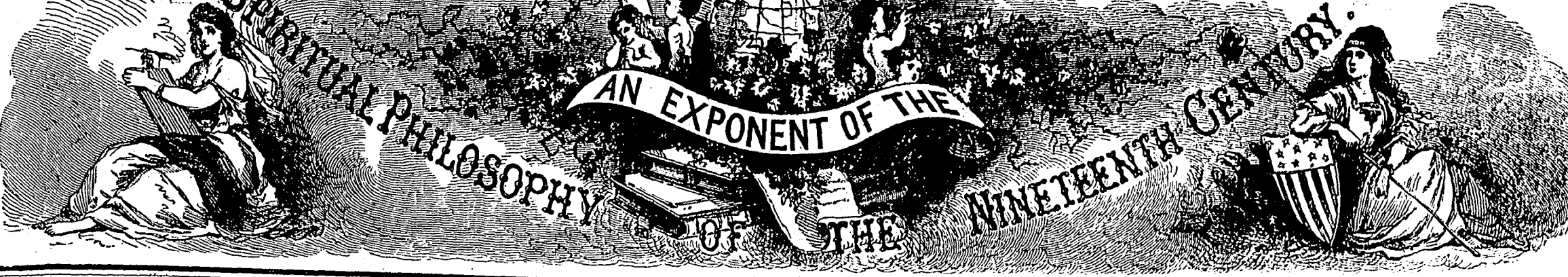


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Spiritual Phenomena.

THE MOST CONVINCING MATERIALIZATIONS OF THE AGE.

ANNA STEWART MEDIUM, AT TERRE HAUTE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

When one year ago I sent you some account of the wonderful materializations of spirit forms through the mediumship of Anna Stewart, as witnessed by me at the séance rooms of Dr. Allen Pence, at Terre Haute, Ind., I little dreamed of the wonderful results in the perfection of their work to which the spirit-band controlling her were destined to attain. At that time I gave a specific account of the strong test conditions under which the medium was placed by skeptics and investigators, and the highly convincing and satisfactory manifestations then produced.

No matter how exacting the test conditions imposed by those seeking indubitable proof of spirit communion, the results continued to be uniformly satisfactory, the manifestations continuing to vary at each séance. Confidence was thus firmly established in the medium, and unless skeptics from a distance were present the tying of the medium was dispensed with, the spirits at the same time announcing that they themselves would form conditions sufficiently satisfactory to all. This promise, as will be shown, was abundantly fulfilled.

The séance—a general description of which is here given—was held in the séance-rooms above alluded to, where some thirty-five individuals (about equally divided between males and females) were assembled. The medium, dressed in some plain, drab-hued material, entered the cabinet, completely isolated from everything which could have been made accessory to collusion or trickery, [I here make the usual allusion to deception, which, ever since the first materialized spirit-hand appeared, has been introduced into almost every article on manifestations produced on that plane, no matter what the reputation for truth and honesty borne by the person or persons connected therewith may have been, and after the music-box had kept up the harmony about half an hour the manifestations began.

The séance-room on this occasion was more highly illuminated than at any previous time during materializations, and the spirits seemed particularly pleased while communicating with me, that they had been enabled to appear in a light so strong that all things could be clearly distinguished. Each feature of the spirit's face, and indeed of the countenances of all present, could be distinctly seen.

The first intimation that the materialization was progressing was a partial opening of the cabinet door, and we were favored with a glimpse of the spirit, who immediately closed it. It was opened again, and we had a full view of the spirit, appearing in the form of an interesting young woman in low neck and short sleeves. Her white garment extended about half way below the knee, displaying a neat foot and ankle, her head being covered by a white turban. We had only time for one good view, when the cabinet door was again closed.

Again, the door was opened by this visitant from the mystic regions beyond the grave, and the spirit this time came boldly forth, approaching very nearly to the first row of spectators. I noticed now that her feet were encased in a dainty pair of black slippers, and also that her waist was girdled by a belt of the same hue. She ventured a word of inquiry as to how the audience liked the materialization, and asked what they thought of her slippers, stating that she made them herself. "We will bring out the medium to-night," said she, and returned to the cabinet.

A few moments elapsed, when the doors of the cabinet were thrown open, and the spirit again appeared, holding the medium by the hand, who was entranced by an Indian spirit calling herself "Minnie," and who frequently spoke at the opening of the séance. Both spirit and medium advanced from the cabinet, now vacated by all things visible save the chair in which the medium previous to this had been seated. Said the spirit, "Can you now all see the medium, and distinguish us both clearly? are you all satisfied now that there is no deception about this?" Both spirit and medium remained standing in front of the cabinet for some minutes, the former answering questions, and asking that all should fully satisfy themselves of the identity of the medium, and that they should closely scrutinize the features of each!

This remarkable séance demonstrated to me the vast progress accomplished by the spirit-world on this plane of startling phenomena since

the electrical experiments to which Mr. Crookes, of England, subjected the medium, Florence Cook. In that case, had it been possible for the medium to have appeared with the spirit, these electrical experiments resorted to that a separate identity of spirit and medium might be demonstrated beyond a doubt, would not have been thought necessary.

Observe, then, this remarkable fact: both spirit and medium in a clear, satisfying light, (the latter entranced,) walking hand-in-hand from the wide open cabinet, the latter isolated from all things, the light thrown completely around it, and containing nothing save the chair which the medium had occupied, and there remaining as long as desired in view of all!

After the lapse of about three minutes the spirit, still holding the medium's hand, returned to the cabinet.

I have now to speak of a very remarkable and convincing test, which is neither more nor less than weighing the immortal remnant of mortals. A common platform scale had been provided, and the voice of the spirit asked that it be placed in front of the cabinet, which was done accordingly. The spirit again came from the cabinet, but this time her white dress extended quite to her feet, and her arms were covered by a pair of sleeves, her former abbreviated wardrobe having been lengthened doubtless by the same mysterious process by which it had been originally "spun." The spirit having stepped upon the scale, one of the spectators was requested to weigh her. A gentleman volunteered, and "ninety pounds" was announced as the result. The spirit then stepped from the scale, but requested to be weighed again, remarking, as she took her place a second time, "Now I am coming down on it heavy." The result, as announced this time, was "one hundred and fourteen pounds." She asked to be weighed a third time, and this time the result was announced as "fourteen pounds!" after which she became so light that she could not be weighed by the scale!

In answer to a query, she stated that she became lighter or heavier by means of will-power. The spirit then returned to the cabinet with the remark, "I am losing myself."

Upon the reappearance of the spirit I requested that she should take my hand, which she did. I then made several queries, among which were the following: "Where did you die?" She answered, "In Quincy, Illinois." Said I, "What is your name?" "Belle Burgess." "How did you find the medium?" "I knew her in Quincy, before I passed over." "How old were you?" "Fifteen years." "Then," said I, "are we, who are bearing the brunt of the battle for the truths of Spiritualism, to look on while the Orthodox clergy 'steal our thunder,' and obtain credit for the liberal philosophical sentiments taught originally by Spiritualist speakers?" To this she replied, "You are constantly improving yourselves, and when the world's prejudice is broken down, you will go up in the world, and they will stand a poor show. There is no dark side to Spiritualism." "Why do you not permit other spirits to materialize?" "They have not learned how, and we wish to develop this Katie King business as far as possible; then we will give the others a chance."

The spirit occupied full an hour and a half at this séance. During almost all the time she was in full view of all the spectators. I chronicle the materializations at Dr. Pence's séance-rooms through the mediumship of Anna Stewart, with their attendant circumstances, as far beyond what I have ever before seen, and fully equal to anything of the kind I have ever known recorded. It is worth a trip across the Atlantic to receive such satisfaction from the world of spirits.

Mrs. Anna Stewart has been giving séances at Terre Haute, Ind., for a period of over two years, during which time she has proven herself to be a lady above the imputation of trickery.

THEODORE F. PRICE.

Monon, Ind., March 4th, 1875.

SEANCE WITH FRED. ELY.

DEAR BANNER—Freddie progresses finely. Last night there were present sixteen of us, all well acquainted with one another. Fred was placed in an adjoining room, the folding doors being open, but their place supplied with a heavy blanket. In this small room Fred was tied with wax ends, one hand down to each side of the chair, and the chair fastened to the floor. His feet also were tied together, and to the chair. Beside him, on a table, were placed the usual spirit orchestral instruments, tambourine, mouth harp, bells, etc., etc. His room was only lighted by the light of one six-foot burner in the room in which we sat. When the blanket was pushed aside the medium was as much in the light as ourselves; consequently the darkness of his room, even when the blanket was down, was but very slight.

In this condition we received an uproarious response from the aforesaid musical instruments, all of which played plainly, distinctly. We know, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that none of the notes or music was produced by the medium.

While still in this strictly test condition we received the independent writing on a sheet of paper laid on the table.

The next phase was, we set free the hands of the medium, but left his feet tied; then he held his hands outward, entirely outside the curtain, into our room and in our full view, and while thus seated we received the instrumental music again by the invisible powers, three instruments playing at one time. This séance occurred at playing at one time. This séance occurred at my own residence, and I know there was no fraud or collusion or mistake about it. Freddie

Ely is a Newark boy, but when he visits New York comes to my own house, but does not give séances for the general public, nor for money. At his home séances he also gets spirit hands under the above test conditions.

And now to the Banner I would say, that although I have been an investigator for many years I do not, for one, call trance mediumship, clairvoyance, or the intellectual phases, the highest order of mediumship. The philosopher and the old Orthodox are knocked down more effectually by the intelligent, independent movement of a chair or table or tambourine, than by all the arguments and philosophies that have ever been written on the subject. The movement of inanimate bodies without contact, or rather by spirits, proves the capacity of spirit over matter. It sets at naught the law of gravitation in minor bodies. It reaches the eye, the ear and the reason of all men. Therefore, for one, I say all hail to physical manifestations. J. B. NEWBOUGH, M. D.
New York, Feb. 7th, 1875.

MANIFESTATIONS AT HARRISBURG, PA.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As it has been some time since anything has been published in your journal from this section, I suppose our friends have come to the conclusion that we are doing nothing. In this they are greatly mistaken; as we are having wonderful manifestations at our circles, and the good work goes on bravely. We are having a course of lectures, and have started a new circle, and new mediums are being rapidly developed. Among the new mediums are Messrs. Krause and Neff, of this city, whose marvelous manifestations have mystified the public to such an extent that these gentlemen are daily in receipt of letters requesting a display of their powers. I have had the pleasure of witnessing a number of their séances, and must say that they exceed anything I have ever seen or read of. I will endeavor to give a description of one of their séances.

The cabinet was first examined by the audience and committee. Major Krause was then bound with ropes, his wrists firmly tied behind his back, and the ropes knotted in every possible way to secure them. The ropes were then drawn down and tied by the committee to rings fastened to the floor of the cabinet. The Major's legs were next securely bound. The cabinet doors being closed, materialized hands instantly appeared at the apertures. The doors being opened, the medium was found bound as before, and the knots undisturbed. Two of the committee were now invited into the cabinet, and solid iron rings were placed on the floor. In an instant the rings were flying in the air, and then were found upon the arms of the medium. Upon the doors being again closed, the rings instantly fell to the floor. The committee failed to detect a single movement of the medium.

Handcuffs were now placed upon the mediums, and upon the doors of the cabinet being closed, they were heard to fall upon the floor, and the mediums stepped out free. At the suggestion of a gentleman in the audience the handcuffs were placed upon Major Krause's wrists behind his back, with the same result.

The mediums now enter the cabinet together, and are bound securely hand and foot to chairs. In a twinkling solid iron rings are placed upon various parts of their bodies, whilst persons are sitting in the cabinet with them, and who fail to detect any movement on the part of the medium.

One of the most mysterious of their manifestations is what they denominate the "changing rings and chains." They both being bound hand and foot to chairs, four small iron rings are placed, two upon either arm of the Doctor. The committee now pass a solid chain through the rings across the back, drawing them up under the arms, and locking it with a padlock or handcuffs. Another chain is passed through the rings across the breast and locked in a like manner, and the keys retained by the audience. In the short space of ten seconds the rings and chains are found upon the Major (who is a much larger man than the Doctor), and so tight are they that it is impossible for any of the committee to move either the rings or chains. How this marvelous change can take place is beyond my comprehension, and the rapidity with which it is done makes it still more mysterious.

A coat is now placed upon either of them, and stitched at the sleeves and neck so that it is impossible to remove it without disturbing the stitches, yet it is changed from one to the other instantly, whilst both are securely bound.

Solid iron rings are placed upon their bodies which it is impossible for anybody to remove, yet when the cabinet is closed, in an instant they are heard to fall upon the floor.

Many other startling features, such as the floating and playing of musical instruments, were produced, and thoroughly tested by the audience, who failed to discover any fraud or trickery on the part of the mediums.

In conclusion, I would state that these gentlemen give every opportunity to scientists and others to investigate the phenomena, and allow any one to enter the cabinet with them who express a desire to do so. H. BRENCMAN.
Harrisburg, Pa.

PASTE THAT WILL KEEP.—A correspondent of the London Chemist and Druggist says that paste is kept moist and specially sweet and free from smell, by mixing glycerine with it in the proportion of about one teaspoonful of glycerine to half a pound of paste; according to another authority, glycerine is anti-septic, one part to ten of water, preserving animal substances equal to spirit.

A Vermont couple courted thirteen years, and finally concluded to go the whole figger.

Literary Department.

THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

OF

ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

Author of "Dora Moore;" "Country Neighbors; or, The Two Orphans;" "Rocky Nook—A Tale for the Times;" "Bertha Lee;" "My Husband's Secret;" "Jealousy;" "Pleasures of Real Life in New York;" "The Two Cousins; or, Sunshine and Tempest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

Davie was surprised one day to see his mother walk into his room just as he was about to retire for the night. She had never been in London before, and looked haggard and worn. "Oh Davie! Davie!" she said, "where is Bessie? your sister Bessie? Isn't she here? Not here, Davie! Pray don't say she is n't here!"

Davie took off his mother's bonnet and shawl, smoothed the ruffled hair, bade her sit down and rest.

"Not till you tell me where Bessie is! Say that she is here, Davie!"

"I do n't know what you mean, mother. Bessie is not here. Did you let her come to London alone?"

"Let her come to London alone! Why, you are crazy, Davie, to think of such a thing. But she has gone! Bessie has gone from us. Yesterday morning she did not get up at her usual time, nor answer to my call. I went up to her room, and there, Davie, I found this note: 'DEAR MOTHER—Do not look for me. You cannot find me if you search. Wait till I return, and do not be anxious. I will visit you before long and tell you everything. Your affectionate daughter, Bessie.'"

Davie read, and was troubled. "Mother, I will get you a cup of tea, and then we will see what can be done. Be calm, mother; it may all be right. Had Bessie any lovers?"

"Yes, young Higgins, the farmer, wanted to marry her. He is well to do in the world, and would have made her a good husband, but she would not listen to him, nor let him come to the house."

"Any others?"

"Yes, James, the linen-draper's clerk, a steady young man. She used to be fond of him, but lately she treated him so badly that he has courted Martha Sands, and they are to be married this day week."

"Are there no others?"

"Not one that I can recall, my child. I cannot think she has left her mother for any man alive. Why should she? Was n't she the beauty among her equals, and might have the pick of 'em?"

"Are you sure she came to London?"

"No, Davie. I know no more than that note tells me."

Davie was more troubled than he dared express to his mother. The darkness of night had settled down upon them, and he was almost a stranger in that great city. There was nothing for them but to wait till morning, then he would go home with her, and perhaps Bessie might return. They would hope so, at least. After much soothing and comforting from her son, Patsie fell asleep, but Davie watched and was troubled. They went home the next morning, but found the cottage just as Patsie had left it the day before. The friends at Morton Hall and at Mount Paradise sympathized deeply in Patsie's trouble. Nothing was left undone to obtain a trace of the missing girl, but all in vain. Our readers have a clue to the mystery, but not one, save Mrs. Eliza, had a suspicion of the truth, and she kept her own counsel. Once in a morning ride, she had seen Roger Morton leaning against the stile, talking with Bessie. She thought nothing of it at the time, for Patsie's family were much beloved at the Hall, and the intimacy between them was on a different footing from that of the other dependents of the family. Now the scene recurred to her again and again: the pretty red-cheeked girl and the aristocratic son of the elder Morton in such close converse in that retired spot. She was saddened and shocked at the suggestion that would intrude into her heart, repel it as she might.

Mary could believe nothing evil of Bessie, and comforted Davie with this belief. He was pained to see her looking pale and thin, and a sadness had settled down upon her face, which he believed was not all caused by Bessie's disappearance. He called once to see Lady Isabella. As he went away, Mary was already mounted for her daily ride, the groom waiting her pleasure. Davie came to her side and walked down the avenue. The groom fell back. Davie stopped at the gate under an ancient elm, whose branches drooped almost to the ground. Mary gave her hand to say good-by. Their eyes met—hers were wet with unshed tears—his? ay, he velled them with the lids and looked down. He dared not trust himself.

"Davie! Davie Ramsey!" at last broke out Mary in a voice that trembled with suppressed feeling. "Have you no pity on me, that you give me not one word of sympathy? Cannot you, who always taught deference and obedience to parents, give me one kind word, when I am trying to honor my father by yielding myself to his will?" The words came from a heart that must speak or break.

"No, I cannot!" said Davie, in a voice that

sounded harsh and stern. "Would you perjure yourself?"

He turned and walked quickly away. He dared not look into her face again. Had he done so, he would have poured his whole soul out before her, and then—what might have followed? Scorn, reproach, her father's anger, banishment perhaps from Morton Hall forever. Poor Mary grew thinner and paler. There was sadness in the Hall and weeping in the cottage. One week more, and Roger Morton would come to claim his bride. The heart of Lady Isabella could no longer resist the sweet, appealing face. She drew her to her bosom and said, "My darling, shall we not ask your father for a longer delay? three months, say?"

"Yes, mamma, if you ask him he will give it. I cannot tell you now why I was so firm at first, and why more yielding at last. Some time I will tell you, mamma. I think I shall die young; you know my mother did."

"No, no, my precious one; you will live and enjoy life. I prophesy it."

Two months from that date "Mrs. Eliza" went to London with her mother, to see the family solicitor about some claim upon her father's estate. To procure an important witness she called upon an old servant, who kept a lodging-house in the city. The old woman, who was something of a gossip, told her of a sick girl whom she had taken in because she came from her own county.

"The poor thing will die," she said, "and mourns to go home to her mother. She has money enough to go, but I am afraid she will die on the way."

Mrs. Eliza asked many questions, and then went up to see the girl. She was not surprised, after what she had heard, to see her poor Bessie. Yes, poor Bessie! her fine color all gone, and she panting for breath and moaning, "My mother! my mother!"

Mrs. Eliza, our readers will remember, was tall, and angular, and plain, but she had a heart of gold, and a hand strong and tender. She spoke only kind words to the poor lost creature, and had her carried to the station in a carriage, she supporting her; and she got her safely to her home, and helped, with her own hands, to lift her out of the coach at her mother's door, where she left her—mother and daughter by themselves.

Patsie made no reproaches, for the girl was dying. She listened to her confession with lips that compressed themselves tightly, lest the girl should hear the curse upon her betrayer that longed for utterance.

When Davie next saw his sister Bessie she lay a white, stiffened corpse in her coffin, and he knew who had wrought her ruin. His Scotch blood was roused. He had the courage, the fearlessness and the will to avenge the deed. But Patsie laid the mother's firm hand upon his shoulder:

"I promised her for you, Davie, that you should not harm him. I promised before she would tell me his name. With her dying breath she asked, and I promised."

The firm lips moved, the eyes flashed fire and the hands moved restlessly. His mother had never seen him so defiant and determined to have his way.

"Yes, and I promised more," she continued; "that we would never reveal his name."

Davie flung his mother's hand from his shoulder.

"You had no right, mother, to promise for me. Keep his villainy secret! Let the murderer go unpunished! Mother, you forget—our Mary! No! By—"

The mother's hand was laid quickly over his mouth. He had never sworn an oath in his life. "Davie!" The mother burst into tears. "Don't you make me a liar, boy! God will take vengeance. Leave it to him."

Davie made no reply, but went out into the garden.

Mary had come to the cottage to weep with Patsie, and give her such comfort as was in her power. Davie had left for London that morning, but as Patsie sat in the porch, holding Mary's hand, careless of work, now, Davie opened the garden gate. For the first time in his life he had missed the train.

There was something in Mary's eyes as he said, "And so I must spend the rest of the day at home," that made his heart bound, and brought the color to his cheeks. "A brother's welcome," he said, "at least."

He sat and read to them from Ruskin's Beauty of the Clouds, and as he read they watched the light, fleecy clouds that sailed the sky that evening; and then he told Mary of his last work—a Gothic church for some pretty village, and they studied it in its details. Then they wandered awhile in the garden, and found one magnolia flower on the tree, which was getting old now, and did not bear many blossoms. They plucked this to carry to Lady Isabella.

"I remember," said Davie, "the first time that my lady teacher, as I still delight to call her, came here. I was so afraid that she would take you away from us, that I went and sat behind the hedge, and cried for an hour."

"What happy days those were Davie," said Mary.

"Yes; I think no children in England were quite as happy."

"And now? Oh, Davie! I wish life were all over now. I want no more of it."

"Mary," said Davie, and strangely calm sounded his words, "is it right to thrust our happiness from us? Is it right to torture our own hearts? Mary, you cannot—you must not, you shall not marry Roger Morton!"

He stopped, frightened at his own vehemence. Mary did not understand all the feeling which prompted these words, but, strange as they sounded, they were music to her ear. Her eyes fell, but the color came and went on her soft cheek. Davie saw, and great courage came to his heart.

"Mary, it would be perjury for you or for me to plight our troth to another. God has made us one, for all time; I care not for the difference of rank or wealth. I only know that I love you with all the strength of a man's love, and, Mary, I believe—"

"Yes, yes, Davie," said Mary; "did you think I could give myself to another? But, Davie, why did not you tell me this before? Oh, Davie! I thought—I was afraid it was only a brother's love."

"You may call it what you please, it is a love that fills my whole being. It is life to me."

He had drawn her to his side, and she was weeping on his shoulder. It was almost too much for the poor, loving heart, who had never once thought of rank or wealth. Davie was to her the noblest, the truest of men; as far above all other men whom she had met as gold is more precious than the baser metal. It had not occurred to her that Patsie's pretty cottage was not as good a place to be born in as the great, stately chamber, with its tapestried bed, where her mother died in giving her birth. Love is as great a leveller as death.

And so Patsie learned the story of this love, and her heart trembled within her. She understood the pride of Melton and Morton, and she gave her blessing with faltering lips.

Davie's way lay straight before him. He went home with Mary that evening, and sought her father in his library. There the young man told his love, and asked for the daughter when he should have won his way in the world. We have said that Henry Morton was a gentleman. His bearing toward those inferior in station to himself was one proof of this. He was never arrogant or overbearing; his servants never heard him use a profane or hasty word; his manner carried authority with it, and enforced obedience. He was deeply chagrined and disappointed when he heard Davie through, as he did, in silence. He was seeking Mary's happiness, as he firmly believed, in marrying her to Roger Morton. Let it be remembered, also, that he knew naught against the fair fame of the young man. Davie was a gardener's son, and Patsie's mother had been a servant at Melton House. All this occurred to him as he sat leaning one arm on the table, and listening to Davie, who plead his cause in a manly way, but not as a beggar. No, there had come over Davie this day a modest bravery, as if he were a young, belted knight. Mr. Morton had bade him be seated, but he now rose and stood before him.

"Mr. Morton, I can say no more. I will never marry your daughter without your consent and blessing; but unless you give that you doom us both to a life of disappointment and regret."

Mr. Morton rose and walked across the library before he replied.

"Davie Ramsey, I cannot give my consent and blessing. This comes upon me too suddenly! the disappointment is great! Leave me now, lest I say that which I may regret. But take no hope—I cannot consent."

Davie bowed and departed. He spent the night at his mother's cottage. She gave him little comfort. "For I knew it must be so, Davie," she said. "He thinks you are only a gardener's son!"

"But I can win a name that she will be proud to wear. I feel it within me."

"She is proud to wear it now, Davie. No trouble with her—the darling! Don't you go to blaming the gentry too much. I am not in favor of what are called misalliances myself. Happiness is most generally found by marrying in our station in life. Go to bed, Davie; the good Lord is over all!"

When he left her in the morning she said, "You will find work the best comfort, Davie. Go, work hard and forget your trouble."

A cold consolation, thought her son, but he obeyed.

There is a family meeting on Paradise Hill. Mr. and Mrs. Morton, Uncle Joe and his wife are seated in the room with which our readers have become so familiar. The Captain does not wear his usual bland expression, but his face is flushed and his white hairs are flying here and there, like the soldiers of a regiment in a panic. Mr. Morton looks grave and troubled. Lady Isabella sits calm in her matronly beauty. Her presence is a benediction, for the air of perfect trust and quiet which pervades it. Mrs. Eliza is restless—not quite herself to-day; she moves her seat frequently, and now and then disappears from the room. Mr. Morton has just ceased speaking, and Uncle Joe has waited—impatiently, it must be confessed—to hear him through, and, as soon as he finishes, takes the word:

"No, I say, no! It must not be! Such marriages never come to good!" and he laid his hand heavily on the table as he spoke. "We will not force Mary into a marriage that is distasteful to her—I am not a cruel or harsh man, God forbid! I thought I think the little chit will come to her senses by-and-by; but on the other hand, she must not marry the gardener's son. I agree with you, Morton, and will sustain you in this."

"Thank you, sir," said Morton, bowing.

"Not that I have aught to say against Davie Ramsey. He is a talented young man, quite worthy of your patronage, Lady Isabella, and very grateful, I doubt not."

The lady smiled, but, as the Captain was eager to say more, she spoke not.

"Let him go to the United States. I understand he has expressed the wish. I will give him a hundred pounds myself, yes, three hundred, that he may have a fair start. As for my niece—take her traveling; go with her, Morton, to Norway, or to the Pyramids, or to China, and she will forget Davie Ramsey, and be glad to settle down at last as mistress of proud old Clapham, the happy wife of Roger Morton."

Mrs. Eliza's eyes were fixed upon her husband as he spoke. Her own lips were moving, and her thin hands working restlessly in her lap, but there was a look of determination on her lips and in her eyes. There was a brief silence after the Captain had finished. Mrs. Eliza waited an instant, that she might gather a little more courage, and then her words broke out like hot lava from a volcano:

"Roger Morton! our Mary marry Roger Morton! Sooner plunge a knife into her heart! Hear me, gentlemen, and then see to what such a conventional marriage will doom a lovely, innocent girl!"

The eyes of all were turned upon her in mute wonder. She continued:

"You know the story of poor Bessie, and your hearts have bled for her mother! Do you know the villain who murdered her? A gentleman of high degree, with the blood of a noble race of noble ancestors in his veins—Roger Morton by name! Wait," she said, as Mr. Morton started to his feet, and Uncle Joe's eyes opened wide, "wait, I will tell you all." Which she did, for she had gleaned all particulars from the old servant, and had had an interview also with Patsie. "Davie Ramsey knew this when he plead his own cause before Mary's father, and was well aware of that father's detestation of vice. One word, and Roger Morton would have been banished from Morton Hall forever. He held his peace, and restrained his arm, too, though he longed to take summary vengeance on the villain. His mother made a solemn promise to Bessie on her dying bed, that Davie should do no violence to her seducer; a woman's weakness, I suppose. This is the man to whom you would marry your daughter, Mr. Morton, while you spurn the true gentleman from your door because he has not a pedigree as long as yours! I believe I may claim to be descended from as noble a race as ever graced the pages of heraldry, but among them all none purer and nobler than Davie Ramsey!"

As she paused, Lady Isabella rose from her seat and, with that courtesy and grace so natural to her, crossed the room to where Mrs. Eliza sat, and, stooping, kissed her, saying:

"God bless you for defending my noble boy!"

The words had scarcely passed her lips when Patsie Ramsey walked into the room, bearing in her hand a brown, rusty, old book.

"Here, gentlemen," she said, as she held the book toward the Captain, then stopping short—

"Excuse me, I am a poor mother whose wits are almost wandering for the trouble I have had, but I come to pray that you will deal gently with my dear child Mary. She will break her heart, and you will see too late that you have killed her. I come to ask no favor for Davie. He is a man, and can bear the trouble, for he has his mother's strong body and his father's clear head. I'll not fear for him. He can drive trouble away with hard work. But Mary is a loving, tender woman, a good daughter. I say you will break her heart if you cross her love, and she will die young, as her mother did before her. I have brought you here; Captain Melton, something that may please you, as sugar-plums do a child, and may make you look more kindly upon my boy, though when a man is good, and noble, and true, and the lady loves him, what more can you ask? True, I am not of gentle blood, but if you will let Davie marry Mary, why then I will go away and hide myself, and never see any of you any more. This book I kept because John valued it, and it has been handed down from father to son for many generations. I never could make it out myself, but maybe you can. One thing only I know about it: it gives John's pedigree, so long that you will have to begin in the morning to read it if you would get through the same day. There is one verse in it which you have got in your own house, in the oak chamber. Maybe it is a prophecy, sir."

Uncle Joe had seized the old book, and found it a history of the Ramsey family, running back, back—yes, further into the dark ages than any Melton or Morton pedigree, and contained these rude rhymes, with which he had himself been familiar:

"A Scottish knight once vainly wooed
A bride of Melton's haughty line;
When next he comes he'll win his spurs,
And with the Rose the Phœnix twine."

As Uncle Joe read these lines, Mr. Morton rose and placed a seat for Patsie, who had obstinately remained standing.

"Mrs. Ramsey," he said, "your boy has won his spurs, and I shall be proud to call him son. I thank God that he has saved my daughter from the misfortune of being Roger Morton's wife." Then turning to speak to Lady Isabella, he missed her from the room, but she reappeared in an instant with her arm around Mary, whose eyes were bent upon the ground, but whose blushes betrayed her consciousness of what had just taken place.

"Ah, Isabella, you were the best judge of our child's happiness," said Mr. Morton, "but I must thank you for the patience which has borne with my folly."

"I knew how it would end, my husband. I had faith in God and in my boy. Let me say to Captain Melton that we bring no penniless knight to mate with his niece. My American property, which now amounts to a handsome fortune, is already settled upon Davie."

"My lady," said Patsie, "let me repeat to you the dying prayer of Mary's mother: 'God bless my darling, and give her that happiness which a woman's heart most craves. I ask not greatness or wealth, but goodness and love.' You can judge now if God has heard her prayer."

There was a thumping noise on Uncle Joe's table, which caused all eyes to turn toward him. "I am the oldest person in this room, and I think I have a right to be heard. I give my full consent to the marriage of David Stuart Ramsey to Mary Melton Morton; but I have said—and like a true soldier I stand by my word—my niece shall not marry beneath her. Like an obedient child she has chosen the descendant of a long and noble ancestry. Let us adjourn to the dining room, where we will drink to the health of the English lassie and the Scottish ladie."

THE END.

INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS.—Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper, and simply rewarded is its patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes. It is next to impossible to fill sheets with printed matter without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is away from home at school, should supply him with a newspaper. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those of his schoolmates who had, and those who had not, access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always decidedly superior to the last in debate, composition and general intelligence.—Daniel Webster.

Timid blows do not tell much on any great work.

THE BELL OF ATRI.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say—
I climb no farther upward, come what may—
The *Re Giovanni*, now unknown to fame;
So many menials since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place,
Beneath a roof projecting some small space,
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.

Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets, loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the *Syndic* to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unravelling at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-beast in the woods;
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods;
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts—
Loved, or had loved them; for at last, grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Reaped his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall;
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by briar and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
The bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their drowsy eaves
The loud alarm of the accosting bell!
The *Syndic* started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung,
Repeating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath his shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed, dejected and forlorn,
Who, with uplifted head and eager eye,
Was tugging at the vines of briony,
"Domine!!" cried the *Syndic* straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched steed,
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heaven's gods, in their excessive zeal.
The knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the *Syndic* and the rest,
Maintaining in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the *Syndic* gravely read
The proclamation of the King; then said:
"Pride goeth forth on horseback, grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute,
Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take
Hed!"

To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The knight withdrew abashed; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in
glee,
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church bells at best but ring us to the door,
But go not in to mass; my bell doth more;
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

Referring to the attempts of certain writers
in our day to belittle the aboriginal inhabitants
of New England, especially King Philip, C.
C. Hazewell, Esq., speaks thus in a recent number
of the Boston Traveller. The italics are our own:

"He [King Philip] was not, we are told, the
Chief of the Red League of the last years of his
life—those long-gone days in which fires were so
common in our section. This may be the correct
view of the Philipian question, and Philip
may have been the poorest of all possible poor
sticks; but it is beyond all dispute that the
whites were terribly afraid of him, and that his
name was a source of alarm to them. Now, if he
was the miserable wretch that he is painted so
long after he went 'beyond the river,' were not
the colonists a very beggarly lot to be so much
afraid of him?"

The conquerors of Philip, *** did what
they could to punish the dead warrior, who was
just as much a patriot as if he had been Wallace
or Washington, Brutus or Bruce. Philip's
hands were cut off, says Mr. Falfrey, and carried
to Boston. His head was brought to Plymouth,
and there exposed upon a pole, on a day
appointed for a public thanksgiving. His son
was sold into West Indian slavery—the cruellest
fate that could befall an American Indian, ac-
customed to free forest-life; and many others of
the red men were disposed of in the same way,
while yet others were enslaved in New England.
About twenty of the Indians made prisoners
were shot or beheaded or hanged, purely as mat-
ters of power or vengeance or expediency, for
there was no law under which their lives could
be taken, except the law of retaliation, which
Christianity expressly and unreservedly disclaims
—and the conquerors were the cream, or rather
they claimed to be the cream of the cream of the
Christian Commonwealth."

We ought not to be hard on the Indians of that
time, for they did no more than we should do
were foreigners to come to New England and
seek to settle upon our lands, on the ground that
they were far above us in knowledge, and there-
fore entitled to enter upon our possessions, after
having given us a few things of small value in
exchange for them. We should be satisfied with
the success of our predecessors, and at last admit
the virtues of the vanquished."

The Gloucester Advertiser says the fishing season of 1875
has opened quite disastrously, forty-three lives and four
vessels having been lost in its prosecution during the
months of January and February.

A sentinel should not carry a knapsack.

Biographical.

EXPERIENCES OF DR. JOHN H. CURRIER.

Written for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.

The well-known lecturer and physician whose name heads this sketch, was among the early-chosen disciples of the New Dispensation—his commission of appointment dating back to a time when but few were found in the land who felt that any good could come out of the Nazareth of Spiritualism. He was born in the town of Amesbury, Mass., on the 25th of March, 1822, and in that place his early years were passed—at which time Luther Colby (now editor of the Banner of Light) and others whose names are widely known to the public, were his playmates and companions.

At the age of thirteen young Currier took up his residence in South Hampton, N. H., and was employed there as clerk in a store from his fifteenth to his eighteenth year, when he returned to Amesbury, and commenced work as a practical painter, although he had never received any instruction in the business. He then transferred his attention to milling, and served as an operative in a factory at Amesbury; at which town, in 1843, he was married to Olive A. Dow.

He continued labor in the mill at Amesbury for some time afterward, then removed to Lawrence, still continuing to work at the same business, the time, in all, devoted to this calling being about five years—though his residence in Lawrence lasted some fifteen years, during the greater part of which he was employed in the business of painting.

When he had attained the age of twenty-nine his curiosity was for the first time aroused by the remarkable phenomena which supported the philosophy of spirit return—a philosophy for whose unfoldment to the people he was, as a trance lecturer, destined to be instrumental in doing so great a work. At a séance which he attended at the residence of Charles Ramsdell, on Common street, Lawrence, he was informed by the invisible intelligences that he was to be developed as a medium for control, which assurance was repeated by other media at various sittings held in different places which it was his fortune to attend. The first instance of his complete control as a medium for the expression of the wishes of a spirit foreign to his organism was at the home of David Farrington, in Lawrence. This occurred about twenty-three years ago, in the summer season. Some three or four ladies called at the house of Mr. Farrington to pass the afternoon, and in the evening a number of gentlemen joined them, Mr. Currier being of the company. He became conscious that he was being worked upon by a peculiar influence, thought he saw forms before him other than those of the mortals in attendance, and was confirmed in his feelings by recognizing among them the spirit of his deceased mother.

The next day he came home from his work—painting—and, after dinner, he was influenced by an intelligence who gave his wife a message which she at once recognized as coming from her spirit-brother. After this initiatory experience he continued at his regular business for about a twelvemonth, but scarce a day or evening of said year passed which did not bring its visitor to him, seeking for knowledge concerning the new truth. During all that time the spirits were urging him to give up his trade and devote his entire energies to serving them as an instrument of communion, but he failed to find in his heart a sufficient faith that he could support his family in event of such a course. The unseen ones, however, continued their work upon him, and he was at last informed by them, through the mediumship of N. S. Greenleaf (the well-known speaker in Lowell), that they were determined to oblige him to accept their proposition. Yielding finally to their will, as expressed by the force of circumstances which were arranged by the invisibles in a manner for the sure production of the end they sought, Mr. C. was directed to unite himself in the medical profession with Dr. Amasa S. Welch, of Lawrence, (a blind medium, who is still practicing in that city,) and also to announce himself ready to receive calls to lecture on the philosophy of spirit return, wherever his services might be desired. The intelligences, assuming to be his spirit-guides, assured him that, if he proved true to them, they would in turn take care of him in a pecuniary way, and sustain him in every trial. The promise thus early made by the spirit-world has ever remained unbroken, and Dr. Currier is another witness to the fact which is collectively attested by the great army of the modern media, viz: that the agreements of these unseen but potent guides have been faithfully carried out, provided the mortal instrument has been true also. Since the time of his embarkation upon the stormy sea of the public advocacy of Spiritualism, the compass of spirit-guidance has ever proved reliable to him. His field of labor, as a lecturer, has been widely extended, his name being familiar in many localities in the Eastern and Middle States; and the words offered on each occasion, by his various controls, have ever been listened to with interest and satisfaction by the people.

In February, 1864, he entered the 14th Massachusetts Battery, and served in that organization till the close of the civil war—being present in all the engagements from Gen. Grant's first battle of the Wilderness to the surrender of Gen. Lee. He was informed by his spirit friends that should he enlist as a soldier they would save him from danger, which promise they kept to the letter, as he returned unharmed from the field of action, though often exposed to death in its most startling forms. As an instance of the protection afforded by his guides he relates the following: While working at his post beside a gun, which was one of a battery section stationed in a small outlook before Petersburg, he was suddenly seized with what appeared a species of vertigo, and staggered as if shot. The lieutenant in command at once called out to him, and asked if he were wounded. He replied in the negative, but the officer, noticing his strange appearance, ordered him to leave the gun, go to the bomb-proof (which was only a few steps distant) and take some medicine which was there kept; he hastily obeyed, and scarcely had he entered the place and raised the glass to his lips, when a Confederate shell bounded over the parapet, and, exploding, killed two of his comrades instantly, mortally wounded two more, and severely injured several others. Upon his return from the service, he was at one time sitting in a circle to most of the members of which he was a comparative stranger, and to the medium totally so, when the spirit controlling asked him if the promise made to protect him if he enlisted had not been fully discharged? He replied that such

was certainly the case. The spirit then asked him, in further consideration of the same subject, if he did not remember "Fort H." before Petersburg, and what happened there?—no one in the circle, save the Doctor, being cognizant of the circumstance—and said the state into which he was then unexpectedly thrown was produced by a powerful influence that was suddenly brought upon him by his guides, who, foreseeing his imminent danger, had adopted the course as the only one feasible at the moment for withdrawing him from his exposed position.

The date of his muster-out from the service of the United States was June 24th, 1865, and for about two years after that event he was employed at the cabinet organ factory of Mason & Hamlin, in Boston—making his home in Cambridgeport. At the expiration of this period he again took the lecture field, and has continued to labor efficiently therein up to the present time.

On the 25th of March, 1869, his home in Cambridgeport was made the scene of a pleasant gathering, a large number of his Spiritualist and other friends from Boston and vicinity assembling to wish himself and his estimable wife joy at the attainment of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. Shortly after this date Dr. Currier removed with his family to 39 Wall street, and commenced the practice of medicine in Boston. To this new home the death-angel came, July 22d, 1869, and called from his side the loved one who had been for so many years the faithful partner of his joys and sorrows. She departed from this life, leaving behind her not only "that memory of the just" which "is blessed," but the full assurance of her continued loving presence, in spirit. At her funeral appropriate remarks were offered by N. S. Greenleaf, of Lowell, and Fannie B. Felton—herself now gone to taste the happy realities of that higher life which she so feelingly portrayed in words while on earth.

On the 21st of September, 1871, Dr. Currier was united in marriage with Clarinda B. Drury, Dr. H. F. Gardner, Justice of the Peace, officiating at the service. Subsequently he removed with his family to 36 Wall street, Boston, where he may now be found.

The record of this worker's life may not abound in startling passages, neither has he been known as an eloquent and logical lecturer, a reliable clairvoyant and trance physician, and a faithful friend. Another has written: "To be just, we must respect the intrinsic merit rather than the outward splendor of human deeds and characters. The man who fills a respectable place, even in the quiet walks of life, who neither transcends the limit of his privilege nor stops short of the measure of his duty, needs no lordly titles to make him honorable; and the unassuming, indefatigable character of the subject of this sketch, finds in the quotation an apt pen-photo-graph. As Samuel of old, he unexpectedly heard in the midnight (of poverty and hard physical labor) the voice of higher intelligences calling on him to arise and rebuke existing evils, like him he answered: "Lord, here am I," and from that time to this such has been his straightforward though unobtrusive reply to every demand made upon him by the interests of that loved cause for whose advancement the dearest energies of his life have been devoted.

WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Never at any period of history has science so boldly attacked theology, nor ever before has it so effectually set aside the pretences of Christian revelation. Some years ago it completely overthrew the Bible theory of the creation and duration of our world, but did not then succeed in removing the equally absurd theory of especial creations of organic forms, at different times, of the races and species of the flora and fauna of the earth, and especially of the creation of man by Jehovah in his own image, or form; but now comes Tyndall, sweeping away Jehovah, with the other heathen gods; and Spencer, with the theory of evolution, carrying out the ultimatum forms and unfolding them from the simplest germs; and then Darwin, with his "Origin of Species and Descent of Man," showing how easily natural law can produce new species from existing ones, and how simple are the first and lowest, and how nearly related are the highest, even man, through the interlinking chain, to the lowest. When he shows the indisputable evidence that our human progenitors had tails, were covered with hair, and both sexes whiskered alike, and that the hands were evidently used in the early generations partly to walk on, and somewhat as the child uses them before it walks, we begin to doubt the necessity of bringing in a God even to create man, and more still to doubt the likeness to such Maker. Then comes again evolution, with its evidence that the germs of mammals, and even the vertebrates, are so near alike that microscopic power cannot distinguish the difference, either in the protoplasm or the cells; and the further evidence that the human germs pass through most of the stages of progress in attaining the human form, in gestation, that the race did (or would) in coming from the radicles or other low order and its species. So many evidences are now found by science of man's origin, individually, in common with animals in the protoplasm and cell, and in his earliest generations near the form and habits of the higher mammals, that God can now be easily dispensed with, and Nature take the place. Now comes the next great step, and science takes the spirit-world and future life from the theologians, and we then need them no more, for they can no longer delude the people with false hopes and fears of happiness or misery in the life to come for a belief which they hold sacred, however ridiculous to the reason.

INDEPENDENCE, IOWA.—Owing to the obstructions on railroads by snow drifts, and the delays of mails, our line of lecture engagements was broken for February, and we stayed and lectured here three Sundays to good audiences, and gave also four evening lectures, making ten in all—on the social question (the evening before Mrs. Stanton gave hers), and one on the political, financial and prospective condition of our country.

It has seldom been our lot in a small place to secure so good and intelligent audiences and retain them on different subjects. We reviewed Christian history, religion, and the different objects and ceremonies of devotion, and the fabulous origin of both Jewish and Christian authority as claiming to come from God, and also treated the subject of evolution and development as the source of Spiritualism. We were well paid, and received a cordial and unanimous vote of thanks at the close.

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THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF WILLIAM H. MUMLER IN SPIRIT-GRAPHY.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[Concluded.]

PART SIX-Continued.

In corroboration of Mr. Vogl, and in reply to a desire to have Mr. Lord's statement, I will quote from a letter received from that gentleman, dated Utica, N. Y., Jan. 17th, 1875, wherein he says:

Before knowing you I had some experience with a Mr. Nolan, of Waterville, N. Y., and not getting one out of thirty pictures that I recognized, I became very skeptical, and desired, as a proof, the likeness of my father, who was a very peculiar-looking man. His hair was white, although he was but forty-seven years of age when he passed away, and he wore it braided in a cue. No picture of any description was ever taken of him when in the form. My father was an enthusiastic Mason, and desired that I should join the Order when of age, which I did. When I visited your studio, in company with Mr. Vogl, and sat for a picture, you will recollect that, before you removed the cloth to expose the plate, my father said, "I shall give you a surprise on the picture." You were very much astonished when you showed me the negative, and so was I, for there I saw my father, with his hair braided on top of his head, as he wore it in life, and holding in front of me the Masonic apron with the emblems on it.

After having my picture taken, I visited a Mrs. Cates, a well-known medium in Boston, when my father controlled the medium and said: "My son, thank God, 'from whom all blessings flow,' that I was enabled to come and give you what I did; and, as the All-Seeing Eye beholds all men, we, as brethren, should meet on the level and part on the square. This was the lesson that was intended to be conveyed in the surprise."

The above was an excellent test, for any Mason knows that it would be impossible for a woman, without some knowledge other than her own, to use such expressions.

After leaving Boston I went to New York, and called on Mr. Mansfield immediately on my arrival, as my father had promised, through Mrs. Cates, that he would communicate further through him. Mr. Mansfield, being controlled, wrote: "Well, my dear son, according to promise, I am with you; can you tell me from your visit to Boston, I am thankful you made that visit, and have that which, after all, you will consider a treasure. I did the best I could to console the doubts about you and the medium, to give you more than you received; but I am satisfied with what I was enabled to give, and that you recognized me."

I think (taking the above as a whole) it constitutes such a test that no reasonable man can ask for more. I am known, in my business relations, from Maine to California, and also as a firm defender of spirit-photography, for I know whereof I speak, and dare maintain it.

Yours in the cause of truth, W. B. LORD.

MR. WILLIAM TINKHAM, of Lowell, Mass. This gentleman called on me some three or four years since, and left his picture, to copy. The result of the experiment was a truthful likeness of his first wife, recognized not only by himself, but by all of her relatives and friends who beheld it. This was almost his first experience in Spiritualism, which to him was so satisfactory that he began to investigate further. In time he not only became convinced, but by being often with mediums, became developed as one himself, and was controlled by an Indian spirit. Mr. Tinkham passed to spirit life about two years since. A few days before his decease he called Mrs. Tinkham, (his second wife, now residing in Charlestown District,) to his bedside, and said: "When I am gone I wish you to go to Mr. Mumler's and sit for a picture; my guide tells me that we shall both show ourselves with you." Mrs. T. promised to do as he desired, and accordingly a short time after his death called on me for a sitting. The picture was taken, and on the card appeared the unmistakable features of Mr. Tinkham and his Indian guide.

About two years ago an elderly lady and daughter called on me for a sitting. The picture was taken, and on receiving it the lady instantly recognized her husband, Mr. Peak, a well-known undertaker of this city.

MR. D. H. HALE, of Roseland, Ill., had a picture taken, and received a likeness of his sister and daughter.

A number of pictures have been taken for Mr. Thomas Ranny, of Newton, all of which are recognized.

MR. J. T. CLEVELAND, of Texas, son of Father Cleveland, who passed away a short time since, in this city, at the extreme age of nearly one hundred years, had a number of sittings with me, and had satisfactory results, each picture being fully recognized.

A DAUGHTER OF MR. C. D. PRATT, 97 Bedford street, Boston, had a picture taken which proved a remarkable test.

CAPT. BROWN, of New London, Conn., has had a number of pictures taken, all of which he recognizes.

JOHN NESMITH, of Charlestown District, received on a picture with himself the unmistakable likeness of his wife.

MR. J. H. SMITH, of Springfield, Mass., had a picture taken, and recognized the likeness of his mother.

N. B. CLOUDMAN, of Boston. About five years since I took a picture for this gentleman, and succeeded in getting a likeness of his wife. In a note to me under date of Jan. 12th, 1875, he said:

"It matters not how many may claim to be deceived by spirit photographs, I am very certain that the picture you produced for myself nearly five years ago is a correct likeness of the 'one departed,' and has always been recognized at once by all, even by our most skeptical friends. And as at that time you were an entire stranger to me, it makes the test more convincing."

Yours for Truth and Progress, N. B. CLOUDMAN.

MR. J. F. SNIPES, editor and critic, New York Photographic Society, not long since induced a friend to send his picture to me as an experiment. At the time appointed I took the negative, but was delayed in printing and finishing the pictures, which is often the case, as that portion of the business is done by outside parties. Not hearing anything from me, he very naturally concluded he had been deceived, and so stated in a letter. The pictures were sent as soon as finished, and I subsequently received a note of acknowledgment, acquainting me with the fact of recognition. The following is a statement forwarded me by Mr. Snipes concerning the case:

W. H. MUMLER, Esq.—Dear Sir: Permit me, as one of the many, to say I have weighed you in the balances of a fair trial, and found you weighty with astonishing truth. A few weeks since I induced a friend, Colonel C., of this city (formerly commander of a regiment in the army, a man of mind, and strong prejudices), to experiment for a spirit-picture. Appointing a day and hour for mental concentration, and not hearing from you for some time, we both concluded you were a fraud. After further waiting he received the result—a full size female figure in white raiment, standing beside his photograph on the card. He came to me, exclaiming: "That man is no humbug!" I said, "Do you recognize that picture?"

"Of course I do—that is my sister!" This was sufficient for him—presuming he knew his own sister—but to fully satisfy myself we visited a lady friend, a good Methodist consciously, and a good medium unconsciously, for further natural kinship. Without stating our object, and after much natural kinship, she consented to entrustment, when the Colonel had the pleasure of speaking at once with his spirit-sister, who gave him the names of the members of his family with her in spirit life, the manner of her own death, and declared that the picture was hers. Thus encouraged I sent you my *carte de visite*, also, and am well satisfied with the result. J. F. SNIPES.

Box 4928, New York, Jan. 18th, 1875.

HERN HUGO LEIBING, Esq., No. 65 Grassbeeren street, Berlin, Prussia, left his home last summer to visit this country. On his arrival in London he received news that his son had accidentally shot himself in the hand, but as nothing serious was anticipated he continued his journey. On his landing in New York he received news of his son's death. Such sad intelligence he had not expected, and the shock was very great.

Having had some experience in Spiritualism, he naturally sought for consolation from that source. He called on Andrew Jackson Davis, and seeing my pictures on exhibi-

tion obtained my address, and started for Boston, determined to have a picture taken. On making known his desire I made a trial, and succeeded in getting the likeness of a young man some sixteen or seventeen years of age, which Mr. Leibing recognized instantly as a truthful picture of his son. Who can describe the joy that filled this father's heart when he discovered that his son was not dead? that in passing through the change he had become more closely allied? He felt that the gloom that surrounded him had been dissipated, and looked forward with pleasure to the time when they should meet on "the evergreen shore."

HON. HENRY WILSON, Vice President of the United States, had a number of sittings with me. On one of the negatives appeared two forms; one of them seemed to be bending over him, and holding in front of him the representation of a parchment, on which characters in writing were plainly to be seen. Mr. Wilson accompanied me through the process, and when this negative was developed he immediately took it in his hand, and holding it up to the light, said: "I recognize that writing."

Some of the words are partially lost by coming across a portion of his apparel, but the sentence has been deciphered to read:

"HENRY, Defend all rights, Resist all wrongs."

CHARLES SUMNER. One of the faces appearing on this negative is unmistakably that of President Lincoln, while the other bears a strong resemblance to the late Charles Sumner, but is not so good a likeness of him as one I previously took with

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. In this picture the likeness is unmistakable, and the broken shackles which he holds in his hand are characteristic of him.

PART SEVEN. SPIRIT-GRAPHY SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED.

I have a great many more evidences I might offer, of pictures taken for ministers, judges, doctors, lawyers, and people of all grades of society, but will not draw this account to any greater length, preferring to close with a few remarks upon the above theme:

One of the most frequently repeated arguments brought against the possibility of spirit-photography is the assumption that what the eye cannot see cannot be photographed. A few months since an article was printed in the Scientific American concerning the discovery that quinine, dissolved in water, when painted or written upon white paper, was invisible, but a negative being taken of this paper, the painting or writing would appear black, or nearly so. Among other things it was stated that this was probably the way that spirit-photographs were taken—the spirit-form being painted upon the background, was invisible to the sitter, but was readily seen upon the negative. Now, although it would be impossible to produce a picture in this manner and have the form represented behind, with arms or hands extended in front of the sitter, as is the case with many of my pictures, yet this statement in the Scientific American conveys a fact that proves beyond a doubt the fallacy of the statement that nothing can be photographed except what is visible to the human eye.

Again: Prof. C. F. Varley, of London, the celebrated electrician, says (see Eclectic, June, 1871, p. 765) he was making experiments by passing a current of electricity through a vacuum tube, the results of which were indicated by strong or faint touches of light about the poles: "In one instance, although the experiment was carried on in a dark room, the light was so feeble that it could not be seen, and the operators doubted if the current were passing. But at the same time photography was at work, and in thirty minutes a very good picture was produced of what had taken place. This is a remarkable fact—indeed, it borders on the wonderful, that a phenomenon invisible to the human eye should have been, so to speak, seen by the photographic lens, and a record thereof kept by chemical agency. It is highly suggestive, and we may anticipate that it will be turned to good account by practical philosophers."

At the time of my trial in New York City the editor of the British Journal of Photography, writing on that subject, said: "Apropos of the Mumler spirit-photographs—a good many absurd things have been said, *pro* and *con*, on the subject. But a writer in the latter category, who asserts that anything that is visible to the eye of the camera, and thus capable of being depicted by photography, must therefore necessarily be visible to the human eye, is surely ignorant of that important branch of physics popularly known as fluorescence. Many things are capable of being photographed which to the physical eye are utterly invisible. Why, for the matter of that, a room may be full of the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, and a photograph may be taken of that 'dark light.' Objects in a room so lighted would be plainly visible to the lens of the camera; at any rate, they could be reproduced on the sensitive plate, while at the same time not an atom of luminousness could be perceived in the room by any person possessing ordinary human vision."

Hence the photographing of an invisible image, whether that image be of a spirit or a lump of matter, is not scientifically impossible. If it reflect only the fluorescent or ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, it will be easily photographed, although it will be quite invisible even to the sharpest eyes."

Here then is an article from high authority in photography, that not only completely answers the argument against the possibility of spirit-photography on the ground above stated, but at the same time suggests the very means by which spirits may be able to be photographed, viz.: by reflecting the ultra-violet rays.

The question might be asked, how can they reflect these rays? As I am yet in the material form, I cannot positively give the "*modus operandi*," but believe they are enabled to attract from certain organisms elements that are capable of reflecting these dark rays of light. I believe that it is necessary for spirits to reflect these rays of light, in order to be seen by the medium. My wife has often seen and described spirits perfectly before being photographed, as in Mr. Dow's case; witness also the case of Alvin Adams, Esq., which I have before stated, where the medium saw and described the spirit; and also that of Mrs. Conant, where she saw "Vashti." And but a few weeks since I took a picture for Mrs. Ireland, a Boston medium, who saw a little boy (her step-son, in spirit-life) sitting in her lap. I told her to put her arm around him, which she did, and the picture itself is evidence that she saw the form.

What is electricity? We know a force; it passes silently and invisibly over the wire and performs its work; therefore we know it exists. But can this same electricity be made visible? Yes, by employing a medium, in the shape of a vacuum tube, when by connecting it with the battery, a stream of invisible electricity is made visible to the human eye, in its natural condition. Mediums stand in the same relation to spirits as vacuum tubes do to electricity: they supply the necessary elements by which spirits are enabled to be seen; whether those elements be aura, magnetism, or anything else, they are in my belief essential to all spiritual manifestations. Mediums are persons of that peculiar organization that exude these elements, when in the proper conditions, unconsciously to themselves; but when these conditions are disturbed—that is, when the medium is ill, or harassed by any exciting influence—this exudation ceases; hence oftentimes the failure of receiving manifestations. This is an important fact, and one but little understood, even by Spiritualists. It is often the case that persons going to investigate spirit manifestations will, first of all, insult the medium by making some remark of a character that leaves said medium to infer that he or she is suspected of being a knave, thus at once breaking the very conditions necessary to the gaining of the manifestations desired.

It is a favorite argument that "If you are innocent the accusation will not disturb you;" but I deny this when applied to mediums, who, being constantly brought in contact with skeptics, (who, as the name implies, are doubtful in regard to the truthfulness of the manifestations,) are continually under

suspicion. If a man occupying a position of trust, knowing in his own soul that he is strictly honest, is suspected or accused of dishonesty, it will not disturb him much, for he knows that an investigation will exonerate him; but let this same man be under constant surveillance, suspicion and accusation, and how long will he continue to occupy his position?

These facts are important to investigators. Harmony is one of the first principles of all spiritual manifestations. It is the conducting wire through which our spirit-friends are enabled to transmit their messages of love. Cut this wire, and the circuit is broken. I do not wish to prevent investigators from using every means consistent with the necessary conditions to prevent deception, but I object to this idea of first calling a man a deceiver, and then trying to prove his honesty.

The necessity of right conditions is another matter which is much ridiculed and ignored by some of these unreasoning skeptics. They do not seem to realize that conditions are necessary for the successful accomplishment of the simplest things in this material life. The fine and delicate hair-spring is one of the necessary conditions for the successful running of the watch; all chemists are aware of the nice conditions necessary to the successful accomplishment of analytical experiments; the yellow light, or the dark closet, are the conditions necessary to photography. Suppose for a moment that some ignorant should say to the photographer, "I don't believe it necessary for you to go into that dark closet to prepare your plate. I believe you are preparing some deceptive arrangement! Come out here in daylight, under the broad canopy of heaven, where you will be above suspicion, and perform your work! Then I will believe it!" The photographer would necessarily reply: "That is an impossibility; the closet is the necessary condition in taking a picture." Then if material things require conditions for their successful accomplishment, how much more delicate must necessarily be the conditions in order to obtain true spiritual manifestations.

I have, in the course of the narrative which now reaches its conclusion, endeavored to state as succinctly as possible the salient points of my experience as an instrument in the hands of the dwellers in the invisible world, and have also reverted briefly to such light as Science throws upon the particular phase of phenomena for whose presentation I have been developed. The truth of that which I have herein stated will be cheerfully testified to by many living witnesses, to whom, in closing, I would respectfully refer the inquiring reader for further particulars. W. H. MUMLER.

SONGS OF THE MYSTICS.

The Voice of Earth.

The Caliph Omar came one summer day
Where one of the great House of Ommeiyeh
Was to be borne within the sepulchral tomb,
And straight commanding not a man should stir,
Went down among the tombs with a loud cry,
And left them wondering there. An hour passed by,
And his attendants waited. Then he came,
Like one whose head is bowed with grief or shame.
Red were his eyes with tears he could not check,
And the great veins were swollen on his neck!
"Commander of the Faithful," then they said,
"What has so long detained you with the dead?"
"I sought their tombs who dearest were," said he,
"Saluted all, but none saluted me."
I turned my back upon them to depart,
And from the earth a voice that smote my heart
Cried out: "Omar, why dost not ask of me
Where are the arms that they salute not thee?"
"What is become of them?" And Earth replied:
"The hands that tied them once have been untied.
The hand, the wrist, the arm, the shoulder-blade—
All now are separated, all decayed."
Turning my back in terror to depart,
Again the dreadful voice that shook my heart
Earth called to me once more: "Omar! Omar!
Why dost not ask me where the bodies are?"
"What is become of them?" And Earth replied:
"What once were bodies lie on every side.
The shoulders parted from the ribs, and they
From the backbone; the hip bones dropped away!
The two thigh bones, the knees, the legs, the feet—
All have departed, never more to meet."
I turned for the third time to depart,
Again the same dark voice that crushed my heart:
Attend to me, Omar. Hast thou no shroud
That wears not out?" And I, with spirit bowed:
"What shrouds will not wear out?" Earth answered: "These—
The fear and love of God and his decrees!"
—Independent. —[R. H. Stoddard.]

Banner Correspondence.

Pennsylvania.

ELKLAND.—E. C. W. writes, March 15th, as follows: After being a constant reader of your valuable paper I am assured of your willingness to publish brief or condensed articles indicating the growth and progress of spiritual truth, as well as the obstacles and opposition it has to overcome. It was said of old that "God maketh the wrath of man to praise him." It is so of our ennobling and soul-saving gospel of angel ministry. Men have arisen in their wrath to destroy and annihilate this faith, only to find themselves "kicking against the pricks," and forced to accept what they have reviled, or to dwarf themselves to the faintest shadow of men. Our esteemed brother and advocate of spiritual truths and pure religion, J. M. Peebles, by invitation, while on his way to the West stopped to deliver a lecture in this village. The Presbyterian church refusing to grant him the use of their house, our Methodist friends opened their doors for him, thus gaining many friends among the Liberals of this community. Mr. Peebles' lecture was an able and eloquent effort, in which the fundamental truths of Spiritualism were presented to his hearers from a Bible standpoint, and he also gave a recital of his visit to the home of the Eddy Brothers and the phenomena witnessed there. His remarks were well received by those present; but the venom and hatred inherent in the breast of bigotry must needs find expression, and chose for its mouthpiece the hired guardian of the minds and consciences of many of the members of the Presbyterian church. So on two Sundays the Rev. gentleman exhausted himself in hurling the anathemas of his God (coupled with ridicule and buffoonery) at the heads of the believers in Spiritualism. If the reverend gentleman's object had been to prove conclusively and beyond doubt his complete and utter ignorance of the subject upon which he was speaking, he was eminently successful. And now the shades of Calvin and other dignitaries of the church stand aghast at the spectacle of a clergyman offering to bet in the midst of his Sunday sermons, "Yot" of a truth, this accredited ambassador of Jesus offered to put up two thousand dollars against one hundred, that no spiritual phenomena could be produced in his church edifice. It is quite evident that this gentleman is up with the times in some particulars, if he is sadly behind in the march of moral truths and progression. The friends of Spiritualism could but realize that their cause had been helped by the attack made upon it, as the increased interest of the people in this community, of ability and refinement, Mrs. Grace L. Parkhurst, secured the Methodist church, and in an able, earnest and logical manner set forth the claims of our beloved faith to the hearts and minds of her hearers. The convictions and utterances of eminent clergymen attesting their belief in the communion of angels with mortals were given, as an offset to the hasty and offensive statements of the reverend gentleman to whom we have alluded. Mrs. Parkhurst's lecture was listened to with marked attention, and at its close was earnestly applauded. In summing up we would say that liberal thought and opinions are making marked headway in this community; and we hope, in common with all humanitarians, that the day when sectarian theology shall have fled, utterly routed, before the victorious march of human progress, will be speedily ushered in, when a genuine religion shall bear the fruits of a genuine love for all mankind.

HYDE PARK, SCRANTON.—J. B. Walker writes: For the last two years a small but earnest party of seekers after truth have been investigating Spiritualism, and with good results. First, the press attacked them; but after one of the editors had received an overwhelming test, he acknowledged that there was something inscrutable in it. Since then they have left us severely alone. Afterwards the clergy attacked us, but finding that they aroused the curiosity of their flock instead of scaring them; and that many came, saw, and were convinced, they now leave us alone. We have succeeded in renting and furnishing a hall, and free meetings have been held on two evenings every week. Any medium—trance-speaking, materializing, or test—will be welcomed, and can have the use of the hall free. Any medium coming to these

parts will find the fields already white for the harvest. We will be very glad to hear from such. All inquiries, etc., may be addressed to J. B. Walker, painter, Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton, Penn.

LLOYDSVILLE, CAMBRIA CO.—Samuel Kuhn writes, March 15th: As Spiritualism is beginning to crop out in this section, and some of the more thinking minds of the community are beginning to believe that it is the same system of philosophy taught by Christ and his apostles, we have concluded, for the benefit of ourself and of our neighbors, to employ a good test medium; one who is able to demonstrate to us the truth of Spiritualism, and willing to come here and hold sittings with us. We will pay such for time and expenses. If there is any such lady or gentleman, who is willing to visit our section for the purpose above indicated, he or she will please immediately open correspondence with me, and the preliminaries can be arranged. Our place is reached by rail, and there will be no difficulty in finding us.

Massachusetts.

HAVENHILL.—W. L. Jack, M. D., clairvoyant medium of the Philadelphia Circle of Light, writing March 12th, says: "The 'Gates Ajar' are now wide open, and eager souls are entering within the portals of truth, and yet there is room; and high above all other standards floats the glorious Banner of Light, leading souls heavenward with its divine truths and living inspirations."

The adherents of spiritual truths are growing stronger here and more numerous. Many are inquiring the way of life.

Mrs. N. J. F. Brigham lectured here in Tith Hall last night, to a good and appreciative audience, and the words of inspiration that fell from her lips were eagerly received by the people present, among whom could be seen many of our Orthodox brethren, who were held spell-bound by her divine power, and would willingly accept all. "But," as one poor prejudiced soul remarked, "Spiritualism is not popular! Oh if it was only in the church!" Poor man; he is dying for spiritual truth, but like thousands in the same category, will not come out, and into the light.

Quite a number of new circles are being formed here since my last letter to you. A prominent business man—a church man—has organized one in his own home, and to use his own words, "with glorious results," he first having received the light from reading the dear Banner.

The editors of our leading paper here are favorable to the cause, and treasure the golden grains of its immortal truths sacredly within their souls. These gentlemen, as well as their wives, are pilgrims in the path of light, and have really "done well" for the spread of the truth here and elsewhere, as their daily lives demonstrate.

I am exceedingly busy, and am having quite a good practice here and elsewhere, and am still compelled to forego my intended visits to other cities, until I can really find leisure therefor.

CHARLESTOWN DISTRICT.—B. Franklin Clark, M. D., writes: "It gives me pleasure to endorse A. S. Whiting's letter, published in the Banner, Feb. 27th, 1875, recommending Mrs. A. B. Severance, Whitewater, Wis., whose advertisement can be seen on page 7 in the Banner of Light. I have never seen her, and have no acquaintance with her, except by letter, which extends back now about ten years, during which time many important questions have been satisfactorily answered by her for me, though we are nearly a thousand miles apart."

Minnesota.

STERLING CENTRE.—Joseph Dobie writes: "It does my soul good to read in the Banner how Spiritualism is taking hold of the hearts of the people in other States. I would like to be able to tell you all the good Spiritualism has done in Minnesota, as it might be some encouragement to isolated ones who are almost discouraged, as I have sometimes been. Keep on working, Mr. Editor, and if you do, your light will give light to others, and by-and-by the heaven will leave the whole lump." What a glorious thought it is that we shall all live in a happier state hereafter; but how much more glorious it is to know it will be so! and how can we know it only through Spiritualism? Nineteen years ago a colony emigrated from New York to this place. There came to be one Spiritualist family with the colony. That family has stood single and alone two-thirds of that time, and received the ridicule of all the churches. But how changed now! About two-thirds of the people believe in Spiritualism. How encouraging it must be for Brother Wilde and his estimable wife to behold the result of letting their light shine. How the churches howl! but who fears them? Sister Wilde has given a great many good tests from the denizens of the other life, and all the churches combined have not given one.

MARSHALL, LYON CO.—U. S. Drake writes: I feel that the right time has come for Spiritualism to be introduced in this place. There are only two religious societies here at present. The settlers are almost entirely American. The enterprise, education, refinement and liberality of thought, among the people of this place, far exceed that of any frontier town in the State. I think if some good test medium or trance lecturer would come here, either man or woman, they would find a very profitable field of labor. Such accommodations as I have, they would be welcome to.

Vermont.

NORTHFIELD.—D. T. Averill says: Northfield has been visited by one of those everlasting spasms called revivals. Miss Lucy Strong, of Berlin, Vt., became very deeply interested—was constant in attendance and enthusiastic in pursuit of salvation. Her reason began to tremble on its throne, and soon her mental poise was entirely gone. She was deranged—crazy. She was taken to her home in Berlin, (had been at work at the tailors' business, in Northfield, for years,) where she remained several weeks with no improvement, and as sad necessity seemed to dictate, she was finally taken to the Insane Asylum at Brattleboro', where she remains at the present time. If Miss Strong had become deranged while in attendance upon spiritual meetings, or if Spiritualism had had any connection with the lamentable affair, every one knows the matter would be enlarged, emphasized, and heralded to the remotest parts of Christendom; the case would be pointed to as an illustration of the dangerous and damnable results or effects of giving ear to the teachings of a philosophy which embraces among its advocates and believers many of the clearest intellects of the age. How now—the mischief hanging on the other horn of the dilemma?

Iowa.

DUBUQUE.—M. M. C. writes: Enclosed you will find renewal of subscription to the Banner of Light. We rejoice in its coming. The paper is so clean and the print is so plain, the editorials so pure, so non-partisan, so forgiving to the erring, that we greet it with a "God bless the dear Banner of Light!" Citizens of the west, as well as those of the east, have been considerably excited over the recent "Katie King exposé." Our Orthodox friends rejoiced in it as "the downfall of Spiritualism," but our household rejoice in it as the opening up of a wider field of investigation of the spiritual phenomena and more liberality of individual thought. At a glance I seemed to discern how sublimely it would work in leading the masses to thinking more seriously upon the subject of Spiritualism. Mrs. H. Morse, trance speaker and State missionary of Iowa, has returned to Dubuque. She will remain with us until spring, and talks of making this her permanent home. Mrs. M. is a fine speaker, and gives excellent satisfaction. She makes friends wherever she goes.

Texas.

SAN ELEGARIO.—J. L. McC. writes: There is considerable interest beginning to be manifested among many of the citizens of this county in the Spiritual Philosophy. I have lent the Banner of Light to many of my friends, and they seem to be very glad to get it, and take a deep interest in the subject of Spiritualism, but have not the moral courage to subscribe for it. I suppose that they are, like many others over the country, still under the influence of Old Theology and church notions, and are not willing to face the ridicule of their skeptical friends. But I do not believe that an earnest seeker after truth should be influenced by such notions.

Ohio.

CLEVELAND.—T. Lees writes, March 17th: The Liberals of this city are about organizing a Dialectical Society, and will hold an adjourned meeting to-morrow in Carlton Hall for the adoption of the Constitution, etc. Its objects are mutual improvement, investigation, scientific researches and discussions, also the formation of a Liberal Library. All Liberals in and around Cleveland, of both sexes, are cordially invited to unite with us. Additional particulars will be sent you on our becoming thoroughly organized. Persons wishing further information, will please address T. Lees, 16 Woodland Avenue, Cleveland, O.

Believe that there is more good in the world than evil, for there is; believe that there is a soul of goodness in bad things, for there is; believe that God is in your heart, for he is—and then Satan will be obliged to get behind you, and help instead of hindering you.—James Freeman Clarke.

To Book-Buyers.

At our new location, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street, Boston, we have a fine Bookstore on the ground floor of the Building, where we keep on sale 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.

"The Proof-Palatable of Immortality."

At a time when the public mind is being so deeply agitated with regard to spirit-materializations and kindred phenomena, we would call the special attention of the reader to that admirable work by Epes Sargent, Esq., whose title heads this article. The volume embraces within its pages the solution of the most important question which ever claimed the attention of the human race, viz: the existence of the spirit after it leaves the mortal form; and, as it is the fruit of one of the most active and reflective minds in America, it should receive the attention of the great mass of investigators and Spiritualists alike.

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

Banner of Light.

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Our New Volume.

The first number of the thirty-seventh volume of the BANNER OF LIGHT will appear on Saturday morning next. Among its other attractions will be found the following choice productions:

"OUR WORK; OR, A Story for the Times," (complete) by the well-known author, Mrs. H. N. Greene Butts, whose moral and entertaining writings have always cheered the firesides of many a family home.

Professor J. R. Buchanan, one of the most learned and scientific men of the nineteenth century, furnishes a fine article on "PSYCHOMETRY."

Emma A. Wood, the accomplished translator of Allan Kardec's "Book on Mediums," will give a chapter from this author's "Book on Spirits." We shall also print an able article from the facile pen of Hon. C. C. Hazewell, entitled "POPE AND EMPEROR."

Now is the time to subscribe for the Banner. All our old patrons will of course renew, for we hope to keep company for a while longer at least with the good and true who have been with us and for us through the ups and downs, troubles and sorrows of our eighteen years' public labors in behalf of the most important truths ever vouchsafed to humanity.

Twenty-Seven Years.

The tiny trappings that were heard on the 31st day of March, 1848—next Wednesday being the real anniversary—at Hydesville, near Rochester, N. Y., were destined to work a revolution such as the world never before passed through—a revolution of such vast scope and meaning that society, after a lapse of more than a quarter of a century, is but just entering upon a conception rather than realization of. Beliefs, traditions, social forms, superstitions, bigotry, ignorance and blindness, politics, preaching—all are to-day powerfully, however silently, affected by the advent of Modern Spiritualism, and are to be slowly but surely made over, modified, or swept away by its sublime truths.

How many human souls within this period have been emancipated and disenthralled from the despotism of creeds; how many have found the true centre of their being, and their relation to the natural and supernatural worlds; how many felt the profound joy of perfect freedom where dwell love and charity instead of authority, and how many have met the last change with joyful spirits and absolute trust and confidence in the beyond, none will ever know from records or reports—that blessed secret being one which is the possession of the soul itself! Spiritualism has not made its dawn memorable by filling insane asylums, or bringing unhappiness in any form to its sincere believers. Out of the enveloping clouds of prevalent superstitions it has brought light from the heaven beyond, and the rift has become larger with every year, until the whole earth begins to show its illumination. The new truth was given first to the lowly and humble instead of the worldly and powerful, because the former would not refuse to receive it, and would impart it with joy in return.

It was curiosity at first that drew the attention of the people to these new spirit manifestations. They had witnessed nothing like it in their lifetime, and, having heard of the wretched superstitions, were eager to discover if these were anything like the stories of old. Having satisfied curiosity, their intellect became interested; they were compelled to admit the reality of the phenomena, and the next step was to account for them. Much labor and long search led to no alternative for the conviction that disembodied spirits that had left the earth were the real authors of these communications, and then followed the overwhelming knowledge of the opening of the heavens and the close neighborhood of the earth and the spirit-world. What emancipation could be more glorious than this? How could the soul of man so well begin a new life on earth, to pursue it in the light shed from heaven?

The influence of the new faith is working everywhere, in the churches and without; and the most convincing proof of its efficacy among the creeds is the determined opposition that is organizing against it among the ministers and doctors of divinity. When run quite ashore for material out of which to shape and stuff sermons, they take up Spiritualism and pour out upon it and its believers all the malice which their own

faith has failed to exorcise from their natures. But they can hinder nothing. They are helping on the cause they oppose, without knowing what they are doing. They confess to the existence of a power which they cannot master, and are therefore content to cry continually "mad dog." But the truth moves majestically on; and although Spiritualism is beset with its obstacles and has its sincere advocates and professors like everything else, it clarifies to human view with time, and more and more becomes the transparent medium through which the soul sees the mysteries of the future. Once let the bonds of bigotry loosen, and universal emancipation follows.

Grand as the triumph has been, however, the enemies of truth and progress, whether blindly and malignantly such, are working with all their energy to stem a tide of whose power they appear to know nothing. They are able and willing to recognize the little stream by which their narrow views are fed, but to the broad and divine current they are not ready to trust themselves; their dykes and banks are certain, however, to give way in time, when all will be swept into the common current together. There is no successful resistance to the overwhelming power of truth, as there is no possibility of long making a selfish use of what is given for all. Not only in this country, but in all civilized countries is the truth of which Spiritualism is the welcome bearer spreading at this day. Among the people and in the cabinets of rulers is its power acknowledged and its lessons are faithfully learned.

Science has come down from its lofty pedestal to study its phenomena, or rather to try to comprehend its laws. It may claim to have done so when it shall have comprehended the mystery of the divine forces themselves. Spiritualism is but an instrument of these, employed for brushing away the clouds of materialism and superstition from the sky of man, and for bringing the heavens and the earth nearer together. The first minds of both hemispheres have openly and otherwise subscribed their belief in it. Poets, essayists, novelists, scientists, rulers, even the preachers in the churches have confessed to the reality of Spiritualism, and blessed the day when it brought to their souls the relief for which they had long been seeking. The cause, holy and elevating as it is, is destined to become stronger and stronger with the lapse of time, until it covers the earth with its beautiful influences. Let us all form a new union on this Anniversary to do the work it requires, and above all, to show forth by our lives and examples the reality of the faith which is in us. It is by making our lives show the reality of our faith that we can help others to accept it themselves.

More Bigotry.

A Philadelphia Judge has had the hardihood to deny naturalization papers to a German applicant on the ground that he is an infidel. Here crops out the God-in-the-Constitution doctrine again. On the back of the properly attested application were endorsed the words "Refused on account of being an infidel." It is a State or local Court over which this Judge presides. Congress makes the naturalization laws, and leaves it to the States to execute them. But Congress is restricted in its action by the Constitution, and can lay down no rule that is not in conformity with that. Inasmuch, therefore, as the Constitution forbids expressly that any religious test shall be required as a qualification for any office or public trust under the United States, and likewise prohibits Congress from making a law concerning the establishment of religion or obstructing its free exercise, it is quite evident that the States, which merely act for the Government in the matter, cannot presume to do what is forbidden in the supreme law.

Says the late Justice Story on this very important question—"The whole power over the subject of religion is left exclusively to the State Governments, to be acted upon according to their own sense of justice and the State Constitutions; and the Catholic and the Protestant, the Calvinist and the Arminian, the Jew and the Infidel may sit down at the common table of the national councils without any inquisition into their faith or mode of worship." This is the plain and impressive interpretation of one of the clearest minds that ever dispensed judgment and justice from the highest tribunal of the nation. Yet this Judge of a Court of Circuit Sessions in Pennsylvania, presumes to set aside such an interpretation as that of Justice Story, and to decide upon an applicant's petition for citizenship on the ground of his religious faith! When God is put into the Constitution, honesty and justice will be put out.

Nothing but the naturalization laws of the United States can form a competent standard for the admission of foreign-born applicants to the rights and enjoyments of citizenship. A State judge's opinion on the subject is of no account after it travels beyond the restrictions of the general laws. But it is to be seen in the present instance what use would instantly be made of the God-in-the-Constitution amendment. Laws would at once be passed to make that new clause efficient. The advocates of this dangerous dogma would say that the amendment was of no account or meaning, unless it was carried out by statute. Then our troubles would begin. We should have religious sentiment kindled at once into the fierce flames of passion, and its hot and devastating lava would pour its resistless tides over the land. Do the fanatics and bigots realize the faintest results of their mad folly?

It is, as the New York Sun remarks of this case, "politically prophetic. It is a foretaste of the judicial intolerance and bigotry which may be expected when an express declaration of belief in the existence of the Deity shall have been incorporated in the Constitution of the United States." There is the danger, and it is to that particular point that we have persistently directed public attention. If we are to be welmed in the waves of a war of fanaticism, whose ravages will stain every door with blood—if the narrow determination of bigots is to supplant the broad platform of wise men and true statesmen, and the bloody struggles of the Old World over a religion that inculcates only love and charity are to be renewed on the soil of free America, then let the supporters of liberty, both political and religious, rise up and buckle on their armor at once to beat down these treacherous invasions and overthrow them and their destructive efforts forever.

Chas. H. Foster, the celebrated New York test medium, has been of late doing good work in Troy. He expects to go to St. Louis, Mo., the last of March, stopping at the Southern Hotel for a while. He will visit Boston in June.

Spiritualism Expanding.

In the thorough little treatise of Alfred Wallace on Modern Spiritualism, in the course of his answer to such a demand for every fresh observation that it shall be treated as if it were put forth for the first time, and fresh confirmation asked of it, he remarks that "When this fresh and independent confirmation comes, yet more confirmation is asked for, and so on without end." This—he says with truth—"is a very clever way to ignore and stifle a new truth; but the facts of Spiritualism are ubiquitous in their occurrence, and of so indisputable a nature as to compel conviction in every earnest inquirer. And it thus happens that, although every fresh convert requires a large proportion of the series of demonstrative facts to be reproduced before he will give his assent to them, the number of such converts has gone on steadily increasing for a quarter of a century. Clergymen of all sects, lawyers, men of science not a few, secularists, philosophical skeptics, pure materialists—all have become converts through the overwhelming logic of the phenomena which Spiritualism has brought before them." Here, therefore, let us stop and ask what church or creed can make as distinct and well substantiated a statement? Such a variety of minds convinced and compelled in reason to confess? The authority of the churches does not take hold of man's reason in this manner. It talks to his faith, becomes darkly mystic, insists on its unknown and unseen as the real source of its power, and feeds the mind and soul not directly from the spirit-world, but from the sparing hand of a minister or priest.

"And what have we per contra?" asks Mr. Wallace. "Neither science nor philosophy, neither skepticism nor religion, has ever yet in this quarter of a century made one single convert from the ranks of Spiritualism." That is, those who are converts to Spiritualism come to stay. They never go back to the old idols. It would be as impossible for the emancipated slave to pine for his former servitude. "This being the case"—continues Mr. Wallace—"and fully appreciating the amount of candor and fairness, and knowledge of the subject, that has been exhibited by their opponents, it is to be wondered at, that a large proportion of Spiritualists are now profoundly indifferent to the opinion of men of science, and would not go one step out of their way to convince them? They say that the movement is going on quite fast enough; that it is spreading by its own inherent force of truth, and slowly permeating all classes of society. It has thriven in spite of abuse and persecution, ridicule and argument, and will continue to thrive, whether endorsed by great names or not. Men of science, like all others, are welcome to enter its ranks; but they must satisfy themselves by their own persevering researches, not expect to have its proofs laid before them. Their rejection of its truths is their own loss, but cannot in the slightest degree affect the progress of Spiritualism. The attacks and criticisms of the press are borne good-humoredly, and seldom excite other feelings than pity for the willful ignorance and contempt for the overwhelming presumption of their writers." Although these very words have before been read in the columns of the Banner, they are richly worthy of repetition in the new connection in which they are now again used.

It would be a mistake to judge of these statements and assertions of spiritualistic writers as springing from a spirit of self-satisfaction and pride. They know too well that when such a spirit is uppermost the elemental parts of Spiritualism are wanting. These facts are adduced from time to time as a tabular statement of the situation, as the statistical side of the cause. They show us our general standing, and encourage us as to our prospects. And Spiritualists have substantial reason to feel a renewal of their hope and an expansion of their faith, as they contemplate such facts as are cited above by so careful a hand as that of Prof. Wallace. In twenty-five years the spread of Spiritualism has been rapid indeed. From the smallest and humblest of beginnings it has made the circuit of the globe. Since its rude alphabet was formed to slowly spell out communications from the invisible, it has developed into a religion and a philosophy. Men and women of the highest intellectual gifts and the most thorough culture are believers with the simple souls to whom the phenomena first manifested themselves agreeably to a divine law. The peculiarity of the spread of our beautiful and exalting faith is this, as we have often taken occasion to say: that it works with the silence of the dawning light, stealing gradually into human souls that were lying numb or asleep in the dark valley; and so it makes its way unseen, though never unfelt, into the churches and into the different strata of society, and steadily works on the faith of the mass to revolutionize it, without confronting either authority or opposition; and it is silently gaining over the very forces, including that of numbers, too, by which Old Theology will be supplanted without being aware of what is done until it realizes the loss of its followers.

Seances at Havana, N. Y.

Dr. H. B. Storer and George A. Bacon, of Boston, have just returned to this city after viewing, under the most satisfying conditions, the materializing manifestations which occur in presence of Mrs. Compton at the above-named place. They fully agree with all that has been said in endorsement of her mediumship by Dr. Fred L. H. Willis and others. We are promised for our next number a report of the phenomena witnessed by these gentlemen.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.—A Society has been formed in Bristol, entitled "The Bristol and West of England Psychological Society," under the presidency of Mr. John Beattie, of 2 Richmond Hill, Clifton. The objects of the Society are "the investigation, by its members, of such of the mental and spiritual phenomena, in connection with the organism of man, as may be brought within the range of their observation, either individually or collectively, with a view to form a correct estimate of the functions, powers, and capacities of the spiritual side of man's nature, and the mode of applying such knowledge to the practical purpose of his existence."

"Facts vs. Denunciation and Ridicule, by 'Investigator,' is splendid—hope he will let us hear from him again and again!"—says one of our correspondents. Yes, indeed. It is a nut we should like to see Rev. Mr. Talmage and Dr. Bellows—two self-righteous bigots—attempt to crack. We hope to again present similar essays to our readers from the pen of "Investigator."

A Pleasant Meeting.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Morse, 46 Beach street, Boston, was the scene, on the evening of Monday, March 22d, of a happy assemblage of the friends of free thought, who were met by invitation of a committee to do honor to Dr. T. B. Taylor, of Chicago, Ill., who is now filling a lecturing engagement in Boston, before the "Music Hall Society of Spiritualists." The spacious parlors were thronged with guests, good vocal music was furnished by Misses Cora Stone and Cora Hastings; declamations were given by Willie S. French, Mr. Partridge, Miss Lizzie Thompson (all members of Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1); Clara Curtis furnished instrumental music, and remarks welcoming Dr. Taylor to Boston, and in commendation of his liberal course, were made by J. B. Hatch (chairman of the committee), Drs. John H. Currier, Samuel Grover and A. H. Richardson, Mr. John Wetherbee, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fletcher, H. C. Lull, Mr. E. G. Brown, editor Spiritual Scientist, and others, and Hattie C. Wilson, the colored medium, offered in a special degree her sincere feelings of gratitude to Dr. Taylor as one who had practically demonstrated his good will for her people.

After the company had joined in singing "Sweet By-and-By," Dr. Taylor was introduced, and made a brief speech expressive of the pleasure which a nearer acquaintance with the Boston Spiritualists had given him. He referred to what had been said by Hattie Wilson, and remarked that, though a Southerner by birth, he had ever felt to defend her race, and had, in consequence of his belief in their inherent right to undisturbed "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness," manumitted some eight thousand dollars' worth of slave property which at one time came into his hands by legacy. He had never stopped at any point, when what he believed to be the truth had ordered him to proceed; he had never regretted the step which dissolved his twenty-five years' connection with the Methodist ministry; and was ever ready to do what right required, in so far as he could perceive the demand. He gave some of his experiences regarding the spiritual phenomena as met with by him in presence of several media, and closed with a hope that the blossoms of friendship here unfolded might never be nipped by the frosts of disappointment. At the conclusion of his speech, a late hour in the evening having been reached, the well-pleased company withdrew to their homes.

Doubling the Postage.

What has been said so far by the press of the country on the trick which doubled the postage rates of what is called third-class matter through the mails, is far from being what is to be said as the new rule continues to operate. The newspapers feel the weight of this change more seriously than any. It may as well be described as a method for making the dissemination of intelligence difficult. All transient newspapers are now compelled to prepay one cent for one ounce in weight, whereas the former law required the payment of one cent for two ounces. This alteration in the postal laws, which has been recently decreed to be effective throughout the country, just doubles the burden to be carried by the newspapers and magazines, and in that way obstructs the spread of current intelligence.

It was carried through Congress at the very end of the session, when confusion reigned supreme. Nobody but the managers of the scheme understood what had been done in such uproarious haste. It was a scurvy trick, and therefore it was done furtively, secretly, and in a shameful manner. The individual who lobbied it through so successfully professed that it was abominable that a person should send a parcel of merchandise from the Atlantic to the Pacific for a few cents. He spoke ostensibly for the Treasury, but really for the Express Companies. The mails were interfering with their fat and overgrown business. Yet in curbing this desire to send heavy articles by mail because it could be done at such trifling cost to the sender, the schemers had no business to lay it on to the newspapers. There is nothing in their case which interferes with Express monopolies. It will very soon be discovered that this swindle on the people was overdone, and will have to be speedily undone.

J. J. Morse in Bangor, Me.

This earnest laborer is reaping an excellent harvest in the East, as the reports which reach us from that point amply testify. His lectures delivered before the Spiritualists of Bangor have been well attended, and much good to the cause in that locality may be expected to flow from them in coming time. In consequence of a unanimous invitation from the committee of the Universalist Society there, he also spoke in their church Sunday afternoon and evening, March 21st, two very large and intelligent audiences assembling, and great satisfaction being evoked by the addresses. The subject for the evening discourse was selected by the people.

On Thursday, 25th, he spoke in Oldtown, a neighboring city. He is reëngaged in Bangor for September next.

Last Lecture of the Season.

Dr. T. B. Taylor will deliver the closing lecture of the present course, before "the Music Hall Society of Spiritualists," in Beethoven Hall, Boston, Sunday afternoon, March 28th, taking for a subject, "How may I become an Intelligent Spiritualist?"

Dr. Taylor proves to be an able and very interesting speaker, and his hearers last Sunday were wrought up to a high state of enthusiasm by his strong and telling discourse. His audiences have increased, and we trust the hall will be filled on the occasion of his closing lecture.

Earth experiences, the correspondence between the physical and the spiritual body, the mediumship of Noah, and other points of interest, are considered on our sixth page; Eldridge Carson, of New Orleans, appeals to his father that kind treatment may be accorded to his sister; Daniel L. Wendell, of New York City, speaks words full of good resolutions to his friends; Katie Golding, of Lowell, Mass., assures her mother that the true state of happiness is in spirit not material life; and Clara Paul, (colored) of Boston, brings cheerful tidings to her mother.

Dr. T. B. Taylor, now in this city filling a lecturing engagement, wishes to say that he has recently received, through the mails, a handsome surprise, and not knowing whom to credit with it, and being desirous to express gratitude for the same, knows no other method of reaching the ear or eye of the generous donor than through the columns of the Banner of Light.

The Twenty-Seventh Anniversary

Of the advent of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated with appropriate services at various localities throughout the country.

In Boston, Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 will observe the day with interesting ceremonies at Rochester Hall, 554 Washington street. In the morning a Conference of Mediums will be held; in the afternoon a Children's Festival, to which all the children of Spiritualists and Liberals are invited; in the evening a lecture will be delivered by J. J. Morse, Esq. The festival will conclude with dancing from nine to twelve. Admittance to dancing—gents, fifty cents; ladies, twenty-five cents. As will be seen, the entire services—with the exception of the dancing—are free to the public, certain persons connected with the Lyceum incurring the pecuniary burden of the celebration. It is to be hoped that the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity will crowd the hall to its utmost capacity, and that an enjoyable occasion may ensue. Those who may feel to make any donations toward assisting in the bearing of the expenses of the celebration can forward the same to J. B. Hatch, Assistant Conductor of Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, at the hall, by whom they will be thankfully received.

The Anniversary will also be celebrated with appropriate exercises, under the auspices of the People's Spiritual Meeting, at Investigator Hall, Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street, near Tremont street, Boston. The exercises will consist of speaking by prominent Spiritualists and Liberals, among whom may be reckoned Dr. T. B. Taylor, Horace Sever, Esq., (editor Boston Investigator,) Mrs. Susie A. Willis-Fletcher, J. William Fletcher, Dr. H. B. Storer, and others; the services being interspersed with music and singing. The afternoon exercises will commence at 2 o'clock, the evening at 7 o'clock; the whole to conclude with dancing in the Paine Hall—music by Savage's Band, C. D. Smith, Prompter; Floor Director, Lewis C. Humphrey. Afternoon and evening exercises free; admission to the dance, 25 cents. All Spiritualists and Liberals are cordially invited by the Committee.

The friends at John A. Andrew Hall will hold a complimentary dancing party to Mr. C. M. Higgins on the evening of Wednesday, March 31st. J. M. Foster, the popular usher, well known to the attendants on the "Music Hall" Spiritualist Society's lectures, will be floor manager. Tickets, admitting a lady and gentleman, \$1.

The Spiritualists of Providence, R. I., and vicinity, will celebrate the Anniversary by a lecture, vocal and instrumental music, and a supper, to close with dancing. The entertainment will be held at the Horse Guards' Armory Hall, one of the best in the city.

It is announced that Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 of Baltimore, Md., intend to celebrate the anniversary by giving an exhibition at Lyceum Hall, No. 92 West Baltimore street.

The Spiritualists of Battle Creek, Mich., and vicinity, will celebrate the anniversary on Wednesday, March 31st—J. M. Peebles being engaged to deliver the address. The meeting will continue through the day and evening. Other speakers are expected. All are invited.

The Spiritualists of Springfield, Mass., will hold services, on the 31st, at Liberty Hall, speaking, singing, etc., filling out the sessions during the day, the whole to end with a sociable and dance in the evening. A session of the People's Camp Meeting Association will be held on the following morning.

The anniversary will be celebrated by the Society of Progressive Spiritualists of the city of New York, Wednesday, March 31st, at 57 West Thirty-third street, near Broadway, in the afternoon, from 2½ until 5 o'clock, by addresses and music. Some of the best talent in the country will be present. Admission 25 cents. And in the evening, from 8 to 12 o'clock, by a sociable, reunion and dance. Admission 50 cents (children half-price to each entertainment). H. J. Newton, President, J. Bisco, Treasurer, J. A. Cezino, Secretary.

We are informed by Allen Pence, Chairman, that extensive arrangements are being made to celebrate the Twenty-Seventh Anniversary, by the First Spiritual Society of Terre Haute, Ind. As an additional attraction students have been consummated with C. W. Stewart, Spiritualist, of McHenry, Ill., and Rev. A. Wright, Methodist minister of Vienna, Ill., to discuss the merits and demerits of Spiritualism, in Pence's Hall, beginning on the evening of the 29th inst., and to continue each evening thereafter (excepting the evening of the 31st) so long as the contesting parties desire. Wednesday evening, the 31st, being the anniversary proper, will be devoted to festivities. All are invited.

A. Dunlap, Secretary, writes: The Spiritualists of Cleveland, Ohio, are preparing to celebrate the twenty-seventh anniversary under the auspices of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. The programme will consist of conference, addresses, Lyceum exercises, &c., &c., with a grand sociable in the evening. All friends are cordially invited to join us. A good time guaranteed.

The Spiritualists of Cincinnati, Ohio, will celebrate the anniversary on the 31st in the Unitarian Church, northeast corner of Eighth and Plum streets, day and evening. All friends of the cause are invited.

Henry B. Allen, the musical medium, has, we are informed by a correspondent, been giving seances in Worcester, Mass., for the past three weeks. "Perfect satisfaction has been given by the manifestations, which have taken place in both dark and light circles. Spirit-hands are produced; the instruments are played upon while floating about the room; and all present are favored with spirit-touches. Mental questions are answered satisfactorily. Spirit-hands were produced in a light room, and the instruments played upon in the sight of all." Those wishing to make engagements with Mr. Allen can do so by addressing him at Orange, Mass.

A Liberal League was recently formed in Philadelphia, and has now over sixty members. The officers are announced as follows: Isaac Rhen, President; Mary Pratt, Vice President; Carrie S. Burnham, Secretary; Caroline H. Spear, Treasurer; Damon Y. Kilgore, Franklin Skinner, John M. Spear, Executive Committee. Meetings are held by the League every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., and thus far have been characterized by large attendance.

N. Frank White, one of the oldest lecturers and mediums now in the field, will speak in Rochester Hall, 554 Washington street, this city, Sunday evening, March 28th, at 7½ o'clock; subject: "Twenty-five Years' Experience as a Medium." The public are invited free.

a Subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the
paid for.