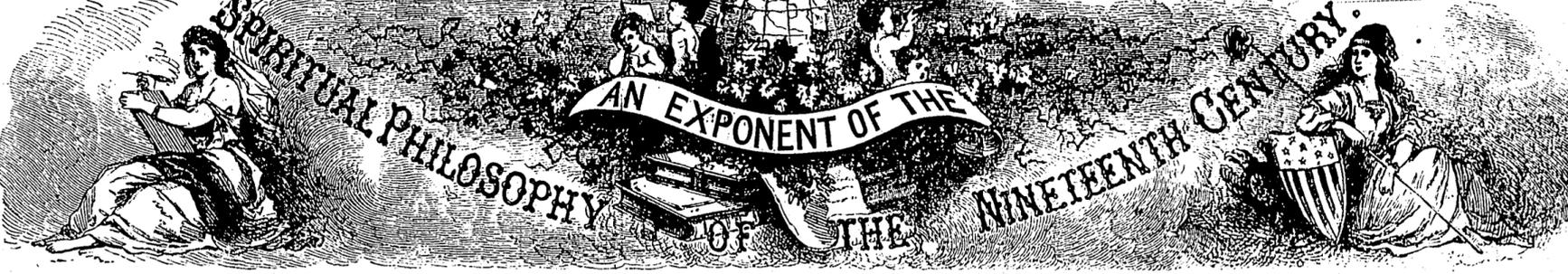


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXV.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1874.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
In Advance.

NO. 15.

Banner Contents.

First Page: "A Defence of Modern Spiritualism," by Alfred R. Wallace, F. R. S. Second: "American Science—Its Present and Future," a lecture by Prof. E. Whipple. "Phases of Mediumship," by William Foster, Jr. "Tom Pringle's Spirit," by H. O. Baker. Third: "Mrs. Tappan's Lecture in Bishop Auckland, Eng.," "Items of Travel," by Warren Chase. Banner Correspondence: "Notes by the Wayside, No. 1," by Dr. Dean Clarke. Poem—"The Thought," by Agape. "Theodore Parker," a Biography by Octavius Brooks Frothingham; Obituaries: List of Liberal Leagues. Fourth: Leading Editorials on "Bigotry by Law," "Dr. Miner's Dynasty," "Judge Edmonds's Faith," "The Usual Result—In America," "Beecher and Hawthorne," etc. Fifth: "Brief Paragraphs," Short Editorials, etc. Sixth: Spirit Messages; "Spiritual Phenomena;" "Translation into Spirit Life." Seventh: Miscellaneous Advertisements. Eighth: "Pearls;" "Letters from Henry T. Child, M. D., and Robert Dale Owen;" "The Patne Memorial Exercises," etc.

From the London Fortnightly Review, June, 1874.

A DEFENCE OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

BY ALFRED R. WALLACE, F. R. S., &c.

[Conclusion.]

HISTORICAL TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM.

The lessons which Modern Spiritualism teaches may be classed under two heads. In the first place, we find that it gives a rational account of various phenomena in human history which physical science has been unable to explain, and has therefore rejected or ignored; and, in the second, we derive from it some definite information as to man's nature and destiny, and, founded on this, an ethical system of great practical efficacy. The following are some of the more important phenomena of history and of human nature which science cannot deal with, but which Spiritualism explains:

1. It is no small thing that the Spiritualist finds himself able to rehabilitate Socrates as a sane man, and his "demon" as an intelligent spiritual being who accompanied him through life—in other words, a guardian spirit. The non-Spiritualist is obliged to look upon one of the greatest men in human history, not only as subject all his life to a mental illness, but as being so weak, foolish, or superstitious as never to discover that it was an illusion. He is obliged to disbelieve the fact asserted by contemporaries and by Socrates himself, that he forewarned him truly of dangers; and to hold that this noble man, this subtle reasoner, this religious skeptic, who was looked up to with veneration and love by the great men who were his pupils, was imposed upon by his own fancies, and never during a long life found out that they were fancies, and that their supposed monitions were as often wrong as right. It is a positive mental relief not to have to think thus of Socrates.

2. Spiritualism allows us to believe that the oracles of antiquity were not all impostures; that a whole people, perhaps the most intellectually acute who ever existed, were not all dupes. In discussing the question, "Why the Prophetess Pythia giveth no Answers now from the Oracle in Verse," Plutarch tells us that when kings and states consulted the oracle on weighty matters that might do harm if made public, the replies were couched in enigmatical language; but when private persons asked about their own affairs they got direct answers in the plainest terms, so that some people even complained of their simplicity and directness, as being unworthy of a divine origin. And he adds this positive testimony: "Her answers, though submitted to the severest scrutiny, have never proved false or incorrect. On the contrary, the verification of them has filled the temple with gifts from all parts of Greece and foreign countries." And again, "The answer of Pythia proceeds to the very truth, without any diversion, circuit, fraud, or ambiguity. It has never yet, in a single instance, been convicted of falsehood." Would such statements be made by such a writer, if these oracles were all the mere guesses of impostors? The fact that they declined and ultimately failed, is wholly in their favor; for why should imposture cease as the world became less enlightened and more superstitious? Neither does the fact that the priests could sometimes be bribed to give out false oracles prove anything, against such statements as that of Plutarch and the belief during many generations, supported by ever-recurring experiences, of the greatest men of antiquity. That belief could only have been formed by demonstrative facts; and Modern Spiritualism enables us to understand the nature of those facts.

3. Both the Old and New Testaments are full of Spiritualism, and Spiritualists alone can read the record with an enlightened belief. The hand that wrote upon the wall at Belshazzar's feast, and the three men unhurt in Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, are for them actual facts which they need not explain away. St. Paul's language about "spiritual gifts," and "trying the spirits," is to them intelligible language, and the "giving of tongues" a simple fact. When Christ cast out "devils" or evil spirits, he really did so—not merely startle a madman into momentary quiescence; and the water changed into wine, as well as the bread and fishes continually renewed till five thousand men were fed, are credible as extreme manifestations of a power which is still daily at work among us.

4. The miracles of the saints, when well attested, come into the same category. Those of St. Bernard, for instance, were often performed in broad day before thousands of spectators, and were recorded by eye-witnesses. He was himself greatly troubled by them, wondering why this power was bestowed upon him; and fearing lest it should make him less humble. This was not the frame of mind, nor was St. Bernard's character, of a deluded enthusiast. The Spiritualist need not believe that all this never happened; or that St. Francis d'Assisi and St. Theresa were not raised into the air, as eye-witnesses declared they were.

5. Witchcraft and witchcraft trials have a new interest for the Spiritualist. He is able to detect hundreds of curious and minute coincidences with phenomena he has himself witnessed; he is able to separate the facts from the absurd inferences which people imbued with the frightful superstition of diabolism drew from them, and from which false inferences all the horrors of the witchcraft mania arose. Spiritualism, and Spiritualism alone, gives a rational explanation of witchcraft, and determines how much of it was objective fact, how much subjective illusion.

6. Modern Roman Catholic miracles become intelligible facts: Spirits whose affections and passions are strongly excited in favor of Catholicism, produce those appearances of the Virgin and of saints which they know will tend to increased religious fervor. The appearance itself may be an objective reality; while it is only an inference that it is the Virgin Mary—an inference which every intelligent Spiritualist would repudiate as in the highest degree improbable.

7. Second-sight, and many of the so-called superstitions of savages, may be realities. It is well known that medium-

istic power is more frequent and more energetic in mountainous countries; and as these are generally inhabited by the less civilized races, the beliefs that are more prevalent there may be due to facts which are more prevalent, and be wrongly imputed to the coincident ignorance. It is known to Spiritualists that the pure air of California led to more powerful and more startling manifestations than in any other part of the United States.

8. The recently-discussed question of the efficacy of prayer receives a perfect solution by Spiritualism. Prayer may be often answered, though not directly, by the Deity. Nor does the answer depend wholly on the morality or the religion of the petitioner; but as men who are both moral and religious, and are firm believers in a divine response to prayer, will pray more frequently, more earnestly and more disinterestedly, they will attract toward them a number of spiritual beings who sympathize with them, and who, when the necessary mediumistic power is present, will be able, as they are often willing, to answer the prayer. A striking case is that of George Müller, of Bristol, who has now for forty-four years depended wholly for his own support, and that of his wonderful charities, on answer to prayer. His "Narrative of Some of the Lord's Dealings with George Müller" (6th Ed., 1860), should have been referred to in the late discussion, since it furnishes a better demonstration that prayer is sometimes really answered, than the hospital experiment proposed by Sir Henry Thomson could possibly have done. In this work we have a precise yearly statement of his receipts and expenditures for many years. He never asked any one or allowed any one to be asked, directly or indirectly, for a penny. No subscriptions or collections were ever made; and yet from 1839 (when he married without any income whatever) he has lived, brought up a family, and established institutions which have steadily increased, till now four thousand orphan children are educated and in part supported. It has happened hundreds of times that there has been no food in his house and no money to buy any, or no food or milk or sugar for the children; yet he never took a loaf or any other article on credit even for a day; and during the thirty years over which his narrative extends, neither he nor the hundreds of children dependent upon him for their daily food have ever been without a regular meal! They have lived, literally, from hand to mouth; and his one and only resource has been secret prayer. Here is a case which has been going on in the midst of us for forty years, and is still going on; it has been published to the world for many years; yet a warm discussion is carried on by eminent men as to the fact of whether prayer is or is not answered, and not one of them exhibits the least knowledge of this most pertinent and illustrative phenomenon! The Spiritualist explains all this as a personal influence. The perfect simplicity, faith, boundless charity and goodness of George Müller, have enlisted in his cause beings of a like nature; and his mediumistic powers have enabled them to work for him by influencing others to send him money, food, clothes, &c., all arriving, as we should say, just in the nick of time. The numerous letters he received with these gifts, describing the sudden and uncontrollable impulse the donors felt to send him a certain definite sum at a certain fixed time—such being the exact sum he was in want of and had prayed for—strikingly illustrates the nature of the power at work. All this might be explained away, if it were partial and discontinuous; but when it continued to supply the daily wants of a life of unexampled charity, for which no provision in advance was ever made (for that Müller considered would show want of trust in God), no such explanation can cover the facts.

9. Spiritualism enables us to comprehend and find a place for that long series of disturbances and occult phenomena of various kinds, which occurred previous to what are termed the Modern Spiritual Manifestations? Robert Dale Owen's works give a rather full account of this class of phenomena, which are most accurately recorded and philosophically treated by him. This is not the place to refer to them in detail; but one of them may be mentioned as showing how large an amount of unexplained mystery there was, even in our own country, before the world heard anything of Modern Spiritualism. In 1841, Major Edward Moor, F. R. S., published a little book called "Beddings Bells," giving an account of mysterious bell-ringing in his house at Great Bedings, Suffolk, and which continued for fifty-three days. Every attempt to discover the cause, by himself, friends, and bell-hangers, were fruitless; and by no efforts, however violent, could the same clamorous and rapid ringing be produced. He wrote an account to the newspapers, requesting information bearing on the subject, when, in addition to certain wise suggestions—of rats or a monkey as efficient causes—he received fourteen communications, all relating cases of mysterious bell-ringing in different parts of England, many of them lasting much longer than Major Moor's, and all remaining unexplained. One lasted eighteen months; another was in Greenwich Hospital, where neither clerk-of-the-works, bell-hanger, nor men of science could discover the cause. One clergyman wrote of disturbances of a most serious kind continued in his parsonage for nine years, and he was able to trace back their existence in the same house for sixty years. Another case had lasted twenty years, and could be traced back for a century. Some of the details of these cases are most instructive. Trick is absolutely the most incredible of all explanations. Spiritualism furnishes the explanation by means of analogous facts occurring every day, and forming part of the great system of phenomena which demonstrates the spiritual theory. Major Moor's book is very rare; but a good abstract of it is given in Owen's "Debatable Land," pp. 239-258.

MORAL TEACHINGS OF SPIRITUALISM.

We have now to explain the Theory of Human Nature, which is the outcome of the phenomena taken in their entirety, and is also more or less explicitly taught by the communications which purport to come from spirits. It may be briefly outlined as follows:

1. Man is a duality, consisting of an organized spiritual form, and evolving coincidentally with and permeating the physical body, and having corresponding organs and developments.
2. Death is the separation of this duality, and effects no change in the spirit, morally or intellectually.
3. Progressive evolution of the intellectual and moral nature is the destiny of individuals; the knowledge, attainments and experience of earth-life forming the basis of spirit-life.
4. Spirits can communicate through properly-endowed mediums. They are attracted to those they love or sympathize with, and strive to warn, protect, and influence them for good, by mental impression when they cannot effect any more direct communication; but, as follows from clause (2),

their communications will be fallible, and must be judged and tested just as we do those of our fellow-men.

The foregoing outline propositions will suggest a number of questions and difficulties, for the answers to which readers are referred to the works of R. D. Owen, Hudson Tuttle, Professor Hare, and the records of Spiritualism *passim*. Here I must pass on to explain with some amount of detail, how the theory leads to a pure system of morality with sanctions far more powerful and effective than any which either religious systems or philosophy have put forth.

This part of the subject cannot, perhaps be better introduced than by referring to some remarks by Professor Huxley in a letter to the Committee of the Dialectical Society. He says, "But supposing the phenomena to be genuine—they do not interest me. If anybody would endow me with the faculty of listening to the chatter of old women and curates at the nearest cathedral town, I should decline the privilege, having better things to do. And if the folk in the spiritual world do not talk more wisely and sensibly than their friends report them to do, I put them in the same category." This passage, written with the caustic satire of which the kind-hearted Professor occasionally indulges, can hardly mean that if it were proved that men really continued to live after the death of the body, that fact would not interest him, merely because some of them talked twaddle? Many scientific men deny the spiritual source of the manifestations, on the ground that real, genuine spirits might reasonably be expected not to indulge in the common-place trivialities which do undoubtedly form the staple of ordinary spiritual communications. But surely Professor Huxley, as a naturalist and philosopher, would not admit this to be a reasonable expectation. Does he not hold the doctrine that there can be no effect, mental or physical, without an adequate cause? and that mental states, faculties, and idiosyncrasies, that are the result of gradual development and life-long—or even ancestral—habits cannot be suddenly changed by any known or imaginable cause? And if (as the Professor would probably admit) a very large majority of those who daily depart this life are persons addicted to twaddle, persons who spend much of their time in low or trivial pursuits, persons whose pleasures are sensual rather than intellectual—whence is to come the transforming power which is suddenly, at the mere throwing off the physical body, to change these into beings able to appreciate and delight in high and intellectual pursuits? The thing would be a miracle, the greatest of miracles, and surely Professor Huxley is the last man to contemplate innumerable miracles as part of the order of nature; and all for what? Merely to save these people from the necessary consequences of their subsequent lives. For the essential teaching of Spiritualism is that we are all, in every act and thought, helping to build up a "mental fabric," which will be a constituent ourselves, more completely after the death of the body than it does now. Just as this fabric is well or ill built, so will our progress and happiness be aided or retarded. Just in proportion as we have developed our higher intellectual and moral nature, or starved it by disuse and by giving undue prominence to those faculties which secure us mere physical or selfish enjoyment, shall we be well or ill fitted for the new life we enter on. The noble teaching of Herbert Spencer, that men are best educated by being left to suffer the natural consequences of their actions, is the teaching of Spiritualism as regards the transition to another phase of life. There will be no imposed rewards or punishments; but every one will suffer the natural and inevitable consequences of a well or ill-spent life. The well-spent life is that in which those faculties which regard our personal physical well-being are subordinated to those which regard our social and intellectual well-being, and the well-being of others; and that inherent feeling—which is so universal and so difficult to account for—that these latter constitute our higher nature, seems also to point to the conclusion that we are intended for a condition in which the former will be almost wholly unnecessary, and will gradually become rudimentary through disuse, while the latter will receive a corresponding development.

Although, therefore, the twaddle and triviality of so many of the communications is not one whit more interesting to sensible Spiritualists than it is to Prof. Huxley, and is never voluntarily listened to, yet the fact that such poor stuff is talked (supposing it to come from spirits) is both a fact that might have been anticipated and a lesson of deep import. We must remember, too, the character of the sciences at which these communications are received. A miscellaneous assemblage of believers of various grades and tastes, and mostly in search of an evening's amusement, and of skeptics who look upon all the others as either fools or knaves, is not likely to attract to itself the more elevated and refined denizens of the higher spheres, who may well be supposed to feel too much interest in their own new and grand intellectual existence to waste their energies on either class. If the fact is proved, that people continue to talk after they are dead with just as little sense as when alive, but that, being in a state in which sense, both common and uncommon, is of far greater importance to happiness than it is here (where fools pass very comfortable lives), they suffer the penalty of having neglected to cultivate their minds, and being so much out of their element in a world where all pleasures are mental, they endeavor to recall old times by gossiping with their former associates, whenever they can find the means—Prof. Huxley will not fail to see its vast importance as an incentive to that higher education which he is never weary of advocating. He would assuredly be interested in anything having a really practical bearing on the present as well as on the future condition of men; and it is evident that even these low and despised phenomena of Spiritualism, "if true," have this bearing, and, combined with its higher teachings constitute a great moral agency, which may yet regenerate the world. For the Spiritualist who, by daily experience, gets absolute knowledge of these facts, regarding the future state—who knows that just in proportion as he indulges in passion, or selfishness, or the exclusive pursuit of wealth, and neglects to cultivate the affections and the varied powers of his mind, so does he inevitably prepare for himself misery in a world in which there are no physical wants to be provided for, no sensual enjoyments except those directly associated with the affections and sympathies, no occupations but those having for their object social and intellectual progress—is impelled toward a pure, a sympathetic, and an intellectual life by motives far stronger than any which either religion or philosophy can supply. He dreads to give way to passion or to falsehood, to selfishness or to a life of luxurious physical enjoyment, because he knows that the natural and inevitable consequences of such habits are future misery, necessitating a long and arduous struggle in order to develop anew the faculties, whose exercise long disuse has rendered painful to him. He will be deterred from crime by the knowledge that its unforeseen consequences may cause him ages of remorse; while the bad passions which it encourages will be a perpetual torment to himself in a state of being in which mental emotions cannot be laid aside or forgotten amid the fierce struggles and sensual pleasures of a physical existence. It must be remembered that these beliefs (unlike those of theology) will have a living efficacy, because they depend on facts occurring again and again in the family circle, constantly reiterating the same truths as the result of personal knowledge, and thus bringing home to the mind, even of the most obtuse, the absolute reality of that future existence in which our degree of happiness or misery will be directly dependent on the "mental fabric" we construct by our daily thoughts and words and actions here. Contrast this system of natural and inevitable reward and retribution, dependent wholly on the proportionate development of our higher mental and moral nature, with the arbitrary system of rewards and punishments dependent on stated acts and beliefs only; as set forth by all dogmatic religions, and who can fail to see that the former is in harmony with the whole order of Nature—the latter opposed to it. Yet it is actually said that Spiritualism is altogether either impotent or delusion, and all its teachings but the product of "expectant attention" and "unconscious cerebration"! If none of the long series of demonstrative facts which have been here sketched out, existed, and its only product were this theory of a future state, that alone would negative such a

supposition. And when it is considered that mediums of all grades, whether intelligent or ignorant, and having communications given through them in various direct and indirect ways, are absolutely in accord as to the main features of this theory, what becomes of the gross misstatement that nothing is given through mediums but what they know and believe themselves? The mediums have, almost all, been brought up in some of the usual Orthodox beliefs. How is it, then, that the usual Orthodox notions of heaven are never confirmed through them?

In the scores of volumes and pamphlets of spiritual literature I have read, I have found no statement of a spirit describing "winged angels," or "golden harps," or the "throne of God"—which the humblest orthodox Christian thinks he will be introduced if he goes to heaven at all. There is no more startling and radical opposition to be found between the most diverse religious creeds, than that between the beliefs in which the majority of mediums have been brought up and the doctrines as to a future life that are delivered through them: there is nothing more marvelous in the history of the human mind than the fact that, whether in the back-woods of America or in country towns in England, ignorant men and women having almost all been brought up in the usual sectarian notions of heaven and hell, should, the moment they become seged by the strange power of mediumship, give forth teachings on this subject, which are philosophical rather than religious, and which differ wholly from what had been so deeply ingrained into their minds. And this statement is not affected by the fact that communications purport to come from Catholic or Protestant, Mahometan or Hindoo spirits. Because, while such communications maintain special dogmas and doctrines, yet they confirm the very facts which really constitute the spiritual theory, and which in themselves contradict the theory of the sectarian spirits. The Roman Catholic spirit, for instance, does not describe himself as being in either the orthodox purgatory, heaven, or hell; the Evangelical Dissenter who died in the firm conviction that he should certainly go to Jesus, never describes himself as going with Christ, or as ever having seen him, and so on throughout. Nothing is more common than for religious people at seances to ask questions about God and Christ. In reply they never get more than opinions, or more frequently the statement that they, the spirits, have no more actual knowledge of those subjects than they had while on earth. So that the facts are all harmonious; and the very circumstance of there being sectarian spirits bears witness in two ways to the truth of the spiritual theory—it shows that the mind, with its ingrained beliefs, is not suddenly changed at death; and it shows that the communications are not the reflection of the mind of the medium, who is often of the same religion as the communicating spirit, and because he does not get his own ideas confirmed is obliged to call in the aid of "Satanic influence" to account for the anomaly.

The doctrine of a future state and of the proper preparation for it as here developed, is to be found in the works of all Spiritualists, in the utterances of all trance-speakers, in the communications through all mediums; and this could be proved, did space permit, by copious quotations. But it varies in form and detail in each; and just as the historian arrives at the opinions or beliefs of any age or nation, by collating the individual opinions of its best and most popular writers, so do Spiritualists collate the various statements on the subject. They know well that absolute dependence is to be placed on no individual communications. They know that these are received by a complex physical and mental process, both communicator and recipient influencing the result; and they accept the teachings as to the future state of man only so far as they are repeatedly confirmed in substance (though they may differ in detail) by communications obtained under the most varied circumstances, through mediums of the most different characters and requirements; at different times and in distant places. Fresh converts are apt to think that, once satisfied the communications come from their deceased friends, they may implicitly trust to them, and apply them universally; as if the vast spiritual world was all molded to one pattern, instead of being, as it almost certainly is, a thousand times more varied than human society on the earth, is, or ever has been. The fact that the communications do not agree as to the condition, occupations, pleasures, and capacities of individual spirits, so far from being a difficulty, as has been absurdly supposed, is what ought to have been expected; while the agreement on the essential features of what we have stated to be the spiritual theory of a future state of existence, is all the more striking, and tends to establish that theory as a fundamental truth.

The assertion so often made, that Spiritualism is the survival or revival of old superstitions, is so utterly unfounded as to be hardly worth notice. A science of human nature which is founded on observed facts; which appeals only to facts and experiment; which takes no beliefs on trust; which inculcates investigation and self-reliance as the first duties of intelligent beings; which teaches that happiness in a future life can be secured by cultivating and developing to the utmost the higher faculties of our intellectual and moral nature, and by no other method—is and must be the natural enemy of all superstition. Spiritualism is an experimental science, and affords the only sure foundation for a true philosophy and a pure religion. It abolishes the terms "supernatural" and "miracle," an extension of the sphere of fact, and the realm of nature; and in doing so it takes up and explains whatever is true in the superstitions and so-called miracles of all ages. It, and it alone, is able to harmonize conflicting creeds; and it must ultimately lead to an end—among mankind in the matter of religion, which has for so many ages been the source of unceasing discord and incalculable evil; and it will be able to do this because it appeals to evidence instead of faith, and substitutes facts for opinions; and is thus able to demonstrate the source of much of the teaching that men have so often held to be divine.

It will thus be seen that those who can form no higher conception of the uses of Spiritualism, "even if true," than to detect error or to name in advance the winner of the Derby, not only prove their own ignorance of the whole subject, but exhibit in a marked degree that partial mental paralysis, the result of a century of materialistic thought, which renders so many men unable seriously to conceive the possibility of a natural continuation of human life after the death of the body. It will be seen also that Spiritualism is no mere "physiological" curiosity, no mere indication of some hitherto unknown "law of nature"; but that it is a science of vast extent, having the widest, the most important, and the most practical issues, and as such should enlist the sympathies alike of moralists, philosophers and politicians, and of all who have at heart the improvement of society and the permanent elevation of human nature.

In concluding this necessarily imperfect though somewhat lengthy account of a subject about which so little is probably known to most of the readers of the Fortnightly Review, I would earnestly beg them not to satisfy themselves with a minute criticism of single facts, the evidence for which, in my brief survey, may be imperfect; but to weigh carefully the mass of evidence I have adduced, considering its wide range and various bearings. I would ask them to look rather at the results produced by the evidence than at the evidence itself as imperfectly stated by me; to consider the long roll of men of ability who, commencing the inquiry as skeptics, left it as believers, and to give these men credit for not having overlooked, during years of patient inquiry, difficulties which at once faced them; to give them credit for not having been closed down to themselves, I would ask them to ponder well on the fact, that no earnest inquirer has ever come to a conclusion adverse to the reality of the phenomena; and that no Spiritualist has ever yet given them up as false. I would ask them, finally, to dwell upon the long series of facts in human history that Spiritualism explains, and on the noble and satisfying theory of a future life that it unfolds. If they will do this, I feel confident that the result I have alone aimed at will be attained; which is, to remove the prejudices and misconceptions with which the whole subject has been surrounded, and to incite to unbiased and persevering examination of the facts. For the cardinal maxim of Spiritualism is, that every one must find out the truth for himself. It makes no claim to be received on hearsay evidence; that, on the other hand, it demands that it be not rejected without patient, honest and fearless inquiry.

The Rostrum.

AMERICAN SOCIETY—ITS PRESENT AND FUTURE.

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

Prof. E. Whipple, of Cambridge, delivered an eloquent lecture on the above subject before the Boston Music Hall Spiritualist Free Course, during the season recently closed. In commencing his remarks the speaker said he desired to cast a retrospective glance upon the forms of society which had existed in the past. Man—and his relations—had been so erroneously considered, as to be held as problem whose solution must be sought for outside the domain of natural law, while all the residue of the great panorama of earthly existence moved in accordance with that law; but that view of humanity was being gradually removed by the increase of enlightenment. The science of force and the science of causation had found disciples in the past, but it was reserved for the nineteenth century to consider (though not fully) the bearings of social and political science—the comprehensive works of Herbert Spencer, Buckle and others being cited as evidence thereof.

Man possessed faculties, social, moral, intellectual, which flowed out from a soul which was constantly urging him to activity; but the different races of the human family exhibited different degrees of development in the same, and the question was whether this dissimilarity in national characteristics was because of human differences in individuality, or because of other things peculiar to the surroundings of the varying races. Human nature, the speaker said, was reacted upon by the influences of external nature; and, therefore, in his opinion, by the coaction of human faculties, the results of external influences, and the relation which these two factors had sustained to each other in history, had the individuality of each nation been fashioned. As instances of this fact, he referred to the Hittite system of thought and religion, which cradled beneath the lofty Himalayas, where Nature was displayed on a stupendous scale, became so fashioned as to force man to feel his insignificance; at the same time the grandeur of that Nature acted upon his organ of sublimity to such a degree that the entire early literature of that nation was written in poetry; but if the onward course of man was traced from thence into countries where Nature existed on a less extensive scale, where the land was more level and the mountains less lofty—as in Greece, particularly—he should find that there he had passed through his mental childhood, and begun in a higher degree to appreciate the powers inherent in himself; and for the first time in history we should discern that the gods worshiped by him began to assume the characteristics of humanity.

From the Greek, a series of nationalities could be traced—the Roman and others—down to our present era of development. J. C. Draper had applied to national existence the physiological principle ruling in human life, and declared that a nation was born, gradually expanded its powers and in time passed away in regular order, as did the individual—only the larger the aggregation the longer was the nation in reaching its fullest development, fruition and subsequent decadence. Thus Greece and Rome lasted each about eleven hundred and fifty years, while China did not know how old she was, but only that she was now in her dotage. Whether this hypothesis were true or not, it would be well to consider these phases of national experience. In this country there was the most intimate relationship between our national life and characteristics, and our circumstances of Nature. Humboldt had said that the possibility of life in a nation differed in proportion to its changes. The countries of the Old World were allied by much the same surroundings and aspects, while here we had a vast continent stretching in a north-south direction, and embracing a greater amount of climatic and geographic changes than anywhere else upon the globe; and it would seem that there was a natural as well as a historic link running from the older civilizations of the past to our day, and forward to the grand nationality which America was destined in the future to bring forth. The characteristics of the American nation of to-day were owing to its antecedents distributed through all the past, and we stood as the natural resultant of all that had been thus far accomplished for the race by the great factors of human experience and climatic influence; while to our people in a higher degree than elsewhere on the globe was presented the opportunity for further development. Here we were conquering external Nature on a scale hitherto unknown, through railroads, steamboats, telegraphic lines, etc.; here we were adding to our higher senses by means of scientific discoveries and curious inventions—by the institution of machinery to relieve the place of hands, thus giving the brain a chance for expansive study; by the enhancing of the powers of the eye through the telescope and microscope, and by other varied novel productions in the domain of medicine, manufactures, commercial enterprise, etc.—so that a sort of supplementary body was being produced which practically lifted so much higher the inner principle and spring of human individuality above the mere arm of flesh which humbly obeyed its will.

Some writer had set the measure of a nation's civilization at the amount of iron it used; while Emerson had placed it at the proportion of good women it contained. Under the former plan England and America now bore the palm; but in the future, by reason of her superabundant supply, America would occupy the highest place. Fuel was also a grand motor in national prosperity, as it was in locomotion; and in regard to this article scientific calculations, based upon due consideration of an increased consumption in coming time, revealed the fact that America had coal enough to keep the fires of the world going in the future.

The speaker referred to the great difference in climatic strands running through the United States. It was true that the varied influences of these upon one generation would not amount to much, but their action was cumulative, and would exert deepening power as time went on. After briefly referring to the Northern, Middle and Western States the lecturer prophesied that upon the Pacific Slope would be developed in the future a population that would be of an exceedingly emotional nature, from which the great poets and artists of coming days would be brought forth. The Southern people, by reason of their peculiarly mild climatic surroundings, were given also to the action of the emotional over the reflective faculties, while those of the North, through the repeated demands made upon their reasoning powers by the inclement vicissitudes

of their more rugged home, were naturally of a calculating disposition.

Herbert Spencer had called attention to the fact that the growth which ultimately in progress, begun in simplicity, but in that simplicity were to be found in embryo all the complexities necessary for the future evolution of the structure. Therefore Americans need not fear for their country, if, in its young, plastic, "vealy" stage it did not astonish the world with Titanic bursts of power. The germs within it were for a development which future ages would honor. American society of the present was like a vast amount of chemical elements, all of which were in a state of fermentation—but the process was necessary to a higher order of development, and the legitimate fruits of the rough, earnest work now being done in our country to lay down the natural basis of a great nation, and the ground-work upon which the superstructure of a truly higher order of life should be reared, would certainly come in time. The speaker looked rather upon our great commercial and railroad men than upon the denizens of the halls of Congress, or our scholars, as the type of America's present leading intellectual characteristics. Statesmanship and literature were things of slower growth, but would come in due season.

All the glorious indices of enlarged thought and rapid material development were pointing the fact that America's "golden age" was not like the other nations in the past, but was to come! Our country had, in the lecturer's opinion, been reserved for a grand historic destiny. It was true that certain things had been imported—Christianity, for instance—which, on account of their want of sympathy with the indigenous systems which the country was gradually developing, must undergo great and material changes if they desired to retain, in any degree, their power of appeal to the reason of men; but the general field was full of signs of hope and promise. As one cheerful picture, the lecturer traced the diffusion of real estate ownership among the people, which existed among our nation to a wider degree than any other. Here in Algeria the question of labor was to be settled, where agriculturists and skilled workers added the boon of knowledge to the producing power of their arms; to a greater extent than in any other country. As society was now constructed, the home was the foundation of the State, and he had great hopes for the future of America, because of its homes, even as they now existed, though meagre and destined to receive much improvement in management and surroundings.

It was true that we had, as a nation, a great army of ignorance, a great amount of undevelopment and selfishness to contend with; but if the home element could be properly cultivated, it would exert upon the State a powerful influence for good, by acting directly upon the units which went to make up the body politic. If the people were properly educated as to life's duties at home, we should be indeed a glorious nation in the future. It was useless to look to the halls of Congress for great men, if the people were not great and moral. A father who remained at home with his family, when the day's employment was done, rather than seek excitement in clubs or elsewhere, and sought to spread about him an atmosphere of encouragement and enjoyment, would exert an influence of untold good upon his children. If he did go forth from his home, something was radically wrong. Till our homes were made the centres of refinement, love, all the great moral points which elevate the individual being, we could not expect much from the nation. Children must be reared under circumstances where they would be welcome visitors; for if they came upon the stage of being with "unwelcome" stamped upon them even in the embryo, how could they, in maturer years, be fit to build up a great, grand character which should, through the aggregation of the individual units, go to make a glorious nationality? There was much to do in this direction, but the speaker had high hopes that the work would surely go on toward the so-much-to-be-desired result.

The lecturer referred to dancing, theatrical entertainments, and other methods of amusement upon which the church had frowned in the past, and gave them his endorsement, as long as confined within healthful limits, as important educators of society. America was doing much toward educating the masses, though, despite her wide-spread system of common schools, and her two hundred and twenty-five colleges, with an average attendance of fourteen thousand students (or a proportion of above one student for every three thousand inhabitants), there were yet within her borders five millions of people, above sixteen years of age, who could not read or write. But education was not enough; we needed here the soil and atmosphere of liberty for the full development of our advantages; there had been so much repression in the Old World that society had never arrived at the possibilities which were inherently its own; all the varieties of human temperament must be acknowledged in their existence, as factors in the production of legitimate results, just as the varying types of animal life, in by-past geologic periods, fulfilled their appropriate uses. Freedom for the essaying of social experiments must exist; if not, society would settle down into fixed, unvarying types of conservatism; nothing progressive would be accomplished, and America would become crystallized like the old countries. Did any one suppose that all the avenues of social improvement were explored—that no doors remained to be opened for a clearer solution of the social problem—that society had risen as high as it could in the zenith of development? Oh, no! much remained as yet unknown, but which future investigation and experimentation would unfold.

Looking back upon past industries the speaker referred to the division in man's labor which the various inventions in machinery had caused, and pointed to the fact that while all this had been going on, the work of the female was substantially the same, and that avenues had not been opened for her in proportion to those prepared for the male. This was gross injustice. The brain of woman demanded equal opportunities for development, which of right it ought to have. Nature had a tendency to diversity as well as unity, and we must learn more fully to recognize individuality as well as unity. He believed an advanced system of society could be introduced by which more individuality could be given to woman than in our present arrangement of homes. Of course, like all novel experiments, the efforts at the introduction of a new system of social life might prove failures, but he believed in their final success. He then proceeded to display a plan which he thought would do much for the accomplishment of such a purpose. He

would have one hundred families of some means unite themselves, into a joint stock corporation like our railroad companies; erect a large house where elevators and all the modern improvements should find a place, where a gymnasium and other means for the physical education of the young, a circle room, etc., etc. (in which connection he spoke in terms of high commendation concerning the Children's Progressive Lyceum) should be prepared; where the cooking and other work should be done by machinery, in a kitchen into which he would put science and education instead of ignorance; in this house he would have each family possess a suite of rooms by itself, thus giving to each the privacy and retirement which make home dear to the heart; here woman's tastes and intellectual aptitude would be left free for exercise because of the leisure time afforded her, and she would have the opportunity to reach in a greater degree the inherent possibilities of her nature.

The speaker closed his address with an eloquent passage referring to the stupendous future yet reserved for the Western portion of our continent, and said—notwithstanding the longings of some creed-blinded souls of the present day—if he could have his choice when to come upon this earth it would not be eighteen hundred years ago, when Christ and his apostles walked in Galilee, but five hundred years hence on the America continent!

Let us remember that we are the children of the past and the parents of the future; and the sorrow of the present let us think of the golden age to be, the sun of whose glory is even now shedding upon our hill-tops the primal beams of that splendor in which our society shall live a hundred years to come, and in whose unfolding dawn creation is hymning praises to the Great First Cause which is lifting all Nature to the fulfillment of a grand design!

PHASES OF MEDIUMSHIP.

BY WILLIAM FOSTER, JR.

Ep. BANNER—I write, as I promised, touching spirit-aid in the case I was treating, during my visit to Boston, the 24th and 25th of January. On my return, Monday night, I found my patient, Mrs. S., in excellent condition, and that the prearranged sitting was made to test the presence of spirits in my absence. Friday evening I directed that she should sit at about half-past six the following evenings, intending to test the truth of my theory that the leading influences of my spirit-band were Dr. John T. Moore and "Silver Cloud," an Indian. Saturday evening, as you will recollect, I excused myself and retired to sit alone a few moments, to put myself in rapport with my patient, and aid, if possible, in the expected work. Mrs. S. informed me that, at the appointed time, she was reclining on a sofa, and soon became cognizant of spirit-presence. "Silver Cloud" was at her head, with his hands upon it, while Dr. M. was at her side, making passes, and closed with throwing out his arms quickly toward her, discharging from the finger-tips a spiritual substance which she likened, in appearance, to moderately coarse salt. By the side of the Indian was a large Newfoundland dog, near by a little child, who put its hand in Mrs. S.'s, whereat the dog pushed it aside and proceeded to lick Mrs. S.'s hand. The child moved to a new position and laid its hand in Mrs. S.'s, where the dog would lick it, moving it up, and permitting it to fall back, whereat it was gleeful and had a hearty laugh at the sport.

Skeptics may declare the presence of spirits a delusion or hallucination, a vain imagining of the lady, but the presence of the spirits, and their manipulations, were attested by a lady-friend present, a clairvoyant, who described them the same as Mrs. S. Sunday night the Indian was recognized by Mrs. S., also by the before-mentioned lady. He was with me at about five o'clock, when I treated you at the National House, and I felt nothing of him again that evening. You recollect I inquired of "Vashti" at Mrs. Comant's, in the evening, as to his whereabouts, and was told he had gone home. Since hearing Mrs. S. these spirits have been repeatedly described by her, the friend before mentioned, and a gentleman possessing spirit vision. In some instances their descriptions have been independent of each other, but in all cases they coincided. I myself am conscious of spirit presences, though I do not see them objectively. I have seen them so clearly, frequently, that I am able to describe them accurately, and repeatedly have had them recognized by parties present, through whose sphere they were attracted. When I feel or become conscious of a spirit, I instinctively turn to look toward it, as I should if an unusual noise attracted my attention, or I had a glimpse of something which should lead me to look at it to discover what it was.

The other evening I felt the sphere of some one in a most gleeful mood in the kitchen, and at once looked through the door leading from the sitting-room had asked, "Who's kidding out there in the kitchen?" Mrs. S. replied, "A little girl, skipping with a rope, and she calls you 'Papa Foster!'"

I knew there was some one in that room, as sure as I did that there was a stove in the room I was seated in. At another time I sensed a spirit in a chair near me, and asked Mrs. S. what she thought of it. She replied, "I have verified my sensings many times, uniformly having them corroborated. Sometimes, after I have sensed the presence, the same has been spoken of by some medium present before I had asked any questions or suggested that a spirit was present. These spiritual impressions, to me, are as sure and reliable as are those physical objects of which I have cognition by my outward or physical senses.

Since writing the foregoing I have learned the particulars of another case in which the Indian spirit, Silver Cloud, figured. On taking the cars Saturday morning, I met Mr. Rudd, husband of Jennie S. Rudd, on his way home to South Scituate, Mass., where she was much out of health. After we had rode a few miles, I took a copy of the Providence Journal which I had with me, magnetized it, and told him to give it to Mrs. Rudd, without telling her that he had seen me. I also told him to have her sit at seven o'clock Sunday morning, holding the paper, when possibly the Indian would be present to minister to her. At the prescribed hour she was ready. Mr. Rudd also preparing to bathe and rub her to alleviate the pain from which she was suffering. Just then she exclaimed, "Henry, here comes a mountain of an Indian, 'who can it be?' He replied by asking 'Is it not one of your band?' "No," said Mrs. Rudd, "it is a stranger." Silver Cloud was really there as I had expected, and his magnetism and healing power were manifest to Mrs. Rudd. She saw him distinctly throughout, but got no more from him than that he was a "medium chief," come to aid in her restoration. She felt much better through the day, and on Monday rode eleven miles to the cars, and came to Providence by rail, in defiance of the warnings of several of her acquaintances in Scituate, who declared the journey would kill her. She came, however, and when she started, I also told him to have her sit at seven o'clock Sunday morning, holding the paper, when possibly the Indian would be present to minister to her. At the prescribed hour she was ready. Mr. Rudd also preparing to bathe and rub her to alleviate the pain from which she was suffering. Just then she exclaimed, "Henry, here comes a mountain of an Indian, 'who can it be?' He replied by asking 'Is it not one of your band?' "No," said Mrs. Rudd, "it is a stranger." Silver Cloud was really there as I had expected, and his magnetism and healing power were manifest to Mrs. Rudd. She saw him distinctly throughout, but got no more from him than that he was a "medium chief," come to aid in her restoration. She felt much better through the day, and on Monday rode eleven miles to the cars, and came to Providence by rail, in defiance of the warnings of several of her acquaintances in Scituate, who declared the journey would kill her. She came, however, and when she started,

There are many questions which arise here touching the nature and functions of our spiritual senses, but the remembrance that the columns of the Banner are limited reminds me that I must close. There are other interesting facts connected with the case of Mrs. S. which I will communicate at some future time.

TOM PRINGLE'S SPIRIT.

BY H. O. BAKER, MEDIUM.

Editor Banner of Light—In the year 1856, I made my fifth voyage in command of the barque "Lucy." I had frequently been offered the command of a larger vessel, but preferred the "Lucy" as in her I had encountered many dangers, felt at home, and was contented. Sea-faring men always have a strong attachment for the vessel that carries them through perils, and with the "old salt" who never marries, it becomes a love stronger and much more enduring than that between a great many husbands and wives.

When about ten days out from Hong Kong, at which place we had completed a well selected cargo of teas, a severe storm arose, compelling us to heave to. The sea was heavy and caused the "Lucy" to "reach" badly, and at one time I had fears for her safety; but at daybreak the storm abated, and I then felt assured we could weather the gale. The wind whistled and screamed through the rigging like the voices of demons, while every now and then the huge waves, mountain high, came rolling, curling toward us, discharging their great white caps upon our deck, sweeping everything not well secured from stem to stern, and greatly endangering the lives of my men. Often as the "Lucy" pitched she would be met in the trough of the sea by an in-rolling wave, the effect of which would cause every timber in her to creak and tremble as if she had the ague.

As the day wore on the rain ceased, while the darkened heavens were filled with great masses of black clouds, like mountains chasing each other, and ever and anon the bright flashes of lightning, as they illuminated the distant horizon, indicated the passing of the storm.

Toward night the sea moderated considerably, and we once more headed our course under close-reefed topsails. In this latitude no dependence can be placed upon the weather; sometimes a "typhoon" will burst upon the sea so suddenly that sails are torn to shreds before they can be secured, and men not infrequently are carried from the masts to a watery grave—all attempts at rescue being impossible.

On my last voyage we were overtaken by a typhoon. It was about an hour before sunset. The "Lucy" was bowling along about nine knots, with topgallant sails set, and a moderate sea. Mr. Clapp, my first mate, remarked to me, just as I was about to leave the deck to get my supper, that he thought he observed a small cloud gathering upon our weather quarter, and perhaps it would be well to take in sail. I directed my glass to the point he designated, but could see nothing unusual, so I replied, "Keep a sharp look out, Mr. Clapp, and let me know if your cloud becomes more formidable!" "All right, sir!" he answered, and I went below.

I had not been down half an hour when I heard the mate cry out, "Be lively, lads! clue up!" and before I reached the deck every bit of canvas was in ribbons. A typhoon had struck us, and, although one seldom lasts longer than half an hour, in that short time sorrow was brought among us; for poor Tom Pringle, one of my best seamen, had met a grave "in the deep, deep sea."

Tom was a faithful fellow and a good seaman. Observing that "Old Ty" was close aboard, he had sprung to the shrouds and was about half way up to the maintop when a sudden lurch caused him to loosen his hold, and off he went, whirling through the air like a leaf, full five hundred feet before he struck the water. This accident dampened the spirits of the fore-castle for a time, and, as Tom had a wife and two or three children living in Boston, depending upon him for support, many brave resolutions were made by his shipmates, of what they would each do for her and the babes on their return.

Some ten days after this accident we lay becalmed. The surface of the ocean was as smooth as a mirror, and reflected our images as we gazed thoughtfully upon it. The sails flapped listlessly against the masts, while the sun's rays fell upon us like those of "dog days," making the atmosphere very hot, yes, baking hot, and exceedingly uncomfortable.

As night approached a gentle breeze came rippling over the glassy surface of the sea, deliciously refreshing, but not sufficient to fill our sails, nor make any perceptible difference in our headway. At such times a rudder is of little use, and the man on duty at the wheel feels his work more tedious than if the vessel were running ten knots an hour. It was too hot to sleep in the fore-castle, so the crew lay round upon the deck where they could best find a place to sleep.

Between twelve and one o'clock that night I was called from my cabin by the second mate, who was on duty. He said:

"Captain, perhaps you'll consider me a fool, and not thank me for disturbing you, but the truth is, sir, I could not stand it any longer! I am not a superstitious man, and never have believed in ghosts, yet for over half an hour I have been playing hide and seek with one, or something very like it! Eight bells," he continued, "had hardly ceased sounding when I observed some one come up the fore-castle hatch. I paid no attention to it at first, supposing it to be one of the crew; a moment later, however, it flashed across my mind that none of the men wore white shirts—so I walked forward to see who it was. I had gone as far as the mainmast, on the star-board side, when the figure of a man, all in white, passed the foremast and went into the fore-castle! I heard no footsteps; in fact, it did not appear to walk, but to glide along! I went to the hatch and called down for all hands to come on deck, but received no reply; so down I went, and sure enough no one was there! I then made up my mind to keep a bright lookout and see if any of the boys were playing tricks. I returned to the quarter-deck, and a breeze springing up a few minutes later, I called the watch and squared the yards to catch the least puff, but it was of no use; the wind came in gasps, like those of a dying man, and was soon gone. Fifteen minutes more went by; and as I turned from looking over the quarter, there stood the same figure! But this time it was on the fore-castle. I ran forward, fully determined to stop any further skylarking—for that some of the men were playing tricks I was sure. But in my haste I tripped over the halyards near the mainmast, and when I got up the figure was gone. Determined, however, not to be bluffed, I again went into the fore-castle, searched all around, and as before found no one, although I was not sure this time that the figure went into the fore-castle. On coming on deck again I went around and found all the crew, excepting the man on the lookout and Jo at the wheel, fast asleep! Now, sir, I've called you, and if it appears again and you do not see it, I shall think I have been dreaming with my eyes open."

I hardly knew what reply to make to this strange narrative of Mr. Hazelton. He had proved himself, on two occasions at least, to be a good sailor and a courageous man under trying circumstances, and was the very last person I should have supposed in the least given to superstition.

"Mr. Hazelton," I replied, "you did right to call me, and whether your ghost proves a myth or a reality, it will help break the monotony of this tedious calm, so let us watch together, and perhaps we may solve the mystery."

"Thank you, Captain," he replied; "be it devil or angel, I am—There! There!!" he exclaimed, "There it goes, and I'll know who or what it is."

He bounded forward in the direction of the fore-castle. I looked in the direction he pointed, and seeing nothing, followed after him. I found Hazelton standing by the fore-castle hatch completely dumbfounded.

"Well," I said, "What is it?"

"It's no use, Captain," he replied; "it's gone, and this time it went up—vanished before my face."

I looked at Hazelton a moment in doubt, yet the man was calm and determined, and I could not but believe him in earnest.

"I did not see anything," I said. "Did you get near to it? Could you see what it was like?"

"Yes, sir," he answered; "I was close to it" and, dropping his voice to a low tone, "it was the ghost of poor Tom."

"Nonsense, man," I replied, "now feeling quite certain he was laboring under some hallucination, "your imagination is playing you false. Did you not tell me but just now that you did not believe in ghosts?"

"I did, sir, but this was too real; there he stood, a little paler than in life, but every feature distinctly visible, and as I was about to ask him what he wanted—the thought hardly formed in my mind—he pointed his hand to the fore-castle, and although he did not speak, I felt he said 'You'll find it there!' Let us go down, Captain."

So down we went. The fore-castle of the Lucy was not very large. There were ten berths, which are sufficient for a crew of twenty, as half the men are always on duty. My crew consisted of sixteen, consequently several of the men had a berth to themselves. Among this number was Tom Pringle, whose berth was at the end of the fore-castle, near the ladder, and as it was not used after Tom's death, nothing was left in it but the mattress. I had previously ordered the chief mate to gather up all of Tom's traps and put them in his bag, and lock them up in the store-room off of the cabin. This had been done. On examining his papers at the time a few letters from his wife in Boston, with her address, and an old Bible, not much worn from use; was all that was found. We searched the fore-castle thoroughly, but could find no one, and just as we were again going up the ladder Mr. Hazelton's eye lighted upon Tom's berth, and with an exclamation he said:

"What's that! I'll swear it was not there when I was down here before!" and at the same time he picked up a piece of paper, seemingly a leaf torn from a book, on which was written, "Chelsea Savings Bank." The writing was in lead pencil, very much larger than is usually written, and at right angles across the paper. It was apparently done upon some soft substance, as the pencil had in several places gone through the paper.

We returned to the deck, neither of us speaking for some time. At last Hazelton said, "Well, Captain, you say you did not see the ghost; now here is something you can see"—holding up the paper in his right hand. "I wonder what it all means; for my part, I believe it was left there by the ghost!"

"As to that, Mr. Hazelton," I replied, "I am not so sure. I will think the matter over; and now, as the mission of your apparition has in all probability been consummated; I will go below. Let me know if anything new transpires. Good night!"

Shortly after sunrise the following morning a breeze sprung up, and we were soon gliding forward with a free wind and merry hearts, for we were homeward bound, and hoped inside of sixty days to be once more in New York. A few days after the occurrences of that eventful night, I thought it might be well to ascertain where the mysterious paper came from, so I said to Mr. Hazelton:

"Have you told the chief mate about your ghost?" I have always called it "Hazelton's ghost," while in fact, if it was any one's, it was that of poor Tom Pringle.

"No," he replied; "I've been waiting for you to do so. If I should tell him I know he'd laugh at me, and have the 'rig' on me for the rest of the voyage—and that would not be pleasant; but if he learns it from you he may think differently. Suppose you tell him, Captain?"

Accordingly, Mr. Clapp was informed of all that had transpired. Clapp was a man of good common sense, and although at first inclined to treat the affair lightly, he took a practical view, and said:

"Why, Hazelton, man! I'll soon dissipate your phantom 'into thin air!' You have worked yourself up so that you are like a drowning man 'catching at straws'; of course some one of the crew wrote the paper; and because you did not see it the first time you went into the fore-castle, you jump to a hasty conclusion to account for your own blindness."

The apparent truthfulness of Clapp's remarks struck me at once, but made no impression upon Hazelton; so it was finally decided to examine the men upon the subject; but caution had to be exercised, as sailors, as a class, are very superstitious, and each one always has some long yarn at the end of his tongue to tell of what somebody else heard or saw.

I concluded to examine the men separately in my cabin, and in a way not to awaken their suspicion; so, under pretence of finding out how many of the crew could write, I had them in my cabin, from time to time, and asked each one to write "Chelsea Savings Bank." Of the fifteen hands on board, only nine of them could write—an average, I hope, much less than usual among seamen. Of these nine, not one wrote the words at all resembling those on the paper, so we were foiled in our first effort to explain the mystery. In our next attempt, the mates and myself engaged the men in conversation, talked about their homes—and that is a tender spot in the heart of a sailor, and always sets his tongue loose. But it was of no use. Only three had ever been in Boston, and they each declared they did not know of such a bank as the "Chelsea Savings Bank." And so we again failed to get any clue to the mystery.

Next we tried to ascertain where the paper

came from. All the books in the fore-castle were examined, but they were all larger than the paper so singularly discovered. The books in the cabin were looked into, still no leaf could be found corresponding in size, so we were left in doubt, and finally concluded it was useless to bother any more about it.

Three weeks later a violent storm came on. We were now in the Atlantic, and according to our reckoning, not far from the Island of St. Helena, from which place the spirit of Napoleon Bonaparte took his flight into the "hereafter." We had a pretty rough time of it. I was up night and day until I was nearly worn out; besides, I felt considerable uneasiness regarding Mr. Hazleton, who had met with an accident on the second day of the storm, by breaking his leg, caused by being thrown violently against the capstan. Hazleton had been quite feverish, but for the last day or two was doing better.

On the fourth day the storm abated. I turned into my berth that night with my mind more at ease, and soon dropped asleep. I dreamed that Tom came to my bedside and stood there with a Bible in his hand, apparently reading, but what he was reading I did not know. There was one thing, however, that made a deep impression on my mind; it was that the book resembled one I remembered to have seen among Tom's traps when they were put into his bag and locked up several weeks before; and stranger still, the size seemed to correspond with the mysterious paper with the writing upon it, which we found in the fore-castle.

It was late on the following morning when I awoke. I was much refreshed, for I had slept soundly. My mind was uncommonly clear and bright, but I did not remember anything of my dream. On the following day I was in Hazleton's room, as he was still confined to his berth; and in conversation he said he had passed a very restless night; imagined all sorts of things; at one time he was in my cabin and fancied he saw Tom Pringle reading a Bible to me, and that he immediately recognized it as the very book he had put away in his bag. He was not asleep, he said, only dozing, and could hear all the noises on deck at the time.

This called to mind my dream, which I related, and also that the size of the Bible seemed to me to correspond to the size of the mysterious paper. "That's it! that's it!" he exclaimed, "We must have that book out; that's where the paper came from!"

I promised to let him have the book out when he was able to be about again; and so the matter rested until he got better. One day he said: "Captain, I am very anxious to see that book. Let's have Tom's bag out."

I gave him permission, and the bag was brought from the store-room and the Bible taken out, when, sure enough, the piece of paper with the lead pencil writing fitted in the place of a missing leaf, and no doubt had been torn from the Bible; but when, or how, has ever remained a mystery.

The rest of our voyage was very pleasant, and by the time we arrived in New York, Hazleton was doing pretty well; but it was necessary he should have rest, so the owners gave him a furlough for two months; and, as he resided in Portland, Maine, it was decided he should stop over in Boston, and see poor Tom's wife and break the unfortunate news to her.

The result of his mission is told by Hazleton himself, in his letter to me two weeks subsequently. And thus closes this narrative:

PORTLAND, MAINE, Oct. 1866. DEAR CAPTAIN BLAKE—I arrived home on Tuesday, and am glad to say that my leg suffered no inconvenience during the trip, but is doing well. I stopped over in Boston and saw Mrs. Pringle. Poor soul! she was terribly affected on learning the sad news. I broke it to her as easily as I could, but such a duty I hope never to perform again. Mrs. Pringle has three children. I learn that her relatives are in very fair circumstances, and hope they will aid her in her extremity. I asked her if Tom had ever told her of having had any money, or of having any in a Savings Bank. She said he had not, and that she knew he had none, as he would have told her. I next went to the "Chelsea Savings Bank" and inquired if they had an account in the name of Thomas Pringle. The teller referred me to the cashier, who, upon hearing the object of my visit and who I was, examined the books and found an account in the name of Thomas Pringle, in trust for his children, for the sum of two hundred and eighty dollars. After ascertaining the necessary legal steps to be taken I returned to Mrs. Pringle with the glad tidings, which brought fresh tears to her eyes and lamentations over her great loss. Now, my dear sir, I cannot close this letter without reminding you of my "ghost," as you called it, has been a very useful one, for without his aid the fact of the money in the Chelsea Savings Bank would never have been brought to light, and poor Tom's widow and children would have been the losers. My family are all well, and very glad to have me once more at home. With kind regards to Mr. Clapp and yourself, I am, captain, as ever, Yours truly, GEORGE HAZLETON.

Mrs. Tappan's Lecture in Bishop Auckland, Eng.

The Auckland Times and Herald of June 12th, states that "Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan, the celebrated lady Spiritualist, delivered the first of two lectures on 'Spiritualism' in the Town Hall, Bishop Auckland, on Wednesday evening, June 10th. The attendance, though not large, was respectable and appreciative, and included a large proportion of the fair sex. There were from one hundred and fifty to two hundred persons present. At about a quarter-past eight o'clock, Mrs. Tappan made her appearance on the platform, and was conducted to a seat by Mr. N. Kilburn, who then called upon some ladies and gentlemen from Darlington to sing a hymn. A piece entitled 'Sound the Battle Cry' having been sung, Mr. Kilburn stepped forward, and in a few appropriate remarks introduced the lecturer to the audience. He said their object was not to make converts, or to teach any system of theology, but to cement society together in the bonds of purity and truth. He and others had been compelled to believe in Spiritualism by a force of evidence which they could not resist, and they were anxious others should know the grounds of their belief. It afforded him much pleasure in introducing Mrs. Tappan, whose lecture he had no doubt would please and interest them."

Mrs. Tappan then rose to deliver her lecture, and on doing so was received with applause. She commenced by invoking the Great Spirit of all truth, praying that we might seek after truth, and cultivate charity, kindness and toleration, and that we might become even as the angels are. She then proceeded to discuss the subject of Modern Spiritualism, remarking at the outset that the question was far too extensive a one to be elucidated in an hour and a half's discourse. She concluded by an eloquent peroration, in which she described the way in which Spiritualism unites the two worlds, bridging the chasm of death with a rainbow of light, and ultimately uniting men with angels and archangels, with cherubim and seraphim, and finally with God himself. The gifted lady resumed her seat amid loud and prolonged applause. After a brief in-

terval Mrs. Tappan invited any person in the audience to ask questions.

Mr. Wetherby wished to ask, in the kindest possible spirit, how it was that Spiritualists embraced different and diametrically opposite religions—some, for instance, being Unitarians, while others were Trinitarians. This had greatly puzzled him. He once asked the question before, and was told there was not a uniformity of belief in the other world. That had puzzled him still more. (Applause.)

Mrs. Tappan thought Mr. Wetherby's difficulty arose because the subject was viewed from a theological rather than a natural and philosophical standpoint. The mere passing into another state did not change our habits or ideas. The teachings of a lifetime could not be thrown off in a moment. There were, amongst astronomers, men holding all shades of religious belief; and, although the Bible was the standard of appeal to millions, there was a wide diversity of religious belief. Theological belief was a question of education; and, as death did not undo the work of a lifetime in a moment, spirits held different opinions. The higher spirits, however, had a uniform belief. (Applause.)

Mr. Somers asked if, on leaving the world, spirits immediately became consciences of a new life.

Mrs. Tappan said they did not in all cases. All spirits were more or less bewildered on entering the spirit-world. Where great crimes had been committed it was some time before they could grope their way out of the darkness.

Mr. Soutter asked what the condition of idiots would be in the spirit-world.

Mrs. Tappan, in the course of some highly interesting observations as to experiments that had been tried in America, replied that they would commence as babes in spiritual life, and advance from that position upwards. She then announced her willingness to recite an impromptu poem on a subject to be chosen by the audience.

Several subjects having been suggested they were put to the vote by Mr. Kilburn, the one selected being the title of Sir Noel Paton's picture—"Death! the Gate of Life."

Mrs. Tappan at once, and without a moment's hesitation, rose and recited a poem bearing on the subject given her. The recital of the poem was received with marked expressions of approval.

The Darlington Times of June 13th says, "On Tuesday evening Mrs. Tappan delivered an Inspirational Address at the Mechanics' Hall, Darlington. Since then she has been lecturing in other parts of the district, and has created considerable interest, not only among believers in the youngest and most rapidly increasing of the Faiths of the World, but also among the non-believers who regard the recently-developed one either as an emanation from the Evil One, or else as a piece of humbug originating in the naughtiness of the human heart."

Then follows a two-column article, descriptive of the speaker and her lecture, closing with these words: "If Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan is not controlled by spirits, she is an intellectual prodigy." It is very evident Mrs. Tappan is doing much to enlighten the English people in regard to the Spiritual Philosophy.

ITEMS OF TRAVEL.

BY WARREN CHASE.

KEEPING THE BALL ROLLING.—We pushed away into the country to our quiet retreat at Colfax to rest during the heated days of summer, but find there is no rest, when we have, as of late, four or five times as many calls to lecture as we can answer with our presence. The first two Sundays of June we spoke in Des Moines, and as both were stormy days, did not have large audiences, but excellent meetings. The liberal element in that capital city of the State is largely in the ascendant, and, although not all cooperating with the Spiritualists' Society, is about ready to concentrate on and in a free meeting-house, to which the many can go who have heard and seen enough of the churches, and are hungry for the corn of truth instead of the husks of theology. A competent centralizing mind could raise a society, and support a hall or free meeting-house, there at any time, as Bro. Sanborn has at Lawrence, Kansas; but we, although often solicited to do it, cannot locate, for the invisible powers insist on our keeping on the wing, and our own inclination seconds their wish. We are still in the book business, and keep books with us, and scatter our literature—books and papers—wherever we go, as more of our lecturers ought to do, for they teach and preach when we are gone.

June 20th, we addressed an anti-monopoly convention in Madison County, Iowa, and in the evening, and also Sunday, 21st, lectured to large and intelligent audiences in Winterset, the county seat of that county, sold twenty dollars' worth of our liberal books there to preach when we are gone, and promised, in response to the urgent request, to return soon as we can.

Two clergymen attended one of our lectures, and one of them wished to know what system of morals we taught that was not taught in the Bible? "If he had not learned it from the lecture he probably did in the answer, for we assured him we did not worship, adore or approve the morals of the Jehovah who tried his skill with the Egyptian magicians, and beat them only when he came to create lice; who hardened the heart of Pharaoh, and then drowned him and his followers for having the hard heart; who directed the Jews to borrow (steal) and carry off their neighbors' jewelry; who sent Jacob to Laban and his two daughters and their servants, by all of whom he had children, and then directed him to steal the cattle and take all the four mothers of his children, and the stock, and return to his own country; who was engaged in helping Samson catch foxes, tying to their tails fire-brands to burn the neighbors' corn-fields, and in helping him kill a lion and get honey from the carcass, to make a riddle for his Dallah to guess, and when she beat him, helping him kill Philistines to get garments to pay the bet; that we had no fellowship with the God whose chosen servant was Solomon, and whose best servant, Job, was turned over to the devil, who killed all his cattle, servants and children, to try to make him curse and swear; or whose King David was a man after his own heart. Nor did we approve the morals that turned David into a neighbor's drove of hogs, and caused them to run into the water and drown, and give no pay to the owner. Nor did we approve of the system of holding all things in common, and taking no thought for the morrow; giving away all we have and all becoming mendicants; or taking mules without permission of the owners; and many other things we did not approve. In fact, the whole system of Bible teaching, from Genesis to Revelations, taught a system of moral and practical life we neither teach, nor practice, nor approve, and we worship no such God as there presented, nor the three-headed one made for Christendom at the council of Nice.

The Bible is passing through a most terrible and scathing ordeal of trial and criticism, and those who think it will come out safe and sound will be very much mistaken. It will not be put into the National Constitution, nor much longer into the mental constitutions of our children, neither in common schools, uncommon-schools, nor Sunday schools.

Monday we returned to our shady retreat in Jasper County to prepare for the convention at Fort Dodge, which was the next point of attack on the enemy.

Banner Correspondence.

Notes by the Wayside.—No. One.

BY DR. DEAN CLARKE.

DEAR BANNER—After an unusually protracted silence, I once more essay to communicate with my cherished friends, whose silent appeals have reached me from many a distant region, where in days gone by I clasped their hands and enjoyed the amenities of their social life. But, like the lock to the gate of heaven when George the Third sought to enter, my pen has been "so little used of late" that it is both "rusty and dull," and I fear that "my right hand has forgot its cunning." (If it ever had any.) so that my communication may be neither piquant nor profound, yet I hope it may be interesting enough to repay a perusal. I have no reasonable apology for my long silence other than a state of health that has rendered any unnecessary mental labor irksome and distasteful, and that the little energy remaining has been demanded in the unavoidable duties required for protracting physical existence. Though unable to move, I have not neglected my field, since last I gave account, I have not been wholly idle nor by any means stationary, but have "spread myself" so far and wide that it is no slang to say I have become altogether "too thin" for an alderman, or even for a thoroughly materialized ghost; nevertheless, I "still live," and though it be "at a poor dying rate," yet it is not without some degree of enjoyment and utility.

Since last I wrote, my fortunes have been various as well as dubious. Having been "alone in my glory," as well as misery, long enough to convince me it was "not good" for me to continue thus, it happened, at the close of a lecture given in St. Joseph, Mich., in March, 1874, that an inquisitive "Scholichium" came forward among a crowd to interrogate me concerning things celestial and divine, and so engaging were her questions and her manners, that I became engaged to her for life within a week thereafter, and on the 24th of April following I was enriched by the addition of "a Shilling to my name," which, by "law and gospel," was transmuted into my own cognomen. With my fortune thus enhanced, I journeyed back to the dear land of my birth, and spent last summer with my father, in rural quietness, among the grand old Green Mountains, striving to recover my health by a resort to the field where I graduated when I commenced to labor in the spiritual vineyard.

But the exhausting effects of nine years of itinerant mediumship were not overcome by a few months' sojourn among my native hills; and as the health of my dear companion had been seriously impaired by several years' toil in the school-room, we resolved to carry out a purpose I had long entertained, to try the effects of a sea voyage, and a visit to the Pacific Coast.

Accordingly, after attending the State Convention at Ludlow, where I had the pleasure of meeting many of those dear friends who encouraged my first efforts as a lecturer, and whose generous hospitality I shall never forget, we went to New York, and thence over to New Orleans, where Dr. Shadrach W. Flint, J. V. Mansfield and a few others, who gave excellent tests to my "unconverted" wife, and after spending a pleasant week at the hospitable home of Bro. A. G. Atwood, long known as an able leader and pioneer of our cause, we took the new steamer "Acapulco" and set sail, so to speak, for the "Summer Land" of earth, Oct. 7th.

The incidents of a rather monotonous, but on whole pleasant voyage of twenty-eight days, I have not time to chronicle; suffice it to say that we were eight days reaching Aspinwall, where we first saw tropical trees and plants in their boundless luxuriance and those curious looking species of the *Arctostaphylos* natives, and "Heathen Chinee" whose "rites" we had seen in childhood days in our school geography.

The train did not start for Panama till the next day, and we expected to swelter during the night, but, fortunately, the sea-breeze kept us cool, and gave us the opportunity to take several observations of the quaint city of Aspinwall and its curious inhabitants.

We were about three hours walking over the zig-zag Panama Railroad to the further shore, where we re-embarked, under guard of a company of soldiers who were protecting the city from an insurrection. Our voyage up the Pacific was painful indeed, and the voyage was considerably relieved by frequent visits to the physical constant of the Mexican ports, at which the P. M. S. Co.'s Steamers usually call. Our fellow-passengers were "birds of various feather," religiously, and there being two or three outspoken Spiritualists, I was called upon for a lecture, one fine Sunday afternoon, which I gave to the most attentive "traveling congregation" I have ever spoken to.

We reached San Francisco safely, Nov. 4th, and joyfully greeted "the land of promise," glad once more to get upon terra firma, and willing that those who like it better than we did, should follow us in the rolling deep. Instead of the voyage being a physical satisfaction, it had caused quite a prostration; by sickness and weariness, especially to my rather delicate Jennie, and we gladly repaired, at the kind suggestion of Brother Snow, to Tubbs' Hotel, in Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco, where we were kindly greeted by the generous and venerable proprietor, Michael Tubbs—well known to the readers of the Banner—and our every want was assiduously administered to by his noble, warm-hearted daughter, Mrs. Knox, who officiates as landlady. There we found a genial home for six weeks, when we engaged a room at the house of a notable helper, Mrs. Beaman, where we abode about six weeks longer, "keeping house" for ourselves in a very easy and comfortable way.

Sister Fannie Allyn was engaged to lecture for our friends in San Francisco, before we arrived, but a serious bronchial difficulty soon compelled her to suspend her able and successful labors, as it proved, for several weeks, and before I was really able my services were called for as her partial substitute, and as her illness continued for ten weeks, I was retained for that time, doing full as well as I expected in my dilapidated condition, where my better had created a rather high standard of taste. On two or three occasions my wife assisted with recitations, and songs with guitar and organ accompaniments, much to the edification of the audience.

There are many noble and true men and women among the Spiritualists of San Francisco, and I have never spoken to more appreciative and responsive audiences than there assemble. Though it may be invidious to speak of individual merit where all were assiduous in their duties, justice prompts the mention of brothers Kendrick—the earnest and efficient President, whose unobtrusive and zealous labors have done so much for our cause—and Rider, his able assistant, both of whom kindly and courteously aided me in every way possible.

There are many worthy and successful media located in San Francisco, but my opportunities for acquaintance were limited, and I cannot speak justly of them personally, as I would be glad to, but cannot forbear to mention sister Ada H. Foye, to whom my wife is indebted for her complete conversion to Spiritualism. She is one of the most reliable and successful workers I have met, and is zealous in the public meetings as well as her private séances.

Sister Wiggins is an earnest and pleasant speaker, and is doing good service as a test medium, though in poor health.

There I made the acquaintance of sister Eliza H. McKinley, well known in New England as a speaker. She was in rather poor health, and was quietly engaged in domestic duties, yet often yielding her life powers in private gatherings and public conferences to the control of the noble spirits who, through her genial soul, brought comfort to many a sorrowing heart. I opine that, ere long, she will again bless the public by adorning the rostrum, upon which she eminently belongs.

Sister Kenney, at Tubbs' Hotel, reputed to be an excellent clairvoyant, was doing a fine business in Oakland and San Francisco as a medical practitioner. Others, perhaps, equally worthy, I must leave for a more opportune occasion.

Having completed our work in San Francisco, we went to Santa Barbara, famed for its genial climate and fine scenery. Finding spiritualist friends, formerly residing at Paw Paw, Mich., living on the "foot hills" rising from a neighboring valley called Monticito, we took up our abode with them for several weeks, during which I gave three lectures in the city, but as my health was too poor to work up an interest sufficient to warrant a series of lectures, and being desirous of rest, and to see the country, rather than to longer overwork myself, I ceased labor there, and rusticated on the beautiful mountain sides, among the perennial flowers, till rested; then leaving my wife with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap, as principal leader, have built a hall, where they hold weekly conferences, and lectures whenever a speaker visits them on missionary duty. I spoke for them two Sundays, and intended to abide for a season, but business matters called me back to Santa Barbara, and I had to leave with our kind friends, I went down the coast a hundred miles further to Los Angeles, where I gave one lecture to a fine audience, and then journeyed on to San Bernardino, seventy miles inland, to see that semi-patriotic and beautiful valley. There I found a small but quite energetic Society of Spiritualists, who, with our zealous brother, William Heap,

To Book-Buyers.

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

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1874.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE. No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (Lower Floor).

AGENTS FOR THE BANNER IN NEW YORK. THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 119 NASSAU ST.

COLBY & RICH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR. ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Letters and communications pertaining to the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to LUTHER COLBY, and all BUSINESS LETTERS TO ISAAC B. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

NOW READY.

Wallace's Defence of Spiritualism.

A neat pamphlet edition of this important work, from the pen of Alfred Russell Wallace, Fellow of the Royal Society, with a preface by Epes Sargent, author of the popular history of Spiritualism entitled "Planchette; the Despair of Science," has been published by us, and is now for sale—price 25 cents. Mr. Wallace shares with Mr. Darwin the honor of establishing the principle of "natural selection" in explanation of the variation of species, and has a European reputation as a first-class man of science. His noble "Defence of Spiritualism" is beginning to excite great attention, not only in England, Germany and France, but in the United States. No better work can be offered by Spiritualists to inquirers, as it embraces the latest phenomena, and answers all objections. We have put it at a low price in order that it may be circulated largely.

Address Colby & Rich, publishers of Banner of Light, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Bigotry by Law.

A closer inspection of the reformatory prison bill for women, which was made a law by the last Legislature, reveals provisions which for enormity in the line of tyranny could scarcely be enlarged upon. Mrs. Aurora Phelps has shown up its several features of legitimated cruelty in the columns of the Globe. She puts the case, in a summary, thus: "By this bill employers virtually say to all women workers—'Dare to strike, to leave our employ, or refuse the wages we offer, and two years as felons in a State prison or of unpaid service as felonious apprentices, await you.' Anybody will inquire with a start how this can be. Here is the explanation, which an examination of the bill furnishes: in the simple name of providing a separate prison for female convicts, what were before classed as petty offences are made felonies; the bill provides, or declares, that 'females convicted of any of the offences enumerated in sections twenty-eight and thirty five of chapter one hundred and sixty-five of the General Statutes, shall * * * be sentenced to the Reformatory Prison for women for a term not more than two years.' Now let us see what are the 'offences enumerated' in sections twenty-eight, &c., of the General Statutes, and then what is the penalty attached to them. The offences are—'having no visible means of support'; 'idle or disorderly'; 'vagrants'; those who 'mispend their time or earnings'; proclaiming unpalatable truths for Old Theology, on Sundays, would come within the scope of these 'offences.' The penalties for these were formerly such as six months' confinement, a twenty dollar fine, and a discharge on reconviction. The bill just enacted into a law changes these penalties to an imprisonment for two years; or the prison keeper may bind such women out to service, without wages, to be treated with the same harshness—showering and whipping—that they are subjected to in prison!

For this is the explicit language of the bill: "For the full term of their sentence, and the person to whom they are bound, shall have the same rights or privileges of constraint, punishment, rule, etc., as the overseer or warden has." And what may "idle and disorderly conduct" be made to mean under the provisions of this bill? Why, simply a woman-strike for better wages. And who may be called "vagrants"? Working-girls and women, going about in quest of some improvement of their pay or their hours of labor. And here come the bigotry and malicious intent of the scheme: the prohibition of the right to "work on the Lord's Day" can readily be twisted to mean a denial in public of certain dogmas of Old Theology, which the bigots do not want to have disturbed. They will forbid Sunday speaking and meetings for women, by attaching a formidable penalty to the practice. Everything like liberal and progressive teaching they will suppress, if they can do it. Where are Spiritualist woman speakers, under the rigors of a statute like this? But what sort of a spirit does this bill manifest toward woman, any way? It certainly aims to prevent her rising above her present condition; it forbids her resisting the imposition of insufficient wages. If she assembles her sisters to discuss the best means of getting higher pay for her work, as men do with perfect impunity, this new and monstrous law seizes her as a "vagrant," or as "idle and disorderly," and either shuts her up in prison for two years for felony, or permits the prison-keeper to bind her out for the whole term to service without wages, to be treated by the one taking her with the same cruelty as that to which she is liable to be subjected at the hands of the overseer of this prison. A monstrosity of a statute like this must be fought down by public opinion at once.

Dr. Miner's Dynasty.

Considering that Boston has always put forward so strong and positive a claim to be the pioneer in all that is progressive and liberal, it is remarkable that there is so much need of an established force here to combat the growing power of bigotry. There was, not many evenings ago, a public discussion at Hyde Park, between Dr. Miner and Dr. Dio Lewis, both of this city, on the question of the best and most effective method of suppressing the evils of the liquor traffic and liquor consumption, in which Dr. Miner took the Gov. Talbot side, and Dio Lewis the more liberal and rational. Matters had proceeded smoothly enough until the evening had worn well on to its close, when Dr. Lewis began visibly to corner his antagonist by running a parallel between his views on prohibition and on theological authority. Dr. Miner, in his headlong impulse, walked directly into the logical trap set for him, with both feet. He boldly made the admission, in response to an inquiry of Dr. Lewis, that the Legislature would have the right and would be bound to suppress any such views as those which Dr. Lewis was then proclaiming and defending, provided it could be shown that they led to woe and misery such as is to be witnessed in our prisons and almshouses. Now Dr. Miner intentionally used his language so that there might be two interpretations put upon it. In his letter to the Post he confesses as much. For if he does not really mean that opinion may be suppressed by an act of the Legislature, he would not seek to crawl out of his position by arguing that such opinions must first be proved to have visibly caused the spread of woe and wretchedness.

He resorts to sophistry merely to cover himself from the too fierce attacks of his critics, who hold him to the line and the plummet of the matter. How is he or any one else to tell when an opinion results in overt acts which come within the legitimate reach of the law? That is his hiding-post, and he makes the most of it. But there is no possibility of mistaking the spirit of his declaration. He either means legislation to put down free opinion when it conflicts with his own, or he means nothing. Which shall it be? Unless the former, there was no need whatever of his breaking silence on the subject. He is aware that he has taken a long step in advance of the former position of the bigots of theocracy, and he is a trifle solicitous lest he may have been too bold about it. That is all. But there must be no let-up, no intermission in the war which liberal thought wages with the powers of Old Theology. It has a willing tool already in the Executive chair of the Commonwealth, and it takes heart from his vetoes and advances with greater boldness. And there is no security from it until it is finally vanquished. As for parleying with this iron-clad spirit, which demands the surrender of everything, it is entirely out of the question. As it strikes for all, so must the war with it be to the death. Dr. Miner is only one in this oligarchy, but he is bold, sleepless and determined, and he evidently thinks he can do God service only by obtaining absolute power for himself first. If still small voice that speaks to the meditative and brooding soul is louder than the shouts of the conflict, then is the iron hand of authority weak in comparison with the ear-aching touch of reason and persuasion.

Judge Edmonds's Faith.

If it was slow in ripening so as to fix itself in the truths of Spiritualism, when it was once formed it was unshaken. Once having gone over the ground, his was not the doubting, unsteady mind that was always reviewing it. Mrs. Tappan uttered many remarkably characteristic truths respecting him in her memorial address in London. She said, that he did not believe in a new church; he believed that all churches would be revived and reorganized by this new dispensation. Neither did he believe in displacing old forms of government; he believed that all forms would be made new and good by this abiding spirit. He did not believe in pulling down churches or church organization, but he believed that into their lifeless forms this new spirit would come as a baptism of fire, purifying and uplifting, making all of one spirit, one form and one body. He did not believe that popular organization would be of any use or effect in controlling mankind, but he was of opinion that all belief and faith might be made perfect by this renewal and inspiration. He believed the past quarter of a century to be one of the cycles of inspiration, in which, like the voice that came to Moses, like the revelations in the time of the Saviour, like all past inspiration, God poured out his spirit anew on the earth, making man to converse with angels of truth. And he believed that all living souls are endowed with the image of the Creator, and that however deeply buried or imprisoned they may be in crime and misery, their spirits would sometime be made glad and free and pure by the living consciousness of life itself. He believed that death would enfranchise every one in degree, and all would enter on their new-found existence as they left it on earth.

His faith continued to shine out through clouds of the darkest opprobrium, so that after his critics and calumniators were silenced, his life remained undisturbed and serene. If ever a man passed through the tortures of the modern Inquisition—the inquisition of the spirit rather than the body—Judge Edmonds was the man. But the shafts of calumny all glanced off harmless from the armor of his pure character. If he resigned his high office, and gave it back to those who clamored for it, he still kept the integrity of his own soul. His intellect seemed to be the clearer for having unloaded itself of a responsibility which others conceived to be an honor he should no longer wear. Where are such carping critics and calumniating enemies now? What effect have they produced either on his own life or on his influence over his fellow-men? Judge Edmonds was a living martyr instead of a dead one. But his was the peculiar happiness of being allowed to live through his term of martyrdom, and to look upon his foes with a pity which they were obliged to feel. It was they who were conquered, not he. His faith kept him, for the most of his life, in companionship with the beings whom we usually call invisible. Earth and heaven were for him interchangeable. And if any one would pretend that such familiar and constant intercourse with disembodied beings, such a faith as his was, unfits men for the faithful and thorough performance of the daily duties of life, they have but to consider the extent of his professional labors during this protracted term, and the increased value of his services to those who habitually sought them to the last.

The verdict of the coroner's jury, in the case of the Mill River disaster, censures the legislature, county commissioners, mill-owners, contractors and engineers.

The Usual Result—in America.

Our readers will remember that not long since the quiet town of Oakland—situated across the bay and opposite San Francisco, Cal.—was disturbed to the utmost by certain mysterious and remarkable occurrences at the residence of Mr. T. B. Clark, a respected citizen of that place, and an employe of the United States government. While the excitement lasted skepticism was at a full and entire ebb, but as soon as the manifestations (an extended description of which we printed at the time) ceased, after accomplishing the end for which they were presented, the down-bent heads of bigotry and unreasoning prejudice were speedily uplifted, and a board of investigation, composed of some of the "ablest scientific men on the Pacific slope," was at once convened to dissect and explain the matter.

It happens to be a lamentable fact that whatever advance they may make toward independence of thought in the future, our American scientists are not lacking the nerve and bluff fearlessness of their English brethren, Wallace, Crookes, &c., and are generally seized with the idea, whenever they convene to consider any of the claims made by the spiritual phenomena upon their evidence or power of solution, that they are a "white-washing" committee, duly called on by the church and public (?) opinion to expunge whatever revelations of nature the truth may make, either upon the blank wall of blind faith on the one hand, or that of stolid materialism on the other; and for proof that this worthy board of California savans has proved no exception to the rule, but is duly submissive and obedient to the demands of those who convened it, it is not necessary to go further than the following excerpt from the San Francisco Common Sense of June 27th:

"The voluminous evidence, taken in the matter of the spiritual manifestations at the house of T. B. Clark, Oakland, shows conclusively that it was utterly impossible for the persons in the house to produce the manifestations testified to by the twenty-five witnesses examined, yet the following conclusion has been arrived at:—

"The Committee, after a careful examination of the house and location of the furniture with respect to the persons present, after a patient hearing of the witnesses, and, as we believe, an impartial weighing and comparison of the testimony, find the evidence insufficient to indicate the action or presence of any supernatural or occult agency whatever. (Signed) Joseph LeCount, W. W. Crane, Jr., J. K. McLennan."

The testimony taken is sufficient to make a large volume. It is in Mr. Clark's possession, and will probably be published, in order that the public may pass its own judgment. In the summary up of the testimony, the committee contradicted their own conclusions, by admitting, with regard to the unmaking of the front door, that 'the weight of testimony as to this event seems to be corroborating in support of the theory that it was caused by supernatural and occult agencies.'"

Beecher and Hawthorne.

When Hawthorne wrote his immortal "Scarlet Letter," which gave him an imperishable name in literature, there was not waiting a mob of the most violent ecclesiastical critics, who swarmed in the "religious" press, to assail him in indecent language for having presumed to make for his central character a clergyman who, in England, had been guilty of a secret adulterous intercourse, and who came to this country in order to escape its associations which he would have been glad to fling from his path. But he came among the early Puritans and became their pastor in Boston, only to be confronted again with the associate of his sin and the mutual product of it. Arthur Dimmesdale and Hester Prynne are as much living characters as if they had stepped down into the streets from the historic page. The story simply recites the changing phases of the young minister's sleepless remorse, goaded continually by the presence of the one who was the innocent cause of it. The Brooklyn scandal closes the pious and wipes the pens of the men who attacked Hawthorne for taking such liberties with the ministerial cloth and calling. It shows, if there is anything in it, or any fire beneath all this smoke, that a minister may suffer just as Hawthorne skillfully depicted his suffering; that he may be a sorrowful penitent for many years; that his sin will in some way find him out; and that concealment is the worst of all torture for the heart that aspires ever to holiness and truth. Now let the ministers do tardy justice to Hawthorne's genius.

At ten o'clock on the evening of July 1st, an innocent-looking party were seen walking through the Common with nothing suspicious in their appearance except an unusual number of white flowers and button-hole bouquets. Just as the rays of the rising moon flooded the shimmering waters of the harbor, they quietly drew together in the shadow of the old historic Elm, well-known to the patriots of the "17th." Here they paused; and a gentleman, whose face was not less shining than his broadcloth, stepped forward, holding a fair, spiritual-looking woman by the hand; and in a moment Mrs. Helen Tripp had vanished from the face of the earth, and had become "assimilated, as it were," into Mrs. Fisher M. Clarke, this wonderful change being brought about by the Rev. Wm. R. Alger, who, in a few significant words, pronounced them man and wife.

Various friends stepped forward, with congratulations, subdued for the occasion, as the bridal nucleus was gathering a crowd about it whose names were not on the list of invited guests. For ourself we wondered if there were not a "cloud of witnesses," that mortal eyes could not see, hovering in the viewless air, near the spot that was the scene of their martyrdom. Time works strange mutations. There are people now living in Boston who can remember hearing others tell how their fathers gathered on Boston Common to see witches hung on the same trees that now wave in the same green luxuriance as of old. Popular tradition points to the old elm—then a young and sturdy tree—as having borne this strange fruit; and, used so tragically in its old age it becomes a mute witness of the power of truth. Two hundred and thirty years ago, the bride, bridegroom, and four out of five of the witnesses, would probably have been hanged upon the same tree beneath which they now stood in freedom and happiness.

After the conclusion of the ceremony the party adjourned to the Bellevue parlors, having marked as no other way could so gracefully have done, the change of thought in Puritan New England.

Our thanks are due, and are hereby tendered to Messrs. J. W. Black & Co., the enterprising Boston photographers, for a copy of the finely executed likeness of the late Charles Sumner, which has been issued by them.

What Generates Belief?

Two of the most venerable, who also have long been among the ablest and most renowned Unitarian preachers in our land, having carefully read Mr. Wallace's "Defence of Modern Spiritualism," have openly stated that they find that author's facts and arguments unassailable and conclusive, scientifically and logically, while yet they find themselves unable to adopt his conclusion—unable to entertain belief in Modern Spiritualism. We say this on the authority of another well-known and highly esteemed clergyman of the same denomination, who was a personal listener to the conversation in which the above statements were made, and who repeated it to us, because he thought the information would give us pleasure, as it certainly did.

The course of those two venerable men, during scores of years, has been manifesting their possession of both moral courage and devotion to truth, to as great extent as the world often sees. They may justly be called conservative reformers. They have been profound, broad, strong, logical thinkers, understanding and using scientific processes for obtaining conclusions, and also have been frank and distinct, while cautious, teachers of whatever truths their convictions embraced.

Their avowal, as above, that an impregnable basis of facts, and flawless argument therefrom, fail to command their own belief of a matter scientifically proved, is resonant of manly candor, strength and justice. Ordinarily, none but high intellectual and moral powers make free statement that they are unable to accept an author's conclusions, though they concede that his positions and arguments meet the most rigid requirements of science and logic. Men not thus strong generally resort to sneer, slur or other disparagement of any one whom they cannot gainsay in manful mood, if they are unprepared to adopt his teachings. Not so the venerable clergymen. They freely accord to Mr. Wallace his deserved merits as a scientific adducer of facts and as a sound logician, and find the cause of their own non-adoption of his conclusion not in any fault of his or of his work or of his conclusion; but in their own mental states. They concede that "The Defence of Modern Spiritualism" is sound throughout, as a work of science and of literary art, and yet find their own mental digestive organs and juices incompetent to assimilate the nutriment he furnishes. Whose the fault? Those men are above charging it to Mr. Wallace. Such justice towards the prover of a fact or faith that is not receivable is as admirable as it is rare.

The experiences of those two able men indicate that something more than incontrovertible facts and sound logical deductions from them, may sometimes be needful to the generation of belief. What is that something? Perhaps reflection would enable one to name many things; but that which first occurs to our mind is, that one's preëxisting beliefs—will not admit the access and abode of a new comer to their domicile, unless some one or more of them can sympathize and harmonize with the stranger. Though science and logic give the stranger letters of introduction and approval, they alone have not power to command and obtain his prompt and cordial reception everywhere. Previous occupants of the mental house are its door-keepers, and their intuitions are not, in all cases, blind and humble servants of science.

It may be, and to a very great extent it obviously is, true that belief is the offspring of evidence and not a matter of choice. Evidence, however, is of various kinds, and comes from diverse directions and sources. Reason is its only accredited scanner generally; but, whether permission be granted them to do it or not, both intuition and prior beliefs will perform some part in determining whether a new logical conclusion shall receive adoption. That is made obvious now by the condition of the two clergymen; for when a world, skeptical spirit-wards, is furnished with the utmost proof which it has for twenty-five years been demanding of Spiritualists, viz., a scientific demonstration of the existence of their fundamental facts, and, by implication, saying that the accomplishment of that would both demand and obtain at once the world's full credence, we find some of the best representatives of the cultured, liberalized and many members of that world unable to do what has been set forth as a necessary and unavoidable act under the circumstances of their position. Science has achieved her task, but the promised result does not follow instantly. Part of the evidence needful to belief, therefore, either comes from outside of demonstration which reason concedes to be conclusive, or else time—often long time—is needful for the demonstration to remove or qualify opposing beliefs before the newly demonstrated fact can be admitted among the beliefs. The world is not susceptible of so rapid conversion as it deems itself.

Still scientific demonstration, by masters in science, is disintegrating of opposing obstacles of every kind, is persistently aggressive, and will, in time, work itself and carry its knowledge into the mind and heart of the enlightened world. The good time is hastening on.

ALLEN PUTNAM.

Alfred Russell Wallace.

Quite a sensation has been produced in the scientific world of England by the appearance in the London Fortnightly Review of a long article entitled, "A Defence of Spiritualism," by this gentleman. Mr. Wallace is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and well known as one of the foremost naturalists and anthropologists of the day. Dr. Hooker, President of the British Scientific Association, says of him, "It is not easy to speak of Mr. Wallace without enthusiasm; for with a modesty as rare as it is unconscious he forgets his own unquestionable claims to the honor of having originated, independently of Mr. Darwin, the theories he so ably defends." Mr. Wallace is widely known for his scientific works. From an advertisement in our columns we see that his "Defence of Spiritualism," which is now exciting a good deal of attention in England, Germany and France, will be published in a neat edition by Messrs. Colby & Rich, publishers of the Banner of Light, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, during the present week. This edition will have an original preface by the American editor.—Boston Transcript, July 1st.

"THE HEALTH GUIDE," by E. D. Babbitt, D. M., is a valuable addition to the health reform literature of the day. It not only presents in a compact, readable style the best current information on matters of health, diet, &c., but brings up for consideration and discussion a great deal that is new—a great deal that has not before appeared in hygienic or medical publications. The book is written in a plain common-sense style, well adapted to popular comprehension. Price \$1.—Pomeroy's Democrat, June 13th.

For sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

Letter from Benj. Coleman.

We find the annexed communication from this well-known gentleman in the columns of The Spiritualist newspaper, of London, Eng., for June 20th. Our readers will not fail to gain certain and direct knowledge of the writer's views, from its clear-cut sentences, concerning the mediumship of Miss Showers and the position of Sergeant Cox:

MISS SHOWERS'S MEDIUMSHIP.

"SIR—Mr. Sergeant Cox in his letter of the 7th inst., in commenting upon Mr. Dumphy's evidence when speaking of Miss Showers, apologizes to him for having mistaken for his, Mr. Coleman's statement that he saw the medium with her face covered with a shawl. This is a mistake on the part of Sergeant Cox; my remarks applied to a séance with Miss Cook. I had never seen Miss Showers. But in correcting this small error it affords me the opportunity of telling Sergeant Cox that I have now, by the courtesy of Mrs. Maddougall Gregory, had the pleasure of meeting Miss Showers at a séance on the 17th inst.

As Sir Charles Isham was present and took notes, he will doubtless give all necessary particulars, and describe to you the principal incidents of that evening. I will merely relate, as briefly as possible, the points which arrested my attention, and proved conclusively the entire integrity of all concerned.

Mr. Dumphy conducted the séance, and showed, in the first place, the impossibility of confederacy in any shape. Miss Showers, whose speaking voice in ordinary conversation is low and gentle, was dressed in a dark silk evening costume, with lace trimming. Shortly after she had entered the inner room, used as a cabinet, there came forth from behind the curtain a full-formed female figure, dressed in pure white, with a turban on her head, and with long sleeves. This figure was some inches taller than Miss Showers, and showed her naked feet. I thought there was some likeness to Miss Showers, and her gentle, quiet tone of voice and sedate manner seemed like hers. I asked the spirit if she would show me her teeth (which could not be seen when speaking), and she opened her lips for an instant to do so. There was no hair visible, and she wore a short gauze veil around her face. This was the spirit known as Florence Mables.

I am bound to say, were I witnessing this part of the séance as a skeptic, without any previous experience, and especially if I were a real man of science, or one pretending to some scientific acquirements, I should have hesitated before giving in my adhesion to the reality of what I witnessed, but I hope at the same time I should have had the good sense not to condemn on insufficient evidence.

I had been my position on this occasion, which I need hardly say it was not, I must have banished all doubts on the appearance of the spirit calling herself Lenore.

Here was at once presented a distinct individuality differing in many ways from either the medium or Florence. Her dress and turban were white, and her feet were naked, but she differed from the other by having a long veil, which did not cover her face. She had a quantity of hair falling over both shoulders, her arms were bare, and she was several inches shorter than Florence.

The difference, too, of temperament was very marked. She was extremely vivacious and comical in manner, with features smaller and more refined than the other, and when speaking she showed a somewhat prominent set of teeth. This fact alone is enough to compel skepticism to yield, whatever there may appear suspicious in other respects.

I am sorry Sergeant Cox, who claims to be in search of "the very truth," whilst implying that Mr. Crookes and others are not, will not have the opportunity of seeing the indisputable, convincing facts, which satisfy me and others. I think he has been entirely wrong in his conduct to Mrs. Showers and her daughter, and to uphold his false position, he has by implication, charged all others with being dupes, or confederates to support a fraud. What wonder, then, that he should have excited the indignation of at least one hundred intelligent men and women who will not in future care what Mr. Sergeant Cox may say or think on this or any other subject.

B. COLEMAN.

Upper Norwood, June 19th, 1874.

Our Message Department.

A well-known business man of Boston—and one also whose pen-portraits of quaint thoughts and healthy ideals have often pleased the mental vision of our readers—thus expresses himself, in the course of a letter to us, concerning Mrs. J. H. Conant and our Public Free Circles:

"* * * If any one takes up the Banner and looks upon the communications as they have appeared for the past sixteen years, and reads sometimes Thomas Paine's word, or William Ellery Channing's, or John Pierpont's, side by side with the general run of the Peters, Jameses and Johns in their variety as sailors, soldiers, gamblers, thieves, servants, pilots, pirates and Christians—all so pentacostal as to speak in their own tongues, and in a manner recognizable as unmistakably appropriate to the one communicating—it seems to me that such peruser must be led to feel that Byron, Shakespeare or Dickens would break in undertaking to represent so many distinct individualities. They might, and many others might surpass in Mrs. Conant's in many or any of their productions, but they would fall in the variety, that is, of not showing the individuality of Byron, Shakespeare or Dickens. Others of less note undertaking the same thing, would be repeating themselves; but here are sixteen years of successful experience, and any honest observer must admit that such a work as the 'Message Department' of the Banner has opened for all eyes, is the work of many, not one. She being then the amanuensis, the pen-holder, or 'tongue holder' for a variety, and it being a matter of demonstration that she is not assisted in these productions by any earthly being, nothing is left in the retort but a supermundane power; * * * and to me it seems to be straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel to attempt to find any other solution than the one universal assertion through the whole range of manifestations, viz: that each is the message of one who was a dweller of earth and now lives as a human being in the spirit-world."

Camp Meeting at Lake Walden.

By reference to another column it will be seen that the Camp Meeting projected at this popular resort on the borders of Concord, Mass., by James S. Dodge (who for several years, in conjunction with Dr. A. H. Richardson, directed the well-attended and successful Spiritualist gatherings there) is progressing as to its arrangements, and bids fair to be a happy and enjoyable occasion. The many natural advantages which cluster around this quiet sheet of water between the hills—and which need no recapitulation for those who have ever visited the grove—are such as to render it worthy of patronage by the pleasure-seeker, and there is every indication that its claims to appreciation will receive a due share of the public attention at the forthcoming Camp Meeting.

Spirit "John King."

We shall republish in the next issue of the Banner, from the London Medium, a very interesting series of consecutive articles entitled "FACTS FOR THE INVESTIGATORS OF SPIRITUALISM." They will be accompanied by an engraving representing a materialized spirit-form of "JOHN KING," about whom so much has been said in this country and Europe.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

Bergh writes to the New York Ledger in behalf of his canine friends. He thinks the Gothamites will soon be ashamed of their hydrophobic scare—and Bergh is right.

"The Ancient Band."

Thanks, dear Banner, for the generous word in behalf of myself and the imprisoned spirits. The "Appeal" was responded to in San Francisco by the offer of but a single dollar, in friendship for me or from regard to the cause which the "Spirit Art Gallery" represents, and for which I am the humble but willing agent.

The Burlington (Vt.) Free Press, of a recent date, contains a very fair and candid report of the séances of Henry B. Allen, the physical medium, held in that city, closing with the following remarks:

"We have not the space for further details of these singular phenomena, save to say, that we cannot believe they were produced by any trick. Mr. Allen is a respectable young farmer of Hydepark, and about twenty-two years of age. He claims to have been the medium of this force since he was five years old. A visit to him will certainly repay inquiring and scientific persons."

The Soldier's Widow Fund.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following sums, donated in behalf of the destitute widow and children, in response to Mrs. DeWitt's call for aid:

Table listing donors and amounts for the Soldier's Widow Fund, including Mrs. M. G. Thompson, Mrs. A. Friend, and others.

The Colchester-Day Fund.

Since my last report, the following additional sums have been received:

Table listing donors and amounts for the Colchester-Day Fund, including Mrs. S. N. Thompson, Mrs. A. Friend, and others.

God's Poor Fund.

Since our last report the following sums have been received in aid of the destitute poor:

Table listing donors and amounts for God's Poor Fund, including Mrs. S. N. Thompson, Mrs. A. Friend, and others.

Spiritual and Miscellaneous Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

BRITISH JOURNAL of Spiritual Science, Literature, Art and Inspiration. Published in New York. Price 50 cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in Agency type, twenty cents per line for first and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Use the Eureka Button Hole twist and Eureka Machine twist. They are the best.

Mrs. NELLIE M. FLINT, Healing and Developing Medium, 113 DeKalb ave., near Raymond st., Brooklyn, N. Y. Fulton Ferry. From 10 to 4.

SEALING COMMUNICATIONS TO SEALED LETTERS. Send \$1.00 and 4 stamps to M. K. CASSIEN SCHWARTZ, Station B, New York City. 6w*Je.27.

SEALING LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT. 39 West 24th street, New York. Terms \$2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Je.6.—4w*

Public Reception Room for Spiritualists.—The Publishers of the Banner of Light have fitted up a suitable room in their Establishment EXPRESSLY FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, where they can meet friends, write letters, etc. Strangers visiting the city are invited to make this their Headquarters. Room open from 7 A. M. till 6 P. M.

Mrs. M. GRAY, Business and Test Medium, 149 Bond street, near Bergen, Brooklyn, N. Y. M.16.—3w*

DR. HENRY SLADE, Clairvoyant, gives special attention to the treatment of disease, at No. 25 E. 21st street, near Broadway, N. Y. Jy.4.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER.—Mrs. C. M. MORRISON.—This celebrated Medium is the instrument or organism used by the invisible for the benefit of humanity. Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art. The placing of her name before the public is by the request of her Controlling Band. They are now prepared, through her organism, to treat all diseases, and cure in every instance where the vital organs necessary to continue life are not destroyed.

Mrs. Morrison is an unconscious THANCE MEDIUM, CLAIRVOYANT AND CLAIRAUDIENT. From the very beginning, hers is marked as the most remarkable career of success that has seldom if ever fallen to the lot of any person. No disease seems too insidious to remove, nor patient too far gone to be restored.

Mrs. MORRISON, after being entranced, the lock of hair is submitted to her control. The diagnosis is given through her lips by the Band, and taken down by her Secretary. The original manuscript is sent to the Correspondent.

When Medicines are ordered, the case is submitted to Mrs. Morrison's Medical Band, who give a prescription suited to the case. Her Medical Band use vegetable remedies, which they magnetize, combined with a scientific application of the magnetic healing power.

Diagnosing disease by lock of hair, \$1.00. Give age and sex. Oswego, Oswego Co., N. Y. P. O. Box 1322. Ap.25.13w*

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth st., New York. Terms, \$5 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. Jy.4.

A COMPETENT PHYSICIAN.—Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike, whose office is located at the PAVILION, No. 67 TREMONT STREET, (ROOM C), BOSTON, is cordially recommended to the Public as one of the most competent practitioners in the State. He compounds his own medicines, is a mesmerizer, skillfully applies the electro-magnetic battery when required, administers medicines with his own hands, has had great experience as a physician, and been very successful in his practice. He gives close attention to nervous complaints.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Advertisement for B. H. CURRIAN & CO., Publishers of "The Banner of Light" and "The Dawning Light." Includes contact information for various book depots and publishers.

WHITE'S SPECIALTY

Advertisement for White's Specialty For Dyspepsia. Includes text about the medicine's benefits and contact information for Colby & Rich.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Fifth Annual SPIRITUALISTS' CAMP MEETING

At the Spiritualists of Massachusetts will be held at LAKE WALDEN, CONCORD.

Commencing Tuesday, July 28th, ending Sunday, Aug. 9th.

THE GROWER never looked more inviting than at present. The walks have been newly graded, roads repaired and painted; the dance-hall, swings, &c., are all in good order, and the amphitheatre—Nature's design, but beautified by art—has been recently repaired, and capable of holding thousands of persons within hearing of the speakers. Our tents are manufactured by the celebrated R. W. Flint, and are of the best quality, and will exceed the prices of tents will vary from \$10 to \$25.

Mr. Wetherby, well known among our campers, will lead the grounds with his great provision tent, with supplies fresh from the fields. Stalls are being erected for teams of visitors. Carriages will be run regularly between the grounds and Concord. Those who wish to visit those who wish to visit the battle-fields of our heroic soldiers of '76 and other sights of old Concord.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Fifth Annual SPIRITUALISTS' CAMP MEETING

At the Spiritualists of Massachusetts will be held at LAKE WALDEN, CONCORD.

Commencing Tuesday, July 28th, ending Sunday, Aug. 9th.

THE GROWER never looked more inviting than at present. The walks have been newly graded, roads repaired and painted; the dance-hall, swings, &c., are all in good order, and the amphitheatre—Nature's design, but beautified by art—has been recently repaired, and capable of holding thousands of persons within hearing of the speakers. Our tents are manufactured by the celebrated R. W. Flint, and are of the best quality, and will exceed the prices of tents will vary from \$10 to \$25.

Mr. Wetherby, well known among our campers, will lead the grounds with his great provision tent, with supplies fresh from the fields. Stalls are being erected for teams of visitors. Carriages will be run regularly between the grounds and Concord. Those who wish to visit those who wish to visit the battle-fields of our heroic soldiers of '76 and other sights of old Concord.

Advertisements.

Camp Meetings.

New Books.

New Books.

New York Advertisements.

HULL & CHAMBERLAIN'S MAGNETIC AND ELECTRIC POWDERS! GREAT NERVINE, REGULATOR, AND BLOOD PURIFIER.

A Complete and Reliable Family Medicine, PURELY VEGETABLE. Magnetic and Electric Uterine Waters!

A Local Remedy for Female Diseases. Mailed Postpaid (1 Box) \$1.00 at these PRICES: (6 Boxes) \$5.00

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. CIRCULARS and Agents' Terms sent FREE to any address upon application to proprietors.

Address HULL & CHAMBERLAIN, 127 East 16th Street, New York City.

Phoebe C. Hull, Annie Lord Chamberlain, Magnetic Physician, Branch Office, 160 Warren Street, New York City.

Notice Extraordinary! THE WILSON SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES

Are the Best and Cheapest FIRST CLASS SEWING MACHINES

IN THE WORLD! And Received the Grand SILVER PRIZE MEDAL

AND DIPLOMA OF HONOR AT VIENNA, 1873.

Warranted for Five Years, and sold on easy Monthly Payments.

AGENTS WANTED. WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., 622 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

June 13.-5w Boston, Mass. Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis.

Address, after June 20th, till further notice: Glencora, Yates Co., N. Y.

DR. WILLIS may be addressed as above. From this point he can attend to the diagnosing of disease by his hand-writing.

DR. WILLIS claims that his powers in this line are unrivaled, and that he does, accurately and scientifically, what no other person can do.

DR. WILLIS has cured many cases of disease of the blood and nervous system, such as Rheumatism, Epilepsy, Paralysis, and all the most delicate and complicated diseases of both sexes.

DR. WILLIS is permitted to refer to numerous parties who have been cured by his system of practice when all other means have failed.

Send for Circulars and References. 11-July 4.

Dewey's Invisible Dress Elevator.

A self-adjusting spring securely holds the corset that rises and falls with the necessity of tying them. By touching the spring the dress is dropped to full length, and is ready to be worn.

It does its work perfectly. The cheapest because the best.

DR. WILLIS is permitted to refer to numerous parties who have been cured by his system of practice when all other means have failed.

Send for Circulars and References. 11-July 4.

L. F. HANKELL, or JOHN D. HANKELL, 60 State St., Chicago.

June 20.-4w SOUL READING, Or Psychometrical delineation of Character.

MRS. A. R. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit her in person, or send their photograph or lock of hair, she will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition, mental and physical, and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage; and hints to the inharmoniously married. Full delineation, \$2.00, and four 3-cent stamps.

Address: Centre street, between Church and Prairie streets, July 4.-11 White Water, Walworth Co., Wis.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

We have received some very fine Carte-de-Visite Photographs of Miss Doten, of Portland, Me., author of "Poems from the Inner Life," "Poems of Progress," etc.

Price 25c. By COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

PSYCHOMETRY. PSYCHOMETRY has been recently discovered to describe the mental and spiritual capacities of persons, and sometimes to indicate their future and their best location for health, harmony and business. Persons desiring aid of this sort will please send their handwriting, state age and sex, and if able, enclose \$2.00.

JOHN M. SPEAR, 2210 Mt. Vernon st., Philadelphia, Jan. 17.-1

L. The Ladies' Garter Suspenders can be attached to all the skirts in a moment, and by the skirts are suspended from the shoulders, relieving the back, hips and loins of all distressing, killing burden. Samples by mail 50c. Best terms possible to lady canvassers. Dress.

JOHN M. SPEAR, or JOHN D. HANKELL, 60 Summer st., Boston, 4w-June 22.

PATENT OFFICE, 46 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON, MASS. BROWN BROTHERS, SOLICITORS.

BROWN BROTHERS have had a professional experience of fifteen years. Send for pamphlet of instructions. Dec. 30.-5w

DR. SKINNER & BEAMAN, SURGEON DENTISTS, No. 50 School Street, Boston. Successors to A. B. Child, M. D. 4w-June 27.

\$200 A MONTH TO AGENTS to sell the IMPROVED "HOME" Sewing Machine, the only practical, low-priced "Lock Stitch" Sewing Machine ever invented. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., 24 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., New York City, Pittsburg, Pa., Chicago, Ill., Louisville, Ky., St. Louis, Mo. 4w-June 27.

MRS. DR. MOORE, MAGNETIC AND ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN, will be in LYNN (Glencora), at the residence of J. M. Fowler, for a few weeks. Also sittings and examinations. July 4.-3w

Spiritualist Home, 46 BEACH STREET, Boston, Mass. Good Rooms and Board by the day or week. 2w-July 4.

DR. PETER WEST, Test Medium, Psychometrist, Clairvoyant, Inspirational and Trance Speaker, leaves for Colorado Territory in a few days. Letters must be addressed to the Doctor at Denver, Col., 4w-June 27.

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE.-Fall term commences Oct. 5. Fees for the course \$30. No other expenses. For particulars, address J. BUCHANAN, M. D., Dean, Philadelphia, Pa. 12w-June 27.

DR. J. R. NEWTON, Arcade Hotel, Sacramento, Cal. 4w-July 4.

DIRECT all letters to CHARLES H. FOSTER, care Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. July 4.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL Camp Meeting OF THE SPIRITUALISTS OF MASSACHUSETTS, WILL BE HELD AT Silver Lake Grove, Plympton, ON THE OLD COLONY RAILROAD, Commencing Wednesday, July 22d, closing Wednesday, Aug. 12th.

THE Managers will spare no effort to secure every convenience for the comfort and enjoyment of all who visit the Grove. As far as practicable, those intending to camp should furnish their blankets and camp equipments. Blankets and Lockets may be obtained by applying by letter or in person to Dr. A. H. RICHARDSON, 55 Main Street, Charlestown, and at the Grove during the meeting.

Thursday, July 30th, and Friday, August 7th, will be Special Picnic Days.

Speaking, Dancing, Boating, Fishing, etc., will be in order. A small admission fee will be required of all persons visiting the Grove EXCEPT those coming by railroad. Dancing will be on the 30th and 7th.

All Liberals, under whatever name, are cordially invited to unite with us on this occasion.

The notice of the Society will be given. The regular trains leave Boston daily, except Sundays, for the Grove, at 8 A. M., and 2:30 and 5 o'clock P. M., stopping at various stations en route.

From all stations on the Old Colony Railroad and its branches, including South Shore and Duxbury, Cape Cod, Fall River, Southwick and Highgate, Bridgewater and South Abington, all the regular trains will take passengers to and from the Grove at greatly reduced rates of fare for the round trip. Family and stationers for the Camp Grove, South Shore road, Excursionists will reach Silver Lake via the new connection at Kingston by regular morning trains.

Excursion tickets good from July 21 to August 18th inclusive, may be obtained at all stations at Depots only. On Wednesday, July 23d, special trains will leave Boston at 8:45 and 12 o'clock for the accommodation of campers.

On special Picnic Days, July 30th and August 7th, special trains leave Boston for the Grove at 8:45 and 12 o'clock precisely. On Sundays special trains will leave for the Camp Grove, stopping at all stations as follows: Boston at 9 and 12 o'clock; Fall River via Old Colony at 10:30; Fall River, Taunton and Somerset, at 1:30 o'clock; For Boston and way stations at 5 o'clock.

We hope to meet all friends of Human Progress at these meetings. H. F. GARDNER, Managers, A. H. RICHARDSON, July 4.

A GRAND SPIRITUAL Picnic and Grove Meeting, Under the management of JAMIESON & HIGGINS, will be held at Porter's Grove, near Salem, Mass., On the 18th and 19th days of July.

MOSSES LULL, LAURA CLIPPY SMITH, W. F. JAMIESON, ANTHONY HIGGINS, &c., and other speakers are engaged. A full Glee Band of music has been engaged. Swings, merry-go-rounds, boating on the lake and all amusements are provided for. The proprietor of the grove will attend to refreshments, and cater to the wants of the people.

On Thursday, the 18th, the first day of the Picnic, there will be speaking in the morning from 10 till 12 P. M., when dancing will commence, and continue until 7 P. M. Sunday the day will be devoted to singing and speaking. All those who believe in freedom of speech will hear of something to their advantage, and it will not be the fault of the Managers, Jamieson & Higgins, if all are not made agreeable to this.

July 4.

GOLDEN MEMORIES OF AN EARNEST LIFE. A BIOGRAPHY OF A. B. WHITING: TOGETHER WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS POETICAL COMPOSITIONS AND PROSE WRITINGS. COMPILED BY HIS SISTER, R. AUGUSTA WHITING.

This book is one that will be of interest to every Spiritualist, and to all who are interested in rare and curious developments of mental phenomena, while the travel and adventures of the author will be of interest to all who desire instructive and amusing for the general reader. Part second of the work contains a number of beautiful poems, including the words of many of the songs, both published and unpublished. With this exception none of the poems have ever before appeared. Mr. J. M. Peabody furnishes a characteristic introduction, which needs no higher praise to make it appreciated.

The book is embellished with a fine steel portrait of the author, whose life is given in corresponding detail. Price \$1.50, postage 18c.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass. 4w

"One of the Most Valuable and Important Discoveries since the Art of Printing."

NEW ALPHABET FOR ALL NATIONS. BY JAMES MADISON ALLEN.

The series of Alphabetic Works now ready comprises the following: 1. THE PAN-NORM-ALPHABET: Universal or International Normal Alphabet, for the scientific and uniform representation of all languages, and a stepping-stone to a Universal Language and Universal Peace. Basic element of the New Education. "One of the most significant contributions of Modern Spiritualism." Price, postage, 30 cents.

2. NOLMO-GRAPHY: Normal or Natural Writing. Teaching the science of shorthand, (beginner's style) entirely free from arbitrary contractions, and learned in a few days. Price, postage, 30 cents. Demand dominant to those who have not learned shorthand, and designed to render it hereafter unnecessary for children and foreigners to learn the common abstruse spelling. Price 15 cents.

For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

MY EXPERIENCE, OR FOOTPRINTS OF A PRESBYTERIAN TO SPIRITUALISM BY FRANCIS H. SMITH.

An interesting account of "sittings" with various mediums, by a Baltimore gentleman, which led him to reject "Pre-arranged" or "Controlled" Spiritualism. Many interesting messages are given. Price 75c, postage free.

For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

NEW EDITION - JUST ISSUED. PRICE REDUCED. Lessons for Children about Themselves. BY A. E. NEWTON.

A Book for Children's Lectures, Primary Schools and Sunday Schools, containing a knowledge of the Human Body and the Conditions of Health.

"Better than a whole library of common medical works. Without delay, let all children's Lecturers provide their groups with this book." - J. D. Dyer.

"Should immediately become a text-book in the schools, and have place in every family." - Dr. S. B. Bradley.

For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

NINTH EDITION. Poems from the Inner Life. BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

The exhaustion of eight editions of these beautiful Poems shows how well they are received by the public. The popularity and intrinsic merit of these Poems are admitted by all intelligent and liberal minds. Every Spiritualist in the land should have a copy.

The edition is printed on thick, heavy paper, elegantly bound, and sold by mail for \$1.50, postage 18c.

Also, a new edition on extra paper, beveled boards, full gilt. Price \$2.00, postage 18c.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

Spiritualism Defined and Defended: Being an Introductory Lecture delivered in the Temperance Hall, Melbourne, Australia, by J. M. PEEBLES. The author says: "Spiritualists have no need to cramp and crush the intellect. They acknowledge no infallible oracle, nor do they trust to no sacred 'acceptions' to screen them from justice; nor would they bow down to pope, cardinal, bishop or priest, though the fogs were piled upon their heads. They believe in the rights and affirming individual sovereignty, and they believe in high moral principle, they consider each man a freeman, and they believe in the right to think, see, hear, investigate, and judge of all subjects for himself." Price 15c, postage free.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

A FINE STORY FOR CHILDREN. THE FAIRFIELDS. BY F. M. LEBELLE.

CONTENTS.-Castle Rock, The Pledge, What a Secret, Aunt Jerusha's Visit, Separations, The Departure, Whiling, The Fairfields, The Victory, The Confession, Compensation.

Price 75c, postage 8c.

For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

Dr. A. B. Child's Works. ABC OF LIFE. Price 25c; postage 2c. BETTER VIEWS OF LIVING; or, Life according to the doctrine "Whatever is, is Right." Price 25c; postage 2c.

CHILDREN AND THE PEOPLE. Price \$1.25; postage 18c.

SOUL AFFINITY. Price 20c; postage 2c.

WHATSOEVER IS, IS RIGHT. Price \$1.00; postage 16c.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

RELIGION WITHOUT SUPERSTITION. THE LYCEUM, A LIBERAL PAPER FOR THE YOUNG. MONTHLY, ILLUSTRATED, 75 CTS. PER YEAR.

THE LYCEUM is just such a paper as every Spiritualist and Liberal parent should place in the hands of his children. It is a liberal paper, free from sectarianism, Sunday Schools and Orthodox publications for the Young. It is also specially designed to meet the wants of the Children's Progressive Lyceum.

TERMS. One copy, six months, \$1.00. Three copies, one year, \$2.50.

Each subscriber for six months at the above rates will receive as a premium, "The Child of the World," a pair of elegant Little Chrismos, "Good Night and Good Morning," a pack of the best cards and chromos, a pack of "Arithmetic Cards and Games," and a pair of elegant Little Chrismos.

Persons unwilling to risk the subscription price of the paper until after an examination of it will send three months and be sent without pay if no longer wanted. The publisher is determined to give satisfaction in every particular, and premiums worth more than the subscription price, and leave confidently asks an examination of the merits of THE LYCEUM, and will be glad to furnish it to their children, or to grow up free from the bondage and superstitions of church creeds and dogmas.

Address P. H. HAZEN, Publisher, Toledo, Ohio.

FIFTH EDITION-REVISED AND CORRECTED. With a Steel-Plate Portrait of the Author.

THE VOICES. Three Poems. VOICE OF NATURE. VOICE OF THE PEBBLE. VOICE OF SUPERSTITION. By Warren Sumner Barlow.

This volume is startling in its originality of purpose, and is destined to make a deep impression among sectarian lights that any work that has hitherto appeared.

The VOICE OF NATURE represents God in the light of the poet's philosophy-in His unchangeable and various attributes.

The VOICE OF A PEBBLE delineates the deeds of our Mother Earth, and the life of the rocks, and the life of the stones, and the life of the mountains, and the life of the hills, and the life of the valleys, and the life of the plains, and the life of the rivers, and the life of the streams, and the life of the fountains, and the life of the wells, and the life of the springs, and the life of the lakes, and the life of the seas, and the life of the oceans, and the life of the atmosphere, and the life of the earth, and the life of the universe.

Printed in large, clear type, on beautiful thick paper, bound in cloth, with a fine steel portrait of the author. Price \$1.25; full gilt \$1.50; postage 10c.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

"One of the Most Valuable and Important Discoveries since the Art of Printing."

GOLDEN MEMORIES OF AN EARNEST LIFE. A BIOGRAPHY OF A. B. WHITING: TOGETHER WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS POETICAL COMPOSITIONS AND PROSE WRITINGS. COMPILED BY HIS SISTER, R. AUGUSTA WHITING.

This book is one that will be of interest to every Spiritualist, and to all who are interested in rare and curious developments of mental phenomena, while the travel and adventures of the author will be of interest to all who desire instructive and amusing for the general reader. Part second of the work contains a number of beautiful poems, including the words of many of the songs, both published and unpublished. With this exception none of the poems have ever before appeared. Mr. J. M. Peabody furnishes a characteristic introduction, which needs no higher praise to make it appreciated.

The book is embellished with a fine steel portrait of the author, whose life is given in corresponding detail. Price \$1.50, postage 18c.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

"One of the Most Valuable and Important Discoveries since the Art of Printing."

NEW ALPHABET FOR ALL NATIONS. BY JAMES MADISON ALLEN.

The series of Alphabetic Works now ready comprises the following: 1. THE PAN-NORM-ALPHABET: Universal or International Normal Alphabet, for the scientific and uniform representation of all languages, and a stepping-stone to a Universal Language and Universal Peace. Basic element of the New Education. "One of the most significant contributions of Modern Spiritualism." Price, postage, 30 cents.

2. NOLMO-GRAPHY: Normal or Natural Writing. Teaching the science of shorthand, (beginner's style) entirely free from arbitrary contractions, and learned in a few days. Price, postage, 30 cents. Demand dominant to those who have not learned shorthand, and designed to render it hereafter unnecessary for children and foreigners to learn the common abstruse spelling. Price 15 cents.

For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

MY EXPERIENCE, OR FOOTPRINTS OF A PRESBYTERIAN TO SPIRITUALISM BY FRANCIS H. SMITH.

An interesting account of "sittings" with various mediums, by a Baltimore gentleman, which led him to reject "Pre-arranged" or "Controlled" Spiritualism. Many interesting messages are given. Price 75c, postage free.

For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

NEW EDITION - JUST ISSUED. PRICE REDUCED. Lessons for Children about Themselves. BY A. E. NEWTON.

A Book for Children's Lectures, Primary Schools and Sunday Schools, containing a knowledge of the Human Body and the Conditions of Health.

"Better than a whole library of common medical works. Without delay, let all children's Lecturers provide their groups with this book." - J. D. Dyer.

"Should immediately become a text-book in the schools, and have place in every family." - Dr. S. B. Bradley.

For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

NINTH EDITION. Poems from the Inner Life. BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

The exhaustion of eight editions of these beautiful Poems shows how well they are received by the public. The popularity and intrinsic merit of these Poems are admitted by all intelligent and liberal minds. Every Spiritualist in the land should have a copy.

The edition is printed on thick, heavy paper, elegantly bound, and sold by mail for \$1.50, postage 18c.

Also, a new edition on extra paper, beveled boards, full gilt. Price \$2.00, postage 18c.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

Spiritualism Defined and Defended: Being an Introductory Lecture delivered in the Temperance Hall, Melbourne, Australia, by J. M. PEEBLES. The author says: "Spiritualists have no need to cramp and crush the intellect. They acknowledge no infallible oracle, nor do they trust to no sacred 'acceptions' to screen them from justice; nor would they bow down to pope, cardinal, bishop or priest, though the fogs were piled upon their heads. They believe in the rights and affirming individual sovereignty, and they believe in high moral principle, they consider each man a freeman, and they believe in the right to think, see, hear, investigate, and judge of all subjects for himself." Price 15c, postage free.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

A FINE STORY FOR CHILDREN. THE FAIRFIELDS. BY F. M. LEBELLE.

CONTENTS.-Castle Rock, The Pledge, What a Secret, Aunt Jerusha's Visit, Separations, The Departure, Whiling, The Fairfields, The Victory, The Confession, Compensation.

Price 75c, postage 8c.

For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

Dr. A. B. Child's Works. ABC OF LIFE. Price 25c; postage 2c. BETTER VIEWS OF LIVING; or, Life according to the doctrine "Whatever is, is Right." Price 25c; postage 2c.

CHILDREN AND THE PEOPLE. Price \$1.25; postage 18c.

SOUL AFFINITY. Price 20c; postage 2c.

WHATSOEVER IS, IS RIGHT. Price \$1.00; postage 16c.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES! "THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE." THE AMERICAN LIBERAL TRACT SOCIETY PUBLISHES Radical, Spiritualist and Reformatory Tracts to advance Freedom of Thought.

No. 1. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 2. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 3. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 4. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 5. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 6. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 7. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 8. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 9. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 10. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 11. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 12. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 13. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 14. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 15. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 16. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 17. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 18. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 19. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 20. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 21. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 22. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 23. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 24. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 25. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 26. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 27. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 28. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 29. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 30. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 31. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 32. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 33. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 34. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 35. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 36. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 37. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 38. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 39. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 40. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 41. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 42. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 43. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 44. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 45. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 46. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 47. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 48. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 49. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 50. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 51. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 52. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 53. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 54. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 55. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 56. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 57. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 58. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 59. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 60. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 61. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 62. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 63. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 64. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 65. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 66. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 67. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 68. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 69. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 70. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 71. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 72. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 73. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 74. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 75. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 76. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 77. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton. No. 78. "The Bible is a Book of Witnesses," by Wm. Denton

Pearls.

And quoted these, and jewels five words long. That, on the stretched fore-finger of all time, sparkle forever.

Have seen and touched can afford to wait. Truth, with the battle at last. I am an old soldier in the spiritual field, and have smelt the powder of ridicule and contempt.

sentual materialistic conditions which spirits may have been compelled to assume when they came into the earth's atmosphere and into rapport with the mediums.

slature to grant a charter to the "Infidel Society" of 1844. 1871 was the date of the commencement of the new movement for a memorial building, which was now so successfully inaugurated.

THE GREAT LITERARY SENSATION! THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD COMPLETED BY THE SPIRIT-PEN OF CHARLES DICKENS.

Letters from Henry T. Child, M. D., of Philadelphia, and Robert Dale Owen—Wonderful Manifestations at the Holmes Seances—A Communication from the Spirit of Katie King.

Consider the communication you have been fortunate enough to obtain, by impression, from "Katie," touching the moral and intellectual condition of spirits who take upon themselves earthly investiture, as an item in corroboration, besides being a most valuable and suggestive addition to spiritual literature.

The Paine Memorial Exercises. The morning hours of Saturday, July 4th, 1874, were made attractive, and instructive as well, to the student of the march of broadened sentiment among men.

Thomas Wentworth, writing from Carryall, Ohio, under a recent date, says: "I have been a reader of the Banner from nearly its commencement, and intend to be as long as my reading faculties continue, which, however, will probably not be very long, as I am now in my eighty-third year, and cannot count on a much longer residence on this side of the line separating the two states of existence."

26,000 copies Sold. 26,000 copies Sold. 26,000 copies Sold. 26,000 copies Sold.

After this she told me she was not able to deliver a message to the friends in London because she was not attending any more seances there.

Postscript: July 31.—Since writing the above I have seen one of the London photographs of Katie, taken by the magnetic light. It corresponds to what we have heard of the striking likeness between her and her medium.

As previously stated, the building is to be denominated "The Paine Memorial Hall and Investigator Home," and is to be located on Appleton street. Sixty thousand dollars is the estimated cost of the edifice, which will be built of brick, and contain four stories, the lower of which will be occupied by stores and The Investigator; the second by a large hall, to be called Paine Hall; the third by a dancing hall; and the fourth story to be used for a banquet hall.

Western New York Quarterly Convention. The Third Quarterly Medium and Speakers' Convention for 1874, will be held at East Randolph, Cattaraugus Co., Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 1st and 2d, commencing at ten o'clock, and continuing each day, from 10 to 12 o'clock.

THEISM, Doctrinal and Practical, or Didactic Religious Utterances. BY FRANCIS W. NEWMAN.

LETTER FROM ROBERT DALE OWEN. Dear Dr. Child—Accept my grateful acknowledgments for your kindness in inviting me to witness the phenomena in spirit-materialization, now presented in this city through the mediumship of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes.

NARRATIVE OF KATIE KING, GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., OF PHILADELPHIA, PENN., JUNE 5, 1874. My Dear Friend and Brother—I should be very sorry if you inferred from the manner in which I appear and speak to you and other friends, when I am materialized, that that is a criterion of my present condition, and that the rude and trifling manner in which I express myself on these occasions is a real reflection of my interior state.

After music from Ripley's Band, Mr. Horace Seaver, editor of the Investigator, deposited the tin box containing a copy of the original circular of the establishment of the Paine Memorial Hall, and a copy of the circular of the trustees and employees of The Investigator office, a copy of the deed of Mr. James Lick, of California, a copy of the trial and imprisonment of Mr. Abner Kneeland, the daily papers of the day, the last issue of The Investigator, copies of the Banner of Light and The Index, specimens of fractional currency and gold and silver coins of the United States, a general review of the liberal cause, an address to the future generation, by Mr. Horace Seaver, a programme for the day, and a ticket of admission, and offered a few remarks in connection with the ceremony, which were calculated to show the intended uses of the building about to be erected.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE Materialized Spirit, "KATIE KING." Read the following graphic description: This photograph, an enlarged copy of the original taken in London, represents the full form of the spirit materialized, Katie King, (the Annie Moore, who for three years, ending May 21st, 1874, came out of the cabinet, and lived in the presence of spectators.)

BRITAN'S JOURNAL, FOR APRIL. A Spiritualistic Quarterly. CONTENTS. James M. Peckles, by the Editor; Creeds and Conduct, by Alfred Griggs; The Angel in the Dream, by the Editor; Songs of the Winds, (Poetry,) by Fanny Green McLaughlin; Silent Voices, by the Editor; The Wings of Science; Slaves of the East and West, by Judge Israel Diller; The Gates of the North, (Poetry,) by Belle Bush; Adam, the Father of Men, by Fanny Green McLaughlin; The Platform, by Charlotte H. Wilbur; Lessons of Life, (Poetry,) by J. Effraim Watkins; Swedenborg, by George Sexton; M. D., LL.D., Harmonism and Civilization, by the Editor; The Editor at Home; Judge Israel Diller, by the Editor; Sorcery and Evil Spirits; Original Music: The Solar Harp, by Prof. George Hartison.

I had kept up with the recent European experiments in this field, and looked for much; but the reality has far exceeded my expectations. All my former experience in Spiritualism, favored as I have been, pales before the new manifestations witnessed by me in the course of last month. After the strictest scrutiny, with every facility promptly afforded me by the mediums, to detect imposition had it been attempted, I have avow my conviction that the phenomena are genuine; that I have again and again—on more than twenty occasions—seen, heard, touched forms to appearance human and material, and to sense tangible; that these forms have stepped up close to me; that I have held conversations with them, occasionally receiving advice, sometimes having my thoughts read and adverted to; that I have received, written under my very eyes, by a luminous, detached hand, a communication of some length, purporting to come from an eminent English clergyman who died twenty years ago, the style and the signature serving further to attest its genuineness; finally, that I have seen two forms, fade away till it became a dim shadow; to reappear, a few minutes later, in all its brightness.

You will see the importance of this power of maintaining, or recurring to the primitive conditions of spirit-life, at least for a time, and until all those to whom a recognition is necessary shall have passed into that state; and this power is retained so as to be easily exercised, until after all who are living on the earth at the time a spirit enters this world have also passed on, so that the new-born spirit cannot fail to recognize its friends and relations. I am requested to say to you that all spirits, when they return to earth, whether they communicate or not, are absolutely subject to this law. They must assume the conditions they had when they left the earthly form, although they may bring to earth many thoughts and ideas which they have acquired in the interior life; and even these are somewhat modified by the conditions presented through the necessary conditions which surround them at the time of incarnation, scholars from the spirit-land, speaking through mediums who are ignorant of language and the rules of grammar, may be compelled to use the incorrect expression of the medium. It is a truth that "the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets"; and every spiritual communication that has ever been given through which it has passed, as well as by the es-

Christianity: Its origin, nature and tendency, considered in the light of astro-theology. By REV. D. W. HULL. For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

Christianity: Its origin, nature and tendency, considered in the light of astro-theology. By REV. D. W. HULL. For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

Looking Beyond. BY J. O. BARRETT. A most beautiful book, written in the author's usual finished style, ably with spiritual illuminations and affections. It contains the latest many of the departed respect what they see and hear of the "better land." It is a book of life, the moral ratio of worlds, the brighter views of the transition scale, and visions of the "beyond." It is a book of called immortals, and a Bethlehem star in every heart home.

THE GREAT LITERARY SENSATION! THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD COMPLETED BY THE SPIRIT-PEN OF CHARLES DICKENS.