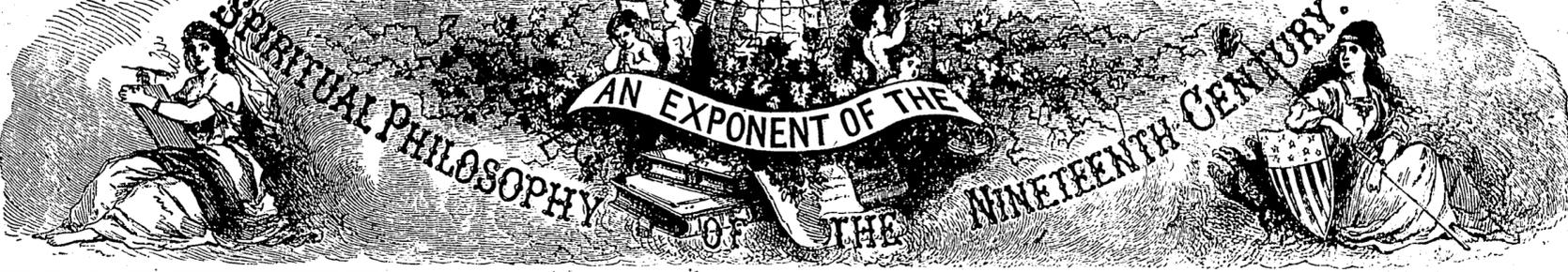


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.
THE MEDIUM, OR SIX SEANCES.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

SEANCE FIVE.

Again unto the sacred spot
With joyful heart I sped,
When without word or warning note
A spirit came and said:

I was a skeptic on the earth,
With no faith in the second birth.
A valued friend of long ago
Has called me here that he may know
If I am really living still,
And if with me 'tis well or ill,
And how I fared upon my path
In passing through the Realm of Death.

When the Death-Angel came to me,
And set my troubled spirit free,
'Twas far into the midnight deep,
The busy world was all asleep.
With feelings undefined, impressed,
I sought my couch, but could not rest.
I rose and looked out on the night,
The moon was forth in beauty bright,
But suddenly there came a change,
And everything grew vast and strange:
The heavens rolled like a mighty flood,
The moon herself was changed to blood,
And spun round like a mighty wheel.
I felt my very being reel.

Beneath a weight I could not bear,
And sank all helpless in my chair.
My earthly frame seemed to decay,
My mortal garments fade away,
And with a trembling fear and awe
My very inmost soul I saw.
And everything that I had done,
While breathing underneath the sun,
Like living things, the false, the true,
Before me passed in long review;
And all the memories I did,
That from my inmost self I hid,
The little petty party spites
With frauds that hovered round like kites,
And malices with cancerous lips,
Lusts burning to the finger-tips,
Murders, adulteries to me ran,
All crying, "Thou 'rt the very man,
For though in death we were not done,
In heart you did us every one."

Anon, I was a boy again,
Joy bounding through my heart and brain,
With limbs all fetterless and free,
'Twas joy enough to live and be.
A rapture filled the very air,
Sunshine and glory everywhere!
I drank them in at every pore,
Until my heart was running o'er.
I could not—oh a happy boy!
Contain myself for very joy;
And in the maddest, wildest dream
I bounded by my native stream.
How green the banks! how well I knew
The nooks where all the gowans grew;
And there the blackbird on the tree
Sang all his sweetest songs for me;
I started at the cuckoo's cry,
And mimicked him in glad reply;
And as of old, untouched with care,
My young companions all were there:
And how we chased the jolly bee,
And gambled on the gowany lea,
Or swung from the o'erhanging tree.

Anon, I stood beside my chair,
A-watching by my body there.
I saw my wife rise from her bed—
She shook me, and exclaimed, "He 's dead!"
"Dead!" I replied; "my own dear wife,
I never was more full of life—
With every bounding pulse a-joy,
And happy as a little boy;
I am, indeed, what'er I seem—
But thou art surely in a dream."
But silent, and unconscious all,
She seemed to hear me not at all.
I gazed upon her face so fair,
And tried to stroke her Auburn hair—
'Twas all impalpable as air!
A feeling undefined, a dread,
A consciousness some one was dead
Came o'er me, then upon my chair
I saw my body sitting there.
When suddenly this little strain—
Came bounding through my heart and brain:

Ho! for the deathless realms sublime,
Where sorrow cannot be,
The realms beyond the arch of time,
The kingdoms o'er the sea.

Aron! 't was with a glad surprise,
I saw the glorious sun arise,
"This must be our own world," I said;
"See the blue vault hangs overhead,
The torrent down the mountain pours,
And ocean chafes her sounding shores;
There 's beauty in the earth and air,
And all seems natural and fair;
'Tis not the heaven of which men dreamed—
That to the raptured fancy seemed
So full of music and of joy
And happiness without alloy;
No mighty throne bursts on my sight,
No Elders in their robes of white,
No shining choir, no shouting host,
No Father, Son and Holy Ghost—
But everything is homelike here,
And all beyond expression dear."
And yet, in everything I saw,
There was a touch of holy awe.

There at my feet a valley lay
That stretched, as in a dream, away
To hills that mingled with the sky—

Like great thoughts towering up on high,
Till lost in the immensity!
A temple, on a rising ground,
With green lawns sloping all around,
Of solemnly majestic men,
Was towering in the vale between.
'T was of a darkly colored stone,
And yet it clear as crystal shone;
Its name is on the earth unknown.
And groups of spirits could be seen
Among the bowers and glades of green;
Group after group spread o'er the lawn,
By sympathy together drawn.
What was on earth the living love,
Is still so in the realms above;
For there 't is just as on the earth,
Like draws to like, worth draws to worth,
Sadness to sadness, mirth to mirth.

And there, there can be no disguise,
No subterfuges, schemes or lies;
No passing off the wrong for right,
No calling of the darkness bright.
There can be no pretension there,
For every bosom is laid bare;
And, all unlike the ways of earth,
Each soul is valued at its worth,
And finds its fit and proper sphere,
As water finds its level here.
Kings, if they have not kingly minds,
Cannot be known from serfs and hind;
And hinds, who knew not coward fear,
And dared to vindicate truth here,
Are kings in the celestial sphere.

In joy and wonder I was lost,
But that of all which struck me most,
Was the exceeding love and grace,
The beauty of the human face,
Round which a halo bright doth shine,
Truly "the human-face divine."
And every thought, as it has birth,
Leaps in a living image forth;
No shadows they, but living things
Which hover upon radiant wings.
Such tender thoughts as joy and love
Are imaged like the gentle dove;
And they can fly both fast and far,
'Tis earth or the remotest star.
And often they alight, I ween,
On human hearts, though all unseen.
And the influences which still
Warn you on earth of coming ill,
And oft your thoughtless bosoms move
To deeds of charity and love.

At last I said, "This is the place—
The destined home of all our race,
Where there is neither care nor woe;"
But somehow I was led to know
That souls that still retain earth's slime,
Still spotted with the stains of time,
Are sent into that region fair,
Freed from earth's trouble, toil and care,
Where they may, if they only will,
Wash out the stains of earthly ill,
And, on good works and love sincere,
Soar upward to the higher sphere,
And join the great immortal band,
High in the sunny Summer-Land.

But my control is wavering fast,
The time allotted 's run at last.
Much yet remains for me to say,
But stern law hurries me away.
But I'll return, strange things to tell;
Then for the present fare thee well.

Man and Wife.

Thomas Jefferson wrote the following excellent advice. There is much human nature and goodness in it:
"Harmony in the married state is the very first thing to be aimed at. Nothing can preserve affection uninterrupted but a firm resolution never to differ in will, and a determination in each to consider the love of the other of more value than any object whatever on which a sacrifice had been fixed. How light, in fact, is the sacrifice of any other wish when weighed against the affection of one with whom we are to pass our whole life! And though opposition in a single instance will hardly of itself produce alienation, yet every one has their pouch into which all these little oppositions are put; while that is filling, the alienation is insensibly going on, and when filled it is complete. It would puzzle either to say why, because no difference of opinion has been marked enough to produce a serious effect by itself. But he finds his affection wearied out by a constant stream of little checks and obstacles. Other sources of discontent, very common indeed, are the little cross purposes of husband and wife in common conversation, a disposition in either to criticize and question whatever the other says, a desire always to demonstrate and make himself feel in the wrong, especially in company. Nothing is so galling. Much better, therefore, if our companion views a thing in a light different from what we do, to leave him in quiet possession of his views. What is the use of rectifying him if the thing be unimportant; let it pass for the present, and wait a softer moment and more conciliatory occasion of reviving the subject together. It is wonderful how many persons are rendered unhappy by inattention to these little rules of prudence.

AN UNHAPPY SELECTION.—A Vermont marble dealer received an invoice of grave-stones, upon some of which were inscribed touching sentiments of sympathy and eulogy ready made. Among them was one with an index finger pointing heavenward, and under the motto, "No graves there." This dealer received an order for a grave-stone, the style and decoration of which were left pretty much to his own judgment, and he hurriedly selected the stone bearing the above motto. The indignation of the surviving relatives of Mr. Graves, for whose cemetery lot this was intended, "when it was received," can be better imagined than described.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

NUMBER EIGHT.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light.
BY J. M. PEEBLES.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—March in New Zealand corresponds to September in England; accordingly, it is now approaching autumn time, and the leaves are falling from the elm and the oak, and other trees imported from the northern latitudes of Europe. The indigenous trees, whether ornamental, or valuable for building purposes, retain their native verdure throughout the year. When these islands were discovered by the Dutch navigator, Tasman, 1642, they were inhabited by a bold, athletic, dark-skinned race, supposed, while closely related to the Hawaiians, to have descended from the Malays; others say from the Central Americans. They are called *Maoris*—the word meaning, original inhabitants. In Capt. Cook's time, and after, some of the tribes were cannibals. These natives, though superior to the whole to most aborigines, are rapidly fading away. They understand their destiny. Wellington, though not as large as Dunedin, Auckland or Christchurch, is the seat of Government. There are four of these *Maoris* in the General Assembly. Britain has set America a good example in this matter. May we not hope to see, at no distant day, both Indians and women in Congress?

CITIZENS AND CLIMATE.

The whole population of these islands is about two hundred and seventy thousand, of which some seventy thousand are the residents of Otago province. The gold fields are the source of its permanent wealth. Dunedin, a slim settlement twenty years ago, is now a thriving city of nearly twenty thousand. The magnetic element is cold and stolid, substantial and solid. The climate, one of the finest in the world; is far warmer and more genial on the West than on the East coast. The average rain-fall is twenty-nine inches. The atmosphere is light and buoyant, while the winds are continually freshened by traversing an immense expanse of ocean. Not a flake of snow is seen in the northern island of this group, save the highlands. At an elevation of six thousand feet, however, the snow is perpetual. These islands, unlike many in the South Pacific, are eminently adapted for agricultural and pastoral pursuits. The sunny valley of the Taieri, the undulating plains, the neatly tilled fields in the rural districts, with millions of choice yet unoccupied acres, incline one to ask: Why do tens of thousands remain in Britain to hark or starve? England has colonies and provinces enough to supply multitudes with homes, thus feeding her over-crowded population. Why do they not emigrate? Cities are festering wens, some one has said, upon the body politic.

NOTAZING.

Dr. Dunn and self accompanied the Dunedin "Botanical Club" the other day, on an excursion to gather ferns in the gullies and up on the mountain sides. Though fatiguing, it was thrillingly interesting, and the more so because—as in Ireland—there are neither frogs, toads, nor serpents. How is this, since St. Patrick banished them? Fuchsia was a German botanist, and the small yet beautiful flowering plant in America, named after him, is a native tree in these islands, with a trunk eighteen inches in diameter. Tramping over the hills, one is continually reminded of extinct volcanoes and the carbonaceous period. Some of the tree-ferns are over one foot in diameter. They grow straight and erect as chiseled pillars, while their long arching, thick-ribbed leaves spread out like roofs of daintiest beauty, through which sun rays can scarcely gleam. The birds we saw were few, but exceedingly tame. These natives, the *Maoris*, neither shoot nor otherwise harm them. What a lesson to Christian sportsmen! The Kiwi is the last living representative of the New Zealand wingless birds. These wild birds, so called, will sometimes take crumbs from the hand, and peck at the nails in your boot heels when sitting down to rest in a thicket. The Moa, a gigantic, wingless bird, corresponding to the giraffe in the animal kingdom, has long been extinct. The bones are valuable to naturalists. Several skeletons of this bird may be seen in the Christchurch Museum, nine, ten, and even twelve feet high. The flesh was eaten by the Maoris, the feathers were used as ornaments, and their skulls for holding tattooing powders.

CANNIBALISM.

As one stimulus leads to the use of another, why should not meat-eating open the way to cannibalism? If, according to the unphilosophical epineure, flesh is a better food than vegetables, grains and fruits, and higher, too, in the scale of sustenance, why not subsist upon it altogether? And so, if human flesh is still higher—more readily assimilating with the juices and forces of the system—become magnetically humanized, why not eat that also? The Maori cannibals of New Zealand did this very thing. When the giant-like Moa-birds failed to supply the necessary meat the natives resorted to cannibalism, eating their enemies slain in battle. *Animal food* they must and would have.
The Rev. Mr. Baker said to me at a dinner party in the residence of the Rev. Dr. Lang, Sydney, "I have visited one hundred and ten of the South Sea Islands, and am perfectly acquainted with their manners, customs, regulations, and religious notions. They believe in one or more gods, and in an existence hereafter. Those on the Isle of Lifu, Loyalty Group, Western Polynesia, be-

lieve that the good spirits of their ancestors—whom they sometimes see as apparitions—dwell on the sunny side of the island, and the bad spirits among the lagoons on the other. They are dark complexioned, and capable of a high civilization. Some of these islanders yet continue their cannibal practices. He personally knew one old chief who had helped to eat thirty human beings. They generally bake them. It is considered an honor to drink the blood, and feast upon certain parts of the bodies of those slain on their battle-fields."

MAN-EATING UNSNATURAL.

Animals only in exceptional cases devour each other. It was not barbarity nor monstrous heathenism that drove the South Sea Islanders to eat their fellows. It may be accounted for in the extermination of the Moas—the native rats—depriving them of flesh food, and upon the cannibal practices of civilized Europeans, who, when shipwrecked and at the point of starvation, have laid hold of and devoured their companions. Is not this cannibalism one of the manifold forms of the "struggle of life?" And before we cast too many stones at these "vile savages," let us glance at history. Donovan, in Larimer's *Cyclopaedia*, assures us that "our own ancestors were of the number of these cannibal epicures." Diodorus Siculus charges the Britons with being *anthropophagi*; and Saint Jerome, living in the fifth century of the Christian era, accuses the British tribes not only with the manifold forms of human flesh, but a "fastidious taste for certain delicate parts of it." Gibbon brings the same accusation against the Carthagenians. Allied by a common bond of sympathy, war in Christian nations, and cannibalism among native islanders of the Pacific, must perish together.

CANNIBALISM IN CHURCHES.

Did you ever attend the Sunday services of the Ritualists? What a display of millinery—the alb, giraffe, stole, mantle and chasuble, referring, it is said, to the trial and death-scene of Jesus! After the waving of the incense comes the administration of the eucharist, which eucharistic elements are declared to be the "veritable flesh and blood of Jesus Christ."

The Rev. Mr. Bailey says that the "priests of a certain order offer the sacrifice; and such mysterious authority do they wield that the *real body and blood* become infused into the bread and wine upon the altar." These are the teachings of the "little Prayer Book." At the words "This is my Body, This is my Blood," you must believe that the bread and wine become the real body and blood, with the soul and the godhead of Jesus Christ. * * * Except "ye eat my flesh and drink my blood, there is no life in you." Mid gorgeous vestments, bursts of music, and clouds of incense curling above the altar, the priest asks the members of the church present to eat the *miracle-made flesh*, and drink the *blood* of Jesus the son of Joseph. Is not this Christian cannibalism? These little private Sunday parties, called the "Lord's Supper," are not in accordance with the genius of the age.

DUNEDIN PRESBYTERIANISM.

"They that have turned the world upside down have come hither also," was the fearful complaint of pious Pharisees in apostolic times. The theological waters in Dunedin have been fearfully troubled since the arrival of Dr. Dunn and myself. They had been agitated before—now the waves roll mountain high. The devil, they say, seems to have been let loose. The lectures delivered by both of us have been so well attended, the interest has so deepened, and the daily journals have been so filled with correspondence *pro and con*, that the churches and clergy are truly alarmed. Action has already been taken in the case of Mr. John Logan, a highly respectable gentleman and deacon in the Presbyterian Church. The following is ominous:

DUNEDIN, March 19th, 1873.

Mr. JOHN LOGAN—Dear Sir: I am directed to summon you to appear before the session of a meeting to be held in the front vestry of the church on Monday, the 10th instant, at half-past seven (7:30) in the evening, to answer the following charges made against you, viz.: That you appeared on the platform of the Theatre at a public lecture delivered by Mr. Peebles on the evening of the Lord's day, 2d February last, when certain doctrines were propounded, as reported in the papers, contrary to the doctrines of this church.

That being waited on by a committee appointed by the session to remonstrate with you and express its strong disapproval of your conduct, you avowed your right to appear where you did on Saturday or Sunday, and refused to abstain from such conduct in the future.

I am, &c.,
JOHN BOYR,
Session Clerk, Knox Church.

Mr. Logan is one of the most exemplary men in the city, and his family occupies a high social position. Will the church dare excommunicate him?—that's the question! On Sunday evening Dr. Dunn is to review several clergymen who have recently attacked Spiritualism. Their puny efforts took me back nearly twenty years in the history of American Spiritualism.

[Concluded in our next.]

Journalism is somewhat confused in the City of Constantinople. Of its thirty-three newspapers seven are European, viz.: three French dailies, two English and French dailies, one French and Italian weekly, and one medical monthly. A weekly official commercial paper is printed in French and Turkish. Of the twenty-five others, seven are Turkish, three being dailies; six are Greek, of which four are dailies; one is Turkish, printed in Armenian letters. Besides these there are one Armenian daily, four Armenian bi-weeklies, one Bulgarian and one Hebro-Spanish weekly. The total circulation of the sixteen dailies in the above list is only 29,000 copies.

Spiritual Phenomena.

(From the New York Day-Book of June 21.)
IS SPIRITUALISM A SCIENCE?

Another Seance with the Spiritist Medium, C. H. Foster. He Calls into the Circle the Spirits of N. H. S. and H. G. H. He Applies one of the Circle of the Presence of the Spirit of his Mother. Singular Effect of a Tremendous Thunder Storm upon Spiritual Media.

What, day and night? but this is wondrous strange! There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

By special appointment, the "intervening corps" of The Day-Book proceeded to the headquarters of the great spiritualist seer, Foster, on the afternoon of Friday last, for another seance, with certain tests prepared beforehand, that the slightest chance should be given skepticism to build up a platform of explanations, whose main timber would be Foster's keys and practical eyes tested, by the very motions of your pencil, what you write. He unfolds with the lightning-like celerity of a Signor Blitz the slips of paper upon which your questions have been propounded, while you do not discover his ledger-hand.

We had determined to give "Spiritualism"—if that is the principle, by which human vision is enabled to look through the thickness of a double envelope paper, or human manipulation becomes so wonderfully dextrous as to escape notice—a fair chance. Prior to leaving for the headquarters of the seer, on this occasion as on the previous one, we had the tests thoroughly prepared. On a slip of paper was written, "I wish to communicate with the spirit of N. H. S. and H. G. H." Mr. S. died in 1857, and Mr. H. in 1867. The slip of paper was placed within a small sealed envelope, and this envelope was then put within a larger one, and that one also closed as effectually as a mauling could do it. Now it will be perceived, inasmuch as no writing and no talking were to be done by the "intervening corps" of The Day-Book, at this seance, whatever the seer should respond to the inquiry within the double envelope, ought to be received as a test of his relation to the "supernatural." He may be able to catch the reflex of the mind of the sitter at the table, who entered in his memory the purport of the communication, or he may, with powers equally supernatural, read the communication itself through the two envelopes; but, as will be seen, no sharp vision could, in this case, catch the meaning of the writing through the movements of the hand of the writer, or sly manipulation upon and peep into the folded slip, which he passes across his forehead, as is his wont on these occasions. And here let us take the opportunity of protesting against the "revelations" of a class of investigators who profess to deal intelligently with these subjects, but whose very "explanations" demonstrate the sheer stupidity of these very shrewd (?) intellects who pretend to have discovered "the trick" by which so-called *mediums* are enabled to frame all their answers. One of these very clever "detectives," attached to the editorial body of the New York World, who had been "investigating," tells the readers of that journal that "Foster's writing paper was of a transparent character, and everything written upon it, though folded carefully by the writer, could be read by Foster, in consequence of the peculiar preparation, the material had gone through." Now, the seer, who is a man whose habits have brought him into one of the "circles" at the rooms of the spiritualist seer, in offering so ridiculous an explanation of the source of Foster's powers, simply writes himself down a blockhead, and insults the commonest intelligence ever brought to bear upon the mystery, to say nothing of the insult to Foster. So per a device by which to gain notoriety would disgrace the vested interest who ever took to the study of a living. But we are not the defender of Foster, or any other "professor" of what is called "Spiritualism." We are not the champion of that "mystery," by any means. We are simply groping in the dark for "more light," and for the little light we do get, albeit it appears to indicate a principle never before heralded we are not disposed to doubt our own powers if reasonably upon, and devoting us to the study of a fact, and we therefore doubt that because we do not at once penetrate the "how and why" of the new light, that it must be the device of fraud and mountebankism. This World-Man, settles that it is. Now will he please to tell us how Foster interpreted the meaning of what was written and placed within the two buff, heavy-papered envelopes, one within the other, which we assure him had not been rendered transparent "by oil, by" or any other means? In the midst of a heavy shower we took the cars for Foster's headquarters, as we have stated, and on our arrival there, the rain came down a perfect deluge. The air was very heavy and oppressive, and we remembered that in such atmospheric conditions communications, mental or physical, are rarely complete. There is some say "unexplained" the reason why "influences" are generally unfavorable during a moist, warm, murky atmosphere, but it was the reverse of this on that day. Foster was absent, and time was probably as valuable to him as to us. The appointment was mutually understood; we had ridden three or more miles to get this interview, and Foster was away—where, nobody seemed to know; and in the meantime it had been opened, and that soon he must float to his residence, if he reached it at all; pedestrism, or a hack would not evidently be made the agency. We noticed that one of the company present (for there were four of us in all seeking the seance) seemed to be in a brown study. His eyes were cast upon the carpet in Foster's parlor, and he gazed upon it as though the curves and angles of the pattern were to him a map of his futurity. We have a special reason for dwelling upon this incident. This gentleman had once before met Foster, and the latter was peculiarly impressed with him. He said that the "influences" were stronger when O. was near him. He seemed to give the seer an increased degree of what he termed "spiritual power."

As the rain continued to come down like an avalanche, we were surprised at the sudden determination of Mr. O. to seek the seer. "Where are you going, O.?" said one of the company. "I hardly know, but I think I can find Mr. Foster," said O. "I am impressed with the idea that he is in the reading room of one of those hotels we saw on our way here, but I do not know what it is called, for I never was inside of the place in my life; but the impression is so very strong upon me that I feel I can go right to the very spot where he sits, and, hard as it rains, I am going to try it." Seizing an umbrella, O. rushed out into the storm. In fifteen minutes he returned with the "great mysterious." "I somehow knew that I could find Mr. Foster," said O., "and yet for

me, I was a boy again,
Joy bounding through my heart and brain,
With limbs all fetterless and free,
'Twas joy enough to live and be.
A rapture filled the very air,
Sunshine and glory everywhere!
I drank them in at every pore,
Until my heart was running o'er.
I could not—oh a happy boy!
Contain myself for very joy;
And in the maddest, wildest dream
I bounded by my native stream.
How green the banks! how well I knew
The nooks where all the gowans grew;
And there the blackbird on the tree
Sang all his sweetest songs for me;
I started at the cuckoo's cry,
And mimicked him in glad reply;
And as of old, untouched with care,
My young companions all were there:
And how we chased the jolly bee,
And gambled on the gowany lea,
Or swung from the o'erhanging tree.

Anon, I stood beside my chair,
A-watching by my body there.
I saw my wife rise from her bed—
She shook me, and exclaimed, "He 's dead!"
"Dead!" I replied; "my own dear wife,
I never was more full of life—
With every bounding pulse a-joy,
And happy as a little boy;
I am, indeed, what'er I seem—
But thou art surely in a dream."
But silent, and unconscious all,
She seemed to hear me not at all.
I gazed upon her face so fair,
And tried to stroke her Auburn hair—
'Twas all impalpable as air!
A feeling undefined, a dread,
A consciousness some one was dead
Came o'er me, then upon my chair
I saw my body sitting there.
When suddenly this little strain—
Came bounding through my heart and brain:

Ho! for the deathless realms sublime,
Where sorrow cannot be,
The realms beyond the arch of time,
The kingdoms o'er the sea.
Aron! 't was with a glad surprise,
I saw the glorious sun arise,
"This must be our own world," I said;
"See the blue vault hangs overhead,
The torrent down the mountain pours,
And ocean chafes her sounding shores;
There 's beauty in the earth and air,
And all seems natural and fair;
'Tis not the heaven of which men dreamed—
That to the raptured fancy seemed
So full of music and of joy
And happiness without alloy;
No mighty throne bursts on my sight,
No Elders in their robes of white,
No shining choir, no shouting host,
No Father, Son and Holy Ghost—
But everything is homelike here,
And all beyond expression dear."
And yet, in everything I saw,
There was a touch of holy awe.
There at my feet a valley lay
That stretched, as in a dream, away
To hills that mingled with the sky—

the life of me I cannot tell why I went to that special hotel, with the almost certainty that he was there, and not at either of the others in that vicinity." "Perhaps I can explain it, gentlemen," said the seer. "I saw the rain coming down in torrents, remembered my engagement with you, recalled your being the value of your time, and my thoughts were fixed especially on Mr. O., whom I felt certain was in my room." In fact I was really a *spirit* with him, and evidently he with me, for, as I stood gazing out into the storm, I was not surprised to see that I had influenced him to start for me. He, you see, knew where I was by the close and strong mental affinity which evidently at this time controls us both. By that inner sight he was led to the hotel. He accordingly took shelter in to escape the rain. We simply give Foster's language, or the substance of it, and let the reader take it for what he thinks it is worth.

The seer continued: "Four gentlemen, beside the seer, sat around the table, and the usual preliminaries were gone through with. Names were written, questions asked and replied to satisfactorily to the interested parties; but in this, like the other seances detailed in The Day-Book, article week before last, we could not pass an opinion upon the correctness of anything the entranced facts of which we were not personally cognizant, and therefore did not pay special attention to the results of the majority of the tests. On our right, however, sat a gentleman who had been writing on slips of paper, and very carefully folding the same, to which he had received responses, evidently of a character to surprise and startle him; his look of astonishment at one revelation was so profound, that we will allude to it especially. Foster suddenly said to him, 'There is the spirit of an elderly lady behind your chair, sir; have you called her here?'"

"No, sir," said the gentleman. "I have not asked for the spirit of any lady to appear." "There is the spirit of some one figured in your present, and if you have lost your mother, I think it is her spirit. Write several names on several slips of paper—as many as your phrase, and I will see to which of these names this female spirit will respond." The gentleman wrote four names, folded them carefully, and threw them on the table. We watched the result. Mr. Foster passed them one by one across his brow, and the third or fourth slip he threw across to the gentleman who was intently awaiting the test, and said, "There is the name of the spirit behind your chair. The gentleman opened it, and read the maiden name of his mother. He had written four female names on slips, among them the name of his mother. But our object in this interview was to test the powers of the seer touching his knowledge of N. R. S. and R. G. H., with whom we knew he had no acquaintance, when alive, and whose deaths (the particulars of which he knew nothing) took place, one near six, and the other near sixteen years ago.

We have already stated that not the slightest intimation of the contents of the double envelope could have been given. In fact, what was written was simply known to the seer only at the table who introduced the envelope. Foster took this envelope and pressed it to his forehead, and then said, "Are the spirits asked for present?" After a pause he continued, "I see they are, and will make themselves known. They are behind your chair, sir," said Foster to The Day-Book representative. "One of them, who appears especially friendly to you, is a tall, thin man, and the other a short, thick-set man. Ah! I am impressed by Foster to say that they will send their names to you. Foster here wrote the names of the parties in full, N. R. S. and R. G. H. How did he see inside the double envelope? or if he could look into the mind of the party present who handed him the envelope, and discover there what was hidden in it, what is this new principle?"

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS--MATERIALIZATIONS.

DEAR BANNER—In the town of Chittenden, Vt., about six miles from Rutland, in a beautiful valley among the hills, where Nature revels in grandeur and beauty, where flow magnetic waters for the healing of the afflicted, where still remain, untouched by civilization, traces of camp-fires built by red-men, ere selfishness and despotism hurried them toward the setting sun, amid the warblings of forest songsters, the fragrance of wild flowers, and the inspiration which flows to them from the Summer Land, dwell William and Horatio Eddy, well known to the world as remarkable physical mediums, and through whose magnetic sphere multitudes of immortals are enabled to materialize their spirit forms, to tell us they "still live," and that the mystic river has been bridged by the loves and sympathies of human souls, intensified and made purer by the change called death.

A few weeks since, in company with Mrs. B. Cleveland, of Middlebury, Vt., I visited this mountain home to gather gleams of sunlight from the sphere of angels. Quite a number of friends and some investigators from Rutland assembled in the evening to witness manifestations. O. T. Cross, of Rutland, was chosen investigating committee. Before being tied, Horatio said: "In opening their doors to the thousands who visited them, their object was not to accumulate wealth, but to present facts to the world, and those assembled could call the manifestations electric, magnetic, or whatever they pleased; they had a right to form their own opinions; he had his own private opinion, and if not produced by spirits, he would like to have any one explain the phenomena."

The doors were sealed with paper, each member of the family sitting between two skeptics. Horatio was then securely tied by Mr. Cross, and the circle joined hands. As soon as the lights were extinguished the invisibles commenced their work. Spirit voices were distinctly heard calling the names of several in the circle. Beautiful spirit lights were presented. The spirit band gave a concert; several musical instruments and bells were carried about in the air, all keeping time in perfect harmony, as they played the "Mocking Bird," "May Flower," one of the band, played "Home, Sweet Home," upon an accordion, carrying the instrument about the room while playing.

Occasionally, during the dark seance, a light was called for, to show the investigators that the medium remained tied as Mr. Cross left him. At the close of the dark seance he was untied by the invisibles.

A light circle was then given. A few persons sat at a table, a guitar was placed in Mr. C.'s hands. One of Horatio's hands was muffled and placed beneath the table upon the guitar, his other hand resting upon the table. The guitar was then played upon. Some saw the spirit fingers as they touched the strings. The medium then gave some excellent tests of clairvoyance, blindfolded. A will was handed to him; some facts connected with the will were recalled, dating back several years. A hair bracelet was handed him; he told to whom the hair belonged. A watch was placed upon his forehead, face to the audience, and the time was told correctly.

The committee man was then seated in the cabinet, holding Horatio's hands. Quite a number of spirit-hands were seen: "Thomas D. Lane" showing his hand, and "George Dix" holding up his, the peculiarity being the absence of the little finger. A guitar was held up by a spirit-hand. A spirit then requested me to hand it an iron ring lying upon the table, and reached out

of the cabinet to take it. This ring was held up so that all could see both it and the spirit-hand holding it. The ring was soon at or placed upon the right arm of Mr. Cross, although he had grasped both hands of the medium and, as he affirmed, held them securely.

After the company had left, with the exception of a gentleman from Pittsford, Mrs. Cleveland, the family, and myself, William Eddy was securely tied in a cabinet, and another phase of spirit power was presented. Several spirits materialized themselves, walking about the room, and were fully recognized by their friends, a light being in the room at the time. I would here remark that Horatio has the same gift for producing this phase of manifestation. A colored woman, "Black Abba," formerly of Middlebury, was recognized, and manifested great pleasure in being able to return.

"Persis," my immediate spirit-guide, next appeared. He had promised me, as a test, that if I would visit the Eddys he would manifest himself, desiring me not to mention his name or promise to them. He was dressed as I have often seen him, in an oriental costume peculiar to his people. As he came forth to greet me, he raised both hands upward, then bowed his head to the floor. After he stepped within the cabinet he permitted me to touch his hands.

Bro. Wm. White then appeared, holding the Banner of Light in his hand, and wearing the Lyceum badge. The rattling of paper was distinctly heard by all present. Ann Robinson came out dancing, and was recognized by Mrs. C. Acha W. Sprague next appeared, and as I spoke her name, she pointed upward. Henry C. Wright walked out several feet from the cabinet, approaching very near us, looking noble and happy.

William Eddy then stepped forth from the cabinet, and, while entranced, gave us words of encouragement and cheer.

The next evening William held another seance, with lights in the room. As soon as he entered the cabinet, before the company were seated, several spirits looked out from the cabinet. Soon a tall lady stepped out, closed a door near, then lifted a large table with her hands, moving it two feet or more. Mrs. C.'s mother next came out, dancing about the room; she then grasped Mrs. C.'s hand in hers, laid her face upon it, while tears dropped from her eyes as she did so. She then moved a few feet toward the cabinet, knelt down and disappeared through the floor, to prove that there was no deception.

Horatio, seated outside the cabinet, was entranced, and said a spirit, calling himself Charles Poor, would soon appear in company with Mr. William White, if the song—"A Light in the Window for Three," could be sung, as he could only appear through the magnetism of the song, and wished this reported in the Banner of Light, as a test to some who might read it. As there was no one to sing the song, Mr. White came out bearing the Banner of Light in his hand, waved it in the form of a circle several times above his head, pressed it to his heart, then waved it again, as at first. Charles Poor stood beside him, but not clearly as Mr. White, only a dim shadow appearing. Mrs. C.'s daughter came and grasped her mother's hand. My infant daughter (twenty-one years in spirit-life) came out and danced upon the table. Five Indian spirits then appeared. One calling himself "Santum," a powerful spirit, stepped into the pantry several feet from the cabinet, and brought out a large tin pan, and handed it to Mrs. C.; he then walked to the window, some twelve feet from the cabinet, raised the curtain and pointed toward the hills; as he stepped toward the window a faint shadow of the spirit could be seen upon the wall; as he stepped back, he seemed to throw a fur garment over his shoulders, making himself appear much larger than before, showing that spirits have the power to increase or diminish their size. He then came to Mrs. C., patted her head; as he did so, she said, "What power is given to Indians in spirit-life! How they have been abused on earth!" As she said this, the Indian bowed his head to the floor toward the west. "Elegg," one of the spirit-band controlling the Eddys—an Indian—came from the cabinet, folded her arms as an emblem of peace, then pointed to the hills. She called herself "Queen of the Mountains."

"Utos," a giant purporting to be a guide of D. D. Oliver, of Alpena, Mich., next appeared. His head reached the ceiling.

This ended two of the most tangible spirit seances I have ever witnessed, and as my soul knelt in worship at that shrine of immortality, I could say, as Peter did, when Moses and Elias talked with Jesus, "Lord, it is good for us to be here."

Investigators, believers and skeptics (from the home of these mediums, circles being held almost every night. Five of the family, three sons and two daughters, reside upon the homestead, their father and mother having entered the realm of spirits. As they are all mediums, and talk about and with spirits, as people do about earthly friends; there seems to be no barrier to the full and free communion of angels with mortals. Skeptics, would you learn something of the beautiful life beyond the river, visit the home of these mediums, and drink in the living truths of a blissful immortality as presented through their mediumship. Yours for the truth,

MARY L. JEWETT, M. D.
No. 2 West street, Rutland, Vt.

* * * * *

Wishing to test the correctness of the above statements, we read them in presence of Mrs. Conant while under control of the spirit known as Vashit, who said, "Mr. White is a hero, and he sees every word is true; that he was there, and did materialize himself, and was seen and recognized as stated above."—Ed. B. of L.

Pennsylvania.

CLEARFIELD, June 4th, 1873.—Pursuant to the friends of free thought met at their rooms, in Clearfield, Pa., at 7 o'clock P. M. On motion of Geo. Thorn, Esq., Dr. A. T. Schryver was called to the Chair, and H. Hoover elected Secretary. By request of the President, the Secretary stated the object of the meeting. Messrs. Widemire, Schryver, Hoover, Vansoyoc, Pentz, Kirk and Kendall discussed the question of effective organization.

Mr. Thorn moved that a committee of three be appointed on permanent organization, and the President named Geo. Thorn, H. Hoover, and Samuel Widemire as such committee.

On motion, it was ordered that a copy of these minutes be sent to the Banner of Light, the Boston Investigator and Index, with a request for publication, that the patrons of those papers in Clearfield Co. and elsewhere may be informed of our action.

After various discussions, conducted with the best of feeling, the meeting adjourned to meet again Monday evening, Sept. 23rd, 1873. Approved.

A. T. SCHRYVER, Pres. H. HOOVER, Sec'y.

A NEW SOCIETY.—An American paper says a society has been formed in New York—not before it is wanted—called the "Ladies' Anti-ambitious-to-figure-in-the-newspapers-with-no-futile-duties Society."

Children's Department.

JOHN FLINT'S DREAM.

BY JOHN ADAMS, M. A., VICAR OF STOKES CROSS, BERKS, ENGL.

One cold evening in December John Flint was returning home, with his donkey and cart, from the town of Oldbury, where he had been all day hawking hares; and, according to his custom, he dropped in, at the Fox and Hounds to drink and gossip, leaving his donkey outside the door. There was a keen east wind blowing right against the front of the house, and a send of rain dashed now and then upon the rough pavement, freezing as it fell, and covering everything that it touched with a transparent coat of ice. The poor animal had been in harness for eight hours, and had not eaten a morsel of food since the morning, so he moved anxiously from side to side in search of something to satisfy his hunger; but finding nothing, he turned his tail to the wind, dropped his ears almost to a level with his eyes, and began to groan and shiver.

"Your donkey's got the ague, John," said an acquaintance of his, who entered the house just as John was ordering his second pint of beer; "his very bones were rattling and shaking as I passed him just now, and the poor brute groaned as if he had got some heavy trouble on his mind."

"It quises on his body, instead of troubles on his mind, they was his ague," replied John, with a savage grin. "Look at that stinger!" and he held up a thick ash stick, tipped with a sharp iron point. "He's had a touch or two to-day that he won't forget—the lazy brute!" Thereupon John drained his mug, refilled his pipe, and left the house. Presently heavy blows from the aforesaid "stinger" were heard above the noise of the wheels, as John drove off from the door of the Fox and Hounds, belaboring his jaded beast at almost every step. Then there was silence suddenly, and the donkey stood still in the road. John and John's wife were at once obliged to take his seat in the cart, and fractured his leg so it was now his turn to groan. Whether the donkey kicked him down in return for an application of the "stinger," or whether the slippery condition of the road was the cause of his fall, or whether, as he himself afterwards asserted, a blow from an unseen hand snote him to the ground, no one can tell. Anyhow, he was found lying in the road about a hundred yards from the public house, groaning in chorus with the donkey, the red and white flames of his eyes were as bright as his broken legs. He was lifted by his ears and conveyed to his own cottage as quickly as possible, where a surgeon was soon in attendance upon him. After his leg had been set, he fell asleep and dreamed the following dream:

He was on his way to Oldbury with a heavy load of firewood, and in the act of snuffing his donkey because he stopped to take breath half way up a steep hill, when the animal raised his nose toward the sky, and brayed three times. Thereupon two hideous gorillas, one red and the other black, came upon him, and he was struck at the strange apparitions, for he saw by their looks that they meant mischief, and that flight or resistance would be impossible; so he began to shout "Murder!" with all his might. Regardless of his cries, however, the black gorilla snatched the stick from his hand, and gave his back a bitter taste of the "stinger," whilst the red monster unharmed the donkey; then, tying one end of the latter round John's neck, and holding the other in his hand, he set off at a swinging trot. The black gorilla followed close behind, and then, when he saw John's nose peep with the point of the "stinger," and behind all came the donkey, capering with delight, and now and then, at the sight of his master's contortions, giving a whinny which sounded very like a titter. The road which they took led them into a forest which grew thicker and darker as they advanced; but they held on a straight course through it, regardless of all obstructions; and, whenever John relaxed his pace in dashing through a swamp or a thicket, the black gorilla used the "stinger" with wonderfully stimulating effect.

After a run of four hours they reached a wide river, and without a moment's hesitation plunged headlong into it. Poor John, who had never in his life attempted to swim, thought his end was now certainly come, and howled with fright; but his leader kept firm hold of the halter, and dragged him safely across to the opposite bank. A number of horses, dogs and donkeys galloped up to meet them; and, to John's consternation, he found that they were all gifted with the faculty of speech, and that his own was no longer dumb. Even his own donkey, once so patient and silent, could talk as glibly as the rest; and the topic of his discourse was anything but pleasant to John, for he described how, from the time when he was a little helpless foal, he had had nothing but excessive work, scanty food, kicks and curses; and, moreover, he called attention to the iron-pointed stick which had been the instrument of his daily torture, and to the scars which covered his body. This produced such a sensation among the assembled animals that the pathetic narrative was stopped by a murmur of indignation. So great was the rage of the dogs, that they made a rush toward John, and would have torn him to pieces if the gorillas had not interfered.

When his companions had sufficiently rested and refreshed themselves, the rapid march was resumed; and the crowd of animals accompanied them—some to show their sympathy for the injured donkey; and others to exult at the pitiable sight of his contemptible master. From the remarks which John overheard, he fancied he was being hurried to his doom, and that his donkey was to be the executioner. It was a great relief, therefore, when they stopped at the entrance-gate of a spacious court, that the attendant crowd fell back, and that no preparations were visible for any such tragic event as he had been anticipating. The most conspicuous object in sight was an enormous white elephant, pacing to and fro on a grass-plot in the centre of the court; and, when the gate was thrown open, the gorillas advanced with their captive to the edge of the grass-plot, and the elephant came forward to receive them.

"We have brought a human brute from the other side of the river," exclaimed the red gorilla, "that your majesty may pass sentence upon him for cruelty to animals. He has shamefully maltreated a faithful servant, who is here to give evidence against him."

"Let the servant state his complaint," said the elephant. Thereupon the donkey again told his tale of woe, exhibited his bruises, and bade the gorilla hold up the terrible weapon which had caused them.

Then the elephant, lifting his trunk erect in the air, to signify his anger, thus addressed the wretched prisoner:

"Thou, to whom lordship has been given over all the beasts of the field, hast shown thyself utterly unworthy of the power intrusted to thee. Thou hast made the life of this animal, who served thee faithfully, a dreary bondage of slavery and suffering. The same Divine Being who created thee created him also, and gave him feelings and affections as tender as thine own. He is as much a member of God's family, and an object of God's care, as thou art; and the sun shines and the grass grows as much for him as for thee. So shalt thou be punished for thy wickedness, and he taught, by actual experience, that dumb animals suffer from unkindness, hunger and cold, just as those do who have the faculty of speech."

Then, turning to the gorillas, he bade them lead their prisoner to an adjoining field, and there compel him, with his own weapon, to obey the commands of his former servant.

Away started the monsters again, grinning with delight, the one dragging and the other driving their victim; and, on their arrival at the field, John shuddered more than he had yet done at the prospect of his misery, for there were hundreds of his fellow-creatures in that field working as speechless slaves for the animals that had ill-used. All sorts of agricultural work was going on, but the drudgery was all being done by human beings. Teams of them were harnessed to heavy plows, harrows and carts. Here and there a pair of them might be seen drawing in a low vehicle some aged horse or donkey; and in a distant part of the field a group of them were just starting for a steeple-chase, with monkeys on their backs armed with sharp spurs. Gorillas marched about everywhere like policemen, to keep order and to drive the teams; and their heavy whips were incessantly cracking on the bare shoulders of the poor slaves. The sight was so terrible that John could not endure it, even in his sleep. He awoke—a sadder, and, we hope, a better man.—Animal World.

A Correction—Re-incarnation—Maine—General Hospital Fair—Gambling.

DEAR BANNER—In my last letter, which, as printed, is dated "Portland," I alluded to a sermon delivered by Rev. Mr. Blinds "of this city." This is an error, and it should read "of Lewiston."

I have received an anonymous letter, dated at North Reading, Mass., and mailed at Lowell, which was evidently designed by the writer as a burlesque upon the doctrine of re-incarnation. He pretends to have had a "vision for my especial benefit forced upon his sensitive nature," and he relates what a "voice, musical and grand, uttered" after alluding to something from me which appeared in the Banner of May 31st upon this subject. He does not state that he saw the voice, and it is the first time I have heard of *hearing a vision*. My unknown friend says, "I suppose you get your ideas of it mostly through the returning spirits at the Banner of Light Free Circles; where, quite recently, the controlling spirit announced, in answer to a question, that the average life of the disembodied, before returning is about five thousand years." And then "the voice musical and grand" goes on to say, "I have lived before—lived when this old earth was younger than to-day by *thrice* five times five thousand years. * * * Have been re-incarnated twice since Noah, and thrice before his day." This ancient voice then commanded the hearer of the vision "to write the words I tell thee to him, who penned the words thou readest on re-incarnation." It then proceeds to tell me that my wife lived on the banks of the Nile, before the Sphinx was built, where she was *loved and won* by "a daring Arab chief, who even now impatiently awaits her coming, and who will claim her as his own beautiful spirit-bride through all the coming ages," and then patetically adds, "And on her form you'll gaze no more, when once she's gone to the other shore. Oh, the joys of re-incarnation!"

And I add, Oh! the beauties of *poetic vision*! I can almost hear the old voice tremble as it uttered this wail. It—that is, this voice which the seer of the vision *heard*—goes on to tell me that my oldest boy was "grandson to Nimrod the brave, whose father and mother helped him back to earth for a little extra schooling and a slight knowledge of the ways of the world, 4500 years after they had chased the antelope over the plain without ever hearing the shrill whistle of a modern locomotive." Whether this Ancient of Days means the grandson or Nimrod himself who was thus helped back, I am unable to determine. The voice closed the vision by saying that, after his present pilgrimage is ended, they will claim their boy again, "and away over the land of 'jerico' they will find their home in a region thy feet will never tread; for when the full light of the other life breaks *over* thee, thou wilt find that thy wife and children were somebody's else, on whom thou hast not a shadow of a claim—and alone, without father, mother, sister, wife or child to greet thee (for those thou calledst such were only loaned thee), thou wilt have an endless eternity in which to write the full beauties and blessings of re-incarnation, until, tired of thy loneliness, thou 'dost' impose thyself on some young wife as her own darling cherub child."

There is, isn't that a pleasant picture? I am, however, very grateful for the "loan" of a few friends, and will endeavor to enjoy them while they are mine. If they were and are "somebody's else," when the proper time arrives I think I may perhaps palliate my "loneliness" by endeavoring to ascertain whether I am indeed the only one in the universe who is "alone," and to discover, if possible, as my "father, mother," etc., were somebody's else loaned to me, whether I did not have some of my own once, who have been loaned to somebody else. The terrible gloom of my lonely doom is, however, brightened at the close, and the idea of becoming a "cherub" for "some young wife" is rather pleasant than otherwise.

To be serious, however, my unknown correspondent and imaginative hearer of a vision does not seem to comprehend the laws underlying the doctrine of re-incarnation, or that this is only one condition of spirit-life. If we believe the "Christian plan of salvation," we are expected to believe that Jesus was a conscious *lying spirit*, who voluntarily incarnated himself in human form for the accomplishment of certain results, and that the purposes for which he was to come were understood by him and others before he made his humble advent into this mortal existence. We thus discover that re-incarnation, or the fact that a conscious spirit, for the accomplishment of its own destiny, may incarnate itself in material form, is the foundation rock of Christianity; and it is pertinent to ask, if one spiritual identity has done this, why not all, as their development may require?

The Maine General Hospital Fair is in full tide of successful operation in this city, although I think the attendance thus far has not been so large as anticipated, and at the close a large amount and variety of merchandise, generously contributed to aid the enterprise, will probably remain on hand and be disposed of in lotteries, or at auction. The idea of raising money in aid of churches and benevolent societies by raffles, lotteries, games of chance and other gambling devices forbidden by law, is popular, and indicates that those concerned realize that such are the best and easiest modes of raising money. Hence these forms of gambling are always resorted to at fairs, and this is no exception. To raise money to build a hospital where the sick may receive medical treatment, the managers of a great fair sell a piano in a lottery or raffle, which is the same thing, and it is all right. But if a poor man starving at home, and sells his old violin in the same way, he must be arrested and thrown into prison for violating the law. If it is wrong for one to do, will the numbers engaged in it make that wrong a right? Our young men and maidens are tempted to their first experience in gambling at these fairs, which are countenanced by our churches and clergymen. Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel!

Portland, June 10th, 1873.

"Robbing the Indians."

As time rolls on, what the Banner has again and again said concerning the wicked and ruthless mode of treating the Indians is corroborated by testimony far and near, from quarters that once would not have thought our assertions worthy of credit. We are glad to see the truth about this matter come out in a journal like the Boston Traveller, which confesses by its act that it is useless to think of disguising it any longer. It says it is certain there are two sides to the Indian question, and that frequently the public hears too little of the causes which send the red warriors upon the war path. Wherever the remnant of an Indian tribe is settled, there are white men hanging about striving to rob them of the property they may possess or the bounty the Government may bestow, and often persons having influence in Washington are in league with these plunderers. We have more than once called attention to the efforts to despoil the Menominee and Stockbridge Indians on Wolf River, in Wisconsin—the last named of these tribes being what is left of one of the native tribes of this State, all of whose adult members were more than a hundred years ago converted to Christianity—a better Christianity, we hope, than is possessed by some of their neighbors of to-day.

These Indians live upon and own a reservation which was but a few years ago of little value, but the land is covered with pine trees, and the lumber is now very valuable. The land-sharks of the neighborhood are aware of this, and have from time to time endeavored to secure possession of this lumber for a trifle. Once or twice they have, through Congressmen, secured authority for the sale of the lumber in lots and on terms that would have satisfied them and impoverished the Indians, but they have been foiled by the watchful vigilance of a few men who are determined to frustrate their schemes. The agent for these Indians, Rev. Wm. P. Richardson, has been faithful to his trust, and for this reason one of the Senators and one of the Representatives from Wisconsin are hostile to him. Something over a year ago a company of men, using money which Congressman Sawyer admits was furnished by himself, bargained with leading men of the tribe for the lumber on a certain tract for \$4300, subject to the approval of authorities at Washington. As this lumber was worth \$3 per thousand as it stood, and the estimated amount was 7,000,000, the agent protested against the sale at that price. The Wisconsin Congressmen secured the appointment of an appraiser, evidently an agent of the lumber ring, and on his appraisal the lumber was sold for \$3000—about one-sixth of its value.

Last winter Senator Howe and Congressman Sawyer made an attempt to secure the removal of Mr. Richardson, the faithful agent, and made charges against him, which were heard by the Secretary of the Interior early in February. The agent had been employing the Indians in cutting their own lumber, paying them for their labor, and depositing the net proceeds of sales to their credit; and one of the charges was that this work was not economically done, and that the agent had not kept his accounts properly. Another charge was the advice of the agent to sell lumber on the Oconto River at \$3 per thousand, as it stood. Messrs. Howe and Sawyer were on hand to prosecute their charges, and so were Mr. Whipple, of New York, Chairman of the Christian Commission—to whom the appointment of Indian agents is entrusted—and a Boston friend of the Indians. It was shown that the lumber on the Oconto River was exposed to theft, and that parties had been stealing it for years, and that its sale would be a good one for that reason, and that three dollars was a good price for lumber on that stream, it being worth not more than two-thirds as much as on the Wolf River. In answer to the other charge it was shown that the work had been economically done; that the Indians had received needed employment at good wages, which made them more comfortable than they had been in any former winter; the vouchers of the agent were found on file in the department, all correct, and they afforded evidence that about \$10,000 had been deposited to the credit of the Indians.

Secretary Delano appeared to be satisfied with the explanations given, and the friends of the Indians hoped the honest and faithful agent would be allowed to remain, though Messrs. Howe and Sawyer insisted that an agent satisfactory to them should be appointed. Soon after Mr. Whipple received letters from Secretary Delano, saying that before the hearing he had promised Senator Howe and Representative Sawyer that Mr. Richardson should be removed, and asked as a personal favor to himself that another agent might be appointed. Mr. Whipple was unable to stand the pressure, and asked Mr. Richardson to resign, intending to appoint him to a better position, and one where no Congressman will stand in the way of the faithful discharge of his duty. The agent did resign, and Rev. Mr. Hutehig, of this State, who was appointed to succeed him, went out to Wisconsin, looked over the field and sent in his resignation, having come to the conclusion that he will not touch the agency while there are so many politicians and "ring" men seeking to impair its usefulness. He was so well satisfied with the course of Mr. Richardson that he could not consent to adopt any other, and believing that he would not be sustained in that he leaves the old agent still at his post, awaiting that relief which the appointment of a less scrupulous man will afford. As the tract of lumber land is a large one, worth more than twelve hundred thousand dollars, the land-sharks will not readily abandon the hope of obtaining the rich prize, and with the political influence they control, we fear they will succeed.

The Traveller further says: We have called attention to this matter none the less readily because members of the Republican party are active agents in the scheme of robbery. This party has had the confidence of the country because of its promises to do justice to the oppressed, and it will deserve that confidence so long only as it seeks to fulfill its promises. The party is strong enough to put down the men who engage in plots like this, but it cannot survive the toleration of their acts or the control of their influence. President Grant has promised that the Indians shall be fairly treated and honestly dealt with, and the men who engage in or countenance the acts we have exposed, are the enemies alike of the President, the Republican party and the country, and no party considerations should shield them from the condemnation they deserve. As the facts we have stated can be easily proved, and by no means constitute all the acts of robbery perpetrated and countenanced by the Wisconsin "lumber ring," we trust the President will see to it that these attempts to frustrate his well-meant endeavors to help the Indians shall not succeed.

Mediums in Boston.

Office of Dr. H. B. Storer, 137 Harrison Avenue, Boston. CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS DAILY BY MISS GEORGE W. FOLSON.

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

ORIGINAL MISS LOTTIE FOWLER, THE celebrated Clairvoyant and Test Medium, has returned from England.

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CANCERS CURED Without the Knife, BY MISS A. E. CUTLER, Electro-Magnetic Physician.

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CHARLES H. FOSTER, FROM NEW YORK, Salem, Mass., July 1st, Parker House, Boston, July 7th until August 1st.

MRS. HARDY, No. 4 CONCORD SQUARE, BOSTON, Office hours from 9 to 4.

MRS. CARLISLE, TEST, Business and Clairvoyant Physician, Hours from 9 to 4.

MISS S. F. NICKERSON, TRANCE and Business Medium, 45 DORCHESTER, Hours, 9 to 4.

MRS. E. CHASE, CLAIRVOYANT AND PSYCHOMETRIST, At Home, 30 Moultrie Street, Boston, Mass.

L. P. GREENLEAF, Trance and Spiritualist Speaker, FUNERAL SERVICES, 27 Milford Street, Boston.

M. SUNDERLAND COOPER, THE original New England Medium, No. 27 Milford Street, Boston, Hours 9 to 4.

MRS. N. J. MOISE, (Formerly Andrews), Electro-Magnetic Physician, 46 Beach Street, Boston.

MRS. FRANK CAMPBELL, Clairvoyant Physician, Trance and Business Medium, 45 DORCHESTER, Hours from 9 to 4.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEARING MEDIUM, No. 50 DORCHESTER, formerly 21 Dix place, Dr. G. will attend funerals if requested.

MRS. W. W. LITCH, Clairvoyant Physician and Test Medium, has returned to her Count street, Boston, Thursdays and Tuesdays evenings.

MRS. YORK, Clairvoyant and Business Medium, Trance and Business Medium, 211 Harrison Avenue, Boston.

Miscellaneous.

DR. H. B. STORER'S NUTRITIVE COMPOUND! BLOOD-NOURISHING AND VITALIZING ANTIDOTE.

TO CURE SCROFULA In All Its Many Forms! We must invigorate the constitution, and improve the general health.

The Nutritive Compound Supplies the appropriate elements which are deficient in impure blood.

In All Diseases of Women It is unexpressed and unmetabolized matter in the system that has made a special abode.

Both Sexes, All Ages, and All Diseases. The Compound is adapted, where the elements of healthy tissue are required.

TESTIMONY FROM HUNDREDS OF PATIENTS, Which the fruits of this advertisement will not contain.

BEGIN NOW To use the NUTRITIVE COMPOUND - and let the OLD PEOPLE, whose blood is low and circulation poor.

THE "NUTRITIVE COMPOUND" IS NOT IN BOTTLES, but packages, which, when dissolved in water.

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For sale Wholesale and Retail by Colby & Rich, (late Light Office, 14 Hanover street, Boston, Mass.

CREAM OF LILIES. WITH all its simplicity and purity there is no article that will compare with it.

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Miscellaneous.

WILLSON'S Carbolated Cod Liver Oil. VICTIMS of this awful disease are found in every neighborhood.

SOUND REASONING. Consumption is a deadly, scolding, expectorating remedy, and only a special medicine.

Sweet Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, From the celebrated fisheries of Antsund, Norway, procured by physicians.

WILLSON'S Carbolated Cod Liver Oil, A Specific and Radical Cure for CONSUMPTION AND SCROFULOUS DISEASES.

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New Books.

DAWN. A Novel. By Mrs. J. S. Adams. The world will perhaps pronounce the philosophy of this book sentimental.

WILLSON'S Carbolated Cod Liver Oil. VICTIMS of this awful disease are found in every neighborhood.

SOUND REASONING. Consumption is a deadly, scolding, expectorating remedy, and only a special medicine.

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New York Advertisements.

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AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

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MRS. MARGARET FOX BANE. For sale also at the Banner of Light Office, 14 Hanover Street, Boston.

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Miscellaneous.

PROTOZONE. CHEMICALLY PURE. Laboratory of Campbell Block, Boston, Ohio.

READY ABOUT JULY 1st. Human Heart, or the New Brain. A Handbook of the Human Heart, Brain, and Nerves.

Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis, P. O. Box 362, Willimantic, Conn. Dr. Willis may be addressed as above until July 1st.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE LATE WILLIAM WHITE. We have received from Mr. B. HAZELTON, Photograph Artist, some very fine Photographs of WM. WHITE.

DR. J. R. NEWTON, No. 332 O'Farrell Street, San Francisco, Cal. July 5.

B. C. Hazelton's PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY, No. 110 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON. Every style of Pictures, from Crayon to Life-Size, either Plain, or colored in India Ink, Carbon, Oil or Water-Color.

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Dr. J. S. Bean, Natick, Mass., MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, removes diseases by the laying on of hands; also by his wonderful Magnetic Healer, which is used in all cases.

THE MAGNETIC TREATMENT. SEND 25 CENTS TO DR. ANDREW STONE, Troy, N. Y., for a copy of his highly illustrated Book on this system of vitalizing treatment.

DUMONT C. DAKE, M. D., CAN be consulted at the Matteson House, Chicago, the last week of each month.

TO LET - In a fine location at the South End, in a pleasant front room and side room with board, in a general private family.

MAUCK'S HERALD. A large Eight-Page, Forty-Eight Column Weekly. Each number is complete. In its department will be found a choice variety of news.

MRS. JULIA B. DICKINSON, Medical Clairvoyant, has returned from Europe. Will be at the Kirkland House, Lynn, Mass., every Tuesday and Wednesday at Matinee House, Lancaster, Mass., every Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Miscellaneous.

DEAR MADAME - Having used your Cream of Lilies, I would certify that it has taken off my face a sore that was made in the army and left a deep mark.

DEAR MADAME - About six months ago I purchased a box of your Cream of Lilies, and I had heard highly recommended for removing small Pimples, and I had used it.

DEAR MADAME - I have used your Cream of Lilies, and I would certify that it has taken off my face a sore that was made in the army and left a deep mark.

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New Music.

I Will Come to Meet You, Darling. Answer to "Will you Come to Meet Me, Darling?" Song and Chorus. Music by B. Shirl. Price 30 cents, postage 2 cents.

Childhood's Happy Hours. Song and Chorus. Words by George C. Irving, music by B. Shirl. Price 35 cents, postage 2 cents.

Home is Heaven on Earth. Song and Chorus. By B. Shirl. Price 30 cents, postage 2 cents.

Moonlight Serenade. Song and Chorus. Words by George C. Irving, music by B. Shirl. Price 35 cents, postage 2 cents.

DAY'S EXCELSIOR BUTTON-HOLE CUTTER. PATENTED FEB. 18, 1873.

THIS CUTTER excels all others in simplicity, strength, safety and utility, made of the best material and in the most perfect manner.

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New Books.

STRANGE VISITORS: A SERIES OF ORIGINAL PAPERS, EMBRACING Philosophy, Science, Government, Religion, Poetry, Art, Fiction, Satire, Humor, and Wit.

THE SPIRITS OF IRVING, WILLIS, THACKERAY, BRODIE, RICHTER, BYRON, HUMPHREY, HAWTHORNE, WENDELL, BROWNING, etc., AND OTHERS.

Now Dwelling in the Spirit-World. BY MRS. SUSAN G. HORN.

Pre-existence and Prophecy, Life and Marriage in Spirit-World, Prediction of Earthquakes, Causes of Insanity, Apparitions, The Mormons, Invisible Influences, etc., etc.

Incidents in My Life. BY D. D. HOME. All readers of Mr. Home's first volume will desire to possess the continuation of the narrative of "Incidents in My Life."

Incidents in My Life. BY D. D. HOME. The extraordinary incidents, strange gifts and experiences in the career of this remarkable spirit-medium.

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New Books.

THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE, AND Christian Spiritualist. REVISED AND CORRECTED. Being a Synopsis of the Investigations of Spirit Interlocution by an Episcopal Bishop, Three Ministers, five Doctors, and others, at Memphis, Tenn., in 1855.

REV. SAMUEL WATSON, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Truth is mighty, and will prevail.

THE CLOCK STRUCK TWO, AND Christian Spiritualist. Being a Review of the "Reigns of the Clock Struck One," etc., etc.

Recent Investigations of Spiritualism. BY SAMUEL WATSON. This pamphlet is a clearly-printed issue of some one hundred pages, and is devoted to the subject matter indicated by its title.

THE FUTURE LIFE: As Described and Portrayed by Spirits, Through Mrs. Elizabeth Sweet. WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY JUDGE J. W. EDMONDS.

POEMS OF PROGRESS. BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN. Author of "Poems from the Inner Life." In this book will be found all the beautiful

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Pearls.

And the golden chamber of the King. Another golden chamber of the King. Larger than this we have, and lower.

Death is another life. We bow our heads. At going out, we think, and out of thought. Another golden chamber of the King.

He who can suppress a moment's anger, may prevent many days' sorrow.

When a noble deed is wrought, Whene'er is spoken a noble thought, Our hearts in glad surprise, To higher levels rise.

The total wages of a poor soul, In our times of living tolls, And fits us unawares, And of all meaner cares.

He that speaks, sows; he that hears, reaps; hence we should be guarded as to how we speak, as to how we hear. The fire that burns to hear, let him hear; but take heed how we hear.

He that loves a rosy cheek, Or a coral lip admires, Or from sparkling eyes doth seek, Fied to maintain his fires; As old Time makes those decay, So his flames must waste away.

So a smooth and staid maid, Gentle thoughts, and calm desires, Hearts with equal love combined, Kindly never-dying fires; Where these are not, I despise, Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

—Thomas Carver.

The West.

Warren Chase, Regular Correspondent.

Office at his Spiritual, Reform and Liberal Bookstore, 611 North Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

June 22d, we gave two lectures in this beautiful little town of the Peninsular State, the third place in population and first in beauty of Michigan incorporated towns. (not cities, for its voters have persistently refused to accept a city charter.) Some years ago Kalamazoo ranked among the first of Western towns for Spiritualism and Spiritualism. Col. Fox published his paper here, and the plucky and spry pen of Mrs. H. F. M. Brown rested and dated here its notes for the public. Meetings were kept up regularly and largely attended, and, for a time, our cause was not only popular but respectable. It is not pleasant to listen to the causes as they are, different citizens, which brought about the change, closed the meetings, and scattered and alienated the friends of spirit intercourse. It will take the same efforts to build up the cause now that it did at first; but it can be done, and must be done, and we trust an impulse in that direction is already felt by a few friends.

To us it seems strange that our friends, whose souls are imbued with the truth and beauty of our glorious gospel, should allow any personal, trifling, and, to the world, unimportant action or transaction, to throw them off the track and compel them to leave the important work of presenting and spreading the knowledge we possess of spirit-life and intercourse. When some distinguished or insignificant member of a church does some act, or acts, that the church considers disgraceful, the church throws all the responsibility on the person, puts him over the fence and out of the fold, and goes on as pure and holy as before (which is not saying much); but when any one, taking part with us in our cause, does what the public considers a disgrace, the churches, the world, and all outsiders and half the insiders at once proceed to charge it to the whole, to the cause, to the principles, or to the spirits. We do not hold the cause responsible for the actions of any individual, and we believe it capable of sustaining itself under all circumstances in spite of individuals and their actions.

We found in Kalamazoo a few of the old pioneers, though some what discouraged in their efforts, yet not in the least falling in interest and knowledge of spirit-life and intercourse. They hope and trust the cause will soon be built up again in that place, and we assured them it could if they would do their part of the work. "Let bygones be bygones," let individuals be individual, and take no responsibility of, or for, the actions, opinions and vagaries of each other. Let the criminal law deal with criminals, and each be responsible for him and herself to it, to community, and to the spirit-world. It may be well sometimes to resolve, as a society, that we do not approve the course or sentiment of some person who has been a prominent actor in it, but this is for the outside world; those inside ought to know without a resolve, and to live above the errors and follies of eccentric individuals, and not be disturbed and disconcerted by them.

The experiences of Kalamazoo are those of a hundred other places, many of which have risen gloriously from the shocks that the enemies hoped would prove fatal to the cause. Nothing can prove fatal to it, however many individuals may be cast out by it or be left strown along the wayside by the various convulsions that are incident to all causes, and that are often so greatly magnified by enemies and timid, conservative friends, whose eyes are not yet fully accustomed to the new and brighter light of the gospel of freedom and the future.

We have not said this for Kalamazoo alone, for there are many other places that need it, and more than we shall say. Wherever our cause languishes it is the fault of its friends. Its enemies have no power to stay its growth and progress in any place, and never will have until they get their God in the Constitution, and power in Congress and the States to wreak their Christian vengeance on us, and suppress mediumship and our press by law, with fine and imprisonment, and if our friends in all places will do their duty half as well as the Christians do theirs, such events can never take place in our country. Friends, will you awake to action? The enemy is active, organized and powerful.

ANOTHER HAS GONE SUDDENLY.

DR. WILLIAM PERSONS, extensively known as a powerful magnetic healer, while busily engaged in his profession at Lynchburg, Va., and when he had just treated one of his patients and stepped to the wash-room to bathe his hands and face, fell to the floor and expired with apoplexy. The Doctor was sixty years old, and when we parted

with him last fall, was, as we thought, as full of life, health and vigor as any man at that age could be, but the arrow of death has hit a shining mark and it fell. We have been many years intimately acquainted with the Doctor, and esteem him very highly. As a healer, few excelled him, and as a gentleman, none. He has traveled extensively in the South, and spent several months last year in St. Louis, where he made many acquaintances. He has left many friends to regret his sudden departure, but he was ripe and ready.

WESTERN CROP PROSPECTS.

Most of the Mississippi Valley States have had an abundance of rain during April, May and June; consequently hay and grain are generally in heavy crops. It is now (last of June) quite warm, or as most of us call it, intolerably hot, and hence the Indian corn (maize) is growing rapidly, and the prospect good for a large crop. Fruit, except apples, was injured by the severe winter. Otherwise we may count this a year of plenty for the farmer; but the scheming and ingenious speculator is watching and waiting to catch and control the crops, and regulate the prices to consumers, so as to enrich himself out of the two classes who ought to have no need of him and to avoid his services, for which he often makes more money than the producer. To us it has long seemed wrong to have so much of the money carried off by the speculators from the earnings of the poor. There will some day be a way discovered to avoid this class, and to carry the crops from the producer to the consumer without him.

CORRECT DECISION.

As we expected, the Supreme Court of Ohio has reversed the decision of the Superior Court which overruled the school board in Cincinnati, and ordered the Bible used in the schools. The school boards now have jurisdiction in the matter, and the people elect the boards, so we can keep sectarianism out when the people are sufficiently enlightened to elect suitable boards. Now a new argument is furnished for the constitutional amendment, since the churches have not the power to overrule the people in their votes, and force Christianity into the schools and, through the schools, into the undeveloped minds of the children.

ERASTUS CLARK, well and extensively known to our Spiritualist speakers who have in years past visited Kalamazoo, Michigan, quietly, calmly and suddenly left his earthly form in November last, and went to live with the angels, for which life he was well fitted. A notice of his transition was prepared for the Banner at the time, but failed to reach its destination. He was 87 years old, and hale and hearty to the last; was on a visit to his sons at Decatur, and well at 7 P. M., and at 12 was free from the body and a living soul. During the last day of earth-life he was uncommonly happy and cheerful. He was alone in his room when the spirit left, and folded his arms and apparently went to sleep.

In the early years of our philosophy and our meetings in Kalamazoo, Bro. Clark was the most active and efficient friend of the cause, and a man of the most genial and happy temper and nature, who will long be remembered and beloved by those of us who knew him.

WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

The Platform versus the Pulpit—Great Grove Meeting at Camden, Mich.—Bald Woods from Re-Ministers—The People versus Religions, Political and Commercial Monopolies—Notes.

This pulpit is on the decline. The platform is gaining power day by day. The old stereotyped conventionalities of the pulpit fall unheeded on the public ear. The pulpit, the stirring eloquence, and the untrammelled freedom of the platform call forth the admiration of the people. The platform will surely win. It is highly gratifying to know that Spiritualism, as a movement in the world, has more of the spirit of the "stump," than it has of the dry, formal and stilted methods of the pulpit.

Spiritual lecturers are at present being subjected to a test as to the quality of the matter that enters into their mental and moral composition. Does the committee own the speaker? or does the speaker confer a favor on the committee by accepting an invitation to lecture? We incline to the latter ground.

Spiritual lecturers are generally poor; they have had mountains of slander heaped upon them; they struggle on in their work, amid adverse circumstances, because they know their cause is just. One thing they want to declare, viz.: We are poor; we have been abused by hypocritical slanders; but we can neither be bought, nor sold, nor bullied. The spiritual platform is our home! And while we stand upon it, we are the monarch of the hour!

And this is the glory of the spiritual movement. It believes in free speech; it knows no side issues; it says: No theme is too sacred or too delicate for public discussion; it declares that Spiritualism will never fall into the narrow rut of the churches, where there will be a nice little pulpit and a nice little minister to talk glibly and in glittering generalities about the pleasant things of this life and the one that is to be.

The speaker who is free, and who is filled with the spirit of Young America, will never submit to dictation from any narrow-minded, policy-serving committee.

The time has come for bold words! Monopolies are crushing the people! Christianity is subverting the fundamental principles of our Republic! Can we remain silent? No! Shall we say: The people are not ready to hear? No! We will create a new public sentiment!

All over the land the spiritual platform is proving itself equal to the emergency. Conservatives growl, but the work goes on. Our special idea—spirit communion—is emphasized as much as ever. But, beside that, we are saying a good word for the farmer and the mechanic; we are reasserting the ideas of Jefferson and Paine, on the Church and State doctrine; we are doing our best at satire on the Young Men's Christian Association; and, above all, we are putting humanity higher than all the isms on earth.

To the platform, then, let us turn with praises. Let the pulpit go. It has done its work. Now, the priest is transformed into the lecturer, and the world will be the better for it.

THE GROVE MEETING.

Nature puts on her brightest garments at this season of the year. The air is filled with the music of birds. This is the genuine Peace Jubilee. Spiritualists believe in a system of thought whose teachings do not conflict with the mighty energies of the physical universe. How appropriate, therefore, that they should worship in groves—God's first temples.

The meeting this year, at Camden, was largely attended. Special trains were run on Sunday, and the people came from near and far. The speakers present were W. F. Jamieson, R. Augusta Whiting, Rev. T. H. Stewart, Rev. M. A. Worden, Grandpa Woodworth and Lois Waisbrooker. The Chairman, William Bryan, in his opening speech, touched the living issues of the day. He said: Ladies and gentlemen, I bid you welcome to our grove meeting. We are struggling to gain knowledge of spiritual things. We are also on the watch, fearing that our liberties may be wrested from us. I invite your attention to what our speakers have to say about the political conspiracies, religious slanders and financial frauds of the day. We want radical talk. We want to show you that our rostrum is free; also that it has some scope.

We do not narrowness. We want you to sit as jurors on this occasion. Will you do it? Listen to what the speakers say.

WHAT WAS SAID.

W. F. Jamieson thoroughly ventilated the God-in-the-Constitution movement. Rev. Mr. Stewart avowed his adherence to science and scientific methods, declaring that he was not a religiousist. Rev. Mr. Worden entered into a learned exposition of biblical idols, declaring that the intelligence of to-day had outgrown devotion to the myths of antiquity. Grandpa Woodworth talked in his own earnest way about progress in spiritual things. R. Augusta Whiting offered words of cheer, and she also uttered sentences of philosophical and religious import. Lois Waisbrooker spoke earnestly for her part.

On Sunday (22d) afternoon, Rev. Mr. Seymour (Adventist) took the platform, and, with tremendous unctiousness, expressed his holy horror at the tenor of Jamieson's discourse on the clergy. He exhorted those present to seek Christ and be saved.

A SUCCESS.

The meeting was a great success. The choir, composed of young people of Camden, discoursed sweet melodies to the people. Bro. Bryan made a thrilling speech at the close of the afternoon session on Sunday. Sunday evening a meeting was held in the schoolhouse.

MRS. DRAKE'S LETTER.

The following letter from Mrs. Drake was read. On motion, it was ordered to be incorporated into the Banner of Light report of the meeting. Here is the letter: To the Friends at the Camden Grove Meeting, Brothers and Sisters—Please accept my thanks for your kind invitation to attend your grove meeting. Other engagements prevent my accepting your offer. Our semi-annual convention at Charlotte was a success in the cause of liberty. We allowed every person in the convention the right to vote, and all the opposition brought against us, we raised the standard of liberty and social freedom, which now floats at the masthead of our Ship of State. Go ye and do likewise. The time has come for all who are worthy of the rights of free men and free women to come to the front and demand their rights—"peaceably if they may, forcibly if they must." May the divine inspiration from the angel-world baptize anew your every effort in the cause of truth, and strengthen all your labors to elevate the human race, is the heartfelt prayer of your sister, *Battle Creek, Mich., June 1873.*

NOTES.

Rev. Mr. Beeles, of Kansas City, has been holding a debate with Prof. Craft, a Methodist, in Farmington, O. Mr. C. formerly conducted the Academy at Farmington. Spiritualism came to town, and Prof. C. endeavored to kill it. The struggle ended in the introduction of a new Principal to the school. Mr. Craft has evidently plucked up courage once more. He has met Beeles on the old stamping ground. On reading a report of the debate, we think Mr. Craft will have to try once more—that is, if he imagines he ever can win a debate with a professional Spiritualist disputant. Mr. Beeles is one of our smartest lecturers, and he is a young man, too, which is so much the better.

Benj. Todd and his wife held a meeting in Mishawki, Ind., June 28th and 29th, with their usual success.

A. J. Fishback is at Clyde, Ohio, again. He knows how to preach.

F. E. Abbot is back again as chief of the Index. Everybody says, "Glad of it!"

Dr. Duke, the great healer of the West, is as popular as ever. He is at the Matteson House, Chicago, the last of each month.

Selling rapidly—R. Augusta Whiting's biography of her brother. Price \$1.50 per copy. Sent to Colby & Rich for it.

New Publications.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for July—Deacon & Peterson, 39 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.—is printed in an extraordinarily attractive style. A steel-plate engraving: "Lady Jane Grey in the Tower of London," introduces its mental feast—which is larger than before, and is prepared by many popular writers. Its fashion department, music, editorials, etc., are complete and appropriate.

THE LAZY TOUR OF TWO IDEL APPRENTICES, by Charles Dickens, comes to hand executed in the usual manner. The sixth volume of the new cheap edition of T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, Pa. The works of Dickens are world-wide in reputation, and the present volume is issued in answer to the demand for a "popular" edition (as to price) of the writings of this great master of fiction.

FROM OLYMPUS TO HADES, a story of life and its vicissitudes, by Mrs. Forrester, author of "Fair Women," etc., etc., London, publisher, corner Broadfield and Washington streets, Boston. The characters in the book are strongly drawn, and the sad scenes which make hearts and homes desolate are sketched with unusual power, and over all comes a glow of real peace and fruition at the last. The book is destined to a wide circulation.

THE COLVILLE FAMILY, by Frank E. Smedley, author of "Frank Fairleigh," "Tom Raquet," etc., etc., is put forth by T. B. Peterson & Bros., 308 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., in a style uniform with their popular edition of standard works of fiction. The widespread reputation of the author vouches for the interest of the book, which is the sixth volume of the new cheap edition of his works now being published by the Messrs. Peterson.

REVISED THE WEST VIRGINIA AGRICULTURIST, published monthly by Aikens & Palmer, Buffalo, Pa. The CHILDREN'S FRIEND: An illustrated monthly magazine. Anne F. Bradley, Coatesville, Pa.

RELIGION IN THE UNIVERSITY: Being a review of the subject as agitated before the legislature of Michigan during the session of 1872. By S. B. McCracken, Detroit.

THE SOCIAL HYGIENE, a monthly magazine devoted to reform in orthography, etc., etc. S. W. Davis, St. Johns, Mich.

THE DARK SIDE OF NEW YORK LIFE. Frederick Gerard, 15 Dey street, P. O. box 400.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE DEVER AND BLO GRANDE RAILWAY. Printed at Philadelphia, Pa., by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

New Music.

G. B. Russell & Co., 126 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., have issued in talking style the following standard pieces: "Nora's Prayer," by T. B. Aldrich, music by G. B. Russell; "I Have the Number," one of the songs of the Lydia Thompson Troupe—words and music by Samuel Johnson; Illustrated with photographic likenesses of the singers: "The Baby Day," words by H. W. Longfellow, music by Madame Erminia Hunderford; "Haven't I told you," words by William A. Huntley; "The Spray Leaps High on the Jutting Crag," words by George Cooper, music by Stephen C. Foster; "I'm a Soldier through the Mist," Rev. Eric Caprice, by L. Gilbert Clifton.

The Beecher-Tilton Scandal.

HENRY C. BOWEN SEEKING PROOFS IN VINDICATION OF HIMSELF—A CALL ON MRS. WOODHULL—EFFORT TO OBTAIN DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE AGAINST BEECHER AND TILTON—MRS. WOODHULL DECLINES TO CONSIDER AN APPEAL—THE OBSCURITY TRIAL, ETC., ETC.

(From the New York Sun, June 25.)

At five o'clock, last evening, Mr. Henry C. Bowen, editor of the Brooklyn Union, a son, Mr. H. B. Claffin, the great dry goods merchant, Mr. Henry A. Bowen, and a stenographer, drove to Victoria C. Woodhull's residence in East Thirty-fourth street. On entering the parlors they were greeted by Mrs. Woodhull and Miss Claffin. Judges Wood and Rowlett, Mr. George H. Ellery, of Indiana, Mr. J. Parker Jordan and Mr. James McDermott, of Brooklyn, were already there. After all had taken seats, Judge Rowlett said that he understood that the object of the meeting was to bring to a close, in some way, the persecution of Mrs. Woodhull. He was interrupted by Mr. McDermott, who said that the main object of the visit of Mr. Bowen and Mr. Claffin was to obtain from Mrs. Woodhull what documentary evidence she had against the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Mr. Theodore Tilton. He himself had seen the letters of Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton to Mrs. Woodhull, and knew that they contained important facts connected with the scandal. He, like many others, he continued, believed that Mr. Bowen had been terribly maligned in regard to it, and it was for the sake of that gentleman's fair name and to convince the world of the truth of the charges against his pastor that he (McDermott) took part in the meeting. He thought it due to all concerned that all the facts in Mrs. Woodhull's possession should be given to Mr. Bowen and Mr. Claffin, so that they might take such action as they deemed best.

Mrs. Woodhull, turning to Mr. Bowen and Mr. Claffin, said that she was disposed to give them what facts she possessed, but as she had suffered so much already, and been made to feel the whole force of Plymouth Church against her, she knew not who to trust. She felt that all the members of that church were opposed to her, and to speak candidly, she said she feared that even Mr. Bowen and Mr. Claffin were longed against her, and came to her in Mr. Beecher's interests. It was reasonable to suppose, she added, in view of what she had heard on all sides in the past few months that this was so. She thought it strange that Mr. Bowen, after being hauled over the coals by the press of the country, should at this late hour come to her to seek information to use in what she might term his own vindication; and until she was convinced that they were acting in good faith, she continued at some length speaking of conversations with Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton, telling Mr. Bowen of the latter gentleman's repeated threats that he would use up Mr. Beecher and Mr. Bowen.

Mr. Bowen, who had listened patiently to Mrs. Woodhull, said that he regretted that she thought he was not acting in good faith. He and Mr. Claffin were both friendly to her. He had come from the country, and in W. A. Woodcock, Conn., expressly to see her, and he hoped that she would favor him with what facts she had to supplement those in his possession. He had a wife and two children, and trusted that he would not go to his grave with a blot upon his name. It had long been his desire to have the scandal made clear to all, and he assured her that should she favor him with what she knew, he and others would try to have the persecution brought to an end. He had arrived at the conclusion that something must be done, and this was his first step. It seemed to him that she was in possession of facts which he should have, and with them his duty would be clear. He wished her to disabuse her mind of the thought that he was in a conspiracy to injure her.

Mrs. Woodhull said that she was to be tried to-day on a charge of obscenity growing out of her attack on Mr. Beecher, and should she escape that punishment, which she believed the authorities, with the strong pressure of Mr. Beecher's friends backing them, were determined to inflict upon her, she would then tell them all she knew, and convince them, by documentary evidence, that what she had already said about Mr. Beecher was true. Mr. Claffin said that he came in the interest of Mr. Bowen, and with him trusted that the whole thing might be made clear. A long conversation followed in which all took part. Mr. Bowen at the speaking of the covenant signed by himself, Mr. Beecher and Mr. Tilton, and which was recently made public, said that the publication undoubtedly had had a very damaging effect upon himself. Mrs. Woodhull emphatically declined to give up the documentary evidence until the termination of the trial. Her counsel agreed with her that she did right. It was understood that one or two other prominent citizens of Brooklyn would take part in the discussion, but they did not attend.

LATER.—The Brooklyn Eagle, June 28th, says: "The Examining Committee of Plymouth Church have received from Mr. E. West, a special charge against Henry C. Bowen. It is charged that he has circulated slanders against the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher which are false, and (Bowen's) expulsion is called for. An investigation is to be made immediately. Mr. Beecher is desirous that this investigation should be made at once. The matter is referred to the following named deacons and members of the Examining Committee: Elmer H. Garbit, D. H. Hawkins, H. B. White, Lysander W. Manchester, George H. Day, Daniel W. Talmadge, H. W. Brown, F. M. Boyer, C. C. Dana, J. C. Moore, R. D. Benedict, Samuel E. Bolcher, C. H. Morton, Thomas J. Tiley, George W. Brush, H. W. Beecher, S. B. Halliday, the two latter ex officio. Four deaconesses are members of this Examining Committee.

This morning a reporter called upon Mr. Halliday of Plymouth Church, and in reply to a request for a copy of the charges preferred by Mr. West against Henry C. Bowen, Mr. Halliday (apparently greatly surprised) said: "You cannot get them from me, sir. I refused to give any information concerning the proposed investigation. The reporter came in contact with several prominent members of Mr. Beecher's church, and the general opinion seemed to be that it would be better for the church if the investigation was carried on in public. On very good authority it was ascertained that the charges referred to in the main to certain utterances made by Mr. Bowen at the recent conferences which took place at the house of Victoria C. Woodhull. Although his own efforts have been made to keep the matter private, in some way it has leaked out, and as a consequence great excitement exists among the members of the church which Mr. Beecher has presided over so long."

THE BEECHER SCANDAL.—Latest.—The New York Post says: As a proper sequel to the story that a committee from Mr. Beecher's church had taken up the outrageous scandal against him, which has been floating about for months past, there appears the following letter in the Brooklyn Eagle, from Mr. Beecher himself. Hitherto he has kept silent, and so long as he did so it was not felt that his friends should give no currency to the vile stories that have been put in circulation about him. As he chooses at last to speak, he is entitled to a hearing everywhere. He says: To the EDITORS OF THE BROOKLYN EAGLE: In a long and active life in Brooklyn, it has rarely happened that the English and myself have been in regard to questions of common concern to our fellow-citizens. I am therefore compelled to acknowledge the unfeeling conduct of the committee of the Eagle of this city, in their bearing testimony. I have just returned to the city, and learn that application has been made to Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, to furnish information relative to certain infamous stories against me. I have no objection to have the Eagle state in any way it deems fit that Mrs. Woodhull or any other person or persons who may have letters of mine in their possession, have my cordial consent to publish them. In this connection and at this time, I would only add that the stories and rumors which for some time past have been circulated about me are grossly

untrue, and I stamp them as general and in particular as utterly false.

HENRY WARD BEECHER. It is improbable that any immediate investigation will take place by the Plymouth Church into the scandal, as the greater part of the officers of the church have left town for the summer.

THE WOODHULL AND CLAFFIN CASE.—The indictments against Woodhull, Claffin and Blood, found in the United States Circuit Court for mailing the number of Woodhull & Claffin's Weekly containing the Beecher and Claffin articles, are to be abandoned and the bail bonds discharged. The indictments are two in number, and are substantially the same as the one which the accused were tried. Tardy justice.

Current Events.

In the case of the exclusion of the Bible from the public schools of Michigan, the Supreme Court June 24th decided that the school board had the right to pass a resolution to exclude not only the Bible and singing, but religious instruction, and that the majority to interfere with their discretion in the exercise of this power.

That San Francisco will be ultimately Oriental in its aspect, we entertain no doubt. The Russian Bishop of the Greek Church in Alaska, by direct mail from San Francisco, where a Greek church is to be built and the faithful instructed. The Chinese, who are steadily increasing, and whose long there may be Moslem mosques and Hindu shrines, for a Hindu mission has been established in California.

George Francis Train is occupying his time in London arranging for the disposal of some of his Omaha jobs by lottery.

P. PETERSBURG, June 26.—The Kafir newspaper publishes a despatch from Tashkent announcing that the Khan of Khiva has capitulated to the Russian forces, and the capture of Khiva is now occupied by the Czar's troops.

As already announced, the Post Office Department will, on the 14th of July, authorize about one hundred post-offices in this country, in addition to the number already authorized, to transact money-order business between this country and Germany, Great Britain and Switzerland, including the great list are enumerated: Canada and New York, Massachusetts, Hallowell, Springfield and Thomaston, Maine; Bristol, Vermont, and Newport, Rhode Island. Previous to this year, only one hundred and thirty offices in this country were authorized to transact British, five hundred and one to do German, and one hundred and fifty to transact Swiss business.

The first woman that ever gave an alarm of fire by the telegraph in Boston, is Mrs. Richard Sisson, the lady who attended to most of the duties connected with the Seaside station, on the Old Colony and Newport Railroad, who gave the alarm from box 32 on Friday evening, June 27th, 1872. Bayonne despatches, under date of June 26th, state that the province of Biscaya has declared against the republican government and in favor of Don Carlos. The insurgents have appointed officers for the province and municipalities from among their own number, in interest of the Carlist movement.

An explosion of powder occurred at the east end of the Hoosier tunnel, at midnight, Sunday, June 23rd, killing four laborers and wounding two others, one fatally. An explosion with even more disastrous results occurred at Virginia City, Nevada, where two buildings were demolished and ten or twelve persons killed.

The Chicago and North-Western railroads were considerably damaged by a storm on Sunday night, June 23rd. The Texas frontier commission reports that the losses of American citizens amount to \$1,000,000, including consequential damage, \$8,000,000.

Two men were killed and several others wounded by a boiler explosion near Terre Haute, Ind., Saturday night. A member of the signal party at Mt. Washington fell off the telegraph-work of the railway Saturday, and was dangerously injured.

Jesse R. Grant, father of President Grant, died at Covington, Ky., June 25th. William Whiting, member of Congress from this city, died at his residence in the Highlands, June 24th. Terrible damage was caused by earthquakes in Northern Italy, June 24th, buildings being destroyed and fifty-two persons killed. The earthquake in the Province of Verona, but no loss of property or life appears to have resulted in those places, the fatal effects being wrought in the Province of Mantua.

Postmaster Gen. Creswell on Wednesday issued an order discontinuing the following post-offices, viz.: Charlottesville, Chesapeake, East Cambridge, the Department of Cambridge, North Cambridge, Somerville, East Somerville, Harrison Square, Dorchester, Mattapan and Neponset, and transferring the same to other post-offices. The order was also issued by the Postmaster at Boston, and will be under the direction of the Postmaster at Boston, and will be under the direction of the Postmaster at Boston, and will be under the direction of the Postmaster at Boston.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Boston, June 26th, Francis Wilkes McGuire, youngest son of J. W. and Rebecca McGuire, aged 7 weeks.

LIST OF LIBERAL LEAGUES.

BOSTON, MASS.—J. S. Rogers, President; A. Davis, J. Stubbins, Vice Presidents; J. E. Hibbard, G. Bacon, Secretaries; J. A. Wilcox, Treasurer; H. H. Hannon, F. W. Clarke, H. H. Storer, Executive Committee; BOSTON, MASS.—J. S. Rogers, President; A. Davis, J. Stubbins, Vice Presidents; J. E. Hibbard, G. Bacon, Secretaries; J. A. Wilcox, Treasurer; H. H. Hannon, F. W. Clarke, H. H. Storer, Executive Committee.

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COSMOLOGY.

BY GEORGE M'ILVAINE RAMSAY, M. D.

CHAPTER I.—Matter without Origin; 2.—Properties of Matter; 3.—Nebular Theory; 4.—Old Theory of Planetary Motion; 5.—Nebular Theory; 6.—Origin of Matter; 7.—Origin of Matter; 8.—Origin of Matter; 9.—Origin of Matter; 10.—Origin of Matter; 11.—Origin of Matter; 12.—Origin of Matter; 13.—Origin of Matter; 14.—Origin of Matter; 15.—Origin of Matter; 16.—Origin of Matter; 17.—Origin of Matter; 18.—Origin of Matter; 19.—Origin of Matter; 20.—Origin of Matter; 21.—Origin of Matter; 22.—Origin of Matter; 23.—Origin of Matter; 24.—Origin of Matter; 25.—Origin of Matter; 26.—Origin of Matter; 27.—Origin of Matter; 28.—Origin of Matter; 29.—Origin of Matter; 30.—Origin of Matter; 31.—Origin of Matter; 32.—Origin of Matter; 33.—Origin of Matter; 34.—Origin of Matter; 35.—Origin of Matter; 36.—Origin of Matter; 37.—Origin of Matter; 38.—Origin of Matter; 39.—Origin of Matter; 40.—Origin of Matter; 41.—Origin of Matter; 42.—Origin of Matter; 43.—Origin of Matter; 44.—Origin of Matter; 45.—Origin of Matter; 46.—Origin of Matter; 47.—Origin of Matter; 48.—Origin of Matter; 49.—Origin of Matter; 50.—Origin of Matter; 51.—Origin of