our better judgment, to allow the séances to go on, taking the precaution, however, to explain to the parties our reasons for suspending partial failures. Notwithstanding the bad conditions, remarkable phenomena did occur. From six to eight fully materialized forms appeared at each séance, and more than half were recognized."

The managing committee here give an analysis of the constituents of the self-appointed tribunal of eleven persons who assume to pass judgment on these phenomena, but it is wholly unnecessary to enter into this question of the character of the complainants. The circular is its own condemnation, it being a merely negative declaration without a particle of proof or promise of proof. The managing committee then continue:

"We would ask, in all seriousness, is it supposable that these persons were qualified to decide on the strange, inexplicable phenomena, the conditions of which are often so baffling and eccentric, on a limited examination confined to a few evenings, and that under adverse conditions, and where the parties evidently knew little or nothing of the laws governing materialization?"

"In extension of the premature and unjust action of the parties, we would say that but comparatively few of the many visitors at the séances are, upon a limited examination, even with conditions ordinarily good, convinced beyond a doubt that the apparitions are what they claim to be; whereas those persons, free from prejudice, who remain six or eight days, are often made to rejoice in having the evidence of immortality so clearly and repeatedly demonstrated that the senses can no longer resist the proof. That it is a highly interesting and valuable study, and that the cabinet undetected, requires but a moment's examination. This question settled, the cabinet passes into the cabinet alone, and, in a few minutes, reappears on the platform with a comrade by her side; and, during the next hour, eight or ten forms will step from the cabinet door, each differing in stature, dress, age and gesture, as widely as would be the case in a promiscuous company of a like number of persons in the earth-form."

"Let it be borne in mind that among those forms that came forth on repeated occasions, were representatives of each sex at various epochs of life, and many of them were readily recognized as friends and relatives, known little or away from the mortal to the immortal state. Several of them conversed, some in suppressed, and some in audible tones. In short all the characteristics making up individuality were noticeable. They drank fluids, and partook of fruits, &c., as naturally as persons in the physical form."

"We are told by the controlling bands that fluids and solids, medicated with poisonous or noxious drugs, partaken of by the apparition, would, upon its throwing off the materialized form, become absorbed and have the same effect upon the medium that would be produced by her actually taking them into the stomach. Acting on this theory we have been on the alert, fearing that some persons, unacquainted with the laws, might experiment in this way, and thereby injure the medium. That this law belongs to materialization we have no doubt, although we have not yet tested it by actual experiment."

"That coloring matter, placed on any part of the materialized form, will, unless intercepted, (which the spirits have the power to do,) be transferred, on de-materializing, to the corresponding part of the medium's body, we know by actual tests. The same has been repeatedly proven to the satisfaction of our experimenters, and is no longer admitted by the highest Spiritualists, as an evidence of fraud. The unfortunates, however, misled by this curious fact, rarely fail to brand the innocent medium with an accusation of fraud when the phenomenon takes place. Many false and exaggerated statements are contained in the communication of G. B. W.; but that which refers to the story of coloring matter being transferred from the hand of the apparition to that of Mrs. Stewart should be clearly understood in the light of such science as we have upon the subject."

"The 6th inst. just at the close of a successful séance, in presence of forty persons, a man addressed the medium, and politely requested the privilege of examining her hand. On her granting his request, he remarked in a tone sufficiently audible to those near the medi-

um, 'You have black on the hand; say nothing about it, and I won't.' To which the medium, instinctively repelling the tempter, replied: 'I will call attention to it.' Thereupon half a dozen persons examined her hand, and found traces of black upon it; but whether these were left there through G. B. W.'s taking hold of it with his smeared fingers, or whether it was a trace left by our following the ignorant suggestions volunteered by every unreasonable, inexperienced skeptic that may come along. Suggestions and advice from those having ability and some acquaintance with the phenomena will, however, be always acceptable; and we cordially invite the cooperation and encouragement of all such."

"It is known that we are now in the fourth year of our investigation into the phenomena that occur in the presence of Mrs. Stewart; and that it has been most interesting to trace the unfolding and strengthening of her powers. The first year was devoted to testing her honesty, in order to satisfy skeptics, by resorting to the most crucial tests and conditions which are still resorted to on proper occasions; and now, after this long series of close investigations, we make the declaration, that in our hands and under our supervision, she has, in every instance, acquitted herself most nobly and satisfactorily."

"Through her astonishing capabilities as a medium, we have been firmly convinced that the materialization of the full spirit form is a reality; and, at the same time, we can say of Mrs. Stewart, as a woman, that we believe her character to be wholly unimpeachable."

"Given under our hands at the city of Terre Haute this 15th day of February, 1876. ALEX. PENCE, } Committee. JAMES HOOK, } SAM CONNER, }

After reading this full and manly Reply of the managing committee, carrying as it does internal evidences of candor, good sense and perfect truthfulness, few Spiritualists will need any summing-up of the case by any judge, however qualified. But we will venture to call attention to some additional considerations.

Here are three respectable citizens of Terre Haute, who, for more than three years, from no conceivable motive except a desire to arrive at the truth on a question the most vital that can affect humanity, have been giving a good portion of their time and their means to an investigation of certain phenomena, believed to be spiritual, occurring in the presence of Mrs. Stewart. During that period they have had the most ample opportunities of satisfying themselves, beyond the last vestige of a doubt, as to whether there were confederates, machinery, or tricks of any kind employed in the production of the manifestations. If drapery or clothing of any kind had been taken into the cabinet to aid in the wonderful exhibition of male and female forms, variously and appropriately clad, then the managing committee must have been aware of the fact. To suppose that during their almost daily investigations for three years they could be cheated, under the circumstances, is to suppose the wildest impossibility.

That these three men, pursuing their inquiries in singleness of heart and a noble devotion to the truth, should hold together, and continue to act in unison; is itself a proof of their sincerity in the work and of their competency as investigators. Each one, knowing the other's sincerity, has had no cause for dissension, and so the investigation has been harmoniously prosecuted up to the present time. We heartily bid this faithful trio God speed in their praiseworthy task. We hope they will continue to exhibit a manly indifference to all the sneers which ignorance and false science may utter at their expense. We hope they will cherish no sentiment but one of forbearance and compassion for those persons who, from religious bigotry or other motives, would molest and hamper them in their efforts to command to popular acceptance the grandest truth of the age.

With regard to those assailants of Mrs. Stewart, who, after a manifestly brief and insufficient survey of the phenomena, would make the mere expression of their "honest belief" outweigh the testimony of the managing committee, of the Rev. Mr. Kolsa, and hundreds of other close and scrutinizing investigators, we have only to reiterate our conviction that their expressions of dissent carry no authority, and no scientific force whatever. We dismiss them as affecting not one jot the question of Mrs. Stewart's mediumship, and the fact of materialization.

What is a negative declaration worth compared with the positive testimony of hundreds and thousands who have witnessed a certain phenomenon? Show us how the marvel is wrought, give us an attested statement explaining the *modus operandi*, and we will listen to you respectfully; but when all you can bring forward for the annihilation of a fact of nature, is simply your "honest belief," or your "word of honor," or your silly threat that we shall be "ruined for time and eternity," unless we give up our faith in Mrs. Stewart's medial organization, we can only put aside your unsupported antagonism, your hasty denunciations, and your superstitious menaces, as frivolous, inconsequential and childish.

And yet the unthinking many, reluctant to believe that the marvels are true, will eagerly listen to these false and ignorant assaults. That any intelligent Spiritualist will be captured by them we do not believe. The facts of materialization are now placed on a rock which cannot be shaken. Let Mrs. Stewart and the brave friends who have aided her in her development, take new courage and determination from all this opposition. While giving all the tests possible to fair and in-

telligent seekers, let them not feel bound, even at the risk of being denounced as humbugs, to vary their conditions to suit the caprices of shallow skeptics or crafty religionists. Let them be careful of wolves in sheep's clothing, those who come with a predetermination to molest and traduce the medium; but let them give every possible opportunity for getting at the truth to the genuine, sincere and competent investigator.

Materialization an Established Fact.

Both in England and in this country an experiment has recently been successfully carried out which is destined to place the great fact of spirit materialization on the basis of irresistible, scientific demonstration. In Manchester, England, on the 6th of February, 1876, Mr. C. Reimers, in the presence of Mr. William Oxley and a medium, got the mold of a spirit-hand under strict test conditions.

They weighed half a pound of paraffine, putting it into an earthen jar, and filling up the same with boiling water, which soon dissolved the paraffine. They then put a lace net bag over the head of the medium, drawing it up tight around her waist, enclosing her hands and arms, and fastening the tape at the back. Paper was inserted in the bow, so that it was impossible for the medium to untie the knot, or to get her hands out of the net bag, as it was tied and knotted on the outside at the back in such a manner that, had it been tampered with, the position of the paper in the knot would have betrayed the attempt. The medium then went into a rude cabinet, which was nothing more than a cloth drawn across one corner of the room. The investigators sat outside with a good light from a lamp on the table in the middle of the room.

Under these conditions they got a fine mold of a small, delicately-formed lady's left hand, the lines, nails and joints being of beautiful symmetry. The hand was at least an inch smaller or shorter than that of the medium. A remarkable fact was that the fingers were curved, and a portion of the wrist molded with the hand. What but spirit power could have drawn out the hand from the glove of paraffine under these circumstances?

We have already recorded a still more conclusive test séance, at which we were present the other day, when the spirit-hand molded itself while the pall of paraffine was enclosed in a locked box, Mrs. Hardy being the medium on the occasion, and sitting outside in the light. Mrs. Collier, the excellent and estimable English medium, now residing at Springfield, Mass., has also had the spirit hand molded in paraffine at her sittings under most satisfactory conditions.

Under most favorable conditions. Indeed they are now facts of science, and it is only a pretentious and ignorant skepticism that would invalidate them. The spirit-hand has been a common phenomenon, ever since the advent of Modern Spiritualism, twenty-eight years ago. But now we have molds in paraffine, verifying the amazing phenomenon, and establishing it beyond the reach of all the carplings of incredulity or questionings of antagonism. That little index finger points—to what? Do our outside friends who sit on their editorial stools, and strain after jokes and antitheses, with which to put down or blot out a fact like this—do they ever put themselves the question, What if it should be true after all?

To mold a human hand, under the conditions described, requires both an intelligence and a power of so materializing what the moment before was invisible and intangible to human sense, as to impress its form in the melted paraffine. Here is an evidence of the operation of an intelligent force, acting through an organism, identical with the human. We know that skepticism and sophistry may dispute anything—even the fact of man's conscious existence. But people of common sense, once convinced that the great fact, which we now proclaim to the world as demonstrated and demonstrable beyond all reasonable dispute, can be proved in the manner claimed, will, we believe, admit that Spiritualism has its *raison d'être*—its reason for being—even if it could adduce no other phenomenon than this in its support.

The Crucial Test Séance.

Announced to take place in the People's Course, at Paine Hall, Boston, on Sunday evening, Feb. 27th, did not transpire, owing to the severe illness of the medium, Mrs. Mary M. Hardy. Large numbers of people made pilgrimage to the hall, only to meet with the placarded notice of postponement, and to retire again with evident disappointment. A fair proportion, however, remained as attendants on a free conference (held in place of the séance), in response to the invitation extended by Dr. Gardner. Remarks endorsing the paraffine-mold phenomenon, as witnessed at Mrs. Hardy's circles, were made by Dr. H. F. Gardner, Miss Lizzie Doten, Dr. Dillingham, Mr. Hineckley and others.

Dr. Gardner announced that the projected séance, which had failed of being held the present evening by reason of the sickness of the medium, would probably occur at Paine Hall, on the evening of Sunday, March 5th, (if the medium's health improved sufficiently to permit) and that a lecture would be delivered on the afternoon of that day, the speaker (not yet secured) to be announced in the papers of Saturday, 4th. He also stated that J. Frank Baxter, the vocalist and medium, would lecture in the People's Course, on the afternoon and evening of Sundays March 12th and 19th, and give tests after his evening lectures.

Should Mrs. Hardy's health warrant an attempt at holding this séance, information of the fact will be published in the Sunday notices of the Herald, Journal, Traveller and Transcript for Saturday, March 4th, also in the Sunday Herald of the 5th.

The conclusive character of the box test (fully described in our last issue) to which Mrs. Hardy's mediumship is to be submitted, should be borne in mind by the general public; inquirers and doubters especially will do well to be present and personally witness the results obtained.

We are informed that Dr. Henry Slade is now giving séances regularly—his health having much improved—at 18 West 21st street, New York City. Nothing new has yet transpired concerning his contemplated journey to Russia, but if he goes he will remain in Europe for some time, therefore those who wish to obtain sittings will find it for their interest to visit him at once.

The Banner of Light for February 26th—containing the lengthy report of the Gardner social gathering in Boston—is a banner issue, and should be extensively read. Those desiring an extra copy of that number can obtain the same by forwarding ten cents for price and postage.

Em-mu-ne-ka.

We have on free exhibition at the Banner of Light Bookstore a fine picture of this attractive and intelligent Indian maiden, who some years since could have been seen marching, with firm step, upright form and beaming eye, in the ranks of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston. The story of this little waif, from the time she was landed by the flood of massacre on the shores of civilization, to the hour when she fell at her post in Washington, laboring to attain a sufficient degree of knowledge to fit her for a teacher among the Indian tribes in the West, is as interesting as a romance, and affecting as a tragedy—which it is in the last analysis. This young Indian girl was brought from a mission school to Boston by Col. Tappan, her parents and friends having perished in the Sand Creek (or Chivington) massacre. The little one was known in this city by the name of "Minnie Tappan," though her Indian appellation was this article. She found her way to the home of Mrs. J. H. Conant, who then resided in the family of Col. Fred A. Pope, in direct confirmation of the promise of one of that medium's controlling intelligences, "Spring Flower," and remained with Mrs. C. some eighteen months; she then went to live in the family of Col. Tappan, and afterwards removed to Washington, as a student in the Howard Institution, where she died—speaking after the general manner of men. Her mortal remains now rest in the lot of Mrs. Conant at Forest Hills Cemetery.

The picture to which we call attention is an exact and perfect reproduction, by crayon, of the features of Minnie—the drawing being nearly life-size. Perhaps the most striking point attending its execution is the fact that the artist, Mr. Taylor Buzzell, never saw her in life, and had only a small card photograph to work from. We therefore speak from experience when we say that those who desire a good picture at a moderate charge will do well to consult Mr. Buzzell at his residence, 672 East Sixth Street, South Boston, as they will be sure to meet with satisfaction at his hands.

The Indians.

It seems that the Indian Bureau is to be at last transferred to the care and control of the War Department. Soldiers of the hard stamp of Sherman and Sheridan have long advocated this move, sneering at the peace method adopted as an experiment by the President. Whether the swindling will go on under the supervision of army officers as through the agents is not a question; we all know that army officers are men of honesty and honor. Hence future Indian wars may be stopped by simply dealing honestly with the Indians. The Indian Bureau wants reforming badly enough. The two Superintendents of Indian affairs, the seventy Agents, the seven Special Agents, the three Indian Inspectors, and the whole retinue of individuals who are concerned in the work of distributing the goods among the Indians, need to be changed for a very different class of men, whether they are selected from the army or are taken elsewhere; and we shall then have an end of these intermittent rumors of fresh Indian wars, which are provoked by the acts and abuses of these agents themselves.

Dr. A. H. Richardson.

This useful and indefatigable apostle of the gospel of healing by laying on of hands is at present meeting with remarkable success in Boston and vicinity, hundreds of wonderful cures being reported as attending his ministrations—or rather those of the unseen ones who through his organism exert their powers to alleviate the suffering of humanity. That we may not be thought as speaking of a matter concerning which we are not informed, we would state that for the past month we have at intervals received magnetic treatments at his hands; and find reason to believe that we have been much benefited thereby. Those in need of his services can find him at his residence, No. 38 Monument avenue, Charlestown District.

Why do not those who have had what they consider spirit-pictures taken on the negatives with themselves at Mr. Brown's photograph gallery in this city, give the knowledge they possess to the world? We have seen several copies of these photographs, and should be well pleased to be able to inform our readers that they are recognized likenesses of departed spirits. We recently requested, in these columns, that this highly interesting phase of the spiritual phenomena be thoroughly tested by competent parties, and have since been informed that Mr. Black—an excellent photographer, of this city—has been selected for that purpose. The subject is an important one, friends, and if you are satisfied the likenesses made at Mr. Brown's establishment are of spiritual origin, you should not hesitate to furnish the facts for publication. Nothing would gratify us so much as to be able to endorse, on legitimate authority, the alleged new spirit-artist.

James H. Young, Secretary of the New Orleans (La.) Association of Spiritualists, writes us under a recent date that Mrs. Hollis, the materializing medium, and James M. Peables, lecturer, have been very successful of late in their specialties, and that the cause has received an additional recommendation to the public interest by reason of their presence in that city. He further says:

"Mrs. Hollis will leave New Orleans early in March for St. Louis; thence after a short stay to Washington City; from there she goes to New York, designing, I believe, to make her future home in Paris. Bro. Peables will leave on the steamer of March 5th for Vera Cruz, the City of Mexico, and the pyramids or mounds in the adjacent regions; thence to Yucatan, to study those ancient ruins and temples, returning north about the first of May by way of New Orleans, Chattanooga and Memphis."

On our fifth page will be found the advertisement of the *Psychic Stand*, an instrument invented by Gen. Francis J. Lippitt, for the purpose of obtaining spirit-messages through the table-tipping phase of communion. Our readers will remember this as the famous machine over which the quidnuncs of the United States Patent Office have been exercising their brains for several years past, and who have come to the august and sagacious conclusion at last that its operations are "contrary to the laws of Nature." Buy one of these curious pieces of mechanism, and test its value in the home circle.

Charles H. Foster is still located at 720 Thirtieth street, Washington, D. C., and the Sunday Herald, and the Capital, of that city, for Feb. 27th, give good assurances that he is not idle.







