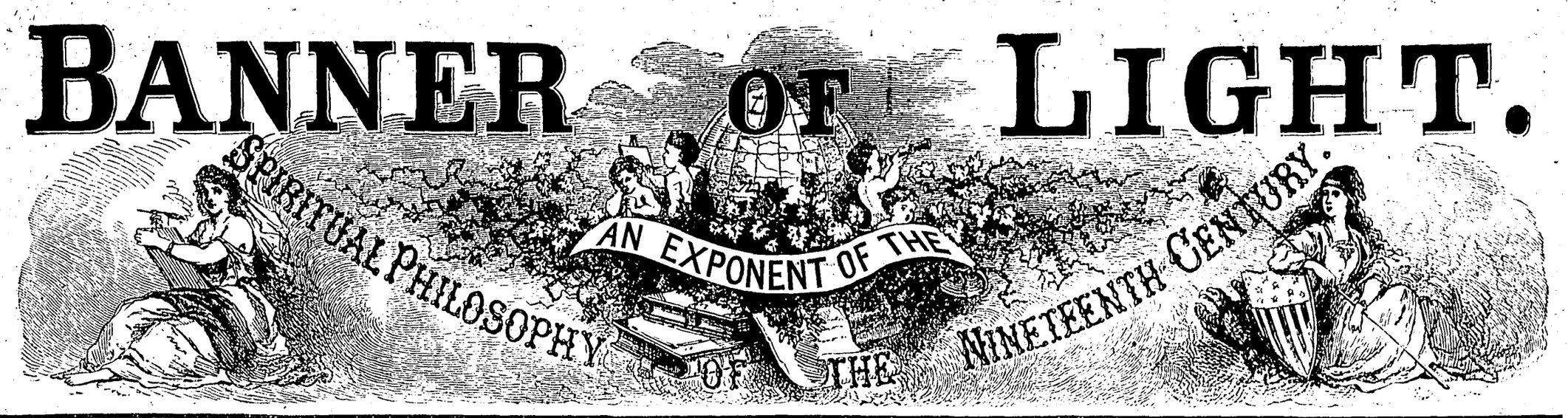
BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Free Thought.

WETHERBEE'S "NIGHT THOUGHTS."

II.

It is the hour that children talk with angels, says the poet. All day the din of active life o'erwhelms, and the latent soul speaks not. Thankful are we for the return of night, when hearts speak and voices oft are silent. It is the hour we feel our immortality. I am a debtor to my *night life*—I mean *not* as now, awake and dreaming. Some day I expect to find that the hours spent in sleep have their history which will yet open to us, and our biography will cover two lines of travel—our sleeping and our waking life. I have an idea that the soul is a Nemesis that never sleeps; mythically, then, the soul is the daughter of night; then the "night side of Nature" is its bright side, this life is but an eclipse. There is logic, then, in saying, "It is the hour we feel our immortality."

Immortality! shall that, then, be our night thought? How trivial and undesirable are the current ideas of the future life, called the immortal state! With it before me, once the very word made me tired, and I used to say to myself: When I get to heaven, (nobody expected to go to hell, you know—hell is for other people), and imagining myself among the blest, how glad I shall be when it is all over and I am at rest as I was before I was born! Does any one wonder that thoughtful and even pious people were inclined to doubt of this future state? and when science knocked the foundation out of the faith born of bible revelations, by proving this word of God (or, rather, word of man,) to be in error, that a feeling of rest came over the mind? At least it did to mine. I think I am not alone when I say, if I had an evangelical or biblical heaven offered me, or an eternal sleep, I would choose the latter. In fact I did, on common sense grounds, for I became an Infidel after starving in the church a decade of years.

If Modern Spiritualism had opened the same door, or into the same place, that the bible and the pulpit did and do, as a general thing, as a blessed future, a feeling of disappointment would have come over me, and I would have turned my back on it if I could. I took to it anyhow reluctantly, and I think on that account. It was an improvement over old ideas to say or feel, after I became an Infidel, that when a man died that was the end of him. This epitaph always suited me, so very common—"*She sleeps well.*".

I investigated Spiritualism partly for amusement, as I would any sleight-of-hand entertainment, and partly for the purpose of disabusing a loved one's mind, who was tasting of it, and rather liking the taste. The future life that Modern Spiritualism introduces is so different from the current notions of heaven that the subject is attractive; it is a future world of human activities and progress, where we are still men and women, not gods or angels in the supernatural sense; it is a continuation of ourselves, with extended powers and a wider field. I am glad that with this new light, or new perception of an old light, there came also this new heaven, which, after all, seems but a new and better earth. Liberal churches have stolen our thunder, but the paternity of the thought is in Modern Spiritualism.

How well I remember the first ray of this light that reached me. I examined it a little, and reflected more. Alone in my room, one time, I said, "Can such things be?" And I said, also—which is true to-day, and applies to all—If the loved and lost still exist, and are conscious and communicative, it must be by some law, and they should come to me as well as to or through a medium. I am sure they do now to everybody; but this thought I will not carry out here, but will do so some other time. I was satisfied that, if it was true, it was natural; so I sat alone one day, and asked of an old table to tip or to rap, but got no response. I put an old bible on it, and said, audibly, "Please manifest." Well, says I, perhaps, spirits, you may hear and you may see, but I may not be in tune for your use; so I said to the circumambient air, "Grandmother" (who was much attached to that old bible), and then "Sister;" and, not wishing to slight any one, I said, "Or any spirit friend who hears me now, send me this message when my friend (whom I said had begun to like the subject) goes to see the medium," I repeating it audibly, with my hands on this bible-crowned table. A suggestion also came into my mind to write this message, and I did so, and read it hopefully, and locked it up, and told no one. A few weeks after, this friend, who had been at a "sitting," as we called it, said, "There is a message from the other side for you," handing me a paper to read, which had been written out, letter by letter, by the raps. It was a duplicate of the message I had requested when all alone in my room. I know that no one knew my request, or had heard it or read it. I had never seen the medium. The person who got it for me was not expecting one, and did not know that I was—and I must own I did not expect any, and it was both a pleasure and a surprise when it came. There was no cheating or delusion in this—there could be none; coincidence, from the nature of it, was impossible. I tried hard as Mr. Lum does to make it take any form but that of spirits; for, as I have stated, I was tired of the twaddle of heaven, hell and a future. I wanted rest, sleep, or anything but a future life; but what could I do? There was a definite, intelligent response from an intelligence on the other side of the grave, and from a person I had seen suffer and die and be buried, and who now claimed to be alive and happy, and in good, plain English told me so. There was but one thing for me to do, viz.: investigate; make it take any form but that; and, if it stood exhaustive analysis, admit the fact as claimed—a communication from a spirit. Now, after sixteen years' experience, I have never had reason to doubt but that then, and since, I have had intelligent communications from spirits who once, like us, lived in the form familiar to us.

I have tried a great many times since to get a repetition, that is, I have asked for a special message. I have got as good tests, but not what I asked for. I do not know why. Mr. Lum, in his book on "Spiritual Delusions," would say: If they did it once why can't or why don't they do it again? When the soldier said to Jesus on the cross, "Come down and I will believe in you," the records do not say he came down. If he had done so it might have made that soldier a Christian; but the next man might have said, "I don't believe you was ever on the cross; put yourself back and I will believe in you," and so keep it a going. Are converts worth all that trouble, seeing there is a "to-morrow to death," when all eyes are to open?

The proof of identity is a more difficult question to settle, and, though in many respects desirable, is a non-essential. All the world wants to know to-day is, "If a man die shall he live again?" and an actual response from one who has passed on settles that question. Mr. Lum will admit that, but, he says, no response, all accounted for otherwise than by the spiritual hypothesis. I find the spiritual solution the only one that fits every time; other definitions fail to cover the ground. If Mr. Lum thinks otherwise, he needs some of my experience before he writes *books on delusions. It is a wonder sometimes* to me why the spirits, doing what they do, do not do more. I, for one, am glad of that little, yet my constitutional skepticism would compel me to attribute it to anything else but spirits, if that "anything else" covered the ground; but it certainly does not, speaking from my own experience.

I was going to speak of identity, but I must defer it. I have come to the conclusion that it is better that the subject of identity should be more or less doubtful. We are stronger men and women by being self-reliant. We would not be, if we could implicitly rely upon those in the spirit who were aids to us when in the form. A man who presses on the point of identity will find the subject bending under him; and any one who takes into consideration consequences will see wisdom in the fact.

It once seemed to me that mediums should be clothed in purple, and fare sumptuously—the spirits owed that much to them for switching them off of life's track for a common benefit; then I remembered the good go mourning all their days, and the lucky and the selfish and generally the undeserving occupy the best places in life—that the Christs are rarely Rothschilds; so that the language of the past reads a lesson in these words, viz.: "God shows his appreciation of wealth by the quality or character of the men to whom he generally gives it." My conclusion is, the spirits do not handle material tools—they have to work through human beings as they can, and as they (the spirits) themselves are; and can no more with certainty make a man successful in a worldly sense who is of a tender and sympathetic nature, except as an exception, than they can inspire with music an organism that has no ear for music, and I see a wisdom in that fact, and come to the conclusion under the new, as under the ancient *modus operandi*, that men and mediums are pretty much what luck and their mothers have made them, and further, the real, true, pure gold of life does not necessarily glitter. Spirits living in a moneyless world, where "a man's a man for a' that," see better than we can the soul-shrinking qualities of worldly success, and out of the two evils, poverty and wealth, choose, as far as they can, the least, which is poverty. We do not mean to say by this that they choose either—only to convey the idea that any one not having his measure of happiness of any especial kind, owes it to his own constitution; it could not very well be otherwise. The spirits work, if at all in this matter, indirectly. I have learned some things by being a Spiritualist: I have learned to gauge myself, and, holding a pint, I don't propose to grumble because I have not room for a quart. I believe my spirit-friends do all for me they can, as I would in a change of cases for them; and if I do not live in the largest house and have the largest purse, it is wisely and necessarily otherwise, and the spirits cannot alter it, and I think would not if they could.

Experience has taught me that, had some of my accented desires in the past been realized, I would have been the worse for it to-day. I have wept tears of disappointment, which now I remember as tears of joy. Spiritualism, which has opened a future for us that nothing else did or could, has made me willing to take what comes, and as it comes, for I know by it there is time enough to take all I want:—I am to have my fill. The spirit in my heart says, the longer I am about it, the longer I shall last, or something that amounts to that. I want to last, now that I am a Spiritualist, and do not go it blind. I have an idea we shall all last a great while, and shuffle off many mortal or provisional coils besides this one. I am in no hurry; I hold a through ticket—the coupons are limitless. I am not a deadhead—no one is; we all work our passage, world without end. Is the thought tiresome? Not to me now—certainly the fact is not—so let us take it easy; and I propose to, and fret not myself because of evil-doers. This is a long subject—immortality. It was hard to stop: there is no stop to immortality, but there is to this "night-thought"—thus.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT FOR THE RECOGNITION OF THE CHRISTIAN GOD, JESUS CHRIST AND THE BIBLE IN THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION.

NUMBER NINE.

BY W. F. JAMIESON.

The year 1868 appears to have been quiet so far as this Christian Cause is concerned—the meetings held being substantially the same as those of previous years.

In February, 1869, the Ohio State Christian Association met at Columbus.

The National Convention met at Pittsburg, Pa.

It was during this year that I had the satisfaction of attending the Iowa State Christian Reform Convention at Oskaloosa, and being invited to participate in its deliberations. It held six sessions, Nov. 3d and 4th. The debating was sharp and vigorous, and drew out crowded audiences after the first day. The excitement throughout that part of the country was intense. The Oskaloosa Conservator, published by the poet-editor, Mr. Porte C. Welch, gave a phonographic report of the proceedings, and used the influence of his paper against the Movement. The Oskaloosa Herald was in favor of it.

At various times during the sessions I occupied the floor of the Convention and spoke plainly to the people; and to the delegates, mostly clergymen, I particularly addressed words of warning, told them their Reform(?) meant Spiritual despotism, the most cruel, merciless species of despotism; cited them to the awful lessons of history; showed them that the history of Christianity is written in characters of blood; that there were holy crusades against human life; that persecution, in the language of Milman, inheres in the religious spirit; that our revolutionary fathers evinced the highest order of wisdom in divorcing the State and Religion; and, now, they had met to undo, if they could, the work of such as Jefferson, Adams, Paine and Washington.

Concerning the debate the Herald said that by the Convention opening "*wide the door of free discussion*" the "liveliest interest" was the result. It forgot to add that several times it was proposed by delegates to "shut the door." When I closed my principal speech referred to, there was a death-like silence over the whole assembly. The force of the facts could not be broken by argument, so one of the delegates had recourse to the mirthful. He set out by declaring I had made an attempt to carry the audience by a piece of declamation, which reminded him of a little story: A gentleman with his negro boy went hunting deer. The master gave his slave special instructions how to shoot: to stand near a clump of bushes, and if the deer passed a certain opening, to take good aim and fire! The master frightened up the deer, which came bounding along very near the negro, who was almost dead with fright. The master came running up, and inquired:

"Sambo, did you shoot? Why did n't you shoot?"

"Golly! Massa, no, I did n't shoot! *'Cause he jumped so high I t'ot he 'd fall and kill hisself!*"

I must confess I heartily enjoyed the joke, and the roars of laughter which followed.

The clergy applied all sorts of epithets to me, "atheist," "blasphemer," etc., etc. Some of the more sociable ministers inquired of me, How I managed to keep so perfectly cool amid so many attacks? I replied that it was reported that I had His Satanic Majesty for a constant attendant, and it was well-known he was *remarkable for his patience!* The Herald referred to my opposition in the following delicate manner:

"*It was a rare sight to see an atheist pouring out the fierce vials of his pent-up denunciations on the heads of the clergy.*"

That Convention convinced me that a religious war was not far distant. Before this question is settled it will involve the shedding of blood. To Spiritualists belongs the credit of first sounding the alarm against the effort to destroy Liberty in America. Mediumship as clearly indicated its approach as the barometer informs us of the coming storm. With a Spiritualist, too, rests the honor of publishing the first book against the Movement, the perusal of which, I am confident, will place each American reader "on guard."

MARK TWAIN says you cannot find as much climate bunched together anywhere in the world as you can in the Sandwich Islands. You take a thermometer and mark on it where you want the mercury to stand permanently, with the privilege of ranging five or six degrees at long intervals, and you may select the spot that will exactly accommodate you. At Honolulu it is always about 82 deg.; five hundred feet higher up the mountain you can have it permanently at 70 deg.; go higher, and your mercury falls to the exact point you like. If you want snow and ice forever, go to the summit of Mauna Kea; if you want it hot, go to Lahaina, "where they do not hang the thermometer on a nail, because the solder might melt."

The following conversation between two clever lawyers was overheard: "How does your client like it?" "Not overmuch; begins to complain of the expense." "Mine is all right, bound to fight it out. Can we manage to get the jury to disagree again?" "Don't know; we must work for it." "You get beat, of course, in the end; but you'll appeal, of course?" "Of course."

Literary Department.

THE ARTIST'S HOPE;

OR,

THE INSPIRATION OF A ROSE.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY MRS. ELIZA M. HICKOK.

CHAPTER I.

The clear September sunshine poured its golden light over the great, comfortable-looking farmhouse and the grand old trees which guarded it on every side, the ample beds of autumn flowers, the fields and orchard, burdened with their rich harvesting and fruitage, and fairly flooded the clean, airy kitchen, where, half dozing over his paper, sat the fortunate possessor of all—except the sunshine—a healthy, vigorous man, nearly sixty years of age, whom we will call Deacon Harland.

His cosy after-dinner rest was presently disturbed by the entrance of his wife, whose fair, motherly countenance was usually as placid as the still waters of the lake, beneath the calm sunshine, but who now appeared much agitated, and startled him by exclaiming:

"There, Josiah! it's come at last—just what I feared. Raymond has gone—left the only home he ever knew"—how the kind voice trembled over these words. "I'm afraid your last night's talk drove the poor boy to desperation. Your advice was rather stern, Josiah." And, laying before him an open note, the mother drew her low rocker to the window which looked out upon the sunny field and orchard, with the dark belt of forest trees beyond, and, bowing her head upon her hands, no longer attempted to restrain her tears.

"There, there, Mary! don't get so excited," spoke the Deacon, rather nervously, taking up the piece of paper, covered with a plain, firm writing, familiar to them both. His wife's unusual emotion considerably moved the firm old man; but he only hardened his heart toward the writer as he read:

"DEAR, BEST OF MOTHERS: I must leave you, but not forever; no, do n't think that. I cannot longer endure this life. Father means well, no doubt; but he *will* not understand me, and blames me that I feel no interest in the work *he* designed for me, while my whole soul cries out *for another sphere of action. I never can feel* interested in farm work, nor yet the constrained life of a minister, who must preach what will please his congregation. I am not fitted for either place; and, though it is hard to disregard a parent's wishes, it is harder, ay, impossible, mother, to still the promptings or crush down the aspirations of one's own heart. Father will call this foolish sentimentalism. Ask him where I could have learned *That*—from Bible or catechism?—for these have been the principal reading given me for leisure moments since I can remember. I leave only respect and filial regard for father. I know he will not forgive me now, but trust there may come a time when he will blame me less. And, mother, darling mother, I *could* not bid you good-by, for you would weep at parting, and then I should waver in my purpose. But do not fear for me. Your loving counsel shall always be remembered. I have your picture, mother, and that shall be my talisman wherever I may wander. Frank will tell you more than I can write; he knows my plans, and you shall hear from me if I stop in Boston, where I design going first. But, *remember*, do not fret, do not worry if I am silent for awhile. I leave a few sketches for you, dear mother; and again I promise that you shall never be ashamed, and there may come an hour when you will be proud of

Your loving son,

RAY HARLAND."

Deacon Harland compressed his firm lips still more firmly, and knit his heavy brows, while a look of hard endurance, not pleasant to see, settled on his face. At length, he said:

"Well, Mary, I do n't know as I blame you for feeling bad about the foolish boy, gone to the very haunts of wickedness, as he has, trusting only in his own strength. Do n't suppose he even took a *Bible* with him. Well, I've tried to bring him up in the ways of righteousness, but I can't answer for him now."

Then Mrs. Harland wiped her tear-stained face, and answered, mildly, but with an emphasis which rather startled the pious Deacon:

"*I* have too much faith in Ray's natural goodness and love of truth and principle to fear his going astray; but I 'm afraid he has n't thought of all the trials and annoyances which await him in the great, selfish world, and will get discouraged and poor, and then be too proud to let us know it."

"And I hope he *will* be too proud, Mary," was the cold rejoinder; "for I should not be willing to help him, even if he needed it—no, not to stay there. I do n't wish him to come to poverty or suffering, of course; and when he is ready to come back and take his place I will receive him kindly. Pretty hard, though, to have a child cross my wishes as he does. You know I had set my heart on seeing him a minister of the *gospel, he was such* a bright, smart boy, or I never should have given him his way so much about learning. But he cared more for his nonsense of drawing and sketching (which, in my opinion, will never amount to anything); and here he has grown to the age of twenty-one, perfectly indifferent in regard to the salvation of his fellow-beings, or even his own; and now he has gone out into the sinful world without the protecting arms of the Church to shield, or the grace of God to save him from temptation."

"Ray is a good boy, if he does n't belong to the church," said the mother, calmly meeting her husband's gravely-astonished look. "He never gave you a saucy word; he never gave me a heart-ache. Not many parents can say that, Josiah."

"True, Mary; but I am afraid you are too willing to rest upon a false security. I do n't like to hear you extolling his natural goodness and morality, as if *that* was going to insure him life everlasting, without the regenerating grace which every sinful heart must have."

Mrs. Harland remained silent. She did not care to listen to one of her husband's sermons just then. Her loving mother-heart was with the absent one, and the greatest anxiety she *could feel* was for his *mortal welfare. She had* always been less strict in her religious ideas than her husband; and of late the worthy man feared she was in a "backsliding" state, she had such a mild way of speaking of "sinners."

But her daily life was exemplary; her counsel always for peace; her influence always harmonious; and since the Deacon could not discover wherein she failed to be a Christian, in the true sense of the word, (which so few appear to understand,) his natural good sense forbade him to chide her very severely for her liberal views. In the present case, she knew that all argument would be lost, and deemed it wise to let the subject rest for the time; and soon after she left the room, and proceeded to look over Ray's collection of sketches.

Her heart was heavy, and many a tear fell on the rude drawings as they were arranged and laid by as sacred treasures to the fond mother. Yet she was hopeful for his future; she would *trust him, distant though he might be, and* exposed to all sin and temptation.

Her noble, loving Ray!—How every look and act of his was stamped upon her memory! Could she ever forget his broad, intellectual brow, with laughing dark eyes beneath, his curly hair, of rich, deep black, so like her own before the silver threads mingled with its luxuriance? Yes, Ray's was a handsome, spirited face, not lacking in strength and firmness; for the resolute mouth bespoke his father's determined perseverance.

Mrs. Harland gazed long and tearfully upon the pictured face of her son, while from her loving, anxious heart went out such an earnest, prayerful desire for his safety and happiness, that surely sweet, guiding influences must have been drawn near to him in that hour.

CHAPTER II.

Our good city of Boston is very fair to look upon, as we go out from our pleasant homes and wander through its clean, shaded streets, with their lofty structures, through whose richly curtained windows we catch glimpses of the beauty and elegance which only wealth can furnish. If we enter *these residences we find the richest* finishing and furnishing; gilded cornices and glittering, massive chandeliers, that turn night into day with their brilliancy; soft, luxurious carpets, which give no sound to the footfall, cover the floor of each spacious room and hall for the fair ones favored of fortune, to trail their rich robes over, alike on Monday morn or Sabbath eve. For them no hours of toil, no eager looking forward to a blessed day of rest.

But way down in the basements, with their vast closets and store-rooms to be kept in perfect order, their furnaces and elevators and many modern appliances to be attended to, *are* beings who could tell you the difference between Monday morning and Saturday night.

Then we linger with pride and delight beside our city's lovely parks and squares and nicely-kept grounds, green and beautiful, which daily gladden the sight of the rich—the rich who can enjoy the country air and scenery any time they choose.

But the stranger, arriving at one of our busy wharves or stations, finds himself in the midst of confusion and business—of a moving mass of humanity, horses and carriages, in such nearness that he is puzzled to know how each one can attend to his own affairs and keep clear of the others. The whole is a bewildering labyrinth for him to thread his way through. He sees before him narrow streets, pitiful children, and wretched homes. He struggles on, to escape from dirt and confusion and the painful evidences of sin and shame and poverty, and is soon amazed at the contrast.

To a stranger, utterly alone and friendless as Ray Harland was, the city of our love and pride is lonely and forbidding. The stranger, with wealth at his command, can make his sojourn

pleasant and agreeable in every way: but one without must anxiously seek for occupation at once.

Ray had barely sufficient for present wants, and could not long afford to be idle. Day after day he sought for some light employment that might give him leisure moments to devote to his beloved art. He wandered through busy Tremont and Washington streets, pausing some time to dwell upon the beauties of art and rare, rich paintings displayed in the spacious windows. But in vain he sought and hoped, until his means were almost exhausted. He even reduced himself to scanty meals and the plainest food, yet no thought of returning home or of asking for help. He had worked at his easel diligently and hopefully at first, but no one had seemed to recognize his talent, and his modest little pictures did not sell. If he had only wealth and influence to bring them into notice, they would be pronounced "lovely," "charming," and grace many an elegant parlor and drawing room up town.

Ray thought this, rather bitterly, as he found himself at last glad to accept of a menial situation with meagre pay. The first clouds were gathering about his young, hopeful aspirations. He longed for his mother's gentle caress and wise counsel; but he remembered his stern father, and would send no discouraging appeal to the home where want was never known.

And Ray's was a lonely, troubled mood, as he went out from his comfortless lodging-room early one Sunday morning for a walk. He wandered far away, until he reached streets less densely populated, more quiet and peaceful, with only now and then a solitary traveler like himself. As he paused to look about him, his attention was quickly arrested by the appearance of a young girl (and but a passing glance sufficed to assure one of her rare loveliness) who carried with the utmost care a large bouquet of beautiful autumn flowers. In all his walks about the city Ray had never seen a face so charming in its innocent beauty. She appeared about fourteen years of age, a slight, graceful form, delicate hands and feet, a wealth of curling, heavy hair, just a shade too dark to be called golden, eyes of the darkest blue, fringed with long, jetty lashes, and features which seemed perfect to the young artist's wondering gaze.

He could not take his eyes from the lovely girl, as she tripped lightly along, until, just as she was beside him, when another passer-by carelessly brushed against the rare bouquet so lightly held, and it would have fallen in the dust but for Ray, who, by an adroit movement, saved it unsoiled. He marked her look of alarm, quickly succeeded by one of relief, as he politely restored the flowers, while the admiration he could not conceal looked out from his expressive eyes.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, sir, for saving my flowers," said the young girl gratefully. "I could not have caught them, and Mrs. Lafayette is so particular the least grain of dust would spoil them for her! They are choice ones, too," she continued, looking them over to see if any were disarranged; "the last of the season, so I could not have replaced them."

Ray made some commonplace reply, wishing he could think of something proper to say, and keep the lovely being by his side for a moment. Suddenly the deft little fingers discovered a loosened stem, and drew from the bouquet a beautiful white rose.

"There," said she, smiling, "I told Auntie Leonard *this* rose was hardly needed. There is another like it; and I am glad it is loosened now, for you shall have the darling for your kindness, sir, if you will accept it;" and she looked up frankly into Ray's handsome but now pale, sad face.

She noted the expression there, and while he took the fragrant flower, with many thanks, a wistful, pitying look crept into her beautiful eyes, and she, in turn, tried to think of something she might say to cheer him, for hers was a happy, sympathetic disposition that found sunshine everywhere.

"Do you love flowers, sir?" she asked timidly.

"Very dearly," he replied; "but, being always accustomed to them, never thought to prize them as highly as I shall this one white rose."

"Oh, sir, it is such a trifle!" she said lightly. "But, when we've nothing else to give, a flower will sometimes speak our kind wishes for a person. You see I am very fond of flowers. Auntie and I cultivate them; we live a little way out from the city," indicating by a glance the direction in which she had come, "and we are very glad to dispose of them to wealthy people, when they wish for them. I think flowers make this world very beautiful, sir."

"So they do; but when the way is so rough, and the future so dark and hopeless, one can hardly appreciate even the beautiful," answered Ray sadly.

"Oh, sir, I hope you do not look on the dark side of life, for my mother says there *is* always a bright side, and we must seek to discover it. She says we will understand, in the other life, that all is for the best; and I believe every word of hers now as when she was here; for, sir,"—in answer to his astonished, inquiring look—"my darling mother went to the spirit-world four years ago."

"I thought you spoke of her as living," said Ray. "How do you know what she says since she is dead?"

"Oh, sir, my precious mother is not *dead!* I often hear her speak to me, and sometimes she comes in my dreams. I'm *sure* I know her voice when she says Sybilette, for no one else speaks it as she did. But, sir, I must not stop longer. Indeed, I quite forgot myself," and the sweet face flushed a little at the recollection of her freedom in talking with a stranger.

"And I am more grateful to you, little lady, than words can tell," said Ray, bowing respectfully, "for your cheerful words and presence. I will remember your happy ideas of this life and the future, and that you may know whom your gentle words have encouraged, please accept this card."

She glanced at the name, which was in his own clear, perfect writing; bade him good-by with childish frankness, and was gone before Ray had dared to ask her name in full, or residence.

Ray Harland retraced his steps with an inspiration utterly new to him—as if a gleam of radiant brightness had suddenly fallen athwart his gloomy sky; and though it had passed quickly away, the spell of its beauty lingered still.

With this beautiful influence strong upon him he eagerly sought the drawing and painting materials which had been laid by in despair, and again applied himself to his beloved art.

He sketched the fair, young face, which would never fade from his memory; and then attempted a perfect representation of the rose she had given him.

Every spare moment was thus devoted until its completion. Then he became aware that it far exceeded his former efforts, and with a confidence hitherto unknown, he offered the little gem for sale.

It seemed as though the inspiration yet lingered about the picture, impressing every one who beheld it, for—"What a perfect rose!" "How lovely!" "One could almost inhale fragrance from it, so pure and fresh it looks!" and similar words of praise were daily bestowed upon it while it remained before the public gaze.

A purchaser soon appeared, however, and Ray's heart was gladdened by his first well-earned remuneration. He felt that he had gained a foothold, from whence he could work and win his way upward, and, in time, make for himself a name among men. That simple painting of a rose was indeed the stepping-stone to future wealth and fame. The brush and pencil were no longer allowed to remain idle, and Ray soon found his vocation profitable enough to admit of his entire devotion to it.

His mother's anxiety was dispelled, and her heart rejoiced by his frequent, cheering letters, and his father's prejudice against his chosen vocation was perceptibly lessening. He was, indeed, rather proud of one picture which adorned their old-fashioned parlor—an oil-painting in an elegant frame, which Ray had sent home from Boston.

It was not long before Ray Harland's name was mentioned in circles of art and literature as the handsome and rising young artist. But, strangely enough, with his struggles and discouragements all in the past, with a brilliant future opening before him, Ray grew restless and unhappy.

The days glided by, until they were numbered by months, and even years marked his stay in our busy city—and Boston seemed Ray's home.

He had formed many acquaintances—had found some valued friends—who all agreed that he was too much devoted to his art. They affirmed that he was too studious, too averse to gay society. They declared it strange, too, that he did not fall in love with some of the fascinating fair ones who so much admired him. They never guessed how constantly his thoughts were wandering in the past to that bright vision which had once crossed his pathway, inspired him with hope and courage, roused all his latent genius, and—alas! had vanished so suddenly and left no trace! They never dreamed that, in his inmost soul, he *did* love, even to idolatry-worship, what was little better than an idol. The one hope of his life was that, somehow, somewhere, their diverging paths might blend again!

He had, indeed, sought to know more of her—child though she was—who had so influenced his life. Often he had walked slowly, watchfully through that street; but she came no more. He had followed it far out into the country, where it became a quiet, shaded road, with neat cottage houses and handsome mansions, betokening every comfort and convenience, until that became his habitual walk when in a thoughtful mood.

He knew the young girl must have been in humble circumstances, for her dress was very plain; while her anxiety in regard to the flowers showed her dependence upon them for support—to some extent at least.

Once it happened in one of his solitary walks that he paused beside a large garden, filled with many-hued flowers, in their richest bloom. He had many times admired this place, and now seeing a pleasant looking, middle-aged woman, busily engaged there, he ventured an approving remark, to which the lady kindly responded, evidently accustomed to seeing strangers admire the well-arranged, ample beds:

"But I do not attempt to keep them in such regular order as they formerly were, nor to care for so many," she added; "the lady who lived here before me gave most of her time to their cultivation."

Ray's heart gave a sudden bound. Perhaps he was now to learn something of the fairy Sybilette, for he well remembered her singular name, as well as that of her aunt, which she had casually mentioned.

"May I ask the lady's name, madam; or if you were acquainted with her?" he questioned.

"Mrs. Leonard—a widow lady, sir. I was not personally acquainted with her, but have often heard her spoken very highly of since coming here; and her niece, who lived with her, was very lovely both in mind and person."

"And do you know where she removed to?" was the next anxious question.

"I cannot tell you that, sir. I believe they left quite suddenly—some good fortune came to them unexpectedly, and they were obliged to go to another State to receive it. All their neighbors were glad for them because they were so deserving, and—indeed had always seemed above their humble station. May I ask if they were friends of yours, sir?"

"No, madam; I only knew of them, but felt sufficient interest to make inquiries. I am very grateful for your information, and will no longer intrude upon your time and patience," said Ray, his tone betraying a little disappointment.

"Not the least intrusion, sir," said the pleasant lady. "Many strangers pause here to look at the flowers. Perhaps you would accept a small bouquet of them," she continued, approaching the gate where he stood.

Ray thanked her kindly, and went his way. The lady, looking after him, said to herself, "He must have seen Sybilette, I think. Every one was interested in that lovely child, I believe. He looks a perfect gentleman—very handsome, but rather sad. Well, I am sorry for him, whatever the cause."

And Ray Harland went to his room, feeling that in all his future there was a lonely void, a dreary waste, never to be filled or brightened without that radiant presence which might never gladden his vision again. Yet he never sought to banish it from remembrance, nor reflected that there were many fair ones around him, whose companionship, perchance, would bless and brighten his earthly life. Nor did he speak of his one hope, for he deemed every thought of her too sacred to be breathed to mortal save herself. Then came to him an idea—like an inspiration, it seemed—which daily grew and strengthened, to paint a picture, imbuing it with his own strong, loving nature—with a vague idea that some mystic, unseen influence might somewhere, in the years to come, draw her to it and to him.

Thus the young artist commenced the picture, which he anticipated would require weeks and months of patient toil for its completion; but, as day after day he wrought upon it, and beneath his touch the canvas seemed to grow animate with the life represented, he was conscious of a sweet, peaceful influence about him—something new and undefinable, yet so elevating, so restful, that his happiest moments were passed in the solitude of his room, painting what would be a master-piece to him.

The world might behold and admire it, and never guess its hidden meaning, but surely she for whom it was intended would understand.

The scene was not exactly that of his meeting with Sybilette: it embraced much more, which his true artistic taste had rendered grand and beautiful, and no description can do it justice.

But the face was from his sketch of that well-remembered day. He had given to it an expression so pure, so divinely perfect, that every one supposed it an ideal; yet, if ever she was drawn to look upon it, she could hardly fail to trace a likeness to herself.

Then, curiously formed by the trailing vines and rare flowers, which the fair being (seemingly of another world) was bestowing upon a weary, way-worn traveler, was the name of Sybilette, though very few would be able to trace the delicate letters so skillfully executed.

Ray guarded his picture as something sacred. No one was allowed to see it, until perfectly completed. Then, rich and glowing, in its massive gilded frame, it appeared to public view, in the window of a popular art store, whose proprietors were now Ray's warmest friends.

Of course it was not for sale, although the young artist might have received a handsome sum for it, so much was it admired and commented upon. Ray Harland would as soon have bargained for his most sacred thoughts as for that picture, which indeed seemed a part of himself; and which he hoped would yet, in some mysterious way, bring to him the one happiness of his life, which all future wealth and fame alone would fail to give him.

CHAPTER III.

Within a silent, darkened room, furnished with costly magnificence, lay the wearied form and wan, pale features of a woman, who had nearly done with earthly scenes and sorrows. The racking pain and feverish unrest were past, and the holy peace upon the white face told that the mind was clear and unclouded—the spirit calmly awaiting its welcome transition.

Slowly the large, dark eyes unclosed, and wandered about the room; then the feeble voice spoke—low but perfectly distinct—one word: "Sybilette."

"I am here, Auntie," came the gentle reply; and from the shadow of heavy drapery curtains a young girl stepped lightly, and quickly stood at the bedside.

That was a rarely beautiful face, into which the sick lady gazed with an anxious, wistful expression. More than the wealth of waving gold-brown hair, held back from the pure brow, on either side, by a glittering arrow, and falling thence in free luxuriance—more than the perfect contour of the pale, sweet face was the beauty of expression, seen in the dark, soulful eyes, and about the sensitive mouth.

"Sybil, darling, I am almost there," spoke the waiting one.

"Yes, dear Aunt Alice, I know it," replied the watcher, and her lips quivered, as she kissed the pale brow, so soon to bear the impress of the silent messenger.

"But I've much to say to you, dear, before I go. I have just seen your mother—my own sister, Sybil; and she seemed so real to me, that I could not remember she had been dead more than ten years. Talking with her made me forget and call you by her name just now. She says your strange faith is true, child. Oh, I am so glad. Half the pain is gone to know I need not go far away from you; but I can return with your mother and watch over you, Sybilette."

"Do not weary yourself, dear Auntie," said the young girl, passing her soft hand caressingly over the sick one's brow and eyes.

"No, dear Sybilette, for I seem to have had new strength given me, while I slept; and I feel that I shall be able to say all that I wish. And now I must speak of earthly things. All 's well for me; but for you, my gentle darling, my heart aches even in this moment, to think of the terrible reverse which has come. But first tell me, Sybil, is it really your final decision *not* to marry Mr. Chalmer? Perhaps you have thought better of it, dear?" with a questioning, appealing look, which made Sybilette pause before giving the reply, which she feared must pain her loving aunt.

"Dear Aunt Alice," she said, in her soft, musical tones, "I can hardly bear to wound your feelings, ever so little, in this hour; but I must answer truthfully. I *cannot* wed Mr. Chalmer because he is a millionaire."

"I think he loves you, Sybilette, and hoped that you might have discovered an affection for him, for he could place you in a position you are well fitted to grace. But perhaps you care more for young Allan Carlton, who, though not as rich now, has fine prospects, and, I am sure, would devote his life to your happiness. We know he is high-minded and honorable."

But slowly Sybilette shook her beautiful head, and replied, with the gentle firmness which always characterized her:

"I will not marry until I love, if it be never on this earth. I esteem many of my gentlemen friends very highly, but, auntie, I *love* not one of them."

Mrs. Leonard closed her eyes for a few moments. Presently she spoke again:

"You are right, Sybilette, in being true to yourself. Marriage without love is a mockery and a sin. I would not influence you, dear, if I could. Only my anxiety for your future prompted these questions; and it seemed strange to me that, among all who have sought your hand, you love no one. Sybilette, dear, I can hardly realize the events of the past few weeks—that this fortune, so unexpectedly bequeathed by an eccentric relative, should be now as suddenly taken away by those who claim a nearer kinship. But I have little faith in this man who claims Aunt Elsie's property. If his representations were true, I think she would not have ignored his existence; and he might, at least, share a portion with you. I do not blame you for not accepting the home here so grudgingly offered, and which I doubt not is yours by right. But, since you will not contest, these strangers must take possession; and you—oh, my poor darling, what will you do?"

"Oh, auntie, give no troubled thought to me," answered Sybilette. "You know I have improved the golden opportunities of the past six years, and am thankful for the privilege of wealth even for that time. I accept the reverse as a part of life's discipline, and have no fear but that I can support myself."

The feeble woman gazed long and sadly into the hopeful young face ere she spoke again:

"Oh, my child—for like my own you seem—you are very beautiful. You must be aware of that as well as others; and I fear you will be grieved and annoyed beyond what you anticipate in your contact with the rude, wicked world; and I *did* hope to remain here to see you happily situated in a home of your own. But have you any plans for the future, Sybilette? You might find it easy and pleasant to teach music, and yet, hardly like to seek employment among the rich, whose friendship for us is now, of course, in the past; people are so influenced and fettered by the wealth which perisheth on earth."

"I shall not remain in New York, auntie," replied Sybilette's low, sad voice, "but return to my native city. Dear old Boston! she seems even now to be calling me there, and I could never be content here. So long as it was Aunt Elsie's request that we should occupy this grand old mansion just as she left it, and while I had your dear companionship, with an ample income, I have found it very pleasant here, and learned to love these lofty rooms, some of them gloomy, some cheerful in their influence. But soon I shall be alone; and, by some mystic influence, I seem drawn again to the city of my birth. I can hardly express my ideas, Aunt Alice, but I am conscious of a power, stronger than all else, calling me hence. Nor shall I hesitate for choice of work. Anything honorable, with fair compensation, so I can be independent. Now, let your mind rest, dear aunt; for I know, in the clearer light of the better world, you will feel less anxiety for my future."

A peaceful smile lighted the wan features of the dying woman, and she slowly whispered:

"I will, my dear child; for I know that, wherever your lot may be cast, you will be what you now are, a true, noble woman."

"I thank you, dearest of friends, best of counselors; I will try to merit your approval. But do not exhaust your strength more, dear auntie, for I want you to stay with me as long as you can." And very tenderly Sybilette wiped the moistening brow, while tears rained down her face.

A longer pause; then the pale lips whispered:

"But my work is done. I am going soon, dear. Your mother is here, and—all—is—well."

The physician soon after came in, and with Sybilette watched the loving spirit drift peacefully, slowly away from them, out into the mystic life beyond the reach of mortal vision.

[Concluded in our next.]

A Great Query.

M. M. Pomeroy, in his paper for June 28th, gives under the above heading the following expression of views, which cannot fail of being heartily endorsed by our overworked media and Spiritualists generally. The amount of courage manifested by "Brick" in the face of social and theological opposition, is quite equal to that evinced by him in the field political:

"H. Parks writes from Des Moines, Iowa:

'I am greatly interested in your investigation of Spiritualism, but why will not spirits come and converse without pay?'

A lady writes from Mobile, Ala., June 14th:

'I believe all this Spiritualism is a wicked humbug. It's nothing but a trick so you can make money. I have always believed it, and now I know it. My father, when he was alive, never refused me anything I asked for, and when you write to me that I must send $5 to get a reply from him, it is a test to me that the whole thing is a lie. You can send the questions back. I never did believe in your paper, and I never shall. I am glad I never took it, and I am glad I have now a test that Spiritualism is a lie, and I will say so to the person who wanted me to read. I see in your paper that you print letters; print this if you dare expose yourself.'

The above letter reminds us of a little, bushy, scraggy apple tree, that grew in a pasture field near a good orchard on the old homestead. Its fruit was so sour, and puckery, and unfit for use, that it was left to stand that the fine grafted fruit growing in the orchard might show what culture had done. We have no unkind feelings for the woman who writes us. She knows not what she says or does. We print her letter, and send to her a paper that she may see how it looks, with this our reply.

In the yard is a beautiful rose tree. It gives its flowers and fragrance free, as do the spirits who talk with or write to friends. But it costs something to take care of the rose tree. We have paid a gardener several dollars to care for it. We pay a house girl to bring roses therefrom to a place on our desk, as she performs her daily duties. On the letter which came from the amiable Mobile lady six cents were due for postage. Of course she would not charge us six cents for writing or sending a letter, but somebody must pay the man who brings it, or he could not support his family. A friend in Paris, to whom we had written in May last for information, sent it by the ocean cable telegraph, but we did not say the friend was a myth, or telegraphy a lie, because the medium or the man who has the office charged nineteen dollars for the message. Within a few weeks we expect to be in Mobile, and must pay the medium who furnishes the means of transportation.

This lady does not believe in the Democrat. She does not believe in Spiritualism. She wants to receive a message from her dear, dear father, as she sends her communication to him which covers four pages of note paper, written in a miserable hand, and in which no less than seventeen questions are asked. We should call hers a case of *unremitting* affection! She does not believe us honest, yet is willing to rob us of much time that severe work makes valuable. The medium to whom we must go for the reply she wants, lives in a distant part of the city. To go to his house and return consumes two hours of our time and twenty cents of our earnings. The medium is a poor man. He is sick, and has a family to support. He has rent to pay, food to purchase, nurses and doctors to employ, medicine to buy. Hours and hours of his time and much of his vitality are consumed by those who visit him to abuse Spiritualism, to gratify curiosity, or beg a little information. People ask, "Why don't mediums go into other business? There is no law to compel them to be mediums!" To this we reply, "Why don't people go without information? they need not seek it." People have much to say because mediums are poor, yet are willing to spend money on horses, dogs, and in whiskey, rather than to help develop the intelligence that makes men and women better.

We give our time to this matter and run of errands for nothing. But we do not feel like sponging upon a medium, or paying money merely to gratify those who do not believe in our honesty. Why does not the lady refuse to believe in God because Henry Ward Beecher charges twenty thousand dollars a year for preaching or acting as a medium?

But never mind. The lady has a test that convinces her! As we have the name of her father, who was in life a courteous gentleman, we will ask him to tell us what he thinks of his daughter, and will let her have another test, without money or price."

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in time amend.

The Oneida Community.

THEIR DRESS AND DIET.

An article in the Albany Times contains some interesting particulars concerning the Oneida Community, or "O. C.," as its members habitually style it. Of this article we subjoin a part. Their homestead is a picture. Their buildings are of artistic architecture externally, and very homelike internally. Their rule of business claims honesty of manufacture and dealing as fundamental. They are very successful as financiers. All business and correspondence to or from O. C. is done in the name of the community. The manufacture of sewing silks, traps and light castings is the source whence their heavy revenues are derived, and a close inspection of these articles does credit to their mechanism. Education with them is an idol; and they aim to give all of their young people an academic or college instruction. A half dozen graduates from Yale are boasted of by the O. C. In this they are far in advance of the Shakers, as also they are in manufactures, music, arts and æsthetics generally. And these might be introduced into any religious body, and their effect be in harmony with a good spirit. The dress of the males is uniformly the same; also wearing of the full beard; and neither these, nor aught else that a stranger meets in them, give any distinctive idea from the general mass. The women dress in full bloomer style, and this, while it strikes one as extremely odd, at the same time convinces all of its simplicity and modesty. We were of the opinion that pride is a stranger to their dress, and that much more pride is evinced by the preparation of the Shaker kerchief and cap than any exhibition of love and dress at O. C. I sat down with nearly two hundred of them at dinner. The repast was almost sumptuous; the greater portion being composed of home productions. Meats are only very seldom used. They have two meals daily, and these are prepared by servants from without their Order, but superintended by a man and woman of their own number. Their washing is similarly performed.

Their farm work is done by hired help, as is almost all their mechanical business, superintended by themselves. Large numbers of individuals are thus given employment, and they invariably gave the O. C. members the largest commendation for fairness of dealing. I visited their ornithological and entomological cabinets; they were creditable, as being prepared by their taxidermists. The botanical museum was delightfully arranged, though far from complete. I wanted to see the children, and was taken to the nursery and play-ground. They appeared healthy. I asked the matrons attending if they ever cried, and learned they seldom did. "Do they wake up pleasant or peevish?" They replied that almost invariably they rose with a smile or a laugh. One peculiar feature predominated—the large majority were red or very sandy headed, which is not prevalent, as I could observe, in the adults. To these children they give every attention, and hopefully look to the building up of the community by an improved race. We shall see. Their lawns and flower-gardens are tastefully cared for. Swings and croquet grounds were prominent in the distance. Large numbers from surrounding villages visit them and purchase dinner—sometimes hundreds daily. They keep a large and fancy stock of cows. Ayrshires predominate; while the present sire of their calves, "Rocket," is far more handsome than any picture I ever saw. They are cultivating acquaintance with the Holstein race, and have some very fine specimens. They also excel in fine sheep and horses. Their farm superintendent drove with me over the road a fine three-year-old, full of life and kindness. The Watervleit Shakers had lately purchased some of their fine Ayrshire stock.

System, like clock-work, seemed to be everywhere. From the garden to the office of the Circular—their weekly paper—all seemed most orderly and prosperous. Their government is the *vox populi*, obtained in their meetings of criticism. The correction of individuals for both major and minor offences is done by the severe criticism of the body; and each, in his or her turn, being liable to sit on the culprit's seat, is good reason for the practice of the Golden Rule. This criticism practice is a very prominent feature of the institution, and its results very gratifying. If there should be no subjects up for criticism, any are at liberty to offer themselves as targets, and the effect on the whole body has sometimes been marvelous. In this way, tobacco, in all its forms, was completely dismissed from the Oneida Community, though very many had been prominent users of the weed for half a century—among whom was Noyes himself! We do not believe the Shakers could accomplish this feat by any process of government now exercised by them. The Oneida Community are total abstinents, except in cases of sickness. Their only religious exercises consist in these evening meetings, where, besides criticism of conduct, they give vent to religious impressions and experiences.

A LITTLE DEAD PRINCE.

[PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF HESSE—GRANDSON OF QUEEN VICTORIA.] [BURIED JUNE 1, 1873.]

Over the happy mother's bed
Gambol three children, loving and gay:
Ernest strong, and delicate Fritz,
Pretty baby Victoria,
Two little princes, sans sword, sans crown,
One little princess, infant-sweet—
In the mother's heart, as rich and as full
As any mother's in lane or street,
They grow—three roses—love-rooted deep,
Filling with perfume all their own
The empty air, oft so sharp and keen,
Of the lonely heights too near a throne.
The palace windows stand open wide,
The harmless windows; and through them pass
May winds, to the palace children dear
As to cottage babies upon the grass;
Out through the chamber runs Ernest bold;
The mother follows, with careful mind,
Fearless of fate, for a minute's space
Leaving the other two behind.
Grand on the bed like a mimic queen
Tiny Victoria gravely sits;
While clasping closely his darling toy
Up to the casement climbs merry Fritz;
It drops—his treasure! He leans and looks—
Twenty feet down to the stony road—
Hear'st Thou that shriek from the mother's lips!
Hast thou no mercy, oh God, oh God?
One ghastly moment he hangs in air,
Like a half-fledged bird from the nest's edge thrown,
With innocent eyes of dumb surprise—
Then falls—and the brief young life is done.

* * * * * *

Mother, poor mother! try to see—
Not the skeleton hand that thrust him there
Out of sunshiny life into silent death—
But the waiting angels in phalanx fair.
Oh try to feel that the earth's hard breast
Was the bosom of God which took him in—
God, who knows all things, to us unknown—
From sorrows, sicknesses, peril or sin.
Oh hear, far off, the low sound of tears,
Dropping from many an eye like mine,
As we look at our living children sweet,
And our mother-hearts weep blood for thine.
God comfort thee! Under the robe of state
That hides, but heals not, wounds throbbing wild,
Mayst thou feel the touch of one soft dead hand—
The child that will always remain a child.
And when the long years shall have slipped away,
And gray hairs come and thy pulse beats slow,
May one little face shine star-like out
O'er the dim descent that thy feet must go.
Mother, poor mother! 'neath warm June rain
Bear to the grave thy coffin small;
Oft, children living are children lost,
But our children dead—ah, we keep them all!

—*The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."*

[Frederick communicated at our private circle recently. He cried, and said he wanted to go home, giving his own name and stating the place, etc. He then asked if his coach was broken when he fell from the window. It was a marked manifestation, showing in a remarkable degree the childish solicitude for his toy coach after he had left his earthly body.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

CHE SARA SARA.

BY IONE.

Had I answered him "Yes," on that sweet summer's day,
When the twilight so bordered on even,
That the sun's parting kiss, in a mirror of bliss,
Detained us with visions of heaven—

Methinks had I answered him "Yes" on that eve,
When our souls were so tenderly blending
With the dawn of that truth which transfigures youth,
And lends to it glories unending,

Ah, then we had grown unto purity's height,
Out of love born to childhood's adorning,
And launched, in the light of that radiant night,
Our beautiful star of the morning!

Had I answered him "Yes," then where would I been
In the light of to-day's golden gleaming?
Would my soul still have wrought upon meshes of thought
In this utter abandon of dreaming?

Oh, vainly we question "our stars" or "the fates,"
Forever life's freedom enthralling!
The "Yes" and the "No" which puzzle us so
Are facts now beyond our recalling.

Gunston Hall, Va.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A SEANCE WITH MRS. M. M. HARDY.

It is some time since I have told you of any of my experiences and investigations of Spiritualism; but the neglect has not been for the want of interest in the subject, for my frequent communications with my spirit friends have so familiarized my mind with the positiveness of their presence, that it seems like meeting and conversing with them as I was wont to do when they were in their earth-form; and such interviews are as pleasant, and our conversations are as varied, as are the subjects of conversation between earthly friends; and the spirits take as much interest in our happiness and our worldly affairs as they would had they remained with us. They also tell us of the dangers that lay in our pathways, and how to avoid them. They tell us of the beautiful future life, and the design of the Great Spirit in our creation, which is, that we *may be eternally happy after we shall have* thrown off this mortal coil, and have become harmonized with the conditions requisite for such a state, and which every soul, as soon as it enters that beautiful land, begins to prepare for its upward progress.

I am in the habit of calling at Mrs. M. M. Hardy's residence, No. 4 Concord Square, almost every week, to hold converse with those dear friends who have passed away from earth—and more especially with one whom I have mentioned in a letter to the "Banner" in March, 1871, who was in my employ for nearly ten years, and whose name I gave as Mabel Warren. I then stated that she died very suddenly, and in seven days after her decease—I being in the presence of Mrs. Higgins, a fine medium who has recently gone to the Better Land—she said she would always be with me, as my kindness to her in life had made me seem very near to her; and I have tangible evidence that she has not forgotten that promise.

On July 8th I made my usual call at Mrs. Hardy's to have a talk with my friend, and the following was a part of what was then said by her:

"I have got something new to tell you," she said; "Mrs. Hardy had a private circle the other evening, composed of about a dozen of her friends, and I was present, and showed my hand from the cabinet. There were many spirits there, and among them was that of Aaron, the black man, who showed his hand also. He wished to have some white spirit put out its hand in connection with his to show the contrast, and to exhibit something new to the audience. But there was not a white spirit present who was willing to take hold of a black man's hand. I told them that *I* was not afraid to do it. So Aaron and I put our hands out together, my fingers being locked between his; and the contrast between his hand and mine was very striking, and the people present cheered me for my independence."

After Mrs. Hardy came out of the trance I told her what Mabel had told me, and she said it was so, and no one could find out who the lady was who had put out her hand with the fingers intertwined with those of the negro, Aaron.

I will here remark that this Aaron is the spirit of a negro who died in Boston about twenty-five years ago. He is in constant attendance at the evening séances of Mrs. Hardy, and does many wonderful things, one of which is the putting out of all the gas-burners without turning the faucets. He will turn them almost out, then suddenly put them on again; he will put them entirely out when requested to do so.

I again went on the 15th of July, and Mabel told me that Mrs. Hardy was going to have another private séance on the next evening, which she hoped I would be invited to attend, as she was going to give me something new, which was that of putting her hand in the cabinet in plain sight, in which she would have a piece of paper on which she had written me a message, and which I could take from her hand. I asked her where she would get the paper, and she pointed to a book of blank paper which lay on the table near us, which she called a "dumb book," which I did not understand till afterwards that it was made for the use of the deaf and dumb to write on in conversation, to save the trouble of carrying a slate in the pocket.

I went again on the next night, when I met half-a-dozen persons besides Mr. and Mrs. Hardy. They were mostly aged people, one being a Mrs. B., a daughter of old Father Taylor, of benevolent notoriety. She is a frequent attendant at these séances, and gets communications from her father; and he also puts his hands from the cabinet and takes hold of hers.

At eight o'clock the company were seated around one end of an extension table, which was about eight feet long. An opening had been made through the table by taking out the middle leaf. There was a box about eighteen inches square, which was open at the bottom so the spirits could raise their hands up through the table into the box, and also open in front, so we could all see what should appear there. The top, back and two sides were closed tight.

Before the company had got arranged at the end of the table in front of the cabinet, Aaron put all the gas-burners entirely out, which seemed rather annoying, as all were anxious for the "machinery" to begin to work. The lamps were re-lighted, but they were put out again instantly, as, no doubt, the spirits needed the darkness to enable them to get ready to manifest. Soon three raps were given, which indicated that they were ready to begin, when the gas jets were again lighted and continued to burn.

As soon as quiet was restored, a lady's hand, fair and beautiful, was seen to rise through the opening in the table up into the cabinet, and as Mabel is generally foremost in her manifestations when I am present, I asked if that was her hand, and was answered "Yes," by three raps on the side of the cabinet by the little hand. I reached over and asked her to take hold of my hand, when she patted it with her fingers, which is her usual mode of *salutation*.

I asked if she would be able to fulfill her promise to give me a message on paper, and she said "yes," and her hand disappeared. Soon it arose again, and between the fingers was a folded piece of paper; I reached over and took it, and on opening it found it to be a leaf from the "dumb book," and on it were written sixty-three words, of a friendly nature, and at the bottom was signed "MABEL." Another strip of paper was handed up, which was taken by Mrs. Hardy and passed to a man present, which was supposed to be for him, but on opening it there was found written the words "*Don't forget me*," and signed "Mabel," which was intended for me.

Mrs. B. asked if her father was present, and was told by raps that he was, and at her request he put up his hand. She took hold of it and asked him to pat her on her hand, which he did gently. She asked him to give her a good slap, as he had done before; he drew his hand back to the other side of the cabinet, and gave her a slap that was seen and heard by all, and caused considerable merriment by the force given to the blow. Mrs. B. asked her father if "*Dick*" was with him, and he told her he was, that he was in company with him going about on a mission for good.

Many of the readers of the Banner, especially those who lived in Boston about thirty years ago, may possibly recollect "Big Dick," a negro, who was nearly seven feet high, noted for his pugilistic talents, and who was a teacher of the art of self-defense in Boston. He was a very powerful man, with a double-jointed frame, and was considered a very respectable citizen. He was a friend of Father Taylor, being often a visitor at his house, and probably used to do him many acts of kindness in his way.

Mrs. B. asked "Dick" to put up his hand in the cabinet, which he instantly did. It was a monstrous big black hand. The back of it was very dark, and the inside quite light, as is the case with the pure African race. She told him if he would hand out his little finger she would place on it her diamond ring, as she had done before; he held it out, and she took a cluster diamond ring from her finger and put it on his, and he kept it on nearly half an hour. Whenever he put up his hand that ring was on it. She asked Dick if he could not have a white lady put up her hand in connection with his. He told her he would, and drew his hand back, but soon put it up again, with the palm toward us, and a very beautiful lady's white hand was laid in it, palm to palm, with her fingers inserted between his. They turned them round in such a way that all could see the ends of her fingers protruding from the back of Dick's black hand, which was three times as large as hers, and much larger than the hand of a common man. Mrs. B. asked Dick to take the ring from off his own finger and place it on that of the lady whose hand was shown with his, when both hands went out of sight. They soon arose again, with the ring on the third finger of the lady's hand, and she kept it on until the séance was ended, when she was requested to hold out her hand so that Mrs. Hardy could take the ring from her finger, which she did, and Mrs. H. took the ring and laid it on the table. That lady was my friend Mabel, as we were told by raps.

When Mabel put up her hand in the first part of the séance, her arm was dressed in a rich sleeve of white lace. Mrs. Hardy took hold of it, and said it was real lace, and asked Mabel if she might cut a piece from it for me, which was assented to, and a gentleman present, who is in the dry goods trade, took a pair of scissors from his pocket and gave them to Mrs. Hardy; she took them and cut a piece from the sleeve and laid it on the table. I put it into my wallet and brought it home with me. The next day it was still the same, nice thread lace. I expected it would have vanished away, but I could see no sign of it going back to spirit, so I sent it to a friend in the South.

[After writing the above, I had a sitting with Mrs. Hardy, and a talk with Mabel. I asked her what she made the lace of, and where she got the pencil to write with, on that evening, and she said she collected the material for the lace from the dresses of ladies present, and when she got through with it the material was again chemically dissolved. The pencil she took from the pocket of Mr. Williams, the gentleman present, while the room was in darkness, and wrote the message on the floor under the table.]

Mr. Editor, I have endeavored to give you some idea of my experience in investigating the subject of Spiritualism. The phenomena which I have above related are of no peculiar interest to me other than that they establish the fact that our friends can and do come to us, or rather are with us in our daily life, and are watchful over us during the unconscious hours of rest. They will always communicate with us if we will but give them a medium through which to manifest their presence. They are ever seeking for such an opportunity, but strive in vain, for as yet there is a dark cloud which shuts the sunlight from the human mind. But that cloud is breaking, and the glorious rays of the light of truth are peering into many dark corners, giving joy and hope to all on whom they fall.

Why will not the world throw off the bigotry which holds it in bondage to error, and investigate this glorious subject, and learn if these things are so? I wish the Young Men's Christian Association would select a competent committee to investigate this matter, and expose this great "*humbug*," if it is such, and save the world from this "delusion of the devil," as they call it? All opportunities will be given to such committee that it may ask for; and, if there is any hidden "machinery" used to "raise the dead," let it be found. They would thus do more for *their* cause than by any other means. If they cannot do this, then let them cease their persecutions, for I will say to them, in the words of Holy Writ, that they had better let these people alone, for "if their doctrine be of *men*, it will come to naught, but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it."

MOSES A. DOW.

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF THOMAS EAVES.

The Spiritualist, of London, Eng., for June 15th, contains a somewhat extended notice of the manifestations of invisible intelligence in presence of this gentleman. Mr. E. Banks is by it reported to use the following language:

"There is a good physical medium in Liverpool, Mr. Thomas Eaves, who obtains direct spirit writing. Beautiful poems are written on paper in from fifteen to twenty seconds, without contact with mortal hands. This is done in the dark, but the sheets of paper are examined beforehand, and corners torn off, and fitted on again at the close of the *séance* to show that the papers have not been changed. The medium is totally uneducated, yet sometimes sentences in Greek and Latin are given by the spirits, in various kinds of handwriting."

The editor of the Spiritualist says of Mr. Eaves:

"The chief feature of his mediumship is direct spirit-writing, which sometimes comes in letters of gold. He obtains trance communications of greatly varying degrees of quality, and has considerable power as a physical medium. From what information we could gather, he seems to be one of those very sensitive mediums who should be taken in hand by thorough Spiritualists who understand 'conditions,' and he should never come into contact with adverse influences. If his physical mediumship were cultivated professionally, in time he would probably get the ordinary physical manifestations with regularity and certainty, to the loss of the higher forms of mediumship, and somewhat to the degradation of his present incipient powers. If, however, he sat privately with Spiritualists only, so that his present extreme sensitiveness may be preserved, and if those physical manifestations only were encouraged which are accompanied by high intelligence, he would probably become one of the most remarkable mediums in this country. He first sat for manifestations about two years ago, at the house of Mr. Foster, chemist, 50, Friargate, Preston, and obtained table tiltings and raps. A short time ago, the following poem, we are informed, was given through his mediumship by direct spirit-writing:

"Hear ye not how, from all high points of time—
From peak to peak adown the mighty chain
That links the ages—echoing sublime,
A voice Almighty, leaps one grand refrain,
Wakening the generations with a shout,
And trumpet-call of thunder, "Come ye out!"
Out of old forms and dead idolatries,
From fading myths and superstitious dreams;
From Pharisaic rituals and lies,
And all the bondage of the life that seems,
Out on the pilgrim-path by heroes trod,
Over earth's wastes to reach forth after God.
The Lord hath bowed his heaven, and come down,
Now in this latter century of time;
Once more his tent is pitched on Sinai's crown,
Once more in clouds must Faith to meet him climb;
Once more his thunder crashes o'er our doubt,
And fear, and sin; "My people, come ye out!"
From false ambitions and base luxuries,
From puny alms and indolent self-ends,
From cant of faith and shams of liberties,
And most of ill that TRUTH's pure daybeam bends;
Out from all darkness of the Egypt land
Into my sun-blaze on the desert sand.
"Leave ye the flesh-pots; turn from filthy greed
Of gain that doth the thirsting spirit mock;
And heaven shall drop sweet manna for your need,
And rain clear rivers from the unhewn rock."
Show us our Aaron, with his rod in flower;
Our Miriam, with her timbrel-soul in tune;
And call some Joshua, in the spirit's power,
To poise our sun of strength at point of noon.
God of our fathers! Over sand and sea,
Still keep our struggling footsteps close to Thee!"

R. FARMER, D.D."

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TEST OF SPIRIT IDENTITY.

In a conversation held with my father in 1863, (he then having attained the age of 102 years, yet possessing his mental faculties to the fullest degree) I asked him, if he found himself in the spirit-world before myself, to communicate to me if he could. He being very much prejudiced against the subject of Spiritualism, to which belief I had given in my adherence, emphatically replied: "If I ever come to you from that world intelligently, you may consider it is the Devil."

I noticed that remark particularly, for I felt at some future time the statement would be a satisfactory test to me of a future existence. I have waited patiently from that time to this, Feb. 7th, 1873, believing that he would comply with my request. He has at last done so by a letter, written upon a clean slate, placed flat on a table, with a bit of slate pencil about the size of half a pea beneath it, in the presence of eight witnesses, the testimony of either two of whom would convict any person of whatever crime he or she might be accused. The writing of the pencil was distinctly heard by all present. No human power had anything to do with that writing.

The gentleman in whose presence this manifestation took place does not claim to be a medium nor even a Spiritualist, yet to my mind, and to the minds of hundreds of others who have witnessed this kind of manifestation and his wonderful powers—no one can more clearly render the evidence of an invisible agency (call it what you please) than this man.

The following is an exact copy of the communication from my father:

"MY SON—I told you a long time ago if I ever came to you from the invisible world it would be the *Devil*; but *then* [*then* underscored], I knew as much of the future as all mortals know, and no more, for the great Spirit of the Universe knows no distinction, according to *belief, creed*, or *color*, in all the races of men. Signed, DANIEL WALDO."

My father—the Rev. Daniel Waldo—was known extensively as Father Waldo; was elected chaplain in Congress two seasons at the age of *ninety-five* and *six*, while N. P. Banks was Speaker of the House of Representatives.

He preached what is called Evangelical Christianity for seventy years in this world.

The explanation of the Spiritual Phenomena (and of this communication expressing his earthly views,) is a matter worthy the consideration of the *scientists* and *philosophers* of earth.

Until this particular phenomenon can be explained to the contrary, I shall, with thousands of others, believe that it is what it purports to be—an intelligent communication from friends who have gone before us to the spirit-world.

Yours for the truth,

Syracuse, N. Y. E. B. WALDO.

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISM.

MR. EDITOR—Your correspondent, "E.," from Topton, Iowa, rejoices that the Banner is "the medium of free and independent expression of opinion," and well *he may*; and, since the immortal Jefferson declared that we need not fear error when reason is left free to combat it, it is, in my humble opinion, not only the right but the duty of a Spiritualist to declare his belief and opinion, whether they are derived from the radical teachings of a Mrs. Woodhull and her guides, or the mild, Christian influences that prompt your Topton correspondent. If he belongs to the class he speaks of—those who hold that the Bible can be safely interpreted in support of spirit return and communion—will you allow me to say, in behalf of another class, that spirit communion has established itself without awaiting the endorsement of the Bible? and I, for one, do not doubt in the least but that Spiritualism will eventually swallow up the Bible, and all those Christians who cannot see [illegible] of it had better *not* be inclined to become such mild Spiritualists as your correspondent wishes; for, in that event, his assertion, which I heartily endorse, "All Spiritualists are very charitable to the beliefs of others," could no longer be sustained, since that mild form of Spiritualism would be but a *weak* offspring of its Christian mother, and undoubtedly show about as much charity to the belief of others as the latter always has done. I would not dare to affirm, either, that Jesus is or was God, or that the Bible is the word of God, not if I could convert all the Christians from Topton to California; and if any radical Spiritualist is expected to use such Christian hypocrisy in order to make converts, Spiritualism would by far be the greatest loser.

Yours, etc., M. GREENSFELDER.

Reading, Pa., July 22, 1873.

SPIRITUALISM IN IOWA.

Doings at the State Capital.

BY EDWIN ABNER DAVIS.

DEAR BANNER—Never, in the history of Modern Spiritualism, has there been such an anxious, eager desire to investigate the Harmonial Philosophy as at present. This remark is general, and will apply to the entire civilized portions of the globe on which we live. Here, in this city, there are, I am told, over seven hundred Spiritualists, besides hundreds who are investigating; trying to solve the problem never yet worked out satisfactorily to creedal Orthodoxy, viz.: "If a man *die*, shall he *live*?"

A church-member here, in good repute, casually made the remark to a friend, while conversing on Spiritualism, "I wish I could be *sure* that there is a hereafter. I wish I could be *certain* of an after-life."

And this man but echoed the sentiments and feelings of four-fifths of modern church-members. Ah, what would our Elder Brother say were he on earth now, *mingling* with those who make his name a reproach and a by-word? Were Jesus of Nazareth now in the flesh, there is not a so-called Christian church in the land which he would not denounce as a nest of hypocrites and liars. And these hypocritical saints, who regularly attend church, make long prayers, and *doubt* the life hereafter, sneer at Spiritualism, and call Spiritualists infidels and atheists! There is a something so paradoxical in this, I can hardly understand it. Atheistical Orthodox sneaks, flinging "infidel" in the teeth of Spiritualists! Singing the praises of Jesus with one breath, and casting reproach upon his teachings with the next! Alas for the frailty of poor human nature! It does seem to me, sometimes, that the doctrine of "total depravity" holds good in individual cases.

But about Spiritualism in this city. The Spiritualists here have a fine hall, which is generally well filled at the Sunday evening free circles. Lectures meet enthusiastic audiences, and the hall is then filled to its utmost capacity. Such a yearning to investigate among all classes of people I never beheld or even dreamed of. Hundreds would come out openly if they dared be brave enough. Bold enough in all other things, they are cowardly in this, and smother down the heart-longings for that *knowledge, nowhere* to be found outside the beautiful truths of Spiritualism!

I presume it would be safe to say there are at least *forty* private circles in this city. Many mediums are developing, some of whom will take high rank in the future as writers, speakers and seers. Already we have some remarkable physical manifestations, and materializations of arms and hands. Spirit lights are shown, and the spirits promise great things when the mediums become fully developed.

And so the good work goes on. I do not see how honest, sincere seekers after truth can ridicule Spiritualism. Above all, I am at a loss to understand why Bible readers oppose the very life-principle which underlies, props up and permeates the book which they profess to reverence so dearly and believe in so much.

People should rather *wish* Spiritualism to be a living truth, than oppose it with coarse epithets and cry of fraud! There is nothing about it unreasonable to any believer in a future life. With some degree of consistency atheists may scout it as imposture; the professed Christian never can, because, if the Nazarene taught anything, he taught Spiritualism; if he *was* anything, he was a medium of the highest type.

Des Moines, Iowa, July 22d, 1873.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

BOSTON, MASS.—*John A. Andrew Hall.—Free Meetings.*—Lecture by Mrs. S. A. Floyd, at 2¾ and 7½ P. M. The audience privileged to ask any proper questions on spirituality. Excellent quartette singing. Public invited. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, which formerly met in Eliot Hall, will hold its sessions at this place, corner Chauncy and Essex streets, every Sunday, at 10½ o'clock. M. T. Dole, Sec'y.

Temple Hall, 18 *Boylston street.*—Every Sunday: Morning, free circle; afternoon and evening, conference. Dr. C. C. York, Secretary. The Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday at 1 P. M.

Test Circles are held at Nassau Hall, corner Washington and Common streets (entrance from No. 8 Common street), every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 2½ P. M. Mrs. L. W. Litch and others, mediums. Seats free.

CHELSEA, MASS.—The Bible Christian Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Hawthorn-street Chapel, near Bellingham street, at 3 and 7 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Ricker, regular speaker. Seats free. D. J. Ricker, Sup't.

EAST ABINGTON, MASS.—The Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 1½ P. M., in Phenix Hall. F. J. Gurney, Conductor; L. H. Shaw, Guardian; Brainerd *Cushing, Secretary.*

FOXBORO', MASS.—Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at Town Hall, at 10½ A. M. C. F. Howard, Conductor; Mrs. N. F. Howard, Guardian.

HARWICH PORT, MASS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Social Hall every Sunday at 12½ P. M. G. D. Smalley, Conductor; T. B. Baker, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. A. Jenkins, Guardian; W. B. Kelley, Musical Director; S. Turner, Librarian; Mrs. A. *Robbins, Secretary.*

HUDSON, MASS.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in Houghton's Hall every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. J. L. Robertson, Conductor; Mrs. M. B. Leighton, Guardian; Asa Roll, Secretary.

LOWELL, MASS.—*The First Spiritualist Society meets in* Wells Hall. Lectures at 2½ and 7 P. M. A. B. Plympton, President; John Marriot, Jr., Corresponding Secretary; N. M. Greene, Treasurer. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10½ A. M. John Marriot, Jr., Conductor; Mrs. Mary J. Perrin, Guardian.

LYNN, MASS.—The Spiritualist Society holds meetings every Sunday at Odd Fellows' Hall. Isaac Frazier, President; Isaac Winchester, *Vice President*; A. C. Robinson, Recording Secretary; Sarah G. Todd, Corresponding Secretary; J. Otis Marshall, Treasurer. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 1 o'clock.

NORTH SCITUATE, MASS.—The Spiritualist Association *hold meetings* the second and last Sunday in each month, in Good Templar's Hall, at 2 and 6 P. M. D. J. Bates, Director and Corresponding Secretary; M. C. Morris, Recording Secretary; *H. E. Morris*, Treasurer. Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall, on the first and third Sunday, at 1½ P. M. D. J. Bates, Conductor and Treasurer; Mrs. Sarah J. Marsh, *Guardian*; *M. C. Morris*, Secretary; Silas Newcomb, Alba P. Smith, Jr., Guards.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—The Spiritualist Association hold meetings in Leyden Hall. Cornelius Bradford, President and Corresponding Secretary; Benj. Churchill, Treasurer. *Children's* Progressive Lyceum meets in same hall every Sunday, at 12½ P. M. Cornelius Bradford, Conductor; Benj. F. Lewis, Assistant do.; Mrs. Mary C. Robbins, Guardian; Mrs. *Lucretia Blackmer*, Assistant do.; Miss Mary D. Lewis, Librarian; Mrs. Lydia Benson, Musical Director.

SCITUATE, MASS.—*Jenkins's Hall.*—The Spiritualist Society meets every other Sunday, at 2 and 7 P. M. Dr. G. L. *Newcomb*, President and Corresponding Secretary. Children's Lyceum meets at 11 A. M. Dr. G. L. Newcomb, Conductor and Treasurer; Rufus Clapp, Assistant Conductor; Miss D. N. Merritt, Guardian; Charles Bradford, Charles Bradford, Jr., Guards; Miss L. Merritt, Cor. Secretary; E. A. Andrews, Librarian; Miss L. Vinal, Musical Director. *Speakers engaged*: Mrs. Susie Willis Fletcher, Aug. 10; G. A. Fuller, Aug. 24; Nellie L. Davis, Sept. 7 and 21; Dr. J. H. Currier, Oct. 5.

STONEHAM, MASS.—Children's Progressive *Lyceum* meets at Harmony Hall every Sunday at 1 P. M. E. T. Whittier, Conductor; J. Wellington, Assistant do.; Mrs. Ella R. Merrill, Guardian; Mrs. Jennie Manning, Assistant do.

SALEM, MASS.—*Lyceum Hall.*—The Spiritualist Society hold meetings every Sunday, at 2½ and 7 P. M. N. P. Allen, President; S. S. Johnson, Vice President; Abbott Walker, Treasurer; Alex. Reed, Recording Secretary; Henry M. Robinson, Corresponding Secretary.

Goodell Hall. Free conference meetings are held by the Progressive Spiritualists every Sunday, at 5½ P. M.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The Spiritualist Society meets every Sunday at Gilmore's Hall, at 2 and 7 o'clock P. M. Harvey Lyman, Secretary.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in Lyceum Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M. T. C. Carter, *Conductor*; Mrs. F. N. Lanford, *Guardian*; J. T. Loring, Secretary; A. Lane, Treasurer; D. W. Green, Librarian.

NATICK, MASS.—The Spiritual Association meet every Sunday in Good Templars' Hall. E. H. Mathews, President; Mrs. J. Childs, Vice President; M. Washburn and E. Gale, Secretaries; W. Mann, Treasurer.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—The Spiritualist Association hold meetings Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2½ and 7 o'clock. S. R. Bowie, President; Mr. Haskins, Vice President; Mr. Booth, Treasurer; Mrs. Charlotte Woodridge, Secretary.

MIDDLEBORO', MASS.—Meetings are held in Soule's Hall *every other Sunday* at 1½ and 6½ P. M.

ALBANY, N. Y.—"The First Society of Spiritualists" meets every Sunday in the Perry Building, No. 12 North Pearl street. President, A. Crocker; Secretary *pro tem.*, Mrs. Willie B. *Coleman*; *Treasurer*, A. Crocker; Trustees, Capt. H. Holdridge, J. M. Briggs, M. V. B. Cornwell. Communications addressed care of J. M. Briggs, 51 South Pearl street.

ADRIAN, MICH.—Regular meetings are held on Sunday, at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M., at Berry's Hall, opposite Masonic Temple, Maumee street. M. Tuttle, President. Communications should be addressed to C. H. Case, Secretary, Box 161, Adrian, Mich.

ANDOVER, O.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Morley's Hall every Sunday at 11½ A. M. J. S. Morley, Conductor; Mrs. T. A. Knapp, Guardian; Mrs. E. T. Coleman, Assistant Guardian; Harriet Dayton, Secretary.

ATLANTA, GA.—*First Association of Spiritualists.*—Officers: J. M. Ellis, Atlanta, President; R. C. Kerr, Marietta, Wm. Coleman, Cuthbert, B. B. Alford, La Grange, Vice Presidents; Wm. G. Forsyth, Atlanta, Secretary.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings at Stuart's Hall every Sunday, at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. A. H. Averill, President; J. V. Spencer, Secretary; William Merritt, Treasurer.

BALTIMORE, MD.—*Lyric Hall.* The "First Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore" hold meetings on Sunday and Wednesday evenings.

Lyceum Hall, No. 92 W. Baltimore street. The Harmonial Spiritualist Society holds meetings in this Hall. Levi Weaver, President; Daniel C. Stratton, Vice President; Samuel T. Ewing, Secretary; George Broom, Treasurer. Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 meets every Sunday morning, at 9 o'clock. Levi Weaver, Conductor; Miss Annie McClellan, Guardian; Preston Mathiot, Librarian; George Broom, Musical Director.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—*Brooklyn Institute.* The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the Brooklyn Institute, corner Washington and Concord streets, every Sunday at 2½ P. M. J. A. Wilson, *Conductor*; J. Kip, Assistant do.; Mrs. Ada E. Cooley, Guardian; Miss Thyrza Wilson, Assistant do.; H. Dickinson, Treasurer; Wm. Willicott, Librarian and Secretary; Miss Cooley, Musical Director.

BAY CITY, MICH.—Services are held each Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M., at Spiritualist Hall. Hon. S. M. Green, President; Mrs. M. S. Knaggs, Secretary.

CLYDE, O.—Progressive Association hold meetings every Sunday in Willis Hall. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in Kline's New Hall at 11 A. M. S. M. Terry, Conductor; S. Dewy, Guardian.

CLEVELAND, O.—Lyceum meets every Sunday at Temperance Hall, 184 Superior street, at 11 A. M. Conductor, T. Lees; Assistant Conductor, L. C. Thacher; Guardian, Sarah J. File; Assistant Guardian, Thalia M. Dunlap; Musical Director, W. H. Price, Jr.; Secretary, W. W. Van Druon.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Spiritualist meetings are held every Sunday evening at 90 West Randolph street. S. J. Avery, M. D., President; A. H. Williams, Vice President; Wm. J. Jeffrey, Secretary; Dr. Ambrose Davis, Treasurer; Mr. Collins Eaton, S. J. Avery, M. D., Col. Cushman, J. L. Hunt, A. H. Williams, Trustees. Lyman C. Howe, regular speaker. Progressive Lyceum meets in same hall at 12 A. M. A Lyceum also meets in Grow's *Opera Hall*, 517 West Madison street, at 1 P. M.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday morning in Thoms's Hall, Central avenue, between 4th and 5th streets, at 11 A. M. The Lyceum meets at 9½ A. M. J. A. Pitman, Conductor; Mrs. L. A. Chandler, Guardian; Miss Lizzie Keizer, Treasurer; G. W. Kates, Secretary.

CARTHAGE, MO.—The Spiritualists have engaged the services of Miss Flora Frost, clairvoyant test medium, and will hold public séances every Sunday at 3 P. M. C. C. Colby, President.

DETROIT, MICH.—The Spiritualists hold meetings Sunday morning and evening in Homœopathic College Hall.

GENEVA, O.—Meetings are held every Sunday in the Spiritualists' Hall, at 10½ A. M. and 1½ P. M. B. Webb, President; E. W. Eggleston, Secretary. Progressive Lyceum meets at same hall. E. W. Eggleston, Conductor; Mrs. A. P. Frisbee, Guardian; Mrs. N. S. Caswell, Corresponding Secretary; Martin Johnson, Librarian.

HARRISBURG, PA.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 2 P. M. in Barr's Hall. H. Brenerman, President.

HAMMONTON, N. J.—Meetings held every Sunday at 10½ A. M., at the Spiritualist Hall on Third street. Mrs. J. M. Peebles, President; M. Parkhurst, Secretary. Lyceum at 1½ P. M. Merrill Parkhurst, Conductor; Mrs. J. M. Peebles, Guardian.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Burdick Hall, Main street. J. C. Moody, President; Mrs. [illegible]; S. Winslow, Treasurer.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—The society of Progressive Spiritualists meets regularly Sunday mornings and evenings in Mechanics' Institute Hall, Main street, between 6th and 7th streets. J. L. *Morton, Corresponding Secretary.*

LOUISVILLE, KY.—The Young People's Spiritual Association meet in their Hall, corner of 5th and Walnut streets. Lectures every Sunday morning and evening at 11 and 7½ o'clock. Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday *morning* at 9 o'clock. Regular meetings of the Society every Thursday evening, at 7½. R. V. Snodgrass, President. Mrs. Mary Jewell, Vice President; L. P. Benjamin, *Recording Secretary*; Mrs. Nannie Dingman, Corresponding Secretary; B. B. Eby, Treasurer of the Lyceum; L. B. Benjamin, Conductor; D. J. Dingman, Assistant Conductor; R. V. Snodgrass, Secretary.

MILAN, O.—Society of Spiritualists and Liberalists and Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 11 A. M. Hudson Tuttle, Conductor; Emma Tuttle, Guardian.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every *Sunday in Robinson Hall*, 16th street, between 5th avenue and Union Square, at 7½ P. M. O. R. Gross, Secretary, 92 Clinton Place. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. L. A. Wilder, Conductor; Mrs. H. J. Cozens, Guardian; E. C. Townsend, Corresponding Secretary. Conference meets at 2½ P. M.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The Central Association of Spiritualists of Louisiana hold regular meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. at *Minerva Hall, on Clio street*, between Prytania and St. Charles. Good speakers may always be expected. Capt. John Grant, President; John McDougal, *Vice President*; *C. H. Silliman, Secretary*, 12 Dryades street; E. B. Benton, Treasurer.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The First Association of Spiritualists hold regular meetings on Sundays at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M., also on Thursday evenings, at Lincoln Hall, *corner of Broad* and Coates streets. Henry T. Child, M. D., President, No. 634 Race street; J. E. Shumway, Secretary, 1126 Bouvier street. Lyceum No. 1 meets every Sunday at 2½ P. M. Louden Eagle, *Conductor*, No. 955 North 6th street; Mrs. S. M. Shumway, Guardian, No. 1126 Bouvier street. Lyceum No. 2 meets at Thompson-street Church, Thompson street, below Front, Sundays, at 10½ A. M. Geo. Jackson, Conductor; Mrs. Hartley, Guardian.

PAINESVILLE, O.—Progressive Lyceum meets Sundays, at 10 A. M. Miss Lucia Wetmore, Conductor; Mrs. M. *Rogers, Guardian*; A. G. Smith, Musical Director; Mark Burnam, Secretary; George Stone, President of Society.

SPRINGFIELD, O.—The Spiritualist and Liberalist Society of this place meets at Allen's Hall Sundays, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. J. Olinger, President; John W. Carson, Vice President; Mrs. R. Seibert, Treasurer; Mary A. Henry, Secretary. The Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. George M. Taber, Conductor.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—*Under the patronage of the San* Francisco Spiritualists' Union, a Children's Progressive Lyceum is held at 10½ A. M., and a Conference at 2 P. M.; also regular Sunday evening lectures are given at Charter Oak Hall, on Market, near Fourth street.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.—The First Spiritual Society hold regular meetings in Pence's Hall every Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Jabez Smith, President; James Hook, Secretary; *Allen Pence, Treasurer.*

TROY, N. Y.—The Progressive Spiritualists' Society meets every Sunday in Lyceum Hall, Nos. 10 and 12 Third street. Lectures at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in same hall at 2 P. M.

VINELAND, N. J.—The Society of the Friends of Progress hold meetings in their hall, Plum street, at 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M., for lectures, conference or free discussion. Mrs. Ellen Dickinson, President; *H. H. Ladd, Secretary*; Miss Julia Fellows and Mrs. Jennie Dixon, Corresponding Secretaries. The Progressive Lyceum meets at 12½ P. M. Dr. D. W. Allen, Conductor; Miss Eva M. Holden, Guardian; Lucius Wood, Musical Director; Miss Kate Ingalls, Librarian; Elvira L. Hull, Corresponding Secretary.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The First Society of Progressive Spiritualists meets every Sunday, in the hall at No. 1108 E street, between 11th and 12th, at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. John Mayhew, President; F. Burlingame, Vice President; O. R. Whiting, Secretary; A. N. Meeker, Treasurer. Friends visiting the city will obtain all needed information by calling on any of the above-named officers.

WORCESTER, MASS.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening, in Horticultural Hall.

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LIST OF LIBERAL LEAGUES.

BOSTON, MASS.—J. S. Rogers, President; A. Davis, J. W. Smith, Vice Presidents; *J. P. Titcomb*, G. A. Bacon, Secretaries; J. A. J. Wilcox, Treasurer; R. H. Ranney, F. W. Clarke, H. B. Storer, Executive Committee.

JEFFERSON, O.—W. H. Crowell, President; Miss Jane E. Curtiss, Vice President; Ebenezer Wood, Treasurer; Miss Anna E. Giddings, Secretary; Executive Committee—Mrs. Lida B. Crowell, Mrs. Mary A. Giddings, D. D. Holmes.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—M. A. McCord, *President*; *J. Gallion*, Vice President; P. A. Lofgreen, L. La Grille, Secretaries; E. B. Thomas, Treasurer.

VINELAND, N. J.—Louis Bristol, President; Ellen Dickinson, Eliza B. Duffey, Vice Presidents; E. G. Blaisdell, Secretary; Sue M. Clute, Treasurer; John Gage, D. A. Russell, E. G. Blaisdell, Deborah L. Butler, Augusta C. Bristol, Phebe T. W. Campbell, Executive Committee.

ANDOVER, O.—W. H. Crowell, President; J. E. Curtis, Vice President; A. Giddings, Secretary; E. Wood, Treasurer; L. B. Crowell, M. A. Giddings, D. D. Holmes, Executive Committee.

DETROIT, MICH.—W. R. Hill, President; A. T. Garretson, Secretary; J. W. Watkins, *Treasurer.*

BREEDSVILLE, MICH.—A. G. Eastman, Esq., President; L. Brown, Vice President; Frank R. Knowles, Secretary; C. R. Capin, Treasurer; A. D. Eros, E. O. Barnum, Betsey Brown, Executive Committee.

JEFFERSON COUNTY, N. Y.—A. B. *Moore*, President; O. B. Vanwormer, 1st Vice President; Mrs. L. D. Olney, 2d do.; W. Nott, Treasurer; Wm. Howland, Secretary; Laura M. DeGiano, Corresponding Secretary; *L. D. Olney*, Mrs. Aspinwall, Mrs. O. W. Smith, O. T. Green, Executive Committee.

Banner Contents.

☞ In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications published on the views of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, and we do not, in future, to endorse the varied shades of opinion in which our correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1873.

Office 14 Hanover Street, Up Stairs.

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

COLBY & RICH,
(Late Wm. White & Co.,)
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

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

"An Israelite Indeed."

It is impossible to say with truth that the Daily Globe newspaper of this city has improved since Mr. Ballou's regretted withdrawal from its management. The management mistakenly fancies that in order to make his place good it must run into the follies of sensation. And, catching the spirit of that venality and Sadduceism which pervades a press ready to work for the Church because it is believed most profitable, it has sent out a Jewish reporter to dish up, in the style of a *ragout*, a seance with the remarkable medium, Foster, at the Parker House. The result was an abusive hash, bearing the heading in the Globe's columns of "The Spirits—A Gossip with the Ghosts." It is the veriest compound of babbledash, highly seasoned with stale falsehoods, that has ever appeared in that paper. Not much, to be sure, was to be expected of a journal that is not ashamed to advocate the horrible theory that Indians should be butchered in cold blood, and sliirs and sneers at those philanthropists who demand only justice for the red equally with the white man.

Mr. Foster invited the Press of the city freely to his seances at the Parker House: and while our citizens attend them with satisfaction, a scaly-minded reporter is put up to the work of slandering honest people, as well as the medium, for the sake of making what it is hoped will prove a readable article. But we can assure the Globe editor that he has grossly mistaken the character of this community, if he supposes it will relish a rehash of dull falsehoods and stale slanders as the staple reading matter of its prime journals. There is really nothing to note in the Globe's article but its sheer blackguardism, which is for that particular kind a perfect specimen. Probably the Globe reporter himself never smokes a "fragrant Havana," and no doubt he despises the President for indulging in the roll of the weed. And so of the exceedingly dainty correspondents and censors of Mr. Foster in the Globe, who date from the Tremont House and other places, without particularizing the *part* of that hotel which inspires them. But it is idle for the Globe editor to undertake to sustain his blackguard reporter by any shallow dodge like that. These professed *outside* communications are all *inside* ones, as may be understood readily enough in the most careless perusal. The man, for instance, who "thanked his stars" that, after eating "a substantial breakfast," at the hotel's expense, he had saved his five dollars by being willingly satisfied with the Globe reporter's silly slanders instead of going to see Mr. Foster himself, confesses his preference for such stuff over the impressive truth; and we are left to infer that his "substantial breakfast" is also made, by choice, from similar mouldy odds and ends which the proprietors of the Tremont House had condemned to the basket they empty at the back entrance of their kitchen.

Sound and Color.

A correspondent, David Wilder of Boston, writes: "In a recent number of the Boston Transcript there is a notice of what is assumed to be the first instance known, where sounds have produced the impression of color:

'COLOR SOUNDS.—The Medical Times translates from a German medical journal an account of the first case known of persons receiving visual impressions from sound, in the instance of two brothers named Nussbaumer, who, when a certain note on the piano is struck, have a sensation of a certain corresponding color, which is not, however, identical for both. For illustration, the note which produces in one the impression of dark Prussian blue produces the sensation of a dark yellow in the other. One of them, according to the account, has frequent sensations of yellow, brown and violet; while blue, yellow and brown are frequent with the other. One of them never receives the sensations of red, green, black or white, in connection with musical notes, though the filing of a saw may produce a sensation of green. Professor Brühl of Vienna has thoroughly tested this strange case, and has no doubt of the genuineness of the phenomena.'

This effect of musical tones was observed in this city as early as the year 1861, and as the lady who possessed the peculiar power is still living here, I have no doubt that the experiment then tried might be repeated with success.

Another lady, (the authoress of Dawn) at about the same time, said she was able to hear sounds, when standing before paintings, and it would seem that there might also be a third sense opened, and musical tones be found to have not only color, but odor.

Perhaps some of your readers can give us further information on the subject."

We can endorse the remarks of the writer, to the full; Mrs. Conant was the first lady referred to, and in our presence she has, in a clairvoyant state, frequently described the differing colors perceived by her when listening to distinct musical sounds.

☞ We have received from the Secretary an official report of the doings of the Massachusetts Spiritualist Association at its last Annual Convention in this city, which we shall print in our next issue.

An Irate Partizan.

We are requested by Mr. Leonard, of Port Huron, Michigan, to publish an abusive, and we ought candidly to add, a senseless letter to us as publishers of the Banner, for presuming to rebuke recently in these columns the corruption and frauds which have fastened themselves on the public affairs of this country. Even if we had the space to accommodate the writer in his highly complimentary request, we should still refrain from the compliance out of pure regard for himself, who would look at his improper revilings in the future, only to regret and be ashamed of them. He should comprehend so simple a fact as that this paper is unconnected in the most remote manner with politics and parties, and for that reason has the greater license to condemn with an independent and fearless judgment, what is universally admitted to be one of the great perils of the time. The thing that surprises us is, that after having faithfully read the Banner as he claims to have done for the past five years, and as he expects to do as a regular subscriber indefinitely in the future, he has not been able to catch more of its spirit even in treating honest differences of view and opinion, but remains wedded to the hard old notion that the way to deal with one who does not confirm your prejudices is with the whoop and the tomahawk.

It is far from a feeling of impatience that influences us in replying to the unjust, improper, and inexcusable language of Mr. Leonard. We would see him emancipated from his bonds of passion, even were it allowable to suppose that they held him to Spiritualism itself. Such a temper is not characteristic of the truth-seeker and lover of justice. So far as the Banner indulges in commentary at all on current affairs, it does not hesitate to point out evil and injustice, to rebuke fraud and corruption, to warn against the trick of importing piety into party politics in order the easier to make a conquest of our civil liberty for ecclesiastical power, and to pronounce openly and reasonably for the rule of honesty, purity, equality and truth. For simply continuing in this path, the blinded partizan who has written us in the vilest strain of a slang termagant, assails us with epithets which he would be pleased to have us publish for the delight of his particular eyes. We assure him we are doing much better by him in publishing the present article. We would direct his zeal toward the attainment of broader ends than seem to fully satisfy him now, and assist in opening the eye of his reason that it may see beyond the murky clouds of the present day to the permanent blue of justice and purity. If it is still necessary to assure him that we do not love "slavery," as he angrily alleges, we will freely do so by telling him that there is no worse slavery than that to which a man condemns his own spirit.

"A Literary Sensation—'Edwin Drood' no Longer a Mystery."

Such is the heading to a long article in the Springfield Union of July 26th, 1873. Our readers are aware that we published in this paper an article from the Boston Post upon the same subject months ago. We printed it simply on the authority of that paper. In due time the London papers scouted the idea of the spirit of Chas. Dickens finishing "Edwin Drood" through a "Yankee" medium, and London Punch was particularly severe upon the American Spiritualists for assuming that such a thing could be possible. There the matter rested until the present week, when the subject flashed upon our community in the columns of the Boston press—the Advertiser, Herald, Journal, etc.—as something *new*.

The Springfield Republican, in alluding to the subject, judiciously says:

"It is of course impossible to judge of this phenomenon, until the work appears and all circumstances of its preparation are subject to careful scrutiny. If it is of the ordinary run of mediumistic productions, it will be simply a novel in its pretensions; if it turns out to be an imposture, it will be simply audacious; if it proves an approximation in any way to Dickens's work and has been wrought without study of him, it will indeed be a mystery."

The Traveller of Tuesday evening also refers to this matter as follows:

"The more we examine the apparently mysterious continuation of Edwin Drood, by the self-constituted medium of Dickens, the less mysterious it becomes; and, stripped of the robe of humbug with which he has covered himself, the author stands revealed as a successful paraphraser, but utterly without common sense. A close examination conclusively shows him to be a person who has been a constant and admiring reader of Dickens, the characters and incidents of the continuation, and many of their names even, having evidently been suggested by previous perusal of the master's works. It becomes equally evident that the work is the production of one who has not the common sense to be honest, but has taken a method of attracting attention as unfortunate as it is absurd. Had the author published his work as an attempt to continue 'Edwin Drood,' he would have met with the applause that the success of his paraphrase deserves. But, as it is, the public will be prejudiced against the book by its absurd pretense to have been the direct inspiration of Dickens, and will receive it with apathy, or perhaps disgust; and instead of being a stepping-stone to literary success, as it might have been, it will be but a stumbling-block in its author's path."

A gentleman of this city called at our office a few days since and furnished us with a manuscript copy of a message said to have been written by Dickens through the medium in question, wherein the writer expresses an earnest desire that his amanuensis should remain faithful to him, etc., and admonishes him particularly to be very careful of his health. This message not being satisfactory to us as having emanated from the source attributed to it, we have written to Brattleboro' for information from the *Spiritualists* there as to the truth or falsity of the statements first given to the public through the Boston Post, and reiterated in other dailies the present week. Whether true or false, we know not at this writing, but shall wait further developments upon the subject with deep interest.

Mrs. Jennett J. Clark in Vermont.

A letter from West Burk, Vt., informs us that Mrs. Clark, of this city, has been lecturing and holding test séances in that town recently, in response to an invitation from those earnest workers, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Kimball. Mrs. C. has recently developed a new phase (with her) of mediumship, that of writing on the slate by invisibles. Her first lectures were given at the residence of Mr. Kimball, but the accommodations for a Sunday meeting not being sufficient, Mr. K. asked for the use of the Universalist Church, (of which he and his wife are members) but it was refused. He then applied for the Methodist Church, and was likewise refused. Finally the new schoolhouse was obtained, and Mrs. Clark lectured to overflowing houses two Sundays. So much for the opposition created against her being heard on the subject of Spiritualism. Next month she will visit portions of Massachusetts and Connecticut.

☞ We earnestly recommend that Dr. Sexton, of England, be invited to this country by Spiritualists, to deliver a course of lectures on Spiritualism and kindred topics. He is an able man, a good lecturer and a firm Spiritualist. Cannot efforts to this end be inaugurated? The committee of the Music Hall Society of Spiritualists would do well to engage him, we think.

The Camp Meeting at Harwich.

The fourth annual gathering of the Spiritualists of Cape Cod convened, as usual, at Nickerson's Grove, situated in the town of Harwich, Friday, July 25th, though no regular meeting was held till the following day. The organization was effected on Saturday, at 2 P. M., by the election of George D. Smalley as President: Everett Harris, Z. H. Small, Mrs. Love C. Howes and Mr. Seth W. Shaw, of Providence, R. I., as Vice Presidents: T. B. Baker, as Secretary. The Business Committee consist of Mr. Doane Kelley, W. B. Kelley and Nathan Crosby: the Finance Committee, of Capt. Watson B. Kelley, T. B. Baker, Doane Kelley, Heman Snow, Rufus H. Small, Ephraim Doane, Jr., and Capt. Gilbert Smith.

On assuming the duties of the chair, the President offered appropriate remarks of an explanatory and welcome character, after which the choir sang "Welcome Greeting."

Mr. Anthony Higgins, of Jersey City, was then introduced, who sharply criticised the action of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mrs. Woodhull having arrived, was called upon for a speech. Proceeding to the platform amid hearty applause, she, in a few words, excused herself from speaking, but with telling effect read Lowell's *Present Crisis*.

In the evening the exercises consisted of a conference. Sunday morning opened with a threatening aspect of the weather, notwithstanding which there was a goodly attendance at the first service, which was largely augmented during the day, till three thousand persons, it was estimated, were on the ground. The company was called to order by the President, at 10½ A. M. Song by the choir, "Anthem of Liberty." Dr. H. B. Storer, on being introduced, made a happy though too brief address as preliminary to the regular morning speech of Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith, who, for upward of an hour, earnestly and feelingly discussed the Social question.

The afternoon session was called to order at 2½ o'clock. After singing, and a few remarks from Mr. Higgins, the Chairman introduced Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull as the regular speaker. On rising, Mrs. W. was greeted with cheers. Her address, of nearly an hour's length, unintentionally even to herself, proved to be entirely extemporaneous. She told many plain truths of the most practical import in the plainest terms, and was listened to with the closest attention. She was followed by Mrs. Albertson, who indulged in personal reminiscences of the first Spiritual Camp-Meeting held on the Cape. In the evening Mrs. A. was the only speaker. She announced her subject to be "The Cause and Cure of Injustice to Woman," which was elaborated at length.

Monday Morning Session.—Successive showers of rain prevented the regular services from being held at the stand, so the committee arranged matters in one of the larger tents, which soon became filled with an eager and expectant crowd. The meeting naturally took the form of a Conference, and proved to be one of deep and vital interest. After singing, Dr. Storer was called upon to lead in the intellectual exercises. He responded with all his accustomed pertinency and inspirational power, choosing as the basis of his remarks, the innate nobleness of man. He was followed by Mr. Anthony Higgins, in an impromptu address of three-quarters of an hour, a rare oratorical effort, comprehensive in character, eloquent in sentiment and of sustained power.

Mrs. Woodhull being generally called for, arose, and in a speech of fifteen minutes referred to the evils which grew out of the present social system with a subdued power and divine earnestness that deeply moved all who listened. The sorrowful story of her life, as illustrative of the tyranny of the marriage laws and of prejudiced public opinion, made a marked impression in favor of the reign of justice and freedom to woman in all the relations of life. In a few words of pleasantry and compliment Mr. Bacon alluded to a somewhat unusual event: that of the presence, and evidently an interested listener, of an Orthodox clergyman—the Rev. B. C. Ward, of Harwich—from whom he would like to hear. The gentleman in a good-natured way briefly responded in remarks replete with fraternal feeling, and the meeting adjourned in the best of spirits.

The afternoon session was occupied by Mr. George A. Bacon, of Boston, in a lecture of an hour, relative to the Evangelization of the United States Constitution, which led to an earnest discussion, participated in by the Chairman and several others. The evening exercises consisted of a "Social Chat," and among others who spoke were Mrs. Briggs, Messrs. Ephraim Doane, Jr., Sidney Howe, Seth W. Shaw, Anthony Higgins, S. N. Long, Jehial Williams, Heman Snow, Mrs. Albertson and Mr. George D. Smalley, in interesting remarks of ten minutes each.

Tuesday forenoon was further devoted to a Conference, presided over by Mr. Shaw, one of the Vice Presidents, who opened the ball, followed by Messrs. Howe, Bacon, Doane, Collins, Mrs. Briggs, Dr. Storer and others, in brief speeches.

The Camp Meeting continues in successful operation as we go to press, a report of which will appear in our next issue.

"Planchette, or the Despair of Science."

We are often asked what book there is which presents in a compact but comprehensive form the latest results of Spiritualism, and the latest theories in respect to it; and the reply we make is the title of the above-named work by Epes Sargent. The title hardly does justice to the subject, as the book is in fact a compendious history of Spiritualism, ancient and modern, in which all that can be urged against the phenomena and the spiritual solution of them is presented with perfect fairness and impartiality, though the drift of the whole examination is a most stringent confirmation of the spiritual hypothesis. In England no work on the subject of Spiritualism stands higher than this. The London Spiritual Magazine praises it most emphatically; and Mr. Burns, the well-known London bookseller and publisher, says there is no book in his library in such constant demand. When the amount of matter it contains is considered, "Planchette" is also the cheapest book on the subject. For one dollar and twenty-five cents, a copy neatly bound in cloth will be mailed from this office to any address in the United States, postage paid. Dr. Phelps, the Orthodox opponent of Spiritualism, (though admitting its most important phenomena) speaks of the author of "Planchette" as "the most scholarly of the defenders of Spiritualism"—and he is. The book is a capital one for those Spiritualists who would make a suitable present to friends willing to inquire into the subject

"The Dawning Light."

It is with great pleasure that we chronicle another triumph in Art, which should arouse in every Spiritualist's soul more than ordinary enthusiasm.

The home of the Fox Family in Hydesville has been most successfully immortalized in Art through the inspired hand of that eminent artist, Joseph John, of Northboro', Mass. To the humble house, and the scenery that lies about it in rural simplicity and beauty, the artist has in a masterly manner linked the "*ideal*," or rather the "spiritual *real*," in graceful bands of angels (without mythological wings) floating like the silvery-lighted and rifted clouds which in beauty and sublimity encircle them, and illuminated by that light which flows from above and in luminous floods from over the eastern clouds. A light for the wayfarer beams from the windows of the room where spiritual telegraphy began its never-ceasing work of love. This light in twenty-five years has shone on the rough and stony path of millions of weary pilgrims. Pen cannot portray the cheering lights, dispelling the darkness and lighting the clouds in the picture—typical of spiritual light, dispelling mental darkness.

We are glad that so distinguished an artist as J. W. Watts should have translated it on steel, and hope that he will favor us with more such exquisite workmanship. Time and space prevent our giving a lengthy review of the picture to-day; we shall speak of it again. We refer our readers to the publishers' advertisement in another column, wherein will be found a well-written and interesting description, and we assure them that their estimate of its merits and attractions is not overstated. It is truly a picture of rare and genuine merit, and not to be classed with the many pictures that flood the country, being sold cheaply and given away. The map sheet accompanying the engraving is of special interest. The title of the picture, poetically beautiful and suggestive, is translated in both German and French, and placed in script on the plate. We predict for the work a large sale in Europe as well as in this country. All civilized nations have heard the story of Hydesville. The four winds of the heavens, as they traverse the continents, in songs of praise echo the cheering story. The waves of vast oceans repeat it as they ceaselessly roll. The rivers and brooks mingle with the angel chorus, "We bring you glad tidings of great joy."

The artists have done their work well. The publishers, R. H. Curran & Co., 28 School street, of this city (formerly of Rochester, N. Y.), have been engaged for twelve years in the publication of works of fine art, and will, we are confident, also well perform their part. They are deserving of the liberal patronage of Spiritualists, to whom they look with confidence for aid in the sale of this distinctive spiritual engraving. We wish them great success: Hydesville, as well as Bethlehem, is worthy of being thus art-hallowed, and we offer our thanks that it has been accomplished, and that the work has fallen into such good hands, and that that sacred beacon house and its surrounding scenery will go down to posterity so popularly, uniquely and grandly enshrined.

Spiritualist Conventions.

This is the time, all over the Continent, for out-of-door gatherings, conventions, picnics, and meetings for the free interchange of thought among the disciples of the Spiritual Philosophy. Witness the announcements in our present issue. We hope each and all, as their season arrives, will be successful and well attended, and be productive of marked results in the advancement of truth.

The Massachusetts State Spiritualist Camp Meeting will take place August 5th–17th, at Silver Lake Grove, Plympton.

The Tenth Annual Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists will be held in Grover's Opera Hall, Chicago, beginning on Tuesday, the 16th day of September next, and continuing three days.

The Merrimac and Sullivan Counties Spiritualists' Association will meet in quarterly convention at Lempster, N. H., on Friday, and continue through Saturday and Sunday, August 1st, 2d and 3d.

The New Jersey State Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress will hold its third quarterly convention in Vineland, N. J., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, August 8th, 9th and 10th.

The Spiritualists of Philadelphia and places adjacent will have a picnic at Atlantic City on Wednesday, August 27th.

The Chemung Co., N. Y., Spiritualist Association will hold its yearly meeting at Eldridge Park, Elmira, on Sunday, August 17th.

The friends of human progress hold their eighteenth annual meeting at North Collins, N. Y., commencing on Friday, Aug. 29th, and continuing three days.

The Work of Liberal Organization.

As will be seen elsewhere in the present number, the family of Liberal Leagues is on the increase. This is an encouraging fact, and should waken the friends of free thought where such organizations do not exist to an emulation of the example thus set them. Organize—keep the fact before the people that if once the United States Constitution becomes "Evangelized," all their liberties, political, moral and social, will become but a rope of sand! The following are the new Leagues just formed:

BREEDSVILLE, MICH.—A. G. Eastman, Esq., President; L. Brown, Vice President; Frank R. Knowles, Secretary; C. R. Capin, Treasurer; A. D. Eros, E. O. Barnum, Betsey Brown, Executive Committee.

JEFFERSON COUNTY, N. Y.—A. B. Moore, President; O. B. Vauwormer, 1st Vice President; Mrs. L. D. Olney, 2d do.; W. Nott, Treasurer; Wm. Howland, Secretary; Laura M. DeGano, Corresponding Secretary; L. D. Olney, Mrs. Aspinwall, Mrs. O. W. Smith, O. T. Green, Executive Committee.

☞ Mrs. R. K. Stoddard and son, Master De Witt C. Hough, renowned physical mediums, will be in attendance at the Harwich Camp Meeting of Spiritualists, Saturday and Sunday, and hold séances. They will also attend the gathering at Silver Lake next week for the same purpose. This will afford investigators an excellent opportunity to witness the physical manifestations through the instrumentality of two of the best mediums of the day.

☞ The Spiritualists of Connecticut will hold their Annual Picnic at Compounce Pond, Aug. 13th, and a meeting of the Executive Board of the State Association will be held at the same place and day at three o'clock P. M.

Brittan's Journal.

It may not be known to some of our readers that the third number of a new "quarterly journal of spiritual science, literature and inspiration," edited by S. B. Brittan, M. D., published by the New York Standard Spiritual Association, has appeared and is now for sale at this office. Externally it is a remarkably neat and well-printed publication of 143 large octavo pages, and each number is embellished with a fine steel engraving of some man or woman who has made important contributions to spiritual science, or has illustrated its truths in action. The terms of Prof. Brittan's Journal are three dollars per annum in advance, or ten copies for twenty-five dollars; and we hope that every earnest Spiritualist who appreciates the importance of a first-class organ in commending to popular acceptation the great truths growing out of this new spiritual dispensation, will do what he can to secure for this new work a paying circulation. The editor and publisher is entitled to every confidence as to ability, straightforwardness and good judgment. He is well known as one of the pioneers of the cause, and ever since a consistent, independent and careful inquirer. As a scientific inquirer he stands high, and his various works—physiological and psychological—show his ample qualifications for his present post. Under "spiritual science" he includes for treatment or illustration in his journal "literature, art and inspiration; the dynamics of subtle agents; the relations, faculties and functions of mind; the philosophy of the spiritual life and world, and the essential principles of universal progress."

The July number contains a fine engraving on steel, it being a spirited and faithful likeness of the late John Pierpont, prominent among Spiritualists as a man of letters, a brave preacher, a philanthropist and reformer. An excellent memoir of him by Rev. Sumner Ellis is the opening article of the number. "The Mastodons of Metaphysics," by Prof. J. R. Buchanan, M. D., follows, and this is perhaps the article which will attract most attention from students and thinkers. It is a powerful argument against the insufficiency and fallibility of metaphysical processes for the attainment of truth in regard to man and nature, and shows that the path of science, opened by modern discoveries in physiology and psychology, is the only one which promises reliable results. As embodying the results of great experience and profound thought, this paper is very valuable. The editor discourses on the "Relations of Mind to Offspring," "Fallibility of Language," etc., and offers an eloquent tribute to our late associate, Wm. White. There is an article on "Spiritual Mathematics," by Prof. Arthur F. Ewell, a poem, "Lesson for Critics," by Thomas L. Harris, a paper on the "Universality of Motion" by John W. Edmonds, "Souls and Scenes in Spirit-Life," by Fanny Green McDougal, "Professor Tyndall and his Lectures," by Giles B. Stebbins, "Matter, Ether, and Spirit," (an excellent paper) by I. Dille, and other articles of interest.

Mr. Brittan is entitled to the thanks of Spiritualists for his brave venture in establishing this first-class organ; and we hope a liberal effort will be put forth by all persons interested to make it financially, as well as in other respects, a success.

Five Thousand Spiritualists in Camp.

The Spiritualists and liberals of Central New York held a monster camp-meeting at Pendergast, Phœnix, on Sunday, July 27th. It required five steamboats, including the one from Syracuse, to convey the people to the grove, besides the other modes of conveyance. The Syracuse papers say that full five thousand persons were present. Moses Hull was the principal speaker, and was equal to the occasion.

Resolutions were offered against the proposed religious amendments to the Constitution; in favor of the repeal of laws which exempt ministers and church property from taxation; and recommending the establishment of Liberal Leagues throughout the country for the purpose of defending civil and religious liberty against the encroachments of the church.

The large audience was very well behaved throughout the entire day. The meeting closed at four o'clock in the afternoon, with speeches and singing.

Michigan.

The Grand Rapids Daily Times of July 19th thus refers to the doings of two well-known advocates of liberal thought:

"SPEECHES AT THE PARK.—About two hundred people were assembled at the Park last evening to hear Messrs. Lynn and Jamieson. Mr. Lynn spoke for about an hour upon the subject of secular and religious liberty in America, and the dangers threatening it. He was followed by Mr. Jamieson in a short and pithy address upon the same subject. They are both eloquent and forcible speakers, and cannot fail to interest their audience. They handle their subject without mittens, and speak many wholesome though perhaps unpalatable truths."

Prof. S. B. Brittan

Will pass the month of August in New England, and will accept invitations to speak anywhere, in doors or out, through the week and on Sundays. Here is a rare opportunity for the Spiritual Societies of our section to obtain the services of a talented and eloquent speaker, deep thinker, and earnest laborer.

☞ THE MISSION FOR ANIMALS.—We have received the Secretary's report of this organization, which covers some fifteen pamphlet pages. Loring Moody, 8 Studio Building, Boston, is author of the same. The Society starts out with the basic proposition that "the public health, economy and morals are to a large extent injuriously affected by our present modes of treating 'live stock' destined for food, clothing and other uses," and the report is full of matter, argumentative and statistical, appertaining to the subject. Go on, Bro. Moody; your "animal mission" is a good one!

PATRIOTISM REWARDED.—Among the recent elections of the Joint Assembly of Vermont was that of our friend, Capt. Sidney M. Southard, of Vergennes City, as Judge Advocate General. Capt. S. is known to many of our readers, and to thousands in his native State, as a brave and deserving soldier, who lost a leg and came near losing his life on the bloody battle-field of Gettysburg. His promotion, therefore, is a deserved compliment to his exalted patriotism and we cordially offer our congratulations to Gen. Southard.

☞ We call especial attention to Mr. Allen Putnam's note in another column, headed "Harvard College Library."

Silver Lake Grove, Plympton, Mass.

The Fourth Annual Meeting of the Spiritualists of this State will be held at the above-named beautiful Grove, commencing on Tuesday next, Aug. 5th, and closing Sunday, the 17th.

This superb Grove has been fitted up in prime order by the Old Colony Railroad Company, and is situated upon the banks of a most beautiful lake contiguous to the railroad. The grounds embrace over thirty acres, and are covered with that indispensable requisite for picnic-excursionists and camp-meetings—a thrifty growth of forest trees. A wide avenue has been opened directly to the railroad track; a commodious building erected for culinary purposes; refreshment stand, restaurant and dining hall, 100x40 feet, two stories high; also a dancing hall, 100x60 feet; bathing and boating facilities provided, and a grand covered pavilion, 100x80 feet, with permanent settees to accommodate three thousand people. Indeed we understand everything necessary will be provided by the managers, Messrs. GARDNER and RICHARDSON, who have had great experience in catering for the people in times past, both spiritually and materially.

The 8th, 13th and 15th are to be especially assigned as PICNIC DAYS, giving those who cannot spare the time to camp, an opportunity to enjoy themselves upon the occasions specified. This is a capital idea, and no doubt thousands will embrace the opportunity to be present. There will be speaking from the rostrum, dancing, boating, fishing, etc.

The attractions on Sunday, Aug. 10th, will be speeches from Miss JENNIE LEYS and WILLIAM DENTON, the services to conclude with a

GRAND SACRED CONCERT,

by a full band of twenty-five pieces!

We are informed that the number of tents engaged in advance is greater than at any camp meeting heretofore held in Massachusetts. The large and commodious restaurant and dining hall will be in readiness for use; and the spacious dancing and bowling saloons are being rapidly completed, which, with boating, swinging, &c., as before stated, will furnish amusements for the million. Several wells have been sunk in convenient locations, which afford an abundant supply of pure *cold* water, and all other necessary conveniences have been provided. These conveniences, together with the perfect adaptability of the grounds, constitute this the most delightful spot for large grove meetings in New England.

The arrangements for excursionists over the Boston, Clinton & Fitchburg railroads, mentioned in our last issue, have failed, by reason of the impossibility of making direct connections at any point upon the Old Colony Railroad, and the refusal of the Boston & Albany to bring passengers into Boston at reduced rates.

Invitations have been extended to the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 of Boston (Conductor Ford), and the Lyceum of East Abington (Conductor Gurney), to unite in the festivities of the first Grand Picnic Day, Aug. 8th.

We are sanguine that the gathering at Silver Lake Grove the coming week will be largely attended, and redound to the honor of Spiritualism, besides recuperating those physically who need relaxation from the fatiguing cares of life's daily routine.

Personal.

Prof. J. M. Allen has been at Ancora, N. J., since the spirit-birth of his little boy—now nearly a year. He has been very ill; but we are glad to learn that he is now somewhat recuperated, and that he purposes to resume active labors upon the rostrum, and has removed with his family to New England. His general topic, which embraces numerous special topics, will be "The elements of a *New Civilization*, or the spiritual movement in its constructive aspects." We welcome back to New England this earnest, able and worthy worker in the great field of human culture, and recommend our societies far and near to secure his services at once for the remainder of the Summer and the Fall and Winter months. Address, East Bridgewater, Mass.

☞ The Des Moines Republican is publishing a spirited discussion between Rev. F. W. Evans, Methodist, of Burlington, Iowa, and Rev. R. G. Eccles, Spiritualist, of Kansas City, which recently took place at Eddyville, Iowa, on the question "Does the Bible sustain Modern Spiritualism?" Mr. Eccles had the decided advantage of his Rev. opponent, if facts and sound argument can stand against ridicule and dogmatic assertions merely.

☞ We have n't heard from Bro. A. A. Wheelock for some time—could n't comprehend what had become of him; but by a poster just received we find he is yet in the field, holding tightly onto the handles of the reform plow, which is turning up the truth in the Western part of this State. He treats upon social, political and religious liberty, and the demands of Sectarian Christianity, and illustrates his subjects with mammoth paintings.

☞ Priest-ridden Spain is still in her throes. The Carlists are aided by the bigots of other nations. Is it not strange, unaccountably strange and strangely unaccountable, that murder and rapine and war and misery always follow at the heels of *political* Christianity? What does it mean? In all ages of the world religious bigotry has been pregnant with civil commotion. Who can explain the terrible phenomenon?

☞ Two interesting meetings were held in John A. Andrew Hall, last Sunday afternoon and evening. Mrs. Sarah A. Floyd's lecture was well received by a good audience. The singing was excellent.

☞ The LONDON SPIRITUALIST is a capital exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy, and should be widely circulated in this country. Subscriptions taken at this office.

☞ See Maud E. Lord's card in another column. She still holds séances at 27 Milford street.

☞ Cephas B. Lynn's "Western Correspondence" will appear in our next issue.

Harvard College Library.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—Please let me publicly say, through you, that, in a recent conversation with my worthy friend and classmate, John L. Sibley, who is and long has been the Librarian of Harvard College, I learned with pleasure he is not merely willing to receive, but is positively desirous of being favored with donations of all publications pertaining to Spiritualism, *because*, in his judgment, *that* Library should contain all obtainable materials for showing to future ages every phase of mental manifestation attendant upon that ism.

About the middle of September I intend to donate to my Alma Mater whatever books of that class shall be at my command, and now state to all authors and publishers that such copies of their works as they shall then have transmitted to the publishers of the Banner of Light, or authorized that firm to furnish, will be expressed to that Library under my direction. ALLEN PUTNAM.

426 Dudley street, Boston, July 29.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

BRIEF SERMON.—Good offices will make a man ashamed to be thy enemy. Greatness of soul will terrify him from the thought of hurting thee. The greater the wrong, the more glory accrues in pardoning it.

There 's a coal combination, and fuel is going up. Let us all pray that next winter will be so mild as to ruin the speculators. Coal and flour never should be articles for speculation, and all who speculate in them ought to starve to death or be frozen.

It would appear by the remarkable reports from France that the whole religious sentiment of that country is clamoring at this hour for help from Heaven to restore her lost place among nations, and to re-establish the Pope in his territorial independence.

When people write us for information in regard to matters of no concern to any but themselves, it certainly behooves them to send stamp to prepay return letter. This is seldom the case, however. They seem to think editors of newspapers are public property, and are in duty bound to do the chores of the whole community. We are one of the most accommodating men in the world—would do a fellow-mortal a favor any time; but "riding a free horse to death" (to use an old but very expressive adage) is not exactly the right thing, in our estimation. We therefore hope those who write us to know "who is the best and most reliable medium in Boston," or where one shall place his daughter "to receive the best musical education," or . . . Send stamps, friends, and we will give you our time and note-paper and envelopes *for nothing*.

Some English officers, drinking in their tent, asked the chaplain for a toast. "The King of France?" "What! our foe?" said the colonel. "You live by him," said the chaplain. The colonel took the first opportunity of giving "The Devil!" "Do you mean to affront me?" said the chaplain. "You live by him," said the colonel, very coolly; "do you not, good doctor?"

A New York marine reporter observes that "the ocean is white with the neck-ties of outward-bound clergymen."

"Spiritualists are charged by Orthodoxy with having a great deal of trash in their literature; but with what bad grace does such a charge come from an Orthodox Christian source! *Their* literature is absolutely teeming with rubbish," says a correspondent.

YOUTHFUL PRECOCITY.—A friend of ours informs us that, on a recent sultry Sabbath, while seeking polarization by opening doors and windows and lying recumbent upon a sofa, he heard, in the intervals of fanning himself, the following dialogue in the house across the way:

FIRST YOUTH (of some seven summers) to mother—"Where 's Johnnie?"

MOTHER—"Gone to Sunday school. It is most time for him to be home."

F. Y.—"Hope he 'll bring me a book. [Enter Johnnie.] Oh, Johnnie! did you get 'The Gold-Hunters?'"

JOHNNIE—"No."

F. Y.—"The 'Gold-Diggers?'"

J.—"No. [Indignantly]—All the *good* books were taken."

F. Y. [in an angry tone]—"Well, you *are* smart. Your Sabbath school library *must* be slow. Come, get me *some* book—anything *but the Bible*."

The feelings of the Methodist mother who listened to her children's colloquy may be better imagined than described. The "wars of the Hebrews"—as H. W. Longfellow terms the Bible in "Miles Standish's Courtship"—appear to take a back seat in the M. E. Sunday schools, in favor of the tales of Mayne Reid and the exploits of "Kansas Jack," "Buffalo Bill," "The Prairie Scout," "The Black Avenger," etc., etc. Was it Henry Ward Beecher who "calumniated" (?) Sunday school literature, as now existing, by terming it the "swill of the house of God"?

An Illinois farmer raises a new kind of cabbage, which is very valuable to cigar-makers.

A Des Moines clergyman drives a 2:54 horse in the Park. Parson Fulton drives a slow team in Brooklyn, N. Y. He misses the brothers and sisters of Tremont Temple, whose purse-strings were ever loose.

A HIGHLY PERPLEXING QUERY.—One of the New York illustrated papers presented last week to the popular gaze a picture which puts the Indian question in a clear light before those of the public who are accustomed to be continually harping upon "barbarians," "blood-thirsty savages," "obstructors of the tide of immigration," etc., etc. A tall warrior stands on the right of the cut, grasping in one hand his spear, while in the other he displays an indictment of the superior claims of civilization—said instrument being a long list of crimes which are in full blast among the *cultivated* people of our day, but which *are unknown* to the red man. Uncle Sam, who, in the traditional costume, stands on the left of the picture, is fain to hide his diminished head behind his extensive hat when the warrior asks him wherein exist the superior claims of the white race and their mode of life above those of his own. The background of the picture is taken up by two individuals of the "self-righteous" order, who, seeing no escape from the dilemma, have clasped their hands, rolled skyward their blinking eyes, and pursed up their fat lips, upon which seem yet to linger the echoes of "Let us pray—(prey)!"

A lonely fellow in want of a wife advertises for a poor girl in a Chicago paper. He 'll find plenty of this commodity in Massachusetts; but if he is particular, and can't be suited here, he had better take the woman that advertises for a man in Woodhull's Weekly who wants a husband so badly, and no doubt she would make him a first-rate wife.

A fashionable lady has been compelled to leave Long Branch in spite of its attractions, because the moist sea air takes the "crimp" out of her poodle's front hair.

The receipts from sales of postage stamps since the abolition of the franking privilege greatly exceed in amount the receipts for any similar period in the history of the Government.

Grace Greenwood says: "The fact is, there are too many of us women." That won't be the complaint long, judging from the manner Americans destroy their offspring.

It is said that cannel coal can be mined in West Virginia, and sold in New York at a profit of eleven dollars *per ton*, against twenty-two for English cannel. It is said to be fully as good as the English.

The reports generally show that the cholera is not prevailing in the West, and has entirely disappeared in many towns where it prevailed.

A lady dealer in hair goods down East heads her advertisement in the local newspaper with this travesty of Dr. Watts:

"How vain are all things here below—
How false and yet how fair!
But if for false things you will go,
Invest at once in hair!"

THE LATEST CONUNDRUM.—How is it that while an American, who keeps a hotel in this city, is mulcted $50 and costs for providing his guests with the "ardent" on Sunday, an Irishman, who runs a "gin mill," can sell his "liquid damnation" on the same day with perfect impunity? Can the Daily News solve the mystery?

The members of Congress are said to be divided into "back-paysters and pay-backsters."

☞ The Spiritualist Association of Manchester, N. H., hold meetings every Sunday regularly at 2½ and 6½ P. M.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.
SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line, Minion, each insertion.
BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line, Agate, each insertion.
Payments in all cases in advance.

☞ For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

☞ Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Monday.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Age does not impair Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or Sugar-Coated, Concentrated Root and Herbal Juice, Anti-Bilious Granules. Their coating, and being enclosed in glass vials, preserve their virtues unimpaired for any length of time, in any climate, so that they are always fresh and reliable, which is not the case with the pills put up in cheap wood or paste-board boxes. Recollect that for all diseases where a Laxative, Alterative or Purgative is indicated, these little Pellets will give the most perfect satisfaction to all who use them. They are sold by all enterprising Druggists at 25 cents.

MRS. F. W. DODD, (lately of New York City,) Healing and Test Medium, No. 19 East Springfield street, Boston, Mass. Au.2.

Children, begin now to save your pennies, that when the long evenings come you can buy "Avilude, or Game of Birds." If your storekeeper has not got it, send seventy-five cents to West & Lee, Worcester, Mass., and it will be sent by mail, post-paid. "Avilude is a superior game."—*Worcester Palladium.* 2w.Jy26.

R. H. CURRAN & CO., recently from Rochester, N.Y., publishers of "THE DAWNING LIGHT," "THE ORPHANS' RESCUE," and other works of Fine Art, are now permanently located at 28 School street, Boston, Mass. Au2.

CHARLES H. FOSTER, Salem, Mass., Aug. 1st; Bangor, Me., 16th; New York, Sept. 1st, 19 West 22d st. Start November 1st for Denver City, Salt Lake City, Sacramento, San Francisco, Australia, &c., &c. Au.2.

VEGETINE is composed of roots, barks and herbs. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it.

COLBY & RICH, No. 14 Hanover street, Boston, Mass., have on sale some beautiful photographs of Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, the Musical Medium. Imperials 50 cents; Carte de Visite, 25 cents.

MRS. NELLIE M. FLINT, Healing and Developing Medium, 61 East Ninth street, New York. Hours from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. 4w*—Jy12.

DYER D. LUM'S BOOK, "The Spiritual Delusion; Its Methods, Teachings, and Effects; The Philosophy and Phenomena Critically Examined," is for sale at this office. Price, $1,50; postage 16 cents.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED by R. W. Flint, 39 West 24th street, New York. Terms $2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Jy5.—4w*

A COMPETENT PHYSICIAN.—The best and most efficient healer in Boston is Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike. He compounds his own medicines, is a mesmerizer, skillfully applies the electro-magnetic, battery when required, administers medicines to his patients with his own hands, has had forty years' experience as a physician, and cures nine out of every ten of his patients. His office is in the Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Room C. Au31.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS TO SEALED LETTERS. Send $1,00 and 4 stamps. Address MRS. M. K. C. SCHWARZ, Station B, New York. 6w*.Jy12.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER!—MRS. C. M. MORRISON.—Within the past year this celebrated Medium has been developed for Healing. Not a single case has come under the care of her Medical Band but has been cured. She is the instrument or organism used by the Invisibles for the benefit of Humanity. Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art. The placing of her name before the Public is by the request of her Controlling Band. They are now prepared, through her organism, to treat ALL DISEASES AND GUARANTEE A CURE in every instance where the vital organs necessary to continue life are not already destroyed.

MRS. Morrison is an unconscious TRANCE MEDIUM, CLAIRVOYANT AND CLAIRAUDIENT.

Her Medical Band use vegetable remedies, (which they magnetize,) combined with a scientific application of the Magnetic healing power. From the very beginning, her's is marked as the most remarkable career of success that has but seldom, if EVER, fallen to the history of any person. No disease seems too insidious to remove, nor Patients too far gone to be restored.

$1,00 for examinations by lock of hair. Give age and sex. "Healing Rooms" No. 175 East Fourth street, Oswego, N. Y. Séances for materialization SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY Evenings. Post Office Box 1049. 13w*.My17.

DR. WILLIS will not be at his Boston office, No. 25 Milford street, again until Sept. 17th and 18th. Summer address, Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jy26.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth av., New York. Terms, $5 and four 3-cent stamps. Jy5.

Kidney Diseases, Dropsy, and all diseases of the urinary organs can be cured by the use of "HUNT'S REMEDY." Thousands that have been given up by their physicians to die have been speedily cured by the use of Hunt's Remedy. Sent to any address, securely packed, on receipt of one dollar and twenty-five cents ($1,25). Send for illustrated pamphlet to WILLIAM E. CLARKE, DRUGGIST, and sole proprietor, No. 98 MARKET SQUARE, PROVIDENCE, R. I. 13w.My31.

DR. SLADE, now located at 413 Fourth avenue, New York, will give special attention to the treatment of disease. Also keeps Specific Remedies for Asthma and Dyspepsia. Jy5.

BUSINESS CARDS.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

At No. 319 Kearney street (up stairs) may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of **Spiritualist and Reform Books**, at Eastern prices. Also *Adams & Co.'s* **Golden Pens, Planchettes, Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, Orton's Anti-Tobacco Preparations, Dr. Storer's Nutritive Compound,** *etc.* Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. ☞ Remittances in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address, HERMAN SNOW, P. O. box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,

631 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the **Banner of Light**, and will take orders for all of Colby & Rich's (late William White & Co.) Publications, Spiritual and Liberal Books on sale as above; also by

DR. J. H. RHODES,

918 Spring Garden street, who will sell the books and papers at his office and at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Coates streets, at all the Spiritual meetings.

LIBERAL, SPIRITUAL AND REFORM BOOKSTORE.

Western Agency for the sale of the BANNER OF LIGHT and all **Liberal and Spiritual Books, Papers and Magazines.** Also, Adams & Co.'s *GOLDEN PENS AND PARLOR GAMES*, the Magic Comb, and Voltaic Armor Soles, DR. STORER'S NUTRITIVE COMPOUND, SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, Congress Record Ink, Stationery, &c.

HENRY HITCHCOCK,
No. 614 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHAUNCY HALL SCHOOL.

FORTY-SIXTH YEAR.

DURING Vacation, the Principals will be at the Bookstore of J. R. Osgood & Co., on Saturdays, from nine to two o'clock.

Catalogues can be obtained of T. Groom & Co., State street, and A. Williams & Co., 125 Washington street, or by addressing CUSHING & LADD. 4t—Aug. 2.

Second Grand Picnic of the Season

OF THE PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM of Brooklyn, at Boulevard Grove, corner of Debois and Morrell streets, Broadway, Brooklyn, E. D., Wednesday afternoon and evening, August 13th, 1873. Singing, speaking, &c., by the members of the Lyceum. Dancing at 3 o'clock. Tickets 50 cents. Green Gates and DeKalb avenue cars from Fulton Ferry, and South 7th street cars, Williamsburgh, stop near Grove. 4t2w*—Aug. 2.

MAUD E. LORD

WILL hold Public Séances, during the heated term, at her rooms, No. 27 Milford street, on Sunday, Monday and Wednesday evenings of each week, commencing at 7½ o'clock. Admission $1.00. 3w*—Aug. 2.

V. P. SLOCUM,

Magnetic Healer, Clairvoyant and Psychometrist,

WILL diagnose disease with the patient present or by lock of hair. Will delineate character by the handwriting; and will prescribe for and treat disease. Terms $2.00. 342 E. Tenth street, New York. 3wls* July 19.

Dr. B. F. Richardson, Blind Medium.

ANY one giving any information of his whereabouts, will greatly oblige L. V. COBB, 61 Bunker Hill street, Charlestown, Mass. 1w*—Aug. 2.

MRS. R. K. STODDARD AND SON, MASTER DEWITT C. HOUGH, the Physical Test Mediums, are prepared to make arrangements with societies or private parties for Séances in this city and vicinity for the next six weeks. Mrs. S. will address the audiences and demonstrate the power of spirits through the mediumship of her son. Address 21 Kneeland street, Boston. Aug. 2.

PROF. LISTER, (Formerly of Boston,) can be consulted by letter at 329 6th avenue, New York. Questions $1; full nativity $5. 9wls—July 19.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL

Camp Meeting

OF THE

SPIRITUALISTS OF MASSACHUSETTS,

WILL BE HELD AT

Silver Lake Grove, Plympton,

ON THE OLD COLONY RAILROAD,

Commencing Tuesday Aug. 5th, closing Sunday, Aug. 17th.

The Managers will spare no effort to secure every convenience for the comfort and enjoyment of all who may visit the Grove. As far as practicable, those intending to camp should furnish their blankets and camp equipments. Tents and Lodgings may be obtained by applying by letter to Dr. A. H. RICHARDSON, Charlestown, Mass.

Friday, the 8th; and Wednesday and Friday, the 13th and 15th, will be Special Picnic Days.

Speaking, Dancing, Boating, Fishing, etc., will be in order.

A small admission fee will be required of all persons visiting the Grove except those coming by Railroad. Dancing free.

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

GREAT ATTRACTION!

On Sunday, August 10th, the Exercises will consist of a Lecture, at 10:30 o'clock, by the able and eloquent Inspirational Speaker, MISS JENNIE LEYS.

In the afternoon, at 2 o'clock, PROF. WM. DENTON will lecture, after which a GRAND SACRED CONCERT, by a full band of twenty-five pieces, will conclude the exercises. The Musical Department during the entire Camp Meeting will be under the direction of Mr. J. HOWARD RICHARDSON.

Due notice of the Exercises on Sunday, August 17th, will be given.

The regular trains leave Boston daily, except Sundays, for the Grove at 8 A. M., and 2:30 and 5 o'clock P. M., stopping at stations below Wollaston.

From all stations on the Old Colony Railroad and its branches, including South Shore and Duxbury, Cape Cod, Fall River, Somerset and Dighton, Bridgewater and South Abington, all the regular trains will take passengers to and from the Grove at greatly reduced rates of fare for the round trip. Excursion Tickets, good from August 1 to 18 inclusive, may be obtained at all the stations.

On Wednesday, August 6, a special train will leave the Old Colony Depot, Boston, at 12 o'clock, to accommodate all that desire to join the Camp who cannot reach the city in time for the early train.

On Special Picnic Days, August 8, 13 and 15, a Special Train will leave Boston for the Grove, stopping at all way stations, at 8:15 and 12 o'clock, precisely. On Sunday, August 10, special trains will leave for the Camp Ground, stopping at all way stations as follows: Boston at 9 and 12 o'clock, Fall River *via* Old Road to South Braintree at 7:40 o'clock, Somerset 8 o'clock, Plymouth 9:30 o'clock, Duxbury and South Shore 7:45 o'clock.

Fare from Boston and return, $1,00. Fall River $1,50, Dighton $1,30, Plymouth 40 cents, and way stations in proportion. On Sundays, special trains will leave the Grove for Fall River, Taunton and Somerset, at 4:30 o'clock. For Boston and way stations at 5 o'clock.

We hope to meet all friends of Human Progress at these meetings.

DR. A. H. RICHARDSON, *Managers.*
H. F. GARDNER,

Boston, July 12, 1873. July 19.

MAGNETIC AND ELECTRIC POWDERS!

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.

GREAT NERVINE AND REGULATOR.

A Complete and Reliable Family Medicine. PURELY VEGETABLE.

For the Cure of all Diseases that can be cured by Medicine, Magnetism, or Electricity.

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K. Corson, Editress and Publisher, Toledo, Ohio.

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SYNOPSIS:—White Magic an actual fact. Identification of the returning dead. Conditions essential to their reappearance. Essentials of Mediumship and Clairvoyance. Blonde and Brunette Media. Curious Reasons. A vast discovery of inestimable importance. Conglomerate Circles. The YI-YANG. Psychic Force.—Medial Auras. Spanning the Gulph of Eternity! A Spirit. Electric People. To get the Phenomena when alone. Odylic Insulation. To form a Splendid Circle. Double Circles and new arrangement of the sitters. MATERIALIZATION OF SPIRITS, *and how to bring it about!* The Phantom hand of Toledo. The Spirit-room. MACHINERY ESSENTIAL TO PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS! AN ASTOUNDING IDEA—ATRILISM! Mergement of Identities—A dead one walks, talks, eats, drinks and does what he chooses while occupying another's body, *while the latter's soul is quiescent, and consciousness and identity wholly lost!* a most momentous problem, of enormous importance to every Physician, Judge, Juror, Minister, Spiritualist, husband, wife, in short to every human being. It is the most astounding thought yet evolved since Spiritualism became a fixed fact, as it accounts for much heretofore wholly unaccountable.

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P. S.—The ORIGINAL PAINTING of "**The Orphans' Rescue,**" executed by JOSEPH JOHN, is now offered for sale. Price, FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS, including frame. Call and see it. R. H., C. & CO.—Aug. 2.

Message Department.

EACH Message in this Department of the Banner of Light we claim was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of

MRS. J. H. CONANT,

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

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

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

☞ The questions answered at these Séances are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

☞ We shall resume our Public Free Circles on the first of September next.

Invocation.

Oh thou who art the one God over all and in all, in behalf of these Christians we pray. They are in darkness, give them light. They wander away from themselves, which is to wander away from thee; bring them home. Thou God and Saviour of the world and our souls, we pray thee, in behalf of these Christians, that they may come straightway into an understanding with themselves and with thee; that they may no longer seek to know thy way outside of home, but learn it within their own being, and come fearlessly at the bar of their own consciousness, communing with thee, for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, to-day and forever. Amen.
—Feb. 26.

Questions and Answers.

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

QUES.—[By Charles Beach, Penn Yan, N. Y.] What influence, if any, had the spirits composing the "Spiritual Congress" seen by A. J. Davis, in controlling mediums to produce the constitution and by-laws for the "Universal Brotherhood?"

ANS.—That is one step, and one only, in the very long staircase between cause and effect; but, as each one is important, so, of course, this one is important, and we believe that it will finally reach that condition so much desired, and of such an absolute necessity to human happiness.

Q.—[From the audience.] What are the processes through which disembodied spirits communicate with mortals?

A.—They are various, almost illimitable. They communicate to you through everything in Nature, for all things are the mediums for spirit. Mind has the supremacy over matter, or spirit has the supremacy over matter. When the Infinite said, "I give the dominion over all things," what did he mean? Why, that the human mind should be able to subdue all things in matter, to make all things a servant of itself. Now, if I should wish to communicate with you through the mediumship of this table, I should either move it or make sounds upon it intelligibly. It would be done in this way—by throwing from myself those electric forces which I might possess, in such a way as to produce a concussion when they reach crude matter. You call them raps. Do you suppose the spirits rap upon the table? Oh, no, they do not do it; they produce these sounds by electricity thrown from themselves. They sometimes use their hands in lifting tables and moving around articles of furniture; but it is oftener done by their servant, electricity. The processes of communication through the agency of human media are also various. Sometimes the spirit stands outside of the medium, and acts upon it, as one would act upon an instrument, as a lady would use a sewing-machine, as a hand would use a pencil. Sometimes the spirit is absorbed by the medium, and the communication takes place from within. Then all the organs are used; but it is generally the case when the spirit is outside; they use only those organs it becomes necessary for them to use.

Q.—Can all become mediums?

A.—All are mediums, to a certain extent; but these specialities in mediumship are mediums from conception, and they are trained for a life of mediumship by disembodied spirits; but all possess the power to a greater or lesser extent.
Feb. 26.

Margaret Owen.

I am Margaret Owen. I died in Boston, of consumption, last fall. I was twenty-eight years old. I have two sisters and one brother here. I wish, mostly, to reach my brother; for I think, if he knew the dead could return, he would lead a different life. I want him to, oh, so much! He's a great trouble to my sisters. He is dissipated, and they are almost discouraged about him.

It was me you saw the night you was lost, and could n't find your way home, Dan, because you drank so much. It was me you saw. You was n't mistaken. Now, you said you hoped, after I got out of this, my body of suffering, I'd be happy. I should be, Dan, if you would do right. Oh, do right—do right. You can if you try, and I'll help you; all your friends in this life will help you. Try—try; for six months, Dan, for my sake, try. Feb. 26.

Adelaide Porter.

My name was Adelaide Porter. I was seven years old; and I got the fever and the diphtheria, and I died and went to heaven, and I live with grandma and Aunt Sarah. I come back here for you to send a letter for me to my mother. I was born in Nashua, N. H., and I died in Chicago, Ill. I want you to tell mother where I live—that I live with grandma and Aunt Sarah, in Spring Garden City, house G. [Then you have houses?—they 're not air-castles?] Yes, we do have houses, and ours is a nice house. Oh, my mother would like it so well, because there are vines all round it. There are round all the houses in that city. That 's what it takes its name from—so many flowers and vines and trees all round the houses. They aint so thick but what the light comes through. Oh, it is nice, I tell you.

I don't want mother to cry; and I want her to give all my clothes away to some poor little child that aint got any—not to keep 'em to cry about. She can save that little torn brown hat of mine, if she wants to. Nobody would want that, and she thinks more of it than anything else. All the rest she 'd better give away. Good-by, mister. Feb. 26.

William Bennet.

My son says, if I will come back here, and tell what I used to compel him to do once a week, he'll believe that spirits can return; so I am here to do it—to read his Bible and keep still for half an hour. That he had to do every Sunday morning. William Bennet, to his son William. Good-day. Feb. 26.

Séance conducted by Rabbi Lowenthal; letters answered by "Vashti."

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Feb. 27. Emma Freeman, of Boston, to her sister; Polly Varney, of Barrington, Mass.; Capt. John Collin, of New Bedford, Mass.; Harriet Edmonds, of Chicago, Ill.

Tuesday, March 25. Clementina Van Dorn, of New Orleans, La.; William Peacemaker, to his mother, of Hamilton, Canada East; Virginia Walker, of Albany, N. Y.

Wednesday, March 26. Edwin Forrest; Margaret Sullivan, of Boston; Frank.

Thursday, March 27. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, of Boston, to his father; Emily Howe Watson, of Norwich, Conn.; Will, Thackeray; Betsey Cooper, of Boston, Mass.

Tuesday, April 1. Ellen McAvoy, died at Carney Hospital, to her mother; Bill Brownlow, of Minnesota, to his sister; Eleanor Kelsey, of New York City, to her mother.

Wednesday, April 2. Emma Sinclair, of Boston, to relatives; Matthew Kelley, to his brother.

Tuesday, April 8. George W. Nevins, of Boston; Ann Elizabeth Barnard, of New York City; Henry C. Wright.

Wednesday, April 9. Appeal; Sally Dexter Redfield.

Thursday, April 10. Amelia W. Snow; H. P. Deane, of Portland, Maine; Moketavata; Alida Spencer, of Tarrytown, Penn.

Tuesday, April 15. Charlotte Woods, of Peekskill, N. Y.; Philip Crossman, of London, Eng.; Lucy Warrington, of New York City, to her mother.

Wednesday, April 16. Henry C. Clayton, of Boston; Lucy Tarbell, of Boston, to her mother; Joshua Pike, of Hampton, to his children; Alice Stevens, of Bridgeport, Conn., to her father.

Thursday, April 17. Prof. Alexander M. Fisher, of Yale; Margaret Stillman, of Moultonboro', N. H.; Clark Brewer, of Boston; Daniel McCann, to his brother in Ireland.

Donations in Aid of our Public Free Circles.

Since our last report the following sums have been received, for which we tender our grateful acknowledgments. We need every cent the friends can spare to keep up the various departments of this paper:

Mrs. Elhakim Howard	$ 50	Mrs. F. Day	$ 50
Mrs. M. A. H.	30	Horace Reed	75
J. H. Price	25	Clark Dyer	1,00
Frank Howard	1,00	E. B. Averill	25
R. H. Allen	2,50	Mrs. A. M. Stone	1,00
M. S. Marble	50	Friend	1,00
Mrs. L. Stow	50		

THE SOUTH.

Anniversary Meeting.

The first anniversary of the First Association of Spiritualists of Atlanta was held on the corner of Broad and Marietta streets, on the evening of the 19th inst., when Mr. A. C. Ladd, President, delivered the following address:

BROTHERS, SISTERS, FRIENDS—It becomes my pleasing duty, as President of the First Association of Spiritualists in Atlanta, yes, I might say the first in the great State of Georgia, to address you on this, our first anniversary.

Twelve months ago this evening, Col. S. D. Hay, F. F. Taber, M. D., Bros. Stevens, Eddleman, Dr. Herring and myself met at Bro. Taber's office, corner Broad and Marietta streets, in this city, for the purpose of organizing a society, the object of which was to render ourselves more instrumental in doing good—the aim and object of all true Spiritualists. Upon this platform we planted our feet, erected our standard, and unfolded our colors to the breeze. That hour will long be remembered. It will ever be to my mind a bright oasis in the desert of life.

After appointing a committee to draft suitable declarations of principles, constitution and by-laws, etc., (the chairman of which was Bro. Taber, who was the framer of our present declaration of principles,) our meeting adjourned for a few weeks, during which time Bro. Ellis, Bro. Forsyth, Bro. Crussell and Dr. Heel's names were added to our number. Soon after our next meeting, Sister Davis and Sister Ellis's names were added to our little band.

From the little handful of leaven which was set to work by the organization, we can and are already seeing marked results, numbers have added their names to our ranks, and much good has been accomplished in the short space of one year, which we should look back upon with great satisfaction.

This should encourage us in the commencement of the second year, and cause us to resolve that the fruits of the coming year shall be double the past. This can be easily accomplished: as we scan the past experiences, we can readily see where we can make amends and take advantage of circumstances.

The lessons which we have been taught by our worthy Sisters Torry and Ballou, and Brothers Hay, Clark and Wilson, have no doubt been cherished in every heart and will prove an exemplification of the parable of the good seed, &c.

When we look over the vast field for labor and see the weeds and tares of misguided faith, that have so long choked down the tender shoots of truth, that have so often struggled to gain the ascendency where they could receive the rays of the glorious sun of progress and be blessed with the baptismal showers gathered from inexhaustible fountains, by angelic hands, from the realms of the beyond, it is with pleasure that we strive.

Yet, how few laborers do we see at their post at work in the vineyard of our glorious philosophy! I am readily led to the inquiry, "Why is this?" The query is readily answered in thunder-tones, Fear of popularity. Oh, friends! heed not Madam Grundy, but come forth and stand upon your Royal *dignity*. By so doing you will disarm the enemy of one of his most *powerful* weapons.

Then, with the sword of truth in hand, we can command reason to dethrone error, superstition and misguided faith; thereby raising man from his present groveling position to the foot of the Mount of Progress, where he can ascend step by step until he reaches a table whereon to rest and take a glance over the errors of the past. Again looking summitward, where he is permitted to get a dim glance of the beauties reflected from the pearls of good deeds of those who have ascended higher, oh! what energy fills his soul at this juncture! This energy should be ours, for we have reached one annual table in our ascent up this glorious mountain. We would, from the fullness of our heart, celebrate this our first anniversary, and rejoice with thanksgiving to the angel world, and through them to the Great First Cause—God—the grand centre and motive power of all things, from the smallest particle of matter to myriads of worlds that fill immensity.

The finite mind cannot grasp infinity. We must, therefore, content ourselves with the knowledge that we gather step by step, never forgetting that we are a link in the great chain of humanity; and as we stretch out our right hand for assistance from those who have gone up higher, let us grasp the hand that is stretched out to us from where we stood below; for, by helping others, we help ourselves. This fact cannot be too deeply impressed upon the minds of every one of us. This lesson is not new. We have been taught from our earliest childhood to observe and obey the Golden Rule, first penned by Confucius, afterwards repeated by Jesus, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." By doing this, we but follow out the old adage, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." A man or set of men who, in their selfishness, shut up in their hearts the good innate in them, do not pattern after the being infinite that made all things for their good, but rather pattern after the Hebraic idea of Infinity, who, in his rage, and to satisfy an angry mood, would destroy all that is good, and turn those who suffer for deeds he knows they would commit out upon a cold and merciless world, to die in degradation and despair. Let the motives that actuate you be free from this.

There is a principle that should move men's souls that is of higher and purer origin—it is the "principle of God" that Spiritualists adore; one of infinite goodness and mercy who, if erring mortals fall to do right, seventy and seven times, is still ever ready to forgive and take back into his fold the sheep that have strayed, and teach them to do better. For in wisdom there is strength, and a knowledge of wrong enables men to shun it, and do right for right's sake. This is the acme of infinite goodness and mercy. Let us rather, therefore, be of that forgiving disposition, that, seeing the wrong of our brother, are willing to throw over him the mantle of charity and strive by kind actions and good deeds to save him from his errors and make a good laborer to work in the vineyard of eternal progression. For, brethren and sisters, it is not all of life to live here. We must prepare ourselves here to live hereafter in the great beyond—in the land of eternal happiness. Then let us store our minds with useful knowledge; let us grasp after things that are hidden and search for truth wherever it may be found. Let reason and common sense guide our action; let us prove all things, and hold fast that which is good; let us endeavor to build up around us a community who may be known by their desire for wisdom; and above all let us study ourselves and guard against any angry passions that may arise to mar our peace with our brethren. Let our motto be peace on earth and good will toward men.

In doing this, we pattern after the gentle, loving One who came not to slay and put to death, but to lead men to repentance, and teach them that, though their sins were as black as night, they could be made as white as snow by following his precepts and examples, and practicing the goodness and mercy innate in themselves, and leading good and moral lives.

At a meeting of the above-named Society of Spiritualists, held June 20th, the following officers were elected for the current year: J. M. Ellis, President; R. C. Kerr, of Cobb County, William Coleman, Cuthbert, B. B. Alford, La Grange, Vice Presidents; W. G. Forsyth, Secretary; Dr. F. F. Taber, Treasurer.

IOWA.

Convention of Spiritualists.

The Spiritualists of the Northern District of Iowa met at Wells's Hall, Iowa Falls, June 13th, 1873, pursuant to a call from Dr. C. P. Sanford, State Missionary for Iowa. The Convention was called to order by Dr. C. P. Sanford, and Messrs. J. B. Thomas and E. Higgins were elected President and Secretary *pro tem.*

On motion, C. Benbow, D. T. Goodwin, P. P. Parker, Mrs. E. P. Higgins and Mrs. Luchula Benbow, were elected a Committee on Permanent Organization.

After short speeches from Bros. Sanford and Goodwin, and the passage of a resolution limiting each speaker to ten minutes in both conference and debate, the Convention then adjourned until Saturday morning, June 14th, at 9 o'clock.

Morning Session.—The Convention met pursuant to adjournment. Conference for one hour. The Committee on Permanent Organization then submitted their report, recommending the following named persons for election: For President, C. Benbow; Vice Presidents, one from each County so far as represented,) Dr. Peterson, Winnebago; Mrs. Vanderpool, Mitchell; Mr. Wheelock, Hancock; Judge Rosecrans, Cerro Gordo; Mr. Stephens, Floyd; W. A. Curtis, Butler; Mrs. Mitchell, Franklin; Judge Hewitt, Humboldt; Mrs. Western, Webster; Mrs. Wilson, Hamilton; L. O. Lowden, Hardin; F. Bawn, Grundy; Secretary, J. A. Collins; Treasurer, J. H. Welland.

Report accepted, and officers declared elected.

The following named persons were then appointed for service on Committees: Committee to frame a Constitution and By-Laws, J. B. Thomas, H. Brooks, Mr. Bump, Mrs. Eastman, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. McMellon. Committee on Resolutions, J. H. Welland, Mrs. Brooks and Mrs. Woodward. Committee on Order of Business, Mr. Goodwin and Mrs. Higgins.

After pleasant remarks from several speakers, adjourned to meet at 2 o'clock P. M.

Afternoon Session.—President in the chair. Music by the choir. Report from Business Committee: 1st, Conference for one hour; 2d, Adoption of Constitution, and such other business as may come before the Convention.

Evening Session.—Lecture by Dr. C. P. Sanford.

Sunday Morning.—Conference, after which address by Bro. Goodwin.

Afternoon. Conference, and address by Dr. Sanford.

Evening. Address by Bro. W. J. Shaw. An hour pleasantly passed in conference.

The Committee on Constitution submitted the following preamble and constitution, which were adopted:

Preamble.—Whereas, there appears to be a lack of support, financially, sufficient to encourage the spread of the truth of spiritualism in this district, and whereas there appears to be an anxious and increasing desire among the people to know more of our Philosophy, therefore, for the purpose of a more efficient support and encouragement for speakers to enter our field of labor, we do endorse and recommend the following constitution:

Art. 1. This organization shall be known as the Spiritualist Association for the Northern District of Iowa, embracing the counties named in the call for this Convention, auxiliary to the Iowa State Association of Spiritualists.

Art. 2. The officers of this Association shall consist of a President, Vice Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of five persons.

Art. 3. The duties of the first four officers shall be such as are usually performed by similar officers in all societies.

Art. 4. The duties of the Executive Committee shall be to employ any person or persons to lecture in this district on Spiritualism and subjects of radical reform; to audit the accounts of the association, and call an annual meeting of the same, at which they shall make their annual report.

Art. 5. All moneys paid by the members of this Association to the Treasurer, shall be subject to the order of the Executive Committee for the payment of lecturers employed.

Art. 6. The objects of this Association shall be purely of a financial character for the purpose of spreading the truth in this district, by the employment of such person or persons as the Executive Committee think proper to be sent forth to advocate the Spiritual Philosophy; and any person who may become a member of this Association, shall be perfectly free to enjoy and express his or her religious sentiments, and be considered individually responsible for whatever he or she may say or do.

Art. 7. The Executive Committee may authorize the employed lecturers to receive moneys from each member as per quarterly instalments and receipt for the same, and they shall require them to make a quarterly report to them of all moneys received; and they shall pay said lecturer out of the moneys reported as paid into the treasury of the organization.

Art. 8. All moneys subscribed to this Association shall be due quarterly, and such amounts due shall be subject to the order of the Executive Committee.

Art. 9. The election of officers of the Association shall be at the annual meeting of the Association, and they shall hold their office until their successors are elected.

Art. 10. The annual meeting of this association shall be on the first Friday, Saturday and Sunday in June of each year, at such place as the Executive Committee may select.

On motion, the following named persons were elected Executive Committee: Calvin Lundy, E. Higgins, W. A. Curtis, Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. L. Benbow. After music by the choir, Convention adjourned until 8 o'clock P. M.

Evening Session.—House called to order by the President. Music by the choir. The audience listened to an able address by Dr. C. P. Sanford.

Sunday Morning.—President in the chair. It being announced that the Secretary elect refused to serve, on motion W. A. Curtis was duly elected to fill the vacancy. Conference; remarks by H. Brooks, Dr. Sanford, C. Benbow, —— Gearhart and —— Brooks. After music by the choir, the audience listened to an interesting address by Bro. D. T. Goodwin, of Waterloo. Music, and adjournment.

Afternoon Session.—President in the chair. Music, and conference.

The Committee on Resolutions recommended the following, which were adopted:

Resolved, That we most respectfully urge the Spiritualists in every county, town, and neighborhood in this district, to circulate subscription papers in the spirit and interest set forth in our Constitution, and that they do so immediately, and report to the Executive Committee from time to time, as they progress in the work of thus raising funds for the support of speakers in our cause.

Resolved, That we cordially invite all lovers of free thought and liberal sentiment to join with us by subscribing to our funds, and we do not, by this act of subscription, claim them as Spiritualists, but thankfully receive their subscriptions for the advancement of our cause in carrying out the objects of our Association.

Resolved, That we recommend the organization of County and Township societies upon the basis of our Constitution, for the purpose of advancing the interests of our cause.

Resolved, That we urge upon the Spiritualists of every county and town in this district where there are sufficient numbers to do so, to organize Children's Progressive Lyceums, as the best means of teaching our Philosophy.

Resolutions expressive of woman's equality and the duty of man to remove legal obstacles, were passed. After music, the audience were agreeably entertained by an address from C. P. Sanford. Music followed, after which Convention adjourned until evening.

Sunday Evening.—President in the chair. Music by the choir. Poem read by the speaker, entitled "Over the hill to the Poor-House." Music. Address by W. J. Shaw. Subject, "The chains that bind human love." The address was eloquent and logical, the fine points illustrated by life incidents were vividly pictured to the mind, eliciting the undivided attention of the audience.

Dr. Sanford came forward and described several spirit friends, who were recognized.

On motion, the Convention tendered a vote of thanks to the citizens of Iowa Falls for their hospitalities.

On motion, the Secretary was required to prepare and submit a report of the proceedings of this Convention to the Banner of Light and the Religio-Philosophical Journal for publication.

After music, the Convention adjourned *sine die.*

W. A. CURTIS, *Secretary.*

P. S.—The Executive Committee have employed Br. W. J. Shaw as Missionary in this new field of labor.

W. A. C., *Sec.*

To the Sick.

"Verily, verily, I (Jesus) say unto you, the works that I do shall ye do also, and *greater* works;" "To some shall be given the gift of healing." By their works ye may know them, as our healing mediums daily testify by their cures and their description of diseased peoples' condition, the truth and clairvoyance of Jesus.

In gratitude to an excellent trance healing medium, long known to Spiritualists and the heathen, and in the hope of benefiting some sick persons who have been pronounced "incurable" by the Doctors, I ask you to publish the following bit of family history in connection with Mrs. Jeannie Waterman Danforth, of New York City, the truth of which may be verified in any way.

In 1865 I suffered a nervous prostration from the sun; was confined at home four months; was threatened with paralysis of legs; would (the following year) have to ask strangers in the street to assist me to the cars. I, a stranger, applied to Mrs. Danforth; she, without asking me questions, told me how I was affected; magnetized me; prescribed my food, diet and habits, and to-day I am as healthy as the average men of my age. At the same time I suffered from an "adhesion of the pleura"—that is, the right lung had grown fast to the membrane lining the ribs; she magnetized my side for that, and took the pain upon herself, since which it has not annoyed me. I had tried several physicians before without help.

My father was "given up" by his doctor to die a raving maniac with Bright's disease of the kidneys; had not slept for over a week; was "flighty," notwithstanding opiates, water, &c. I called in Mrs. Danforth; she became entranced, magnetized him, and within twenty-five minutes he went to sleep, slept naturally that night, and awoke much refreshed. He *enjoyed* life and a clear intellect under her care for two weeks thereafter, and passed into the spirit-world in full possession of his senses without the least trouble—asked for a drink of water, and dropped to sleep as easily as a child. My father—who was an infidel to modern Christianity during life—saw during his last sickness three spirit children in his room; also spirit lights. He wished me since, through Mrs. D., to tell the people "*not to place the bodies of their deceased friends upon ice* so soon after death—ten hours should elapse—as before that time the cold affects them disagreeably."

My mother last year had the erysipelas. I presented a lock of her hair to Mrs. D., without explanation, asking her to describe the condition of that person. She told of the swollen appearance of the "*left* side of mother's face," and described many other things in the case afterwards verified by my mother, who said it was her last sickness. Mrs. D. said she would get well; prescribed for her, and she *is* well. Yours truly, W. W. BENNETT.

Wisconsin.

CLINTON JUNCTION.—Will C. Hodge writes, July 15th: "In a late issue of your paper there appeared an article entitled 'Ministering Angels,' which treated of a subject but little understood among a majority of Spiritualists, and which to all who have never investigated the phenomena or philosophy of spirit intercourse, must (to use a common expression) appear like 'so much Greek,' or in other words, nonsense. I refer to mediums in the form, who are used to help spirits who are out of the form from the hells and prisons of spirit-life. That such *is* the case, I have not the least doubt. But is there a necessity for this? and if so, where is the justice in the proceeding? That such mediums dwell in the hades of an earthly existence is true, as the bitter experiences of many can testify. Is there a way of escape for such? or must it needs be that they continue to suffer and go through these literal hells during their earthly probation, often blamed and seldom understood, even by those who ought and who profess to be posted? Will the world and the church ever understand the fact that we do not get rid of men and women, nor their influence, simply by stopping their natural breath, whether they are legally murdered or otherwise?"

Passed to Spirit-Life:

From South Deerfield, Mass., June 25th, Viola L., only daughter of A. M. and M. C. Fisher, aged 17 years.

"She is not dead, but gone before
To wait us on that shining shore."

ASA M. FISHER.

From St. Louis, Mo., June 30, Carrie Virginia, the beloved wife of F. L. Bouque, aged 35 years 7 months and 21 days.

From her residence at Reading, Mass., Mrs. Lydia B. Lewis, aged 58 years.

From Cold Brook, N. Y., July 16th, 1873, Mrs. Temperance S. Fenner, wife of J. Gorton Fenner, Esq., aged 69 years 2 months and 12 days.

The subject of this notice was not only a noble and worthy woman, but an exemplary and intelligent Spiritualist, having been for over twenty years the possessor of rare gifts as a medium, through whom many glorious, truthful and consoling messages from spirit-life have come to those in earth-forms, convincing and converting them, and adding them to the millions of happy believers who rejoicingly live in the attracting and refining doctrine of the Spiritualistic Philosophy. She was ever ready, willing and able to enlighten those who sought her presence. When the hour of her departure came, she calmly and collectedly made arrangements, and gladly "passed over," with the promise soon to revisit her friends of earth. Her funeral was attended on the 18th by a large concourse of people, to whom an address was given by Rev. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, N. Y. H.

PUBLIC MEETINGS, ETC.

The Tenth Annual Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists.

The Tenth Annual Convention of the American Association of Spiritualists will be held in Grover's Opera Hall, Chicago, beginning on Tuesday the 16th day of Sept. next, and continuing three days. Each society, association or body of Spiritualists in America is respectfully solicited to send delegates to this Convention according to the provisions of Article VI., section 3, of the following Constitution;

Believing that the truths of the Spiritual Philosophy, rightly interpreted and applied to the improvement and regulation of human society, tend to the highest welfare of our race, and that great good may be accomplished by a general coöperation of Spiritualists throughout the continent for the promulgation and application of these truths, the undersigned unite for the specific purposes hereinafter named, under the following

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

ARTICLE I.—*Name.*—This Association shall be known as the American Association of Spiritualists.

ART. II.—*Objects.*—Its objects shall be to coöperate with State and Local Organizations in the promulgation and application of the Spiritual Philosophy; to aid in the organization of Local and State Societies and Children's Progressive Lyceums; to encourage the establishment of improved educational, industrial, sanitary, reformatory and charitable institutions so far as may be found practicable.

ART. III.—*Membership.*—*Sec.* 1. Members will be of two classes, active and auxiliary.

Sec. 2. Any duly appointed delegate, as hereinafter provided in Article VI., may become an active member of this Association by signing these Articles, or causing the same to be done, and paying any sum not less than one dollar.

Sec. 3. Any person may become an auxiliary member by signing these Articles, or causing the same to be done, and paying any sum not less than one dollar, which amount shall be paid annually thereafter. The payment of fifty dollars in any one year shall constitute a person a life member of the Association.

Sec. 4. Active members only shall be entitled to vote in the business meetings of the Association.

Sec. 5. Any member may withdraw at any time without being required to give reasons therefor.

ART. IV.—*Officers.*—*Sec.* 1. The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer and six Trustees. The President, Secretary, Treasurer and Trustees shall constitute the Executive Board of the Association, not more than two of whom shall reside in any one State, Territory, Province, or the District of Columbia.

Sec. 2. The President, Secretary and Treasurer shall be elected annually by ballot, and serve until their successors are elected. The term of office for the Trustees shall be for three years, in classes of two each—two of whom shall be elected annually by ballot.

Sec. 3. The President of any State, Territorial, District of Columbia, or Provincial Association, shall be, *ex officio*, Vice President of this Association, on payment of the membership fee provided for in Article III., but not a member of the Executive Board.

Sec. 4. The Treasurer shall give bonds in such an amount as the Executive Board shall order.

Sec. 5. The duties of the President, Secretary and Treasurer shall be such as usually pertain to officers of like character in regularly organized bodies, and their term of office shall commence at the close of the Convention at which they are elected.

ART. V.—*Duties of Trustees.*—*Sec.* 1. The Board of Trustees shall have control of all business matters of the Association, except such as may be acted on in annual or other general meetings. They shall meet quarterly for the transaction of business, at such places as they may determine from time to time. Three members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business, provided their action be submitted to the members of the Board not present; and if a majority of the Board approve thereof, the same shall become valid; and provided, further, that no business shall be undertaken by the Trustees, involving the expenditure of money, unless the Association has previously approved the purpose thereof.

Sec. 2. The actual traveling expenses of the Trustees, in attending the business meetings of the Board, may be paid from the funds of the Association.

Sec. 3. The Trustees are hereby constituted a Missionary Board, and it shall be their duty to employ as many missionaries as the funds in the Treasury will permit; to assign them to fields of labor; and to require from them written monthly reports of all collections, all societies organized, with the names of officers, and such other duties as a majority of the Board may deem necessary to effect the objects of the Association, as provided for in Article II.

Sec. 4. The Trustees shall make an Annual Report to the Association of all their doings, containing an accurate account of all moneys received and expended, from what sources received, and for what purposes expended; also publish quarterly statements of the same; and in no case shall any money be paid from the treasury of this Association for any other purpose or object than those set forth in Article II., and then only by order of the President, countersigned by the Secretary.

ART. VI.—*Annual Meetings.*—*Sec.* 1. Annual meetings of this Association will be held in the month of September, in each and every year, at such times and places as the Trustees may appoint.

Sec. 2. The annual meetings of this Association shall be conducted by the Board of Trustees and the delegates from the several State, Territorial and Provincial Organizations in active existence—provided such delegates become members of the Association, as provided in Article III.

Sec. 3. *Representation.*—Each active State or Territorial Organization of Spiritualists within the limits of the United States of America shall be entitled to as many delegates at large as such State or Territory has representatives in Congress—the District of Columbia being entitled to two delegates—provided that only one general organization shall be entitled to representation from any State or Territory. Each working Local Society and each Progressive Lyceum shall be entitled to one delegate for every fraction of fifty members.

ART. VII.—*Amendments.*—This Constitution may be amended at any annual meeting of the Association, by a vote of two-thirds of all the members and delegates present.

By Order of the Board of Trustees,

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL, *President.*

[All friendly papers please copy, at least the Introduction and Article VI, Sec. 3.]

The New Jersey State Association of Spiritualists and Friends of Progress

Will hold its Third Quarterly Convention in Vineland, N. J., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, August 8th, 9th and 10th, 1873. The meetings will open at 10 A. M. and 2½ and 7½ P. M. each day. The morning and afternoon sessions of Friday and Saturday will be devoted to conference and short addresses; the evening sessions and Sunday to lectures. First-class speakers have been engaged for the occasion. Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull will give the regular lecture on Friday evening. Platform free. Delegates and visitors from New York and vicinity will take the boat from foot of Murray street, New York, Pier 28, at 9:30 A. M., to connect with New Jersey Southern Railroad. Excursion tickets for the round trip from New York to Vineland and return, $3,25, good from Thursday, August 7th, to Wednesday, August 13th, inclusive. From Philadelphia, foot of Vine street, *via*, Winslow Junction, $1,50 round trip, from Aug. 7th to 13th; also an excursion from Vineland to Cape May on Monday, Aug. 11th, at less than half fare. Everybody invited to attend the Convention, to participate in the exercises and enjoy the festivities of the occasion. Visitors will find free homes and a cordial welcome. Good music will be in attendance. The officers and Executive Committees are requested to meet early to arrange for the services.

By order. L. K. COONLEY, *President.*
Vineland, N. J.

D. J. STANSBERY, *Secretary, Newark, N. J.*

8th of August, the Twelfth Anniversary of Vineland.—Excursions from New York, by N. J. Southern R. R., take Boat, Pier 28, at 9:30 A. M., to Sandy Hook, thence by Vineland car—no change, arriving at Vineland at 3:20 P. M. Fare $3.25 for the round trip. Tickets will be for sale at N. Y., Bricksburg and Winslow Junction.

From Phila. by C. and Atlantic R. R., leave Vine st. wharf at 8 A. M., to Winslow Junction, change cars to N. J. Southern R. R., arrive at Vineland at 10:20. Fare for round trip from Phila. to W. Junction, 90 cts.; Junction to Vineland, 60 cts.; thus Phila. to Vineland, $1,50. Tickets good on both Railroads from Aug. 7th to 13th. Children half fare. Excursion to Cape May with K. of P., Monday, Aug. 11th. Fare $1,50; Children 75 cts.

Look out for a good time coming. We trust the "Vineland Policy" will enable us to furnish pleasant homes for the visitors.

Committee of Reception at Depot Thursday and Friday.

Spiritualist Lectures in Iowa.

Bro. W. J. Shaw, lecturer for the northern district of Iowa, will if not prevented by some unforseen casualty fill the following appointments:

Cedar Falls, Aug. 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th; Shellrock, 8th, 9th and 10th; Osage, 11th, 12th and 13th; Mitchell, 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th; Charles City, 18th, 19th and 20th; Nora Springs, 21st and 22nd; Mason City, 23rd and 24th; Clear Lake, 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th; Forrest City, 29th, 30th and 31st; Alzona, September, 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th; Springvale and Dacotah, 5th, 6th and 7th; Fort Dodge, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th; Webster City, 12th, 13th and 14th; Iowa Falls, 15th, 16th and 17th. Any other Communities or Associations of Spiritualists in the district desiring lectures should address him at any of the above named points at least two weeks before his arrival in their vicinity. Let the friends in the several localities be active with their lists. Everywhere Paganism hides its head, and the victory for triumphing truth is not far in the future.

Iowa Falls, July 22d.

Spiritualist Meeting.

The Chemung County Spiritualist Association will hold their Yearly Meeting at Eldridge Park, Elmira, N. Y., on Sunday, Aug. 17th, 1873, commencing at ten o'clock A. M., and continuing until four o'clock P. M. Good speakers will address the meeting, and LaFrance's full band will discourse good music. All parties will understand that they are to bring their own provision. This Park is to Elmira what Central Park is to New York City. A general invitation is given to all the friends of progress.

WILLIAM H. PALMER, *President.*

S. A. TALLMADGE, *Secretary.*
Horse Heads, N. Y., July 22d.

Picnic at Compounce Pond.

The Spiritualists of Central and Western Connecticut will hold their third Annual Picnic at Compounce Pond, Bristol, Conn., on Wednesday, the 13th of August, to which all friends of progress and free thought are invited. Speaking to commence at 10½ o'clock A. M. Friends who wish to come by railroad will find teams in waiting at Forestville to convey them to and from the Pond. Trains arrive from the east and west, at the above stations, at 9 o'clock A. M., and return about 5 P. M.

Committee of arrangements from the several towns, and others wishing further information, can address A. T. Robinson, President, Bristol, Conn., or George L. Smith, Secretary, Plainville, Conn.

Picnic from Philadelphia.

The Spiritualists of Philadelphia and places adjacent will have a Picnic at Atlantic City, on Wednesday, Aug. 27th. The last boat leaves Vine-street wharf at 6 A. M., and returns about 7½ P. M., giving eight hours on the beach. Meetings will be held at Atlantic City. Adults' tickets, $1,50; children 75 cents. Tickets for sale by J. H. Rhodes, M. D., and H. T. Child, M. D.

New Books.

Life--Health--Happiness.

THE TRIO.

NEW BOOKS.

The Mental Cure.

BY REV. W. F. EVANS.

The Philosophy of Life: Illustrating the Influence of the Mind on the Body, both in health and disease, and the Psychological Method of Treatment. 364 pp. The work has received the encomiums of able critics, and is considered one of the best books in the English language. Dr. A. Johnson writes of it thus: "I have no hesitation in saying that it contains more sound philosophy in regard to the laws of life and health than all the medical works in the libraries."

The Vital Magnetic Cure.

BY A MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN.

The Philosophy of Health: A Treatise upon the Electric, Magnetic, and Spirit-Life Forces of the Human System, and their Application to the Relief and Cure of all Curable Diseases of the Mind and Body. 216 pp. It is a practical work, adapted to the wants of the entire human family, and deals with the natural forces, that can be cultivated. "It is a work that will not lose its interest in an age."

Nature's Laws in Human Life.

The Philosophy of Happiness: or an Exposition of Spiritualism, embracing the various opinions of extremists, *pro* and *con*. Distinguished Theologians, Professors, D. D.'s, and others in opposition to its truthfulness; Normal, Inspirational and Trance Speakers and Writers in favor. 368 pp. Is Immortality Universal? Knowledge of Nature's laws and the destiny of the human race result in happiness. Also prove an antidote to "Free Love"*ism*. "Let truth and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth to be put to the worst in a free and open encounter?"

The above works should be in the library of all seekers of truth in human life forces.

These trio books $1,50 each, postage 18 cents each.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, COLBY & RICH, (late Wm. White & Co.,) at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 14 Hanover street, Boston, Mass.

EXETER HALL.

A Theological Romance.

THE MOST STARTLING AND INTERESTING WORK OF THE DAY.

Read "Exeter Hall."
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Read "Exeter Hall."
*Read "Exeter

Mediums in Boston.

Office of Dr. H. B. Storer,

137 Harrison avenue, Boston.

CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS DAILY

BY MRS. GEORGE W. FOLSOM,

From 9 o'clock A. M. to 5 o'clock P. M. Terms $1,00—When written, $1,50.

DR. STORER'S New Vital and Organic Remedies, adapted to every diseased condition of the human system, sent by Express, with full directions, to all parts of the country. July 5.

Dr. Main's Health Institute,

AT NO. 342 HARRISON AVENUE, BOSTON.

THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please enclose $1,00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. 3m*—Apr. 26.

CANCERS CURED

Without the Knife,

BY MRS. A. E. CUTTER, Electro-Magnetic Physician, 22 Kirkland street, Boston, Mass. Remedies sent to all parts of the country. 8w*—June 28.

MAGNETIC TREATMENT

BY DR. W. A. DUNKLEE, 94 Tremont street, Boston, Room 10. From 9 to 12 A. M. and 2 to 4 P. M. July 12.*

TEST MEDIUM.

MRS. BELLE BOWDITCH, No. 30 Kneeland street, corner of the avenue. Hours from 9 to 4. Public Séances every Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock. 13w*—June 14.

MRS. CARLISLE,

TEST, Business and Clairvoyant Physician. Hours from 9 to 6. 94 Camden street, Boston. 28w*—Feb. 1.

MISS S. F. NICKERSON,

TRANCE and Business Medium, 35 Dover st. Hours, 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Public Séances Sunday and Wednesday eve. June 7.—13w*

MISS CHESTER,

CELEBRATED Trance Clairvoyant, 5 Jefferson place, off Bennet street. Developing Class for ladies. July 26.—3w*

M. SUNDERLAND COOPER,

THE original New England Medium, No. 27 Milford street, Boston. Hours 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. July 19.—4w*

MRS. JENNIE POTTER,

CLAIRVOYANT, 11 Oak st., three doors from 650 Washington st. Hours: 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., Sundays included. Aug. 2.—5w*

MRS. E. B. CHASE.

CLAIRVOYANT AND PSYCHOMETRIST. At home Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Hours from 10 to 5. No. 37 East Brookline street, Boston. Psychometrical Readings, $2,00. tf—Oct. 26.

I. P. GREENLEAF.

Trance and Inspirational Speaker.

FUNERALS attended at short notice. Residence, 27 Milford street, Boston. Pleasant rooms to rent by the day or week. 13w*—July 26.

MRS. N. J. MORSE, (formerly Andrews,) Electro Magnetic Physician, 46 Beach street, Boston. Electrical and Medicated Vapor Baths are used as auxiliaries in the cure of disease. Consultations free. A superior Medical and Business Clairvoyant will be in attendance on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Examinations, $1,00 by lock of hair; when written, $2,00. Mr. S. P. Morse, Magnetic Healer, will also be in attendance. Patients visited at their residences if desired. 1w*—Aug. 2.

LIZZIE NEWELL, 28 Winter street, Boston, Room 35, Test and Business Clairvoyant. Magnetic Treatment and Medicated Baths. Examines from lock of hair. Terms $2. 6w*—July 19.

MRS. L. W. LITCH, Clairvoyant Physician and Test Medium, has removed to 169 Court street, Boston. Circles Sunday and Tuesday evenings. July 12.—4w*

FREEMAN HATCH, formerly a sea captain, having received power to heal the sick, both body and mind, from God and angels, can be found at 35 Harrison avenue. Office hours 9 to 4. 4w*—July 26.

MRS. ELDRIDGE, Test, Business and Medical Clairvoyant, No. 7 Oak street, first door from Washington street, Boston. 4w*—July 19.

MRS. FRANK CAMPBELL, Clairvoyant Physician and Spirit Medium. Hours from 9 to 12 and 2 to 5. 616 Washington street, Boston. 4w*—June 28.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 50 Dover street (formerly 23 Dix place). Dr. G. will attend funerals if requested. 13w*—June 14.

Miscellaneous.

Summer Address, Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y.

Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis,

P. O. Box 362, Willimantic, Conn.

DR. WILLIS may be addressed as above until July 1, 1873. From this point he can attend to the diagnosing of disease by hair and handwriting. He claims that his powers in this line are unrivaled, combining, as he does, accurate scientific knowledge with keen and searching Clairvoyance.

Dr. Willis claims especial skill in treating all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Cancers, Scrofula in all its forms, Epilepsy, Paralysis, and all the most delicate and complicated diseases of both sexes.

Dr. Willis is permitted to refer to numerous parties who have been cured by his system of practice when *all others* had failed.

Send for Circulars and References. tf—July 5.

CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS

Of the following named persons can be obtained at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 14 Hanover street, Boston, for 25 CENTS EACH: WM. WHITE, LUTHER COLBY, MRS. J. H. CONANT, A. J. DAVIS, MOSES HULL, WILLIAM DENTON, ROSE, LILY.—MOSES HULL, cabinet size, 50 cents; WILLIAM DENTON, cabinet size, 50 cents; A. J. DAVIS, imperial, 50 cents; JUDGE EDMONDS, imperial, 50 cents; N. FRANK WHITE, imperial, 50 cents; CHAS. H. FOSTER, imperial, 50 cents; DR. SLADE, imperial, 50 cents; WILLIAM WHITE, imperial, 50 cents; LUTHER COLBY, imperial, 50 cents; THE SPIRIT BRIDE, 25 cents; do. 8x10, 50 cents; THE SPIRIT OFFERING, 50 cents; PINKIE, the Indian Maiden, 50 cents.

☞ Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price.

My Home Beyond the Tide.

Song and Chorus,

BY S. W. TUCKER.

This is a fine spiritual song by the author of the favorite "Evergreen Shore."

Price 40 cents, postage 2 cents.

For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, (late Wm. White & Co.,) at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 14 Hanover street, Boston, Mass.

LIBERAL INSTITUTE,

Carversville, Bucks Co., Pa.

THIS Institute will be opened in September for persons of both sexes. There will be an Educational Department, *and also a Healing Department,* under the care of competent persons. Address **WM. R. EVANS.** July 26.—2w

"MILLY."

A beautiful photograph from spirit-picture of "Milly," Spirit Control of Mrs. A. Morton, Clairvoyant Physician, of San Francisco, Cal., (formerly of Boston.) 25 cents.

For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, (late Wm. White & Co.,) at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 14 Hanover street, Boston, Mass.

B. C. Hazelton's PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY,

NO. 140 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Every style of PICTURES, from Card to Life-Size, either Plain, or colored in India Ink, Crayon, Oil or Water-Color. June 28.—13w

ORGANISTS, professional and amateur, desiring opportunities for frequent pedal and solo-stop practice at a moderate cost, will learn of something greatly to their advantage by addressing

GEO. WOODS CO. Organ Builders,

July 5.—3m **Cambridge, Mass.**

TO LET—In a fine location at the South End, a very pleasant front room and side room, with board, in a genteel private family. Application should be made immediately. Reference: COLBY & RICH, Booksellers, 14 Hanover street, of whom further particulars can be learned: or apply at 76 Waltham street. tf—June 14.

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE.

WINTER SESSION commences October 6, 1873. Fees for the course, $30. No other expenses. For particulars address PROF. BUCHANAN, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa. July 19.—12w*

THE MAGNETIC TREATMENT.

SEND TEN CENTS to DR. ANDREW STONE, Troy, N. Y., and obtain a large, highly illustrated Book on this system of vitalizing treatment. tf—July 5.

DUMONT C. DAKE, M. D.,

CAN be consulted at the Matteson House, Chicago, the last two days in each month. July 5.

MRS. JULIA M. CARPENTER can be consulted for disease or business, by letter. Send lock of hair, $2,00 and stamp. Address West Gloucester, Mass. July 12.—4w*

SEALED LETTERS answered by Prof. J. D. RUSSELL, Salisbury, Ct. Terms $1,50. All diseases cured. Write for information. 4w*—July 19.

Miscellaneous.

CONSUMPTION

And its Cure.

VICTIMS of this awful disease are found in every neighborhood, in almost every house.

For them and for their friends we have tidings of good cheer and hope—the announcement of a most important discovery, *firmly based upon common sense and reason,* by which the terrible malady is positively controlled, and its victims are restored to health.

WILLSON'S

Carbolated Cod Liver Oil

Is not a secret empirical nostrum. It is a happy combination of two remedies known to physicians everywhere as the best means of combating consumption. This combination is Mr. Willson's discovery, and is founded upon the following

SOUND REASONING.

Consumption is decay. Soothing, expectorant remedies, are only as useful palliatives; they do not reach the cause; they do not stop the decay. Tonic medicines strengthen the life forces and prolong the battle, but the decay goes steadily on, and sooner or later the victim must yield. Climatic changes are sometimes good, but they seldom wholly cure. In short, the very first thing to be done is to STOP THE DECAY; then apply the restorative, tonic and strength-giving treatment. Think a moment. The Lungs are decaying—tubercles, ulcerations, cavities and deposits of poisonous matter (pus) are forming. The circulation carries this poison all over the body. Wasting, loss of appetite, enervation, night sweats, and all the terrible symptoms appear. *Is it worth while to doctor the symptoms,* which are merely the results, while the *decay,* which is the cause, is eating up the life-springs?

These two things are well known by the best physicians: *1st, Carbolic Acid positively arrests Decay.* It is the most powerful antiseptic in the known world. Even dead bodies are preserved by it. Entering into the circulation, it at once grapples with corruption, and decay ceases. It purifies the sources of disease.

2d, Cod Liver Oil is Nature's best Assistant in resisting Consumption. It is at once a food, a tonic, a purifier and a healer. It braces up and supplies the vital forces, feeds the wasted system, and enables nature to regain her foothold. *For these purposes nothing can compare with Cod Liver Oil.* This is the theory of

WILLSON'S

Carbolated Cod Liver Oil,

As described fully in the inventor's circular, which will be mailed, upon application, to any address. We *cannot afford* space to tell the whole story here, or to give the numerous certificates from eminent physicians and well known citizens testifying to the absolutely wonderful results flowing *from this great discovery.* Suffice it to say, it is curing thousands who supposed themselves to be at death's door.

Willson's Carbolated Oil is scientifically prepared with the purest Carbolic Acid, so combined as to be entirely harmless, with

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DEAR MADAME: In reply to your request to know how I liked the *Cream of Lilies,* I would say it has taken the moth from my face that had marred my looks for over five years, leaving my skin soft and white.

Yours with gratitude, MRS. SARAH A. BAKER.

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W. M. PAIGE.

Worcester, Mass., Oct. 17, 1870.

DEAR MADAME: Having used your *Cream of Lilies,* I would certify that it has taken off my face a scar that was made in the army, and left the skin smooth and clear like that of a child. I consider the *Cream of Lilies* invaluable.

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AND

Christian Spiritualist.

REVISED AND CORRECTED.

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AND

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WITH

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BY LIZZIE DOTEN.

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The West.

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HENRY HITCHCOCK, successor to WARREN CHASE & Co., will keep for sale at 611 North Fifth street, the BANNER OF LIGHT and all the Spiritual and Reform Works published by COLBY & RICH, (late William White & Co.,) Boston, Mass.

Editorial Correspondence.

BY WARREN CHASE.

VARIETIES IN LIFE AND SPIRIT-LIFE.

BROTHER Peebles, than whom we have no purer or more spiritual man in our ranks, has the common failing of most writers, who suppose their highest and holiest standard is *the one* to which all souls must come. In a recent letter he says:

"As a religious animal man is polygamic and promiscuous; as a spiritual being he is monogamic in marriage and chaste in marital conduct, and as an angel he is a celibate. The embryo angel is within; men may become angelic on earth, this is the resurrection with God's 'will done on earth as in heaven.'"

As a *religious animal* man is neither monogamic nor polygamic nor promiscuous, since religion has no more to do with our sexual relations than with our food or garments. There is as much *religion* in polygamic countries as in Christian, and Bro. Peebles ought to know this by his extensive travels among the Orientals. Socially man is polygamic, monogamic and promiscuous by education and authority. In Christian countries, monogamic by education and without, and in Mohammedan countries, (equally religious), polygamic from some cause and in both more or less promiscuous, without authority, but in Christian countries more so than in Mohammedan. Socially or religiously, individuals may be celibate in any country or any world, but no race, nation, or people become so in any world we ever heard of, and for one we are as sure that we never shall be so in any world as Bro. Peebles is sure he will be, and has a perfect right to be, but we know a thousand persons who will *never* be celibates in any world, while they have individual existence, and we go with them—so this "God's will" will never be done in us on earth nor in heaven. We believe in the copartnership and union of two living souls in this and every world and the conjugal heavens which Swedenborg saw.

Each standard of perfection is for the individual who attains it, but we must not measure our neighbor's corn in our bushel: we do not ask nor expect Bro. Peebles to adopt our standard, and we are sure ours will not conform to his celibate heaven of the early Christians. We would sooner be turned out with the nations that forget the Jewish and Christian Gods. Celibacy may be social or religious in some persons, it is *neither* in us and never will be, while we are human and have sex in our nature, but we certainly have not the slightest objection to others *enjoying* it if they can; but we must be excused from that procrustean bedstead being applied to us and to all persons of our race.

Polygamy is a species of slavery, and much of Christian monogamy is of the same terrible character; but we hope the present agitation will result in bringing on earth the equality of the sexes which they have in the spirit-world, and then marriages will soon regulate themselves on a harmonious basis of mutual relationship between the sexes, and of course polygamy will cease as an institution, and we believe lust and licentiousness will also cease in a short time.

THOMAS GALES FORSTER.

IT was a happy greeting and a pleasant hour when we met in the lecture hall in Chicago, July 20th, this faithful and beloved brother, and his wife, Carrie, whose smiling face has so often greeted us in the lecture rooms of Philadelphia in years long since gone—carrying with them many a living form. They were on a resting tour, and bound for the great river. Bro. Forster is not able to lecture at present, but returns to New York in October to resume labor if able. He has worn out a valuable life in this cause, and it is nearly done; and none of our early pioneers have been more faithful or done better service. His reward is over the river, waiting him, and we are almost certain to meet him over there in a few years, and talk over the scenes and trials of earth-life.

It is blessed to go up this rugged and ragged road clothed in poverty outwardly, and glittering inwardly with diamonds, to the summit of our mountain of toil, and then cast off the rags, and step on to the clouds and walk off with the angels, (not fly off with the Christian winged angels,) and find ourselves in the homes of our beloved and happy friends. No one knows it all better than Bro. Forster. Our voice brought him to the platform, and the invisibles pushed out a few beautiful sentiments and encouraging words through his delicate form, and he bore his own true testimony. There were many tears wiped away from the faces that sat looking at the two white-haired and nearly worn-out pioneers in this cause, whose quarter of a century of labor had ripened their forms for the graveyard and their souls for a brighter life. Our hearts were made glad by the angels as we looked back and recalled the scenes and trials of piloting a new cause against a bitter Christian prejudice and a power whose arm was shortened by the civil law, and only thus prevented from mobbing, robbing or burning us years ago. Now that power, finding the real obstacle to its tyranny is the Constitution, is laying the axe at the root of the tree of liberty, determined to fell it or perish in the attempt; and our warning voices, as we step off the stage, are left to give force and tone to the "BUGLE BLAST" of Bro. Jamieson, and the significant finger of the INDEX, and the shrill cry of the INVESTIGATOR, all pushed on by the engines and steam whistles of the BANNER OF LIGHT and RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

SACRED CURIOSITIES.

A traveler in Japan describes a huge rock which the natives say fell down from heaven, on which are engraved, or molded, (done in heaven of course) some colossal figures of parts of the human body (female) which are as rude and vulgar as parts of our *holy* bible in its figures of speech, and which ought of course to be prohibited circulation through the mails as obscene literature. The touch of this sacred stone is said to have cured thousands of invalids, and its healing power is said to be far greater than the pool of sacred scripture, or the holy water of the Roman Church. Hundreds of thousands of people go there to worship and touch the stone, and we do not see any reason or testimony why it is not as sacred as the Jewish ark or their holy of holies—as the Christian cross, or statute of the "holy virgin," or the sacred wafer, or water, the bread and wine, or even the bible itself. To us all these *sacred* objects are alike, one *as* holy as another, and none more so than other objects, except in the imaginations of the ignorant and superstitious.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Charles H. Foster at the Parker House.

As stated in two previous issues of the Banner, this celebrated exponent of unseen intelligence and power has been creating a great sensation in circles non-spiritualistic, as well as among believers, since his advent in Boston. The majority of the press of the city, when it has taken occasion to refer to him, has done so in a highly commendatory manner; in other cases the marked silence preserved has shown that the effect produced upon the editors or reporters attending his *free* séances to newspaper men, was so conclusive that to attempt to slur at the facts witnessed would, in effect, be equivalent to a willful stultification of their own manhood and reason.

Among other papers, the Boston Herald, a widely circulated journal among the masses, has given favorable and lengthy mention of Mr. Foster's claims. The Boston Journal of Commerce, for July 12th, also details its experience as follows:

"THE FOSTER SEANCES.—Mr. Charles H. Foster, who has excited so much attention in London and New York, by reason of his wonderful powers of communicating with the other world, is at the Parker House, where he is holding séances. During the week several members of the press have visited him, and he has afforded every opportunity for a close investigation. His powers seem principally to be directed to the answering of written questions to the deceased. We ourselves witnessed a most remarkable exhibition of power on the occasion of our visit. A gentleman connected with the press was notified that a brother of his was present. The journalist *wrote in shorthand* for his brother to write his initials on Mr. Foster's arm if he were present, and Mr. Foster immediately after notified the journalist that his brother had written his initials upon his arm, and, turning up his coat sleeve, displayed, to the astonishment of all, the initials in red marks upon the arm. Other equally astonishing tests were given, and there can be no doubt that Mr. Foster is capable of astounding all with the phenomena he can develop at his séances."

The following excellent test of spirit-identity, which has come under our notice, is given as a sample of hundreds of others occurring daily in the presence of Mr. Foster. It transpired not long since at one of his morning séances, and was detailed to us by the party receiving it, who is convinced, beyond shadow of doubt, that his ascended friend was the inspiring power on the occasion:

Our informant, J. Andrews, M. D., of Worcester, Mass., had been connected in business as well as in friendly relations with A. R. Porter, of Haverhill, and had made an agreement with him that whoever of the two should pass the gates of physical change first should return, if it were possible, to the other. Hearing of the remarkable success of Mr. Foster in giving tests, Dr. Andrews decided on consulting him at his room, 71, Parker House, and accordingly prepared a series of questions before going there. His friend had a peculiarity in life of signing his articles written for the press as "A. R. P.," omitting the remainder of the surname; and at once the spirit, Porter, through the agency of the medium, gave a message setting forth the fact that he recognized Dr. Andrews as his old friend, reminding him of his promise to communicate, and saying he should have done so before if Dr. A. had put himself in the way of receiving word from him, and ending by announcing himself to be "A. R. P." He also demanded Dr. A. to throw his handkerchief beneath the table—which was done. The medium then proceeded to consider the names and queries further prepared by Dr. A. and the other members of the circle after the manner so often described. In a few moments Dr. A was requested to look for his handkerchief—which he did, and found it on the floor, tied up neatly in six different knots—a communication which had a direct meaning to *him*, and which he emphatically pronounced to be "a message that would not fade out!" The tying occurred beneath the table, in open daylight, in presence of some five or six persons, and under such circumstances as rendered "trick" or "collusion" (the favorite explanatory retreat of big-eyed skeptics) impossible.

Among other questions asked, Dr. A. received correct answers as to the full name of his friend, also that of his sister, the number of her children, and the place where his mother died—Woodstock, Vt. The event happening fifty-one years ago, Dr. A. is certain Mr. F. could have no knowledge, himself, of the facts in the case.

Any attempt to detail the legion-like proofs of unseen individuality which fill the hours devoted by Mr. F. to his séances, and which make time glide imperceptibly away, would be utterly futile. He has been known repeatedly (both spontaneously and in accordance with a request) to give, through his own hand, *fac similes* of the chirography of persons departed from physical life, which, when compared with originals, have been found to be complete in every particular—names, dates and localities; and in some cases, quite lengthy messages have been transcribed, *both by direct spirit writing beneath the table*, (as described in our issue of two weeks since,) and by a pencil held in his hand, the fingers remaining immovable, while the pencil gyrated in plain sight in making the characters.

At a séance held with Mr. Foster on Tuesday morning, July 22d, the medium perceived the spirit of Bro. White almost immediately on the party seating themselves at the table, and exclaimed, addressing Mrs. W., "How beautiful and angel-like the spirit seems who is standing by your side."

Referring to his wife's strongly-expressed desire that he should stay at home and not go out on the day when he experienced his death-change, he told her that she was strongly impressed by some spirit friend to so urge him, as it was seen by the invisible ones that danger hovered over his physical form, but that he was led to go by the demand of duty, which took the form of destiny.

After some further conversation between the spirit and the party—which was of interest only to the individuals concerned—the circle was broken, the members, on retiring, feeling that they had been indeed conversing with the immortal part of one of earth's true men!

HIS WORK IN THE SOUTH.

Previous to his advent in Boston Mr. Foster did yeoman service for awhile in the South, forcing our philosophy and phenomena upon the public attention in numerous localities where the subject of Spiritualism had never before been soberly considered.

The following, from the New Orleans Republican, published at the time of his being in that city, shows the effect produced by him upon the mind of its representative:

"CHARLES H. FOSTER, THE TEST MEDIUM.—Our reporter called at room No. 83, St. Charles Hotel, yesterday, to have a sitting with Mr. Charles H. Foster, the spiritual test medium, and was received in a room without any outward signs of its being the habitual abode of spirits.

A sofa, a good fire, cigars and a pleasant gentleman to converse with, were all inducements to believe that nothing supernatural would make its appearance. Nothing did to the eye, but some strange things were *done through the agency of* Mr. Foster while under the influence of spirits called by our reporter.

If Glendower had done one-half what was done for our reporter's benefit, Hotspur would never have 'crossed my uncle so.'

At Mr. Foster's request our reporter wrote three names of departed friends. The paper was folded several times without his seeing what was written, and the spirits came. They told their names, their connection, where and how they died: of their friends in distant States, of news the reporter had that day received from them, of thoughts and deeds he thought were secret to all but himself, and which the medium could never have known. They answered questions and suggested others, while the reporter wondered how this handsome gentleman, who so quietly astonished him, could do all this in so mysterious a manner. He caused initials to appear on the back of his hand; he selected from crumpled pieces of paper one having the correct name upon it, and he did many more wonderful things, or through him the spirits told the reporter what only he or they could know.

While with him a gentleman came in and announced the death of a friend, without giving the name. He wrote a question, addressed to the spirit, and Mr. Foster told the name. From our acquaintance with all parties, we know there was no possibility of collusion.

After a most interesting interview, the reporter bade Good day to Mr. Foster, and found that an hour and a half had slipped away unheeded."

The following official document and editorial evidences endorse the value of his labors in Galveston:

"GALVESTON, TEX., *March 8*, 1873.

DEAR BANNER—Upon the invitation of the Society of Spiritualists of Galveston, Charles H. Foster, the great test medium, has been in our city one week.

He came, he saw, he conquered. From the first to the last hour of his stay, his rooms were crowded with anxious seekers for proofs of the New Dispensation. Many, *very many* failed to get a séance, the crowd was so great. Hundreds, however, did, and they, too, of our most intelligent and respectable citizens; and out of this large number, *not one* has been heard of who failed to *receive most convincing proofs of spirit communion with themselves.*

As a sample of the opinions formed here of Mr. Foster's ministrations, two notices of them are enclosed which appeared during his stay in the columns of the Galveston News, the leading paper of Texas. In fact, the News is, in our State, what the London Times is in England. The first notice was written by the venerable proprietor of the News *in person*, who is the Nestor of the press in Texas; the other, by the editor of the city or local column of the paper. These notices speak in no equivocal terms, and are as follows:

'MR. CHARLES FOSTER AT THE EXCHANGE HOTEL.—We last night called upon Mr. Charles Foster, the great test medium, who is now stopping at the Exchange Hotel. We sat near an hour, with some half dozen other persons, and we are compelled to say that the revelations made to us were such as to convince the most incredulous that the spirits of the departed do hold communication with the living. At least, it is certainly impossible to divine by what other means answers could be given so entirely satisfactory to all the questions propounded by all present. But we have no time, at this late hour, to give an account of the various inquiries and the answers given. If any of our readers doubt the truth of Spiritualism, we would recommend to them to go and see Mr. Foster at the Exchange, and if they do not come away convinced, we venture to say they will at least be astonished.'

'SPIRITUALISTIC.—We have neither time, space, nor inclination to discuss the phenomena ascribed to spiritual influences, but justice to Mr. Foster requires the candid acknowledgment that his powers seem little less than miraculous, and to assure those who have never witnessed an exhibition of his talent as a medium, that a visit to his rooms at the Exchange will be time well spent.

In company with some half dozen ladies and gentlemen we spent a half hour with Mr. Foster yesterday, and unhesitatingly pronounce the result as wondrous. Almost every test known was freely accorded, and, except in a few unimportant particulars, the answers were invariably correct. Names and dates of departure of deceased persons, of which the medium could have known nothing, were given without hesitation, and in such a way as to disarm all belief of collusion.

One of the ladies asked whether the spirit of a certain person was present, the name of whom had been written on a piece of paper, and carefully folded so as to conceal the writing. Almost instantly the medium answered in the affirmative, and that the initials of his name would be written in blood on the back of his hand. The hand was placed under the table for a moment, taken out and rubbed lightly, and almost instantly the letters H. P. in plain characters appeared on the back of the medium's hand. Mr. Foster then called the full name of the departed, gave the place and date of his death, and assured the lady asking the questions that he was always present, watching and guiding her, and was gratified at the opportunity of communicating with her.

The names of several persons were written on pieces of paper, rolled up separately in small pellets and promiscuously mixed up, so as to be undistinguishable by even the writer. With some one of the persons whose names were written the writer was desirous of communicating. The person wishing to communicate would pick up these paper pellets, one by one, Mr. Foster asking as he did so, "Is this the one?" The answer, by a distinct rap on the table, would be "No" until the proper one was reached, when the response would be "Yes," or three raps on the table. In every instance the answer was correct.

Several times the spirits announced themselves by name without preliminary questions; they also wrote their names, and generally startled those present by the marvelous responses.'

In all the fields occupied by the various and expensive missionary schemes of our day, where else can you point to achievements like this?

Mr. Foster has done a great and glorious work among the *heathen* of Galveston! He has sown that small seed which, we believe, will grow into a large tree, on whose branches *many of the fowls of the air* will finally nestle, on our beautiful Ocean-washed Island.

As the best evidence of the very high esteem in which Mr. Foster and his labors amongst us are held by the Spiritualists of our city, the following Resolutions, unanimously adopted by our Society, at a meeting of the same held on the evening of March the 6th, 1873, are forwarded you for publication:

Resolved, That in the various, wonderful and overwhelming manifestations of spirit intercourse with the living, which have been given by or through Mr. Charles H. Foster during his short sojourn with us, a most valuable work has been accomplished—one that cannot fail to awaken a deep and an abiding interest in the new light that is now so rapidly breaking on the world in all quarters—a light which we believe will bring humanity from the darkness of dying error, to the perfect day of living truth.

Resolved, That this society regards Mr. Foster as one of the most valuable *Missionaries* ever sent out to preach the truth, and we most cordially commend him—to all who have the moral courage to turn upon popular errors and to embrace grand but much maligned truth; and wherever he may go, the best wishes of this society, for his welfare and most abundant success in his glorious mission, will ever attend him. E. STONE, *President*.

THOMAS O. MILLIS, *Sec'y*.

"Don't worry yourself about my going away, my darling. Absence, you know, makes the heart grow fonder." "Of somebody else," added the darling.

A woman is generally more economical than a man, because her waist is smaller.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Prof. E. Whipple has returned from New England to his home in Ohio, where he will rest and recuperate for a month. He will attend the yearly meeting at Elmira, N. Y., Aug. 17th; also the Collins yearly meeting three last days of August. He will make Boston his headquarters during the ensuing autumn and winter. Address, until middle of August, South Newbury, O.

The famed analytical healer of Chicago, Dumont C. Dake, M. D., will visit St. Paul, Minn., August 12th, and can be consulted at the Metropolitan Hotel until further notice.

Mrs. Hardy, trance medium, will be absent during August (on her vacation) in Maine. Due notice will be given of her return to the city.

Dr. J. H. Randall will hold a grove meeting in the village of Tioga, Tioga Co., Pa., Sunday, Aug. 24th, at 10½ A. M., and 2 P. M. Friends from a distance are invited.

Geo. A. Fuller will speak in Woonsocket, R. I., Aug. 3d, and at Manchester, N. H., Aug. 10th.

Mr. J. J. Morse, the trance medium, is fully engaged in the North of England giving public lectures and private séances.

Mrs. Carrie B. Wright, of Milwaukee, Wis., an excellent test medium, accompanied by her husband, called at our office last Monday. They will remain in Boston about a week, and return West by way of Providence (R. I.), Newport and New York City, stopping a short time in each place. We hope the trip will be beneficial to them both.

C. Fannie Allyn says: "I leave New England September 22d for California, *via* U. and C. P. R. R. Shall be able to stop a few evenings and two Sundays on the way. Societies on or near the route desiring my services, will please communicate at once. Address box 209 Stoneham, Mass. Californians may address me at San José, Cal." We commend her to the friends on the Pacific slope.

E. V. Wilson will speak in Morris, Grundy County, Ill., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 1st, 2d and 3d—four lectures.

Mrs. M. E. B. Sawyer will lecture in Washington, N. H., August 17th; at Dutton Mills, N. H., August 24th.

A. E. Carpenter, now at the Cape Cod Camp Meeting, has been doing good service in Maine recently. He will return there again soon.

Warren Chase is now lecturing in this city to large and enthusiastic audiences. Under his ministrations all feel that they have been entertained and instructed. He lectures here again next Sunday.—*Chicago Religio-Philosophical Journal.*

New Publications.

THE LAKESIDE MONTHLY for July—F. F. Browne & Co., Chicago, Ill.—begins with a fine Revolutionary poem, by Benjamin F. Taylor, and presents an attractive table of contents, among which we notice a prose article, entitled "Summering at the LaPorte Lakes," by Robert King.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for August—James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, publishers—continues J. T. Trowbridge's taking story: "Doing His Best"—the present installment being of marked interest; an illustrated article, "About Cork," gives the reader a good idea of the preparation of this valuable substance for use in trade; and poetry, short sketches, a "Bird Dialogue," rebuses, enigmas and the editor's chat with correspondents, make up a charming number.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE for August—a bright-looking number—contains articles prose and poetic, by Oliver Optic, C. E. Carey, M. L. Heywood, Amanda M. Douglas, G. H. Barnes, Elizabeth A. Davis, Henry Gillman, Elijah Kellogg, Mrs. L. A. B. Cuttis, Elizabeth Dudley, Mrs. J. P. Ballard, Nellie M. Gabrant, "Aunt Carrie," Thomas Powell, Caroline L. Smith, George M. Baker, F. H. Underwood, together with the departments—"Pigeon-Hole Papers," "Head Work," "Our Letter-Bag," "Editorial Chit-Chat" and "Golden Bubble Waltz," by William B. Lane. The publishers—Lee and Shepard, Boston—announce a fine work of art by J. E. Baker, entitled "The Coming Wave," as a premium to every yearly subscriber.

RECEIVED: THE HERALD OF HEALTH for August—Wood & Holbrook, 13 and 15 Laight street, New York City, publishers.

SELLING OUT YE POPE—Henry L. Hinton, publisher, 741 Broadway, New York City.

REPORT FOR MAY AND JUNE of the United States Department of Agriculture.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR, devoted to free thought in Medicine, Science and general literature. Edited by Robert A. Gunn; published in New York City.

A Card.

I wish to call the attention of the friends through the country, East and West, to a man calling himself A. M. Mace, who has lately been in Rochester and other places in the State of New Hampshire representing himself as a physical medium. He states that I developed him for one of the best test mediums in California. Also that he had traveled with me. I did not develop him, and do not know such a person; his statement is wholly false, and I would warn our friends from harboring such a person, even though he may have medium powers, for one who would so *falsely introduce* himself among my friends is not a fit person to represent our spiritual philosophy. I am happy to say all the *mediums* that I have assisted in development are of a very *different* character. FANNIE T. YOUNG.

Rochester, N. H., July, 1873.