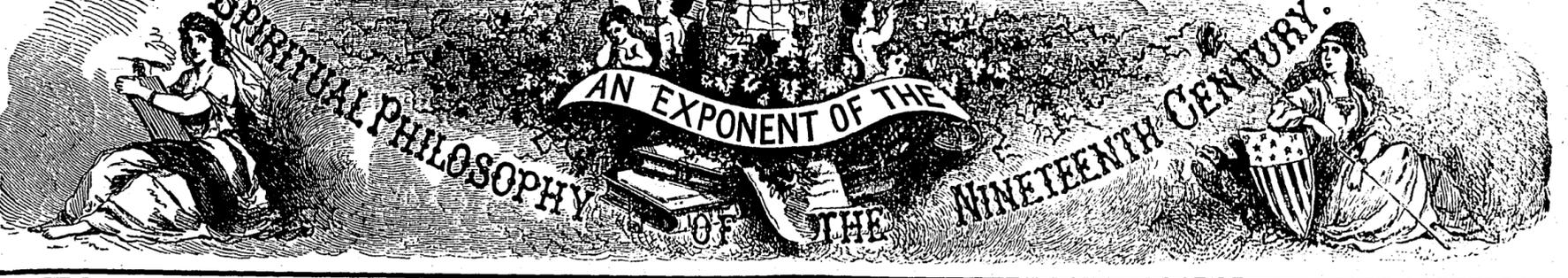


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Spiritualism Abroad.

REVIEW OF THE FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC EXCHANGES OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

When a new living light comes into the household there is usually no little rejoicing; so when a new periodical makes its appearance in our midst, as an exponent of Spiritualism, we should rejoice also; and this more particularly when such a work emanates from a region overshadowed by antique formulas of ecclesiastics that have benumbed the very soul of thought and aspiration.

La Ley de Amor, the law of love, is the pleasing title of a new, handsome, well-printed little quarto, in Spanish, three numbers of which have come to hand from Merida. "God, who sees the secrets of our soul," says the Introduction, "knows with what sincere motives we begin this present work;" and though the editor seems fully to comprehend the difficulties in his way, gives his reasons for undertaking the task, thus, (in brief): "1st, We have faith in the truth and in the virtue of Spiritualism. 2d, We think thus to accomplish a mission, and believe in the protection of Divine Providence. 3d, Because the number of believers in this doctrine has, without noise or ostentation, increased largely in Yucatan, in accord with the progress in all other places. 4th, Because the phenomenon of communication with the invisible world is one of the most notable and grand, and is, not without reason, regarded as the Third Revelation. 5th, Because the moral improvement of humanity is our aim. 6th, Finally, as many adepts and friends who cannot attend our meetings need our periodical through which to express themselves and acquire a knowledge of what is transpiring."

The second number of this "Law of Love" opens with an interesting article on Materialism; the writer taking a broad view of the subject, as will be seen by a single quotation: "To destroy materialism, in which humanity lay for nineteen centuries, frantically prostrating itself before its God, the Golden Calf, came Jesus into the world, who, with his humility, his example, combated this dreadful enemy." This embraces not only modern materialism in its specific character, as now understood, but all the habits, all the grossness, all that love of place and power (involving so much that is tricky if not positively infamous,) that contributes to the supposed material well-being, to the exclusion of the spiritual.

The third number has some very pertinent suggestions under the head of "Gammaliel"—some thoughts arising out of opinions entertained by many that the Old Testament is an allegory which is to be realized when the time marked out by the Eternal One is full, and his Envoy incarnated, receiving the Word of God, enters on his mission for the redemption of humanity. Another article on "Education" is so important it should, if possible, be continued in every number; for education lifts the people out of the thralldom of the priests and the equally bad thralldom, the rum-hole.

La Ley de Amor gives a fine notice of the "Banner of Light," which it names as the "interesting periodical"; and also pays a graceful tribute to the eloquent lecturer, Mrs. Tappan. May it multiply its pages and widely spread the law of love.

The next new foreign journal before me is *La Revolution Medicale*, semi-monthly, four francs, Brussels. As this is devoted entirely to the homoeopathic treatment of diseases, it will not particularly interest the Spiritualists. It may be well, however, to say that though in Belgium even gratuitous lectures are not allowed to be given in the interests of homoeopathy, in Hungary the hospital of St. Roch, of Pest, was set apart for treatment of its inmates by this method, which, proving very successful, has been permitted continuance, notwithstanding much opposition on the part of the allopathists. The Spiritualists seek to sustain *La Revolution*, it being with them in the march of progress.

Le Messager, of Liege, to January 15th, is also at hand. The February number has a good article on "Eternal Punishment," on "Practical Spiritualism," and on "Spiritualism Everywhere," but I must confine myself to a "case of obsession," as it is called, reported by Quemes from Chartres (*Eure-et-Loire*). Six kilometres from Chartres, on the n. of the Rouen and Or

leans railroad, lives a farmer who recently took into his family a servant girl seventeen years of age. Soon, everywhere where the girl was, stones, bricks, pieces of mortar, fell as if from the air, but harmless to those around her. Even when in a closed room the same phenomenon took place. This will doubtless remind the readers of the Banner of events of a like nature that happened in the Rev. Dr. Phelps's house some years since. But this was not all: a basket came one day spontaneously, and crowned the head of the young girl, while iron articles, such as forks, would be thrown from the drawers upon the floor. Once the farmer himself had a knife wrested from his hand and thrown into the fire. A sister of the gentleman who narrates the above, writing to him on the subject, recalls to his mind the "prophecy of Biding." It seems that this young woman, who was supposed to be near her death from cancer in the breast, after saying her prayers and falling asleep, saw an unknown person approach and make passes over her. On awakening every trace of the disease had disappeared. From that time (August, 1873) she became a trustworthy prophetess, and many were the proofs she gave of her marvelous powers.

In the January (16th) number, Mons. Laroque continues his able article on eternal punishment, and Mons. Baptiste writes of practical Spiritualism. Here also are extracts from a little brochure containing twenty questions, addressed to Jesus, and his replies thereto, taken from the New Testament. They could be pondered over with profit to our souls, but I will quote a portion only: "What is the best means of practicing the law of love and justice? All that you wish man to do to you, do to the same to him. When we pray to God, is it necessary to enter some temple or place of worship? When you pray, enter into your closet, &c. Is there a sign by which one can know a true Christian? All will know that you are my disciples if you love one another," etc.

A letter on Spiritualism in New York, from a correspondent, follows the above. It briefly explains the state of things there; the great interest in this subject in that city entertained by the highest society (including the Russian ambassador), and concludes with a good account of a séance at Terre Haute, Ind.

It has been my rule not to translate any communications through "media," however good they might be, for a volume would hardly contain what reaches me from time to time. Could I make an exception, it would be in favor of those which come from Hungary, from the flourishing "Society" of Buda-Pesth, of which Baron de Vay is Honorary President. The Baroness de Vay, as a writing medium, favors said "Society" and its periodical, *Reflexion aus der Geisteswelt*, with her deeply interesting experiences. The spirits respond to her in the most cordial and trustworthy manner, answering questions of no little social importance, and giving their names in full. But perhaps that which is of a peculiar interest in Mme. de V.'s mediumship, is the friendship which seems to have sprung up between her and the Nature spirits, the *genies* of the woods. They call her their loved Adeline. They tell of their beautiful home in the forests, mid flowers by brooks, sympathize with her shut up in a little room, while they are in the free world under the blue of heaven.

La Instruccion Espiritual, of Mexico, February number, is almost a volume of itself. Turning to its sixty-second page, I find that there are now published in the Republic four spiritualistic periodicals; which is a large number, considering the population: *La Luz Espiritual*, of Saltillo; *La Voz de la Verdad*, of Tabasco; *La Ley de Amor*, of Merida, Yucatan, (noticed above,) and this, under review. "Thanks to Providence," says the writer from whom the above notice is quoted, "the suspension of *El Espritismo de Sevilla*, caused by clerical intrigue, has ceased, and it opens anew its columns with an able and dignified expression of its appreciation of the force, moral and material, which brings out again this publication, which is an honor to Spain." Following this is a notice of the *Revista Espiritual* of Montevideo, the *Revista de Estudios Espirituales* of Santiago de Cuba; then of the Banner of Light, where a special notice is taken of Mrs. E. H. Britten's discourse in memory of Mrs. Conant, of a poem by William Brewster, of articles by Prof. Denton, Mr. Young and Mr. Cooper.

The present number of the *Instruccion* opens with grand reflections upon "Youth," by Sr. Don J. Calero. "There is an incessant struggle," says the writer, "between the material and the spiritual, between the finite and the infinite, between the individual and the multitude (*colectivo*), between the good and the evil, between truth and error, between ideas and deeds, between the right and force, and from these eternal combats which excite the intelligence and the passions of man, spring all the progress of humanity." Many beautiful paragraphs follow, sustaining these ideas, but they must be omitted. The next article is a short "Discourse," pronounced before the "Central Society" at its last meeting in 1875. It reviews briefly the past, not omitting the ridicule which the ignorant, the bigoted, the conceited, heaped upon the cause in days gone by, and finds ground for gratulation in the wonderful progress that has been made—truths demonstrated, unguishable.

A considerable space is given in this number to the "Process des Spirites en France—the judicial examination" in the Leymarie trial, which is here rendered in handsome type in both French and Spanish. Following this is an article on photography, and a philosophical discussion on "Positivism" by Sr. Don Juan Cordero; that cannot be taken in pieces without destroying its symmetry; then quite a long account of the Spiritual Congress in Brussels; a poem by Dr. S. V. Sosa—an open letter to the canon of the cathedral of Zamora; and another article on photography from the *Revista Espiritual*. The *Revista Espiritual*, Paris, February number, has its usual amount of valuable matter. Through its columns Madame Kardec expresses thanks to those who sent her letters of gratulation New Year's Day. Here also are the admirable rules or by-laws adopted by the "Federation," *spirites et magnetiques*, of Belgium; and the history of the materialization of a spirit—the patience, the perseverance exercised by the sitters before a curtain, shutting in a darkened room, and the gradual organization of a form, first in a vapor cloud, then as a distinct face, then, at the forty-sixth séance, as an entire form with garments. Then come some very sensible remarks

in refutation of a theory advanced by a Mr. Glinoux, that if spirit is not material it cannot be photographed, and if material then not spirit; or, "if the spirit exists it is something; if it is something it must be matter; either the spirit is matter or it is nothing." . . . and, "if the spirit is divisible, (for it had been stated that this matter which composes the spirit is so fine we may consider it divisible) thought can be also, which could not be." . . . Let us leave dry sterile scholastic philosophy aside, &c., says the respondent. "If we interrogate *Spiritism*, it responds to us that all matter is endowed with an intelligent principle according to its degree of refinement, and that it cannot be understood without spirit nor spirit without matter. According to materialists, thought is the result of a certain arrangement, a certain organization of matter; the organism destroyed, thought has no longer cause for being, and is extinguished. But of what import that matter be intelligent? And what if this matter, incorruptible, indestructible, is independent of the body? But this materialism is not dangerous, and I prefer it to the false system that, in the fear of confounding spirit and matter, wishes that the manifestations of intelligence should be without any substance whatever." The doctor is precisely right, in Spiritualism as commonly understood, which is the sole cause of the materialism which defaces society." But this is only a meagre and partial rendering of many telling points that make up M. E. Legu's able response to the theorizer or perhaps expert philosopher.

"M. L., of Rochefort, permits us," says the editor of the *Revue*, "to cite the following passage from his letter of 20th December, 1875: 'I wish to inform you of two faculties with which God has endowed me as a recompense for a life full of trouble, but about to close, for I am seventy-six years old. As soon as I lie down at night a magnificent panorama is presented to my view in which are seas, lakes, attractive figures, illuminated as with a clear moon and a heaven full of stars.' . . . Then I hear the joyous song of a host of spirits; and they have the goodness to sing the passages which I desire, by my limited *repechage* of air, besides some which I do not know." M. L.—I believe, president of the society of Spiritualists at Rochefort.

The *Revue* gives also several pages of "Reflexions" on the studies of Mrs. E. Hardinge Britten in the Banner of Light. The "reflexions" are principally on the materialization of spirits. "Three important communications which respond to all objections as to the veracity of manifestations of ultramundane intelligences." Under this title, M. the Baron M. de Guitero de Bozzi publishes in the November (1875) number of the *Annali dello Spirittismo* (Italy), a very interesting article which contains, briefly, these facts:

Doctor C. Fabino, residing at Voltri, a very learned man and a great friend of the Baron's, being informed that communications had been received from the spirit world, suggested hallucination or trickery, and required proofs. Dr. F. was asked to write at his home at a specified time, some questions. He wrote in Latin, and one question he asked was: "Where was my spirit before incarnation, and where will it be after death?" The spirit at Baron G. de B. replied: "Tell him that before incarnation his spirit was in God, and that after death it will march in the way to perfection." This was forwarded to the doctor, who received it with great astonishment, and replied: "I do not know what to think; the phenomenon is marvelous, and reveals an ultramundane intelligent agent."

When Dr. Fabino was living at Mme. M.'s, near Florence, the lady's sister asked him to consult the spirits about a saint's name, which had been forgotten, but whose skull was in their chapel. The medium took a pencil and wrote, (in Latin) "That the head, which once belonged to a domestic in that house, was not of a saint; but you can call the domestic a saint, because he was good and honest." The lady's face changed color. "His name?" said the lady. The medium wrote in big letters *Vincenzo Landi*. At this the lady uttered a cry. "It is impossible," says the doctor, "to describe her agitation;" for all the medium had written was true.

A number of *El Criterio Espiritista*, of Madrid, has also been received; but not being of recent date I will not quote from it. It contains, however, an interesting article from Lia, which appears, in the most forcible language, to our better natures, to that light that is within us but too often hidden by worldliness. Two numbers more of *El Criterio* are just now at hand, of a more recent date, and will receive attention in my next.

Psychische Studien, the admirable and ably edited German periodical (the January number published at Leipzig and New York, is at hand. Its most important and lengthy articles are: "My Experiences in London and Brussels," by Prof. Dr. A. Butlerow; and "My Conversion from Materialism to Spiritualism," by M. Albert Steinbach. The latter gives a full account of the marvelous phenomena witnessed at Terre Haute, Ind., U. S., where unmistakable materialized forms of spirit friends appear, and where such courteous facilities are allowed to all parties with reasonable demands. M. Steinbach appears to have been satisfied; and by giving directions by which persons visiting New York can readily reach Terre Haute, no little good must inevitably flow from his present communication.

The former article, by Prof. Butlerow, is, as my friend Mr. Sumner tells me, an account of Prof. B.'s and the Chancellor A. Keskoff's visit to London, where, kindly received by Mrs. Jenckon (Miss Katie Fox), they had some excellent manifestations through the mediumship of that estimable lady, now no longer a public medium. These manifestations were in every respect such as I witnessed and experienced in my own house some years since, when Miss Fox was on a friendly visit to my family, and which were then described in the Banner. "Reports from Holland follow," says Mr. Semap, "where D. D. Howe was invited, and where (at Amsterdam) he surprised the Hollanders by his marvelous tests of spirit manifestations. Mr. Williams subsequently produced similar phenomena before the same earnest seekers after the truth, and so profoundly impressed them that they resolved to persevere in their investigations."

But this is only a very slight portion of the contents of the magazine in which Chancellor A. Keskoff lends his name and great influence. I should name "Theories and Criticisms," and "Depths of Nature," by Dr. F. Hoffman; remarks on Louise Latea, and a "Light-battle in Spiritualism," by Prof. Wittig; short articles about the Russian Commission, Prof. Wagner, Prof. Porty, and Mons. Thiers's great work on Spiritualism. Several numbers of the Scandinavian *Dagbladet* are before me, and articles from Prof. H. M. Kottinger, Mr. Alark Erhane, (editor,) E. B. Klein, and others on "Skandinavian Politie," on "Christianism," "Socialism," and the celebrated John Law's speculations.

A Splendid New Serial. DAISY DOANE: OR, SUNSHINE AFTER DARKNESS.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY MRS. A. E. PORTER,
Author of "Dora Moore;" "Country Neighbors;" "The Two Orphans;" "Rocky Nook—A Tale for the Times;" "Bertha Lee;" "My Husband's Secret;" "Jessie Gray;" "Pictures of Real Life in New York;" "The Two Cousins;" "Sunshine and Tempest;" "The Lights and Shadows of the 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 XII. A Quiet Home and Hard Work.

Miss Patsy and her sister staid with Daisy during these days of sorrow. When all was over, and the house literally left to her desolate, the young girl sat down in her own room, overcome with her desolation, with a void in her life that nothing could fill. Clive Dunean had come down to be with her at this time, and claimed his place at her side. One glance at his face, at his eyes so full of love and tenderness, overcame her. Her first impulse was to throw herself into the arms held out to receive her, and find rest there. "Daisy," said he, "we have each other. I will devote my life to consoling you; yours shall be bright as with love and love can make." With a cry of anguish she turned away from him and left the room. While he staid, she saw him only in Miss Patsy's presence, and shrank from all response to his words of tenderness or proflations of protection. He thought her overwhelmed by her sorrow, but when the time came for his return to study, he said as he bade her good by, "Daisy, I will come down next week; I cannot remain away from you at this time." While he looked at her, she could not tell him of the resolution made at her guardian's side; in his presence her courage forsook her, and she simply said, "I will write to you, Clive. I have something to tell you, but I cannot say it now. I will write."

Something in her manner startled him. He recalled his interview with Mr. Doane. "Daisy," said he, grasping her hand with a pressure that gave her pain, "you are mine! I claim you! If I lose you, I lose all hope of happiness for this life and another. Clive! Don't talk so. Don't look so!" for his eyes burned hot. They penetrated to her soul, and she believed he read her secret.

"Go, Clive, now. God I will write." "I will not go till I understand what this means. Daisy, you don't know me. Alone in the world now as you are, I want you to trust me, to lean upon me. I will never cease to care for you and love you till death parts us, and if God permits, beyond that also." He came nearer. She felt his breath upon her cheek, his eyes reading hers, and she saw his arm held out to support her, for her step tottered. There was a great yearning, hungry look in those eyes that made her poor, desolate heart beat hot, and her pulse throb. But Daisy Doane was not one to shrink from her duty when once it was made in the days of persecution. Sooner than break that promise to the dead, she would sacrifice every friend, and live a life of solitude and poverty. She knew herself well enough for that, but she felt at that moment that she must die in doing it. As Clive stood there, waiting for one word or sign from her, she called gently, "Miss Patsy, come to me." Clive released his hold of her, and a look of mingled anger and love flashed from his eyes, as he drew back. Daisy laid her head on Miss Patsy's shoulder, turning her eyes away from Clive. "Tell him to leave me now. I am tired. I will write to him."

"She is overcome by her grief. Go home, now, Mr. Dunean. Leave her to herself. You hear what she says, she will write to you," said Miss Patsy.

Without another word, Clive Dunean walked away, but a great fear filled his heart. Then Daisy told Miss Patsy, and when she finished, added, "I shall keep my promise, if it cost me my life."

"I am sure you will, darling; I see that in your face. You look as your father did, when he said he should spend his life for the poor heathen who know not God. I believe he would have gone if he had foreseen his early death, yes, if he had known, like St. Paul, that bonds and imprisonment awaited him. There, now, don't tremble so; lie down, and I will read to you."

Daisy wrote her letter the next day. It was kind, firm, decided. No one knew the pain it cost her. In doing this, she renounced all the brightness of her future life, but this thought sustained her. "God knows I wish to do right. I shall leave in his good time why this sacrifice demanded."

It is wonderful how a soul capable of growth expands and grows strong in a great sorrow! The maturity and strength of womanhood had come to Daisy, and a greater strength than that— even a faith that enabled her to say, "God is my strength and my deliverer!" Clive Dunean did not answer that letter; he came in person. How little he knew Daisy, was proved by the doubt of her firmness which he expressed to Miss Patsy. She was calmer now, and could tell him that nothing could move her from her purpose.

"Daisy," said he at last, in the fiery impatience of his nature, "do you know that Mr. Doane died poor—that he left literally nothing for you? How can you bear poverty? You were reared in luxury—how can you earn your bread? Had he foreseen this, think you he would have remained firm to his wish? I have wealth; I can make your life one long holiday of pleasure."

Daisy's cheek paled. She looked at him in questioning wonder. "Yes, Daisy, I am right. There is great sorrow for you, and your friends would not tell you till they thought you better able to bear it. I would not have done it were the power not mine to make amends to you."

came the thought, "I could have borne it with Uncle Joe! I could have worked for him! But what would I always alone!" How her heart died within her!

"No, Clive," she said, rallying in a moment, for he saw that the wound rankled; "he said he would sooner see me in my coffin than to see me allied to your family. I must speak the hard truth. He loved me, I trust him. You know perhaps why he said it; I do not; but he would still have exacted the promise had he known of my poverty."

Clive had thus revealed the loss of fortune to Daisy while her friends were studying how to soften the blow. She sought Miss Sybil, to whom all business was referred—her clear head and good judgment was seldom in the wrong—and asked for the truth.

"Yes, my child, your guardian's death was hastened no doubt by his anxiety for you, and his efforts to straighten his affairs, which were much perplexed. For the present you must come home with us; you know how much we shall like that, and you need not feel yourself under obligation either. There is a snug laid aside for your present wants. We will close this house as soon as you feel willing to leave, and go home. When we have rested awhile there, we will talk of future plans; it is the only consolation in our trouble that we can have you with us."

Daisy was comforted, and thanked God that such a refuge was opened to her. "Let us go at once, Miss Sybil," she said. "I know you will feel better to be at home. He is not here, you know, so it doesn't matter."

After that she walked over the house, going into every room to take a mute farewell—every room save one, Miss Joan's. That had been locked for years, since when Betty made her annual cleaning, and then nothing was removed; it was swept and dusted, and again shut up. Daisy shrank from it still, for her sad prophecy was not forgotten. She did not feel so about Mr. Doane's room; here she lingered, loth to leave. She seemed to be nearer to him here, and fancied that he looked down and smiled as he did when she knelt beside him when he lay ready for the grave. When all the rest of the house had been visited she went down to Betty in the kitchen. Peter was there. No one shared more sincerely in the grief and joy of this family than these two faithful servants.

Everything was in order in the room, painfully so to Daisy, who had enjoyed herself so much when a child in the house, that she almost always looked for years, since when Betty made her annual cleaning, and then nothing was removed; it was swept and dusted, and again shut up. Daisy shrank from it still, for her sad prophecy was not forgotten. She did not feel so about Mr. Doane's room; here she lingered, loth to leave. She seemed to be nearer to him here, and fancied that he looked down and smiled as he did when she knelt beside him when he lay ready for the grave. When all the rest of the house had been visited she went down to Betty in the kitchen. Peter was there. No one shared more sincerely in the grief and joy of this family than these two faithful servants.

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"Betty," said Daisy, "did you know I am poor now, and we cannot live here any longer?"

"Yes, darlin'; Miss Patsy, she's been tellin' me all about it; it is mystifyin' to me, and I believe in my heart it will all turn out that it ain't so, just as it does in story books."

Daisy shook her head. "No, no, Betty, there are no fairies now, such as you used to tell me about. Our money has been lost in India. You know the brig which cost Uncle Joe so much was a total loss. There was a fortune in that."

"Well, Miss Daisy, it isn't in the Doanes to be poor; there will be a lucky venture one of these days. Keep up heart; you know that the master has let you something hid away in the storeroom by his bed." Miss Patsy, it will do you good. There is a mighty relief in trouble."

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dreams and visions. Miss Daisy don't think much of such trash.

Daisy pushed from the kitchen to the library, where Miss Patsy awaited her. They walked down in the twilight to the retreat, which was to be her home now. These ladies kindly let her alone for awhile— that delightful "letting alone" of true friendship, which means the latch-string is always outside, and a welcome within, come enter when you feel like it. Miss Sybil was in her way, as philosopher, and understood that work was the best preparation for a good life. She was laughing at her, and she told Daisy that she was doing it for no other reason than that she should. It was work that Daisy could do well. She offered into it with spirit, working so rapidly that Miss Sybil was in time for the publisher, though she had begged for delay, having lost much time of late.

All these sad days Jim Wood was at home. The Eagle made just on the day of Mr. Doane's death, and his first appearance in town was at the funeral. The boy had thought much of seeing Uncle Joe again, to meet his approval had been one of his life's aims. He knew that the life he had led was not the life that he had lived. He did not venture to see Daisy, save at a distance, but he went to her sorrow was too great to be borne, though he longed to hear some part of her burden. "Marty told him that Clive Doane had been a child in the house. "She will marry him some day. He is rich as a prince, and they will go off to a foreign country and we shall never see them more. It is always so in life, Jim. There we have to make it, till this world becomes a desert."

Jim did not intrude his sister's life. He began to think, the more he looked at the life of a despondent and a man who had to die, but Uncle Paul was not to be trifled with.

"I can't see you, my boy, I am blind now; not a blink of your eye, but a smile of your lips reaches me now, but I can't see you, thank God for that, and I know by the ring of your voice that the true me about you. Uncle Joe has gone into the part before me, but I had wind-keep me back. Death is no evil, boy, if it comes to us as it did to him. It is but that is a man's soul. Poor little Daisy. My heart has ached for her; but there is good blood in her, and what is better, faith in God, and will with the storm and come out the stronger for it. Dark! There is her step on the stairs. She was here yesterday, and I thought she wouldn't fail me today."

Jim Wood had improved in his appearance since he left home, the notes were more firmly knit, the form more erect, the features had molded themselves, as Uncle Paul had told, into symmetry. He had had time to make a man among men. He had Daisy's step on the stairs. It was not quick as formerly, but slow, like one awary. She carried a large package in her hands.

"I brought it myself, Uncle Paul, for I felt as if I could not let any one else handle it. "What is it, Daisy?" said Uncle Paul. "Uncle Joe's dressing gown. It is very warm, Uncle Paul. I made it for him, and I think he would like you to have it."

Just then her eyes fell upon Jim, who had stood a little in the shadow.

"Oh, Jim! Jim!" she said, her eyes filling with tears, "to think you should come so late to see me! He talked about you, often, and was looking forward to your return with pleasure. There are some books in his library which he intended giving to you. I have put them away till you take them."

Jim could say little. No words came to him, and he thought Daisy would believe him unfeeling and hard. He walked back with her to Miss Sybil's house, but it was a silent walk. He longed to take her up and carry her in his arms, for she seemed to have lost the strength and vigor of her life. He did not go into the house, but went home with his heart full of pity for Daisy and anger at himself that he was powerless to help. He was at home only a few weeks. Two or three times he called. Daisy was glad to see him, and liked to talk with him about her guardian. There was little of her former gaiety about her, though, and she recalled some of her childhood sports, as he told her of some event in his sailor life, there came a little ripple of laughter which did him good to hear. Mary Wood was still Daisy's confidant. She told her of her promise to her uncle after he died.

"He heard it, I know, Mary; and now I am going to live for the dear aunties, as I call them. I shall never marry. You see, I cannot marry Clive, and therefore must not anybody else—I couldn't, Mary."

Jim went to sea again for another two years' voyage. The Doane mansion was shut up till the return of Mr. St. John, who had a villa, while Daisy made her home with Miss Sybil.

She learned through Uncle Paul that the income of her friends, scarcely enough to meet their moderate wants, had been lessened by her guardian's death. This knowledge roused the latent energy of her nature, and she determined at once not to be a burden to them. There was a large, unoccupied room in the house, formerly used for festive occasions in the days of prosperity. Daisy was walking back and forth in it one rainy day for exercise, when she thought occurred to her that it would be a good place for a school.

"I can do it, I can do it," she exclaimed. "If I have taught my friends music and French for pleasure, I can do it for gain, and with Miss Sybil's help I can teach them something better. I can be useful, live for some purpose, and I will do it."

Something of her father's spirit was roused up within her. With her to will was to do. She set about it at once, and before one week was past she had gathered her scholars about her, and begun an earnest life—a working life that brought wealth each day, but with it a sense of duty accomplished and independence gained. Her school increased rapidly till the room was filled. Years passed, and she kept her pupils at her task, writing many too, so that when Miss Patsy was laid up one fine winter with the rheumatism, Daisy employed Betty to come and take the kitchen into her hands. There was pleasure in Daisy's eyes when she saw the rest which she had gained for her friends by her labor.

"What would Mr. Doane say?" asked some, "if he could see Daisy at her daily task, she who was to know neither labor nor sorrow, but like the lilies of the field live only for beauty and love?"

"Yes, what would he say? We know not; but if, as we trust, he sees with broader, clearer vision in the world, he may say that her path is a surer road to happiness than that which in his weakness he had ordained for her. It brought her consolation and peace."

When Jim Wood returned the second time he found her looking like the little Daisy of his childhood. She was the life of the house, the gift from the Lord, Miss Patsy would say almost every day.

Mary Wood married a sea captain, and went to sea with him, and became fond of the life. She lost her romance with her girlhood, and wrote sensible letters to Daisy, without a line of poetry in them. The Angel of Death came one day and bore away the beloved Paul to the celestial land, but not until he had lived for thirty-nine years in the ante-chamber of death, looking daily for the glorious messenger, who waited till suffering had wrought its perfect work.

[Continued in next issue.]

Free Thought.

CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN NEW YORK.

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

BY THOMAS R. HAZARD.

PART VI.

I can enumerate several instances of severe cases of fevers, and kindred acute diseases, that I have accidentally administered to simply with one, two or three doses of Brandreth pills, accompanied by a thorough sweat, whereby patients who had been prostrated for days and weeks were quickly rendered convalescent, and soon restored to full health and strength, the attendant physician making his daily visitations and prescriptions all the while, the last being unused, and quietly put out of sight for fear of giving offence to the family doctor.

Some few years ago two brothers in the prime of life, who worked on my farm were suddenly seized with the bilious colic. One sent for a doctor, the other took seven of Brandreth's pills from my hand, which were accompanied with the usual sweat. They greatly alleviated the pain, which he said he could not have lived through another half hour. It returned again in the afternoon, when a like dose of pills was repeated. The next afternoon the man went to work as usual, and in less than a week attended the funeral of his doctor-ridden brother. The two attacks were probably equal in severity, but in the one case the symptoms (or pain) were *rhinitic*, as I have termed it, and in the other case the symptoms were *empyretic*, relieved at the expense of aggravating the cause, a mode of treatment that under some form or disguise pervades the practice seemingly of the whole profession.

Some few years ago I dined with a friend in one of our largest cities, where were present the three most eminent physicians of the place—all grown old and rich in money and in honor in the active practice of their profession. A young man in the house (an invalid) left his room to present on the social occasion, but as he was passing a nurse announced that his head was feeling very badly, an attack of the brain fever being evidently imminent. One of the physicians immediately went to his room, but returned again after prescribing for his symptoms, which I learned was the application of a mustard plaster to the forehead. On learning what had been done I remarked, Here are present three physicians ranking among the most eminent in America, and yet I, who have never read a medical work or attended a medical lecture, will venture to say that scarcely anything worse could have been done for that young man than the applying of a mustard plaster to his head, which, though it may by opening the pores of the skin produce temporary relief, will also draw on the morbid matter and all humors in the blood, and cause them to congregate and congest in the intricate blood vessels in the region of the brain; adding that if the poultice had been put to the feet its action would have been in the direction of life, whereas it must work in an opposite way where it was then placed.

Shortly after, the doctor who was first called returned to the sick room and quietly ordered the poultice to be taken from the head, and drafts put to the feet, which I have since seen applied in honor ever since for thus acting up to his convictions, though contrary to his general practice, and when these were inspired by the suggestions of a quack.

It is a great mistake to suppose that each particular malady as named in the books requires specific treatment. On the contrary, the greater part of the acute diseases that prevail spring from like causes, viz., impurity of the blood, and only appear to be different because of their accidental location. When the blood becomes surcharged with morbid matter beyond what it can freely circulate it begins, just as extraneous matter does in a water course, to overflow, or congest, at points that by accidental or other cause have become most vulnerable or difficult to pass. If, for instance, it begins to congest in the brain it engenders brain fever; if in the pleura, it takes the type of what is called pleurisy; and so on to the end of the chapter, there being merely a distinction without a difference. The pain or oppression that ensues is merely a way nature has of calling for assistance to help her expel the life-destroying matter from the blood through the only avenues of escape possible, viz., the internal and external ducts of the body. If these be opened and the full force of life forces acting through the blood be stimulated by proper cathartic and sweat before the congestion has hardened into tumor, the "perilous stuff" may be readily dislodged and ejected from the system at one operation, and the patient be restored at once to his usual health. But if Nature's vital forces be crippled by drawing from the veins the most active and best portions of the blood (as the lancet is sure to do) before the stimulating internal and external applications have fully done their work, Nature is balked in her efforts to expel the disease, a collapse in the direction of death takes place, the congestion hardens into tumor, the blood vessels become surcharged with a mass of corrupt and corrupting matter, which at one renewed attempt of the ignorant physician to bleed with the lancet the increasing pain or oppression, by relaxing the organs or functions of life, still more and more aggravates the cause, until, exhausted by the conflict, Nature abandons the contest, and the lethargic and bewildered patient sinks down into a typhoid or other equally alarming stage or type of debility.

More insidious than blood-letting, but scarcely less disastrous in their effects, is the using of opiate drugs, such as morphia and other preparations of opium, to relieve pain and oppression and other symptoms of disease, which, through the subtle, poisonous qualities inherent in them all, neutralize the power of the nervous system. I have named, and through stupefying the forces of the body, both mental and physical, disqualify Nature from doing her full work almost as effectually and fatally as does the lancet.

As *apropos* to this part of my subject, I will here insert a paragraph that has just fallen in my way, that expresses more clearly than I can do the idea I have before enlarged upon, viz., that the use of opiate medicines in all cases, I care not of what kind, always relieves the patient only through the numbing his *oulevard*, not in the direction of life but of DEATH!

Science produced by narcotics or so-called sedatives, says the London Lancet, is poisonous. Their use gives the persons employing them an attack of cerebral congestion, only differing in amount, not in kind, from the condition which naturally issues in death. There is grave reason to fear that the real nature of the operation by which these deleterious drugs, one and all, bring about the unconsciousness that buries human death is lost sight of or wholly misunderstood by those who have free recourse to poisons on the most frivolous pretences, or who have the exigency of morbid habit. Great responsibility rests on the medical practitioners, and nothing can atone for the neglect of obvious duty.

mation of the whole arm quickly ensued. Dr. Sangrado attended with his lancet, and in a few days the body of his *bed to death* patient and victim was consigned to the grave.

A few days after, a poor woman living about a mile away from Kingston, searched for a small light with a briar, which she found, too swelled with fever or more its usual dimensions. Sangrado quickly appeared with his lancet, and was of course followed by the undertaker and grave-digger in double-quick time.

I was then making my home in New York City, but was informed concerning both these cases, and at once said that the defuncts owed their death to the doctor's lancet rather than to the disease.

Having occasion to visit South Kingston shortly after, I stopped at the Town Hill post office for letters, on my way to Providence. The office was kept at the time by Benjamin H. whom I found sitting by the fire with his arm in a sling swelled to an unwonted size from his fingers to his shoulder. Asking the cause, he showed me a little break on the skin of one of his fingers, which he said was the cause of his arm's swelling, and if I did, his woe would be all but lifeless countenance was a sufficient answer. He evidently expected death; had given up to die, and was then actually dying inch by inch! I asked him what treatment he was receiving? He told me that Dr. Sangrado attended, and had bled him some two or more times. I sprang in my excitement to surfeit him with a *John*, if you want to live, keep that doctor out of your house, for he will certainly kill you if you do not. I went on to say to him that there was no cause for his not recovering even then, (after his veins had been so depleted of their best blood,) and that if he would take my advice, he might yet get well. The confidence and assurance that accompanied my words seemed to have a magnetic effect on the sufferer; he accepted my advice and took the remedies I prescribed (a powerful cathartic and sweat.) He was a very temperate man in all things, and had naturally a good constitution, which the doctor's lancet had not yet quite conquered, and in a few days Benjamin H. was about his business, and as well as usual.

I forgot to say in its more appropriate place that in cases of bad cuts, punctures and bruises it is always safest to take a dose of Brandreth pills or other blood-cleansing cathartic, in order to promote a speedy cure, and as almost an infallible remedy against lockjaw, provided care is taken not to expose the wound so as to take cold. It is really astonishing how readily such wounds will heal under proper treatment, provided the blood is in a pure, healthful condition.

Some years ago I struck the full blow of a sharp lance on the short part of a *John* by my hand so that it struck the end of my forefinger of the lower joint to the very bone. I stopped not to look at or talk about the wound, but immediately, and before it had time to sear in the least, wrapped it up tightly with my handkerchief, holding one end of the same in my hand, and went on to finish the job I was engaged in. Some hours afterward, when I went home, I asked my mother for a linen rag to wrap it up with permanently, when, on removing the handkerchief, I was surprised to find that not a mark of the wound was visible, although a slight ridge did subsequently appear indicating the position of the wound.

Again, some twenty years ago, I set a bottle of wine on the hearth, in a convenient position to extract a very obstinate cork. Placing the bottle between my feet, with the left hand grasping the neck so as to hold it down in place, I pulled so hard on the corkscrew with my right hand that the part of the bottle beneath my left was sundered, when the whole weight of my body and force exerted carried my hand downward, and as the slight ridge left now shows, cut the third finger to the bone, and because of the unequal edges of the broken glass, nearly two-thirds round its circumference.

My fingers rushed out in streams, but regardless of that, as soon as a suitable piece of linen could be procured, the wound was tightly wrapped up, and that probably within a minute after the accident occurred. The bandage soon became as stiff as a board with blood, which I occasionally moistened with New England rum, but never removed until my finger had entirely healed without pain, and in a few weeks it was as well as its fellows, with the exception of a slight numbness, that still remains in the upper joint. Had I stopped before wrapping up the wound to talk about it, look at it, let others look at it, and finally sent for the doctor, the cure would have probably been accomplished in a few days, and I would have returned without undergoing a process of suppuration, and probably a loss of the finger would have resulted.

Again, I not many years since by accident struck the open fingers of my right hand with all my might, above my head, in a dim light against the lower side of a hemlock floor board. A splinter nearly as wide as the nail of my middle finger penetrated quite to its root. I took in the situation at a glance, and taking a penknife from my pocket, I nerved my mind to do that for myself which I could not have done for another, and I raised the splinter out and wrenched it out with my left hand, and the "burning" matter was thrown out after the wound was wrapped up tightly in a linen rag, and so remained until the finger was healed, without pain, and without anything further being done to it, than occasionally moistening it with Medford New England rum. The nail also grew on again in proper form, and is now as clear and transparent as my other finger nails, all of which, notwithstanding my rough usage of them, are as perfect and *pretty* as a baby's.

Bruises may be as readily healed when the blood is in good order as cuts of the flesh. All that is necessary to be done is to bandage them *immediately* and keep them wrapped up in vinegar until the tendency to inflammation is entirely checked, and then keep the bandage moist with New England rum.

I could rehearse many instances of the worst kind of bruises that have been entirely healed by this simple process, without cost and without pain, but will let one suffice. Some years ago I accidentally placed my little finger in the crack of a heavy door just as it was about to swing down from the opposite way. The upper joint was crushed almost as flat as a nickel penny, and when I extricated it by having the door again lifted on its hinges (which was dreadful) a moment's delay I went to my house, (which was near by,) manipulating and putting the fragments of my broken finger in shape as well as I could whilst I was on the way. Some warm salt and vinegar and a suitable bandage was at once applied to the wound, and within fifteen minutes I was out again with my left hand in a sling attending to my farming business. After some days I moistened the bandage with New England rum instead of salt and vinegar, which has a wonderful conservative virtue. Strange as it may seem, the bones united again together, so that with the exception of a little shortening of the upper joint the finger looks the same as its fellow on my right hand, although not quite so strong; nor did I suffer the loss (as I think) of a minute's sleep in consequence of the accident, or any further pain than that experienced in extricating the wounded member from the door and a slight grumbling sensation whilst the bones were knitting together.

To prevent inflammation in bruises and other wounds the salt and vinegar must be applied *instantly*, or before there has been time for inflammation to commence.

In these respects the human flesh accords with that of other animals. Take a piece of fresh pork, for instance, and bury it in salt or brine and it will rot, and sweat for months or years; but let the same be salted with *vinegar* and in the least degree, and all the salt on earth will not make it whole again. So with the human's wound. Salt and vinegar will if applied early prevent inflammation commencing in a bruised wound, but in the world will not drive it away after it has once begun. In that case suppuration must take place, and a destruction and removal of the old flesh follow before the wound can be made whole by the formation of the new, a process that is as often tedious and painful as it is with proper care wholly unnecessary, in most instances.

One of the most fatal maladies in the hands of the faculty is scarlet fever, rivaling the small pox always with complete success, except in the case of which, that of Mrs. C. you know of. I can give you the full address of all the persons I have operated upon if you wish.

I knew of a Mrs. A. in Newport who told me that she had a large cancer in her breast, which had been cut out by a doctor several times, but constantly returned, until she applied to Grinnell, who in a few weeks entirely cured it, and restored her health.

Again, I had repeatedly advised a Mr. H., (who lived on a farm of mine, and whose father had died of cancer,) to get Grinnell to remove a tumor that had been making progress on his nose for some one or two years, telling him that if he did not it would probably shorten his life. It growing more and more painful, Mr. H. finally went to Grinnell, but whilst on his way he chanced to fall in with a regular M. D., who facetiously remarked that if he would call on him after he got through with the "quacks," he would extract his cancer for him with a knife. Mr. H. was not, however, to be deterred by a "regular bred" in a State like Rhode Island, in which there was no law to compel lay citizens to submit to the *ipse dixit* of a privileged class, and kept on his way. Grinnell operated, and drew from Mr. H.'s nose a cancer as large as a marble. With the usual restoratives recommended by the German spirit for purifying the blood, the wound soon healed, without strange as it may seem—having an *inoperable* scar.

I know also of a Miss R., who lived at the time near me, from whose wrist Grinnell extracted a cancer as large as a butternut.

All Grinnell's mighty works were done without it ever seeming to occur to him that anything worthy of special note had been accomplished—being, in these respects, very much like the Sweet natural bone-setters. As an illustration of this phase in Grinnell's character, I will state that I was once sitting and conversing with him on indifferent subjects, when a young farmer, a Mr. P., came into the room and sat down near us, without apparently attracting the notice of his host at all. After a somewhat prolonged conversation had occurred in our conversation, the misfortune cancer-cure turned to the young man and, looking inquisitively at his under lip, said, "What have you done with them?" whereupon Mr. P. drew from his pocket, wrapped in paper, two cancerous tumors, of the size of small walnuts, which had been drawn by the African salve from his mother's lip.

I was well acquainted with the case of the Mrs. C. that Grinnell sets down as one of his two failures, but which, in reality, ought to have been accredited him as a most remarkable cure.

She was called upon by Mrs. C., who wanted to raise twenty five dollars, and I might say that a doctor in New York cut a cancer from her breast, on which he had already operated twice in the same way. In answer to my suggestions, Mrs. C. told me that she knew the cancer would eventually kill her, but hoped that if she could have it taken out once more she might be able to work some months longer for the maintenance of her aged parents, who lived with her, and were both past work.

I finally induced the sufferer to take lodgings near Grinnell, myself and sister becoming responsible for her weekly board. I was shown the cancer before the first plaster was applied. It was the most horrid malignant sore that I ever looked upon, of about the size of a small saucer, and having five distinct angry looking heads. After a few weeks' treatment four of these heads entirely disappeared, as well as all the foul diseased flesh, excepting what was concentrated in a space round the remaining head about the size of a nickel cent. With the exception of this spot, which was daily decreasing in virulence and size, a complete new coat of flesh and transparent skin had formed over the diseased portions of the breast, and it was pretty apparent that the patient was moving in rapid progress on the road to health, when she was seized with an earnest desire to go to the assistance of her parents again. What, against this Grinnell's familiar spirit, the German doctor, remonstrated, saying that if the convalescent went to work whilst the muscles and blood vessels connected with the wound were weak and unsupported, fatal results might ensue. Mrs. C. however refused to listen to advice, and went home to work, when, as had been told her might very probably happen, a blood vessel broke in or near the remaining cancerous head, and the poor woman bled to death.

And this is one of the two instances that occurred in his practice that Grinnell sets down as failures. What, regular M. D. there in the whole world, let me ask, that can make a single instance wherein his knife-operation on a malignant cancer ever approached so near to a cure as did this failure of the unlearned clairvoyant physician? I say unlearned, for I have heard Grinnell say that he never attended school but from three to six months in his life, and that was before he was eight years old.

[Continued in next issue.]

"MEDIUMS AND SKEPTICS"

Elizabeth M. F. Denton's Reply to Mrs. Louisa Andrews.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

DEAR SIR—You surely cannot refuse me the needful space in your columns for a reply to the well-intentioned but, as I regard it, mistaken criticism from the pen of Mrs. Louisa Andrews, in your issue of the 19th ultimo. I shall endeavor to be as brief as a clear response to the few points in her letter with which I am especially concerned will permit, and I shall begin where she leaves off.

I do not question the honesty, the integrity, nor the yearning solicitude for the happiness of others, as possessed by any true and noble individual, whether Spiritualist, Mahometan, Jew, Infidel, or Orthodox Christian; and I am willing to believe that, as Mrs. Andrews asserts, she writes "from the fullness of the heart," and that, too, a heart of kindness and sympathy.

There is no question that some forms of mental disease produce distrust, a species of skepticism. But Mrs. Andrews's quotation is from a reckless assertion which strikes at the very life of all progress. To the skeptic it is what that shaft was aimed is due every effort for the discovery of truth. That skepticism is the initiative of every struggle to strike from the limbs of individuals and generations the fetters forged for them by ignorance and bigotry. Does Mrs. Andrews still endorse the sentiment? It was that skepticism which questioned the authority of the scribes and pharisees; that which denied the supremacy of the pope, and the divine right of kings; and it is that which to-day demands that they who profess to be the especially commissioned interpreters to us, who are less highly favored, of a higher wisdom, a diviner life, a more certain knowledge of immortality, shall at least prove themselves worthy of our confidence.

Not only Mrs. Andrews, but all who adopt the theory of "spirit materialization" base its claims to our consideration on the assumption that these phenomena are proof of "spirit existence." It is at this point that I join the issue. I must first, however, be permitted to state that I am not ready to accept any fact in this broad universe, however patent that fact may be to the more enlightened, until as a fact it can address itself to my understanding; that I can not readily admit any claim, whatever the authority upon which it is based, until my judgment is convinced, and my reason accepts it as just and true. On the other hand, I fear no discussion, whether in regard to the capabilities of matter or the manifestations of intelligence. I shrink from no investigation that is worthy of our efforts, and I believe I am willing to work with my might and to wait until the end, if need be, in order to ascertain the truth and to secure its triumph. What I do fear, and what I would seek to avoid as I would avoid a deadly pestilence, is the unreasonable acceptance of conclusions resulting from unscientific methods of investigation, or based upon assumed premises. The gigantic and ruinous systems of belief which have cursed the world

have found it to be highly efficacious in almost every case. I need you some of the names of persons out of eighty-one, I have extracted cancers and tumors, and always with complete success, except in the case of which, that of Mrs. C. you know of. I can give you the full address of all the persons I have operated upon if you wish.

In the year 1855, on the 22nd of June, I was sitting in my room alone, when a spirit appeared to me in the shape of a man, and told me that he was a German, and that his name was James Albert Starke, and that he had then extracted cancers and tumors with a vegetable gum that came from the western coast of Africa, which he called *John*. I could get by sending for it. He then gave me both the Latin and African name for the gum, and told me of the faith and the manner of its use. I had been thinking much lately on the communication until some time during the next year, when I was induced, through the kindness of a friend, to make an attempt to make an attempt to get the gum. Chancing to be acquainted with Capt. Wm. T. Pettibone, who was about to sail from New York for the western coast of Africa, I engaged him to ascertain whether there was anything of the name to be found in the places he might visit. On his return in 1857 he brought me the gum, which I had been waiting for, and he found it (I think in Liberia) bearing the same African name given it by the German doctor.

for ages, are but legitimate fruits of such unmitigated folly, and should warn us of our danger.

Mrs. Andrews evidently doubts whether, even should the paraffine mold be produced under the conditions as I have specified, I would accept such production as proof of spiritism and power. I have never for a moment admitted that I should. The most that I have conceded, or can concede, is, that when I can know the molds to have been produced, I shall then consider it a phenomenon worthy the time and attention requisite for a thorough investigation; the purpose of such investigation being to discover, if possible, the origin and nature of the forces at work to produce them. Let it be demonstrated to my understanding that a paraffine mold of a human hand can be produced in a closed sack, without human contact, or any of the appliances of human art, and I shall be as ready to admit it as I am to admit the surging of the sea or the gathering of the storm. Let it be demonstrated that a human body can float in the air independent of any cause hitherto recognized as sufficient to produce such a phenomenon, and I am as ready to admit that I can to admit the fact of a balloon ascension. But to admit the occurrence of any given phenomenon is one thing, while to assign to that phenomenon its proper place in the infinite realm of cause and effect, and to define the specific cause of its occurrence, is another and a very different consideration.

Mrs. Andrews asks, "But what of the phenomena (as wonderful as any ever witnessed), testified to by Mr. Crookes?" "Have the evidences brought forward by him convinced Mrs. Denton that the materialization of spirit-forms really takes place?" And I, too, ask, what of those phenomena? "Have the evidences brought forward convinced" Prof. Crookes himself "that the materialization of spirit-forms really takes place?" or does he, in the language of Epes Sargent, "still cautiously abstain from any confident theory in regard to the source of the phenomena?" Since, then, with all his opportunities for investigating under conditions which Mrs. Andrews regards as so perfect that nothing was wanting to make them absolutely satisfactory to all who can be satisfied with any proof, and since, as Mr. Sargent further explains, "he still feels himself unprepared to accept Spiritism as the only theory that can cover all the facts," is it very remarkable that Mrs. Denton, who has had no such opportunities for investigation as Prof. Crookes, should refuse to declare him incapable of judging of the nature and significance of the evidence before him? But suppose Mr. Crookes had been satisfied, and had so expressed himself, as Mr. Wallace has done? Would it not be evident that in just so far as he had assumed a definite cause for the phenomena, in just so far had he forsaken scientific methods and become unscientific? I say I had assumed a definite cause. I mean that. The very term science supposes knowledge. What do we know in regard to the cause or causes of these phenomena? Is the claim that they are produced by spirits based upon knowledge or upon assumption only?

Admitting for a moment the possibility of its being true, how can we know it to be so? Do we know what a spirit is? Is there anything about a spirit that can so address itself to our human senses as to admit of its recognition on our part as an entity, being whose existence is demonstrable? We are asked to accept these phenomena as proof of such existence. But can we do this? Let us treat this question carefully, logically, scientifically, if possible; and what is the nature of the evidence with which we have to deal? I raise no question here in regard to the reliability or unreliability of mediums; no question as to what of all the swollen flood of testimony pouring through the Spiritualistic press is false or genuine. For the sake of the argument, I admit that every marvel recorded in the past twenty-eight years was an actual occurrence, and then I ask, With what have we to deal in the attempt to prove the fact of such existence? We have to deal with matter and with the phenomena of material substances. From the first rap at Rochester to the last materialization at Palm Beach or elsewhere, all these astonishing manifestations have addressed themselves to the human senses of hearing, sight, and touch, through material substances. Thus far my statement will not be disputed. "But," I shall be told, "inert matter cannot act unless acted upon by some force or power exterior to itself." There is a point in this assumption that I shall not stop to discuss, and again, for the sake of the argument, will admit the claim. What, then, is it in these "manifestations" that appeals to us as proof of the spiritual theory? Clearly it must be that which acts upon the material substance, or there is nothing. And now what is it which thus acts upon the matter before us? How can we discover? What is it that produces the rap? that moves the table? that floats the human body through the air? that collects the "emanations" from the medium, or from the members of the circle, into a temporary human form, clothed with form with material raiment, stamps it with a parent life and consciousness, and endows it with intelligence?

There are two modes of answering such a question. The one is by assuming a definite cause, giving to it "a local habitation and a name," ascribing to it sufficient wisdom and power for the accomplishment of all that is done, and charging all evidence that tends to contradict our assumption to our own ignorance of the laws by which this cause is governed, and, consequently, our own misapprehension of the nature of the evidence. The other mode is by patiently observing and carefully comparing the phenomena, remembering that we have no right to advance any confident assertion in regard to a definite cause, until we have a theory that will cover all the known facts. The superiority of the latter over the former method is evident at a glance. In deed, herein is our only safety in considering questions of this nature. Now, which of these methods is the one adopted in accounting for these phenomena? The very existence of the beings who are supposed to produce these results is assumed. Even admitting that the occurrence of the phenomena has been scientifically demonstrated, there can be no such claim justly advanced in reference to the speculations regarding their source. The actual occurrence of the phenomena prove them worthy our best endeavors to ascertain the cause; but no assumption should be permitted to enter into the final solution of the problem. Indeed, the very terms of the statement are contradictory; for, so long as the assumption remains, so long the problem remains unsolved. It seems to me evidence of a fanaticism unworthy the age in which we live, however excusable in the past, that we assign to any given phenomena a cause which we define as a conscious, individualized intelligence, independent of that realm to which all our own experiences are limited, while of the very existence of such individualized intelligence we know absolutely nothing. This has never been the method of science, and hence science has never yet demonstrated our right to regard this inquiry as answered. The claim that such is the case is unjustifiable because unfounded. The whole subject must again be remanded to the realm of speculative inquiry, where it naturally belongs; for since we are supposed to know nothing of spiritual existence otherwise than through the revelations of these phenomena, we cannot know that spirits produce them until we can know that no other cause is adequate to their production; and by adopting this theory its advocates are compelled to reason in a like vicious circle as that which involves all theological argument.

Truly yours,
ELIZABETH M. F. DENTON.
Wellesley, Mass.

MODERN NECROMANCY.

Nothing can be wiser than to deprecate the heaping of fuel on the mouldering fires of a dark superstition, which directs human intelligence to work in a field which is fitted, in order to waste it on feverish and intoxicating dreams.—*London Spectator.*

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

With an earnest desire to combat the mystic cabalism (which is but the legitimate fungus outgrowth of a mythical age), while the moon is an attempt to promulgate the magic moonshine is glaring the civilization of the nineteenth century

In the face, I beg leave in brief to state my sincere convictions relative to the matter, and its probable effect (?) on the well-being of Spiritualism.

Supposing that the air, the earth and the waters throughout the universe, are teeming with the "elementary spirits" of which Col. Olcott treats—some of which he claims that he has seen; suppose that Prof. Felt is successful in evoking and securing their visible presence in his "column of saturated vapor." Having accomplished so much, how and where will Col. Olcott find conclusive evidence that these "floating elementaries" have ever, in one solitary instance, been by Spiritualists mistaken for "the returning shades of their relatives and friends?"

To me it is clearly evident that the "proof palpable" of the point in question could not possibly be adduced. Indeed, I will confidently stake my prophetic reputation on the assertion that, were the Queen of Magic herself to attempt the proof in this case, she would have to yield, despite her acknowledged ability, freely confessing the fruitlessness of the effort.

HORATIO N. SPOONER.

THOUGHTS AT THE GRAVE OF E. B. W.

BY E. LOUISA MATHER.

The aching feet that trod life's thorny pathway—
Are taking now their rest;
The weary hands that ceased not in their labor
Now lie beneath earth's breast.

The eyes so often overflowed with weeping
Are closed in blessed calm;
Around, the soothing edences of Nature
Are murmurous with a psalm.

Those lips, which quivered with intensest feeling,
Are silent now for aye;
That heart, which pulsed with every pure emotion,
Each deed all pure and high,
Hath ceased its throbbing, and in dreamless quiet
Lies 'neath the grassy sod,
Baptized with dew, and decked with tiny flowers,
Those loving "smiles of God."

And yet she is not here! an angel presence
Comes gently to my side,
Bidding me look with eyes of faith and patience,
Where she doth now abide

In the blest mansions of our Heavenly Father,
Beyond the ether's tide,
Where dwell the sanctified of all the ages,
And our own glorified!

This grave, flecked o'er with violets and daisies,
Where blend the light and shade,
Where on the hillside green the branches waving,
And birds their nests have made,
Where at its base the brook sends forth its carol,
To gladden each pure heart,
Type of celestial anthems, an evangel
To bid all sin depart,

Speaks not of sorrow or of separation,
Sincerely of broken ties,
She only left her spirit's worn earth garment
To roam in Paradise!

And oh! that home of ever living beauty
Is not so far away,
But by the aid of Faith, that guide supernal,
We oft can trace the way;

Can hear the chimmings of God's glorious river,
Enfilled with waters clear,
Can see the fields of green, the flowers of beauty,
The land without a tear.

And feeling thus, no sad thoughts fill our bosoms,
As sit we here to-day—
Our Father took her in his loving-kindness,
To dwell with him always!
"Old Parsonage," *Hudgme, Conn.*

Spirit-Photography—Another Test Proposed.

To Photographers especially, and the Public generally.

I hereby propose to give another public investigation and test-sitting for "spirit-photographs." Heretofore my investigations have been given without charge. I now propose to give one more public investigation, provided any person or number of persons will deposit in the hands of Mr. Benjamin E. Hopkins, in the bank of Messrs. Gilmore & Dunlap, the sum of \$250, to be paid me for my time and expense, in case an extra face appears on the plate with the subject under the conditions. If no result is obtained, the money will be refunded to the parties making the deposit with Mr. Hopkins. I propose the following conditions, viz.: When the money is all deposited, a public hall will be secured, and a dark room four by six feet in width and six and a half feet high will be erected in the centre of the stage or platform, so that chairs may be placed all around it for the investigators. In this dark room a yellow pane of glass four by six inches will be inserted to give light to the operator.

All that this dark room is to contain is the necessary chemicals to make a picture, viz.: collodion, silver bath, developing and cleaning solution, necessary water to wash the picture. This dark room to be thoroughly examined by a committee of practical photographers, until satisfied that there can be no fraud practiced in said operation. I do not intend to enter it at any time during the test trial. I will submit to have my camera or instrument thoroughly examined by the investigating committee. The chemicals and plates to be furnished by the photographers taking part in the investigation. Each photographer furnishing plates must have a private mark on the plate by which he can ascertain its identity. Each person taking part in the test trial must submit to be thoroughly searched, so that there can be no possibility of any fraud or collusion on the part of any one. The only conditions exacted are that I shall stand at the camera during each exposure, and that during the whole time of the trial there shall be no arguments pro or con, no loud talking, and no unbecoming conduct, but perfect harmony and quiet must be maintained until the test trial is ended. I offer these perfect test conditions so that fraud or trickery will be impossible, the proof be positive, and this public test final. As soon as the money is deposited, due notice will be given in the daily papers of the time and place of the investigations.

Yours, respectfully,
JAY J. HARTMAN,
Spirit-Photographer, 100 West Fourth st., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"The Better Way," by A. E. Newton.

Rev. N. E. Boyd, a liberal clergyman, of Canastota, N. Y., in a notice of the above work contributed to the Herald of that place, says: "The standard set up is so high, the demand for devout self-denial and self-improvement, that many will demur, and call the writer impracticable and quack; but I believe, before God, that he has struck the key-note! And he has done his work with such combined thoroughness, delicacy and humanity—so cleanly, searchingly and lovingly withal, that this book, small though it be, seems to me the most valuable I have ever seen upon this subject so vital, but so woefully ignored.

"As a friend of mankind and a minister of religion, I commend it to the careful perusal of every one who would learn and live the right."

Those desiring to know more concerning this brochure will find it for sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Banner Correspondence.

Nebraska.

MADISON.—A. C. Tyrrel, Esq., writes as follows: "Once more this quiet neighborhood has been violently agitated by Dr. Smith, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, who for seven evenings proclaimed the truth in the most radical terms, which so incensed old Theology that he was in danger of receiving a coat of tar and feathers, at least such threats were made; but they did not deter the speaker from fearlessly expressing his ideas, or more properly speaking, the impressions conveyed to his mind by his spirit friends.

As usual, in such cases, the church element organized religious meetings, but closed the church doors after the first night, Smith drawing nearly all the church members to his meetings; and his radical sentiments caused them to bail cover with indignation. Still, night after night they were irresistibly drawn toward the spot where he was speaking, the devil (?) as it always is the case where spirit influences are at work, proving too strong for them and the Lord, according to their dogmas, for they admit that God is all-wise, supreme and even omnipotent; but for all that, the devil, in nearly every instance, comes out first-best, especially where our glorious Philosophy is expounded.

After repeated challenges by the doctor, two ministers undertook to refute his arguments. The first made no points whatever, but preached a sermon to his dying congregation simply. The second, who is an educated man—and by virtue of it should have respect for himself if not others—in very ungentlemanly language shamed a lady who offered a beautiful inspirational prayer, better far than that ever uttered, or even uttered, unless inspired as our mediums are. After saying that science was but two hundred years old, etc., he branched off into the Bible, and by his own confessions most strongly substantiated the statement of the speaker that the Bible was not the infallible word of God.

Dr. S. was accompanied by his wife, a test and business medium, who gave some satisfactory tests to all, but many were too uncharitable to concede to her the simple truth.

Mrs. McAllister, of Columbus, Neb., one of the party, gave some satisfactory tests, although she has been under spirit control but little for the last five years, owing to sickness.

New converts have been made, and a few mediums more fully developed, some for speaking and others for healing. Our spirit friends have promised us that manifestations shall take place here that will be convincing proofs of the reality of Spiritualism, and it seems that the time is now, for there are thousands in this young State who never heard a lecture by a Spiritualist. In fact, we have no speakers in the field to battle for the truth as it is revealed to us by angels. Surely the work is great and the laborers few. Whom will the angels qualify and put into the field? Has been a serious question in my mind for a long time, and it has caused me hours of pain. I pray our angel friends to hasten the time, if consistent, when the wheels of progress and the beautiful truths of the Harmonical Philosophy shall be set in motion, when men and women dare, even in the face of bigotry and bitter persecution and unpopular sentiment, assert their rights. Here is where true manhood and womanhood is developed. This is what fits them for communion with angels, not only in the great hereafter, but day by day they will strengthen us for the work, uphold us in it, and shower upon our heads the sweet and emboding influences from the sun-land, which all have felt who are true Spiritualists.

Pardon me for the space I have taken, but this State needs help from outside her borders, unless mediums can be procured inside her limits. Spiritualism is taking root in certain portions of the State, but the seed needs planting in every garden—in every soul in Nebraska.

Missouri.

ST. LOUIS.—N. S. Dodge, M. D., writes thus: I wish to say that I feel acquainted with the proprietors through the reading of the dear old Banner of Light for many years, whenever in my travels I could obtain it. Although a member of an Orthodox church, yet I could not receive from that source the spiritual food for which I hungered. As a traveler to a foreign country eagerly investigates all sources of information with regard to the quality of soil, the climate, state of health, wealth of life, and the general character of the inhabitants of that country, in the most direct and reliable manner possible, so I, as a traveler to that other "shore," am more than interested to know of its location, its business, its people, its activities and its continuance, and character of its inhabitants, and therefore gladly receive the weekly testimony furnished by your long tried and carefully-tested medium at the Banner circles from week to week for several years past, and as the trial progresses my interest does not flag, but is on the increase. The difference and variety of witnesses, their ages, their language, manners, timidity or boldness, their mode of expression, their hopes and fears, joy and sadness, different residences, the length of time of sojourn in the life to come, and their general intelligence, or want of the same, manifested, and all through the same medium, and their agreement upon the principal points at issue, bring to my mind a satisfaction far exceeding that received from all other sources, except from similar channels of information. A jury, in making up their verdict in an important case, where a large number of witnesses are to be examined, depend much upon the apparent sincerity of the witnesses, and their agreement upon the more important points. So I have carefully tested the value of your witnesses on the stand from week to week, and consider the evidence a most powerful lever to aid in overturning the old rock of superstition. Find enclosed one dollar for your "poor fund."

Utah Territory.

BINGHAM CANON.—James Judd, M. D., writes: Spiritualism thrives and flourishes among the thoughtful and liberal-minded all through Utah, and its teachings and phenomena, of the latter of which we have our fair share, are making fresh converts and investigators every day. This place is situated some thirty miles from Salt Lake City. Its element is by no means Mormon, being composed of the "profane" and hardy miners of all nations, whose principles, like their travels, are extensive and liberal. Men of God's various denominations do not find favor here, although many have from time to time endeavored to energetically expound "the Word," but the seed appears to fall on stony ground; the last sower failing to enlighten his hearers was, upon the conclusion of his discourse, himself enlightened with a bunch of Chinese fire-crackers at the end of his coat tail. He left and went South next day to convert the Mormons and Indians in Lower Utah. This conduct may seem strange; but such tricks are never played on any one else, for let a public speaker come to the place, and lecture upon something the people can understand, they will not only assemble in numbers to listen to him with attention, but likewise give him, to the best of their ability, kindly of their various mining country. Media, as a class, are in every way poor in purse, and their poverty makes them sensitive of slight; but of this I am assured, their feelings would never be wounded nor their poverty insulted among the class I have been

speaking of, so I would say for their instruction, if any of them are seeking a summer "stumping ground," tell them to give the mining folks of Utah, Montana and Idaho a look-up, and they will find that not only will the laborer be found worthy his hire, but he will make good wages likewise, and meet kindly treatment in the bargain.

Canada.

BELLEVEILLE.—Mary Merrill writes, Feb. 25th: Being a reader of your paper, I take the liberty of telling you something of the progress of Spiritualism in this town. I have attended circles at Dr. Hyatt's twice a week for a few months, and have received several spirit communications, written through Mrs. Hyatt and myself. Sometimes we have received direct communications in answer to conversations. A communication in answer to one such conversation, held at Mr. Lockwood's, came from Dr. Grant, being written in total darkness. Dr. Hyatt and lady are both clairvoyant doctors, and have performed several remarkable cures in cases of deafness, blindness and lameness, all of which were pronounced incurable by several of the medical doctors of Ontario.

One year ago the Banner of Light came in a single wrapper, but now I see several come in a package, and from all accounts those that come are read and re-read and loaned until they are worn out. There is a fair prospect of the circulation of the Banner becoming considerably larger in this part of Canada.

New Jersey.

TRENTON.—"An Investigator" writes that "Spiritualism is progressing in this city. Of late a number of meetings have been held by investigating, faithful and earnest friends. Several good mediums are being developed. We have also had meetings in a room over Washington Market. The President of the State Association is doing all in his power to help the great cause along. Good mediums passing by here will please call on us and help us in our investigation of this beautiful philosophy."

Letter from John Wetherbee.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A short time since Mrs. Wetmore, the prisoner's friend, wrote a letter for "The New Age," giving an account of a sitting with Mrs. Hardy, the test medium. She went in company with an ex-prisoner, who it seems was not wholly out of place where he came from, nor the spirits either, judged by the rule, "by their fruits ye shall know them." Mrs. W. in this letter acknowledged her belief in Spiritualism, but was somewhat set back by the communications. They were undoubtedly spiritual, but deceptive throughout—deceptive by the two sitters, one consciously, the other unconsciously, and deceptive by the spirits also. When the facts of the case became known to her, she, honest woman, and with good motives, wondered why it was thus, and the letter referred to asked for explanation, and I felt moved to write briefly my thoughts on the subject. Her experience is by no means uncommon; most investigators have had similar. The article being brief, I thought it would be serviceable in the Banner to the many readers who would not be likely to see it in "The New Age," where it has just appeared. And now follows these remarks:

Following like a shadow my article number one, under this head, was Mrs. Wetmore's truthful experience with Mrs. Hardy, and it has been the experience of most seekers after this truth. It was as unmistakably a spirit communication, probably, as any that ever came—at least there is no reason, from its quality, to doubt it—and as unmistakable as the fact, as the account proves, I have never wondered that a doubt should arise in the well ordered mind as to the spiritual source of such a communication, and hence all communications. I am never disposed to argue with one who says the whole subject is of no utility, because of the unreliability of the average communication. I have nothing to say yet about reliability or unreliability. Is it just mortim intelligence? Who will not then give it welcome? Who will not entertain a possible fraud, with the chance of entertaining an angel unawares? We get much glitter for a little gold the world over. Shall we not listen to the mysterious voice with the same lean show for prizes?

Some may differ from me, but I would give more for one unmistakable word from a dead and ignominious villain, than I would for a conversation from the most living light. One is the demonstration of conscious life after the soul has left the body, while the world is full of discourse from the lights and the dead in the form. The question is not now so much of utility, or quality of utterance, as it is of utterance—its source or genesis. Is there a soul living in the universe, whose body is dead and buried, who can communicate a word to the mortals of time? Whether it be the spirit of a villain or a saint, a peddler or a hero, in this connection and at this hour, is of no consequence. The seeker after this truth, as a general thing, finds this fact; and if it be a fact, it is the fact of all facts—the fact that the world wants, beside which all other facts pale. Says Ernest Renan: "For a certainty we could never give one of us, but once a year, exchange two words with the loved and the dead; that we make no hesitation in saying, the one human voice from the other side is the heart's desire; we would prefer a Lincoln or a Shakspeare, but we are thankful to the peddler for his utterance in Hydrosville, twenty-eight years ago, and would have been if it had been the soul of a villain who had been hung for killing his mother."

I am aware that quality of thought, utility, and identity are a requisite part of demonstration; still, using a homely phrase, to make a chowder, you must first catch the fish. I think we have caught it; but some will not believe it until they are fed with the chowder and like the taste of it. I am satisfied that fish are all covered. I prefer a cod to a sculpin. If we never get any more sculpin, we shall have a poor show for a chowder; but we believe in "evolution" and the "survival of the fittest," and can wait in faith, as the earth did before it was ready for or able to furnish the better fish. Speaking, however, out of my own experience, I am satisfied with some pure gold that I have gathered from tons of base metal, and some unmistakable and valuable and intelligent and consistent communications, that will compensate me for the ocean of villainous ones that I have found in my net. Let me say, also, that in my experience, a few of the silly and unreasonable ones have, with further light and a higher knowledge, taken a sensible form, and though in darkness rejected, have been reinstated. The fault was in me, not in the communications.

A friend, reading my last article, continued to read into the "shadow" (as I have called Mrs. Wetmore's experience), and has written me his thoughts on the subject. As it expresses my own opinion so well, I will add, with a trifling modification, or condensation, his remarks to me, which I think will answer your correspondent, and possibly others:

"It seems to me that Mrs. Wetmore gives a complete answer to that question in her undoubtedly truthful narrative, and that it will be recognized by all practical investigators of spiritual phenomena. In my own experience, several similar cases have occurred; but not latterly, since I have learned not to aid or consent to spiritistic seances. Let us look at the conditions with which Mrs. Wetmore surrounded the seance in which she was first, she takes a young man who has lived a life of wretchedness, who had caused the death of his parents, who lied to and deceived her as to his motive in seeking spirit communication; who was a gambler, a cheat, and really what she called him, 'an accomplished villain.' Such men, we all know, are never attended by good or truthful spirits. Mrs. Wetmore further shows that he (and naturally, with him his spirit

friends) was exerting a positive will-power to cheat her.

"Next, she shows that she voluntarily placed herself within his or their influence, surrendered her own will-power by believing his lies, and added her own personal magnetism to increase the power which he would carry to the control of the passive-sensitive, or medium. When Mrs. Wetmore did this, she placed herself within a sphere or atmosphere of evil spirit influence, where her own atmosphere of good spirits could not follow her practically. Had there been in this 'triple alliance' (unconsciously on the part of Mrs. Wetmore) an element of good, and such element had exerted its will power to communicate with good spirits, a control of forces would have resulted, and this would have given reverse results. I know from experience it would have modified them. If these who seek to investigate spiritual phenomena would remember that they work with the most intensely sensitive instrument will control—they would obtain more reliable results. We shield the thermometer from our own breath when we wish to obtain reliable readings of temperature; we should be as thoughtfully careful with the sensitive medium.

I have concluded, in a magazine, the above comments of my friend, which in substance suggest, as the reader has seen, that unreliable and inconsistent communications may be as much due to the sitters as to the spirits; and also, as I alluded in the early part of this letter, we are in the incipency of this subject, and do not understand its dynamic laws; we are, in relation to it, in the age of St. Pierre as regards astronomy. The world had been discovered to be round instead of flat, but revolution on its axis had not then come into the horizon of knowledge. The fundamental fact of Modern Spiritualism has put in its appearance, and being a fact, sticks, as the operatic system did after it was announced, for it explained so many mysteries in astronomy, although Bacon, the wisest man in the world at the time, died insisting that the sun was nearer the earth at sunrise and sunset than at noonday. The light or truth, was in the world, but the Bacon did not know it. Darwinism was in the world later, yet Agassiz died faithless, denying the light. So today the soul's existence is a fact to those who are awake; but it seems to be hidden from the wise and prudent Basons, and revealed to us who may be babies. By and by the laws of this truth will be better understood than they are now—some Kepler or Copernicus will solve the problem, explaining the inconsistencies of this truth, and Mrs. Wetmore's question and also Mrs. Denton's, and many others, will be answered, and the crooked paths all be made straight. I propose to wait, proving all things, and holding fast only to that which is good and true.

Capital Punishment.

Extract from a letter from R. H. Ober, addressed to Rev. Mr. Coady.

"I listened to you with deep interest. How reasonable that as we sow so shall we reap. I wished thousands of young men and women could have listened to your words of admonition; but I was pained when you expressed your views of the necessary punishment of crime. You said it ought to be done in love, but I cannot see how one poor sinner can take the life of another in love; and if I rightly understand Christ and his teachings, we are to be merciful to all, even our worst offenders. What more solemn than the words which, according to the woman, he says, 'Of what avail will it be to kill our own selves? Christian any further than we follow his teachings and example?' I am aware that the Old Testament teaches 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' but what does the meek, loving, and forgiving Jesus say? You say the jury should have sympathy only for the murdered man's family and the community. But do we return the victim of murder to his family by committing another long premeditated, and to my mind, most cold-blooded murder? I am aware that the Old Testament commands the taking of life for various crimes, but do you profess to follow Moses, or Christ? Should one of your family be convicted of murder, would you be willing that he should be executed? What more solemn than the teachings of Christ, where he says, 'all things that you would that men should do unto you do you even so unto them.'

"I do not forget your argument that capital punishment serves to prevent crime; if this is true, I have been misinformed. I remember that years ago it was said that Michigan was about to return to capital punishment. Rev. Charles Spear, with whom I was intimately acquainted, wrote to the head of government in Michigan, asking if crime had increased since capital punishment was abolished. I saw the answer, which gave the statistics of crime when capital punishment was the law, and it showed a great falling off of crime after the law was abolished. How awful to hurry human beings out of the world unrepentant! And if these become Christians, should we hasten them to the grave? I was more than glad to hear you speak of the persecution of reformers. Jesus was crucified, Garrison dragged through the streets of Boston, and imprisoned to keep a mob of gentlemen of property and standing from taking his life! Martin Luther and thousands have been ended evil names for their love to God and humanity. O'Connell had a heart above the shedding of blood. Garrison, Phillips and a host of others who have stood the fiery trial of persecution, look upon capital punishment as a relic of barbarous ages; so does

Babbitt's Health Guide, Chart, etc.

DR. BABBITT'S Health Guide, I have recently taken occasion to examine with some care your work entitled "Health Guide," also your pamphlet on "Vital Magnetism," in review of Dr. Brown-Séguard, and your "Chart of Health," and I cannot refrain from expressing to you my conviction of the inestimable value of these works. You have brought together and stated with admirable clearness the principles and methods which constitute the new science of Health and Art of Healing that are ere long to take the place of blundering ignorance. These works must form the textbooks of the new school of therapeutics which psychological science is sure to evolve, and they should be studied in every family. Your "Chart of Health" is the best example I have seen of *nutritum in parva*, and it ought to be suspended in every dwelling and every schoolroom in the land, and made the topic of daily lessons, until its principles and rules are familiar as household words. I trust your efforts to found a new school of Hygiene, in which the subtler remedial and health-preservative forces of Nature will be fully recognized and applied, will be duly appreciated and rewarded by that public for whose benefit you labor. Yours truly,
A. E. NEWTON.

San Francisco.

"Let me warn you, let me beg you to beware, that if a man ever give a judgment upon any great question; still more, if he assume to himself the responsibility of attaching praise or blame to his fellow-men for the judgments which they may venture to express, I say that unless he would commit a sin more grievous than most of the breaches of the Decalogue, let him avoid a lazy reliance upon the information that is gathered by prejudice and filtered through passion.—Prof. Huxley.

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, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works, to which we invite your attention.

Orders accompanied by cash will receive prompt attention. We are prepared to forward any of the publications of the Book Trade at usual rates. We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of books on commission, or when cash does not accompany the order. Send for a free Catalogue of our Publications.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1876.

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Letters and communications pertaining to the editorial department of this paper should be addressed to the Editor, BANNER OF LIGHT, 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE, BOSTON, MASS.

Announcement - The Banner of Light Public Free Circles.

It gives us much gratification to be able to announce that we have made arrangements with Mrs. Jennie S. Ridd, of Providence, R. I., (unconscious trance medium,) to take the place made vacant in our Circle Room by the demise of Mrs. J. H. Conant, who officiated acceptably for so many years as the medium between the two worlds.

The circles will be held every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOON, commencing at precisely three o'clock, at which time the door of the Circle Room will be closed and no person subsequently admitted. The public are cordially invited.

Are Spiritualists Fanatics?

In a communication in another column Mrs. Elizabeth M. F. Denton gives our readers to understand that to her the theory which regards the prevalent phenomena as the work of spirits seems "evidence of a fanaticism unworthy the age in which we live." Should it be objected that this expression is hardly courteous, it may be replied that science does not admit of compliment. Mrs. Denton has taken us in hand, and does not mean to spare the rod. "Let us treat this question," she says, "carefully, logically, scientifically, if possible." Her preparations for our chastisement, it will be seen, are very solemn, deliberate, and imposing. It is but natural that we should feel a little intimidated by her stern demeanor. She thinks this spiritual business has gone about far enough, and it is her mission and her intention to put a stop to it. Poor mediums, and poor spirits! Deafened Spiritualists! Your days are numbered, if we must accept the authority of Mrs. Denton.

"Is there anything about a spirit," she asks, "that can so address itself to our human senses as to admit of its recognition on our part as an entity, a being whose existence is demonstrable?" Although this is put in the form of an interrogatory, it is plain, from the context, that it is intended as an affirmation. A spirit, therefore, she assumes, has no power to make itself recognizable by a human being, and a human being has no power or faculty through which he can recognize a spirit. In other words, the spiritual must come what may, no one but a fanatic must be allowed to entertain it.

Thus, as a first step in her severely scientific and logical method, Mrs. Denton begs the whole question at issue. She wants the gentle reader to accept, on her authority, the postulate that the fact of the existence of a spirit is not demonstrable. If we will only, at the outset, be so civil and accommodating as to yield this little point, then all will go well and swimmingly with the argument, and Spiritualists will be clearly proved to be the "fanatics" she would make them out. She counts so confidently on the admission of her premises, that it seems a pity to disoblige her; but before yielding everything we would like to have a few intrusive doubts cleared up or set at rest, and we would have this done "carefully, logically, scientifically, if possible."

Mrs. Denton gives us to understand that she is the sworn foe to all assumptions; nothing, absolutely nothing, must be assumed; there must be a verification at every step. And yet she calls upon us to assume that there is "nothing about a spirit" that can enable it to manifest itself as an entity to man through any of his complex faculties. Of course, there is an end to all argument on the subject, if we must admit this somewhat arbitrary assumption. Accumulate what proofs we may of direct spirit action, spirit intelligence, and spirit power, they must be thrown aside as of no account before Mrs. Denton's tribunal, since it is a foregone conclusion there that nothing can avail to prove the existence of a spirit!

"Do we know what a spirit is?" she asks; but, in putting this question, which she means shall carry the force of a negation, she quite forgets that she has already assumed to know something of what a spirit is, by telling us what it cannot do. If nobody knows what a spirit is, what right has she to assume that a spirit cannot manifest itself to our human senses?

The common phenomenon of the spirit-hand does not seem to have made any impression as yet on her sternly "logical and scientific" mind. The experiment through Mrs. Hardy, wherein the spirit-hand was modeled under test conditions, in the presence of Dr. Gardner and others, would seem to be regarded as of trifling moment, by this very sagacious and uncompromising skeptic. But she graciously admits, that if we will prove the fact of the paraffin mold, she will consider it "a phenomenon worthy the time and attention requisite for a thorough investigation." In order to "discover, if possible, the origin and nature of the forces at work."

Let us be duly thankful for so much. It must be remembered, however, that she has ruled out

the spiritual explanation as inadmissible; and so some other solution must be had in order to explain the "forces at work." Is not this very much like telling us to drop Hamlet and all reference to him, and then go on with the performance of the play?

Recurring to her assumption that a spiritual fact can never be proved, she says: "Admitting the possibility of its being true," (that "the phenomena are produced by spirits," "how can we know it to be so?" And again: "No assumption should be permitted to enter into the final solution of the problem.")

"No assumption!" Is not Mrs. Denton aware that all science must begin with assumptions; that we cannot take a step in any science without certain axiomatic assumptions which it is impossible to verify by the scientific method? We cannot make the simplest calculation in mathematics or geometry without certain preliminary assumptions which no human ingenuity can prove. Mrs. Denton talks of "my understanding," "my judgment," and "my reason," and in every utterance there is, skeptically considered, an assumption, and a very bold one. With all her vivid horror for "unscientific methods of investigation," her whole argument is made up of assumptions, and some of them very gratifying assumptions. She asks: Even if these things are done by spirits, "how can we know it to be so?"

To which the simple reply is: We can know nothing absolutely. If you choose to limit us to proofs from which all axiomatic knowledge, all "assumptions," are to be excluded, then we can not prove even the fact of our own existence. You tell us that we cannot prove a spirit to be "an entity, a being whose existence is demonstrable." Neither can we prove man to be such a being, unless certain primary assumptions are conceded. The most daring and sweeping of assumptions is Mrs. Denton's own assumption that there is nothing in the nature of a spirit that will allow it to address itself to human senses. And this she says after admitting that she does not know what a spirit is.

"With what have we to deal," she asks, "in the attempt to prove such existence" as the spirit itself? And she replies: "We have to deal with matter and the phenomena of material substances." She tells us that all the manifestations "have addressed themselves to the human senses of hearing, sight, and touch, through material substances."

Now almost every line of these utterances not only contains an assumption of the lowest kind, but the idea conveyed is wholly at variance with known facts.

Many of the phenomena of Spiritualism are of a kind which can be called material only by assuming that matter can perform the offices of spirit and mind; which is precisely the question at issue. When Charles Foster, the medium, proclaims to visitors, whom he has never seen or heard of before, the names of themselves and their departed friends, does the knowledge come to him by "hearing, sight or touch?" When a clairvoyant predicts his own or another's death on a certain day, is it not a pure assumption to say that the foreknowledge comes to him through "material substances"? When, from a vision of the night, a sleeper residing in New York, awakes and says: "The ship in which my brother sailed has gone down in the British Channel, and he is among the lost," and the next day the Atlantic telegraph brings confirmation of the fact, is it a physical or a spiritual faculty which was affected? and is it not an unscientific begging of the question to say that a "material substance" must have been acted upon for the production of the phenomenon? or that the senses of "hearing, sight, and touch" had anything to do with it?

The most impressive of the phenomena of Spiritualism are precisely those which no materialistic theory can explain, unless it is assumed that matter and mind are one and the same thing; and this would be to pre-justify the whole question. The very term materialization, used in describing the spirit hand and form, as made visible and tangible, is an assumption, though perhaps a justifiable one, in consideration of the poverty of language; for how do we know that what seems to our senses matter, in the apparition's figure and clothing, and which vanishes or reappears in a moment, is really what we mean by matter?

In reference to the phenomena of Spiritualism Mrs. Denton says: "We have no right to advance any confident assertion in regard to a definite cause, until we have a theory that will cover all the known facts."

Now it is precisely because their theory does cover all the known facts, and more than cover them, thus leaving boundless room for new facts, that Spiritualists adopt it as at once the most obvious and reasonable; as not only the most primitive and aboriginal, but the most recent and intelligible. It commends itself both to the educated and the uneducated intellect; to the child and the adult.

To Mrs. Denton, however, it seems "a fanaticism unworthy of the age" for Spiritualists to hold to their theory, inasmuch as of such an "individualized intelligence" as a spirit "we know absolutely nothing;" which is another form of the oft repeated "assumption" on which she bases her objections. These objections strike us as merely a re-statement in her own language of those which we have been accustomed to hear ever since Modern Spiritualism entered the field. Nothing new is added; no substitute for the spiritual theory is suggested. Her originality consists in ruling out, with a strange inconsistency, the spiritual hypothesis even while she admits that "the actual occurrence of the phenomena," if granted, "proves them worthy our best endeavors to ascertain the cause." But those endeavors after a cause, let it be borne in mind, must be exercised only with the understanding that we are not to find that cause in any such fanatical notion as the existence of a spirit! Whether the condition is a strictly "scientific" one, the reader must judge.

For looseness of argument under the affectation of method, and for extent of assumption under the plea of an avoidance of it, we think that Mrs. Denton's remarks in opposition to the spiritual theory, and in proof of the "fanaticism" of Spiritualists, will be regarded as amusing if not edifying.

Foster in New York.

Charles H. Foster is at present giving sances at the Coleman House, New York City, where he will remain for two weeks.

Henry C. Strong, medium and physician, will answer calls to hold sances every evening during the week, Sundays excepted. Address him No. 22 Twenty-Sixth street, Chicago, Ill.

Fighting the Indians - The Black Hills Bubble.

If recent telegraphic dispatches may be relied on, it would seem that the country is about to be precipitated into a general Indian war. Col. J. Reynolds, Gen. Crook, Col. T. H. Stanton and other commanders are pushing their way through the wildernesses of the Northwest with a large force, and the Indian runners are hastening to bear the tidings to their own and friendly tribes of the advance of the hostile forces. The false faith of the government has been so apparent to the Indian chiefs and leaders regarding the Black Hills matter, that it is reported that the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, among other important tribes, have been recently making the most strenuous efforts to arm and equip their warriors, in expectation of the coming storm. Stirring tidings from the Big Horn country are predicted, and that speedily. It is not to be wondered at that, driven to desperation by the oft-repeated deception practiced upon them by our government through its agents, these Indian tribes should seek safety in conflict, but the blame for the bloodshed, and horror, and expense involved in this war, if it comes, will assuredly rest at the door of that government, because of the fraudulent transactions and unnumbered wrongs which have been perpetrated in its name, and not at that of the depleted, despoiled, starving red men.

Telegraphic reports indicate that the truth of the statements we have repeatedly made concerning the Black Hills country, is meeting with abundant demonstration through the stern logic of experience. In proof of which read the following, dated at Denver, Col.:

"The Black Hills bubble must inevitably burst in a very short time. The thing has utterly fizzled out, and numbers of disengaged gold hunters are returning from the mythical El Dorado. Recent arrivals report that the country is a gigantic fraud. The country is flat (the gulches carrying but a very slight fall), and a depth of from fifteen to thirty feet being required in the diggings, white water is inaccessible during nine of the twelve months of the year. And yet, in the face of this overwhelming evidence, over forty persons leave Cheyenne daily for the Hills, many of them striking out without blankets or food, and begging their way along the road. Such a state of things is to be deprecated. If there are any mines in the Black Hills which will warrant such a stampede they remain to be found, and the very general advice of parties who have been there, and who know whereof they speak, is that if a man can make his board and clothes where he is he had better stay there, and wait until some more definite and tangible results have been obtained of the mineral wealth of the country."

The Crucial Test Seance

Recently announced to occur in Dr. H. F. Gardner's "People's Course" in Boston, and which was twice postponed on account of the serious illness of Mrs. Mary M. Hardy, the medium, will now be held in Paine Hall on the evening of Sunday, March 26th, at 7:45 precisely. There is every reason to expect that the hall will be crowded on that evening, as the wire-box test arranged by Dr. Gardner, which will be introduced for the first time to the public, presents an interesting and convincing demonstration, the drift of which cannot well be mistaken.

Mrs. Hardy gave a paraffin-glove seance at Republican Hall, New York City, Sunday evening, March 12th, on which occasion she was enveloped in a netting sack—the results proving highly satisfactory to the audience and its committee of five, one of the members of which was Oliver Johnson, Esq.

The New York Herald of Monday, March 13th, devotes nearly half a column to a report of this seance, the appended being the closing paragraph:

"Mrs. Hardy took her seat behind the table, and besides having her hands in full sight of the audience, apparently did nothing strange. The choir sang three or four pretty hymns, and in about twenty-five minutes there were audible rappings under the table, when it was announced that the spirit had communicated, that work had commenced, and what was desired would be produced. More rappings and another wait, when there were other sittings, and the spirit sent the message that in seven minutes we shall be through. In just that time Mrs. Hardy got up, threw the netting sack off, and, with everybody anxious, the committee began their work. Mr. Linscomb (one of the committee) immediately looked under the cloth, and clapping his hands said, 'I thought so; there's nothing there.' Another member followed his example and told a different story, for near the palm was found the mold of a human hand made from the paraffin, and was yet warm. The hand was apparently somewhat deformed, but yet it was a hand, the fingers, thumb and nails all being natural. Mr. Johnson was satisfied, as one of the committee, that there had been no trick or device resorted to, and though he could not explain it, deemed the materialization a success. The audience lingered a long while, inspecting the spirit-hand, and finally departed wondering at what they had seen."

M. Leymarie and Mr. Home.

We are sorry to see such gross attacks on M. Leymarie as those communicated to the Sunday Herald by Dr. Bloede, in extracts from a private letter from Mr. D. D. Home, the well-known medium. The little story which Mr. Home gives as his ground for the brutal aspersion on our French confrere, is of the most trivial and improbable character. It would present M. Leymarie not only as a fool and a cheat, but as a man educating his innocent child in depravity. Nothing more improbable could have been invented. It is not only frivolous in itself, but utterly wanting in all the elements of probability; one of those mean satches of purely domestic gossip which bear on their face the sufficient evidence that they are untruths. We are sorry to see poor Mr. Home falling into this slough of contumely and abuse. Everybody knows that one of the greatest mediums of the age has been repeatedly charged with fraud, even by those friendly to him and believing in his medial powers. It is not for Mr. Home, casting off all charity and decency of speech, to assail respectable Spiritualists with charges, of the truth of which he offers nothing that even a simpleton would accept as a proof.

The spirit-messages given at this office through the mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Ridd are reported verbatim for the Banner. We shall commence their publication on the opening of our new volume, week after next, in conjunction with those given through Mrs. Danskin. Thus it will be seen that the spirit-band, which has had this Department of our paper principally under its own control, has fulfilled the promise made to us by its chairman, Mr. Parker, to the effect that we should be supplied with a competent medium, or a dozen, if necessary. The Band selected, first, Mrs. Danskin, and have now added another trance-medium, Mrs. Ridd.

A very sensible article, entitled "WASTE OF MEDIUMSHIP," by J. B. Newbrough, of New York, will be published in the next issue of the Banner.

Church Taxation in California.

The Golden State is in advance of all its sisters in the American body politic as regards action on the question now so widely agitating the public mind concerning church-property and its duty of bearing its rightful proportion of the expenses necessary to carry on the government. Section 3607 of the California tax code reads as follows: "All property within this State, except the property of the United States and of this State, and of municipal corporations, is subject to taxation." In regard to this action of the constituted authorities the San Francisco Daily Evening Post says:

"It is presumed that assessors do their duty, and that our gradual emancipation from a bad system is now complete. California thus stands the pioneer State in this reform; it has met with no open opposition here, and is acquiesced in so quietly that but few know that church property is actually assessed. Our experience in this respect is worth recording now. We lead the van in a reform needed throughout the Union."

This is indeed a step in the right direction, the importance of which we hope will ere long be perceived by every other commonwealth in the Union. The present exemption of church property from taxation in the major portion of the United States is but a lingering relic of the old time theocracy which under various names so sternly ruled the different colonies in our country's earlier days. Let us now have something more in accord with the progressive spirit of the age. There is no reason founded in justice why the property owned by the various churches all over the continent should not be made to contribute its fair share to the public revenue.

Jay J. Hartman, Spirit-Photographer.

Benjamin E. Hopkins sends us a recent date, from Cincinnati, O., an account glancing at the Christmas test-seance held in that city, and detailing the manifestation at a private circle of the spirit-intelligence whose picture appeared on the plate on that occasion. From his letter we extract the following:

"A communication in a late number of the Banner of Light gives my wife and self the credit of a 'perfect test trial, in spirit-photography,' through the mediumship of Mr. Jay J. Hartman, and asks, if incorrect, to give a more perfect account. The only error was in writing 'Mr. Hopkins and wife,' when it should have been 'Mr. Taylor and wife'; otherwise the report was correct, as I am intimately acquainted with the parties, and know all the particulars of the test-trial. Since the great public trial on last Christmas morning Mr. Hartman has been doing very little. Temporarily his power seemed to fail him, but he is now again getting good results, and proposes another and final public test trial, under such strict and positive test conditions as to make fraud or trickery impossible. I mail his card, favor our third page, and hope that friends interested will make up the purse asked, as he is very much in need of the moderate sum, as, like most good mediums, he receives far more abuse and contumely than fair treatment and greenbacks. As additional evidence of the honesty and truthfulness of the late great test seance, on Christmas morning, the spirit-form on the test picture, a week after the trial, came to a private circle in the west end of the city, and stated that she was a French girl shipwrecked at sea while on her way to this country. She then took control of our clairvoyant, and rehearsed the storm at sea and the burning of the ship with the loss of all on board."

Weeping at Death.

If we knew no more of those who have passed from view, ordinary affection would impel us to give way to demonstrations of grief, in many instances inconsolable. But now that immortality has indeed been brought to light, what is the reason in mourning over the departure of friends? Standing where they do and looking back in review over earth-life, there is no such feeling of sorrow. The grave does not swallow all things up. In fact, they never think of its grave and consequently are unaffected by any of its sombre associations. Zion's Herald, the well-known organ of the Methodists published in this city, asks "Why should there be artificial symbols of sorrow? Why should the memory of a noble and useful life be pronounced in melancholy tones, and be the occasion of formulated sadness? Why should our Christian burial services take upon themselves such a sepulchral air? Why sing such mournful and plaintive strains?" These are pertinent questions. Spiritualism answers them every one as they can be answered by no other voice.

Notice to our English Patrons.

We have recently completed arrangements whereby those friends in Great Britain who desire the regular visits of the Banner of Light to their homes, can obtain it without vexatious delay. J. J. Morse, the well-known English lecturer, will act in future as our agent, and receive subscriptions for this paper at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring to so subscribe can address Mr. Morse at his residence, Warwick Cottage, Old Ford Road, Bow, E., London, Eng.

Any person who prefers, however, to do business with us at first hand, can obtain the paper for one year by forwarding the sum of fourteen shillings direct to Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass. This sum, with the cost of the money order (one shilling) will cover the same amount as that required by our agent.

Wm. Eddy's Mediumship.

Some weeks since we inserted a paragraph questioning the mediumship of Wm. Eddy, our object being to call forth the strong testimony that we knew to exist in his favor. We are gratified now in being able to announce that we have from Mr. A. E. Newton, one of the most respected and trusted names in Spiritualism, a full account of the reasons which he and twenty other persons, who have been investigating the phenomena through Wm. Eddy, have for believing that they are indeed genuine and of the highest significance. The results of Col. Olcott's investigation are more than confirmed. There is no one in the ranks of Spiritualism whose testimony will carry more weight than Mr. Newton's. We shall publish his interesting and conclusive statement next week.

"The Voices."

We have on hand a few copies of the fifth edition of this fine poetic work by Warren Sumner Barlow. These books do not contain the "Voice of Prayer," therefore we will forward one to any address on receipt of 85 cents.

Amherst College, the Orthodox home of Prof. Julius H. Seelye (who is both a Member of Congress and a staunch champion of the God-in-the-Constitution scheme), has a new sensation in a "Radical Club," recently organized among the students. This has fifteen members, all of the junior class, who stand among the highest in point of scholarship.

Home's Crusade.

Letter from Col. Olcott—What Rod is in Pickle for our Mediums.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Str—If you will grant me the hospitality of your columns, I will say a few words which seem called for at the moment. Although the critic, I have ever tried to show myself the warm and appreciative friend of mediums. In my recent lectures in Boston and New Haven I plead to the Spiritualist belief in their behalf. While frankly saying that the best of them often resort to trickery, I charged the offence directly upon the body of Spiritualists, who permit them to depend upon the precarious favor of their patrons, and, to eke out a living, have to sit for every comer, no matter how poisonous his atmosphere may be to him or herself, nor what foul spirit influences he may attract about the poor sensitive. My bitterness and denunciation are expended upon those who are responsible for the misery of real mediums and the flourishing support of false ones. This letter is intended as one more proof that genuine mediums have no stronger friend than the humble person who has been so often stigmatized as their worst enemy.

I wish to call the attention of mediums, and of Spiritualists generally, to the fact that D. D. Home, "the great medium," is preparing to run a muck through their ranks. Having made mediumship recognized as a fact, all over the world, he is now about to make it appear that all other mediums are cheats. He says in a recent letter, which has been placed in my hands:

"I advocate the cause of truth, and when I see that cause insulted, I ask the reason why it should be. God knows how all this is going to terminate, but our cause is in a sorry plight, with these dark sances and Punch and Judy boxes. I am writing a book to expose some of these abuses, and I will be very glad if you will aid me in obtaining certain pamphlets very difficult to obtain."

I will not help his wicked plot by naming the mediums whom he is picking to destroy; suffice it that among them are the Davenport, and others equally well known.

All darlings, all cabinets for materialization phenomena, all curtains across the corners of lighted rooms, he denounces in one sweeping sentence: "They are all 'only the better to conceal imposture.'" In short, the gist of the whole attack is that what Home does is genuine, what other mediums do is imposture in ninety-nine cases out of each hundred.

What can be the effect of such a book as this by such an author? If he imposes restraints upon himself in his strictures, will a skeptical public do likewise? If he shows his brother and sister mediums to be swindlers half the time, will his readers accept his statement that the other half is not also fraud? The worst thing I ever said against mediums is incomparably less harmful to them than the best that this self-elected purist and purger seems likely to put into his book. The worst of the case is that this man, who pretends to so much virtue and honesty, is also himself charged with occasional trickery and frequent indulgence in personal habits which I will not here state. Evidence has been given to me of both, which I shall not use unless the real interests of the truth, which are perfectly identical with the interests of the mediums, compel me to enter the disagreeable fight. I am no medium, but I am the friend of mediums; and no man will go further, nor sacrifice more—of time, of labor, or of money—to protect them from iconoclasts like this concocted person who hungers after authorship and notoriety.

Your obedient servant,

HENRY S. OLCOTT.

No. 7 Beekman street, New York, March 8th, 1876.

The Rev. Edward F. Strickland Going West.

We understand that the Rev. Edward F. Strickland, formerly a Baptist minister, leaves Boston for the West after the first Sunday in April. We bespeak for our brother a warm reception and plenty of work in the great field he is going to, and as we have found him a fearless advocate and able defender of the truths of our beautiful Philosophy, we commend him to the favorable consideration of our brethren. We add the resolution passed by the First Free Religious Society of Springfield, Mass., before whom he spoke for three Sundays:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society are cordially tendered to the Rev. Edward F. Strickland of Chelsea, Mass., for the lectures he has given here the last two Sundays; lectures marked by an interesting and dramatic manner of delivery, and speaking with beautiful thought and practical illustrations, drawn from experience and observation. And especially would this Society congratulate Bro. Strickland upon the rapidly maturing gifts of the seeing of spirits, which will enable him to carry the conviction of the truth of spirit intercourse to thousands of his hearers.

At the close of his lectures, Bro. Strickland selects twenty persons from the audience, and minutely describes the spirit forms of their loved ones, and which our Springfield correspondent informs us "was done so clearly that out of some sixteen that were described last Sunday evening, about a dozen were recognized." Bro. Strickland is disengaged for the last two Sundays in March, and the first Sunday in April. Any society desiring his services will please address 13 Chestnut street, Chelsea, Mass. After the latter date, to Rev. E. F. Strickland, care of George Booth, Esq., Banker, 88 Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich. Subject for first and second lectures: "My Experience as a Minister and a Medium, or the Pulpit and the Platform." Second lecture, "The True Value of Character in the World of Matter and the World of Spirit."

"The Proof Palpable."

A new and revised edition of "The Proof Palpable of Immortality," from the pen of Epes Sargent, will be ready next week. In this edition the facts have been brought down to the month of February, 1876. All withdrawn testimony, such as Mr. Owen's in regard to the Philadelphia Katie King, has been expunged, and new authenticated matter substituted. Though the times have been unpropitious, this work has been fast winning its way, both in Europe and this country, into the hands of influential thinkers, and, in calling the serious attention of such to the great fact of the materialization of spirit forms, it is performing a service in behalf of truth which cannot fail to be most salutary. The volume, bound in cloth, is sent by mail post-paid for one dollar.

On our third page will be found the new proposition made by Jay J. Hartman, of Cincinnati, O., "to photographers especially and the public generally." The conditions proposed for the final test seance would seem to be satisfactory to all reasonably inclined skeptics in that vicinity, and the result of the challenge will be looked forward to with increased interest in all parts of the country.

Message Department.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

THE MESSAGE FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD OF MRS. SARAH A. DANKSIN. (With a colored illustration of Mrs. Danksin.)

Mrs. Danksin's Mediumistic Experiences.

As I have approached, day by day, the confines of the eternal shore, my mind grew in strength and clearness of perception, and the purpose of existence seemed to unfold before me...

nullify it, and still keep within that which has been taught in ages past and gone. This will be a mere tale to the grave-yard—to frighten children with, and therefore I decline further communication.

Mamie Garrison Day, New York.

Oh, how beautiful are the placid waters flowing gently by the verdant bank on which I stand, with my feet resting upon a bed of flowers whose aroma fills my whole being with ecstasy!

Mamie Garrison Day was my name; my husband's name was Melville Day. I was the youngest daughter of Cornelius and Mary Garrison. My illness was brief. The services over my remains were pronounced at my parents', Park Avenue, New York.

No praise take I to myself, oh, Lord of Lords, for this memory! Thou gavest it, and for a few short hours thou hast hid it; but now again it is renewed, and with it the pleasant part of life comes—the knowing that I am thy child and thou art my Father forever.

If you read this, parent or husband, grieve no more; let no sigh escape; feel happy and content, for He that takes note of the sparrow hath cared for me.

Oh, how sweet is the little habitation which I have built in the revolving thoughts that come and go, that gather you all in the family circle, and picture the time—soon, oh, soon may it be—when you will join me in this garden of God where hangs the fruit so rich to the eye and so luscious to the taste!

Godfreie Paris, of Orleans.

I have been on the wing, trying to come to you again and again, but always interfered with; I may be owing to my imperfect speech. I'm a Frenchman, and, as you perceive, speak somewhat broken. Godfreie Paris was my name; I was thirty-three years old. Had been in turmoil, tossing and tumbling on my way through the earth-life, and knew but very little of the other; but now I'm learning, and in that learning I am told I shall grow beautiful in the glorious sunshine of eternity.

Do people of all nations come and go? (Uthirman) — Yes, spirits from all nations come to us with messages for their friends. Speak and tell me if all are welcome, for misfortune always held its sway over me by earth. I'd ask the rich man as he passed me by, while I was standing in tatters—I'd ask him for bread, and he'd give me a stone. The heart was envious; but at last the day came when Godfreie lay himself down in the twilight with no one to succor him, and the casket was opened and the spirit was free. Tell this for the benefit of one of my countrymen—for him to know that it were better to die than to live without friends, without home. I go; I can say no more. Orleans is where I died, and where my body was buried.

Maggie Brant, Mattoon, Ill.

The shades of night have come over me, crushing out all sensibility. It was in Mattoon, Ill. I was young, young indeed. Here comes the tale that's been so oftentimes told of man's cruelty to woman. Poor, illiterate, God forsaken Maggie Brant, that was my name. Ashamed am I to speak it. But the tale must be told whereby the burden of my soul may be raised. I poisoned myself, with the full knowledge of self destruction, and now let the unmindful man come in and have his shame reiterated by the lips of a dead woman. He knows as well as I the wrong he done me. He deceived me and neglected me. I, like all others loving, placed confidence in his honor and his integrity. Alas! alas! he used his influence over me to defile me, then shrank away and hid himself like a cur. My place of residence was Shinnway—there's where I lived. His name was Heutton. He was a bar-tender at the Hole House, Mattoon; there's where we met.

The price which I paid for devotion to one who was unworthy is now given to the world, where they may read my history, and pity or despise me. I can never seek repose until my purpose to himself is carried out; and when that will be I know not. I am told that I have a long path of eternity to walk in. I will make the heart to bleed and the brain to reel before he shall taste death.

Serena Merrill, Paterson, New Jersey.

Though absent in the body, not so, son, in the spirit. My name was Serena Merrill; I am the wife of Abraham Merrill; I died in Paterson, New Jersey. It was from my son's house my body was taken and buried. His name was James. He lived on Henderson street, Jersey City. I was seventy-four years old, and the glory of the Lord shone around me. His works are my works; His life is my life; and I have gone into his kingdom, in which I know I shall have a haven of rest. The wicked die every day, and the Lord saith, "Depart from me, for you did not know me whilst you were walking in iniquity. Depart from me, go into darkness, there dwell until the fire of the righteous touches your spirit and makes you clean; then you shall know me, and I will know you." And the righteous die every day; and the Lord says, "Enter in, servant of servants, into the joys which have been prepared for you and the angels."

Rebecca Bernard, of Massachusetts.

My name was Rebecca Bernard. I lived in the Charlestown District, but I was formerly from Medford. You see, the gist of the matter is this: I was a Universalist, and there were with us but few adherents or believers; but the teachings of the Universalist church were good and well for me, for I am happy and grateful for the care which my Maker hath taken of me.

If any doubt the coming and the going of the spirit, let them get an insight into it, and not feel afraid of it, nor fear it is the devil, for that is not so. The young and the old, the rich and the poor, the happy and the unhappy, all have the same privilege of investigating the laws of God and the laws of man. What value, friend, would heaven have for you if you were denied all knowledge of those you love—if you could not know and feel the same love as once you did for husband, or wife, or child?

I did not know much about this method of return, but I am learning, with the help of the angels. So now, farewell; I can only say that I remain individualized, with power to come again to those I've left behind me.

New York Association of Spiritualists.

The Annual Convention of the New York Spiritualist Association was held, in conformity with the Western New York Quarterly Convention, at Lockport, Jan. 25th, for the transaction of business only, the President, J. W. Seaver, in the Chair. A brief report of present condition was made, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: J. W. Seaver, President; George W. Taylor, 1st Vice President; Mrs. C. Fellow, 2d do.; Mrs. Mary Parkhurst of Rochester, Secretary; J. P. C. Walker, Treasurer.

The following is the complete list of members of the Missionary Committee: Edward Gregory of Lockport, Mrs. S. A. Burts of Rochester, three years; J. W. Seaver of Byron, Mrs. E. S. Little of Danville, two years; Joseph C. Walker of Byron, Mrs. A. C. Woodruff of Eagle Harbor, one year.

Fraternizing greetings were received from Bro. Haven, now in Pennsylvania, and Brother and Sister A. C. Woodruff, now in Michigan. An epistolical greeting, written just previous to the Convention, by J. W. Seaver, from that ascended eminent spirit, formerly and for many seasons one of the Judges of the Courts of Buffalo, was read, and on motion of Lyman C. Howe, adopted as a portion of the proceedings of the Convention. This message from Judge Verplanck is in continuation of a similar one received from him in the same manner and read before the Annual Convention at Buffalo, one year ago, and published in connection with the proceedings by the Buffalo papers, the Banner of Light, &c.

JUDGE VERPLANCK. This message from the spirits of America, sent kindly greeting:—

As much as your present system of jurisprudence is constantly undergoing revision and emendation, this confining its imperfection, I have thought no exception could reasonably be taken to having a few suggestions of a practical nature proffered for your consideration and approval.

Capital law, and its enforcement, as I am about one year ago had the privilege, through this announcement, of assuring you, was my chief study and occupation during the most mature years of my earth-life, and since my emancipation to a higher sphere, those studies and reflections thereupon, accompanied by a review of my judicial career, as also of the effects and enforcement of criminal law generally, and the wrongs produced thereby upon individuals and society, have afforded a prominent theme of reflection and analytical study; and the more I investigate and compare the systems of this and other peoples, the more am I led to believe that punishment, *en seculum*, independent of the superior motive of restraint and reform, is but a relic of cruet barbarism, and should be superseded by higher and more humane systems and practices.

I have not opportunity now to elaborate and place as clearly before you as I could wish these important propositions, and therefore must be content with their mere announcement, praying you to diligently seek for their interior significance.

Prevention of the perpetration of a crime, or the violation of the principles of justice, is of a thousand fold more importance than punishment *per se*. This prevention may be attained by a variety of means, a few only of which I can now refer to:

First, and paramount to all others, is organization—that interior love of justice and truth which raises the possessor above the degree of temptation to contaminate his soul by violation of the principles of justice and right.

Second, education. Such an intelligent, beautiful and harmonious unfolding of the higher nature as shall furnish him a nice discrimination between virtue and vice, and lead him never to choose the former for its own sake, independent of policy. Policy is the hand of the world—it prostrates millions of its votaries—leaving them in almost inevitable misery and ruin.

Third, association. How important this proposition, I need not enlarge upon it, for it is clear to every one that with association and contamination and moral obliquity.

Fourth, certainty of detection and punishment. This fourth proposition I consider, at this moment, the most important, and needs elaboration. It is the one involving the peculiar sphere of my life-labors and judicial studies, therefore I am more conversant with it, and better understand the defects of your present system than many others, and feel compelled to point out such a system as will far transcend in simplicity and utility.

First, then, were every one who entertained the thought and contemplated the purpose of the commission of crime, or even the violation of the principles of justice, *quite sure of exposure, detection and punishment*, he would, ninety-nine times in a hundred, abandon the purpose and be saved from the commission of the crime and its consequences. This feature is of the very highest importance, particularly to those who have not contaminated their souls by the commission of crime, for, once familiar with the ways of the vile, it is more difficult to deter than in the case of the uncontaminated. Therefore this fourth proposition—certainty of detection and punishment—is in its nature an importance second to none, as mankind are now so glibly, educated and surrounded in society.

Second, how may this state of certainty of detection and punishment be attained? I have not the least hesitation in recommending the proposition uttered, about one year ago, by me. I then said, "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." In no department of human experience is this saying more fully verified than in this—One good, independent, truthful, courageous, and do more in the city of Buffalo for the prevention and detection of crime (with an appreciative public sentiment to sustain the efforts) than all the police appliances now at work—and with but a moiety of the expense."

This startling and important proposition I still adhere to; and after a year's investigation and reflection reaffirm it as a system well worthy of application to the world's present condition. What an alarming condition of the moral and commercial relations, yea, and almost every other relation, of mankind, in enlightened and even Christian countries, have sunk! Perfect truthfulness, honesty, sincerity and virtue, are, under the light of our inspiration, almost undetectable; while deception, dishonesty, and all the long catalogue of crimes, in both high and low places, are the rule. This state of things is not confined to those who are classed as "the world" by any means, but to all, and the dignitaries of the church wear as brightly as the vulgar the same microscopic vision as the most filthy beggar in the gutter. When the whole head is sick, and the heart is faint, is there no antidote, no remedy? Your philanthropists are puzzling their well-meaning wits to find out. Your D. S. are ever ready to administer their balm and plasters. But placing real genuine righteousness under the ban of excommunication and substituting impudently rightness in its place only adds fuel to the flame. And as these two classes monopolize the high places, allow me to suggest first, that you should cease to stay the plague which seems to be eating out the very last posts of true honesty and morality yet remaining, what shall or what can be done?

This question is easy of solution, if sober reflection and sound reason are allowed to be brought into regulation and to bear sway in adapting means to ends; but while blind guides are allowed to lead, nothing practical or reformatory may be expected.

In view, then, of the present situation, and aspect of things, allow me to suggest first, that it is demonstrated as a fact that the inhabitants of this world can and do hold communion with those of this mundane sphere through the agency of media; second, those higher inhabitants, by their clearer vision, are able to read the minds and discern the thoughts of their earthly brothers and sisters; third, are possessed of higher wisdom and clearer views of the needs of mankind than while residents of earth-life, and as therefore are better able to guide and instruct, as guardians and teachers, than when dwellers with them; and fourth, these propositions being established, our system of Prevention and Detection of Crime becomes a feasible and legitimate instrumentality for the accomplishment of a most important humanitarian object.

Allow me, in conclusion, to very briefly suggest the method of its accomplishment. Let there be more system and concert of action arranged and carried into practical operation among Spiritualists. Let circles be formed under their fostering care, for the development of reliable and high-minded mediums. Let us in our investigations through clairvoyance and other means, be increased and our own experience. Let a public sentiment be thus produced of sufficient strength and force to warrant and sustain those mediums in the public exercise of their clairvoyant powers, by which means the perpetrated and even in many instances the intended crime may be discovered and exposed, and thus the deeds of darkness and secrecy be proclaimed from the housetops. Let this program be carried into practical execution as rapidly as possible, and we pledge you our warmest sympathy and desire to be entering into the very last posts of true honesty and morality yet remaining, what shall or what can be done?

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A Spiritualist and Liberalist Convention

Will be held at Liberty Hall, Springfield, Mass., Friday, March 31st, April 1st and 2d. The first day's sessions will be held to celebrate the twenty-eighth anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism; morning meeting at ten o'clock, volunteer speakers; afternoon at two, addresses by some of our ablest lecturers; evening, from eight to twelve, a sociable, including music and dancing.

April 1st, at ten A. M., the LAKE PLEASANT CAMP MEETING ASSOCIATION will hear the report of their committee, and make arrangements for the camp meeting next August. In the evening a dramatic entertainment will take place.

April 2d, Sunday, lecturers will be given at ten A. M., two and seven o'clock P. M. Speakers, mediums and the public are invited.

The Boston & Albany Railroad charge two-thirds fare. On this road call for Convention tickets. Passengers by other roads will receive return tickets at the Convention.

For further particulars address Harvey Lyman, Springfield, Mass. Per order of the Committee.

Passed to Spirit-Life:

From Unity, N. H., Dec. 15, 1875, suddenly, Lucy B., wife of Joseph H. Straw, aged 37 years.

Her husband and daughter had preceded her to the summer-land. We feel they rejoiced on her release from physical suffering. She will be missed as the best of wives and mothers. Funeral services at their home by the writer.

From Londonderry, Vt., Feb. 12th, of typhoid pneumonia, Martha Reed, aged 61 years and 9 months. At the same time, Feb. 14th, Lovina, wife of Martin Reed, aged 57 years.

Four years ago the writer performed the funeral services when they laid away the form of their only child, a lovely girl of nine years, in her suffering body she promised her mother a remarkable recovery. True to that promise she sought out sister Conant, and her message appeared in the Banner, and was a consolation to them during their bereavement. Her mother and sister Reed were kindly cared for in their last illness by relatives and friends. For many years they have been active workers in sustaining Spiritualism, and all will remember them as worthy members of society.

From Rockingham, Vt., Feb. 24th, Emily F., wife of Charles Tuttle, aged 55 years and 5 months. Her husband and children mourn that they are deprived of her earthly presence, but while she loved them all, and would gladly have remained to comfort them, she said to the writer before her departure, "Do you, and to all, I will say my will on earth is done. I have no fear of the change, and she felt she should meet her dear children that had preceded her to the summer-land, and that she should be a useful member of the family. As a neighbor and friend she was loved and respected by all that knew her. Funeral services at her home by the writer.

From Londonderry, Vt., Feb. 24th, Reuben French, aged 51 years. His last years were spent in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Reed, whose obituaries appear above, and by them he was kindly cared for. On the day of the funeral of Mrs. R. he called the writer to his room, and said, "I shall soon follow you, and I will say my will on earth is done. I have no fear of the change, and she felt she should meet her dear children that had preceded her to the summer-land, and that she should be a useful member of the family. As a neighbor and friend she was loved and respected by all that knew her. Funeral services at her home by the writer.

From Alstead, N. H., Feb. 24th, Oliver Shepard, aged 57 years and 5 months. He leaves a companion, two sons and a daughter, who will miss the cheerful and kind services of a comely and worthy citizen. He was one of those men that hold the respect of all; to him they had entrusted their private and public interests, and from him the highest honor they could bestow upon a townsman, and he will be greatly missed by all. His physical suffering for the last years of his life had been severe, but he never lost his cheerful and kind disposition, and he had long been firm in the belief that he should be present at his funeral in spirit. All of his last request was carried out as far as possible by his remaining family, who were present, and friends. Thus in two short weeks our entire family were gathered home.

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From Worcester, Mass., Feb. 20th, Mrs. Mary Newman Marshall, well known in Boston as Mrs. Mary Newman, long a medium and laborer in the spiritual vineyard. She formerly resided in Providence, and the mortal she left behind was interred here Tuesday, the 20th, in accordance with her own wishes, made several years ago. Before she had been advised of her translation, and the wishes of her husband, kindly prepared for the last act, and at the same time joyful, and the body was received at the funeral, taken to a hall, where quite a number of the friends had assembled. The services were conducted by Mrs. John Sweet and the choir, and the consolation of the Gospel of Spiritualism and its surmounter to the query "If a man die shall he live again?"

From Auburn, N. Y., Feb. 19th, William Allen, aged 60 years. Mr. Allen was for about forty years an Elder in the Disciples' Church, where he labored zealously for the good of souls. He then became a convert to spiritualism, in which faith he rejoiced, and worthily lived till by his light he successfully passed to the waiting circle on the other side. O. K. C.

From 62 Dover street, Boston, Feb. 27th, Mr. Christopher Robinson, aged 56 years 6 months and 2 days. He was a faithful and firm Spiritualist, and while on a visit to his daughter, the disease that he had long been suffering with (asthma) terminated his earthly career, and while she was in the twilight of the latter part of her life, he was by the writer March 1st. SAMUEL GROVER, 50 Dover street, Boston.

[Obituary Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When they exceed this number, twenty cents for each additional line is required. A line of equal type averages ten words.]

To the Liberal-Minded.

As the "Banner of Light Establishment" is not an incorporated institution, and as we could not therefore legally hold bequests made to us in that name, we give below the form in which such a bequest should be worded in order to stand the test of law:

"I give, devise and bequeath unto Luther Colby and Isaac B. Rich, of Boston, Massachusetts, Publishers, [here insert the description of the property to be willed] strictly upon trust, that they shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression."

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1876.

The Stewart Mediumship - Strong Corroborative Evidence of Its Gentleness.

In addition to the evidence we have already given in these columns in regard to the genuineness of Mrs. Stewart's mediumship, we append the following statements - which bear upon their very face indubitable evidence of truthfulness - prepared for publication by Mr. Valentine Nicholson, of Crystal City, Jefferson Co., Missouri:

ESTIMATED FRIENDS, EDITOR AND READERS: The writer of this letter had occasion quite recently to pass from East to West, across the States of Indiana and Illinois. I found myself unexpectedly in the midst of "a great revival," "a revival, however, of "true and unfeigned religion," but of that branch of American industry, "carried on by the "manufacturing company," whose "hired men" are easting reproach upon and endeavoring by sarcasm and ridicule to bring the teachings of Jesus and his disciples into disrepute and contempt, their principal point of attack being made against the "spiritual gifts," alluded to in the scriptures, and the "signs" promised to "follow them that be lieved."

I stopped at Terre Haute, where our gifted sister, Anna Stewart, resides, and the committee who furnish the rooms, superintendent her sances are located. I remained there nine days and attended six of the evening sances. "The angels came and ministered unto" us, shook hands with us across the mysterious "chasm," literally, visibly and audibly walking and talking in our presence. After participating in these "heavenly joys," and taking up the pen to write to distant relatives and friends, the thought came to me that perhaps it was hardly worth while to tell all we saw, because people would not believe it, and so we had to imitate the prudent caution of Jesus at the time when he said, "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot hear them now."

During the time I remained there an intelligent man and an earnest inquirer after truth arrived. He came direct from Memphis, Mo., where he had been attending "Mott's sances," having talked with six of his own personal spirit-friends and relatives. The evidence of identity was satisfactory and unmistakable. One of them was his loving wife. She showed him their infant child, one that passed over at the same time with herself. She asked the husband and father to name their child. He complied with her request. She repeated the name over three times, and said, "How nice that is." He asked her whether Mrs. Stewart's sances at Terre Haute were genuine or whether they were a fraud. She replied she could not answer, for she had not been there to examine, but proposed to him, if he had a mind to go to Terre Haute, she would go with him, and if the sances were genuine and reliable, she would make her appearance there. He came and attended with me two evenings. I saw his spirit-wife myself, as did all others who were present.

WALK OUT OF THE CABINET DIRECT TO HIM, and grasp his hand in the most affectionate and cordial manner. This man took the precaution to conceal his name and to leave from all of the sances after the usual hour. He left, and went on his way rejoicing. He had positive evidence that both Mr. Mott and Mrs. Stewart were honest and reliable. He told us that his wife, when she walked out of the cabinet at Mrs. Stewart's sance, was clothed in precisely similar apparel to that she wore the day they were married. This man resides in the State of Indiana, and he appears to be of the number who are "not ashamed of the gospel of Christ," therefore I do not think he will be offended if I tell the first letters of his name, "J. W. S."

In view of all that I have written and shall write before I close this letter, you will readily perceive how and I was led to write the article in the Banner of the 19th of Feb., under the heading of "Hasty Charges of Fraud." Thank you for that reprint to those "workers of iniquity" who go boasting around the country of their ability and success in exposing mediums, and pronouncing them frauds.

I arrived in Terre Haute on the 16th of Feb., and was kindly and politely welcomed by Dr. Pence, who introduced me to the two other members of the managing committee - James Hook and Samuel Conner. They are all practical, solid, sensible men. They belong to the class who, knowing their rights, dare maintain them. During the time when the spiritualized spirits are making themselves manifest, and walking out of the cabinet and greeting their friends who are seated around the platform upon which the cabinet is placed, Mrs. Stewart is sitting in the cabinet, the doors of which are thrown open, so that the audience can see her at the same time they see their spirit friends.

It was only a few days before my arrival that some "professional" exposers of mediums had been at one of the sances. They provided themselves with lamplight to blacken the hands of the spirits, in case opportunity to shake hands with them were granted. At the close of the sance, these "exposers" came abruptly, intruded himself on the platform, opened the cabinet door, took Mrs. Stewart by the hand, and began to rub his own hand over hers, saying at the time, "There is black on your hand!" She replied, "If there is any black on my hand you have rubbed it on yourself." Dr. Pence, hearing her make the remark, stepped toward the cabinet to learn what was going on. The man then hastened from the platform and briskly left the building, going across the street to Mrs. Adams's boarding house. He came in, quite excited, and, holding out his blackened hand to her, said, "Look here! see that! This black on your hand!" This in a hasty manner he left the house, and was neither seen nor heard of again by the friends there, until the exposure (?) was published in the papers.

You may rest assured that all accusations against the committee, and all accusations against Mrs. Stewart since she has been under the care of this committee - of such import as to cause the public to suspect that either the committee or Mrs. Stewart are practicing fraud and deception - are false, fraudulent reports; and all newspapers which publish them without ascertaining the basis upon which they were started, are "aiding and abetting" the practice of fraud, and really deceiving their readers.

out on the platform, (speakers and singer,) and address public audiences, whilst at Mott's sances (at Memphis, Mo.) they devote the time and strength more in a way to give tests from the friends and relatives of almost every stranger who attends the sances at that place. As all persons differ in some respects from each other, so all media differ in their gifts. There is room and there is use in this diversity of gifts. Let none be jealous or envious of any others. They are all doing a portion of the needful labor of proving to all people throughout the world that "the gift of God is eternal life."

VALENTINE NICHOLSON, Crystal City, Jefferson Co., Mo.

People's Course at Paine Hall.

Two fine audiences assembled on Sunday last at this hall in the Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street, Boston, to listen to the discourses of J. Frank Baxter, in the regular series managed by Dr. H. F. Gardner. His remarks in the afternoon tended to a comparison between Spiritualism and theology, and abounded in statistical information. His singing was much admired, and, as a preface to his lecture, he read Miss Lizzie Doten's sterling poem, "Evee Home."

In the evening, after singing and the reading of "Growth and Giant Despair" from Miss Doten's "Poems of Progress," Mr. Baxter proceeded to consider the good results which have been produced by Modern Spiritualism since its advent, some twenty-eight years ago. The investigator who desired to be successful in forming a correct conception of Spiritualism, must approach the subject with an unbiased mind and a determination to follow the evidence presented to his logical conclusion, regardless of all preconceived notions to the contrary. At the advent of Christianity it was met by the same prejudice, on the part of Jew and Gentile alike, that in our day confronts Spiritualism, which was only a new unfolding of the truth of the past. The popular religious systems formulated the deepest anathemas against the philosophy unfolded by Spiritualism, but the evidence in favor of the new revelation was superior to that of the old, because it was to be seen among us today, and could be examined by the unbiased mind after truth - it gave the possibility of direct knowledge by present events, instead of demanding unquestioning faith in the records of the long buried past. While the modern systems of religion were each bidding for pre-eminence, and seeking to lean on the arm of the State - as conservatism, ecclesiasticism and aristocracy had ever aimed to do in the history of the nations - Spiritualism, teaching its followers to demand individual independence, and yet also to afford the fullest acknowledgment to the rights of every other mortal or spirit, made no effort to ally itself with political power; it stood upright in presence of every creed and form of belief, and only asked for the same treatment with which other systems were visited.

The speaker recognized as Spiritualists all who held to the one fact that human spirits have a conscious personal existence after the death of the physical body, and can and do manifest themselves to those yet in the mortal form under proper conditions. The responsibility for any position beyond this, bearing on theology, reform, etc., must be considered as resting upon the individual assuming the position, and upon that individual alone; whoever held Spiritualism as a whole to be responsible for the varying views of its followers, descended from a comprehensive grasp of the entire subject to a petty discussion of individuals. Spiritualism, as the speaker considered, was intended to elevate and benefit mankind, therefore nothing which trench upon the rights of others, or which tended to lower the individual, or to loosen the rein of animal appetites or passions, could be rightfully considered as belonging to its legitimate teachings.

Spiritualism could no more be immured in a creed, than light and air could be imprisoned; and that the demands of conscience were supreme, and that truckling to the prejudices of the mass of human society was but an exhibition of moral cowardice, it was the duty of the true soul first to truly discover for itself whether the claim put forth by Spiritualism was founded in verity, and if so to believe it, and best of all to practice it in daily life, even though the whole world should arise, and the gates of Hades jar with the thunders of denunciation!

Spiritualism, embodying the fact of spirit existence and progress, taught the true relationship of man's spiritual nature, welfare and destiny, embraced all that could be known of the interior forces of being and the laws of the universe, and aimed to quicken the divine nature in man, whereby the selfish principle would be trodden down, and the works of the flesh be supplanted by the works of the spirit, thus leading in the glorious day of the recognized universal brotherhood of the race. A. J. Davis had truly said: "Let no man call God 'Father' till he can call man his brother," such was the gist of the teachings of Spiritualism, while the church reversed the statement, and refused to call any man "brother" till he had called its God his "Father."

The speaker pronounced the amount of good wrought since its advent by Modern Spiritualism to be vast and incalculable - much greater in reality than what appeared on the surface, since its influence reached and wrought in many quarters where its direct and powerful effects were not openly visible. Spiritism, through its apostles headed every reform since its advent; it had pressed into its service as willing workers, not as menial hirelings, some of the best minds of England and America; it had cured human diseases, and alleviated the pangs of sickness with the soft magnetic touch of its appointed healers; it had appealed to the souls in the gloomy prison-house of materialism, and proved to them that death was not the end of the man, but an uplifting to higher duties and broader development, and these souls, deaf hitherto to the frantic shouts of the Christian revivalist, had listened to its still small voice, and walked forth in the freedom with which truth ever crowns the faithful adherents; it taught that no help of eternal reward awaited the spirit in the dim beyond - that punishment, if temporarily bestowed in the coming life, was but remedial, and given only to purify the soul and fit it to work out its own salvation from the effects of the shortcomings attending its mortal career!

Credulists objected to Spiritualism because of a want of settled system of thought and action on the part of its teachers, but the same objection was urged against Christianity when it first appeared among men; they held up before the people the danger of insanity which they alleged prevailed over every believer in Spiritualism, but he (Mr. Baxter) had examined the records of the insane asylums of this country, and had discovered that only one per cent. of their inmates were Spiritualists, while twenty-six per cent. were church people; by the testimony of the records, therefore, it would seem that the chance of becoming crazy was in the proportion of one per cent. among the Spiritualists to twenty-six per cent. among the churchmen.

The liberation of the serfs in Russia, the great reforms granted in Austria, the discovery of light as a motor by Prof. Crookes, and other important events - superinduced by the influence of spirit presence and power - were cited as striking evidences of what Spiritualism had accomplished for the benefit of the world. The lecturer closed by announcing that he should speak at Paine Hall on the afternoon of Sunday, March 19th, on "A Substitute for the Christian Religion," and in the evening of the same day on "Bible Spiritualism."

At the conclusion of his remarks he favored the audience with a song, and then proceeded to describe such forms as appeared to his interior sight. In the course of this part of the services he portrayed the appearance of the following persons (in spirit-life), the majority of whom were recognized at once by individuals in the audience: G. Darling, Jr., Thatcher Hineley, Capt William Barnicoat, William Ford, Saraboga street, East Boston, Dexter E. Wadley, Washington Village, Dexter street, South Boston, Perley Eaton, and James B. Rogers.

HINTS ABOUT BOOKS, AUTHORS, AND TRAVELS.

BY J. M. PERLES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

If the memory of other days serve me, it was Milton who said, "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." I was reminded of this from being presented by New Orleans Spiritualists, the other evening, through Mr. Edwards, of the Edwards House, the five magnificent volumes of C. Tait Ramage. I prize them because a gift, and also because they contain much of the gathered lore of the ages.

"NATIVE RACES OF THE PACIFIC STATES." It was only yesterday that I got a prepat these five exhaustive volumes by H. H. Bancroft. California may well feel proud of this specimen of her native literature. These volumes are the result of over fifty years of hard mental labor and research. To find and select the materials for this undertaking, Mr. Bancroft visited Central and South America, as well as Europe twice. Touching the matter of ethnological philosophy, Mr. Bancroft is decidedly an optimist.

PHIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM. While all Spiritualists and nearly all Liberalists have read the solid, substantial works of A. J. Davis, Wm. Denton, and Hudson Tuttle, everybody should read this second volume by Eugene Crowell, M. D. The arrangement is excellent, the selection of choice, the arguments cogent, and the whole volume breathes a broad, catholic spirit that necessarily compels esteem for the author, while it wins favor for Spiritualism.

PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD. An English Spiritualist, and one of the oldest, writes me that "Col. S. Olcott's book about the American media is worth three times its weight in gold, because dealing in facts - facts that appeal to the senses." This volume, so careful in statement, clear in diction, and rich in startling phenomena, ought to be in every private and public library of the land. Col. Olcott's critics have helped to sell his book. By the way, it is necessary for every self-appointed critic to carry a vitriol bottle in his bosom anxious to spill it on somebody? A critic's knife that cuts neat, keenly, may be serviceable; but one that tears and mangles is abominable. And, further, these critics are most severe who lack either the wisdom or wit to write books themselves; or, if writing, write unsalable ones.

DOES MATTER DO IT ALL? This is a timely production from the pointed pen of Epes Sargent. Prof. Tyndal needed just such a kindly-administered, yet scathing castigation. By the way, Tyndal does not always talk or write in a defensible spirit. In one of his published works, treating of "matter," he says: "If you ask whether is this matter of which we have been discoursing - who or what divided it into molecules - how is it organized? here science is mute. To whom has this arm of the Lord been revealed? Let us lower our heads and acknowledge our ignorance, priest and philosophers, one and all." Dropping Tyndal, is it not strange that Thomas H. Huxley has plenty of time to study the "placenta of the rat," but no time to investigate spiritual phenomena?

IMMORTALS OF LOVE. This book, afflame with sentiment, emotion and inspiration, contains passages terse and beautiful - passages that stir the soul to its very depths. There's an ideal of love yet unwritten, love such as the angels know! Whenever Bro. Barrett writes of love and the rational relations existing between manhood and womanhood, he means love in its truest and best definition. A high moral tone pervades all of this author's works.

THE BETTER WAY. What's in a title? Money, everything nearly! Right here I am reminded of the good old lines: "If I am right, thy grace impart, If I am wrong, O teach my heart To find the better way."

In this age of pride and passion, feasts and famines, shams in business and seething lusts in marital beds, under the name of law and respectability, such a book as this of A. E. Newton's is among the elements of the day. It is a single copy in a defensible spirit. "The Better Way," I pronounce this "Appeal to Men" one of the best and most practical books written upon the subject of the sexes. Wives, many wives at least, would do well to present copies of it to their husbands.

LETTERS FROM OTHER LANDS. Steamers and cables now girle the globe. Mary M. Peobles, who guards the Hammoncton castle, (and which castle, by the way, we have just enlarged to accommodate a few Centennial boarders, Hammoncton being only forty-five minutes by railway from Philadelphia,) recently forwarded me letters from Mr. Hutchinson, Cape Town, South Africa, Peary Chand Mittra, Calcutta, India, and W. H. Terry, Melbourne, Australia. All of these communications speak of the steady progress of Spiritualism in those distant countries. Though a pleasure, it requires much time to carry on such an extensive correspondence. Never was I so full of business. Think of it! lecturing each Sunday, attending the spiritual conference Saturday evening, lectures five days of the week at the Louisiana Medical College, engaged in dissecting four evenings each week from 8 till 11 o'clock, writing on a new book and writing up correspondence! Let slugs regard sleep. I toil thus because I've seen so little of the world, and know so little of the physical and spiritual constitution of man.

MEXICO AND YUCATAN. When in the Orient I was asked by a very intelligent Englishman, "How the pyramids of the Toltecs and the ruins of Central America compared with those of the East?" It was a stunner. The purpose then, and there took full possession of my soul to see, as soon as possible, the remnants of those ruins that tell of an ancient civilization on the American Continent. In two days I sail for Vera Cruz, then by railway to the city of Mexico, then out in different directions to Yucatan, to explore and study some temples and crumbling fortifications, seen by neither Stephens, Norman, nor Squiers. As postal matters would probably fail of reaching me in those countries, direct to care of Spencer Field, 80 Camp street, New Orleans, La., the gentleman whose hospitalities I've enjoyed for over two months. Blessings on such homes. New Orleans, Feb. 28, 1876.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS AND MEDIUMS. Emma Jay Billens is at present lecturing for the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, Chicago, Ill. In April she goes to New York to speak at No. 55 Thirtieth street, where Mrs. Brigham is now engaged. Mrs. Augusta Dineen, the highly gifted medium (as will be seen by her card in another column), has removed from Tremont street to 161 Court street, this city - and to meet the demands of the times has reduced her price for sittings to one dollar. Mrs. Susie Willis Fletcher of Boston is meeting with fluttering success in Patcham, Conn. Sunday, March 5th, she gave her lecture on the "Battle for Bread," which was so well received that by a general invitation of the people she will repeat it in the Quinburg Hall, Saturday evening, March 25th. She will sail for Europe April 29th. Mrs. A. A. Rogers Heyder is engaged at Dover, N. H., for a few weeks. She would like to make further engagements. Address it to her, Mass. 100 lectures during 1876 on THOMAS PAINE by W. F. Jamieson. Engage him. Address, "Banner of Light."

Astrology not a Doctrine of Chance.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Sir - I will, with your permission, send you a prediction for the spring-quarter. I cannot prepare it for this issue, so I will send it in time for the next. My purpose will be to show the public that Astrology is not a doctrine of chance, but founded on the immutable laws of nature. If this is not true, why was Prof. Lister enabled to predict, so long before it took place, the death of President Lincoln, as well as many other striking things that took place which no one else could or did by any other means foretell? More recently, in 1873, I foretold the panic seven months before it took place. From the new moon, on the 25th of January last, I predicted the fires in New York, the accidents in mines, and many other things that came almost to a day.

Pardon me if I appear egotistical when I say that from many years of keen observation it seems to me this is the only true way that the Creator has laid out for us to judge of the fate of nations and individuals. The astrologer treats the planets as familiar spirits - some as the harbingers of we and others as the authors, under Divine Providence, of earthly good, and by watching and noting the different aspects and positions, he draws his conclusions, and can point out the obstructions that will arise in one's course through life, for, as the immortal Young says, "He is but a span, and years for year rolls by swiftly, as on the wings of thought." It may be briefly stated that life bears us on like the flow of a mighty river; our boat at first glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the winds on its grassy borders; the trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. We are animated by the picture of enjoyment and industry which passes before us, and excited by some short-lived success or rendered miserable by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our despondency are both in vain; the stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs alike are left behind. Our course in youth and manhood is along a deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed. Whether rough or smooth, the river hastens toward its home. The roaring of the ocean is still in our ears, the tossing of its waves beneath our keel, the land leaves our eyes, and the floods are lifted around us till the earth loses sight of us, and we take our leave of its inhabitants, and of our further voyage there is no way but the infinite.

But I find it raining on without giving information or instruction. I am sensible of the deep-rooted prejudice of the times against the venerable science of Astrology, and also of the reproach and obloquy that will be leveled against me by men of obstinate and dogmatic principles. Nevertheless I shall venture, with a basis of truth and experience, to make a feeble effort toward restoring a knowledge of that comprehensive science which in all ages of the world was deemed the chief ornament of society and enlightened minds. I hope to see the time when this sublime science will be extensively known, for then much human misery will be alleviated, and the sorrows, and griefs, and mental disasters averted. Many minds of science deride our predictions, and allege that Astrology is a sham; but I will close with the words of my late lamented friend Zadkiel: "After many years' experience, I have found the laws of Astrology unerring, and as I can discover no prohibition of its practice in the Word of God, I am prepared to defend it against all the foolish attacks of those who falsely declare that it upholds fatality, or is opposed to the Providence or the Revelation of the Deity." C. D. JENKINS, Astrologer, 22 Tremont Row, Boston.

On File for Publication: Several very interesting reviews, essays, etc., by writers of merit, viz.: "Not Responsible," by D. L.; "The Sleepy Girl of Brooklyn: Nine years without food or sleep; restored at last to her normal condition," by William Henry Barr; "A Sketch of Prof. J. B. Buchanan's eloquent appeal to the State authorities at Frankfort in behalf of the criminal youth of Kentucky;" "What is Organic Life?" by Hon. Warren Chase; "A Cure for Intemperance," by A. E. N.; "An article from the pen of J. M. Roberts, Esq., entitled "What is Spiritualism?"; "The Relation of Mesmerism to Spiritualism," by Prof. A. E. Carpenter; "Permissiveness of Spiritualism in its Present Status," by Allen Patterson, Esq.; "The Conflict of Opinions," a lively essay on a profound subject - "The Unknown." The writer attacks materialism as expounded by Tyndal, and calls in question the assumption that every movement in Nature is referable to matter and its evolutions; "Mediums versus Ultra-Mediums," by W. P. Shattuck, M. D. A well-written article; "Hereditry," by J. Dille, Esq. An able and important article, of great value to every human being; "Spirit and Matter," by F. Smith; "The Evidence of Immortality from Spiritualism," by Rev. E. R. Sanborn; "An 'Elementary,' original poem, by Mrs. F. O. Hyzer; "Rational Spiritualism," by Prof. S. B. Brittan; "Is Spiritualism a Religion?" by R. T. Halllock, M. D.; "Mediums and Skeptics," by W. H. Boosler.

"The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism." The author is an earnest believer in Spiritualism, and effectively disposes of some of the most serious objections to it. To the charge that it is not a system, he answers that there was no system in Jesus' teaching, and in this absence of a strong and significant likeness between Spiritualism and primitive Christianity. He advances the proposition that is well worth considering, that of Bible doctrines, Spiritualism especially reaffirms those of the New Testament. But he does not neglect the Old, drawing from it liberally in the early chapters of his book. The chapter on Somnambulism is very interesting, being full of illustrative anecdotes, and that on Clairaudience is entitled to like praise. The author draws an ingenious, and we think just distinction, between dreams and visions. The author believes that "Holy Ghosts" and "Holy Spirit" do not convey the idea of personality, and makes the point that if the Holy Ghost were equal with the Father it would not be proper to say that the Father would send it. For the discussions among Spiritualists he finds a precedent in the bickerings of primitive Christians. He believes in the efficacy of prayer only when it is employed for a worthy purpose, and his remarks upon this subject are devout, and truly spiritual. The author concludes that true Christianity and Spiritualism are identical in essence, and reviews the present condition of the latter hopefully. He writes in terms of warm eulogy of the Bible, though he deplores the errors in the Old Testament. While we cannot admit all his arguments, or accept all his conclusions, we must admire the spirit of his book - calm, tolerant and courteous - the evident sincerity of his opinions, and the industry which he has displayed in the preparation of this work. It is surely one of the clearest and most judicious expositions of Spiritualism that we have ever seen. - The Literary World of March 1st, 1876.

A royal decree permits the Carlists who fled from the country since the 1st of February to return to Spain, if they so wish in forty days. The leaders must first swear allegiance to the constitution; the other, from pride or fear, are excluded.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

PAINE MEMORIAL HALL. - People's Course. - J. Frank Baxter, lecturer, vocalist and test column, will speak Sunday, March 19th, at seven o'clock, and at the end of evening meeting. Dr. H. F. Gardner, Manager. ROCHESTER HALL. - Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1. I think it essential every Sunday morning at Rochester Hall, 70 Walling Street, commencing at 10 o'clock. The public are cordially invited. J. B. Hatch, Conductor. Julia M. Carpenter, Cor. Sec'y. The Ladies Aid Society will until further notice hold its meetings at Rochester Hall, on Tuesday afternoon and evening of each week. Mrs. John Woods, President; Miss M. H. Barrett, Secretary.

LITTLE CIRCLE. - Free Public Circles are held at this hall, No. 3 Winter street, every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M., by many of the best test mediums and speakers in the city. Good music provided. All are invited to attend. ROCHESTER HALL. - The Children's Progressive Lyceum convened as usual at eleven o'clock on Sunday, March 12th. Mr. Hatch being absent, his place was well filled by Assistant-Conductor F. L. Union. The exercises consisted as usual of recitations and music, vocal and instrumental. It was remarked by several that the readings were unusually pleasant and appropriate. The music also was good, and the attention shown by the large audience denoted their interest and satisfaction. The following are the names of those who read and recited in the most satisfactory manner: Frank Wheeler, Mrs. Osborn, Mrs. Carpenter, Ella Johnson, Charlie Ripley, Rosa Schuman, Jennie Miller, May Cottrell, Grace Fairbanks, Mabel Edson, Jonny Weeks and Carrie Hale. Annie Follen executed a piano solo very prettily; Mr. Henry Lull sang, and Helen M. Hill and Albena Smith played a duet. Col. Scott made an address which was well received, after which the session closed with gymnastic exercises and singing as usual.

Ladies Aid Society. - The members of this useful charitable organization have arranged to hold a Fashion Dress Ball at Rochester Hall, Boston, on the evening of Tuesday, March 21st. The music for the occasion will be furnished by the First Regiment Band. The attendance should be large, as the noble object to which this Society devotes all funds coming into its possession is worthy of countenance and praise.

New Publication. THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, for March - conducted by E. L. Youmans, and published by D. Appleton & Co., 49 and 51 Broadway, New York City - gives a table of contents characterized by variety and interest. "Lace and Lace Making," by Eliza A. Youmans, is one of the most comprehensive articles ever put forth on the subject, and the illustrations, giving the varieties of gauzy workmanship, are remarkable for their finish and delicacy. Prof. Carpenter appears to great disadvantage in his frantic endeavors to throw dust in the eyes of the public, his article being headed "Fallacies of Testimony respecting the Supernatural." "The Warfare of Science" by Andrew D. White, L. D., is as entertaining as an epic poem, though really it is only a resumé of the most stubborn points of conflict between the scholar and the priest all along the record pages of the past. A portrait (and sketch) of Herbert Spencer, "Loudness in Electricity" by Prof. Tyndal, and other entertaining matter fill out the remainder of the space.

Convention of Spiritualists at Gasport, N. Y. The next Quarterly Convention of the Spiritualists of Western New York, will be held at the Kirtland Hall, Gasport, Niagara County, N. Y., on Saturday and Sunday, April 8th and 9th, opening at ten o'clock A. M., and holding their close at four o'clock P. M. The program of the convention is as follows: The members of the various societies in the neighborhood join the committee in extending a cordial invitation to all who would learn the gospel of Spiritualism, and sit under the feet of the most prominent lecturers in the country through which this gospel of immortality may be presented to the world. Any who may not be gratulantly welcomed, and who may desire to attend for day, during the convention, at Kirtland Hall, J. W. SEAVEL, A. F. TILDEN, } Committee. GEO. W. TAYLOR, }.

New Work on Mental and Physical Health.

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BY W. F. EVANS, Author of "Mental Cure," and "Mental Medicine."

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This work is a reproduction in a scientific form of the phrenopathic Method of Cure practiced by Jesus eighteen centuries ago, and sustained by the highest medical authorities. It is scientifically religious, but not theological. It is clear in thought, eloquent in style, and the profoundest problems of philosophy and medical science are solved. The work cannot fail to make a deep and lasting impression upon the religious and scientific world. The present work is on the boundary line where a genuine Christianity and a genuine Spiritualism merge into one. It is the result of years of thoughtful and arduous investigation. In the principle of psychometry, or the sympathetic sense, finds its highest illustrations and applications. The last chapter contains a full exposition of the work cure, so long and so successfully practiced by the author, and should be in the hands of every one who is engaged in the art of healing. One of the marked characteristics of this work is its perfect command of language, so that the profoundest ideas of science and philosophy find their outward expression in his words as clearly and as simply as the most transparent glass. Each word is like a fresh coin from the mint, that has its exact spiritual value. This renders his style condensed without a sacrifice of perspicuity. The work will take its place at once, and in an eminent position, in the standard literature of Spiritual Science and Philosophy. It is a work of this century, and our national history let it spread broadcast over the land. Cloth, \$1.00, postage 12 cents. For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, COLBY & RICH, at No. 5 Montgomery Place, corner of Colby street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

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