

lance by this power, but in every good practitioner that it gives it aid. The mysteries of disease are entirely beyond pathological description, and can be appreciated correctly only by the physician who has this power of intuitive perception.

Psychometry is an additional means of comparing the mind from materialism which is becoming prevalent in the sphere of physical science and in the profession of medicine. It demonstrates that the mind opens the mind to larger views and better investigations.

Psychometry opens an unbounded future of mental progress and an era of enlightenment, the brightness of which makes the civilization of the nineteenth century a reign of *hellish darkness*. The higher powers of the soul, emancipated in psychometry research and rising on unobstructed wings survey the boundless domain of human knowledge alike in the past and the remote future.

Spiritual Phenomena.

"The Devil" in Oakland, Cal.—The Waters Severely Troubled: Intense Public Excitement: The Press takes up the Tale: Revolvers versus Spirits: Ada Hoyt Foye: Peace Declared at Last: Science to the Rescue.

The quiet town of Oakland has of the multitudes reports which we have received, both through the columns of the San Francisco press, and by letter from correspondents, are correct—been favored with another plash of that shower of spirit phenomena which is yet far from having passed over, however firmly such view may be cherished by some minds. It would seem that that ubiquitous and much abused "personage," whom our readers will remember was credited with giving such a rough welcome to the late Elder Knapp when he visited California some years since on a revitalizing tour—the report of which, taken from the Elder's own lips at his Tremont Temple lecture in Boston against Spiritualism, we printed in full at the time—now and then selects the Pacific Slope as the fit scene of re-joining over the worthy Knapp's translation from a plane of theological darkness to one where his spiritual gaze will surely be opened to a grander view of life and its possibilities.

The latest evidence of the action of this invisible power—which is claimed by Spiritualists to be put forth upon a lower material plane of intelligence by disembodied spirits, simply as a mechanical means to attract the attention of the people to the fact of the existence of man's inner self after death, so called, and the capability of his attaining to higher results in that continuation of life, if he understandingly lives in this, in full preparation for the change of spheres—has just startled the Oakland (Cal.) people from their settled balance, and awakened a storm of excitement, which is widening in circles that cannot fall of reaching the furthest limits of the State. The facts, as compiled from the voluminous reports of the San Francisco and Oakland papers, are mainly as follows:

Late on Thursday evening, April 23d, the family of T. B. Clarke, of the U. S. Sub-Treasury, were startled beyond measure by remarkable sounds and sights of an incomprehensible and unexplainable nature. The family, who were not Spiritualists in any sense, and had given no attention to the subject of Spiritualism, but were, rather, prejudiced against it, were much astonished at the time, became finally alarmed on the two subsequent evenings; and at last felt called upon to, all their home and remove to another habitation. The San Francisco Chronicle thus describes the building wherein the occurrences took place, etc.:

"The house, which is a neat and plain one, though somewhat small, stands at the northwest corner of Castro and Sixteenth streets, Oakland. It is two stories high, with gable roof, and is painted white with bright green blinds."

In Mr. Clarke's family reside three gentlemen, whose names are George B. Bayley, book-keeper at the Bank of California; Edwin M. Arthur, with Wells, Fargo & Co.; and Charles Oxland, salesman with Dickson, DeWolf & Co. On Thursday evening the family sat up late. The three young gentlemen came in about eleven o'clock, and after chatting a moment in the parlor with Mrs. Clarke, retired to their rooms. Some time afterward Mrs. and Mr. Clarke locked up the house with the usual precaution against burglars, and, after seeing all secure for the night, retired to their room. About half-past twelve o'clock—the house up to that time having been as quiet as the grave—there came up all of a sudden, from the lower part of the house, a loud, loud wail of anguish, as of some one appealing in a heart-broken tone for mercy. This was followed at once by a tremendous clatter and loud voices, all of which, as it seemed to the affrighted listeners up stairs, came directly from the parlor and the adjoining room.

The family were aroused by the din, the ladies being severely frightened, and the nerves of the gentlemen being somewhat shaken. However, betaking themselves to their revolvers, three of them—Messrs. Bayley, Clarke and Arthur—descended the stairs to investigate:

"The hall below (says the Chronicle, 25th) was as dark as Erebus, though when once their eyes became accustomed to it a dim light from the floor above enabled the explorers to see indistinctly any dark object. The parlor door stood open, and inside was pitchy blackness. They could not see a thing inside the room. The noises continued, and became more appallingly mysterious. From the parlor they seemed to fit into the dining-room, and the dining-room into the parlor. The little tea-table, which always stood in the parlor, began to ring violently. All at once the floor seemed to be drumming on a huge silver salver, which was known to stand on the sideboard in the dining-room. Once in a while a note would

be struck on the piano, though it was known that all four or more before Mrs. Clarke with her own hands had closed and locked the instrument.

At a point half-way down the staircase and directly opposite the parlor door, Mr. Bayley uttered an exclamation of horror, and stopped. His companions saw from his ashy face and his fixed and horrified stare into the darkness of the parlor, that something appalling had caught his eye. They looked and followed the direction of his finger. Each man held his breath and clung to his revolver with a vice-like grip. Slowly there came out from the Stygian blackness of the parlor and stood in the doorway ready to receive them—a chair! The chair seemed to slide along the floor of its own volition, and take its stand in the open doorway, unaided by any visible thing. The three gentlemen stood and stared at it for a few seconds with horrified looks. Neither could move, and neither dared look the other in the face.

Presently Mr. Bayley cocked his revolver and moved slowly down the stairs, followed by the others with blanched cheeks. He kept his eye steadily on the chair in the doorway. The horrible chair seemed to keep its invisible eye upon them, for as they descended it followed them, and kept turning as they descended. As they approached the door finally, having reached the hall floor, the chair seemed to bow and beckon them forward. Once they faltered. They then bowed or nodded, and seemed to recede into the darkness as if to reassure them. In all this time there had not been the slightest abatement of the strange noises. From the parlor, the dining-room, the pantry, and even the kitchen, the terrible sounds came with a regularity and ceaselessness that was appalling.

After hesitating a moment the party lighted the hall chandelier, and then sprang into the parlor and fit up the one there located, which act revealed to them a singular spectacle:

"Not an article of furniture in the room but was even then moving. The chairs were marching around the room in pairs, the counterpane danced about, the ottoman rolled over and over, and the piano swayed, twisted and groined as in great tribulation. While Bayley was standing there the horrible chair in the doorway came rapidly toward him and springing up struck him in the face, bruising him slightly and frightening the victim nearly to death. When the gas was first lighted in the parlor there was an abatement of the noises, but gradually they gradually died away, so that it seemed as if the sounds came from a long distance. Those, however, in the dining-room continued without cessation until the men mustered up courage to strike a light there, when they too died away; but not so the physical manifestations. The chairs and tables

MOVED ABOUT LIKE ANIMATE THINGS. And appeared to take no notice whatever of the intruders. The eckery in the closet rattled and chinked, the furniture, as it walked across the floor, snapped and cracked, and the bells rang all over the house. Having discovered that nothing they could do would either explain or prevent the phenomena, the three explorers resolved to retreat and leave the field to the spirits. Leaving the gas on at full blaze, they first made a critical examination of the outer-fashions of the house. Not a bolt or a bar had been disturbed; all was as secure as when Mr. Clarke had locked the house up two hours before. He then and with nervous resolution the three mounted the stairs and resolved to concentrate their forces and sleep on their arms all night. The noises had now entirely subsided, and quiet again reigned in the house. The party huddled together in one room and exchanged confidences in hurried whispers of the strange scenes below. Quietly they sat there for an hour or more. The gas was burning brightly all over the house, and gradually their spirits rose.

THE NOISES BEGIN AGAIN. All at once the noise began again, indistinct at first, but getting louder and louder. The little party looked at each other with mute horror. Mr. Bayley finally said that he thought something might be done to get rid of the nuisance, and as they had been down once they might go again.

THE STRANGEST THING OF ALL. It was finally decided that Mr. Bayley and Mr. Arthur should go alone. They started as before, Bayley leading the way. To their inexpressible surprise, however, when they reached the top of the staircase they saw lying on the steps the large white door of the parlor. The door had been taken from its hinges and carried twenty feet, where it was laid flat on the steps.

Mr. Bayley and Mr. Arthur both quailed at this. They would not have come down those stairs, after that, for the whole Bank of California. Hastily they went back to the room where their companions were, and reported their last wonderful discovery. In a short time after the noises subsided, and only appeared again at intervals during the rest of the night. The little party sat up until long after daylight, when they mustered up sufficient courage to go downstairs. The outside bolts and bars, both on doors and windows, were perfectly secure. But inside, things were in confusion worse confounded. The furniture was all disarranged, and much of it was badly strained and damaged. The parlor-door still lay on the staircase. The gas was burning brightly, and the whole scene was like the morning after a ball.

THE EXCITEMENT IN OAKLAND. There was great excitement all the day following in Oakland over these remarkable manifestations. An effort was made on the part of the inmates of the house to keep the matter quiet, but such extraordinary things as this are bound to leak out, and this did so. From early morning until late at night, the house where these wonderful occurrences took place was an object of curiosity.

The above depicts in general terms what happened also on Friday and Saturday nights, though, of course, the parties residing in the house became somewhat more accustomed to the same. Still the loss of sleep and the continued strain of excitement told upon the family, and the public rash to obtain admittance was anything but pleasant to them. We quote one or two representative exhibitions of invisible power, from the Chronicle's subsequent reports:

"A VERY ANIMATE BLOWER. We [the family] picked up the things, straightened out matters generally, and were just about going back to the dining-room, when all of a sudden the blower, which had been up before the grate all the time, jumped down, and darted across the floor in a kind of a promenade. It stopped in the middle of the floor and lay there. [Mr. Clarke] laughed, and said it was a sharp draft of air that could do that, and put the blower up again. Instantly it jumped down again from the grate and went whirling to the middle of the floor. I picked it up, and this time I laid it on the hearth. Straightway it wriggled again on the carpet, where it seemed to insist upon lying. Then I got mad, and said, 'Well, all right; if you want to lay there, why, do it.' And there the blower laid."

THE HUMMING-TOP CHAIR. [Mr. Clarke] stood near the dining-room table. My wife was about five feet from me. Near the door where Bayley stood was a large upholstered easy chair, that must weigh at least forty pounds. It had stood there all through the performance, and had not as yet moved. Bayley was very tired and sleepy, and finally he said, 'Well, I'm going to bed, and I won't get up again if the whole side of the house tumbles in.' The words had scarcely left his lips when that big chair began to rise up slowly from the floor. Steadily it rose until it stopped in mid air, half way between the floor and the ceiling. Then it began to spin. Slowly it turned at first, but faster and faster it went, as it gained centrifugal force, until, in less than a minute, that chair was whirling round like a humming-top. It went so fast you could not see its shape. It simply hung there in the air and spun with the noise of a buzz-saw. Pretty soon

it stopped, and came down plump to the floor, and didn't move again. Bayley and I were experimenting to-day to see if we could make the chair go around even one-tenth as fast, but we couldn't."

Chairs are reported as having leaped from the floor as if instant with life, were hurled downstairs or over the banisters, as if in revenge, or trotted after the family like dogs; and baskets and hat-boxes took into themselves wings, as did also a trunk, under the following circumstances, as told by Mr. Clarke to the Chronicle reporter:

"MR. OXLAND'S FLYING TRUNK. And now I come to one of the most wonderful of all of last night's [Saturday, 25th] doings. It was about eleven o'clock. The ladies had all retired, hoping that the 'devils' would let up long enough to enable them to get some rest. Oxland's furniture was particularly animated, and sleep of course was out of the question. Finally he got mad, got up and came down stairs. Before doing so, however, he carefully closed his door. Bayley was in his room, with his door open. From his bed he could keep his eye on Oxland's door all the time. Oxland had not been down five minutes before a huge trunk that must have weighed nearly two hundred pounds came crashing down the stairs with a noise that startled the whole neighborhood. In its flight it struck the wall, making a great indentation—as you can see—knocked out one of the banister-rails, and fell."

A MASS OF SPLINTERS. At the foot of the stairs, this trunk was Oxland's. It stood in his room, and was filled with books, painter's materials, paints, bits of canvas, and all that you know Oxland is something of an artist. The trunk was heavy—more than one man could get up to carry.

Report E.—How did the trunk get out of Oxland's room? Mr. Clarke.—Ah! that is a conundrum! Bayley was lying in his bed all the time wide awake. He had his eye on Oxland's door, and he swears the door was never opened, and he did not see the trunk, nor think of it, till he, with the rest of us, heard it come crashing down the stairs. Now how it got out of the room is more than I can tell. I leave that, with all the rest of these terrible things, to the solution of wiser heads than mine.

Report F.—And the trunk, you say, was broken. Was anything else injured? Mr. C.—Nothing inside it was even scratched, but the trunk itself was broken to pieces."

On Saturday evening, aforesaid, after a most trying experience, which extended from their bed on the night of the 23d, the sounds and occurrences ceased. The finale was reached as follows:

"I said Mr. Clarke to the Chronicle Reporter—'I forgot to mention that all the early part of the evening there was a considerable crowd outside the gate, and, by the way, they all heard many of the demonstrations; but at the time I now speak of, every soul had gone away. As I said, we were all sitting there, smoking and talking, and the house was quiet. There had been no demonstration for more than half an hour. All at once a long, wild shriek—a woman's heart-rending wail—rang through the house like a bugle's tone. Every man of us started to our feet, our faces as white as chalk, and I know our limbs shook—at least mine did—like tottering reeds. I tell you, sir, I have heard women scream before now, but I never, in all my life, heard such a terrifying wail of anguish as this. The sound seemed to come directly from the hall at the foot of the stairs."

"Oh my God! that wild, horri-fying shriek will linger in my ears as long as I live! After the first shock was over we rushed for the door. I heard a noise up stairs and hastened up. Every body, of course, heard it, and came rushing out. My daughter was nearly in hysterics. 'Oh father! she said, 'that horrible, horrible scream! For God's sake, what was it?' Oh father! I saw her face—that woman's face—and I heard that horrible scream! She seemed to be out there in the hall, and oh! such an agonized face as it was! Her mouth was wide open, and her great eyes stared at me, and the terrible sound seemed to come clear from her lungs. Oh father! take me from this!"

I quieted her as much as I could, but I made up my mind that that house would not hold me for many hours longer. By this time I tell you we were badly frightened. After that horrible scream of agony there was not another sound in the house, though of course after that there was no sleep for anybody. That scream completely unnerved us all. My wife and daughter are even now sick—indeed, the younger one has gone away from the house, and nothing in the world would induce her to come back."

The science held for inquiry concerning the phenomena, on the evening of Sunday, (26th), can be best described in the language of the Chronicle:

"By half-past seven o'clock the crowd had increased to hundreds. The moon shone brightly, and it being a delightful night, the eager throng stood around in knots discussing and speculating upon the wonderful phenomena. Little children, and even children of an elder generation, stood by and gazed upon the house with awestricken countenances, and whispered hurried remarks. At eight o'clock, or a little after, Mr. Sherman (U. S. Assistant Treasurer) arrived, and

WAITING FOR THE GHOSTS. began in earnest. There were present Dr. and Mrs. Moore, Mr. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, Mr. Oxland, Mr. Bayley and the Chronicle reporter. Mr. Clarke's daughter and the sick lady had been removed from the house. On account of the removal of the latter, it was thought that perhaps the manifestations would not come. However, the party waited patiently. At half-past nine o'clock Mrs. Ada L. Hoyt Foye,

A CELEBRATED RAPPING MEDIUM. Of San Francisco, who at the earnest solicitation of several persons had been invited to be present, arrived and took a seat with the company. Mrs. Foye says she can account for all the noises and physical manifestations; but the horrible scream that filled the house last night is rather puzzling. At ten o'clock the crowd grew to such proportions outside the house that Mr. Clarke was obliged to send for two policemen to preserve order.

The party sat till half-past twelve, when, no manifestations occurring, the circle dissolved. The reporter closes by saying:

"Mrs. Foye is firmly impressed with the conviction that the influences which brought these wonderful things departed to-day in the persons of Mr. Clarke's daughter and the sick lady. She thinks that the manifestations have been made for an especial purpose; that the object is accomplished in the removal of the invalid, and now the trouble is over. This view of the case is generally accepted by those who lean toward Spiritualism. The inmates of the house are delighted at the cessation, and are satisfied with that, without inquiring into the cause."

During the continuance of the manifestations, and after the closing Sunday seance, the premises were thoroughly examined—both as to the house and the space underneath it—by responsible parties, including Mr. Sherman above mentioned, the Chronicle reporter, the editor of the Catholic Guardian, and others, "but not a sign of anything could be found which would indicate that the noises came from any natural source." The press, local and San Francisco—especially the Chronicle of that city—has in general given fair and honest reports of the occurrences, but it was reserved for the Daily Evening Post (of San Francisco) to give to the world an example of that spirit which had rather endeavor to believe a thing impossible to reason, than admit for an instant that anything actively exists of a spiritual nature in these

modern days. To its astute perception "a crowbar, or sledge-hammer, or a heavy club balanced on a pivot, and a few feet of cord tied to one end, would easily account for them" [the noises]—which is verily "catching at a straw," or rather crowbar—while "anybody" could have accomplished the remarkable furniture tilting up-stairs with a cane, and that portion of the down-stairs phenomena which could not be accounted for on the ground of exaggeration or diseased imagination, might be ascribed to willful fraud—its sarcastic remarks concerning "Mr. Bayley's coolness" going strongly to indicate its idea of the location of information which might be given. A combined yell of a crowd of "gamins" outside, who were judgment at their not being able to see anything, was to the mind of the "Post" aforesaid, the source of the "scream" which "Mr. Clarke's household heard," which hypothesis was indignantly denied by Major George H. Vermon, in a letter to the editor of the San José Mercury, as follows:

"The attempt of some of the San Francisco papers to explain away the wild scream, which was heard some two hours after the hoodlums had left for their homes (and who had been yelling about during the evening while attempting to gain admission), is preposterous. No boy or ventriloquist living could have so imitated the voice of a living child. This is also the opinion of the two gentlemen who were with me. The shriek was given near where I was sitting (in the dining-room). The hall was lighted, and no one could have either entered or left it without my seeing it."

The Oakland Transcript of April 28th says of the case that the reports were not exaggerated: "That the furniture, trunks, boxes and house utensils have been performing wonderful antics, there is no more doubt than there is of our own existence. The commotion has been absolutely fearful, and witnessed by scores of our citizens, among whom were ministers, lawyers, doctors and professors."

We are at a loss to know what to believe or what to think. It is something the reason for we do not grasp; we acknowledge ourselves aloft upon the sea of a mysterious uncertainty."

And the Oakland News of the same date says: "The character and standing of the men who have witnessed the phenomena is a guarantee that the published account is substantially correct. This is asserted by them. All that has occurred might be accounted for as the result of some human agency, but such an explanation is to the last degree improbable."

Theology has come to the rescue in the persons of two Michigan Elders, Cornell and Conright, of the Adventist Church, who state that they "have discovered that these and all similar phenomena are the work of the devil!" although the Oaklanders do not give that ready ear to their assertions which they desire; odic force, electricity, etc., etc., have been dragged into service, as usual, and now science is engaged in probing the matter, as will be seen by the following Chronicle paragraph of a late date:

Professor Joseph LeConte, of the University, W. W. Crane, of the law firm of Crane & Boyd, of this city, and the Rev. Mr. McLean, of Oakland, have constituted themselves a Ghostly Commission to investigate the causes of the recent remarkable manifestations at the residence of Mr. Clarke. The Commission has been organized at the earnest solicitation of certain friends of all the parties concerned, and has been brought about by the instructions made in the public press, and by others, that the disturbances were the result of a boldly conceived plot by some sensation-loving member of Mr. Clarke's household. The Commission are in daily or nightly session. They proceed by examining closely every person who saw anything whatever of the freaks of the furniture. The testimony is taken down in shorthand, and it is now the intention to publish the entire thing, together with whatever conclusions may be arrived at by the learned men, in book form. A number of witnesses have already been examined, but the sessions of the Commissioners are held in strict privacy. Members of the press are particularly excluded, for the reason, as they say, that the members of the Board do not want a sensation made of their proceedings.

We shall give any points of interest concerning this remarkable case which may hereafter arise:

(From the Nursery for May.) THE FIRST TOOTH.

I can feel it, ma! 'Pon my word it's truth; Yes! it is here, papa! Baby's got a tooth! Here it is, in front. Just a speck of white: Feel it, Fred, it's here; Mind it does not bite! That made baby fret; Are n't you glad it's come? I can see it now, Peeping through the gum, Like a small seed pearl. Set in coral red; Just stoop down and look: Do n't you see it, Fred? Oh! how good he'll be Now that tooth's come through! See how bright his eyes, Checks like roses, too. You'll be better now, Little Harold, love; Yes, you'll oo coo again Like a pretty dove. Oh! I hope, mamma, That he'll soon have more; For to eat, you know, He needs three or four. Baby, when you get Teeth enough to chew, We will have a feast Got up all for you. —[George Bennett.]

Minnesota Missionary Work. Onward, ever onward on the wings of love, the soul is winging its way along toward the ever-green hills of life. One after another is dropping out by the way; change is written upon everything. Death, the welcome messenger to the genuine Spiritualist, and dreaded monster to the Christian churchman, is ever on our path, gathering to its fold the loved ones of earth. Since visiting this section of Minnesota before, three brother workers have been gathered home—Bro. John Canfield, of Paulsen, Watasha Co., and Bros. Thompson and Haskins, of Granger, Thompson and Canfield went joyously over, saying to all, brother and Christian, 'We are prepared to go,' thus promising to the world that Spiritualism was not only good enough to live by, but to die by also.

Since my last report for March, I have lectured in the following named places: St. Charles, Chatfield, Troy, Utes, Winona, Itaska, Rushford, Etta and Granger. I have given twenty-three lectures; have added eighteen new members to the Association; received in collections and yearly dues, \$5,722; expenses were \$6,55.

At Rushford, the Methodist preacher gave a discourse against Spiritualism, the night before I was to commence my lectures. The Spiritualists all felt jubilant over the matter, for they thought he would come and discuss the question; but when he thought to mortal combat, he sneaked behind at Timothy's stable door, from thence to search for us. That was the last we heard of him during our stay there. If you ever see a Methodist preacher by the name of Wright, he may be the same fellow who will talk about us behind the pulpit, and dare not face the music in debate. With all of the ups and downs, and the big loads that have been thrown upon the cause, Spiritualism in Minnesota never prospered better than to-day. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the world that Spiritualism is not only good for their shoulders, and stand before the world what they are in—always—Spiritualists. Orthodoxy dare not meet us publicly, but like the highwayman in a dimly-ambush, it watches for prey. Let the Spiritualists of Minnesota get fully aroused, (and in America, for that matter,) and all doubtful questions will be readily settled. I am as ever, in the work, submitting the above most respectfully, J. L. POTTER. Address Northfield, Rice Co., Minnesota.

ITEMS OF TRAVEL.

BY WARREN CHASE.

As we approached St. Louis, from Ottumwa, on the North Missouri Railroad, April 27th, when within seventy miles of the city, we met the early peach blossoms slowly opening to the north, with good promise of fruit; and a few days later the children in and near the city crowned their May Queen with lilies and apple blossoms. All about this section the fruit trees are loaded with promise of abundance, and the season, though late, is favorable to crops of all kinds. The winter wheat looks well, and the spring grain is coming up slowly and cautiously, as if fearful of frost.

In St. Louis our cause is not very vigorous, but the fragments of former efforts at organic action are as plenty as ever, acting with a vast amount of individual sovereignty. The Society of Spiritual Investigators has disbanded, and a new movement more liberal has been started for organic effort, whether with better success remains to be seen. A society that needs rules and by-laws to fence out errors, will always fence out the truth, as the churches do; and such restrictions make us so much like them that we must share a common fate.

The old Free Religious Society which was formed at the head of our two years' course of free lectures in the city, is still alive, and holding meetings quite regularly, but seems to lack the means or enterprise to employ the foreign talent necessary to success. We met many good friends during our short business visit of three days.

The monster old-iron bridge, which is to be across the river, is slowly dragging along to future completion. It could and should have been done three years ago, but may possibly be completed with the approaches by 1875 if the salaried agents get rich enough by that time. The cost is beyond any estimate we can get; but the poor travelers and teamsters will have to pay toll enough to keep the interest paid in Europe, and in gold, and pay officers and stockholders beside, and that will exceed ferryage at present rates; but where the profit comes in is to money-lenders and shareholders; the poor will do the work but have no interest in it.

On a beautiful moonlight evening we floated down the river to the delightful home of Brother Joseph Beare at Chester, and stopped to rest and lecture in his hall, which we helped him dedicate to man and the spirits over one year ago, and which has been successfully used since by both. We reached in time to be at the May-party dance, and on Sunday, May 3d, but few persons collected to hear us lecture, but among them was a "dipped candle of the Lord," in the person of an aged Baptist preacher, who at the close bore his testimony to the truth of Christianity "for Christ's sake," and left us with good opportunity to compare the Greeks—to whom he said Christ's preaching was foolishness—with the Jews and early Christians, and to show why it was foolishness, as it is to many intelligent persons now.

In the evening it rained and was very dark, and the audience small, with no preacher in it, but some excellent mediums, through whom a good work is being done in and around Chester, especially through Brother J. R. Rees and our esteemed brother and sister Beare, who have not only furnished the citizens a good hall and frequent lectures, but whose hearts and beautiful home have for years been devoted to Spiritualism with the same conscientious sacredness that was manifest in the early and honest founders of Methodism, Universalism, Quakerism, and some other long-persecuted sects. They are receiving their reward as they go along in the daily intercourse and blessed messages of their dear friends in the Summer-Land, and none can better appreciate them than Joseph and Mary Beare, as many of our laborers can testify who have sojourned at their delightful home on the cliffy hill-side, which overlooks the broad Mississippi and the wide expanse of rich bottom-land on the Missouri side.

BREAKING NEW GROUND.—We have not done much of this work for the last ten years, being mostly engaged on the fallow or weedy soil of spiritual-localities; but Madison Co., Iowa—one of the best agricultural counties in the State—gave us a pressing call to its capital, Winterset, a beautiful little city of twenty-five hundred inhabitants, and claiming the best court house in the State, which was readily granted for a course of eight lectures, which were very largely attended by the most intelligent citizens of the vicinity. By request we gave one lecture on the political situation, one on the social question and marriage, one on the origin, history and character of the gods, one on the panorama of the Bible, and the others on Spiritualism. All were largely attended, especially the one on the social question, which seemed to disabuse many minds on that agitating subject.

With one slight exception, the six clergymen of the place in their elegant little castles of the Lord have, up to this time, succeeded in keeping public speakers on Spiritualism out of the place by the alarming exposure of its hideous and frightful doctrines and effects; but the contagion has at last broke out in their beautiful little city, and there is no telling where it will stop, for we left it spreading through several good mediums now stationed there, and expect by fall a large increase of converts. Several old friends whom we had known long ago in the East greeted us most cordially, and seemed to have well prepared the place to receive us.

Winterset is at present the terminus of a railroad intersecting the Rock Island road at Des Moines, but intended to extend South to intersect other roads, and is situated in a rich farming country, well settled by an intelligent, industrious and temperate population, mostly American born.

MIND AND MATTER.—A famous Paris physician once was turning over idly a book of sketches we had at our rooms, while waiting for his patient, and paused some moments before the head, for it was only the head, of Thomas, the author of "Clinton Bradshaw." "That man," said he, at last, "was lame through life." We asked him how he arrived at such a conclusion. "One shoulder is higher than the other," he answered, "and there is an expression of pain, a querulous one at that, which comes of continuous physical irritation. Once seen it can never be mistaken."

We have gone a step further since then, and find a moral deficiency, a lameness, as it were, working out the same results in the human face. The man or woman who has successfully carried the stolen fox will find, in the end, the fact written upon his or her face. These lines, crossing the lines of age, break up and destroy the sweetness and repose of a noble face.—Don Platt.

When is a man like a tea-kettle just on the boil? When he's going to sing.

Banner Correspondence.

Illinois.

WATSEKA, IROQUOIS CO.—A. B. Ruff, Esq., in remitting for the Banner, writes thus: "What a change! Seven years ago, when under the cloud of Old Orthodox Theology, a lady left some Banners of Light at our home, and asked us if we would not read them. We promised her to examine them, and hid them out of sight, lest some of our friends might see them. We were really ashamed to have such publications in our house, or have it known that we would think of such a thing as looking into one of them; however, we (my wife and myself) began to read a little, and ere long became interested in them, and after reading and re-reading them, we sent on for the Banner for ourselves, but for a long time kept it hid, feeling there might be something wrong about it; but ere many months we began to leave it in sight, and next we began to call attention to select articles and have our friends read, and it was but a few months when we found ourselves in the full enjoyment of the blessed doctrines of Spiritualism; and since then have spread broadcast our Banners, and persuaded others to participate in the glorious enjoyments resulting from the reading thereof; and we have publicly and privately, in all places and under all circumstances, advocated the spiritual cause, and found and enjoyed more comfort and heartfelt religion than in all our lives before, although we had been good Methodists, and had all the food they could give us for fifteen years, which was mere husks compared with the spiritual food we have had since we became Spiritualists.

ROCKFORD.—Fred. H. Barnard writes, May 23, as follows: Mrs. A. C. Smith, of Aurora, Ill., has during the past month been holding circles and singing sittings for the Rockford people, and it is in behalf of this good medium and fine lady that I write this for publication in the Banner. A number of my friends, besides myself, have been very much instructed and entertained during her visit here. I would recommend her to all who wish to investigate our beautiful philosophy. At three different times (public and private) she gave me most excellent tests, describing accurately each time not only traits of my own, but friends of mine, both living and dead. The tests that I received from my mother and others through Mrs. Smith no amount of money could buy. Others received tests perfectly true and accurate. To any of the liberals in the West we would most heartily recommend Mrs. Smith as a lady of refinement and taste, and as a clairvoyant, healing and test medium second to none. Our people are getting quite awake on the subject of liberalism and other topics that tend toward less slavery of any kind.

Michigan.

BAY CITY.—Susie M. Johnson writes, May 7th: Since February 1st, I have been in Bay City, I lectured for the Society of Spiritualists during February and March. The audiences were not large, but were earnest and appreciative. April 20th, I lectured to us. His lectures were replete with fresh vigorous thought, based upon the solid foundation of fact, and emphasized and electrified by the fervor of his peculiarly impassioned nature. His audiences were good, and without exception, so far as I know of, felt themselves benefited and instructed. For the present the Society have no further engagements with lecturers. The "panic" has had its effect here as in all other places, and perhaps together with the fact that the winter has been very unfavorable to the lumbering interests, which is the chief business of this region, money has been more difficult to procure here than in some other localities. However, the people of the Saginaw Valley, with a generous sprinkling of old New England stock among them, are full of hope and vim, and will come out bright and shining, give them a little time.

Last Sunday, May 3d, there was organized here a "Liberal Association" upon F. E. Abbott's plan as published in the Index. There is here, as in all communities, a class of liberals outside of Spiritualism, who are thinkers and progressive, but who are not committed to a belief in the power of spirits to communicate with the living, and hence will not affiliate with them as a Society. The Liberal Association, it is hoped, will meet their wants, and thus enlist their sympathies and practical cooperation. Judge S. M. Green, widely known and universally respected and honored, both in his private and official capacity, is the President of the "Association." The other officers are about equally divided among Spiritualists and non-Spiritualists—Mr. J. M. Allen, Vice President; Miss Susie M. Johnson, Secretary; Mrs. George Blackman, Treasurer; Executive Committee, Mr. A. Corbin, Mr. C. F. Johnson, Geo. Hawksworth, Mrs. M. S. Knaggs, Mrs. Julia Webster.

For myself, I am, for the present, located here. The schisms and revulsions among spiritual societies throughout the country, having resulted in many instances in destruction of the Society, there has been very little call for lecturers this winter, and I, among many others, have had to look to some other means for the supply of physical necessities. I propose to study phonography, with the hope that I may attain sufficient proficiency in the art to eventually make it a means of subsistence. I do not intend to abandon the lecture-field. I shall be glad to respond to any call that may come, providing it is within reasonable distance of my present place of residence. This summer I mean to make my study of primary importance, but should be glad to lecture in adjacent localities, attend funerals, &c.

WAYLAND.—S. A. D. writes, April 28th, speaking in high terms concerning three lectures delivered in that place Sunday, April 26th, by Dr. I. D. Seely, of LaPorte, Ind., which discourses had, for their respective subjects, "The Philosophy of the Soul," "The Spiritualism of the Bible," and "The Religion of the Past and Present." A public circle was held Monday night following; the result of which was satisfactory to all present.

Vermont.

BARTON LANDING.—Mrs. C. D. Gallup writes, April 27th, as follows: Long may the dear Banner float on freedom's breeze, unfurling fold after fold to the sunlight of truth. May its standard ever be firmly planted on the everlasting principles of justice and equality, around which humanity shall gather in one vast brotherhood, strengthened and purified by the ministry of angels. Ever perusing with interest your local items, I thought it might not be uninteresting to your readers to hear something of the status of Spiritualism at Barton Landing. A few earnest souls have accepted the beautiful "Spiritual Philosophy"; a few more are interested in the phenomena, while the crystallized Spiritualism of the past, over which has gathered the mould of the centuries, has been represented by the Church Militant "of today, hark! anathemas upon the inspiration of the present, heaping opprobrious epithets upon the instruments of the angels, and the careless through plot on their way, regardless of either. Petty jealousies among ourselves lend their aid in prolonging our journey to spiritual heights, until it almost seems that the fate of the Israelites has fallen upon us, and their forty years' pilgrimage is to be repeated; yet we do not shrink from the mountain summit, our feet may falter as we climb, our aspirations never. Elijah's mantle, from beneath whose folds Elisha beheld the spirit-form of his beloved teacher, in chariot of fire, pass on to the higher life, has fallen on a goodly number in our ranks, through whom we gather words of wisdom from dwellers in the "Summer-Land"; and now and then a speaker from abroad awakes the echoes in our School House Hall. Through the month of March Mrs. M. C. Rundlett, of South Royalton, one of the pure and noble women of our own State, who is devoting her life to the work of the angels, fed the hungry few who gathered to receive their teachings. Mrs. R. is one of our best inspirational speakers, earnest, eloquent and instructive. By invitation of friends, she

came here first some three years since, with us five months, speaking in the local adjoining towns, giving excellent satisfaction. Through our intimate acquaintance with her, from that time to the present, we have come to know her own nobleness of purpose in her labor for the elevation of humanity, and her consecration to the work of the angels, as well as the practical value of the teachings given through her organism. Through the month of April Mrs. R. has been speaking in Lewiston, Me. Should we not, as Spiritualists, see to it that our best speakers are kept busy in our own State?

Missouri.

HANNIBAL.—J. R. Chesley writes, April 23, as follows: Though nothing very encouraging can be said of Spiritualism here at the present time, yet enough is being done to show that it is gradually gaining ground and making permanent impressions on the public mind. A series of Sunday evening meetings and weekly dances were commenced by the Spiritualists the first of January, which have been attended with interest. At the Sunday evening meetings the reading of essays and lectures speaking with occasional a lecture from Mr. Jenkins—who, in consequence of living some distance in the country, has been unable to attend regularly—has been the general order. Our Thursday evening dances have been kept up with unabating interest and success under the superintendence of Mr. J. E. Wiggin, of the M. & T. Railroad.

The Woman's Crusade has been carried on here this winter with good results. It will also help advance the Woman's Suffrage movement. The Rev. Mr. Hammond, the Orthodox revivalist, has been sorely afflicting the people here for the last two weeks, by his admonishing threats against the highest and most noble work of God—man. Mr. Hammond has with him a reformed gambler, a reformed prize-fighter, and several other converts, whose business it is to relate their experiences at every meeting. Mr. Hammond possesses no power as an orator or a logical reasoner, his main strength being in drawing hideous pictures of hell, and portraying by words and gestures, the tortures that must be endured by all who are not Christians, even little children—of whom Jesus says, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven"—and thereby creating mental agitation that is injurious to body and mind. He says "all are thieves and liars who are not Christians."

Iowa.

MOINGONA.—Addison Caswell writes, May 13th: During the past week the Spiritualists and liberal minded of this place have been the recipients of a very rich treat in the shape of four lectures delivered by Capt. H. H. Brown. It is conceded by all who heard him that the cause of truth has in him a champion well calculated to elucidate and promulgate its principles. His clearness of perception, the logical structure of his arguments and his power of delivery prove him an able advocate of principles purely scientific in character, and which form the grand platform of the "true religion."

Many liberal-minded persons who are untrammelled by the terror-stamped dogmas of the Orthodox church, heard him, all of whom expressed general satisfaction with his able efforts in the cause of truth. Many think that in hearing Mr. Brown, they have been the recipients of the richest intellectual treat ever offered in Moingona. The sentiment is fast gaining ground, especially where intelligence predominates untrammelled by superstition or the crude teachings of theology that Spiritualism is a reality, and that its teachings scientifically are sustained by facts as unrefutable as the existence of the general properties of matter. As those grand scientific principles relating to the philosophy of the material world had a terrible struggle with theology in the dark days of the past, so to-day we find the still grander principles relating to the philosophy of the spirit assailed on every side by the same old enemy. But grand has been the triumph of the philosophy of the material, but still grander will be the triumph of the spiritual. The good words of truth that have been spoken by Mr. Brown in this vicinity, will inevitably be productive of the most salutary results. Many minds of intelligence have been recipients of the same, and the fruits of his labors here I anticipate will be of the most gratifying character.

California.

NORTONVILLE AND SOMERSVILLE.—John Bethell writes: A physical medium, named Robert Hughes, came into this district about nine weeks ago, in search of employment as a working ulmer. This brave soul and lover of truth did not long conceal his light under a bushel, but rather opened his eyes to the Spiritualist and a medium. A number of us felt that we would like to put his powers to the test, more from a spirit of curiosity than any belief in the spiritual phenomena. We requested Mr. Hughes to hold a circle, to which he readily consented, upon the condition that we would conduct ourselves orderly and admit the truth if we found it. The circle was held, and not one amongst us could deny the fact of the presence of an invisible power, which gave us answers to questions only known to ourselves and our departed relatives. The mental questions we asked were answered correctly, which puzzled us more than ever, and were very convincing. I hardly need add that Mr. Hughes has about as much as he can attend to in holding sances at private residences, for the love of the work, without money and without price. On the evening of Good Friday Mr. Hughes delivered a lecture in the Temperance Hall, in Somersville, to a full house of earnest and attentive listeners.

Arkansas.

JONESBORO.—J. A. Meek, M. D., writes: Ed. Banner—I write to ask, can you not induce some good test medium to visit the canebrakes of Arkansas? I am contending with the various elements of opposition to the Protestant churches. I have just closed a discussion at this place with Rev. John Semmons, which lasted two days. He is a minister of the Campbellite Church. I am, or was, a member of the Christian Church. They made an effort to excommunicate me for heresy, but as yet have failed to secure a concert of action upon the part of the church of which I am a member. Can you send us a good test medium? The people of this section of the State have not had an opportunity of witnessing any of the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. They ask for a demonstration. I have a good test medium to visit us, and we will sweep Crawley's Ridge. The preachers are doing all they can to keep the people from hearing me, but still I have unprecedented crowds who listen eagerly to my lectures. If I could only demonstrate with a physical medium the truths I teach, I could thoroughly convince many of the people of the glorious truths of Spiritualism. Will some medium address me with a view of effecting arrangements to visit this section of the State during the ensuing summer?

Maine.

CALAIS.—D. Gordon writes: This part of the country is a hard place for Spiritualism. I lend out the Banner, and it is gaining readers, but mostly among the poorer class. There are some six fine mediums about here doing good in healing the sick, &c. I hope to see some active speakers here sometime; will entertain them.

North Carolina.

WILMINGTON.—B. A. Hallitt writes: I noticed in the last Banner that R. McRae, Fayetteville, N. C., was asking for a good test medium to visit that place. I wish to second his request for one to visit this part of the State. I think it would be difficult to find a section where more good could be done to the cause, or a larger reward reaped by a reliable medium, than this part of the State. Geo. A. Redman visited this place before the war, and in one week he gave sittings to some three or four hundred people at one dollar each. We need a test medium who can give messages from departed friends, either by writing, rapping or trance. If one who could be endorsed by you would visit us he or she would find true and firm

friends to sustain them. The healthfulness of this section until August, is all that could be desired. Will you not help us to find one who is willing to visit this part of the "vineyard"? They can correspond with Col. John McRae or myself, at this place.

New York.

LOCKPORT.—E. Gregory writes, May 2d: We have just closed our quarterly meeting at this place. There was a good representation from different parts of this State, and some from other States. From what we saw and heard it is fair to conclude that Spiritualism is not dead in Lockport yet. The next quarterly meeting of speakers and mediums will be held at Randolph, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.

A Counterpart to the Plymouth "Miracle."

I can give you, dear Banner, the counterpart of the miracle in Plymouth, N. H., as related by Mr. Greenleaf, preacher at the Bethel Church on Fort Hill, in Boston, 1830. He was from a southern town in the State of Maine (I cannot now name it), and the story ran thus: A pious, good woman was suffering with a cancer in her breast, which had committed great ravages, and medical skill had availed nothing. A physician of note from a distant town was applied to for counsel, and he said that could be done for the patient was to make her passage to the tomb as early as possible. As she lay in the night, ruminating on her condition, she thought Jesus Christ was just as able now to heal her as he was when, with clay, he "anointed the eyes of the blind man," and bade him "wash in the pool of Siloam," and he "came seeing." She aroused her husband, and requested him to go to a neighboring clay-bank and bring her some clay. She applied it to her breast, and from that hour it began to heal, and she was restored to perfect health. That same physician, afterwards passing through the place, inquired how long the woman with the cancer lived. On being told of her restoration, he exclaimed, "It was her faith that saved her!" She died some twelve years afterwards, at a good old age, and Mr. Greenleaf performed the funeral services. Many others sent for clay from the same bank, but none were healed. J. A. WILLIARD, 327 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

E. V. Wilson as a Test Medium.

DEAR BANNER—I wish to say a word concerning the good work of that most untiring laborer in the ranks of Spiritualism, E. V. Wilson. He has been giving some of his sances in this city at West's Opera Hall, before the First Society of Spiritualists, to crowded houses, giving the greatest satisfaction by his wonderful tests of spirit presence. Here is one as a sample of the lot: To a gentleman who was a skeptic, and had never before attended a spiritual meeting, he said: "There have been several important periods in your past life," and named the dates and character of the changes in his life; then gave names of aunt and grandmother, with personal descriptions, in all including some twenty test points. The gentleman, in astonishment, said, "I give it up." He was a total stranger to Wilson, and had always scouted the idea of spiritual communication as ridiculous and impossible. When he said, "I give it up," Wilson replied, "Thank God, another soul saved." And thus he went through the whole evening, giving in all more than a hundred test points. Wilson has probably made more Spiritualists than any other speaker in the country, and is still at it. Yours truly, SAMUEL MAXWELL, M. D., 409 West Randolph street, Chicago, Ill.

To Spiritualists—The Duty of the Hour.

Never since, at Hydenville, the tiny spirit-traps first-entitled the doubting ear of listening mortals, has anything taken place which seemed to call Spiritualists everywhere to the performance of a duty like that which is now appealing, not to their charity, but to their sense of justice.

Reference is had to the case of Mr. Colchester and Mr. Lester Day. The former was looked upon as an honest, reliable, and, without wonder, medium. In the performance of the duties pertaining to his heaven-called mission, he was called before a (so named) court of Justice. Blind, persecuting bigotry, and not justice, ruled the hour, and Mr. Colchester was called upon to pay a fine. He found himself unable to pay what the law said he must pay or go to prison, unless some friend or friends would aid him. Mr. Day did so, though then only an investigator of the claims of Spiritualism—not a believer. He did this with the assurance given by those who were believers, or claimed to be, that he should be made whole. With a few honorable exceptions, those who pledged themselves to assume what Mr. Day had so confidently, so manfully taken upon himself, have left Mr. Day alone—most severely so—until want and sickness have forced him to appeal to those for the defence of whose cause he had done so much, not, as he says, for charity, but for justice. Certainly this is a case of simple charity. She extends to us her hand every day almost, and, in response to her pleadings, men and women are impelled to the performance of deeds which give the lie direct to the doctrine of man's innate total depravity. Instance the time when the debarring flames laid the fair young metropolis of the West in ashes; and Boston, also; and now those who are made paupers by the floods of the Mississippi are not allowed to appeal in vain for aid and assistance. Those who were bound by obligations which should hold man, falling to repay Mr. Day, who follows? Surely then, Spiritualists everywhere should feel it a sacred duty to assist in making up the sum which will remunerate Mr. Day fully for his worthy act in their behalf; for, as has been truly said, it was not simply and merely Mr. Colchester who was on trial, but the faith we love and cherish was to be degraded as well.

Brothers of the Spiritualist faith, pardon a little plain talk—personal talk, if you choose so to view it. You should esteem it a privilege, and not feel it to be a tax, to be among those who are so ready to assist in matters with Mr. Day. It is to be feared there may be some among you who will excuse themselves from contributing any sum, however small, on the ground of poverty. Before making this plea, scrutinize your personal habits closely, and see if you are not in the practice of spending weekly, if not daily, many times as much as would be asked of you for this object, for things which only harm you—as vile tobacco and poisonous "fire water"—and the like; things which only cause you—not only kill your bodies, but do the lustre of your immortal souls. If the doctrine which teaches that all good and worthy deeds are sure of their reward is not a mass of "glittering generalities," as Rufus Choate said of the Declaration of Independence, then will you find that, by doing as you are now asked, you are only performing an act which will bring its own reward—will not only alleviate the wants of a worthy brother, but add a jewel to the crown which awaits you hereafter. Neglect to do this, and you will plant a thorn therein which shall prick you to a consciousness of a duty unperformed. D. T. AYERLICK.

P. S.—To advance the object in view, whoever or where it may be spiritual meetings or convocations, let some brother or sister who feels an interest in sustaining the reputation, as far as may be, of those laboring in our ranks, lay the matter before those in attendance, and respectfully ask contributions, and thus save the great and growing body of Spiritualists from just and merited reproach. Northfield, Vt., May 10th, 1874.

"Could he, they get any help but a humpbacked man to play 'Richard III.'," asked an old lady who had been to see Booth play the part.

Free Thought.

BLASPHEMY—THE QUESTION.

BY THOMAS M. HAZARD.

Mr. Spooner having changed his former opinion to the one above, rather captiously demands, in the Banner of 25th ult., a change in mine, which he suggests should have been, "Sinning against returning spirits." It strikes me that this would be like putting the cart before the horse, or substituting the argument for the question. But let that pass.

If Mr. S. will attentively read my first article in the Banner of March 21st, under the caption he finds fault with, I think he will discover that I nowhere dogmatically assert that my own views are correct, but simply narrate what I have learned from "returning spirits" on the subject, closing with the remark that from "These and other similar experiences, I have come to believe that it is a fearful thing to abuse and deride a returning spirit, and thus sin against the Ghost of a departed human being, be it Holy or otherwise."

"Think so still," and still strongly incline to think that if Jesus of Nazareth ever used the words ascribed to him, his intention was to convey a severe reproof to the Pharisees of the day who were addicted to the reviling of the spirit influx (just as a similar class do in our day) that attended so generally his own and his disciples' preaching, and that this influx did not proceed from any one especial spiritual being, but from multitudes of different "ghosts" of the departed.

Nothing is more likely than that, in an ignorant age, when the art of printing was unknown and writing known to but few, annotators or translators should have added the prefix "Holy" to an elevated class of Spirits or "Ghosts," just as they have to the "Holy Bible," "Holy Gospel," "Holy Church," and soon to the end of the chapter.

In the "Holy Gospel" according to St. Matthew, as published under sanction of the "Holy Roman Catholic Church," in the Douay version of the "Holy Bible," the words of Jesus are translated so as to include both "Spirit" and "Ghost." "Every sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven them, but the blasphemy of the spirit shall not be forgiven." King James's version of the "Holy Bible" inserts "Ghost" instead of "Spirit" in the same passage, and interpolates before it the hackneyed prefix "Holy" in Italics. Were it not that the countless number of printed copies of Scripture render it impossible that plain frauds of the kind should now be perpetrated without immediate detection and exposure, the Italics would probably have long ago changed into Roman letters, and the "Holy Ghost" made to stand forth in all its glory, as expressing the very phrase used by Jesus.

Luke gives us to understand that the words of severe condemnation were addressed by Jesus to certain Pharisees who twitted him with having "an unclean Spirit," or "lying Devil," as the pulpit orator just express the same characteristic idea when applied to the inspired preachers of our day.

"With [Webster's] definition of blasphemy before me," (says Mr. Spooner,) "I sin against the Holy Ghost" is easy of solution—clear as the sunlight—Blasphemy against the Divine Spirit." And now, in conclusion, with Webster's definition of Ghost, as well as that of blasphemy before him, will Mr. Spooner please answer me one question in consideration of the many I have endeavored to reply to from him?

Does Mr. S. really believe that the "living God," whose attributes he so well may, so beautifully portrays, that "Omnipresent, Omnipotent, Omnipervading, creative and sustaining spirit pervading immensity," who has ever been throughout eternity, "from everlasting to everlasting," is the Great "I Am that I Am," at whose behest the myriads of universes, spiritual and material, that exist in illimitable space, all move, ever have moved, and ever will move in exquisite harmony? Does Mr. S., I would ask, believe that this "Divine law-giver, (to use his own words,) the creator of countless worlds, who established the immutable laws which forever hold all worlds in their orbits," ever died or ever can die? And if God never died, how can Mr. S. make "blasphemy" against a Ghost, whether Holy or not, synonymous with "Blasphemy against the Divine Spirit," in the sense I understand it to entertain?

—And yet, if the term be construed in a broader sense, I agree with Mr. S., for even as the all-cherishing rays of the material sun are a part of its Godlike parent, so do I believe that there is not a sentient being in all God's universes who is not quickened and sustained by rays from his Great Divine Spirit, whether it be incarnated in the soul of an Archangel, a Jesus, a Pilate or a Judas, a horse or a jackass, a nightingale or a buzzard, a codfish or a tadpole, a toad or a beetle. Each one in the providence of the loving Father is endowed with a portion of his own inexhaustible divinity; and each one, from the greatest to the least, manifests its own progressive presence just so far as the organization, opportunities and culture of the soul permit it to shed abroad its light and love. Vanhook, R. I., May 2d, 1874.

THE BIBLE AND SPIRITUALISM.

In the last issue of the Banner we find a good essay on "Man and Woman Counterparts," by Leon Hyneman, whose reasoning and conclusions seem undisputable. Permit me to take the liberty of addressing you a few observations, to which, if you think them worthy of notice, you will give place in your liberal paper, upon a subject brought out by Mr. H., and connected somewhat with the whole of Spiritualism, viz.: Harmony of the Bible and Spiritualism.

In the first part of his essay Mr. Hyneman says: "The true position of woman and her true relation to her counterpart, man, has never been recognized, because of the illogical and absurd statement contained in the Genesis of Moses, which, without any consideration, has been accepted by science and the church as a true revelation direct from Deity." Now, Mr. Editor, church teachings and the Bible are two things—very different sometimes—and it seems to me that Mr. H. does himself here what he says scientists and the church have done, that is, pass over the recital of Genesis without due consideration. I have belonged to the church myself, and I must say that I never could see anything in Genesis but what Mr. H. sees in Nature. We read in the first chapter of Genesis that a God-created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, made and blessed he him, and said, "Now, that seems conclusive of their equality—at least, mentally and spiritually. But then, what of the second chapter, and the declaration that God took Adam's rib to make the woman? It is plain to any sensible and reflective mind that there are in the

Bible a great many things that are allegorical, others are symbolical, others parabolical, besides the historical parts of it, and many of those allegories, symbols, parables, etc., have been taken as literal facts. This part is, to my mind, one of those allegorical descriptions, which, better than anything that could be said, simply but beautifully shows the union of the two—the dual unity of man and woman—instead of being an absurd and illogical statement. Even the literal interpretation would prove anything but the inferiority of woman.

It may not be out of place, perhaps, here to say that to every many *free friends* of Spiritualism, it seems a great pity to see that because the church has mis-represented, mutilated, narrowed and abused the teachings of the Bible, which, if not divine in the way the churches take it, bears the seal of the highest spiritual teachings. Spiritualist writers and speakers, instead of seeking to show the inconsistencies of the so-called Christian communion, and the true and in most cases so simple interpretation of that Bible which (the churches) claim to be the law, are tramping it down, kicking it off, calling it all kinds of names, such as illogical, absurd, false, dangerous fables, tissue of superstition, and so forth, and in so doing are sending and keeping away from the investigating of the truths of Spiritualism people who are certainly sincere—people who have the feeling that the God preached in the church is not the God of the Bible, nor the God of Nature and the universe, and would be happy to find the truth, but are repelled by the abusive epithets of writers and speakers, who, in their zeal, have made of a true and more charitable message of the Bible, with many good wishes for the success of the truth and of your good paper, very truly yours, F. C. LEWIS, Detroit, Mich., May 22th, 1874.

The Late Mrs. Teed, Medium.

How strange seem the stories that we hear in relation to this seemingly strange subject of Spiritualism! How many "humbugs," how many apparently true delineations of the subject! One knows not what to believe as true that emanates from the secular press, and hardly knows how to trust one's senses. Were it not that I have found which is not second hand, I should be shaken in my belief. Why should there be so much of this preparation? Why cannot the world become more truth-loving and truth-telling? Having witnessed the mediumistic manifestations through Mr. Bastian, I have no hesitation in saying I believe all that is done in his presence as a medium is true, and yet there are those who denounce him as an impostor. Last season there was a medium in Chicago, a Mrs. Teed, and the editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal vouched for her as being one of the best mediums in the world. I went to Chicago and saw her, and became satisfied that she was a truthful medium; I also went to see Mr. Bastian at the Religio-Philosophical Journal office, and I could see no difference in the spiritual manifestations between the two. I invited Mrs. Teed to come to Milwaukee, and she came and held, quite a number of sances, and the manifestations were all that any eye could wish. Mrs. Teed boarded at my house, and I had every opportunity to discover fraud, if there were any, in the manifestations.

She left here for California with a certain Doctor and his wife. When they got into Iowa it was reported that the Doctor took her money, and left her in a strange land without means, shortly afterwards a letter was received by the Religio-Philosophical Journal and published by that paper, saying that she was a fraud! She was subsequently taken sick, and had it not been for B. Winchester, at Council Bluffs, Iowa, she would have been sent to the poorhouse. She was sick a month or two, and then died. After her death I wrote to Mr. Winchester and asked for a statement as to whether she died in the full belief in Spiritualism, and received for answer that she died the same as she had lived, and only wished for life that she might refute the slanders that had been circulated against her. Mr. Winchester wrote me that her deathbed scene was the most affecting of any he ever witnessed; that John, her brother, who has been dead some twelve years, came and thanked him for the care he had taken of his sister; then Polly, the little Indian maiden, who had controlled her so many times, came and said, "I come no more; I am going home with me now; I thank you for the care you have taken of me; you good folks!"

I wrote to Mr. Winchester again, and asked him about the situation of Mrs. Teed's grave. My reasons for making that inquiry were, that when Mrs. Teed was at my house last summer, she had a vision representing herself, she attending her own funeral, and describing the situation of the grave, &c.—The account I received from Mr. Winchester tallied exactly in accordance with that vision. Milwaukee, Wis.

Books for the Children of Spiritualists and Liberals.

Of the extensive library of spiritual and reform books, few are adapted to the wants of children. The need of books such as liberals desire to place in the hands of their children has been repeatedly urged, yet the want has been only partially answered. Sunday school libraries are a dreary resource for the Spiritualist, and to curl from secular literature books free from taint of superstition or theological bias, is a difficult, if not impossible task. Our connection with the Progressive Lyceum has forced this demand constantly on our attention, and we anxiously awaited for some of the many able writers in the ranks of reform to supply the want. Brother Newton opened a useful and inexhaustible field, which we had hoped, before this, to have seen extended to all the sciences. Mrs. Brown has published two books of stories, which, with two or three other books, complete the best list. Our Lyceums are forced to select books written and published for the promulgation of ideas and sentiments, often quite opposed to Liberalism and Spiritualism. We have been urgently solicited by many prominent Spiritualists to assist in this arduous task, and two years since announced the first number in a series in preparation. The Boston fire, by the destruction of our books and plates, with the financial uncertainty, delayed the appearance of the work until the present.

Unhappily, facilities are offered us by Mr. P. H. Hutton, publisher of "The Lyceum," and we are thus enabled, in conjunction with him, to carry forward our favorite project. Briefly we shall, under the general title of "THE LYCEUM SERIES," publish collections of stories for children, designed to entertain and instruct them, and wholly free from superstition and dogmas. It is our intention to issue these books as cheaply as possible, that they may attain a wide circulation, and have fixed the price at twenty-five cents. We, as authors and publishers, shall do all we can to meet the wants of our spiritual and liberal friends, and if our enterprise meets their approval, our reward will be secured.

The first volume of the series will be ready about the first of June. HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE.

To Book-Buyers.

At our new location, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street, Boston, we have a fine Book-store on the ground floor of the Building, where we keep on hand a large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works, to which we invite your attention.

Orders accompanied by cash will receive prompt attention. We are prepared to forward any of the publications of the Book Trade at usual rates. We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of Books on commission, or when cash does not accompany the order. Send for a free Catalogue of our Publications.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 23 1874.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street, Law Floor.

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

LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS APPEARING IN THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT OF THIS PAPER SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO LUTHER COLBY, and all BUSINESS LETTERS TO ISAAC B. HOOKER, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

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Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists.

It will be seen, by reference to our fifth page, that this Society will improve the advent of Anniversary Week by a meeting for the purpose of comparing notes among the workers, as to the progress of the cause, for the election of officers, and for the transaction of all business which may properly come before it. No doubt a large attendance will characterize its sessions.

The Need of the Spiritual.

A larger, fuller, deeper infusion of the spiritual into the life of man is apparent to any one who will look about him. Materialism has been gaining on the race so fast, what with discovery, invention and industry, gold has been taken at such a marvellous rate from the bowels of the earth, and the desire for physical comforts has passed so rapidly into the irresistible love of luxuries, that men and women have begun to believe they lived only for the gratification of the senses, and to put out of sight the only real meaning that life on earth possibly can have at all. The material had got the upper hand, and was crushing everything down beneath it. To buy and build, to eat, drink and wear, to have fine houses and furnish them elegantly, to find, to spend one's life in trying to outdo one's friend and neighbor—what is it but the poorest sham that could be fixed for the aim and end of any human existence? of what value is it to the spirit, which is all the life and all the reality there is or ever can be? Our social state has been hardening so fast under these influences, that there was absolute danger of sense swallowing up soul altogether. Things were growing more and more artificial and hollow. Manner was esteemed above matter. Reputation took precedence of character. To get and to have crowded out the desire to be and to do. A heavy cloud was settling on the spiritual part of our life, in consequence of this growing delinquency of the material. How was it possible to dissipate these fatal influences save by in-structing men of spirituality through their senses alone?

Mr. Murray, of Park street Church in this city, had some good thoughts on the subject in a recent Sunday's discourse on "The Power of Money." He thought that money had come to take the place of everything else. Society, he remarked, cares not what a man turns out, unless it be what it tells him to turn out. Anything beyond, above, or different from Society's standard will only bring a man starvation. The Greeks hit upon the true ideal of promoting art when they wreathed their men of genius, and American art will never rise to its full splendor until some reward besides money be held out to tempt the achievement of the highest and best. So in politics, the prospect is darkened with the shadow of money. The fathers of this republic did not find it that their descendants might have wealth, but happiness and freedom. America can never be rich by men, said Mr. Murray, but must be governed by the aggregated intellect of the nation. In scholar-ship, Society says to the young man fresh from college, "What can you give us?" And when he answers, "I can give you ideas, and sweeten your lives with the classic fragrance of the ages," it says, "It's all stuff; we don't want any such thing." The age, he added with impressive truth, is relapsing into luxurious idleness. A whole generation has grown up, trained to leisurely comfort and idleness. And people are warned against this tendency to give themselves up, soul and body, to the real and material, and to cultivate with greater earnestness the ideal, which is the spiritual and the heavenly. It is this only that makes a people and a nation exalted and great. Riches, said Mr. Murray, are to be taken as God's gifts, which can be put to the most effective service; not to be squandered in the selfish enjoyment of luxurious ease.

To counteract the increasing power of this material influence, which is eating out the heart and brain of society with its silent canker, the necessity of a new and overwhelming spiritual influx was necessary. A new force, in fact, was demanded. There is great danger of a general running into an idolatry of materialism, in which our only gods would be those which money could buy and set up. A base standard was fast crowding out the nobler one, which is the sole inspiration of pure and strong character. The common mind needed to be lifted, almost forcibly, as it were, above the low level of the delights which it is prone to seek and remain upon, that it might not carry there until it had been actually hardened by contact with materialism. How much society and the world is, and is yet to be, indebted to Spiritualism for this, will not probably ever be known; but it is of little concern, so that the work required to be done is actually done at last. How poor and paltry are these lives of ours to become, if, lying as they do so close to the unseen life of which they form but the shadow, they are devoted wholly to what is in the shadow, and never strive to reach upwards and outwards to the light. What egregious folly thus to put our hands before our eyes, and declare that the sun does not shine. There is all this un-

speakable wealth around us, and still we take our chief pride in making a display of our poverty. The spiritual world expands in its glory on every side, making the light, the warmth, and the atmosphere for us all, and still we prefer those darkened rooms of our earthly dwelling-places, the shutters tightly closed, or we creep down into the damp and cheerless cellars, and count our money and imagine we are rich, when we are but paupers and blind. Is there not a crying need of the new inflow of the great wave of Spiritualism?

God's Poor.

That there is an unbroken chain of communication between the spirit-world and this, not only for individual development but for purposes of charity and benevolence, needs no proof at this late-day; still, every scrap and item of evidence that tends to confirm the belief, to illustrate it, and to expand and enlarge it, is three welcome to the soul that finds exquisite comfort in its faith. And a specimen case in point—just occurring in Boston—will be found in another column. How true it always is, and no doubt it always will be, that "he who gives to the poor lends to the Lord." The poor, too, we have with us always, and for the purpose of calling out our latent sympathies and keeping us from growing selfish. A great deal more than the act of giving and doing is concerned. The heavenly spirits are ever about those who are benevolently inclined, to open ways for them to serve the ends of charity and thus doubly benefit themselves. In Lavater's letters to the Empress Maria, of Russia, there occurs the statement that there is incessant communion between the inhabitants of earth and those of the spirit-world who know how to love, and that there is a continuous, reciprocal and beneficent action of these worlds one upon another. Those who are still mortal can by affection make heaven come down to earth, and we can enter into a more joyous communion, and a more intimate one with heavenly spirits than it has as yet entered into the heart of man to conceive of. "I am often near you, my beloved one," proceeds the letter referred to. "I love to find myself in the sphere of your light. Permit me to address you still further in confidence. When you are angry, the light which radiates from you becomes darkened; then I am forced to turn away and to withdraw from you, for no loving spirit can endure the darkness of anger. Lately I was forced to leave you; you were lost to sight, so to speak, and I approached another friend, for the radiance of his love attracted me. He prayed, shedding tears for the members of a family, fallen for a moment into the greatest distress, and which he was at the time unable to succor.

Oh, how his earthly body appeared to shine! He seemed surrounded by a dazzling light; our Lord approached him, and a ray from his spirit-essence pierced this light. What happiness for me to be able to plunge into this atmosphere, and, strengthened by this spiritual influence, to be enabled to inspire him with the hope of speedy help! He seemed to me to hear an inner voice saying to him, 'Fear nothing; believe, and thou shalt taste the joy of being able to soothe and aid those for whose welfare you have just prayed to God.' The man arose filled with joy by this answer to his prayer, and at the same instant I was attracted toward another radiant being, also engaged in prayer. It was that of a pure virgin, who addressed the Lord, saying, 'Oh God, teach me to do good, according to thy will on earth.' I was able to influence her, and I dared to inspire her with the following idea: 'Shall I not do well to send to the charitable man that I know of, a little money, that he may be enabled even today to employ it for the benefit of some poor family?' She received this idea with childlike joy; she took it to her heart as she would have welcomed an angel from heaven. This pious and charitable woman then gathered together a considerable sum and sent it, with a touching letter, to the address of him who had just prayed for power to help the poor family, who arose from his intercession for help with tears of joy and filled with a profound sense of gratitude to God for having so speedily answered his supplication, secretly an hour having elapsed between the prayer and the answer to it. I followed the man, myself enjoying supreme delight, and fully entering into his increased happiness. He arrived at the house of the poor family. The pious wife said to her husband, 'Will God have pity upon us?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'God will have compassion upon us, even as we have had pity upon others.' On hearing these words, he who brought the money was filled with joy, and opening the door (almost suffocated by emotion), he said, 'Yes, God will have compassion upon you, even as you have had compassion upon the poor, and, here is a pledge of the mercy of the Lord. God seeth the just, and heareth their supplications.' All the actors in this touching scene shone with a brilliant spiritual light; and when, after having read the letter, they raised their eyes and arms toward heaven, masses of spirits hastened to approach from all parts. How we rejoiced together and embraced one another, praising God and blessing all, becoming more perfect in the holy atmosphere of love.

Now in all this there is a hidden world of precious truth, if we will but persist in making the discovery. The simple fact that the angels possess of means, and the person without means, and bring them together, and by the conjunction work wonderful results. These things are never done by an accident; they are the outcome of the most careful and deliberate planning on the part of the invisibles; they show us what a constant watchfulness they exercise over all our daily affairs, and how the very smallest details of our life are the objects of their tender sympathy and solicitude. Let us pause and ask ourselves what would be our lot if we were not continually sustained and supported by the angels that thus offer us their assistance. And by meditating long on such a theme, let us not for a moment forget that we thereby draw the near-er to us, and gently compel a companionship whose constancy is our greatest solace and support. But above all, when they whisper to us of the wretched and poor, and drop fruitful seeds of suggestions into our hearts in reference to the modes of being useful and kind to others, let us take care not to slight their hints or avert ourselves from their presence, for in entertaining these angelic guests, we are inviting far more relief for our own selves than we can possibly administer to others. The compensation in this case is most delicately adjusted.

The Oakland Spirits—An "Ethereal Cyclone."

On our second page will be found a lengthy account of the recent wonderful doings of invisible motors at the Clarke mansion, Oakland, Cal. We have for the past week or more been in receipt of numerous letters from correspondents which go strongly to prove the truth of the statements set forth. As an example of this class of documentary evidence we present the following, which was enclosed us by a well-known New York gentleman, under date of May 14th. The lady who wrote the original letter is represented as being a highly respectable and entirely reliable person, but having no friendship for Spiritualism *per se*:

Extract from a Letter of a Young Lady, dated Oakland, Cal., Tuesday, April 23rd, 1874, and addressed to her Sister at New York.

Great excitement has prevailed here for the past few days, and people are all waiting for further developments. Spirits have been so unquestionably at work that I think there is hardly a person in Oakland, even the most skeptical, but admits that these remarkable occurrences are the result of supernatural agencies. Last Thursday night a family, consisting of three or four gentlemen and as many ladies, living in a house only four or five blocks from us, retired, as usual, and at about one o'clock were awakened by a noise as though bedlam were let loose. The gentlemen, going down stairs and lighting the gas, witnessed the proceedings. The piano, shut and locked, was playing itself, and the furniture moving around in the liveliest manner. One chair edged up to Mr. Bayley, and springing up, hit him in the eye. Suddenly they were startled by a great crash, and found that the door, which was strongly bolted, had been carried seven feet from the doorway, without a single bolt being slid or a hinge broken. Similar manifestations continued through Saturday night. On Friday a large trunk lifted itself over the railing and came crashing down the stairs. Subsequently several chairs came down in the same way. This is no newspaper sensation, for on the second and third nights a great many people were at the house and witnessed these things. I can't begin to tell you all. Henry is acquainted with a good many of the gentlemen who saw these performances—men who could not have any reason for making misstatements. Saturday night the phenomena ended with the most fearful blood-curdling shriek that ever grated mortal ears. Strong men, to whom fear was unknown, were perfectly unmanned, and Mr. Clarke, the tenant of the house, said that, if all Oakland were his, he would willingly give it for the sake of having that shriek effaced from his memory, for it haunted him night and day. We heard no more will happen, but this has been enough to set us all to thinking, for, although I have never been a believer in Spiritualism, I do think spirits have been at work here.

The matter still continues to fill the columns of the California papers, and the teachers of the people, whether priestly or scientific, are being called upon by said press to unravel the mystery. It will be remembered by our readers that in our last issue we gave, in brief, the "ether" theory of Judge S. C. Hastings, as formally stated by him before the Academy of Sciences, in San Francisco, May 5th. The enterprising editor of that sprightly and readable sheet, the San José Weekly Mercury, falls utterly to appreciate the beauties of Judge Hastings's logic, and he therefore proceeds in the following fashion in his issue of May 7th to "disturb the equilibrium" of the cast castle which that worthy dignitary has reared with so many hard-bred breaths, and so much labored regard for the "fixed" law of gravitation:

"Science is a good thing—when it does not run to seed, and when its explanation of the causes of certain results are not more difficult to understand than the results themselves. We believe in science. One cannot well have too much of it, if it is of the right kind. It unfolds the mystery of things, reveals the subtle laws of matter, and illumines the understanding with the philosophy of causation. But when science mystifies the reason with vague terms and abstractions—when it goes ten miles around to reach a given point, and then not get there, while ordinary common sense would take a shorter road, wear out much sweat and leather, and to a much better purpose, we naturally conclude that there can be such a thing as too much science.

We are led to these remarks by a paper read before the Academy of Sciences in San Francisco, on Tuesday evening, by Judge S. C. Hastings, on the alleged spiritual manifestations at the Clarke mansion in Oakland recently. The Judge, as we are seriously told by the Alta, "traced the troubles to a partial disturbance of the normal condition of the ether," or an "etherial cyclone." He believed that generally would explain all the modern spiritual phenomena. An "etherial cyclone" is good. There is a locality about it decidedly refreshing. A cyclone that manifests intelligence; that, in defiance of the law of gravitation, sets chairs and tables spinning in the air; that pitches heavy trunks down stairs, lifts doors from off their hinges, and yells like a woman; that and other things which are not to be explained on a flat in the present state of our science. The Judge, as we are told, still assumes tangible human shapes. He is not said to be witnessed daily in England by Prof. Crookes, Vitry, and scores of other people; we say that a cyclone that can do all this must be a great curiosity than Prof. Whitney's pious skull, or a first-class Salem witch. Surely, Elder Grant's demon theory is entitled to greater weight than any such nonsense as this.

Now that Judge Hastings has solved the mystery of the Oakland hubbub, will he not oblige our anxious public with an elucidation of "etherial cyclones"? We believe in giving the devil his due—if there is anything due him.

The views of the editor of the Mercury receive additional force from the statements made in the same number of that journal, by a correspondent resident in Oakland, who, after a succinct description of the phenomena and an uncompromising endorsement of the honesty and reliability of Messrs. Clarke, Bayley, Oakland, and the family generally, closes his letter in this wise:

"I learned today that our Professors will examine into the facts, and report them, but the cause of all this ruc they care nothing about. It's of more importance to them to know whether Mr. Clarke and the inmates of his house have lied about the whole thing, than to know how it is that inanimate matter can travel about and make intelligent movements. I have no theory on the subject. I don't go a cent on any theory yet advanced. But seriously, this kind of thing is getting to be too frequent to be passed lightly by. Herschel has said that 'Occurrences which, according to received opinion, ought not to happen, are the facts which serve as clues to new discoveries.' Scientists believe nothing that runs against their preconceived notions, and that they will investigate phenomena that they can't well do anything else or demonstrate by figures; but something may grow out of the investigation, and we are looking with some interest for the report of the facts by the committee.

We believe that the occurrences which we have so lengthily treated will exert a strong influence toward the awaking of a spirit of investigation into the underlying causes thereof. Whatever may be the result of the scientific inquiry, it is even though it should come to the "lame and impotent conclusion" which was reached by at least one of us in the East, the work will go on, in private, in the inner courts of individual judgment, bringing many in the Golden State and elsewhere to look at last to the higher phases of spirit-communion, despite the edicts of theologian star chambers or the scoffs of prejudiced schoolmen.

A Sorrowful Disaster.

The account of the dreadful catastrophe by flood which recently befell the unsuspecting people of the valley of Mill River, in Hampshire Co., Western Massachusetts, will be perused by our readers in all parts of the country and the world with a sadness too profound for utterance. No such calamity ever befell Massachusetts in all her history. The traditional story of the destruction of the Willey Family, in the Notch, among the White Mountains, has long been a theme for harrowing human sympathies among the good New England folk; but this is the culmination of all the catastrophes that ever overtook a peaceful and innocent population, or stirred to their depths the sympathies of millions of people. Four smiling and happy villages suddenly swept away by the rushing down of an angry flood upon them! The inhabitants, partly engaged about their morning's work and partly in their homes, were overtaken before they had any warning of what was upon them, and upwards of two hundred, old and young, overwhelmed in the engulfing flood! Two millions of dollars worth of property destroyed! Whole towns bankrupted and ruined! Bridges, factories, mills, banks, dwellings—all torn away and hurled down the raging current with a restlessness power that gathered a fatal strength as it advanced! Desolation could not cut a more cruel path through the scenes of human activity. We read with fresh interest, as if it were invested with a new meaning, the opening sentences of Robt. Dale Owen's leading paper in the June Atlantic, on Naples and her volcano, the words in which he introduces us to a dreadful story of the past.

Says Mr. Owen, "The stories which relate to earthquakes and the cognate volcanic phenomena, have ever been strangely exciting to the imagination. We feel that we are brought face to face with the inexorable; that we are dealing with potencies utterly beyond human sway. Fire, water, when either bursts its allotted bound, are indeed terrible agencies, wrecking human property, destroying human life." Never did we gaze the pent-up force of the second element named by Mr. Owen so vividly as in this event which has startled the whole community. There is no description of it that can adequately convey a proper conception of it to the human mind. The details alternate with horror and pathos. Infants and aged persons, men and their wives, whole families of parents and children, were snatched away by the remorseless torrent, ground up in the debris of timbers, trees, machinery, stones and dirt, and torn limb from limb or mutilated beyond recognition. All who are left are mourners. The train that brought away the first installment of dead bodies and bereft survivors was fifty named a funeral train. A sadder sight than that presented was never witnessed by our people. The hearts that are appealed to for aid beat quick with sympathy, and contributions of money, food and clothing are being forwarded with all the rapidity possible.

What is done for the relief of actual suffering must be done quickly. None know when calamity may overtake them as a thief in the night. Kindness and a willingness to share with the suffering therefore becomes a first duty. Let us all extend full hands to these stricken sufferers, and help lift the burden of sorrow from their hearts.

The "Spiritual Small Pox."

We have nowhere met with a closer epitome of the teachings of Modern Spiritualism, or one couched in more clear and explicit language, which is within the grasp of the humblest understanding, than that embodied in the message of Dr. Anson P. Hooker, on our sixth page. The lessons to be drawn from these words are plain and practical, and the quaint figure of speech by which he characterizes the exultations of that unfortunate spirit-body which reaches the life to come in a state of disorder through wrong doing, is by no means too strong. Purity of life, which we are all directed to cultivate by this spirit and others, means, in the ultimate, purity of soul, and that quality constitutes the real wealth, health and happiness of the land of the hereafter.

We are frequently in receipt of letters requesting us to ask, in behalf of the writers, certain personal and private questions of spirit friends at our Public Free Circles; such, for instance, as these: "When and where did you die?" "How old were you?" "How many children did you leave?" "Are you happy," etc., etc. It should be understood that such questions are never propounded at these Circles by the chairman. As will be seen by referring to the Message Department on the sixth page, the only questions read by him are such as the public generally are interested in. We have no control whatever over spirits who come and give the communications published, or those who desire to come, or those whom friends wish to come. The sciences are under the exclusive control of a band of educated spirits, with Theodore Parker as President, who allows the ignorant and humble, as well as the erudite and honorable, to communicate. Thus all spirits have the privilege freely offered them; when they are disposed to avail themselves of it, of using this open avenue of communication with mortals.

The best method of obtaining answers to private personal questions is to visit or correspond with test mediums, who make that their speciality.

"Learned men," so-called, are just beginning to give their attention to SPIRITUALISM—its Philosophy, its Phenomena, and its Literature. They seek for knowledge! even at the eleventh hour of their lives. Truly the world moves, and the efforts of humble Spiritualists and spiritual media for all these long years have not been in vain. Bless the Great God of Thought for so much. Now, gentlemen, we recommend for your perusal A. J. Davis's great book, "The Principles of Nature: Her Divine Revelations; and a Voice to Mankind." This grand work, given by and through this wonderful seer, is brim full of mighty truths, and should be in every library in the world. Those who carefully peruse the seven hundred and eighty-two pages of "Divine Revelations" will—unless perversely bigoted—perceive and endorse the "Principles of Nature" therein recorded, and become better men and better women for the reading.

In the Message Department this week Margaret Vance, of New Orleans, sends communication to T. H. Yancey, of Alabama; Lillian Preston, of Baltimore, comforts her mother; Dr. Anson P. Hooker, of Cambridge, Mass., gives good advice to all; Annie Louisa Lewis, drowned on the "Central America," speaks to her uncle, and Tom Carney counsels harmony among his family.

Defeat of Woman Suffrage in Massachusetts.

Another of those reverses which so far from discouraging add fire to the determination of the true reformer, has befallen the labors of the advocates of Woman Suffrage in our State. In our last issue we took occasion to speak of the favorable majority report, which had just been offered to the Massachusetts Senate by the Joint Special Committee, concerning the taking of steps, by amendment of the State Constitution, toward the granting of the elective franchise and the right to hold office to women. Since that time the matter has come up by regular assignment in the Senate, and on the afternoon of Thursday, May 14th, after an able defence by Mr. Washburn, of Suffolk—who in his address raised many strong points, among which were the facts that seventy-six colleges in the country admitted women to all the advantages of instruction which they offered; that a large majority of the religious denominations in the State allowed women to vote in their deliberations, and even the laws of our Commonwealth on the subject of marriage cared for the property of women, and that woman's influence, if she were made a voter, would be used in a most beneficial manner concerning the temperance cause—the measure was lost by a vote of nineteen to fourteen.

On the following day, Senator Bailey, of Middlesex, offered a motion to reconsider the above action, which motion was passed by a vote of eighteen to seventeen, after which he offered a substitute in the form of a bill providing that on the first Tuesday in November next the women of the State, except paupers and those under guardianship, should vote on the question as to whether women should have the right of suffrage and to hold office. Some discussion arose, in the course of which Mr. B. explained that his proposed measure was intended only to allow women the right to express their opinion as to whether they desired the franchise or not, their vote not having any effect directly on amending the constitution, after which the question was taken on adopting the substitute, which was lost by a year and may vote of twenty-five to nine.

The matter has thus passed through the legislative mill as far as the present "General Court" is concerned, but it is not by any means settled. The honest demand of the female portion of the Commonwealth for due recognition in the body politic will refuse to be "laid" by parliamentary tactics or legal cleverness. It is one of those reformatory questions which, founded on the immutable principles of justice, can afford to bide its time. The next Legislature, ay, and those of years to come, if it be not granted, will be called upon to listen to its calm, clear, imperturbable voice, which, devoid of anger, and strong in a self-consciousness of rectitude, will continue to reiterate, "Behold! I stand at the door and knock!"

The Latest Horror Exposed—A Sane Man Imprisoned by his Wife!

Late Western papers publish an account of the incarceration of a man named Dracott, a resident of Oregon, in the Territorial Insane Asylum, during the last twelve years. The story goes that Mrs. Dracott, having formed an illicit connection with a man named Thomas Carter, conspired with him and a couple of the physicians attached to the asylum to kidnap Dracott and imprison him therein, to the end that she might gain control of his property, which was worth about \$100,000. The deed was done, and in the asylum Mr. Dracott has remained ever since, while the guilty wife and her paramour have been enjoying themselves upon his money.

"Letters of Travel."

To correspondents writing us inquiring if J. M. Peebles's letters, published in the Banner of Light, are to appear in book form, we are authorized to reply in the affirmative. Besides being revised and amended, there will be put into them much new matter that could not be crowded into newspaper serial letters—such as highly interesting spiritual communications through mediumistic sources, on board ship, in India, China, London, Paris and elsewhere. This work, when issued, will be Mr. Peebles's *chef d'œuvre*.

There have been very lively times in the Western Unitarian Conference. Rev. Robert Collyer, one of the members, got mad, and spat his spleen upon another member, Rev. S. S. Hunting, which was so entirely un-Christian that he apologized by saying "that he was heartily sorry for the unfortunate words which had fallen from his lips; that it was one of those unfortunate moments when the devil had him, and when the devil triumphed!" Mr. Collyer then asked Bro. Hunting's pardon, and "the two embraced." This palling off on an imaginary "devil" all the exhibitions of bad blood in individuals is about played out. As this world grows older, the people grow wiser. They do not believe such nonsense. The evil is within the person, otherwise it would not crop out on occasion. That is a self-evident fact.

Another Spiritualistic (monthly) newspaper has been born. Its title is the "Summerland Messenger," T. P. James (Dickens's medium), editor and publisher. It contains the commencement of a "Story of a Humpback's Pilgrimage," by the spirit-pen of Charles Dickens. The number before us is dated "Boston, Mass." It seems to be designed particularly for children's reading, but adults, the editor thinks, will peruse its columns with pleasure. Price one dollar per year. "Address Lock Box 47, Brattleboro, Vt." The Messenger is high-toned, possesses literary merit, and is just the kind of reading that should be introduced into the Spiritual Lyceums.

It will be seen by the Secretary's Card in another column that the American Liberal Tract Society is to meet on the 28th for the choice of officers for the ensuing year. This Society is doing great good in liberalizing the human mind, and should be sustained. Donations are solicited by the Secretary.

We are informed by our correspondents that William Denton is drawing full houses in San Francisco, to hear him expatiate upon geology, theology and Spiritualism. Mr. Denton is a fluent extempore speaker, and no wonder he is sought after. Such lecturers always excel.

Read the call on our sixth page, for the Convention in behalf of Northern and Southern Working-men. The objects set forth are eminently worthy of encouragement.

A RADICAL CLUB has been organized in Cambridge, Massachusetts, with John McDuffie, President, and Harry W. Stevens, Secretary.

Pearls.

And quivered, and powerfully was he gone.
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time,
Sparkle forever.

Then May be crossed the southern hill,
Her heralds through the clouds and caves?
And Nature with a sudden thrill
Burst all her buds to-day.

Showered a shower of speech, manly, short, cold,
But terribly severe.

Oh! thy of the valley, why will you be so coy?
Oh! thy of the valley, why will you be so coy?
And hide away where love of your beauty can enjoy?

Pure white is each delicate blossom,
Pure white with a shading of crimson,
Oh! beautiful season of blossoms,
That gives us the apple-tree blooming.

If we are careful and watchful over our words and
actions, we can have the most effective of all influences,
the silent testimony of a heart at peace.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

The Swing "heresy" trial at Chicago, it is said, will be
finished this week. The question at this writing is: Will
Swing be swung, or executed? which?

A Washington penny-a-liner, in describing a member of
the Lower House, says: "He is a short, thick-set, square-
built, pleasant looking man, with a good head, full fea-
tures, and the appearance of a good, elder-drinking, or-
thodox deacon, who is pious without being pig headed,
and temperate without being abstemious."

A Roman Catholic priest has taken up his residence among
the Sandwich Island people on Motokai. When last
heard from, he had baptized thirty-five hepers and had
observed the Corpus Christi festival among his converts.
This is a rare of genuine self-sacrifice.

The noted ex-President Thiers, of France, is nearly
eighty years of age, hale and hearty; and intellectually as
vigorous as ever.

Correspondents, in making charges seriously affecting
an author or a lecturer, should be careful to quote correctly
both the words and the page of the book or books.

The late Secretary of the Treasury having been ill, the
publishers of the press now say he is a Boutwell. "Six
months!"

A Virginia gentleman, of 90, made his own will the
other day. He also publicly announced his intention of be-
queathing his property to his son-in-law, James P.
Ante he undoubtedly will.

"Father, did you ever have another wife besides mother?"
"No, my boy. What possessed you to ask such a question?"

"Because I saw in the old family Bible that you married
Anna Dornell, 1822, and that wasn't mother, for her name
was Lucy Jenkins who she was a girl."

A small boat of Charles Sumner has just been completed
by Mr. S. H. Morse, of this city. It will be sold at the low
price of three dollars.

The first floor in the West arm up again. Michigan has
late been largely afloat. In Iowa the town of Highway
has been entirely consumed, save one dwelling worth \$100;
and Oakshook, Wis., has lost \$45,000 by the consuming
of twenty houses, twenty barns, and stores of lumber.

Ten street bands of Germans and Italians have been lic-
ensed by the authorities. Great "Carols" let's be taken
to the woods!—Boston Herald.

A married woman in Massachusetts can now convey her
shares in corporations, and lease and convey her real prop-
erty and make contracts, oral and written, in the same
manner as if she were sole, and may sue and be sued in
the same manner and to the same extent as if she were sole.
She can also be an executor, guardian or trustee.

Some two weeks ago a young man of culture and good
taste, dressed in a well-known ruffian's dress, and dis-
tinguished by the sermon was half through, he left his
seat and went on to the door, when the preacher
traced him out. "You might as well go to hell as
hear me preach!" somewhat startled at first, the young
man faced about, and with graceful bow, responded: "You
the whole, I think I would."

AN AGONIZING BATTLE.—At a meeting of
the praying women of the South End, held at Dr. Pen-
nington's Church, corner Warren Avenue and Canton streets,
Boston, on the afternoon of Friday, May 15th, Mrs. Dio
Lewis presiding, reports were offered which were of a
rather discouraging character concerning the non-effect of
their personal efforts in "the war on alcohol." In one
case the husband that they attended on a dealer in "dis-
tillation street." He sold liquors only to families, and most
of his customers belonged to the very church that the la-
dies represented. "That's all that," said one of the la-
dies. They knew not what to do or say. Perhaps other
churches are affected in the same way.

Widely wants to know why all inquiries should not have
the endorsement of the General Government, when the
biggest one he ever "channeled" in life was certified to by a
clergyman duly installed.

We publish this note in another column of this paper,
the precise title of the Banner of Light, published at Bos-
ton, Mass. The Banner is the best and ablest exponent of
the Spiritual Philosophy that has ever been published, and
any one who wishes to obtain a knowledge of the ideas,
principles and methods of this philosophy, should purchase
a copy of the Banner. Aside from its wonderful spiritual teachings,
the Banner of Light contains much valuable information,
scientific lectures, essays, choice miscellany, and original
and inspirational poems, which are well worth the thought-
ful, careful perusal of any scholar, however blinded by the
materialism of the age. Price \$24 a year.—Weekly
Banner (N. Y.).

THE AMERICAN FARMER'S ADVOCATE, devoted to the
interests represented in the National Agricultural Con-
gress, and issued at Indianapolis, Ind., is out for May. It
is in the form of a twenty-page paper, containing much
that is of interest to agricultural localities. Its publica-
tion having been suspended for several months, it is now
again resumed with good prospects for the future.

Mr. Magee, British Vice Consul at San José de Guata-
malá, was most severely beaten and nearly murdered by
soldiers under orders of Col. Gonzalez, the military
commandant there, on or about April 24th. The military
monster was seized by another party of Government troops,
after having attempted to escape from the shore to the
steamer Arizona, now lies in a wounded state, (the having
been fired at on board, while endeavoring to ascend
the gangway) (holder of the American vessel), and is an-
nounced to be shortly by his Government as soon as he
is recovered.

An old man actually starved to death at St. Albans, the
other day, because he was destitute and too proud to make
known his situation. He was found sick with lung fever
on a dirty straw mattress, where he had been lying some
days, and died in a few hours.

It is matter for rejoicing that Gen. Howard has been ac-
quitted by a Court of Inquiry. Christian soldiers are

Gerald Massey's Work in San Francisco.

The News Letter, a literary journal of high
merit and popular standing, which is published in
the above-named city, thus kindly terms in
brief—in its issue of April 18th—of the past life-
labors in England, and present special results
produced in the Golden State, by this gifted poet
and earnest orator, who, on Sunday, May 10th,
took leave of the Boston friends at Music Hall
preparatory to his homeward voyage across the
Atlantic. To the views expressed by our cotem-
porary of the Pacific slope concerning Mr. Mas-
sey, we desire to say, Amen!

"A thoughtful, earnest and original spirit has
come amongst us, and in the brief space of a
week, has created almost a revolution in the do-
main of intellect, and set those thinking who
rarely thought before. Gerald Massey, until of
late years, has been known to the world as a
writer of impassioned verse, some of the love
strains of which are destined to live as long as
our mother tongue shall last, but recently the po-
etical faculty seems to have given place to the
generally attractive one of the public teacher,
and the latter triumphs of our friend have been
won upon the lecturer's platform. Born with
some what unfavorable conditions for the foster-
ing of the more gentle qualities of our nature, it
was somewhat surprising to find a boy of eighteen
or nineteen dashing with such charming rhymes
as those well-known love lyrics of his, beginning,

"No jewel beauty is my love,"
And,
" Heaven hath its crown of stars,"

The former of which has found its way into every
selection of poetical beauties which of late years
has issued from the press. Sprung from among
the people, his association has always been with
them, and sympathy for their sorrows and advan-
ce of their rights have ever enveloped his life,
and borne him onward upon the stream which
carries the old prejudices of the past toward the
great ocean of oblivion. A deep and inquiring
thinker, he has shaken off the trammels of sec-
ularism, and boldly dared to think for himself
upon all matters most intimately concerning his
own moral and spiritual nature. The conclusions
to which he has come upon religious subjects are
such as would startle the chaste of minds accus-
tomed to regard them only through the spectacles
of their ancestors; but placed as they are before
his audiences in terse and vigorous language,
and with an earnestness which is the fullest proof
that they are the purest convictions of their au-
thor's mind, they tell the listener that there is
much room for doubt as to many of his cherished
theories, and send him seeking into new paths
for treasures of truth which may lie there, to
him as yet unknown. Mr. Massey's subjects are
various and widely separated, and touch the very
opposite of "moral" thought. Poetry, science,
the drama, the ancient myths, modern religious
creeds, wit and humor, and the teachings of Spir-
itualism, are all treated by him in their fullest
measure, and receive the advantage of candid
and impartial research. The visit of this remark-
able man to this city has been unfortunately too
brief, and only three of his many copies have re-
ceived illustration before a San Francisco audi-
ence. The first of these, "The Man Shakspeare,"
was a careful epitome of the author's more ex-
tended analysis of the sonnets, and a pleasant
look upon the private life of the grand poet of
the world. It was full of gems of mastery Eng-
lish, and when published, as it doubtless will be,
will serve as a text upon the phases of Shak-
speare's life and character of which it professes
to treat. "Why does not God kill the Devil?" is
a startling title, and the interest in the subject
displayed by a very numerous audience showed
how attractive was the lecture in which the ques-
tion was to be answered. In this Mr. Massey
scattered to the winds the temporary doctrine of
a personal devil, and showed that God did not
kill the devil because there was no devil to kill.
Bold and perfectly outspoken, he cares not to
shelter himself behind glittering flowers of rhet-
oric, but without a fear dashes into the midst of
what he believes to be error, and does his best to
vanquish it. His third lecture, on "The Coming
Religion," we could not hear, but we are willing
to believe that it was marked by all the original-
ity and breadth of thought which distinguished his
previous efforts. It is a matter of regret that
we should have seen so little of Mr. Massey, and
that his many calls among the cities of the East-
ern States forbid the prolongation of his stay.
He may, however, be assured that such is the
impression he leaves upon the minds of his hear-
ers, that his second visit to the Pacific Coast will
be hailed with delight by a large number of the
most thoughtful minds amongst us, and that a
warm welcome will be extended to him when he
again bends his steps hitherward. In the hope
that we may soon witness his return, we for a
time regretfully bid him farewell!

The funeral expenses of men killed in the Hoosier Tunnel,
and paid by the contractors, have amounted to \$20,000 in five
years.

A painting deer, chased by hunters, came to a woodman
working near the Umpqua Oregon bridge, and after he had
driven the dogs off, the deer remained with him all day,
allowing him to fatten it, and appearing to feel a lively
sense of gratitude for the man's interference in its behalf.

We have lately received an invoice of that thoughtful
compiler, entitled "The Love Song," that it is, and what
it is not, as A. B. Hayes writes. This work, containing a
wealth of the public mind is so much exercised in the direction
of ascertaining the truth about Love. The reader is sure
to find an intellectual treat in the perusal of this work, even
if he do not endorse the author's view.

The publishers of the Boston Herald have sold into a
libel-suit instead of a spring-suit, and all about the Car-
dell Grant.

Senator Sumner in his will made a bequest of one thou-
sand dollars to Harvard College, as a prize for the best dis-
sertation on preserving the national peace.
The bequest is made in very striking and impressive
terms.

A gun was cast recently at Alger's foundry, South Bos-
ton, which will weigh, when finished, eighty-four thou-
sand pounds, and is believed to be the largest rifled iron
cannon ever cast.

The Bible is hard to digest. The one lately found in a
catholic's stomach is evidence of the fact.

He who respects
The softer sex,
Will surely win the goal;
But he who slurs
The female sex,
Lays his poor soul—(Lily).

A man who puts himself on the ground of moral princi-
ple, if the whole world be against him, is no lighter than
all. Never be afraid of being in the minority, so that
minorities are based upon principle.

"IS IMMORTALITY DEMONSTRATED BY SPIRITUAL-
ISM?" asks a correspondent. "Let us have the truth of
the matter," he earnestly says; "let earth and air, and
the blue ethering vault, divinely fitted with golden
lyres, be ransacked, to bring this sublime truth—of truth it
is—home to every heart. Into the nostrils of the perish-
ing man, of dust let us endeavor to breathe the breath of
new life."

In Melbourne, Australia, the Unitarians have appointed
a Miss Turner to the oversight of their church; while the
University there, with its prizes and privileges, will hence-
forth be open to all, irrespective of sex.

See Dr. Charles B. Kemney's record in our advertising col-
umns. He has been treated in Brooklyn, N. Y., for over
two years, and his treatment is highly commended by those
who have been under his care.

"Well, Mr. —, how do you feel?" said a friend to a
defeated candidate a few days after election. "I feel, I
suppose," he replied, "as Lazarus did." "How was that?"
"Who?" said he. "Lazarus was licked by the dogs, and so am I."

That the question of the abolition of capital punishment is
attracting a good deal of attention is clear, from the recent
action of different States in reference to it. Illinois is the
last that has wheeled into line, and it is a significant fact
that the committee of five appointed by the speaker of her
House of Representatives, to consider the subject, has only
one member in favor of the retention of the death penalty.

Mrs. Carlisle-Ireland, test medium and clairvoyant, 91
Camden street, Boston, earnestly desires us to state that
she does not advertise in any paper except the Banner of
Light. She is driven to this course in self-defense—other
parties bearing a similar name with her own, and advertis-
ing in the daily papers, have been frequently of late,
mistaken for her by those of her readers who are obliged
to do business by mail. See her advertisement on our sev-
enth page.

To Let.—Furnished Rooms at 71 Tremont st., Boston.

Mr. Jeremiah Prescott, who has just resigned the su-
perintendency of the Eastern Railroad, is one of the most
popular and efficient rail road men in England. When-
ever he goes the kind wishes of a host of friends will follow
him.—Boston Herald, May 24th.

Baxter is decided to be Governor of Arkansas.

The Mill River Disaster.
This river is a small, but swift stream, which flows
southwesterly through Hampshire County, Western Mas-
sachusetts, and empties itself into the Connecticut at
Northampton, and the valley through which it runs was,
early on the morning of Saturday, May 16th, the scene of
one of the most appalling catastrophes ever known in the
history of New England. Just before the hands in the vil-
lage which stands on the right bank of the river, had re-
paired to their work in the numerous factories, George
Cheney, watchman and gate-keeper at the Williamsburg
reservoir (some three miles from that village), discovered
that volumes of water were forcing themselves through a
portion of the dam, generating the strength of which he
had long cherished doubts. This dam was built across a
ravine some four hundred feet wide, the water covering
between seventy-five and one hundred acres, with an av-
erage depth of forty feet. The streams hastily thrown to-
gether and multiply. Mr. Cheney hastily mounted his horse
and galloped to the village to warn the inhabitants of the
impending danger, but before he reached the place he heard
behind him the rattling thunder of the liquid avalanche,
and but an instant passed after his arrival ere a wave of
water, bearing before it a wall of dirt-work thirty feet
high, and hundreds of feet in width, dashed down the
narrow valley!

It struck the southeastern portion of Williamsburg vil-
lage, carrying away a large number of dwellings; thence
to Skimmersville, where it swept away Skinner's large silk
mills and his boarding and dwelling-houses. Continuing
on to Haydenville, it struck the large brass manufactory
of Hayden, Gear & Co., sweeping it away in an instant—a
fatal fate that was shared by the Savings Bank Building, Foundry,
Butter Factory and other substantial brick struc-
tures, offices, etc., etc. Large numbers of the people were
swept through the narrow streets at a fearful rate, and
well-built houses instantly crushed, not giving the inmates
a moment's warning. The flood then struck the village of
Leeds, where a large number of shops, dwellings, &c.,
were swept away. Florence was next in order, but being
located in meadow-land, the principal injury sustained was
the sweeping away of the Nonotuck silk mill. Three
iron bridges were carried away in the village of Williams-
burg; one wooden and two iron bridges in Leeds village; and
in Florence one iron and two wooden bridges were swept
away. The stream then broadened into a temporary im-
mudation, which passed by in twenty minutes after
its commencement, and the work of ruin was completed—
four thriving villages having been totally wrecked, a
penitentiary has having been occasioned which may safely
be placed at \$2,000,000, and a death-roll accomplished which
cannot be estimated, fall short of two hundred persons—
whole families, in some instances, having been carried
away over the dams, and either killed or drowned.

A twelve-mile course of destruction was run by the
"pale horse" before it reached the Connecticut River, and
its track to-day is everywhere marked by what is left of
stores, dwellings and manufactures; by the trunks and
limbs of trees which were torn up and whirled along by
rushing waters; by the remains of houses and cattle, and
in many instances by the mangled dead bodies of men,
women and children, to whom death came almost without
a moment's warning.

The matter will be hereafter investigated, no doubt, leg-
islatively and judicially, but the blame of the disaster
may be rightfully ascribed, but the hand of charity is most
needed at the present time to sustain those many of them
women and children—who have in an instant lost their all.
To this laudable end \$50,000 have been subscribed, up to
the time of our going to press, in the States of Massachu-
setts, New York and Connecticut.

Oxford-Street Chapel, Lynn, Mass.

Was the scene on Sunday, May 17th, of a highly
interesting order of exercises. In the afternoon
Mr. Venero Voldo spoke on "The Gospel of
Joyousness" and in the evening James M. Peo-
bles delighted a large audience by an eloquent
address upon "Travel in the East."

Travel, Mr. Peobles said, was an educator; it
lengthened the chain of friendship; made us
cosmopolitan, and inspired the wanderer with a
spirit of broad toleration. While in the East he
had met with a learned gentleman, who drew a
striking comparison between Jesus and Apollo-
nius of Tyana. Apollonius was born in Cappa-
doxia; his mother, previous to his birth, had
several visions, which made strong impressions
on her mind, in one of which she saw herself
wandering in a beautiful meadow where white
swans were floating; these birds gathered around
her in the form of a circle, and then rising upon
the wing, soared away into space, fanning her
brow with their pinions. The astrologers told
her that these symbolized the birth of a Saviour.
When sixteen years of age Apollonius adopted
the teachings and rules of Pythagoras; he ob-
served silence for a period of five years, during
which he did not speak aloud; abstained from
flesh eating; went about with bare feet, and
covered himself with linen garments. In the
temple of Esculapius the god Proteus appeared
to him and promised to perform healing marvels
through his instrumentality, and from that time
Apollonius was vested with most remarkable
power for healing the sick; he also received the
gift of tongues. He traveled into Babylon and
India, where he adopted the philosophy of the
Gymnosophists. He was several times—accord-
ing to the record—lifted and carried through the
air, as was Philip to Azotus. Imprisoned, a
thunder-bolt opened his dungeon doors; and his
whole life forcibly reminded one of that of Jesus.

Mr. Peobles said that these same spiritual man-
ifestations ran like a silver thread through the
traditional or recorded lives of the seers, prophets,
and teachers of all ages in the East, and that
at present there were many Spiritualists in
China, India and Egypt. He exhibited to the
audience a painting of the Egyptian Canopus
Stone, which were exceedingly interesting.
Cosmopolitism, it was a corner stone of an
Egyptian temple laid in the reign of Ptolemy II.,
some three hundred years before Christ, and
upon it was depicted the Apocalyptic woman,
clothed with the sun, the moon under her feet,
and the twelve stars upon her head; also the
sign of the cross, and the scroll mentioned by
John as sealed with seven seals. The revela-
tions made by modern investigators in the East,
were giving abundant evidence that both the Old
and the New Testament Scriptures were largely
borrowed from India and Egypt. Truths were
universal.

Mr. Peobles also exhibited paintings illustra-
tive of spherulic bleedings, and showing that
from the human hand, the human brain, the whole
organism of man, went forth aural emanations.
These emanations, the lecturer maintained, cor-
responded with the moral status of the individual
from whom they outflowed: the purer and more
spiritual the life, the more ethereal and golden
the aural surroundings. In traveling he knew

Spiritualist Lectures and Lyceums.

Lyons Hall, 3 Winter street.—The Boston Spiritual-
ists Lyceum will hereafter hold meetings, for lectures, con-
ferences, &c., every Sunday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock in the
above-mentioned hall. All Spiritualists and friends of
Progress are cordially invited to attend. Admission free.
John A. Andrew Hall.—Free Meetings.—Lecture by
Mrs. S. A. Floyd, at 3 and 5 P. M. The audience priv-
ately proposed questions on spiritualism, which exhib-
ited a quartette singing. Public invited. The Children's
Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, which formerly met in Eliot
Hall, will hold its place, corner Channing and Essex
streets, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 o'clock.
The Ladies' Spiritualist Aid Society meets in Cotton
Hall, corner of Channing and Essex streets, meetings Tues-
day afternoon. Free Societies in the evening. Mrs.
C. E. Hayward, President; Mrs. E. M. Mead, Secretary.
The Lyceum of Spiritualists meets in this hall, corner
Washington and Common streets, every Sunday at 10 1/2 A.
M., and 3 P. M. Good speakers or test mediums always
invited to attend.
Cotton Hall, 176 Tremont street.—Sunday morning, circle.
Mrs. Belle Howarth, medium. At 1 P. M. a free circle.
All mediums invited. Evening, free conference. Thos. E.
Morgan, President; Mrs. L. M. Morgan, Secy.
Temple Hall, 26 Washington street.—Meetings of a
social and conversational nature are held on Thursday eve-
nings each week. The public and mediums generally are
invited to attend.
Cotton Hall, Mrs. Lottie Taber and other mediums will
hold a series of A. M. In this hall, corner of Channing
and Essex streets.
Lyons Hall.—Primary Council No. 1, of Boston of
the Universal Association of Spiritualists, holds meetings
every Sunday at this hall, No. 155 Boylston Street. Lec-
tures in the afternoon and evening. Admission free to all.
Boston.—John A. Andrew Hall.—Children's Progress-
ive Lyceum, No. 1, held its regular session at this hall
Sunday morning, May 17th, at which time, in addition to
Silver-Chain recitations, marches, etc., declamations
were participated in by George Hinton, Lizzie Thomp-
son, Florence Hull, W. Vaughan, Daisy Everett, Cynthia
Hull, Malie Edson and Cora Jackson; songs were given
by Mr. Baxter and Miss Cora Stone; and Dr. Allen of the
Vineyard, N. J., Lyceum made a brief address.
The Lyceum Dramatic Club, connected with this school,
will give at three and eight o'clock, P. M.
The Complimentary Hall, given to Chester M. Huggins
and C. F. Harwood, at John A. Andrew Hall, on the eve-
ning of Tuesday, May 19th, was a well-attended and happy
occasion.
Norton Hall.—A correspondent writes as follows regard-
ing the services held at this place, Sunday, May 17th:
"The morning meeting was a circle; Mrs. L. W. Litch
and Miss Susie F. Nickerson occupied the platform, and
their controlling influences gave many very excellent tests
of the presence of the spirit-friends of those attending.
In the afternoon J. Frank Baxter opened the meeting by
singing; Prof. A. E. Carpenter made a few remarks; an
invocation was given by the influence through Mrs. Baber;
a poem was read by Mr. Baxter, and Mrs. Agnes M. Hall
gave an interesting and instructive lecture upon sub-
jects selected by the audience. During the delivery of the
discourse, Mr. Baxter was moved upon by the spirit to
write a piece of poetry, and after the lecture sung the same,
and sang a hymn. The meeting was a very happy and
interesting one. In the evening Mr. Baxter gave a lecture upon
"Reformation," which was both instructive and amusing; he
also sang a hymn, and after the lecture sang the same,
and sang a hymn. Throughout the day there was a continued
feast of good things at the 'People's Spiritual Meeting.'

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Miss Susie M. Johnson has changed her place of residence
from Detroit to Hay City, Mich., box 72, which is and will
be, for the present, her permanent address. While de-
voting herself principally to the study of phonography
during the summer months, she will be glad to make en-
gagements to lecture Sundays, or week evenings, at any
points within easy access of Hay City, and will also attend
funerals when desired.

Mattie Sawyer will answer calls to lecture in New Eng-
land, at address 871 Washington street, Boston.

William Brinton, whose poetic effusions through these
columns have given such pleasure to our readers, of late,
will lecture in New York City, during the month of June.

Warren Chase has been successfully laboring, for some
time past, in the West. He has been May 21th in Can-
nonsville, Ill., and at Des Moines, Iowa, during June. Ad-
dressing Colfax, Jasper Co., Iowa.

Mrs. Abby N. Burnham has been lecturing recently in
Cantonville, Conn., at 8 P. M. on Tuesday and
Thursday evenings, May 12th and 14th, we were present
and instructively entertained by a lecture each evening
from Mrs. Abby N. Burnham. During the interval just
devoted to lectures, she interested us agreeably by remi-
niscences of her experience in her noble calling, and sitting
in circles with us. Cantonville is a small place of about
twelve hundred inhabitants, and has four churches—Con-
gregational, Methodist, Catholic and Episcopal, and only
a handful of Spiritualists; and whenever an effort is made
to have a lecture here upon the subject, the doctrines of
these several churches draw their tyrannical creed-ties
over their doors with such malignant force, that they dare
not come out to listen to a Spiritualist, so our audiences are
ever small. We still believe, that even here, Spiritualism
has taken a never-dying root, and will live in spite of Or-
thodox persecution.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield will speak in Syracuse, N. Y., on
Saturday evening and Sunday, May 23d and 24th; and in
Putnam, Conn., the Sundays of June. Would like to make
other engagements. Address for June, Putnam, Conn.

The Colchester-Day Restitution Fund.

Bro. Colchester's last report to you, of April 28th,
I have received the following from friends to justice:
W. J. King, Williamsburg, Long Island.....\$1.00
W. H. Roberts, Olympia, W. T...... 50
J. P. Hazard, Newport, R. I...... 1.00
O. B. Wood, New York...... 2.00
Obscure Friend...... 2.00
Total.....\$6.50

Fraternally yours,
L. D. A.
(D. T. Averill, of Vermont, in another column, calls up-
on Spiritualists that have not already done so to con-
siderably Mr. Lester Day, of Buffalo, who came forward
so nobly and rescued Mr. Colchester, the medium, from
the minions of bigotry, who would have imprisoned him,
because of his moral life, had not Bro. Day's east his
hand on the "man in the mask"!! It is the warm-
est desire of Mr. Colchester, in spirit-life, that his friend
now be fully remunerated by Spiritualists in this hour of
his affliction. All who aid Mr. D.—Colchester aver-
"will bless God when they come to live where I am, that
they responded to the call of the angels."—Ed. B. or L.

God's Poor Fund.

Since our last report the following sums have been re-
ceived, for which the donors are cordially thanked:
Charles Tynge, Providence, R. I.....\$1.00
A Friend, Frankfort, Ky...... 50
J. C. Smith, Guilma, Ga...... 2.00
Mary H. Cole, Passaic, N. J...... 10.00
Total.....\$13.50

Louisiana Sufferers.

Received since our last report, and paid over to the Mayor
of Boston, the following:
"W. M. H.," Marblehead, Mass.....\$1.00
"A. B.,"...... 3.00
Reader of Banner, N. Y...... 2.00
Total.....\$6.00

To Correspondents.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications.
Name and address of writer in all cases indispensable as a
guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or
return communications not used.

F. C. L., Detroit, Mich.—Should be pleased to hear
from you again on the subject matter alluded to in your
private note. You have hit the nail on the head squarely
in condemnation of "the abusive epithets," so lavishly
used by iconoclastic lecturers of atheistic proclivities on
the Spiritualist platform. Ours should be, by all means,
a religion of charity—goodness—love.

I have been sick, Mr. Editor, and unable to
either hear or lecture since the first of April, and in
consequence of my weak condition, I shall be
compelled to give up my rooms for the treat-
ment of the sick, and take the lecture-field again.
I am now in Michigan, but will answer calls to
lecture in any part of the country. Address me
either 148 West Washington street, Chicago, or
871 Washington street, Boston.

DANIEL W. HULL.
Dowagiac, Mich., May 12th, 1874.

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