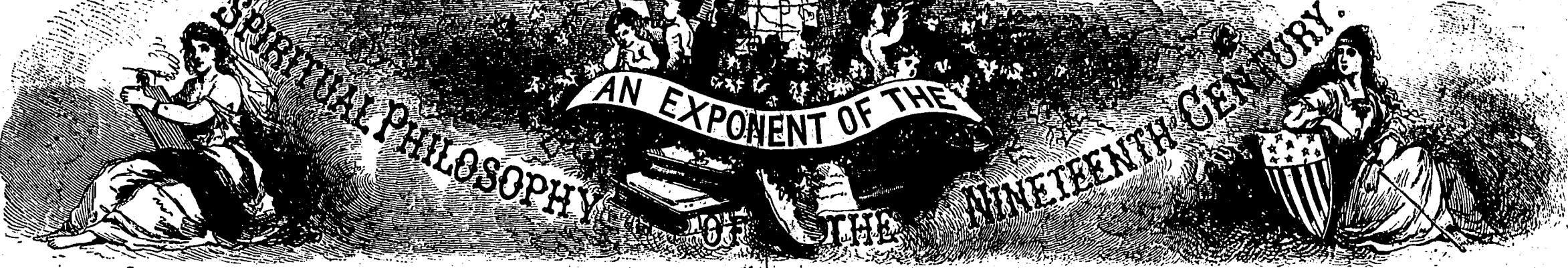


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Spiritual Phenomena.

ACCREDITED MANIFESTATIONS.

THE RESCUE AT SEA.

[The following narrative, taken from Robert Dale Owen's book, and drawn from nautical life, exhibits coincidences unmistakably produced by some agency other than chance.]

Mr. Robert Bruce, originally descended from some branch of the Scottish family of that name, was born, in humble circumstances, about the close of the last century, at Torbay, in the south of England, and there bred up to a seafaring life. When about thirty years of age (in the year 1828), he was first mate on board a barque trading between Liverpool and St. John's, New Brunswick.

On one of her voyages, bound westward, being then some five or six weeks out, and having neared the eastern portion of the Banks of Newfoundland, the captain and mate had been on deck at noon, taking an observation of the sun; after which they both descended to calculate their day's work.

The cabin, a small one, was immediately at the stern of the vessel, and the short stairway, descending to it, ran athwart-ships. Immediately opposite to this stairway, just beyond a small, square landing, was the mate's state-room; and from that landing there were two doors, close to each other, the one opening into the cabin, the other fronting the stairway into the state-room. The desk in the state-room was in the forward part of it, close to the door; so that any one sitting at it and looking over his shoulder, could see into the cabin.

The mate, absorbed in his calculation, which did not result as he expected, varying considerably from the dead-reckoning, had not noticed the captain's motions. When he had completed his calculations, he called out, without looking round, "I make our latitude and longitude so and so. Can that be right? How is yours, sir?"

Receiving no reply, he repeated his question, glancing over his shoulder and perceiving, as he thought, the captain busy writing on his slate. Still no answer. Thereupon he rose, and, as he fronted the cabin-door, the figure he had mistaken for the captain raised its head and disclosed to the astonished mate the features of an entire stranger.

Bruce was no coward; but, as he met that fixed gaze looking directly at him in grave silence, and became assured that it was no one whom he had ever seen before, it was too much for him; and, instead of stopping to question the seeming intruder, he rushed upon deck in such evident alarm that it instantly attracted the captain's attention.

"Why, Mr. Bruce," said the latter, "what in the world is the matter with you?"

"The matter, sir? Who is that at your desk?"

"No one that I know of."

"But there is, sir; there's a stranger there."

"A stranger! Why, man, you must be dreaming. You must have seen the steward there, or the second mate. Who else would venture down without orders?"

"But, sir, he was sitting in your arm-chair, fronting the door, writing on your slate. Then he looked up full in my face; and if ever I saw a man plainly and distinctly in this world I saw him."

"Him! Whom?"

"Heaven knows, sir; I don't. I saw a man, and a man I had never seen in my life before."

"You must be going crazy, Mr. Bruce. A stranger, and we nearly six weeks out!"

"I know, sir; but then I saw him."

"Go down and see who it is."

Bruce hesitated. "I never was a believer in ghosts," he said, "but if the truth must be told, sir, I'd rather not face it alone."

"Come, come, man. Go down at once, and don't make a fool of yourself before the crew."

"I hope you've always found me willing to do what's reasonable," Bruce replied, changing color, "but if it's all the same to you, sir, I'd rather we should both go down together."

The captain descended the stairs, and the mate followed him. Nobody in the cabin! They examined the state-rooms. Not a soul could be found.

"Well, Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "did not I tell you you had been dreaming?"

"It's all very well to say so, sir; but if I did not see that man, writing on your slate may I never see my home and family again!"

"Ah! writing on the slate! Then it should be there still." And the captain took it up. "By heaven!" he exclaimed, "here's something, sure enough! Is that your writing, Mr. Bruce?"

The mate took the slate; and there, in plain, legible characters, stood the words, "Steer to the north-west."

"Have you been trifling with me, sir?" added the captain in a stern manner.

"On my word as a man and a sailor, sir," replied Bruce, "I know no more of this matter than you do. I have told you the exact truth."

The captain sat down at his desk, the slate before him, in deep thought. At last, turning the slate over and pushing it toward Bruce, he said, "Write down, 'Steer to the north-east.'"

The mate complied; and the captain, after narrowly comparing the two handwritings, said, "Mr. Bruce, go and tell the second mate to come down here."

He came; and, at the captain's request, he also wrote the same words. So did the steward. So, in succession, did every man of the crew who could write at all. But not one of the various hands resembled, in any degree, the mysterious writing.

When the crew retired, the captain sat deep in thought. "Could any one have been stowed away?" at last he said. "The ship must be searched; and if I do not find the fellow, he must

be a good hand at hide-and-seek. Order up all hands."

Every nook and corner of the vessel, from stem to stern, was thoroughly searched, and that with all the eagerness of excited curiosity, for the report had gone out that a stranger had shown himself on board; but not a living soul beyond the crew and the officers was found.

Returning to the cabin after their fruitless

search, "Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "what the

devil do you make of all this?"

"Can't tell, sir. I saw the man write; you see the writing. There must be something in it."

"Well, it would seem so. We have the wind free, and I have a great mind to keep her away, and see what will come of it."

"I surely would, sir, if I were in your place. It's only a few hours out, at the worst."

"Well, we'll see. Go on deck and give the course north-west. And, Mr. Bruce," he added, as the mate rose to do so, "I have a little more to let it be a hand you can depend on."

His orders were obeyed. About three o'clock the look-out reported an iceberg nearly ahead, and, shortly after, what he thought was a vessel of some kind close to it.

As they approached, the captain's glass dis-

closed the fact that it was a dismantled ship, apparently frozen to the ice, and with a great many human beings on it. Shortly after they have to, and sent out the boats to the relief of the sufferers.

It proved to be a vessel from Quebec, bound to Liverpool, with passengers on board. She had got entangled in the ice, and finally frozen fast, and had passed several weeks in a most critical situation. She was stove, her decks swept—in fact, a mere wreck; all her provisions and almost all her water gone. Her crew and passengers had lost all hope of being saved, and their gratitude for the unexpected rescue was proportionally great.

As one of the men who had been brought away in the third boat that had reached the wreck was ascending the ship's side, the mate, catching a glimpse of his face, started back in consternation. It was the very face he had seen three or four hours before, looking up at him from the captain's desk!

At first he tried to persuade himself it might be fancy; but the more he examined the man, the more sure he became that he was right. Not only the face, but the person and the dress exactly corresponded.

As soon as the exhausted crew and famished passengers were cared for, and the barque on her course again, the mate called the captain aside. "It seems that was not a ghost I saw to-day, sir; the man's alive."

"What do you mean? Who's alive?"

"Why, sir, one of the passengers we have just saved is the man I saw writing on your slate at noon. I would swear to it in a court of justice."

"Upon my word, Mr. Bruce," replied the captain, "this gets more and more singular. Let us go and see this man."

They found him in conversation with the captain of the rescued ship. They both came forward, and expressed in the warmest terms their gratitude for deliverance from a horrible fate—slow-coming death by exposure and starvation.

The captain replied that he had but done what he was certain they would have done for him under the same circumstances; and asked them both to step down into the cabin. Then, turning to the passenger, he said, "I hope, sir, you will not think I am trifling with you; but I would be much obliged to you if you would write a few words on this slate." And he handed him the slate, with that side up on which the mysterious writing was not.

"I will do anything you ask," replied the passenger; "but what shall I write?"

"A few words are all I want. Suppose you write, 'Steer to the north-west.'"

The passenger, evidently puzzled to make out the motive for such a request, complied, however, with a smile. The captain took up the slate and examined it closely; then, stepping aside so as to conceal the slate from the passenger, he turned it over, and gave it to him with the other side up.

"You say that is your handwriting?" said he.

"I need not say so," rejoined the other, looking at it. "For you saw me write it."

"And this?" said the captain, turning the slate over.

The man looked first at one writing, then at the other, quite confounded. At last, "What is the meaning of this," said he. "I only wrote one of these. Who wrote the other?"

"That's more than I can tell you, sir. My mate here says you wrote it, sitting at this desk, at noon to-day."

The captain of the wreck and the passenger looked at each other, exchanging glances of intelligence and surprise; and the former asked the latter, "Did you dream that you wrote on this slate?"

"No, sir, not that I remember."

"You speak of dreaming," said the captain of the barque. "What was this gentleman about at noon to-day?"

"Captain," rejoined the other (the captain of the wreck), "the whole thing is most mysterious and extraordinary; and I had intended to speak to you about it as soon as we got a little quiet. This gentleman—pointing to the passenger—'being much exhausted, fell into a heavy sleep, or what seemed such, some time before noon. After an hour or more, he awoke, and said to me, 'Captain, we shall be relieved this very day.' When I asked him what reason he had for saying so, he replied that he had dreamed that he was on board a barque, and that she was coming to our rescue. He described her appearance and rig, and, to our utter astonishment, when your vessel hove in sight, she corresponded exactly to his description of her. We had not put much faith in what he said; yet still we hoped there might be something in it, for, for drowning men, you know, will catch at straws. As it has turned out, I cannot doubt that it was all arranged, in some incomprehensible way, by an overruling Providence, so that we might be saved. To him be all thanks for His goodness to us."

"There is not a doubt," rejoined the captain of the barque, "that the writing on the slate, let it have come there as it may, saved all your lives. I was steering, at the time, considerably south of west, and I altered my course for north-west, and had a look-out aloft, to see what would come of it. But you say," he added, turning to the passenger, "that you did not dream of writing on a slate?"

"No, sir. I have no recollection whatever of doing so. I got the impression that the barque I saw in my dream was coming to rescue us; but how that impression came I cannot tell. There is another very strange thing about it," he added. "Everything here on board seems to me quite familiar; yet I am very sure I never was in your vessel before. It is all a puzzle to me. What did your mate see?"

Thereupon Mr. Bruce related to them all the circumstances above detailed. The conclusion they finally arrived at was, that it was a special interposition of Providence to save them from what seemed a hopeless fate.

And then she waited with great anxiety for her cousin's return, when she might have her doubts resolved as to the truth or falsehood of the mysterious impression regarding him.

He arrived three weeks afterwards, safe and well; but during the afternoon and evening that succeeded his arrival, no allusion whatever was made by any one to the above circumstances.

When the rest of the family retired, Louisa Allen remained, proposing to question him on the subject. He had stepped out; but, after a few minutes, he returned to the parlor, came up to the opposite side of the table at which she was sitting, looked agitated, and, before she herself could proffer a word, he said with much emotion, "Cousin, I must tell you a most remarkable thing that happened to me." And with that, to her astonishment, he burst into tears.

She felt that the solution of her doubts was at hand; and so it proved. He told her that one night during the voyage, soon after he had lain down, he saw, on the side of the state-room opposite his berth, the appearance of his mother. It was so startlingly like a real person that he rose and approached it. He did not, however, attempt to touch it, being ultimately satisfied that it was an apparition only. But on his return to his berth he still saw it for some minutes, as before.

On comparing notes, it was ascertained that the evening on which the young man thus saw the appearance of his mother at sea was the same on which she had so earnestly prayed for his safety—the very same, too, which his cousin Louisa had designated in writing, three weeks before, as the time when he had seen the apparition in question. And, as nearly as they could make it out, the hour also corresponded.

The foregoing history is taken from Robert Dale Owen's remarkable book, to which we have before been indebted; and that gentleman adds:

"The above narrative was communicated to me by the two ladies concerned, the mother and her niece, both being together when I obtained it. They are highly intellectual and cultivated. I am well acquainted with them, and I know that entire reliance may be placed on their statement."

SECOND SIGHT.

The celebrated German author, Zschokke, writes thus of his singular gift of second sight:

"If the reception of so many visitors was troublesome, it repaid itself occasionally, either by making me acquainted with remarkable personages, or by bringing out a wonderful sort of seer-gift, which I called my inward vision, and which has always remained an enigma to me. I am almost afraid to say a word upon this subject; not for fear of the imputation of being superstitious, but lest I should encourage that disposition in others; and yet it forms a contribution to psychology. So to confess."

"It is acknowledged that the judgment which we form of strangers, on first meeting them, is frequently more correct than that which we adopt upon a longer acquaintance with them. The first impression which, through an instinct of the soul, attracts one toward or repels one from another, becomes, after a time, more dim, and is weakened, either through his appearing other than at first, or through our becoming accustomed to him. People speak, too, in reference to such cases of involuntary sympathies and aversions, and attach a special certainty to such manifestations in children, in whom knowledge of mankind by experience is wanting. Others, again, are incredulous, and attribute all to physiological skill. But of myself:

"It has happened to me occasionally, at the first meeting with a total stranger, when I have been listening in silence to his conversation, that

his past life, up to the present moment, has been many minutes, and I have come across me like a dream, but distinctly, entirely, involuntarily and unsought, occupying in duration a few minutes. During this period I am usually so plunged in the representation of the stranger's life, that at last I neither continue to see distinctly his face, on which I was idly speculating, nor to hear intelligently his voice, which at first I was using as a commentary to the text of his physiognomy. For a long time I was disposed to consider these fleeting visions as a trick of the fancy; the more so that my dream-vision displayed to me the dress and movements of the actors, the appearance of the room, the furniture, and other accidents of the scene; till, on one occasion, in a gamesome mood, I narrated to my family the secret history of a seamstress who had just before quitted the room. I had never seen the person before. Nevertheless the hearers were astonished, and laughed, and would not be persuaded but that I had a previous acquaintance with the former life of the person, inasmuch as what I had stated was perfectly true. I was not less astonished to find that my dream-vision agreed with reality. I then gave more attention to the subject, and, as often as propriety allowed of it, I related to those whose lives had so passed before me the substance of my dream-vision, to obtain from them its contradiction or confirmation. On every occasion its confirmation followed, not without amazement on the part of those who gave it.

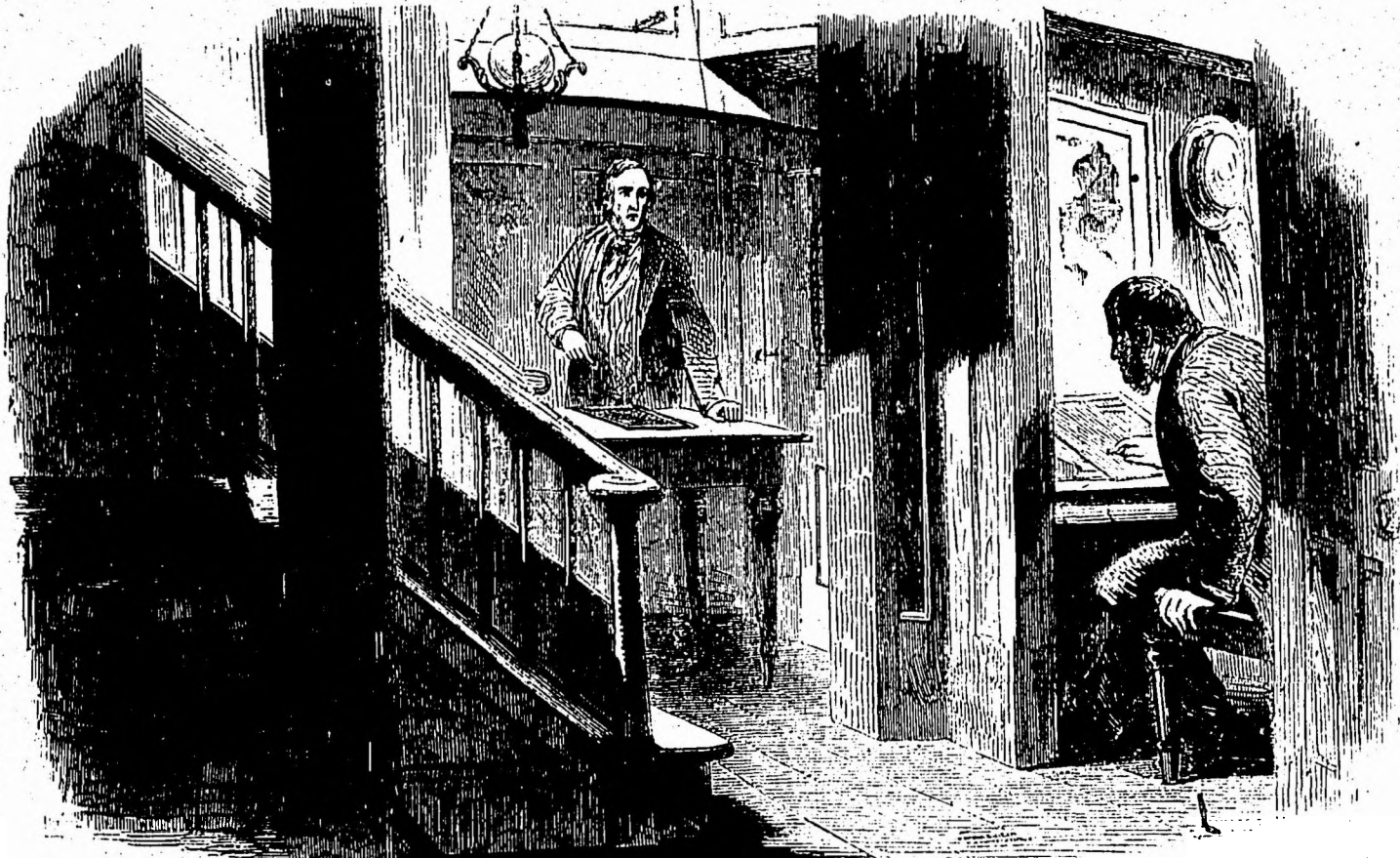
"Least of all could I myself give faith to these conjuring tricks of my mind. Every time that I described to any one my dream-vision respecting him, I confidently expected him to answer it was not so. A secret thrill always came over me when the listener replied: 'It happened as you say,' or when, before he spoke, his astonishment betrayed that I was not wrong. Instead of recording many instances, I will give one which, at the time, made a strong impression upon me.

"On a fair day, I went into the town of Waldshut, accompanied by two young foresters who are still alive. It was evening, and, tired with our walk, we went into an inn called the 'Vine.' We took our supper with a numerous company at the public; when it happened that they made themselves merry over the peculiarities and simplicity of the Swiss, in connection with the belief in Mesmerism, Lavater's physiognomical system, and the like. One of my companions, whose national pride was touched by their raillery, begged me to make some reply, particularly in answer to a young man of superior appearance, who sat opposite, and had indulged in unrestrained ridicule. It happened that the events of this very person's life had just previously passed before my mind. I turned to him with the question, whether he would reply to me with truth and candor, if I narrated to him the most secret passages of his history, he being as little known to me as I to him? That would, I suggested, go something beyond Lavater's physiognomical skill. He promised, if I told the truth, to admit it openly. Then I narrated the events with which my dream-vision had furnished me, and the table learnt the history of the young tradesman's life, of his school years, his peccadilloes, and, finally, of a little act of roguery committed by him on the street box of his employer. I described the uninhabited room with its white walls, where, to the right of the brown door, there had stood upon the table the small black money-box. A dead silence reigned in the company during this recital, interrupted only when I occasionally asked if I spoke the truth. The man, much struck, admitted the correctness of each circumstance—even, which I could not expect, of the last. Touched with his frankness, I reached my hand to him across the table, and closed my narrative. He asked my name, which I gave him. We sat up late in the night conversing. He may be alive yet.

"Now I can well imagine how a lively imagination could picture, romance-fashion, from the obvious character of a person, how he would conduct himself under given circumstances. But whence came to me the involuntary knowledge of necessary details, which were without any sort of interest, and respecting people who for the most part were utterly indifferent to me, with whom I neither had, nor wished to have, the slightest association? Or was it in each case mere coincidence? Or had the listener, to whom I described his history, each time other images in his mind than the accessory ones of my story, but, in surprise at the essential resemblance of my story to the truth, lost sight of the points of difference? Yet I have, in consideration of this possible source of error, several times taken pains to describe the most trivial circumstances that my dream-vision has shown me.

"Not another word about this strange seer-gift, which I can aver was of no use to me in a single instance, which manifested itself occasionally only, and quite independently of any volition, and often in relation to persons in whose history I took not the slightest interest. Nor am I the only one in possession of this faculty. In a journey with two of my sons, I fell in with an old Tyrolean who traveled about selling lemons and oranges, at the inn at Unterhauerstein in one of the Jura passes. He fixed his eyes for some time upon me, joined in our conversation, observed that though I did not know him he knew me, and began to describe my acts and deeds, to the no little amusement of the peasants, and astonishment of my children, whom it interested to learn that another possessed the same gift as their father. How the old lemon-merchant acquired his knowledge, he was not able to explain to himself nor to me. But he seemed to attach great importance to his hidden wisdom."

Don't kill the toads. They are among the very best friends of the gardener. They are the uncompromising foes of insects and worms, and aid materially in keeping these pests in check. Protect them; carry them into the garden, and never drive them out or injure them.



ASTONISHMENT OF BRUCE UPON BEHOLDING THE STRANGER.

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his past life, up to the present moment, has been many minutes, and I have come across me like a dream, but distinctly, entirely, involuntarily and unsought, occupying in duration a few minutes. During this period I am usually so plunged in the representation of the stranger's life, that at last I neither continue to see distinctly his face, on which I was idly speculating, nor to hear intelligently his voice, which at first I was using as a commentary to the text of his physiognomy. For a long time I was disposed to consider these fleeting visions as a trick of the fancy; the more so that my dream-vision displayed to me the dress and movements of the actors, the appearance of the room, the furniture, and other accidents of the scene; till, on one occasion, in a gamesome mood, I narrated to my family the secret history of a seamstress who had just before quitted the room. I had never seen the person before. Nevertheless the hearers were astonished, and laughed, and would not be persuaded but that I had a previous acquaintance with the former life of the person, inasmuch as what I had stated was perfectly true. I was not less astonished to find that my dream-vision agreed with reality. I then gave more attention to the subject, and, as often as propriety allowed of it, I related to those whose lives had so passed before me the substance of my dream-vision, to obtain from them its contradiction or confirmation. On every occasion its confirmation followed, not without amazement on the part of those who gave it.

"Least of all could I myself give faith to these conjuring tricks of my mind. Every time that I described to any one my dream-vision respecting him, I confidently expected him to answer it was not so. A secret thrill always came over me when the listener replied: 'It happened as you say,' or when, before he spoke, his astonishment betrayed that I was not wrong. Instead of recording many instances, I will give one which, at the time, made a strong impression upon me.

"On a fair day, I went into the town of Waldshut, accompanied by two young foresters who are still alive. It was evening, and, tired with our walk, we went into an inn called the 'Vine.' We took our supper with a numerous company at the public; when it happened that they made themselves merry over the peculiarities and simplicity of the Swiss, in connection with the belief in Mesmerism, Lavater's physiognomical system, and the like. One of my companions, whose national pride was touched by their raillery, begged me to make some reply, particularly in answer to a young man of superior appearance, who sat opposite, and had indulged in unrestrained ridicule. It happened that the events of this very person's life had just previously passed before my mind. I turned to him with the question, whether he would reply to me with truth and candor, if I narrated to him the most secret passages of his history, he being as little known to me as I to him? That would, I suggested, go something beyond Lavater's physiognomical skill. He promised, if I told the truth, to admit it openly. Then I narrated the events with which my dream-vision had furnished me, and the table learnt the history of the young tradesman's life, of his school years, his peccadilloes, and, finally, of a little act of roguery committed by him on the street box of his employer. I described the uninhabited room with its white walls, where, to the right of the brown door, there had stood upon the table the small black money-box. A dead silence reigned in the company during this recital, interrupted only when I occasionally asked if I spoke the truth. The man, much struck, admitted the correctness of each circumstance—even, which I could not expect, of the last. Touched with his frankness, I reached my hand to him across the table, and closed my narrative. He asked my name, which I gave him. We sat up late in the night conversing. He may be alive yet.

[illegible]

NEW YORK SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

EDUCATION FOR GIRLS.

We are told that at the meetings of the trustees of Cornell University this year, the admission of women to the institution was one of the first questions under discussion. By the terms of the charter, State scholarships are not limited to young men; so that it is possible for a young woman of proper character and qualifications to gain admittance, if she presents a State certificate. But no provision has yet been made for the accommodation of such students. "It will be hard," says the *Post*, "to find convenient homes, accessible from the buildings; and some think it will be harder to secure entire freedom from annoyance, for one or a very few young women, in a community of nearly six hundred young men."

Thus the way is hedged about, as it has always been in the best institutions of learning, for the admission of women. Instead of provision having been made, in the beginning, for the education of our daughters side by side with our sons, by one who said: "I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study," girls were left out of the account until the institution should be fairly under way, and now it will be found extremely difficult to bring about the changes necessary to their admission. And yet here is a University which really marks the beginning of a new epoch in education. It is broad and comprehensive in its plan. It represents no sect, class, or theory. A man may there learn to be a tiller of the soil, a mechanic, or a scientist; and at the same time ample provision is made for classical, æsthetic, and literary discipline for such as choose it. As usual, women have made splendid donations to this institution, which has as yet invited no woman to share its advantages. Miss Jenny McGraw has bestowed upon it a chime of nine bells, and to these Mrs. President White has added a great bell of five thousand pounds. Like other colleges, it is a nucleus toward which gifts and endowments flow freely; and already it has an extensive library, ornithological collections, workshops, drill-rooms, and laboratories, and scrip representing \$600,000 acres of land.

To young women these advantages should be made as free as to young men. And to all these is added the advantage of a motherly outlay for those of limited means. Several young men have paid their way during the last year by giving a portion of their time to industrial pursuits, and others have not exceeded three hundred dollars expense. There are hundreds of young women, daughters of farmers and artisans throughout the States, who hopelessly aspire to just such opportunities for laying hold, with their own ready hands, of the means of culture. The most timid and sensitive girl, thirsting for knowledge, should be welcomed to those halls, instead of being made to feel that she is pushing her way obstructively to advantages to which she has no right to aspire!

A mother made the following appeal to the Trustees of Cornell University in behalf of the education of her daughters as well as her sons; an appeal which not only they but all other who have charge of schools would do well to heed:

"The subject of education is to me as dear as life itself, as I was born with an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and which, thank God, does not grow less with increasing years."

I cannot better express my views on this subject than by giving a little of my own experience. My father was a poor man, with a large family to support, and all the education he could give his children was what they could get in a country school, and one term each in a New England Academy, where we hired a room and boarded ourselves, he paying our tuition. My sister and myself attended the Black River Academy, at Ludlow, Vermont, where one of the teachers became so much interested in our progress, that at the close of the term he made arrangements for us to work for our board, and remunerated him, provided circumstances rendered it reasonable for us to do so. We went home and laid the plan before our parents and other members of the family, and it was decided we could not, as my mother was quite worn out doing the work, and in fact they could not afford it.

It was a turning-point in my life. My health was rather delicate. I had never earned more than a dollar a week in teaching a district school, and fully realized my own inability to accomplish much in the way of earning an education. I had such a passionate desire for knowledge, but from infancy, that I had never before realized, but that in some way my intellectual longings were to be gratified. I felt that a part of my life had gone out, and that the bright star of my existence had set, and henceforth there was nothing for me but to plod on mechanically, with a soul crushed and lifeless. I hardly needed aid, though I have never attended school since, that books and periodicals have done much to atone for it—thanks to the earnest and true men and women who write for them, thus reaching the common people. . . . Boys need the gentle, refining, and elevating influence of their sisters, and the girls of the present generation especially need to feel that educated, earnest, practical men have so much confidence in their natural endowments as to consider them worthy of an equal share in this great enterprise. It would give them stability of character, and a new impetus to cultivate in themselves all that would make them desirable companions for noble and learned men, yea, even more, help to fit them to become the mothers of a race worthy the destiny of American people. . . . As I do the importance of this movement to the youth of both sexes, not only of this generation, but those who are to follow in their footsteps, I do most earnestly entreat you not to leave us out. Let me add, in the name of justice and humanity, and the progress of the nineteenth century, do not crush out the little germ of self-respect that is taking root in the hearts of the women of America by so great an act of injustice."

The scrap of experience given with true pathos in this letter, indicates the heart-burnings and despair of many a poor girl who has seen the best means of discipline placed beyond her reach. "Reading, writing and arithmetic" used to be thought sufficient for girls, while boys of the same family perambled for sent to college for a four years' course, and then three or four additional years were allowed for professional discipline. When I consider the difficulties that have always stood in the way of women's true education, I am struck with amazement, not that they do not know more, but that they know so much thoroughly. What opportunities they had for the highest culture save what they have wrought out for themselves? At the age of sixteen, Margaret Fuller gathered around her a brilliant group of literary friends in Cambridge, where she had access to the college library, and roved in the rich stores of French, German and English literature; but were the doors of Harvard open to her? No; even though two of her brothers afterward went honorably through that College under her supervision. When twenty-four years of age, and still intent upon study, instead of being safely sheltered within the walls of an University, where the cares of study might alone engage her attention, she was hummed in by hindrances which would have crushed a less dauntless spirit. She wrote in March, 1834:

"Four pupils are a serious and fatiguing charge for one of my somewhat ardent and impatient disposition. Five days in the week, I have given daily lessons in three languages, in geography

and history, besides many exercises on alternate days. This has consumed over eight, always five hours of my day. There has been also a great deal of needlework to do, which is now nearly finished, so that I shall not be obliged to pass my time about it when everything looks beautiful, as I did last summer. We have had very poor servants, and, for some time past, only one. My mother has been often ill. My grandmother, who passed the winter with us, has been ill. Thus you may imagine, as I am the only grown-up daughter, that my time has been considerably taxed. But as sad or merry, I must be always laughing. I laid down a course of study at the beginning of winter, comprising certain subjects, about which I had always felt deficient. These were the history and geography of modern Europe, beginning the former in the fourteenth century; the elements of architecture; the works of Alfieri, with his opinions on them; the historical and critical works of Goethe and Schiller, and the outlines of history of our own country."

Who can wonder that under such a herculean burden the outlines of womanly character should become somewhat distorted, or that the toiler should sink with its weight? On reading the appreciative biographical sketch of Charlotte Prince Dawes, written by T. W. Higginson, I was deeply moved at the picture therein drawn of a gifted young woman's struggle with poverty and illness in her endeavor to attain high literary culture. In this effort her body failed, and a brilliant success passed on. "She would always have been hampered," said her biographer, "by the want of early mental training, and by the absence of sound health." For her no Yale or Harvard threw open its doors and bade her welcome; for her no State endowment or individual bequest secured a comfortable life in any first-class university.

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, twenty-five years ago, was denied admission to all the medical schools of New York, Philadelphia and Boston; but her great perseverance at last opened for her the doors of Geneva College, from which starting-point she has gone steadily upward to her present honored and influential position. But it is needless to multiply examples. Their name is legion. Furthermore, there is a change going on in public opinion which will ultimately make the education of girls of paramount importance in the estimation of all classes. God speed the day of this awakening. Vassar College is one of the signs of its coming; and another is the universal agitation of the question: "Shall women learn the alphabet?" with all its correlatives and consequences. Thirty-four graduates went forth from Vassar College at this year's close, and they, with the Alumni of past and future years, will represent a higher type of womanhood. Let woman be truly educated, and we may confidently prophesy a higher type of humanity, since she is the Mother of the Race.

Because this mighty power to sway the destinies of the world is garnered up in the nature of woman, she should be educated and privileged to the fullest extent of her capabilities and claims. All the advantages that ever accrue to human beings in the best state of society should be secured to her without reserve or limitation, that she may stand side by side with the noblest and most cultured; for on her thorough education and perfect freedom depend her own happiness and the redemption and elevation of mankind.

The Annual Picnic

of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists of New York will take place on Friday, July 23d, 1869, at Elm Park, entrance on 22d street, west of Eighth avenue. The Spiritualists of New York and vicinity, and all friends of progress and liberal ideas, are invited to spend the day with us on this occasion. Good speaking and vocal and instrumental music may be expected. At about 3 o'clock P. M. the platform will be cleared for dancing, which will be continued until 8 P. M. Mr. George W. Allen's Quadrille Band has been engaged for the purpose. The gate of the Park will be open at 10 A. M., and the cars of the Eighth Avenue Railroad will run within a few rods of the grounds every five minutes during the day and evening. Admission—Gentlemen's Tickets, 50 cents; Ladies' and Children's, 25 cents.

Board of Managers of the Society.—Dr. R. Glover, Pres.; John J. Tyler, Vice Pres.; P. E. Farnsworth, Sec'y.; D. Doubleday, Treas.; David Parker, Lewis Kirtland, John H. Ames, E. S. Creamer, W. S. Barnard.

N. B.—Should Friday prove stormy, the picnic will be postponed until the next day (Saturday).

Canandaigua, N. Y.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Your beautiful village has for the first time been visited by a trance speaker. Mrs. C. Fannie Allen gave us an extempore lecture on the spiritual philosophy, on Thursday evening, July 1st, which has had its good effect. I enclose a few very just comments from the *Ontario County Times*, that mediums may know that justice will be done them and a liberal hearing will be given them, should they give us a call. We select the following. A good physical medium would do well in Canandaigua.

L. B. B. SPIRITUAL SEANCE.—Mrs. Fannie Allen, who was announced in our last issue to give our citizens an opportunity of witnessing her wonderful powers whilst in a trance state, gave a free public exhibition last Thursday evening, in the Town Hall, before a crowded house. She gave us one of the most interesting literary feasts which it has ever been our privilege to listen to. Several subjects were given by the audience for impromptu poems and speeches, in the trance state, the first being "The Resurrection," which she produced as an inspirational poem; the second subject given was for a prose speech: "Is it safe to believe in Spiritualism?" and the closing piece was "The Pacific Railroad," and "General Grant," which she gave, by request, in the shape of a poem, and in a manner that electrified almost the entire audience. At the close she exhibited a number of spiritual photographs, after the style of those we gave a description of in a long and interesting article on our first page several weeks since. We think Mrs. Allen must meet with a good reception here should she come again.

The Camp Meeting on Cape Cod.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—I see in your paper that our good friends on Cape Cod are to have a Camp Meeting, commencing the 20th of July, and continuing five days.

Nothing need be said to those who were present at last year's meeting to induce them to attend this season, for they will certainly do so if possible. To those who were not there last year I would say: Go down to the Cape, if you want to enjoy yourselves at a Camp Meeting as you never did before. Ample arrangements are being made to entertain all persons in the best style. The grounds are fitted up finely, the committee being determined to make everything agreeable and comfortable for the large company that will certainly be in attendance.

Many of the best speakers in the ranks of Spiritualism are already engaged, so there will be no lack of good talking to interest and instruct the people in our beautiful philosophy; besides, several of our mediums for physical and other manifestations will be with us. Some persons may object to going because the meeting is held in the hottest part of the season, but to such I would say, that it is never oppressively hot in that section, even in the warmest weather. There is always a sea breeze constantly stirring, that gives the air a delightful coolness which is very agreeable. The hospitality of the Cape Cod people cannot be excelled, as I can testify by personal experience. None of us need fear to place ourselves in their hands. We shall surely be well provided for.

There is no doubt—should the weather be auspicious—that this will be the most interesting and successful Camp Meeting ever held by Spiritualists. A. E. CARPENTER.

J. BURNHAM, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 15 Southampton Row, Holborn, London, Eng. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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Banner of Light.

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All business connected with the editorial department of this paper is under the exclusive control of LUTHER COLBY, to whom letters and communications should be addressed.

Massachusetts Association of Spiritualists.

The members of the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Association of Spiritualists are requested to meet at the office of the Banner of Light, 158 Washington street, Boston, Wednesday afternoon, July 21, at 3 o'clock. A full attendance is requested, as important business is to be considered.

WILLIAM WHITE, President.

H. B. STORER, Secretary.

The Silent Martyrs.

It is not so very difficult to stand up in the admiring gaze of the public, and gain credit for suffering on account of one's belief; but to carry the burden about unseen, without friends, without sympathy, and never hoping to be rewarded with so much as a syllable of approval for one's constancy—this is to be a martyr in the sense which few know much about in these days of persistent and noisy proclamation. The martyrdom of the old time was an easy affair, in one sense; since it drew upon the one suffering it the admiration and sympathies of others, and made him sure of a large share of renown in the future, his name going down with a certain distinction of glory to posterity. There was reward enough in this to serve in some degree as compensation. A person can endure suffering with a sort of stoicism when he knows that the eyes of the multitude are drawn to him. And when he is supported inwardly by a deep and strong religious faith, getting the mastery of his thought and action together, his ejaculations for help from on high are responded to with fervor by sympathizing spirits, and thus his fortitude is maintained and his strength actually doubled. This is the martyrdom of the olden time. Brought into the experience of our own day, it becomes comparatively an easy thing to bear.

But how many can go through the trials of a martyrdom that has no element of admiration or sympathy in it? Where there is no such inducement as this to call one forth into the field of suffering, how many volunteers will crowd to take the front rank in this army? The world has changed about so completely, it is not the same thing now to oppose one's self to the ruling opinion that it used to be. Nowadays, most people are infected with this spirit of opposition, so that what was formerly martyrdom, has gradually become the controlling side. If we would find any more martyrs, then, we must go into out-of-the-way places to look for them. Where are we to go? Has the real spirit of martyrdom departed? Is there nothing left in the world to suffer for? Have all the arrangements of social life grown so smooth and harmonious, and is justice and right dealing so very common, that no single complainer is still to be found for the search? Ah, believe it not. The world has not so greatly changed that suffering is not yet abundant and omnipresent. But the downtrodden do not now parade themselves as formerly. Their part is a silent one. It is reformation that loudly asserts itself, but martyrdom finds no voice. As soon as the martyr is spoken of, the charm of the character appears to have been lost.

If, however, we would see such examples of this spirit of martyrdom as would put much of the old manifestation of it to the blush, we need but look at the case of the wife who suffers from a drunken and brutalized husband. Perhaps she married against the advice of her family friends, and so has lost their sympathy entirely now. Or if not that, they may have neglected and fallen away from her, nevertheless, from a natural feeling of social mortification. She is thus isolated and exiled from all the consolations of sympathy when it is most needed. None know or care for her case, apparently. She bears her heavy troubles alone and in silence. Day by day she suffers from the increasing brutality of the use she still calls her husband, her pride gone, her affections trampled under foot, her only worldly support and stay stricken down by the power of his own folly, and no prospect opening on the dark horizon which so effectually shuts in all her hopes. Still she endures in silence, without impatience, without so much as repining. She feels on the sweet, though dried leaves of the memory of the old love. The past is all that affords her any comfort or solace, and she gladly makes the most of it, sorrowful as the task is. Nothing remains for her to anticipate, but rough treatment and sad thoughts. Yet she remains true to herself, to her undying affection, and her virtue. Who shall presume to say that here is not a martyr such as no fire of faggot ever consumed?

There is always a large army of such martyrs, not enrolled on the pages of any book of martyrology, but none the less existent and daily suffering. All social vices, all wrongs persisted in, all heinous crimes practiced and done by inconsiderate husbands, produce this array of silent and unseen sufferers. Mounting the scaffold, in the gaze of a sympathizing and admiring multitude, is easy in comparison with bearing unmercifully such a lot as this. And so in other ways. It is as easy, at times, for a man who is resolved to live for the right, and to establish the rule of purity in his being, to go to the stake to be burned, as it would be to stand the jeers, the scoffs and the contempt of his companions of years, merely because he is resolved to quit courses of conduct which he is very sure will end in his and their ruin if persistently followed. So it seems perfectly easy for a man to live and speak the simple truth every day of his life; but there shall come occasions, always surprising him, too, when the hardest thing of his life is what may appear to be but the simplest, and when plain and homely virtue is to be harder prize to secure in action than it would be to a stranger, then, not in the too great haste to believe that the age of martyrdom is over. It is competent for any one of us, who sincerely desires it, to become a martyr every day that he lives.

The Crime Against Nature.

It has not been in vain, we rejoice to say, that the *Banner of Light*, some considerable time ago, held up to public denunciation the abominable and unnatural crime of feticide. The physicians furnished us, in their discussions, with some most impressive statistics to supply the basis for our commentaries, and human nature finally revolted at the astounding disclosures. Since then the Roman Catholic and Episcopal bishops, together with the Presbyterian clergy and the woman conventions, have openly denounced the crime, and warned their flocks and followers against its practice on the peril of their souls. The Episcopal bishop of Western New York found it necessary to warn the members of his diocese against the habit a second time, and in a formal pastoral letter. "If any doubts existed heretofore as to the propriety of my warnings on this subject," said he, "they must now disappear before the fact that the world itself is beginning to be horrified by the practical results of the sacrifices to Moloch which defile our land." It is rather a new thing to be bidden to reform itself lest the world should be shocked by its practical impurity; but doubtless the reproof was well deserved. "Again I warn you," continued the bishop, "that they who do such things cannot inherit eternal life. If there be a special damnation for those who 'shed innocent blood,' what must be the portion of those who have no mercy upon their own flesh?" The Roman Catholic archbishop and bishops of the Province of Baltimore a month or two since published a pastoral letter, denouncing in set phrase "the daily increasing practice of infanticide, especially before birth," and declares the notoriety which this "monstrous crime has obtained of late, and the hecatombs of infants that are annually sacrificed to Moloch to gratify an unlawful passion, are a sufficient justification for alluding to a painful and delicate subject, which should not even be mentioned among Christians."

"If," excludes the letter, "it is a sin to take away the life even of an enemy—if the crime of shedding innocent blood cries to heaven for vengeance, in what language can we characterize the double guilt of those whose souls are stained with the innocent blood of their own offspring?" The Old Scotch Presbyterians say, "The horrible crime of infanticide, especially in the form of the destruction by parents of their own offspring before birth, prevails to an alarming extent." And they ascribe it to impure publications and false ideas of marriage and its duties; and solemnly declare that they regard "the destruction by parents, of their offspring before birth with abhorrence, as a crime against God and against Nature;" and "as the frequency of such murders can no longer be concealed," they "warn those that are guilty of this crime that unless they repent they cannot inherit eternal life." It is none too soon for all the sources of influence and authority over the public mind to utter plain words against self both civilized and Christian. The prevalence of this crime is far more common than would be generally credited. There surely should be some other remedy than the mere law; it ought to burn a woman's conscience for a lifetime to thus inhumanly lend herself to the wanton destruction of her unborn offspring.

The Revolution of Labor.

It is claimed, not without good authority, that the recent elections in France were a vindication of the rights of labor alone. In a total poll of 8,000,000 votes, the Government was able to secure a majority of but 800,000. The new Corps Legislatif is plentifully sprinkled with Reds—that is, Radicals—and in all the chief cities there have been serious disturbances. Napoleon has an excellent opportunity now to see precisely where he stands. The Empire is not Peace, unless some concessions of a substantial character are made to labor. It is the extremists, and not the moderates, who lead and control, and in fact, constitute the legislative assembly now. They have already made their demand for the establishment of a Ministry having its root in the people. We find, in a letter from France to the *New York Nation*, what is the real significance of this election. Its lessons are more social than political. The movement is one that is to result in the overturn of existing labor systems in France and throughout Europe, and in good time is bound to shake to their foundations every social structure in the civilized world. French workmen see and sympathize with the designs of German workmen, and likewise with what organized labor is rapidly doing in England, and the United States. The belief is profoundly established, that capital has for centuries wronged from labor the lion's share of profit; that labor has been kept under; that capital could combine, while labor was defenceless; and that redress is now within reach through the instrumental use of universal suffrage, or by the agency of trades unions. And we shall certainly witness great and surprising movements in our day.

Early Out Hay.

Dr. Nichols, the judicious editor of the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*, records an experiment on this subject which cannot but have great interest for farmers. He says that he had one acre of grass, red top and clover, that was cut June 19, and the hay stored by itself. On the first of last March he put his herd of ten cows upon it, and the immediate increase in the flow of milk amounted to ten quarts per day. The hay fed them before was of the same variety, but cut after the middle of July. The early cut hay "spent" fully as well as the later cut, no more of it was consumed, and Dr. Nichols estimates that the money value of the product from this hay, fed to ten cows, was greater by near a dollar a day than that from the other. Dr. Nichols also repeats the opinion he has expressed before, that most hay is dried too much, and declares that, if grass is entirely freed from external moisture, as that in the form of dew and rain, it will cure better in the mow than anywhere else, provided enough exposure to wind and sun is had to cause one-half of the water circulating in the vessels of the plant to be evaporated. This is accomplished in six or eight hours of favorable weather.

Spiritualism in Colorado.

We learn from the *Boulder Pioneer* that the Spiritualists and progressionists held a two day meeting, July 3d and 4th, at the grove on the farm of David H. Nichols, Esq., in Boulder. Mrs. Hannah F. M. Brown was the principal speaker. Mr. Nichols is a strong man in those parts, and his influence in the cause of Spiritualism will be felt effectively.

Prof. Wm. Denton

Is to deliver an address at the Spiritualist Picnic in Harmony Grove, South Framingham, July 16th. Mr. A. E. Carpenter's card, in another column, will give full particulars concerning the fare, time of starting, &c.

The Read Controversy.

It can hardly be necessary for us to state specific reasons for declining to transfer to our columns the letter of Mr. Charles H. Read, which appears in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, and the reply which was published in the *Waterbury, Conn., American*. The entire correspondence we conceive to be too much in the spirit of assault, on each side, to really merit wider publicity. We do not for a moment presume to question the perfect sincerity of the respectable gentlemen who append their names to the article headed, "The Other Side"; but we are equally well apprised of the genuineness of Mr. Read's physical manifestations, by the conclusive testimony of such men as Dr. H. B. Storer, of this city, Mr. A. E. Carpenter, of Connecticut, Thomas R. Hazard, Esq., of Rhode Island, and other individuals of equal responsibility. But, as already hinted, our chief objection is to the spirit of undisguised animosity which has controlled the controversy. Wherever this is permitted to have sway, there can be no really healthy criticism, such as we all require, much less any that spirit of love which supplies the sustenance for all teaching and all growth. It is the latter which we would everywhere, and on all occasions, most earnestly inculcate. It belongs to professed Spiritualists, more than to any other class of men and women, to possess charity and practice it. That Mr. Read may have rendered himself obnoxious to the people of Waterbury, we should not like to dispute, in the face of their united assertions; and none can more sincerely regret the circumstance than ourselves. It is not, however, with him as an individual that we have to do. We advert only to his medium powers, which are abundantly attested. And with such conclusive testimony before us, we could not honestly brand him as an impostor, so long as a single reasonable doubt remained that he is not one.

The Relation Between Editor and Writer.

It gives us pleasure to transfer to the columns of the *Banner* the following sensible remarks of Bro. Hammond, which we find in the columns of the last number of the *American Spiritualist*: "The faithful performance of the duties devolving upon editors, requires watchfulness and firm decision. They succeed in this much more by what they reject or modify than by what they accept; and it is not unfrequently the case that they must offend those whose personal friendship they prize, (and whose support they can ill afford to lose,) or else deviate from the path of conscientious and impartial journalism. To fully appreciate any number of any good periodical, the reader should examine the editorial wastebasket, and then the accepted manuscript as it was originally written. People generally reflect as little upon the wearisome labor required to present a readable sheet, when they read it, as they do upon the drudgery of the kitchen, while they are feasting upon culinary delicacies."

But the exercise of a wise discrimination as to the literary merits of contributions, though important, is not the principal consideration. Just how far the managing editor has a moral right to tone down radicalisms, or to expunge common-places, no two persons will agree, but that he should do so to some extent, none will dispute. However, certain usages obtain which appear to have their origin in the general consent of writers and editors—certain customary guarantees of the rights of each. For example, the editor has the undoubted right to exclude personalities, no matter how great the impetuosity, and the writer has the equally obvious one of demanding that no prominent sentiment of his article shall be suppressed, or materially obscured. When there is conflict in this regard, the manuscript should be returned to its author, with the suggested emendations. If the changes are not conceded, the latter has no right to demand publication."

Dover, Me.

A correspondent writes: "We have just got through with our picnic celebration of the third of July by the Children's Progressive Lyceum. The day has been pleasant, and the whole thing a perfect success. We had addresses from Mrs. Vaisbrooker and others. Charles A. Hayden speaks here the two last Sundays of this month, and H. P. Fairfield all the Sundays in August, afternoon and evening. The Lyceum will hold its sessions as usual, at 10½ A. M. E. B. Averill has resigned his place as conductor, a position he has long filled with great ability, and A. K. P. Gray, Esq., has been chosen to fill the place. Mrs. Annie B. Averill has been chosen Guardian of the Groups. The Universalists are a little exercised in their minds occasionally on account of the efficient work of our good brother, Rev. E. B. Averill, in doing in the cause of Spiritualism, and I am not at all disposed to blame them. It is provoking to see a church and Society and all the fixings sliding out from the fold after all the labor and anxiety expended in making them secure."

Music Hall Meetings Next Winter.

Arrangements are being made to secure able lecturers for the third course on the Spiritual Philosophy, to be given in Music Hall, Boston, next season, commencing Sunday afternoon, Oct. 10th. Among the number we may mention Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, Prof. Wm. Denton, Mrs. Emma Hardinge, (now in England,) and Thomas Gales Forster. Other names will be announced hereafter. Those desiring to secure season tickets, with reserved seats, would do well to make application at once at the counter of the *Banner of Light*—personally, or by note. Tickets will not be ready for delivery till the middle of September.

Williamsburgh, N. Y.

A correspondent assures us that the Spiritualism is increasing quite rapidly in the above named city. The Society of Spiritualists is gradually filling up with those who take a deep interest in the subject. All the expenses for the year ending with June have been paid, and the prospects for another year are most encouraging. Our correspondents add—"We are indebted to the late ministrations of Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham far beyond any words of praise and admiration I can express. Large audiences were delighted with her fine lectures."

Who are "Heretics"?

Rev. John Weiss says: "I do not believe in a single alleged supernatural fact in the life of Jesus or any other man." The object of those who wish to get a religious clause inserted in the Constitution of the United States is to obtain the power to put such "heretics" and "free-thinkers" to the rack. None but religious bigots would then be safe. William R. Alger even would not escape, for already the *Watchman and Reflector* denounces him as "a known and acknowledged denier of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Pecuniary Results of the Peace Jubilee.

According to a printed statement supposed to have emanated from the Peace Jubilee directors, the great festival netted \$110,700. A large portion of this is to be divided among the subscribing towns, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of deceased soldiers. Mr. Gilmore has been presented with a house and lot worth \$25,000, in addition to the receipts at his benefit, which amounted to over \$20,000.

theological teachings will be displaced by teachings more liberal, teachings that have vitality, and assurances of immortality, beyond the cold, cold grave.

Q.—Have you any message for your wife, or for your children?

A.—Say to my dear, now afflicted, wife, I will speak to her as soon as I recover sufficient strength to do so. Say to Bro. Truman [the cornerer] not to fear. I will be with him.

Q.—Who do you desire to have administer on your estate?

A.—I should be pleased to have you, brother Matthews, settle my affairs. I will assist you to the extent of my control.

To Revs. Meloy and Fleischer, my kindly remembrances.

By the by, here comes John Robb. He would be remembered to the people of New Philadelphia.

Yours, very truly,

JOHN HOWARD.

To C. H. MATTHEWS, New Philadelphia, Ohio.

12th May, 1869.

Camp Meeting on the Cape.

A Spiritualist Camp Meeting will be held near Harwich Centre, Cape Cod, in Nickerson's Grove, (oak and maple) one of the finest in the state, about half the distance from Harwich Centre to the Cape. The meeting will commence July 20th, and close on the 25th. All those attending the meeting will be furnished with a free pass home over the road by the Committee. We cordially invite Spiritualists and all friends of progress to attend and aid us in making this meeting in every way worthy of the good cause in whose interest it is called. The Committee have made arrangements with A. Lott of Harwich, to provide refreshments, board and lodging on the ground on reasonable terms.

For Order Committee.

W. B. KELLEY, Danversport.
W. B. KELLEY, Harwichport.
GILBERT SMITH, " "
E. DOAN, JR., " "
GEORGE H. SWALEY, " "
ZABINA SMALL, " "
HERMAN SNOW, Danversport.
J. H. SNOW, Harwichport.
ISAAC KEENE, West Sandwich.
NATHAN CROSBY, Brewster.
B. G. HODGINS, Eastham.
AMASA SMITH, Danversport.
MRS. J. LOTTORP, Hyannis.
MRS. A. BURGESS, Harwichport.

Harwich, Mass., June 15th, 1869.

Mediums in Boston.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM.
292 Washington street, Boston. Mrs. Latham is eminently successful in treating Humors, Rheumatism, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, and all Chronic Complaints. Parties at a distance examined by a local Mail. Price \$1.00. 1st—June 19.

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE.
AT NO. 126 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON.

Those requesting examinations by letter will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. 1st—July 3.

JULIA M. FRIEND.
MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT, Office 120 Harrison Avenue. Examination \$1.00; by lock of hair, \$2.00. Medical prescriptions put up and sent to all parts of the country. July 3.

DR. JAMES CANNY OHSLEY, No. 16
Salem street, Boston, Mass. Eclectic and Magnetic Physician, cures mind and body. Dr. C. is eminently successful in treating those who are afflicted with chronic diseases, such as rheumatism, humors, bilious complaints, and all diseases which arise from impurity of the blood, disordered nerves, and want of magnetism. Those requesting examination of diseases, business, or anything by letter, from Dr. C., or Mrs. Steckney, will please enclose \$1.00 stamp and lock of hair, also state sex and age. If you wish to become a medium of force, call on Dr. C., the great healer and developer of clairvoyance. Developing circles Monday and Friday evening.

MRS. S. J. STOKCKNEY, 18 Salem street, Medical and
Business Clairvoyant, examines and prescribes for persons at any distance, by a lock of hair. She is also a text medium; the spirit of your friend takes control and talks with you about the affairs of life. Circle Monday and Friday evening.

MARY M. HARDY, Test and Business Medium.
No. 91 Poplar street, Boston, Mass. Sealed letters answered by enclosing \$2.00 and two red stamps. Circles every Thursday evening. Admittance 25 cents. May 15—15th.

MISS SEVERANCE AND HATCH—
Trance, Test and Business Mediums. Medical examinations given. No. 28 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 12 P. M. No. 30 Carver street, Boston July 11—11th.

MRS. M. A. PORTER, Business and Medical
Clairvoyant. A cure for Catarrh and Headache. No. 8 Lagrange street, Boston. 5th—July 20.

MRS. L. W. LITCH, Trance, Test and Healing
Medium, has taken rooms at 91 Sudbury street, opposite from Court Street. 1st—July 17.

JACOB TODD, Healing Physician, 532 Wash-
ington street, Boston. Gives examinations and prescribes for all parts of the State. 3rd—July 10.

HATTIE E. WILSON, Trance Physician, No.
30 Carver street, Boston. 1st—July 17.

SAMUEL GROVER, Healing Medium, No.
13 Dix Place, (opposite Harvard street.) 1st—July 3.

Miscellaneous.

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Prof. Barnes's
PATENT DRY SPIROMETER,
for
MEASURING AND DEVELOPING THE LUNGS,
Showing their capacity in Cubic Inches.

THE improvement patented in this instrument is in using an air-tight, flexible diaphragm to hold the air, instead of using water and weights, which makes it more portable, more durable, and much cheaper, and is equally correct. Blowing into the instrument shows the size of the lungs. The instrument is of iron, and would be very beneficial to persons with weak lungs, and to those who have good lungs it will tend to keep them in a healthy condition. Every Lyceum should possess one of these valuable instruments. It is recommended by the following eminent Physicians in Boston:

DR. A. C. GOULD.
" JOHN A. LAMSON.
" H. H. STORER.
" W. WARREN.
" WILLIAM F. LILLIE.
" W. W. MORLAND.
" A. H. RICHMOND.
" NATHAN B. SUTHERLY.
" A. C. GARRATT.
" GEORGE GAY.

For sale at this office.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.
THE above is the name of a large sized weekly newspaper, printed upon extra fine paper, devoted to Spiritual Philosophy, Arts and Sciences, Literature, Romance and General Reform. In it we published the choicest of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons.

For the purpose of giving Spiritualists and others an opportunity to judge of the merits of this paper we will send it to any person for three months on the receipt of FIFTY CENTS. There is an excellent opportunity for Spiritualists to put a first-class Spiritual Paper into the hands of friends (who otherwise might remain ignorant of the Spiritual Philosophy) for three months at the simple outlay of fifty cents for each three months' subscription, which is just the cost of the paper. The Editor, Mr. W. W. MORLAND, gives the names on the mail list. It is a Western paper, and perhaps manifests some of the peculiar characteristics of Western life. We appeal to our Eastern friends, as well as all others, to give the Journal a trial. Address, S. J. JONES, No. 192 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill. 1st—July 3.

CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS
OF THE following named persons can be obtained at the Banner of Light Office, for 25 CENTS EACH:

ROBERT D. DAVIS, LULLIE L. WHITE, JUDITH F. EDMONDS, ISABEL B. RICH, EMMA HARDING, WARREN CHASE, ABRAHAM JAMES, DREW JACKSON DAVIS, MRS. MARY F. DAVIS, MRS. J. H. CONANT, J. M. PEEBLES, D. H. HOWE, THE THREE BROTHERS.

PINKIE, the Indian Maiden, 50 cents.

Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price.

TRACTS! TRACTS!
First Edition 100,000. Half sold.

NOW ready, a series of short, pointed articles, "Peebles," in the form of four page Tracts, prepared expressly for general distribution. By LOIS WAISBROOKER. Terms, \$2.00 per single, \$10.00 per dozen, \$100.00 per hundred. 50 cents extra on each when sent by mail. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE
THREE BROTHERS!
FROM one of Prof. Anderson's latest and finest productions. These beautiful Spirit Portraits will be sent by mail, postage paid. Price 25 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston.

ETNA
SEWING
MACHINE.
318 Washington street, Boston.

Mar. 27. AGENTS WANTED. 12th—July 3.

PHOTOGRAPH OF DR. GARDNER.
We have procured an excellent photograph likeness of Dr. J. R. Newton, the well known pioneer worker in Spiritism, which we will mail to order on receipt of 25 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston.

NEWSPAPERS FOR SALE.
BACK numbers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, without regard to volume or number, at \$1.00 per hundred; when sent by mail, postage 60 cents. W. M. WHITE & CO., Dec. 19—1st. 158 Washington street, Boston.

Education for Farmers.—For information respecting the Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station, see page 12—13th.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds promptly executed
by EMERY N. MOORE & CO., No. 9 Water street, Boston Mass. 1st—July 3.

RULES
TO BE OBSERVED WHEN FORMING
SPIRITUAL CIRCLES.
By Emma Hardinge.

We have never seen better or more comprehensive rules for the formation of Spiritual Circles than are contained in this little booklet. It is just what thousands are asking for, and coming from such an able, experienced and reliable author, is sufficient guarantee of its value.

Price, 10 cents; postage free.

For sale by the publishers, WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 158 Washington street, Boston, and also by our New York Agents, the AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 119 Nassau street.

"THE LITTLE ANGEL."
A Temperance Story for Children, by Mrs. H. N. Greene, Author of "The Cottage Story." Price 10 cents. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston.

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