

THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

NO. 8

by Bishop O'Leary, of Tennessee. In an experiment on this letter. His impressibility enabled him to describe it very readily, and being an ardent Whig, and opponent of Gen. Jackson politically, he was not disposed to appreciate favorably the Jacksonian type of character. Hence this description of the character was very similar to the one previously furnished by Whig Gen. Jackson. He described an heroic, violent character, and heat first compared to Napoleon, and finally pronounced to be "just such a man as Gen. Jackson." When he had reached this climax, I showed him the letter of Gen. Jackson which he had been describing.

Sometimes the psychometer is able to identify the writer, but generally, his attention being occupied in the analysis of character, he fails to think of the individuality of the writer.

A lady, in describing the impression derived from the autograph of Miss Harriet Martineau

[After giving many additional illustrations of psychometry, Dr. R. concluded by a view of its practical bearing and utility of the art, of which the following is an abstract:]

1. In character study there is no process that can be at all compared with psychometry. Dr. R. exhibited a skull with a light in the interior, and he pointed out certain portions of the brain which have been very active, making the skull thin, and other portions very inactive, resulting in thickness and opacity of the bone. External cranioscopy cannot detect these abnormal conditions. Psychometry alone can determine actual status of the man with certainty.
2. In the study of history and biography, psychometry gives us a new light, and will enable us to settle many historical questions.
3. In the question of guilt or innocence, sanity or insanity, Psychometry brings us to a perfect solution, and when the world is civilized and enlightened, its power will be invoked in all difficult investigations.
4. In self-culture there is nothing that can be so near to perfection, as the delicate penetration and criticism of Psychometry, continually employed as a guidance in self-improvement.
5. In the investigation of diseases, there is very little success which is not derived from psychometry or intuitive faculty. It is not a science in the physician who describes patients at a

lance by this power, but in every good practitioner that it gives it aid. The mysteries of disease are entirely beyond pathological description, and can be appreciated correctly only by the physician who has this power of intuitive perception. Those who have it in a high degree are very successful and those who are entirely deficient are equally unsuccessful. The greater prevalence of this power among women is one of their superior qualifications for medicine.

Psychometry is an additional means of conquering the dark forces of materialism which is becoming prevalent in the sphere of physical and mental science. The greater prevalence of this power among women is one of their superior qualifications for medicine.

Psychometry opens an unbounded future of mental progress and an era of enlightenment, the brightness of which makes the civilization of the nineteenth century a realm of *hazy darkness*. The higher powers of the soul, emancipated in psychometric research and rising on unobscured wings, survey the boundless domain of human knowledge alike in the past and the remote, alike in the past and the present, and even look out over the "promised land," the home of enlightened, redeemed humanity in future centuries. No historic truth is hidden in the Egyptian pyramids, or in the caves and huts of the lake-dwellers, or buried with the bones of the extinct savanians, which may be brought into the light of day and the contemplation of modern science. Twenty-five centuries ago predicted these results, and it was but a few years before Prof. Denton commenced those magnificent researches which have verified his prophecies; and the results which he has given the world in his three volumes on the "Soul of Things," are the brilliant dawning of a new era in science, in which the divine faculties of the soul become its guide into the wealth of knowledge and the plenitude of wisdom and happiness which belong to the "golden age" that lies in the future.

Spiritual Phenomena.

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

The quiet town of Oakland has of late been the scene of reports which we have received, both through the columns of the San Francisco press, and by letter from correspondents, are correct—been favored with another plash of that shower of spirit phenomena which is yet far from having passed over, however firmly such view may be cherished by some minds. It would seem that that ubiquitous and much abused "personage," whom our readers will remember was credited with giving such a rough welcome to the late Elder Knapp when he visited California some years since on a revivifying tour—the report of which, taken from the Elder's own lips at his Tremont Temple lecture in Boston against Spiritualism, we printed in full at the time—now and then selects the Pacific Slope as the fit scene of re-joining over the worthy Knapp's translation from a plane of theologic darkness to one where his spiritual gaze will surely be opened to a grander view of life and its possibilities. It will be remembered that the Elder on that occasion acknowledged the genuineness of the spiritual phenomena, and related some most wonderful occurrences on the physical plane which he himself had witnessed, and believed to have occurred without deceit on the part of the medium—the active agent being the devil; and to this high (?) rock the churchmen in the majority of instances have flown for safety in the face of the modern deluge of free thought backed by free facts; and hanging shiveringly over the rushing stream, they echo the Elder's despairing cry, "devil!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

be struck on the piano, though it was known that Mr. Clarke had closed and locked the instrument. THE ENEMY'S OUTPOST.

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

A THRILLING SITUATION.

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

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

"Not an article of furniture in the room but was even then moving. The chairs were marching around the room in pairs, the counterpane dived about, the ottoman rolled over and over, and the piano warped, twisted and groaned as if in great tribulation. While Bayley was standing there the horrible chair in the doorway came rapidly toward him and springing up struck him in the face, bruising him slightly and frightening the victim nearly to death. When the gas was first lighted in the parlor there was no abatement of the noises, but gradually they gradually died away, so that it seemed as if the sounds came from a long distance. Those, however, in the dining-room continued without cessation until the men mustered up courage to strike a light there, when they too died away; but not so the physical manifestations. The chairs and tables

MOVED ABOUT LIKE ANIMATE THINGS.

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

THE NOISES BEGIN AGAIN.

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

THE STRANGEST THING OF ALL.

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

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

THE EXCITEMENT IN OAKLAND.

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

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

A VERY ANIMATED BLOWER.

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

THE HUMMING-TOP CHAIR.

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

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

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

"MR. OXLAND'S FLYING TRUNK."

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

A MASS OF SPLINTERS.

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

Reporters.—How did the trunk get out of Oxland's room?

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

And the trunk, you say, was broken. Was anything else injured?

Mr. C.—Nothing inside it was even scratched, but the trunk itself was broken to pieces."

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

"I said Mr. Clarke to the Chronicle Reporter to report to mention that all the early part of the evening there was a considerable crowd outside the gate, and, by the way, they all heard many of the demonstrations; but at the time I now speak of, every soul had gone away.

As I said, we were all sitting there, smoking and talking, and the house was quiet. There had been no demonstration for more than half an hour. All at once a long, wild shrill scream—a woman's heart-rending wail—rang through the house like a bugle's tone. Every man of us started to our feet, our faces as white as chalk, and I know our limbs shook—at least mine did—like tottering reeds. I tell you, sir, I have heard women scream before now, but I never, in all my life, heard such a terrifying wail of anguish as that. The sound seemed to come directly from the hall at the foot of the stairs.

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

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

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

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

WAITING FOR THE GHOSTS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Oakland Transcript of April 28th says of the case that the reports were not exaggerated:

"That the furniture, trunks, boxes and house utensils have been performing wonderful antics, there is no more doubt than there is of our own existence. The commotion has been absolutely fearful, and witnessed by scores of our citizens, among whom were ministers, lawyers, doctors and professors. * * *

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

And the Oakland News of the same date says:

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

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

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

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

(From the Nursery for May.)

THE FIRST TROTH.

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

—[George Bennett.]

Minnesota Missionary Work.

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

Since my last report for March, I have lectured in the following named places: St. Charles, Chatfield, Troy, Utica, Winona, Itasca, Rushford, Etta and Granger. I have given twenty-three lectures; have added eighteen new members to the Association; received in collections and yearly dues, \$45,72; expenses were \$6,55. At Rushford, the Methodist preacher gave a discourse against Spiritualism, the night before I was to commence my lectures. The Spiritualists all felt jubilant over the matter, for they thought he would come and discuss the question; but when challenged to mortal combat, he declined to do so. The next morning, from three to seven o'clock, that was the last we heard of him during our stay there. If you ever see a Methodist preacher by the name of Wright, he may be the same fellow who will talk about us behind the pulpit, and dare not face the music in debate. With all of the ups and downs, and the big loads that have been thrown upon the cause, Spiritualism in Minnesota never prospered better than to-day. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the people here, and in the rest of the world, stand by their shoulders, and stand before the world what they are in deed—Spiritualists. Orthodoxy dare not meet us publicly, but like the highwayman, always in ambush, it watches for prey. Let the Spiritualists of Minnesota get fully aroused, (and in America, for that matter,) and all doubtful questions will be readily settled. I am, as ever, in the work, submitting the above most respectfully, J. L. FORTER. Address Northfield, Rice Co., Minnesota.

ITEMS OF TRAVEL.

BY WARREN CHASE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MIND AND MATTER.—A famous Paris physician once was turning over idly a book of sketches we had at our rooms, while waiting for his patient, and paused some moments before the head, for it was only the head, of Thomas, the author of "Clinton Bradshaw."

"That man," said he, at last, "was lame through life."

We asked him how he arrived at such a conclusion. "One shoulder is higher than the other," he answered, "and there is an expression of pain, a querulous one at that, which comes of continuous physical irritation. Once seen it can never be mistaken."

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

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

Banner Correspondence.

Illinois.

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

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

Michigan.

BAY CITY.—Susie M. Johnson writes, May 7th: Since February 1st, I have been in Bay City, I lectured for the Society of Spiritualists during February and March. The audiences were not large, but were earnest and appreciative. April 2nd, I spoke to us. His lectures were replete with fresh, vigorous thoughts, based upon the solid foundation of fact, and emphasized and electrified by the fervor of his peculiarly impassioned nature. His audiences were good, and without exception, so far as I know of, felt themselves benefited and instructed.

For the present the Society have no further engagements with lecturers. The "panic" has had its effect here as in all other places, and perhaps together with the fact that the winter has been very unfavorable to the lumbering interests, which is the chief business of this region, money has been more difficult to be procured here than in some other localities. However, the people of the Saginaw Valley, with a generous sprinkling of old New England stock among them, are full of hope and vim, and will come out bright and shining, give them a little time.

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

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

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

Vermont.

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

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

Missouri.

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

The Woman's Crusade has been carried on here this winter with good results. It will also help advance the Woman's Suffrage movement.

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

Iowa.

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

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

California.

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

Arkansas.

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

Will some medium address me with a view of effecting arrangements to visit this section of the State during the ensuing summer?

Maine.

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

North Carolina.

WILMINGTON.—B. A. Hallett writes: I noticed in the last Banner that R. McLaure, Fayetteville, N. C., was asking for a good test medium to visit that place. I wish to second his request for one to visit this part of the State. I think it would be difficult to find a section where more good could be done to the cause, or a larger reward reaped by a reliable medium, than this part of the State.

Geo. A. Rodman visited this place before the war, and in one week he gave sittings to some four hundred people, at one dollar each. We need a test medium who can give messages from departed friends, either by writing, rapping or trance. If one who could be endorsed by a well visit us he or she would find true and firm

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

New York.

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

A Counterpart to the Piermont "Miracle."

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

J. A. WILLARD, 327 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

E. V. Wilson as a Test Medium.

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

Yours truly, SAMUEL MAXWELL, M. D. 409 West Randolph street, Chicago, Ill.

To Spiritualists—The Duty of the Hour.

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

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

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

D. T. AVERILL.

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

Northfield, Vt., May 10th, 1874.

"Could not" they get any help but a humpbacked man to play "Richie" in it. "I asked an old lady who had been to see Booth play the part.

Free Thought.

BLASPHEMY—THE QUESTION.

BY THOMAS M. HAZARD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"With [Webster's] definition of blasphemy before me," (says Mr. Spooner,) "I sin against the Holy Ghost" is easy of solution—clear as the sunlight—*Blasphemy against the Divine Spirit*.

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

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

Vanhook, R. I., May 2d, 1874.

THE BIBLE AND SPIRITUALISM.

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

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

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

It may not be out of place, perhaps, here to say that, to very many *low friends* of Spiritualism, it seems a great pity that because the church has misinterpreted, mutilated, narrowed and abused the teachings of the Bible, which, if not divine in the way the churches take it, bears the seal of the highest spiritual teachings. Spiritualist writers and speakers, instead of seeking to show the inconsistencies of the so-called Christian communion, and the true and in most cases so simple interpretation of that Bible which the churches claim to be the law, are "tramping it down, kicking it off, calling it all kinds of names, such as *illogical, absurd, false, dangerous, false, issue of superstition*, and so forth, and in so doing are sending and keeping away from the investigation of the truths of Spiritualism people who are certainly sincere—people who have the feeling that the God preached in the church is not the God of the Bible, not the God of Nature and the universe, and would be happy to find the truth, but are repelled by the abusive epithets of writers and speakers, whose aim is to be the exponents of a true and more charitable religion.

I am, with many good wishes for the success of the truth and of your good paper, very truly yours, F. C. LEWIS, Detroit, Mich., May 22th, 1874.

The Late Mrs. Teed, Medium.

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

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

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

J. B. SMITH, Milwaukee, Wis.

Books for the Children of Spiritualists and Liberals.

Of the extensive library of spiritual and reform books, few are adapted to the wants of children. The need of books such as liberals desire to place in the hands of their children has been repeatedly urged, yet the want has been only partially answered. Sunday school libraries are a dreary resource for the Spiritualist, and to cull from secular literature books free from taint of superstition or theological bias, is a difficult, if not impossible task.

Our connection with the Progressive Lyceum has forced this demand constantly on our attention, and we anxiously awaited for some of the many able writers in the ranks of reform to supply the want. Brother Newton opened a useful and inexhaustible field, which we had hoped, before this, to have been extended to all the sciences. Mrs. Brown has published two books of stories, which, with two or three other books, complete the scant list. Our Lyceums are forced to select books written and published for the promulgation of ideas and sentiments, often quite opposed to Liberalism and Spiritualism. We have been urgently solicited by many prominent Spiritualists to assist in this arduous task, and two years since announced the first number in a series in preparation. The Boston fire, by the destruction of our books and plates, with the financial uncertainty, delayed the appearance of the work until the present.

The Lyceum Series, offered us by Mr. P. H. Bateson, publisher of "The Lyceum," and we are thus enabled, in conjunction with him, to carry forward our favorite project.

Briefly we shall, under the general title of "THE LYCEUM SERIES," publish collections of stories for children, designed to entertain and instruct them, and wholly free from superstition and dogmas. It is our intention to issue these books as cheaply as possible, that they may attain a wide circulation, and have fixed the price at twenty-five cents. We, as authors and publishers, shall do all we can to meet the wants of our spiritual and liberal friends, and if the enterprise meets their approval, our reward will be secured.

The first volume of the series will be ready about the first of June.

HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Extract from a Letter of a Young Lady, dated Oakland, Cal., Tuesday, April 28th, 1874, and addressed to her Sister at New York.
Great excitement has prevailed here for the past few days, and people are all talking for further developments. Spirits have been so unquestionably at work that I think there is hardly a person in Oakland, even the most skeptical, but admits that these remarkable occurrences are the result of supernatural agencies. Last Thursday night a family, consisting of three or four gentlemen and as many ladies, living in a house only four or five blocks from us, retired, as usual, and at about one o'clock were awakened by a noise as though bedlam were let loose. The gentlemen, going down stairs and lighting the gas, witnessed the proceedings. The piano, shut and locked, was playing itself, and the furniture moving around in the liveliest manner. One chair edged up to Mr. Bayley, and springing up, hit him in the eye. Suddenly they were startled by a great crash, and found that the door, which was strongly bolted, had been carried seven feet from the doorway, without a single bolt being slid or a hinge broken. Similar manifestations continued through Saturday night. On Friday a large trunk lifted itself over the railing and came crashing down the stairs. Subsequently several chairs came down in the same way. This is no newspaper sensation, for on the second and third nights a great many people were at the house and witnessed these things. I can't begin to tell you all. Henry is acquainted with a good many of the gentlemen who saw these performances—men who could not have any reason for making misstatements. Saturday night the phenomena ended with the most fearful blood-cursing shriek that ever grated mortal ears. Strang men, to whom fear was unknown, were perfectly unmanned, and Mr. Clarke, the tenant of the house, said that, if all Oakland were his, he would willingly give it for the sake of having that shriek effaced from his memory, for it haunted him night and day. We heard no more lately, and very likely nothing more will happen, but this has been enough to set us all to thinking, for although I have never been a believer in Spiritualism, I do think spirits have been at work here.

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

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

We are led to these remarks by a paper read before the Academy of Sciences in San Francisco, on Tuesday evening, by Judge S. C. Hastings, on the alleged spiritual manifestations at the Clarke mansion in Oakland recently. The Judge, as we are seriously told by the Alta, "trailed the troubles of a partial disturbance of the normal condition of the ether," or an "etheral cyclone." He believed that generally would explain all the modern spiritual phenomena. An "etheral cyclone" is, "There is a locality about it decidedly refreshing. A cyclone that manifests intelligence; that, in defiance of the law of gravitation, sets chairs and tables spinning in the air; that pitches heavy trunks down stairs, lifts doors from off their hinges, and gets like a woman; that and other things which are not to be explained on the basis of the laws of nature, but are the result of conditions which are not yet understood. It is a thing as to which the laws of nature are not yet understood. It is a thing as to which the laws of nature are not yet understood. It is a thing as to which the laws of nature are not yet understood."

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

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

"I learned to-day that our Professors will examine into the facts, and report them, but the sense of all this is that they are nothing about it. It is of more importance to them to know whether Mr. Clarke and the inmates of his house have lied about the whole thing, than to know how it is that inanimate matter can travel about and make intelligent movements. I have no theory on the subject. I do not go to a cent on any theory yet advanced. But seriously, this kind of thing is getting to be too frequent to be passed lightly by. Heretofore it has been a curiosity, but now, according to received opinion, ought not to happen, are the facts which serve as clues to new discoveries. Scientists believe nothing that runs against their preconceived notions, and flatly refuse to investigate phenomena that they cannot well down into a credible or demonstrable figure; but something may grow out of the investigation, and we are looking with some interest for the report of the facts by the committee."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In the Message Department this week Margaret Vance, of New Orleans, sends communication to T. H. Vance, of Alabama; Lillian Preston, of Baltimore, comforts her mother; Dr. Anson P. Hooker, of Cambridge, Mass., gives good advice to all; Annie Louisa Lewis, drowned on the 'Central America,' speaks to her uncle, and Tom Carney counsels harmony among his family.

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

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

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

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

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

"Letters of Travel."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Practical Fruits of the Banner "Poor Fund"—Singular Case of Direct Spirit-Interposition.

For many years, especially during the inclement seasons, we have been called upon for assistance by persons representing themselves as destitute of even the commonest necessities of life. On investigating the cases in question, we found the statements made to us in the main correct, which fact induced us, through the aid of a Spiritualistic friend, a baker on Essex street, to establish, in a small way, a bread depot for these hungry ones, where they could procure daily newly baked loaves of bread. We kept a record-book of all such callers, and issued ten cent tickets to the applicants. We did this for a long time, (with some little outside aid,) until it drew so heavily upon our scanty exchequer that we were reluctantly compelled to discontinue our charitable work. Solicitations for aid still continued, however, and we gave money, when we had it to spare, to such as we felt impressed were in extreme need. This course we pursued until within a short time since, when the Spirit President of the Free Circle, Mr. Parker, took it upon himself, through his medium, Mrs. Conant, to publicly call for funds where-with to assist destitute ones whose cases had come under the cognizance of spirits, which was responded to by a generous public, and funds, mainly in small sums to be sure, have been steadily accumulating in Mr. Parker's coffers; and we take this opportunity to once more render not only our own deepest and most grateful thanks to the donors who have strengthened our hands to the accomplishment of the relief of much deprivation and suffering during the late hard winter and the present backward spring, but also those of the parties who have received the aid for the dispensing of which we were only the stewards. May the rich blessings of that higher world, whither we are all tending, be with those who have proved their earnestness by that surest of mortal tests—the contribution of money to carry out practically the charitable impulses which the many feel, but to which it is the few too often who yield.

The Boston Daily Herald some time since took occasion to refer to the work accomplished by our "poor fund" in full terms of commendation; and as a specimen of what is being accomplished in this direction, we give the benevolent donors who have honored us with their confidence, the following example of "what becomes of their money." The instance may also call the attention of the people to the worthiness of the enterprise in which we are engaged, and enlist the sympathetic assistance of yet larger numbers of our patrons and the public generally.

The following card, bearing date of April 28th, appeared in the columns of the Boston Daily Traveller, and also the Herald:

"One quart of Indian meal for a family of seven persons, without money is a poor supply for a Saturday night. Yet this was all such a family had on Saturday last, and the parents are both worthy, and only anxious to work."

Said card was signed by a lady, who announced that any help sent to her address would be given to the destitute family. We read the card, and suddenly felt a strange impulse to investigate the case; therefore, cutting out the statement, we laid it before the Spirit President of the Banner of Light Circles, at our regular business meeting with Mrs. Conant. Upon so doing we were directed to inquire into the matter, and if, on material grounds, we considered the case worthy, we were to report to him. We accordingly directed our reporter to call on the parties, both the lady who issued the card and the family aforesaid, which he did.

After some preliminary conversation with the lady who published the card, and who resides at the West End of the city, our representative was directed by her to a house on North Charles street, where he found the family in question, whose names will not be mentioned here through a delicate regard for their feelings. Suffice it to say that it was a truly worthy case, and one springing from sickness and misfortune, and not—as in too many instances—from the direct or indirect influence of dissipation. The story told was, in brief, as follows: The father of the family was a Vermont man, by trade a tin-smith and iron-plate-worker; the mother was an Englishwoman who had long resided in this country, and was a fine seamstress; both the man and his wife had been out of regular employment nearly ever since "the panic" last fall; they had pawned all their clothing, and sold almost everything salable in their attempt to pay the rent, and keep hunger from the door, the wife even being obliged to sell the sewing-machine by which she had been able now and then to earn a scanty pittance through her trade. Stranded at last upon the rocks of starvation, the man, made desperate at the sight of his suffering family, applied for help at the hands of the police and the Chariton Street "Home," but the only opportunity for assistance which the great city of Boston seemed to proffer to the wants of a self-respecting, industrious man who would willingly have worked if he could have found anything to do (as would his wife), was an offer to send himself and family to the *Tuckersburg General Almshouse*. But in his wanderings he made the acquaintance of the lady who subsequently issued the card, and the family received assistance through her efforts in private for several months. At last, as the season advanced and business did not improve, this benefactress made the effort to which we have adverted to bring the matter before the eye of the public. At the time our reporter visited them the man and his eldest daughter (a girl of some fourteen years of age) had just obtained temporary employment at small pay, and a little plain sewing had been gained for the wife, so that prospects seemed to look a little brighter for the family.

But the strangest part of the narrative is to come. Just as our representative was opening the door to depart, the woman turned suddenly to him and made a remark which seemingly indicated that she thought he had been despatched to her house by the city authorities; he hastened to explain that he was sent by the Banner of Light to inquire into the case. "The Banner of Light," replied the woman; "who is the editor?" "Luther Colby," he replied. "Why, I know him—or at least I know his mother," she exclaimed, upon which she proceeded to give facts concerning our aged parent (now deceased), and also several of our relatives in Amesbury. These points, which were unknown to the reporter, were submitted to us by him on his return, and were recognized as correct by us—in fact, we distinctly remember the name of the woman as having been a tenant of an aunt of ours in Amesbury several years ago. In accordance with said report, and the directions of the Controlling Intelligence, we at once despatched a messenger to the destitute family with the sum of twenty-four

dollars, with directions that if business prospects did not brighten for them, they should report to us again for assistance. The donation was thankfully received, and the earnest "God-bless you" which the needy ones sent back to us, we reverently present to the generous souls who gave us the means of bestowing the much-needed aid.

On the same day in which we forwarded the money—but before it had gone—the lady who had issued the card, and had been interviewed, called at our office to see if we were willing to assist her *probles*, saying that she had been encouraged in her efforts to help this family by a spirit—an old lady—who had appeared to her, and who seemed very anxious in the matter. We, individually, have not the slightest doubt that it was our mother (who departed some years since at a great age) who influenced both this lady to issue the call which introduced us to the family, and ourselves to become interested in the case, as we remember while in her earthly life she spoke of the Englishwoman as being a faithful and attentive nurse in cases of sickness.

If any kind-hearted person—Spiritualist or otherwise—who reads this simple story of duty done, feels desirous of helping either this particular family, or the general "Poor Fund," any amount sent, with a statement as to which name the donor desires it to be credited, will be faithfully applied.

Meeting of the Boston Liberal League.

A well-attended and highly interesting meeting of this organization was held at New Fraternity Hall, Parker Memorial Building, corner Appleton and Berkeley streets, Boston, on the evening of Friday, May 15th. F. E. Abbot, editor of the Index and President of the League, occupied the chair. Miss Jane P. Titcomb, Secretary, read a comprehensive report, in which, in addition to the business transacted at the last session, she furnished a condensed rescript of the remarks made by the speakers on that occasion. The records were approved, and after a few introductory words by Mr. Abbot, Mr. R. H. Ranney, from the Executive Committee, made a report of progress as regarded the introduction of the reforms to the advance of which the League was pledged to the favorable notice of the Massachusetts Legislature—said report being of a very hopeful nature. A motion was made to reconsider the vote passed at the previous meeting, whereby the Executive Committee was enlarged from three to nine members, but after a discussion in which Messrs. Ranney, George A. Bacon, M. T. Dole and others took part, it was decided in the negative. On motion of George A. Bacon, it was voted that the By-Laws be so amended that the Executive Committee should be called together once a fortnight for purposes of business consultation, and the arrangement of the work before them. After volunteer remarks by Messrs. Abbot, Ranney, Dole, Wetherell, Mrs. Otis and others, the meeting adjourned to the call of the Executive Committee.

Venero Voldo in Lynn.

This gentleman lectured to the Spiritualists in Oxford-street chapel, Sunday afternoon, to a delighted audience. Mr. Voldo, though comparatively a new speaker upon the Spiritualist rostrum, is both capable and eloquent. In his closing remarks he said:

"The gospel of joyousness provides, then, that the ideal shall not enervate upon nature. It would remove the mask of affliction and discover the brave face of genuine pride. It would strike off the chain of melancholy, and teach the victim the elasticity of freedom. In a word, it pleads that man be true to himself by being true to the conditions of his being. By such obedience he will be true to Nature, and by such truth he will abjure the suicidal policy of excess of pleasure upon the one hand, and excess of labor on the other. Then to him who hath more shall be given. Every channel of true enjoyment will be poured into him. Labor will furnish the fullness of his harvest by prudent building and cheerful invigilation. Man will then catch the glad, quickening joyous voice of Nature as she talks in the tinkling ripple, and the murmuring wave, and the songs of the birds and the winds. He will catch the smile of Nature in the bright flowers of the field, the sunlight and starlight, the silver-tipped waves and sparkle of a world of jewels. Then he will laugh and rejoice; not with and from his mouth alone because he was stung by wit or tickled by humor, but with his profoundest soul, because he was moved by the concentrated inspiration of the good, and glad, and bright, in all the glorious universe of God."

Address, 515 High street, Providence, R. I.

Massachusetts State Spiritualists' Camp Meeting.

In another column will be found the introductory announcement by James S. Dodge, Manager, of the continuance at Lake Walden Grove, Concord, Mass., of the regular Camp Meeting series inaugurated at that place four years ago by Dodge & Richardson. No one who has had the pleasure of a visit, however brief, to the shores of the lake, and the beautiful woods from whence Thoreau drew inspiration, will need to be informed that the place is one eminently fitted for quiet enjoyment and undisturbed communion with Nature. The varied experience of Mrs. Dodge is also a guarantee to all who may patronize this meeting, that while the inner man is being recuperated by the health-giving powers of the soil and atmosphere, the outer man will not suffer for want of proper convenience and care.

The justly-celebrated healer, Dumont C. Dake, M. D., is now permanently located at 234 Wash. avenue, Chicago. The Religio-Philosophical Journal says:

"The famed analytical physician of this city, Dumont C. Dake, M. D., is winning handsome emoluments from the people everywhere he goes, and golden opinions from the press. The Rockford papers are filled with his wonderful cures—in fact, the Chicago and Western papers all speak well of the Doctor, whose brilliant career as a successful physician stands unparalleled, and he is enjoying a reputation for skill of which he may well be proud."

A spirit entranced a medium in this city on Sunday evening last, giving his name as Joel Hayden, and stated that to his knowledge two hundred and thirty-six human souls had come suddenly to the spirit-world in consequence of the terrible calamity in Western Massachusetts. This spirit communicated some time ago at our Public-Circle Meeting, and his message was published in the Banner of the 4th ultimo.

A Proposition for the Revival and Better Conduct of our Spiritual Meetings, is the title of an Original Essay from the pen of Mrs. Emma Harding-Britten, which we shall publish as soon as our space permits.

HULL'S CRUCIBLE, No. 7, Vol. III, is offered for sale at our counter.

National League of the United States.

In a late issue we printed an announcement, in the shape of a circular, which informed the public that S. B. Brittan, M. D., of New York City, and others in various localities, had embarked on a new effort at organization for reformatory purposes, being led to such action in view of the fact that "perilous evils are growing up in our midst which corrupt our common life and menace the permanence of our institutions." They have therefore banded themselves together to resist "the tide of popular iniquity; to insure equality in the possession and exercise of political rights and privileges, regardless of the distinctions of religion, color and sex; to give expression to enlightened ideas and moral convictions in social and political life; to lighten the burdens of the poor; to prevent crime by removing the causes of injustice and violence; and by the reconstruction of our present Penal Code, and by substituting peaceful arbitration for armed invasion or defence."

The movement aims to cover a wide field of labor, and if properly managed may be productive of much good; but if not, it will share a fate identical with that of many other attempts in the same direction.

Those desirous of obtaining full particulars concerning the League, can address its Secretary, Mary A. Newton, 128 West 43d street, New York City.

Dr. E. D. Babbitt has sent us his little "Guide to Health." It is chiefly devoted to showing how to treat certain diseases by means of animal magnetism, and as such is peculiarly interesting. This is a subject in which there is much to learn, it being a new and unexplored field. It is designed for the common reader, and sold for \$1. *Herald of Health*, for May.

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

The Massachusetts State Association of Spiritualists.

The Annual Meeting of this Association will be held at Larchmont Hall, No. 3 Winter street, Boston, on Thursday, May 28th, 1874, (Anniversary Week,) commencing at 9 o'clock A. M. Sessions of the Convention will continue through the day and evening. Delegates are notified that the annual business of the Association will be first in order, hence prompt attendance at the morning session is desirable. All Spiritualists are invited.

Per order of the President.

A. H. RICHARDSON, Cor. Sec.

Boston, May 19th, 1874.

American Liberal Tract Society.

The annual meeting of the Society for the choice of officers for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of other business that may legally come before it, will be held in Larchmont Hall, on Thursday, May 28th, at two o'clock P. M. All persons interested are invited to attend.

M. T. Dole, Secretary.

Spiritual and Miscellaneous Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

BUTTS'S JOURNAL of Spiritual Science, Literature, Art and Inspiration. Published in New York. Price 50 cents.
THE LIBRARY SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 50 cents.
MORAN'S SATURDAY Morning Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 20 cents.
THE RELIGIO-Philosophical Journal. Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 50 cents.
THE LITTLE BOOKER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 20 cents.
THE LIBRARY. Published monthly by P. H. Bateson, Toledo, O., and designed for the children of the Progressive Libyans. Price 75 cents per copy; 75 cents a year.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH and JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 15 cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.
SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line.
Mention each insertion.
BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line.
Age, each insertion.
Payments in all cases in advance.
For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.
Advertisements to be renewed at continued notice must be left at our office before 12 M. on Monday.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.—Dr. Willis will be at 255 Milford street, Boston, the first Wednesday and Thursday of July, September and November, and at Dea. Sargent's, 39 Clark Avenue, Chelsea, the first Tuesday of the same months.

My 23.

Mrs. NELLIE M. PLANT has returned from Europe, and will heal and develop at 31 Clinton place, near University place, N. Y. Hours—10 to 12 P. M., 2 to 4 P. M.

My 23.

PSYCHOMIZED ACTUATED PAPER, which often turns like magic in rousing cold, dormant systems, sent on trial for 25c. Babbitt's HEALTH GUIDE, postpaid, for \$1. E. D. BABBITT, D. M., 437 4th Avenue, New York.

SPRIT COMMUNICATIONS TO SEALED LETTERS. Send \$1.00 and 4 stamps to M. K. CASPER SCHWARTZ, Station B, New York City. 6w* My 2.

DR. HENRY SLADE, Clairvoyant, gives special attention to the treatment of disease, at No. 27 E. 21st street, near Broadway, N. Y. My 2.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER!—Mrs. C. M. MORRISON.—This celebrated Medium is the instrument or organism used by the invisible forces 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 TRANCE 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 Medicine is 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.

Chicago, Chicago Co., N. Y. P. O. Box 1322.

Ap 25. 13w*

Public Reception Room for Spiritualists.—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., etc. Strangers visiting the city are invited to make this their Headquarters. Room open from 7 A. M. till 6 P. M.

J. V. MANFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, \$3.00 Sixth Ave., New York. Terms, \$5 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FILM, 39 West 24th street, New York. Terms \$2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered. My 9. 4w*

A COMPETENT PHYSICIAN.—Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike, whose office is located at the PASTORAL, No. 57 THURMONT 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, formulates, 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.

A "JOB LOT" of Boys' Clothing, from New York. One hundred and ninety-two suits in the lot. Sizes run from three to nine years of age. A good suit for \$5, a better one for \$6, and one or more for \$7 which cost \$12 to \$15. Also 100-suit suits, value \$2 each. They are good and very cheap. Call and examine them at FENN'S, Corner of Washington and Beach streets.

H. H. CHILMAN & CO., 24 School street, Boston, Publishers of "The Orphan's Home," price \$3.00. Life's Morning and Evening, \$2.00. The Evening Light, \$1.00. The Banner of Light, \$1.00. These beautiful Steel Plate Engravings, from Joseph John's celebrated paintings, are mailed postage free to any part of the United States, warranted safely through, with satisfaction guaranteed. Address as above, sending post office order or registered letter.

FOR BOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN. Ask your Druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, which is harmless and never causes irritation. Or for his Improved Cosmetics and Pimple Remedies, the great Skin Medicine for Pimples, Black Head and Freckles. For sale by Colby & Rich, the Sole Skin Doctor, 9 Bond street, New York.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. BOOK DEPOT. No. 40 Kearney street (upstairs) may be found on sale the *Library of Spiritual Science*, by E. D. Babbitt, and *Reform Books*, at Eastern prices. Also Adams' *Golden Penns*, *Planettes*, *Spence's Pencil*, *Seignior's Powder*, *Orion*, *Tobacco Preparations*, *Dr. Mower's Nutritive Compound*, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. For sale by Colby & Rich, 9 Bond street, New York.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT. HENRY J. CHILMAN, M. D., at Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the *Library of Spiritual Science*, and will take orders for all of Colby & Rich's Publications. Spiritual and Liberal Books on sale as above. For sale by Colby & Rich, 9 Bond street, New York.

NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT. A. J. DAVIS & CO., 100 Broadway, New York, have on hand and for sale the *Library of Spiritual Science*, *Reform Books*, *Golden Penns*, *Planettes*, *Spence's Pencil*, *Seignior's Powder*, *Orion*, *Tobacco Preparations*, *Dr. Mower's Nutritive Compound*, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. For sale by Colby & Rich, 9 Bond street, New York.

ERIE, PA. BOOK DEPOT. OLIVER S. FAIRBANK, the veteran bookseller and publisher, keeps on hand, 221 French street, Erie, Pa., nearly all of the most popular *Spiritualistic Books* of the times. Also, agent for Hull & Chamberlain's *Magnetic and Electric Powders*.

CLEVELAND, O. BOOK DEPOT. LEONARD BAZAAR, 16 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O., has on hand and for sale the *Library of Spiritual Science*, *Reform Books*, *Golden Penns*, *Planettes*, *Spence's Pencil*, *Seignior's Powder*, *Orion*, *Tobacco Preparations*, *Dr. Mower's Nutritive Compound*, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. For sale by Colby & Rich, 9 Bond street, New York.

VERMONT BOOK DEPOT. J. G. DARLINGTON, Lunenburg, Vt., keep for sale *Spiritual, Reform and Miscellaneous Books*, published by Colby & Rich.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. BOOK DEPOT. D. M. DEWEY, Bookseller, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keeps on hand and for sale the *Library of Spiritual Science*, *Reform Books*, *Golden Penns*, *Planettes*, *Spence's Pencil*, *Seignior's Powder*, *Orion*, *Tobacco Preparations*, *Dr. Mower's Nutritive Compound*, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. For sale by Colby & Rich, 9 Bond street, New York.

WASHINGTON BOOK DEPOT. RICHARD ROBERTS, Bookseller, No. 125 Seventh street, above New York avenue, Washington, D. C., keeps constantly for sale the *Library of Spiritual Science*, *Reform Books*, *Golden Penns*, *Planettes*, *Spence's Pencil*, *Seignior's Powder*, *Orion*, *Tobacco Preparations*, *Dr. Mower's Nutritive Compound*, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. For sale by Colby & Rich, 9 Bond street, New York.

LONDON, ENGL. BOOK DEPOT. J. BURNES, Progressive Library, No. 45 Southampton row, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn, W. C., London, Eng., has on hand and for sale the *Library of Spiritual Science*, *Reform Books*, *Golden Penns*, *Planettes*, *Spence's Pencil*, *Seignior's Powder*, *Orion*, *Tobacco Preparations*, *Dr. Mower's Nutritive Compound*, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. For sale by Colby & Rich, 9 Bond street, New York.

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Catalogues of Books, giving prices, &c., sent free.

WALDEN GROVE!

The First Massachusetts Spiritual

Camp Meeting

Will take place at Lake Walden Grove, Concord,

commencing Tuesday, July 26th, and ending

Sunday, Aug. 9th.

THE FIRST MASSACHUSETTS STATE SPIRITUALISTS' CAMP MEETING, inaugurated at Lake Walden Grove, Concord, Mass., on Tuesday, July 26th, and ending on Sunday, August 9th, will be held this year and hereafter as formerly. It is impossible to find a place so well adapted to the purpose, and so beautiful in scenery, as Lake Walden Grove. Comments on the beautiful Lake and its surroundings are unnecessary, as this locality is so well known to all who are interested in the subject. The arrangements for the meeting are complete, and the accommodations are of the highest quality. The meeting is open to all, and the expenses are very moderate. The meeting is a great opportunity for the study of Spiritualism, and for the advancement of the cause of the oppressed.

We have just completed arrangements with the Framingham and Lowell Railroad to convey passengers to and from the Grove at half price. Tickets for the Grove are on sale from all parts of the country. The indications and the responses by hundreds of our old friends are all pointing to the success of the meeting.

Let us meet on the old camp ground.

I have already engaged the best talent in the Spiritualist world.

The Grand Mass Spiritualists' Picnic will take place at the above Grove, on Sunday, August 9th. Full particulars will be given hereafter.

My 23.

J. S. DODGE, Manager.

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The very best Sunday School Song Book, by W. F. B. Babbitt, 100 Pages, 16 Pages, 8 Pages, 4 Pages, 2 Pages, 1 Page, 1/2 Page, 1/4 Page, 1/8 Page, 1/16 Page, 1/32 Page, 1/64 Page, 1/128 Page, 1/256 Page, 1/512 Page, 1/1024 Page, 1/2048 Page, 1/4096 Page, 1/8192 Page, 1/16384 Page, 1/32768 Page, 1/65536 Page, 1/131072 Page, 1/262144 Page, 1/524288 Page, 1/1048576 Page, 1/2097152 Page, 1/4194304 Page, 1/8388608 Page, 1/16777216 Page, 1/33554432 Page, 1/67108864 Page, 1/134217728 Page, 1/268435456 Page, 1/536870912 Page, 1/1073741824 Page, 1/2147483648 Page, 1/4294967296 Page, 1/8589934592 Page, 1/17179869184 Page, 1/34359738368 Page, 1/68719476736 Page, 1/137438953472 Page, 1/274877906944 Page, 1/549755813888 Page, 1/1099511627776 Page, 1/2199023255552 Page, 1/4398046511104 Page, 1/8796093022208 Page, 1/17592186044416 Page, 1/35184372088832 Page, 1/70368744177664 Page, 1/140737488355328 Page, 1/281474976710656 Page, 1/562949953421312 Page, 1/1125899906842624 Page, 1/2251799813685248 Page, 1/4503599627370496 Page, 1/9007199254740992 Page, 1/18014398509481984 Page, 1/36028797018963968 Page, 1/72057594037927936 Page, 1/144115188075855872 Page, 1/288230376151711744 Page, 1/576460752303423488 Page, 1/1152921504606846976 Page, 1/2305843009213693952 Page, 1/4611686018427387904 Page, 1/9223372036854775808 Page, 1/18446744073709551616 Page, 1/36893488147419103232 Page, 1/73786976294838206464 Page, 1/147573952589676412928 Page, 1/295147905179352825856 Page, 1/590295810358705651712 Page, 1/1180591620717411303424 Page, 1/2361183241434822606848 Page, 1/4722366482869645213696 Page, 1/9444732965739290427392 Page, 1/18889465931478580854784 Page, 1/37778931862957161709568 Page, 1/75557863725914323419136 Page, 1/151115727451828646838272 Page, 1/302231454903657293676544 Page, 1/604462909807314587353088 Page, 1/1208925819614629174706176 Page, 1/2417851639229258349412352 Page, 1/4835703278458516698824704 Page, 1/9671406556917033397649408 Page, 1/19342813113834066795298816 Page, 1/38685626227668133590597632 Page, 1/77371252455336267181195264 Page, 1/154742504910672534362390528 Page, 1/30

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was spoken by the Spirit who came to the medium through the instrumentality of the medium.

THE J. H. CONANT.
While in an abnormal condition, called the trance, these Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life, to that extent, whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earthly sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive to be true.

The Banner of Light Free Circle Meetings.

Are held at 11 A. M. every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, at the residence of the medium, Mrs. J. H. Conant, 111 West 19th street, New York, May 23, 1874.

The questions asked at these meetings are of a general nature, and are answered by the spirits who come to the medium through the instrumentality of the medium. The questions are answered by the spirits who come to the medium through the instrumentality of the medium. The questions are answered by the spirits who come to the medium through the instrumentality of the medium.

Lewis H. Wilson, Chairman.

Invocation.

Oh thou, whose power we feel but may not understand, whose presence is around about us and within us and everywhere, whose open volume we may read and yet know little about, we turn to thee in prayer and praise, asking that thy blessing may rest upon the utterances of this hour, and praising thee for all thy benefits to the life that has been, for that that is, and in the prospect of that which is to come. Then Infinite Spirit, at all times incomprehensible, and yet ever full of love and wisdom and truth, come thou so near our consciousness that we shall feel secure in thee. Lift thou these souls above the sordid elements of a mortal life, and allow them, for the moment, to catch faint glimpses of that life to come to which they are hastening. And unto thee, Oh Father, Son, and Holy Spirit of the Hour, be all our praises forevermore. Amen.

Feb. 17.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, I am ready to hear them.

Ques.—[By G. Whitfield.] Can a spirit control more than one medium at the same time and place?

Ans.—Yes; a spirit understanding the law can control many mediums at the same time, though these mediums occupy different localities. This is done through the law of psychology, as the psychologist would psychologize any number of his audience at the same instant, and yet the manifestation or expression of each would differ according to the psychological condition of the object psychologized.

Q.—[By J. W. C.] What is the cause of so much poverty and vice, and how can it be removed?

A.—Sin is the result of the unripe condition of matter. Poverty is one of the incidents of that condition, growing directly out of ignorance. As humanity becomes educated, poverty will flee away, and all the various evils that torment humanity, but that is in the future.

Q.—[By J. W. C.] The leading authority in medicine for the last thirty years in Europe, and whose works on the Brain and Nervous System have been the text-book of the profession for a quarter of a century, now says, "I am wrong. Experiment and observation have shown me that there is another power in man, acting entirely independent of his will, and over which he has no control. It is not yet understood, but I hope one day to know more of it." Now, if that be true, is man responsible for his acts, and what becomes of our theories of education, government, and, in fact, of our whole social fabric?

A.—That the human family, individually and collectively, are under the control of absolute law, is an indisputable fact, and yet that does not rob them of their responsibility. Just so far, to my mind, as they understand themselves and the law, they are held responsible, and no further. The human intellect rises, step by step, in conjunction with law. At first, its efforts are very feeble, but as it goes on they grow stronger, and stronger, until the finale, to my comprehension, will be, that the individual will so understand the law as to be forever in harmony with it, and therefore, in that sense, will be a law unto himself.

Feb. 17.

Margaret Vance.

My name, sir, was Margaret Vance. I am from New Orleans. I come here to send a communication to Thomas H. Vance, of Alabama—of Montgomery, Ala. He was my father. I wish him to know that I am dead, and that now there is no need of his carrying out his threat of vengeance with relation to me. If I did wrong, I shall receive the penalty of wrong-doing; if I did right, I shall receive the reward of well-doing, and it is not for him to judge. God, the Infinite, will judge between him and me.

I have been gone four days. I died of fever. I suppose it was contracted by attending upon the sick; but I do not know, nor do I care. Good-day. I was twenty years old.

Feb. 17.

Lillian Preston.

My name was Lillian Preston. I was ten years old. I lived in Baltimore. My mother says, if it is true that the dead can return, she prays that I may come back and send her something to cheer her. Well, mother, do not cry any more for me, because I am better off. If I had lived here, I'd have been sick all the time, you know I would. I had a spinal disease, and a hip complaint. I was injured when I was a baby. I was never well, and I got sick, at last, and died. And now, mother, I feel that I should be where I am. I've got a nice, well body now; it is not sick at all; and I am going to school, and I should be happy if you only was reconciled.

I've seen a good many of our folks—oh, I've seen heaps of 'em, and they are all kind to me, and everybody does everything for me. Little children are real happy here. Everything is done for 'em to make 'em happy. So, mother, do not cry any more. And, mother, do not you remember the time you took me to see the Siamese Twins, how frightened I was at 'em, and how I said I never wanted to go near 'em again; and here I am, and one of 'em was here this afternoon, and I had to come close to him. [Eng had controlled a few moments before. His message was

printed on the sixth page of the Banner of Feb. 28.] I was in the inside circle and had to come close to him. I was frightened, at first, for I knew who he was, and, mamma, he looked just as ugly as I did when he was here, only there was no 'em, that's all; and I thought, all the time, what you would say if you only knew how near I was to him. I got behind an old gentleman who was here, so I got along pretty well; but I was glad when he was gone.

Now, mamma, don't cry any more. If you can only come to New York, and go somewhere where I can speak to you, I'll tell you things that will make you happy. I know I can; but good-by, now.

Feb. 17.

Invocation.

All hail to thee, thou God, here and everywhere! We pray thee that thy kingdom of peace may come so near these human hearts that they shall dwell, for the moment, in thee; that they shall step aside, for the moment, from the darkness and the tumult of a mortal life, and feel that divine security that can come alone from the consciousness of thy presence. Holy Spirit, we thank thee in behalf of all humanity for all thy blessings, and we pray thee that the bread of life may be so freely dispensed here and everywhere that thy sons and thy daughters shall no longer famish, crying, "Give us to eat, or we perish." We pray thee for the sorrowing ones on earth everywhere, who are bowed down by cares and oppressed by the darkness of sorrow that clusters around them. Father Spirit, give them light; turn thou their feet into pleasant places, and tune thou their ears to the music of the spirit-land, so that they shall hear and rejoice. Amen.

Feb. 19.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—My brother, if you have questions, I am here to hear them.

Ques.—Before the Legislature, at the present time, the question comes up regarding the civil rights of woman. Now I would ask: Suppose them granted to her, will it be for her ultimate advantage, or otherwise? Will not her domestic duties suffer, on the one hand, more than enough to offset all the advantages gained?

Ans.—Civil law has not arrived at that high altitude where it can grasp hands with divine law, and therefore these constant contentions, this asking for rights not received, this praying for powers that are denied a certain portion of the race. If the God in the female asks to be recognized as an infinite power, that recognition should be granted. There is nothing to fear on the score of domestic duties, for the reason that the element which is implanted in the female life, which determines for her her proper sphere, will never allow her to go out of it. All cares of maternity will be properly attended to, because of the law governing in female life. These laws of maternity extend all through the domestic realm, and are carefully watched over and guarded by this element in the female life that determines concerning that sphere of action. It matters not whether she stands side by side with her brothers voting for rulers, or whether she is singing a lullaby to her baby, this power within her, this maternal instinct, will hold her in her proper place, whether she wills it or no. Then they who for that reason seek to deny the female her divine right of electing for herself rulers, and, if may be, rulers wiser and better than those her brothers elect, need have nothing to fear. One of your poets hath spoken rightly when he says:

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Though rough-hewn by this mortal hand."

This same divinity runs through all branches of life, and takes care of all.

Q.—If man is the highest development of known intelligent individuality existing in the earth-sphere, and is the result of time in development and unfolding from the lower order of animals, and Nature's laws are immutable and unchangeable, why do we not see the unfolding process going on in this age as we do in all other lower forms of life in Nature?

A.—Nature ever has, and probably ever will, perform her works under cover, out of sight. The power that pushes matter on to its divine ultimate is an unseen power, a power that cannot be measured, cannot be weighed, cannot be analyzed. It is the Infinite, and because it is its manifestations are, in a great degree, incomprehensible. We see them when they are projected into outer life, but not before, never in any age. This age is not behind any other age in showing its works of Nature, breathing-out the revelations of the Divine; but, on the contrary, is in the advance of all other ages.

Q.—After Nature has developed man through animal gradation, does the law cease to work in this form? And if so, does it not prove that the laws of life are changeable?

A.—The law never ceases to work, and yet its manifestations are infinitely changeable. The manifestation is the all of the law that you can ever know.

Q.—[From W. S. Cheney.] In the Message Department of the Banner of Light it was recently stated that the spirit-home was about sixty-five billions of miles from this earth, while Prof. Hare, in his works on the investigation of Spiritualism, says: "The spirits, in answer to the inquiry of how far the spirit-world was from the earth, said there were six spheres or circles surrounding the earth, and that the first was about sixty miles from the earth." How are we to reconcile the two answers?

A.—I am not acquainted with the source through which Prof. Hare gained such information, and therefore am not able to give a clear answer to the question. The waters of the river are measured by its banks.

Feb. 19.

Dr. Anson P. Hooker.

Life is a riddle past all human solving, a divine enigma, ever held tightly in the grasp of the Infinite, and however much we may strive to solve it it eludes our comprehension and is an enigma still. I am aware that it might have been better for me had I in some things taken a different course when I was on earth; but it is difficult to determine whether or no I could have taken that different course, whether or no I could have said, "This thing shall be so, or that thing shall not be so," and had them to my liking. I say it is a difficult thing to determine; and being so, if there is any wrong it is difficult to know where to place it, to whose account to charge it. Since life is just what it is, it seems to me that the very best way for humanity to do is to take it day by day, hour by hour, and moment by moment, as it is offered by the Infinite Power, and use it as best we can and leave the result to God.

I have been transfixed, as it were, with wonder and amazement in this new life, with what I have

witnessed from time to time. I often queried, when here in the body, as to what the condition of the soul was after death. I could not exactly accept the old, hard Christian faith, nor could I make up my mind to reject it, but the real truth never dawned upon me in earth-life. I never once supposed that in the other world I should meet with things as natural as here. I never once supposed that there would be houses and builders of houses, that there would be trees and flowers and fruits, and ground in which these things were to grow, that there would be sun-shine and shade, and all the different varieties in nature, only in an intenser and more glorified sense; but so it is. It may be advisable for me, since I believe no one else has done it, to give you some idea of the condition out of which unhappiness is generated in the spirit-world, and vice versa.

Now let me draw you a mind-picture. There, we will say, lies a poor man dying. He has lived an unhappy, dissolute life here. His deeds have brought him no soul-satisfaction. He has been in a sort of unrest, in an unhappy state. He has been poor; he has been physically sick; he has been mentally out of order. Now he is dying; presently he is dead. His spirit is ushered into the land of souls, and instantly there is wide room made for him. He has plenty of room, for no one seems to want to come near him. Why? Well, he is exuding from his spirit-body a poisonous atmosphere that will taint all who come within that atmosphere. He has, if I may use the expression, the spiritual small-pox. He is in just that condition—he is shunned by everybody. Well, now, humans are gregarious by nature; they want to group together; they are miserably isolated; and when they go to the spirit-world and find everybody shunning them, and they are left alone, why the result is that they are miserably unhappy, and they look about this way and that for relief very much as a leper would, and yet hardly expecting any; but the Angel of Mercy (by that I mean some good, benevolent, wise spirit,) seeks them out—some one who cannot be contaminated by this poisonous influence—some one who can come within it and yet feel it not—a Jesus, if you please—a John Howard—any truly benevolent soul that desires to do good for the sake of doing good—such can come to these poor unfortunates, and the first thing to be done is to take them back to earth; and what for? Why, to give them a fresh baptismal start in the new life—to first incorporate them into mediocrity, that from that life they may take a new leverage, go higher, rise out of that enfeebled condition that drags them down and makes them lepers in the other world. Then mediums are of use, vastly so, to those poor unfortunates.

And now, since these things are so in the spirit-world, it becomes every one of you to see to it that you do not engender those conditions that will force you into that state of life hereafter, for there is no knowing how long the angel may delay to come to your assistance, no knowing how many, many weary years may pass ere you may be delivered from the bondage of darkness with which you have unwittingly bound yourselves here in this life. Now one of the most essential things is to keep yourselves, if possible, in good health. Another is that you keep yourselves free from all moral disease; don't do anything that you will be ashamed of in the other life. Don't shame the Christ-principle of your own souls, for if you do you will pay the penalty there. Live as honest, as moral, as clean a life here as it is possible for you to, if you wish to escape these Swedenborgian hells of the other life. Swedenborg, I think, had it right when he spoke of the hells of the future-life. They are there, and the poor unfortunates are writhing in them, and the torture, it seems to me, is more exquisitely miserable than that which could come from fire and brimstone.

Now, then, lead good lives here; be morally healthy and physically healthy; if you want to enter the other life, finding heaven immediately around about you; but if you go there with a spiritual small-pox upon you, as a spiritual leper, my word for it, you will be shunned, and you will be miserable in consequence of the shunning.

I didn't intend, Mr. Chairman, to preach a moral lecture when I came here. I intended briefly to answer a question sent out to me by one of my friends, who desires to know how I am occupied in the spirit-world. Well, I am just now beginning the practice of medicine in the spirit-world. Oh yes, there's need of doctors there! I tell you, plenty need of doctors! But at the same time I am educating myself to know how to treat these poor unfortunates. I am studying intensely to know just what to do, and to do it, in this new life. I made mistakes here. I see them now, and the only reparation I can make is to do better in the higher life. Doctor Anson P. Hooker, of Cambridge.

Feb. 19.

Annie Louisa Lewis.

My name was Annie Louisa Lewis. I was drowned in the Central America in coming from California to New York. My uncle says if any one of our family would only return, giving him satisfactory evidence of their continued life, he would believe in these things. So I have come, because I was the best fitted to come. I was nineteen years old. This uncle was very fond of me, and I hope he will be glad to hear from me. Now, Uncle Joe, don't keep speculating—perhaps it's her and perhaps it is just—but if you have the least doubt about it, I go to work in the most reasonable way and find out whether it's me or not. Test me and see. If you don't believe I've come here, just put certain questions to me such as you know I could answer and nobody else, and if I don't answer them say it isn't me. Annie Louisa Lewis, to her Uncle Joe.

Feb. 19.

Tom Carney.

Good day, sir. [Good afternoon.] Yes, sir, it is a good afternoon, a very fine afternoon to myself. I am very glad to be able to get here to say a word to my old woman and my two brothers. They are having a quarrel over one hundred and fifty-six dollars that I left—more it's the shame for 'em—just having a quarrel about it, and making themselves a great deal of trouble, and making me trouble besides. And now what I come here for is to say to their confessor to tell 'em to stop that business and divide it up—that's it. If they can't feel right to let the old woman have it, divide it up—that's my wish that the old woman have it—that's it. It belongs to her. Now, then, if their confessor will just refuse 'em absolute for a few times for their bad deeds, they'll do different. I want him to know that it's troubling me in this new life. I can't get along. I'm called back here all the time over their fights, and I don't like it at all. Be glad, I've been here a going on five months, and this fight has been going on, all about a hundred and fifty-six dol-

lars. Faith, I wish it was a hundred and fifty-six million-stones, and they had it about their necks in the sea. Yes I do, then.

You want my name, do you? Tom Carney. I was an Irishman, a Catholic, and I suppose I am the same now. Good-day, sir. May the saints watch over you, and may you never have anybody to fight over what you'll be having as I did.

Feb. 19.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, Feb. 21.—Mrs. George Vinson, of Boston; Charles O. Carter, of New York City; George Darriell, of New York; John P. Allen, of New York; Matthew Perkins, of New York; James H. Watkins, of Missouri; Margaret Ellen Brown, of Nashville, Tenn.; to her mother, Tuesday, May 12.—John P. Allen, to his friend, Worcester; Clarence Walker, of California; Lulu P. Jones, of Nashville, Tenn.; James Gordon Bennett, to his friend, Thomas W. Williams, of New York.

Thursday, May 11.—Edward L. Stevens, of Brighton, Mass.; Miss Sarah Salter, of Portsmouth, N. H.; T. Digby Lawrence, of New York; to friends in London.

Written for the Banner of Light.

TO MR. AND MRS. S. BARNEY.

These pages are sympathetically inscribed by the author,
A. BRIGHAM.

Dear George was an angel child!

Always gentle, always mild:

Sweet parted as a new-born flower,

But fragile, like a summer vine,

Whose tendrils round the threshold twine,

And sheds its fragrance in an hour.

'T was in the winter season bright,

When earth enrobes herself in white,

An angel came. 'T was just at even—

For, as of old, the angels still

Do come and go, say what we will,

On messages 'twixt earth and heaven.

Yes, as I said, an angel came,

And, in a spirit's sacred name,

Announced to that fair, fragile child

That her brief life was near its end.

The voice was sweet, like voice of friend,

'E'en like a mother's voice so mild.

Calmly she listened, then inquired

How long the change her soul desired

'Would be delayed. The spirit said,

'Before the dawn of next Big day

'(That is, before next Sabbath day)

'Thy spirit hence shall be conveyed.'

Unwaded, the child the message heard;

Her thoughts with deep emotions stirred,

Leaped upward and essayed to trace

The glories of that blissful shore,

Where friends and loved ones gone before

Wait to renew love's fond embrace.

'But who,' the frail one feebly asked,

With laboring thoughts well nigh o'ertasked,

'Will meet me on my shining shore?

Who will extend the friendly hand,

And welcome me to that bright land

'Whence the last pangs of earth are o'er?'"

'Myself, sweet child, will meet thee there;

(Pale Lily is the name I bear.)

And there thy angel mother, too,

With open arms will welcome thee,

'Mid songs of joyous victory,'

'And clasp thee to her heart so true.'

'Oh, blissful promise! tell me now,

How then, Pale Lily, I may know

'When thou shalt meet me on the 'strait?'

'E'en by the tokens I shall bear:

Two fresh white lilies, spotless, fair,

One on my breast, one in my hand.'

The scene is changed; that angel bright

Has bid the darling child good night!

Hours speed along, and soon the eve

Shuts in before the Sabbath dawn;

The friends around the sick-bed drawn,

'Are sitting by to watch and grieve.

Another angel hails the throng—

A faithful angel, stern and strong—

The well-known messenger of death!

He the mysterious warrant brings

To bear away on viewless wings

The last heart throb and feeble breath.

Meanwhile the child, with pious care,

Repeats the Saviour's model prayer;

And then requests each waiting friend

The same rich service to repeat

As offering for the hour most meet,

'When life is waning to its end.'

'Now take me, father, in thine arms,'

She whispered, "and no dread alarms

I'll feel, while breathing life out there;

And when away my spirit's borne,

Let not your heart too sadly mourn,

'For still I'll make your love my care.'

'As other spirits come, I'll come,

And greet you from my spirit-home.

Let not your thoughts be desolate,

For o'er the heav'nward beaten track

Soon my light wings shall speed me back;

Be patient, father, pray and wait!'

Then biding all farewell, she died!

Gently her form they laid aside;

And when the funeral rites were o'er,

The dirges sung, the prayers were said,

And tears of love and grief were shed,

Time sped its moments as before.

But hark! a voice that father hears;

A message from the spirit-spheres!

Ah! the sweet voice he knows full well;

And then the smile, so full of grace,

That plays upon her medium's face—

These to his heart the story tell.

'T is George! and he lists again

To catch the spirit's sweet refrain:

'Father, I come! to speak I come!

But spirit-life cannot be told;

And angel's tongue may not unfold

The glories of an angel's home!'

It is enough that life and love

Await us in the spheres above;

It is enough that friends are there,

Waiting to take us by the hand,

And lead us to the flowery land

Which blooms beneath the angels' care;

It is enough that on the strand

Pale Lily took me by the hand,

And led me where the spirits blest

Quaff the full cup of joy and bliss,

Then left me with a parting kiss,

Clasped in my mother's arms to rest.'

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race, and a most valuable and interesting study
of the human mind.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

In the finest style of the art, have been made of these Spir-
its, and are now on exhibition in the Grand Palace,
New York, at the lowest prices, and are being
possessed by every Spiritualist who values the Philoso-
phy that has developed this Mediumship in Art as this
Gallery shows.J. WINCHESTER,
Box 451, San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis.

Address, after June 20th, till further notice:
Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y.DR. WILLIS may be addressed as above. From this
point he can attend to the diagnosis of disease by hair
and handwriting. He claims that his power in this
is unrivaled, combining, as he does, accurate scientific
knowledge with keen and searching clairvoyance.Dr. Willis claims special skill in treating all diseases of
the blood and nervous system. Cancers, Scrofula in all its
forms, Erysipelas, Paralysis, and all the most delicate and
complicated diseases of both sexes, treated by lock of
hair, and handwriting. Dr. Willis is permitted to refer to numerous parties who
have been cured by his system of practice when all others
had failed.

Send for Circulars and References. (1874-April 4.)

SOUL READING.

Or PSYCHOMETRIC DELINEATION OF CHARACTER.

MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce
to the public that those who wish, and will visit her in
person, or send her a photograph or lock of hair, she will
give an accurate description of their leading traits of character
and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and
future life; physical, mental, and moral qualities; and the
best business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be
successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those in-
flicting marriage and hints to the infirmities of the married.
Full delineation, \$2.00, and four-cent stamp.Address: Mrs. A. B. SEVERANCE,
Centre street, between Church and Trade streets,
White Water, Walworth Co., Wis.
April 4, 1874.

PSYCHOMETRIC AND SOUL READING

BY MRS. E. L. LA PIERRE.

WILL give these readings of hair and photograph in
full readings of character, marked changes through life.
Also advice in regard to business. Will diagnose dis-
ease and its cause by spirit control, by lock of hair, and
hair, \$2.00. Delineation without treatment, \$2.00. Also
and send you reading in full. Post-Office Box 836,
April 4, 1874.WANTED-AGENTS-\$75 to \$250 per month,
everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GEN-
UINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY
SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem,
fold, tuck, quilt, and blind, and embroider, in a most
superior manner. Price only \$15. Fully licensed,
and warranted for five years. We will pay \$100 for any ma-
chine that will sew a straight or lock of hair, by lock of
hair, and handwriting. It makes the "Elastic Lock
Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the
cloth cannot be pulled apart without the hair. We pay
agents from \$75 to \$250 per month and expenses, or a com-
mission from twice that amount can be made. Ad-
dress: SEYMOUR, 231 West 10th street, New York City, or
St. Louis, Mo. 13w-Feb. 25.

100,000

Liberal Tracts Given Away!

The Clergy! The Clergy!

U Till the first of July 1 will give away to every
pastor, to each applicant who will send one three-cent
postage stamp to pay cost of postage and advertising. Ad-
dress: W. P. JAMESON, care of Banner of Light, Bos-
ton, Mass. 13w-May 9.

PSYCHOMETRY.

POWER has been given me to delineate character, to
describe the mental and spiritual capacities of per-
sons, and sometimes to indicate their future and their
locations for health, harmony and business. Persons de-
siring aid in such matters will please send me their handwriting,
state age and sex, and enclose \$1.00.
JOHN M. SEAR, 114 Calverly St., Philadelphia,
Jan. 17, 1874.

DR. PETER WEST

TEST, Business and Clairvoyant, (second to none), has
returned to Chicago, where his Patrons and Patients
at the East will please address him at 310 West Harrison st.
April 11, 1874.B. C. HAZELTON,
Specialty Photographer,140 Washington street, Boston, Mass.
May 16, 1874.

A LADY

WOULD like one or two children to board. Would give
them the best of care and instruction in a good home
six miles from Boston. Address HOME, Banner of Light,
Boston, Mass. 2w-May 16.

Magnetic Paper.

DR. J. WILBUR, 52 West Lake street, Chicago, Ill.,
a Physician of twenty years' practice, has perfected a
Magnetized Paper, applied personally, or by means of
Magnetized Paper. Sent by mail, One Dollar.
April 11, 1874.

Mediums in Boston.

Chairvoyant Medical Practice!
DR. STORER'S OFFICE(Formerly at 127 Harrison Avenue.) is now in the beautiful
and commodious Banner of Light Building, Rooms 2, 3,
4 and 5.

NO. 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE.

MRS. MAGGIE J. FOLSON.

The widely known Spiritual Clairvoyant, examines pa-
tients from 9 o'clock A. M. to 5 o'clock P. M. daily.DR. STORER will personally attend patients, and
whatever spiritual insight and practical judgment and ex-
perience can accomplish, will be employed as heretofore in
curing the sick.Patients in the country, and all persons ordering DR.
STORER'S NEW VITALIZING REMEDIES, for Chronic
and Nervous Diseases, will address

DR. H. B. STORER.

MRS. M. SUNDERLAND COOPER.

The original New England Medium, No. 38 Milford
street, Boston, Rooms 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19,
20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35,
36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50,
51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65,
66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80,
81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95,
96, 97, 98, 99, 100. Admission \$1.00.

Dr. Main's Health Institute.

AT NO. 32 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON.

THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please en-
close \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and
the address, and state sex and age. 13w-April 25.

MRS. DUNNING.

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, treats successfully Rheumatism,
Gout, Gravel, Diseases of the Lungs and all Bilious
Complaints. Parties at a distance examined by lock of
hair. Also communications given. Office hours from 9 to 11
A. M. and 2 to 4 P. M. Boston, Room 3, Nassau Building.
May 2, 1874.

MRS. JENNIE POTTER.

TRANCE MEDIUM, 10 Oak street, 3 doors from 6th
Washington St. N. A. M. T. P. M., Sundays 2 to 4 P. M.
May 2, 1874.

MISS S. F. NICKERSON.

TRANCE AND Business Medium, 35 Davenport, Hours, 9 A.
M. to 1 P. M. Public Sessions Sunday and Wednesdays, &c.
May 2, 1874.

Mrs. S. E. Crossman.

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN and Test Medium, examines
and prescribes for all diseases, and answers sealed let-
ters on business. Examinations by lock of hair at any distance.
-terms \$2.00. 57 Tremont street, (Davenport) Boston.
May 2, 1874.

Magnetic Treatment.

DR. W. A. DUNKLEE, 31 Tremont street, Room 10,
Office hours, 9 to 12 and 2 to 5. A lady in attendance
for female patients. Patients visited at their residences
when desired. May 16.

Mrs. Mary A. Charter.

Clairvoyant, 125 South Street, East Boston. 13w-May 9.

MRS. CARLINE IRELAND.

Clairvoyant and Test Medium, 100 South Street, East
Boston. 13w-May 16.

MRS. M. M. HARRY.

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, 100 South Street, East
Boston. 13w-May 16.

MRS. E. C. DEXTER.

Clairvoyant, 100 South Street, East
Boston. 13w-May 16.

MRS. C. H. WILDES.

Clairvoyant, 100 South Street, East
Boston. 13w-May 16.

MRS. L. W. LITCH.

Clairvoyant and Test Medium, 100 South Street,
East Boston. 13w-May 16.

A. S. HAYWARD.

Clairvoyant, 100 South Street, East
Boston. 13w-May 16.

S. P. MOISE.

Clairvoyant, 100 South Street, East
Boston. 13w-May 16.

SAMUEL GROVER.

Clairvoyant, 100 South Street, East
Boston. 13w-May 16.

MRS. FRANK CAMPBELL.

Clairvoyant, 100 South Street, East
Boston. 13w-May 16.

J. L. LANGLEY.

Clairvoyant, 100 South Street, East
Boston. 13w-May 16.

LIZZIE NEWELL.

Clairvoyant, 100 South Street, East
Boston. 13w-May 16.

MRS. E. L. BRIDGE.

Clairvoyant, 100 South Street, East
Boston. 13w-May 16.

MRS. HETTIE CLARK.

Clairvoyant, 100 South Street, East
Boston. 13w-May 16.

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Clairvoyant, 100 South Street, East
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Palmer's Asclepius Magnetic Remedies,
A. B. C. D.POSSESS properties more nearly akin to the elements
than any other; hence attract forces closely allied to
those which enter into and compose the nerve fluid of the
system. No other remedy can be so effectively ad-
ministered. This subtle fluid, the action of these
remedies is speedy, beneficial and permanent. Rheumatism,
Sciatica, Neuralgia, Catarrh, Consumption, Hay
Fever, all Nervous Affections, and all Diseases of the Blood,
quickly to their cure. Through Clairvoyant and
Examination, upon receipt of leading symptoms,
through the mail. Terms \$2.00.
Address, for Remedies of Chemical.

FRED. A. PALMER.

Magnetic Physician,
Montreal, No. 25, 27th Street, N. Y. City.

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BUTTON-HOLE CUTTER.

PATENTED FEB. 18, 1873.

THIS CUTTER excels all others in simplicity, strength,
safety and utility, made of the best material and in the
most perfect manner, with a finished edge, may be
carried in the pocket with safety, and is a great con-
venience, useful for flapping, cutting, Thrust, Tuck or
Sew, and all other operations of cut the leaves of
Periodicals. May be sharpened with a knife. To
carriers it offers the advantage of supplying only one-
fourth the cost of any other cutter. Put up in a neat box
of one dozen each.
Single order sent post-paid 2 cents; one dozen plainboxed
the \$2.00, by mail 25 cents extra.For sale by COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery
Place, corner of Province street, Boston, Mass.

NEW MUSIC.

We'll Gather on the Summer Shore

Song and Chorus. Written and composed by Marshall
Pierce. Price 2 cents, postage 1 cent.For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH,
No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower
floor), Boston, Mass.

Spiritualist Home.

6 Beach Street, Boston, Mass. 2w-May 23.

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PRICE REDUCED.

DAWN:

A Novel in the Deepest Sense,

Its pages being filled with
RADICAL THOUGHT.On the treatment of existing social evils;
SPIRITUAL GRACE.Fraught with influences of the highest good to those
who may read;
GEMS OF WISDOM.Which cannot fail of finding lodgment in
the heart of every reader;
EARNEST LIFE LESSONS.Calculated to attract attention to
and awaken interest in that
ADVANCE MOVEMENT

Which forms the chief characteristic of this active epoch.

Mrs. J. S. Adams.

Well known by her works, to the liberal public, is the
author, which fact alone is a sufficient guaranty of its
merits.The startling revelations of spiritualists, the sweet
joys of true domesticity, the sharp social trials which lead
the struggling heart upward to angelic purification, while
the author's own life, through deep and earnest study,
reveals the blessed glories of passion and the glow of love
are all embodied in this charming volume, the thought
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language, many passages being so beautiful, that the sym-
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