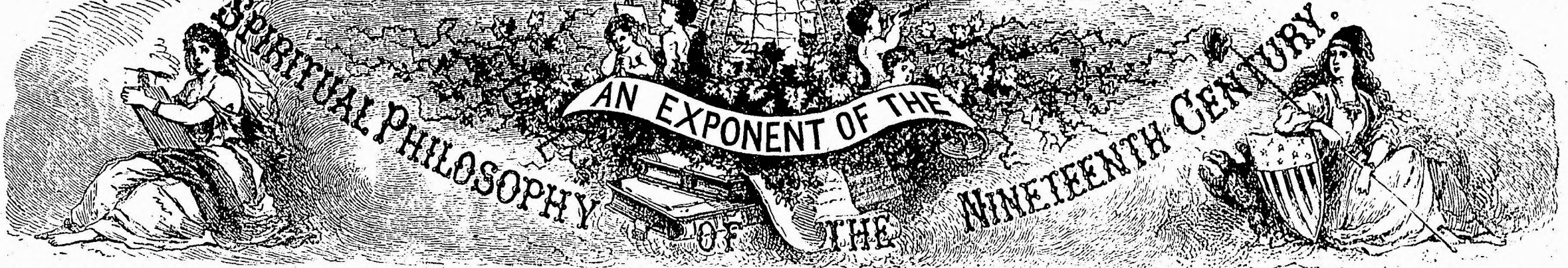


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 17.

Written for the Banner of Light.
TRUTH.

BY MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

We stand upon the shores of Time,
And talk of what is yet to be,
As if into the far beyond
Our mortal eyes could see.

We walk with angels upon earth—
They are around us day and night;
And yet we heed them not, so dark
The veil which dims our sight.

We sigh for truth, we grope for light,
When just beyond it brightly gleams;
And when its dawn would faintly illumine
Our souls, we call it—dreams!

Oh visions of the beautiful,
Which faint would raise our thoughts above—
Which, in the temple of our hearts,
Would light the flames of love:

Ye are the soul-communings with
Departed spirits of the blest;
Ye are the smiles of that true Friend
In whom the weary rest!

Ye are the rays of light which shine
Upon us from Hope's radiant star;
Ye are the glimpses of that Heaven
Whose gates are just ajar!

Oh dreamer, wake! the day is nigh!
The shades of night are fleeing fast;
The future all before thee lies—
Muse not upon the past!

Oh Truth! thy mission is sublime,
Thy light shall all the world illumine;
Before thee Error's host shall flee—
Room for the Conqueror!—Error, room!

Mobile, Ala.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

NUMBER NINE.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY J. M. PEEBLES.

DEAR OLD BANNER—Self and traveling companion left New Zealand the 27th day of March, shipping for China, a distance over the deep of seven thousand miles. Messrs. Beverly, Redmayne, and several other appreciative friends accompanied us as far as Port Chalmers. At our leaving the city of Dunedin there was great joy among cowardly scribblers, pious "pharisees," and the priestly "bulls of Bashan." The Rev. Dr. Stewart alone, of all the clergy, was willing that the "devils of ignorance, bigotry, intemperance and scoffing atheism" be "cast out" in the name of Spiritualism. The other parsons—postponed possibilities of future men—remain the subjects of our prayers. Blinded Saul became Paul—let us hope!

OUR ACCOMMODATIONS.

There is no line of steamers from New Zealand or Australia, direct to China. A sail vessel was the only alternative. Ours proved to be the bark Harriet Arncliffe, well fitted, and freighted with one hundred and seven Chinamen booked for Hong Kong. Having gathered their glittering piles in the gold-fields of the South Seas, they had turned their faces toward their native land to enjoy their gains and be buried with their fathers. Messrs. Beverly, Redmayne, Allan and others, knowing our tastes and appreciating our wants, prepared for us flowers, fruits, jams, honey and other delicacies so enjoyable during a long voyage through the tropics.

"From this lovely haven forever I part,
Where sate the sunnier smile, and where heart beat to heart;
Yet, when fondly, when far we may be,
Will I think, blessed isles, of each other and thee,
I go from the haunts where the blue billows roll,
But these isles and those waters shall live in my soul!"

ISHMAELS.

All warm climates have their scavengers. Few meddle with them. All creatures, too, have their clowns, and every city its social Ishmael. Boasting, tract-peddling J. G. S. Grant is the Ishmael of Dunedin, and the blatant ex-Reverend David Blair is the poor Ishmael of Melbourne. My clerical countryman—Henry Ward Beecher—taught long ago: "Never stop along your pathway to kick at snapping curs." From the first I studiously avoided noticing attacks upon Spiritualism from anonymous scribblers, and especially any of the vulgar imitations from the pens of Blair and Grant. It might not be fruitless for Darwinians to search in Melbourne and Dunedin for those "missing links," said to connect the anthropoid apes with English and American gentlemen.

FIGURES AND FACTS.

At the close of 1871 the population of New Zealand was 156,431 males and 110,555 females, being a total of nearly 270,000. The excess in number of men over the women is 45,876. There are supposed to be some 40,000 Maoris—that is, natives. The number of letters received in the Colony in 1871 was 3,291,990, and the number dispatched was 2,784,707. The number of newspapers received was 2,308,633, and the number dispatched was 1,871,150. The postal revenue is very large. They have a system in this country of telegraphing money orders. It is admirable, and Americans ought to adopt the method. This island Colony in the Southern Seas owns three hundred and eighteen sailing vessels and fifty-three steamboats. The people have advanced more rapidly in mechanics than in matters moral and spiritual. A Dunedin company is constructing a sub-marine boat to extract gold from the deep river-beds of Otago. An American constitutes the backbone of the enterprise. It is con-

tended by the "old identities"—the first settlers—that Anglo-Saxons can work and expose themselves to the climate of New Zealand without injury more days in the year and more hours in a day, than in any other country. The mountains abound in wild swine, descendants of those let loose by the navigator, Captain Cook, a hundred years ago. There are also wild cattle and goats in the woodlands, called the "bush." English deer, hare, grouse, pheasants—sparrows, larks and other singing birds—have been introduced into the country by acclimatization societies. These in time will furnish scope for English field sports, and scenery resembling that of Northern Italy or the Highlands of Scotland. Gold interests, wool-raising, and rich agricultural districts, with superior commercial advantages, must ultimately make New Zealand a great country.

STRANGE SCENERY.

Among the natural wonders of this island group are the geysers, or boiling lakes. They are said to far surpass those of Iceland. Columns of steam rising from these volcano-heated springs may be seen above the white cliffs while sailing along the coast. Approaching them, the roar seems like mighty engines madly working in the bowels of the earth. And what is singular, no two throw up water of exactly the same character. Some are clear as crystal, others are darkened and muddy; some are impregnated with acids; some taste of soda; many contain sulphur, and one is said to be the briny ocean; but they are all intensely hot and boiling. The natives make use of them for all kinds of skin diseases and rheumatic complaints. Not far distant from these springs on the North Island are the Tarata Falls, fringed with weird shrubbery and encrusted boulders. The sprays and glassy sheets, pouring over molded alabaster, are strikingly beautiful. Below are delightful baths of different temperatures. The baths of the ancient Romans, so famous in history, could not have surpassed these adjacent to the boiling lakes. The crystallized terraces are absolutely magnificent. To Roto Wanapanapa is a strangely looking greasy lake of yellowish green water, clear, cold and deep. There are hot, muddy springs close by, throwing up a grey-colored, greasy clay, which the Maoris call *Kahika*, and eat with avidity. The prettiest hot spring is Nawahuru, called the moss spring. It is used for cooking purposes. The quantity of sulphur around some of these lakes is enormous, and the mineral impregnations give the waters all kinds of colors. Some of the terraces are pink, some purple, and others white or orange, caused by crystallizations. Names written on them are soon coated over, becoming permanent; while fern leaves, flowers and the fine swinging twigs seem to have been converted into stalactite-shaped crystals of silver and gold. No painter can put this scenery upon canvas. A Walker Scott or Bulwer Lytton could hardly do the subject justice. The prince of all romancers—Dumas—would fail.

AKAROA, ITS FRUITS.

Invited by Mr. W. D. Meers, one of Nature's noblemen, formerly of London, to lecture in Christ Church, Canterbury, the latter part of February, I shipped aboard the "Beautiful Star." The passage of nearly four days—which should have been less than two—was rough and stormy, and the accommodations shabbily miserable.

On our way up the coast the captain put into Akaroa Harbor, at the head of which is a quaint village, originally settled by the French. The harbor is really a gem, set between two mountainous ridges, and extensive enough to hold the heavy of the world. A far up this harbor there juts from its blue depths a sunny isle, which the Maoris consider one of the habitations of the "dead." They declare that apparitions walk this ghost-isle by night; giving it, to them, a sort of sacredness. The quiet village of Akaroa is famous only for its fruits. The orchards and gardens were burdened with figs, peaches, apricots, apples, pears and plums.

Walking up Main street, fringed with white clover in blossom, and gazing at a unique, old-fashioned cottage partly embowered in ornamental trees, a voice rung out: "Would you like some fruit, sir?" Thanks. "Walk in, walk in, sir." We did so, finding this gentleman's fruits most delicious. Turning to leave, the kind-hearted old Frenchman said, "Fill your pockets, sir; you'll relish it on the steamer." Urging was unnecessary. Surely there are benevolent men everywhere—great, generous-hearted souls, away even on the southeast coast of New Zealand.

CHRISTCHURCH AND THE PLAINS.

A few hundred miles north of Dunedin is Christchurch. Every street in this city of some fifteen thousand inhabitants is named after an English bishop. The climate is warm, dry and inviting. Canterbury Plains, on which it is situated, are one hundred and fifty miles in length, and from forty to fifty in width. These fertile plains, a very paradise for agriculturists, reminded me of our own broad western prairies that laugh with golden grains when tickled with spade and plow. The harvests in this February month had just been gathered, and rumbling threshing-machines were separating the chaff from the wheat. Half, circling Christchurch, runs a willow-shaded stream, clear as a crystal. In the city proper are five hundred Artesian wells, with an average depth of eighty feet. There are also six huge tanks within the city limits, ever full and bubbling as a safety against fires. Each tank holds twenty thousand gallons. Here, too, is the choicest and by far the most extensive museum in the colony. Dr. Haast, the presiding genius, is a scholar, a liberalist, thoroughly up in geology and biological studies, and predisposed in favor of Spiritualism. He attend-

ed our lectures. The museum is a stately building, and has the finest *monstrations* in New Zealand.

The gardens in and about the city, at this season, though well cared for and English-looking, were not rich in loquats, scarlet pomegranates and golden oranges; neither were they arrayed in the gorgeous blossoms of the tropics, but were full of sweet, common flowers, such as we have seen in American cities and the Kew Gardens of London.

SPIRITUALISM IN CANTERBURY.

The charm of Christchurch to me was Mr. W. D. Meers, an enterprising merchant, and his most excellent family. Before meeting we knew this gentleman through the kindly words of James Burns, Emma Hardinge Britton, and others in London. The clasp of the hand—the electric sphere revealed quick as lightning's dash the spiritual attitude to which Mr. Meers, as a medium and a man, had attained. It is heaven on earth to meet resurrected souls, who, having entered "within the gate," have access to the "Tree of Life." Mrs. Marsham, a Spiritualist of Christchurch, and claiming to have aided in the mediumistic development of Mrs. Guppy, of London, was not present at the lectures. Did policy or pride prevent? How many snow-balls would it take to heat an oven? Added by Mr. Rowley, a highly esteemed citizen, and his daughters, as musical, intellectual, Mr. Meers successfully engineered this first course of Spiritualist lectures, given in Odd Fellows Hall. The meetings increased in interest to the end. Several of the first families in the city were in attendance. Mr. Hart, owning extensive coal-fields, occupied the chair three of the evenings. The daily journals reported me fairly and generously. Many, in no way identified with Spiritualism, begged me to remain longer, to tell them of life and immortality in those love-lands above, where angels dwell.

RANGIORA.

While in the vicinity of Canterbury I visited and lectured in a stirring city of several thousand. Mr. R. Schmidt and his estimable companion are the only Spiritualists. Our first meeting with this family was in Christchurch. Their harmonious home, just out of the city, is a little paradise. Those lending fruit-trees, beds of flowers, oddly shaped cabbage-trees, winding walks, and a deep, clear spring bubbling up in the lawn, arched with weeping willows, are things of beauty not to be forgotten. This home we termed the Pilgrim's Rest! Here, too, I found copies of *Daybreak* and *Medium and Human Nature*, published by James Burns. Thus does this enthusiastic worker and editor preach the "gospel to the ends of earth."

Though this portion of New Zealand had been settled only about twenty-one years, it seemed like an old country. Along the line of the railway were eucalyptus, poplar and elm trees, dotted with handsome fields of white and red clover, dotted with grazing herds.

Tussack grass—a wild native grass—covers much of the uncultivated upland country. It is capable of making good paper. Cows feeding upon it give to dairymen a superior quality of butter; but, added our German railway informant, the "water in this part of the country contains too much lime to make good beer."

CLERICAL CHARACTERISTICS.

Christchurch was largely settled by English gentlemen, men of means and culture; Dunedin by the poorer and lower class of Scotchmen. Leaving their native land to secure positions or achieve fortunes, they are selfish, dogged and self-conceited. The clergy, with the exception of the English Bishop and the Rev. Dr. Stewart, are, if not bigots of the "blue-law" stamp, snarling mummies, twenty years behind the age. The Rev. Edwards had the impertinence to reproach me, in writing, for attending the funeral of Mr. Hill, interred in the English cemetery. This is a sample of his style. "I write to request that you will inform me on what authority you so officiated," &c. Consulting a clever lawyer, our reply was of such an independent character that he will not care to see it in print. Why cannot clergymen be at least gentlemen? Give many of them the power, and speedily should we again see the thumb-screw, rack, and dungeon of the olden time. The intelligent masses are coming to think that a "bubbling priesthood" is an expensive luxury. This Mr. Hill, nominally a churchman, attending our lectures in the Athenaeum and Queen's Theatre, had become deeply interested in Spiritualism, and, when taken ill, said to a neighbor, "If I do not get well, call upon Mr. Peebles to attend my funeral." Accompanied by Mr. Redmayne, we so did, burying the body in the English cemetery. This, in the eyes of a Dunedin priest, was "trespass"—trespass for a heretic to "say prayers" in consecrated burial-grounds! Some of the epitaphs in this cemetery reminded me of this couplet:

"Prayers on tombs are trifles vainly spent;
A man's good soul is his best monument."

BRAVEERY, TASTES AND TRIUMPHS.

It was frequently said to us, "There are but five or seven at most" outspoken, independent Spiritualists in Dunedin. Many, "running with hares and hunting with hounds," call themselves "investigators," thinking it a little more respectable. Others still, quite destitute of any quickened religious emotions, are merely anti-Orthodox. Their motto is, demolition—"down with the Christian religion!" Newly-dogged, marvel-hunting Spiritualists here, as in America, requiring a "sign" daily, as did the Jews, are not generally pleased with the practical, "cross-bearing-power" of Spiritualism. The majority prefer a combative, frisky sensationalism to the historic, philosophic and pathetic style of lec-

tures. This is incidental to transition. George Francis Train is a sensationalist; Thomas Gales Fuster is a calm, deliberate and philosophical speaker. These illustrate the two kinds of public utterances—the solid and the sensational. Each fills a necessary niche; the one is enduring, the other ephemeral. Straws, touched by a torch, flash and flame; but it is the clear, glistening anthracite that warms the apartment and gives permanent comfort.

Dr. Dunn had a most successful run of practice in the city, to the great horror of "professors" and the medical fraternity generally. His trances puzzled and correct clairvoyant examinations maddened them. The newspaper correspondence, brisk on both sides, was personal and emphatically based on the part of the "professors," touching the "official sheepskin." While away from the city, laboring in Christchurch, the Doctor filled our lecture-hours in the Theatre most acceptably to the listening people. And, further, he reviewed several clergymen, in their united attacks upon Spiritualism, in a most able and eloquent manner. I felt proud of his efforts. Both the *Times* and the *Star*—daily papers—reported us both quite fully and impartially. The Theatre was crowded to the conclusion of our stay in the city. Seed was sown that, under the watch-care of angels, must produce a bountiful harvest. The proceeds of our labors on the last Sunday evening were devoted to one of the benevolent institutions. Long shall I remember the personal kindnesses of Messrs. Deverly, Logan, Redmayne, Carrie, Allan and others. Upon our departure the friends presented us with beautifully illuminated scrolls. For these testimonials (precisely after the doctor informs me) the Dunedin Spiritualists have our heartfelt thanks. Peace, peace be unto you and yours, oh, New Zealand, "Britain of the Southern Pacific."

WINES AND FURNALS.

Reaching Sydney, Australia, and dining with a venerable Presbyterian clergyman, he put before me "delicious" wines. Firmly refusing to imbibe, he apologized. Traveling from Melbourne to Ballarat in company with Mr. Watson and Dr. Richardson, the Rev. Mr. R.—a Presbyterian clergyman—slipped down from the top of the stage-coach, and stepping into the hotel, "took a drink." Revs. Clark, Higginson and other Melbourne divines are reported excellent judges of that which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." It is not "bar-room-spirits" that the prayerful and pious of Victoria oppose, but spirits which come from the heavenly worlds to minister to mortals. I attended a funeral in Dunedin, New Zealand, where wines were put upon the same table with the corpse. After I had spoken the words of consolation, the neighbors present and a portion of the mourners "imbibed." This is common, I am told, at Christian funerals. Think of it, oh, ye priests, who guzzle down your wines, beers and brandies, and then solemnly preach that "no drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven!" It is the silly and stupid custom of "entertaining" by drink that Hamlet alludes to when he says to Horatio: "It is a custom more honored in the breach than the observance." The poorest Shakespeare also makes Cassio say: "Oh! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasure, revel and applause transform ourselves into beasts!"

THE LOST DAY.

Since sailing upon the Pacific westward, the question has been sprung, "Where does day begin?" The general answer was, "Here—there—or at that place where the sunbeams first strike the earth during the twenty-four hours." The geographical and nautical answer is, "Day begins at the degree of longitude 180 east or west." Every schoolboy knows that traveling round the world from east to west a day is literally lost, and for the reason that there is a difference of one hour for every fifteen degrees of longitude in each day. Accordingly, journeying westward, a certain length of time is added to each day; and making the world's circuit—as many are doing at present—would amount to an entire day. This is a puzzle to strict observers of "Sabbath-days." When crossing the meridian 180, before reaching Auckland, New Zealand, our captain dropped from his reckonings the day we had lost—and Sunday was this very lost day! How queer! going to bed Saturday night, and getting up on Monday morning! Invited by our fellow-passengers on the Nevada, I lectured upon Spiritualism.

But what a babyish notion—this stress laid upon Sunday!—or Saturday!—or any day, as especially "holy!" Considering the revolutions of our earth upon its axis, it is absolutely impossible for all its inhabitants to keep the "Christian Sabbath" at the same time. If a party of Second Adventists, Seventh-Day Baptists and Israelites should sail from San Francisco on Friday (the Mohammedan's sacred day of rest)—circling the world—they would all be converts, willing or not, when reaching New York, keeping or observing the Christian's Sunday! To a Spiritualist all lands are equally holy, and all days are equally sacred! The observance, however, of one in the seven for rest, recreation and spiritual improvement is eminently profitable.

RACIAL INFLUENCES.

Is it not true, ethnologically speaking, that the children of settlers partake of the nature of the original inhabitants of a country? Is there any reason for it? Deer and foxes certainly leave the scent of their footsteps along their "runs." Aboriginal men impart a characteristic aroma to the soil their naked feet press, and the atmo-

sphere they breathe. Seemingly minute causes produce mighty effects. People black in the western portions of America become tall, wiry, angular and active, like the Indians. In South Africa, children born of European Colonists are not only more rounded in features, and sluggishly heavy, but they are inclined to be indolent, like the Hottentots. This theory finds considerable confirmation, in my mind, from studying the *physique* of the youth in Australia and New Zealand. Pursuing the ethnological thought, it must be admitted that the young men, especially in the mining portions of these countries, have a want of application and concentration of effort peculiar to the natives. They are not only excitable, restless and roaming, but there is in them a sort of wild dash and waywardness of will. Of the "swells" occasionally seen, they may be described as—appearances with perturbation around them.

Most of the aristocratic ladies in Australia and New Zealand have more of the grossness of Rotten's beauties than the delicacy and refinement of those noble women mentioned by the Roman Senator. Neither paint nor powder can make up for coarseness of outline. Dr. Dunn insists that he has "not seen a truly good-looking lady since leaving America." Beauty is a word of indefinite meaning. It cannot be expected that "Bush-women," traversing the gum-beds of Kangaroo-land, or the fern-gullies of New Zealand, can equal in refinement women frequenting the drawing rooms of more cultivated countries. Their roughness reminds one of the Swiss peasants on the banks of Lake Lemann, or the stamping tread of the hardy Tyrolean mountaineers. There are few Byronian dreamers or slumbering sentimentalists, gracing or disgracing—as you please—the English Colonies of the Pacific. Pursuing their own line of tactics, they take their "rights" and attend to their daily duties. To be personal, I have seldom found better women, or nobler, honorable men. This is especially true as referring to leading Spiritualists. Their kindness will never be forgotten.

"The ship that bears me 'cross the weary seas
Has sailed her course to the morning breeze;
And speedily to the twinkling light
That leads me onward, gaily, each ship she will sail.
Farewell, ye isles, and once again, Farewell!"
South Pacific Ocean, 69° 23' S. Lat.,
170° 41' E. Long., April 22d, 1873.

Original Essay.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF PARALYSIS.

MR. EDITOR—The receipt of numerous letters from your subscribers seems to call for a continuation of a consideration of the subject opened in a former article on the spine, &c. The question is often asked, What is the cause of the increase of nervous diseases, especially paralysis, in this country?

Vast theories have been propounded, yet none of them are satisfactory, since they fail to reach the root of the matter. In my former article I stated the fact that there is, in the human system, a circulation of nerve fluid corresponding to the blood. There is also, in all animals, a circulation of nerve fluid as well as of the blood. Trees and plants have blood circulation, but no nerve circulation. The difference between men, animals and plants is this: the plants and trees have a blood circulation alone; hence they have life, but have not locomotion; had they a nerve circulation, they would have the power of locomotion also. All animals have a large nerve circulation, especially animals of a higher order, like the horse, the dog, the deer, and many others. This nerve circulation in an animal gives great power of locomotion, of swiftness, endurance, and strength; but, in the animal, this circulation of the nerve fluid is only electric, not magnetic. Man has, as I have said, a nerve circulation, like that of the blood, and the difference between the man and the animal is this: that, in the man, the nerve circulation is magnetic as well as electric. The higher the spiritual development of the man, the more magnetic this circulation becomes; thus we have the reasoning, thinking, inventive power of the man, which is not found in the animal; and we see some men having very little of the magnetic power; they are mostly electric, and nearer the animal, having a large development of physical strength and power, but with little mentality, and less spirituality.

The sole cause of all nervous diseases, including, of course, paralysis, is an imperfect or impeded circulation of this nerve fluid. You will find that any member or members of the human body that have been paralyzed still have a blood circulation and live, but are useless, since they have no power of locomotion. Sometimes it occurs that the whole body is paralyzed, and the man or woman thus paralyzed often lives for years without any power of locomotion—without the power, even, of moving any member of the body. The man has literally become a tree or plant (without nerve circulation), merely vegetating, neither thinking nor moving. Thus, when there is a sufficient interruption or lack of this nerve fluid in any member or members of the human body, we say that the member is paralyzed—meaning that there is a cessation of the flow of this fluid through the member.

It is said by some that paralysis is caused by the use of tobacco and distilled liquors. This is not true; for you will often find that the paralytic subject is one who has led an abstemious life, but has probably overworked brain or body, and, using no stimulant whatever, has, in reality, run his machine without oiling it. In other words, he used up the magnetic fluid more rap-

idly than it could be created in the system; and you will sometimes find that stimulants, through giving a sudden start or impulse to this circulation, will partially, if not wholly, remove the paralysis. Even the thinking world, yea, the radical thinking world, have not yet learned to understand that all human beings are more or less mediumistic, and, the more sensitive the organization, the more mediumistic; and that all these mediumistic powers are acted upon, more or less, by spirits out of the form as well as in; that the inhabitants of the spirit-world are, in fact, using every possible opportunity, through every mediumistic element, to bring better, nobler, happier growth and conditions to the world, and they frequently use up this nerve fluid more rapidly than it can be supplied in the organism—for it is really through the nerve fluid that spirits always control the media—and our Father, with infinite wisdom and forethought, has provided stimulants that they may aid the spirit-world in the spiritual development of the human race, and also the growth and spiritualization of the planet. One, of course, can carry the use of stimulants to excess, and destruction follows, even as one may abuse the use of food, or water, or fire—indispensable blessings in themselves, yet terribly destructive when ignorantly used.

Now the first warning that the individual has of a lack of this fluid in the system is simple rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica—finally paralysis. The only true remedy for any of these nervous diseases is magnetic treatment. The medicines prescribed by the schools of to-day chase all the world know, but little or no effect (permanently) upon them. When the hand of the magnetic physician is laid tenderly, lovingly, prayerfully, and with an earnest desire to aid the patient, upon the parts affected, the nerve power with which the hand is always more or less charged is received into the system of the patient, and its effect is similar to the effect of oil upon the machine. The oil makes the machine run easily without friction—a full and uninterrupted supply and flow of nerve fluid causes the human machine to run easily and without friction, hence, without pain. There are very few nervous troubles that cannot be cured in a short space of time by proper magnetic treatment.

This age is too skeptical concerning Divine power, or life. It is absolutely necessary that the human soul inhabiting the form that is used as a vehicle or medium for the spirit-world, be grafted into a heavenly or divine love and faith, else the medium is in a state of continual suffering of mind or body, of dissatisfaction, unrest and misery—drifting hither and thither like a ship at sea, without rudder or compass. At this particular stage of the development of this planet, where influences from every sphere or planet are pouring in like a flood, affecting all media, it is absolutely necessary, I repeat, that the media (in order to be in health and harmony) should be firmly anchored in a belief in God—a loving, tender, watchful, all-powerful, all-wise Father—Mother God.

The spirit that is not thus anchored can only develop to a certain point. For years it will seem to remain in the same state, and often wonder that, as a medium, it cannot excel—cannot attain to anything nobler; the fountain cannot rise higher than its head. The medium who would receive continually new development, daily fresh food from the Divine table, he who would enter into the divine mysteries of life, and have opened unto him the Book of Truth, where he may easily read the laws that govern and control all things, must be anchored firmly in the Divine—so firmly that he will *know* (not believe) that our Father is guiding every human soul toward a higher destiny, soon or late. The soul thus anchored may ask of our Father whatsoever he will, and it will be granted him.

Yours, FRED. A. PALMER,
Magnetic Physician.
23 West 25th Street, New York City.

To the Friends in Indiana.

MR. EDITOR—I am informed that I, in company with Miss Amelia Colby and Adelle L. Ballou, have been appointed missionaries in the State of Indiana. This means work. I am ready for my part as soon as the friends are ready to do theirs. I presume the other two missionaries are.

But let us be plain. I am not going to stay in your State and get up meetings and run my own rides, unless I have a little backing. You can just as well reach the ears and hearts of a majority of the citizens of the State as not, if you are willing to do your share. You must get up the meetings, and look out for the finances, and be sure not to engage any more speakers than you can pay, and then drive it through with zeal. We have the facts and the logic, and can furnish all that is needed of that kind of material; but we have not the greenbacks, and cannot oversee and plan the getting up of meetings. Are you willing to be at as much expense in getting up these meetings as we are? Then we shall have a splendid time. Not long since, after much urging, I left an opening where my time was worth \$30, to attend a grove meeting where I knew I was not needed, there being ten other speakers engaged. I paid \$7 railroad expenses, making the meeting cost me \$37. The funds were so low that they could not pay speakers very much; somebody must go without. I happened to be the unfortunate individual. As it was, there were only \$6 each for the other ten speakers. But one of the speakers divided his "pile" with me, and another gave me a dollar; and would have given me more, only I did not feel justified in receiving it—making \$1, so that that meeting cost me just \$36; and if those who got \$6 each gave me engagements worth as much as mine, meeting cost each one \$24—making \$240 the speakers paid in that meeting, whilst the congregation—amounting to two or three hundred—paid \$60. The mistake was, too many speakers were engaged, and the friends were not willing to divide the cost with them.

Now, friends, we do not ask you to be at as much expense as we are; but if you will just help us we will do a splendid thing for you in Indiana. But unless you do, we must work where we are remunerated. We are therefore ready to receive engagements, and invite them from any part of the world until you give us opportunity to obligate ourselves to you.

Now allow me to suggest an idea or two. Would it not be well to get up grove meetings as often as possible? Suppose you make arrangements for that immediately. Always commence your grove and quarterly meetings at 2 P. M. on Friday, then you will have plenty of time for conference meetings, &c.

Can we not have one or two or three camp meetings this fall? Who will get up one near La Porte, Michigan City, South Bend or Elkhart? These are only suggestions. If any one knows any better plan, we should be glad to hear of it. Meantime we must not be like the fellow who sat up all night deliberating which boot to pull off first. Prompt and energetic action is what is demanded.

D. W. HILL.

Written for the Banner of Light.
A VISION OF CONSOLATION.
A Tribute to our *Life-Workers*, and especially to that "Lost Pilgrim," Mr. William Whitcomb, the *Parish, Deceased Standard Bearer* and *Consistent Friend*.

BY R. AUGUSTA WHITING.

Darkness and storm without! wild, wailing winds,
Now sank to melancholy undertones,
Now broke in sobbing gusts with bursts of rain,
Making complete the sad solitude
Of grief and tears. Darkness and storm without!
What wonder if the soul should share the strife
Of elements, and echo back their tones;
And that to me the wail of winds should seem
Tochant a *Psalm*, low requiem, to tell
Of broken hopes, of vanished dreams and friends
Whose presence greets no more our sight, whose
forms

Have faded from amongst us while their work
Seemed scarce begun!
Darkness and storm without!
In sombre musings rapt, I sought repose;
But still the sad complaining of the wind
Evoked the same response. Rebellious thought
Would breathe in plaintive unison, while memory
Commed to the lengthening roll of honored, loved,
Heroic souls, whose feet now press the shores
Of immortality, leaving to us
The vacant chair within our homes, within
One hearts the aching void, and in the ranks
Of progress empty places hard to fill.

Oh, broken fragments of that *circle grand*—
Our early pioneers! How few remain!
One after one they've laid their armor down,
And from the post of duty passed to their
Reward; one after one, until the hosts
That muster "over there" outnumber far
The remnant left behind; and, last of all,
Our senior standard-bearer crossed to join
The angelic company. Their lot is best;
But ours the woe, who needed them so much
To share and to direct our willing toil.

Such were the thoughts that sung their dirge-like
strain,
That banished sleep and whelmed my soul in
waves

Of sorrowful emotion. Suddenly
Upon the tumult in my spirit fell
A holy calm—a hush of peace and rest,
Unutterably sweet. I seemed to float
On ether, buoyed and guided by a power
Unseen yet irresistible, until,
With vision open, I stood amid the host
Of souls enfranchised, where were gathered all
Whose loss I lately mourned, while on the air
Still rang the last glad song of welcome. There
I saw the latest pilgrim, hand in hand
With one who early in the race attained
The goal of life, exchanging thoughts and hopes
And plans for man's advancement.

Group on group
This mighty army of the risen stretched
Before my sight; yet none were idle. Each,
Alert with zeal and energy, pressed on.
Some noble work, and helped to push the car
Of progress forward. Then was rebuked
For all my weak repining, and to him
Whose arm sustained my earth-borne soul,
That nearest, dearest one, I cried, "Forgive
My selfish lamentations! Nevermore
Shall they retard thy labors, sadden thy
True soul. But sound again the song of joy,
And let it dwell within my memory
Until it teach my soul to join the strain
Triumphant."

Back to earth unbending fate
Me drew. The storm still raged, but woke no
chord
Responsive in my chastened spirit. I
Had gained a pure and potent talisman—
To charm away all bitterness and gloom—
The bliss of knowledge, while within my soul
Resounded still that glad, exultant song,
Fair, fair would I the glorious strain repeat!
But mortal skill is powerless to translate
Immortal harmonies. The theme was life
Triumphant; and the mighty power for good
Conferred on those who from the schools of earth
Have passed up higher.

The anthem died away,
And on my ear there fell this benison:
Oh, mortal, now learning of pleasures elysian,
May knowledge to thee a sweet comforter
prove!
Take the truth to thy heart we have brought to
thy vision—

That death bars us not from the labor we love,
Lament not the dead, but rejoice in the living!
One battle-we've fought, and the victory won;
Yet still of our love and our labor we're giving,
Our purpose unchanging, our work just begun.
In the realm of causation, the regions supernatural,
Where power is unfettered, we weave the weird
spell—

To guide all earth's children in progress eternal.
Then rest in good hope. All is well! all is well!
Was it a dream? I cannot tell!—Between
The sleeping and the waking vision lies
So wide a stretch of hard debateable;
But this I know—that on my consciousness
It wrought the impress of reality!

And nevermore will I, as once, bewail
Their loss, who, proving Nature's great, just law
Of compensation, wield a power unknown
Until the subtle alchemy of death
Dissolves the coarser tabernacle, gives
The struggling spirit liberty to soar.
As unseen forces move things visible
In matter, and the more refined the more
Resistless, so the mind, set free
From bonds of clay, attains an added power
Commensurate; and in its new estate,
Retaining still its cherished purposes,
Employs those new and potent energies
To compass their accomplishment.

So work
And strive with us our vanished ones.
They guide and guard with tireless vigilance
The cause they loved; and these their words of
cheer:

"Yet greater things shall be, because we've
passed

To new and broader fields of usefulness."
Oh, let each soul with rapture swell the glad
Response, "Not dead but risen!" and in such
love

And watchful care secure, await the day.
Albion, Mich., May, 1873.

A little waiter was sent to call a gentleman to
dinner, and found him using a tooth-brush.
"Well," said the landlady, when the boy re-
turned, "is he coming?" "Yes, mum, d'recely;
he's 'jest sharpenin' his teeth."

Biographical.

PRIORITY IN MEDIUMSHIP.

Having been interested in the historical details of different mediums in your columns from time to time, I often wondered how it occurred that I never saw in the Banner even the name of the medium who first gave sittings for spiritual manifestations in Boston. This seems strange, as I have observed a request that historical information should be sent you. The question is, Who was the first medium in Boston? Certainly information on that point cannot fail to be interesting at the present time, and, with your permission, I will endeavor to throw a little light on the subject.

The trials which that medium endured at that early period, the sacrifices made in the maintenance of right, become more and more matters of interest as ages pass, and those who participated in the events may truly say:

"Still to these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser's eye;
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear."

The name of the medium through whom spiritual communications were first made in Boston was Margaret Sunderland Cooper, and she is still a resident of your city, I believe. I have long known this lady and her family, and had ample opportunities for a personal knowledge of her history.

I ask your attention for a moment, and I will endeavor to show that a writer in your issue of the 15th of March was not well informed as to priority, in certain phases of mediumship, to which she refers. Margaret Sunderland Cooper had spiritual manifestations prior to September 8th, 1850, the day when she was first recognized as a medium, and from that day to this she has always had all the different phases of these manifestations, such as writing with and without human hands, producing musical sounds on instruments, &c. As Mrs. Cooper's mediumship was the first in New England, so it is noteworthy that it was peculiar, and characterized by certain phases which distinguish it from all other phases that have come to my notice. It would be difficult to give a precise description of these traits in writing. The manifestations were of a spontaneous nature, which I have never had the pleasure of witnessing through any other medium. There was an utter absence of those favorable conditions generally insisted upon by mediums. There was no circle, no table, no joining of hands or entrancement called for.

The manifestations were made at any time and in any place, even when the medium herself was in sound sleep. Conversations were carried on by others near her with invisible personages, and while it might be assumed by some that the communications made through this lady evinced more clairvoyance than in any other case, yet in her normal state she was instantly made conscious of the words the spirit uttered, so that she had merely to take the pencil and write, while the attending spirit made audible, unmistakable demonstrations with each letter, word and sentence of its presence and coöperation, thus putting the fact beyond reasonable doubt as to the presence of invisible personages in what was thus communicated.

In operating the electric telegraph, it is a well-known fact that experts in that art acquire the habit of reading every word of what is communicated by the sense of hearing only, and thus in darkness they can read the message merely by the sense of sound in the tiny click of the telegraphic apparatus. Now here is what Mr. A., a telegraphic operator of ability and experience, stated to the writer of this communication:

"He was engaged in conversation with Mrs. Cooper on a Sunday afternoon some seven or eight years since, when his attention was directed (unobserved by her) to a table in the centre of the room by certain well-known taps, and upon listening attentively, he read the following message, all of which was in the dots and dashes of the Morse system, and so plainly written that there could be no mistake about it:

"Tom is dead; he died this morning in his bed, unattended, and in great agony."
Mr. A. was startled, as he did not know that Tom was dead, or even sick; but upon entering the telegraph office the following morning, he was informed that Tom was found dead in his bed, as stated in the spiritual communication. This is a fact; and although Mr. A. is not a Spiritualist, he expresses great wonder to this day as to the accuracy of the communication.

At one time Daniel Davis, Jr., the electro-magnetic and philosophical instrument maker, brought to Dr. Sunderland's office, on Elliot street, an electrometer for "testing the spirits," as he termed it. Mr. Davis declared that the instrument was so highly susceptible in detecting the presence of electricity that it could be shown even by the friction of a single hair upon the knob, and this he proved on the spot, whereupon he isolated the table and chair in which Mrs. Cooper was sitting. She then placed her finger on the knob, and the spiritual sounds were at once heard upon the table, while there was no movement of the apparatus. Mr. Davis afterwards offered a reward of one thousand dollars to any one who would explain how these sounds were made, and for aught I know it is open to the "knowing ones" to this day.

I need not say here how much more satisfactory such manifestations must have been to a certain class of investigators as you well know is not extinct; but it is in such manifestations that we find something which is beyond the human phenomena—as the Boston Journal of Chemistry affirms—that are "produced by forms of force, respecting which mankind are wholly in the dark."

And now in saying this much of the pioneer medium of Boston and New England generally, I will add that, for myself, I do not see why Mrs. Cooper should not allow all who desire an opportunity of witnessing her extraordinary gifts as a medium. She inaugurated and led the way in this movement in this section of the country, as George Thompson, of England, William Lloyd Garrison and Epes Sargent could testify, to say nothing of William Berry, Theodore Parker, Horace Greeley, Rufus Elmer and Henry C. Wright, each of whom, for the first time, witnessed through Mrs. Cooper a class of phenomena which has since attracted so much attention throughout the civilized world.

And it seems to me a consideration that your readers can feel the force of, when I say that in those days it cost something to be a medium; and then it was that, while this excellent lady was giving sittings in Boston twenty-three years ago, there was not one solitary medium besides Mrs. Cooper, and the odium heaped upon her head could not now be imagined, much less described.

M. L. CLARK.
Boston, Mass., 1873.

Spiritual Phenomena.

THE EDDYS AGAIN.

I send you, Mr. Editor, a number of the Bennington (Vermont) Banner, containing a communication, written by myself, giving an account of spirit-manifestations that I recently witnessed at the residence of the "Eddy Boys," (who are spirit-mediums,) situated in the town of Chittenden, Rutland Co., Vermont. In conservative Vermont the local newspapers very seldom publish anything that has a tendency to advance the cause of Spiritualism. Consequently a great majority of the people never hear or learn anything of this great principle, except from a perverted source—when it is placed before them in the shape of some hideous monster. The appearance of my communication in the Bennington Banner has created a spirit of general inquiry in the community where the Banner circulates, that cannot be reached by Spiritual publications. The friends of Spiritualism should feel that they owe a debt of gratitude to the conductors of the Bennington Banner, for publishing the above-mentioned communication.

HARVEY HOWES.

North Bennington, Vt., July 12th, 1873.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

On Sunday evening of the present month, (June 15th, 1873,) myself and wife were at the residence of the "Eddy Family," (so-called) located in the town of Chittenden, Rutland Co., Vermont. We there met a company of men and women, numbering some twelve or fifteen, (the most of whom were personal strangers to ourselves,) who had assembled to witness spirit-manifestations coming from men, women and children after they had been changed from their earthly physical forms into a condition of spiritual immortality. I will now proceed to give a statement of some things I saw and heard during the evening, and the manifestations that ensued. The company present formed a circle on three sides of the room in which they were seated, and obtained a harmonious magnetic condition by clasping each other's hands. A table was standing on the opposite side of the room, on which was placed an accordion, guitar, tambourine, flute and several bells—the bells ranging from the size of a large dinner bell to that of a small tea bell. By the request of Mr. Horatio Eddy, who is a spirit-medium, and also by the unanimous consent of the company, (I suppose this act of civility was extended to me on account of my being a stranger,) I critically and minutely examined the several musical instruments above mentioned, and also several doors on that side of the room, which were sealed in my presence by pasting strips of paper across from the door to the casing opposite. I was then given a strong rope, near half an inch in diameter, with which Mr. Eddy's hands by crossing them behind his neck, and tying many knots and taking several turns around his wrists, tied the rope to the back of the chair in which he became seated, and then again to the chair near the floor. I was told to secure him as strongly as I would if he were a criminal and I an officer whose duty it was to convey him to Bennington Jail. And I did it. The room was then darkened, and in a few moments several distinct raps were heard in the immediate vicinity of the table, a general excitement commenced among the musical instruments, the violin under the table included, which they floated around the room, at the same time playing a variety of tunes. The accordion in particular gave forth melodious sounds that are seldom equaled by the best musical performers. The bells performed their part in harmony with the other instruments. The guitar frequently rested on the top of my head, being played at the same time. The guitar and tambourine sometimes appeared to be near and the floor, and were frequently drawn across our feet, then ascending along the side walls to the top of the room. The guitar finally floated over the heads of the company and rested on the floor in the back part of the room. The other instruments were scattered promiscuously, lying on the floor between the company and the table. The room was now lighted, and I minutely examined the rope with which Mr. Eddy was tied, and found it precisely in the same condition as when I first tied it.

During these manifestations the medium was controlled by George Dix, a sailor, and by May Flower, an Indian maiden; both of whom passed to the spirit-land many years ago. I then seated myself in the lap of Mr. Eddy, when a Mrs. Cleveland, from Middlebury, seated herself in a chair immediately in front of me, and clasped both of my hands in hers. The room was again darkened, the music played as before, the guitar frequently resting on my head; the tambourine passed forward, and backwards between Mrs. Cleveland and myself, and finally rested in the lap of Mrs. Cleveland. While in this position, I frequently felt the clappings and pressure of a hand and arm apparently as large as that of a medium-sized man, on my shoulders and around my breast. "I was also many times patted on my cheeks and forehead by hands like those of a delicate woman and tender child. After taking my seat in the circle the room was lighted, when I examined the rope and found no change in its condition.

By request of the medium, a coat was passed to me that was entire and properly made, which I laid on the floor, when the room was darkened for only a few seconds of time, then lighted, and the coat was on the medium in regular form, the same as such garments are usually worn.

An iron ring, made of three-eighths inch wire, five or six inches in diameter which I carefully examined and found to be entirely solid, was laid on the floor, the room was darkened and lighted, occupying but a few moments of time, when the ring was found hanging on one arm of the medium, the tying being unchanged. The ring was then removed from the arm in like circumstances to that in which it was put on: A tin pail, with an entire bail attached, was next hung on the medium's arm, the room this time being so much lighted that I distinctly saw the pail fall from the arm, and the room being darkened, the rope was untied in a few moments of time, and Mr. Eddy resumed his normal condition.

A curtain was then extended across one corner of the room, reaching two-thirds of the distance from the floor to the ceiling above. Mr. Eddy and myself were seated in front of the curtain. One of my arms was bared to the elbow, and both of Mr. Eddy's hands were clasped on my bare arm during the whole of the time that this part of the manifestations was being shown, passing through the aperture or over the circle. As soon as a passive and harmonious condition was obtained in the circle, the lamps were turned down sufficient to obscure about one-half of their usual light—several knocks or raps were heard behind the curtain, and the outlines of human hands of various forms and appearances were thrust through an aperture of the curtain also over the top of the same. The question was then asked if the spirits were prepared to shake hands or to write communications for the persons present, and was answered in the affirmative by three several knocks. Some of the company then approached the curtain and shook these hands in a friendly and cordial manner. Others approached with a sheet of paper and pencil, holding the paper before the aperture, when a full-developed hand would reach through and write short sentences in the way of approval, congratulations or information in regard to some particular subject. Occasionally the paper and pencil would be taken inside the curtain by passing through the aperture or over the circle, and returned by the same hand that received it, with a communication written thereon. There was a plain variety and difference in the handwriting of the several communications, and some persons in the company readily recognized the general writing and signature as being a *fac simile* of that of their friends who had died a physical death at some former period of time. The hands that executed the writing outside of the curtain were in close proximity to myself, and could be seen with great distinctness. I then arose from my seat, turned immediately around, saw the curtain removed in a full-lighted room,

and I could not discover the form or appearance of any person behind it.

I next tied Mr. William Eddy in a similar manner to that in which I had before tied his brother. He was then seated in a closet and entered the room, the opening to the closet being covered by a curtain, and a table placed in front of it. The company formed in a circle, the room was dimly lighted, an accordion was played by an individual present, and after a short time had expired a human form appeared from behind the curtain, advanced a little distance into the room, and quickly disappeared. This was followed by the successive forms of men and women, some of which had the appearance of being Indians. The form of a child (apparently a female) dressed in white apparel, and judging from her size about six years of age, approached the table and moved it further into the room. She then appeared on the top of the table, a lively time was called for, and she danced some little time in a very graceful manner. She was requested to lift the skirt of her dress, which she immediately did, and soon after disappeared. Some of the forms approached very near to several of the persons in the circle and addressed them in a familiar manner, their voices sounding directly from the locality in which they were standing. The last form that appeared was recognized as a Mrs. Dillingham, a woman who passed to the spirit-life from the town of Danbury some months ago. She approached very near to a number of her former friends who were present, and addressed them by saying, "I have for some time desired to come and meet you; I have now had an opportunity to come, and thank God for it!" She then quietly disappeared from our view. Her words were expressed in a clear and distinct tone of voice, and could readily be heard and understood in any part of the room. Mr. Eddy was then untied, and as far as I could ascertain, without the physical agency of any man, woman or child, the manifestations were closed.

During the time of showing the several forms, small brilliant lights were frequently seen moving to and fro through the open atmosphere of the room with a kind of undulating motion, and with such a degree of magnificence that I cannot find appropriate language to describe it. My statement is written entirely from memory, and more than a week after I witnessed the manifestations, and I may mistake in some of the minute of the arrangement and the expressions used, but in the main substance, and as far as I have not related all that I saw and heard, for the reason that some incredulous persons might not believe it to be true. Finally, I will say that manifestations such as I have attempted to describe, are the most conclusive evidence that has ever been presented to my understanding, of a condition of immortality or life beyond the grave.

HARVEY HOWES.

North Bennington, Vt., June 20th, 1873.

Scientific.

COSMOGRAPHY.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE UNIVERSE.

NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.

BY LYSANDER S. RICHARDS.

Forces are correlated to each other; a mutual or reciprocal relation exists between them. Heat and motion, for instance, are forces; heat is entirely dependent upon motion and motion equally dependent on heat; heat is motion, and motion heat; one cannot exist without the other. Light is motion, and it is only through the assistance of the latter that we are enabled to distinguish the former; the same is true of sound and electricity. Pick up a bit of iron, strike it on a board, sound is produced, and the tingling sensation the hand experiences, acquaints us with the vibratory motion, or vibrations of the rod which produces the sound. If motion met with no resistance, heat could not be detected, there would be, in fact, no heat; but as all manner of motion upon our planet is attended with resistance, heat, perceptible or imperceptible, is the necessary result. Toss a ball into the air, and were it not for the resistance of the latter and the gravitation to the earth's centre, it would continue to roll through the vast realms of space. The motion or impulse the planets received when thrown off of the central mass, the sun, continues, because the resistance in the interplanetary space is so slight, their march is not to any great extent impeded; some philosophers, however, entertain the notion that this trifling resistance is sufficient to check slightly their motion. The interplanetary space is supposed to be filled with a light ether, but however light, thin or vapory this substance may be, it offers resistance to bodies in motion, and hence it is concluded that the orbits of our planets are gradually becoming shorter, so that eventually they, with our own planet, when the orbits become sufficiently shortened, must fall into the sun, from whence they originated; but as scarcely any perceptible difference is recorded for two thousand years at least, the thing need not be alarmed, for millions of years must elapse, if the hypothesis is true, ere this event can come to pass; hence the fond dream that racks the brain of many an inventor in the form of perpetual motion, can never be realized on earth, nor in the broad universe. Motion is an immense force; the universe is at its bidding, and when apparently in a state of rest, decomposition is silently taking place, so that worlds are constantly being born and as constantly passing away; the same is true with substances here about us—everything is in motion, although seemingly at rest. An animal dies, the body is not at rest, but chemical action takes place until dust fills the space, and then unsatisfied, it seeks some form of life again; a plant grows over the spot, it absorbs a portion of the remains, the plant in turn is eaten by man or beast, and thus it passes through the life route again; hence motion is constantly discovered in everything, in the formation and decomposition of rocks, and in nature everywhere. Change, in the form of motion, is the universal law; carry a stone to the mountain top, and the distance from the centre of the earth being increased, the revolution of our planet on its axis is effected, though imperceptibly so, and this small deviation cannot occur without the entire universe feeling its influence, however infinitesimal the extent. The motion in raising the arm disturbs the equilibrium of the atmosphere to the remotest corner of a room. This is exemplified somewhat by tossing a pebble into the ocean; observe the large extent of surface of water ruffled or agitated by the falling of that tiny pebble. When the arm is elevated and falls at our side, it would appear that motion is destroyed, or ceases to exist; this however is not true; when the arm is raised or lowered, the air is pressed back, for the arm and the former, or any other two separate substances, cannot occupy the same space at the same time. As the incumbent air is pressed back by the motion of the hand, other portions must give room to the first, which is also in turn pressed back, the latter pushing other portions of air still further on, in all directions, and thus not only is the motion, or the first impulse, felt throughout the atmosphere, but if space is filled with other—thin substance—the pressure continues and the motion or impulse passes through all space, reaching in fact the most distant star, however slight and imperceptible the effect.

REV. JOHN S. ZELLEH, Burlington, N. J.

The West.

Spiritualist and Liberal Bookstore, St. Louis, Mo.
 HENRY H. HARRIS, proprietor, 111 North Fifth street, the BANNER OF LIGHT, and the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by COLBY & RICH, and William White & Co., Boston, Mass.

Editorial Correspondence.

BY WARREN CHASE.

MEDIUMS AND MEDIUMSHIP.

There is no class of our citizens whose services are more valuable and less appreciated than our mediums, and none who are so poorly paid for valuable services. Even many Spiritualists do not seem to learn, after years of experience and hundreds of instances, that the cases are very rare, if found at all, where a medium can give sittings and attend to other work during the same week, and that, if he or she does, it either doubly taxes the system or renders the mediumship unreliable. Nearly every one we know of must, to be reliable and successful, give his or her time entirely to it, and rest and recreate when not used by the invisibles, and yet we have hundreds of them who are dependent on such pay as they can get for their time, for subsistence. Many of them try to do housework or other work and give sittings, because they are not able to hire the work done, and cannot get pay enough for services as mediums to depend on it for support; and there are many persons who would not think of going to a dressmaker or a dentist, and while visiting, getting a job done, and yet would visit mediums, and not only expect to be waited on and treated to meals, etc., but also expect to get messages without paying for them, which is really far more taxing, trying and wearying than a job of almost any other kind of professional work. Worn and worn, and virtually robbed of their time, we have known many who have been crowded out of their bodies by trying to do more than nature could endure, and many others that have been compelled to lay aside a valuable mediumship and occupy themselves with work that would support life, and not overtax the body and brain, as doing both always does.

So many people think it is so trifling an affair for mediums to be controlled, or to give them a sittings, in the midst of a visit, that they are disappointed, if not offended, if it does not come every time they call on a medium, and many such would never call on such parties at all, were it not for getting something from the spirit-world without paying for it.

It should be understood, that ordinarily it is a harder and more wearing task to give a sittings than to cut and fit a dress, for a lady who understands it, and that mediums are the poorest paid people in our country; where they attempt to keep house and do other work while acting as mediums. Mediumship is a condition of development that, like a trade or profession, ought to furnish its possessors with a support without other business, where it is worth using for the public, and those who use it ought to be willing to pay for the time and strength given to them, not at extravagant rates, for few mediums ever ask such, and many more work for nothing. There is really a great demand for mediums, and the public could have ten times as many as they have, if they would properly remunerate and support them; but so long as they are allowed to starve out of the profession and seek other means of living, we shall have a meagre supply, and these often not of the best and most conscientious among them. We could find a good reliable medium for every town of two thousand inhabitants in the United States, if the people would support them as they do the clergy, and one such would be worth more than four clergymen in any town.

TILE GROVE MEETINGS.

Nothing that we know of tends so much to harmonize and fraternize our friends as the two and three days' meetings held in groves when convenient, and in country places away from the turmoil and rowdiness of our large cities. No meetings tend so much to develop our cause as these gatherings of mediums, speakers and interested parties, who in this way make each other's acquaintance and learn each other's varied experiences, no two of which are ever alike. Our friends in the West have not yet enjoyed to any extent this luxury. Their groves are scattering and mostly unimproved or unfit for meetings, and the residences are too small and too scarce in the vicinity of such as are suitable; and what is a still more potent obstacle is, the time and money cannot be spared where so much of both is required to make the necessary improvements around their homes. Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and Iowa cannot or need not be excused by these causes, and they should enjoy these feasts largely.

As we are now free from the business that has occupied us for several years, we shall be ready and glad to meet with our friends in such meetings, wherever we are when in reach of us, and the time not previously engaged, for we are sure more good can be done by these meetings than any others we can spend our time in. We are also prepared to give courses of lectures of one week's time in a place, say five or six, where grove meetings and conventions cannot be collected or attended. The little time of earth-life we have left must be used economically. We are largely supplied with experiences and study of Spiritualism, and able and willing to distribute it to willing ears and reasoning minds for a few days, weeks, months or years, as may be our fortune to stay behind our dear and beloved co-laborers who have so recently left us and joined the invisible workers. Friends, let us have grove meetings.

INJUSTICE.

There is a widow lady living in Lawrence, Kansas, who is one of the heaviest tax-payers in the city, and who is well known and universally admitted to be one of the best and ablest business citizens of the city, and even of the State, and well acquainted with the law, with legislation, with banking, and the transaction of all business necessary to the care of a large estate; and yet she cannot vote because she is a woman, although no one denies that she is a citizen, while there are scores of persons, both white and black, with no taxable property and little business capacity, who can vote, and by voting dispose of her rights and property. It seems to us that such glaring injustice cannot fail to be seen and admitted by the people, even if they will not remedy it by giving the ballot to females—at least to tax-paying women. Almost every town has some examples like the above.

Banner Contents.

First Page: Poem "Truth," by Mrs. Shacklock; "Letters of Travel," by J. M. Proulx; "The Cause and Cure of Paralysis," by F. A. Palmer; Second: "To the Friends in Indiana," by D. W. Hull; Poem "A Vision of Consolation," by R. Augusta Whiting; "Priority in Mediumship," by The Eddys Again, by Harvey Howe; "Geography," by Lyndal S. Richards; Third: Banner Correspondence; "Organization," by C. H. Foster; M. D.; "Catastrophe is Not a Jewel," by A. E. Newton; "Woman," Last of Spiritualist Lectures, Fourth and Fifth: Western Correspondence, by Warren Chase; Miscellaneous editorial, items, etc. Sixth: Message Department; "Our Own Publications," by Universal Peace Union and the Modocs; "Obituaries, Conventions, etc.," Seventh: Book and other advertisements, Eighth: "The Law of Immortality," by Re-incarnation, a lecture by William Linnette Coleman.

22 In nothing from 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 important 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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22 Letters and communications pertaining to the editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to LUTHER COLBY, and all BUSINESS LETTERS to ISAAC R. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

Reform in the Asylums.

Mrs. Packard, of Illinois, whose book on the abuse of the modern insane asylum we have hitherto spoken of in the terms of approbation which it merits, has succeeded in making such favorable impressions upon the Connecticut Legislature, through its Judiciary Committee, that one branch promptly passed through a bill establishing a State Board of Charities, framed in accordance with her suggestions. It is to consist of five members—three men and two women—who are to be clothed with authority to visit any asylum or prison in the State whenever they please, without giving previous notice to the Superintendent or any of the officers. In this way they can at any time see what is going on, and take note of all occurrences, however slight, without concealment or explanation. The entire asylum or prison is under the supervision of their investigation. The patients in the asylum are at liberty to hold conversations with them without being hampered or shadowed by officers or keepers; so that if they have any complaints to make they are perfectly free to make them, and not be apprehensive of any evil results from having betrayed the secrets of the institution. This is equivalent to the Belgian plan. That plan, however, is literally carried on in the permission given the inmates to send sealed communications freely to any member of the board; the officers not to be allowed to interfere with them.

The same lady made a strenuous effort to engraft the same needed reform on the asylum system of New Hampshire, and at one time had made visible progress in influencing the mind of the Legislature; but she was met by a doctor, who was a member of the Senate, and he spared no labor to defeat the design. But that is no evidence that the reform will not be, sooner or later, adopted by the State. It is the least safeguard and protection for the unfortunate inmates that could be devised; and, in times so profligate as these, when malice and covetousness are able to kidnap a person, and confine him for an indefinite period, within the walls of one of these dungeons, there should certainly be provided some means of defense for those who alone need it and have the right to demand it. This private communication of the patients with the official overseers will break up a great system of abuse and tyranny; and many a poor victim of others' malice or greed will live to express his or her gratitude to Mrs. Packard—herself a patient sufferer of wrong—for her benevolent exertions in their behalf. And then, again, the visitors are free to personally look into the operation of the asylum machinery at any time, without any warning to the officers; so that abuses may be dragged to the surface instantly. We hope that such a just reform as this may be grafted upon the current asylum management, as preliminary to a still more scientific and spiritual mode of treating the insane.

But the recent revelations in the Brattleboro Asylum, in Vermont, have given a new shock to the public mind of New England. A legislative committee was appointed to investigate the alleged condition of this retreat, together with the facts of its management, and it has brought in its report. In the first place, it is a private asylum, at which discovery the committee were greatly astonished. The property is valued at half a million dollars, and is owned by a private corporation. And this is what the committee say about the institution: that it contains one hundred and eighty-five patients, when it has a capacity for but three hundred; that they found seventy-five of this number confined in dungeons underground, their cells being but four feet by nine, damp, foul and noisome, and ventilated and lighted only by air holes bored in the thick doors; that both ventilation and heating throughout the institution are insufficient and wretched; that the slops and urine are suffered to run from above to the lower story, and there stand in sinks, exposed, and giving out their effluvia; that a free use of disinfectants had failed to make the place endurable to the committee; that they regarded the confinement of any persons, sane or insane, in such underground apartments, as cruel and wicked, and that the officers should be prohibited from doing it under heavy penalties.

But that is not all, nor by any means the worst. This is the story the committee have to tell about the punishment that is administered to the patients in this asylum: "The patient, for some offence, or supposed offence, is taken to the bathroom, his hands tied, laid upon his back in the bath-tub, and the faucet turned, allowing a stream of cold water to run upon the head and face, while the body is immersed in tepid water, and is so kept until relieved by the attendant. While satisfied that restraints are necessary to prevent the delirious from injuring themselves and others, we cannot find language strong enough to express our indignation that punishment of any kind, as such, should be resorted to or be in any manner inflicted upon these unfortunate and irresponsible beings." Here are persons who are sent to this institution for the cure of a malady that requires the most delicate and

skillful handling, yet are subject to such barbarous punishments as have been resorted to of the practice of Sing Sing upon willful convicts. It is almost too monstrous to be commented on in patience. The committee further find, in pursuing their investigations, that "persons have been admitted to the asylum who are not insane, who were committed on the certificate of a single physician; hence the necessity of some law guarding and protecting the rights of sane persons." We should certainly think so, and so would think everybody else. We are enabled to add portions of some recent correspondence with the Banner of Light to this frightful indictment of the insane asylums. Mr. John A. Greenough, of Concord, N. H., who has had interior experience of these asylums, after a perusal of Mrs. Packard's startling narrative, says as follows:

"I have endured similar and, I presume, greater physical and mental sufferings for the same causes as the poor dear lady whom I have alluded to; and now that my soul is roused to a full sense of duty, I will no longer withhold facts which all true men and women ought to have, to enable them to act as they should and will, where the motive is good, the cause just, and the evidence so full and ample. I have no education. Grammar I know not enough to speak or write correctly from my own knowledge. Punctuation I perform by impulse, not by rule. Therefore I have for months been resisting the influence of a desire to do what I felt must some day do some good, could it be given by one more competent. But now trusting to your love of truth, and that angel powers would guide my mind and hand, I have broken the ice of needless modesty to once more offer to give some of the most heart-rending accounts of cruel acts committed on myself and others in my presence. And I will here say that during months spent in these torture shops I was as much in mind as any living man, and yet when mildly talking—'Theodore, when do you think I can go to my poor mother?' the reply always would be—'Oh, when you get well.'"

"I hold not one revengeful feeling toward any one who misunderstood my case, and would not write anything to hurt the feelings, or injure the reputation of the physicians under whose care I was, keeping me twelve months, and another eight. And though I do not think they really commuted all the cruelty practiced, I must say they were slack in their endeavors to see and prevent it."

Mrs. Dr. Amanda Harthorn, of Rochester, N. Y., writes the Banner of her readiness to furnish facts from her personal experience in a Massachusetts asylum, in which she was kept for no other reason than that she was a medium. "Suffice it to say at the present time," she adds, "that I have escaped with a broken wrist and a good head, but not a sound body, and the only wonder to me is that the invisibles controlling me did not kill some of the attendants of that institution who so misused me. I was, according to the words of Dr. Pliny Earle, the Superintendent, the ugliest patient that ever entered that institution. No wonder, when taken from earning an honest living and kept in such a purgatory as an insane asylum is. I have seen no account in the newspapers which begins to compare with what I endured myself and what I saw with my own eyes."

There is a general eruption of testimony from those who have been incarcerated wrongfully in these asylums, and the public mind is evidently waking up to the danger of continuing such an unwise power over human bodies and souls at its own supreme pleasure. Mrs. Packard made a profound impression on the Connecticut and New Hampshire Legislatures. The Vermont Legislature's investigation is making an immense stir, and will surely lead to the legal rectification of a system so full of tyranny and wrong. Patients who were sufferers only are ready on every side to spread facts before an astonished public whenever they will do practical good. We rejoice sincerely at this general interest in a subject that, if left unattended to, threatens to eat the soul and life out of every society the innocently tolerates such practices of barbaric cruelty. Our civilization must rid itself of all these fatal exercises before it can go forward in the direction appointed by Providence; and man himself must correct such wrongs, if he would still set up the claim to being truly civilized.

Cause of Indian Wars.

We do not intend to refrain from making public in these columns every new piece of evidence that goes to fix the responsibility for Indian wars where it rightfully belongs. The Government is appealed to now, to institute a thorough investigation of the cause of the Modoc wars; and it would but discharge a debt rightfully due the nation, as well as the tribes of Indians that are, seriously enough, not included in the national sentiment and circle. Congressman Luttrell, representing the California Third District, has recently been making a personal examination of the scene of the Modoc troubles, with this view distinctly in mind, viz.: to discover who was, in fault for all this bloodshed and passion; and the result of his investigation is too candid and real to be boot-polished as it has long been the fashion to treat similar charges. He says, distinctly, that he is able to ascribe the cause of the war to *white men alone*. "The Modocs," he adds, "were compelled to slaughter their horses for food on the Klamath Reservation, and, having exhausted this subsistence, were compelled by hunger to seek their fishing and hunting grounds on their old reservation on Lost River." This, then, is the whole cause of a war with a tribe that, a little more than a year ago, were as good friends to the Government as there were anywhere among the Indians of the West.

Never, thinks Mr. Luttrell, was there so much corruption and swindling against the Indians, as well as against the Government, as now on the Pacific Coast. The Modocs are tried by this time, however, but not everybody is sure of their execution. Whether Capt. Jack swears for his murder of Gen. Canby or not, his tribe will inevitably be driven from its old reservation again, though hunger may drive them back, as it did before. A California paper moralizes well on this subject which so nearly concerns the reputation of the nation. We presume, it says, that all these Western Indians are to be more and more put out of the way of the white man. Dig as the country is, and willing as it is to receive at least half a million of aliens a year from old Europe, it has no room for its own natives. The prejudices and passions of the whites conflict with the ignorance and brutality of the Indians, and seem to make the union, or close neighborhood of the two races quite impracticable. The New York remnants of the tribes are fast fading out of sight and recognition. Those once noble nations that named the proud lakes on which is borne so much of the material wealth of the Empire State, are now dwindled, diminished and beggared. The weakest invariably go to the wall, according to the working of our modern Christian civilization. But all plants blossom and fruit at some time or another.

A Sturdy Falsifier.

A writer in the National Republican, of Washington, who professes to feel bad about Spiritualism because, as he falsely says, it "rejects Christ," betrays the quality of his overflowing love for Christ by heaping upon our chosen religion a mass of willful, bigoted and brazen slanders, that are a thousand times more characteristic of him than they are of the object of his wanton assault. "We do not often come across a creature so thoroughly mad over his subject as this one in the Washington Republican appears to be. He raves and froths. He piles up his epithets mountain high, pelion upon Ossa. He burrows in history until he and his meaning are both lost to view. In fact, he is evidently mad from centre to circumference, and does not want to be appeased until he has been satisfied with seeing Spiritualism discredited; not, however, by the power of truth, but by the tyranny of man. What he pretends to fear from Spiritualism, viz.: its absolutism over others, he would speedily have brought to bear upon Spiritualism by the side to which he belongs. It would well-nigh craze one to pursue him in his verbal antics through the rude accusation he brings. Beginning with the usual charge of "fraud," "humbuggery," "degradation" and "folly," he leads his wearied reader a dizzy dance along through the morasses of history, of which his ready snatching best betrays his ignorance, and comes down to the allegation that Spiritualism is to be feared because it ambitiously aims at political power.

It would be ridiculous if it were not thoroughly stupid. The fact undoubtedly is, the writer is himself an agent and partisan of the God-in-the-Constitution organization, and he therefore dreads a rival. He is preparing the ground for a better introduction of his own dogma. If he can make people believe that there is a force at work in the country to set up what he would call a "godless" system of government, he will then proceed to trot out his superior scheme of a government of ecclesiastics, which, he, of course, thinks the only God-given affair possible. He therefore pretends to be afraid of "the political attitude assumed by Spiritualism," when the fact is notorious that it has never assumed such an attitude, and never expects to, demanding the operation of no political system but that of the rule of right, of justice, liberty and fraternity. One thing is undeniable: Spiritualists think it right to oppose politically theological bigots who are seeking to suppress the liberties of the people by inserting the ecclesiastical clause in the Constitution. Every Spiritualist is bound to oppose such a tyrannical scheme with all his might, and not merely by talking and writing against it, but by working against it, and appealing to the efficacy of the ballot-box in order to defeat it. When this falsifier declares that Spiritualists want to break down the existing form of our Government, he says that which is as wide of the truth as the poles are asunder. It is immaterial to us what a handful of unreflecting people may think or say concerning it, but we can speak for the entire body of Spiritualists, and authoritatively deny that they desire, or think of, a "theocratic democracy."

When he professes to quote Spiritualism, to the effect that it aims to "subject the State to Spiritualism," he speaks with the full inspiration of a first-class idiot; and if he so readily swallows all the trash he may have heard about the designs of Spiritualism, why may he not have been imposed upon with equal facility by those who would be glad to palm off anything else as among the phenomena and significations of our faith? The man too plainly convicts himself of incapacity to judge of any sort of evidence. Instead of trying to effect a junction of Church and State, Spiritualism is striving to prevent priestcraft from doing it. He says, further, that a believer in Spiritualism makes a practice of disregarding an oath in court at the bidding of a medium, and that "every judge and lawyer who has had dealings with Spiritualism knows" it. No libel could well be more gross than this. The creature uttering it, however, is wholly ignorant of its effect. Nothing more than this is required to prove the writer a God-in-the-Constitution agent, who strives to accomplish by prejudice what he cannot effect by honest reasoning. The maxims of Spiritualists notoriously are, "Love your neighbor," "Do as you would be done by." They are everywhere consistent and firm advocates of order and law. They do not reject Christ. To wind up his rhodomontade, this unhappy scribbler charges the Banner itself with advocating "the right of woman to have children when she will and by whom she will; and, for those who have for years been familiar with the editorial teachings of this journal in favor of monogamy, no more need be added to brand and pillory this vagabond as a falsifier of the first water.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE FALLING RAIN.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

I know the snow is sweet, as fair and fast
 It falls from out the sky, and mantles earth;
 'T is beautiful, and rich with silent mirth,
 And breaks the noise of feet and howling blast!
 But, oh, the falling rain in summer east,
 That comes, reviving field and wood and flower,
 Has for mine eye a more bewitching power,
 And golden thoughts of love that longer last!
 Now far it falls; and birds are making song,
 As on the roof and grass, and through the trees,
 In diamond drops, its merry notes prolong
 A pleasing sense of Nature's harmonies;
 And perfumes sweet arise to scent the air,
 And once again the world is fresh and fair!

Picnic at Lake Walden.

The first Spiritualist picnic of the season, at this pleasant and popular resort on the borders of the quiet town of Concord, came off on Wednesday, July 10th, under direction of Dr. A. H. Richardson and James S. Dodge, whose names have become a synonym for success in the management of such enterprises. The day was fine, the lake beautiful in the extreme, the grounds tasty and homelike, the music—by J. Howard Richardson's Band—made light the dancers' feet, and the voices of the speakers—Drs. Richardson, Gardner, and Currier, I. P. Greenleaf, J. S. Dodge, Mrs. A. M. Davis and others—called together a good audience at the platform in the afternoon. During the day much was said concerning the forthcoming camp meeting at Silver Lake Grove, Plympton, and many encouraging reports of progress were offered concerning the fitting up of the grounds. Favorable mention was also made of the claims of the Banner of Light upon the assistance and countenance of the spiritual believers. The Boston daily press of the following day spoke of the picnic in high terms—three thousand persons being stated as in attendance.

John Murray Spear.

Many Spiritualists remember a snow-headed old man, who, on taking the hand of a stranger, or on receipt of a scrap of paper from one, would pass into a trance and describe the character better than the most intimate friend could. While Mr. Spear was in the country he made many warm friends, to whom he was of great service in rendering them useful advice and spiritual enlightenment. Since his return to America he has been in the far West, and now has returned to 1114 Collin Hill street, Philadelphia. His friends, now that he is too aged to struggle for a subsistence, are contributing a fund to secure to him a home without care and pecuniary during the remainder of his earthly life. Subscriptions may be sent in to Mrs. Tebb, 20 Rochester Road, Camden Road, London, N.W., or to Mr. A. Leighton, 16 South Castle street, Liverpool. We hope the hundreds who have been benefited by Mr. Spear, and who see this notice, will heartily respond to its appeal. List of subscriptions received for the home fund for Mr. Spear: B. L. £10; Mrs. M. M. Gregory, £5; A. L. Elder, Esq., £5; Mr. Thomas Grant, £5; Mr. Tebb, £5; Dr. Newton, £2; G. N. Rawbridge, Esq., £1; Mrs. Strawbridge, £1; Mrs. Cooper, £1; A Friend, £1.—*London Medium and Daybook*.

The above paragraph, from a recent number of this sprightly English spiritual journal, repeats the sad story, so often told, of the poverty which inevitably seems to attend the last days of the veteran pioneers in the field of reform. Should any of our readers feel to assist Bro. Spear in this hour of need, they can direct their donations to us or to his address, as above.

Miss Aleott's Last Book.

Before we could well find time to read Miss Aleott's new story, "Work," just published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, it had gone through seventeen editions, and the cry is still for more. The success of the writer is a genuine one. She enters for no questionable tastes. She depends on no sensational spicery, like Miss Braddon and others, for her effects. She is a thinker and not a mere contriver of plots and situations. This book, "Work," is a breezy, healthy, invigorating story, full of nice touches of nature and of humor, such as "make the whole world kin." The more copies that are sold of such a book the better for humanity; the better for the culture of both heart and head. The teachings are such as every well-wisher of his race must approve; while all that bears on the higher subjects of religious culture and our relations to the divinity and a future life is in harmony with the facts that Spiritualism and Science are tending to establish. Our readers cannot fail to be pleased with the book. Though not so specially calculated for young people as "Little Women," it is a story that will be highly relished by both young and old.

Prof. Brittan's Journal.

This standard Spiritualist Quarterly, edited by the scholarly gentleman above named, has come to hand—though rather late—for July. A fine biographical sketch of Father John Pierpont, illustrated with a steel portrait of the same, introduces the number. A brief life sketch of Wm. White is also given, with much interesting matter, miscellaneous and editorial. We shall take occasion to speak at length concerning this magazine at a future date. In the meantime, all Spiritualists desiring to patronize a really worthy publication devoted to the spread of liberal thought will find the Quarterly Journal for sale at our counter.

The Modoc Prisoners.

On our sixth page will be found the address presented July 14th, at Long Branch, to President Grant, by a committee of the Universal Peace Union, concerning these individuals whom the sharp arbitrament of the sword have thrown captive into the hands of the national forces. The President is reported as having received the committee very cordially; and, in harmony with his pacific policy toward the aboriginal tribes, it may be expected that the suggestions of the Union will have weight with him.

New Hampshire.

In connection with the announcement made in last week's Banner, in reference to the County Convention, the Committee would add that the services of Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer, of Massachusetts, and Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley, of Rockingham, N. H., have been secured—and a number living within the limits of the State are expected to participate in the exercises. A grand meeting is anticipated.

"Re-incarnation."

The editor of the spiritual periodical, entitled *THE AURORA*, published in Florence, has just issued a pamphlet on "Re-incarnation," intended for English and American readers. The publishers will please send us two copies, and draw upon our agent in London, Mr. J. Burns, for the amount charged.

A correspondent, writing from New Orleans, July 15th, says that "an interest in Spiritualism is gradually and surely gaining strength in Louisiana." Many mediums have been developed, though but few have good control during the heated term. Next winter will no doubt witness a rapid advancement of our great and good cause in the South. Even Texas, with its restrictive laws, will yet be "redeemed." Spiritualism is to bring all nations, kindred and tongues into one fold. The work in which we are engaged is glorious, notwithstanding the continual martyrdom we are subjected to.

A Good Move.—A wealthy person, desiring to help the Spiritual Philosophy, donated two sets of the "Trio books"—"Mental Cure," "Vital Magnetic Cure," and "Nature's Laws in Human Life," to the Somerville (Mass.) Free Library. This is a step in the right direction, and will be the means of opening the eyes of many who are spiritually blind. Would that others would follow in the same direction.

BANNER DONATIONS.—Dr. Harvey Morgan and ten others, of Randolph, N. Y., \$4.35; Mrs. O. C. Sewall, Chesterville, Maine, 50 cents; Mrs. Eliakim Howard, North Bridgewater, Mass., 50 cents.

We shall print in our forthcoming and the following issue a fine story, entitled "The Artist's Hope, or the Inspiration of a Rose," by Mrs. Eliza M. Hickok.

Mrs. Frank Campbell, 616 Washington street, Boston, Mass., is a lady of high character and a reliable clairvoyant and test medium. She should be kept actively employed.

Read Bro. Chase's article on Mediums and Mediumship in this issue. It is timely and to the point.

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known. One of these three must be the case.
tion | know the world is round; we know that an eclipse

acquire new ideas here—why not there as well, if not
ter? Of course we can—and all spirits do—or else Sp

they are worth saving.
