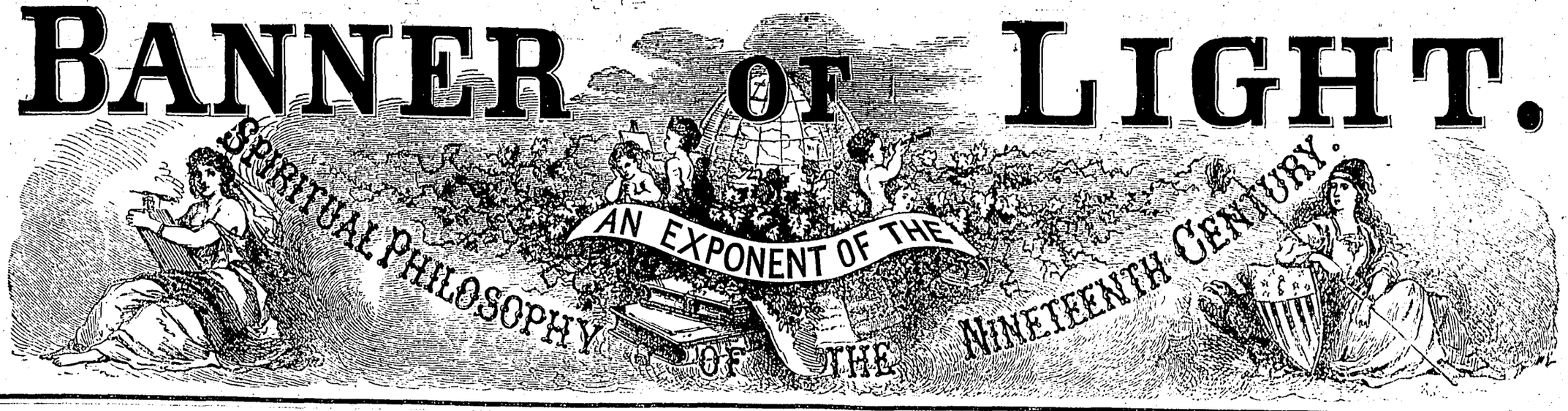
BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.

THE MEDIUM, OR SIX SEANCES.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

SEANCE FOUR.

Men said that I had gone insane,
But spite of their derision,
With joyful heart I sought again
The sacred place of vision.
The séance opened with a prayer
Or holy aspiration;
And two clasped hands seen in the air,
As if in supplication.

A voice in solemn accents said,
"Thou Great All-Loving Father—
God of the living—there's no dead!
Around thine altar gather
All peoples and all tribes of men,
Whom creeds have kept asunder,
Till, at their wars and endless jars,
The heavens look down in wonder.

"Too long! alas! oh Lord, too long
Have men reviled each other,
And in thy name inflicted wrong,
Ay, brother upon brother!
Lord, open thou their eyes at last,
That they may clearly see
That 'tis not creeds, but noble deeds,
That incense are to thee;

"And that, wherever discord is,
Thy spirit cannot dwell;
E'en in this life the soul at strife
Is living, Lord, in hell!
And from the altars raised to thee,
Thy spirit all hath fled;
They only stand, cumb'ring the land,
Memorials of the dead.

"And in their stead to thee we raise
A spiritual shrine;
A temple that is all ablaze
With living truths divine—
The Temple of Humanity!
Where all thy sons may gather,
That they may know and learn of thee,
The Universal Father!

"That falsehood is the spirit's blight;
That every truth 's [illegible]
And nothing holy save the right,
Which makes the sacred shrine;
That Love and Right shall conquer Might,
And shall forever reign
With Joy and Truth, in endless youth,
And earth grow green again!"

The voice has ceased; the folded hands
Have vanished in the air;
And instantly before us stands
A spirit, passing fair.
And I exclaimed, "'Tis Upright John!—
The idol of my youth—
Who fought the battle, all alone,
Of scorned, rejected truth.

"Hail to thee! high, heroic soul!
Thy life-long battle 's o'er;
And hast thou safely reached the goal
Where bigots plague no more?"
And he replied, with quiet grace:
"Through warfare men must win
A title to the holy place,
Where strife can't enter in.

"Conformity 's a deadly sin—
A sin the age demands!
But cowards cannot enter in
The house not made with hands;
'Tis those who have maintained the right,
And with the wrong have striven,
And yet in war had no delight,
That are the saints in heaven.

"The high heroic souls who dared
To elevate our race,
Who spake unwelcome truths, and stared
The devil in the face,
And were from post to pillar driven,
And yet they did not fight,
Through fear of Hell, or hope of Heaven,
But for the love of *right*.

"And by her measure they 'd abide,
The only standard given!
E'en the Most High they 'd test thereby,
And all the saints in Heaven.
They know sins cannot be forgiven,
For they 're discerning spirits,
Who 'd not go sneaking into heaven
Upon another's merits.

"They strike at Custom's iron yoke,
And Superstition's fetter;
And are assured for every stroke
The world 's so much the better.
They always conquer who have right,
No matter how they 're driven,
Although defeated in earth's fight,
They are the Saints in Heaven!"

He vanished as the last words ceased,
When instantly appeared
What seemed to us a dark-robed priest,
With aspect wan and weird.
He seemed a spirit cast adrift,
That could not be at rest,
And thus he spake, as if to lift
A weight from off his breast:

"I was the slave of education,
A creature of my time and nation;
I took the faith my father gave me,
Not thinking that it would enslave me.
Sincere as a Gentoo or Turk,
I sought the ministerial work,
I would be loyal to the Lord—
A faithful preacher of his word,
And follow in the path he trod,
And be a living Priest of God.

"Regarding all things else as dross,
I nailed my reason to the Cross.
So round about the world I ran,
Defending God, traducing Man.
Saying to science, 'Pass not o'er
The limits priests prescribed of yore;
And Genius! break thy magic wand,
Nor dare God's servants to withstand,'
And in my madness strove to bind
In fetters the immortal mind.

"God's greatest works I could not brook,
Unless they tallied with *the book:*
And in my holy fervor I
Proscribed the book of earth and sky;
And day by day I madly fought
'Gainst free and independent thought,
Wrote devil, even, on the face
Of the redeemers of our race.
I feel abased, and only bow
Before the Great Immortals now.
And I have come here to proclaim
My recantation, grief and shame.
'T will take a weight from off my breast,
And give my troubled spirit rest."

Scientific.

COSMOGRAPHY:

A DESCRIPTION OF THE UNIVERSE.

NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.

BY LYSANDER S. RICHARDS.

The ocean occupies a much larger portion of the earth's surface than the land, and is some fourteen thousand times deeper than the average elevation of the latter; that is, the average height of land above the sea is about one thousand feet; the average depth of the ocean some fifteen thousand feet. Could one stand at the bottom of the deep and look about and above him, Nature would be seen in all its variety and grandeur. Around us, upon the ocean's bed, lay shells and shell animals of all descriptions; above, fishes without number; beyond, a deep valley, where the ocean's depth measures some fifty thousand feet; further on, a hill, a mountain, in the deep valley; and, above all, instead of finding the bed devoid of plants, we discover trees prodigious in size, compared to which the California giant pines dwindle into saplings by the side of these ocean plants, which reach, in some instances, fifteen hundred feet in height; their limbs are like the trunks of trees, not tapering at the ends, as the branches of land plants; they are adorned with colors beautiful, and as we stand upon the bed of this ocean valley, our eyes are directed upward, and lo! not only do we observe the mountain of the deep, which may extend some forty thousand to fifty thousand feet, but, elevated above the surface of the sea, upon land, there are mountain peaks, reaching some twenty-eight thousand feet, and as this is one continuous elevation (with possibly a more graduated plane between) from our ocean valley, the mountain top towers some seventy or eighty thousand feet. This scene presents to the dweller of the sea—would its power of vision allow—Nature in its most resplendent grandeur. It would appear that the surface of the earth above the sea level is very uneven, and yet the highest mountain is but a slight elevation compared to the earth's entire surface. Stretch a line upon the wall of a hall forty feet long, paste upon the straight line drawn a bit of paper a quarter of an inch in height, and the latter is to forty feet as the highest peak is to the earth's entire surface, which is, in reality, scarcely discernible.

Volcanoes are due to internal convulsions of the earth, and it has been advocated many years that the interior, being a fiery, fluid mass, through the ebullition of this heated mass the erupted matter was forced up through the volcanoes. The fiery fluid hypothesis, however, is beginning to be questioned, and a number of eminent geologists have endorsed the new theory, which claims that the globe, from the centre to surface, is solid, except a thin belt of soft, plastic mass, some seven or eight miles beneath the surface, and from which the volcanoes are claimed to originate. At this depth it is estimated there is sufficient heat to boil water, which, in turn, dissolves or softens everything solvent within its reach, and the force of steam generated sends up the hot lava, scoria, and even stones in its path, through the outlet or crater of the volcano, if one near at hand is already made; if not, a new outlet is forced, and the eruption proceeds.

When the gases and steam pent up in this interior plastic belt are disturbed, and have not sufficient force to make an eruption, earthquakes sometimes are the result. Earthquakes and volcanoes occur most generally near the coast. In the Western Hemisphere, running from north to south, and south to north, the western coasts of North and South America are especially noted for their numerous volcanoes and earthquakes. The Pacific having the deepest basin, the volcanoes and earthquakes are more frequent upon that coast than upon the Atlantic. In Europe the volcanoes run from east to west, or west to east, and follow the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, the basin or waters there being very deep. In Asia these phenomena occur along the coast of the Indian Ocean. It is apparent that deep waters or basins must locate, to some extent, these convulsions upon the earth's surface.

LET WELL ALONE.—A physician was badly hurt the other day by the caving-in of a well upon him. He should have attended to the sick and let the well alone.

Biographical.

DR. BUCHANAN, THE FOUNDER OF ANTHROPOLOGY.

In Brittan's Quarterly Journal we find sketches of leading American reformers (says the Syracuse Morning Herald), foremost among whom is mentioned Prof. J. R. Buchanan, whose life is briefly sketched. From this sketch and other documents I learn that Prof. B. (a native of Kentucky) has been distinguished all his life by a certain originality and depth of thought. As a schoolboy he was remarkably precocious, and mastered Blackstone's commentaries in his twelfth year.

Before reaching manhood he adopted the most advanced views of education, and intended devoting his life to that profession. On account of his health, however, he decided that medicine would be preferable, and after attending a medical school, his interest became concentrated upon the study of the brain and the science of phrenology. In this pursuit his continued research discovered many deficiencies and errors in the phrenology of Gall and Spurzheim, and in his twenty-seventh year he made the discovery which has truly immortalized his name—the impressibility of the brain—the art of exciting the organs so as to prove their functions by positive experiment.

This discovery, like the sudden opening of the mysteries of life, soon became in his hands a revelation of the science of the soul and its mysterious connection with the body, as well as the brain, and was presented to the world in 1813 as the science of anthropology. This was the first organization of such a science, as its fundamental principles could not have been known before the functions of the brain had been ascertained and made a matter of positive science by careful experiments.

Dr. Buchanan will therefore stand before the world henceforth as the *founder of anthropology*, and if his discoveries, which have already been recognized by many able scientists, [illegible] after the test of [illegible] than that of any American scientist. His new system is not only a system of science, but a system of philosophy—not the philosophy of speculation, like Hamilton's or Kant's, but a positive, demonstrable "anthropo-centric philosophy," such as Comte, Fourier and Spencer would have desired to establish if they had obtained the great experimental facts evolved by Buchanan's discovery in 1841.

The outlines of Dr. Buchanan's discoveries were published in his System of Anthropology and his *Journal of Man*, a monthly magazine, but the subject is too vast to be fairly presented in one volume, and he is now engaged in preparing a work which, when published, will probably create a greater interest among deep thinkers than any book of this century.

Dr. B. has been distinguished in other matters than cerebral science. As a professor of physiology and institutes of medicine in the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cincinnati for ten years, and Dean of the Faculty, he became quite famous, his views being remarkably bold and liberal. His lectures on physiology were said to be the most interesting and original courses ever given in this country on the subject, and were highly prized by the large classes in attendance.

After leaving the college in 1857, he became conspicuous in Kentucky as an influential political leader, and was urged by his friends as a candidate for Governor, but withdrew from the political arena. Dr. B. has latterly given much attention to physical science, and made some remarkable inventions, which have temporarily interrupted his philosophical researches and labors for human progress.

In *all* departments of human society, Dr. Buchanan is a thorough reformer and zealous philanthropist. In education his views are more original and practical than any we have ever heard. Dr. B. adds to the profundity of a true scientist the charms of a finished style. As an orator, he is as finished in style and expressive in manner as Punshon; as fluent and interesting as Gough, but addressing his remarks to a higher character of mind. As for originality, we know of none with whom he can be compared.

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.—Professor Wilder, of Cornell University, gives the following short rules for action in cases of accident, which will be found useful to remember:

For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing; dash water into them; remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a lead pencil.

Remove wax from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument in the ear.

If any artery is cut, compress above the wound; if a vein is cut, compress below.

If choked, get on all fours and cough.

For slight burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover with varnish.

Smother a fire with carpets, etc.; water often spreads burning oil and increases the danger. Before passing through smoke, take a long breath, and then stoop low; but if carbolic acid, walk erect.

Suck poisoned wounds unless your mouth is sore. Enlarge the wound; or better, cut out the part without delay; hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to a hot coal or end of a cigar.

In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by warm water and mustard.

For acid poisons, give alkalies; for alkaline poisons, give acids—white of egg is good in most cases. In a case of opium poisoning, give strong coffee, and keep moving.

If in water, float on the back, with the nose and mouth projecting.

For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lay the person flat.

Literary Department.

QUEEN MARGOT AND THE MOUSQUETAIRE.

Translated from the French of Paul Féval, expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY O. D. ASHLEY, ESQ.

CHAPTER VIII.

Uncle Henri's Adventures.

Behind the study door the stranger stood facing M. Lemercier, to whom he said:

"Look at me."

M. Lemercier's legs trembled under him. The stranger received him in his arms, as he was about to fall, stammering these words:

"My son Henri! My son Henri!"

Jeanne tried to rise, but emotion kept her in her seat. The Garibaldian Colonel, Henri Lemercier, since we know his true name, laughed and wept at the same time.

"Father!" he exclaimed, raising the old man in his arms, "beloved father, will you forgive me?"

"Your mother," murmured the old man; "I must go for your mother."

"Not yet! she must be prepared."

"That is true," said M. Lemercier, docile as a child. "I am losing my senses, you see. Is it possible, my God! Henri! our son Henri! An Italian Colonel! Is that for the carnival?"

"No, it is in earnest, father," answered the Colonel, gaily; "but there are four of us, you know; my wife and my two darlings."

"Your children! my children!" cried the old man; "your wife—my daughter!"

He held out his arms, and Jeanne threw herself into them, dumb with happiness [illegible]

"Your mother, Henri—my wife."

"Oh, that is the tidbit, father!" exclaimed the Colonel. "I love you ten times more than my life; but you are not jealous, are you? My mother! my sainted, dearly beloved mother! we must wait and prepare her gradually. How do you like your daughter, father?"

M. Lemercier's only reply was to press Jeanne to his heart.

"How her sisters will love her," he thought aloud.

"My excellent sisters! Father, I have not passed a single day without thinking of you all. But look at me, do I still resemble the picture upon mamma's shell box?"

"You resemble a brigand," answered the old man, laughing through his tears.

"What will your uncle, the curé, say? But how is it, explain to me, children, how is it that my beautiful Jeanne, my daughter, has never said a word of all this to me during the two years she has lived within ten steps of me?"

"She would have been troubled to do that, father, for she never knew my name until she heard you call me your 'son.'"

"Indeed!" A cloud passed over the brave merchant's face.

"Oh! be tranquil, father, we are married—by a Magyar priest."

"Are they real priests?" asked M. Lemercier.

"I really think so."

"And your marriage certificate?"

"We will send for it. Jeanne made a cruel *mesalliance* in marrying the son of a merchant. I notify you of that, father. M. Jacoby is a Hungarian palatine."

"Ah! ah! palatine—you must pardon me, daughter, but I don't know what a palatine is at all."

"It is about the same as half a hundred senators."

"Really? why, then, your story must be a romance!"

"A true romance! Sit down, both of you, for Jeanne knows but little more of it than you, father. I will give you the details at another time; to-day I will tell it to you in substance. Wise as you are, M. Lemercier, you have given life to a great fool, and when I look back, I ask myself where I have gathered so many extravagant ideas. This is the preamble. Are you listening?"

The old man and the young wife were seated and holding hands.

"We are listening," they said.

"And I also," said a plaintive voice upon the other side of the door.

Henri made one bound, and held his mother in his arms.

Jane, my angel, I don't know how to describe this to you. No one has yet been able to find the depths of a mother's heart. There were kisses, embraces and tears. Madame Lemercier wanted to be everything to her son, and was never weary of admiring her new daughter. She wanted to send for the two children to see them, and also wanted her four daughters and all the other little children to see them. She laughed, sobbed and raved.

"Let everybody listen," commanded Henri, who was the master. "It is permitted to laugh, cry and embrace; but I owe a story and must pay it. So much the worse for those who will occupy themselves about other things. I have had two days across country, and forty hours upon the railroad, and it is quite necessary that I should sleep. Are you ready?"

"We are."

"Behold me, then, started in search of adventures. Eighteen years old, and without an idea of what squabble to embrace. I knew but little of politics. I must fight, no matter for what; such was my vocation. I don't boast of it. I think it is a punishment for all the memorianda made in papa's house during fifty years. Trade, in this case, hatched a bandit's egg. But to proceed: Instead of guarding the King of Naples, whose son blustered so at Gaeta, I exchanged some shots first with the Russians and Austrians all along the Danube. I was wounded because I went into the fight as to a wedding, and in the month of June, 1848, Jeanne's father took me into his Castle of Caunitz, near Debreckzin. Jeanne and I fell in love with each other. That is according to rule. I called myself simply Captain Henri, for fear that I should disturb my good mother, who would have seen my name in the papers. Besides, the palatine Jacoby, proud as Guzman, would no more have given his daughter to M. Henri Lemercier than to Captain Henri. We were married. I rejoined the army, was taken prisoner by the Russians, and since that time, until to-night, in the court of our mansion, I have not seen my wife.

Escaping from the Castle of Szegedin, where they kept the prisoners, I killed in a duel an Hungarian Magnate, who was a worthy noble-mad dog, and I surrendered myself to the Russians. I had quarreled with a colonel of artillery, who was really the most gallant fellow I have ever met. He abused your provisional government of 1848. I laughed myself at that poor devil of a government; but it was France for the moment. We went out upon the ground—the colonel and I; he remained there, I was sent at once to Siberia.

There is something good everywhere, even in Siberia—only a fellow can't write to his relations there. I was employed in mining gold, and God knows that California is but Saint John in comparison with these rich placers lost under the snow. I became tired of it, and ran away; was re-taken, and ran away again. This kept me busy. I saw always my mother and my wife, and I would have broken through walls of adamant.

Escapes are rare in Siberia. One day I heard of the Crimean war. The Russians are good fellows, and like the French much. They related to me the exploits of the French army in the Baltic and in the Black Sea. 'God forever!' they said to me; 'if the English had not you to help them, how we would thrash them! But it is decreed that England shall always find a way to shelter herself behind French bravery without making any return for it.' I don't like the English much—but everybody must live. Upon the night of the day all this was told to me I jumped down from a rampart of forty feet, clambered over another of the same shape and made twelve leagues through the snow. I went to Sebastopol. From the Altai Mountains, where I was, to the Crimea, was a great distance; no matter, I had started; I had a Russian costume; I knew the language. 'March!' I marched, and arrived at Sebastopol just a year after the taking of the Malakoff. I wrote to my wife, telling her my name, and begging her to give me news of my good mother. The letter should be in the post-office at Grau; we will go for it some morning.

I was free, Morbleu! and that was the main thing. I passed the Turkish frontier in the best way I could, and then I was with the allies. Hurrah for France! I know nothing of politics; but if we must judge France by her Ottoman allies, mercy on us! They talk about the Russians, but the Russians are cherubim compared to these clowns of Turkey, stupid, cruel, thieves, liars, assassins and cowards. No matter! I embarked as a sailor on board a great hulk of a felucca, badly built, badly rigged, badly sailed, and, above all, badly manned, which was laden with some musty goods. We sailed from Sinope for the Archipelago Islands. The captain of the ship struck me three times with a stick, and struck pretty hard, too. I returned the blows at Lemnos, a locality famous at college. I broke both of his arms, his legs and his head. The crew wanted to appoint me captain; but the Italian campaign was talked about in France, and I hastened to the seat of war. I arrived the day after the peace of Villa Franca. Wasn't that bad luck? Fortunately I was at Venice, and there made the acquaintance of a dozen Austrian officers—gay comrades, gentle as lambs and brave as lions. The newspapers, I assure you make you swallow a great deal of humbug about foreigners. While associating with my Austrians I fell in with a worthy fellow who was conspiring against Austria. He told me about Garibaldi and the kingdom of Italy: that was the business for me. I bade an affectionate adieu to my Austrian white coats, and embarked for Genoa. From Genoa I passed into Sicily. Well and good! We had some agreeable moments

there. Faith! I was appointed Colonel, as you see; but this war did not amuse me much. Victor Emmanuel took a part in it, and we were ten against one. I like war when there is one against ten. I thought then of becoming a Papal soldier. The idea of going to Gaeta crossed my mind, but, by the greatest good luck, I met Godard—Godard of Petites Ecuries street, who is Vice-Admiral in Alexander Dumas's fleet. He gave me news of my good father and mother, of my dear sisters and the little children. It seems that we are founding a clan here, like the MacGregors in Walter Scott's romance. Is it not so?

Godard is not handsome, but I shed tears at the sight of him. He was of our country; evermore, he was of the Faubourg Poissonière. In seeing him, the whole Boulevard of Bonne-Nouvelle passed before my dazzled eyes. I saw the Gymnase, the Bazar, the gate of St. Denis. Oh! the gate of St. Denis! Once more I went up the Faubourg, saw the Conservatoire, the Garde Meuble and our dear house door. Mother, poor dear mother! I would at that moment have swam the Mediterranean to have thrown myself into your arms. I shut both ears that I might not hear the roar of the cannon of Gaeta, shouted once more *Viva l'Italia!*—for it was necessary to shout something—and leaped upon the gangway of the steamboat.

Perhaps you think that was all? Alas, no. I don't know how that devil of a Major Smith enticed me. He was at Marseilles, manufacturing leather from cotton, and embarking soldiers for New York. The American war! Well? How could I resist that? I set out to reinforce the Federal army; but I mistook the road, and passed six months in the ranks of the Southerners, without quitting my Garibaldian shirt. Do you know why they are cutting each other in pieces, yonder? No? Neither do I. A truss-maker, who commanded my Army Corps, and who beat his wife because she watered his rum, fired four shots at me one morning from his revolver; no one knows wherefore. I became angry, treated him brutally, and he died in consequence of it. They wanted to hang me, but that did not suit me, so I took to my heels. A French brig called the 'Parisian' was about to sail, and I embarked. I told the captain, 'straight to the Faubourg Poissonière!' and here I am. The good God, who is merciful to madmen as well as drunkards, wanted to give me a surprise upon my arrival at Paris, and gathered into one great bouquet all my dear loves, to celebrate my return to my country. I expected to run into Austria after embracing my relations; but I found here not only those I left, but my wife—my treasure of a wife—and my children. I jest to keep in countenance, but I want to cry—I am crying—I am happy—I love you—embrace me!"

The tears, in fact, ran down his manly face. Paris produces such adventurers, who are as good as angels, and who do everything that is bad. They embraced him; his sunburnt face, wet with tears, was not large enough for all the kisses they gave him at the same time. They were all too much occupied to notice it, but for some minutes a confused noise could have been heard in the corridor. There was stamping, laughter, whispering and murmuring. All of this ceased when they stopped talking in the study.

"Is it not?"

"Entirely finished," repeated the grandfather. "You have caused us sorrow enough."

"Say, Henri," implored the young wife, "answer your father and mother; you will leave us no more?"

Uncle Henri hesitated a moment. He looked at his uniform, but he looked also into Jeanne's beautiful eyes.

"Faith, I am thirty, and that is the age to stand aside. It is superfluous to say that adventures are fatiguing; and without speaking of Russia, I have passed some very disagreeable moments, as well with our allies the Turks, as with the heroes of the Potomac. I had thought of trying my luck in Poland, but they speak Latin there, and it is the road to Siberia. Upon reflection, down with war! Hurrah for love and the family! I appoint myself church warden of the Saint Eugène Parish, Mayor's aid, or Sergeant-Major of the National Guard, as Government may elect. Are we to have supper? If it is still the custom of this country I will eat a slice of *foie gras* with pleasure. Hands to the ladies!"

Then seizing his mother and Jeanne, he drew them, delighted, toward the door.

The moment he opened it, a fearful uproar burst forth, and the house shook under the frenzy of applause which roared through the corridors.

"In triumph! Uncle Henri in triumph!" cried five hundred enthusiastic voices, whose tones, generally high, gave increased emphasis to the manifestation. "Hurrah for Uncle Henri, who has been in Siberia! Hurrah for Uncle Henri, who took the Malakoff tower a year after Marshal Pelissier! Hurrah for Uncle Henri, who broke up a Turk like a doll! Hurrah for Uncle Henri, who fought without knowing for what! Colonel! aid! sergeant major! landlord! and church warden! Hurrah for Uncle Henri, who has returned! Hurrah for his wife, his children; hurrah for supper! In triumph! In triumph!"

The monsters had listened, Jane; the monsters had heard all! Do you think they treated the hero of so many adventures respectfully? Not at all! They adored him, but they hung upon his red shirt like the too numerous family of Mother Giguogne hanging upon her skirts. They all wanted a piece of it to keep as a relic, no doubt. Uncle Henri had certainly run great risks in his life, but never had he found himself in such a melée. Imagine five hundred infuriated little devils against one peaceable adventurer. Not knowing to whom he should listen, he asked for mercy, laughing through his tears.

"Where are my nephews and my nieces?"

"I, I, I!"

All! imagine it, Jane! they were all his nephews and nieces. Maurice, who had mounted upon his shoulders from behind, came near stifling him, and he could not make himself heard. Maurice wanted to point out his real nephews and nieces, but, "bah! I don't wish it."

"I, I, I!"

"Uncle, don't you know your little Augustine?" cried out a wicked little Mandarine, yellow as a canary.

"Uncle, good Uncle, don't keep your little Celestine waiting!" plaintively warbled a fairy of Sheepsfoot.

"Ah, Uncle!" wept harlequin, "I am your Casimir! How you would have danced me on your knees if I had been in the world before you left!"

"Embrace Gustave, Uncle!"

"Uncle, a caress for Sidonie!"

"Haven't you brought anything for Aglae?"

"Not a keepsake for Clemence!"

"Uncle! Uncle! Uncle!"

Two hundred and fifty nieces! two hundred and fifty nephews! Uncle Henri became as wild as a horse tormented by flies. He sought in earnest for the children of his sisters; he tried to distinguish them by their resemblance, but his looks wandered over an ocean of merry, mocking faces. He could no longer recognize his own children, as he had seen them but once. He was lost, outflanked, submerged. A Homeric laugh seized him.

"Let me return to Merrimacky!" cried he, surrendering frankly; "nephews and nieces, have pity on me!"

Thus spake the liberator of Italy and other nations. The besiegers stopped their fire at once, for he had to do with generous enemies, and M. Lemercier began to look serious. A delicious Queen Margot and a handsome little Mousquetaire came out of the ranks and rushed into his arms, calling him papa. There was no more laughing. Henri and Henriette presented Gaston; Maurice, Fernand, Claire, Antonine, Louise, Agathe and the others; whilst the young mothers waited their turn to press him in their arms, after having overwhelmed their new sister with caresses.

Now to the table! In the winter garden! a Belshazzar's feast!

Bless you, Jane, how they supped! There was enough for everybody. The band supped, and do you know what a trombone can eat for supper? The servants supped, the concierge supped, the firemen supped. Ah, but it is jolly to see the firemen at supper! Maurice went and toasted them.

Six o'clock in the morning struck; the brass instruments, energetically blown, sounded like a flourish of trumpets in the forest. It was the last galop. Maurice had Henriette, the little Agathe had taken possession of Henri; the uncle was Claire's prey, Antonine's, Louise's, and a dozen other pretty little tyrants. The grandpapa? Yes, Jane, the grandpapa was in it; he took his new daughter by the waist and galoped like mad! The grandmamma galoped, too, held up by two of her sons-in-law. The four young mothers galoped; everybody, in fact. It was a magnificent galop, astonishing, infernal!

When it was over there was nothing more to be done.

CHAPTER IX.

Conclusion.

The landlord's house was insured. Everything was paid for except the pipe of the poet.

Uncle Henri is writing his memoirs, which will go through as many editions as Robinson Crusoe. He has now such a horror of travels and adventures that he makes Maurice accompany him in crossing the boulevard. The palatine Jacoby, having learned that they had no need of him, hastened to Paris, to shed tears upon his daughter's bosom.

The Turk, whose arms, legs and head were broken by Henri, in a moment of animation established himself as an almond merchant on the Strasbourg boulevard.

The Council of Eleven is now the Council of Thirteen, by the addition of two new members [illegible] and the Mousquetaire.

And now you owe me a suine and two rosy cheeks to kiss.

Lyceum Reports.

The following information concerning Children's Progressive Lyceums in the United States is gleaned by Bro. Jones and T. S. Givan, of the Little Bouquet, elsewhere referred to in this number. We transfer it to our columns for the benefit of our readers:

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM OF CHICAGO.—Organized Feb. 25th, 1866. Meets every Sunday at 12 M., at Rice & Jackson's Hall, No. 99 West Randolph street. Number of members, 150. Officers: Dr. J. S. Avery, Conductor; Mrs. C. W. Ridgway, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. A. Bushnell, Guardian; Mrs. S. C. Eaton, Assistant Guardian; William Jones, Musical Director; Miss Lillie Williams and Miss Nettie Bushnell, Assistant Musical Directors; W. J. Jeffery, Secretary; D. Ambrose Davis, Treasurer; J. C. Eaton, Librarian; E. C. Blanchard and Murdo Williams, Assistant Librarians.

PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM OF CHICAGO.—Organized Feb. 25th, 1866. Meetings every Sunday, at 1 P. M., at Grow's Hall, 517 West Madison street. Number of members, 150. Officers: J. E. Titus, Conductor; Mrs. C. A. Dye, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. J. E. Arnold, Guardian; Mrs. Hattie Davis, Assistant Guardian; John Bentley, Capt. of the Guards; John Bentley, J. E. Titus, W. H. Arnold, E. M. Wood and A. Dinsmore, Trustees; Mrs. E. T. Blackmer, Treasurer; E. M. Wood, Secretary.

BOSTON, MASS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 was organized April, 1867. The average attendance is one hundred and twenty-five. Meets every Sunday morning at 10½ o'clock, in John A. Andrew Hall, corner of Essex and Chauncy streets. D. N. Ford, Conductor; A. Danforth, Assistant Conductor; Mary Ann Sanborn, Guardian; Sarah Hartson, Assistant Guardian; W. A. Dunklee, Treasurer; M. T. Dole, Secretary.

NEW YORK.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its regular sessions every Sunday, at 10 A. M., at Apollo Hall, corner of 28th street and Broadway. Officers: L. A. Wilder, Conductor and Treasurer; J. A. Cozeno, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. H. J. Cozeno, Guardian; Miss Addie Fletcher, Assistant Guardian; E. C. Townsend, Corresponding Secretary; L. A. Nones, Recording Secretary; Master Harry Warren, Postmaster.

CLEVELAND CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.—Organized by A. J. Davis, Jan. 14, 1866. Meetings every Sunday at Temperance Hall, 184 Superior street. Average membership, 80. Officers: T. Lees, Conductor; C. T. Macken, Assistant Conductor; Sarah J. File, Guardian; Thalia Dunlap, Assistant Guardian; W. H. Price, Jr., Musical Director; Mr. Cretchler, Watchman; G. G. Wilsey, Treasurer; W. W. Van Driver, Secretary; Jno. Madden, Librarian; Lewis Gleason, Recorder.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—The Spiritualists' Sunday School and Lyceum was organized by G. W. Kates, November, 1871. Average membership, 50. Meets every Sunday in Thoms's Hall, at 10 o'clock A. M. Officers: J. A. Pitman, Conductor; Mrs. L. A. Chandler, Guardian; P. H. Britt, Jr., Musical Director; Miss Lizzie Keyser, Treasurer; G. W. Kates, Secretary.

TOPEKA, KAN.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum was organized three years ago with about fifteen children. Mr. W. F. Peck was the first Conductor. It now numbers about eighty members. Meets every Sunday at 10½ A. M., at Constitution Hall. Noah Swartz, Conductor; Miss Lydia Baily, Guardian; Mr. Chandler and Mrs. Angel, Guards; Mrs. Bain, Treasurer; Eleanor Morse, Secretary.

CRUEL FRIVOLITY.—"Wife, have you heard about neighbor Jones getting shot?" "Why, bless my stars, no! How did he get shot?" "He bought them, my dear."

What comes once in a minute, twice in a moment, and but once in a man's life? The letter M.

Spiritual Phenomena.

[From Pomeroy's Democrat.]

SPIRITUALISM EXAMINED.

Remarkable Interview with the Celebrated Spiritual Medium, Charles H. Foster—How do You Account for all this? Strange and Startling.

It may be as well to state here as at any other time or place, that this paper is not the property of any church, creed, party or combination of men having for its object the running in a groove to furnish long riding for those who cannot bear jolting. Instead, it is a free, bold, independent newspaper, willing to stand or fall on its character, industry and disposition. No single subscriber—no combination of readers—no aggregate of our entire subscription list, broad and far-reaching though it be, can own, or direct, or control our columns against that disposition which springs from inborn convictions. This journal caters only to itself in the interest of truth, and if any person thinks that by becoming a buyer, a reader of or subscriber to this paper, he acquires the right to dictate to us what we shall examine, whom we shall interview, or what we may print, he as greatly overrates his prerogatives as he little understands the duty of a thorough journalist, whose paper he would make truthful and reliable.

So it is that in pursuing our investigations of those phenomena born of far greater intelligence than is given to minds while on earth, we shall go right on, no matter how many old readers or personal friends object. It may be that *other* secular papers give the results of investigations—that the political press of the country cannot afford to investigate spiritual phenomena—that other editors dare not tell all they see and know of this matter—and that we are establishing a bad precedent in the endeavor to lift the press out of religious society into liberalism.

The society of the present age is not so pure or so holy as to be sacred, and whoever is afraid to search for truth—to inquire into reports, and to do simple justice to all men, is unfit to lead, and not qualified to follow.

This week our experiments have been unusually interesting. Hundreds of letters have been received by us. We have received and forwarded several answers highly satisfactory to the parties interested, and have much other test matter in hand. Thursday evening, May 27th, we visited the rooms of Charles H Foster, No. 19 West 22d street, in search of light. Mr. Foster is widely celebrated as a spirit medium, and we believe he has no superior in the world. Personally he is a courteous, high-toned, polished gentleman, against whom no scandal can be uttered with truth. His life is even, temperate and studious. He is a fine-looking man, about thirty-five years of age, we should judge. There is nothing mysterious about him. He is a man any one would be proud to call a brother, and he lives in such a manner as to keep the body and mind healthy and ready for any emergency.

In company with a friend we called, and for the first time entered his rooms, at half-past eight P. M. He occupied a well furnished first floor. His office or business room faces the street, while a back parlor or reception room, back of his office, but with doors to the two rooms that can be thrown into one, furnishes a resting place for those who may be waiting. On entering, we found several ladies and gentlemen ahead of us. While they were chatting with Mr. Foster and one another, we asked for a sitting, which was at once promised. A lady who was present when we entered the room, proposed to sit at the table also. Mr. Foster took a seat at the end of a medium-sized, ordinary centre table in the centre of the room, his back to the window, which was open so we could see and hear persons passing by on the street a few yards from where we sat. To our right sat Mr. Foster; opposite of us, the friend who went with us; to our left, the strange lady at the table, seated. Soon as we were seat

"I don't believe in any of this [illegible] a humbug, and I just know it. I won't believe anything if I see it, but go on. I am willing to be humbugged, and I want you to know that I shan't be taken in, no matter what you do. So you may go ahead as fast as you can."

To this saucy, ill-bred, impudent, unlady-like remark, Mr. Foster, with rare dignity, replied:

"Madam, if you will excuse us, we will proceed without you. If you do not remain, surely you cannot be humbugged, and others will not be annoyed. Good-evening, madam."

The *lady*, with a few friends, sailed out of the room. Half an hour later, she sent a note of apology for her insulting rudeness, and begged permission to return, but we believe her request was denied. The door leading to the back parlor was open, and persons passing in and out of the room while the examination was going on, the room all the while being completely illuminated by gas-burners in a chandelier.

Said Mr. Foster:

"We will now see who will come to us this evening. The room is full of spirits who have never been here before. I feel their influences, new, strange and powerful. They have known of your coming. Please write on those small slips of paper—a name on each slip. Be careful that I do not see the name you write. Then fold the slips as close as you can, throw them, mix them together, so none of us can tell, from the looks, which is which, and we will proceed."

On the table were a dozen slips of common writing paper, and he kept tearing them off, as a doctor would tear papers in which to put Dover powders for a patient. On these slips we wrote the following names, one name on each paper:

"Salmon P. Chase."

"Charles Lobdell."

"My Mother."

"Molly Starks."

"Dugald D. Cameron."

We folded these slips of paper (an inch wide and about three inches long) into the closest possible compass, so they were not over the twelfth of an inch in width—shook the lot together and threw them from our hand on the table. While we were doing this he was talking with our companion, who was seated at the table. When we were ready Mr. Foster took up the several papers and asked:

"Who did you ask for? Please name one, and I will see if that spirit be present."

We asked for Salmon P. Chase. He then took the bits of papers in his fingers, one at a time, and pressed them against his forehead as a girl would a piece of ribbon, threw down two or three of them, retained one to his forehead a few seconds, and said:

"Ah! Chief Justice Chase is present. He wishes to communicate with you; he will control my hand to *write for you with a pencil!* This is really remarkable. The room is filled with spirits, and they come trooping in to see you. Chief Justice Chase stands close by you, between us. William H. Seward is at your right, leaning over your shoulder. There are so many spirits here!"

He threw down the piece of paper he had held to his forehead. We unfolded it to find that it was the one on which we had written "Salmon P. Chase." He took a pencil, and his hand went with a rapid, nervous, unsteady motion, unlike anything natural, and this is the result:

"Pomeroy! You are doing well to look after this matter, for it will be to you far more than you yet realize. You have *powerful* friends working for you; those who help you on in your good work, and those who will guide you *safely* through life. *I live*, thank God, and return to give my testimony for immortality. *Seward comes with me.* He is also standing by your side. SALMON P. CHASE."

Mr. Foster resumed, turning his head from time to time, now to one side, then to the other, and listening as if for whispers from invisible persons. Said he:

"The influences are remarkably strong here to night, and wonderfully harmonious. It is delicious to feel such quiet peace and rest; and such gentle, loving influences as come to you. Ah, here comes your mother, her face wreathed in smiles. She is leading by the hand her sister—your aunt. She tells me to say that she loves you, oh! so much, and that she watches over you all the time, and that you help to her happiness. Your aunt is also happy."

"What is the name of my aunt?"

"Will the spirit please tell me the name of her sister?——Adaline—Adaline, yes, that is it."

"But my mother had no sister named Adaline!"

"How is it, spirit? Will you, please tell?——Yes, your mother says you had an Aunt Adaline—that she died, or was born into the real life, before you were born to earth-life."

[This was news to us and we have written to know if it be true.—M. M. P.]

"Will you ask my mother to give you her name—her maiden name?"

"Will the spirit please tell her name before she was married?——Yes, yes, I hear. 'Allen—Alena—oh! Orlina Rebecca White. Is that correct?"

"It is."

"Will you now please tell me if I have any other relatives who are present in spirit and in spirit form, discernible here to-night?"

"Yes. Please call over the alphabet, beginning at the first letter, and then I can get in communication with them."

We did as requested, and began:

"A, B, C, D, E"—

"Stop! You have two aunts. Nearest to you, on the right, smiling so sweetly, as she looks at you, is your mother's sister—Emily—Emily Johns—Jones—yes, I understand—*Aunt Emily Jones;* and another aunt, your mother's sister—El—Elvira—yes. Aunt Elvira—*Elvira Baker.* Yes, yes! I hear, I hear, I hear! There is a young woman with them; she is your cousin—Cousin Emily Baker!"

"How will I know it is my Cousin Emily? Are you in such *rapport* with the spirits that you can hear them—understand them?"

"Yes, they talk with me. Cousin Emily! what shall I say to your cousin that he will know it is you indeed? Yes, yes, I hear. She says: 'Tell Cousin Mark that I often go back to our old home and to that spring on the hillside, on the edge of the wood above our home—to that dear old spring, the cool waters of which were so grateful to me, as for weeks I was insensible to so much, and water was my only nourishment.'"

"Will Cousin Emily tell you or tell me of what disease she died?"

"Will you please tell? She does not know what was the name of the disease. Her lungs gave way, her brain—she faded away—did not die, but was translated, so to speak."*

"Is Uncle Sam with them in the other life?"

"Yes, Uncle Sam Baker is here also—he is with the group. They are talking and laughing together about your natural inquisitiveness. Your Uncle Sam is here—close by you now. He is larger, a little, than you are, and says he will talk with you—will answer questions by raps, which he will give himself."

"Well, Uncle Sam, I am glad to know you are doing well. Do you go a hunting for deer and wolves as much as you did on Seeley Creek when I was a little boy?"

The response was one loud rap that fairly made the table jingle. It meant *no*, and seemed to say in addition that we were a very impudent nephew to ask, or to suppose that a man could or would, go prowling about the woods, days at a time, away from home, with a muzzle-loading rifle, two great dogs and a pipe, as Uncle Sam Baker did in his lifetime, when hunting was the same pastime to him that it was to Daniel Boone. He need not have replied so vigorously, for he was a good marksman, and knew when to hunt and how to find game.

"Do you write poetry, or compose verses as you used to?"

The reply was three distinct, polite raps on the table, meaning yes, as if there were sense in the last question. In this life Uncle Sam Baker wrote reams of poetry, some of which was published in the Elmira (N. Y.) Gazette, when W. C. Rhodes was editor, away back so long ago that it makes us feel bald-headed to think of it. And it was good poetry, too—better than three-fourths of the best now written. But it was a great deal then as now. People thought a farmer and sort pumpkins-shaped had no brains above slicing put his head out of the window to ask to be heard, they pelted him with stones, stuck up their noses and said—"Humbug!"

We asked several questions, all of which were correctly answered, and thus obtained no little information, pleasant, if not important. Afterward, Mr. Foster, the medium, said,

"There is another spirit leaning on the arm of your aunt. As yet she cannot speak to you, but says she will, to prove how much she loved and loves you as a friend, and will produce her initials in blood on the back of my hand, underneath or in the skin.

The medium here held out his hand, which was white and well shaped. Gradually came the form of letters, as in blood, of a fiery red color, just under the cuticle, till there stood out in bold relief, like the large veins on one's temple, distended when the head is filled with pain, the letters "M. S." He then picked up the several pieces of paper on which we had written, holding them one by one to his forehead, until he threw one out on which, when unrolled, was read the name *Mollie Starks.*

We then asked if Dr. Cameron, formerly of La Crosse, was there. The reply was:

"Yes, Dr. Cameron is here, also, and says 'if you will come with your wife and another gentleman and his wife some night next week, I have something to tell you that will interest you, if nothing more.'"

A request had been made in our office, a few days previous, for us to ask a medium to inquire for *David Weatherby.* We did so. Mr. Foster asked:

"Is David Weatherby or his spirit present in this group to-night? No. Chief Justice Chase tells me to say to you that he is not in this circle, but if you will tell where he lived on earth he will send a message to see if he can be found."

The medium here bent his head like one listening for a person outside of a house, and in a few moments said:

"Yes, yes, Mr. Chase has found David Weatherby, who cannot come to this circle this evening. But he wants me to tell you that he was murdered one night twenty years ago or a little more, and that his body was thrown into the river a little way above the village of Addison, (Steuben Co., New York,) and that if James E. Jones will come here and ask for him, he will come and tell him about it, or something that will interest him."

The length of this chapter precludes the giving of still more of the result of this evening's examination of the phenomena which come for us with such rapidly increasing power.

* Emily Baker, referred to above, will be remembered by a large number of residents of Wells township, Pa., and Southport and Elmira townships, New York, and especially by the old physicians of that section. Her sickness was a peculiar one. From a robust girl of about eighteen she began failing. Took to her bed; became insensible, and for weeks lay on a bed without power of speech or the ability to move a muscle. For a month or more she was like a dead person, in all save that her body held a certain amount of warmth. She did not breathe, apparently, and wasted away till her body became actually transparent. During the later weeks of sickness her only nourishment was water. This was before the days of ice-houses in that sparsely settled vicinity, ten miles from Elmira, on Seeley Creek or a branch thereof. Up the hill, about eighty rods from the house where she lived and died, was a spring, from which flowed delicious cold water. The young lady died in July, or during the haying season, twenty-five years since, and for weeks previous to her death the young people of the neighborhood assisted her family in caring for the sufferer, and bringing a pail of cold water every few hours, night and day, in which to wet a cloth to be placed on her partly-opened lips as she lay there in a wasting trance, while friends, neighbors and physicians came and went to watch the singular case.—M. M. P.

TEST FROM A SPIRIT.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—I wish through your columns to report a fine test given at my house, last month, through Mrs. Carrie B. Wright, of Milwaukie, Wis. My wife was about to leave for Ohio on a visit, and expected to visit Akron, that State. On Sunday, the day before she left, she with three others had a sitting with Mrs. Wright, who was on a visit at my residence. A spirit announced her name as Anna Berry, said she committed suicide by drowning herself in Akron, O., and that her father is in the Insane Asylum. She also told other family matters, and urged upon my wife to make inquiries as to the truth of her statement. On arriving in that neighborhood, she did so, and found the narrative correct in every particular.

This is but one of the thousands of tests given through Mrs. W., who but a few years ago began to give private sittings to her friends. Her whole time is now occupied in that line, and so remarkable and satisfactory are the results, that she cannot possibly accommodate all who come.

She will leave for the East in the early part of July for recreation and recuperation; will visit Moravia, New York City, Vaucluse, R. I., Boston, and perhaps other places.

Yours, W. D. HOLBROOK.

Waukesha, Wis.

WONDERFUL PRE-MORTEM APPEARANCE OF A SPIRIT.

Mrs. B., of this place, is a finely organized and clairvoyant medium. On Tuesday and Wednesday, the 28th and 29th of Jan., a spirit nephew of hers, aged about six years, came and stood beside her twice on each day. She affirms she saw him as really as at any time when he had been materially in her presence, and spoke of the appearance to her husband.

The distance between this town and Mansfield, Ohio—the place of the boy's residence—is seventy-five miles; and at the time of his appearance to his aunt, on two consecutive days, she had had no intimation whatever of his illness, but had every reason for believing that he was in his usual health. On Tuesday, Feb. 4th, the family received a letter announcing his death on Saturday, the 1st, three and four days subsequent to his appearance, as above stated. The letter also said that on Tuesday, the day that he was first seen, he became unconscious, and remained so until his spirit left the form.

The boy is spoken of as having had a large head; and as being remarkable for the activity of his mind and clearness of intellect, much surpassing children of his age, ordinarily. A remarkable fact in the case is that the boy, during life, expressed a wish to have a ruffled shirt bosom. As he appeared to his aunt, he was clothed in black entirely, with ruffles on his breast, and his arms hanging listlessly by his sides. A subsequent letter from Mansfield says he was dressed in black for the grave, even to the ruffles on the bosom, thus fulfilling a request that in life had not been gratified. In the meanwhile no letter had been written by the friends here to the family at Mansfield.

There is likewise another aunt here, sister to the medium, but who is not a Spiritualist. She spent the summer in Mansfield; and on leaving there late in the fall to come to Lancaster, the nephew kissed her, and said, "*Aunty, this is the last kiss I shall ever kiss you,*" though she was leaving to return again, as understood by all. This aunt says that during the week of the illness of her nephew, of which she had not heard, she was frequently strongly impressed that Harry was by her side, though invisible.

It is right that I should say, that all the parties to this affair are of the highest respectability, and that every statement here made, in all particulars, is entirely reliable. Most of the parties are personally known to me; and the facts are furnished me by the husband of Mrs. B., the medium.—

H. SCOTT.

Lancaster, O., 1873.

NEW YORK.

Spiritualist Quarterly Meeting.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

The Central New York Association of Spiritualists held their second Quarterly Meeting at Peterboro' on the 7th and 8th instst.

Since the previous *regular* meeting, a special meeting has been held at New Berlin, and another at West Winfield. At these meetings, Mr. A. E. Simmons, of Woodstock, Vt., was one of the speakers, and the people were more than pleased with his efforts. He speaks under control, not unconscious. He impresses his hearers as being a finely organized, educated and polished gentleman and speaker. No society who secures his services can be disappointed. Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, of Massachusetts, addressed the meeting at New Berlin in her characteristic and pleasing manner. Mrs. S. A. N. Kimball, of Sackett's Harbor, was present at both meetings, and was wonderfully successful in giving public tests of spirit presence. She also remained in the vicinity of West Winfield about two weeks and addressed many private meetings, gave tests without number, demonstrated the superiority of our spiritual religion, and made many fast friends.

Our meeting at Peterboro' was in all respects a grand success. In a conference with which the meeting opened, Mr. J. Harter, of Auburn, made some interesting remarks in regard to a convict (by the name of Albert Pence) in the Auburn State Prison. He is a Spiritualist, and the only one in the prison. He requested Mr. H. to state before the Association that the Warden of the prison refuses to allow him to have his paper (the Religio-Philosophical Journal) to read, because it advocates Spiritualism, and that the Rev. J. H. Harter had been refused access to him for the same reason. It is thus that the spirit of bigotry, arrogance and ignorance, crucifies the life and light of our age, violating the spirit and letter of our charter of liberty. How long shall these things continue?

Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, of Massachusetts, was in attendance and addressed the meeting several times, making an impression upon every one present which can never be forgotten.

Mrs. Colby, of Indiana, was unexpectedly present, and made two of her radical and very positive efforts. She speaks in an unconscious state, in a very strong voice, and is listened to with riveted attention.

Mrs. S. A. N. Kimball was present and gave public tests with her usual good success.

Mr. Warren Woolson was also present, and gave us many strong words from the eloquent Indian, Red Jacket.

Peterboro' is known to all the land as the home of the Hon. Gerrit Smith, the untiring philanthropist, who has long lived to work for the good of humanity in its most unfortunate and most hopeless phases and conditions. At the opening of the Sunday morning session he briefly addressed the Convention in substance as follows: "I am more to be seen than heard. Time was when I responded to all calls to speak in public, but that is past now, never more to return. My sight fails me—my voice fails me. I have lived fifteen years beyond the allotted time of human life. I am glad to see this Convention here. I am glad to see so many strangers here. I am told that the numbers are large. I have long been interested in Spiritualism, though not so much as some. The reason may be in part that I am not gifted with that Yankee curiosity so necessary to the character of an investigator of Spiritualism, or any subject requiring great attention and care. Perhaps I have not been as deeply interested as I should be. I will say that I think that Spiritualists are in danger of substituting knowledge for religion. Religion is love to God and man. According to the Bible, 'I am nothing without charity,' which is the love that constitutes religion. My mind has been occupied with other subjects. American Slavery has aroused me to great efforts in behalf of the slave. The use of alcoholic drinks, the crowning curse of the world, has also received my attention. I have consecrated myself to these great causes. We are limited in our ability to work, we cannot do everything. I am happy to believe that you are doing a good work. The world has grown skeptical on the subject of a future life. I have had many doubts myself, even to this day. And this is your good work, to give the much needed evidence of immortality."

Singing was interspersed with the various exercises. All present felt the beautiful harmony that prevailed.

The next quarterly meeting will be at Rome, N. Y., on the 23d and 24th days of August, 1873, when we expect to have another great and good meeting.

L. D. SMITH, *Secretary.*

West Winfield, N. Y., June, 1873.

The Bombay, India, Gazette states that the strange custom of determining the guilt or innocence of a person by means of a fiery ordeal is still practiced in Oodeypoore. "The Rao of Kurapore the other day caused a person of the cultivator caste, who was suspected to be in league with a decoit, to prove his innocence by holding a red hot plowshare in both hands, after four or five popul leaves tied over with thread had been placed in them. According to the ceremony he had to repeat the following words with his face toward the sun: 'Thou sun-god, if I am actually guilty of the crime, punish me; if not, let me escape unscathed from the ordeal.'" The native paper which is responsible for the above states that the person subjected to the ordeal suffered no injury.

ENIGMATICAL.—"I say, Jim, which would you rather, that a lion tore you in pieces or a tiger?" "Why, you goose, of course I'd rather a lion tore a tiger in pieces."

Written expressly for the Banner of Light.

"MY LIFE IS A FAILURE."

BY MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

Oh voice, full of tremulous sweetness!
Oh eyes, brimming over with tears!
Must life, with its charm and completeness,
Be crushed by the burden of years?
O'ershadowed by doubts and by fears?

Cease, cease all thy fitful repining!
Though shadows have darkened thy way,
Beyond thee a glory is shining,
Which heralds the dawning of day—
It comes with its soul-cheering ray.

Hath thine aim been so lofty, so holy,
Thou hast failed in yet reaching the goal?
It but proves that thy heart hath been lowly,
That the purpose was strong in thy soul;
Let this then thy sorrow console.

Thou hast lost not one gem thou hast treasured,
One work which thy labor hath wrought;
And the love which thy progress hath measured
Hath been with such tenderness fraught,
It passeth the bounds of all thought.

Good seed thou hast ever been sowing;
Though thorny the path to thy feet,
Behind thee the roses are growing,
Their fragrance is grateful and sweet;
Thy harvest will soon be complete.

Mobile, Ala.

Banner Correspondence.

Transition of O. L. Sutliff.

A correspondent forwards us from Ravenna, O., the announcement that this brother, who has for years been an earnest worker in the spiritual vineyard, has ascended to his reward. We here present an abstract of the consolatory words pronounced at his funeral—May 28th—by Francis Barry:

"There is no need, now, of many words. On such an occasion as this, it is better that the soul should be left to its own reflections, and to receive impressions from the spirits of the departed. At such a time, when the cares, and anxieties, and perplexities of life are partially and temporarily forgotten, and we come into more than usual sympathy with each other, the mind and heart are more susceptible to heavenly influences. For my own part I had much rather remain silent; but it was the wish and arrangement of our departed brother that I should say something on this occasion if it should come. And while I deeply appreciate this evidence of his friendship and confidence, I feel keenly my inability to do justice to the occasion, or to his character and memory.

There is, perhaps, not an individual present but was better acquainted with O. L. Sutliff than I was—that is, you beheld his face, you heard him speak, you saw him about his business. But did you read his soul? Did you fathom his purposes? Did you understand his motives? Did you gather his idea of the significance of life? Did you take in the full measure of his conception of man's mission and destiny? These inquiries have, in his case, rather more than usual significance; for he was not like most other men. He did not think and act as most men think and act. He did his own thinking, and he acted in accordance with his thought; while most men aim to think as other men think, and to act as it is the custom to act.

O. L. Sutliff's most striking characteristic was *mental clearness*. He took in everything at a glance; he had an astonishing faculty of perception; he grasped the problems of life with wonderful alacrity, and solved them with amazing facility; he knew a good deal, and what he knew he could tell. It is not often we find a man with, at the same time, a brain so clear, and capacious, and well stored, and a tongue so ready. Most men who know anything worth mentioning, cannot tell what they know; while the man who has great ability to talk, has often little of value to say.

Next to the study of natural religion, his favorite field of investigation was the Bible—to learn its philosophy of a future life, and its precepts in relation to man's duty to himself and to mankind. It is true he had no blind reverence for the Book; he took it for what it was worth, and in his estimation it was worth a great deal. He especially loved to delve into the hidden mysteries of the prophecies; he knew them by heart, and always had at his tongue's end an eloquent and plausible interpretation of them. In a Bible argument he was more than a match for any opponent; he reveled in its clear enunciations of the spiritual philosophy; and it was his meat and his drink to explain these teachings so as to make them uphold the spiritual faith.

He was one of the earliest Spiritualists. As a teacher of the Spiritual Philosophy he has shown preëminent ability, zeal, faithfulness and persistence. But few laborers in the field have done so much to convince people of the truths of Spiritualism; and to the last he showed no wavering. He wished the world to know that he died as he had lived—a Spiritualist, in the hope of a glorious immortality.

He was not only a Spiritualist—he was a *radical* Spiritualist. Spiritualism, with him, was not merely a safe and approved road to a comfortable heaven—not merely an insurer of immortality, and an antidote for the fears of hell, it was something practical. He believed in a Spiritualism to save mankind not only from the pains of the next world but from the ills of this. He carried his Spiritualism into all the affairs and relations of life. He believed that the advent of spirits to earth was for the purpose of elevating mankind out of all vice and all slavery. He did not see in freedom the bugbear that frightens so many. He regarded freedom as the great promoter of order, the great conservator of morals. He wanted freedom for himself, and what he claimed for himself he accorded to others. He advocated freedom for all mankind. He believed that its ultimate result would be the enlightenment, the elevation, the purification, the salvation of humanity.

He was not a believer in human depravity. He held that the tendency of human nature in freedom was upward and not downward. He believed that slavery and not freedom had a tendency to degrade humanity. Freedom, in his estimation, was not a license to do wrong, but an opportunity to do right. Finally, he believed in freedom as a universal and inalienable *right*.

He believed in what he called the 'God of Nature.' In this universal providence—this eternal, immutable, omnipresent, beneficent power—he had the sublimest faith. He believed in a universe of matter and of mind, and that all things are governed by unchanging law. He reposed with childlike faith on the bosom of the Infinite. Death to him was not a 'valley and shadow,' but the opening door of the glorious Beyond.

Our brother is *not dead*; nor yet does he sleep. He has only awakened to grander realities, a broader, richer, diviner life, and more efficient and glorious doing. He has only graduated from this preparatory school, and gone to commence his great work of the eternities. May we all do our earth-work as faithfully and zealously and perseveringly as he did his; and then may we be well fitted to join him in that grander work, in that wider field."

Wayside Pencilings.

DEAR BANNER—My last pencilings were from the "Monumental City." Concluded my engagement with the Lyceum Society on the evening of May 25th.

Went to Baltimore in April a stranger. A few days' experience taught me that the Baltimoreans have a wonderful tact of making "one feel at home." Am happy to say the Lyceum in that city is doing well. Among its "valuables" is one *Broom* that not only "sweeps clean," but withal is very musical; and it (he) has become so identified with the Lyceum that it is difficult to think of one without the other. Thanks, Bro. Broom, for your many favors. May the days of your "*bachelorhood*" be *short* and happy ones!

On the Saturday following I turned my back upon this beautiful "*Athens of the South*," and took an express train for Harrisburg, Penn. One of the most delightful rides during my whole trip was experienced on this one little route. Found a pleasant home awaiting me in Harrisburg at Dr. Barr's. Every lecturer who journeys hither "knows the spot." Met good audiences on Sunday.

This city is the home of the wonderful mediums, the Potts Brothers. They were absent, but good Father Potts invited me to their home, and there I witnessed some of the most remarkable paintings that have ever come to us in the name of Spiritualism.

Many of them were upon paper eight and ten feet in length. The paper was first attached to the wall—room vacated, and doors locked. After a time spirits unlocked the doors, and upon entering pictures of landscapes, faces, symbols, and many styles of writing were found represented upon them. Sometimes by this invisible power whole pictures would be erased and the design changed. *Skeptics, do* tell us how *these things are done!* It would take pages to record the marvelous things I heard concerning the mediumship of these brothers. One strange thing connected with the influence that controls "Archy" is, that whenever "Patrick" (the name of the spirit controlling) has a *special* work for him to do, and is obliged to take him from home, he always provides him with money or railroad tickets, and the way in which they are brought to him is amusing as well as interesting. They have been mentioned in your columns before, but "*half* has not been told." I wish they could be induced to visit Boston.

The friends in this city are about forming a Lyceum. Judging from the evening meeting that I attended, I came to the conclusion there was material enough to *grow one*; and I hope their efforts will receive sufficient encouragement to insure success, for we are sadly in want of progressive schools for the children.

Having promised my friends in Vineland a visit on my way home, I made my word good by lengthening my intended call of "two days" to a week. Vineland, at this time, is a "garden of roses;" the very air is heavy with perfume; and there is, at this season, a certain quiet and witchery lingering around this place that reminds one of that sweet poem of Whittier's—"Sabbath day at Cedar Lake"—*minus the Lake*. Some of the Jerseyites have very curious ideas concerning the inhabitants of Vineland.

While passing over the road, during my last trip there, my meditations were broken by a very animated conversation carried on by a gentleman and lady who were sitting directly behind me. The following remark will illustrate. "Oh," said the gentleman, "you ought to go to Vineland and spend one day there, on purpose to hear the 'Yankees' talk. I assure you it is fun."

My Yankee brothers and sisters, did you know our *dialect* was *considered* as "one by itself" in a land no further away than New Jersey?

On Sunday, the 8th inst., I attended Vineland Lyceum. It is working finely, under the Conductorship of Dr. D. W. Allen. He understands *what* to preach to the children, and knows *how*. I addressed the friends in Plum-street Hall on the evening of the same day.

The following morning I bade a final adieu to this Eden spot and turned homeward.

Through the experience of the last two months I have acquired to myself courage, zeal and interest; for from north to south, east to west, noble men and women are forming in rank to "war against error." With such an army of workers one finds no room for discouragement.

Good lecturers were never in greater demand than now. The fields are widening and ripening. Brothers and sisters, be earnest; don't falter; remember, if we fail in some of our undertakings, the angels will judge us by what we strive to do, and not what we really accomplish.

Let us join the grand chorus in which angel voices are blending; let us catch up the strain, that grows sublimer with the ages, "Spiritualism shall live."

MRS. M. E. B. SAWYER.

Boston, Mass., June 10th, 1873.

Nebraska.

TABLE ROCK, PAWNEE CO.—Mary E. Howe writes June 9th, 1873, as follows: I read with absorbing interest the "Banner Correspondence" from different States, but never see anything from this beautiful country. We have been having a genuine revival in the little school-houses, not of Orthodoxy, but of Spiritualism. Mrs. Morse, of Joliet, Ill., has been doing a great work in this county for some weeks; her wonderful private tests, and her genial and pleasant social influence, has caused a great interest and even excitement upon a subject quite new to most of the people here.

Her first meeting in this school district was marked by a collision with bigotry. It was the night of the regular Thursday evening prayer-meeting at the school-house, but as a prominent member of the church made the appointment, and others were anxious to hear the lecture, no trouble was expected. But when the crowd gathered at the building, there were two men determined to have their meeting and crowd out the great majority of their neighbors. They prayed—as Mrs. Morse said—not devotionally to God, but combatively and spitefully at their neighbors. Then T. W. Pepoon, a resolute liberalist, was appointed Chairman, Mrs. Morse was requested to speak, and the two belligerents subsided, and then threatened a prosecution, though the whole houseful of people, including several of the Methodists, voted in approval of our proceedings.

Yesterday we had a basket meeting near the banks of the beautiful Nemaha River. Mrs. Morse spoke in the morning upon "Death," a subject selected by one of the audience; and which was treated with thrilling eloquence and power. After luncheon we had a pleasant "conference meeting," some singing of a whole-souled, if not strictly artistic character, and then several gentlemen expressed their views upon Spiritualism, one declaring that nothing but the testimony of his own senses would ever convince him of its truth—though he expressed great interest in Mrs. Morse's lectures. Others gave their reasons for believing its cheering principles, and then we listened to an interesting address from Mrs. Morse upon the "Divinity of Christ," which she showed to be the divinity dwelling in every human being; only he possessed more of the angelic temperament and powers than most mortals.

A little shower of rain made the grove too damp for longer stay, so we all adjourned to a Methodist meeting in a school-house near by. But what a contrast! the sweet, free air of heaven exchanged for the stifling atmosphere, physical and spiritual, of that little enclosure. The speaker's text was "Love," which he described by its letters: L represented Liberty—to become pious, of course. O, obedience to the dogmas of the Church—"the will of God," he called it. V, Victory over the devil, and especially over all the "*isms*" conflicting with Methodism, all which he declared he could completely annihilate; and lastly E, Eternal Life—of course for the faithful Orthodox.

How can a creed-bound soul feel or describe the principles of universal love?

In the evening, the large farm wagons, filled with earnest people, gathered again at the little school-house, and listened for an hour to the delightful outpourings of mingled reason and eloquence from the lips of Mrs. Morse, upon the same subject, "Love." What a personification of the white-robed Goddess, Liberty, sweeping over the American Continent, bearing away the fetters of the past! what an appeal in behalf of *Obedience*—to the highest and holiest impulses of our being—*never* to the lower; and then by the letter V she represented Virtue and Vice, one the child of knowledge, the other of Ignorance; then touched upon E as standing for Evil or Enmity. As the lecture closed, the whole audience remained spell-bound, too much magnetized by the thrilling oratory to wish to break the charm by motion. We are to have another grove meeting July 4th. This week Mrs. Morse spends at Tecumseh, a flourishing town, twelve miles distant.

Ohio.

LANCASTER.—"COME OVER AND HELP US." Dr. H. Scott writes: I have several times before, through the Banner, invited itinerating mediums to visit Lancaster, with little response. We have here the nucleus for a growth and popularity of a spiritual society. Spiritualism receives here now respectful consideration. Good test mediums and competent speakers are needed; and any such who might make it convenient to make short calls with us, would find hospitable homes, besides something more. We have never sent a medium away with empty pockets.

Texas.

LECTURES—PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.—H. A. Moore writes as follows: *Dear Banner*: On the 26th and 27th of May we were favored with one of those intellectual feasts that are served by the spirits through the mediumship of Mrs. Annie C. Torrey. Mrs. T. was merely passing through Bryan, and stopped in order to become acquainted with the Spiritualists. Mrs. T.'s lectures are delivered while in a semi trance state, and are of a brilliant character. The logic is so forcible, and the language so beautiful, that one cannot help but realize he is communing with angels.—Mrs. Torrey left here with the expectation of spending a month in New Orleans, unless the recent disturbances in that State had altered the plan of the Spiritualists; then to return to Texas. We hope, upon her return, to make arrangements to have her visit us at least once a month. Texas Spiritualists do not know their mediums, from the simple reason that there is no unity of action among us, by which all may become acquainted. Let us have a State convention, and meet together and adopt some system of coöperation, or I fear the light our spirit friends have given us will continue to be hid under a bushel, if they do not withdraw it from us entirely.

In Bryan we are few in number, but we have asked our spirit friends to provide for our spiritual wants, and by some means, when good mediums are passing through the State, they are impressed to stop with us.

On the 2d inst. Mrs. S. F. Breed, of Houston, was impressed to stop with us. On the night of the 3d inst. she gave a private sitting to some half-dozen of our friends. Mrs. B. is a clairvoyant physician, and diagnoses diseases and prescribes for the same. This is the principal feature of her mediumship. She is accompanied, however, by a negro girl named Ella, who is controlled by the spirit of her brother Felix, and who is a most powerful medium. Mrs. B. has an Indian control, named Cato, who operates with Felix in the physical manifestations.

During the sitting a guitar and a bell were performed on, accompanied by raps, while the hands of the medium were held by a Methodist minister, to prevent the possibility of trickery upon their part. The same manifestations occurred afterward, with a bright light in the room, so that every object was distinctly visible. During the dark séance, Felix, whose movements were distinctly heard by every one present, approached a bureau and brought a book and several articles from the drawers of the same, and threw them upon the table, then called for a light that all might see what he had accomplished. He also took the bell from beneath the table and carried it around the room, ringing it near the feet of several persons, and finally threw it across the room into a gentleman's lap. At the request of Mrs. Breed, both Cato and Felix passed around the room and touched several persons present. Their touch was as palpable as that of a human hand. During the sitting Mrs. B. was entranced by a spirit representing himself as a Mason and Odd Fellow. He proved himself by giving the grips of the Orders to the members of the different Fraternities in the room.

On the following day, about ten o'clock A. M., the powers of Felix were tested by daylight. An American flag was placed around the legs of a table in the room, to somewhat exclude the light from beneath the table; a slate was then placed under the table, upon which was placed a pencil two inches in length; both sides of the slate were repeatedly scratched up, the spirit being unable to write, and finally the pencil disappeared. The table was lifted up and searched thoroughly, as was the floor, but the pencil was still missing. A gentleman, who was somewhat skeptical, was impressed to look in a bureau drawer, near which he had been sitting during the manifestations, and there he found the pencil. The drawer had been securely closed during the entire manifestation, and was not opened until the gentleman above alluded to opened it. How the pencil got into the drawer was a mystery to us, and remained a mystery, as it was broad daylight.

Bryan, Brazos Co., June 5th.

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.—Dr. William Osgood Page, of 841 Sixth avenue, writes: "One more 'martyr of the nineteenth century' has gone to that newly discovered country of 'evergreen fields' in the 'summer-land,' from whose bourne millions return to earth friends and report the glad tidings of a continual progression. On May 13th the spirit of Sabra R. Page departed from her earthly body. Services were conducted by the veteran harmonial philosopher, R. T. Hallock, M. D., which were appropriate to the occasion. He said, as he saw those present were friends of progress, 'that we ought not to mourn, but rejoice at the birth of our sister to a higher life.' Singing by Mrs. Adams, of the New York Progressive Society of Spiritualists. Mrs. P. was born a physician, and for many years did a good work. Her heart, hand and sympathies were never closed to her suffering brother man or sister woman. She passed on, like a child sleeping, after many years of usefulness, as she had lived, a true and noble-hearted Spiritualist. She was present at her funeral. She said she 'felt a peculiar and strange sensation in attending her own funeral.'"

"She lived for those who loved her,
For those who knew her true,
For the heaven that smiled above her,
And waited her spirit, too;
For the cause that lacked assistance,
For the wrongs that needed resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that she could do."

BINGHAMTON.—E. C. Leonard writes: Speakers who are passing East or West are requested to give us a call. We have a grove which will be in readiness during the summer, and will hold three thousand people. Good test mediums wanted here.

Illinois.

CHICAGO.—DEAR BANNER—Among other important subjects for reform is the orthography of the English language. It has been for many years a subject of thought with many persons, and sundry systems of phonetics have been placed before the public for its consideration and acceptance. I had given thought to the subject, but only wished we had some improvement, when, in 1845, I first saw Pitman's system of phonography. That brought the subject tangibly before me, and, in criticising, I deemed it very defective for general use. It was a very pretty theory, but difficult of application. The light and heavy strokes of same figure and position, and heavy and light dots and marks to be applied in three different positions, appeared very difficult of execution for any but experts with the pen or pencil.

I was led to consider the principles desirable in the construction of any system of phonography, which I think are as follows: That it should be available to *everybody*; that each character or representative of sound should be entirely distinct, in shape or position, from every other character; that the simplest or most easily made character should be applied to the sound most frequently occurring, and the most complex to sounds most rarely occurring; that the vowels should take their places in the words it is forming, so that each word may be completed without raising the pen; that the adaption of characters to sounds should be such as to keep the word, when written, the nearest possible in a horizontal line; and that the same system of phonographic characters should be adaptable to typography.

In consequence of this study of principles, I exercised my ingenuity in constructing a system involving them; and my mind was thus occupied for several years. I submitted my work to the criticism of a few who I thought were capable of judging of its merits; and one college professor said of it, that it was the best he had seen, but it had its imperfections. Of this I was as sensible as he, while he added his doubt that any *perfect* system of phonography could be constructed.

For want of pecuniary means I did not publish my system, but I wish some competent person would try his skill in the same direction.

Bro. Allen is doing a good work in attempting a universal system of phonography of *all* languages. It is a work that will help on a very desirable revolution, which a long time only can consummate.

J. A. WILLARD.

327 Fulton street, Chicago.

Free Thought.

COMPLIANCE WITH A REQUEST, NOT "CHEEK."

MR. EDITOR—I was recently startled by the sudden appearance of a copy of the Banner of Light, dated Saturday, May 3d, 1873, which contains an article entitled "Cheek," in which the author claims to set forth a true statement of the not undeserved honors paid by the last *cortège* of the deceased Isaac K——. I have been very reluctant about replying to this article, first, because I thought you would refuse to publish a rejoinder; second, I am opposed to public controversy, and I thought that an article of so great prevarication could be best disposed of by silent contempt. However, the author seems to court a reply; and I think that justice and courtesy, on your part, warrant me a place in your columns. I am not a Spiritualist, but the doctrine I do profess teaches me charity for the opinion of others—charity that will not proscribe others because they entertain views averse to my own; yet I pause not to use language in its severity to propagate the truth and correct erroneous statements. I shall make no annotations on Spiritualism nor any other ism, neither shall I undertake to eulogize the deceased, as his noble character, while on earth, is so indelibly impressed on the minds of all who knew him, that words, oral or written, could not add thereto. "*Requiescat in pace!*"

Leaving the above preliminaries I shall hasten to the main subject, and in so doing, "shall speak forth the words of truth and soberness." The author beautifully defines and illustrates the word "cheek." To his definition I readily accede, but, as I further examine the subject, I am astonished, wondering how one whose cerebral development is so great, could be guilty of so great prevarications.

Before entering the house of the deceased I expected the funeral to be conducted under the auspices of the Spiritualists, and it probably would have been but for the following: A few weeks before the death of Isaac K., his brother, David K., a member of the Society of Friends, took his demise to that "bourne from which no traveler returns"—at which time there was present a leading Spiritualist, who was a stranger in the neighborhood, and he took the liberty or *was controlled* to speak, or in other words, to preach a funeral sermon, and his course was not at all approved by the relatives, or at least by but few; therefore, when Isaac's funeral took place, his brother requested me to notify the aforesaid Spiritualist to remain silent. This, Mr. Editor, is the reason why the services were not conducted by Spiritualists. Is it not a good one? The Rev. ——, who was present on that occasion, is a gentleman of high culture, and went to the funeral not for the purpose of speaking, but to show respect alike both for the living and dead; but shortly after his arrival at the house a relative of the deceased, who, though not a member of any church, thought it a good idea to have the Rev. —— speak. I said I would consult the members of the family.

Now there were present two sisters, four brothers, and one brother-in-law of the deceased, all of whom, except one, at that time, were adherents of the Society of Friends; and I consulted three of the brothers, who unhesitatingly consented, and one added, "What he (the reverend) will say, will do us no harm, and may do others good;" and this is the reason why the services were conducted by a "Christian minister." My disputant (or the self-styled Lover of Justice) asks, "Who authorized you to thrust your religious views upon a people whom you knew to entertain opinions in consonance with the professed faith of the deceased?"

Sir, we thrust our views upon no one; but when requested, we carefully and prayerfully enunciate them; and what higher authority could we have had than that of the consent of the heads of the family? Having declared my aversion to public controversy, therefore, the same shall cease so far as I am concerned, with the publication of this article. Desiring to reciprocate all favors, I request that you forward a copy of your paper containing this article to H. Hoover, Cumensville, Clearfield County, Penn.

Yours, etc., JOSEPH RUSSELL.

Lumber City, May 31st, 1873.

PROGNOSTIC ASTRONOMY.

The most forcible argument in favor of a belief in planetary influence is that it furnishes an explanation of what cannot be accounted for in any other way. It appears to elucidate some of the most extraordinary proceedings of Nature.

With respect to the mental and physical constitutions of different members of the same family, how often do we find talented men of the highest degree springing from a parentage of uncultivated intellect; and on the other hand, men of the greatest wisdom having children only remarkable for their stupidity. Observe the different dispositions in a family, and the various inclinations, some sparkling and others dull; some generous and others miserly; one gifted and another scarcely capable of expressing an idea. We see numerous examples of men starting in life, apparently with every advantage, men not addicted to vice, but sober, temperate, well-intentioned, and even persevering people, yet never by any chance prosperous in their undertakings, continually involved in difficulties, and whose want of success can only be regarded as a fatality. How full of casualties are the lives of some, while others pass unscathed through a long life of constant intercourse with danger.

In such cases as these it seems we all agree; so far as a superficial view of each circumstance extends, we are all willing to see clearly the hand of Providence apparent. But we seldom go beyond this point. We seem to forget that one of the greatest attributes of the Almighty is prescience, and, therefore, that the providential care obvious in these circumstances, is a part of the law preördained for the government of the human race, and of which law the *astrologer* tells you the planets hold direction. And yet there seems to be so little desire shown for ascertaining whether astrology has really any pretensions to truth, or whether it is only a mass of absurdities, as most people believe; hence it is not surprising to hear well informed persons state that astrology is a remnant of the dark ages, or is one of the relics of superstition. Why should any one, ignorant of the science, declare that to be a superstition and an absurdity which others have made their study for so many years, and still continue on unwearied in the pursuit?

Are all the students in astrology men of such very weak capacities that their minds will bear no comparison with those of their neighbors? What shall we say of Claudius Ptolemy, the greatest astrologer the world ever saw, who was called among the Greeks the most wise, the most divine, on account of his great learning—Flamstead, the first astronomer royal, Galileo, Lord Napier, Kepler, Lord Bacon, Booatus, Nostradamus, the poet Dryden, Sir Isaac Newton, and a host of other celebrities? The above were all astrologers, convinced of its truths by their own experience in the study of it as a science.

If persons of the present day would make themselves slightly acquainted with the subject of astrology before discussing its merits or demerits, as to the idea that it was *sinful*, none but a very ignorant person would maintain for a moment, if astral observations *were* sinful, it would be criminal to foretell an eclipse. To the free inquiring and truly philosophical reader I say, Study this science, and you will not find the rules transgressed.

A man whose horoscope shows that he is born to long life, does not die in infancy. Neither does one whose nativity indicates honor and wealth, lead a life of infamy and distress.

Astrology is undoubtedly the most ancient of all the sciences which the ordinations of an all-wise and indulgent Providence has allotted to the mind of man.

The study of astrology tends to wisdom and happiness; it affords us consolation in the time of adversity; it cheers our sorrowing hearts by showing that the darkness of the threatening storm will pass away, and that happiness will again beam upon us benignantly in the future; it forewarns us of evil, and, therefore, forearms us against misfortune; and it leads the thoughts to a higher and holier contemplation of the immensity of the Almighty's power, and the wonders of his majestic works.

PROF. LISTER.

329 6th avenue, New York.

OUR OWN PUBLICATIONS.

Opinions of the Press.

BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. J. H. CONANT. Boston: Colby & Rich, (late Wm. White & Co.) Price $1,50.

This work, in detailing the history of a woman who is styled "the world's medium of the nineteenth century," purports to give to the general public some idea of what the thing known as "spirit mediumship is, and what it involves." In addition to the account of the peculiar experiences and trials incident to the early life and development of this lady, messages purporting to come from departed human spirits, improvised poems, and invocations or spirit prayers, are to be found in its pages. The originality of the subject matter of the book cannot fail to arrest the attention of the curious. A steel-plate portrait of Mrs. Conant embellishes the volume.—*Kansas Commonwealth.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Boston: Colby & Rich, (late William White & Co.)

This is a revised and enlarged edition of this spiritual philosopher, and will no doubt be welcomed by the believers in Modern Spiritualism. It is typographically a fine and attractive volume.

Our attention has been called to the following by a cotemporary, upon the two works issued by us, and written, the first by the author of "Vital Magnetic Cure," the second by Rev. W. F. Evans:

NATURE'S LAWS IN HUMAN LIFE.—This book contains an exhaustive summary of the best writings that have appeared in the great spiritual movement. It places before the reader the facts and phenomena of what is called Spiritualism, and in doing so, gives a pretty important statement of the different views respecting the asserted spiritual manifestations. On the affirmative side, the author thinks he finds much proof in the Bible and in the strange experiences of Swedenborg. He also quotes from those who occupy the scientific standpoint and refer the phenomena to some not yet understood laws of mind and matter to the exclusion of the spirit theory.

The work is written in a spirit of candor which commends itself to the reader. The opinions of the opponents of Spiritualism are fairly stated with no attempt to soften them down, and they are answered by a record of facts which wholly confute them. To the many people in our land who long to know something about the reality of another life, this will be found to be a most useful book.

MENTAL MEDICINE: A Theoretical and Practical Treatise on Medical Psychology. In this work the author has aimed to give the results of his study of Practical Psychology as a therapeutic agency, and the knowledge he has gained from many years' experience of the best methods of its application. The subjects discussed are—the Gift and Art of Healing, qualification of the Psychopathic Practitioner; Conditions of the Patient Favorable to a Cure; The Conscious Impressible state—How to Induce it; Medical Psychology and the Limitations to its Abuse, &c.

The book is full of illustrations of the power of faith to heal disease, showing most conclusively that the Christian Church has never fully understood it. The author states "that to attain the highest success in the treatment of diseases of the mind and body, we must be in sympathetic conjunction with Christ and the realm of life above, and be endowed with power from on high." The truly spiritual man is in close proximity and affinity with the society of the angel bands. He has sought and found the ever-present kingdom of the heavens. He dwells on the border-land between the two worlds, where they so touch and unite that where earth ends and heaven begins cannot be clearly defined.

PUBLIC MEETINGS, ETC.

The Gun Lake Progressive Spiritual Society

Will hold its second Grove Meeting for the season in the Grove on the west bank of Gun Lake, on Saturday and Sunday, July 5th and 6th, 1873, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. The Spiritualists and friends of Allegan and surrounding counties are invited to attend. Refreshments to be had on the grounds. The meeting to be addressed by Mr. Charles Andrus and others.

JOY TAIRY, *President.*

G. B. MANCHESTER, *Secretary.*
A. A. ABBOT, *Cor. Sec.*
Wayland, Allegan Co., Mich., June 17th, 1873.

Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Binghamton, N. Y., and vicinity, will hold a meeting of this description at Leonard Grove, on Oak Street, Sunday, June 29th. Warren Chase, Warren Woolson, Mrs. H. F. Stearns and others, are expected as speakers. In case of storm, the meeting will be held in Firemen's Hall.

PER ORDER COMMITTEE.

Two Days' Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Sharon and vicinity will hold a two days' meeting in their new hall on the 5th and 6th of July, at Millport, Potter Co., Pa. Good speakers are expected to attend. Invitations extended to all.

By order of Committee, E. M. HERRING.

Basket Picnic.

The Spiritual Society of Thompson, Ohio, will hold a Basket Picnic on the 4th day of July. O. P. Kellog, R. H. Winslow and other speakers will be present. All are invited to attend. BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE.

Contents of this Number of the Banner.

☞ In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications condensed or otherwise by correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

Published weekly

Banner of Light.

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AGENTS FOR THE BANNER IN NEW YORK.
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PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY.....EDITOR.
ISAAC B. RICH.....BUSINESS MANAGER.

☞ Letters and communications appertaining to the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to LUTHER COLBY; and all BUSINESS LETTERS to "ISAAC B. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS."

Ministering Angels.

Spiritualists are supposed to understand that the millions of earth-born, who have led unrighteous lives here in consequence of their ignorance of the beautiful but inexorable laws which govern existence here and hereafter, naturally gravitate to the hells in which they learn through suffering what they never knew before, and to understand, furthermore, that the class of media singled out by a Divine Providence from the human race are actively engaged in the work of relieving these sufferers. The media, then, are to be recognized as liberators and emancipators. Their powers are exercised in the dispensation of a relief that apparently could be secured by no other way. They are the ministering angels to these groping, restive, distressed beings in spirit-life, who are at last awakening to a consciousness of the truth, but are of themselves blind in their search after the laws of extrication. As an intermediate body of agents between their present tentative experience and that of their ended life in the form, the media are of the greatest importance, and deserve to be upheld accordingly. In the performance of their allotted task they are called to bear burdens not their own; to carry crosses of others' imposition; to personate spiritual conditions so peculiar as to make healthy souls sick; and to be constantly exhausted in the necessary work of saving others.

While their office is known to Spiritualists to be so grave and so difficult, demanding such exhaustive devotion on their part and compelling the neglect of much that other persons have time and opportunity to cultivate, in what manner is it possible for just-minded men and women to treat them unless with abounding love and charity, coming up around them with a determination to uphold and sustain them, and regarding no cross save the one great one, that in doing for ually beseeching help on the earth-plane to which the laws of regeneration compel them to return? These media, so important a link in the chain that connects the seen with the unseen, are but living in the heaven of earth-existence, that they may effectually minister also to the spiritual needs of those less favored amongst us; and in this way they unconsciously carry forward the great plan of human progression. We are assured of it in the ancient record, as well as by modern evidence which is incontrovertible. Their work is therefore of the very first importance both to mortals and spirits. Take them suddenly away from sight and service, and what an aching void would be apparent. Snuff this candle which throws its little beams so far out over a benighted world, and what a dense darkness would again prevail. Unknown, almost unconsidered as they are, what a silent force is working through them for the final redemption of millions of souls.

It may not be superfluous or untimely for us to repeat, that the Banner is, as it ever has been, the stanch friend of all spiritual media. Whether they live in the hades of life or not, they are martyrs every one of them. And knowing these facts, it can scarcely be necessary to appeal to Spiritualists to exercise continually in their behalf the largest charity. They cannot conscientiously say that they do not know *why* these poor media are what they are—martyrs to the work for which they have been selected. And that work it is possible for them to do so much more readily if supported by the sympathy of those about them. This, of all others, is not the time to fall upon them with assaults more virulent in spirit than that manifested by sneering skeptics. It is a matter of record that when a nation becomes strong and prosperous it is liable to lapse into luxury, and hence inevitably into decay. So with some Spiritualists, who, having once acquired the riches of belief and grown strong of spirit, and prosperous in their interior lives, fall insensibly into a habit of neglecting the simple means by which they entered upon their new spiritual estate, and of decrying their media and losing the life of their spiritual faith together. The loss is certain to be their own, for the cause is in Divine hands, and cannot fail. For ourselves, we shall stand by the media not more because of the immense importance of their work than of the need they have of the sympathy and support of all.

Decease of Dr. William Persons.

The telegraph bears abroad the news—sad to the physically afflicted ones who were awaiting his coming to their vicinity with hope—that this kind-hearted and hard-working healer passed the verge of material life on June 11th, at Lynchburgh, Va. The Doctor's fame as a magnetic physician of the highest order is widely diffused in every section of our country, and thousands of friends will mourn his transition from the physical.

☞ "Little Frank," the spirit boy of Newburyport school-house fame, has just been heard from. He says he has not got through with the manifestations there yet; that they may look out for new developments, etc.

The Use of Prayer.

The prayer-guage of Prof. Tyndall, that drew down on him such a torrent of abuse from the clergy, many of whom publicly resolved not to notice him only that they might express their hatred for him, has, after all, not been without its silent effect. The point of Prof. Tyndall's proposal is one that human reason, when thoroughly devout and reverential, too, cannot easily overcome. Since he has gone home his idea has been at work in various classes of minds. It has cropped out among the Episcopalians, the last to admit any disturbing elements into their staid and tranquil fold. At a general church conference, recently held in New York, Bishop Smith, of Kentucky, presiding, he admitted that prayer had been the subject of much discussion among men of high standing, and, at the present time, that there were great differences of opinion as to the efficacy of praying at all. That is an important admission to begin with.

He remarked that a large number of people were opposed to hearing impromptu sermons, and it was not only difficult but dangerous to preach good impromptu sermons. He said it took him twenty years to preach extempore addresses. The Rev. Mr. Adams read an essay on the "Influence of Prayer over Physical Laws." He contended that if it were the will of God, he could stay the whole machinery of the solar system any moment he thought fit, as he alone had full control over it. There were great differences as to the results of continual prayer, but he contended that, as a rule, God did answer the prayers of the good. He felt differently for those who prayed than for those who did not pray or believe in Jesus Christ, and those that did love him, and prayed for special blessings, generally had their prayers answered. To prove his argument, Rev. Mr. Adams cited several instances from the Bible and Testament, showing that God had granted the prayers of many who believed in him, particularly Gideon and others. Mr. Adams, to make his argument good, also stated some of his own experiences. He said on one occasion he was out at sea when a fearful hurricane arose, and it was feared the ship would be lost. Prayers were offered, and in a short time the storm ceased. He remembered once being out when the captain of the vessel was taken sick with yellow fever, and he was given up by his physician, but the man prayed fervently that he might be spared to reach his port, in order that he might be baptized. He believed things would have had a different turn had not this prayer been offered up to God. The Rev. Dr. Cowley spoke at some length of prayer and its results. He argued that Prof. Tyndall's objections to prayer could be very quickly removed. He did not exactly believe in the efficacy of prayer, but still he was not opposed to it altogether. Dr. Osgood said that, as catholic Christians, they ought to set their faces against the abominable doctrines of the materialists, and stand up for God and earnest prayer. If they did this their requests would surely be granted.

Much of all this is extremely puerile, because begotten of a superstitious faith wholly outside of consciousness. Any approach to a proper conception of God, as a being, cannot but make him entirely independent of such flatteries as are implied in human adoration. If prayer is for the purpose of changing his will, then he is clearly not that all-wise being on whom the soul leans instinctively for its sure support. God must know what is best for his creatures. Then wherefore supplicate him with suggestions of our own? The absurdity of the view which the people would force one to take is apparent.

But would you not pray at all? No, not in this low spirit of self-love; not for private benefit and advantage. "Lord, as thou wilt," should be the spirit. Hence prayer becomes something different from the barren act which ecclesiasticism makes of it. The only good it can work is that of drawing us closer to the Father, and making us at heart one with him. In this view, praying is doing. The secret worth getting at, and in fact the only one, is to introduce as much of the divine will into the human as the humble and receptive state of prayer will admit. All this mouthing confession of sin amounts to nothing, and the confessor is none the more relieved after it; but when one ceases to do evil, that is a practical confession which shows the divine to be at work within us. And that is prayer indeed.

Opening their Eyes.

It will be found by the sacerdotal party that is so eager to bring everybody else under the thumb of its authority, that there are blows to give as well as blows to take in this warfare. The State of Ohio, for instance, is at present giving serious consideration to a proposal to refuse exemption from taxation any longer to church property. Perhaps this measure may not have for its motive the desire to retaliate upon bigotry its own spirit, or at any rate to make it go through the world as others do, paying their way.

But this is true about it, and the result will be about the same as if the motive were what some might wish it was: The State of Ohio discovers that its church property is equal to one-tenth of that of the whole United States, and also that it is exempt from taxation. Now the question for Ohio to consider is, whether it is not best to take so large an amount of valuable property out of deadheadism. It sees, too, that the property is increasing more rapidly in value than the churches are growing, and that starts another train of thought. Why should ecclesiastical property be exempt from taxation any more than any other. The States that concede this privilege, as much to superstition as to any regard for religion, are taunted with godlessness by these same churches. Once let their priests run the politics, and we should see tithes worse than were ever collected in the old Jewish times.

Liberal Organization in California.

We are in receipt of a letter from a correspondent residing in San José, Santa Clara Co., Cal., stating that the cause of free thought is firmly espoused and championed in that place by an Association which meets each Sunday for conference at 11 o'clock A. M.—lectures being listened to each Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock.

A Liberal League, formed on the basis of F. E. Abbot's call, is also in operation in the town, holding its meetings on the first Sunday of each month. Its affairs are presided over by the following board of officers: A. J. Spencer, President; L. Magenheimer, Vice President; J. L. Hatch, Secretary; Wm. Fischer, Treasurer; A. C. Stowe, C. G. Hoadley, R. P. Thomson, Executive Committee.

Can a pretty woman be a plain cook?

Spiritualist Conventions and Grove Meetings.

The summer season is upon us, and the warm sunlight and balmy breezes, which make the woods so inviting, are bringing together large masses of the friends of liberal thought all over the country. Conventions are also in the full tide of success. We are in receipt of lengthy reports from various sections of the continent full of the fervor of the spirit, but in many cases of local interest principally. Should we, in our desire to accommodate our friends, endeavor to publish extended accounts of these convocations, we should fill our columns with scarcely anything else, and at the same time (as we have learned by sad experience) fail to give satisfaction either to the parties concerned or to the general reader.

THE STURGIS, MICH., YEARLY MEETING was held in the Free Church erected there some fourteen years ago, J. M. Peebles preaching at the time its dedicatory sermon. The meeting began on the afternoon of Friday, June 13th, and continued till the evening of Sunday, June 15th. The speakers present were Hon. Warren Chase, Giles B. Stebbins, W. F. Jamieson, Miss R. Augusta Whiting, Rev. T. H. Stewart, Rev. Mr. Worden, W. B. Mason and Cephas B. Lynn; Mr. and Mrs. Blair and Minnie Myers, professional mediums, were also in attendance, giving good satisfaction by their demonstrations of spirit power. Hon. John G. Wait presided. Mrs. Blackman, of Sturgis, read an "Ode to the Anniversary Meeting," written by D. Hulbert, M. D., also of Sturgis. Speeches in conference were made by Dr. Brown of Kendallville, Ind., Mr. Blair, Mrs. Gilhams, Mr. Free of Chicago, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Cushman, and others. The range of matter treated by the Convention was of the broadest character, and embraced all the various phases of reform which are at present demanding the attention of the public. The remarks of the speakers and lecturers were earnest and forcible. That the Sturgis yearly meeting is an institution which has taken deep hold on the hearts of the Western Spiritualists, no clearer proof is needed than the following letter from that indefatigable worker, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, addressed to the President and audience by this lady, from the "Pacific Slope":

Hon. J. G. Wait—My Brother—The Banner of Light just reminded me that your Yearly Meeting is at hand. The notice opened to me the gates of past years. I am reminded of good souls whose honest voices united in a protest against old creeds; of strong hands united in building a free hall, wherein one may worship according to his own sweet will. As the Mussulman goes up to Mecca to worship, so you, near and far, gather in Sturgis, to bless and to be blessed.

Now and then one of the workers and worshipers falls by the way; but though dead, the old places are remembered, and I am persuaded that the risen dead will attend your convocation and speak brave and comforting words to the congregation.

I remember with a soul brimful of blessings the Sturgisites. There hangs on memory's walls a sweet picture of mine hostess, Maria Baker. Her doors to me were always wide open. Then there is the lion of the tribe of Spiritualism and his little wife; their home has in truth been a welcome rest to the way-worn medium.

I may not again rejoice in your welcomes; may not again share your hospitalities; may never more speak from your free platform; but, sitting here by the sunset gate, listening to the moan and dash of the waves of the ocean, I am braver and richer and happier for your friendship and blessings. So, across the continent I send, by the invisible post, my good-will and hopes for your success.

Yours, MRS. H. F. M. BROWN.
National City, Southern California, June, 1873.

THE SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MICHIGAN STATE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION was held June 13th—Elias Manchester, President, in the Chair.

Benjamin Todd, S. B. McCracken (of Detroit,) Rhoda Loomis, Mrs. E. W. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow, D. W. Hull, M. L. Sherman, L. D. Drake, Marion Todd, John Curtis, M. Milleson, (spirit artist,) Dr. Merton (of Battle Creek,) Jeremiah Brown (of Battle Creek,) Prof. Lyon (of Adrian,) Mr. Taylor (of Leslie), Mr. Randall (of Clyde, O.,) and others took part in the exercises; singing being furnished by Mr. Stegeman and wife, and Prof. Bailey (of Charlotte.) Delegates were appointed to the National Convention, to be held in Chicago in September.

This Convention, as well as that at Sturgis, took a wide range as to the questions debated; the meetings were well attended, and the interest sustained up to the closing moment.

Mr. Beecher Again.

In his more recently expressed views relative to the goodness of the Almighty Father, whether his church is aware of it or not, Mr. Beecher is preaching precisely the views of Swedenborg and his adherents. They are in favor of a personal God, so far as human conception is capable of grasping an idea of him, and in favor of his love as the great source of life and power. He feels and affirms that this Divine love exceeds all conceivable opposites, so that they are overborne by its supreme power. That love, he believes, will yet secure to every creature the full measure of happiness which he can ever crave. It is certainly a much more religious doctrine than that preached usually by those of the sect to which he subscribes, and for that reason he has been called an Universalist. Mr. Beecher considers what the majority of them do not, that most persons do not have a fair chance in this life. Circumstances and conditions are against them. The good that is in them has little or no opportunity to come out. He argues the fatherhood of God from the fatherhood of man for a basis; and then the logic is but Christ's. "If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your Father in Heaven give good gifts unto them that ask him." Paternal government, says Mr. Beecher, is the love which is the fountain of all the other elements in the government of the household. It is conducted for the sake of the children, and not for the sake of the family; to raise them from ignorance and weakness to nobleness and strength, and not to found a family merely and establish a government.

Cape Cod Camp Meeting.

This favorite yearly gathering of Spiritualists, at Nickerson's Grove, Harwichport, Mass., will commence the present season, July 25th, and continue to August 4th. Particulars in our next.

☞ Read the announcement of the picnic to be given by the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, of Boston, on Tuesday, July 8th, at Echo Grove, West Lynn. A fine time may be expected.

A burling lawyer has revised the ordinances of Des Moines, Iowa, so that a man cannot shave himself on Sunday without being liable to five dollars' fine.

Phenomenal Spiritualism in Boston.

The physical phase of the demonstration of spirit presence and power is at present being urged upon the attention of our citizens to a more than usual extent, and a deeper interest is evoked on the subject than we have marked for a considerable period in the past:

MRS. MAUD E. LORD

Still continues to preside over well-attended public circles, on Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings of each week, at 27 Milford street, this city—the remaining evenings being devoted by her to private séances for such as may desire. The impression she has created has been of the highest character, and multitudes of skeptics, including many representatives of the clergy, the judiciary, the bar and the mercantile class, are to be found at her meetings. A remarkable test of spirit identity was given recently at one of Mrs. Lord's circles which deserves an especial mention: H. E. Felch, Esq., of Boston, visited 27 Milford street, to test the reliability of the manifestations. The lights were extinguished, and while sitting in the blank darkness—no sound being heard but the clapping of the medium's hands, and her occasional vocal utterance, made to show that she maintained her seat in her chair unmoved—he felt a hand tangibly grasp his own, and a spirit voice addressed him, claiming him as "son." In order to prove his identity, his spirit father—who was, while in physical life, a member in exalted standing of the Masonic Order, and who previous to his transition from the mortal was "Grand Instructor" in the Grand Lodge for the State of Massachusetts—gave Mr. Felch the Masonic grips in detail and correctly. The manner of clasping the hands at Mrs. Lord's séances—the left hand of one over the right wrist of the next around the circle, in order to leave each one free to grasp with the right hand any spirit hand which may be offered—is well-known to those who have attended them, and on this occasion one Masonic manipulation required the use of the wrist also, and so the spirit pushed back the hand of the party sitting next to Mr. Felch, in order to complete the test. The gentleman was at once satisfied that his father was in communication with him, and now considers it to be one of the most wonderful occurrences which he has met with in the course of his long experience as a spiritual investigator.

MRS. MARY M. HARDY.

This world-renowned test medium is receiving an additional phase of development of a striking character—several private séances in the presence of personal friends having caused the intensest interest. Though the weariness incident to her severe mediumistic labors during the past winter and spring has necessitated her taking a rest during the warm weather—at least in so far as refers to public séances—it is whispered that in the fall the remarkable manifestations heretofore witnessed by her immediate friends *may* be given to wider circles, in answer to the oft-repeated demand for the same.

MRS. R. K. STODDARD,

Together with her son, DeWitt C. Hough, gave a highly interesting cabinet séance at Nassau Hall, corner Washington and Common streets, on the evening of Sunday, June 22d, at which the manifestations were astonishing, receiving the frequent approbation of those in attendance. She will repeat the séance at the same hall, Sunday evening, June 28th.

Massacre of Indians by Christians!

"A letter received [in Washington, D. C., on June 23d] from an officer of the 5th Cavalry, stationed in Arizona, states that some seventy Indians were killed by his command in May for depredations, but not a word to that effect has been received here [W.] by the military authorities or the Indian Bureau."

So says a grim telegram in the daily press of Tuesday, 24th. We would like to ask Judge Bailey, of Kansas, and other land speculators, if this thing is to go on till the borders of extermination are reached for the wards of the Government? Had these precious parties anything to do with the last massacre of unarmed Modoc prisoners, which parallels in plan, if not in the numbers killed, the dastardly slaughter of the Piegans under Sheridan's orders? Whenever we endeavor to lift up even a faint voice for justice concerning the oppressed aboriginal tribes, do not these parties swell the cry of "Shame on the Eastern philanthropists, who would bolster up murder and arson, and who talk about what they do not understand!" The plain state of the case is this: The Indian has a right to as good faith on the part of the United States Government as his white brother—treaties formed with him are as binding in honor as those made with the grasping, soulless corporations for whom our political polity cherishes so profound a respect. The Great Spirit of all life gives the Indian the sunlight and the breeze, the water and the game, for the perpetuity of his existence on earth, while self-interested whites are endeavoring by every known means to sweep him from the face of the land. Truly we say with the great revolutionary statesman: "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just!"

Again in the Field.

By the following letter from an esteemed correspondent, it will be seen that an old worker for the cause has reëntered the arena of active labor:

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—Doubtless many readers of your paper will be glad to learn that Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye, the well-known first-class rapping and writing test medium, has once more resumed her public work. For some years past, owing mainly to family reasons, she has been living a retired home life with her little family, consisting of herself, her husband and three young children. But she has now engaged rooms in the same building with our Liberal Bookstore, and fitted them up very tastefully as an office for her séances, and seems inclined to give herself up earnestly and, as we trust, permanently to the work. At this the friends here are greatly rejoiced, as for a long time past there has been a deeply felt want of just such an arrangement.

San Francisco, June 14, 1873. H. SNOW.

☞ A. E. Newton, writing us from Ancora, N. J., June 12th, thus bears testimony to the worth of our deceased partner and friend:

"Permit me to express a word of sympathy with you in regard to the loss of the material presence of your late partner, Mr. White. My personal acquaintance with him was limited, but I always found him genial, sympathetic, charitable and earnest. No doubt your loss is his gain, for he has entered upon the reward of the good and faithful servant."

☞ We are informed by a letter from W. L. Jack, M. D., 812 North 10th street, Philadelphia, Pa., that in consequence of ill health, he will be obliged to defer till further notice his projected tours Eastward and Westward.

The Woodhull-Claflin Trial.

The trial of Victoria C. Woodhull, Tennie C. Claflin and Col. Blood, for the sending of alleged obscene matter through the United States mails, commenced on the morning of June 23d, in the United States District Court, city of New York.

THE INDICTMENT—OPINION OF GEN. BUTLER.

WASHINGTON, *Jan. 19th*, 1873.

MRS. VICTORIA C. WOODHULL, 48 BROAD ST., N. Y.:

DEAR MADAME—I shall not be able to find time from my public duties to take part in the trial of your case. While I thank you for the offer of retainer, and should regret not being able to afford my services as counsel where I think a legal wrong is being done, yet I cannot believe that in the only prosecution of which I have any knowledge, or to which I could attend if I had any time, to wit, the prosecution of yourself and sister for sending obscene literature through the mails in the courts of the United States, there is the slightest need of my services or the services of any counsel. I feel as certain as I can of any question, upon the construction of the statute, that the action of the United States prosecuting attornies was based wholly upon a misconstruction and misconception of that statute upon which the newspapers inform me the prosecution against you is based. That statute was meant to cover, and does cover, sending that class of lithographs, prints, engravings, licentious books and other matters which are published by bad men, for the purpose of the corruption of youth, through the United States mail. It is a very proper statute, and well framed, and effects a good object, and the Committee of the Judiciary of the House are considering how far they may extend it. But that it was intended to cover or prevent a description of facts alleged to have happened or acts to have been done by any individual manifestly not for this purpose, however improper or wrong any other purpose might have been in the mind of the sender as regards the person about whom the facts are set forth, the statute never was intended to reach.

Without giving any opinion of the propriety or impropriety, the truth or falsehood of matter set forth, or of the taste or want of it, of publishing it, in my judgment, as a lawyer, the publication, of which complaint is made against you, was made under your responsibility for indictment for publishing a libel upon the persons implicated, subject to such defense, or want of it, from the truth or falsehood of the article, as you may set up. I am led to this opinion because, assuming the facts published by you to be true in exactly the form you state them, when we come to the guilt or innocence of their publication, that must wholly depend upon the motives for their publicity; because the most offensive and most terrible facts, such as are dealt with frequently in court in many classes of cases, are published and distributed through the mails. They are not libelous because they are true, and the motive for publishing them is a justifiable one; and the difficulty in bringing this class of publications under the statute against transmitting obscene literature through the mails, is that the truth or falsity of the fact stated in the objected-to writing cannot be tried, nor can the motives of the sender, however justifiable or however proper, be put in evidence as a defense. To test it: Suppose, on your trial, the indictment should set out the words which you are alleged to have sent, and then the District-Attorney should send a copy of that indictment through the mail to his assistant, and the words should be held to be obscene writing, then he would have transmitted through the mails the same obscene writing which you had, and would be liable to a like condemnation. I am so firmly convinced that I am right in this that, if I were your counsel, I should advise you to make no further defense, but mere matter of law, reserving any defense you may have to be put forward whenever you may be indicted, as if the publication is false, you may well be, for a false and scandalous and malicious libel against the party injured, which is a crime of itself, unless the publication is true and from good motives.

BENJ. F. BUTLER."

An Impostor—Look out for Him.

An individual styling himself "Professor" (?) Mace is traveling up and down the country, endeavoring to impose upon the people—whether Spiritualists or skeptics—by proclaiming himself to be a great medium for spirit materializations. This enterprising young man, we are informed, is in the habit of exhibiting a letter *said to be* obtained from the office of the late firm of William White & Co., in which he is recommended to the public as a reliable medium, etc., etc. We disclaim *all* knowledge of such letter, and again state what we have said before, that the individual Mace is an impostor, and *willfully deceives* the public whenever he states that he *is* endorsed by us, or *was* by our late partner. We are informed the last field of operation chosen by Mace was Portland, Me., where he succeeded in bringing together by deceptive representations, and the exhibition of the letter aforesaid, a company of some twenty of the most respectable Spiritualists, who retired from his presence filled with indignation at his barefaced impostures. That we may give an instance of the operations of this self-styled "Professor," we republish the following paragraph from the Banner of Light of May 31st:

"CAUTION.—We learn from Dr. E. Cherrington, magnetic physician, 230 Third street, South Boston, that a young man calling himself 'Prof. A. M. Mace'—who says he was endorsed by our late partner, Mr. White, *which is not true*—sold him six tickets to a 'Wonderful Entertainment,' to come off at Mattapan Hall on Tuesday last. On going to the hall, Mr. Cherrington said the janitor informed him that said hall had been engaged for no such purpose as specified above."

☞ Prof. I. G. Stearns, the psychologist, is holding Sunday evening séances in Army and Navy Hall, Portland, Me., which the papers there speak favorably of. A correspondent says the Professor mesmerized a little blind girl in the presence of the audience last Sunday evening, who had not seen the light for four years. She said she could see the angels (spirits) and hear them talk and sing, and then repeated the words they sang to her overjoyed parents, telling them also that the spirits were going to restore her sight in the left eye. She reached out her hands to them, as if in the act of taking something, saying the spirits had brought her a remedy to rub on her eyes. She then held a conversation with the spirit doctors, whom others of his mesmerized subjects saw and described. "I learn that Dr. Stearns intends to continue these Sunday evening séances, and hope he will, for besides making them exceedingly interesting and instructive, he is doing thereby much good in opening eyes and ears to a freer reception of truth."

☞ We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Hull & Chamberlain's MAGNETIC AND ELECTRIC POWDERS. Miss Hull's well-known healing qualities, combined with Mrs. Chamberlain's *peculiar* mediumistic power, make a *strong battery* for healing purposes, which we doubt not will be the means of doing a vast amount of good. Although these powders have been but recently introduced to the public, many remarkable cures are reported.

☞ Mrs. S. A. Rogers, of Cambridge, Me. writes us bearing high testimony to the good obtained by her through the magnetized paper furnished by the well-known physician, A. S. Hayward, of Boston.

Three Live Books.

We have just received the pamphlets named below, and with pleasure recommend them to our readers:

"THE SUNDAY QUESTION, *and Self-Contradictions of the Bible*"—including a lecture by Parker Pillsbury on "The Sabbath"—edited and published by S. S. Jones, proprietor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, Chicago, Ill. This pamphlet—which contains some 94 pages—is one which should receive the attention of a wide circle of readers. It is preëminently a campaign document of the most uncompromising sort, and is just the work to circulate among the thought-sleepers of the church.

"A DISCUSSION" between Mr. E. V. Wilson, Spiritualist, and Elder T. M. Harris, Christian, founded upon the following: "*Resolved*, That the Bible, King James' version, sustains the Teachings, the Phases and the Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism." This, also, is issued at the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago, Ill., by S. S. Jones, Proprietor. Those who know the power of Bro. E. V., will not be surprised to learn that his "Elder" opponent was worsted in a thorough and unmistakable manner.

"CHRISTIANITY AND MATERIALISM," by B. F. Underwood—Butts & Dinsmore, printers, 36 Dey street, New York City. The pamphlet contains some 50 pages, and is devoted to an unshrinking presentation of the claims of the materialistic school of mind as opposed to the unreason of the church teachings. Read it.

Henry County, Illinois.

Our friend, M. S. B., writing under date of June 13th, says:

"I have just returned from a session of the Quarterly Meeting of the Association of Spiritualists, of Henry County, held at Cambridge, in this State, at which Bro. E. V. Wilson was the 'bright particular star' of the occasion, and it is hardly necessary to say that we were fed with strong meat. All who have ever listened to the utterances of Bro. Wilson will not fail to take that for granted. We had a crowded house and a good time. The meeting was a success."

☞ A. S. Hayward, magnetic physician, will soon visit Maine, and stop for a short season at Portland, Gardiner, Augusta and Bangor. Invalids desiring his services as a magnetic healer, or persons wishing to subscribe for the Banner of Light, or secure any of our publications, may address him at the above places, with the assurance that their orders will receive attention on his arrival. Any business intrusted to him will be faithfully executed.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The visiting Shah of Persia is at present creating considerable interest in Europe, the various powers uniting to do him honor. England has shown him her fleet, at Portsmouth, and Germany her army. No doubt he will return with considerably enlarged views of government and its aims and uses.

Postal cards will be a delicate and delightful way to dun delinquent debtors.

Said a woman to a physician who was weighing two grains of calomel for a child, "Dinna be so mean wi' it; it is for a poor, fatherless bairn."

Rather than die without a groan, let me groan without a die.—*A. Ward.*

Every child who is born, is born a soldier into the grand army of human activities, and has to meet and face both friend and foe, and wage a warfare that ends in glorious success or ingorious defeat.

The Rhode Island Medical Society on Wednesday determined that its charter did not forbid the election of women to membership, and that Miss Tyng was therefore legally and properly chosen a member.

The London National Reformer has been printing a series of articles on the question, "Has Christianity been favorable to intellectual progress?" It answers the question in the negative.

Youngstown, Ohio, it would seem, is relapsing into the barbarities of the dark ages. The following circumstance is recorded by the "Vindicator," of that town: "A lot of little Christian urchins caught a little Jew boy at the corner of Watt and Champion streets, a few evenings since, tied him to a post, piled a lot of tinder wood about him, and were about to ignite it when they were discovered by some men and the little Jew rescued. The only reason assigned for their action and intentions by the Christian urchins was, that the Jews had crucified Christ."

"Reformers fail because they change the letter,
And not the spirit, of the world's design.
Tyrant and slave create the scourge and fetter;
As is the worshiper will be the shrine.
The idea' falls though perfect were the plan;
World-harmony springs through the perfect man."
—*T. L. Harris.*

DEATH OF LEWIS TAPPAN.—Lewis Tappan, one of the foremost workers in the anti-slavery movement, in its earliest efforts, died, aged eighty-five, at his residence in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Saturday last.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., are, as usual, indefatigable in their efforts to meet the public demand for choice works gotten up in admirable style, at low figures. By a list forwarded us recently, the following books from popular authors are announced as in press: "The Heiress of Sweetwater," by J. Thornton Randolph, author of "The Cabin and the Parlor," etc.; "Dickens's New Stories," by Charles Dickens; "Cyrilla," by the Baroness Tautphoeus, author of "The Initials;" "Widdifield's New Cook Book," by Hannah Widdifield; "The Gipsy's Warning," by Miss Eliza A. Dupuy; "The Dead Secret," and nine other volumes, by Wilkie Collins; "The Heiress in the Family," by Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel, author of "The Old Maid of the Family," "My Sister Minnie," etc.; and "The Prince, or George St. George Julian," by Henry Cockton, author of "Valentine Vox," etc. A long catalogue of new books already published, which would seem to afford a field for selection to the most fastidious taste, is also issued by the Messrs. Peterson. These books are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent post-paid on remitting price to the publishers.

An Irish clergyman, who was a hard laborer on his glebe, and when so occupied dressed in a very ragged manner, was recently engaged attending the early potato field, when he was surprised by the very rapid approach of his patron, in an open carriage, with some ladies whom he was to meet at dinner in the afternoon. Unable to escape in time, he drew his hat over his face, extended his arms covered with his tattered jacket, and passed himself off as a scarecrow.

A friend, who carries all the steamships "in his head," sends us the following curious facts about disasters: Two Erics have been burnt, two Missouris have been burnt, two Atlantics have been wrecked on the rocks, two Arctics have sunk, two Columbias have been wrecked, three Chesapeakes have been captured by enemies, two Presidents have been missing, two City of Bostons have foundered.

Rev. Mr. Stone, formerly of Park-street Church, remarks that the newspaper is more feared to-day in Congressional halls and the high places of corruption and villany than *the laws and courts, the sting of conscience, and divine* wrath.

The secular press chronicles the following: "At an open-air meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, in Springfield, on Sunday afternoon, a man [who turned out to be A. A. Reed, the well-known Agent for the Worcester Liberal Tract Society] who was invited to address the audience began by avowing that he was an Infidel, a rationalist and a disbeliever in the Scriptures. He was allowed to continue his remarks, which were temperate in tone, without interruption. It appears that the chairman of the meeting mistook him for another person, who is a church member."

An evangelical minister in Newburyport dismissed his congregation one Sabbath evening in this wise: "All wishing to go to hell, can go; those wishing to go to heaven may remain and enjoy a season of prayer." Two-thirds left.

Concerning a recent presidential appointment the Louisville Courier-Journal is led to remark: "The Rev. Dr. Newman is going around the world. When we see such men as the Rev. Dr. Newman start around the world, we always regret that the world is n't a great deal further around than it is."

Charles H. Foster's Labors—Letter from a Worker.

EDITOR BANNER—I wonder if skeptical and inquiring Bostonians are fully aware of the excellent chance for witnessing interesting manifestations that will be presented them during the visit of Charles H. Foster, the test medium? I wonder if Spiritualists themselves are aware how much the spread of their belief is due to Mr. Foster's singular power? During my January and February engagement in New Orleans, Mr. F. was giving sittings at the St. Charles Hotel. Hundreds visited him, and I *know* our large audiences at the hall were partially due to his tests. Among his patrons he numbered some of the ablest minds and most refined people of the Crescent City. His work was widespread, and he left a deep impression on the minds of all who visited him.

Even sectarians spoke to me, with tears in their eyes, of their friends who made themselves known to them through his power. From the "sporting man" to the fair-faced beauty: the child of ten to the silver-haired sire, *all* left his séances with their eyes opened to the fact that there were more things on earth (to say nothing of any other realm) than they had ever imagined.

In my visit to Texas, I left the Texans anxiously waiting his coming; and subsequent correspondence shows a favorable result of his too brief stay in that State.

During my April engagement in Philadelphia, he was engaged in giving séances at the "Continental." The last Sunday evening lecture I gave there, I was told that many went away unable to enter the crowded hall. I know that many stood during the entire evening services; and here, again, I attribute to the silent yet powerful influence of Mr. Foster, some of the deep interest that was manifested.

His genial ways and pleasant words have won him many friends in his winter's tour. I have heard many speak of him, and his handsome and faithful friend and agent, Mr. Bartlett, and the testimony is that his séances are conducted and visitors treated pleasantly and fairly. Even the New Orleans doctor who attempted an *exposé*, I am told confessed afterward that he was treated with fairness, and that the names of his departed wife and child were revealed to him by some mysterious agency.

Noticing, therefore, Mr. Foster's advertisement in the Banner, I felt it to be my duty, as a good prayer-meeting sister, to rise and "give in my testimony for the glory of God," although my writing this is unknown to Mr. Foster. And here let me ask a more thorough appreciation and acknowledgment of the services of hundreds of our *private* mediums, without whom our *public* meetings would languish.

I would say to my friends and acquaintances (is n't there a difference between the two?) who have kindly assisted me, that I have many thanks for and pleasant remembrances of them. Liberalists, I have not been idle. For seven years I have given public lectures every Sunday but seven, and have lectured many week evenings also.

Like many others, I have had much to contend with—foes to meet, and mental agony to endure—yet I have been sustained by angels both in and out of the form, and to-day can face my own soul's questionings, and the world, with an inner consciousness that I have done what I could, and what has seemed to me to be right. Like everyone else, I have been ofttimes fettered by my own ignorance. I shall still work on and try to deserve the kindness that has been given me from some, whether my work in the future be in public or private. Destiny seems pointing toward the Sunset Land. Circumstances may prevent, but I now think of responding to cordial invitations, and spending the coming winter in California. Should I do so, I will give due notice, so that friends residing on the route can secure my lecturing services if they so desire.

With the best wishes for the unfoldment of the different degrees of truth, I subscribe myself,

C. FANNIE ALLYN.

Springfield, Mass., June 17th, 1873.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend writes, June 19th: "My address will be Bridgewater, Vt., July and August. September I am to speak in Springfield, Mass., where I hope to go into the new hall now erecting under the direction of Harvey Lyman, whose home is the resting place of many weary souls. October and November in Philadelphia; and when further engagements are made I will inform you."

Cephas B. Lynn has been very successful as a speaker in the West during the present season—spending three months to good advantage in Detroit, Mich. He would like to make engagements East or West for the coming fall and winter.

Daniel W. Hull will attend a grove meeting at Dundee, Munroe County, Mich., Saturday and Sunday, July 5th and 6th. He would be glad to make arrangements to lecture awhile longer in Michigan.

The lectures of J. William Fletcher at the Unitarian Church in Westford, Mass., June 15th, attracted large and attentive audiences; and the choir furnished a very fine selection of music.

Peter West, the noted physical and test medium, is about to visit New England, and will take up his residence for awhile at 40 Russell street, Charlestown, Mass.

William Denton will speak in Social Hall, Harwichport, Mass., July 13th, at 10½ A. M. and 1½ P. M.

Prof. E. Whipple, the celebrated and eloquent advocate of liberal thought, will speak in Bath, Me., June 29th; in Troy, N. Y., July 6th; in Horse Heads, N. Y., July 13th; in Friendship, N. Y., July 20th. He will make engagements to speak in the New England States, the ensuing fall and winter. Address as above.

Cephas B. Lynn, writing from Sturgis, Mich., June 15th, says: "We are happy to learn that Miss Nellie Davis has an engagement to speak in Bay City next October. She should visit Detroit, Saginaw, Battle Creek, Sturgis and other centres of liberalism. Friends, welcome Miss Davis to Michigan."

To Correspondents.

☞ We pay no attention to anonymous communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve communications not used.

A. L. B., TERRE HAUTE, IND.—Yours received. We did not "copy in full the local press report," as you intimate, but made a synopsis of the proceedings of the Convention from several local papers, as we had *no other source* from which to gather an account, not a single member of the Convention thinking it worth their while to send us a line upon the subject for publication. Spiritualists in convention are continually repeating themselves. It is the same to-day that it was ten or fifteen years ago—dissension, confusion and subsequent recrimination, seem to be the order of the day. This is to be regretted. Spiritualists, if they would have their beautiful faith thoroughly permeate the souls of the peoples of earth, should adopt a new line of policy in their public meetings and conventions.

H. S., M. D., LANCASTER, O.—The majority of your filed MSS. were consumed by the great fire. You will find one of your recent articles on the second page present issue.

Aid for J. H. Harter.

In response to the appeal of Rev. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, N. Y., in the last Banner, we have received the following donation: "C. C.," Boston, $1,00.

Married:

At South Boston, June 19th, by Rev. T. I. T. Coolidge, Mr. S. Newman Chittenden to Miss Sarah Ellen Clapp.

Spiritualist Lectures and Lyceums.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.—*John A. Andrew Hall.—Free Meetings.*—Lecture by Mrs. S. A. Floyd, at 2½ and 7½ P. M. The audience privileged to ask any proper questions on spirituality. Excellent quartette singing. Public invited. The Children's Progessive Lyceum, No. 1, which formerly met in Eliot Hall, will hold its sessions at this place, corner Chauncy and Essex streets, every Sunday, at 10½ o'clock. M. T. Dole, Sec'y.

Temple Hall, 18 *Boylston street.*—Every Sunday: Morning, free circle; afternoon and evening, conference. Dr. C. C. York, Secretary. The Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.

Test Circles are held at Nassau Hall, corner Washington and Common streets (entrance from No. 8 Common street), every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 2½ P. M. Mrs. L. W. Litch and others, mediums. Seats free.

BOSTON.—*John A. Andrew Hall.*—The following exercises added interest to the regular services of the session of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, on the morning of Sunday, June 22d: Duet by Misses Barrows and Hastings; duet by Misses Adams and Higgins; singing by Charles W. Sullivan; song by Mrs. Ford; answers to questions by the children, and remarks by Messrs. Danforth, Dunklee, and John Wetherbee.

Mrs. S. A. Floyd lectured at this hall, Sunday, June 22d, afternoon and evening. The subjects were well chosen and clearly illustrated, and the answers to questions very interesting. Good singing by the quartette. These meetings are to be continued through the summer, without any intermission.

"THE LITTLE BOUQUET," a Monthly Magazine for children, is very handsomely got up as regards its printing and pictures, and its reading is good with the exception of what it says about *unearthly* angels. Children should be taught only what is human, because anything more is merely fanciful and has to be unlearned in after years. Besides, it is labor thrown away. We speak from experience.

The above pamphlet can be obtained of S. S. Jones, Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago, (Ill.)—*Boston Investigator.*

Annual Meeting.

The Spiritual Society of Lowell, Kent Co., Mich., will hold their Annual Meeting the first Saturday and Sunday in July, 5th and 6th, 1873, in Train's Hall. Mrs. L. A. Pearsall and other speakers are expected. Friends from abroad provided for. M. N. PURPLE, *President.*

Spiritual and Miscellaneous Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

BRITTAN'S *JOURNAL of Spiritual Science, Literature, Art and Inspiration.* Published in New York. Price 20 cents.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cents.

HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 8 cents.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 20 cents.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 12 cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line, Minion, each insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line, Agate, each insertion.

Payments in all cases in advance.

☞ For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

☞ Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Monday.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., first advocated constitutional as well as local treatment as being necessary for the cure of Catarrh, and so successful has his Golden Medical Discovery proven as a constitutional treatment, when accompanied with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, applied locally by means of Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche (the only method of reaching the upper and back chambers of the head) that he has long offered $500 reward for a case that he cannot cure. Both medicines with instrument for $2, by all druggists.

CHARLES H. FOSTER, Parker House, Boston, July 7th until Aug. 1st. New York Sept. 1st, 19 West 22d st. Start November 1st for Denver City, Salt Lake City, Sacramento, San Francisco, Australia, &c. &c. Je28.

J. WM. VAN NAMEE, M. D., would respectfully announce to friends, patients and correspondents, that he will sail for England the first week in June, accompanied by his Secretary, T. R. Poulteres, and will return early in July. All correspondence must be directed to 404 Dean street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and will receive prompt attention immediately upon return. My.3.

MRS. NELLIE M. FLINT, Healing and Developing Medium, 61 East Ninth street, New York. Hours from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. 4w*—Je14.

DR. WILLIS has secured an office permanently at No. 25 Milford street, and will be in Boston the third Wednesday and Thursday of every month, from 10 till 4. The following Friday he will be at Dea. Sargent's, No. 80 Central avenue, Chelsea. Ap.5.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED by R. W. Flint, 39 West 24th street, New York. Terms $2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Je7.—4w*

A COMPETENT PHYSICIAN.—The best and most efficient healer in Boston is Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike. He compounds his own medicines, is a mesmerizer, skillfully applies the electro-magnetic battery when required, administers medicines to his patients with his own hands, has had forty years' experience as a physician, and cures nine out of every ten of his patients. His office is in the Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Room C. Au31.

SPIRIT-COMMUNICATIONS TO SEALED LETTERS. Send $1,00 and 4 stamps. Address MRS. M. K. C. SCHWARZ, Station B, New York. 6w*.My31.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER!—MRS. C. M. MORRISON.—Within the past year this celebrated Medium has been developed for Healing. Not a single case has come under the care of her Medical Band but has been cured. She is the instrument or organism used by the Invisibles for the benefit of Humanity. Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art. The placing of her name before the Public is by the request of her Controlling Band. They are now prepared, through her organism, to treat ALL DISEASES AND GUARANTEE A CURE in every instance where the vital organs necessary to continue life are not already destroyed.

Mrs. Morrison is an unconscious TRANCE MEDIUM, CLAIRVOYANT AND CLAIRAUDIENT.

Her Medical Band use vegetable remedies, (which they magnetize,) combined with a scientific application of the Magnetic healing power. From the very beginning, her's is marked as the most remarkable career of success that has but seldom, if EVER, fallen to the history of any person. No disease seems too insidious to remove, nor Patients too far gone to be restored.

$1,00 for examinations by lock of hair. Give age and sex. "*Healing Rooms*" No. 175 East Fourth street, Oswego, N. Y. Séances for materialization SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY Evenings. Post Office Box 1049. 13w*.My17.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth av., New York. Terms, $5 and four 3-cent stamps. tf.Ap.5.

Kidney Diseases, Dropsy, and all diseases of the urinary organs can be cured by the use of "HUNT'S REMEDY." Thousands that have been given up by their physicians to die have been speedily cured by the use of Hunt's Remedy. Sent to any address, securely packed, on receipt of one dollar and twenty-five cents ($1,25). Send for illustrated pamphlet to WILLIAM E. CLARKE, DRUGGIST, and sole proprietor, No. 28 MARKET SQUARE, PROVIDENCE, R. I. 13w.My31.

DR. SLADE, now located at 413 Fourth avenue, New York, will give special attention to the treatment of disease. Also keeps Specific Remedies for Asthma and Dyspepsia. Ap.19.

BUSINESS CARDS.

OLIVER SPAFFORD,

The veteran bookseller and publisher, keeps on sale at his store, 663 French street, Erie, Pa., nearly all of the most popular **Spiritualistic Books** of the times.

RICHARD ROBERTS,

Bookseller, No. 1026 Seventh street, above New York avenue, Washington, D. C., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the **Spiritual and Reform Works** published by Colby & Rich (late William White & Co.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

At No. 319 Kearney street (up stairs) may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of **Spiritualist and Reform Books**, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s **Golden Pens Planchettes, Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, Orton's Anti-Tobacco Preparations, Dr. Storer's Nutritive Compound**, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. ☞ Remittances in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address, HERMAN SNOW, P. O. box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,

634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the **Banner of Light**, and will take orders for all of Colby & Rich's (late William White & Co.) Publications, Spiritual and Liberal Books on sale as above; also by

DR. J. H. RHODES,

908 Spring Garden street, who will sell the papers at the Hall corner Broad and Spring Garden streets on Sundays.

LIBERAL, SPIRITUAL AND REFORM BOOKSTORE.

Western Agency for the sale of the BANNER OF LIGHT and all **Liberal and Spiritual Books, Papers and Magazines.** Also, Adams & Co.'s *GOLDEN PENS AND PARLOR GAMES*, the Magic Comb, and Voltaic Armor Soles. DR. STORER'S NUTRITIVE COMPOUND, SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, Congress Record Ink, Stationery, &c.

WARREN CHASE & CO.,
No. 614 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

LEES'S BAZAAR.

16 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O. All the Spiritual and Liberal **Books** and **Papers** kept for sale.

RICHARDS & CO.,

383 Larimer street, Denver, Col., keep for sale a supply of the **Spiritual and Reform Books** published by Colby & Rich (late Wm. White & Co). Also the BANNER OF LIGHT.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SPIRITUALISTS' PICNIC
AT
Echo Grove, West Lynn,
Tuesday, July 8th, 1873.

THIS Picnic is held under the auspices of the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 of Boston. All Spiritualists and Liberalists are cordially invited to attend.

Speaking and Dancing; also swings, tilts, &c.; an observatory, overlooking many miles of land and ocean scenery, are among the attractions.

CARTER'S QUADRILLE BAND will grace the occasion with their presence.

Cars leave Eastern Depot at 8:25 A. M. The trains of 9:15 and 10:10 A. M. and 1 P. M. will take passengers to the Grove. Return about 6 P. M.

Tickets 50 cents; children under 12 years, half price, including dancing. June 28.

CANCERS CURED
Without the Knife,

BY MRS. A. E. CUTTER, Electro-Magnetic Physician, 22 Kirkland street, Boston, Mass. Remedies sent to all parts of the country. 8w* June 28.

B. C. Hazelton's PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY,
NO. 140 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Every style of PICTURES, from Card to Life-Size, either Plain, or colored in India Ink, Crayon, Oil or Water-Color. June 28.

CHARLES H. FOSTER,

FROM New York, Salem, Mass., July 1st. Parker House, Boston, July 7th until August 1st. June28.

12,000 ACRES GOOD SOIL.

FARM, Fruit and Cranberry Lands, one hour from Long Branch, in Monmouth and Ocean Counties, N. J. On railroad 11 miles from New York; 50 from Philadelphia. CLIMATE CURES THROAT AND LUNG DISEASES. NO FEVER AND AGUE.

In lots to suit purchasers and easy payments. For particulars, circulars, &c., address

ROBERT CAMPBELL, 153 Broadway, N. Y.
June 28.—13w*

BLINDNESS AND DEAFNESS CURED, Cataracts removed without surgical operation. Impaired Vision restored. Sore or Weak Eyes from any cause cured. Amaurosis, and all diseases of the Eye or Ear, successfully treated. Dropsy in any part of the system cured, and all diseases of the Head and Throat cured. Patients treated by letter; age, sex and leading symptoms required. All letters requiring an answer, must contain 25 cents and full address. MRS. E. D. CRAWFORD,
37 Bank street, New York City.
Terms for advice or medicine reasonable. June 28.

"Only a Dollar." The Science of Health, an Independent First-class Health Journal, sent six months on trial for $1, or a year for $2. New vol. begins with July No. Try it; it will save many times its cost. Agents wanted. Address S. R. WELLS & CO., 389 Broadway, New York. June 28.—2w

Progressive Headquarters
IN NEW YORK.

Standard Books on Spiritualism, Free Religion, Science, Harmonial Philosophy and General Reform, by American and European Authors, at wholesale and retail. Please send one 3-cent postage stamp for Descriptive Catalogue.

Address **A. J. DAVIS & CO.,**
No. 24 East Fourth street, New York.
June 21.—1s1

Painless Preventive of Toothache.

THE SUBSCRIBER having been for many years a terrible sufferer from some of the worst forms of Toothache, was at last relieved by the prescription of an old friend of his. For twenty years he has had no toothache at all. Consequently he feels that he can WARRANT THE PRESCRIPTION AS A PAINLESS PREVENTIVE OF TOOTHACHE.

I will send the Prescription to any address on the receipt of $1,00. Address **W. P. PHELON,**
Corner Rose and Washington Streets,
June 21.—13w1s* **La Porte, Indiana.**

FITS POSITIVELY CURED—The worst cases of longest standing by using **Dr. Hebbard's Cure.** A free trial bottle sent to all addressing T. H. SAYRE, Druggist, 801 Sixth avenue, New York. 13w1s—Apr. 12.

Half a Year, $1.50.—THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL ($3 a year) sent six months, July to January, new vol. for $1,50. Teaches how to "Read Character;" "Choice of Pursuits;" "How to Make the Most of Ourselves;" best of all the magazines. Agents wanted. S. R. WELLS & CO., 389 Broadway, N. Y. June 28.—2w

Works of P. B. Randolph.
NEW EDITIONS.

AFTER DEATH: THE DISEMBODIMENT OF MAN. The Location, Topography and Scenery of the Supernal Universe. New edition; revised, corrected and enlarged.

This fine work of Dr. Randolph's is by far the most important and thrilling that has yet fallen from his pen, inasmuch as it discusses questions concerning our state and doings after death that have heretofore been wholly untouched, and perhaps would have been for years, had not this bold thinker dared to grapple with them. For instance—do we eat, drink, dress, sleep, love, marry, beget our kind, after death? These and many other most astounding and thrillingly interesting subjects are thoroughly treated in this very remarkable volume. Price $2,00, postage 24 cents.

PRE-ADAMITE MAN: DEMONSTRATING THE EXISTENCE OF THE HUMAN RACE UPON THIS EARTH 100,000 YEARS AGO.

The author's researches among the monuments of the past are especially rich in results. His book is filled with geological, phrenological, chronological, biographical, historical and philosophical facts, that open the way to mental light and spiritual freedom. Price $1,50, postage 20 cents.

LOVE AND ITS HIDDEN HISTORY, AND THE MASTER PASSION.

A book for men, women, husbands, wives—the loving and the unloved. In this curious and rarely original book the author offers to the public a powerful argument in favor of love, the great passion that rules the world; and he sets forth its manifold claims and necessities in a perfectly irresistible manner, though with keen wisdom and wonderful tact. It is beyond all question the ablest book on love ever issued from any press. Two volumes in one. Price $2,50, postage 24 cents.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, COLBY & RICH, (late Wm. White & Co.,) at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 14 Hanover street, Boston, Mass.

NOW READY.

Little Bouquet:
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Of Pure Literature and Nobility of Purpose. Novel and Practical, calculated to do more toward Sweetening the Cup of Family Care and Trial than all the Homilies that could be administered, and the unswerving friend of Justice, Virtue and Truth.

S. S. JONES, EDITOR.
T. S. GIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET is a casket of rare beauty and a receptacle for and from which will be imparted the choicest thoughts and the rarest gems of newly developed truths, especially adapted for the unfoldment of the highest faculties of children and youth of the present age.

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The gold of thought cannot be gilded to any greater degree of brilliancy, neither can the pure lily of chaste expression be painted above its pristine hue. This work is creditable to the genius of its founder. We wish for Dr. Brittan's enterprise a pleasant constituency and a prosperous career. *Newark, N. J., "Evening Courier."*

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Message Department.

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

MRS. J. H. CONANT,

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

☞ The questions answered at these Séances are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

☞ On account of the prolonged illness of Mrs. J. H. Conant, there will be no public séances held for the present. Due notice will be given when and where they are to be resumed.

Invocation.

Thou Infinite Jehovah, who art the one God over all, to thee we pray. We bring our praises and our prayers, and we ask thee to let the light of thy Divine Wisdom shine through the rifted clouds of our ignorance that we may come nearer to thee—that we may the better understand thy way, and go forward, fearing no evil. Mighty Spirit, we, in our finiteness, cannot comprehend thee. We stretch out our hands in the darkness, and we are led by thee; but, oh Lord, we cannot understand thee. Enlighten thou our understanding, and give us to feel, at all times, whether in sorrow or in joy, that we are safe in thy keeping. Like the weary wanderers in this earthly life, we still sometimes walk in shadows; feeling thy absence, we sometimes are cast under the shadow of our own ignorance, we are blinded, we see not clearly. Oh Infinite Spirit, enlighten thou us, and give us strength to do the work that thou hast laid out for us. Give us that power to go onward and upward that shall overcome all evil, and, finally, crown itself with all good. Amen.

Feb. 12.

Questions and Answers.

Controlling Spirit.—Mr. Chairman, if you have questions to present, I am ready to receive them.

Ques.—[From the audience.] Do you believe that every child's destiny is fixed from its birth, so far as material life is concerned?

Ans.—Yes; and further than that, I believe that the destiny of every atom is fixed, not only for this life, but for all eternity; but I do not believe that it detracts one iota from our responsibility as free agents under God.

Q.—Then, nominally, we are free agents; really, there is a power behind us?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Do you believe in capital punishment?

A.—No. I believe that it exists in consequence of your ignorance; but that it is the best thing that could be, I certainly do not believe.

Q.—Do you believe that it is going to be the order of the day for some time to come?

A.—Yes; because you are not very apt scholars.

Q.—Because the sentiment of the people is drifting that way?

A.—Well, the public sentiment is drifting that way, because of the seeming increase of crime, and the public do not know how to stop that increase. They wait until the crime is committed, and then they go to work with their preventives. This is all wrong. They should apply the old adage, that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." They should inaugurate conditions that will prevent these crimes. Instead of making paupers and sending them hither and thither to commit crime, they should take care of their poor, they should educate their ignorant. Oh, but you say, "We have plenty of free schools." So you have, but are they moral schools? No. Immorality is stamped upon them, every one. To prove this go to your city statutes, and you will there learn a lesson that it would be well for every citizen to learn.

Feb. 12.

Deborah White.

I've been wanting to come here ever since you held meetings in this place; but I did n't find things to fit my case until to-day. I used to live right here—right here; not in this building—'t want built when mine was on the ground. My name was Deborah White—Old Aunt Deb, they used to call me—and I had my little house right about here, where this building now stands. I lived here in 1780. I wanted to come so bad, to see how it would seem to get back here, into the kind of life that you have nowadays. It's a kind of straight-laced life, aint it?

There wan't many houses up this way on the Neck, when I was here; away out, as far as you could see, there wan't a single house;—away out, away out, clean out to Dorchester Heights, I could look from my garret window. And now you are all blocked in here—wedged up, and it seems as though you are just like so many bees in a hive, and the queen bee dead, and you are all fighting, and do n't know what to do. It seems like that to me. I've been round here on the roads a good deal since I first tried to come here to this place, looking round through the mediums I met with, through this one, when she's going round on the road, seeing into the shop windows. I never did see such a change in my life. It seems to me you are living too fast. I believe the devil is amongst you—I do. I heard the minister that made the prayer and answered the questions, and has gone—I heard him telling about the great crimes. I suppose he means murders and the like. Well, no wonder! no wonder! You crowd yourselves so you can't help fighting. There aint good elbow room, and you are all trying to get the biggest slice of cheese, and by that means you do n't get any—some of you. That's what's the matter.

I used to pasture my cow down on the Common. Now it's a fine place, and the gentlemen go to walk there. A poor old woman could n't have the chance to pasture her cow, I do n't suppose. They've got some fancy things they call deers there, they tell me. What's the good of 'em? Better kill 'em, and give 'em to somebody that aint got plenty to eat.

Well, I come for my own amusement and for my own good. I aint got anybody here to come to; glad I aint! should feel sorry to have 'em live in this crowded-up place. I used to dream about such places when I lived here; never expected to get round here after I died to see 'em.

Well, well, well, I suppose you are doing the best you can: 't aint for me to find fault. I've no business to be back here finding fault. You see the magnetism of the place just suits me. I believe some of mine is left here. I feel as though it was, and I ought to take it away. It's in the walls of this building somewhere. I believe it is, and I am going to get it and take it away, so I can be a power to myself, if I aint to anybody else.

Do n't forget me, my boy, will you? [to the Chairman.] Deborah White; and when you come on the other side, inquire for me, and I'll give you as good and nice a cup of tea as you ever had in your life. Do you think there is no such a thing as a cup of tea on the other side? I would n't stay there if there wan't, because I could poke round here among some of the folks and get it, but I can have better where I live, I tell you I can. When you come just look me up. You'll want freshening up a little, and I'll make you a nice cup of tea. Good afternoon. Feb. 12.

Alfred Hoyt.

When I was in this mortal life, this Spiritual Philosophy seemed very vague to me. I could not comprehend it; and I fancied, or I really did see so much of the counterfeit mixed up with what I thought might be the truth, that I was inclined to denounce it altogether; but I return to-day, feeling heartily glad to be able to say to my friends: There is truth in it, one of the grandest, one of the sublimest truths that God ever offered his children. This knowledge of a life after death—this return of the dead—this meeting with those you have loved, whose bodies you have consigned to the tomb—oh! it is the grandest thing in life, and I opine that you Spiritualists do not think half enough of it. I believe if I had embraced it while here—had I been satisfied of its truth—I should have abandoned all else and pressed forward in this one search, deeming it the Pearl of Great Price. I found the spirit-land anything but what I had expected it would be. I have seen no fabled God, no heaven with streets paved with gold, but I have entered upon a real world, more real, and far more tangible, than this world. I've entered upon scenes of life where there's a better understanding concerning the needs of the soul and the soul's body, and where each one receives their just deserts—where labor is pleasure, and where each one receives a full recompense for all they do. My friends would do well to make some investigations concerning this land of the hereafter, of which Mrs. Hemans speaks so beautifully, but so untruthfully, when she says:

> "Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
> Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy."

That's not so. We have ears; we have eyes; we have senses, a full set of them, and we can appreciate all the beauties of the grand soul-world that we have been ushered into.

Now, if my friends desire to hear more from me they will apprise me of that desire, and I shall respond most gladly. I am Alfred Hoyt, for many years a school-teacher in Portsmouth, N. H. Good day, sir. Feb. 12.

Séance conducted by Rabbi Lowenthal; letters answered by "Spring Flower."

Invocation.

Oh thou, whose "Let there be light" first woke Creation from her long repose, thou Spirit, infinite in goodness, in power, in wisdom, we approach thee with no fear and trembling, this hour, but with love and devotion. We bring thee the best offerings of our souls, and we ask thee to bless them. Some are withered with the scorching conditions of adversity; some are fresh and blooming as these fair mortal blossoms [referring to a bouquet in the medium's hand.] They are our best, and, as thou art our God, our Saviour, and our Father, thou wilt not refuse to accept them. We ask thee, oh Infinite Spirit, to so draw near unto us, through a consciousness of thy presence, that we may be stronger in thee, that we may be better fitted to bear the crosses of life, that we may never turn our faces against any work that thou hast set for us to do. Show us thy way, oh Great Spirit, who art so far beyond us, and yet ever with us, and we will walk in it, fearing nothing. Thou hast taught us, through all thy creations, to seek if we would find—to ask if we would receive. So we ask thee that thy blessings may come upon us, that thy loving kindnesses may enfold us as a mantle, and that thy wisdom may guide us through all the darkened scenes of life, and that, finally, we may rejoice in that wisdom which knoweth thee, even as thou knowest us. Amen. Feb. 13.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—[From a correspondent.] Do spirits, when they pass from the earth plane, receive mental gifts? and, if so, are they in proportion to the lives they have lived?

Ans.—The spiritual counterpart of every act of your lives will meet you in the spirit-world. So if you have been kind, generous, wise, good, you will be rich there. If you have been the contrary, you will be very poor.

Q.—[From the audience.] I would like to ask, Of what benefit are these meetings to people in general, or even the present company?

A.—That is a strange question for an enlightened Christian to ask—a very vague one, but, nevertheless, I shall answer it. They are of this benefit to each individual: if there is any good thought given at this place, which any living soul can appropriate for its own use, then it does that soul just so much good. There are some here who are exceedingly receptive to truth, and they are benefited beyond all human comparison. There are others who are non-receptive to spiritual truths, and even they receive certain physical benefits by coming here; for it is impossible for one to come into a place so largely flooded with spiritual influences, whose purposes are good, without receiving some benefit, either to the body physical, the body spiritual, or the soul itself.

Q.—If spirits have the power to control one individual, why may they not control any individual, seeing they have the power to move ponderous bodies?

A.—I see you are a novice in Spiritualism. There are certain persons born with these mediumistic gifts, which is itself, physiologically considered, simply with a double nervous system. Such persons disembodied spirits find it easy to control—to control in a definite way, to give manifestations various, such as the trance, inspirational speaking, writing, or all that class known as physical manifestations. Those other persons who are born with only one nervous system are not so easily controlled—that is, they have no definite control; but all are more or less under the control of spiritual influences, because God is a spirit, and we cannot expect to escape that control.

Q.—I would ask if the letters on the table are answered by the friends of those who write them?

A.—Yes, they are, providing those friends are present. The *modus operandi* of answering these letters is very simple. The medium, or subject through whom I am now speaking, is, at the time of answering the letters, in a semi-conscious state. A little spirit-child generally stands by her side to give responses to the questions put by her—the medium. She reads the name upon the outside of the envelope, and mentally asks, "Is there any one here to respond to this name?" The child takes up that question and it goes through the spiritual crowd. If there is any one here, he or she responds to it, and answers it as best he or she can. That is the way, the simple way in which these letters are answered.

Feb. 13.

Elihu Trundy.

I have been gone from this world a good many years; but I find it is quite easy to come back if you are only willing to become like little children, and obey the teachers who are here, ready to teach you. My name was Elihu Trundy. I lived in Portsmouth, N. H. I kept a little shop and done quite a little business, and accumulated quite a little bunch of money, and I thought I might do something toward enlightening some of my relatives and friends who remain. I did n't know anything about this coming back till some of my old neighbors told me about it. Then I thought it was a great humbug. Finally I was induced to come around and see for myself. I saw they really did do it, and I laid down the axe I had got sharpened to do battle against it, and went in for it. I never could say much in a public way when I was here; I can't do any better at that now, but I throw in my vote in its favor. It's God's work, and it will go on. It don't matter if the devil runs the engine, the train will go right on to its destination. That's just how it is, sir. Good day. Feb. 13.

Ellen Brady.

I've been dead a year this winter. I died of consumption; my name was Ellen Brady; I lived on Curve street, off Harrison avenue, in Boston. I have two brothers and three sisters, and I am anxious they should know about these things—how that you do live in another life, and that you can come back. I want them to know that *this* life is the purgatory, and that when you are sent to the other life you get out of it. Here, we are disciplined and purged for our good—we are sick, and suffer in all manner of ways. Here is the purgatory; you are all in purgatory, every one of you. God knows it; I know it; and by-and-bye you will know it yourselves. When you leave these bodies you will be out of purgatory—your sentence will have expired.

Now I want my brothers and sisters to know this; I cannot feel happy while they are so ignorant. They were so kind to me; they did what they thought was best for my soul and for my body, and I want Father Burns to tell them this. I do n't expect they will receive it only through him; but when they come to confession, tell them. Oh, be honest with them, and tell them. They are ready for it. It will do them good, and not harm, father. Do it, for my sake, for your own, for our Lady's sake, and for the sake of the God whom you and I serve. Feb. 13.

William Murdoch.

These things are new and strange to me, and I scarcely know how to take up the thread of life again, although it is not long since I laid it down. My name was William Murdoch. I lost my life by fire, in Chicago. I have friends in England and Scotland who are making anxious inquiries about me—who think it very strange that I am so long silent, and into whose heads the idea of my death has never entered.

And to James, my brother: I am well aware of your liberal ideas, and I know that by certain operations I can turn you to the right course for information. When you get it bear it quietly to the others, and tell them that I stretch my hand across the bridge of Death, asking them to recognize me, and to keep up the correspondence, because it will be of use to them and of good to me. Good day, sir. Feb. 13.

Jennie Arnold.

My name was Jennie Arnold, sir. I lived in Cincinnati. This is Boston, aint it? Well, my mother will expect a letter from me, and I want to tell her I am safe with grandma; and grandma is real good to me, and I like the place where she lives, and I have plenty of children to play with, and I have plenty of things to make me happy, only I wish mother and Eddie were here, that's all.

Tell mother that father's in New Orleans. Now I suppose he'll come home when he gets ready, and I do n't care a bit about him. I do n't—because he is n't good to my mother. He drinks whiskey, and he plays cards, and he does a heap of things he's no business to do; and by-and-bye somebody 'll fetch him up square, then he 'll be sorry. If he wants me to love him he's got to treat my mother better, that's all. Tell mother he's lost one of his fingers since she saw him; and he said he wished it had been his head. I do n't think it would have been so good for him, because if he came on this side, bad as he is now, he 'd catch it—yes he would. He would n't have any of the things he likes, here. He would n't have earned anything, so he would n't have it. Good by, sir. I was eight years old to-day.

Feb. 13.

Séance conducted by Prof. Ganze; letters answered by "Vashti."

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, Feb. 18.—Jacob Temple, of Boston, to his sons; Antoine Corilli; William Harris, of Haverhill, Mass., to his brother.

Wednesday, Feb. 19.—A. B. Whiting; Fanny Fern; Charlie Breed, of Lynn, to his mother; Dan Larrabee.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

Since our last report the following sums have been received, for which we tender our grateful acknowledgments. We need every cent the friends can spare to keep up the various departments of this paper. It must be remembered the cost of printing is more than double that it was when we started the Banner of Light many years ago; and our people should not forget that we are opposed by creedists everywhere, who lavish millions of dollars upon *their* public organs, while many Spiritualists do not seem to realize that it is a duty to *uphold* and *adequately support* their own organs, in order that they may be enabled to more effectually combat dogmatic Error with the weapons of Spiritual Truth.

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LIST OF LECTURERS.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever and wherever they occur. This column is devoted exclusively to lecturers, without charge. If the name of any person *not* a lecturer should by mistake appear, we desire to be so informed.]

Mary A. Amphlett, inspirational, care Dr. C. Bunkley, Dayton, O.
Mrs. N. J. Andross, trance speaker, Delton, Wis.
C. Fannie Allyn speaks in Swampscott, Mass., during July; in Fairfield, Me., during August; in Lowell during September. Address box 209, Stoneham, Mass.
Stephen Pearl Andrews, 75 West 54th st., New York.
Mrs. M. A. Adams, trance speaker, Brattleboro, Vt.
Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten. Address care of Mr. Thomas Ranney, 251 Washington street, Boston, Mass.
Rev. J. O. Barrett, Battle Creek, Mich.
Rev. John B. Beach, Bricksburg, N. J.
Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Wollaston Heights, Mass., box 87.
Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.
Mrs. A. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.
Rev. William Brunton will speak in North Scituate, Mass., July 13 and 27; in Albany during August; in Washington, D. C., during November. Address 3 Ditson place, Lumber street, Albany, N. Y.
Mrs. Abby N. Burnham, inspirational speaker, No. 553 Main street, Charlestown, Mass.
Mrs. E. Burr, inspirational, box 7, Southford, Ct.
Dr. James K. Bailey, Chicago, Ill., care of Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Addie L. Ballou, inspirational speaker, Chicago, Ill., care R. P. Journal.
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Prof. S. B. Brittan, Newark, N. J.
William Bryan, box 53, Camden P. O., Mich.
Rev. Dr. Barnard, Battle Creek, Mich.
Mrs. E. T. Boothe, Milford, N. H.
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Annie Lord Chamberlain, 160 Warren ave., Chicago.
James M. Choate, inspirational, 5 Poplar place, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Mattie L. Clarke, 90 Merrimac street, Manchester, N. H.
Dr. Thos. C. Constantine, lecturer, Thornton, N. H.
George W. Carpender, clairvoyant and inspirational speaker, Kendallville, Ind.
Mrs. Lora S. Craig, West Claremont, N. H.
Lewis F. Cummings, inspirational, Chicago, Ill., care Religio-Philosophical Journal.
M. C. Connelly, Louisville, Ky., inspirational speaker; will answer calls to lecture.
Mrs. Marietta F. Cross, trance, W. Hampstead, N. H.
Mrs. M. J. Colburn, Champlin, Hennepin Co., Minn.
Dr. H. H. Crandall, P. O. box 1338, Bridgeport Conn.
Ira H. Curtis, Hartford, Conn.
Mrs. Lucia H. Cowles, Clyde, O.
Mrs. Belle A. Chamberlain, Eureka, Cal.
Mrs. J. F. Coles, trance, 737 Broadway, New York.
Dr. J. H. Currier, 39 Wall street, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Jennett J. Clark, Northfield, Vt.
Dr. James Cooper, Bellefontaine, O., will lecture and take subscriptions for the Banner of Light.
Dr. J. R. Doty, Covington, La.
Wm. Denton, Wellesley, Mass.
Miss Lizzie Doten, Pavilion, 57 Tremont st., Boston.
Dr. E. C. Dunn, Rockford, Ill.
Andrew Jackson Davis, Orange, N. J.
J. Hamlin Dewey, M. D., will answer calls for Sunday lectures on the scientific phases of Spiritualism and reform. Address 75 Harrison avenue, Boston, Mass.
Miss Nellie L. Davis, Cornville, Me., care Seward Mitchell.
Mrs. Addie P. Davis, Whitehall, Greene Co., Ill.
Miss S. E. Dickson, inspirational, Vineland, N. J.
A. E. Doty will attend funerals in Herkimer County, N. Y., and vicinity. Address, Ilion, Herkimer Co., N. Y.
Frank Dwight, Montana, Iowa.
Mrs. L. E. Drake, normal speaker, Plainwell, Mich.
Mrs. E. Desmonde, M. D., 509 8th avenue, New York.
Mrs. E. L. Daniels, 10 Chapman street, Boston, Mass.
A. H. Darrow, Waynesville, Ill.
Henry R. Doane, Vineland, N. J.
A. Briggs Davis will answer calls to speak on Spiritualism, the Woman Question and Health Reform. P. O. address, Clinton, Mass.
Mrs. Annie T. Dwyer, 358 Washington street, Memphis, Tenn.
Dr. D. D. Davis, inspirational, 66 Leverett st., Boston.
Mrs. M. A. Ellis, inspirational, Indianapolis, Ind.
R. G. Eccles, Kansas City, Mo.
Mrs. Emily Dearborn Ewer, inspirational speaker, 769 Broadway, New York.
John W. Evarts, inspirational speaker, Centralia, Ill.
James Foran, M. D., Hygean Home, Florence, N. Y.
Andrew T. Foss, Manchester, N. H.
J. G. Fish, Avon Springs, N. Y.
Mrs. Susie A. Willis-Fletcher will speak in South Easton the second Sunday of each month during 1873; in Groveland, June 29.
Thomas Gales Forster, 345 West 14th st., New York.
Mrs. Clara A. Field, Newport, Me.
Charles D. Farlin, inspirational, Deerfield, Mich.
Mary L. French, Townsend Harbor, Mass.
George A. Fuller, inspirational, Natick, Mass.
Miss Almedia B. Fowler, inspirational, Sextonville, Richland Co., Wis., care F. D. Fowler.
Dr. H. P. Fairfield, Ancora, N. J.
J. Wm. Fletcher, Westford, Middlesex Co., Mass.
Rev. J. Francis, Ogdensburgh, N. Y.
Mrs. M. H. Fuller, Elk River, Minn.
A. B. French, Clyde, O.
Bryan Grant, 131 East 112th street, New York.
Kersey Graves, Richmond, Ind.
Mrs. M. L. S. Gilhams, inspirational, Brighton, Ind.
N. S. Greenleaf, Lowell, Mass.
Isaac P. Greenleaf, 27 Milford street, Boston, Mass.
Miss Helen Grover, inspirational speaker, 316 Fourth avenue, New York.
Mr. J. G. Giles, Princeton, Mo.
Dr. L. P. Griggs, inspirational, box 409, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Mrs. Dr. Gilbert, trance and inspirational speaker, will attend funerals and lecture on Spiritualism, Temperance, &c. Address P. O. Box 452, Chelsea, Mass.
Sarah Graves, inspirational speaker, Berlin, Mich.
Mrs. Agnes M. Hall, Rock Bottom, Mass.
Mrs. Hettie Clark-Harding, trance speaker, 21 Dover street, Boston, Mass.
Dr. M. Henry Houghton, Cambridge, Mass.
Moses Hull, Vineland, N. J., or 27 Milford st., Boston.
Mrs. Elvira S. Hull, Vineland, N. J.
D. W. Hull, inspirational and normal, Hobart, Ind.
Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y.
Mrs. S. A. Horton, E. Saginaw, Mich., care K. Talbot.
Miss Flora E. Holt, Stoneham, Mass., care of Joseph Lovejoy.
Charles Holt, Warren, Warren Co., Pa.
Mrs. M. A. C. Heath (formerly Brown) will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. Address, Bethel, Vt.
James H. Harris, box 99, Abington, Mass.
Wm. A. D. Hume, West Side P. O., Cleveland, O.
R. W. Hume, Hunter's Point, L. I., N. Y., will lecture on the reforms connected with Spiritualism.
Zella S. Hastings, inspirational, East Whately, Mass.
Rev. J. H. Harter, Auburn, N. Y.
Dr. E. B. Holden, inspirational, North Clarendon, Vt.
Dr. J. N. Hodges, trance, 9 Henry st., E. Boston, Mass.
Mrs. A. L. Hagar, inspirational, Mt. Clemens, Mich.
Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, 433 E. Baltimore st., Baltimore, Md.
Mrs. L. Hutchison, inspirational, Owensville, Cal.
Dr. Adelia Hull, 522 Pine street, Philadelphia, Pa.
E. Annie Hinman, West Winsted, Conn.
Miss Susie M. Johnson will speak in New Orleans during June. Address, 64 Grand River st., Detroit, Mich.
Dr. P. T. Johnson, lecturer, Ypsilanti, Mich.
Wm. F. Jamieson, 139 and 141 Monroe st., Chicago, Ill.
W. Lindsey Jack, M. D., Beverly, N. J.
S. S. Jones, Esq., Chicago, Ill.
Harvey A. Jones, Esq., can occasionally speak on Sundays for the friends in the vicinity of Sycamore, Ill., on the Spiritual Philosophy and reform movements of the day.
Abraham James, Pleasantville, Venango Co., Pa.
Dr. C. W. Jackson, Oswego, Kendall Co., Ill.
Mrs. S. A. Jesper, lecturer, Bridgewater, Vt.
Mrs. Maria M. King, Hammonton, N. J.
D. P. Kayner, M. D., St. Charles, Ill.
Mrs. S. A. Norville Kimball, trance and inspirational, Sackett's Harbor, Jefferson Co., N. Y.
George F. Kittredge, Buffalo, N. Y.
Mrs. M. J. Kutz, Bostwick Lake, Mich.
Mrs. Frances Kingman, New London, Conn.
O. P. Kellogg, East Trumbull, Ashtabula Co., O.
Mrs. R. G. Kimball, Lebanon, N. H.
Mrs. Frank Reid Knowles, Breedsville, Mich.
Mrs. Dr. H. R. Knaggs, box 201, Traverse City, Mich.
John R. Kelso, Springfield, Mo.
J. W. Kenyon, Deansville, Dane Co., Wis.
Joseph B. Lewis, inspirational, Yellow Spring, O.
Miss Jennie Leys, inspirational, will lecture in Lynn during June. Permanent address, care Dr. B. H. Crandon, 4 Tremont Temple, Boston.
Wm. F. Lyon, Adrian, Mich.
Amasa Lord, 44 West 9th street, New York City, lectures on Ancient and Modern Revelations.
Dr. George W. Lusk, lecturer, Eaton Rapids, Mich.
Charles A. Lohmueller, trance, Butteville, Oregon.
Mrs. F. A. Logan, Buffalo, N. Y.
Cephas B. Lynn, Sturgis, Mich.
George W. McNeal, lecturer, Niles, Mich., care of J. McClung.
Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, box 778, Bridgeport, Ct.
Mrs. Sarah Helen Matthews, Springfield, Vt., care D. M. Smith.
Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell, M. D., will lecture in Illinois and Missouri. Address, box 91, Huntley, Ill.
Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard, White Plains, N. Y.
Mrs. Mary E. Marks, 543 Fulton st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
W. B. Mason, South Bend, Ind.
Mrs. E. H. Fuller McKinley, San Francisco, Cal.
Prof. R. M. McCord, Centralia, Ill.
Emma M. Martin, inspirational, Birmingham, Mich.
F. H. Mason, inspirational speaker, No. Conway, N. H.
Frank McAlpine, inspirational, Dowagiac, Mich.
Mrs. Lizzie Manchester, Stoneham, Mass.
Robert Dale Owen, 4 Staniford street, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. L. H. Perkins, trance, Kansas City, Mo.
Mrs. S. L. Chappelle Polley, inspirational, Boston.
Mrs. A. M. L. Potts, M. D., lecturer, Adrian, Mich.
Henry Packard, 377 Dorchester st., W. V., South Boston, Mass.
Mrs. A. E. Mossop-Putnam, Flint, Mich.
Nathaniel M. Pierce, inspirational, Putnam, Conn.
Mrs. E. N. Palmer, trance speaker, Big Flats, N. Y.
Miss Nettie M. Pease, trance speaker, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. J. Puffer, trance speaker, South Hanover, Mass.
B. R. Pratt, inspirational, Fairfield, Mich.
Dr. P. B. Randolph, Toledo, O.
Dr. H. Reed, Chicopee, Mass.
Mrs. S. A. Rogers, trance and inspirational, Cambridge, Me.
J. H. Randall, trance, Clyde, O.
Wm. Rose, M. D., inspirational speaker, No. 102 Murison street, Cleveland, O.
Rev. A. B. Randall, Appleton, Wis.
Mrs. M. C. Rundlett will lecture alternate Sundays in Jamaica and Bondville, Vt., until further notice. Address Jamaica, Vt.
Mrs. Hattie E. Robinson, 46 Carver street, Boston.
Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, 4 Myrtle street, Providence, R. I.
Mrs. Palina J. Roberts, Carpenterville, Ill.
Mrs. C. A. Robbins, Beaver Falls, Pa.
Mrs. Elvira Wheelock Ruggles, Havana, Ill.
A. C. Robinson, Lynn, Mass.
James Sholl, inspirational speaker, 241 North 11th street, Philadelphia, Pa.
M. L. Sherman, trance speaker, Adrian, Mich.
Mrs. C. A. Sherwin, Townsend Centre, Mass.
Mrs. Addie M. Stevens, inspirational, Claremont, N. H.
Mrs. R. K. Stoddard will lecture on Spiritualism, and demonstrate the truth of spirit return through the mediumship of her son, DeWitt C. Hough, wherever desired. Permanent address, 216 North 12th st., Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith will lecture in Providence, R. I., during June. Will answer calls to lecture week evenings in the vicinity of Sunday appointments. Address, until further notice, 1 Atlantic street, Lynn, Mass.
John Brown Smith, 812 North Tenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. Carrie A. Scott, inspirational speaker, 10 Chapman street, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. L. A. F. Swain, inspirational, Union Lakes, Minn.
Selah Van Sickle, Greenbush, Mich.
Mrs. J. H. Stillman Severance, M. D., Milwaukee, Wis.
Mrs. Nellie Smith, impressional, Sturgis, Mich.
J. W. Seaver, inspirational speaker, Byron, N. Y.
Jos. D. Stiles, Weymouth, Mass., during June and July.
Elijah R. Swackhamer, lecturer, 982 6th avenue, N. Y.
Dr. E. Sprague, inspirational, Geneseo, Ill.
James H. Shepard will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. Address South Acworth, N. H.
Mrs. Julia A. Starkey, trance, corner 4th and Market streets, Camden, N. J.
Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer, 123 Dorchester avenue, South Boston, Mass.
Abram Smith, Esq., inspirational, Sturgis, Mich.
Mrs. Mary Lanston Strong, 70 Jefferson street, Dayton, O.
Mrs. Almira W. Smith, 55 Cumberland street, Portland, Me.
Oliver Sawyer, inspirational, Royalston, Mass.
Albert Stegeman, Allegan, Mich.
Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Brandon, Vt.
Mrs. H. T. Stearns, trance, Corry, Pa., box 742.
Mrs. P. W. Stephens, trance, 4th st., Sacramento, Cal.
Austen E. Simmons, Woodstock, Vt.
Albert E. Stanley, Leicester, Vt.
Dr. O. Clark Sprague, Rochester, N. Y.
Mrs. C. M. Stowe, San José, Cal.
Mrs. S. J. Swasey, inspirational speaker, Noank, Conn.
Dr. J. D. Seely will lecture on the Science of the Soul at any distance not over 100 miles from home. Address, corner Main and Eagle streets, Buffalo, N. Y.
Mrs. H. M. Shaw, trance speaker, Joliet, Will Co., Ill.
Henry Strauch, Dowagiac, Mich.
Dr. H. B. Storer, 137 Harrison avenue, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, care Messrs. Redpath & Fall, No. 36 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, inspirational speaker, 161 St. Clair street, Cleveland, O.
Mrs. M. S. Townsend's address during July and August, Bridgewater, Vt.; will speak in Springfield, Mass., during September; in Philadelphia during October and November.
Spencer Thomas, inspirational, 2 1st street, Charlestown, Mass.
Mrs. Abbie W. Tanner, Bangor, Me.
S. A. Thomas, M. D., Pennville, Ind.
Mrs. Robert Timmons, Mexico, Audrian Co., Mo.
Thomas B. Taylor, inspirational, Providence, R. I.
Benj. Todd, Charlotte, Mich.
J. H. W. Toohey, Natick, Mass.
Hudson Tuttle, Berlin Heights, O.
Mrs. E. R. T. Trego, Oil City, Penn.
Silas Newton Walker, A. M., Dansville, N. Y.
F. L. H. Willis, M. D., Willimantic, Conn., box 362.
N. Frank White will speak in Chicago, Ill., during June. Applications for week evenings made in advance will be attended to. Address as above; address during July, Seymour, Conn.
James Wheeler, Litchfield, N. Y.
E. V. Wilson, Lombard, Ill.
E. S. Wheeler, Nyack, N. Y.
J. G. Whitney, inspirational, Rock Grove City, Iowa.
Miss R. Augusta Whiting, inspirational, Albion, Mich.
R. H. Winslow, Batavia, Ill.
S. H. Wortman, Buffalo, N. Y., box 1454.
Mrs. S. E. Warner, Appleton, Wis., box 11.
Lois Waisbrooker, box 948, Battle Creek, Mich.
Prof. E. Whipple, Clyde, O.
Warren Woolson, trance speaker, Hastings, N. Y.
Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson, Chicago, Ill., care of Religio-Philosophical Journal.
John B. Wolff, 510 Pearl street, New York, will lecture on reform subjects within easy distances of New York.
Mary J. Wentworth, Newport, Me., box 40.
Warren Wight, inspirational, Waterloo, N. Y.
Marcenus R. K. Wright, Middleville, Mich., box 11.
N. M. Wright, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture in the New England States. Address, Boston, Mass., care Banner of Light.
Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, 48 Broad st., New York.
Daniel White, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.
Mrs. Mary E. Withee, Marlboro', Mass., box 532.
Mrs. Sophia Woods, trance speaker, Burlington, Vt., care Col. S. S. Brown.
William H. Willahan, Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y.
Elijah Woodworth, inspirational, Leslie, Mich.
A. C. and Mrs. Eliza C. Woodruff, Eagle Harbor, N. Y.
E. Wheeler, semi-trance and inspirational, Utica, N. Y.
Dr. E. B. Wheelock, Pleasanton, Kan.
Asa Warren, Waterloo, Iowa.
Mrs. N. J. Willis, 94 Windsor st., Cambridgeport, Mass.
A. A. Wheelock, New York City.
Geo. C. Waite, Palmyra, Me.
Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, Northboro', Mass.
Mrs. Fannie T. Young, Centre Strafford, N. H., care Dr. H. C. Coburn.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Young, Boise City, Idaho.
Rev. John S. Zeller, Burlington, N. J.

LIST OF LIBERAL LEAGUES.

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Detroit, Mich.—W. R. Hill, President; A. T. Garretson, Secretary; J. W. Watkins, Treasurer.

Passed to Spirit-Life:

From Binghamton, N. Y., on the evening of the 5th inst., Orpha Cummings, at the advanced age of 80 years, lacking 2 months.

At the age of 12 years she joined the Baptist Church, and continued in full membership till the day of her departure. About eight years ago she became interested in the beautiful and ever-glorious truths of Spiritualism, and accepted them as the faith of the New Dispensation, and continued a warm and firm believer as long as she continued in the earth form.

In becoming a Spiritualist, she felt that she surrendered no part of her religion, but added to it. She felt that this new addition was what was needed to complete the old, and to make it more practical for to-day, and that, properly understood, it leads to a truer and higher usefulness in this life by breaking down all barriers of Sectarianism and uniting the great family of man into closer bonds of sympathy and love. She was conscious of possessing mediumistic powers, and just before she left the form, she saw, by her clairvoyant vision, the spirit of her grandson, Elliott H. Brown, a noble young man, who passed to the spirit-world some fourteen months since, and exclaimed, "Oh, that I had the strength to tell you all I see!"

The funeral services were conducted by Mrs. Stearns and the writer. Milton Allen.

[Religio-Philosophical Journal please copy.]

From Seabrook, N. H., Monday, June 9th, Mr. Franklin Bagley, aged 69 years.

Brother Bagley has been for some years a firm and consistent Spiritualist. His Spiritualism was practical, just what he could live in his daily life, and consisted of doing the right, as he saw and felt it, by mortals here, as well as by the immortals that so cheered his life to its close. His last days were days of great suffering, yet he complained not, but waited patiently for the welcome summons from the loved ones gone before, calling him to his and their home in spirit-life, while he could say at any and all times "I am ready to go." His spiritual faith failed him not at the last, proving it equally good to die by as to live by. So he has lived and so he has passed on, while those that he has left behind for a little time may feel sad at their loss, yet cheered by his presence, still they may ever feel to say of him, "An honest man is the noblest work of God," while all may breathe a prayer of peace to his memory, and those that shall come after may call him blessed. Funeral service by the writer, I. P. Greenleaf.

From Plymouth, Mass., Mrs. Abigail Burbank, aged 73 years.

Truly can it be said a loving wife and a faithful mother has left her earthly home to meet the loved companion of her life, who passed on a short time before her, to their spirit-home. For years has this lady been a firm and true believer in the doctrines of our beautiful philosophy. The Banner of Light has been like a true friend, and as such has she greeted it in her lonely hours; and as I stood by her bedside a few hours previous to her passing away, she exclaimed, "Oh, the beautiful flowers I see!" and as her spiritual sight gazed upon the beauties of her spirit-home, she sweetly sang "The Beautiful Gates Ajar," and without a struggle entered through the gates to be clasped in the arms of him she had so longed to meet. Lizzie.

From the village of Bouckville, N. Y., May 10th, Oliver Curtis, aged 63 years and 4 months.

Bro. Curtis was one of our pioneer workers, ever faithful and earnest in the upbuilding of Spiritualism, both by precept and example. He had a large acquaintance, and was loved and respected by all who knew him. The funeral services—to a large concourse of friends in the Methodist Church of that place—were conducted by Warren Woolson.

[Religio-Philosophical Journal please copy.]

From Amesbury, Mass., June 16th, Josephine W., youngest child of George W. and Elizabeth Bartlett, aged 5 years 8 months and 5 days.

She will be missed by us, but we know she is not dead. "I am he that liveth, and was dead: and behold, am alive forevermore."—Rev. 1: 18. G. W. B.

[*Notices sent us for insertion in this department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.*]

Resolution.

New Orleans, La., *June 8th*, 1873.

Dear Banner of Light—The following is from the minutes of a meeting held this day:

Resolved, That notice be published in the Banner of Light and Religio-Philosophical Journal that the Central Association of Spiritualists of Louisiana has not endorsed any traveling physical medium.

Capt. John Grant, *President*.

C. H. Silliman, *Secretary*.

Mediums in Boston.

Office of Dr. H. B. Storer,

137 Harrison avenue, Boston.

CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS DAILY
BY MRS. GEORGE W. FOLSOM,
From 9 o'clock A. M. to 5 o'clock P. M. Terms $1,00—When written, $1,50.

DR. STORER'S New Vital and Organic Remedies, adapted to every diseased condition of the human system, sent by Express, with full directions, to all parts of the country. Apr. 5.

ORIGINAL

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER,

THE celebrated Clairvoyant and Test Medium, has returned from England. Will be at No. 8 Hayward place a few weeks. Terms, $2 and $1. Hours 10 A. M. to 8 P. M. Also, Madam Colson, Magnetic Healer.
June 21.—3w*

Dr. Main's Health Institute,

AT NO. 342 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. 3m*—Apr. 26.

MAGNETIC TREATMENT

BY DR. W. A. DUNKLEE, 94 Tremont street, Boston, Room 10. From 9 to 12 A. M. and 2 to 4 P. M.
June 14.—4w*

TEST MEDIUM.

MRS. BELLE BOWDITCH, No. 30 Kneeland street, corner of the avenue. Hours from 9 to 4. Public Séances every Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock. 13w*—June 14.

MRS. HARDY,

NO. 4 CONCORD SQUARE, BOSTON. Office hours from 9 to 4. 13w*—June 14.

MRS. CARLISLE,

TEST, *Business and Clairvoyant Physician. Hours from* 9 to 6. 94 Camden street, Boston. 28w*—Feb. 1.

MISS S. F. NICKERSON,

TRANCE and Business Medium, 35 Dover st. Hours, 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Public Séances Sunday and Thursday eve.
June 7.—13w*

MRS. JENNIE POTTER,

CLAIRVOYANT, 11 Oak st., three doors from 650 Washington st. Hours: 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., Sundays included.
May 24.—6w*

MRS. E. B. CHASE.

CLAIRVOYANT AND PSYCHOMETRIST. At home Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Hours from 10 to 5. No. 37 East Brookline street, Boston. Psychometrical Readings, $2,00. tf—Oct. 26.

I. P. GREENLEAF,
Trance and Inspirational Speaker.

FUNERALS attended at short notice. Residence, 27 Milford street, Boston. Pleasant rooms to rent by the day or week. 13w*—Apr. 26.

M. SUNDERLAND COOPER,

THE original New England Medium, No. 27 Milford street, Boston. Hours 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.
June 14.—5w*

MRS. N. J. MORSE, (formerly Andrews,) Electro Magnetic Physician, 46 Beach street, Boston. Electrical and Medicated Vapor Baths given. Consultations free. Mrs. M. A. Gould, a superior Medical and Business Clairvoyant, will be in attendance on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Examinations $1,00. Mr. S. P. Morse, Magnetic Healer, will also be in attendance. Patients visited at their residences if desired.

SPIRITUALISTS' HOME, 46 Beach street, Boston. Rooms by the day or week. 1w*—June 28.

CONSULT DR. J. L. COLBY, the eminent Magnetic Healer, on all diseases, whether chronic or acute. *Treatment given and medicines prescribed at his office*, No. 12 Indiana place. N. B.—Patients living out of town, treated by Magnetized Paper. 4w*—June 7.

LIZZIE NEWELL, 28 Winter street, Boston, Room 35, Test and Business Clairvoyant. Magnetic Treatment and Medicated Baths. Examines from lock of hair. Terms $2. 4w*—June 14.

MRS. GRAVES, No. 16 Sharon street, Boston, *Magnetic Healer. Patients at a distance treated by* Magnetized Agents. Consultation free. 7w*—June 14.

MRS. FRANK CAMPBELL, Clairvoyant Physician and Spirit Medium. Hours from 9 to 12 and 2 to 5. 616 Washington street, Boston. 4w*—May 31.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 50 Dover street (formerly 23 Dix place). Dr. G. will attend funerals if requested. 13w*—Mar. 15.

MRS. L. W. LITCH, Clairvoyant Physician and Test Medium, has removed to 169 Court street, Boston. Circles Sunday and Tuesday evenings.
June 14.—4w*

MRS. YORK, Clairvoyant and Business Medium. Examines and heals at a distance. 344 Harrison avenue, Boston. 4w*—June 7.

Miscellaneous.

PROTOZONE.

CHEMICALLY PURE. *Laboratory 17 Campbell Block*, Toledo, Ohio. Being the Physical Base of Nervous Life, is therefore the *only* perfect Magneto-Vital restorative in existence. It is in its 25th year of American manufacture! Descriptive Circulars sent on receipt of return postage. Its price, $5 per pound. Discount at wholesale. Physicians and Clairvoyants will find it just what they want in 19 cases in every 20. Many in this and other countries can testify that my (P. B. Randolph's) remedial has proved to them the *Elixir of Life*, as it replenishes the waste of vitality in the human system. Its effect on weak and sickly women, and its power over morbid states of mind and body, are wonderful. It is offered in the firm conviction that a fair trial will convince the most skeptical that for the cure of Nervous Diseases, Brain Softening, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Epilepsy, Sleepless Irritability, Vital Prostration, *Loss of Magnetism*, Insanity from Exhaustion, Despondency, and all Nervous Morbidity, it is PERFECT.

READY ABOUT JULY 1ST.
Human Hearts, or the New Mola.
A Handbook of White Magic. The LAWS and PRINCIPLES OF MAGNETISM, CLAIRVOYANCE, PSYCHOMETRY and MEDIUMSHIP. With directions how to obtain the PHENOMENA rapidly and in all their phases. A new idea—Conglomerate Mediumism.
Published by subscription, (*reduced to 50 cents.*) Edited and printed for the author by
KATE CORSON & CO.,
June 14. **17 Campbell Block, Toledo. Ohio.**

Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis,

P. O. Box 362, Willimantic, Conn.

DR. WILLIS may be addressed as above until July 1, 1873. From this point he can attend to the diagnosing of disease by hair and handwriting. He claims that his powers in this line are unrivaled, combining, as he does, accurate scientific knowledge with keen and searching Clairvoyance.

Dr. Willis claims especial skill in treating all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Cancers, Scrofula in all its forms, Epilepsy, Paralysis, and all the most delicate and complicated diseases of both sexes.

Dr. Willis is permitted to refer to numerous parties who have been cured by his system of practice when all others had failed.

Send for Circulars and References. tf—Apr. 5.

PHOTOGRAPHS

OF THE LATE

WILLIAM WHITE.

We have received from MR. B. HAZELTINE, Photograph Artist, some very fine Photographs of WM. WHITE, lately deceased.

Imperials, 50 cents; Carte de Visite, 25 cents. Postage free.

For sale by COLBY & RICH, (late Wm. White & Co.,) at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 14 Hanover street, Boston, Mass.

My Home Beyond the Tide.

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In a boat, as it lay in the swollen stream, two orphans were playing. It was late in the day, before the storm ceased, and the clouds, lightened of their burdens, shifted away before the wind, leaving a clear, bright sky along the horizon. Unnoticed, the boat became detached from its fastenings and floated out from shore. Quickly the current carried it *beyond all earthly help. Through the foaming* rapids, and by precipitous rocks, dashed the bark with its precious freight. As it neared the brink of the fearful cataract the children were stricken with terror, and thought that death was inevitable. Suddenly there came a wondrous change in the little girl; fright gave way to composure and resignation, as, with a determined and resistless impulse that thrilled through her whole being, she grasped the rope that lay by her side, when, to her surprise, the boat turned, as by unseen power, toward a quiet eddy in the stream—a little haven among the rocks. The boy, of more tender age, and not controlled by that mysterious influence, in despair fell toward his heroic sister, his *little form nearly paralyzed with fear.* But means of salvation lighted the scene, as from summer-land, on golden waves of love, came the angels of rescue—they who had been their earth-parents—and through that affection which thrills alike the heart of parent and child, a power was transmitted that drew the boat aside and lodged it in the crevice of the rocks, and they were *rescued*.

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THE

CLOCK STRUCK ONE,

AND

Christian Spiritualist.

REVISED AND CORRECTED.

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BY THE
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AND

Christian Spiritualist:

Being a Review of the Reviewers of the "Clock Struck One," Charges, etc.

WITH

Recent Investigations of Spirituitualism.

BY SAMUEL WATSON.

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Pearls.

" elegies,
And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That, on the stretched forefinger of all time,
Sparkle forever."

DISGUISING NATURE.

Like children in the masking game
Men strive to hide their natures;
Each in his turn says, "Guess my name,"
Disguising voice and features.

In questions of practical duty, conscience is God's empire, whose light illuminates every heart.—*George Bancroft.*

HOPE.

Oh what were life,
Even in the warm and summer light of joy,
Without those hopes, that like refreshing gales
At evening from the sea, come o'er the soul,
Breathed from the ocean of eternity!
—*Wilson.*

Persons who are always cheerful and good-humored are very useful in the world: they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live around them.

HUMAN LIFE.

I made a posy, while the day ran by;
Here will I smell my remnant out and tie
My life with this band.
But time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And withered in my hand.
My hand was next to them, and then my heart;
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Time's gentle admonition;
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet sugaring the suspicion.
Farewell, dear flowers! sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye lived, for smell and ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow straight, without complaint or grief,
Since if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.
—*George Herbert.* (*17th century.*)

The West.

Warren Chase, Regular Correspondent.

Office at his Spiritual, Reform and Liberal Bookstore, 614 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

ON THE WING.

—Leaving the heated air, the smoke and dust of St. Louis—"the *future* great city of the world"—we rode smoothly and safely up that most excellent pathway of travel and trade, the Illinois Central Railroad, to Chicago, and greeting Bro. Jones with the thanks of the parents and children for his beautiful LITTLE BOUQUET, and his iconoclastic journal, we were soon on that *pious* Bible line of railroad, the Michigan Southern, which favors only priests with passes, and has elegant iron frames on both sides of its passenger coaches for Bibles and tracts, plainly lettered on the frame—"BIBLE, read and return." As Infidels and Spiritualists had read the Bible all they wished to, of course they would not take them out of the frames; and as all the frames we saw were empty, and we saw no parties reading Bibles, we concluded some young Christians had emptied the frames and forgot to return the holy thing, deeming it worth taking along, which we should not. We only wished we had a dozen copies of Paine's Age of Reason to fill the empty cases.

It is truly astonishing to witness the foolish efforts of our sectarian Christians to pervert and corrupt the channels of thought in this age with the dead theology of the Jews and their rejected and ignored Christ, which these wise fanatics are still trying to hold up as an object of worship, but so far as we can see, with poor success.

We landed safely from the cars, at Sturgis, Mich., before the opening of the Fourteenth Anniversary of the dedication of the FREE CHURCH, on the 13th of June, and was the first one at the meeting each day of the crowded and interesting sessions. It was a feast to us to meet again so many dear friends. The large house of Brother and Sister J. G. Wait was filled, and their larger hearts invited more, and *all*, to come and be welcome; and at this home, which is only one of many in Sturgis, we met those dear and devoted souls, Brother and Sister Blair, the latter with her angel guides full of incontrovertible evidence of spirit aid, influence and power displayed in the beautiful pictures she presents to families and audiences, made in one-fourth, and less, the time that the best artist in our world could make them, and that, too, completely blindfolded. It is enough for us to say, the family picture of Brother and Sister Wait is among the finest and best paintings we ever saw, and we have a taste for pictures and a love of the art. One representing the falling cross of the Christian superstition, which was made for the church during the meeting, was bought for ten dollars, by a friend, at the close of the meeting, and carried to Chicago, where the cross is, by many, considered a relic of idolatrous superstition, although still reared on many of the temples of modern Christians. We found a home at Sturgis with our old friend, D. Hulbert, author of the "Eye Opener," and well known to many of our readers, who will be glad to learn that he and his family are well and happy.

At the *church* we met Bros. Stebbins, Jamieson, Lynn, Warden, and many others less known to the public, and sisters Whiting, Gilhams, Wood, Kingman, etc., and if there ever was a good time, jointly and severally, we had one. Old Theology had no apologists, and even the "Christian" Spiritualists were left behind in the sinking ship of Christianity by most of the speakers. The audience seemed largely in sympathy with the most radical speakers, and even our zealous brother Jamieson—who is only restrained by the United States Constitution, and on his wild racer has waged a guerrilla warfare on God and religion, and shoots into the reformers' camp from beyond the outer picket lines, often hitting friends as well as foes—had a hearty welcome, and was listened to with deep interest and the best of feeling. He will dress into line and do noble service for the good cause when his "BUGLE BLAST" has called the free thinkers to organic effort to meet the modern Jesuitical enemies of our country and religious freedom; and when he finds that, unlike Emerson's universe—which Lowell says was too full to leave room for God—there is room enough for God and religion both, and yet for all the freedom he wants for the wildest racing.

It was extremely interesting to us to see a large and very intelligent audience, collected from many miles and many towns around, sit quietly and hear both sides and all sides of both the religious and social question fully canvassed; even Victoria C. Woodhull had to be canvassed, and evidently had more friends than foes, although perhaps few, if any, agreed with her on all questions. One speaker summed up by asking to be registered on her side whether she was right or wrong, because she was a persecuted woman, and said others might compare her to Queen Elizabeth, or Claudia, or Vespasia, or Cleopatra, or the Virgin Mary, or Semiramis, or whom they pleased; to him she was simply a sharp and polished steel plowshare, breaking the fallow ground and rotten sod of a corrupt and sensual Christian social system, and he cared not how many Beecher mullein stalks, Tilton clover heads, Bowen dandelions, and Young Men's Christian Association docks were plowed under by her, as they would all enrich the soil and give new growth to coming crops; nor did he care how many honey-sucking humblebees were driven from the pulpits where they were feeding on the earnings of the poor who needed it themselves, and to whom they gave no value in return.

For ourself we have rarely enjoyed a meeting as much, and *very* rarely found it devolving on us to defend the existence of God, and not *a* God nor *the* God, but God as LAW, order, harmony, power, force, intelligence, wisdom, etc.; and RELIGION, not Christianity, for that religious *sect* among the world's religious sects we never defend, but *natural religion*, rational and *free*, as love is, which some Christians call God—"God is love." We do not believe God is love nor that *love* is God, more than light or caloric are; but *we* believe in God and religion and love, and yet admit, with our friend, that, as our belief is immaterial, it is immaterial what we *believe*. Knowledge is better than belief, and we get it where we can, and advise others to do the same.

ANOTHER APPEAL FOR A RUINOUS POLICY.

Some person (or persons) writing for the Temperance Bureau, or over its name, and publishing in the Chicago Tribune, appeals to all Christian organizations to unite and secure Christian legislation for this country, so as to secure the temperance laws and other reforms—the very measures they are, of all persons, the last to secure for the country. The truth is, we have had too much of Christianity in Congress for the last four years, and the result is, the purchase of seats, the Mobilier speculations, and the voting of perquisites in back pay on increased salaries, and a long list of scandalous transactions, such as have never before disgraced an American Congress. Nearly the whole catalogue of criminal charges, from the land speculations charged to Senator Harlan before he entered the Senate, down to the narrow escape of both Vice Presidents of 1873, have been among the *Christian* portion of the members of Congress, while the charges of vote-purchasing for Senate-seats, and the treachery that exposed some of it, ran high into the churches. The late REV. Kalloch, well known as a *popular* Boston preacher, is now in the State Senate of Kansas, and a candidate for the seat just vacated by Mr. Caldwell in the United States Senate. We had a very pious legislature in Missouri the past winter that ran largely to chaplains, and not largely to anything else except it was saloons. They were horrified at the alarming infidelity of our St. Louis liberal member, who proposed to dispense with a chaplain and let every one do his own praying. But as they did the praying by vote and joint action, so they resolved to have the other kind done the same way. We have watched for many years with deep interest the course pursued by Christian legislators both in Congress and the States, and while we claim to be as fully committed and firmly devoted to the temperance cause as any of our friends, yet we can assure our temperance brethren there is no hope from this quarter, and as for reforms generally, they will all languish under Christian legislation. Such lawmakers would attend closely to keeping up ceremonies, and in appearances keeping the outside of the institutions clean and circumspect, while within the corruptions and rottenness would be complete. So long as our legislation was done by such free religious persons as started the National Government and that of some of the States, the country was safe, and no such frauds and swindling transpired.

We are evidently approaching a crisis, and the issue is finally to come between the church and civil and religious liberty. The Christians will precipitate it as the slaveholders did the late war, and the result to them will be the same as it was to the latter. The people already begin to see they have too much of Church in the State, and consequent corruption.

When ecclesiastical courts are in almost constant session, trying distinguished clergymen for immoral conduct, and when we have such abundance of evidence that the most popular vices are hidden under clerical garments, and constantly breaking out, and when we have such abundant evidence of corruption in the Christian members of both State and National Legislatures, it seems strange that any person should look to this source for reforms in legislation. If the churches had unitedly taken hold of slavery, and properly opposed it, they could have secured its abolition without a war and without Christianizing the government, for there were infidels enough opposed to it, ready to carry out its abolition by peaceable means; but that was not the cause of the churches, and they went heartily into the war on both sides, and in all the policies to bring peace on earth by the use of the sword. If the churches had the cause of temperance at heart, and unitedly aided the Infidels to secure it without adopting nefarious sectarian schemes to ruin the country, it could be soon secured; but since the starting of the temperance cause by the distinguished Infidel, Judge Hertel, its ablest advocates have been outside the churches, and now to attempt to put Christians into power, to carry out temperance, which they opposed while it was unpopular, and on which they are yet divided, is asking too much. Such a course would inevitably tend to endanger our civil institutions and utterly ruin our religious liberties.

To call on Christians to support *moral* reforms, when some of their creeds cover all the crimes, and their Bible itself is so full of obscene, vulgar and immoral sayings that a man is sent to prison for publishing it in pamphlet and sending it through the mails, where it is pronounced obscene literature, seems to us the height of absurdity. If by Christianity is meant what a majority decides to be such, then one sect after another is cut off, till none is left to represent it except the one that has the most voting members. If, on the other hand, all sects are to be represented, of course Brigham Young and John H. Noyes will be entitled to seats in the Senate, and several Roman Catholic bishops also. The writer seems to have some idea of sectarian representation, as he alludes to it as a safeguard against running the government into sectarian legislation. He evidently is not posted in the matter of the Tammany and New York City frauds and swindling, where the Christian mouths were stopped by sops, large or small according to the numbers or power to change the control of city affairs. Nor does he seem to have noticed the Methodist Book Concern, and other recent cases where Christian reputation has been used as a protection.

CHURCH PROPERTY AND PROSPECTS.

We clip the following item and sensible comments from the St. Louis Democrat, in connection with which it should be borne in mind that church property is taxed in Missouri, and that our Democratic Governor, Woodson, recommended, in his message, an amendment of our Constitution, allowing the Legislature to exempt it from taxation, and he supposed none but heathen would oppose it; and, as the measure did not get a support in the Legislature last winter sufficient to submit it to a vote of the people, it may be inferred that we had a heathenish set of officials at our State capital, with a pious and godly Governor:

"It is proposed, in the convention now in session for the revision of the Constitution of Ohio, to omit the provision exempting church property from taxation, and thus to render the property of churches liable to the same rate of taxes imposed upon the property of individuals and corporations. According to the United States statistics, there were $354,483,581 worth of church property exempt from taxation in the entire Union in 1870. Of this Ohio contained, we suppose, one-tenth. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, who advocates the change referred to, has been looking up the figures, and says:

"The increase in wealth is in much larger ratio than increase in number of churches, showing the tendency to concentrate great wealth for the benefit of the rich, silk-cushioned, aristocratic churches of the large cities. The increase in the number of churches was as follows: From 1850 to 1860, forty-two per cent.; from 1860 to 1870, sixteen per cent. While the church property is more than doubling up in each decade, the number of churches is decreasing in the ratio of increase, and the number of church members is dwindling down in ratio of increase still faster. For instance, the increase in church membership from 1850 to 1860 was thirty per cent.; 1860 to 1870, eleven per cent., thus growing "small by degrees and beautifully less," both in the ratio of increase in number of churches and number of members also, yet looming up in money investments, exempt from taxation!"

Falling off from forty-two per cent. to sixteen in one decade is somewhat alarming to the church, and still more so when the cause is mainly Spiritualism and its new demonstrations of truths that entirely set aside the old theology and the necessity for it. We expect a still greater falling off in the next decade; and when the several States adopt the just and righteous law of taxing the churches the same as other property, there will soon be a corresponding falling off in church property, which has risen largely in estimated value owing to the rapid rise in the value of real estate in our large cities.

Falling off in church membership in ten years from thirty per cent. to eleven per cent. does not look much like making every knee bow and every tongue confess our Christian religion; nor does it look as if the leaven was about to leaven the whole lump into Christians. The truth is, as an eminent clergyman remarked to our friend in Illinois, "Christianity is about played out." Our friend asked him why he continued to preach it, and he replied, "preaching is my profession."

SUMMER ROUTES IN THE NORTH-WEST.

Our esteemed friend, Dr. W. H. Stennett, General Agent for the Illinois Central Railroad in St. Louis, has sent us an elegantly gotten up (by himself) route-book for tourists from St. Louis and Cairo and vicinity, over the various lines and branches of the Illinois Central road and its connections to the various points on the upper lakes and rivers, to the mountains and trout brooks, bluffs and falls on the many lines of travel in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska and the territories, northwest, over all the lines and back, for one fare during the summer. The arrangements are complete, and we regret that business will not allow us to join the many who will enjoy these refreshing scenes of summer travel. This old and reliable road is able to make more and better arrangements for Western tourists' travel than any road in the West, and we can always recommend it to travelers.

OVER THE RIVER.

Another faithful worker, a developed and devoted soul, went over the river May 25th, when Oliver L. Sutliff escaped from the diseased prison-house of his spirit. Bro. Sutliff has been many years a faithful laborer in the spiritual vineyard, and has many friends who will remember him and cast a flower of fragrant memory over the grave of his body with a dropping tear, while they send a word of continued love and friendship to his spirit-home. He was too earnest in the work to stop laboring with us for death, so we shall expect him to continue in the field for some time yet, as Brother Henry C. Wright does, who meets us oftener at the conventions now than before he became wholly a spirit.

Excelsior Normal Institute, Carversville, Bucks Co., Pa.

Dr. H. T. Child, 634 Race street, Philadelphia, sends us the following report, under date of June 17th:

"Meetings were held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Society of Spiritualists, in the chapel or hall of this Institute, on Sunday, the 15th of June, 1873. The missionaries of the Society, John M. and Caroline H. Spear, and ourself, Mrs. S. A. Anthony, a test medium, and Dr. L. K. Coonley, of Vineland, President of the New Jersey State Society, were present. The meetings were largely attended and satisfactory. We desire to call the attention of the Spiritualists to this fine edifice, formerly occupied as a seminary. It is a large and well constructed building, capable of accommodating nearly two hundred persons; the situation is very high and healthy, commanding as beautiful a prospect as we have ever seen. The building and grounds belong to William R. Evans, a well-known Spiritualist. He is desirous of forming a joint stock company, on very liberal terms, with a view of establishing a Healing Institute and Seminary, to be under the care of Spiritualists. The opportunity is certainly a very favorable one, and we trust our friends who are interested in such an institute will correspond at once with William R. Evans, Carversville, Bucks Co., Pa.

In the graduating exercises at the Springfield (Mass.) high school, girls are not eligible to the honors of salutatory or valedictory, no matter what their rank is in the class. This year a young lady who has pursued the full classical course stands at the head of the class, and yet two boys have been assigned to carry off the honors. Why is this thus?

New Publications.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for July—J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., publishers—leads off its twelfth volume with the opening chapters of a fine narrative of travel from Paris to Marly, by Edward Strahan, entitled "The New Hyperion," which promises to be of the utmost interest as it progresses. The illustrations are by Gustave Doré, a fact which bespeaks for the story a multitude of readers and admirers. Robert Morris Copeland gives a fine illustrated article, "From Philadelphia to Baltimore;" one of the sweetest domestic poems—all aglow with the blossoms of purity and hope—which we have met with for many a day, is contributed by Margaret Mason, under the title "Charity Cross;" Ralph Keeler tells, in a thrilling way, some of the experiences of the American Ambulance Corps at Paris; and stories, sketches and poems by William Black, Margaret Howitt, Rebecca Harding Davis, Margaret J. Preston, Januarry Searle (an old favorite who discourses on some remarkable passages in Shelley's early history), together with the usual "monthly gossip," etc., make up a number of superior quality as to matter, which is set forth in the finest style of the typographical art. The enterprising publishers have commenced the new volume in a manner which cannot fail of attracting many additional patrons to their already widely circulated magazine.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for July—James R. Osgood & Co., Tremont street, Boston, publishers—has come to hand, looking fresh and inviting. Some idea of the wide range of matter treated in its pages may be obtained by a rapid glance at its table of contents: "A Roman Holiday," H. James, Jr.; "Bonaventura, a Poem," Ellen Frances Terry—(a rare picture of repose); "Gunnar, a Norse Romance," Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen; "The Presidential Election of 1872," James Parton; "The Singing Wire, a Poem," G. P. Lathrop; "An Old English Home," Mrs. Lynn Linton; "Imprisoned, a Poem," Celia Thaxter; "Educating a Wife," Robert Dale Owen; "The Friend's Burial, a Poem," John G. Whittier; "Honest John Vane," J. W. DeForest; "The Amateur Supe's Story," Ralph Keeler—(amusing in the extreme); "Early Canadian Miracles and Martyrs," Francis Parkman; "Miss Eunice's Glove," Albert Webster, Jr.; "Literature," "Art," "Music," "Politics."

THE GALAXY, for July—Sheldon & Co., 677 Broadway, New York, publishers—is received. Light and breezy as is the season, and yet relieved by a vein of solid reading, it is eminently fitted for present perusal. "Views Abroad," by Albert Rhodes; "Three Interviews with President Lincoln," by J. M. Winchell; "Lafayette's Last Visit to America," by Thurlow Weed; a continuation of "The Wetherell Affair," by DeForest; "Poems," by Virginia Vaughan and Mary B. Dodge; "Wanderings," by Lady Blanche Murphy; other stories and sketches, and the regular departments of literature, science and humor, fill up its pages.

THE NURSERY—John L. Shorey, 36 Bromfield street, Boston, publisher—is received for July. "Look out for the Engine!" is its striking frontispiece; and it ends its fine table of contents with a musical selection entitled "A Summer Day."

THE HERALD OF HEALTH, for June—Wood & Holbrook, 13 and 15 Laight street, New York City, publishers—is rich in articles upon subjects hygienic, and affords its readers, among other literary curiosities, the celebrated essay written in 1604 by King James 1st, of England, entitled "A Counterblast to Tobacco."

VOX HUMANA.—George Woods & Co. publish this sterling Musical Monthly at Cambridgeport, Mass. The June number lies on our table. Its first page contains some valuable advice to students; and stories, poetry and six pages of music make up a fine number.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, for July—Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., publisher—offers to its patrons a magnificent steel engraving as a frontispiece, entitled "The Young Harvesters;" and a colored fashion-plate, together with numerous patterns, a continuation of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens's novel, and the many pleasant and useful departments for which this magazine is famous, make up a fine array, attractive to the eye and satisfying to the mental appetite.

THE FOLIO, for July—White, Smith & Perry, Boston, publishers—contains a likeness of Miss Annie Clarke, leading lady actress at the Museum; offers fine musical selections, and furnishes an amount of prose miscellany which would seem to fully sustain the title given it elsewhere that "it is emphatically the most '*newsy*' musical journal in America."

THE SANITARIAN, for July—A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago, publishers—lies on our table. This truly excellent magazine is edited by A. N. Bell, M. D., and a perusal of its pages, devoted to reform in medical and other pursuits touching on the public health, cannot fail of being advantageous to all classes of readers.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, published at Newburgh, N. Y., is out for July, with an interesting table of contents.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for July—James R. Osgood & Co., Tremont street, Boston, publishers—is finely illustrated, and presents much that is of interest and profit to the order of readers for whom it is edited. The fun-provoking cuts relative to the Dutchman with piscatorial tendencies, will be mirthfully welcomed by *all* classes whose attention may be called to them.