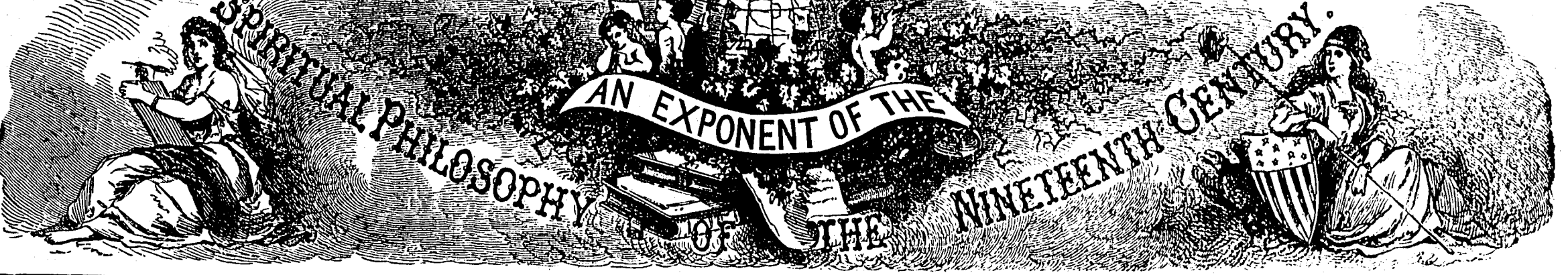


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Banner Contents.

FIRST PAGE.—"The Outlook for Freedom," from the Present Standpoint of Charles Sumner, a lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan; "The Slade Prosecution," by Warren Chase; "Real Fairies—Wm. Fidd's—An Old Fashioned Quaker Family Sitting—Ancora—New Jersey Barron," by Thomas B. Hazard; Children's Department; Interesting Banner Correspondence.  
THIRD PAGE.—"Ghost Land," by Emma Hardinge Britten; Poem—"The Death of Goody Nurse," by Rosa Terry Cooke; "List of Spiritualist Lecturers; Obituaries, etc."  
FOURTH PAGE.—Editorial articles: "Ignorance of the Assaults of Spiritualism," "Spiritualism in England," "Miss Susan B. Anthony," etc.  
FIFTH PAGE.—Short Editorials, New Advertisements, etc.  
SIXTH PAGE.—Spirit Messages through the Mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Todd and Mrs. Sarah A. Danekin.  
SEVENTH PAGE.—"Mediums in Boston," Book and other Advertisements.  
EIGHTH PAGE.—"Review of the Slade Case," by Helen Bullock Webster; Brief Paragraphs: "The Slade Defence Fund," etc.

## The Rostrum.

### "THE OUTLOOK FOR FREEDOM," FROM THE PRESENT STANDPOINT OF CHARLES SUMNER.

Through Cora L. V. Tappan, Medium, at Gallatin Hall, 422 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y., August, and in Chicago, Ill., Sept. 10, 1876.

[Reported phonographically by J. F. Salpes and A. M. Griffen.]

[Concluded from last week.]

#### FINANCE.

I have stated what I consider to be the most imminent necessity. That which is of almost equal importance is, that we cannot afford to be a bankrupt nation. There is no nation upon earth that can abide with bankruptcy staring it in the face every ten years. The only deviation from my usual course of utterance while in your midst was upon finance. I saw then what I now see: That no nation can have a strong safeguard for her freedom that has no sound financial basis. I saw then what I now see most clearly: That the exchequer of England alone would hold her in her place if all other powers were warring around her and she herself were threatened. The system of finance established by Mr. Gladstone's ministry enriched England for a period of time; but England is not dependent upon any one man's system of finance. She is firmly grounded in the strong foundation of personal class and national wealth. It is not possible for England to be bankrupt unless all her inhabitants shall move away. Not so with America. We have many people, but not enough. We have many sources of wealth, but no wealth. We have many avenues of industry, but no increase of the results of industry. We have everything that constitutes the basis of national wealth. We have the debt of a protracted war. We have the imbecility of a governmental administration that was incapable of dealing with questions imminent upon the close of that war. We have divided sectional interests, and a system of finance that would baffle the most skillful of all the Athenian law-givers to unravel to the understanding of any human being. [Applause.]

What can we expect? Freedom is undoubtedly first, but freedom without an exchequer must forever remain upon the wing. You understand that the capital of the world is deposited in the Bank of England and its tributaries. You understand that London represents the wealth of the entire civilized globe. You understand that no portion of that wealth will travel toward America to-day upon any security which the government can give, or individual companies—no great proportion of it. You understand that you are discredited abroad and at home, and that the foundation of this is a lack of proper legislation—a lack of proper knowledge on the subject. The failure of the nation's accredited banking-house was scarcely less astonishing to England and the financial world abroad than would be the failure of the Bank of England itself to Englishmen.

The truth is that behind commerce and trade, behind all that is connected with the system of traffic in the world, a system of common honesty must be understood to have a fixed place. The truth is that the intention and guarantee of the government is all that any nation needs. The natural resources are the greatest in the world; the powers of creating wealth the greatest; the augmenting wealth of the country more rapid than that of any dozen nations heretofore known. But the intention of the government is not relied upon. Why? Because of political machinery; because of political antecedents; because of even insinuations that might creep into the utterances of public men that there is a possibility of escape from indebtedness aside from the payment of it. This is the reason. Now, Liberty is foremost and first unquestionably. Liberty seemingly vanquished is no disgrace, but Liberty without an exchequer is impossible.

If Lysurgus were alive to-day, he would have no need to banish gold from this country, but he would have very great need to banish the love of it—the love of that individual power that neglects the national weal, the love of that individual wealth that forgets the wealth of the country, the love of that individual emolument that forgets that behind the individual is a greater power that gives sustenance and support in order that the individual may be protected. The Stewarts, Lawrences, Goulds, were only examples of a thousand men of their class who give through taxation and purchase of bonds to the government, but who give for the purpose of their individual aims, and doubtless would avoid

it if there were an easier way to fortune. The patriot is he who considers his country first, his own exchequer afterwards. The true patriot is like the true religionist: he gives for his church, and if he may have the crumbs that fall from the master's table it is well; if he may not, he knows that he will be sustained and fed by the life-current that is given there.

Now the country is in danger because the individual is too great; because in the ways of money-making and money-getting, the power of individual wealth is considered instead of the nation's wealth. There is no country where there are so many millionaires proportionately, and yet no country where the state of finance is so hopelessly entangled. A national system of finance that shall be simple and comprehensive, is for the first time gradually dawning upon the consciousness of the law-givers of your country as necessary. It was urged, you will remember, the only time that I ever dabbled in finance, as a measure so essential, that a board of commissioners appointed by the government should consult with all the boards of finance in Europe, and with the best and most enlightened financiers of the world, for the purpose of forming a national basis. Until this is done there will be no perfect system; until this is done there will be no permanent security; until this is done your nominal security must go a-begging over all Europe, and individual monopolies and enterprises will be scorned by the capitalists of the world. We have no credit at home nor abroad. We cannot revive, as a nation, without credit or without money. When all the revenues of this country shall be diverted in direct proportion toward the national channels, and when every system of monopoly in its products shall pay its proportionate tribute to the nation, and when all forms of individual enterprise shall be sufficiently and adequately protected to meet the possibility for the nation to reap its proportionate reward, and when without restriction there will be such a state of trade as shall constitute at once a bond of sympathy between this and other nations, and protection to the government, we shall then have arrived at some sort of highway toward national success. I do not speak of this as primal, in any lofty sense, but I do speak of it as essential in every reasonable sense; and every business man, and all persons connected with official dealings, will bear me out that the management of national finance has been simply (I will not say idiotic, but at least) faulty.

And now we turn again to loftier themes. The methods of external improvement are easy to dictate; they are very slow of adoption. The methods of mental and spiritual improvement in the standard of a nation are still slower. Educated from my youth in the stern discipline of a Puritan love of freedom, and conscious from the first beginning of consciousness of the indebtedness which we owe to the founders of the nation for so much of liberty as they have given, but fully aware that the ever-increasing tide of foreign population obliterates that strong impression, and as new generations come, some never impetus must be given to the love of liberty than that which was given us who were born, within the shadow of Bunker Hill, and who know all the historical details of the battle of freedom from the first to the close; aware that there must be a loftier impetus than that which encircled the late war—the love of liberty, the abolition of slavery, the dear sons slain for the cause of freedom; conscious that we must have other shrines of freedom than the numberless battlefields the South afforded, than that made classical by the one voice of your loved President at Gettysburg; conscious of all this, you must be aware that the national life will gradually lose its energy unless for the sake of freedom there shall be a constant and perpetual love of it encouraged in the mind, taught in the schools, elevated above the standard of mere Fourth of July patriotism—to a standard of lofty intelligence and comprehension. Every adult should be made aware of the distinct difference between the national life here and in other countries, and every one, by reading or instruction, or both, should know the difference between being an American citizen to-day and a citizen of France, Germany, or any other of the States of Europe, save England alone, and even of England, unless she chooses to be favorably warned. This is a portion of your religion, not for the sake of this country alone, but for the sake of that future which is to be handed down through this country, of which America is the exponent and representative, of which this is the experiment of all time as to whether, without great antecedents, without an individual line of kings or individual history, without classical record, with nothing but the bare and barren wilderness, there shall spring up a nation that, throughout the generations and centuries of time, shall bear the power of freedom, and uplift the standard continually before the world, that, without any individual greatness, without any especial merit than that which clustered around the circumstances of the time and period that called them forth, there shall have risen a more wise, intelligent and lofty people, whose watchword is Freedom, and who have established for her a shrine and home upon earth. Freedom is one thing; her spirit abides in the air, is the sublime mystery of poetry and philosophy, is the one word touching and firing the heart of the patriot. Freedom is one thing; in France, long-buried, perverted to unhallowed uses, and trodden down by nameless wrongs; in England, dragged through the slow long years, until her hair is grown grey, expecting the fruition that never came; in America, hovering long above the nation without even a resting place, and only spoken of derisively and

in scorn because of the one great struggle that prevailed here. Freedom is one thing, but liberty may be the matchless word and inheritance that for a brief moment of time shall fire the heart of the nation, and then pass away. Liberty may abide, remain permanent for a thousand years, but there can be no perpetual inheritance of Freedom on earth, unless there be such a strong foundation stone, unless there be such guarantees given, unless life and intelligence be so securely fastened in her name, that she shall not even hover above you, but shall abide, the endearing and enduring goddess of your devotion.

[The speaker (Mr. Sumner) had here finished, when a spirit standing near him (Mrs. Browning) said: "Have you no word concerning woman in your 'Outlook'?" whereupon Mr. Sumner added the characteristic tribute which follows:]

Another subject: It is suggested to me that in the coming time the voice of woman may have much to do with the political elevation of the world while in earthly form. I never believed in women having voice in political life; the charm and sacredness seemed rent and wrested from them. I have worshiped woman, after the manner of the scholar and student. I have bowed before the image of Helena and Diana. I have beheld in Venus the ideal of divine beauty. I have seen in Penelope the representative life of womanhood. I have recognized in all history the names of women who, made great by grim circumstances, filled offices of trust and honor—Madama de Staël, Catherine of Russia, Florence Nightingale, but why not have Minerva as well? The Goddess of Wisdom was as important to the ancients as Diana. Why shall we not have wisdom, if it abide in the heart of woman? I do not say that I wish woman to engage in politics in its present aspect. I say I would have her make a political arena in which she can engage. In religion she has done this, in art, in science. I am well aware that the streets of ancient Pompeii and Herculaneum were not fit places for men and women to walk together. I am well aware that the forum and the senate were no places for woman. They were found: by men for laws which men made to be seen of men. Modern civilization has made of every public place a drawing-room. Modern society has introduced into every fitting place for man an offset and system that makes it also a fitting place for woman. The political arena alone has been unfit for woman. Let us have that arena changed—instead of brutal power and force, the refinement of that intelligence, that love of justice and freedom that should make no woman blush at the utterances, and no man ashamed of what he may say there. The wives and daughters of the land are fitting ones to lead man to the drawing-room of political life, to the church and sanctuary of political life, where, if need be, he may perchance be washed of his political sins, and where, if he repent, he may receive forgiveness at the hands of Liberty and Justice. Heaven knows there is need of some such way. Alas! I could see it.

From my present standpoint, from this height, and with added power and voice, I say that this nation, if it shall stand redeemed and disenfranchised fully from past crime of slavery, from present crime of indolence and corruption, shall stand so because of the elevation of the sons, of the husbands, of the fathers and brothers of this land to a higher standard of political life, so that there may come the time—that the time now is dawning—when with equal voice and no less womanhood, woman shall be enshrined in the hearts of the nation, and her power also be known of all. I do not know in what way; I hope it will not be in the usual avenues of political life, but in some loftier and diviner manner, where she and not man shall lead, and where the voice of her power and love and excellence shall make political life what it never yet has been. [Applause.]

The Goddess presiding over the destiny of this nation is Liberty. May her presence and her voice, ever as an everlasting power, be felt and known until no longer as a scoff and sneer she is pointed at in derision by the powers of the world; but she shall abide in your midst, take up her dwelling-place with you, make all the way clear for weary feet, and invite exiles from foreign lands without the danger of destruction after she leads them.

Oh, sacred Freedom, thou art misnamed and abused by many tongues, but whatsoever may be thy spirit, and whosoever thy home, make them a shrine and altar here in the midst of my countrymen, that they may not forget their duties to thee and to each other, and that this land may be freed from every blot and stain.

And now, thanking you for your kind attention, I beg that you will consider that this, my first public utterance, is not my final message through any similar channel, but that it also shall be taken with such allowance as must always be given for the use of an instrument to which I am unaccustomed, in coming to you through a second voice. I thank you for your attention.

#### THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.

Delivered in Brooklyn. Subject chosen by the audience. I asked the Atlantic waves—that shoreward come, Like troops of shining angels from the sea, Coming with beck'ning arms from out their home— What answer, or what blessed prophecy, They with their solemn voice could bring to me? And ever, as though all their thoughts were one, They said, "The rivers more toward the sea, The streams toward the rivers." In this tone They answered, "What can it matter unto me? What answer to your question there may be?" Upon the mild Pacific coast, the waves Roll inward with their many potent charms; The Orient's Occident still laves, Batfolding shore and cave with snowy arms;

Brothered with sea-spray is this lovely land, I said, "Oh, billows, cease-surgings the sand, And tell what future of this land may be!" A monotone was all they answered me: "Streams run toward the rivers evermore, The rivers ever seek the boundless sea; The same things happen as have been before, It cannot matter what the answer be."

I asked the mountains, crowned with diadems Of snowy splendor, with fair jewels set, Ath'ring, holding all the glorious gems "That earth has known, what answer I might get? What of the future of this wondrous land, Beheld and girdled with the sun's ain band? The pine trees murmured, in the dark ravines, The monotone which came from out the sea, And from the topmost mountain height, that leans Against the sky, no answer came to me, Only the solemn silence here below, The future which no voice can ever know.

I turned me then unto the heart of man, Beset with cares and sorrows, with business, Albeit not for freedom's perfect plan, Nor for the answer unto souls distressed, Nor for fulfillment of the perfect word Of liberty, could I thus hopeful turn To human hearts, where human hopes still burn: Albeit for this land, named freedom's own, Hath not been faithful to its promised trust, If the heart of man is still ambition's throne, Remembers nothing, fatters to be just.

The chain'd slave and war's dread sacrifice, A selfishness from human love its must rise, I said, "Oh, man, with restless, weary feet, What of this land, given of Heaven to be The fairest, and of liberty made sweet?" The answer came, even from the sea— "What can it matter what the answer be?"

And then I turned me to the chosen dead, Then from battle-fields of this fair land: Above their graves, where'er the spring's soft tread Approaches with her mild and magic wand, Sweet flowers, like tears of mother's eyes, must blow, While they in higher gardens now must grow; I said, "Ye risen, martyred and glorified! Ye that have watched and waited there so long, And ye that felt, the nation's hope and pride— What answer from your height to make hope strong? Polluted of the promise of your years, Bound down with slavery, and want, and wrong, Belonged with blood that we sold for human tears, What is there for this land, for freedom's song?" And they with soft, mild eyes, and tenderness "That came from out the soul's deep prophecy, Spoke, as souls grown above all dark distress, And fear and death, this answer unto me:

"Of all the lands most fair beneath the sun, Circled with seas, and girt with mountain chains, With streams and rivers that still seaward run, Changeless, as all things on the earth must change, That land is fairest, and shall be most blest, Who gives for freedom all her blessed days; That land is named of all the lands the best, Whom peace and liberty have made her ways; And this land, by the feet of exiles prest, Through peace and prayer may win this perfect prize!"

## Spiritualism Abroad.

[From the London Spiritualist, Nov. 34.]

### THE SLADE PROSECUTION.

The following is the close of the case for the prosecution, quoted from last Saturday's Daily Telegraph. We have not been able to quote the evidence for the defence from that journal, it was so imperfectly done; the Standard did it well considering the short time at command:

On Friday the two defendants, Henry or Dr. Slade, Spiritualist, of 8 Upper Bedford-place, and Geoffrey Simmons, again appeared in answer to a summons charging them in effect with having, on September 15th, conspired, and by subtle craft, and divers means and devices, obtained money from Professor E. Ray Lankester and Dr. Donkin, with intent to defraud them. The defendant Slade was also charged under the Vagrancy Act. As on previous occasions, the court was crowded by ladies and gentlemen interested in the case, amongst whom Professor Wallace, Dr. Carter Blake, Mrs. Blake, Mr. Emme Jones, Mrs. Weldon, Dr. Wyld, Mr. Wedgwood, Mr. W. H. Harrison, Mr. H. G. Bohn, Mr. Williams, Rev. W. Newbould, Mrs. Desmond Fitzgerald, Mr. G. C. Joad, Mr. A. Joy, and other well-known Spiritualists were present.

Mr. George Lewis appeared to prosecute. Mr. Munton, solicitor for Slade, and Mr. Massey, barrister, for the defendant, Simmons. Mrs. P. Lankester, called and examined by Mr. Lewis: Where do you reside?—At Belsize park. You are the widow of the late Dr. Lankester, coroner for Middlesex, and the mother of Professor Lankester?—I am.

I believe you come here against your own inclination?—Yes; solely at my son's request, having great objection to the publicity of these proceedings.

Did you go to 8 Upper Bedford-place?—Yes; on September 15th, with a friend.

Were you shown into a front room?—I was, and there I saw the defendant, Simmons. I conversed with my friend. He said, "Have you seen anything of this sort before?" I replied, "I have seen the planchette act, and I must say that a message signed 'Phoebe' rather staggered me." After that observation Slade appeared in the room and spoke to Simmons. I did not listen to what they said. A few moments elapsed, and then Slade asked us to follow him into a back room. I sat at a table opposite to Slade, and my friend was on my left hand. He sat with his back to the window, and said, "We will see if there are any spirits here." He told us what he tells everybody, I suppose, that his wife was there. But his wife was not there?—Well, somebody was said to be there when he spoke about a message. You don't mean the body of his wife, but her spirit?—Her spirit, of course. He also said that two objectionable young men had been there previously, that one of them had taken away the slate very rudely, and that he should like to kick his head. (A laugh.) Did you hear any spirit manifestations?—I heard raps coming from the centre of the table. Slade asked my friend if we would write the name of any one who was departed, and we declined to do so. He then put a slate under the table, and after some interval we heard the scratching of writing, and he pulled the slate out with one of its sides tolerably well covered with writing. The writing was signed "Allie." It was a message, saying, "I am glad to see you; we spirits are pleased to meet with true believers."—Slade thought that we were true believers—"We have our feelings in our present state as we had in the other world, and we do not like to be abused." (Laughter.) Was any other message produced?—My friend said to Slade, "You don't object, I suppose, to

use my own slate? I have brought a double one with me." Slade replied, "Well, it is sometimes difficult to do so, but we will try." My friend produced a double slate, which he had purchased on our way, and Slade placed it under the table. After some time I heard a little scratching, and then Slade withdrew the slate, and said, "Read." I read the writing, "I am glad to meet you; I am over with you, Phoebe." I was startled, and said with a shudder, "Oh, Phoebe!" Slade observed, "Do you know the name?" and I answered, "Well, it is my own." He said, "Have you friends in the spirit land of that name?" and I replied, "Many." "I thought so," said he. Then I said, "Dr. Slade, I should like to know which Phoebe is meant—the surname, if you please." He said he would try, and again he placed the slate under the table. After a little time we heard more scratching, and on the slate being withdrawn, there appeared the message, "We cannot write any more to-day—Allie." (Laughter.)

Did it occur to you that you had previously mentioned the word 'Phoebe'?—No; I was astonished and startled at first, but afterwards I recollected that I had mentioned the name in the outer room while Simmons was there.

How much money was paid?—I gave Simmons a sovereign, and then he asked for another in payment for my friend, and it was paid him, making £2 in all.

Cross examined by Mr. Munton: Did you go there on the same day that your son went?—Yes; I had heard that he had been there on the Monday previous, and was told what had occurred. He told me on the 15th that he was going again to inquire about the spirits, and I went there with the same motive. He did not explain what kind of table was used, but he told me that he had been there with Dr. Donkin, and had pulled the slate away. He did not direct me what to do, but treated my visit as I did, merely one of curiosity. According to my son's theory Dr. Slade is an impostor, and I wished to ascertain the fact for myself.

Did you consider Slade an impostor?—I had not made up my mind what he was. I did not take my son's opinion, but wished to judge for myself. Certainly I had a strong conviction that he was an impostor, but I had not made up my mind on that point. I had a conviction that it was all impossible. If I had known that Slade was performing a conjuring trick I should very likely have gone to see him, the same as I go to see Mr. Maskelyne. I don't know particularly why I went. I suppose it was because I had promised to go. Certainly I should not have paid him a sovereign for what I saw. I might have gone into a penny show to see a man.

Do you recognize the table?—It looks very like it.

Were you sitting at the legs or the flaps?—At the flaps, I believe.

You say that Slade told you that he should like to have kicked one of the young men on the head who had rudely taken away the slate. Do you think he said anything like that?—Do I think? Why I heard it. What do you mean? (Laughter.)

Did his words not strike you as being remarkable—that he should have liked to kick some body on the head?—Well, I thought it was an American expression. (Laughter.) He was very indignant and upset, and he said that the young men had been there, and had accused him of writing on the slate with a piece of pencil in his finger-nail. He said, "See my nails; they are much too short to hold a piece of pencil." I did not tell him, of course, what the young men were; one was my son. (Laughter.) Slade further observed that he did not think there would be any demonstration that day.

Slade, you say, put the slate under the table?—Yes; and there it remained for a very short time—two or three seconds perhaps. The message must have been rapidly written, it was written in so short a time. It was a long message. A side of the slate was tolerably covered with writing. It might have been a minute. I cannot charge my memory exactly as to the time.

Was the slate placed against the table?—Yes; with a piece of pencil, and I heard the sound of writing.

Did you notice any manipulation with the slate?—I saw nothing but the thumb.

When you speak of a double slate, do you mean one folding like a book?—Yes; my friend handed it to him. There was no writing on it. Slade put it on the table. The thumb of one man went to a little cabinet, and presently he came to us again and commenced biting the end of a slate pencil. I observed, "Why, you will break all your teeth if you go biting the pencil like that." But he continued biting until he obtained a piece to please him. When he placed the slate beneath the table he commenced working himself into contortions, and my friend was banged on the knee and chest—(laughter)—whilst Slade said, "Excuse me, I am not doing it; it is the spirits." (Laughter.) Again he twisted himself about, and then he pulled out the slate and handed it to me. Whilst we were leaning over the table he said he had a great pain in his side, and he wriggled and worked himself about in an extraordinary manner. (Laughter.) The slate was pushed against my friend when it was under the table, and Slade observed that it was not his fault. Sometimes he held the table apparently tight, whilst he worked his body in a peculiar manner. He found writing on the inner part of the slate?—Yes.

Do you say that Slade opened the slate in any way?—I don't know what he did. I heard the scratching. He handed the slate to me, and I opened it and saw the writing.

Have you heard anything about thought-writing?—Yes, about clairvoyance.

Do you know that a name which is in the mind of any one of the sitters sometimes appears on the slate?—I have heard that some people believe it.

Did you see Slade write a single word?—No; I did not see him write, nor was there anything which induced me to say that he did.

Cross examined by Mr. Massey: Was your friend a relative of yours?—No; merely an intimate friend.

Does he call you Mrs. Lankester?—Yes. I assure you my object is not impertinence in asking you such a question. How many people were in the outer room when you entered?—Several men were talking to Simmons. They appeared like people who had been sitting and were dissatisfied.

Are you able to account for the planchette enable me to understand what I had seen previously. I do not wish to go into the question of Spiritualism; I am here at a special request.

Were you induced to part with your money by any statement which Simmons made to you?—I did not part with my money; my friend paid. I was induced to visit Slade after I had read the article in the World, and the money was parted with as it would have been had we gone to any











### To Book-Purchasers.

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It is the policy of the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of intelligent and free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

## Banner of Light.

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EDITORIAL AND COMMUNICATIONS APPERTAINING TO THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT OF THIS PAPER SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO CORRY & RICH, AND ALL BUSINESS LETTERS TO ISAAC R. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

Spiritualists are the depositaries of a great truth, surrounded, no doubt, in many directions, with error and falsehood, but a truth for the establishment of which they appeal to experimental facts, capable of repeated verification. "A fact," says Carlyle, "is a divine revelation, and he who acts contrary to it sins against God." All truths exclude one another when read aright. It is to truth, though faint, truth free from all controverted dogmas, that Spiritualists aspire. *Descent of Pigeons.*

### Our English Agent.

Our patrons in the Old World will please bear in mind that J. J. Morse, Warwick Cottage, 618 Old Ford Road, Bow, London, is our accredited agent for the obtaining of subscriptions to the Banner of Light in England and on the Continent, and will be pleased to attend to all business of this kind which may be presented to his notice.

### Ignorance of the Assaults of Spiritualism.

The following is the letter of Capt. Burton, the celebrated African traveler, referred to by us last week. The letter appears in the London Times of Nov. 13th:

To the Editor of the Times:

SIR—Seeing my name quoted in your columns (Oct. 30th) as one of those who "have certified to the genuineness of spirit phenomena," I venture to request the briefest of hearings. The experience of twenty years has convinced me that (1) perception is possible without the ordinary channels of sensation; and (2) that I have been in presence of a force or power—call it what you will—evidently intelligent, and palpably material, if, at least, man be made of matter. But, however "dark and debasing" be the doctrines of materialism, I know nothing of Spiritualism, and thus I must be content to be a Spiritualist without spirits.

Some such power or force, the traveler is compelled to postulate, even in the absence of proof. He finds traces of it among all peoples, savage as well as civilized; and it is evidently not a "traditional supernaturalism." This all but absolute universality claims for it the right to rank in the superhuman category of the late Lord Amberley, who did not hold, as we do, the supernatural and the supernatural to be the human and the mundane imperceptibly understood. Even more barbarians, as "the Earl" tells us in his last pleasant book, have learnt to juggle with it, and, speaking generally, I fear that many a professional medium has, at times, when the legitimate agent failed him, learnt to supplement it by sleight of hand, pure and simple. In 1835 the late Mr. Lane startled the public with his account of the Cairo magician, and the mirror of ink in the boy's hand; and "Elothe" vainly attempted to explain the phenomenon as a "tentative miracle." Had the public read "Jannoon-ism," by Dr. G. A. Herkots, instead of thinking that it was a cookery book, they would have found (chapter xxxiii, 1832) the very same process everywhere utilized in India. Churchill's "Mount Lebanon" (1853) again describes a notable feat performed by a Brusa medium, which distinctly comes under the head of "materialized Spiritualism"—to use the Irish bull now in vogue. My list of authors, running over the "five quarters" of the globe, is far too long for quotation.

Triste, Nov. 9th. RICHARD F. BURTON.

For many years Capt. Burton has entertained these views, the result of great experience as a traveler among numerous tribes of men, civilized and uncivilized. In Epes Sargent's "Planchette," Capt. Burton is quoted as saying, in regard to those manifestations of a supersensual force, so familiar to Spiritualists, "If anything would make me take that tremendous jump from matter to spirit, it is the utter and complete unreason of the reasons by which the manifestations are explained."

In his letter to the Times Captain Burton remarks: "The experience of twenty years has convinced me that perception is possible without the ordinary channels of sensation." One would think that his meaning here were plain enough. All that he would suggest is the notorious fact that in certain abnormal cases perception is possible without the use of the external organ that seems necessary for it. For example, who in this nineteenth century will deny the well-known fact that in somnambulism patients may manifest the ability to see in the dark, or with their eyes bandaged? The accumulation of evidence on this point is overwhelming. All that Capt. Burton means, then, is simply what he says: that there may be perception "without the ordinary channels of sensation." Yet see how an editorial ignoramus in the London Telegraph of Nov. 14th misconceives the intent of these simple words, and launches out in an imbecile attempt to throw ridicule upon them:

"Captain Burton, it seems, has been in various foreign countries, where he has 'perceived' a something without any 'sensation' of it. We certainly fail to understand what perception without sensation is like. How, for instance, can a man 'perceive' a cat in the room without the sensation of sight; or 'perceive' eau de Cologne without the sensation of smell; or 'perceive' a clap of thunder without the sensation of hearing? What we suppose Captain Burton means must be that he has been convinced by some sort of mysterious inner consciousness that he has been in the presence of 'some force or

power' of which his ordinary senses gave him no cognizance."

"What we suppose Captain Burton means" is evidently something entirely different from what this blunderer would fix upon him. The London Saturday Review, a Journal of great pretensions, shows an equal degree of stupidity wherever Spiritualism is the subject under discussion. We find the following exhibition of ignorance and conceit, quoted from its columns, in the Boston Daily Advertiser, under the heading of "Spiritualism as a Belief":

"Whether or not the decision of the magistrate in this case (Slade's) is sustained by the court of appeal, the revelations which have already taken place will, we hope, do good in exposing and unmasking one of the most disgraceful and degraded superstitions of modern times. There are no doubt plenty of fools in the world who are not responsible for the absurdities into which their imbecility leads them; but the class of Spiritualists is composed of mixed elements, and contains a fair proportion of knaves to fools. It should be observed that Spiritualism is to many persons a lucrative profession; to others it is the cheap satisfaction of an idle vanity; and it is deplorable to observe the corrupting effect of this form of humbug on the minds even of professed men of science, who have a weakness for attracting attention by sensational expedients. There is no proposition in ordinary science or in any affair of real life which would for a moment be reviewed on such evidence as is adduced for alleged Spiritualist facts. When any real discovery is announced in science, no secret is made of the conditions under which the experiment is performed; discussion is invited, and the fullest opportunities are given to competent persons to test the question independently.

In the case of Spiritualist marvels we are asked to believe that a small set of people, usually of dubious character, possess the exclusive command of a mysterious agency which operates in a way that is utterly strange to and inconsistent with all sane human experience. The worst offenders in regard to this subject are not the weak-minded simpletons who are utterly befuddled, but persons of education and intelligence, who coquet with these extravaganzas in order to get up a reputation for superior insight, or at least to enjoy notoriety, even if they have no other objects in view. These are the people who stoutly protest that they are not at all Spiritualists, but that they think there may be something in it. There is also a kind of morbid sentimentalism which likes to flirt with mysterious subjects for the mere sake of a new sensation.

Everybody admits that fortune-telling is a low and degrading superstition; but there is really no difference whatever between fortune-telling and Spiritualist facts, except that the latter are more elaborate in their mechanical illustrations, and appeal to the people of a higher social grade. If once it were established that public opinion could be formed on such a basis as Spiritualist evidence, there would be simply an end to human reason. Nothing, for instance, can be more melancholy than to see a Journal like the Daily News arguing that, "when any belief, were it that of the Cock-lane ghost, or the stone lion wagging its tail, has succeeded in drawing respectable and intelligent persons to it, it has then acquired a sort of title to be let alone," and pleading for the admission of "Spiritualism among tolerated beliefs." On the same ground it might be contended that a certain "unfortunate nobleman" now at Dartmoor ought not to have been put on trial, but allowed to go about calling himself "Sir Roger," and making a living out of the imposture. People are free, of course, to believe any imposture they please, but fraud and imposture require to be punished under all circumstances.

There is no occasion for mincing matters here. The man who, at this stage of investigation into the mysteries of mind and matter, pronounces upon belief in the facts or theory of Spiritualism, as "a disgraceful and degrading superstition," is simply a bigoted ass. There is no hope for him except in a reconstruction of his brain molecules.

"The cheap satisfaction of an idle vanity" is, then, the motive which induces such men as Wagner, Fichte, Varley, Butler, Wallace, Barkas, Buchanan, Gray, Crowell, to investigate our facts and to proclaim belief in their sufficiency as evidence of a supersensual force and intelligence! These men have "a weakness for attracting attention by sensational expedients," have they?

You intimate that our facts lack evidence; whereas just the contrary of your proposition is the truth. Such mountains of evidence as we offer for our facts would be sufficient, "in any affair of real life," to establish a scientific or historical fact beyond the reach of question. A man like Wallace, whose evidence in regard to phenomena in the breeding of pigeons is accepted without a doubt, is sneered at and discredited the moment he testifies to a phenomenon that cannot well be explained except under a spiritual theory.

"We are asked to believe that a small set of people possess the command of a mysterious agency," says this supercilious gentleman of the Saturday Review. Well, sir, what if we do? Would you make your own faculties the measure of those of every other human being? Can you compose music like Mozart, or solve problems in arithmetic with preternatural celerity, like Zerah Colburn and other psychological prodigies? Can you walk, talk, read and write in your sleep, in the midst of utter darkness, as many somnambulists have been known to do? What if we do believe that the man Jesus Christ could, by his clairvoyant powers, tell the Samaritan woman "all the things that ever she did"? What if we not only believe, but know, that Charles II. Foster can, without any possible trick or process of calculation, tell us what we have written on a folded piece of paper which he has not even touched? Because we ourselves may not have the command of such a "mysterious agency," shall we therefore be such dunces as to discredit what our senses and our common sense tell us is nevertheless a fact?

Who, truly, are the credulous ones—those who, from their own *a priori* conceit of a knowledge of the possibilities of nature, reject a fact, or those who, after ample investigation, accept it, trusting in the consent of nature, however opposite it may seem to the prejudices and preconceptions of fallible men? "A fact," says Carlyle, "is a divine revelation, and he who acts contrary to it sins against God," and it is to "experimental facts, capable of repeated verification, that Spiritualists appeal."

"Persons of education and intelligence are coquetting with these extravaganzas in order to get up a reputation for superior insight," are they? So you really do admit, after all, that there are some persons not quite idiotic among Spiritualists? But all such, you would have it appear, are merely aiming at a false reputation for "superior insight"—in other words, with all their cultivation, they are unscrupulous fools! Could the force of bigotry and ignorance much further go?

The article in the Saturday Review is hardly worth the honest contempt we have expended on it. It is shallow, false, arrogant, and pervaded with an ignorance dense and hopeless. It seems to be aimed chiefly at an able article which we quoted lately from the London Daily News, in which the editor pleaded for the admission of "Spiritualism among tolerated beliefs." But no!

shrieks the alarmist of the Saturday Review. We will not have it "tolerated"! It is a fraud and an imposture; and "fraud and imposture require to be punished under all circumstances." In other words, Spiritualism must be crushed out, if possible, by the heavy heel of the law!

And one of the leading newspapers of Boston adopts these stupid ravings as if they were applicable for the shaping of public opinion in our free America!

### Spiritualism in England.

The Slade persecution wholly fails to make out a case against either the solid stability or the steady and rapid spread of Spiritualism in England. To understand that business, it is only necessary to see that there is a set of material scientists, or savants, who have long harbored a determination to pay off their dislike upon the Crookeses, Wallaces, Carpenters and Coxes who have felt obliged to admit that there are certain well-ascertained facts which science fails to account for. These accusers, who are so ready to descend from their lofty speculations to the Vagrant Act, saw that if the new facts of Spiritualism were allowed to stand, their theory of materialism would have a very poor show, took counsel of their passions, and thought to cut the matter short by turning these new spiritual facts out of doors. They availed themselves of the only opportunity that offered, through the use of an old local statute, which glows with the dull light of the days of witchcraft. Instead of investigating what their larger-minded associates brought to their attention as facts that demanded investigation, they tricked Dr. Slade and rushed into a police court with him under arrest for being a vagrant, that is, a person without a visible means of gaining a livelihood. That is, therefore, a fair proclamation from these scientists that there is no reality but what is visible; and the church and its preachers cheer them on, not knowing that they are only encouraging their own ruin. For as surely as Materialism is allowed to drive out Spiritualism and possess the field itself, the church goes under along with Spiritualism. Perhaps not by the operation of any vagrant law, but by itself choosing the fatal ground that matter is greater than spirit, and in fact refuses it recognition.

An exceedingly bright and thoughtful letter from England, published some time ago in the Chicago Times, has much to say of the position and power of the spiritual faith in that country, and among other things admits that it is thoroughly worked into the churches, and is compelling the attention of the pulpits. The writer says frankly that the strongest repudiators of Spiritualism there at present are "preachers and boys." Yet not so large a portion of the first class scoff as formerly. "The enlightened and progressive ones admit," he says, "that the spirits of departed human beings are concerned in the production of the phenomena called spiritual. The best sermons of the day are permeated with the higher Spiritualism; so large a sprinkling of the body-pews demand it. Numberless persons of intelligence and high culture stay away if they don't get it, and this is no secret, no exceptional thing."

He writes further that "the dry husks of the past are dropping away; repetitions and blind explanations are growing wearisome; a clearer, deeper knowledge of the mysteries of life is opening up too extensively and universally to hold a man in his pew unless he is fed by something more than he knew when he was a boy. There are so many good people who profess all that is necessary toward having a religion, that cannot see that the miraculous side of religion is a reality, and that there is no miracle of the early Christians that has not its parallel in the present day. They cannot seem to endure its tangible demonstration. They are shocked at the *profundity* of its proof. Many find themselves forced, in moral honesty, to admit the facts, but hunt around with prodigious earnestness to find a mundane hypothesis; as if their lives had been such that they dread the existence of any evidence of a reality of a life beyond the grave." The sketch is a faithful one.

This writer gives the substance of a discussion of the fundamental principles of Spiritualism which he overheard between a father and son, the latter a conceited scientist. The father, he said, was a man of remarkable gifts and fine genius; the son as bright as need be, but unmelodious, undisciplined, untested, and big with his own knowledge. He said he believed in God—that was enough for him. He called religion a superstition. He refused to recognize an interior force in his own being, ever working out ideal perfection. His father remarked, however, that nature had taken care to supply that. Science was the son's idol, and science is the idol of the century. He believed in Darwin and Spencer, and recognized the external causes at work, but refused to know any internal ones.

Some of the father's ideas, as given in this letter, are exceedingly striking and fine. He advocated an impulsion of the soul toward an ideal, toward perfection, toward goodness, toward light, which is true religion, and is a point not yet reached by the scientists. He said, "We shall intuitively perceive high and divine truths, when by states of spiritual advancement we enlarge our capacity of perception. The intellectual influence of science is broadening the popular conception of religion, and the leveling influences will do away with the hostile attitude which now exists. Science and religion will stand on even ground as allies. When science admits that physical laws are secondary to spiritual laws, and we come to understand the order and administration of spiritual laws as we shall, humanity will be several removes above the present standpoint." Then he goes on to question an imaginary listener, rather than his son, on the subject of spirit and the manifestations by which it is to be known:

"How can you prove the invisible force you call 'spirit'? You see, science is founded on facts. A knowledge of facts never gives way to anything. Prove it by spiritual perception, which is a sixth sense, and comprehends all the rest. Those who have attained it must listen to those who have, and wait, and work up to it. In this intellectual age, religion will not survive, unless it prove itself by facts, too. Spiritualism, with its array of bold, striking, and real facts, has stepped in as an efficacious remedy against the materialism of science. Spiritualism is all-sided. It is chiefly in the character of a religion that it comes before the world. It has its scientific side, its side of stubborn fact, its philosophy, its varied and instructive workings, its—

"Yes, its chairs, and tables, and vulgar literature," said the young man. I want no such facts to convince me of immortality. I want no such 'heaven' as Modern Spiritualism reveals to us."

"Do you know all about it in its present stage of development?" asked the father.

"I know enough. I have sat at tables, with gaping, wide-mouthed marvelers, with their

bravado hands spread out over the table, a curiosity of palmistry, to be sure, which needed no gypsy to interpret their characteristics. Then the usual Spiritualists' incantation: 'Is the spirit present?' 'Rap. 'Is it for me?' Three raps. 'Is it John?' 'Sigh. 'Are you happy, dear John?' When science is modified by that kind of thing, I'll throw up science."

"I'm afraid you forget the value of small things in the greatest inventions and discoveries of the age, my boy."

"Oh, Julius Caesar!" he exclaimed, leaving the table.

"Will you repeat the rest of it?" called out the father, who repeated it himself: "Thou art mighty yet; thy spirit walks abroad."

"I didn't quite know that my boy was in his alphabet," he said to me.

"He is on a state of skepticism," I said, "a condition that most people pass through some time in their lives."

"I believe the materialist has three stages of philosophy. A thing is first explained by itself, and then it is explained by something else, and then it is not explained at all. When a man of supposed brains sees phenomena which are beyond the pale of his ordinary knowledge and experience, why, of course they are produced by fraud, and it is beneath his time and dignity to search that out. We have apostles of evolution, and now we want apostles and prophets in the pulpit. That there are prophets among us, we know, though not so easily recognized as in the past. The status of men generally is higher. And then it is difficult to discover our prophets in the guise of every-day familiarity. That there are men in every age who overlap the century we should know. They are seers, the prophet is a seer. He has a 'sight' in the sense involving insight.' All great movers of men have been men of the prophetic faculty. Such should be the quality of our preachers, but they are not of that quality, or only exceptionally so. Too many never get beyond a dogmatic assertion of metaphysical theology, and are fettered and limited."

### The Slade Defence-Fund.

American Spiritualists have done well thus far in contributing to the legal defence of phenomenal Spiritualism, assailed in the person of Henry Slade. But the contributions have been mainly from persons of moderate means. We hope that some more of our well-to-do friends will lend a hand, for more is needed if we would make a worthy defence.

The most crushing objection we have yet heard to this movement is that brought forward by an occult antagonist in the Investigator, signing himself or herself "Veritas," and opposing to our appeals the monstrous fact that Slade wears a diamond ring! Why attempt to shield and proclaim Spiritualism, if one of its prominent evangelists is so undemocratic as to carry a diamond about his person? Surely he must be able to pay all the legal expenses himself!

At this time, we could not answer a hundredth part of the assaults on Spiritualism, appearing in religious and secular papers, and making the Slade case their text—even if we were to give up our whole paper to the task. Let it be remembered by every fair-minded reader, that it is not the individual Slade we are defending—he is an infinitesimal fraction in the case—it is impersonal Spiritualism that we are defending, and for which we now ask your contributions in order that it may be fully put before the world in the coming trial in England.

The trial is to come on, the third week in January; and a thousand pounds sterling are wanted for its proper prosecution. To any one acquainted with the expenses of great and crucial trials, this will seem a small sum. About three hundred pounds have thus far been raised by American Spiritualists. We hope they will do better than this. At least fifteen hundred dollars more are needed as our quota (on this side the Atlantic) toward the expenses. So let the good work go on.

### A Premonition.

The Cape Ann (Gloucester, Mass.) Advertiser for Dec. 2d contains an article under the above caption from which we extract the following, and unite with the Brothers Proctor in the query with which it ends:

"Between twelve and one o'clock on Friday morning of last week, the deck hand on board the steam-tug Sarah E. Wetherell, lying in the dock of the New England Fish Company, was aroused from sleep by the impression that some one had called him. Failing to hear anything to bear out the impression, he lay down again, but could not rest easy, as he felt a continued impression that there was something for him to do. After lying a few moments he got up and went on deck, when he heard a slight noise as of something paddling in the water near the Rocky Neck Ferry Slip at the head of the wharf. Hurrying up the wharf, he found two men overboard, one of whom was nearly exhausted. After considerable difficulty he succeeded in getting them out of the water and dragging them to the steamer, where he got them into the fire room, and at last succeeded in restoring them to animation. They left the steamer about six o'clock in the morning, without giving their names, saying that they belonged to a herring vessel bound out that day.

But for the timely assistance rendered them, their voyage in life would have ended ingloriously in the Ferry Slip. Who can explain what it was that aroused the man who saved them, and would not let him rest until his work of mercy was accomplished?"

### "The Nursery."

This admirable little monthly, now in its tenth year of prosperity, begins a new volume with its January number, and there is no better time to subscribe than now. For \$1.60, sent to the publisher, John L. Shorey, Boston, you receive it for one year, postage paid. No more useful and captivating work for children between four and eleven years of age has ever been devised. Many children have taught themselves to read solely by its aid. The pictures are all by first-class artists, and the reading matter is such as every parent and guardian would approve, not to speak of those better judges, in this case, the children themselves. The Nursery is in itself "an education" for a bright child, for it may be the beautiful vestibule of all his future attainments in literature, poetry and morals. If you would benefit your little ones, give them the Nursery.

### Cheap for Cash.

Prof. S. B. Brittan writes us recently: "Henry Ward Beecher, George H. Hepworth and T. De Witt Talmage have prepared us to expect almost any eccentric thing in the language and deportment of American clergymen; but the last eccentricity of divinity comes to us from the Wesleyan church of England. Rev. Walter Briscoe is credited with a proposal to prove the immortality of the soul for the moderate sum of five hundred dollars! This is cheap, and England ought to employ her Briscoe to save the souls of her Huxleys, Darwins and Tyndalls."

C. O. Poole, Esq., of New York City, will pass the current winter in Florida—he is at present at Homosassa.

William Denton—so says the Cincinnati Daily Times—is now having almost unbounded success as a lecturer in that city.

### Miss Susan B. Anthony.

Of New York, lectured last Sunday evening at Investigator Hall, Paine Memorial Building, Appleton street, Boston, on the "Sixteenth Amendment." She will speak there again next Sunday evening at half-past seven o'clock; subject—"Women want bread, not the ballot."

Her discourse on the evening of the 3d was prefaced by a brief introductory speech from Horace Seaver, editor of the Boston Investigator, who, together with its proprietor, J. P. Mendum, Esq., occupied the seats on the platform. Mr. Seaver announced the present occasion to be the first in a series of ten—perhaps more, if patronage and circumstances warranted—lectures, all of which were to be delivered on liberal and reformatory subjects, by distinguished women. Some persons affected to throw discredit upon woman's efforts on the rostrum, but Miss (Mr. S.) Anthony thought, when she saw a competent lady speaker engaging the attention of her audience, that she was more completely in her sphere at the time than an incompetent man would be.

Miss Anthony, being introduced, paid a compliment to the life-work of Ernestine L. Rose (whose portrait graced the wall before her), whom she classed as one of the earliest and ablest pioneers in the field of the woman suffrage movement. In mapping out the course of argument she intended to follow, the lecturer said that the spirit of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution was on the side of the equal rights of women with men to the suffrage, and cited the declarations of a number of noted statesmen sustaining this view, among them Thaddeus Stevens and Charles Sumner; the latter statesman having personally told her, in the course of a visit she paid him, that if she should take his speeches, etc., and strike out the words "sex" or "black race," etc., inserting the word "sex" in their place, she would fully express his convictions of what was right, and that he believed that no further legislation was necessary, under the Constitution as amended, to guarantee to woman the right of suffrage. Acting on the line of his advice, she attempted to vote in New York State, with what result is well known—Judge Hunt having deprived her of trial by jury and had her one hundred dollars and costs, which, by the way, she had never paid. There was no barrier, said she, against the right to the suffrage being conceded to women except prejudice and precedent. She argued that women were the only class denied the right to vote and still compelled to bear their proportion of the taxes. On this point she mentioned several instances of the unjust action of the present tax laws upon the female portion of community. The whole action of Congress and the Supreme Court had been to deny the right of any one to vote except by the authority of the State where they might reside. The decisions of the Supreme Court had always been based on the right of the States to declare who were citizens. She thought the true view of the case was that the right of suffrage was not an extraneous circumstance, but a fundamental right inhering to citizenship, and further, that the inhabitants of that portion of the continent embraced by the Union were not rightfully to be held as citizens of States acknowledging a slack allegiance to the government at Washington, but rather they should be regarded as citizens of the United States residing in the States where they made their homes. She then reviewed these decisions at length. She demanded an amendment to the United States Constitution, in behalf of her sex, as the only alternative, since the task of educating the majority of voters in the States up to the idea was too formidable and too humiliating to be undertaken, and, further, a majority might any day annul the State laws that might be passing giving women these rights. She then proposed to undertake the task of securing the passage of an amendment in Congress, and then have ten years in which to urge the States to ratify it.

Alluding to Gen. Butler, she said, in the light of his brave defence of the rights of woman when he was in Washington before, she was indeed rejoiced to hear that the people of Massachusetts had the good sense to send him back again to Congress. If the men would only allow her, and the opportunity was within her grasp, she would assuredly vote for Mr. Butler—he was her representative; he was indeed the fearless representative and advocate of the cause she held so dear. She appealed to the women who signed or were interested in the petition sent to Congress during the war to free the slaves, to now exert themselves as strongly in behalf of their own emancipation.

She closed her lecture by commending the undertaking of the Women's League (see call for its convention on our fifth page) in bringing a form of amendment to the Constitution before Congress, and urging that body to recommend its adoption by the States.

While at Philadelphia in October, by special invitation we attended one of the Holmes séances. As much had already been said in these columns in regard to their mediumship by competent witnesses, we did not feel that it was necessary for us to occupy our limited space in corroboration of their statements—more especially as we placed several of the spirits who controlled Mrs. Holmes under test conditions: That is, we requested them to come to the Banner of Light Public Free Circle, if possible, and to report themselves—Mrs. Rudd in the meantime not to know one word in regard to the agreement thus made in Philadelphia. One of Mrs. H.'s regular spirit attendants known by the name of Dick, especially promised to report in Boston, if possible. He has now kept his word, as the reader can see by reference to a message from him on the sixth page, present issue. The very characteristics of this spirit, as given through Mrs. Holmes, are strikingly manifest in the message which was spoken by him through Mrs. Rudd. He alludes to the fact that some one at a recent séance made a request to be allowed to shoot at the spirit. This person's name is Dunn, hence the remark "dun brown," etc. Now, as certain Spiritualists—as well as skeptics—have asserted that Mrs. Holmes is not a medium, but on the contrary a fraud, will they inform us by what method Mrs. Holmes could ventriloquize our medium and do the speaking here in Boston to so perfectly represent "Dick" as she did there? We use the word ventriloquize, because one of our friends remarked not long since that Mrs. H. was a capital ventriloquist, and that was the reason she could represent different voices so well. To us this is a capital test that Mrs. Holmes is a medium through whom spirits communicate, the opinions of others to the contrary notwithstanding.

We are in receipt of a brief note from J. J. Morse, wherein it appears that the English Spiritualists are by no means disheartened by the present excitement in that country, but that meetings are in progress, séances are still held, and the National Association is gaining a firmer foundation than ever. Mr. Morse has advance engagements lasting throughout the year 1877. His new work, "LEAVES FROM MY LIFE," he hopes to put before the public sometime during the month of December.

FAIR IN BOFFIN'S BOWER.—A fair for the benefit of unemployed and destitute young women will be opened at this place, December 16th. Miss Jennie Collins, matron of the Bower, and a member of the organizing committee, reports a great interest taken in the matter by outside parties, who have contributed largely to the stock of articles to be on exhibition and for sale. We wish this worthy enterprise the highest order of success.











## Advertisements.

## BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENT.

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**The Dawning Light.**

This beautiful and impressive picture represents the "Birthplace of Modern Spiritualism." In Hydesville. Size of sheet, 24 by 12 inches; engraved surface, 14 by 11 inches. Steel Plate Engraving, \$1.00.

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This beautiful picture, and one of our thrilling sentimental, lifts the veil of materiality from beholding eyes, and reveals the guardian angels of the spirit-world. Size of sheet, 24 by 12 inches; Engraved Surface, 14 by 11 inches. Steel Plate Engraving, \$2.00.

**Life's Morning and Evening.**

AN ART POEM, IN ALLEGORY.

A river, symbolizing the life of man, winds through a landscape of the spirit world, and at its current a time-worn bark, containing an aged Pilgrim, an Angel, and a young child, one hand rests on the helm, while the other she points toward the open sea—an emblem of eternity—symbolizing "Life's Morning" to live good and pure lives, so

"That when their bark shall float at eventide,  
Far out upon the sea that is deep and wide,"

they may, like "Life's Evening," be fitted for the "crown of immortality."

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April 8.

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**FANNIE BEMICK,**

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Engraved from photographs in Stockholm in the summer of 1862.

Swedenborg in Old Age.



## Italian Correspondence.

## Review of the Slade Case.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As a convinced and ardent Spiritualist who a few years since visited America, and there had the pleasure of being introduced to Mr. Colby and Mr. White, and as the daughter of Dr. George Croly, the poet, whose works are as well known and as highly valued in the United States as in England, I trust you will afford me space in your columns to ventilate the indignation which I feel, in common with all Spiritualists at home and abroad, at the scandalous sentence pronounced against Dr. Slade. Whenever mediums stoop to trickery or imposture none are more prompt to expose the cheat, or more anxious to bring down condign punishment on the culprits, than we Spiritualists, as we have repeatedly testified far and wide, but it is somewhat too much to expect that, in the nineteenth century, we are to stand by and tamely submit to either our mediums or ourselves being put *hors la loi*, as the French term it, and denied the benefit of all the common principles of law and equity, simply on the score of our creed; for to this, and nothing less, amounts the judgment which an English magistrate has not feared or blushed to pronounce in the recent case of Dr. Slade.

Setting aside every rule of common justice, every legal right of defence conceded to the accused in civilized countries, trampling on every precedent and usage of common law, Mr. Flowers refuses to grant a hearing to the innumerable witnesses of high standing and unimpeachable reputation who were prepared to bear testimony to the genuineness of the phenomena, and the conditions under which they were produced precluding the possibility of Mr. Slade's having had any hand or part in them; sheltering himself from the overwhelming mass of evidence on this score which was forthcoming, on the part of a host of eye-witnesses whose social and intellectual station would have made it impossible to "pooh, pooh" their judgment or to question their vision, through the question, but transparent evasion, that the truth or falsehood of Spiritualism not being called in question, all testimony as to its phenomena was irrelevant to the case, this honest and upright magistrate proceeds to condemn the accused unreservedly to the highest penalty the law awards to exposed and convicted impostors, solely and wholly on the *a priori* conclusion arrived at by his prejudiced ignorance and shallow brains, that Spiritualism being an imposture all those who profess to produce phenomena through spirit agency must necessarily be impostors, no matter how completely their *modus operandi* may elude detection.

It is easy, therefore, to comprehend the interested and disingenuous motives which actuated Mr. Flowers's well calculated course from the very outset of the procedure. Perfectly aware that there was no sufficient evidence of positive imposture forthcoming whereon it would be possible to convict the accused, and predetermined to effect that conviction at all costs, there was no possibility of insuring that desirable (?) and otherwise than by finding a plea to exclude from a hearing the numbers of eminent gentlemen and ladies, who, whether convinced Spiritualists, or too honorable to back their doubts or unbelief by lies, were prepared to adduce a mass of testimony to the genuineness of the phenomena which both the impostor and the backsliding magistrate who was not ashamed to play into his hands, were afraid to confront.

If any one question this elucidation of the cautious caution with which Mr. Flowers shirked the decisive question of the truth or falsehood of Spiritualism in the abstract, and the Jesuitical ploys on which he eliminated all discussion on this fundamental topic from the pleading in court, he need not review the evidence. From first to last, not one solitary proof was adduced either by Professor Lankester, his pledged accomplice, or any one else, which would have passed muster as such before any tribunal whatsoever which had not arrived at a foregone conclusion which was determined to carry out by all means fair or foul. The accuser himself, no less than his double, was unable to substantiate a single one of the idle surmises on which he based his denunciation. He states that he *believes* the writing was on the slate before the spirits were supposed to have written. Secondly, he affirms that the writing came on that side of the slate on which it might have been possible for Dr. Slade to have written. In the course of cross examination, however, he is compelled to retract this statement, and admit that he really does not know on which side of the slate the writing came, although this now involves the impossibility of Dr. Slade having written, if the writing were not on the side in question. Thirdly, he cannot affirm that he saw Dr. Slade write, or touch him, or that he perceived any sign of trickery, except that the muscles of his wrists appeared to move as if he were writing. In contradistinction to this tissue of conjectures and contradictions, which evidences nothing more than the unreliability and disloyalty of the man who could dare to bring a criminal accusation against any one on such insufficient grounds, we have the written testimony of such a man as Sergeant Cox, who, although not a Spiritualist, comes forward as a perfectly impartial witness, to testify, not to conjectures, but to a succession of positive facts which, corroborated by similar phenomena witnessed by other gentlemen, some non-Spiritualists likewise, amply prove that it was quite superfluous for Dr. Slade to resort to the gross and clumsy trickery imputed to him, *conjecturally*, by Professor Lankester, since he is able to obtain the writing when the slate is laid on the surface of the table, in the full view of every one, or placed on a visitor's head, or beneath his hand, and untouched by Dr. Slade at all.

Passing to other considerations, we would ask, had even Professor Lankester's testimony consisted of a direct affirmation of positive facts, instead of an empty string of negative suppositions, to what would it amount? Nothing can be more condemnatory or more suggestive than his total failure to obtain, amid the hundreds of investigators who have held sittings with Dr. Slade since his arrival in England, one single independent testimony to back him, thus forcing him to depend for support on the sole corroboration of his leagued accomplice, and that of the respectable mother who ventures to palm off on public credulity the singularly *fortuitous* (?) coincidence which brought her to Dr. Slade's *precisely* on the same day as her son. What stress Prof. Lankester laid on being backed by some one of note, whose testimony might be of greater weight than his own, may be easily estimated by the flagrant breach of integrity and honor he was not ashamed to perpetrate, in adding the names of Professor Carpenter and other gentlemen to the indictment, without their authorization, in the hope of misleading the public into the belief that some eminent men at least participated in his proceedings. And it is a man who, by such unwarrantable and disingenuous conduct, no less than by the contemptible subterfuges and evasions through which he subsequently sought to elude and distort the published details of the gentlemen he had thus introduced, has proved himself to be a man of honor and a gentleman, whose *ipse dixit* is accepted by a judge professing to be impartial, as substantial and sufficient evidence to justify the condemnation of an individual against whom, as well as the cause he represents, the accuser is avowedly actuated by the bitterest antagonism, and whom all impartial testimony concurs in acquitting.

By virtue of a similar judgment, pronounced on exactly equivalent grounds, Galileo was condemned to expiate in the dungeons of the Inquisition the audacity which dared to assert a fact that the ignorance and interested perversity of his judges were pleased to deny. The great discoveries of the world-renowned astronomer survived the obscurantism and prepotency of his duncedheaded and iniquitous adversaries, and we need have no fear that Spiritualism will be extinguished by the superior lights, or the phys-

cal force arguments of either Professor Lankester, Mr. Flowers, or any other modern emulators of the holy office. But as it is decidedly undesirable to live under such a *regime* as that of the Inquisition, even though the restricted powers of nineteenth century judges compel them, however unwillingly, to exchange for the fagots and thumbscrews their prototypes of yore were wont so unsparingly to inflict, the modified substitutes of fines, incarceration and treadmill—it behooves all Spiritualists to band together and show such a front on this decisive occasion as may compel the British magistracy one and all to realize the fact that in the present age law and justice cannot be set aside to serve party purposes, or either public or private spite, in any land constitutionally governed, and least of all in British soil.

If English Spiritualists are so wanting to themselves and to the great cause of truth as not to come forward to a man to uphold its banner, and to cast all the influence they can and may wield, popular, parliamentary and aristocratic—spread as their ranks are amidst all classes of society—into the scales of equity, and their constitutional rights, so as to obtain the full revocation of so iniquitous a sentence, and to brand the unjust magistrate, so oblivious of the first duties of his office as to have dared to pronounce it, they will only have themselves to thank for the consequences that will befall them.

If it should become a recognized precedent that any ruffian who either through the desire to curry favor with his superiors, to work his insignificance into notoriety, or to pandering some private passion or interest of his own, may turn detective or spy, and, conspiring with some other individual no better than himself, may enter our houses under false pretences, to note whatever he can, distorting what he chooses to see, or arranging what he has the wit to invent, into any lie or exaggeration that may suit his purpose, is nothing else to do than to cumulate the separate offences of accuser and witness to obtain a sentence in his favor, without being called upon to afford a single proof of the truth of his assertions, or a single corroborative testimony to strengthen them—then we may all look forward to being at the mercy of whoever may desire to damage our good fame, to possess themselves of our property, or otherwise injure us and benefit themselves.

Under such conditions Spiritualists in England, whatever be their rank in life, would be subjected to the same *regime* as that which obtained in Venice during the palmy days of the Council of Ten, or in Rome under the sceptre of the most corrupt emperors.

Let us hope that they will be wise in time, and recognizing that in this instance, as in many others, valor is the better part of policy, they will cast aside, for once and forever, that paltry fear of Mrs. Grundy, and the cowardly horror of being "chucked on the back," which deters so many—thank heaven, not all—from avowing their creed when taboed by the majority.

With men of such eminence as Mr. Crookes, and so many of his illustrious co-workers in science and literature leading the ranks, surely none need be ashamed to stand by their colors. Now, even, if ever, is the time to do battle for them. For unless we do so, honestly, boldly, earnestly, if it is not the "Canal Doll Orange," and the "P. O.," or the arena and the Mammoth, the rack and the stake that await us, the pillories, treadmills, spoliation and lunatic asylums which rampant fanatics and perjured judges hold in store to crush out that ugly intruder, Spiritualism, will amply replace them.

Yours sincerely,

HELEN BULLOCK WEBSTER,

née CROLY.

31 Santa Lucia, Naples, Nov. 12th, 1876.

## Words of Commendation.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I wish to express my heartfelt thanks through your paper to Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten for the article that appeared in the Banner of Nov. 25th, entitled "Who's to Blame?" I only echo the many thanks through the land when I say God bless her for that article. It suits me the best of any line I ever read from her pen. Coming as it does from one who has done such noble service from the early stages of the movement to the present day, it must do good. It is a cutting rebuke to those who are truly "to blame," and I hope it will "go home," and I believe it will. There are scores of speakers to day who have left the lecturing field for the reason that they could not get enough to support themselves, who are full of glowing inspiration fresh from the altar of truth. Why is this? Mrs. B. gives the true reason. Shame on the ones who are the cause of this state of affairs.

P. C. MILLS.

Dorchester Station, Boston, Dec. 2d, 1876.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I attended the Thanksgiving services of the North Street Union Mission, 102 Commercial Street, Boston. Services commenced at three and lasted until ten o'clock, P. M. One hundred and thirty children sang and recited finely. Speeches were made by several friends, and an address delivered by Philip Davies, the missionary, after which a supper was served of which all the children partook. Later another collation was served for the adult poor of both sexes, and several families were given a dinner to carry home. It was an enjoyable occasion.

FRIEND TO HOME MISSIONS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Will you please notice the following in your next issue of the Banner, viz., that Mrs. Susie Willis Fletcher will lecture in Murray Hall (Brockton), Sunday evening, Dec. 10th, [to morrow] at seven o'clock; subject, Materialization. The discourse will be illustrated by Mrs. M. M. Hardy, with a paraffine mold séance under test conditions. Yours truly, H. T. MARSHALL.

Brockton, Mass.

## Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

TEMPLE HALL, 48 Washington Street.—Spiritualist meetings every Sunday at 2 P. M. and Friday evening every Friday evening in the month except the first. P. W. Jones, Chairman.

LYNN HALL, The Universal Reform Association holds meetings in Lynn Hall, at 2 P. M. and Friday evening, commencing at 7 P. M. until further notice. Moses Hull is the regular speaker.

PYTHIAN TEMPLE, 76 Tremont Street.—The Spiritualist Ladies Aid Society will hold a Circle of study and evening, commencing at 7 P. M. Many prominent mediums have volunteered their services. Admission 25 cents. Mrs. John Woods, President; Miss M. L. Barrett, Secretary.

ROCHESTER HALL.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum convened as usual at this hall on Sunday morning, Dec. 3d. Mrs. Hayward, Lizzie Thompson, Ernestine Edridge, Linwood Hickok, May Potter, George Francis, Hattie Collier and Sarah Ransom, contributed recitations, and music was rendered by Alice Bond, Olive Barnes, Nelly Thomas, Miss Danforth and Miss Shuman. The seats were well filled, and the evening was a pleasant one.

JULIA M. CAMPBELL, Cor. Sec'y.

LUTHER HALL.—A correspondent writes that "at the morning circle, Dec. 3d, J. E. Wright delivered a very fine lecture on the Law of Spirit Growth, which was listened to with close attention by a large and appreciative audience. After the lecture, many excellent tests were given through the mediumship of Mrs. Leslie, Mrs. Stanwood, Mrs. Nelson and others.

A fine audience attended in the afternoon, at which circle a Mrs. Stanwood and Mrs. Leslie occupied the platform. The conference in the evening opened by Prof. Tooley's sharp criticism on mediums and mediumship, and replies to the point were made by the Chairman, Mr. P. Robinson, Mrs. Maggie Folsom, and other mediums and speakers present, who were not afraid to stand firmly by the truths they believed and advocated.

On Sunday next, Dec. 10th, the regular free circle will be held at 10:30 by Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Stanwood, Mrs. Leslie, and other mediums. Moses Hull will speak at 12:30 and 7:30 P. M.

CHARLESTOWN DISTRICT.—Isaiah Hall.—Spiritualist meetings are held in this hall every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. Mrs. Abby M. Burnham has been the platform since the 1st of November. Her lectures on spirit psychometry, and the tests she gives to illustrate this beautiful phase of the Spiritual Philosophy, are very interesting and instructive, and are listened to with attention by large and intelligent audiences. She will speak in this hall next Sunday, December 10th, at 3 P. M., and at Temple Hall, 48 Washington Street, Boston, in the evening at 7 P. M.

## BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

SHORT SENTENCES.—Toll and affliction are inevitable. But no child of God shall finally have the worse. He that claims the mountain has the top a greater enjoyment than he that in a sedan chair is carried upward. Grumble not in the night of calamity, but remember the coming day of joy!—*Kismet*.

A terrific gale prevailed in the British Isles Sunday, Dec. 3d, much damage being done to the shipping. The freight steamer Prince founded in the storm, and fourteen lives were lost.

Joy never lasts so high as when the first course is of misery.

The unique dolls' fair, for the benefit of sick children in the hospitals, will open Dec. 11th, at the Freeman-Place chapel, Freeman Place, adjoining 17 Beacon Street. At this fair will be exhibited the dolls and toys contributed by the boys and girls of the country as Christmas gifts, to be distributed on Christmas day among the hospitals.

The cross, as a religious symbol, was in use in the Oriental faiths, thousands of years before the Christian era. So also the priestly robes, the sacred days, the sacraments and festivals, all are traced in form, if not in exact significance, to the immediately preceding forms. The mitre is a direct descendant from a pagan head-dress symbolizing the sun.

The soul that suffers is stronger than the soul that rejoices.—*Elizabeth Sheppard*.

"What's the man yelling at?" asked an Illinois farmer of his boy, as he pointed to a person in the field one day. "What's he yelling at?" repeated the lad. "Yes," replied the father, inquiringly, "I know," said the boy. "Then what is it you young rascal?" demanded the paternal. "Why," chuckled the urchin, "he 's—he 's yelling at—the top of his voice!"

Ho, helmsman of the Ship of State, Whither art driving now? Thou hast on board the country's fate, Thou hast on board the bow, The hurricane is on our track, The roughened waters rise, And, meteor-like, against the rack Our stormy pennant flies. The lights are sunk below the main, No landmarks near or far; And heaving aid is vain— No help from north or west! But from the white surf of yon sea Comes up a smothered roar; Is ship drifting to the lee, Upon a dangerous shore?

Slippery Robin.—"Well, Robin, have you enjoyed yourself?" "Robin—" Oh, yes, yes; but I wish I hadn't come. Brother Jim is sure to cry 'halves' when I get home, and when I say you didn't give me nothing, he'll punch my head for a story."

The real and personal property of the State has depreciated since 1871 over seventy-one millions of dollars.

"Man," says Adam Smith, "is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this—no dog exchanges bones with another."

END OF AN EVENTFUL CAREER.—It is brought to mind by the London Times that Gen. W. W. Loring, who had command in the second Egyptian expedition against the Abyssinians, has never been heard of since the terrible disaster that befell his troops. Gen. Loring at one time held a commission in the Federal army, but when the civil war broke out he joined the Confederates and became a major-general in that service. At the close of the war he went to Egypt, and was appointed by the Khedive to the position in which he is supposed to have lost his life. In the disastrous surprise which the Egyptians suffered, Gen. Loring and several other American officers were on the staff of Prince Hassan. The fate of these men remains a mystery which it is hoped may at some future period be explained.

As we go to press, a most serious aspect of affairs prevails in France. Gradually the Senate has become more and more anti-republican, while the lower house has increased in radical sentiment, and a direct clash between the two bodies caused the resignation, Dec. 2d, of the ministry. Excitement is on the increase, and the difficulty of forming a cabinet which shall at once possess the confidence of the President, the Senate and the Deputies, seems almost insuperable.

"In the language of Shakespeare," remarked Mr. Jones, "Men's virtues are but shadows, and the substance is but a wind." "What do you mean by that?" "Very true," Jim replied, "yet here I would mention that no man has died whose virtues have crowded his house in his tomb." Jones's face became clouded. With sadness and gloom.—*Paul Tynchett*.

The present U. S. Congress began its winter session at Washington, Monday, Dec. 4th, Samuel J. Randall, Democrat, being chosen as Speaker of the House of Representatives.

The embalmed corpse of Baron Joseph Henry Louis de Palm was taken Dec. 4th from its temporary resting-place and transferred to Washington, Pa., to be reduced to ashes.

Tactless has been accorded a bust at Rome, upon which the following sentence from his annals is inscribed: "Many in unfortunate circumstances are happy if they bear up under them; many though extremely rich are most wretched if they use prosperity rashly."

The total value of exports from the port of Boston during the past week was \$1,581,42. Total since Jan. last, \$11,997,671, against \$31,157,291 last year, and \$26,631,921 for the corresponding period of 1874.

Huenos Ayres and Entre Rios have revolted against the Argentine Confederation, under the lead of Col. Alsina.

To love the unlovely, to sympathize with the contrary-minded, to give to the meekhearted to forgive such as never pity, to be just to men who make inquiry a law, to pay their ceaseless hate with never-ceasing love, is one of the noblest attainments of man, and in this he becomes most like a God.—*Theodore Parker*.

## THE PASSING DAYS.

They days succeed each other like a dream, They come and go with silent tread like stars, They steadily move on like some still stream, That passes till the ocean progress bears. Now hid in woods, now open to sky and field, Now deep and dark, now clear and bright, And I ever have no command to wield, But am engulfed and lost in them my night. I cannot say it is so strange to see, To feel the days' errand with such high power, It is so strange a creature so to be, A thinking soul so subject to the hour, But so it is beyond our skill to cure, Yet we through all the passing days endure.

—WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Punctuation was first made in literature A. D. 1520. Before that time "wordian desences were call put together like this.

The Greeley monument as unveiled at Greenwood Cemetery, New York, Monday, Dec. 4th, in the presence of many distinguished citizens. Rev. Dr. Chapin opened the exercises with prayer. The formal presentation of the monument was made by W. H. Bondwell, of Typographical Union No. 6, after which Thos. Wood, in behalf of the board of trustees, unveiled it. Bayard Rustin delivered an eloquent oration. An appropriate poem by E. G. Steadman closed the services.

An Aberdeen newspaper states that the captain of the whaler Jan Mayen, of Peterhead, recently encountered an Esquimaux, who informed him that a tribe of Esquimaux, living far to the northward of Cumberland Gulf, many years ago massacred Captain Crozier, second in command of the Franklin expedition, and another white, because they refused to surrender their guns and ammunition.

Thales said the strongest thing was necessity, because it accomplishes every purpose.

It has been estimated that more foreign newspapers were represented at the Philadelphia Exposition than at the Exhibitions in London, Paris and Vienna combined; among these specially to be noted, may be mentioned the Times, Standard, Telegraph, News, and Illustrated News of London; The Temps, Journal des Debates, Patrie and Galleguino, of Paris; Independence Belge and Monteur of Brussels; Standard, of Amsterdam. The following cities were also represented by correspondents: Berlin, Vienna, Pech, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Milan, Rio Janeiro, Madrid, Leipzig, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Constantinople, Shanghai, Melbourne and the Sandwich Islands, there being in all, including Canada, 351.

After much mental strain and painful cogitation, a British Court of Appeals has just achieved the important decision that one man (a stockholder) cannot hold a meeting since one man cannot "meet."

The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Theatre was destroyed by fire Tuesday night, Dec. 5th. The play of the "Two Orphans" was in progress at the time, and in the anxiety of the audience to escape from the burning building, many persons were trampled upon and severely injured, and many killed. The calamity was a fearful one, and at last accounts will rank with the darkest pages of theatrical disaster.

Over nearly one hundred corpses had been taken from the ruins—according to dispatches at time of our going to press—and as many more were being taken to be still buried in the debris. The theatre was owned by Kingsley Keeney and others, and was rented to Shook & Palmer of the Union Square Theatre of New York. The loss on the theatre is about \$250,000.

CORRECTION.—In our acknowledgments of contributions to the Slade fund last week, the name of Mr. La Fayette Tyrel, given as Charleston, N. Y., should have been "Che-towen," and the following named donors should have been noted as residents of Philadelphia, Pa.: W. W. M. C., C. B. Rogers, P. W., John Robbins, Dr. Rhodes.

A heavy silver medal has been sent to the American members of the International Typographical Union by the typographical societies of Italy. It is inscribed: "To the Sons of Gutenberg in America, from the Typographical Association of Italy, upon the happy occurrence of the Centennial celebration of their independence. This medal is affectionately given as a perpetual record of brotherly solidarity. MDCCCLXXVI."

The sale of exhibition buildings costing over \$2,500,000 for the 1876 centennial scene (the quiet sacrifice, but it must be remembered that they are not very available in their present form, and Mrs. Tooley does not operate on so large a scale.—*Boston Post*.

Post 7, G. A. R., gave "Old Abe," the Wisconsin War Eagle, a good reception at Beethoven Hall, Boston, Tuesday evening, Dec. 5th.

Irene A. V. House, acquitted about a month ago on a charge of having murdered her husband, Orion A. House, has become insane, and was placed in the State Lunatic Asylum of New Jersey, Dec. 3d.

A despatch from Constantinople (Dec. 3d) says there was recently an inundation at Adrianople, by which 1000 houses were swept away.

The irrepressible Chicago Times heads its Thanksgiving memoirs with the suggestive title of "Turkeyfulness."

Adjutant-General Cooper, of the Confederate States service, died recently at his home in Fairfax Co., Va., aged 75 years.

Prince Bismarck made a speech before the Prussian Parliament Tuesday, Dec. 5th, on the Eastern Question, in which he expressed the hope that the approaching conference of the powers would result in a peaceable solution of existing complications. He also repeated his former assurance of German neutrality if war should ensue between Russia and Turkey. No further news of the European struggle comes to hand. Arctic, however, which has long been reported to be hungry again, and despite the armistice the enemies of Turkey refuse to allow it to be fed. Consequently the garrison is nearly starved, and the Muslims are making arrangements to revictual the place by force.

A jewel is a jewel still, though lying in the dust. And such is sand, as erst it was, though up to heaven thrust.

New York has purchased for the Metropolitan Museum of Art the Ceszola collection of antiquities found at Kurium.

Mrs. Gaines has secured another judgment against the city of New Orleans.

Extradition is virtually refused between England and the United States. Brent, the Louisville forger, was re-arrested in London, on Monday, Dec. 4th, and taken before the Bow-street police court. What disposition has been made of his case is as yet unknown. It is reported that the forgers, Winslow and Gray, fearing arrest, have fled the country.

As we go to press, information reaches us that Gen. Diaz has occupied the city of Mexico, and that Lerdo and his ministers have fled westward. A Brownsville despatch confirms the reported battle between Canales and Martinez; 800 men were left dead on the field. Lerdo's forces lost 2000 men, and the latter's army is almost destroyed. Cortina at Matamoros has pronounced in favor of Iglesias.

## The Slade Defence-Fund.

Amount previously acknowledged, \$1,485.10

Received since our last issue:

B. Ellis, Plymouth, Mass.,	2.00
Richard Pope, Plymouth, Mass.,	1.00
Nath. Churchill,	1.00
Herbert Collier, Cambridgeport, Mass.,	1.00
J. Franklin, Tenn.,	1.00
S. H. Austin, Syracuse, N. Y.,	2.00
F. H. Gregory, Beverly, N. J.,	1.00
Jas. Thompson, Davenport, Ia.,	2.00
A Friend,	.50
Joseph Wood, Marietta, Ohio,	1.00
Levi P. Benjamin, Friendship, N. Y.,	2.00
Luther K. Ames, Worcester, Mass.,	2.00
Rosanna Child, Cherry Valley, Ohio,	1.00
Stanford,	1.00
Ansel Edwards, New Orleans, La.,	3.00
Mrs. C. D. New Britain, Conn.,	1.00
E. D. T., Philadelphia, Pa.,	1.00
B. Williams,	2.00
Thos. B. Watford, Philadelphia, Pa.,	2.00
J. L. New Jersey,	5.00
Mrs. M. A. E. Green, W. Winfield, N. Y.,	1.00
E. B. Jones,	1.00
L. D. Smith,	1.00
R. Bucklin,	1.00
E. Bartlett,	1.00
D. B. Briggs,	1.00
Friend,	.50
Dr. J. S. Loucks, Potsdam, N. Y.,	2.00
Jas. Pearson, Milford, N. H.,	1.00
E. F. Meher,	1.00
Geo. Y. Nickerson, New Bedford, Mass.,	1.00
Robt. Rutherford, Rochester, N. Y.,	5.00
E. W. H., Cleveland, Ohio,	1.00
A. Doll,	.50
Albert S. Fobes, No. Middleboro', Mass.,	1.00
From one who hates Persecution,	10.00
O. Channey, Lemont, Ill.,	.85
O. P. Hatfield, New York City,	1.00
Friend, Brookfield,	1.00
Milo Harris, Painesville, Ohio,	1.00
J. D. Wheeler, Acton, Mass.,	2.00
Mrs. C. Boyd, Johnson Creek, N. Y.,	.85
Henry Miller, Sacramento, Cal.,	10.00
M. A. Britton, Santa Rosa, Cal.,	2.00
Harvey Lyman, Springfield, Mass.,	2.00
Jas. S. Draper, Wayland,	2.00
Friend,	.50
Isaac Snow, Boston, Mass.,	5.00
Walden Edwy, Greenfield, N. Y.,	1.00
C. M. Lyne, Philadelphia, Pa.,	2.00
Mrs. Lavelette,	5.00
Aaron Comfort,	1.00
R. C. B.,	1.00
Sundry Persons,	16.13
Albert Blanchard, New Ulm, Minn.,	1.00
Thos. Hope, La Cynne, Kan.,	1.00
Jay J. Hartman, New York City,	1.00
Wm. Mason, Toulon, Ill.,	1.00
L. Elliott, Live Oak, Fla.,	2.50
Lewis Kirk, Alliance, Ohio,	1.00
Lydia P. Geel, Port Huron, Mich.,	1.00
Chesman Miller, Brockville, Ohio,	1.00
Sam'l E. Legate, Durham, Ont.,	1.00
E. Hovey, Buffalo, N. J.,	1.00
Joseph Willoughby, Manchester, N. H.,	2.00
W. N. Choate, Jackson Mills, Mich.,	5.00
J. Curtis,	1.00
B. F. Eggleston,	1.00
Clarissa Hubbell,	.50
John Hubbell,	.50
Mrs. Stockham,	.50
Mrs. Haddock,	.50
Mrs. Brown,	.50
John Rogers,	.50
E. J. Kempton, New Bedford, Mass.,	2.00
A. G. Blackman, E. Bridgewater, "	.50
W. F. Tufts, Norwich, Conn.,	1.85
Two Small Spirits,	1.00
Graville W. Lukens, Mt. Holly, N. J.,	2.00
R. C. Stewart, Concord, Mass.,	1.85
John W. Stevens, Manamusk, N. J.,	1.00
Mrs. E. Huth, Seneca Falls, N. Y.,	1.00
One who knows,	1.00
Mrs. G. W. Keene, Lynn, Mass.,	5.00
S. Ray, Dover, N. H.,	1.00
W. F. Pray,	.50
Chas. Child, East Boston, Mass.,	