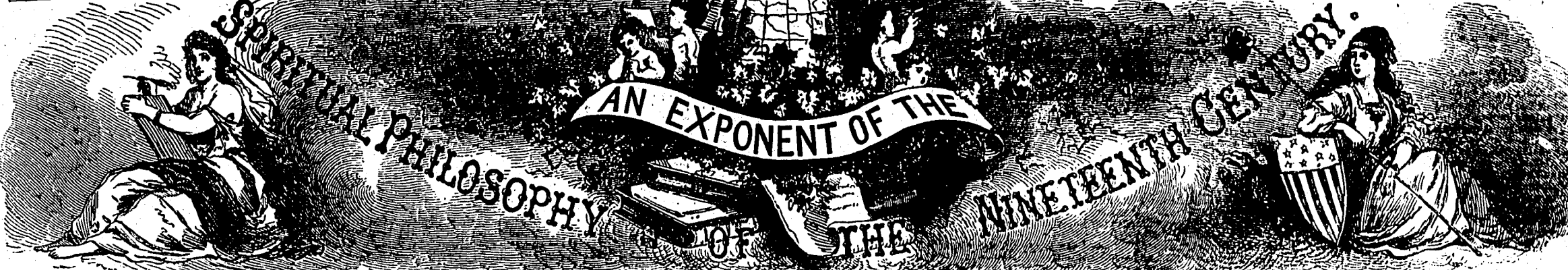


# BANNER ON LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

### REMINISCENCES AND EXPERIENCES OF A WORKINGMAN.

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.  
Translated from the French, for the Banner of Light,  
BY SARAH M. GRIMKE.  
CHAPTER XIII.

*Mauricet Reappears—Choice of a God-father—Our Daughter Marianne—The Architect.*

The first five years of our residence at Montmorency have left few traces on my memory. I only remember that work increased more and more, and that those who seemed to despise me on my arrival, now never passed me without touching their hats. Henceforth I was regarded as somebody, in the country. Become the proprietor of the lumber-yard of my former competitor, I had removed there with my wife and family. We had carpeted the little house, repainted the old ceilings, ornamented the windows with white curtains, and planted Bengal rose trees on each side of the door. One corner of the lot had been transformed into a garden, where Genevieve cultivated flowers and dried the linen. She had also taken a swarm of bees, which in process of time filled several hives. Our son and daughter shot up like young poplars; they gambled in the lumber-yard among the chips and shavings, singing, until the birds themselves stopped their lays to listen. Tranquillity and abundance reigned in our happy home. Our felicity was only interrupted by one circumstance, which soon, however, resulted in additional joy.

This occurred at the birth of our darling Marianne. We had as a neighbor a Parisian lady, worth a hundred thousand francs, and as good as she was rich, a blessing to all who approached her. I had built several greenhouses in her park, to her entire satisfaction; and moreover, Genevieve, who did her washing, was a favorite also. So two or three months before the birth of the little girl, this lady had requested to be her god-mother; a request which my wife granted with many expressions of gratitude. The baby came into the world strong and healthy.

I was just rejoicing at this delightful news, when Mauricet arrived. I had not seen him since his misfortune, but I knew that the master-builder who had hired him would give him an easy place and good wages, and that he had recovered his energy, and enjoyed life. In fact, I found him as talkative, as jovial, and as active as ever, although age had increased a little his embonpoint. He embraced and kissed us three times over, and could not refrain from weeping.

"I passed through your lumber-yard in coming to the house," said he, putting his hands on my shoulders and looking affectionately into my eyes, his own still glistening with tears. "It seems that all is going on well, my child, and you are laying up a winter store for old age. That's right, my brave boy. The prosperity of my friends adds to my happiness."

I replied that everything had succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations, and I explained to him briefly my present position. He was listening to me, seated near Genevieve's bed, our little James on his knee, and gazing at the newcomer, who was asleep in the cradle.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" he exclaimed, when I had finished. "Good men must prosper; that does honor to the good God! I wanted to know all about you, and so I asked my patron for a few days holiday."

"Then you will stay with us?" said Genevieve, with evident pleasure.

"If that is your choice," said Mauricet. "I only came to salute you. It is so many weeks since we have been separated, that I felt hungry and thirsty for a sight of this parishioner."

He again clasped my hands.

"Besides," added he, turning to my wife, "I heard that you were going to have another in your family; and I have cherished a hope—a hope which has been my delight for the last three months."

"What hope is that?" inquired Genevieve.

"The hope of bringing you a god-father for your child."

"A god-father?"

"Here he is," continued Mauricet, striking his breast; "you will never find a better, nor one who loves you more."

Genevieve could not conceal her agitation, and we exchanged looks.

"Have I then come too late?" he inquired.

"Have you already chosen?"

"A god-father? No!" stammered out the mother, "we have only a god-mother."

"All right," replied the master-mason, "you will introduce me to her. To find myself once more here, gives me real joy. We must have some amusement as long as we live! I want a model christening, with confectionery, as much Bordeaux wine as we want, and a rabbit stew. She will not be scandalized at that—the god-mother, I mean."

I answered with some embarrassment that it was Madame Lefoot, our wealthy neighbor.

"A lady!" repeated Mauricet. "Excuse me; truly that is an honor! Then I must be upon my P's and Q's. But don't be uneasy; on great occasions I can play the gentleman. I will buy myself a pair of silk gloves."

We had not time to answer, when the neighbor herself entered. For a moment I was quite confused. Genevieve raised herself in bed. Our situation was truly embarrassing, and became still more so, when Madame Lefoot referred to the promise she had made us, and declared that she had come on purpose to confer with us about a god-father.

"Oh!" said Mauricet, straightening himself, "a god-father! Why, here he is ready at hand! I came from Burgundy expressly on that account. From what I hear, I presume this lady is to be associated with me. I am enchanted with such an honor! Let us now confer together about the christening."

Madame Lefoot looked at us; her countenance expressed the utmost astonishment. Genevieve blushed to her temples, and picked off the nap of her cotton counterpane without daring to raise her eyes. Silence prevailed for some time, during which, Mauricet, who felt no concern about anything, jogged James on his knees with his usual song—

"To Paris, to Paris  
On a gray horse,  
To Rouen, to Rouen  
On a white horse."

"This alters everything," said the neighbor, rather drily. "I came to propose my brother, the counselor of the chief magistrate, for god-father. I did not suppose you would make your choice without informing me."

"Excuse us, Madame," replied I, "we had not thought anything about it; the master-mason has just arrived, and he made the proposition to us."

"And we intended consulting Madame about it," added my wife.

"By my faith!" interrupted Mauricet, who at length discovered our embarrassment. "I do not want to interfere with any one. I only wished to stand as god-father because I loved you. I should like to have named the little one, seeing that a god-daughter is almost a daughter; but my good will ought not to be an injury to her, and if Pierre Henri prefers another, he must not be disappointed."

He had risen; the jovial expression of his good-natured countenance had entirely disappeared. Genevieve and myself both motioned him to stay; we had taken our resolution; our hearts spoke the same language.

"Stop!" I exclaimed; "we can never find a better god-father than an old friend like you."

"Inasmuch as Madame Lefoot is acquainted with you," added Genevieve, and, turning to her with a beseeching smile, she continued: "This is the good Mauricet, the former guardian of Pierre Henri, of whom I have so often spoken to Madame. This is the friend who, under God, has helped him to be an honest man. When Mother Madeline died he put on mourning, and when we were married he led me to the altar. In joy and in sorrow he has ever been with us. Madame will readily comprehend that he has a right to continue his office of protector to our children."

"You are right," said Madame Lefoot, whose face had resumed its serenity. "New friends must not usurp the place of old ones. Mauricet, we will name the little girl together."

"Well," cried the master-mason, touched even to tears. "I say that you are a noble woman! You shall never have cause to regret what you have done. I will not let you see the rough bark; I will square off the timber. I know too well what is due to people of rank. Madame has nothing to fear; she will be satisfied with my conduct."

Madame smiled and changed the conversation. She treated Mauricet with marked politeness, who, after she took her leave, declared that she was the queen of noble ladies. As to my wife and myself, he grasped our hands and looked into our faces with an expression of gratitude truly touching.

"Thanks, my friends," he said in a voice full of emotion. "If I live a hundred years, do you see, I shall never forget this day. You have not been ashamed of your old companion, and for his sake you have risked the loss of a rich patron. That was noble; it was right; God will reward you."

The christening passed off to the satisfaction of every one. Mauricet conducted himself like a well-bred gentleman, and Madame Lefoot did not appear at all ashamed to stand at the baptismal font with the god-father.

After spending a few days with us, the master-mason quitted us, delighted with everything and everybody. We wept a little at parting, especially Mauricet, who despaired of ever seeing us again.

"We are separated," said he, "until the last judgment; but no matter; this last interview will always be full of pleasant memories. It is no common thing for friends to meet after so long an absence, and to separate without having anything to reproach each other with. You are on the high road to fortune, my children. Do not make forced marches; continue your way quietly, taking care to shun the pitfalls. I leave you here a little Christian, who will recall me sweetly to your memory. And you, Pierre Henri, who can write as easily as you can talk, do not be lazy; send me, from time to time, a letter, giving me all the details of your household. Since the devil has invented writing we may as well put it to a good use."

He embraced us again; returned to the cradle, gazed affectionately on his little god-daughter, who was sleeping, and then departed.

The presentiment which he had at leaving us was realized. I never saw him again, although he lived, God be praised, many years. From time to time workmen who visited Montmorency informed us of his health and circumstances, and brought little presents for Marianne. Our good friend, they said, continued to be a capital workman, and to keep a warm heart for those he loved. The master-builder, who saw what kind of a man he was, made him head workman in his line of business. Mauricet enjoyed a happy and useful old age, without ever thinking that he might have attained a higher position. His heart was too simple ever to entertain the idea that he could rise above the station in which the good God had placed him. It is only about a year ago that I heard of his illness and death. He went to the lumber-yard one morning, feeling less vigorous than usual; a shower of rain could not drive him from his work. That evening he was seized with

a fever, and in three days breathed his last. A brave soldier at work, he died, so to speak, on the field of battle.

This was a real affliction to us. Genevieve especially loved him with all a daughter's tenderness, and, as a mark of respect, put the little Marianne into mourning. The last friend of our youth was gone; our foster-parent was laid in the grave; now we were the oldest members of our family; by degrees our children would replace us. We felt as if we had entered the downward path of life, at the end of which the portals of the cemetery stand open. Happily we did not dwell on these ideas. Men live and the world goes on according to the will of God. It is for him to ordain, for us to submit.

James and Marianne grew finely, without causing us any anxiety. They took life gaily, and wore the joy of the whole house, shedding a radiance around them. The boy already went among the workmen and learned by looking on; the little girl followed her mother everywhere, as if her very existence depended on seeing her, making fun with her and kissing her.

Madame Lefoot frequently sent for Marianne, because she had a daughter about the same age who had taken a great fancy to her, and would neither work nor play cheerfully without her. Marianne was at once her encouragement and her reward. Insensibly our house became an appendage to that of our neighbor. A gate in her park, which formerly communicated with my lumber-yard, had recently been reopened. When Miss Caroline was not at our house Marianne was at hers. Almost every day the child came home with some new presents, either fruits or playthings, and even jewels. At times her mother felt uneasy at this lavish generosity; for myself, I felt nothing but gratitude. I valued it simply on account of the affection which it indicated, and prized far more highly the love of my little neighbor than all her gifts.

To tell the truth, Madame Lefoot instilled no pride into her child; our little girl was always placed on a perfect equality with her own, she herself setting an example. Everything went on with the greatest harmony until Mr. Lefoot accepted an office which rendered it necessary for him to reside in Paris. On hearing that she would have to leave Marianne, Miss Caroline wept bitterly. It was all in vain that they made her promises; nothing could console her. At length, the evening before their departure, Madame Lefoot came in while we were at supper; she was followed by her waiting-maid, who departed after having set down a bandbox. Our neighbor found some pretext to send the children away, and when we were alone she said:

"I have come to consult with you on a serious matter. Do not begin by exclaiming against me. Listen to me patiently, kindly, rationally."

We promised her to do so.

"I need not say anything to you about Caroline's attachment to Marianne; you are fully aware of it, and can judge for yourselves. My daughter is accustomed to spend half her life with yours; she is dependent upon her for happiness as well as improvement in her studies. Since she knew that she was to be separated from her she has become listless, and takes pleasure in nothing. Neither work nor amusement have any charms for her. She seems to have lost a part of her life."

Genevieve interrupted her to express her gratitude for such tenderness.

"If it is true," said Madame Lefoot, "that you value so highly her affection, you now have it in your power to prove it. Your daughter is the chosen sister of my Caroline's heart; permit her to become really her sister."

"How do you mean?" I inquired.

"By giving her to us," she replied.

Perceiving our agitation at this unexpected test of our sincerity, she exclaimed:

"Ah! remember your promise; you engaged to hear me out. I have not come to snatch Marianne from your arms, but only that ours may enclose her also. We have no intention of alienating Marianne from her family; we only wish to give her a second home. I shall have one child more, without your having one less. You will not be deprived of a single right over your daughter, and she shall come to see you as often as you desire it."

My wife and myself spoke at the same moment, stating our objections.

"Have patience, until you hear all I have to say," interrupted Madame Lefoot. "Is not the welfare of your child the greatest desire of your hearts, and your dearest wish to secure for her a happy future? Well, I promise you all that. Marianne shall not only receive the same advantages of education as my own daughter and share in all her recreations, but I engage to secure a position for her and to give her a dowry. I have but one daughter, and I am rich enough to allow myself this pleasure."

The proposal was so extraordinary, so wholly unexpected, that we were entirely unprepared to make any reply. She perceived it, and rose to depart. Genevieve seized her hand and would have expressed her gratitude for so much kindness, but her emotion prevented utterance.

"Do not thank me," continued Madame Lefoot. "I do this more for the sake of my daughter than yours. If I can secure for her a devoted companion, she will be rich indeed. You will find in this bandbox one of Caroline's suits of clothing; it is intended for her adopted sister. I am aware that my proposition must cause you much suffering, for I can scarcely restrain my tears. It will be best for all of us to avoid another conversation on this subject. If you accede to my proposal, bring Marianne to me to-morrow dressed in Caroline's suit. This will be sufficient proof that Caroline may regard her as a sister. If not, I beseech you, spare my poor child and myself the grief of saying farewell."

As she uttered these words, she waved her hand to us and disappeared. I stood immovable before the door, my head bowed down and my

arms hanging listlessly beside me. Genevieve sank into a chair, buried her face in her apron and sobbed aloud. We remained in this situation for some time without exchanging a word, but in perfect sympathy of thought and feeling through our very silence. The same struggle was going on in our hearts. Whatever Madame Lefoot might say, we felt vividly that in surrendering Marianne to her we gave up the principal part of our rights as parents; that the child would become a member of another family, and that we could only hope to occupy the second place in her affections. But the advantages she would enjoy were so great that we hesitated, fearing we had no right to reject them. I knew by experience that however prosperous my present condition might be, some contingency might ruin me totally. The failure of those who were indebted to me might compromise my credit; illness might render me incapable of carrying on my business, or my death might expose my family to all the evils of poverty. If we accepted Madame Lefoot's generous offer, it would be highly advantageous to our beloved child, although a serious affliction to us. Ought any selfish consideration to induce us to reject such a proposition? Ought not the welfare of our daughter to be the first object? Did not wisdom urge us to consent? This idea finally decided our judgment. After all, parents live for their children, not for themselves. These reflections had occupied both our minds, and by the time we were able to converse on the subject we had arrived at the same conclusion. Genevieve wept, and although I did not feel much braver than she did, I tried to strengthen her by bearing up under this unexpected trial.

"Come, let us be calm," said I, in a low voice, "fearing I might lose my self-possession. We must not sink under this sorrow; we must do our duty cheerfully. Why should we be distressed if our child is happy? Let us rather thank God that we have this opportunity of sacrificing our own feelings for her benefit. It is a proof that he loves us."

In spite of my philosophy I slept but little that night, and rose the next morning at daybreak. Genevieve was already busy in examining the articles brought the evening before by Madame Lefoot. She uttered no complaint, expressed no regret. She had a noble nature; she never put duty in competition with her own gratification. When Marianne rose, her mother began to dress her in her own clothes without saying anything. The little girl at first appeared surprised. She inquired why she was to be dressed like a young lady, but Genevieve, who was struggling to suppress her sobs, could not answer. Marianne's astonishment soon gave place to admiration. She was transported with joy at every new article which was added to her toilet. Hoping to temper her delight a little, I told her that she was about to leave her father and mother and go with Madame Lefoot to Paris, but this information was received with the utmost indifference. My poor, distressed wife, cast upon me a look of unutterable sadness. The child finished dressing herself, talking merrily all the time of her hopes and anticipations. She would ride with Madame Lefoot in the open carriage. All the little girls in the village would see her in her new dress, and she would pass for a young lady. And as her mother clasped her in her arms for the last time, she disengaged herself, exclaiming, "Oh! do not rumple my collar!"

Genevieve uttered a faint cry and melted into tears. I shuddered involuntarily. The curtain was suddenly raised. I took the child by the hand and led her into the adjoining room. Then I returned to her mother, who was still weeping.

"Listen to me," said I, in a low voice. "We came to our decision for the sake of Marianne, hoping to increase her happiness, but it is worthy of our earnest consideration whether, in our solicitude to promote her welfare, we shall not do her an injury."

"Ah! you have then seen the same peril that I have."

"Yes; I have seen that her fine clothes have made her regardless of being separated from us, and that her little heart is already swelling with vanity."

"She thought more of her dress than of my kisses," said the mother, weeping still more bitterly.

"And this is but the beginning," I added. "We were willing to sacrifice our own feelings and interests for the sake of our beloved one, but we can never consent to her moral injury. I do not wish to see Marianne richer at the expense of her virtue, her tenderness and her sweet simplicity. Yesterday we saw but one aspect of the question, that of external advantages; but there is another far more important—that of her inward development. Living among the aristocracy, our child would, in all probability, soon forget from whence she sprang. Who knows but she might at length be ashamed to own us? That must never be! It shall never be! Go and take off her fine clothes. Continue to be her mother, that she may be worthy of being your daughter."

My poor wife threw herself into my arms and then hastened to undress the little girl. We let Madame Lefoot depart without bidding her farewell, according to her request, but I wrote to her, describing as well as I could what had happened. She never replied to the letter, and we have heard nothing of her since. Doubtless she could not pardon us for our refusal.

Meanwhile the architect to whom I owed my position at Montmorency, continued his kind offices toward me. He gave me all the work he had the disposal of, and neglected no opportunity to advance my interests. I regarded him as the author of all my success, and I desired nothing more fervently than his prosperity. Unfortunately he was a man who could not withstand the allurements of pleasure. Depending upon his knowledge and his uncommon business talent, he thought that he could do anything, and he never

hesitated to gratify his fancies. The summer residence which he had built became the rendezvous of a brilliant circle. Feasting and amusement were the order of the day; handsome equipages and expensive games were not wanting to render his house a centre of attraction to the fashionable world. I soon perceived that his affairs were becoming embarrassed; he began to delay his payments, to ask his creditors for extensions, whilst he continued to accept every enterprise that came in his way. At first his credit became impaired, then his reputation. People talked in an under tone about estates rapidly acquired, about bribes received, but I rejected these accusations as calumnies. For my part I had always found Mr. Dupré easy and compliant in business, but a man of perfect integrity.

A Parisian company had intrusted to him for two years the superintendence of a brickyard and some quarries. Through his good management the works had become of great value. But although these enterprises, to all appearance, were going on prosperously, the proprietors, thus far, had realized no profit from them. They supposed that the frequent and necessary absence of Mr. Dupré had been taken advantage of by some of the subordinate employes, and that a more minute oversight was indispensable. They therefore proposed to me to accept the office of supervisor. Before accepting, I thought it right to consult Mr. Dupré. On my mentioning the subject, he appeared embarrassed; but, after hesitating a few moments, "It is not Pierre Henri," said he, in a low tone, as if speaking to himself, "it will be somebody else. I had rather do business with an acquaintance than with a stranger."

He accordingly asked me to accept the offer, advising me at the same time not to torment myself overmuch; to let things take their course, and at all events to do nothing without consulting him.

I immediately entered on my new avocation. The works appeared to be in excellent condition, well appointed, and conducted with great energy. I was at a loss to comprehend how it was that the revenue arising from them was not more remunerative. Curiosity induced me at first to try to discover the cause; afterwards my sense of justice compelled me to persevere in my investigations. At the first examination I found considerable embezzlement of the funds. I succeeded in making out a list, and ascertaining the sums fraudulently appropriated. They amounted to twenty thousand francs. Distressed at my sad discovery, I went to Mr. Dupré, and communicated to him the state of the accounts. At the first word, he uttered an exclamation. I thought he doubted the truth of my assertion, and to convince him I laid before him all the proofs. When I finished, he inquired whether my suspicions rested on any particular persons. I answered "no; the transaction having occurred before I had any concern in the business."

"Then do not mention it to any human being," said he, very earnestly. "Act as though you knew nothing about it. Remember, you must turn a blind eye to this affair."

I raised my eyes, stupefied by astonishment. He was very pale, and his hands trembled. A frightful flash of light crossed my mind. I recollected as I regarded him. He struck his forehead with a look of despair. I could not restrain an exclamation.

"Do still, Pierre Henri," said he, in a tone which terrified me. "If only a transient embarrassment, my affairs will soon be in a prosperous condition again, and I shall be able to indemnify the proprietors for all their losses. But, remember, the slightest indiscretion will ruin me."

He then explained to me, at length, all his difficulties, unfolded to me all his plans, and gave me a list of all his resources. I listened to him, but could not comprehend what he said. I was thunderstruck. I did not recover my presence of mind until he requested me to let the matter rest for a few weeks. The feeling of my responsibility pressed heavily upon me, and I understood in a moment all the peril and horror of my situation.

"Excuse me," replied I, stammering. "I may be blind about what has been confided to others, but not with respect to what has been placed under my supervision. This evening I shall resign my office of superintendent."

"That they may appoint another, who will make the same discoveries and who will hold me at his mercy," cried the architect bitterly. "I hoped to have found you more interested in my welfare, Pierre Henri, and, above all, that you would remember past favors."

"Ah! do not suppose for a moment that I have forgotten all I owe you, sir," I exclaimed, stung to the quick by his remark. "I know that I am indebted to you for my success, and all that I have is yours."

He appeared greatly agitated.

"Do not take what I say as mere words," added I, still more earnestly. "By collecting all my resources, I can, in a few days, raise 11,000 francs. In the name of God take them! try to borrow the rest, and acquit yourself of your debt!"

I had my hands clasped. Mr. Dupré remained some time without speaking; he was deeply moved. At length he said in a tone of despondency:

"That is impossible! I thank you, Pierre Henri, but it is too late; I should ruin you without saving myself—you do not know all!"

He stopped. I did not dare to look at him; I could not utter a word. After a silence he resumed:

"Do as you please—present your resignation. All I ask is that you will say nothing about what does not concern your part of the business."

He bowed to me and I took my leave, almost beside myself.

About a month afterwards I was solicited to undertake the great enterprise which brought me to Burgundy. What had befallen Mr. Dupré decided me to accept the proposal. The sight of him rendered me unhappy, and the secret of which I was the depository made me tremble. By leaving Montmorency I hoped I should leave him behind me. Unfortunately others became acquainted with the facts, and I learned soon afterwards that the whole of his defalcation was discovered. Not being able to endure the public dishonor which awaited him, my former patron became insane, and committed suicide.

At the close of this chapter there is a considerable hiatus in the memoirs of Pierre Henri. But I find all mixed up together, copies of deeds, memorandums about business, and various items of expense, interspersed with fragments, without any indication as to the author of them, except that at the head of each the master mason had written, "For my children." These moral reflections and narratives we preserve for them, presuming that they are original.

[To be continued.]



## SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY IN COURT.

From the New York World, April 22.

Yesterday there was reached another step in the interesting case of the People against Mumler, the alleged "spiritual" photographer, charged with obtaining money by "trick and device." At a much earlier hour than that fixed for the hearing of the case the Tombs Police Court was crowded. Persons of all classes, professions and shades of opinion were present. Journalists, lawyers, and in criminal proceedings, authors, physicians, artists, sculptors, and representatives, all deeply interested in the solution of a question which they believed would be answered by one of two alternatives—"A fraud" or "A miracle." And patiently during four or five hours the audience, one of the most intelligent that ever assembled in a New York police court, sat watching each point made by the pleaders and testified to by the witnesses.

The witness, unwilling to repeat the facts which led to this trial, a World Commissioner investigated the alleged miracle worked by Mr. W. H. Mumler, and finding that a rational and consistent explanation based on natural causes could be given, he was directed to place the information before Mayor Il. The Mayor's action in cooperation with *The World* has been already detailed. He directed Marshal Tooker to work up the case, and when it was ripe for prosecution he sent it to the courts. The counsel for the People were selected by him, and it was understood up to the last moment that it was his wish to conduct the prosecution in person, but, owing to public business, he called him elsewhere, so that, although aided by his suggestions and counsel, the prosecution had not the benefit of his presence. Representing him, however, were Elbridge T. Gerry and the Assistant District Attorney Blunt. On the part of the accused there appeared Messrs. Day, Baker and Townsend. The following is a detailed report of the proceedings:

**THE COURT.**—Are they ready in the case of the People against Mumler?

**MR. GERRY.**—We are ready for the People.

**MR. BAKER.**—We are ready for the defence, and we should like to know if the prosecution is through with its case?

**THE COURT.**—The defence may examine the witnesses who have already been sworn upon their affidavits.

**MR. BAKER.**—I would prefer to have the prosecution exhaust its witnesses.

**THE COURT.**—I do not think that that would be the proper way.

Mr. Baker then called for Marshal Tooker, who, being sworn, was examined by Mr. Day as follows:

**EVIDENCE OF MARSHAL TOOKER.**

**Q.** What is your name? **A.** Joseph H. Tooker.

**Q.** Have you any other name? **A.** No.

**Q.** Is your name Bowditch? **A.** No.

**Q.** Do you go by any other name? **A.** Not often.

**Q.** What is your real name? **A.** Joseph H. Tooker.

**Q.** Do you go by the name of Bowditch? **A.** Sometimes.

**Q.** Is that your real name? **A.** No.

**Q.** Now, what made you visit Mr. Mumler's gallery? **A.** I was directed to do so by the Mayor of New York.

**Q.** For what purpose? **A.** It was on account of a complaint laid before the Mayor with regard to certain swindling operations on Broadway.

**Q.** Was it your duty to go there? **A.** Mr. P. V. Hickey, of the *New York World*, made a complaint to the Mayor, and his Honor told me to work the case up, and find whether there was any truth in the statement; so I went there.

**Q.** What did you expect to get there? **A.** I expected according to the representations—

**Q.** Now I ask you yourself. **A.** I thought to get my photograph taken.

**Q.** Did you get it taken? **A.** Yes.

**Q.** Did you notice any deception practiced on the part of the photographer? **A.** I thought—

**Q.** Now, not at all. I ask you, did you see any trick? **A.** I am not an expert.

**Q.** Did you see any trick or device? answer yes or no. **A.** Yes.

**Q.** State the trick or deception that you noticed. **A.** Well, when I went into the room there were certain representations made to me—

**Q.** I do not ask you what representations were made.

**MR. GERRY.**—Now, one moment. (To the court.) If he asks him to state the trick or deception, it is not only proper but right to state what occurred, and not merely to proper out any specific act, where the whole performance was a trick and deception, as we insist.

**MR. BAKER.**—I will not answer from the very fact that he says the trick or deception was practiced upon him.

**A.** They promised to give me a portrait of a deceased relative, or of one nearest in sympathy with me; they did not do it. I was therefore deceived.

**Q.** State the language that was used in conveying to you the promise. **A.** The gentleman represented to be Mr. Sil-

**Q.** That has nothing to do with the case. I object to bringing up any other question. State what was represented to you.

**MR. GERRY.**—That is the case. Being tried relates to a deception. I do not wish to bring up any other person here.

**THE COURT.**—What is the question?

**MR. DAY.**—I asked him to state the deception or trick upon the part of the accused.

**MR. GERRY.**—That is it; he agreed to give me a picture of a relative, and he failed to do so.

**MR. DAY.**—He failed to do so.

**MR. DAY.**—He failed to do so.

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**MR. DAY.**—He failed to do so.

**Q.** During the entire time the picture was taking did you see any change in Mr. Mumler? **A.** No more than he put his hand upon the camera.

**Q.** Did he touch the camera? **A.** Yes.

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KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND  
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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1869.

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LEWIS B. WILSON, EDITORS.  
LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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to whom letters and communications should be addressed.

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way, to the establishment of the AMERICAN NEWS  
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act as our authorized agents. The well known  
enterprise and energy of this popular firm is guar-  
anteed enough, without assurances from us, that  
those who may have occasion to deal with them,  
will at all times find them prompt in the fulfill-  
ment of their engagements.

They will keep for sale all our books and the  
Banner of Light.

We trust this change of location will commend  
itself to our New York friends; and we can but  
entertain the hope that they will use their influ-  
ence to extend the sales of our various publica-  
tions, to the end that the great and glorious truths  
of the Spiritual Philosophy may rapidly reach the  
masses.

### Matter and Spirit.

In the April number of the *Monthly Religious  
Magazine*, from which we have been appropriating  
very liberal extracts during the past three months  
on the subject of "Miracles and their Significance,"  
we find a section of the general article devoted to  
the discussion of the above-named topic. And we  
shall proceed with our extracts as before, stitch-  
ing them together with a slight thread of commen-  
tary.

The writer observes with truth that the minds  
of men are generally impatient of anything super-  
natural at the present time, probably because of  
the materialistic philosophy which has dominated  
in all things, and "by which everything is judged  
according as it will work somehow or other, and  
promptly, in a factory or a creed." He proceeds  
to illustrate the pure working of the spirit, how-  
ever, in the following impressive manner, to whose  
perfect truthfulness every genuine Spiritualist, in  
the least enriched by experience, will subscribe:  
"Now and then, perhaps on a Sunday, or in the  
evening twilight, a man thinks gently on some  
strange occurrence, bordering perhaps on the su-  
pernatural, which he has heard of, and which  
perhaps may have been a family tradition. And  
thus he has his mind filled with thoughts and  
feelings from his inner spirit. The air about him  
feels as though almost it were aglow with latent  
light. In his ears there is an expectant sense, as  
though of something just ready to speak. And  
almost it is as though he felt himself, through all  
his senses, porous and open to a surrounding world  
of spirit. But with a rap on the door, or a sudden  
start, the man is himself again, as he thinks.  
Though indeed it is only his inferior self, which he  
suddenly becomes. And he is a man of the world  
again, because some divine affinities of his nature  
have suddenly shrunk again into unconsciousness.  
And so, in a moment, things have become incredi-  
ble for him, with which however his soul had been  
delighting herself, as connected with the com-  
munion of saints, the significance of miracles, and  
the poorness of the spiritual world."

But we must permit the writer to explain him-  
self still further, as he does thus: "There is an in-  
ner spirit in us, or rather there is an interior state  
of the spirit, which sometimes we know of; and  
when silently and softly we seem to breathe the  
air of another world than this; and when there  
comes over us a peace, not as the world gives;  
and when our thoughts come in upon our minds  
steadily and grandly, and as though from afar off;  
and when the heart feels, as it were, the mag-  
nitude of some crisis closing round it; and when  
indeed we are a wonder to ourselves. And under  
the fresh effect of such an experience, the mir-  
acles of history seem to be but in fair keeping with  
human nature, and even with our individual  
selves, because of 'the signs and wonders' which  
our own souls are capable of giving out."

The writer examines what he considers, from  
his standpoint, to be the popular unwillingness  
to regard present life as plunged into the deep  
ocean of spiritual life, and undertakes to furnish  
the reason for the alleged popular indifference to  
the reputed "variation from the laws of Nature,"  
in the simple fact—that it is one—that the people  
cannot be interested. We dispute his assumption,  
for the sufficient reason that we have occasion to  
know better. People do not regard the nearness  
of the spiritual world as the "inconceivable, pro-  
voking and ridiculous" affair he would be glad to  
represent. But still he avers that it is this impos-  
sibility to believe that mysteriously feeds and  
stimulates faith, making men mystics and poets.  
He illustrates the point after this obvious method:  
"Often a good Christian will say, 'I hope, and  
for worlds I would not but think, that, after I am  
dead, somehow I shall be resurrected and live  
in God forever.' And then it is a terrible shock  
to him, should he be reminded that now, already,  
in God 'we live and move and have our being.'  
And then such a man will look about him in de-  
spair and wish that he were not bound quite to  
believe. For he is thinking to himself the while,  
'What! living in God now? and I—what am I?'  
And the worst of it is that the man himself does  
not know that so, probably, it would have been  
with him to all eternity, so long as he himself is  
what he is—so long as, somehow or other, the  
primitive instincts of his spirit are stifled; because  
an actual spirit, as he is even now, though em-  
bodied for a while, the man has no feeling of the  
spiritual universe surrounding him—no sense of its  
power, nor any immediate expectations from it,  
by the way either of fear or hope. We are  
spiritual creatures now, though embodied, and  
really living in a spiritual world, however much it  
may be clouded to our spiritual perceptions." \*

"Already in us prisoners of Nature there are  
powers, susceptibilities and rightful expectations,  
which reach beyond the region of Nature for their  
objects. 'Our Father which art in heaven' may  
begin a prayer which may be heard beyond the  
sun, and quite apart from the laws of acoustics  
and gravitation."

We have space for but a limited citation more,  
but the following is too well stated to be deferred

to another time: "And thus for a human being,  
with a two-fold constitution, by which, mentally,  
he is adapted to this earth, and spiritually also  
to a new earth, under new heavens—it might  
seem that not improbably or incredibly, a per-  
son might now and then, and through some one  
or other of the thousand sensibilities by which  
he is an immortal soul, have experiences outside  
of the sphere of the natural man." \* \* \* "What  
a man does not want to see he will be very like-  
ly not to recognize." \* \* \* "Matter! what is that  
as a basis, whence to argue psychologically, while,  
even by science, it is speculated that all the mat-  
ter of this earth may perhaps be compressible in-  
to a nutshell? Really, science is the young sister  
of Spiritualism, and is of no kin whatever with  
materialism, to the positive knowledge of those  
who know them all three. The old medieval un-  
derstanding, as to spirit and matter, is obsolete;  
for through science matter itself seems semi-spiri-  
tualized. And, so to say, rightly understood, mat-  
ter and spirit, in the common use of the words,  
are not opposites, except in some such way as  
that by which the roots of a tree, in the ground,  
are opposite to the blossoms high up in the air."

"Instead of something like untanned leather, a  
man has a skin by which he is open to influences  
and effects from the ends of the world, from the  
sun and from the circumambient atmosphere.  
And all the more he learns from science the more  
wonderfully does he feel this. And spiritually,  
when he is willing to attend, he finds himself con-  
nected, in an equally wondrous manner. And  
many a man, who thinks himself to be an anti-  
supernaturalist, with an honest confession of him-  
self as to some of his private experiences, which,  
for fear of being nonsensical, he is hardly willing  
to acknowledge even to himself, and also, with  
fair respect for testimony from friends whom he  
personally respects—many a man, in this way,  
would find that a field of wonder widened round  
him, away in the far East of which he would feel  
that, very probably, there may indeed have been  
gates of revelation and the place of rising of the  
sun of righteousness."

### "Very Weak-Minded."

The *Boston Advertiser* gives a report of the in-  
explicable phenomena at the first séance of the  
Davenport Brothers, April 22d, at the Music  
Hall; and characterizes the manifestations as  
"the most wonderful and astounding jugglery"—  
a very easy form of speech for getting over the  
difficulties of the question, but which after all is  
a mere stupid evasion.

For twenty years the phenomena have been  
going on. The best science of America and Eu-  
rope has applied itself to the elucidation of the  
mystery, and not the first step has yet been taken  
to prove that these manifestations are produced,  
directly or indirectly, by jugglery or legerdemain.  
But public prejudice must not be shocked by in-  
timating that some other agent than mere human  
trickery must be at work; and so the reporters  
must choose their words accordingly, and call it  
all "astounding jugglery" just as if they knew  
something about it, which they virtually confess  
they do not!

"We should think, though," adds the *Advertiser*,  
"that any one who attributes the manifestations  
to spirit influence must either be very weak-minded  
or very delicately organized." We do not quite see  
the consistency of this alternative. The writer  
stultifies himself in the use of the terms. The  
more delicate an organization, the more accurate,  
as a general thing, will be its sensitiveness to  
surrounding influences. Thus Reichenbach's sen-  
sitives could distinguish the presence of a magnet  
in a thoroughly darkened room. If the writer  
means anything, he must mean that a very deli-  
cately organized person may detect spirit influ-  
ence. But in that case, where comes in the  
"weak-mindedness" that would believe what  
superior delicacy in detecting has revealed? The  
writer's philosophy is all a muddle. He had to  
say something which should involve a sneer at  
the spiritual theory, and so he put his foot in it  
in this clumsy way.

The "weak-mindedness" in regard to this ques-  
tion of spirit or no spirit is all on the part of those  
persons who are misled by mere words, and who  
jump to conclusions without actually knowing  
what they are talking about.

People talk glibly of spirit and of matter, and  
yet if you pin them down to an explanation of  
what they mean by the words they use so freely,  
you will generally find they have no clear, con-  
sistent notions on the subject. We have been  
struck by this fact in reading the examinations  
of witnesses at a certain trial that has been going  
on in the city of New York. "Are you a Spiritu-  
alist?" asks the lawyer. And instead of asking  
him to define what he means by a Spiritualist,  
the witness goes on to answer "Yes" or "No,"  
as his superficial view of the question may in-  
cline him.

The idea generally attached to the word *spiritu-  
alist* is that of something impenetrable to the sur-  
tury of our senses. But will this meaning cover  
all that theology and common usage would con-  
vey? Oxygen and hydrogen and many of the  
common gases are undetected by the senses, until  
some chemical test is applied. Are they there-  
fore spiritual? Or do they lose their spirituality  
the minute our senses take cognizance of them?  
The delicate blue flame issuing from the magnet  
and visible to sensitives—shall we define it as ma-  
terial to them; but spiritual to us?

Driven from this ground the theological dis-  
putant may say: "By spiritual I do not simply  
mean something inscrutable to our earthly senses;  
I mean something so entirely contrary to the ma-  
terial, that it has none of the attributes of mat-  
ter."

Ah! friend, but how are we to decide what are  
the attributes of matter? The ultra materialists  
will tell you that there is nothing but matter—  
that all is matter—that the idea of force as some-  
thing distinct from matter is a simple absurdity—  
that thought is matter—that love, generosity, the  
aspiration after knowledge and goodness are all  
mere operations of matter, to be dissipated when  
that matter changes its form or is chemically dis-  
solved.

The truth we believe to be this: that spirit and  
matter are so blended that only Omnipotence can  
say, Here matter ends and spirit begins. There  
may be innumerable forces and gases in Nature  
which may exist, though as yet undetected by  
our senses, our instruments, and our chemical  
arts. We see nothing issue from the human body  
in the moment of death; but this is no more con-  
clusive against the disengagement of an actual  
body, call it spiritual or what you please, than  
the fact that we see nothing in the atmosphere is  
a proof of the non-existence of oxygen.

As for the vulgar notion on which the *Adver-  
tiser's* imputation of "weak-mindedness" is prob-  
ably founded, the notion, namely, that the process  
of death must necessarily make an immense  
change in the character of the individual "spirit"  
—convert the sinner into a saint—the wag into a  
man of gravity—the fool into a sage—and the  
rake into an anchorite—we see nothing in any of  
the analogies of Nature to make us believe in  
any such nonsense. On the contrary, the pro-

cesses of organic change and improvement in  
Nature, as geology testifies, are so slow and grad-  
ual that we have every reason to infer that spirits  
are subject to a like law; that a low and grovel-  
ing buffoon does not at once put on the dignity of  
a Webster or a Newton the moment he is ad-  
mitted into the spirit-world; that a man carries with  
him the tastes and the character he formed in  
this life; though Infinite Goodness affords in-  
finite opportunities in the immortality before us  
to learn the great lesson, that only as we progress  
in love, in goodness, and in knowledge of God's  
laws and the marvels of his universe, do we at-  
tain to the ever higher satisfactions of which the  
soul is capable, and for the development of which  
there is an infinite field before us. Happy are  
those who begin to learn the lesson even in this  
rudimentary stage of an immortal existence!

### Spirit Photography in Court.

In another part of this paper we give full re-  
ports of the two days' proceedings of this inter-  
esting trial, copied from the New York papers,  
that our readers may judge for themselves in re-  
gard to the true merits of the case. At present  
we make no comments, but in lieu thereof give  
the opinion of the New York *Sun*, published in  
the extra edition of that paper on the 24th, and  
also the remarks of the New York correspondent  
of the *Boston Post*.

The *Sun* says:  
"The evidence given yesterday on behalf of the  
defendant Mummer, in the spirit photograph case,  
before Justice Dowling, deserves attentive perusal.  
Some of it meets, fairly and squarely, the  
points we raised in regard to the matter on Thurs-  
day. When a photograph comes up and swears,  
as Mr. Silver does, that Mummer walked into his  
gallery without any chance for previous prepara-  
tion, and then and there, using his apparatus, pro-  
duced on the spot a likeness of his deceased mother,  
it certainly goes very far to prove the genui-  
ness of the performance. And when, too, not one,  
but half a dozen and more intelligent men and  
women swear that they have gone in unannounced  
and got likenesses of mothers, brothers and chil-  
dren whom they and their friends can readily  
recognize, it requires considerable credulity to be-  
lieve that the thing is an entire humbug. How-  
ever, the prosecution have yet to produce their  
testimony, and until that is all in, wise people  
will suspend their judgment."

The *Post* remarks:  
"The spirit-photograph case, so far as it has  
gone, is a feather in the cap of Spiritualism. Every  
reader of the proceedings rubs his eyes over the  
statements of the witnesses, and looks again and  
again, so hard is it for a skeptic to believe that  
such statements were made under oath. Here, for  
instance, is Judge Edmonds, a man of fine intel-  
lect and of high character, a Spiritualist, testify-  
ing that the spirit of a suicide appeared to him  
in court a few days ago, and made some valuable  
suggestions as to how a case then in hand should  
be conducted. The same gentleman swears that he  
once saw the spirit of a Judge who was his in-  
timate friend, in another court-room, and gives one  
the impression that he is just as familiar with the  
inhabitants of the other world as with the flesh and  
blood men who walk about with him. Of course  
it is easy to sneer at this, but Judge Edmonds is  
neither a fool nor a lunatic. Then there are men  
like Gurney, the photographer, and Edmund  
Kirke, the author, coming forward to swear that  
they had spirit-photographs taken by the defend-  
ant, Mummer, and admitting that the *modus oper-  
andi* was all square; no trick or shuffling, or any-  
thing out of the regular way. Another man, also,  
a photographer, swears that for many a man  
could go into his gallery and see before him a man  
who had been dead for years, and that he had seen  
pictures of intimate acquaintances which he  
would never have recognized if he had not been  
assured that they were just what they pretended to  
be. The case is really the most curious and  
puzzling I ever heard of, and if the defendant  
holds his ground all through as well as he has  
since the start, he will help the Spiritualists very  
much. It may be closed before this letter goes  
into the mail-bag, but whether Judge Dowling  
decides in favor of Mummer or against him, the  
statements of Mummer's witnesses will set many  
persons to thinking more seriously over the mys-  
tery of Spiritualism than they ever did before.  
It might have been better to have let Mummer and  
his camera alone."

The testimony closed on the 28th. The hearing  
was adjourned until Monday, May 3d, when the  
counsel argued the case. We shall give further  
proceedings in our next.

### Music Hall Meetings.

The course of lectures for the present season  
closed on Sunday afternoon, April 25th, with an  
address by the Rev. Moses Hull. The speaker  
selected for his subject: "The Moral Tendency of  
Spiritualism." His remarks were listened to  
with attention by a large audience, and could not  
have failed in producing an abiding effect on the  
minds of all. The singing by the choir was par-  
ticularly fine.

The Boston Children's Progressive Lyceum was  
in attendance, in full numbers.

At the close of the lecture, Mr. Wilson, the  
Chairman, stated that the committee had decided  
to continue the meetings next season, commencing  
in October; when the best normal and in-  
spirational speakers will be engaged for the  
course. He also requested the season ticket hold-  
ers who desire "to secure seats for the coming  
season, to leave name and number of seat at the  
*Banner of Light* office as soon as convenient; and  
all others who wish reserved seats were re-  
quested to do the same. Tickets will be ready for  
delivery by the middle of September, and all  
seats should be secured before that time.

Mr. John Wetherbee, in behalf of the com-  
mittee, proposed a vote of thanks to Dr. John P.  
Ordway, for having gratuitously given his ser-  
vices as organist during the entire course, which  
was carried unanimously.

This closes one of the most interesting courses  
of lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy ever given  
in Boston.

### Our Subscribers' List.

We continue to publish the names of those of  
our patrons who have obtained one or more  
new subscribers to the *Banner of Light*. Thanks,  
friends, you are taking the right course to spread  
the truths of Spiritualism. Since our last issue  
E. Pitt has sent us four new subscribers, with the  
money; J. Eggleston, one; Mrs. W. Hobart, one;  
J. Hall, one; Thos. Lothrop, one; Abel Palmer,  
one; Wm. Currier, one; A. W. Pollard, one; Fan-  
tie T. Young, one; Martin Daniels, two; A. Pot-  
ter, one; Mrs. E. Mackay, one; F. Doherty, three;  
T. A. Taylor, one; Geo. Brown, one; J. F. John-  
ston, one; O. Stevens, one; J. L. Holley, one;  
Mrs. D. Morse, one; Solomon Williams, one;  
Chas. Daryl, one; John Stott, one; Chas. H. Pro-  
ctor, one; Geo. Snouffer, one; Geo. Dupuy, one;  
R. H. Allen, one; M. Miller, one; H. A. Maucha-  
ster, two; S. Johns, one; J. Fentress, one; Chaun-  
cey A. Smith, two; G. O. Hoadley, one; F. L.  
Wemmel, one; O. H. Atherton, one; Sarah  
Huyck, one; B. Chadsey, one.

### The Davenport Mediums in Boston.

#### LARGE AUDIENCES IN MUSIC HALL.

The world-renowned Davenport Brothers and  
William M. Fay, physical mediums, who have re-  
cently returned from a three years' successful  
tour of Europe, arrived in this city April 19th, and  
commenced holding séances in Music Hall the  
following Thursday evening. They were greeted  
with a large audience. Among those present  
were to be seen many of our most noted and re-  
spectable citizens. The manifestations were per-  
formed in such a decided and prompt manner,  
free from any collusion, under the searching eye  
of a sharp committee, that the most skeptical  
were confounded and astonished, and many fre-  
ely admitted that what they had witnessed must  
have been done through spirit power, as claimed  
by Spiritualists.

At eight o'clock Mr. Fay came upon the plat-  
form, made a short address to the audience in re-  
gard to the phenomena about to be exhibited, and  
requested the selection of a committee from  
among the audience. Numbered ballots were  
then distributed promiscuously among the au-  
dience; those holding the numbers called for were  
to constitute the committee. Several declined  
to respond, and others excused themselves. Fi-  
nally, the number held by Dr. James Ayer, a  
well known physician of this city, was called, and  
he accepted the position. The next number was  
held by Mr. M. T. Dole, a merchant of this city.  
These gentlemen constituted the committee. On  
being questioned the Doctor said he was not a  
Spiritualist. Mr. Dole said he was, and preferred  
some skeptic should take his place, but he was  
not excused.

After a thorough examination, this committee  
stated that the cabinet was made of thin deal  
boards, having three doors opening outward, and  
that it was evidently intended to be portable;  
that the seats were firmly fixed; that there was  
no false back to the cabinet, and that they were  
unable to detect the existence of anything like  
machinery, or any preparation for trickery. They  
also stated that the Davenport Brothers were  
strangers to them personally.

The mediums were introduced to the audience,  
and immediately took their seats in the cabinet,  
facing each other. The instruments generally  
used at their exhibitions—a guitar, violin, tam-  
bourine, horn, and two dinner bells—had been  
previously put in the box. The committee then  
applied themselves to the task of tying the medi-  
ums firmly; having fastened them till they were  
satisfied that it would be impossible for them to  
extricate themselves, they reported the method  
of securing as follows: A square knot had been  
tied around the wrist of each one as he sat in the  
box, then the two hands joined, the rope carried  
down between the knees, through two holes in  
the seat, and fastened to the ankles; thence car-  
ried around the knees and the end secured to the  
bar of the cabinet. The committee stated that  
the knots were tied as closely as possible without  
injuring the skin or stopping the circulation.  
All things being in readiness the doors of the  
cabinet, save the middle one, were shut; as Dr.  
Ayer was standing forward to close it the horn  
was thrown violently over his head upon the  
stage. The other two doors being instantly  
opened showed the Brothers firmly secured; a  
second experiment at shutting the middle door  
resulted in a similar manifestation of force, the  
horn going beyond the footlights and among the  
people. Had any movement been made by the  
mediums the Doctor would have detected it, for  
his head was partly inside the cabinet when the  
instrument flew out. At the third shutting of the  
cabinet, bells were thrust out at the diamond-  
shaped window in the middle door, and the violin  
and guitar were placed inside—one of them  
evidently a lady's—were plainly discernible,  
quickly vanishing, and as quickly reappearing.  
The doors being opened again showed that the  
mediums were still secured, and, in the opinion  
of the committee, with the same knots undis-  
turbed. The horn was then buttoned inside the  
coat of Ira Davenport, but did not seem to be de-  
sirous of remaining there, as it flew out of the  
window almost at the shutting of the door.

A hat from one of the audience was then sub-  
stituted for the horn and placed on the head of  
one of the mediums. The two doors were shut,  
and as the middle door was being closed by Dr.  
Ayer, the hat left the medium's head and was  
forcibly thrown over the Doctor's head by an  
agency which he declared he could not perceive,  
although he was not ready to admit the spiritual  
hypothesis. "Fisher's Hornpipe," on the violin,  
with accompaniments from the several instru-  
ments, was performed, and a bell being presented  
by Dr. Ayer from without was taken in at the  
window by a spirit hand. Suddenly opening the  
doors the committee again examined the knots  
and pronounced them "all right"; after which  
the doors were closed, and a great noise of ropes  
drawn through the holes and rattling beneath the  
seats proclaimed that the mediums were being  
untied. In a much shorter space of time than  
that occupied in tying them, the swinging open  
of the doors revealed the fact that the boys were  
free.

Some of the audience here raised the cry of  
"Ropes—look at the ropes." The committee pro-  
ceeded carefully to examine those found in the  
cabinet, and also to examine the persons of the  
mediums for duplicates, but failing to find any  
gave it as their opinion that the ropes had not  
been cut, and that they were the identical ones  
with which they had tied the Messrs. Davenport.

Mr. Fay then stated that the mediums would  
enter the cabinet untied, and that in less time  
they would be tied in a more secure and scien-  
tific manner than before. At the expiration of  
two and a half minutes from the closing of the  
doors, the cabinet being opened showed the Boys  
fastened in such a manner as to preclude any  
motion whatsoever; the work being done with a  
silk cord, in the middle of the ropes, tied around  
the wrists, showing conclusively that the hands  
must have been tied first.

Dr. Ayer entered the cabinet, and was tied,  
with one hand upon the shoulder of Ira, and the  
other to the wrist of William; the instruments  
were then piled up on the Doctor's lap and the  
doors closed. Instantaneously there arose a  
sound of raps, mingled with noises from the in-  
struments. The doors being opened discovered  
the Doctor in the position in which he had been  
left, while the guitar was placed on his head, and  
the other instruments were scattered around him.  
He declared that the mediums had not moved dur-  
ing the time; that hands had touched his face and  
neck, and one of them had untied his cravat; he  
also stated that the instruments got up to  
the top of the cabinet.

As an additional test a quantity of flour was  
put into the hands of each of the mediums, but  
no difference was to be perceived in the manifes-  
tations. The committee could find no flour spilled  
in or around the cabinet, and the Boys, coming  
down to the footlights, on being released, poured  
out that which they had received in sight of the  
audience. This tested the cabinet circle. Mr.  
Fay thanked the audience for their kind atten-  
tion, and those not wishing to remain at the dark  
séance withdrew.

The dark séance which followed, conducted by  
William Fay, was wonderful in the extreme. The  
committee chosen by the audience consisted of  
Dr. James Ayer, and Gen. Cowdin, of Boston.  
Mr. William Fay and Ira Davenport took their  
seats at a small table, and the two members of  
the committee held the one in charge of the gas  
and William Davenport, whose duty it was to  
produce a light when demanded. All the condi-  
tions required of the audience were that they re-  
main quiet, and that those in front should take  
each other's hands, to remove all possibility of  
the suspicion of confederacy in the production of  
the phenomena.

Darkness being produced, at the reappearance  
of light the mediums at the table were found  
securely tied, although the committee declared  
that no one had moved. Sheets of white paper  
were then placed under the feet of the mediums,  
the form of the foot marked with a lead pencil,  
a coin put on the toe of each; but no differ-  
ence was observable in the phenomena, the in-  
struments falling through the air in all direc-  
tions, and falling among the audience. Phospho-  
rus was then rubbed upon the guitar and violin,  
and those instruments, after the extinguishing of  
the light, swept in circles, ascending and descend-  
ing, and anon leaving a trail like a fiery serpent

in their rapid motion. Mr. Fay cried out "lights,"  
and his coat was removed so rapidly that many  
saw it leave his body and fly through the air just  
as the light was produced. The coat of Gen.  
Cowdin having been removed by himself was  
placed upon Mr. Fay, at the General's request.  
At one time the Brothers Davenport took seats  
among the audience, and were held by them with  
the same results. During all these manifestations  
Dr. Gordon and Gen. Cowdin affirmed that the  
mediums had not moved when it was dark. This  
closed the séance.

During their present stay in this city, the Da-  
venports have held six séances, which have been  
attended by not less than five thousand people—  
the audiences on several occasions numbering  
fifteen hundred.

The city papers have devoted a good share  
of their space to a review of the manifestations  
witnessed, and with singular unanimity admit  
that they cannot account for them, or explain  
how they are done. The *Traveller* says: "They  
are 'the despair of science,' for no scientific men  
appear to be able to unravel the mysterious man-  
ner in which the feats are performed."

Here is what the *Boston Journal* of April 24th  
says:

"The Davenport Brothers gave another exhibition at  
Music Hall last evening, which was well attended. The same  
remarkable feats were performed as on Thursday night, the  
Brothers being tied within the cabinet, then untied without  
visible aid and again tied in a mysterious manner, musical  
instruments playing meanwhile, bands appearing at the  
open door or at the aperture in the cabinet, &c. Messrs. R.  
E. Anthony and James Lanagan officiated as the examining  
committee, and announced their inability to detect any  
fraud. Both gentlemen were in turn occupants of the cabi-  
net. Later in the evening there was a dark séance, Dr.  
Oliver Wendell Holmes and Mr. Wyzeman Marshall acting  
as the committee, and the same feats were performed as on  
the previous evening, the instruments being thrown around  
and played upon. Mr. Fay's coat being taken off and thrown  
into the air, Mr. Fay being found securely tied a moment after,  
and other demonstrations taking place while only Mr. Fay  
and the committee were upon the platform."

Many a skeptic has, for the first time, witnessed  
the convincing manifestations of spirit power  
through these excellent and reliable mediums.  
Much good will be the result, for quite an inter-  
est has been manifested in our city on this sub-  
ject, and people will not rest until they have  
learned more in regard to the Spiritual Philoso-  
phy, of which the physical phenomena are but  
stepping-stones. Investigation is the true road  
to the temple of knowledge and spiritual truth.

### The Sunday Library.

Neither the Boston authorities nor the Massa-  
chusetts Legislature have as yet accomplished  
anything in reference to throwing open the city  
public library for Sunday use, or even any part  
of the same. They both hang back from fear,  
rather than from any very strong prejudice.  
They are afraid public sentiment will not endorse  
so liberal and sensible an act. A prominent cler-  
gyman of London has been at the pains of late  
to go around among his own congregation and  
parish, in order to practically test the merits of  
this matter; and he reports that he nowhere found  
such bitter opponents of the plan of opening the  
libraries and museums on Sunday, as among the  
keepers of drinking shops. These men very well  
understand how rapidly their unwholesome traffic  
would fall away, were their Sunday patrons to  
be invited into apartments where their higher  
tastes would be successfully appealed to, and  
their better faculties be called into action. The  
leading London magistrates, also, have recently  
given in their testimony on the subject to Mr.  
Gladstone; and they declare unequivocally for  
"innocent Sunday recreation," such as reading-  
rooms and libraries would secure, for the labor-  
ing population and the idle population of our  
larger cities. To deny such a simple boon on the  
pretext of impiety, is like telling a boy not to go  
near the water until he can swim. This puerile  
nonsense will disappear some day, and all on a  
sudden, too.

### Newspaper Office Mobbed.

Just as we were going to press we learned from  
Mr. George A. Bacon, of this city, who received  
information by telegraph, that the office of the  
*American Spiritualist*, in Cleveland, Ohio, was  
guzzled by a mob on the evening of April 26th.  
We know not the cause of this despicable work,  
which is but another form of assassination, with-  
out it is the prominent part taken by our cotem-  
porary in opposing any organic change in the  
Constitution of the United States, so as to recog-  
nize certain credulous popular religious notions  
of the day. Doubtless this, as well as its defence  
and promulgation of Spiritualism, has stirred up  
the enmity of a few bigots and their willing tools,  
who think they see in the spread of Rationalism  
and a Natural Religion the final overthrow of  
priestcraft and sectarianism.

A free press is a nation's bulwark. When that  
cannot exist, in safety, the liberties of a people are  
at an end. This wanton act to suppress Free  
Thought will cause to rally to our standard all  
good men, of every shade of politics and religion.  
Religious fanatics are our only enemies.

Since penning the above, we have received a  
copy of the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, which contains  
the following:

"Some scamps entered the office of the *Ameri-  
can Spiritualist* on Monday evening and complet-  
ely gutted the concern. Two new fonts of type  
were emptied into a coal-box and stove, and type  
in the cases were scattered over the floor. Things,  
generally, presented a woful appearance at the  
printing office, Tuesday morning. The editor's  
good coat was also stuffed into the stove along  
with the type. The proceeding was outrageous,  
and the perpetrators, if caught, should receive  
severe punishment. The day before, some one  
threatened the editor's life, through a private  
note."

### Entertainment at Mercantile Hall.

The First Lyceum Dramatic Association of  
Boston gave their second entertainment at Mer-  
cantile Hall, Summer street, on Friday evening,  
April 23d, 1869. A large audience assembled to  
witness the exercises, and the affair passed off  
with credit to the participants. An overture by  
the orchestra, the comedy, "Sweethearts and  
Wives," the *pelle opera*, "Hunter's Daughter,"  
and the farce, "Loan of a Lover," were presented,  
the principal characters in these pieces being sus-  
tained by Messrs. M. F. Davy, F. M. Hawley, C.  
W. Sullivan, D. N. Ford, J. Walcott, F.



## Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

A. E. Carpenter will speak in South Hanover, Mass., Sunday, May 9th, and in South Acton, Sunday, May 16th.

Mrs. Fannie B. Felton will lecture in Central Hall, Charlestown, May 9th and 16th.

Mrs. Julia J. Hubbard speaks in North Scituate, Mass., Sunday, May 16th.

Mrs. A. P. Brown will lecture in Stoneham, Mass., May 9th, and would like engagements for the rest of the month.

Mrs. N. J. Willis lectures in Washington Hall, Cambridgeport, Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock.

Mrs. S. E. Slight has removed from Boston to Cambridgeport, Mass., foot of Auburn street.

Warren Woolson will lecture in Hannibal, Mo., May 16th.

Mrs. Fannie T. Young is lecturing in the West with good success. April 18th and 25th she lectured in the Episcopal Church at Cedar Falls, Iowa, to quite large, appreciative audiences. Her address is care of C. H. Gregg, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Mrs. Carrie M. Cushman, writes a correspondence, has been making it her home in Hartford since the first of February, speaking for the Society there, also at Bristol and Willimantic. During March and April she has not felt like speaking anywhere or making any engagements, but more like resting a while and commencing with renewed energy. Now she feels all ready to answer calls, or make engagements to speak wherever her services may be wanted. Her address will be 57 Main street, Hartford, Conn.

Dr. R. Greer will vacate his office in Chicago May 1st, with a view to visiting in the country and making a general tour through the State of Illinois, where he is so well and favorably known.

J. Madison Allen lectures in Terre Haute, Ind., during May.

Mrs. Marietta F. Cross has changed her residence from Hampstead, N. H., to Bradford, Mass.

Mrs. Abby M. Laffin Ferree is holding public seances in Baltimore, Md., where she will remain for the present.

The American Spiritualist.

As its title implies, this sheet is devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy of the nineteenth century. It has recently been enlarged and otherwise improved in appearance, and is ably conducted, under the management of its editor, HUDSON TURTLE, Esq., and his large corps of assistants. May it prosper abundantly, is our devout wish. There is no earthly reason why all our periodicals should not succeed peculiarly, when we can number our disciples by millions; but we are satisfied that the time is not remote when the pioneer workers in the field of SPIRITUALISM will be fully remunerated for every soul-trial and physical ill they have been subjected to in consequence of proclaiming the truth to all the people.

The American Spiritualist is the organ of the Ohio and Wisconsin State Associations of Spiritualists, and is published weekly at Cleveland, Ohio. Specimen copies may be seen at this office.

Resumption of the Banner of Light Spiritual Circles.

These circles were resumed on Monday afternoon last. The audience on this occasion was large and the manifestations excellent. There were also circles on Tuesday and Thursday. They will hereafter be held regularly three times per week at this office. The circles are free, and the public are respectfully invited to attend. Front seats reserved for strangers from the country.

A Valuable New Book.

A rare book has just been issued from the press of Wm. White & Co., entitled, "Seers of the Ages: Ancient, Medieval and Modern Spiritualism." It has long been in preparation by J. M. Peebles, and is a work of great research and literary labor. It will prove one of the most valuable histories of ancient and modern Spiritualism ever printed. We shall notice the book more at length in our next issue; in the meantime we invite attention to the advertisement in another column.

Lyceum Exhibition.

The South End Children's Lyceum will give an entertainment at Springfield Hall, No. 80 Springfield street, on Thursday evening, May 6th, consisting of manual exercises by the children, sleight-of-hand performances by J. W. Porter, speeches, &c., to conclude with dancing. Price of admission, 15 cents; children under twelve, 10 cents.

Beautiful May Flowers.

We found upon our circle room table, on Monday last, a fine bouquet of May flowers, for which the fair donor, the daughter of Mr. W. W. Robbins, of Milford, N. H., has our sincere thanks and the thanks of our spirit friends. We are also under obligations to other friends for like beautiful tokens of remembrance.

Spiritual Rostrum.

Moses Hull requests us to say that he has discontinued his business relations with the Spiritual Rostrum. He remains connected with it as editor, and hopes the financial success which has attended it through the first year of its publication may accompany succeeding volumes.

New Publications.

THE TALE OF A PHYSICIAN; or the Seeds and Fruits of Crime, is the title of the latest book of Andrew Jackson Davis. It is comprised in three parts, entitled thus: Planting the Seeds of Crime; Trees of Crime in Full Bloom; and Reaping the Fruits of Crime. It contains all the elements of a stirring romance, being founded on facts only, and disclosing a remarkable variety of virtues, vices and crimes, under a corresponding variety of temperaments, circumstances and temptations. There are mysteries enough about it to engross the attention from beginning to end, and afterwards to leave an impression not easily effaced. The best results are predicted from the perusal of this volume to mothers and daughters, as well as to fathers and sons. It forewarns only to reform the reader. The terrible ways of crime and criminals are shown to be the ones to be shunned and dreaded, even from their very earliest beginnings.

THE WONDERS OF HEAT is the latest of Scribner's interesting series of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," the original treatise, of which this is a translation, being by Prof. Cazin, of the Versailles Lyceum—and the editor and translator being Elithu Rich. The laws and phenomena of heat are delineated and discussed in this popular volume with clearness and an engaging exactness, and the same is illustrated with several striking plates of excellent execution. Leo & Shepard have it.

New Music.

The second number of "Howe's Musical Monthly" has made its appearance. It contains twenty-one choice pieces of sheet music, worth \$3, yet the monthly is offered for 35 cents a number. Lovers of music can't make an investment that will give them more for their money. Elias Howe, 103 Court street, publisher.

By a notice in another column, it will be seen that the first Spiritualist Picnic of the season will be held in South Framingham, on Wednesday, June 23d.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Read the Spirit Messages on our sixth page. The Theologian as well as the Spiritualist will find the questions and answers uncommonly interesting.

A new edition of Mrs. Child's "Progress of Religious Ideas" has just been issued in three volumes, price six dollars and seventy-five cents. This valuable work has been out of print for some time.

George S. Nelson, whose office is in the Pavilion, (room No. 1,) 57 Tremont street, has the reputation of being an excellent magnetic physician. Indeed we have reliable information from those who have employed him to this effect. His principal cures are performed by manipulation with the hands.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.—That our readers may become familiar with Horace Greeley's views on this important question, we publish, in this issue of our paper, a synopsical report of his recent lecture in Boston upon the subject, although we differ in opinion from the position the lecturer has assumed.

Spiritualists, one and all, get the "Spiritual Songs." It is just the book you want. See advertisement.

The Investigator truthfully remarks that we may indeed remind ourselves how beautiful and harmonious Nature's arrangements would be, if that perverse creature, man, did not, by his folly, bring confusion out of order and discord out of harmony. But then we must ever bear in mind that this same perverse creature, with his folly, is as much the Creator's work as any portion of the Nature he so mara and abuses.

Clothes and company do often times tell tales in a mute but significant language.

In Chicago, husbands are said to be so fearful of divorce that they add to their announcements of future movements the letters "W. P.," which mean "wife permitting."

THE GOLDEN SIDE.  
(Verse two.)  
Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,  
And to keep the eyes still lifted;  
For the sweet blue sky will soon neop through,  
When the ominous clouds are lifted;  
There was never a night without a day,  
Or an evening without a morning,  
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,  
Is the hour before the dawning.

Never speak without thought.

By the summer arrangement on the Eastern and the Boston and Maine Railroads, there will be four through-trains to Portland daily. The first two will connect at Portland with trains for Augusta.

The most corrective punishment is kindness.

Dr. J. R. Newton in Providence.—The Providence Evening Press of April 29th contains an interesting article in regard to Dr. N.'s recent visit to that city, which the want of space prevents our copying the present week. It will appear in our next.

A letter from Berlin states that emigration to America is likely to assume extraordinary proportions this year. During the last three months four thousand persons have passed through that capital on their way to Hamburg and Bremen.

"Don't rob yourself," replied a farmer to a lawyer who called him hard names.

Artemus Ward said that the man who wrote "I'm saddest when I sing" was a fool to sing much.

In our State Senate, on the 28th ult., a bill was reported, providing that women may be admitted to all the rights and privileges of voting and election to office . . . . . in parishes and religious societies.

EARLY SPRING.  
Oh, sweetly now the seasons change!  
From dark and grim to light and eve  
The happy birds have longer range,  
And later twitter on the eaves.

Dear is the earliest dawn of spring—  
This hint of future ecstasy—  
The thrushes feel it first and sing  
Enraptured on yon naked tree.

I would that I, like them, could pour  
Songs sweet as is my heart's delight!  
And when earth's winters all are o'er,  
I hope to hail a spring as bright.

More have been ruined by their servants than by their masters.

A skull without a tongue often preaches better than a skull that has one.

SAUCE FOR GANDER AS WELL AS GOOSE.—Lucy Stone in a recent Female Suffrage address, gave the following as a provision of a will on probate in Boston: "I bequeath to my wife, Elizabeth, the \$30,000 which was her's before our marriage, as long as she remains a widow, and no longer." How would a will sound that read thus: "I bequeath to my husband, John, the \$30,000 which was his before our marriage, so long as he remains a widower, and no longer."—*Revolution.*

Why is your nose in the middle of your face? Because it is the center.

The Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, is to be married on the 27th of July next to the Prince Royal, of Denmark. This will leave the Queen only one unmarried daughter, the Princess Beatrice.

It is said there is a chap up in Connecticut so little that he can't see himself without a magnifying glass.

A building covering seventy thousand feet of ground and to cost forty thousand dollars, will be built at San Francisco for the Mechanics' Institute Industrial Exhibition in September next.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is said to have given up her plantation in Florida, for the reason that her title, acquired at a military sale, does not hold good. The original owner retains possession, paying Mrs. Stowe the amount she expended for the estate.

On a signboard at one of our restaurants is so exquisitely painted a raw beefsteak, that the dogs wag their tails and look wishfully at it.

A correspondent in Florida, evidently affected by surrounding circumstances, sends the Boston Advertiser the following:

"How doth the little crocodile  
Improve his shining tail,  
And pour the waters of the Nile  
On every golden scale.

How cheerfully he seems to grin,  
How neatly spreads his claws,  
And welcomes little fishes in  
With gently smiling jaws."

The real use of talking is almost lost to the world by the excessive custom of lying.

We should look upon the errors of others more in sorrow than in anger.

Mr. Higgins, the British astronomer, has demonstrated by experiment that heat from the principal fixed stars reaches this earth.

The Argentine Republic will pay eight thousand dollars in gold for the best system of preserving meat for exportation on a large scale, which shall be presented before September next.

Hon. STEPHEN BURNER, Mayor of Cleveland, Ohio, was re-elected at the spring election by a majority of twenty-five hundred. His honor was one of the first to investigate the spiritual phenomena, attends our meetings regularly with his family, and contributes liberally to support the cause.

Will Dr. Rutledge please send his address to D. A. Eddy, Cleveland, Ohio? He will hear of something to his advantage by so doing.

A Healer in Virginia.

The Gazette, printed at Alexandria, Va., publishes the following card from a relative of Gov. Smith, of Virginia, who has been cured of deafness by a healing medium. The card speaks for itself:

"ALEXANDRIA, VA., March 22, 1869.  
For the last sixteen years I have been entirely deaf in one ear, and now in one treatment of five minutes my hearing has been completely restored by the laying on of hands. I also suffered intensely with pain in my head and spinal affection, and suffered in consequence of a broken arm, which I could not use, but I am now wholly relieved by the laying on of hands by Dr. Simon Van Etten, of Corning, N. Y. I would recommend all suffering humanity to call and see the Doctor at the Marshall House, in this place.

Mrs. MARY C. SMITH."

## New York Department.

WARREN CHASE, . . . . . LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.

All persons having business with the Banner of Light, or William White & Co., and all orders for Spiritual and Liberal Books, should hereafter be addressed, Wm. White & Co., Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

A FURLOUGH.

Two years and four months we have been closely confined to business in the unceasing noise, frequent dust and daily crowd on the best business part of Broadway, New York. We have prayed and prayed, been prayed for and prayed upon, so that these accounts are about equal; have enjoyed much and suffered some; done a large amount of business at small profit to the owners, and with most perfect and mutual satisfaction to all parties concerned, and hence we are entitled to and granted a short furlough, preparatory to the renewal of business, which in due time will be announced.

We have learned many good lessons in New York—lessons of business and lessons of life—lessons we could not have learned elsewhere nor in other business; have said much and could say more about society, its extremes and perishing middle classes, its crushing wealth and crushing poverty, its freezing religion and burning dissipation, its increasing crime and the power of criminals to protect themselves in and through the courts by electing its officers. Crushing the middle classes into the poorer and more dissipated, gives them largely the majorities, and laws of nation and state have to be brought in to protect the minority from city government, or to protect the ruled.

But we have said enough for the present on this subject, and thankfully take a furlough, first to the strawberry bed and smiling grandchildren in Illinois, and next to the mountains and higher latitudes, hoping to meet with and enjoy the grove-meetings, picnics and conventions for a few months.

Letters to reach us in May should be addressed to South Pass, Union Co., Ill.; for June to Banner of Light office, Boston, Mass.

A rest for the weary brain we greatly need, not for the organs that guide the pen, but those that guide the pencil and use the hands and feet, and a release from confinement to business became absolutely essential to our health, if not to our longer stay in the body.

Some of our Western friends will receive a call from us soon, and all who read the Banner will be able to know where we are and what we are doing, if it is of any public importance. To the many dear friends who have known us through and in the New York Department of the Banner for the last two years, we hope to be equally acceptable with the department dropped from our heading, and the wider range and higher latitude over which we circulate, and on which we shall take notes and make comments. We are glad the while is about to blow that will start the train that carries us from the city din to the quiet retreat on the Fruit Hill of Illinois.

TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

Those who are interested in the State organization and its conventions are requested to correspond with P. I. Clum, Esq., Vice President, and Mrs. Sarah A. Burdick, Secretary, both of Rochester, on the subject of time and place for holding the next State Convention, as our absence from the State will preclude such attention to the subject as the business requires.

It will be necessary to hold the next State Convention at least several weeks before the assembling of the next National Convention, which will be in Buffalo the last of August. We hope to be able to attend both, and to meet many old friends and many truly devoted souls to our glorious philosophy during the summer, but business, interest and health call us to the West, at present, and we shall be absent from the State and leave the duties of President of the State Organization to be, as heretofore, performed by our excellent and worthy friend, P. I. Clum, Esq., of Rochester, to whom all the honors as well as duties belong. Feeling, as we do, that organization is absolutely essential to any efficient action or useful application of Spiritualism in the great reforms of the day, and the only known method of using the power we possess to carry out any great schemes of moral, social or religious reform, we hope and trust our friends will rally around the feeble, germinal, local, State and National movements already started, and if premature, nurse and keep alive till mature; if imperfect, (as we know they are), improve and perfect until each in its proper sphere of action shall become a lever by which the spirit-world, with the aid and use of its friends here, can move our old conservative, religious and social hulks into the dry docks, where they can undergo thorough repairs—have the rotten and worm-eaten timbers removed, and, fully refitted with new copper and rigging, will be ready to hereafter freight souls to better destinies than the brimstone burning pit or the worthless psalm-singing and God-praising Orthodox heaven.

Trusting that none of you who have put hands to the plow will look back, we must ask a leave of absence, locally, for the present, but shall heartily coöperate spiritually still.

FAIRHAVEN, Conn., April 26th, 1869.

W. P. ANDERSON, Spirit Artist.

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May 1.—17

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A PICTURE OF THE SPIRIT HOME.

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PILES—A Positive Cure. The treatment local, the effect prompt and soothing, followed by marked relief of pain and consequent cure. Guaranteed \$1.00 per box. DR. H. H. HITCHCOCK, 260 Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED.—A Girl as Copyist and Seamstress, who can make herself at home and congenial in a family of spiritualists. Address, Box 413, Boston, Mass.

MRS. H. M. STOCKWELL, Clairvoyant and Physician and Test Medium, 131 Harrison Avenue, Boston.

WILL MRS. KENDALL, Artist, please leave her address at this office?

DR. S. A. WHELOCK.

## Mrs. Cushman, the Medium.

MESSRS. EDITORS—Mr. and Mrs. Cushman having taken larger and more commodious rooms, at No. 92 Warren street, Charlestown, to meet the wants of the many who desire to avail themselves of the pleasure of witnessing the remarkable manifestations given through Mrs. C.'s mediumship, their friends, to the number of one hundred or more, met at their rooms on the evening of March 31st. Addresses were made by Dr. Richardson, Grover and Currier, Mrs. S. A. Byrnes and Mrs. Pratt, after which the material wants of our natures were amply supplied, and the evening passed swiftly away; and when at last we were obliged to separate, it was with reluctance, as all seemed to feel "it was good to be there," as the hours thus spent seemed to blend together more firmly in the bonds of spiritual unity. With kindly wishes for the happiness and prosperity of our host and hostess, we bade them adieu, trusting, by our presence, we had cheered a worthy medium, and proved to her that her labors were appreciated.

J. H. C.

First Grand Picnic.

The first grand Spiritualist Picnic of the season will meet at South Framingham, Mass., Wednesday, June 23d.

Persons living on the line of the different railroads that pass through South Framingham, and desire to have the fare reduced from the places where they reside, will please correspond with the committee, stating the number of persons in their town that would be likely to attend.

A. E. CARPENTER, Committee.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

C. M. BELFAST, ME.—Any judicious statement you may make will be published.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoetic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents.

THE RELIGIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism, published in Chicago, Ill., by S. B. Jones, Esq. Price 8 cents.

THE ROSEBUD: A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Harmonical Philosophy. Published by Hull & Jamieson, Chicago, Ill. Single copies 20 cents.

THE PRESENT AGE: Devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy. Published by the Michigan Spiritual Publication Company. Price 6 cents.

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O.

Business Matters.

MRS. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetist Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. 4w.M1.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

Miss M. K. CASSIEN answers Sealed Letters at 73 Howard street, Newark, N. J. Terms \$2.00 and four red stamps.

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. FLINT, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps.

THE BEST PLACE—THE CITY HALL DINING ROOMS for ladies and gentlemen, Nos. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. Open Sundays.

C. D. & I. H. PRESHO, Proprietors.

IT SAVES LIFE.—I have lost three children by bowel disease, and should have lost all, had it not been for Dr. Seth Arnold's Balsam. Thousands die every year who would live if they could only get it." So writes Rev. Jefferson Russell, of Shrewsbury, Mass.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

In what a wondrous age we live,  
Not many seem to know;  
But few the mighty change perceive,  
Since—Fifty Years ago.

Our ancestors did never dream,  
When things moved very slow,  
Of what we're doing now by steam,  
Say—Fifty Years ago.

The days then "dressed" in home-spun "clothes"  
And made but little show,  
But now they dress at GEORGE FENNO'S,  
Who "Clothes" them very low.

Mrs. JENNETTE J. CLARK has again removed to a beautiful residence No. 155 Harrison Avenue, Boston, Mass. Suave, pleasing, ladylike; combined with the most unswerving devotion to the cause of truth, and active, unflinching energy, love and sympathy for humanity; and especially for those bleeding souls who have long been captive under the chains of an erroneous teaching; earnestly fit her for the duties of a Missionary to the world to which she has been appointed by the Higher Power. Besides answering calls to the rostrum, where, on Sundays, she will speak, entranced, she will be at her own room to give private seances on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays of each week, from 9 to 12, and 2 to 5. Mrs. Clark has the likenesses of Edgar A. Poe and Marie, in pencil, life size, executed by W. P. Anderson, Spirit Artist.

Fairhaven, Conn., April 26th, 1869.

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## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was claimed by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

**Mrs. J. H. Conant,**  
while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth—being in an undeveloped state, eventually attain a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

### The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 153 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commencing at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.

Mrs. Conant receives no calls on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

### Bouquets of Flowers.

Persons so inclined, who attend our Free Circles, are requested to donate natural bouquets of flowers, to be placed on the table. It is the earnest wish of our angel friends that this be done, for they, as well as mortals, are fond of beautiful flowers, emblems of the divinity of creation.

### Invocation.

Oh Sacred Presence, oh Divine Life, thou who by thy works dost constantly bless our souls, thou who art ever walking in the midst of life and changing all things in accordance with thy will and thy wisdom, thou who art ever our friend and never our enemy, thou Father and Mother of the flowers and of our souls, we bring thee the deep utterances of our inner lives, and we form them into chapters of praises and prayers. Oh we pray thee, our Father and our life, to so inspire us with thy truth that we shall see the better way more clearly, that we shall divine thy law more perfectly. We praise thee, oh Lord, for the power of returning to our mortal lives. We praise thee for that great gift with which thou art blessing the race to-day. We thank thee that thou hast opened the windows of that higher life, and that thou art showering down buds and blossoms, and leaves, and fairest lilies and sweetest roses from the great land of the soul. Oh we thank thee, our Father, that thy wisdom is above our ignorance, that thy light can encompass all our darkness, that thy power is sufficient for all our weakness, and that thy great love is large enough to hold us all; and thy fatherly and motherly bosom will forever and forever hold thy children close to thy great heart of life, and none will be forgotten, none will be cast out, none will fail to be remembered, but all are sheltered in the fold of thy love, all are blessed by the greatness of thy wisdom. Oh we are glad that benevolence and charity walk the earth to-day; that these angels, hand in hand, knock at every heart; that here and there and almost everywhere they find admittance—they are welcomed, they are entertained as favored guests. Oh we praise thee, our Father, for the wide spread truth of this age, for the great light that is being shed from mind to mind, that has come to us from the past, that is shadowed to us from the future, that makes glorious this present hour. Oh our Father, for this we will praise thee: that great ocean of spirit-life, that is filling the earth, that is calling in tones that cannot be mistaken to every soul, calling each and all away from the turbulent waters of discord to the blessed waters of peace and love. "A new commandment," said our elder brother, "I give unto you, that ye love one another." Oh teach us, Great Spirit of Love, to love even that which is unlovely, and to shed our love upon all that thou hast made. Oh grant that we may feel that thou art all of life, that thy great heart is ever overflowing with love for us; and as we feel this, oh may we in turn love all that thou hast made. We bless thee for the gift of the seasons; for the springtime, with its young life, that comes gladdening mortality and speaking of that which is beautiful. We bless thee for the summer, that sends forth its full-blown flowers, blessing humanity according to its degree. We bless thee for autumn, with its rich grain and ripened fruits that hang from many a tree, that come forth at the call of the husbandman and bless physical life. For the seasons in all their beauty—and we bless thee no less for winter, with its cold winds and its mantle of pure whiteness—for all, our Father, we bless thee. And oh, as we look o'er the earth and see it clad in its ever-varying garments of beauty, we can but send out our song of thanksgiving and praise to him who is the author of all this perfect life. Oh send thy ministering angels unto the high places of all lands. Speak there, oh our Father, so that thy children cannot mistake thy voice. And let them understand thy justice, not their own; let them understand thy love, not their own; let them understand thy mercy, not the mercy that belongs to their human life. Oh let thy children everywhere learn that thou art ever nigh and ever ready, through thine agents, to teach them. Grant, our Father, that we may bear manfully and well all the crosses which thou dost lay upon us, and if we are called to mount a Calvary at every turn in our lives, oh may we rejoice even there, and may we so cause every heart to sing a song of praise, mingling always praises with our prayers. And, our Father, we ask that thine angels of love, the tender ones who come from the better life, may stand nigh unto the souls who are pining with mortality. Oh take away their fear. Oh take away their darkness and give them light, and send their spirits to the better land, as their senses shall be closed to this life. Oh give unto all as thou seest they need. If blessing, thou wilt bless. We do not expect thou wilt curse us, therefore we do not fear thee, for we know, our Father, that thou art all unto us that we need. And as we learn of thee we know that thy kingdom will come nigher unto us and that we shall be better able to do thy will wherever we may be. Amen. Jan. 7.

### Questions and Answers.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—If you have propositions, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to consider them.

**Ques.**—How are the blood letters placed upon the arm of Mrs. Friend, the medium? and how are communications written in her room without any one being present?

**Ans.**—The phenomenon of writing upon the arm and other parts of the human body by processes which are unseen by and unknown to you, is in itself exceedingly simple. The communications are made by drawing an almost imperceptible point of electricity toward the part that they desire to affect in that way, and at the same time to use this point of electricity as one would use a pencil. The little child can perform the operation as well as an adult can. It is one of the simple things belonging to Nature. You ask how communications can be written when there is no one present. Well, that could not be. There is some one present, although that some one is invisible to mortal eyes. Spirits have hands, and can use them, and the atmosphere contains all that is necessary to the formation of all things which you have here in use on the earth, and thousands and tens of thousands that you have not here—that you know nothing about. Therefore, you have what is equivalent to a pencil, or pen and ink. Everything, from the mineral kingdom up to the highest spiritual, can be formed out of the atmosphere you breathe. It is the great repository of the life of this planet. It contains your gold, your silver, your precious stones. It contains the elements of every form that might be formed under the power of life, that takes an objective life, the power is in the atmosphere with which to create it. You should remember this, and instead of talking about the atmosphere being a void, talk of it as being a great repository of life—all kinds of life.

**Q.**—Will these formations made by spirits out of the atmosphere retain their form permanently?

**A.**—Oh no, not at all. That must come by and through a process natural to the planet, not by art. All these spirit forms, from the form of the flower to the form of the human body, are works of art, and therefore perishable.

**Q.**—What did the spirit mean in the invocation by addressing the Deity as father and mother?

**A.**—Your speaker understands the Deity to be both father and mother, the male and female principle of life, the positive and negative. You may as well use the terms father and mother as to use any other. They are only vehicles by which a certain meaning is conveyed to your mind.

**Q.**—Communications are sometimes written in Mrs. Friend's room when she is not present in the room. Have the spirits power to write them in any room?

**A.**—Yes, providing the right kind of medium is within a certain distance from the place where the writing is to be done. For it should be understood that the power with which to perform these extraordinary manifestations is always gathered first from the atmosphere, and is passed through the physical life of the medium and then condensed, made tangible, and in such a shape as to be useable here in your human life.

**Q.**—How does Mr. Read accomplish his performances?

**A.**—He does not accomplish them. The spirits do that for him.

**Q.**—In what way?

**A.**—Upon the same principle—precisely the same.

**Q.**—Why is his presence necessary at all?

**A.**—I have just told you.

**Q.**—Why is darkness necessary?

**A.**—Because darkness is more negative than light. Light is positive, therefore, the overcomer, sits up in the conditions, ready to receive manifestations. Why don't you see the lightning as well in the glare of the sunlight as you do after the sun has gone down?

**Q.**—Will the time ever arrive when these things will be done in the light?

**A.**—Yes; when the spirit-world or those spirits who are engaged in making these manifestations are more acquainted with the laws that are in activity in the positive force, when they become better acquainted with them and can master them, these manifestations can be performed in the light, but at present they cannot.

**Q.**—On a certain occasion at a spiritual circle an oyster supper was furnished to the guests by the spirits. I would like to ask whether the oysters were made by the power of the spirits?

**A.**—I was not present on that occasion, and therefore could not say. I presume they had the power to furnish the oysters from your mundane sphere precisely as they have the power to furnish you flowers. They bring their mediums flowers, and various things. If they can do that, they can bring them oysters as well.

**Q.**—Then the eighth commandment has no power in the spirit-world?

**A.**—The eighth commandment has no power in the spirit-world. It is a nonentity. Every spirit there has the right to whatever it has need of. You may be very sure you will never be taken up for stealing in the spirit-world.

**Q.**—The flowers, then, are not formed from the atmosphere, but are from some neighbor's garden, and belong to the owner of the garden?

**A.**—They have the power to form them out of the atmosphere. But such flowers soon fade away; that is to say, they are absorbed again by the atmosphere, perhaps while you are looking at them, but those that are a natural outgrowth of the earth, of course render obedience to the law of the earth. You pluck them from the parent stalk and they live a certain time, and then droop and fade away. Yes, they do take them from the gardens of their neighbors.

**Q.**—How are spirit-shapes made apparent to our natural senses?

**A.**—As I before said, the necessary power is taken from the atmosphere and carried to the medium and condensed or rendered objective there, and of course, as rendered objective, it is apparent to your physical senses. You can use it, you can handle it. It is, to all intents and purposes, an objective form. It is a chemical process. There are many chemists in the spirit-world.

**Q.**—Then the form is not their own?

**A.**—No, not absolutely. In one sense it is, and in another it is not. It is not their spirit form, for that you could not see, but it is a clothing for that form, that they have gathered from the atmosphere.

**Q.**—Is this a power of recent attainment?

**A.**—By no means. Jesus gave exhibitions of this power in his day.

**Q.**—Was it possessed before the time of Jesus?

**A.**—Yes, it was. I have no means of demonstrating the truth of my assertion. I simply make the assertion because I know it to be true, having met those who have told me that long prior to the birth of Jesus they exercised the same power on earth, and upon other planets.

**Q.**—Is it possible for spirits to be mistaken?

**A.**—Certainly it is; I should be very sorry if it was not.

**Q.**—When the spirit of a clairvoyant leaves the body and goes to the spirit-realm, may it not see the actual spirit bodies as they exist?

**A.**—Certainly; it is seen under spiritual conditions, but not under physical conditions. Clairvoyance may be called the telescope of mind. It reveals to your human senses what physical senses under ordinary conditions could not see. By the use of these senses you behold distant planets. You do not know that they exist without the use of the telescope. By and through clairvoyance, the soul beholds disembodied spirits and communes with them. Jan. 7.

### William Stacy.

I am William Stacy, from Thomaston, Maine, and I've fought my way through pretty hard places to get here, to send some word to my brother, who is here in Boston. I was myself quite religiously inclined, but my brother was not in favor of religion. Always said it was good enough for those who wanted it, but didn't see how it could benefit anybody after death. I thought he was very wicked, and used to tell him so, but he always laughed at me; but I find that what he once said to me is true. I wanted him to become converted and join the Church, and he said, "I don't care for those noisy churches in heaven, and I don't think it will pay." He was right, and I come back to tell him so. I used to think he was a hard case, a terrible hard case, and that it would be pretty rough with him after death. But I see it will be quite as well with him as if he had been attached to any church. I thought it would not do any harm to come back and state my views now. I believe in honest confession. It is good for all of us, and it will pay to confess, even after death. I think. I am sure I shall feel a great deal better, knowing I have done what I could to enlighten him before he comes. He used to say to me, "I try to do all the good I can. I help the poor as far as I can. I do not injure my neighbors. I do not slander any one, and I try to do just as much good as I can do in my way of life." Well, as long as he continued in that way, he has nothing to fear. I was patriotic enough to go to war, and at the time, he said, "How is it that you think it is right to fight? I don't see through it. I should think your religion would teach you that peace is better than war." I said, "Oh yes; but my religion teaches me to defend my country." He laughingly said, "So does mine, when I can do it without killing anybody." Well, he never took a life, that I know of, and I have. [Did you?] Yes, in war; of course it was legitimate murder. I come back to him owning that I am a murderer, as he said he believed all were who took part in this rebellion. I own it. But I am making the very best use of the means I have, to rid myself of all the old errors that I have, and to close the door upon them. I bid, when I went to war, my grandmother's Bible with me, a small pocket Bible, and he said, "It is a good thing; you better carry it in your breast-pocket. It will perhaps save you from a friendly rebel bullet." Well, I did carry it, but it did not save me, and I remember I thought how wicked he was, to speak so irreverently of that sacred book. I do not see now as I did when here. I should do far differently, if I had the privilege of coming back and living my life over again, and I'd like to have him know it. And if there is any way I can make use of to communicate with him, I should be very glad to tell him about our people, and what I have seen and heard, a great many things that would interest him. I think from what I have learned, a strong thing he used to say to me before death, that he thought he was some thing about these things, but he never said a word, and if he had, I should have rebuked him severely. [He probably understood that.] Yes, I suppose so. I have changed now, not only from this world to the spirit-world, but I have changed my religious belief. Say so, won't you? [What is his name?] Stephen. Named for his grandfather. Pious old man. I used to tell him that grandfather's mantle had not fallen on his shoulders. He said I ought to have been named for him instead. [Your age?] I was turning my thirty-second year. Jan. 7.

### James Flynn.

Well, it's pretty hard work to get round here, sometimes, ain't it? I was here some time ago.

James Flynn. And some time ago my communication was read by one of our clergymen, and he said, "That is, if I remember, like him. It is something like him," and he says, "If this is the spirit of James Flynn, who used to come to me at confession, I want him to tell me at that place what was the last thing he confessed and got absolution for before his death." Oh Lord! that is making a public confession is good, ain't it? Well, I do not know about it. [I think you had better though you can do as you choose.] Well, you see, sir, unless I can do that, I am lame on the other, because, you see, he will not do anything toward getting my communication to my people here. [You think he will not?] Oh yes, sir, I know it—not till I tell what it was that I confessed at the last confession.

Well, I don't know. It is putting myself in a very bad light, you see. The priest is understood to be no light at all to those that confess to him; that is, he don't shed anything at all outside. It is all within himself. No, sir, he don't tell. I don't know. It is pretty tough. [You don't know about it?] Well, I don't know. I might as well as I don't make up my mind to tell. [You may regret it if you miss the opportunity.] Well, I suppose I may as well out with it. You see it was this: When my cousin enlisted he got drunk, and he have his bounty money—have something like seventy-two—I think it was between seventy-two and seventy-five dollars. And they was ordered off down to Boxford to camp, and I was with him all day, and he put the money into my hands, and oh Lord! I was well, I was to give it to his old woman. There, that's it. Faith, and I used it myself. Oh, the devil take me for it. [That was hard on yourself.] Yes it was, then, and I tell you what it is, it will be hard on those I've left here, too, because I don't want to think of me as a selfish way. [Why had better know it now than by-and-by?] Why should they know it by-and-by? They not my confessor at all. [They must know it sometime.] Oh faith, I suppose they will know it now, any way. Well, this is what I call paying pretty dear for your whistle. Yes, sir, I think it is. I think the priest asked too much. But perhaps he thought I could not tell, or something. Faith, there it is, any way. [The confession will do you good, and may be of service to him.] Yes, sir, you see, the worst of it was I was not stay here long enough to get the money to pay it back again, as the priest told me I would do before he would absolve me. No, I not stay long enough to get fifteen dollars together. Oh Lord! well, a man's devilish had works follow him, don't they? [Yes, and his good works also.] Well, I think the bad ones are tighter to his heels than the good ones. And they are always sure to be sticking themselves into you. Oh Lord, I thought when I did that—well, I kinder quieted my conscience down and said just like this: His old woman takes a drop now and then, and it might all go for rum, and I might as well have it and she not know anything about it at all. I kept the most of it, spent about five dollars of it, and kept it till he was dead, and then of course there was nobody to tell anything about it; and when the priest says to me that I must tell you, you know, that was on my mind—and it was so big, oh Lord, it was covering everything else all over—and when I told him anything he said, "That's not all," he says, "that's not all." Lord, then I took into my head that he knew some way to make a clean get off. Well, now, here I have to come back and do the same thing in this public way. Oh, the devil take me; he ought to long ago. [You will feel better after this.] Maybe I will. [This has been preying upon your mind, I think.] Faith, it has then. You see, I not care at all about it if the woman was only in the spirit-world where she not want money. But she is here in this world, and poor, and oh Lord, the devil take me, that's all. If he'd took me before I done that I'd got rid of it. Well, I'll get rid of it now. I expect that the priest will all he can for me. Guess he will; God knows I've paid enough for it, that's all. Good-day, sir, and the Lord bless you, and I hope you will never do what I did, that's all. [I hope not; but one never knows what he may be led to do.] Oh faith, the devil will follow him, and talks to you to do it. Oh Lord, before you know you are taken in. You see, he talked to me about the woman's taking the rum, and I might as well have the money, and it would be better in my hands than hers, and all that. Oh Lord, well, I will get out of this some way, I suppose. [Oh yes.] Good-day to you. Jan. 7.

### Ida Horton.

I am Ida Horton, from Hartford. I am nine years old and one month now. I had the scarlet fever and I died, but I got alive again very quick. But my mother do not know that I have got alive; she thinks I am dead now, and I come back here to tell her that I got alive very quick—before my body was buried. You see, my mother do not know that people die and get alive again. Some of us do get alive again very quick, but I did not, and I been trying all this time to come back to tell my mother that I was alive. [How long since you passed away?] Last Christmas. [It is January.] Well, I went away just after Christmas last year. I've met my Cousin Will; he was killed at the battle of the Wilderness, and he is not a soldier here, but he is alive. He said he was taught that he would sleep till the morning of the resurrection and then he would come to life, but he is alive now, and he wants very much to talk to his father. His father is at the West—in St. Louis—and he wants to talk with him very much, because he wants him to know he is alive, just as I do. He is most twenty years old. You shall print, won't you? [Yes.] And tell my mother that the little girl that died—my mother was named Emma, and her name was Emma, and she is here with me, and she has beautiful things here, and she goes to school, and she don't want anything here but what she can have, and she is a beautiful child, and she has got her curls—they was cut off here when she was sick, but she has got them here, and she's very beautiful. Tell my mother so, will you? I bring her here to-day with me. She is waiting for me; and she is waiting for her mother to come. She's got a beautiful place for her mother, and she will be so glad when she gets done here so she can come to live with her. I don't know where her father is. I don't know him. I've never seen him, and she do not know. Good-afternoon, sir. Jan. 7.

Scenes conducted and questions answered by Theodore Parker; letters answered by William Berry. The spirits sent a vote of thanks for the flowers on the table.

### Invocation.

Our Father, we thank thee for the presence of thy holy spirit. It comes to us in our desire for knowledge, in those aspirations which well up in our souls, reaching out toward the great infinite good. We cannot name thee, neither can we give thee place, for thou hast all places for thine own, and thy name is attached unto all things. Thou art the flower; thou art the eagle; thou art the wisdom; thou art the grace; thou art the power; thou art the love; thou art all that ever has been, that is, or ever shall be. We rejoice that thy presence comes so nigh unto our consciousness that we know ourselves to be one with thee. We know that thy spirit giveth us life; thy presence taketh away all death. We understand that thou art writing upon the walls of time and eternity everywhere. We see the impress of thy love and thy power and thy wisdom even in what men call death. We read thee in the skies. We see thee in the earth. We hear thy voice in the wind. We see that thou dost manifest thyself to thy children through countless sources. Thou art ever speaking to our souls, and forever thou art calling us higher. Forever thou art drawing us away from the past, turning us on to that which we know nothing of. Oh we praise thee that our hearts are inclined to wisdom. We would not, when having attained one glory, fold our hands and sit down asking for no more. We would not, like Simon of old, say, when one blessing has been received, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." No, no. We would not stand in the place of any save that which thou hast marked out for our own soul. We ever ask, and we know that thou art ever ready to bestow; and while we receive, oh may we be as ready to give. While thy hand of love resteth upon us, while the lines of our lot are cast in pleasant places, may we remember that we are in the midst of the shadow of death. Oh may we leave the shadow, dispel the darkness. May we command the clouds to disappear, and may our prayers and our praises be so potent that the very hour shall bring the answer thereof. Our Father and our

Life, whose name we know not, and whose dwelling-place is within our souls, hear thou our prayers, and answer in thine own way, not ours. Amen. Jan. 11.

### Questions and Answers.

**Ques.**—Shall women vote?

**Ans.**—A very significant question. "Shall women vote?" That depends upon the voice of the times whether they shall, or whether they shall wait. If you had asked me what was my opinion concerning universal suffrage, I should, without hesitancy, say that every intelligent being, either male or female, all the members of any government, should have that privilege. This arbitrary division which custom has set up between the sexes, I thank God, is being swept away. I saw the dawning of this new day ere I passed from earth, and I believed in my soul that the time was not far distant when the morning bells would chime in honor of this glorious event. I believe in freedom, the very best kind of freedom. Not that freedom which would exercise authority over another—that is not freedom—but I believe in that kind of freedom which can be allowed to exercise all the powers of its inner life, and its outer life, too, for good—for individual good, for universal good. I believe in political freedom, in social freedom, in religious and spiritual freedom.

**Q.**—Fremont is said to have discovered a large city in ruins in the American desert. I would like to ask the controlling spirit who built that city? and what time was it built? When deserted, and for what reason?

**A.**—I cannot answer all these questions, nor can I give a positive answer to any of them. I can only give what is simply a reflection of other minds. Those minds who have investigated the subject with us in the spirit-world have come to the conclusion that the ruins once belonged to and were built by the ancient Aztecs. However, we do not know. It is a mere matter of speculation as yet.

**Q.**—Can the spirits explain the meaning of the word Sabbath? Where did it originate?

**A.**—It is an ancient Jewish legacy, a something bequeathed from the dark ages to the Christian world. That is one view of it. There is another. It would seem that a wise intelligence foresaw that the intense physical activity that would pervade physical life in its greed for gain would have need of a day of rest, a season wherein the spiritual forces could be withdrawn from the follies of the external and placed more closely with the realities of the inner life. You all know that when we have moved for a certain length of time in one special way, delving in one direction, for one or more weeks, we grow weary. We desire a change. We grow weak in that direction, and we must needs turn about or sit down to rest. A certain class of ancients believed that the Sabbath was a divine institution, and divine in this sense: They had a sort of tradition which informs them that an angel coming down from heaven, at a certain time, spoke to the children of men, charging them to rest from all physical or manual labor once in seven periods. That is to say, they divided their time into periods or classes of conditions; and once in seven they were to rest from all physical labor, and at that time they were called upon to commune through sleep with the gods. The wisest of those ancients were called upon to retire to some desert place, to go apart from their fellows, that they might gain thereby some special communion with the angels. And whoever discovered this rule, whoever discovered it and did any kind of work at that period, would be cut off from their fellows, and were not entitled to any privileges that would bring them happiness. Whatever would bring them misery they were free to obtain, but they were not allowed to pursue any course that would tend to make them happy. No matter how hard they might strive, they were always cut off. And it was said that these ancients believed that this practice was carried forward into the spirit-world; that whoever disobeyed this rule, with regard to that period of time, could find no happiness in the spirit-world, but were doomed to endless misery, ever seeking to become happy, and never finding happiness.

And thus, again, the forces that were combined against them. Here is one phase of the Christian hell, and, to my mind, it presents quite as much truth as the higher phase. This ancient belief contains quite as much real truth as the record which the Christian world reverences and believes in to-day.

**Q.**—What is the fate of the suicide on entering the spirit-world?

**A.**—He or she who commits suicide in the full possession of their normal faculties can be nothing more nor less than a spiritual coward, fearing to contend with present difficulties, choosing rather to run the risk of those they know nothing about. The suicide finds himself, or herself, attended at once, after death, by the angel of remorse, and this angel in plain, unmistakable characters shows them that they have chosen the way which is not the better way. The suicide, in passing from this sphere to the second degree of life voluntarily, commits a mistake; and the soul is punished for all the mistakes it makes. It is, of course, punished for this. I never met one single spirit who had entered the second sphere by the suicide's route who was not attended by the angel of remorse. I have talked with very many, and they all tell me that they were placed here on the earth again, could they live their lives over again, they would do far different. They will all assure you it was the very worst course they could have taken. Avoid it, every one of you.

**Q.**—Is there such a condition as that of perfect happiness?

**A.**—No, my brother, by no means. I have never seen that spirit who has enjoyed perfect happiness. We only know what happiness is by the contrast, and we never can contrast happiness by misery unless the misery comes close, so very close that we feel its shadow.

**Q.**—You spoke of the angel of remorse. Do you allude to a person, or is it a figurative expression?

**A.**—It is a figurative expression.

**Q.**—If the Sabbath was the seventh day of the week, how is it that we call Sunday, the first day of the week, the Sabbath?

**A.**—The Sabbath wherein the Jew pays his vows to his Jehovah is as sacred as the Christian Sabbath. It makes no difference what day you choose. It can make no difference. Whenever you feel that there is a necessity for soul-culture—whenever you feel that the physical needs rest, and the spiritual needs a different kind of activity, then it is your duty to keep the Sabbath, whether it is the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, or seventh day. It matters not.

**Q.**—Do you approve of baptism?

**A.**—Yes; the baptism of the holy spirit of truth. No other kind. The immersion by water is simply an old ceremonial that the intelligence of to-day should do away with. The Christian world talks very largely against heathen nations for bowing down to idols of wood and stone. How much better off is the Christian world? Where is the difference between bowing down to an idol of wood or stone to be cleansed of sin? They are both mere vain ceremonies, types of a religious idea, to be sure, but it is time, high time, that the Christian world had some better type—some better way of expressing the divine life.

**Q.**—What do you think of communion?

**A.**—Precisely the same.

**Q.**—Shall we see God after we die?

**A.**—No more than here.

**Q.**—Did the Asiatics descend from the American Indians, or the reverse?

**A.**—It has been determined that the American Continent was first peopled by emigrants from Asia. I think that is a correct view; therefore the Indians are descendants from the Asiatics, certainly.

**Q.**—Did all the races of men spring from one pair?

**A.**—Certainly not. I believe that every distinct race may have had its Adam and Eve; its prominent male and female—but to suppose that all the races sprung from one pair would be absurd.

**Q.**—Is there any distinction in the spirit-world between the members of the Catholic Church and those of other denominations?

**A.**—There is a kind of distinction, but not the kind that is in vogue here. There are no Catholic churches in the spirit-world, no Protestant churches. The Catholic goes to the spirit-world with his spirit imbued, to a certain extent, with Catholic ideas, more or less, and some of them we call them Catholic spirits. The Protestant goes in the same way. The Baptist, if he dies, is a Baptist still. The Universalist is Universalist still. That is to say, the shadow of their former

belief is closely wrapped around their spirits. They will tell you what was their faith on earth, and you can easily see that there is something of it with them in the spirit-world—that they have not got rid of it. But as they pass on in progress, as they learn that there are no religious castes in the spirit-world, they very soon fall into the freedom of thought, that belongs to the great spirit-realm, and worship God according to the dictates of their own inner life, and not according to the dictates of any church whatever. They are churches unto themselves. We all are in the spirit-world, and I thank God for it. Jan. 11.

### Charles E. Farrar.

[How do you do?] You ask me how I do. Well, that is pretty hard to tell, because I feel about as much used up as I did just before my death. I don't know whether it is anything that belongs to me, or whether it is a condition I have taken on, so I can't tell really how I do. I feel, in some respects, as though I was transported back to Danville, Virginia, again, and was dying in a rebel prison. So you can imagine on your own hook how I do. I am from Co. H, 58th Massachusetts. Charles E. Farrar, my name, and I am strongly in favor of reaching my friends in some tangible way, to speak or to write, or in any way that would make them know that the body I left in Danville is not me, and that I am alive still and in the possession of another body, and that I can return to earth and communicate with them. There, Major-General, that's what I want. [Where do your friends live?] Here in Boston, some of them. [Did you live here?] Yes, and in Springfield, Mass., and in Somerville and Worcester. Say I am very happily situated in the spirit-world, but I am weak on coming back, although something like five, nearly six years have gone since my death. Jan. 11.

### Susie Wilkins.

I have been here in the spirit-world between eight and nine years. I was eleven years old—in my twelfth year when I passed away from earth. I died of fever. I knew your "Birdie" (speaking to the Chairman, Mr. L. B. Wilson, and referring to his daughter Anna Cora), well. I went to the same school with her. My name was Susie Wilkins. She knew me and I knew her. I never knew anything about coming back till I learned of her; and she has been asking me great many times why I did not come, but I was afraid to—I thought it was so much like being sick and dying. But she assured me that I should never feel that sensation but once, and she thought I could afford to feel it once for the sake of all the good I would get, and all the good I would bestow in return. So finally, you see, I made up my mind to come, if she would help me, and she said she would to-day.

I lived on Tremont street. I went to the Franklin school, and I knew all about your "Birdie," and I knew when she died. I was not in the same class with her, but I knew her very well. I wish to communicate with my father. I wish him to know, first, that I can come, and second, that I wish to come to him, and that I am very happy in the spirit-world, and I should be still happier if I could communicate with the friends I have left. I have many things to say to father that I am sure he would be very glad to hear. And my mother—a blessing for her I always bring whenever I come near to earth. But I could bring it more clearly to her consciousness if she only knew I could return. And I would like that she should forget the earthly life, and that she and I are just the same after death as before. They have only lost their bodies, but they are the same people still. Good-day, sir. Jan. 11.

### Martha Robinson.

I knew about these things, and I told mother I would come if I could get the privilege of coming here. You see, here they never make any distinction between black people and white. People who are white as well as people who are as white as the beautiful spirit who has just left. I lived on Anderson street. Martha Robinson. I am twenty-three years old. I lost a brother in the war. My father has been in the spirit-world since I was a very small child, and my mother married again—married a Smith, and she believes in these things, believes in our coming back, and I told her I should come here. They always have the paper, so they've been looking out all this while for me. But, you see, I had to wait till the right time came. I been here now most six years, and I thought that was long enough to get rid of having any sad feelings when I came back, but I don't. I don't have felt just as badly if I staid away hundred years. I was priding myself I should escape that, because I'd been away so long; but I found myself thinking, how I used to feel just as soon as I got here; thought of it just as soon as I got here. Then you see, that's what brought it on. It is a kind of spiritual—the doctor said, one I see here over-seeing matters—he said it was a spiritual disease we were all very apt to catch; may not, he said. Might escape the small pox if we had not had it, but if we had never been back, we'd be pretty likely to catch the same feelings we went out with. Tell mother that I've seen father here, and he is a good spirit. He's tried pretty hard to help her along, and was always present whenever we set down and tried to get manifestations. Sometimes me and mother and brother Joe, before he went away, could get manifestations—could get the table to move, you see; and—kinder strange—we had to have a cup of







## Western Department.

J. M. FERRIS, EDITOR.

Individuals subscribing for the BANNER OF LIGHT by mail or otherwise, should send their letters containing remittance direct to WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Post-office orders, when sent, should be made payable to WILLIAM WHITE & CO., and not to J. M. FERRIS. This course will save much time and trouble. Local matters from the West requiring immediate attention, and long articles intended for publication, should also be sent direct to the Boston office. Letters and papers intended for us should be directed to J. M. FERRIS. Persons writing us in May will direct to 91 Lexington street, East Boston, Mass., care of B. O'Brien, Esq.

## The Scriptures Corrupted.

In the arguments between Christians and Mahometans the latter claim, as a proof of the divine origin of their religion, greater miracles than are recorded in the Christian Scriptures, and refer, with immense satisfaction, to the victory of the "crescent over the cross" as the greatest of all miracles.

There are no autographs of the gospel histories in existence—why is this? There are no manuscripts older than the sixth century—and why is this? Mahometans, infidels, rationalists, thinkers in all countries, unite in inquiring why were not the autographs of apostles and disciples preserved? Why were not the original gospel manuscripts preserved by those monks and Catholic bishops, as well as the relics of Peter, Paul and multitudes of doubtful saints?

Neither the candid nor profound scholarship of the English Godfrey Higgins was ever doubted. Rummaging the Congressional Library recently, we found a fragment of the Anacalypsis. The work is entitled, "The Corruptions of the Christian Scriptures," by Godfrey Higgins. On page 3d this author says: "In the last century the University of Oxford employed the learned Dr. Grabe to publish a version of the famous Alexandrian manuscript. The following is the description of this text given in the Encyclopaedia Britannica (in voce Bible): 'In this version the Alexandrian manuscript is not printed such as it is, but such as it was thought it should be; that is, altered wherever there appeared to be any fault of the copyists, or any word inserted from any particular dialect.' Thus," says Higgins, "every new version has been mended. The Jews mend the Samaritan; Origen corrects the Jews; Jerome improves Origen; Luther and Calvin mend the Fathers, and Dr. Grabe mends them all."

In the eleventh and twelfth centuries there seems to have been a standing Catholic edict for the correcting and improving of the Bible versions. The general supervision of these corrections was entrusted to Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Nicolas, Cardinal and Librarian of the Romish Church.

The Benedictine Monks of St. Maur, as all scholars admit, were very learned in the Latin and Greek languages. This was their specialty. In Cleland's life of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, the following passage occurs: "Lanfranc, a Benedictine Monk, Archbishop of Canterbury, having found the Scriptures much corrupted by copyists, applied himself to correct them, as also the writings of the Fathers, agreeable to the Orthodox faith—secundum fidem Orthodoxam. The same very learned Protestant divine has this remarkable passage: 'Impartially extracts from me the confession that the Orthodox have in some places altered the gospels.'—(Cleland's Spec., p. 62.)

This Lanfranc was at the head of the Monks St. Maur in A. D. 1059, and this society corrected the gospel histories and many of the writings of the fathers of the Church.

The celebrated Dr. Lardner writes (Cred. Gosp. Hist., ch. cxc.): "Victor Tununensis, an African bishop, who flourished about the sixth century, and wrote a chronicle ending at the year 566, says: 'When Messala was Consul (that is, in the year of Christ 506) at Constantinople, by order of the Emperor Anastasius, the holy gospels, being written by illiterate Evangelists, are censured and corrected.' Dr. Grabe, Dr. Lardner, Archbishop Lanfranc, Cleland, Victor, a distinguished Christian bishop, and others, eminent for learning as well as more honest than the majority of the clergyman and clergywomen of the nineteenth century, frankly admit that the writings of the fathers have been corrupted for their illiteracy, and the gospels amended and 'corrected.' Such is the testimony of Christian writers themselves.

Christianity, another name for bigotry and persecution, is the great 'humbug' of the age. Call us anything but a 'Christian.' Jesus we admire—love. The teachings and moral precepts ascribed to him are beautiful, divine. But Christianity has proven a failure. Already there is craps on its door.

## Noble Words.

In a recent correspondence with Prof. S. B. Brittan, distinguished both as a writer and speaker, he employs this emphatic language:

"My convictions on the subject of Spiritualism remain tangible, and unshaken as the granite of our everlasting hills. You cannot afford that an earthquake may not sink New Jersey, or another rebellion overthrow the Republic, but you may safely believe that long as the exercise of my reason is continued, I shall never abandon the only faith and philosophy which fully meet the demands of the human mind in its development on earth, and give positive knowledge of an eternal progressive existence along the measureless future."

Why are not such able and eminent men as Brittan, Tiffany, and others, in the lecture-field? Will the wealthy Spiritualists of the country answer? They can do so now, or wait till cold clouds cover their bodies, and they "go to their own place."

## Friends of Peace.

The Pennsylvania Peace Society held a large and deeply interesting meeting recently in the "Friends' Meeting House," Darby, Pa. Among the speakers were A. M. Powell, editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, N. Y., Joseph Powell, A. H. Love, Rachel W. M. Townsend, and others. The Indian question was prominently presented, and President Grant's proposition touching its settlement cordially approved. Alfred H. Love spoke feelingly, eloquently, upon the radical Peace Movement, and the blessings that must ultimately result from its universal acceptance and practice.

## Equal Rights Meeting in New York.

Doubtless the May anniversaries will be largely attended this spring in the different cities. The Chiefs and sub-Chiefs of the Cherokees, Chickasaws, and other Indian tribes, have appointed J. B. Wolf, Esq., of Colorado, and the Editor of this department of the Banner of Light, delegates to represent their views upon the suffrage question in the Convention to be held in New York the 13th and 14th of May.

## Clay, Mich.

The Spiritualists of Clay, St. Clair Co., Mich., met April 17th, and organized under the title of the "First Spiritual Church of the town of Clay," and appointed the necessary officers for the ensuing year. Dr. S. Summers is Corresponding Secretary. No "creed or ritual" adopted.

## St. Louis Convention-Day Journal.

This earnest and ever interesting monthly, edited by Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild, with a department from Troy, N. Y., lies before us. Running over the names of officers and pupils connected with the order of exercises, we heartily wished ourselves present to enjoy the feast. All Lyceum children would do well to learn and sing this song, clipped from the first page. The air is familiar:

## SOMETHING IN HEAVEN TO DO.

There'll be something in Heaven for children to do;  
None are idle in that blessed land;  
There'll be loves for the heart, there'll be thoughts for the

And employment for each little hand.

There'll be something to do, there'll be something to do,  
There'll be something in Heaven to do;  
On the bright, shining shore, where there's joy evermore,  
There'll be something for children to do.

There'll be lessons to learn of the wisdom of God,  
As they wander the green meadows o'er;  
And they'll have for their teachers in that best abode,  
All the good that have gone there before.

There'll be errands of love from the mansions above,  
To the dear ones that linger below;  
And it may be our Father in Heaven will send  
To be angels of mercy in woe.

There'll be and ones of earth to encourage and cheer  
With words of affection and love;  
To teach them the way to the glorious realm,  
Where dwells the bright spirits above.

Then let us all learn to be gentle and good,  
A happy, harmonious band,  
Then with joy we will go when we're summoned away  
To our friends in the fair Summer-Land.

## How to make our State and other Conventions Interesting and Attractive.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

Instead of a Three Days' Meeting have but two—Saturday and Sunday. First day to be for business. Time unemployed by business to be devoted to conference. If the business of a Convention can be performed in two sessions—forenoon and afternoon—use the evening session for short speeches. Second day (Sunday) for addresses. As an additional attraction, and as a means to render the deliberations of Conventions harmonious, invite people and mediums to be present the Friday evening previous, in different parts of the town or village where the Convention is to meet, for the purpose of holding spiritual circles!

It appears to me that this plan will result in the greatest good to the greatest number. It will allow the friends from different localities better opportunities to become acquainted with each other. It is simple, methodical, and will conduce, therefore, to the carrying out of heaven's first law, order.

## Mediums Wanted.

J. B. Wolf, Esq., originally a Methodist clergyman, and for a number of years a very earnest Spiritualist in Colorado and the West, desires to correspond with such physical mediums as are not at present engaged. Address him 425 North E. street, Washington, D. C.

## Sixth National Convention, or the American Association of Spiritualists.

To the Spiritualists of the World:  
The Board of Trustees of the American Association of Spiritualists have made arrangements for holding the Sixth Annual Meeting at Krenin Hall, in the city of Buffalo, State of New York, commencing on Tuesday, the thirty-first day of August, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and continuing in session until Thursday, the second day of September.

We therefore invite each State Organization to send the same number of Delegates that they have Representatives in Congress; and each Territory and Province having an organized Society, is invited to send Delegates according to the number of Representatives; and the District of Columbia to send two delegates—to attend and participate in the business which may come before said Convention.

By direction of the Board of Trustees,  
HENRY T. CHILM, M. D., Secretary,  
631 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## The Second National Convention of the Friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Pursuant to adjournment of the First National Convention of the Friends of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, the Second Annual Meeting will be held at Krenin Hall, in the City of Buffalo, State of New York, immediately after the adjournment of the Sixth National Convention of Spiritualists, on Thursday, the second day of September, 1869, at 10 o'clock in the morning, and to continue in session from day to day until the business of the Convention shall be accomplished.

We therefore invite each Progressive Lyceum on the Continent to send two Delegates, and an additional one for every fifty or fractional fifty over the first fifty members; and each State Organization to send as many Delegates as they may have Representatives in Congress; and each Local Organization, where there are no Lyceums, is invited to send two delegates—to attend and participate in this most important and practical work of the age.

HENRY T. CHILM, M. D., Sec'y.,  
631 Race street, Philadelphia.

In behalf of the Board:

DORIS M. FOX, Michigan,  
MICHAEL B. DYOIT, Pennsylvania,  
GEORGE HASKELL, M. D., Illinois,  
MARY A. SANBORN, Massachusetts,  
CONA L. V. DANIELS, Louisiana,  
NETTIE M. PRANK, Maryland,  
GEO. B. DAVIS, District of Columbia,  
ELI F. BROWN, Indiana,  
PORTIA GAGE, New Jersey,  
CLEMENTINE AVERILL, New Hampshire,  
G. M. FERNAN, Wisconsin,  
HARVEY E. M. BROWN, Illinois,  
JOHN H. CURRIER, Massachusetts,  
CONSELUS R. CAMPBELL, New Jersey.

## Meeting of the State Association of Spiritualists of Missouri.

The State Association of Spiritualists of Missouri will hold its second Annual Meeting in the city of St. Louis, on the 22d and 23d days of May next; at which time and place all the Associations of Spiritualists, and the friends of Spiritualism, in Missouri, are cordially invited to be present, as matters of importance will come before the Association, among which will be that of securing the services of missionaries. Speakers, both ladies and gentlemen, are earnestly solicited to attend. We also extend a cordial invitation to our friends in all parts of the United States to meet with us. Correspondence may be addressed to HENRY STAGG, Esq., Pres. State Assn., S. W. corner 3d and Pine sts., St. Louis, Mo. Or to L. S. McCOT, Esq., Sec. State Assn., Kingston, Caldwell Co., Mo., Kingston, Mo., April 22d, 1869.

## Northern Wisconsin Association of Spiritualists.

The next Quarterly Meeting of this Association will be held at Ripon, Wis., on Saturday and Sunday, 22d and 23d of May, 1869. By order of Committee, R. A. BLIND, Sec'y.

## Obituary.

Left Vineland, N. J., for the higher life, April 18th, 1869, George M. Fletcher, lately of Melrose, aged 57.

In being compelled, by the stern decree of Death, to thus adieu our brother from his tabernacle of flesh, to a higher sphere, we feel we have dissolved many bands that have been pleasant, and sundried ties that leave behind them only memories fraught with happiest influences. Mr. Fletcher was one of those rare and quiet men, whose uniform kindness, benevolence and sterling integrity combined to make all whom he approached his friends, leaving no space in the mind of any one who came in contact with him. He was a man of social intercourse he became endeared as one above all ordinary praise; and in public and official life his name was a synonym for the highest trust, the most unflinching integrity. Although he was but a few years beyond the prime of manhood, his friends feel soothed in their deepest grief that many years of practical life in the highest phases of Spiritualism had so trained and enlightened his spirit that he had hardly escaped from the trail of flesh ere he appeared by unmistakable manifestations to his friends, as one who had died and returned. He was a man of high spiritual attainment, and his life was a constant lesson to all who came in contact with him. His death is a great loss to the friends of Spiritualism. His heart-broken friends follow him to his spirit-home, as we feel and know that death is no bar to our continued communion, and that his words of welcome will still find an echo in our hearts, until we, too, are escorted by death "over the river" where he lingers for his friends to meet him in the Summer-Land.—(Cov.)

The through fare by rail from New York to Sacramento, Cal., will not be over \$100 in gold, and the emigrant will be able to get through for less than \$100 in currency.

## Special Correspondence.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

## THE COMING WOMAN.

Our theme, which is often used in flippancy phrase, really indicates the progressive tendency of the human world. If women had reached the summit of perfection, if they were the "angels" that have been pictured in the dreams of poets, if the clear-eyed searchers of this age could discern among its multitude of women the ideal woman, we should not feel thus impelled to peer into the unknown vista of the future for the "shadow" of that "coming event."

Goethe said: "Our wishes are presentiments of the faculties which lie within us, and harbingers of that which we shall be in a condition to perform." In view of this we are smitten with the old discontent. We feel that our lives are poor and mean. Above the highest good which humanity has yet exhibited there towers a possible better to which we ardently aspire. The brilliant galaxy of pure and wise, loving and noble women which has spanned the darkness of the world's night still falls short of representing our fair ideal. "We live in succession, in division, in parts, in particles." Here and there, all along—the ringing grooves of change, the names and deeds of good and noble women flash out on the historic page; but these give us fragments and promises rather than wholeness and fulfillment. Adelaide Proctor sings of "Incompleteness," and Elizabeth Browning sends out the rallying cry of "Anora Leigh." Let us speak such names in reverence. The woman and poet, the wife and mother, who breathed out her innocent life in utterances for humanity, has given us

"A noble type of good,  
Heroic womanhood."  
When Margaret Fuller, the gifted and honored, sits calmly in the storm-torn cabin to soothe her babe to sleep, and goes down to death with husband and child rather than accept life without them; when Florence Nightingale forsakes all to undo the bloody work of war; when Mary Patton and Mrs. McGuire bring safely home from distant seas the imperiled ships of their stricken companions; when Grace Darling and Ida Lewis risk their brave young lives to save the shipwrecked from ocean-graves, we feel that the name of woman is vindicated, and we can hardly ask for more.

But what these have done in rare moments of high inspiration, we would have all women capable of, and more. We would have the lives of women so rounded out, their natures so developed and harmonized, their souls so true and full of blessedness, their minds so clear with the light of thought, their hearts so warm with the life of love, that they may be the guardian-angels of society and the inspirers of the world. We would see each woman crowned with the intellect of a Madame De Staël, the beauty, grace and social friendliness of Madame Récamier, the tender, holy home affection of good Queen Victoria, and the philanthropy and religious devotion of our own saintly Lucretia Mott.

Where lies the path to this harmony and perfection of character? The first step is freedom. "Unhanded me!" is the cry from the heart of every woman who is struggling toward the dawning light. Take away, oh human society, the fetters that have bound us. Let us have free, full opportunity for the perfect evolution of every normal faculty. Give us culture; give us recognition and respect. Give us rights, and require of us the duties and responsibilities of freedom. Give us discipline and education. Throw open the doors of colleges and universities to young women as well as young men. Give us independence. Let the female clerks in Washington, the lady teachers in our schools, and workingwomen everywhere, receive "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work." Bind us to the highest interests of our great Republic by the electric chain of American citizenship; and sanctify the home by making it the radiant center of universal activity and beneficence. Thus only can the "coming woman," the glorious ideal of the past and the hope of the present, appear upon the horizon of the future.

"Then shall the reign of mind commence on earth,  
And, starting fresh, as from a second birth,  
Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring,  
Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing."

## BRIDGEPORT LYCEUM EXHIBITION.

The first exhibition of the Bridgeport (Conn.) Lyceum was given on Tuesday evening, April 20th, in the New Lyceum Hall. It is two years since the inauguration of this School, and it has grown in numbers from seven to eighty, with more than a corresponding increase in ability and interest. The exhibition was a remarkable success, and revealed a wonderful degree of talent among the children and young people connected with and interested in the Lyceum. The massing, marching, "Constellation of Groups," the plays, dialogues, speaking, singing and tableaux were beautiful, entertaining and instructive. Much of the acting would have done credit to any stage. The "tableaux and act," entitled "Ragpicker," "Modest Bluebeard," and "Gipsy's Warning," were especially touching, instructive and thrilling. The children performed Mrs. Hosmer's drama, "Who is My Neighbor?" with good effect. The dear Guardian, Mrs. Sarah Wilson, moved among her cherished flock like the embodied spirit of love. Mr. Swan, the Conductor, and all the other officers took their parts promptly and well. The ladies of the Bridgeport Society have this Lyceum work in charge, and under their supervision it is surprisingly prosperous. They have a piano, a library, the use of the best Hall in town, all the paraphernalia necessary for their exhibitions, all the Lyceum apparatus, and several hundred dollars in the treasury.

## ENTERTAINMENT BY THE NEW YORK LYCEUM.

A singular and beautiful feature of the Lyceum movement is the talent that is always unexpectedly evoked from the members during preparations for the "exhibitions" and "entertainments" which have been so much enjoyed by spectators. There is a quality in the performance of these little ones of the new kingdom—there is a spirit of enthusiasm, we might say of inspirations, manifest in their words and acts—that makes every Lyceum Festival, and even every ordinary session, a season not only of rare enjoyment to those who look and listen, but of high spiritual exaltation.

Such was the effect of the last entertainment given by the New York Lyceum, on the 26th of March, at the Everett Rooms. Without the weather was inclement, but within was a fair realm of blessed, beautiful children, and young men and maidens, radiant with the glow of hope and inspiration. The exercises were superintended by Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth, Conductor and Guardian. The Lyceum is exceedingly fortunate in having secured for the coming year the continuance of their supervision. Mr. P. E. Farnsworth has been long known as the gentlemanly, intelligent conductor of the New York

Progressive Spiritualist meetings; and Mrs. Harriet W. Farnsworth as a lady of culture, refinement, and devotion to the interests of the Lyceum and Society.

We had the pleasure of again listening to the voice of Mrs. E. J. Adams, on the evening in question, in "McGregor's Gathering," and other inspiring songs; and, "little Frankie," always a favorite, sang several new, sprightly ballads, which she emphasized by a bit of arch, innocent acting, that was very charming. Linnie, Dora, and Zoe Wilhour, with childlike grace and yet marked ability, took part in the beautiful "Fairy Scene," the "Representation of Groups," and other acts; and Bella, Lillie, and Minnie Green, gifted little actresses, performed adroitly on the mimic stage. Mrs. Addie Merritt, Assistant Guardian, led the "Wing Movements," by "An Infant Group," and most charming were the attempts of those bewitching babes to follow the evolutions of their skilled leader.

But time would fail us to tell of all the pleasant scenes enacted by those little people, or even to mention the names of all the actors. The young gentlemen and ladies also did themselves credit. The preparations of the stage and its paraphernalia was the work of Jamie Farnsworth, assisted by several young men of the Lyceum; and it was admirably fitted for the exhibition of the fine emblematic tableaux and dramas in which the entertainment abounded. Altogether it was "a feast of reason and a flow of soul" that will long be cherished in grateful remembrance.

## THE PRESS TEA.

On the evening of April 24th, the New York Sorosis invited the members of the Press Club to a "Tea" at Delmonico's, in return for a similar courtesy from the latter some time since, in the shape of a "Breakfast." It was a very enjoyable affair, and considerable amusement was created by the ladies taking the initiative in speech making, and in fact, relieving the gentlemen entirely from that task, since the reverse method had been so long practiced. Witty and able addresses were given by distinguished ladies, original poems were read or recited, and a sweet song was sung by a cantatrice. Wine was excluded from the ample board, but to the satisfaction of Sorosis and her guests.

## SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Alphabetically Arranged.

ADRIAN, MICH.—Regular Sunday meetings at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M., in City Hall, Main street. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 2 P. M. on Sunday. Mrs. Martha Hunt, President; Ezra T. Shorwin, Secretary.

ASTORIA, CLATSOP CO., OR.—The Society of Friends have just completed a new hall, and invite speakers traveling their way to give them a call. They will be kindly received.

APPLETON, WIS.—Children's Lyceum meets at 3 P. M. every Sunday.

BAVER, O.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Morley's Hall every Sunday at 11 A. M. J. S. Morley, Conductor; Mrs. T. A. Napp, Guardian; Mrs. E. P. Coleman, Assistant Guardian; Harriet Dayton, Secretary.

BALTIMORE, MD.—The First Spiritualist Association meet in this hall, 23 Summer street. M. T. Dole, President; Samuel H. Jones, Vice President; Wm. A. Duncklee, Treasurer. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. on Sunday. Miss Anna A. Sanborn, Conductor; Miss J. Chase, Secretary. Address all communications to A. J. Chase, 1611 Washington street.

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LOWELL, MASS.—The First Spiritualist Society hold a general conference every Sunday at 2 P. M., in Lyceum Hall, corner of Central and Middle streets. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. on Sunday. Conductor, Mrs. Eliza Hall, Guardian, N. S. Greenleaf, Cor. Sec.

LANSING, MICH.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10 o'clock in Lyceum Hall, Rev. Dr. Barnard, regular speaker. The Children's Lyceum meets at 1 o'clock.

MONTICELLO, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10 o'clock in Lyceum Hall, corner of Washington and Fifth streets. Services at 3 P. M.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—The Spiritualist Association hold meetings every Sunday at 2 and 4 P. M., at Museum Hall, corner of Elm and Pleasant streets. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 o'clock at the same hall. Albert Story, Conductor; Mrs. Fannie Shepard, Guardian.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Bowman's Hall, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. George Godfrey, Chairman. Speaker engaged—J. L. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 2 P. M. on Sunday. Conductor, Betty Barker, Guardian; Dr. T. J. Freeman, Musical Director.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. in the Lyceum Hall, corner of Broadway and City Hall. Lectures at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 2 P. M. P. E. Farnsworth, Secretary, P. O. box 5678.

NEWARK, N. J.—The First Spiritualist Association hold meetings every Sunday at 10 o'clock in Lyceum Hall, corner of Elm and Pleasant streets. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 2 P. M. on Sunday. Conductor, Mrs. S. L. Tarr, Guardian; Mrs. Lumford, Musical Director; J. Loring, Secretary. Conference or lecture in same hall at 7 o'clock.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Lectures and Conference on the Philosophy of Spiritualism, every Sunday, at 10 A. M. in the hall, 111 Carondelet street, up stairs. William R. Miller, Lecturer; J. C. Norwood, Vice President; D. W. Green, Sec'y.

OSWEGO, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold regular