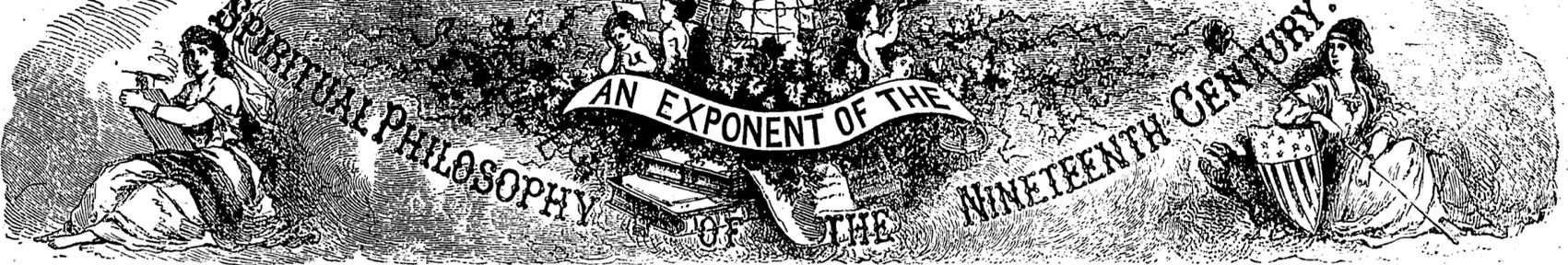


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Spiritual Phenomena.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES OF MR. CHARLES S. STEARNS, PUBLISHER, OF NEW YORK CITY.

Prepared for Publication in the Banner of Light by Mrs. Friend and Co-Laborer in the Cause of Spiritualism.

EMMA HARDINGE WRITTEN.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—The following interesting and instructive sketch was prepared by myself, with the intention of incorporating its details into my second volume of "Modern American Spiritualism." As I have recently received evidence which to others besides myself is conclusive that the time for recording the continuance of the present momentous movement must be deferred until great designs shall be wrought (at present in transit), I lay aside my pen to watch and wait, and with lamp trimmed and burning, hold myself in readiness for the coming of the angel whose scribe I am and have been; meantime I am constantly besieged with letters demanding a continuance of the long-promised work, asking also for light on many of those same problems of Spiritualism which we have gone through in our early experiences, and which, in the now much greater work of revolutionizing the world, and setting to right the wrongs which the ignorance or incapacity of the Creator have left for us to redress—are deemed wholly insignificant and unworthy the notice of "great reformers."

Being still but a poor scholar myself, and hence in sympathy with those who are looking for light on the hidden mysteries of our spiritual natures, I am often severely taxed, in the multiplicity of other engagements, to answer all the appeals I receive from earnest minds seeking to tread the same footprints of experience through which we have passed. Deeming that the testimony of such a capable, talented and truthful investigator as Mr. Charles Stearns, of New York, might afford to some entertainment, to others instruction, and to all profit and encouragement, I extract it from some hundreds of other articles partly prepared for publication, and tender it to you in redemption of a promise recently made to contribute a certain number of articles to your columns.

As Mr. Stearns's paper, when first presented to me, was in the form of biographical memoranda, I have deemed it most expedient to retain the style, tone, and as much as possible the expression of my talented friend. I simply edit his sketches, therefore, and herald it to you with the assurance that a more faithful worker in the spiritual vineyard did not exist than Mr. Stearns, and that the truth and integrity of his character place his statements beyond the possibility of doubt or evil. In years gone by I have both witnessed and taken part in the manifestations occurring at his house and the scenes detailed in the sketch. I remember them with the deepest regret that they are but memories, but I know, from personal observation and experience, that their influence has exerted a deep and hallowing effect upon many of those who shared in them, and I think that few if any came away from the bright and happy spiritual reunions at Mr. Stearns's house without going on their way better and wiser men and women.

EMMA HARDINGE WRITTEN.  
251 Washington street, Boston, March, 1873.

Before giving the substance of my experience upon the subject of Spiritualism, allow me to state some few facts of my previous life which may possibly have a bearing or connection on what followed. In the year 1839, then about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, circumstances led me to visit England, where I spent two years of my life, the greater part of the time in London. Being a Yankee bred and born, fresh from the green hills of Vermont, Yankee-like, I determined to see all that was to be seen and learn all that I could learn by observation of men and things; and during the first year of my sojourn in London I carried out this determination unaided and alone, and enjoyed myself amazingly. In order that I might become thoroughly acquainted with the city and its suburbs, I made it a point to move about from place to place, stopping in no one locality more than two or three months, until the last year of my stay in England, when I took new lodgings in a small place or court which ran out of Longacre, near Trafalgar square. There I remained for nearly a year, and here transpired what now seem to me the most wonderful experiences of my life, although at the time I made light of them. The gentleman in whose house I took lodgings was named Hickson, a painter by trade. The house was a small two-story one, and my room was on the second floor, fronting the street or court.

The first night of my stay there I awoke from a quiet, genial sleep, some time in the night, and was surprised to see a round table in the middle of the room, with a company of rather fantastically dressed men sitting around it, playing cards. The room appeared very light, though it did not exactly resemble daylight, nor, indeed, candle-light. Raising myself up in bed, I sat and looked at the strange vision for some little time, reasoned with myself as to whether I was really awake or asleep, and laughed at the queer-ness of the thing.

I called out, "How are you, old fellows?" made funny remarks, and at last got out of bed, went up to the table and waved my hand across the spot where the group were sitting, and everything vanished and the room became dark.

I struck a light, examined the room, found the

door locked, and everything in the order I had left upon retiring at night. I went back to bed, thinking it a very funny affair, but deemed it wholly illusory. The next night, and the next, and the next, and, in fact, every night that I remained there, for nearly a year, visions of the same nature, only greatly varied in their nature, occurred. Sometimes there would be card-playing, sometimes dancing and carousing, and sometimes quarreling and fighting. Sometimes the people would be of both sexes, sometimes only one. Sometimes they would be dressed as ladies and gentlemen, and sometimes in rags and tatters. Sometimes there would be a mixture of apparently many nations, and dresses of queer and fantastic styles were worn.

I took my breakfast and tea with the family with whom I lodged, and every morning, as regularly as it came around, I was called upon to relate at breakfast what had occurred during the night, and the relation of the strange scenes I witnessed always afforded infinite amusement to my hearers; but they, as well as myself, believed them to be illusions of some sort, and no weight was attached to the visions at all, and I never took them into serious consideration, until, just before my departure for America, an event occurred which led me to think my night experiences were not "all a dream."

I had accounted for the phenomena upon the principle that I might perhaps have been dreaming about these scenes, and that, upon suddenly awaking, the visions remained upon the retina of the eye.

The particular event I speak of occurred one night on my return from a theatre which I had visited, somewhere in the vicinity of High Holborn. I think it was a theatre which, at the time, was under the management of Madame Vestris. At all events, I was making my way to the Strand, and had to go through Shoe-Lane on my way home.

As I was passing through this street (Shoe-Lane—a well-lighted street), my mind intensely excited upon the subject of the play last on the boards, which was a farce—and I remember well that I was fairly laughing about some scene that was then present in my mind—suddenly I beheld a lady in white crossing the street, perhaps thirty or forty yards ahead of me, and, through some impulse, I quickened my pace so as to go on almost a run toward her. She crossed directly over the street to where there was a high iron fence, and passed through it. I ran to the fence and climbed upon it so that I could look over, and there saw the lady again making toward the middle of the enclosure, from which she turned and went toward the side of a building which formed one side of it, and disappeared, apparently through its solid walls.

For the first time I noticed that the enclosure was a grave-yard, formed by the sides of two buildings and the end of one, to which there were no doors. I stood upon the fence for some time, hoping that I might catch sight of the vision again, but it did not appear.

Then I began to think for the first time that the visions which I had had in my lodgings might be real, for here was something that I could not account for upon the theory which I had formed of the other visions. I knew I was wide awake, for I was on my way home from the theatre; I knew that it was something that had not found a place previously upon the retina of the eye, for I had not been dreaming, and I had witnessed no such scene in the plays represented.

I returned to my lodgings, and awaited anxiously the return of my nightly visitants; but they did not come, neither did they ever appear to me again during my stay in London.

I now account for this failure of their reappearance upon the theory that my mind was forever after in too anxious and disturbed a state to render the conditions right for such manifestations. The above I believe most fully to be my first experiences in the phenomena of Spiritualism.

In 1851-2, I, at the time being a publisher in Ann street, New York City, and residing in Morrisania, a village in Westchester County, about ten miles from the city, first became interested in the investigation of Spiritualism through the following circumstances, which occurred one evening at my house. A gentleman from Lynn, Mass., by the name of Charles Buffum, was on a short visit to my house, and one evening, after tea, was conversing with myself and wife upon the subject of Spiritualism, which was just then beginning to agitate the public mind to some considerable extent. He related many curious circumstances that had happened at High Rock and at other places in the neighborhood of Lynn, in which A. J. Davis, the Hutchinson Family and others were the actors—and talked about the matter for a long time, which I must say did not even excite my curiosity, so thoroughly was I convinced that Spiritualism was but a myth, which would have its run for a day among the credulous, and then be scattered to the four winds of heaven. So, after my patience had become pretty well exhausted, I remarked, "Well, Charley, if the spirits would only tell me what was coming out first in the 'Poke' to-morrow morning, I should think there was something in it."

"Well, perhaps they will," said he. "Let us sit up to the table and see."

"Poke" means Pokonoke Lottery, which was drawn at that time somewhere in Virginia or Delaware. There were two lottery schemes which were drawn twice a day, morning and evening. One was styled the "Pokonoke," and the other the "Little Delaware." On the numbers that were daily drawn in these lotteries, people would make bets with each other, known as policy dealers, and this was what was termed "playing policy." A person might bet that any given number between 1 and 75 would be the first drawn number from the wheel, and if he should happen to hit the right number, he would get \$50 for every \$1 he bet.

Accordingly we drew our chairs up to the table, and after full instructions from him how to proceed, we three sat patiently round the table waiting to be harmonized. After awhile Mr. Buffum said, "Now ask your question."

"What shall I ask?" I replied.

"Ask if there are any spirits present who wish to communicate with you."

"Are there any spirits present who wish to communicate with me?" asked I, holding my head very close to the table, so as to be able to detect the least sound.

No answer.

"We must sit awhile longer," said Buffum; "perhaps we are not harmonized sufficiently yet."

After sitting fifteen or twenty minutes longer I complained that my arm felt a little benumbed, from the effect, I thought, of its lying upon the table.

"That's the way the mediums are affected," said Buffum. "I guess you are a medium. Ask the question now about the number in the lottery you wish to know about."

Holding my head close to the table, I again asked, "Will the spirits be kind enough to tell me what number will come out first in the 'Poke' to-morrow morning?"

As before, there was no response; and after sitting awhile longer, and getting not even a rap, we withdrew from the table, and I remarked, "I guess that is about all any of you get from the Spirits."

After this, the subject was changed, and we conversed upon various topics until the time for retiring to our night's rest. I thought no more upon the subject after going to my bed, and I sank into a sound slumber, from which I was awakened, sometime in the night, by a loud voice saying, "Seventy!"

I started from my bed in affright. My wife and child—a little girl of some seven years—were lying by my side, still asleep. I got out of bed, struck a light, and examined the room closely, but found the door locked, and everything apparently right in the room. In reply to a question from my wife, I told her that I thought I had heard a voice. She said it was probably imagination on my part, and I agreed with her. I again retired, and fell into a profound sleep as before, when a second time I was awoke, as before, with the voice saying "Seventy," only in a seemingly louder tone. Again I arose and examined the room, and even opened the doors and the windows that connected with the room; but there was nothing to indicate that any person had been or could be in the vicinity of the room in which I had been sleeping. So I retired for the third time, and soon fell asleep; but again the sound came, and with such vivid force that my wife and child both exclaimed,

"What was that, father?"

For the first time it struck me what it was. It was the answer to my question of what was to come first in the "Poke."

I went to sleep again, and was troubled by no more sounds. In the morning, at breakfast, I related what had occurred, and expressed my intention of testing the matter by playing "seventy" first in the "Poke," and I went to the city with the intention of risking about a dollar on it; but when I got to the office, somehow, my faith was not as strong as it had been, and I only played one stilling (twelve and one-half cents) on the number. However, at half past one, when the printed slip of the drawing came in, I examined it, and, lo! and behold! "Seventy" was first on the slip, and I received from the broker seven dollars and fifty cents—the result of my first test, and my first experience in Spiritualism.

This, to me, was simply astounding, and I resolved to make more serious investigation into the subject of spirit communion; and therefore, when invited on the following day to visit, with Mr. Buffum—a medium of some note—a Mrs. Brown (one of the Fox family) who was holding forth in the city, I made no objection to going to her residence and investing a dollar—the price of admission to her circle.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH A MEDIUM

Satisfied me that the various exhibitions of the way the raps were made, by means of machinery, by toe-joints and other modes, were false. We hunted up the residence of Mrs. Brown, paid our dollar each, and were admitted to a large, well-lighted room, where we found a company of some fifteen or twenty individuals, of both sexes, seated around a long table, mostly engaged in conversation. At the head of the table sat a tall, slender, middle-aged lady, who looked as though she had one foot in the grave, and whom we took to be the medium, as she came pretty well up to the idea of what we thought ought to constitute a witch of some sort; and we waited most anxiously at the other end of the table for some manifestation of a mysterious nature. In a few minutes, a side-door from the hall opened, and a lady of quite a different character from the one we had supposed to be the medium entered. It was Mrs. Brown, the real medium, and who looked as though she might expect to live a thousand years. She was young, elegantly dressed, and most cheerful in her manners. The moment she entered the door, the raps, which we had not before heard, seemed to come from all parts of the room—from the floor, the ceiling and the table. There was, for a few minutes, a perfect clatter. She seated herself by the side of some lady at the table, but a little way off from it, and entered into a lively conversation with her. In the meantime, a gentleman at the table commenced calling off the letters of the alphabet—A, B, C, etc.—and when he came to the right letter, a single rap would come; and in this way, I was told, words and

sentences were spelled out, and communications of personal interest given by the spirits.

[Mr. Stearns here goes on to detail, in the original MSS., the *modus operandi* of communicating with spirits through the letters of the alphabet, as practiced by the Fox family. He also relates with great minute detail the tests he received from his father and other spirit friends through these methods; but as they are at this time too familiar to every experienced Spiritualist to need reiteration, we omit their description, and resume Mr. Stearns's narrative in the autobiographical style before adopted.]

On the following day I induced, by my representations of what had transpired at Mrs. Brown's, five of my fellow townsmen to accompany me to the residence of this wonderful medium to ascertain what their experience might be. Of the five who accompanied me there, four got satisfactory and (to them) wonderful answers to all their tests. The fifth gentleman was a lawyer, and he attempted to call up "spirits from the vasy deep," who had still a mundane existence. He, like the other four, got no answers; but they were not satisfactory, as he announced to the company present that the whole thing was a fraud; as the spirits whom he had called upon and communicated with were still in the flesh, and not on the other side of Jordan as represented. The alphabet was immediately called for by the spirits—five raps being made—and the following sentences spelled out: "The lawyer only deceives himself—the foot is answered according to his folly!"

This interview with the spirits at Mrs. Brown's was followed by the formation of a circle in Morrisania, by the four sincere inquirers who had accompanied me there, with myself, and our respective wives. We had read of a circle that met in Philadelphia, Pa., one of two nights in a week for a period of over nine months before they succeeded in developing a medium for spirit manifestations—and concluded that we could sit for three months without tiring our patience in view of the same object. Accordingly we met at the house of Mrs. Greener, at Morrisania, adopted rules for the government of a circle, among which was one to exclude all new applicants, and one to break up at 10 o'clock. These rules were faithfully adhered to through the whole of the allotted time of three months. Mrs. Greener at the time of our first visit was a reputed "tipping medium," and many communications were given from time to time through "this means," but few if any of us had any faith in the tips at all—not that we doubted the medium, but because we knew how easily the tips could be made without any apparent volition of the medium, and without, in fact, her being conscious of it. Our little circle of nine or ten persons met two evenings a week, rain or shine, nothing being allowed to deter us. Our evenings were passed in singing, conversing, asking questions of the spirits, begging for raps, and other manifestations. All sorts of experiments were tried, such as sitting in the dark for hours together, forming a circle by taking hold of hands (laying our hands on top of each other in inverse directions), placing different members of the circle in different positions, so that positives and negatives should be separated. All sorts of experiments were tried, apparently to little or no purpose. In this way for three long months we were earnest seekers for manifestations, which seemed as far from being realized as on the evening of our first meeting. We were discouraged and heart-sick, and did not know what to make of it, and when the hour of breaking up came (10 o'clock), we moved from the table and with one accord resolved to discontinue our sittings. No sooner had we done so, however, than *three loud raps* were made on the table we had just left. Clanks, hals, umbrellas and gloves dropped from the hands that had clutched them, and such a scrambling for that table took place as was never witnessed before. Seated at the table the question went round from one to the other, "Does the spirit wish to communicate with me?" until it came to Mrs. Mary Stearns, when the question was answered in the affirmative, and she received the first communication by raps that had ever been given in Morrisania. This communication was to the effect that if the circle would meet at my house on the following evening, we should witness something which would astonish us. The circle did meet there as directed, and we did witness a phase of Spiritualism that was new to us, and most astonishing. An Irish girl—a servant in the house—who was sitting in a room next to where the circle was being held, was heard violently sobbing. On going to her and inquiring the cause of her grief, she stated that her mother had appeared to her, and she wanted to sit in the circle to see if she could not get a communication from her. I got the consent of the circle, and asked her in. She took a seat at the table, and by direction asked if her mother desired to communicate with her. Three distinct raps, that were different from those which we had heard, and which had a sort of a muffled sound, were given, and she immediately fell to the floor as if struck by a sledge-hammer. Of course we were all frightened, never having heard of such a case before, and did not know what to do. However, we let her remain there for a few minutes, when she arose and commenced talking to her mother, answering and asking questions. This lasted for some time. At length she came to, and related what she had seen and heard.

From this time forth, during a period of nearly three years, we held circles twice a week at each others' houses, and it was proved, by this method, that the class of spirits drawn together depended almost entirely upon ourselves. Mr.

Parshall, for instance, would ask of the spirits imitations of the trip-hammer, of wood-sawing, of the beating of drums, and of times. He would call for jokes and funny sayings, and all sorts of indolgent things, and they would be sure to come; and sometimes they were carried to such an extent that they amounted to absolute profanity, and often to obscenity, and the only way we could put a stop to it would be to draw away from the table and say we would not listen to such things. When the circles were held at my house nothing of the kind would occur, for such things were frowned down. And so with each of the other families there would always be some peculiarities in the manifestations, that could be traced to the dispositions and wants of the family under whose control the circle was for the time. To give an account, in detail, of all the different manifestations we had at these circles would be useless. Suffice it to say that we had, from time to time, enacted nearly all the phases of manifestation by spirits, in our own little circle and in our own houses, that the world, at the time of this present writing, has heard or read of. Spirits have been seen, have been heard to speak, and have laid their hands on us. Instruments have been played, lights have been seen, furniture has been moved and tumbled about, and made to beat a tattoo on the ceiling, and tests too numerous to mention have been given to each and every member of the circle.

I have written thus much of my experience in spirit-communication, more to give a history of our circle than for any other purpose, because I believe that the history of one circle is the history of all others, if earnest seeking and perseverance are pursued to the end. Every person's experience outside of the circle may be different, but the experience of all circles, as far as my observation goes, tends to the same end and the same results—an universal belief in a hereafter, a future progression of spirits, in accordance with their desires and aspirations, and a firmer belief in an overruling Providence or Higher Power over the destinies of those in this earth-sphere, who strive to work out their own good and that of their fellow man.

Mr. Stearns adds several details of his personal experience with spirits, all of a pleasing and beneficent character, but not sufficiently novel or striking to require mention. If the reader has been sufficiently interested in the foregoing narrative to desire to know whether Mr. Stearns's faith still remains as firm as has been herein shown, in the presence and intervention of kind spirit-friends, and if so, why he no longer appears on the stage where Spiritualism and its grand acts may be expected to be played out to the end, I answer for him, his faith, like my own, is unshaken by the links of life, and I doubt if one will be, or can be, broken without the other's perishing; but to the second query I respond, on my own account, that I have seen more actors in the great drama of the skies vanishing from the stage whereon it was first enacted, than Charles Stearns and Emma Hardinge Britten. The truth is, the curtain has fallen on the "Epic of the Morning Land," and other scenes and other actors have usurped the boards where angel feet have trod; but if they can afford to retire and wait for a fitting season to resume their work, so can their faithful workmen. They labor in the light, we in the darkness, but we know we can trust them, and already hear the voices of the watchers on the towers, crying, "The morning cometh!"

## THE "COMMITTEE OF SEVEN" AND DR. SLADE, THE MEDIUM.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—Having but recently seen the statement of the "Committee of Seven" concerning their investigations of spirit manifestations in New York, I wish to relate a few facts regarding my experience of the mediumship of Dr. Slade. Never having seen any of the other mediums mentioned in the said report, I have nothing to say about them, but so far as Dr. Slade is concerned, I believe the report to be a tissue of misrepresentations and falsehoods from beginning to end.

I am not what you would call a Spiritualist, being extremely skeptical in regard to "controls," table-tippings, raps, writing by the hand of the medium, and, in fact, all manifestations where the assumption that spirits exercise the controlling power requires a strong belief in the integrity of the medium. Therefore in all my "séances" with Dr. Slade I have been careful to make sure that there was no possibility of deception, on his part, as to the manner in which the manifestations were produced.

I have known Dr. Slade for about ten years, including most of the time he resided in this place previous to his removal to New York. From the time we first became acquainted—at most accidentally, through a mutual love for music and pictures—there has existed a personal friendship between us, and I have never had occasion to think him other than an upright, honorable and conscientious gentleman. Whatever manifestations I have seen through his mediumship have taken place at my house, and under circumstances which admitted of no possible deception.

During each of the several sittings held with Dr. Slade at my residence, the room has been brightly lighted the whole evening. The table used was a common extension dining-table, closed to its smallest capacity, and the slate an ordinary school slate, washed clean by myself before the commencement of the sitting, and produced after the medium had taken his seat at the table. These, then, were the "conditions favorable to deception," upon which so much stress has been

laid by the "seven": a well-lighted parlor in my own house, my black walnut dining-table (used during the day for manifestations the reverse of spiritual), my office slate, tree, to my certain knowledge, from word or mark, and Slade, myself and two or three other members of my family, sitting in a kind of circle round the table, with our hands all upon said table. If Dr. Slade needs other conditions than these now, his powers must have deteriorated greatly since I saw him last. The manifestations generally commenced by a muffled thumping on the table, interpreted to indicate the desire of the spirits to write. I took up the slate, which I had but a few moments before placed upon the table, turned it to see that it was clean on both sides and laid it down again, while Dr. Slade placed upon it a piece of slate pencil, bit in off, the size of a pin's head. I then took the slate by one corner, the Doctor taking it by the opposite corner, and we together lifted it from the table, the bit of pencil still resting on the slate, and placed it partly under the raised leaf of the table, between us, so that the frame of the slate rested flat against the table leaf, with nearly a third of the slate projecting from under the leaf in full view of all present, as were also our two hands which supported the slate. Slade's other hand and mine were resting on the table.

After a few moments the scratching of the pencil was heard upon the slate. As soon as it stopped the Doctor released his hold upon the corner of the slate, and I immediately drew the slate out from under the table-leaf and toward myself, and there lay the bit of pencil on the slate, resting on the last stroke of the last letter of a written communication of several lines, signed with the whole name of a deceased brother of my mother, which brother's existence or name I am certain was entirely unknown to Dr. Slade.

At another time a message was written while the Doctor held the slate at nearly arm's length behind him, in the light, with one hand, his other hand remaining on the table.

In none of our sittings was there any chance for the slate to have contained a previously-written message, or for the medium to have written on the under side of the slate and turned it as it was brought out from under the table. The writing was almost invariably plain and legible, and several messages were always received each evening in the same manner.

At another sitting Slade, taking a guitar of mine by the large or lower end with his left hand (his right remaining on the table), extended it under the table so that the neck and pegs of the instrument were visible at the other side of the table, and a low, sweet waltz was played by unseen hands upon the strings of the guitar, keeping perfect time. But instances need not be multiplied. I have simply made a plain statement of facts, the truth of which there are several witnesses to prove. These manifestations may have been caused by some unknown law of physics, or animal magnetism, or they may have been the work of disembodied spirits, as alleged, but I am certain that Slade did not produce them by any direct act of his.

I have written this in an endeavor to refute the charge of trickery made against my friend, Dr. Slade, by a committee of confessed tricksters and misrepresenters. If the "seven" object to these designations, let me remind them of their own self-made "medium," and of their exultant description of how one of their number (probably one of the brokers, as it was an attitude for either a "bull" or a "bear") crawled round on all fours, grasping the legs of the sitters in attempted imitation of the touch of spirit-hands.

Jackson, Mich.

JOHN REYNOLDS.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—The excerpt in your issue of April 26th, entitled "Strange Spiritual Phenomenon at Eccleston," calls to mind a similar phenomenon occurring in my own home last February.

The walls of a middle room, together with the furniture, bed and bedding, were suddenly covered with drops of water. The ceiling was not wet, nor was anything saturated, although all surfaces below the ceiling were covered as with a heavy dew. The rooms on either side were daily supplied with fire, and a draught kept constantly open between them, so that this room was usually dry, warm and well-ventilated. The phenomenon continued for about three hours; and, toward the last of the period, the accumulation had become so dense that the water trickled in small streams down the walls and furniture to the floor; yet, when disappearing as suddenly as it appeared, no water could be found upon the floor, and everything in the room was perfectly dry. Several persons were called in to witness this strange and, to us, new manifestation. All were filled with wonder, and none could explain it. We think it cannot be accounted for, except upon the hypothesis of spirit experimentation.

The source of these and kindred manifestations can never be questioned by us, however much they may be by others. This solution is given us by spirits themselves.

Our invisible guardians are interested in subjecting to their will, for our good, the subtle forces of Nature, and are often able to heal diseased conditions by the direct application of their power. In this particular instance, our child was in a debilitated condition—the result of a serious illness—from which we were unable to rally her. We were, also, much worn down by watching and care. Our spirit friends were enabled, through the mediumistic conditions attending, to charge the atmosphere magnetically and medicinally, and to produce such electrical changes as to condense and set free its vapors, causing a veritable shower. The influence of this profuse anointing was apparent for several days, and the diseased conditions were soon fully eradicated.

We are also informed that this procedure is of frequent occurrence, though not often attended with such peculiar exhibitions. If attended by moisture, it is not of sufficient density to attract attention. More frequently it is noticed as a cooling breeze, as though a hand or a fan had agitated the atmosphere. This sensation is often experienced in circles where diseased or inharmonious conditions exist which must be eradicated before any manifestations can be produced.

We rejoice in the resurrection of the Banner, which we never fail to obtain from that indomitable old hero and veteran, Warren Chase.

EDWARD P. FENN.

St. Louis, Mo., May 7, 1873.

A true religious instinct never deprived a man of one single joy.

Children's Department.

THE FIRST POCKET.

What is this tremendous noise?  
What can be the matter?  
Willie's coming up the stairs  
With unusual clatter.  
Now he bursts into the room,  
Noisy as a rocket!  
"Auntie! I am five years old—  
And I've got a pocket!"  
Eyes as round and bright as stars;  
"Checks like apples glowing;  
Heart that the new treasure fills  
Quite to overflowing.  
"Jack may have his squeaking boots;  
Kate may have her locket;  
I've got something better yet—  
I have got a pocket!"  
All too fresh the joy to make  
Emptiness a sorrow;  
Little hand is plump enough  
To fill it till to-morrow  
And, ere many days were o'er,  
Strangest things did stock it;  
Nothing ever came amiss  
To this wondrous pocket.  
Leather, marbles, bits of string,  
Licorice-sticks and candy,  
Stones, a ball, his pennies, too—  
It was always handy.  
And when Willie's sitting in bed,  
Should you chance to knock it,  
Sundry treasures rattle out,  
From this crowded pocket.  
Sometimes Johnny's borrowed knife  
Found a place within it;  
He forgot that he had said  
"I want it just a minute."  
Once the closet-key was lost;  
No one could unlock it.  
Where do you suppose it was?  
Down in Willie's pocket!  
—Elizabeth Sill, in Nursery.

From Harper's Bazar.

THE HINKLES' DIFFICULTIES.

"I can't stand it, and what's more, I won't," said little Mrs. Hinkle, clutching the bars of her uncomfortable old cage of a rocking-chair.

Mr. Hinkle placidly hung up his almanac, and went out to sow the early peas. He could stand almost anything, and yet remain as serene as a cabbage-head—which, indeed, his wife often said he resembled. Lavinia's tantrums troubled him about as much as a mosquito's buzzing would an elephant; but he thought they were kind of wearing to her, and that she "came to quicker" alone. So he left her swinging herself senseless in the rocker, and shuffled off to the garden with a hoe and a pint dipper of peas. At the gate, he met Miss Niddlins.

"And how's your poor wife?" said she, sniffing. She suffered with a chronic cold in the head, which gave her an extremely sympathetic manner.

"Able to be stirring," replied Mr. Hinkle, shutting up his brown leather moose-skin. Even a cabbage-head may be, as it usually is, ruffled inside; and, deep in his slow-beating heart, Mr. Hinkle was annoyed at the sight of Miss Niddlins and the embroidered bed-ticking bag which betokened a week's visit.

"Lavinia's piteously enough without being set on," said he, leaning on his hoe in the favorite attitude adopted by scarecrows. "Yes, I really think she is," he went on, weighing the proposition deliberately. "Not that I mind her being spry-tempered and spitting out at me. It's only a way she has, and comes of her enjoying such poor health. She'll cool down; but that old maid haint any call to rile her," and here Mr. Hinkle gave the hoe-handle a resentful poke, as if it personated the spinster aforesaid. Like many men not gifted in public speaking, he was much given to talking aloud when alone. Indoors, his wife claimed the exclusive right of speech.

"And here I've stuck, like a dab of putty, from the day I married Reuben," she was saying to Miss Niddlins. "I've had to walk on eggs, or his folks would be in my hair. They've had their remarks to make about all my doings, and you may depend upon it, it grinds."

"Mrs. Hinkle must have been ground very sharp indeed, judging by her cutting tongue."

"Poor thing!" groaned Miss Niddlins, using her handkerchief just then, because it would produce the effect of pity.  
"See how I was put upon this morning by his sister Phoebe," said Mrs. Hinkle, moving the end of her nose rapidly back and forth with her forefinger, as if she were playing on a Jew's-harp.  
"That woman had the impudence to twit me of neglecting Reuben, because I leave him to get his own supper sewing-circle nights!"

"Do n't tell me so!" sniffled Miss Niddlins.

"Did Mr. Hinkle complain to her?"

"Catch him complaining!" cried Mrs. Hinkle; "he has n't got spunk enough. Why, he's no more grit than a bay-streak, and his folks is I could n't make him break with his folks if I was to suffer. Wish I was single; then I would n't be nosed around by 'em. Now here you are to go where you please!"

Miss Niddlins sighed an affirmative. It was her peculiar trial that her relatives never opposed her going.

"If you was to separate, I suppose you've got enough to live on?" suggested she cautiously.

Mrs. Hinkle's rocker jerked itself into a full stop. She had often said that "Reuben must choose betwix his folks and her," that "she would take herself off," and the like; but to have a third person hint at a separation startled her.

"Well, yes," said she hesitatingly. "I've got the property I brought with me when I was married. I won't deny but what Reuben has done the fair thing there; but then, if he'd been some men, he might have doubled it by this time. The long and short of it is, he's half asleep; I have to keep stirring him up, and, after all, he do n't appreciate me."

"I believe it would wake him pretty thoroughly if you should leave him," returned Miss Niddlins. "He'd begin to realize what a smart wife he'd lost."

"He'd clutter the kitchen with his greasy harnesses, and—camp down on the lounge in his boots—that's what he'd do—the minute I was off!" snapped Mrs. Hinkle.

"He could n't manage without you, to save his life," declared Miss Niddlins confidently. "He'd go down on his knees to you to get you back."

Mrs. Hinkle seemed flattered by the idea.

"A pretty figure he'd cut," laughed she, "fat as he is, and looking, as you might say, as if he'd been blowed up in his clothes!"

"I'm sure I don't see how you smile, situated as you are," said Miss Niddlins, showing symptoms of fresh cold.

"His folks have tried my soul out of me," cried Mrs. Hinkle, hastily resuming her wrath; "and what's maddened me most has been to see Reu-

ben take it so cool. That man has n't any more nerves than a tub of lard! I would n't value jumping off the meeting-house steeple if I thought it would give him a start."

"Poor woman!" said Miss Niddlins, displaying the red silk handkerchief that might properly be called her badge of mourning. "It's your duty to yourself to go where you can take some peace of your life!"

"I don't feel clear," said Mrs. Hinkle, as she settled the coffee for dinner, and thus ended their first conference.

But as Miss Niddlins spent the week, justifying Mr. Hinkle's apprehensions, she and Mrs. Hinkle had ample opportunities for renewing the discussion of the latter's grievances, till, from not feeling "clear," Mrs. Hinkle, by the time her guest departed, came to feel, as she expressed it, "all in a muddle." Even her ox-eyed husband noticed something amiss with her.

"I wonder whether or no sage tea would n't be kind of quieting to Lavinia," he reflected one morning, as he joggled along to the village after turnip-seed. "I haint seen her so fractious since she had the neuralgia in her face. If she was n't a poor, sick creature, I don't know but I should get put out with her—I really do n't," and Mr. Hinkle lowered his voice to an awe-struck whisper as he gave utterance to this treasonous thought.

"His folks" lived in a sick-headache-colored house at the Four Corners, and his sister Phoebe was hanging out clothes in the back yard as he drove up.

"Got any sage to spare?" cried Mr. Hinkle, wheezing Dobbin.

"Mercy on us! is Lavinia going to make cheese in mud-time?" was Miss Phoebe's answer.

"It is n't none of her doings," said Mr. Hinkle, slowly, punishing the wheel with his whip-lash; "but she's in a terrible nervous way, and I think maybe she needs something soothing. What's good for her nerves?"

"I do n't know without it's a sound scolding," replied Miss Phoebe, with her mouth full of cloths-plins.

"Now, sister, you're hard on Lavinia," said Hinkle, in an injured tone. "She aint tough, like what you be?"

"Her temper is tough enough; but I'm suited if you are, poor soul!" and Miss Phoebe hunted for both sage and valerian, though inwardly persuaded that all the poppies in the world could n't soothe Lavinia when she once got "set out."

Meanwhile Mrs. Hinkle had been doing a furious forenoon's work, and ready to drop from exhaustion, was just hanging up the mop after scrubbing the kitchen floor, when dear, blundering old Reuben shuffled across the threshold with his torn paper bags, scattering dried leaves like an autumn wind, and leaving muddy meagan tracks at every step. Before those clumsy foot-prints, Mrs. Hinkle's feeble forbearance fled. The herbs her husband had trusted might prove a narcotic, acted upon her as a powerful irritant.

"Reuben Hinkle!" said she, braising her aching back against the pump, "how much longer do you think I'm going to wash floors for you to litter?"

"There, there! now do n't fret," pleaded Reuben; "I'll sweep it up. You do putter round more'n you're able, that's a fact. You know I'm ready and willing to hire a girl any day."

"A girl smooching my paint!" cried Mrs. Hinkle, in wrath. "Put down the broom, Reuben; you've made tracks enough. Your folks shall never have that handle, that I spend your money on hired help!"

"You're rather hard on 'em, Lavinia," said Mr. Hinkle; "they mean well by you. Here's Phoebe, now, been and sent you something stilling. I told her what a fizz your nerves had been in lately."

"So you've been running me down to your folks!" cried Mrs. Hinkle, glaring at her husband. "After all I've stood for you, Reuben, it's too much."

Mr. Hinkle was a mild man—mild as milk; but even the sweetest of milk will sometimes turn sour in a thunder-storm, and off-recurring matrimonial tempests had had their effect upon him.

"I've always made excuses for you, Lavinia, and tried my best to live peaceably," said he, slowly; "but I believe 'taint in the power of mortal man to get along with you."

Then, in a state of great amazement at himself, he went out to untaekle Dobbin and sow the turnip-seed. Listening in vain for the dinner-bell, he returned to the house half an hour past noon to find the fire out, his unlucky mud-prints dried upon the floor, and his wife absent.

"Gone off in a huff to her sister Tripp's, I guess," said he, patiently setting out the Sunday remnant of beans. "I'd have hitched up if I'd known she wanted to go. She would n't speak to me, I s'pose, 'cause I riled her. I had n't oughter done it—that's a fact."

[Concluded in our next.]

LETTER FROM LONDON, ENG.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—I was delighted to read, in your issue of March 29th, the account of the Ohio Convention of Social Science, and especially to notice the extremely liberal views which there obtained. It well illustrates the national difference between yourselves and the British, in showing how your thought takes great bounds ahead, while ours progresses by small and easy stages. Or it might be expressed this way—that we only talk (publicly) of what we intend to do practically, while your talking goes ahead into the sometimes distant future of possibility. Our "Woman's Rights" Association is very vital, and is constantly emanating a greater impression upon the public mind, in favor of its at present one idea, viz., parliamentary suffrage. Our cooperative societies are making great advances. New and powerful organizations are commencing operations in several of our large towns, for purposes of cooperative distribution. The opposition by the monopolists has been powerful, through combination; but all the combinations fail to prevent the rapid growth of the cooperative societies. We are just now in the midst of negotiations for the federation of several of the largest societies of the kingdom, for purposes of banking and manufacturing.

Spiritualism is also rolling along with steady and ever deepening tide. We are indebted to several of your United States mediums for the rapid diffusion of the more wonderful phenomena of the subject. We have had Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, from New Orleans, giving their public seances nearly every day, and drawing for several months (since July last) very large audiences. Mrs. Julia B. Dickinson, the well-known medical clairvoyant, has been here since December last, and has had probably one of the great-

est successes of any medium from your country. Nearly every form of disease has been cured by her here (including insanity), and her practice has included a goodly number of the nobility and other high caste people; so that when the lady returns, it is probable she will have something to show for the visit. We have now fairly developed through the provinces, as well as through the various London spiritual societies, a small army of lecturers and mediums, who are constantly employed and paid for their propagandist work; and in Yorkshire we have "Halls of Freedom" springing up in several of the towns, where Spiritualism and social reforms make their rostrums more and more powerful. We have had several gentlemen (Spiritualists) over from your side, prosecuting business enterprises, specially in the way of mining operations. All this tends to foster the natural relations of amity and brotherhood between the two peoples, to which I say "God speed."

Yours faithfully, ROBERT HARPER.

5 South st., Finsbury, London, April 9, 1873.

Free Thought.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT FOR THE RECOGNITION OF THE CHRISTIAN GOD, JESUS CHRIST AND BIBLE IN THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION.

NUMBER THREE.

BY W. F. JAMESON.

After the adjournment of the Xenia Convention, it was proposed to secure a meeting in Pittsburg, Pa., on the Fourth of July ensuing, composed of delegates appointed by the various ecclesiastical bodies whose spring meetings were soon to be held. There was no general response to the call, but the few delegates who were appointed, with other friends of the cause, met at the designated time, and, forming themselves into a Council, issued an address to the people of the country, written by the Rev. Dr. John T. Pressly. A few paragraphs will reveal the character of this document:

"While there are doubtless various causes which may have conspired to provoke the Lord to withdraw his protecting care from the nation, and leave us to experience our own helplessness and entire dependence upon Him, there is one to which we desire at this time particularly to call the attention of all who feel an interest in the perpetuity and prosperity of our government; and that is, our neglect to give to God the glory which is due to His name in our national Constitution. This remark may possibly excite the surprise of some whose attention may never have been called particularly to the subject. Our national Constitution is the production of statesmen distinguished for their profound wisdom—men who had a clear perception of human rights and the great principles of civil liberty; and viewed in its political aspect, it is worthy of all commendation. But it is when viewed as the fundamental law of a Christian nation that we are constrained to acknowledge a defect over which the Christian patriot must mourn. The name of God is not found in our national Constitution, nor does it contain a distinct recognition of His authority or existence. And this omission to make an unequivocal acknowledgment of His authority, to be inserted in our instrument there is an unequivocal declaration which would prove to a people unacquainted with us that we, as a nation, believe in the existence of God or acknowledge our dependence upon His providential care.

"The kingdom is the Lord's and He is the Governor among the nations." Men, in their national as well as their individual capacity, are subject to the Divine government, and are under obligation to acknowledge the authority of the Most High, who ruleth in the kingdom of men. Reuben who are called in the providence of God to preside over the interests of their fellow-men, are expressly required to yield to Him the homage of their obedience. "Be wise, now, therefore, oh ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling. Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way when his wrath is kindled to a little." The nation and kingdom that will not serve these said God, shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted. What, then, can a nation, favored with the light of divine revelation, which practically ignores God's authority, expect but that sooner or later His vengeance shall overtake her, and that an end shall be put to her national existence unless she is brought to repentance?

"True, it may be said that under our present excellent Constitution we have enjoyed great prosperity, and therefore have no reason to suppose that God is displeased with us, or on account of anything defective in it. But do we not know that God is long-suffering and slow to wrath, and that he often bears long with sinful nations as well as individuals? But there is a limit to the exercise of divine forbearance. And what is the aspect of God's providence toward us as a nation at the present time? Does not every one see that God is displeased with us as a nation, and has been provoked to bring upon us a terrible calamity? We the people, without acknowledging God's authority and the need of His help, framed a Constitution, but we are this day a divided, dismembered nation. 'We the people,' prepared a Constitution, 'in order to insure domestic tranquility; but to-day we are suffering under all the dreadful evils of a civil war. Have we not reason to fear that 'we the people' have presumed too much upon our own wisdom and strength, and without acknowledging our dependence upon God, have undertaken a work to which our unaided powers are not adequate? And have we not cause to apprehend that God is now chastising us for neglecting to acknowledge our dependence upon Him, and for withholding from Him the honor which is due his name? 'Them that honor me,' saith God, 'I will honor; and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed.' This declaration involves a great principle in God's moral government, which will hold good in application to nations as well as individuals.

"As the disciples of Him whose kingdom is not of this world, we do not consider that it is within our province to interfere with anything in our Constitution which is strictly of a political character. But what we desire is to see that God, who has done so much for us as a nation, and on the enjoyment of whose favor our national existence depends, is duly honored by a distinct acknowledgment of His authority in the fundamental law of the land. And we cordially invite our fellow-Christians and Statesmen to cooperate with us in our efforts to secure, in a constitutional way, this desirable object.

JOHN T. PRESSLY, Chairman.

Since then, 1863, the rebellion has been put down by the "people" without recognizing God in the Constitution. And what must add to the perplexity of our Christian friends in this matter is the fact that the Southern Confederacy recognized God in THEIR Constitution! and were beaten by a people who have a "godless thing." At the Pittsburg meeting it was decided to call a National Convention of all citizens favorable to

the Movement. It assembled in Allegheny on the 27th day of January, 1864, and "was an earnest, prayerful, and most encouraging meeting." The resolutions indicated a determination to work in a practical direction. They saw hopeful signs in the proclamations of Abraham Lincoln, recommending the observance of days of national fasting, humiliation and prayer (as suggested by the Senate of the United States), "for the purpose of confessing our national sins, which have provoked the Divine displeasure, and of imploring forgiveness through Jesus Christ—and also days of national thanksgiving"—these were all "pleasing evidence that God is graciously inclining the hearts of those who are in authority over us to recognize His hand in the affairs of the nation." Congress was this year, 1864, memorialized on the subject. The Christian Memorial met with a cool reception, notwithstanding a Special Committee was appointed by the Allegheny Convention to carry it to Washington, lay it before the President, and endeavor to get a special message to Congress on the subject.

The interview between the large Committee of ministers and the President of the United States will be given in our next.

MORE EVIDENCE OF THE GOD-IN-THE-CONSTITUTION PLOT.

How singular it seems that the great majority of Liberals all over the world should persist in remaining inactive, notwithstanding the constant warnings of the few clear-seeing ones to those who are slumbering on the very verge of the abyss of sectarian despotism, over which the advocates of the God-in-the-Constitution amendment are so cunningly endeavoring to lead our unwary feet; remaining thus blind to the approaching crisis, when in every little village in the land the Orthodox denominations are working for the suppression of religious liberty, in most cases quietly, it is true, but occasionally, in their bitter hatred of the spirit of progression so rapidly obtaining in their very midst, showing the cloven foot by some such outburst of venom as the following, which I give from absolute knowledge, I, myself, having heard the assertion as it fell from the lips of a bigoted clergyman, applauded by the zealous groans of his equally prejudiced hearers, in the little village from which I write. He said, "The liberal element must be crushed; and we (the churches) must act as a unit for the suppression of reason, that weapon of the devil which caused men to doubt."

"Who, in the face of this saintly (?) spirit, coming as it does, not from one of the pulpits of a crowded city, but from an obscure Western town of less than twenty-five hundred inhabitants, can longer doubt that the enmity to freedom of thought is universal among the Orthodox community, and that, unless promptly and energetic measures are taken by the liberals, as a mass, we shall be driven back into the darkness of religious tyranny, to emerge from which our only pathway will be through a sea of blood. Raise, then, from the spath into which ye have fallen, and form into Liberal Leagues, drawing into our ranks all rationalists who are willing to work with us, and let each individual appoint him or herself a committee of one, to battle for freedom, that we may thus escape the fate which must otherwise inevitably be ours.

BELL U. S. FOSTER.

Dowagiac, Mich., April 16, 1873.

Jeremiah Haeker.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—Taking up a late number of the Boston Investigator I saw a name therein which attracted my attention, and I read the article through from beginning to end, for anything from that man is deeply interesting to me, and should be to every benevolent heart. I refer to a "Letter from J. Haeker," and I was so distressed to read the beginning of the closing paragraph\* that I cannot forbear to write you this letter. I am in no way allied to Mr. Haeker, except in the love for humanity which he has always shown, non-resistance, &c., but I must say, if I were as rich as some in community, Jeremiah Haeker should not be too poor to be a subscriber to any paper that he chose to read. The man who was the founder and during his lifetime the editor of the Portland Pleasure Boat; the man who through all the years of his prosperously distributed bread every Sunday morning to the poorest of the poor about the wharves of Portland; the man who at all times and places made himself the friend of the unbenefitted, should not now, in the midwinter of a childless old age, be abandoned to poverty so cheerless that he cannot have a newspaper he covets! I was an entire stranger to him, a poor orphan without money or influential friends, and far from home; I was received as a guest into his house in Westbrook and only saw him during the few days of my stay; yet even then, without the least prospect of any good that could accrue to him, he would, had his ability been equal to his generosity, have placed me in independent circumstances. No more was I to him than any other human being. His hands were always wide open to scatter "good gifts." Many a memento did I see from those who owed all they had and were to him. Yet now when misfortune has swept away the hard-earned savings of years, when youth is gone, when hearing and clearness of vision are lost, when all the reading matter in which a newspaper office abounds is dwindled down to nothing, he, so shut out from the world and intercourse with his fellow-beings by deafness, is allowed to live on year after year too poor to subscribe for a newspaper!

Where are the friends who gathered so sweetly around him when he lay in an elegant house on Munjoy Hill, Portland, and what was the object of their friendship? Was it to advance the cause in which he labored and they believed? I can see no way in which this could be better effected than for them to crystallize their Spiritualism into material aid, their free thought into generous acts, their liberal sentiments into liberal deeds? Who will do so? Who will write to him and enclose a greenback with a generous figure stamped upon it? May a golden shower commence this day which shall not cease so long as that man has a need that this poor earth can supply.

A FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

Maplewood, Mass., May 1873.

[We hope the benevolent among the disciples of free thought will give heed to this call in the case of the deserving brother above mentioned—than whom no one is more worthy of kindness and assistance in his hour of trial. He may be addressed, Berlin, N. J. Remember him, substantially, friends.—Ed. B. OF L.]

\*Said paragraph reads as follows: "I am too poor to be a subscriber to your paper, but shall always wish it well so long as it labors in favor of mental freedom, or anything else that would break the power of the clergy, who are no more like Christ than the goat is like the sheep."



Contents of this Number of the Banner.

First Page: "Spiritual Experiences of Mr. Charles Stearns, Publisher of New York City," by John F. ...

Why Don't the Spirits Do as we Dictate?

It appears that Captain Hall, of the Arctic Expedition, died some eighteen months ago; and objects to Spiritualism now ask, "Why did he not communicate the fact of his death to Mrs. Conant, or some other medium, and thus give a satisfactory proof of the spiritual hypothesis?"

Henry Timrod's Poems.

We advise all lovers of true poetry to possess themselves of a beautiful volume, published by E. J. Hale and Son, New York, and entitled "The Poems of Henry Timrod, edited with a sketch of the poet's life, by Paul J. Hayne."

Conventions.

As will be seen by reference to the present issue of the Banner, the friends of free thought all over the country are on the alert, proving the fact in announcements of stated Conventions, Quarterly Meetings, etc., attention to which we would call at this time:

Strange Court Proceedings—Trial by Jury Tabooed.

Astonishing as it may seem, after five months' incarceration without trial on a charge of alleged obscene utterances, the Court on the 20th inst. directed the jury to render a verdict of not guilty in the case of the State of New York vs. George Francis Train, on the ground of insanity, and an order was made out to send Train to the State Lunatic Asylum.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1873.

Office 14 Hanover Street, Up Stairs.

AGENTS FOR THE BANNER IN NEW YORK, THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 10 NASSAU ST.

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LESTER COLBY, EDITOR. ISAAC B. RICE, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Letters and communications pertaining to the editorial department of this paper should be addressed to Lester Colby, and all business letters to Isaac B. Rice, at No. 14 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass.

A Preacher on the Press.

The average class of preachers are opening fire on the daily press, with intent to dragoon it into the distinct support of sectarian theology and the defense of imperious ecclesiasticism.

The preaching gentleman who assumes such lofty airs as all this, in reference to the rights and religion of other people, is the "Rev. Mr. Dalton, of St. Stephen's Church," in Portland.

But how does the "Rev. Mr. Dalton of St. Stephen's Church" know so unerringly what are the sentiments and opinions of a majority of the community? Wiser and far more experienced men than he in the pulpit are studying the situation from an entirely different standpoint; and they admit, simply because they are obliged to, that the modern world, of thought is rapidly rejecting the old and worn-out forms of faith because they are found to be cramping, unwholesome and repulsive, and correcting their faith by the newer and clearer lights of material science and Modern Spiritualism.

On Tuesday, our old friend, E. Harrison Green, homeopathic physician, called at our office. He has been West for several years. For the present he is located at 86 Harrison Avenue, this city.

The negative argument is a favorite one with unreflecting persons. Their objections to certain phenomena are based upon the non-occurrence of those phenomena under circumstances of their own choosing.

To this family of objections belongs the inquiry, "Why did not Capt. Hall communicate?" Again we say, We do not know; but we do know that any number of phenomena, kindred to what this would have been had it occurred, are as well attested and established as any of the facts of science.

Thus the reports we get from time to time of tricks and frauds perpetrated by accredited mediums, do not at all affect our convictions; and this for the simple reason that the latter are based on phenomena that could not be simulated or made the subject of trickery.

The writer falls utterly in showing that any one of the persons named was guilty of attempting anything like fraud. We do not yet know all the subtle and disturbing influences that operate on mediums and affect the manifestations.

A Mr. Tilt and four others, it seems, offered Dr. Slade five hundred dollars if he would get a writing on the slate under certain conditions of their own imposing. We quote the following extract from Dr. Slade's pertinent and manly reply:

Your proposition does not come within the province of anything I might claim in regard to the manifestation of writing, that has repeatedly occurred in my presence. Therefore I have no warrant or authority for accepting it—for obvious reasons. You propose that I shall write a line across a slate, or on a pencil to write, without myself touching either slate or pencil.

All this is in the true spirit, and we wish that all mediums would be equally independent and sincere in their replies to those objectors who assume that the phenomena are in some way under the control of the mediums, and that the latter are responsible (as if they were so many jugglers) for the failures and inconsistencies that may occur.

In the last number of the Atlantic Monthly Mr. James Parton, in his laborious attempts to take down Alexander Hamilton from the pedestal where his contemporaries and posterity had placed him, is raking up Hamilton's old amours and parading them before the public for the benefit of the young ladies who read the Atlantic.

We have received a poster by mail announcing that Mr. George A. Bacon, of this city, is to deliver a free lecture in Eagle Hall, Milford, N. H., Wednesday evening, May 21st, concerning the efforts now being made to incorporate a religious test in the Constitution of the United States.

"Sleep sweetly in your humble graves, Sleep, many years of a fallen cause, Though yet no marble column craves The pilgrim here to gaze!"

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest By all their country's wishes blest!"

Henry Timrod was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1829, and died in 1867. The memoir of his life by Mr. Hayne, himself a man of genius and a poet, is admirable for its perfect simplicity, its unambitious truthfulness.

Timrod died at the very hour which, years before, he had predicted would be his death-hour. Thus he must have been at intervals clairvoyant. No better proof of his tender and beautiful nature can be given than in a reply he made to his sister shortly before his death.

The poems in this beautiful little volume, though remarkable rather for their lofty promise than their fulfillment, yet form such a contribution to American poetical literature as we cannot well afford to disregard.

An exquisite taste seems to have presided over all that Timrod has published. Had his opportunities been larger, his culture more complete, and the circumstances of his life more propitious, we believe there would not have been his superior among the American poets of our time.

The Order of Husbandry.

Something definite of the plan and purposes of the mysterious "Order of Husbandry" that has so suddenly become a power in the West has come to light. It is a secret, cooperative, industrial, beneficial and literary institution, with various rites borrowed from the secret societies.

The whole "secret" of the matter is this: that the grasping hand of consolidated railroad monopolies has reaped for so long a season in high freights the major portion of the pecuniary results of the crops of the Western prairies, that the poor farmers, alarmed at the impetuous condition which stares them in the face, have organized for self-protection, with a hope that the "middle men" who now stand between producer and consumer—making the compensation of the former a mere pittance, and demanding of the latter starvation prices in a time of plenty for the necessities of life—may be crushed out, or at least reduced in power.

The Annual Convention of the Massachusetts Spiritualists' Association, will be held in Fraternity Hall, 551 Washington Street, Boston, commencing on Saturday, May 31st, at 10 o'clock A. M., and continuing over Sunday.

The Spiritualists will hold their second Annual Grove Meeting on Saturday and Sunday, June 14th and 15th, 1873, at Richfield Centre, Mich.

The Northern Illinois Conference of Spiritualists will hold their First Annual Meeting in Metropolitan Hall, Rockford, the 13th, 14th and 15th of June, commencing Friday, at 2 1/2 P. M.

The Spiritualists of Rockford, Kent County, Mich., will hold their Quarterly Meeting on the 14th and 15th of June—Saturday and Sunday—commencing on Saturday at 1 o'clock P. M.

The Central New York Association of Spiritualists will hold a Quarterly Meeting in Evans's Hall, Portboro, Madison Co., on Saturday and Sunday, June 7th and 8th, commencing at 1 o'clock P. M.

The Seventh Annual Convention of the Indiana State Association of Spiritualists will be held at Dr. Pence's Hall, in the city of Terre Haute, Ind., commencing Friday, June 14th, 1873, at 10 1/2 o'clock A. M., and continue in session over Sunday.

The Michigan State Association of Spiritualists will hold their Semi-Annual Convention in the village of Charlotte, Eaton Co., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 13th, 14th and 15th days of June, 1873.

A Quarterly Convention of mediums, speakers and others, for Western New York, will be held in Canasraga Hall, Dansville, on Saturday and Sunday, June 7th and 8th, 1873, commencing on Saturday at 11 o'clock A. M., or as soon as the express train arrives from the North.

The Anniversary Meeting of the Friends of Progress and Free Thought will be held at the Free Church, in the village of Sturgis, Mich., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 13th, 14th and 15th days of June, 1873.

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association will be held in Boston, (Mass.) on May 29th and 30th—on the first day at Fraternity Hall, second, at Tremont Temple.

The Lenawee County Circle of Spiritualists will hold their next Quarterly Meeting in Bevo's Hall, Adrian, Mich., on Saturday and Sunday, May 24th and 25th, 1873.

Speaking of the separation of the Catholic school from the public schools in Cincinnati, a correspondent of the "Freeman's Journal" quotes from the Catholic Review of Feb. 15, 1873, as follows:

"Vigorous measures are in process to render the separation absolute. After next May no pupil will be allowed to approach the sacrament who has not previously attended the Catholic school for two years; nor will Catholic parents be allowed to approach the sacrament while sending any of their children to the public schools."

"When will the 'Church' in the United States feel itself strong enough to take another step forward in its position to put down education?"

"Beecher Cutting Loose." This is the title of the New York Sun's report of Mr. Beecher's last Sunday morning discourse in Plymouth Church. He had much to say about the meaning and the myths of the Bible, and on the whole dealt with his subject in a manner to approve itself to liberals.

Of our late partner, William White, may be seen at this office, which has been placed directly over the desk he usually occupied when in the mortal. The picture is life-size, and life-like in the extreme, the lineaments being worked up by the inspirational artist, Mr. Taylor Buzzell, 572 Sixth Street, South Boston, from a photograph, with striking fidelity.

Some very excellent people in New Jersey, it is announced, will attempt this summer to coerce the dwellers at Long Branch, Cape May, and other watering places of that State, into a negative sort of piety by shutting them off from their Sunday papers and Sunday mails.

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Judge—Gentlemen of the jury, you will acquit the prisoner on the ground of insanity, finding your verdict on that express ground.

Judge—You will find the prisoner "not guilty" on the ground of insanity.

Judge—No polling of this jury. The jury is discharged.

Mr. Bell—We have evidence to show that he is now sane.

Mr. Train—I wish to protest against this proceeding. I have been five months in jail, and have had no trial here. He then sat down, but in a few seconds again rose, saying, "Where am I to go? What am I to do?"

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