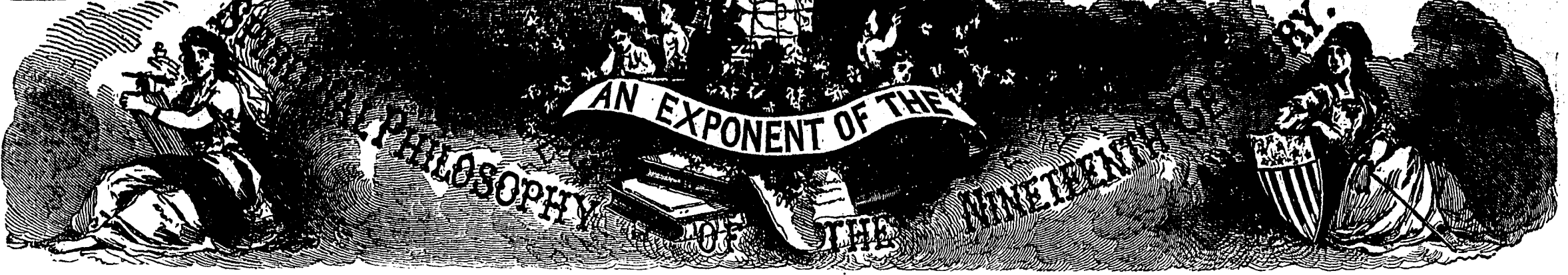


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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The Rostrum.

FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

By the Spirit Control of
J. J. MORSE,
Of London, England.

Brothers and sisters of this great Republic, situated between the waters of either ocean, skirted by the snows of the frozen north, and warmed by the suns of the radiant south; a Republic that has for over a hundred years taken a place among the peoples of the world as the exponent of liberty, equality and justice; on this, its natal day, let your minds go upward to the great hearts and noble lives that throbbed and were laid down in days gone past that you might enjoy the liberties you now possess and have this fair flag still floating in the breeze.

The oldest empires wax and wane, lose their influence, and each descends the hills of oblivion, yet leaving marks of progress made for mankind at large. Revolution always has been the stepping-stone of evolution in the national and political unfoldment of mankind. The history of your struggles, trials and efforts in the bygone days is written in imperishable characters upon the scrolls of time, and future ages will, perchance, better appreciate the grandeur of that effort, and the nobility of that struggle, than even you do at the present time.

Barely four hundred years of human time and this fair land—that now is dotted from end to end with centers of industry and teeming life—was the home of the uncultured and untutored savage. Far away in the old country the hardy traveler set forth to find a new passage across the trackless deep, and incidentally to the labor of that effort, Columbus led the way to the discovery of this broad land that in later years was to take its place among the nations of the earth.

The scene of history rolls on, and we find that by the pioneer labors of Spain and other nations, some of the wilderness had been transformed into gardens of human habitation. Then, behold, arising from the strong conflicts and religious oppression of European countries, a wall of persecution, and earnest men, and true-hearted women, who, falling to find liberty in the land wherein they lived to worship God after the manner of their own hearts and consciences, sought liberty and freedom in a new clime, and in 1620 these separatists from the English communion, hearing of the new world beyond the waves of the broad Atlantic, resolved that they would seek in that new country to found a new home, a new communion, and a fresh community, where Liberty, and Justice, and freedom of conscience, should have for them actual reality.

They sailed in their ship from a cozy English port, they braved the tempestuous winds and waves of the English Channel, drifting to seaward until the land they were renouncing faded to a speck on the horizon behind them, and the gloom of the night closed round on every side. Across the wild and weary waste, battling with the winds and billows, grappling with the waters that surged and rolled around them, with the fierce tempests beating upon them, their gallant ship stood bravely upon her course, and the sturdy hearts of the Pilgrim Fathers aboard that brave old vessel, that was indeed the flower of May as well as the "Mayflower," for future generations, steadily forged on their way, until, at last, the iron-bound and inhospitable shores of the New England coast received the weary and worn wanderers from afar.

Then in the name of justice and right, in the name of religious liberty and personal freedom that man might be a man, the English foot was planted on the coast of the new world, and the sturdy character of the Anglo-Saxon race had its seat in new soil, and from the sowing of that seed on that rough New England shore sprang up the men of might, and men of power and thought, who opened a way for the freedom, the liberty, and the blessings that you enjoy to-day. If there is one word written in your hearts, if there is one name more worthy than all others to be borne upon the prow of your battle-ships, that word should be the "Mayflower," that brought your forefathers here to set the example, and plant the principles of personal liberty and freedom of conscience for all mankind.

A few years of time again roll on, and 1620

gives place to later years, wherein there unfolds before your mind a wonderful picture: The fair city of Boston begins to be established; the surrounding land becomes settled; the English king begins to assert his power, and through his parliamentary agencies proposes to exact his tribute in life and conscience, as well as wealth, from the colonies of the new world.

Undoubtedly, in these early days, the colonists were loyal men, loving the country from which they came, and willing to give it reasonable allegiance. But when kings mistake their office of leaders of the people, and seek to become their masters, despotism follows, and then revolution; and if the people are wise enough and strongly enough armed with right and clothed with justice, there is no despotism the wide world over that can stand against a revolution backed by the people's might. The exercise of power should ever be connected with justice, and justice should ever be associated with mercy. There is no doubt that had the English power been exercised with justice and with mercy, had justice gone side by side with power, there might have been a different ending to the struggle—nay, that struggle might never have begun.

But the world was waiting in that century for a new empire out of the east, that should shine like a star in the coronet of nations. In what better place could that Empire have its rise? In the old world of kingscraft, and priestcraft, and wealthcraft, had taken deep root; the land was filled with the traditions of authority and absolutism. But, in the new land, they had not had time to grow in its virgin soil—here was freedom from all the old evils of Europe. Where a land to be found, better for the new Empire to arise from out the sea, and shine upon the pages of history like the day-star in the morning of the world? In all the world there was no other land but this!

But difficulties arose. The English king, with foolish advisers—men who knew not the people, and the people who knew not the men—were in conjunction at this particular time, and the English sovereign determined to coerce his loyal subjects three thousand miles away. Coercion failed them; it has failed before and since. History tells you of that memorable little tea-party you had in Boston Bay; how its waters, tinged with a deeper color, flowed out with the tide into the broad bosom of the Atlantic, and told the world of a people who would not be driven, mastered or coerced; a people who would stand up for the rights that belonged to them, the rights that belong to those who produce all that they have and hold dear, who had made the colony what it was, and who were truly the only people from whom its laws should come.

So, little by little, the conflict arises. The English king grows more obstinate, his advisers more persistent in demands and assertions, until at last the colonists will no longer submit, and the first tinge of blood colors the tide of civil life; then, having gone too far to recede, the effort must go on. It is either freedom with national existence, or submission with its virtual extinction. The hardy sons of the Pilgrim stock who had dared three thousand miles of weary ocean waste that they might found a new community; who had braved the elements of Nature, and even the chastisement of God in the inhospitality of a strange country, were not the men nor women who would supinely submit to the shifting vagaries of despotic rulers.

In the pleasant lands of fair Virginia there lived a family of eminence and excellence whose hearts throbbed with patriot devotion to the new order of life founded here upon this great continent, from which noble and sturdy stock there came one graceful boy, whose life was full of purity, obedience and truth—of whom it is said he never told a lie. The little boy grows to be the youth, the youth becomes a man, and shows his self-reliance in the days of his youth. His voice grows stronger, the nation calls for this man, and in response to the call of the new colonies, George Washington comes upon the stage of public life. All honor to George and Martha Washington! May that sweet Virginia home ever remain a glorious and sunny presence in your national heart! May the services of that patriotic man who, when his duty was done, scorned further honors, laid aside the power the nation had conferred upon him—may that sublime example of true patriotic abnegation be an example to Columbia's sons to-day! And may they learn from it the wise and needful lesson that whatsoever the nation gives the nation has from you, you in turn owe all that you have had to the nation that conferred it on you. And serving your brethren, fighting for your liberties, striving to preserve your country, learn that when your duty is done, if you have the patriotic impulse that fired the breast of Washington in 1776, and if it stirs the breasts of Columbia's sons to-day, then all of you shall find the spirit of a Washington beating in your hearts, guiding your lives, ruling your councils and carrying your nation onward to higher glories and achievements.

Then follow the thunder of cannon, the clash of arms, the conflict of opposing forces, and the Continental troops grow weary and dispirited. Some are afraid that ammunition, the commissariat and money will fall short, that for lack of numbers and lack of material the conflict will have to dwindle into an ignominious conclusion. At this time one of the staunchest lovers of liberty that stood upon the scene of Continental strife makes his voice heard and presence felt. For some years a mighty agitation had been inaugurated by this man, whose voice that had vigorously assailed

the old systems of ecclesiasticism and politics was yet sounding on the air. This man's bright mind and earnest soul were cast with full weight and force into the destiny of the Continental struggle, with heart and soul, mind and brain, tongue and pen, so that when the Continental forces were growing weary, "The Rights of Man" rung out upon the breeze. Those writings were printed, distributed broadcast, and read at the head of every company of the Continental forces. There was the pivotal point; "The Rights of Man" stirred every soldier's breast, gave new life and fresh courage to the army, and from that sprang such determination to do or die, that it conquered in the end, and gave you the liberty you this day fully enjoy. This man has been denounced; bigots have reviled him, ignorant fanatics have obscured the labor he did and the service that he gave you, but the enlightened present and a still more enlightened posterity will tell you who he was, and it will be found that you will have to give him his due and proper place in the framing of that Declaration of Independence whose principles you celebrate to-day. When, hereafter, that name stands revealed, all will know the soul who did so much to revive the courage, stir the pulses, expose the errors and the evil that were oppressing your forefathers, who helped them forward in their hour of trial, and then the world will write in letters of gold in the heart of Columbia herself the name of THOMAS PAINE.

No wonder glorious people feared him in the country across the sea. If his doctrines were true, he had undermined a State that sanctioned the theory of the divine right as associated with kings; torn the mask away from a hereditary ruler, uprooted the fiction of an aristocracy that, like leeches, sucked the blood from the common laborers of the land. No wonder they denounced him, for his voice was as the voice of a god, kindling life and action in the hearts of men, that, in the name of liberty, they might drive the evils that oppressed them from the world!

From a fair land across the broad Atlantic, from France, a great and noble heart lays his sword and service at your hands, and LAFAYETTE demands a word of recognition, a loving friendship. Remember him with greatest praise for his noble service in those early and perilous times.

Then the good and true men, whose signatures are appended to that document you all treasure in your hearts, after the lapse of over a hundred years, meet in solemn conclave, and mutually agree that they must all hang together, or they will surely hang separately if they fail.

But, like brave and valiant patriots, they do hang together, in the patriotic and fraternal sense, and their names go forth in the document before them, and that old bell, in that hall in Philadelphia, that you know as Independence Hall, rings out upon the summer air a nation's birth; a new child has come to the family of earth, a new babe is born in agony, sorrow and disaster, in care and pain and blood, as children are born in the travail, and in suffering, of their earthly parents. And this new babe, stepping out into the genial sunshine, raising its shrill voice on the hospitable air, proclaims the gospel of immortal fraternity and justice to all the world. In that tower that bell rings out, the echoes of which went ringing, ringing, ringing right around the world. They found an entrance into the courts of Europe, an echo in the most select centres of aristocracy; they reverberated in the chambers of legislative bodies in the lands beyond the seas; it was an echo that stirred the hearts of all the world. These echoes are ringing, ringing still, and will go on ringing round and round the world so long as Columbia's children are true to the Declaration they have sworn to and the constitution under which they live!

The struggle ends; ends by reason of the fact that, though despotism's arm may be strong enough to smite an Empire, it is neither long enough nor strong enough to stretch over three thousand weary miles of watery waste, and you, being masters of the situation, gained triumph at last, and asserted yourselves to be a free people, having an independent national existence.

Thirteen States! This is a mystical number, of which much might be made, but for the present our purpose is practical. Thirteen States enter into a confederated union, and, if it were possible to suppose such a thing, when the news of this confederation and consolidation reached the Court of St. James, it is probable that the king, sitting there, would inwardly morn for thinking that another jewel had been sacrificed from out his crown. True, it was a rough diamond then, an unpolished jewel, but a jewel nevertheless that since the days of 1776 you have been vigorously engaged in polishing until it has reached the brightness it now possesses.

All honor, then, to those times and to those men. Remember what they did for you, and so long as you remain a nation never let their memories pass behind you, but always keep them loyal and lovingly before you.

These thirteen States united, consolidated, became the nucleus around which the after States have been grouped and ranged; they are the forefathers, so to speak, of the great family of united communities that now reaches from the wave-washed shores of the Atlantic coast, onward and forward, over field and hill, up the towering mountains that make the backbone of your country, descending through the gorges, reaching across the plains, on and on until there leap to view the shining waters of the ever-smiling Pacific seas.

Under that flag [pointing to the nation's banner] those thirteen bars will ever be a reminder

to you of how your forefathers labored, strove and struggled. Go back at least once in each year of your mortal lives to that glorious day, that ever-to-be-remembered July the 4th, 1776, when the people swore fealty to the new declaration, and so assured a nation's people of political equality, social rights and religious freedom, which are for all time to come the charters of the constitution under which you live.

Then the colonies set themselves to work to put their house in order, to evolve a governmental system, to found a new nation—as the authors of the Declaration of Independence truly said, "the most stupendous and momentous task that can engage mankind." It was the sundering of old political ties and associations and the building up of new ones; in a word, the evolving of a new nationality. The work went on bravely, and for a few years all seemed happy; but the new republic was doomed to suffer. Of course the authority it had emerged from would naturally be unfriendly, and the older dynasties of Europe would not favor a system of government so unlike their own. So England and France unite to oppress your commerce, injure your trade, and make your people miserable and unhappy. In 1812 another war with the older country engages the pages of history. The result was peace at last, and from that time to this—barring only the various plagues and jealousies of two differing peoples who have quarreled, or the private spite in public prints and of orators upon the platform—from that time to this—thank God, the relationships of your parent land and yourselves have remained unsullied by the stain of human blood.

From 1812 the country goes on increasing in might and power, sends out its own diplomatic agencies, perfects the government, sustains its majesty, elects the ruling officer, its presiding genius, and taking a firm and noble stand upon its broad principles, it gradually takes the shape of a great and wonderful nation.

But in the heart of the nation there was a canker, a plague-spot which tainted all the blood of the body politic, and the gibe and sneer went forth from the old countries: "Ah! behold the land of the brave and the home of the slave." A plague-spot was there. Religion sanctioned it, to its shame; politics sanctioned it, to its shame also, and great political parties banded their knee to it, to their shame also.

But men of mark and principle still remained in the Commonwealth of the nation, and Garrison and Beecher were there; two ringing voices, with myriads of others, rang out upon the air, "Slavery is a curse to a free people, and a disgrace to the Republic of the United States."

But before this spot could be cut out from the nation's heart, a bitter surgery had to be applied to that offending point; the surgery of the bayonet, the medicine of the cannon, the caustic of blazing powder. And when the sturdy North, still vindicating the right of freedom, as befitted the descendants of that sturdy stock of old Plymouth birth—when the sturdy North resolved that rather than this should be they would fight for the principle of liberty, and boldly and bravely lay down their lives for it; when it was discovered that it was slavery and the Union, or slavery without the Union, then the North, having the issue squarely placed before them, could do naught else but fight again for the principles and freedom they had fought for a hundred years before.

You know the story well; how the first roar of the cannon sent a ball rolling through the murky gloom of night upon Sumter's walls; how its echo rang from one end of the land to the other; how some two or three millions—your brothers—roused to the call to arms to preserve the Union and free the slave; you know the deadly encounter of those four bitter years of awful strife and carnage; how brother ruthlessly slayed brother; how the house was divided against itself; you know how human blood saturated fair nature's breast, and colored the clear waters of stream and river; you know of the army of souls that were suddenly thrust out from life that is to life beyond; and you know how fair towns and cities were ruined, rich plantations laid waste, how blood and treasure were poured out as though there were no end to the one or the other. You know that after the march from Atlanta to the sea, after the triumph of the Northern army, when Grant crowns the whole by leading the Northern forces to final victory, Liberty again rises fair and all-powerful to succor and free the slave.

And then, then, something else. He whose hand had penned the document that gave freedom to the blacks, whose heart and great soul were for liberty and equality for every citizen of the great republic—you know how this great heart and noble life, he who away in the backwoods was called up from the log cabin to the White House to become the executive officer of this great nation to which you belong—you know how this noble heart was sacrificed on the altar of malice, and had to lay down his life after his task was done. Oh, let your hearts be stirred with pitiful remembrance; let your souls go back to those sorrowful times when a nation's heart almost wept tears of blood as their moist eyes followed the form of ABRAHAM LINCOLN to its grave. Great heart, loving soul, wherein did dwell the impulse of a Washington revived, all honor to that noble man! One of the people, serving the people, beloved by the people, and still remembered by the people who do him honor!

Then another page; on a fair, white page, is inscribed in golden characters, one of the grandest sentiments, one of the noblest acts, one of the most godlike pages of human history that it is possible to find—A GENERAL AMNESTY FOR ALL THE CONQUERED SOUTH. "We

have fought like men, we have suffered like men. Let us now live like men and brothers—here is the Northern hand!"

No nation in the world's history ever opened its heart and received its conquered foe into its bosom in the same glorious and magnanimous spirit as the Northern States received their Southern brethren. The blue and the gray are forgotten, the North and the South as separate points have ceased to be—the Republic is one and indivisible, one great family of brothers and sisters forevermore!

Again, behold the welcome morn of peace! The tide of empire rises, the damages of war are being repaired, the hatreds of kindred are being assuaged, wounded hearts are being healed, and then another cloud as one more occupant of the presidential chair falls a victim to a dastard's malicious act, and GARFIELD is gathered to the home beyond. But on that sad event there has hung so much of good that one might almost say that the sacrifice—though great and sorrowful indeed—was a sacrifice full of benefit and promise; for across the blue Atlantic, in the empire of Britain, sitting there in the northern seas, there ran through every town, city and hamlet, a thrill of sympathy and loving confidence that has done more to heal the sorrows of a hundred years ago, and blind the Republic of the seas into closer friendship with the people of Britain than any other incident in modern times. From Britain's queen down to Britain's humblest subject this wave of loving sympathy rolls onward to stricken Columbia, and in the name of God, the truth, and justice of your great Republic, let that wave roll in upon you so it may grow stronger and deeper in its pulses with every passing year.

You have now, in hasty review, had passed before you the history of your land. What are its lessons? What are its morals? What application can we find in it to the conditions of to-day?

You are beginning to be divided between two opinions: Shall these United States continue to be the refuge of the political exiles and social outcasts, the industrial poor? Shall it be a home where the oppressed, the downtrodden and the poor shall find a welcome? or shall it be America for Americans? If it is a land of liberty and of freedom, there is no incompatibility by a rational interpretation of the thesis that it is a home for the oppressed, and it may also be America for Americans. You do not want the extremes, you want the points that lie in the middle distances between these two arguments. But remember this: that if your gates are open and your doors swing easily upon their hinges, and you give hospitality to the oppressed and downtrodden of the world, then, emphatically and always, you must tell these seekers for freedom when they come to you, these poorer brethren from afar, these sorrowing and distressed ones: "Here are our land, our broad and beautiful country, our farms and our homes, our towns, cities and villages; here are our industries; come here, be one with us, work with us, live with us, abide by our laws, and accept the responsibilities we impose upon you in return for the hospitality we accord you."

There is but one flag for the United States of America, the red, white and blue of the stars and stripes. The red flag of anarchy is an alien weed; you must pull it up by the roots. Anarchy, Nihilism, Socialism, in their extremes, are the poison virus that would infect the blood of your national life. Liberty, equality, justice, are the opponents of all such wild schemes. Equal rights imply equal duties, and in partaking of your hospitality your guests must learn to behave while enjoying your board and cheer. Your forefathers made this land, your sires continued their work, you are carrying it forward still, and every man born upon the soil has an inalienable right to all that soil can give him. The native born American is the owner of America, individually and collectively, and if you are unwise enough to let foreigners come in and steal your land, you will have an alien landlordism and all its evils in your midst, and be deprived of that which is truly your own in the sight of God.

America for Americans, but America the asylum of the oppressed still, who must learn their duties as well as their privileges. American institutions to be administered by Americans born on American soil. America's honors to be enjoyed by Americans who have served America. And when this truth is borne clearly home upon the national conscience, you will cease to incorporate any of the effete civilization of Europe. The despoticisms and their long train of associated evils of the old countries will no longer show themselves in your very council chambers, for un-American Americans will find no seats therein.

We have no word against your hospitality, no word against your taking in the oppressed and suffering. God bless you all for what, as a nation, you have done in these regards; but you must remember that this philanthropy, good nature and hospitality, should never be allowed to run away with the inestimable rights of men for which your fathers fought and bled, or squandered upon the scheming and ingrate.

A few other points alone remain for consideration. Republics have always been considered both impermanent and ungrateful; they have always been considered transitory and phenomenal. That GEORGE WASHINGTON's name, life and work have lived over a hundred years is an eloquent proof that you are not growing ungrateful. That you exist to-day, after the same length of time, is a proof that your roots must be growing very strong and striking very deep, and it will take a very considerable digging up hereafter to pull you out of the soil whereon you live. We know of no gardener that we should advise to undertake

the task of lifting the roots of the American Republic of the United States.

What is the lesson of Republicanism throughout the world? The reason why republics have hitherto been ephemeral is simply this: Prejudices to their existence, monarchy, imperialism and absolutism have been the rule. For ages men and women have been born in it, bred in it, fed upon it—it has become part and parcel of their bones. They have been absolute slaves to the monarch, emperor or queen. It takes a great deal of agitating and modifying to change these phases of human life. Every decade that you can perpetuate your existence reduces that quantity of virus in your national blood; it will be entirely eliminated by-and-by. You will then build up a quality of character in the United States, and such institutions as will cause this Republic to go on growing stronger, able to sustain itself by its own life, and there shall be no power to blot it off the surface of the globe. Happily the time will come when this will be.

We must now leave the topic with a few final considerations, that, we trust, will equally commend themselves to your gracious judgment as has that which has gone before.

From the cold waters of the blue Atlantic washing the Ironbound coasts of Maine; pushing round the old capes near the Bay of Massachusetts; rolling in through that marvelous harbor wherein sits queenly New York City; down, down south to the warm and limpid waters of the Gulf, onward across the land, over its mountains, reaching upward and skyward, like the aspiring souls of the people who dwell thereon, descending the gracious slopes down to the fair land of the West, there are cities and towns and villages, farms and homes, wherein dwell seventy odd millions of people, and there is to-day among them all that feeling of patriotism, of love, of admiration for this now no longer experimental Republic, that is throbbing in the breasts and inspiring the lives of and banding together as one family the millions of this great land of yours. Threading it from end to end are iron bands, long metallic threads that will do more to bind the North and South, the East and West, in one eternal brotherhood than all the Fourth of July orations that could ever be delivered—long metallic threads along which run the flying coach and the iron horse; gliding through the valleys, rushing across the plain, boldly climbing the mountains, going through gorges, winding around cañons, descending the hills, coming to the lower levels again, this magnificent steel carers on, bearing your commodities, extending your commerce, delivering your messages of love and friendship to distant places, bringing you in close relation and communion with each other, and binding the Republic in one great family as he daily journeys from the waters of the East to the waves of the West.

But finer and more subtle threads are woven across the face of nature; thin, thin wires that throbb and burn with an electric soul, with a divine spirit in their heart, and these, facilitating commerce, distributing the news of the day and the events of the hour, the tidings of sorrow or the words of joy and affection, bind in closer relation even the great Republic than does the achievement of the iron horse. In ages to come the name of MOISE will stand out as one of the world's greatest benefactors, and with it the name of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, who brought down the thunderbolt from the muttering clouds by his kite and key, shall shine with undimmed splendor.

Then there is the mighty influence of the free press, wherein the citizen can ventilate his wrong, his grief, his opinion, his hope, his desire—the free press, the one bulwark that you have between the wrong and the right; treasure it, sustain it, and ably maintain it by every means. But oh! let our voice reach those who manipulate this mighty power that drives the great engine of thought and progress; make it the reflection of the people's life and will, and then the people will maintain it as a power that shall make oppression tremble, and drive into their holes and caves whatsoever evils that would dare to show themselves in the light of the present time.

East and West, North and South, having learned the lessons of the past, may you in the coming future put all these to greater ends and nobler purposes, and present a grander life to humanity even than you present to-day. Over your heads soars the golden eagle, emblem of that aspiring nature and desire that you possess. And, when climbing onward to grander political heights, greater glory still, when citizenship is truly accorded to man and woman alike, that eagle shall look down upon a progressive, harmonious and united people, who shall, in this last respect, as well as in all that has gone before, be the most glorious example to the world that history presents you any record of.

Over your head waves that fair, fair flag, with its glorious stars—emblematic of the blue empyrean depth beyond, filled with orbs of light that appear in the darkness of the night, typical of different States coming out from the gloom of your sorrow and your despair. These stars will ever be emblematic of those thirteen States that labored and strove together to build up and render possible all you enjoy to-day; this glorious banner whereon you have written the names of Liberty, Equality and Justice—look lovingly upon it and swear again to-day, in your freedom and the ardor of your national love, that man has the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Treasure those principles in your heart, and in the name of all the noble workers of the past, in the name of all the grand patriots living now, in the name of all the sacred influences and the holy associations pertaining to this birthday of your national life, lay your hands upon your hearts, swear to God, humanity and truth that you will guard inviolate the principles, the rights, the privileges and the glories that your forefathers handed down to you; that you will deliver them to your children pure and unsullied, and give to them the legacy of freedom and usefulness in their turn that you have received from the past. Swear this in the name of humanity and truth, and then you will give a holy baptism to these great United States that shall cement and bind them closer and closer together; and East and West, North and South, joining in one glad man to liberty and progress, mankind outside your boundaries shall learn that here, between the two great oceans, dwells a happy, free, enlightened people, and that your nation is, indeed, the most glorious political example the pages of history ever presented to the admiration of the world!

Regulate the Regulator with Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. Manufactured by proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure. Largest bottle in the market. All druggists sell it.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FRATERNAL LOVE.

BY M. T. SIKKINKER.

In ancient days—the story runs—In Eastern lands, where Orient suns Reflect their burning gorgeous eyes, On seas of glass, from summer skies, Two travelers on their tollsome way Met at the closing hour of day:

One, worn with weakness, spent with heat, Fell prostrate at his fellow's feet. The spot was dreary, no friendly shed Stood nigh to offer couch or spread; The distant city gleamed afar, Like some long watched-for, welcome star.

Alone the strong man might—who knows?—Reach it ere morning sunbeams rose; But, burdened by another's weight, His homeward steps were slow and late.

Bending above the prostrate form, With gentle touch and kindness warm, He chafed the pulseless finger tips, Poured cordial through the fading lips, Brought from his pouch a cooling balm. Spicy with odors—myrrh and palm; Laved brow and hands and tired feet, Until they lost their burning heat.

The pilgrim raised his drooping eyes, And gazed in wondrous glad surprise Upon the face, that, bending low, Seemed with compassion all aglow. Was it an angel's sweetest grace That flashed from out that bearded face? Had Heaven—the poor man's dream—at last Brought peace and comfort unsurpassed?

But no! The fancy mists dispersed, As quietly his friend rehearsed The story of their meeting there When twilight glimmered sweet and fair. "I, pushing on mine homeward road, Wast filled with thoughts of mine abode, Where love and peace sweet comfort hath, When thou didst fall across my path."

"I did my best," the stranger said, "To bring thee strength to raise thy head; And now, if thou canst move alone, I'll help thy steps to travel on."

"Now, Allah bless thee, give these lengths Of days, with boundless joy and strength Make thy heart constantly rejoice!" The wanderer cried with trembling voice.

"But leave me now to creep apace, Speed swiftly on to thine own place; My steps are slow, I cannot haste, I must not make thy time a waste."

"Nay! nay!" the minstrel replied, "I travel only at thy side. What matter if the dawn be east, We'll reach the city's gate at last."

And so they journeyed through the night, Nor reached their home till noonday light. The strong man took the stranger in, For he was friendless—without kin; And when he fell across the road His heart was hopeless with his load. But Allah—for his work be praised—This brother's love had for him raised.

The years rolled on, and from that hour The strong man gained in rank and power; The stranger brought within his gates Seemed to attract the happiest fates. And when he died, the neighbors said, A crown of glory wreathed his head, Which bore these words in mystic light, "Allah reclaims his own to-night!"

A Remarkable Private Medium.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I was conversing with a prominent business man, June 26th, when he confidentially related to me in brief his experience in Modern Spiritualism. He was willing that I should let the facts be known if his name was withheld: He was a member of the Episcopal church, in good standing, when his attention was called to the subject of Spiritualism, and to his astonishment and delight he found that he had in his organism wonderful spiritual gifts that had remained dormant until this time—such as clairaudience, etc.—and soon commenced to talk in foreign languages, speaking in Hebrew quite fluently. It did not seem as if he had the influence talked in some different languages. He was called upon to visit a professor who had the Hebrew language at his command, and the scholar could not understand how it was that his guest could talk so correctly in Hebrew words and phrases. He understood that language, while he (the professor) had spent much time in the Holy Land, and was well-versed in all pertaining to this "scriptural" tongue.

He called upon the Professor just before his departure to spirit-life. The latter came upon the bedstead in profusion, and he prophesied correctly for him as to his demise, which was soon verified.

He has also the independent slate-writing gift, the writing coming from the inside of two slates, while they are tied and sealed together—six different communications on one slate.

The gifts of this gentleman are sought by persons hearing of him, residing in Denver, Kansas City, and other localities in the West, as well as at points and places and persons being among the first citizens where they dwell; but while he has always been ready to accommodate these applicants, he refuses to be known to the public, on account of business and other reasons. There are really but few of this business friends who know that he possesses these spiritual gifts.

He was at one time often unconsciously controlled, but more recently his gifts are exercised in a conscious state, and he speaks out many truths that of his individual self he does not pretend to comprehend or understand.

He is so favored with material conditions that he has always made his spiritual work a free-will gift where he can exercise it; though he is known in everyday life as one who is ever at his post, and who devotes his closest attention to the details of his business. He knows that he is assisted by exalted spirits in his material work.

It was my privilege to attend a séance not long since with another private medium—the subject being a brief account of my experiences. Several of the ladies, who were an entire stranger, I found to be mediumistic—one of the daughters possessing spirit sight, and the power to give impressions as they came to her. She said to me: "There is a spirit here who gives me the name of Mary," I said: "Yes, I know a spirit by that name." She then described the spirit, which proved to be entirely different from the one I had supposed it to be. I said: "You have the name right, but the description is not correct." She replied by asking: "Do you know a family by the name of Martin?" I said: "Yes," then came clearly the description of the spirit answering to Mary as given, which proved a grand test of identity in the name and complexion given at first, and not the Mary that had recently given me a communication in writing, which was at the time in my pocket. Both of these ladies named Mary were particular friends, one of them a relative.

The medium then asked: "Have you such a patient (describing her) whom you are anxious concerning?" I replied in the affirmative, whereupon she gave some valuable prophetic information in regard to the patient, which I hope will prove correct; at any rate, what was said about her was true to the letter in many ways. She then correctly described and named an individual who had wronged me greatly in business ways during the late civil war, and of whom she could not be expected in reason to possess any personal knowledge. I asked if I ever should obtain what was my due; and she replied to the point: "Only through a woman." I said I had tried that way, as the man had put his property into the hands of his wife before he passed on. She added that the man could not rest at ease until the wrong had been righted, and he wanted my help in the matter. There were seven witnesses present who

heard the plan for help, and were much impressed by this lesson regarding the bearing of material property on its opposite on the life-conditions of the world to come.

This young lady, as in the case of the gentleman medium mentioned above, has never made use of her spiritual gifts for fee or reward, though she bids fair to become renowned in her specialty.

I write this without her knowledge, hence withhold her name and residence from public mention. At this time when great exertions are being made to destroy confidence in Spiritualism altogether, it gives me pleasure to chronicle so many private mediums who are doing a great amount of good in a quiet way, and where there can be no reasonable ground for the doubt with which some investigators regard "the dollar" as an adjunct in spirit-communication.

New mediums are coming forth daily. Children are astonishing the world with their spiritual gifts. Where one unprincipled individual palms off imitations of spirit power for the genuine, are to be found many genuine mediums who have taken no pains to be thought in the matter of spirit-communication.

Spiritualism does not depend upon any Spiritualist or medium for its truthfulness, since it is based on the eternal fixed laws of the universe, and is one of the established facts in the nature of things. Pretended mediums and arrogant "exposés" may have their day for a while, but Spiritualists who are well informed will feel no cause for alarm, but rather pity the individuals who sell themselves for mere purposes of gain. Let truth and error grapple; who ever knew truth to be put to flight in a free contest?

A. S. HAYWARD, Magnetic Physician.
Boston, 1888.

The Instinct of Immortality, Whence?

Extract from a Sermon by Rev. T. W. Woodrow, preached in Seneca, Kan.

We have traced the prevailing belief of mankind in immortality to "instinct." It will be proper now to inquire whence is instinct? It is twofold:

First, implanted; innate. The thought is instilled with this mind. Second, psychic. Psychology is the influence of one mind in the body upon another; or the impression one mind receives from another in the body.

Psychics is the influence of the world of disembodied minds (called spirits) have upon us, or the impressions we receive from them. This is the distinction between psychology and psychics which is made by metaphysicians. Psychology has to do with the sensible or visible world, psychics with the supersensible or invisible world. We often know each other as near when we do not see each other or hear each other speak. The old common saying is born of a life deeper than coincidence or mere accident: "Speak about an angel and he soon appears." How often this "happens," and how often two together speak up on the same subject at once, and this accounts for the fact that another to say: "I was just thinking about that." Such is the mysterious connection of mind with mind. This is called psychology.

This mind can mentally impress another. This is an established fact. The proximity of the other world to this accounts for the apprehension in the human mind of its existence. If there is another world of disembodied minds it is not incompatible with the known laws of mind to suppose that they impress us. We often feel that they are near, although we cannot see them. This is called psychics, and there is no radical difference between this and psychology.

Some receive mental impressions more easily than others; some have mental impressions so vivid that they know it; others are hard to impress mentally; and this accounts for the fact that with some the faith in immortality is a vivid certainty, while with others it is dim, uncertain and vague. Faith is a psychic impression: it is the apprehension of things unseen; it is produced by the agency of invisible forces over present and actual human mind.

Hence to get rid of the faith or impression of immortality the eternal world of intelligences would have to be abolished and destroyed, or the wire of connection between minds in the body and out of the body would have to be broken. "This done, and the sentiment of immortality would soon fade from the human mind. You cannot get rid of it by arguing against it, or by denying it or asking questions about it, and this account for the fact that the silent voice of the invisible ones will control the thoughts and impressions of the mind in spite of the noise and cavils of doubt.

The influence of this psychic force upon the human mind is recognized by the poets. It runs as follows: "I have heard of things that I have never seen, and I have seen things that I have never heard of." Longfellow's poem, my eye soon fell upon these stanzas:

"When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the slumbering soul, and slumbered
To a holy, calm delight.
Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door,
The loved ones, the departed
Come to visit me once more.
I uttered not, yet comprehended,
The words of peace and prayer;
Soft robes in blessings ended,
Breathing from their lips of air.
Oh! though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside
I'll remember that I have lived and died."

(From The Medium and Daybreak, London, Eng.)

Concessions of Vaccinators.

The following letter from the pen of the late Dr. Hitchman, has been sent to us by Mr. William Tebb, Victoria Hotel, Sorrento, Italy.

To the Editor—Sir: Adverting to the remarks of certain correspondents in your able conduct of journal, I desire to state, if courteously permitted, that the cause of medical freedom in particular, like that of liberty and justice generally, is not, in my humble opinion, likely to be wisely or virtuously promoted by clash of weapons, or by the use of force, either on the part of oppressors or oppressed. Brief, sir, I have no sympathy whatever with any force in matters pertaining to the science of health, public or private, except that lasting power or strength of efficacy which belongs to the armament of reason, according to logic, and to a careful, patient, well-conducted series of reiterated experimental trials. In a debate following one of my lectures on "Smallpox and Vaccination," delivered in Hope Hall, Liverpool (next door, by the way, to the Medical Institution), the following concessions of vaccinators were elicited or admitted in the presence of almost thousands then, but not now, in thrall:—

"Lymph has undergone a long human transmission, and lost its prophylactic influence."
"The disease, when conveyed into the system of previously healthy children."
"Matter taken from smallpox, horse-pox, swine-pox and cow-pox, is at present mixed up with human diseases, and when used as lymph may be called 'pure,' though very impure, no test of purity being known to vaccinators beforehand, but afterward only by the symptoms of recognized diseases."
"We are far from denying vaccine diseases, or injuries done to children, and think that under all circumstances the operation should no longer be compulsory."

"We have no sympathy with official despotism."
I think, sir, such facts as these concessions of vaccinators demonstrate should find more general acceptance in Oldham and elsewhere.

Yours with respect,
W. HITCHMAN,
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons.
Pembroke Place, Liverpool.

As the master, so is the servant. As your brains are, so is your body. Use Warner's Log Cabin Rose Cream, and clear your head of that horrid catarrh. It is a sure relief from Catarrh. Price 60 cents a bottle.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE:

BENEFITS HOPED FOR FROM ITS ATTAINMENT.

By JULIA WARD HOWE.

The Baptist tabernacle at San José, Cal., was completely filled recently by an audience of more than average intelligence to hear an evening lecture by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, of Boston, on "The benefits, general and particular, that women may hope to derive from the exercise of the Suffrage." The Times of that city did itself the credit of presenting a good report of her remarks, from which account we present the following:

The progress of society, said the speaker, is represented by the progress of its ideals. In the Pentateuch are related bloody conquests by Israelites, the records of which now bring a shudder of aversion to men and women alike. The new ideal of womanhood is one of the greatest forces of the century, and it is visibly improving her bodily condition. Some years ago, when it was first proposed that women should be permitted to enter medical colleges, their authorities rose up in unison, protesting that the sex had not health enough to stand the strain which the course of study would impose upon their vital forces. And on one occasion Dr. Edward Clarke, in the presence of such great men as Prof. Agassiz and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, lectured down to us on those miserable bodies of ours, which would be brought to grief and ruin if compelled to sustain the strain of a college course. Yet, somehow, young women, in actual experience, bear this strain as well as young men.

The body of woman or man, born a natural body, can be developed also into a spiritual body, becoming thereby active instead of passive. The womanly idea has been something passive and passionless. Adah Isaacs Menken speaks of a "dead beauty," ornamented ghosts which bring no life because they have none. The children of such parents inherit deathly coldness of soul, and are more mummies. If, by some unusual conditions, the higher life should measurably exist in them, it is systematically poisoned out, and they are compelled to lead spiritless, routine lives. In the body of this death-in-life we see the artificial smile and the skin-deep, superficial eyes. Margaret Fuller wrote of ladies who from their gondolas ascended the marble staircases of Venetian palaces and "exchanged with each other the customary galvanized grimaces." Such are but corpses, the face bound in a net of seeming, the muscles unresponsive to the will, the circulation of the blood impeded, their feet tortured by high heels at the back and sorely pinched in front—woman given over to be bound hand and foot in pain.

With free women, true to their higher nature, by contrast there is activity of brain; the eyes—no longer glazed—express the life within; their meaning lips express pleasure only when it is real; the lungs have free play, and the blood is therefore fully oxygenated; their whole frame is imbued with power; there is a natural grace of figure, and their walk, their feet being free from compression, shows the natural grace so conspicuous in Italian women not of the fashionable classes.

Next to the human brain, the human hand is one of the most wonderful of creations. If the brain receives from the Creator ten talents, the hand will receive five. But the hands of fashionable women are as useless as the feet of Chinese women, and chiefly utilized for the display of finger rings. These miserable caricatures of womanly hands are a disgrace, and women can have free access to truth and justice.

The value of the suffrage is that it opens a vista of opportunities by the removal of arbitrary limitations. A German philosopher says that the race cannot live on well without a belief in immortality, because the contrary view involves a limitation of the scope of the faculties to too narrow a field. So of the limitations of women which isolate them from the great issues of society. This limitation of suffrage to one sex is defended on the ground that a position in politics is not a true one for woman, because we look to her for morality, purity and self-sacrifice. If, however, political inferiority involves moral superiority how would it do to apply the same rule to men, and exclude them from the franchise?

There are three things that are especially needed. First, a better world to work in; second, better work to do; and third, better ability to do it.

Emerson said that it was enough for us to do but one thing well, and that was to pay our debts. Women often have also to pay their husbands' debts, and keep their children clean.

It had been said to advocates of woman suffrage, "You do not want the suffrage, for you will not vote, but your cook will." It might have been said to Christians that it was only a use to beggars; yet it had become a power in New York taxes were paid to keep the city clean, but it was reeking with filth, because the money was stolen. Had the mothers of New York the suffrage, they would see that their children should not be poisoned by living in dirt. Surely the public does not want to cheat the public; and the more the basis of power is extended the more likely will the current of public opinion become broader and stronger so as to sweep past the eddies.

One objection to this extension is that it would "increase the ignorant vote." This is better than the objection that preceded it—"we have all the rights we want." The Jewish Esther, surrounded with the means of gratifying every want, could not sleep because her people were oppressed. The story of Miriam and Deborah was in her veins. Shall we, because "we have all the rights we want," be indifferent to lifting the whole race?

In Massachusetts this fear of the ignorant vote best said, "The weapon of the fashionable women who sent delegates to the Legislature and engaged lawyers to speak for them against woman suffrage. On one occasion a woman, said to represent labor unions, petitioned against woman suffrage, and used very unflattering language against its advocates. One of the questions presented to the legislative committee for answer was: 'In the event of woman suffrage, would not intelligent women and women of character stay away from the polls and ignorant women crowd to the polls?'"

William Lloyd Garrison replied: "It seems to me the present occasion is a sufficient answer to the question: here are women of character and education petitioning for the suffrage, and here is ignorance petitioning against it."

On one occasion she had come to the New York Nineteenth Century Club to answer Robert Guptill, who was to speak against it. He wrote to her previously for information as to works advocating it. She gave it to him; he read them, and when he came to discuss the subject, which he had undertaken to oppose, there were evils which in the weaving are slaken webs, but in the breaking become steel. So if we undermine the sentiment of justice, which is indispensable to the life of free institutions, by denying the right of suffrage, the consequences may be next to impossible to remedy. The changing currents of society may alter the centres of wealth and influence; but from the heights of equality and humanity there can be no decline; and justice, when lifted up, will draw all the world to her.

I read I always took an interest in your paper. I read its columns from week to week, and the Message Department was my especial favorite. I tried honestly to verify what was given in this way, and whenever I was able to verify a message it did me a great deal of good. Sometimes I found a little mistake in what was given, but I did not pick and hack at it, and think it was the medium or you people here making up things; I tried to reconcile it with the idea that spirits must have a very hard time in getting back, and that when they get hold of a machine, in their eagerness and haste, they don't stop to think whether they have got it in spiritual working order for their use or not, and I have found out since I went over that that is exactly the idea, and that a great many more truthful statements are made than mistaken ones, so I feel you are doing a good work.—Spirit James H. Poss.

Free Thought.

RE-INCARNATION.

BY R. S. WOOLFORD.

The argument pro and con upon this "perplexing" theme will continue until its truth is generally proven to the comprehension of the masses. This auspicious time will not be in our generation on earth, but that it will come before the expiration of the next century we have been assured by those invisibles who have taught it us orally. To rightly comprehend reincarnation, we must bear in mind: First, That the soul did not always exist as an individuality.

Second, That every existence away from soul-life (so to speak) is a prison-life of limitation and varied degrees of mental blindness.

Third, That there is no personal God, but that it is collective life in all its phases which constitutes the great oneness of all life.

"God made man after his own image, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life," is about the inspiration that Moses received upon this vexed question, and Moses clothed the inspiration with language adapted to the comprehension of his followers; and here the case has rested with mankind.

The soul is the product of an affiliative blending of two soul-angels, for the purpose of returning unto universal nature what they have received from nature—a living soul. The negative side of this infantile living soul is the emanation essences of all material worlds up to the time of its soul-conception; the positive is the concentrated love of its soul-parents, and it is this positive that never sleeps or dies.

These soul-infants must be educated, so that in time they will become the equals of their soul-parents in experience-wisdom. To do this solar systems are "created," and like clocks their running days are fixed, as also the quota of infant souls that are to be trained within their radius. Each solar system has its guiding angel, which you are at liberty to worship as God, if you choose to do so.

The infant souls of each solar system are divided into reliefs—first, second and third. This angel has his subordinates, and so well organized is the "army of this angel" that the effect of their united labors is to the finite mind as the master strokes of a personal God. Those incased in flesh are the third relief, or the workers amid the grosser elements of nature, and in order to impel them to labor earnestly, the second relief, or those who have passed out of a material body, and are now living in its counterpart (a spiritual, or merely a more refined matter body), inspire the earth-workers with promises of special rewards. The first relief constitutes those who have passed out of a material, as also a spirit body, and, like the prodigal son, are again with their soul-parents, enjoying a feast, a recreation. Now, it is from this latter state of existence that reincarnation takes place. The only difference between one of these prodigal souls or daughters and an infantile soul-son or daughter is, that one class has been to the "front and fought amid the battles of life," the other class has not.

We have not here touched upon the journey of the soul in its subdivided expressions through the lower forms of life—mineral, vegetable and living—below man. We have been told that it requires about fifteen hundred years, on an average, to pass from earth-life again to soul-life. There being no partiality in the purposes of this angel we have spoken of (calling him and her by what names you may), each soul is required to pass through a discordant earth-life, as well as a harmonious one, a brutal as well as an angelic one.

But the emotions—soul-ripples—of these imprisoned souls on earth disintegrate the atoms composing material worlds; and as this disintegration proceeds, the refined counterparts become more beautiful, until finally the "spirit spheres" will be in the near future a thousand times more beautiful in their contour, residences, etc., than they were ages ago, or even now.

Our solar sun is the home (the office) of this angel, and its light is but the materialized light of its dual soul-life. This dual angel was a mortal long before our solar system was evolved, and it was his hand that evolved it. All his and her knowledge were evolved just as you are acquiring knowledge to-day; and what they are now you shall be some day. The soul-angels create space, consequently collectively there was no beginning to life, and there is no limit to the achievements of soul-life when individualized.

Christ said: "I take upon myself the sins of the world," and they were heavy to bear. He did this sympathetically, not literally. Let any sensitive attempt the same and report results. If they do not find themselves in mental torment they will have succeeded in carrying a heavier load than either Confucius, Socrates or Christ could carry. It is too much for any mortal; therefore this angel rules that all must ultimately carry their own sins, and through the emotional side of their nature burn them to ashes, through the process of many re-embodiments, until finally, like a body of light, they will return to the soul-centre of light, and from thence, like a comet, will be able to pass all material worlds in review, as on its journey the soul seeks more interior unfoldment.

The question is often asked: "Why do I not know who I was before I was born on earth?" If you did know, and for what purpose you came, your life would be void of that intensity, that fervor which is necessary for soul-expansion. In other words, this knowledge given to you prematurely would defeat the very purposes for which you were reincarnated. But in all cases where the mortal ever obeys conscience, and does not stoop that thereby thrift may follow fawning, he and she—just as soon as the great object for which they came has been accomplished—will have this knowledge given them; also its burden, for know you not that when this is given you, and this light floods your soul, you have comprehended God, and from that time on to the day of your exit from this world, you are dead to the world, and can no longer enjoy it as others around you do? You have simply graduated, some may say, prematurely.

Minister's wife (Sunday morning)—"Is it possible, my dear, that after all you have said about Sunday newspapers, you are reading one?" Minister (very much hurt)—"You ought to know me better than that, Maria; this is the last evening's paper."—Epoch.

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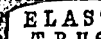
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