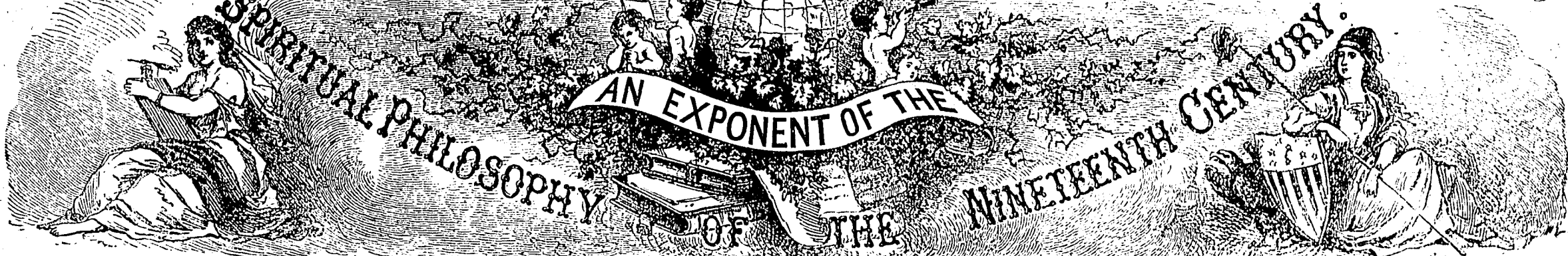


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 13.

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 seance 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, cumbering 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 is a blessing,
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, "Thou 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 onwards 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 flinch,
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 Genua 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 open deep, 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 impossibility 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 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, are confirmed after the test of time, it will rank him as one of our American scientists. 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 Poinson; 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 moist 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.

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, uttering 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 daughters."

"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.

"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 Magyari 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 mistake in marrying the son of a merchant."

"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 is possible 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 memoranda 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 blundered 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 Gaimitz, near Debreck, near 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 Magyari, who was a worthy nobleman, 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 my 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 places 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 Battle of the Black Sea. 'God forever!' they said to me; 'if the English had not you to help them, how we would thrash them! But I, I am a Frenchman, I shall always find a way to shelter myself 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 murmured, 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 cherabim 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 my 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 made 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 moment."

"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 MISS C. L. SULLIVAN.

Oh, voice, full of tremulous sweetness,
 Oh eyes, beaming with soft tears,
 Most life, with its charm and completeness,
 He crushed by the burden of years?
 O'erwhelmed by doubts and by fears?
 Come, cease all thy life's regret,
 Though shadows have darkened thy way,
 Beyond that 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 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 its own tenderness caught,
 It passeth the hour, is of all thought.
 Good seed thou hast ever been sowing;
 Though thine the path to thy feet,
 Behind thee the roses are growing,
 Thy fragrance is grateful and sweet;
 Thy harvest will soon be complete,
 Noble, true.

Banner Correspondence.

Transcription of O. L. Sullivan.

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. Sullivan 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 follow 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 shut their eyes to their own thinking, and to act as it is the custom to act.

O. L. Sullivan'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 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 in its worth and value, 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 as he knew his own heart; and he was able to explain them in a clear and plausible interpretation of them. In a Bible argument he was more than a match for any opponent; he revealed in his clear explanations 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 preeminent 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—Spiritualist, in the hope of a glorious immortality.

He was not 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 believed in Spiritualism in its relation to the 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 seek 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 greater realities, 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."

Whyside Penellings.

DEAR BANNER—My last penellings 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 "valuable" 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 "backsliding" be short and happy ones. On the Saturday following I carried 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 little route. Found a pleasant home awaiting me in Harrisburg at Dr. Barry'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 "Archie" 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 way good by journeying 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 about 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, 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 *didnot* was considered as "one by itself" in a land no further away than New Jersey?

On Sunday, the 24th inst., attended the Lyceum. It is working vigorously under the Conductorship of Dr. D. W. Allen. He understands what to preach to the children, and knows how. I addressed the friends in Plim-street Hall on the evening of the same day.

The following morning I made 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 "way 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; do not falter; remember, if we fall 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 angels are blending, in glorifying the Lord, the King, that grows sublimer with the ages. (Spiritualism shall live.)

MRS. M. E. B. SAWYER.

Boston, Mass., June 10th, 1873.

Nebraska.

TABLE ROCK, PAWNER 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, and her 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. As Mrs. Morse said, "not devotionally to God, but contentedly and spitefully at their neighbors." Then T. W. Peppan, a resolute Methodist, was appointed Chairman. Mrs. Morse was requested to speak, and the two belligerents subsided, and then threatened a prosecution, though the whole household 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 Nemah River. Mrs. Morse spoke in the morning upon "Death," the subject being 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 opinions 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 clarity by motion. We were to have another grove meeting on the 7th inst. 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 itinerant 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 stayed 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, and upon her return to make arrangements to have her visit 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 cooperation, 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 24th inst. Mrs. S. F. Breed, of Houston, was impressed to stop with us. On the night of the 24th 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 mediums were raised, and a Methodist minister, to prevent the possibility of trickery, and 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 the veteran hero, who moved 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 written upon, the spirit being unable to write, and finally the pencil was removed. 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, we saw, and being seen, 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 bosom millions return to earth friends and report the glad tidings of a continual progression. On May 15th the spirit of Sabra R. Page departed from her earthly home. Services were conducted by the veteran humanist philosopher, R. T. Hale, 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 after having 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 heavenly light that shined on her, And waited her spirit, long For the cause that she loved so dearly. For the cause that she loved so dearly. For the cause that she loved so dearly. 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 many years a subject of thought with many persons, and sundry systems of phonics 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 criticizing, I deemed it very defective for general use. It was a very pretty theory, but almost impracticable. The light and heavy strokes of same figure and position, and heavy 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 if phonography, which I think are as follows: that it should be available to everybody; that each character of representative of some sound, 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 adaptation 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 primary 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 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 "CHECK."

MR. EDITOR—I was recently startled by the sudden appearance of a copy of the Banner of Light, dated Saturday, May 31, 1873, which contains an article entitled "Check," in which the author claims to set forth a true statement of the not undeserved honors paid by the last, early 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 proscriber others because they entertain views adverse 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. "Repeat in price."

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 "check." 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 of *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 the Spiritualist Society, had the 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, "Alas! 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, Camdensville, Clearfield County, Penn. Yours, etc., JOSEPH RUSSELL, Tanber 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 uneducated 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 preordained for the government of the human race, and of which law the astrology tells you the planets hold direction. And yet there seems to be so little desire shown for ascertain-

ing 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 astronomer the world ever saw, who was called among the Greeks the most wise, the most divine, on account of his great learning—Flamsteed, the first astronomer royal, Galileo, Lord Napier, Kepler, Lord Bacon, Bonatus, Nostradamus, the poet Dryden, Sir Isaac Newton, and a host of other celebrities? The above were all astronomers, convinced of its truths by their own experience in the study of it as a science.

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 *stupid*, none but a very ignorant person would maintain for a moment, if astral observations are 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 he whose activity 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, forewarns 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." Prior, *LISTEN*, 329 4th Avenue, New York.

OUR OWN PUBLICATIONS.

Opinions of the Press.

BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. J. H. CONANT. Boston: Colby & Rich, (late Wm. White & Co.) Price 25 cts.

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 daily 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 attract 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 philosophy" and will no doubt be commended by the believers in Modern Spiritualism. It is typographically a beautiful work, and well fitted.

Our attention has been called to the following by a contemporary, upon the two works issued by us, and written, the first by the author of a "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 commands 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, qualifications of the Psychoneuric Practitioner, Conditions of the Patient Favorable to a Cure, The Conscious Insuperable 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 Gm Lake Progressive Spiritual Society will hold its second Grove Meeting for the season in the Grove on the west bank of Gm Lake, on Saturday and Sunday, July 27th and 28th, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. The Spiritualists and friends of Allegan and surrounding counties are invited to attend. Refreshments will be had on the grounds. The meeting to be addressed by Mr. Charles Andrus and others. Joy Tully, President. G. B. Manchester, Secretary. A. A. Andrus, 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 character at 1 o'clock P. M., on Oak Street, Sunday, June 23rd. Warren Chase, Warren, N. Y., T. H. Stearns and others are expected to attend. In case of storm, the meeting will be held in Freeman's Hall. For other Committee.

Two Days' Meeting.

The Spiritualists in Sharon and vicinity will hold a two days' meeting in their new hall on the 30th and 31st of July at Milford, Potter Co., Pa. Good speakers are expected to attend. The Stations are rendered to all. By order of Committee. E. M. DERRING.

Basket Picnic.

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

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VEGETINE
Purifies the Blood and Restores the
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SEVENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE.

EAST MAURSFIELD, AUG. 22, 1890.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir - I am seventy-one years of age; have suffered many years with Kidney Complaint, weakness in my back and rheumatism, caused by trying to do too much work, and I think it the best medicine for weakness of the Kidneys I ever used. I have tried many remedies for the complaint, and never found so much relief as from the VEGETINE. It strengthens and invigorates the whole system. Many of my acquaintances have taken it, and I believe it to be good for all the complaints for which it is recommended.

Yours truly,
JOSUAH H. SHERMAN.

EXPERIENCE OF YEARS.

CHARLES TOWNS, Mass., March 16, 1869.

MR. H. B. STEVENS:

"This is to certify that I have used your 'Blood Preparation' (Charles Towns) in my family for several years, and think that for Scrofula or Cancerous Humors, or Rheumatic affections, it cannot be excelled; and as a blood purifier and Spring medicine, it is the best thing I have ever used. I have used it myself over a dozen times, and recommend it to any in need of such a medicine."

Yours respectfully,
MRS. A. A. DAINSMORE,
19 Russell Street.

WHAT IS NEEDED.

Boston, Feb. 13, 1876.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir:—About one year since found myself in a peculiar condition from general debility. VEGETINOL was strongly recommended to me by a friend who had been much benefited by its use. I purchased the article, and after us-

several bottles, was restored to health, and discontinued use. I am therefore confident that there is no medicine superior to it for those complaints for which it is especially adapted, and would cheerfully recommend it to those who need anything to restore them to perfect health.

Respectfully,
J. M. PETTINGILL,
Firm of S. M. Pettingill & Co., 10 State street, Boston.

VEGETINE extends its influence into every part of human organism, commencing with its foundation, the blood. It is the basis of all that is good and healthy in the human system. It purifies the blood, gives it a healthy formation and purification of the blood, drives off disease, and leaves Nature to perform its allotted task.

VEGETINE is sold by all druggists. 6wls June 2

Science, Literature, Art and Inspiration

This elegant and profound exponent of the higher philosophy of the Spiritual Philosophy and the principles of Universal Progress, is making its way wherever the best literature is appreciated and the English language is read. The issue number that redounds the high promise of the journal, and leaves little room for improvement in this

infringe Quarterly." He writes no Spiritualist's Blows; he complete without BRITANNIA'S JOURNAL: Indeed, every man and woman who would keep pace with the progress of the best thought of the age, will find it necessary to do this work. There are some useful extracts from elaborate views that have appeared:

CRITICAL OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

BRITANNIA'S JOURNAL is conducted by a veteran journal-ist. There are no new, if any, able writers in America, says the Britton; in the peculiar field to which he has devoted himself he has no equal. *National Quarterly*, &c. &c.

BRITANNIA'S JOURNAL has the appearance of stability
Intellectual permanence. It will strike all eyes and in-
sist supremely successful. The Editor writes with only
moderate pomp and pomposity. His fluency is
well; his language is that of inspiration. We welcome
new and stately visitor in the field of Spiritual Light
with sincere greeting. *House of Light.*

An organ of high character in a literary point of view
for the treatment of profound questions in Metaphysics,
Psychology, and the Philosophy of the Future, Death,
and Immortality, it will be altogether to the material
benefit of the physical seers of the day, and will
pound the philosophy of the Spiritual Arcana. *Soto
Tribuna.*

It is full of interesting and suggestive matters, where one accepts or rejects its philosophy. Considering the sloopy and linspid character of much of the spiritualistic literature, this Journal is a much-needed and promising exception.

BURTON'S QUARTERLY bears the imprint of a veteran in journalism. Its clear white paper and beautiful typography recommend it at the first glance. Then, as we turn its pages, and look into their contents more deeply, we

BRITAIN'S JOURNAL.—Liberal and catholic in its political views, this well-known elegant magazine gives expression to the best and most matured thought of the ablest writers on the various themes which it discusses. Its Editor is one of the most acute and thorough thinkers of his age, one of the very best writers within the whole range of modern literature, and his editorial selection of subjects for exhibition none of the too common expedients that highly stimulated and productive mind, but they are chosen from a true culture, a strict mental discipline, and a habit of trained and analytical thought. *Harvard Daily Transcript*.

If the soberly-expressed opinions of many of our ablest and best-known journalists are worth anything, there's no greater fact than that the *Review* is a true illustration of the principles of Spiritualism than this. Now is the time for every friend to show his appreciation of this most promising effort to improve the lot and standard of our literature by giving it his cordial support.

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June 7, '96

New Books.

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CLOCK STRUCK ONE
AND

Christian Spiritualist.
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*Being a Synopsis of the Investigations of Sp-
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living and dead, on the subject, and Commem-
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destiny is greatly enhanced by the addition of the *Second Conference*, of which the author is a member. In compiling him or purchasing the book, thus attracting attention of thousands of all sorts who are anxious to try it and judge for themselves of its merits.

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CLOCK STRUCK TW
AND
Christian Spiritualis
Being a Review of the Reviewers of the "C

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Struck On," Charges, etc.
WITH
Recent Investigations of Spiritualism
BY SAMUEL WATSON.

data, compiled in a clearly-written issue of some nine

This pamphlet is printed on dried pages, and is devoted thoroughly to the subject indicated by its title-page printed above. It is compactly written, and contains not a single phrase which is not to the point. It deserves to be made a campaign tract, together with its predecessor, "The Clock Struck, C." which it so ably defends, should be circulated through the camp of Orthodoxy.

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render it hereafter unnecessary for *children* and *fore*
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STORE, 14 Hanover street, Boston, Mass.

[illegible]

Pearls.

And good ones, and good ones long,
That, on the stretched forefinger of all time,
Sparkle forever.

DISGUISED 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 Burdett.

MORF.

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 over the soul,
Breathed from the ocean of eternity!

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 smelt my summer out and the
My life with this hand,
But time did break to the flower, 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 taste convey,
Making my mind to smelt my fatal day,
Yet sugaring the suspicion,
Farewell, dear flowers! sweetly your time ye
spent,
Fill, while ye lived, for smell and ornament,
And after death for cure.
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.

Once at his spiritual reform and Liberal Bookstore, 611
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 paragon and child-
ren for his beautiful Little Buzzer, and his
temperance journal, we were soon on that point
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 Palmer's Age of Reason to fill the empty
cases.

It is truly astonishing to witness the foolish ef-
forts 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 wor-
ship, but so far as we can see, with poor suc-
cess.

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
among 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 Sis-
ter 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, au-
thor 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, Gil-
hams, 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 will
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 en-
emies 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 reform.

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 ques-
tions. 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 Vespasian, or Cleopatra,
or the Virgin Mary, or Semiramis, or whom they
pleased; to him she was simply a sharp and
published steel plowshare, breaking the fallow
ground and rotten soil of a corrupt and sensual
Christian social system, and he cared not how
many bowler mutton 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 humblers were driven
from the pulpits where they were feeding on the
earnings of the poor who needed it them-
selves, 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 Reg-
natus, not Christianity, for that religious sect
among the world's religious sects we never de-
fend, 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 color are; but we
believe in God and religion and love, and yet ad-
mit, with our friend, that, as our belief is immat-
erial, it is immaterial what we believe. Knowl-
edge 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 Tem-
perance Bureau, or over its name, and publish-
ing in the Chicago Tribune, appeals to all Chris-
tian 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 se-
cure 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 Moblier 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 Con-
gress. 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 Pres-
idents 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. Kallech, 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 legisla-
ture 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 mem-
ber, 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 Chris-
tian 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 tem-
perance brethren there is no hope from this quar-
ter, and as for reforms generally, they will all
linguish under Christian legislation. Such law-
makers would attend closely to keeping up cere-
monies, and in-appearance keeping the outside
of the institutions clean and circumspect, while
within the corruptness and rottenness would be
complete. So long as our legislation was done
by such free religious persons as started the Na-
tional 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 con-
stant 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 legisla-
tion. 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 tem-
perance at heart, and unitedly aided the infidels
to secure it without adopting nefarious sectarian
schemes to ruin the country, it could be soon se-
cured; but since the starting of the temperance
cause by the distinguished Infidel, Judge Her-
tel, 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 ob-
scene literature, seems to us the height of ab-
surdity. If by Christianity is meant what a
majority decides to be such, then one sect after an-
other is cut off, till none is left to represent it ex-
cept the one that has the most voting members.
If, on the other hand, all sects are to be repre-
sented, 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 representa-
tion, as he alludes to it as a safeguard against
running the government into sectarian legisla-
tion. He evidently is not posted in the matter
of the Tammany and New York City frauds and
swindling, where the Christian months 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 com-
ments from the St. Louis Democrat, in connec-
tion with which it should be borne in mind that
church property is taxed in Missouri, and that
our Democratic Governor, Woodson, recom-
mended, in his message, an amendment of our
Constitution, allowing the Legislature to exempt
it from taxation, and he supposed none but hea-
then 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 ses-
sion 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 im-
posed upon the property of individuals and cor-
porations. According to the United States sta-
tistics, there were \$54,183,581 worth of church
property exempt from taxation in the entire
Union in 1870. Of this Ohio contained, we sup-
pose, one-tenth. A correspondent of the Cin-
cinnati Commercial, who advocates the change re-
ferred 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 num-
ber of churches is decreasing in the ratio of in-
crease, and the number of church members is
diminishing 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 invest-
ments, 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 main-
ly Spiritualism and its new demonstrations of
truths that entirely set aside the old theology
and the necessity for it. We expect a still great-
er 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 prop-
erty, 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 heaven was about to lighten 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, Gen-
eral 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 con-
nections 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 territo-
ries north-west; 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 de-
voted 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 vine-
yard, and has many friends who will remem-
ber 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 often at the conventions now
than before he became wholly a spirit.

Excelsior Normal Institute, Carvers- ville, 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 16th of June, 1873. The missionaries of the So-
ciety, John M. and Caroline H. Spear, and our-
self, Mrs. S. A. Anthony, a test medium, and
Dr. L. K. Cooley, 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 Spiritual-
ists 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 Spirit-
ualist. 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 oppor-
tunity 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 salutary
or valedictory, no matter what 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?

New Publications.

LEITCH'S MAGAZINE for July—J. B. Leitch &
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 Hope," which promises to be of the in-
most interest and progress. The illustrations are by
Gustave Doré, a fact which speaks for the story a multi-
tude of readers and admirers. Robert Morris Copeland
gives a fine illustrated article, "From Philadelphia to
Baltimore," one of the sweetest domestic poems—altogether
with the blossoms of purity and hope—which we have met
with for many a day, is contributed by Margaret Mason,
under the title "Cloudy 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 Hand-
ling Davis, Margaret J. Preston, January Seale (an old
favorite who discourses on some remarkable passages in
Shelley's early history), together with the usual "month-
ly gossip," etc., make up a number of superior quality as
to matter, which is set forth in the finest style of the typog-
raphical art. The enterprising publishers have com-
menced 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,"
by H. James, Jr.; "Donavventura," a Poem, by Ellen
Frances Terry—a rare picture of a Poem; "Gunnar, a
Norse Romance," by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen; "The Presi-
dential Election of 1860," by James Parton; "The Singing
Wire," a Poem, by G. P. Lathrop; "An Old English Home,"
by Mrs. Lynn Linton; "Imprisoned," a Poem, by Celia Thaxter;
"Entangling a Wife," by Robert Dale Owen; "The
Friend's Burial," a Poem, by John A. Whitford; "Honest
John Vane," by J. W. DeForest; "The Amateur Super-
Story," by Ralph Keeler—(in the extreme); "Early
Canadian Miracles and Martyrs," by Francis Parkman;
"Miss Emily's Glove," by Albert Webster, Jr.; "Literature,"
by "Art," by "Music," by "Politics,"

THE GALAXY, for July—Sheldon & Co., 67 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 adapted for personal use. "Views Abroad,"
by Albert Rhodes; "Three Interviews with President
Lincoln," by J. M. Winchell; "Lafayette's Last Visit to
America," by Thirion Wood; "A continuation of 'The
Weber 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 NEWSER—John L. Shorey, 36 Bromfield street,
Boston, publisher—is received for July. "Look out for
it," is its striking motto. It is a striking and useful
magazine, and its striking motto is "Look out for it."

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

VOX HUMANA—George Woods & Co. publish this
sterling Monthly at Cambridgeport, Mass. The June
number lies on our table. Its first page contains some val-
uable advice upon health and hygiene, poetry and six pages
of music make up a fine number.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, for July
—Charles A. Peterson, 26 Chestnut street, Philadelphia,
Pa., publisher—offers to its patrons a magnificent steel
engraving as a frontispiece, entitled "The Young Harves-
ters," and a colored fashion-plate, together with numerous
patterns, a continuation of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens's novel,
and the most pleasant and useful departments for which
this magazine is famous, make up a rare array, attractive
to and satisfying to the mental appetite.

THE FOLIO, for July—White, Smith & Perry, Boston,
publishers—contains likeness of Miss Anna Clarke, lead-
ing lady actress at the Museum; offers fine musical selec-
tions, and furnishes an amount of prose miscellany which
would seem to fully sustain the title given it elsewhere that
"It is emphatically the most 'newspaper' musical journal in
America."

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

WOODS' HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, published at New-
burgh, N. Y., is out for July, with an interesting table of
contents.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for July—James H. 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 human with phrenological tendencies, will
be mutually welcomed by all classes whose attention may
be called to them.

THE PROBLEM

Life and Immortality.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE
Origin, Composition and Destiny of Man.

BY LORING MOODY.

This book deals with the grandest problem which can
challenge human thought, in a clear, strong, common-sense
way, and is free from the high-sounding phrases and ob-
scure methods of the metaphysicians as to be easily under-
stood by all classes of readers. The proofs of God for an Infinite Intelligence, which pre-
sides over and operates through the varied processes of the
universe, are set forth in a clear and logical manner, and are
and are so clearly, strongly and logically stated, that there
is no escape from the conclusions reached. The book is a
valuable and useful work, and is one of the best of its kind
that has appeared in many years. It is a book which every
person who is interested in the subject of life and immor-
tality should read. It is a book which every person who
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