

NO 14

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Spiritual Phenomena.

SPIRIT MATERIALIZATION.  
The Extraordinary Experiences of Col. Richard E. Cross, of Montreal, Canada, at the House of Mrs. Compton, in Havana, N. Y., and afterwards in New York City.

PART I—CONTINUED.

On Monday night, the 26th of April, we had the last and most wonderful séance of my singular and remarkable experience at Mrs. Compton's. Without going into much preliminary description I will say that I was on hand at eight o'clock, the hour of coming together; but the friends I had made in the two sittings had gone to their respective homes, satisfied with what they had seen. There were seven of us at this séance; we had the usual developments and manifestations in the first half hour of dark circle, but during that I took occasion to ask permission of the managing spirits to go into the cabinet, and see what I might or could see during the time that "Katie" was out and manifesting in the presence of the circle, which would be held in the light. This was granted me provided I did not move the chair in the cabinet from its place. I also asked the spirits "If 'Katie' could not, with a pair of scissors which I had provided, cut out a piece of her dress for me." I was told that she could do so, but if "Katie" cut the dress she wore as a spirit, the dress of the medium, Mrs. Compton, would be cut in the same way and place, and would so appear. I said, "Never mind; I will give the medium another new dress," upon which the spirit assented, and said Katie would do so if I would furnish her the scissors.

The light being turned on, Mrs. Compton, in her black dress, as before, was led by me into the cabinet and seated in the chair, and secured with paper bracelets, and sealing wax stamped so as to render it impossible for her to move without being detected. We then took our places in the circle. I must not forget to mention that I had in my side coat pocket, neatly put up in paper, a small, pretty bouquet of fresh flowers, which I had bought during the day from a gardener, and which I intended to present that evening to the spirit Katie, if she would take it.

We had not been long waiting before the latch went up and the cabinet door opened, and beautiful "Katie" appeared before us adorned in white and blue simplicity, as usual; she advanced toward me, and waving with her hand she indicated to me to enter the cabinet door while she was out. I arose from my seat, passed her, and went into the open cabinet door. I looked all around in the cabinet; I felt all around; the atmosphere seemed heavy—very heavy; indeed, it seemed to me, so thick was it, that I was feeling with my hands moving through flour, or very thick atmosphere. I came to the chair in the cabinet. I saw nothing—literally nothing in the chair. I felt of it. A voice said loudly, "Do not move the chair—the spirit-form of Mrs. Compton still occupies it, although her material form is not there. If you move the chair you will hurt the medium, perhaps kill her." Of course I did not move the chair, but I felt of it; I placed my hand in and over the seat and back, and there was nothing at all there—no Mrs. Compton, no paper bracelets, no sealing wax—nothing, nothing! What does all this mean? Katie, the spirit, is materialized from the dematerialized form and body of Mrs. Compton—the material of Mrs. Compton's body appearing in a new form; the body of Mrs. Compton forming for the nonce the body of Katie—nay, body, clothes and all, of Mrs. Compton, used and worn in a changed condition by Katie; a miraculous transfer—a wonderful transformation! How marvelous are thy works, oh God! Where is the science of earth? How vain are the boasts of scientists! How little—very, very little, do we know!

Confused and confounded I came out of the cabinet, found Katie just at the door, and passing so near as to brush her I went to my seat, full of wonderment, and almost consternation. Katie disappeared in the cabinet and closed the door after her. But she soon opened the door and came out again, and approaching me pointed with the index finger of her beautiful hand to my side coat pocket. In a moment I brought her, and removing the paper wrapper I placed the blossoms in her hand. Holding the bouquet out in her hand, so that we all could see it, she gradually reeled some steps, when absolutely the flowers vanished from our sight—were dematerialized in her hands, and vanished from our view! Another wonderful marvel. How it is we know not. It may be of interest to the curious to note here that I afterwards saw my bouquet of flowers down stairs on the table in the parlor. How did it get there? What caused it to vanish? and how came it on the table in the parlor? Somebody else must answer these pertinent and reaching questions—though I think none but a spirit can.

Again Katie entered the cabinet, and again appeared before us; she came to me, sat upon my lap and kissed me, and I must tell you, my dear Judge, her face looked as girlish and fresh and blooming as mortal ever knew, and her lips with which she kissed me were as warm, putting and gushing as lips are wont to be. Leaving my lap, she again materialized a brilliant white handkerchief apparently from my knee. I then, as she stood before me, took my pair of scissors from my pocket and gave them to her. Then again called the voice, "If Katie cuts her dress, the same will appear in the dress of the medium." "No matter," said I, "I will get another one." So, taking me at my word, Katie took the scissors by her thumb and finger, and, lifting up the left side of the skirt of her dress, deliberately cut out a piece about the shape of, but larger than a good-sized lemon, and, dropping the scissors upon the floor, handed me the piece of gossamer which she had cut from her dress. I took it, examined it, and laid it on the table beside me until the séance was through. Katie then disappeared within the door.

Still deeply engaged in the circle, and thinking of what had occurred, in wonder and amazement, I was startled suddenly by again hearing my name called several times at the cabinet door, "Col. Cross! Col. Cross! Dick! Dick!" Through sure of the voice, I asked "Who is it?" The voice replied, "Your brother Edward; I am coming out to see you; do not feel nervous." I looked intently toward the door; it opened wide, and I saw the tall form of my brother come out and advance toward me. His dress was that of an American Colonel of Infantry—full regiments—the same my brother wore at Fredericksburg, and when killed—he dying in my arms, on the field of Gettysburg. He came to within two feet of me, and, stopping, extended his right hand, and said plainly to me, "Dick, don't you know me? Do you not recognize me? Don't you see my uniform? See my coat! It is the one I wore at Fredericksburg!" He pointed to a tear in the left breast of his coat, and said, "Do you not see this rent which I got at Fredericksburg by a piece of a shell bursting near me?" I, full of wonder, amazement, and singular recognizing sympathy, at first hesitatingly, then boldly said, "Yes, brother, I do know you, and I am glad that this great secret is, to me, at last made plain." He said, "Oh, my brother, I live! I am not dead, though deprived of mortal life at Gettysburg. I am happy. Tell all my friends to believe." I gazed at the apparition so intensely interesting, and I declare, there stood my tall brother, Col. EDWARD EVERETT CROSS, in full uniform—cap and all. He again said, pointing to his shoulders, "Do you not see the eagles?" I looked, and sure enough, I saw the insignia of his rank in the army, on his shoulder straps. He stood yet awhile, and then said, "Thank the medium for yourself and me. I will be with you often. Come to see me again. Good-night. Good-night!" He receded to the door of the cabinet, and disappeared. Oh, Judge, could I tell you all my feelings on this occasion! But I cannot! I have seen and talked with my dead brother! On his disappearance in the cabinet, I heard my brother's voice saying, "Look to the aperture." I did so, and I tell you the fact, when I say to you that in the aperture I distinctly saw my brother's face appear more plainly and distinctly than when out of the cabinet, some six or seven

times—the light, too, by his direction, being turned on more, and everything very visible.

But there was more yet in reserve, especially for me. Soon after the final disappearance of my brother the cabinet door again slowly opened, and before it a little girl-child appeared, and looking at me, called out "Papa! papa!" I recognized her at once as my own child, whom I thought I lost some two years ago. On my recognition, the tiny form, as if not strong enough to hold long, retired into the cabinet. I have seen my brother and my child, living as spirits—not dead, but real and alive!

After these, several of my friends also appeared to me from the cabinet, and others of the circle, now gladdened by the appearance of friends; but I must hasten to tell you of the remarkable denouement. After the close of the séance, or rather after the spirits were through, I went into the cabinet to see the medium; and there she was, in a deep trance, sitting in the chair, sealed and stamped, as I had left her; but, as I desired, I looked at her black alpaca dress, to the left side, below the waist, and sure enough, there was a hole in her dress about the size of the piece Katie cut out of her dress, as the spirits had said. I took out my scissors, which I had picked up and put in my pocket, when Katie let them fall on the floor, and around this lemon-shaped orifice I cut out a larger piece from the dress of Mrs. Compton—a piece of her dress measuring about eight inches long, and five inches in breadth. And now, most wonderful to know and behold! the piece of white gossamer which "Katie" cut out of her dress when appearing before the circle, exactly fitted in the hole in the piece of Mrs. Compton's black dress which I cut out in the cabinet.

The web and texture of this is downy and gossamer-like, and very soft and creamy white in color, quite unlike any material I ever saw. I have the piece of spirit-dress with me, and any person can see it and examine who will.

Around the hole with which this exactly matched I cut a piece of Mrs. Compton's dress (black alpaca) about an inch or two wide all around from the edges of the hole. To be fully appreciated both the pieces should be seen, and I will show them in their reality at any time. I asked the spirit Katie, when I got the piece of gossamer, "what it was made of." She replied that "it was made of the fine substance of the alpaca cloth of Mrs. Compton's dress"—the interior part of it, so to speak, with the hardness and grossness taken off—the substance of her dress almost spiritualized—made quintessential, perhaps. Is not this something for the poor scientists of earth to look after—IF THEY CAN?

I must not forget to mention that Mrs. Compton, the medium, after the séance, was in deep trance in the same condition, as to seals and sealing-wax and paper, as she was placed by me at the beginning—not having disturbed one of the frail fastenings, or moved one jot or tittle from the chair. I left the house fully convinced that there was no deception about all this, but it was a great fact and truth, and one which should at once command the attention of all humanity.

Next (Tuesday) morning I left Havana for New York City, and after my arrival there I had some more continued wonderful experiences, some of which I will note: "Katie," the spirit, had told me in the last séance at Mrs. Compton's that she would go with me, and if I called for her would manifest herself to me there through some medium. Accordingly, in company with my brother, Judge Nelson Cross, of New York, I called upon the writing test medium, Mr. J. V. Mansfield, at his residence, No. 361 Sixth avenue, and got several test answers from him from spirit friends, he not knowing me or anything about me, my brother not introducing me, at my request. Finally, but somewhat doubtfully, I put a question, addressed to the spirit "Katie," and folded up the writing and placed it before Mr. Mansfield. He took it and sealed it with paste, and sure enough wrote an answer from "Katie" of the following tenor: She thanked me for calling her by question, referred to her promise, and said: "The flowers (here a bouquet of flowers was drawn in lieu of writing the word) you gave me were indeed beautiful, but they are not half so beautiful as those I will present to you when you come to our home," and signed "Katie Brick." This is a curious name, possibly assumed for gayety. From what I heard at Mrs. Compton's, I thought her name was "Katie Brinck," and so addressed her at Mr. Mansfield's, but she signed "Brick." When at the séances I asked her where and when she had lived on earth. She said she was born and had lived near Concord, New Hampshire, (by the way, my own native State,) and had died there about seventy-five years ago. Of course, having been in the spirit-world so long, she had had much experience, and she said that this was the reason that she could so easily materialize, and her materializations always occurring first, were a great help and aid to the other spirits who followed her.

And now, dear Judge, as you know all the rest of my spiritual experience, (as you were with me,) which took place in New York, I leave it for you to tell, as remarkable and singular as it is. Your friend, RICHARD E. CROSS.

PART II.

As my friend has left it for me to tell the rest of his continued spiritual experiences in New York, I will do so—especially as "quarum pars fui."

The evening of the day of the tests at Mr. Mansfield's I invited Col. Cross to my house to witness what spirit demonstrations might offer in the presence of mediums who might be present at my request and invitation. There were present at our séance the mediums Mrs. Kate Berry, recently from Rochester, N. Y., and the spirit artist Wella Anderson, besides whom Col. Cross, wife and myself, waiting for whatever might happen. Mrs. Berry being entranced, a great many manifestations were had from the spirits, which it is not worth while to enumerate here, but Katie was described by Mrs. Berry as Col. Cross had seen her at Mrs. Compton's, and her presence was recognized, and conversation was had with her, and the gift of the bouquet of flowers was again referred to and acknowledged. And it was further told us by Katie, that Mr. Anderson would draw her picture just as she was at the séances in Havana, if Col. Cross would go to his rooms the next day. Mr. Anderson also became entranced, and his spirits corroborated what had been said through Mrs. Berry, and the hour was fixed for a visit to Mr. Anderson's rooms, viz., the next day at 10 o'clock A. M. Other things of mark and consequence occurred; among them the coming and recognition again of Col. Cross's brother Edward, his grandmother and several other spirits; but I will not dwell upon them, as I wish to hasten to the remarkable final experience which occurred at the studio of Mr. Anderson.

On the next morning (Friday, April 30th, I think it was,) we repaired to the rooms of the spirit artist. We found him waiting for us; after we were seated, he, evidently under spirit influence, took a large roll of drawing paper, and cutting off a piece (portrait size) and rolling it up he gave it to Col. Cross to hold in his hands, in order, as the spirit said, to magnetize it. The Colonel held the roll between his hands at each end for ten or fifteen minutes, and then Mr. Anderson, taking it from him, desired him to tear a small piece off of one corner of it, in order to mark it for subsequent recognition. The Colonel tore the piece off, and the artist went with the roll to the adjoining room—his peculiar studio and sanctum for spirit drawing—and shut the door after him, leaving us to our own reflections. It was now exactly ten o'clock, and in twenty-three minutes thereafter, by the clock on the mantelpiece, the door of the artist's sanctum was unlocked and opened by him—he appearing still to be in a trance—and we were invited in to see what the spirits had done. We went in, and to our wonder and astonishment we saw on the easel the veritable frame of paper which Col. Cross had marked and, on it, in full life size, the portrait of an Indian chief of the Montezuma tribe, in full and gay dress, and elegant plumage of ostrich feathers. This was unlooked for, or we all expected the portrait of the spirit "Katie." But who was the Indian? The spirits answered. He was the spirit "Big Water," who wanted to appear to Col. Cross at Mrs. Compton's, but was prevented by "Seneca." He was

the attendant spirit guide of the Colonel, and was right glad to have his spirit picture thus taken for him. This portrait sketch was of remarkable execution, and how it was done, with all its full dark shades and drawn details, it is quite impossible for us mortals to know. Mr. Anderson himself could not tell how it was done, but he said he had used seven lead pencils of Faber No. 2 in doing it, and showed us the pencils.

But again Mr. Anderson brought forth the large roll of drawing paper, and again cut off another piece (portrait size) and gave it to Col. Cross to hold for the purpose of his magnetizing it. After the lapse of about ten minutes the artist took the paper, Col. Cross having marked it, and again retired to the sanctum and locked the door, shutting himself in there with the spirits his only company. In nineteen minutes by the clock the studio door was opened by the artist, we were invited in, and on that marked paper on the easel, large and beautiful as life, was the portrait of the spirit "Katie," most exquisitely and effectively etched and shaded. "That's Katie," exclaimed Col. Cross—"a perfect likeness," exactly as I saw her at Mrs. Compton's, even to the beautiful fine veil she had over her head and neck. "Oh, how exquisite and beautiful indeed," we all said. "If Katie be like that, she is an angel indeed," said one of us. "But how is this, Mr. Anderson? how could this exquisite life-drawing have been done in so short a time?" asked I. He replied, "Ask my spirit guide, RAPHAEL SANZIO, for he did it, and not I." How many pencils were used in this drawing? "Only one," said he, and he held it up to us. How wonderful! how marvelous! what a miracle!—a portrait in pencil in nineteen minutes.

What was our surprise after this to hear Mr. Anderson say that these pictures which we had wondered at and justly admired so much were mere first sketches, that the real finished, meritorious pictures would come after them, and would require several sittings each hereafter. Col. Cross was so pleased that he made arrangements with the artist for the two pictures of his Indian guide and sweet "Katie," and when they are finished they will no doubt adorn his parlor in Montreal. It is worth while to remark here, that the spirits on being asked through Mr. Anderson when the pictures would be finished, replied that the Indian would be first finished; and that by 12 o'clock A. M. on the 21st day of May ensuing, the portrait of Katie, in most complete style, would be ready for the Colonel. I am informed at this writing, by the medium, Mrs. Berry, who has been at the studio to see, that the picture of the Indian in all his chieftain glory, most elaborately painted in pencil, is already finished, and I have no doubt that by the 21st of May Katie will be exquisitely executed in pencil.

I asked Mr. Anderson how he worked at these elaborated pictures. He told me that the spirits would every day or two entrance him for a few minutes, and during that time would draw so rapidly as to astonish himself at the work done, when he came out of the trance—and thus they would do, until the picture would be thoroughly completed. A visit to the rooms of Mr. Anderson will repay any one who is at all interested in the works of spirit-artists. His (or the spirits') pictures are extraordinary works in art—some of the effects in some of them being, I think, beyond the power of any artist in normal condition.

The above letter of Colonel Cross, and the subsequent statement, are the simple narrations of facts which occurred at Mrs. Compton's, and at the designated times and places in this city. There has been no attempt at exaggeration or embellishment, except it may be that which belongs to putting them down in black and white. Feeling that the public should be acquainted with such extraordinary facts occurring among us, they are delivered to it as "a plain, unvarnished tale."

Yours truly, A. G. W. CARTER.  
New York, May 12th, 1875.

[Continued in next issue.]

ECCE RESPONSA.—VII.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

A friend tells me that lying awake lately in his bed, in the middle of the night, suddenly having no sense of darkness but radiant with light, he distinctly saw his brother who was absent in a foreign land. He tells me he knew he was awake and that he was not dreaming, for he distinctly heard a cart in the street, and not long after he heard the clock strike three. After a few days news came that this brother had died very suddenly, and, as near as could be calculated, at precisely the moment he had put in his apparition, if the vision just recorded were he. Says this writer, "If this were the spiritual presence of my lost brother, and it certainly was not a material presence, it certainly was not a dream, and if the circumstances had not demonstrated that, the intelligence in connection would have done so, announcing an unknown fact, or taken it out of the 'usual stuff' that dreams are made of, so considering it a reality, where is he now? nearly two months since, and why has he not appeared again? I am of opinion," says he, "that at death, just before leaving this world forever, he was permitted to look a farewell to me and spiritually say good-by. I do not wish him back; it is all right; I feel it to be so. I am only afraid when I go he will be beyond my reach, for he was far superior to me."

This seems to be a Catholic idea of the departed, I think not warranted by a rational view of the subject, but still far better than the old Protestant idea, or the letter of it, hardly the spirit of it to-day, that the grave holds the fee of the man who dies until the resurrection day. This mysterious appearance of the relieved spirit at the witching hour of mortal transit is not uncommon; most people or families have traditions or experiences of them. I have no doubt the poet Longfellow had such facts or traditions in his mind when he expressed in beautiful poetry some of the recognized tabularium of Modern Spiritualism, when, speaking of the continuity of the spirit-world and the unseen phantoms, he says:—

"—Or when at times  
A most mysterious Providence permits them  
To manifest themselves to mortal eyes."

It may be a "Providence," but I am inclined to think it a condition, and that our friend was thus favored with a real presence. I cannot answer his questions, "where is he now?" and "why don't he appear again?" Unquestionably there are reasons or he would; I am very certain he is just as near him as if he were visible.

These significant visions cannot be the weird phantoms of the brain, at least not in all cases, for there is a mute intelligence sometimes that takes such visions out of the realm of fancy into indisputable fact. One of the sweet recollections of my childhood is my mother's sainted sister, Aunt Emeline. She loved us, me and my sisters, with a mother's love. Dying by degrees with consumption, yet her exit at last was sudden and unexpected. One evening my sister, a girl of ten or twelve years, had gone to bed, when she shrieked, and tremblingly said to those pacifying her that Emeline had just parted the curtains at the foot of the bed and looked in at her, and she smiled dreadfully and vanished. Her mother said, "Sarah, you have been dreaming; go to sleep, child." She replied, "No, mother, I was awake, and I really saw with my eyes Aunt Emeline looking right at me, as if she was going to say something." It was not long, and before the child had become composed and asleep, news came that Emeline had just died, and this presentiment or apparition must have been at that the moment of her exit. Some like to reason it out that it is so near to the time when the spirit leaves the body that it is a mortal rather than a spiritual effect. How hard people try to shut off evidence of an after-life. I do not know as I blame them, with the after-life that has been taught them. It is the beauty of Spiritualism that its future is attractive, rational and human. Speaking of Aunt Emeline's apparition, if a spirit ever could thus linger, or appear it was natural for this one to come to this child, as she was her pet; at any rate it made a permanent impression on my own and my sister's mind, and to this day, though forty years have rolled over the fact, she believes she had the last look at this departing spirit.

Another instance that has traced itself indelibly upon my

memory is of my grandmother, who had what was called second sight; for the last quarter of a century the phenomena would be called clairvoyance; if now alive, in spiritualistic parlance, she would have been a seeress. She saw at times, and often, the forms of the departed, particularly if she was not well; and we used to call her nervous, and probably she was. She had lost seven or eight adult children out of twelve, and at the time I had most knowledge of her, these children, more or less, were the phantoms that appeared. She had a way of knowing sometimes why they came. I think generally she was happier for such interviews. I remember once among the departed appeared in this way a son, who was then living in New Orleans. This spirit, coming with the lost ones, seemed to trouble her. I do not remember of her ever seeing the spirit of a living person before, and this being one, I think she considered it ominous of death. In about ten days she got a letter. Before any one knew of or was expecting a letter, one evening we heard the garden-gate shut, and this old lady said: "I knew it; Barney is dead!" This was before the door-bell had rung. She had forecasted right. The post man left a letter which gave the announcement and particulars of the death of Barney. A calculation showed that this appearance of a living son among the departed was about and probably was exactly at the time of his death.

I am not pretending to answer the writer who inspired my text, only to express some ideas of my own, if they should prove to be ideas.

Perhaps the ray of an intense thought in the mind of the dying friend, under certain conditions, may paint the image on the soul's retina. Do you say, then, it is only an image, a picture? Who ever saw anything but its image? A deep thinker has written with great power, and has a following to prove that all is subjective—that there is no objective reality: we think we see, but we do not. Everything is internal and subjective. But leaving metaphysics, which are out of my line, I do not know why the special hour of exit should be favorable for such occurrences. Did you ever read the story of Mrs. Veall, by Daniel Defoe? If so, it will throw a little illustrative light on this point.

Before me lies a very interesting book, small in size, called "Fragments." It will turn out a larger report than most books twice its size. It is written by Col. William B. Greene, of this city. I had been reading it, but the letter referred to about the apparition, or something else, perhaps some "unseen phantom," inspired me with a desire to write, and so I left off reading, and took my pen. But, as I was saying, the book lies open before me, and, while pausing to think what I would say next, my eye falls on these words: "When a savage is visited in his dreams by a deceased parent, or friend, he knows or thinks he knows that the visit is real; and that the parent, or friend, still exists." Again, "Ask the savage where is your grandfather who died long ago, and he will reply, 'Don't know; his spirit has gone out, finished, done.' But ask him where father and brother are who died recently, and he will immediately become full of trouble and terror, and will state his belief that they are near the places where their bodies are buried." I have but little to say of dreams; I quote this savage remark for two reasons—1st, it takes some advance in mentality to discriminate nicely between dreams and visions: they are often mixed at best. And 2d, The expression that it is the "lately died" who are around the buried body.

"As close to earth the savage puts his ear  
To hear the footfalls too far off to hear,  
Or tread of game, or thud of hoof,  
Gaining knowledge where higher outlooks fall."

We might ask and get answers from our instinct, if we only understood its buried language. Perhaps some day we will be able to translate it into the vernacular of the understanding, as we do the Sanscrit, or some primordial language, that is lost. We gather the roots of later idioms and find them pointing to a common origin, and thus, perhaps, imperfectly but intelligently read a lost tongue. Shall we ever find in the intellect, or better expressed in the understanding, enough that roots in the instinct to have some questions of import definitely answered? "If a man die, shall he live again?" The instinct has always answered affirmatively. The Bible, Christianity, and the foolishness of preaching have essayed to demonstrate it, but have clothed it with such a drapery of error and nonsense, that in the course and progress of the human mind the essential point has got swamped and lost almost; if not quite, to the mentality of the nineteenth century, except what instinct holds on to. And the nineteenth century man, you know, says instinct will not hold water. It was a blessed day when the peddler's spirit, whose bones were mouldering in the cellar at Hydesville, kept up that "knocking," and finally got a hearing, for that was addressed to the understanding. And, whoever has sought and found that light seems to feel his instinct saying to his understanding, "I have been there before you."

Instinct, I have said on other occasions, (not from any knowledge, but from the warranty of instinct itself,) antedates intellect, or understanding. It would seem also that God speaks, abstractly it may be, through the instinct thus as I have quoted:

"Gaining knowledge where higher outlooks fall."

Is it not the mission of the understanding to translate the buried language of the human instinct? We never expect to go back to the Sanscrit and make it vernacular, but what ethnological knowledge has been and may still be obtained through the relationship of the derivation of root words, thus finding, when least expected, that races sometimes are cousins, have a common origin that seemed of different blood and source. Neither do we expect instinct to eclipse the understanding, but we may, by its aid, when the interpreter comes, strike lower depths, beyond present soundings, find some deep dredging where now is no bottom, by listening intelligently to the instinct.

"When the heart speaks, that is instinct; listen to its impulses, it is the voice of God," said Coleridge, who felt the need of that light now known as Modern Spiritualism.

I almost owe an apology to the reader for dropping thus into depths, or suggestions of depths, when it is my aim in these letters to talk common, every-day surface sense; but yet I know—we all know—that Spiritualism has no soundings; whoever sails in its sea sails in deep water; but yet I wish to deal mostly with the surface. I am pleased to believe that the apparition which has called out this letter, or the phenomena of which it is a part, is but one of the multitudinous voices from the land of souls that tell us in a more impressive way than preaching does, that this world is not our abiding place, that there is another and a better state of existence to which we are all bound. Here is a unit of measure, or unity of expression, a convertible term for Theology—Instinct and Spiritualism.

I do not like to leave friend Greene's book too abruptly, which has so helped me out in this "Response," so let me say he has a very peculiar and winning way of writing his ideas. He touches, among the "Fragments," socialistic, communistic, mutualistic, financial and spiritualistic ideas, with his thoughtful, quaint, but logical method, that interests one, whether the subject does or not. The section which he calls "Marriage" (and Mathematics would express it as well,) was the chapter that most interested me, and from which I quoted the words that introduced it, because it had some original ideas of woman and her rights, and in treating it, or her, proved Spiritualism to be both true and old, though all the time conveying the idea in letter, not in spirit, that it was an illusion—no, not exactly an illusion, but that mediums, witches, sorcerers, were all chips of one block—and here let me say the author of these "Responses" is of the same opinion; and who knows but he and I are both under some mystic influence? All I will say now in this connection is, he has made a book worth reading. I lent my copy to Bro. Peebles, of "Round the World" renown, and he says so too.

Alas! I have almost fallen from grace, and must, for my reputation's sake, make a connection, before I end, with the phantom thought with which this letter began and intended to carry. When last upon it, I was saying these apparitions, which in my days of church-life and in my later and better life of thoughtful infidelity, were but mysterious fancies, but in my last and best life of Modern Spiritualism I know to be realities, were part of the spiritual phenomena that Modern Spiritualism has rationalized as voices from the land of souls to which we are all bound. So let me add the words of the poet, on leaving the grave of Allen Dole:

"Now thoughtfully my footsteps homeward bound,  
And hallowed also to sterner, but mysterious fancies,  
While here night's mantle overshadows the ground,  
We wait expectant for a world that's bright."



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This grand work by Epes Sargent, Esq.—which is for sale by the publishers, Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston—is receiving merited attention both by readers at large and the cultivated minds of the age, and is sure to accomplish direct results the far-reaching importance of which time alone can demonstrate. We would recommend the work to the attention of all investigators who desire firm mental ground on which to stand as they try to follow, in thought, the beckoning hand which the spiritual phenomena and philosophy extend, calling them out from the shelter of preconceived notions and long cherished beliefs. The confirmed Spiritualist should read this volume, that he or she may attain to some idea of the immense advances which the cause is making, and the wide circle of evidence which it is able to command as proof of its verity.

In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (concluded or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of impartial free thought; but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

**Banner of Light.**

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**Spirit Chemistry.**

A skeptical writer in last Sunday's Boston Herald says: "In the case of Mrs. Thayer's flower séance, it occurs to me that there must have been some pretty large pores in the walls or floor of the room in order to admit a bird-cage." So we think. But the fact undoubtedly is—admitting that Mrs. Thayer's flower séances are bona fide, and we have credible evidence to that effect—the spirit chemists who control these séances render invisible the articles they desire to introduce into a closed room, and convey them there at the very time the medium enters the door, first surrounding them with the nerve-aura which is drawn from the physical form of the medium. This is so dense that the articles so introduced are unseen by the company, and are kept in abeyance until the proper time arrives to unveil them. This hypothesis is based upon the following facts:

Mrs. Conant, the Banner medium, while one day sewing in her sitting-room, several years ago, for convenience placed a skein of silk upon her lap. Col. Pope—now of the Boston Custom House—with whom she then boarded, on entering the room, took occasion to chide her for such close application to that class of work, as her spirit-guides had many times informed her that sitting in that inclined position so much was very injurious to her health; that she needed more outdoor exercise, etc. Instantly she was entranced, when one of her spirit-guides informed the Colonel that he was determined to prevent her from becoming sick through her persistency in not carrying out the request of her spirit-friends and guardians. "Now," said he, "I intend to take away the silk; but before doing so I shall bring her back to her normal condition, that she may know I am fully in earnest in this matter. He then retired. Mrs. Conant, on returning to consciousness, was told what the spirit had said. Being somewhat skeptical in regard to the power of the spirit to perform such a feat, and exceedingly self-willed withal, she laughingly said, "If I am forced to stop sewing through the loss of my silk, in the manner described, I think it will be a long time before I am obliged to surrender." In an instant, as it were, the silk was whisked from his position, while the parties had their eyes intently upon it. Every part of the room was searched, but in vain, for the missing silk. "I give it up," she reluctantly remarked, "but I would really like to know where it is." She was again entranced, when the spirit said, "I will gratify the little lady this time: Now, when I leave, both of you look at the ceiling directly overhead, and you shall behold the silk return." The particular place designated was closely scanned by both, but nothing could be seen. That they were sure of. Still they looked; when presently the identical skein of silk was distinctly seen falling from the position designated by the spirit, and lodged on the lady's lap. Mrs. C. was again entranced; and the process explained, at her request, the spirit saying that he drew a certain amount of nerve-aura from the body of the medium, a certain quality of magnetic force from Col. Pope, and certain ingredients from the atmosphere, with which to form a cloud or envelope. In it he placed the silk, thus rendering it invisible to the human eye. Those who doubt this statement may learn the facts from Col. Pope, who we do not hesitate to say, will willingly corroborate it.

Now, then, if by and through spirit chemistry a skein of silk can be rendered invisible and then conveyed to different points by an unseen power in the manner here described, why cannot these chemists carry into Mrs. Thayer's séances rooms, invisible to those present, bird-cages, flowers, doves, and other material things? This is a matter chemists in the earth-life must solve, if they can. That such things actually occur in the presence of those media who possess the requisite nerve-aura, there is not a particle of doubt. This was the process by which Jesus walked upon the water, his great faith in the powerful band of spirits which constantly surrounded him inspiring him that he would not sink—and he did not. Therefore that act was no miracle, but

the result solely of natural law, although not recognizable in that day, and but very little understood at the present time. "The earth revolves," said the inspired philosopher, Galileo, some four centuries ago. Ponderable bodies move without contact of hands, and materialization of spirit-forms take place now, the advanced minds of to-day aver. Both of these manifestations are great truths which will in good time be fully recognized by earth's people, the same as they recognize the theory advanced by Galileo in regard to the revolution of the earth.

**The Obsession Doctrine.**

The opponents of Spiritualism, especially the clerical ones, are quite ready to concede that the manifestations are made by evil spirits through mediums; but when it is claimed that good as well as bad spirits, the developed as well as the undeveloped, present themselves, they demur at once; and protest that the thing is impossible. A spirit is a spirit, whether it be a good one or an evil one. There is a "place of departed spirits," too, to which all go at first, on emancipating themselves from the tabernacle of flesh. If, therefore, one sort of spirits may come, why not the other? Shall it be permitted the evil spirits to enjoy the privilege of communicating with those they left behind, while the good spirits are denied so natural an enjoyment? It is shockingly inconsistent even to suppose it.

It will not do to deny that good spirits continue to feel as much interest in friends yet remaining on earth as evil spirits do. To assume otherwise is to give the worse class the credit of possessing the better feelings. Besides, the character of by far the larger part of the communications is good, intensely good; breathing blessings everywhere around; seeking to advise for what is beneficial and safe; and assisting to extricate others from evils and to ward off their approach. An argument, or an assumption, even, that does not hide both sides of a subject is partial and patry. That is just what this assumption of the clerical school is, when they affect to dismiss Spiritualism by saying that "it is the work of the devil." If it be, they cannot deny that the devil is doing a good work as well as a great one. They pay him unintentional honor, which they are at a loss to know how to take back. They throw away their own cause in the attempt to overthrow that of Spiritualism.

What if the doctrine of obsession were to be taken away from the Bible history; what would be left of many of its vital points, and how meagre would be the remainder of its meaning. If, however, obsession is possible now, as the ecclesiastical party say it is in Spiritualism, how are they able consistently to deny that it is true according to the Scriptures? If possible now, why less so in Bible days? If a reality at this time, why not an equal reality then? Do they undertake to set bounds to the power of the Great Creator? Are their conceptions of God so ample that none others need try to grasp any more than what they announce and permit? To reject the doctrine of obsession to-day is for the Church to deny it in the past; to accept it now, because true in the past, is to subscribe to the broad doctrines of Spiritualism.

This business in which certain people are engaged, of deciding what spirit is entitled to admittance and a hearing, not to say to an existence, has been carried about as far as the facts and common sense will warrant. If there is a law by which disembodied spirits can communicate with spirits in the flesh, by that law all classes of spirits may alike present themselves and claim audience. No church rules can avail to admit one class and shut out the other; and especially to admit only the evil ones. To concede the ability of spirits to appear at all, is to concede the whole matter.

When the heavens are opened to let them down into communication with us who live on earth, no ecclesiastical prejudice or timidity is going to close them again, or shut out the better and more developed class while letting the others through.

**Mrs. Andrews's Materialization Séances at Moravia (Cascade), N. Y.**

Are unquestionably legitimate, if reliable witnesses are to be believed. A correspondent writes: "This lady is the same genial medium I found her to be four years ago at Morris Kessler's, and is highly respected by all who know her. Fraud and deception never find a place in her circles. The manifestations have been unusually good since I have been here, and I think the readers of the Banner would be interested in perusing reports of them. During the four last circles seven different spirits were materialized and fully recognized. Denizens of the other world have clasped hands with us, voices from the beyond have whispered words of encouragement to us, and given us positive assurance that the so-called dead live. Under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, the Cascade House is getting to be a popular place of resort; and, having no household cares on her mind, Mrs. Andrews's séances have risibly improved. Now is just the time to pay her a visit."

**"Mediumship and Its Laws"**

Is the title of an able original essay, by PROFESSOR J. R. BUCHANAN, of Louisville, Ky., which we shall publish in the forthcoming issue of the Banner. It is timely, to the point, and no doubt will be perused with great interest.

"Professor" Grimes, who has been lecturing against Spiritualism for years, is yet on the pave. We recollect many years ago of this same Grimes delivering a lecture on his favorite theme in Amesbury, Mass. He told his audience that he would give any one a hundred dollars if they or "the spirits" would tip a table in his presence without contact of hands. The next evening Mr. Nathan Nutter, a native of the town, asked the lecturer if he really meant what he said on the previous evening? "Yes," quickly responded Grimes. "Very well, then," said Mr. N., "we will see. Will the spirits move this table?" In response to the query, the table instantly began to tip, although no visible person touched it, and continued its singular gyrations for some length of time, to the infinite amusement of the audience and the bitter chagrin of Mr. Grimes. Finally he gave it up that he was the loser, and informed the young man that if he would call at his hotel the next morning he would pay over the promised hundred dollars. When Mr. Nutter appeared, however, the bird had flown.

Elder Evans, as will be seen by his letter in another column, has invited the Eddy mediums to visit Mount Lebanon, for the purpose of testing the materialization of spirit-forms under, as he thinks, the most favorable conditions.

**Red Men's Rights.**

The Indian question is getting down to a fine point which everybody can see. It is a very practical question. By treaty, the Sioux tribe became possessed of the reservation they now occupy, and which covetous whites are determined to wrest from them. The organized invading party from Dakota was broken up, but last year, either from greed or to comply with the clamor of restless adventurers and their followers, the Government sent out a military party into the reservation, with which, however, the Indians themselves would have nothing to do. This year it has had some of the Sioux chiefs at Washington, and an effort was made to induce them to quit their reservation and move to the south. They utterly refused to listen to any such proposition.

A Commission has since been appointed to go out and treat with them. A part of it, called the sub-commission, is at once to proceed to the Black Hills country, and map out the plans for the work to be done at a later period by the main body. It is very evident that it is expected that the Indians will succumb, that being the sole spirit in what are styled "negotiations" are undertaken. The Black Hills of themselves include a territory of not above two hundred and fifty square miles; with the border territory the whole reservation does not exceed four hundred. Civilization, so called, has destroyed the game in the surrounding country, which is treeless, arid, and without water fit to use. It has become so devastated as to deprive the Sioux of the ability to obtain their living from it by hunting, and make them involuntary pensioners on the bounty of the Government. Reduced to such straits, they are told that "Beggars should not be choosers."

Admitting all that is charged against the Indians to be true, there is no possible defence for the robbery of them. If they were to seek to set aside a treaty with the United States we should not hear the last of the accusations against them, and no names would be too hard to apply to them. But as the plan comes from the other party, and the stronger one, no outcry is made, and it is made to appear that all is right. It is time this country relieved itself of these damaging, these disgraceful imputations. What the Sioux possess is theirs by every rule of right and justice, and cannot be taken from them against their will unless the act be called what it is, robbery. Yet with such an alternative staring us in the face, the protest against this flagrant injustice is as a whisper compared with the roar of the demand for lands which are supposed to contain gold and silver.

More recent reports, scientifically corroborated, go to show that the precious metals are indeed to be found in the Black Hills, though not to the extent of a second California or Colorado; the announcement, however, is, enough to increase and intensify the excitement of adventurers and restless people, and put further away than ever the probability of protecting the reservation against the inroads of the whites. Once in, there is no danger of their ever being got out. Against this new intrusion the Government will of course prove powerless, because it will be glad to make the most of a desired pretext to gratify the demands of greedy and unscrupulous rings. No protests that can be uttered now can avail to stem this current of wrong; but there should be no more outcry against Indian barbarity, if, as their last resort, the Sioux go upon the war-path again and couple this robbery with as bloody a resistance as they can make.

In the Banner Message Department the reader will find a beautiful spirit invocation, which all good people must approve. "Is religion worth fighting for?" is answered by the spirit in a Parkerish style. The subjects of astrology and planetary influences are discussed. Conway, the actor, before death was frequently asking his friends who believed in Spiritualism, "What good does it do?" Now he comes back to earth to himself answer the question. He says it destroys the fear of death, and in doing that becomes the saviour of humanity. Joseph P. Prescott halls from Concord, N. H. He comes to inform his relatives the reason he did not sooner return speaking through the lips of a medium, as he promised he would when he died. Patrick Galway desires to communicate with his brother James, who, he says, resides in Manchester. Lillian Percy (thirteen years old when she died), of New York City, wishes to request her mother not to mourn so much for her. She certainly should heed the advice of her spirit child.

Philip Yeaton, the most genial and efficient summer-house landlord on the Atlantic seaboard, has just reopened the Ocean House at Hampton Beach for the season. This popular hotel has attached to it all the conveniences expected by visitors, with several fine cottages in close proximity—in all about one hundred properly furnished rooms. We cannot do better than quote a contemporary, in allusion to this House. The editor says—every word of which we endorse—"The public apartments are spacious, the four parlors richly furnished, a magnificent dining room, a spacious reading room, and nothing being wanting to enable it to maintain the reputation which it has long enjoyed of being a first-class seaside hotel. The beach at this point is confessedly one of the finest, smoothest and safest. Mr. Philip Yeaton, the senior proprietor, is well known among seacoast sojourners as an affable, energetic and eminently successful host, and he is ably assisted by his enterprising young partner, Mr. A. L. Joplin."

Words of encouragement are pouring in upon us from many quarters, the writers wishing us abundant success in our efforts for the promulgation of the Glorious Gospel of Spiritualism. Thanks, cordial thanks, dear friends. The stronger we become materially, remember, the mightier will be the good we shall be able to accomplish spiritually. We place great trust in God; but at the same time Common Sense tells us to keep our powder dry.

By the advertisement in this paper of H. S. Williams and others, it will be seen that the Spiritualists hereabouts are to have a "grand basket picnic" at Silver Lake, Plympton, Mass., on Monday, July 12th. The managers say, very felicitously, in their notification, that the assembly will be "of the people; for the people; by the people!" As the main idea is to raise funds for the benefit of the American Spiritual Institute, no doubt Spiritualists will respond liberally.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten desires us to inform her friends and the public that her permanent New York City address is 206 West 38th street.

**Result of an Editor's Investigations.**

The editor of the Gardner (Me.) Home Journal has been carefully investigating the subject of Spiritualism of late. His analytical method of procedure is creditable to his sagacity. He was bound to see for himself, taking no man's word in the matter. He has visited mediums in this city and elsewhere. In his paper of June 16th, after effectually knocking in the head the pretensions of a mountebank who is lecturing in his State against Spiritualism, he says:

"We have seen a small table without a hand or anything else touching it rise from the floor and remain suspended in the air as high as those around it could hold their hands—their hands being six inches above it. This was in our own parlors, with the gas burning. Mr. and Mrs. Collins, myself and one or two others stood around the table. We do not suppose our readers will question our statement, but if they choose to verify it they can inquire of G. L. Rogers, I. N. Tucker, Robert T. Hayes, B. F. Johnson and several others whose names we will give if asked, and all of whom will attest to this statement under oath if necessary. And this was by no means the most remarkable part of the sitting, for it was a sort of side-show—unexpected to all of us—after the circle was closed, and, as we supposed, after the 'influence' was gone. There was no possibility of fraud about it. We have never mentioned these things, and indeed have never published anything that we have seen ourselves, as we have hesitated about thus publicly detailing our own investigations. We do not deny that many mediums are frauds (so called), but we have seen these things, felt these things, heard these things in so many ways and times, that it is of no use for any man to say they are all deception. Some of the best and ablest men in the world are full believers in Spiritualism, and its essential belief, the doctrine of a future and continued existence, and of the presence about us of ministering guardian spirits, is fast becoming the belief of even the evangelical churches. It has almost invariably turned every atheist and materialist who has investigated it into a believer in a God, and a future state, whose misery or happiness depends upon the conduct of this life. Can the church afford to denounce this belief? It seems to us not: it is the very cornerstone of what the church professes to believe. Spiritualists believe as the primitive Christians did, and the saying of Christ: 'He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father,' is, to them, an actual verity, not to be rejected, as it has been, by those who profess to make him their guide."

We have written at more length upon this subject than we intended to, for we do not preach. But as we have been in a sort impeached by these mountebanks on account of our faith, we have deemed it no more than fair that we should thus briefly and candidly tell what we have seen, and vindicate the belief of perhaps a majority of our readers, whose belief is their religion—a religion that they live and practice every day—and a religion which is just as dear to them as yours is to you, and a religion in which they have just as much right to be protected as the Methodists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, or any other church."

We know that one lady, whom we went to school with when we were children—whose name is a synonym for good works wherever she is known—is one of the best mediums we ever saw, and we will stake our life, if necessary, upon her honesty and sincerity. WE HAVE SEEN HER LIFTED AND MOVED SEVERAL FEET IN A HEAVY CHAIR INSTANTANEOUSLY. WE KNOW WHEREOF WE AFFIRM, and, to repeat Grace Greenwood's quotation, "We propose to stand by it."

Amen! brother editor. Your remarks have the fresh, free, frank ring of an honest man. Oh that some of the church folk and medical faculty, who have had plenty of ocular proof of the truths of Spiritualism, as you have, were as independent as you are in acknowledging them.

**The New Liquor Law.**

The Mayor of this city has instructed the chief-of-police to prosecute all liquor dealers who sell "the ardent" without license. So there will be lively times in Boston after the 4th of July—if the authorities are honest in their desire to enforce the new liquor law. But right on top of this edict of Mayor Cobb, comes the opinion of the liquor dealers' association to the effect that the law, as it now stands on the statute book, is illegal, and dealers throughout the State are advised not to apply for licenses. This is the pith of counsel's reasoning upon the subject: Towns and cities send representatives to the General Court to make laws; laws thus enacted are binding on the citizens of the Commonwealth. But when these legislators, through ignorance or design, enact that the mayors of cities and the selectmen of towns may grant licenses to whom they please, or refuse those they are prejudiced against, then these legislators exceed their authority; for the constitutional rights of their constituents are thereby infringed upon. Therefore the very last efforts of Massachusetts to regulate the sales of spirituous liquors will prove abortive.

We take pleasure in announcing to our friends abroad that Mrs. SUSAN G. HORN, the gifted medium, and author of the highly interesting work entitled "STRANGE VISITORS," will sail, in company with her husband and his daughters, in the steamer "Egypt," on July 3d, for Europe. They will visit the chief cities of England, and pass some time on the Continent. Mr. and Mrs. Horn request us to announce that they will be most happy to meet the friends of the Spiritual Philosophy in the Old World, whenever opportunity offers, to exchange congratulations upon the extraordinary manifestations of spirit-power and the rapid growth of our cherished ideas. No doubt our New York friends will be received cordially by the disciples of the New Dispensation in the Old World. Mr. Horn will correspond for the Banner of Light during his absence.

The Banner of Light is a light indeed on the towers of Progress, stanch and reliable in its defence of the truth. Long may the Banner float out upon the breeze of Progress, prospering in all things; and when its editors are called up higher, may they enter the spheres of light with their Banner flying at the main.—*The Spiritualist at Work.*

Thanks, noble worker, for your good words. It is so seldom editors—who seem to be continually on the battle-field, no matter whether they do right or wrong, whether they would be there or not—have anything good said of them or about them, no matter how much good they may do, that we fully acknowledge and accept the fragrance of your rose-colored language, Bro. Wilson. May you live a thousand years, and your shadow never be less.

Our good Spiritualistic friend, Wash. A. Danksin, of Baltimore, informs us that they have spiritual meetings there Sunday and Friday evenings, notwithstanding the intense heat, and intend to continue them through the summer months. In alluding to the severe illness of our medium, Brother Danksin says: "I trust Mrs. Conant may be spared to you, for the work to-day demands more than ever, the services of every true, gifted medium. She has our kindest wishes for her recovery."

**Spiritualism at the Centennial.**

Sometime since a circular was issued by the united societies of Spiritualists in Spain, recommending English, French, Spanish, and all other Spiritualistic societies, to take action toward the obtaining of a proper representation of the spiritual philosophy and phenomena at the great International Exhibition to be held in Philadelphia in 1876. The circular among other things suggested that all the spiritual books, pamphlets, newspapers and periodicals published throughout the world should be placed on exhibition there.

This proposition has already met with favorable notice from the Spiritualists of America in different localities. We several weeks since printed the report of the preparatory steps made in this regard by the American Spiritual Institute, Boston, and now it is announced that the Spiritualists of New York City will call a convention during the coming fall to endeavor to push the project to a proper termination. The idea is a good one, and we hope the fullest measure of success will attend its practical carrying out.

**Identity of Spirit Messages.**

W. L. Jack, M. D., of Haverhill, Mass., writes thus: "The last time I visited the Banner of Light Free Circle, two of the spirits who controlled Mrs. Conant at that séance I fully recognized as dear friends of mine. The identity was perfect. The friends of D. D. Byerley, whom I met in Philadelphia and elsewhere, fully recognize the spirit message from him (published in the Banner of June 5th) as characteristic of Mr. Byerley. May the angel world bless Mrs. Conant, and soon restore her to health."

Mrs. J. R. Walker, New Orleans, writes: "We regard the message of *Iloto* (published in the Banner of June 19th) an excellent test, as it is in reference to, and a continuation of, a conversation held with *Iloto* through a medium in New York City, in which Dr. Walker's father and first wife were especially mentioned."

**The Persecution of Spiritualists in Paris.**

The present position in relation to the false charge against M. Leymarie, says the London Spiritualist of June 18th, is that M. Lachaud (the "Serjeant Ballantyne" of France,) has the tolerably easy work of proving that Buguet's assertions are worthless; but in the case of Firman it is necessary to prove the reality of materializations, which part of the case his counsel refuses to undertake, and it will probably be done by Mr. O'Sullivan, who has worked so earnestly in this matter. Several English Spiritualists have sent over affidavits bearing on the case.

Mrs. Cora Tappan, the American trance medium, recently delivered a lecture at the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson street, Liverpool, Eng., a brief account of which is published in the Daily Post of June 16th. The medium was said to be under the inspiration of "Adin A. Ballou," for whom she acted as the bodily agent in giving a description of the social states in the spirit-life. The Liverpool Mercury says that Mrs. Tappan delivered a lecture in that city on Saturday evening, June 12th, entitled "Spiritualism vs. Science," and that "The lecturer was supposed to be in the trance state, and to speak under the inspiration of Benjamin Franklin. Whether that was the case or not, we can only say that the oration, in its way, was undoubtedly a wonderful performance."

Mrs. J. H. Conant, we are grieved to say, is still very sick at her residence in this city. She is having skillful medical treatment, and we entertain the hope that she will be ultimately restored to health and resume her duties at this office. Let the desire, strong and fervent, go out through all the avenues of life from those here who have gained wisdom by the teachings of the invisible intelligences through her instrumentality, as it goes out in spirit-life from the tens of thousands who have been aided by her, that she may remain with us in the physical a while longer, and their wishes will blend with those beyond, bringing magnetic power sufficient to accomplish the desired result.

As Mrs. Isaac Gibbs's letter in last week's Banner—wherein it is stated that Dr. Slade, of New York, is still holding materialization séances—might lead our readers astray, we would state that Dr. S. has not been able to hold such séances since about the middle of last April. His agent, Mr. J. Simmons, informs us that it exhausted the medium so much physically, after each sitting, as to result in slight paralytic shocks in his left side. He is quite well now; but his spirit guides say they will not allow him to hold circles for the materialization of spirit forms until the cool weather sets in.

Mr. J. J. Morse, the popular English trance medium, writes to us from Philadelphia, where he has recently filled a lecturing engagement, that he has had a pleasant time and good success, considering the heated term. Mr. Morse's next engagement is New York City, where he will speak to-morrow (Sunday, 3d inst.), and the following Sabbath, the 10th. His address for next week will be in care of A. J. Davis & Co., 24 East 4th street.

E. V. Wilson, in his last paper, "The Spiritualist at Work," says: "We have received an invitation from Dr. Gardner, of Boston, to be present at the Camp Meeting at Silver Lake Grove, Mass., on the Old Colony Railroad, commencing on the 23d of July and closing on the 9th of August next. We trust we shall be able to attend this grand gathering of the Spiritualists of Massachusetts and New England."

Dr. Charles Main, of this city, en route for the Continent of Europe and Arabia, arrived safely in London recently. He attended one of Mr. Herne's materialization séances, and was told by "Peter," the manifesting spirit, that he (the Doctor) could do a finer work in England than in America, and was advised to remain there for an indefinite period.

Henry J. Horn, of New York City, sends to our care one dollar for Austin Kent. A letter just received from Mr. K. by us is brimful of gratitude to those liberal ones who have helped him from time to time. He feels that he is failing, and hopes soon to be freed from his mortal body.

We learn that Dr. T. B. Taylor, and Frank T. Ripley (test medium), are meeting with good success in Portland, Me., lecturing and holding test séances. The hall was crowded on Sunday. They will be in Cummington, Mass., for the next two weeks.



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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1875.

## REVIEW OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT'S FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC EXCHANGES.

BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

The May number of *El Criterio Espiritista* (of Madrid) may well be called a Kardec number, since it is almost entirely devoted to discourses, poems and ceremonies connected with the celebration, in Spain's famed capital, of the anniversary of Allan Kardec's translation to a higher sphere. I say a "higher sphere," but this distinguished Spiritualist and author may have made for himself here (as I conceive all may do) an atmosphere of such exalted purity, of such psychic lucidity, that the change called death hardly ruffled the stream of his eternal on-flowing being.

At six o'clock on the appointed evening the large hall of the society of Spiritualists was thrown open and at once filled with the friends of the Spiritualistic cause. The hall was handsomely and appropriately decorated with emblems and flowers. Behind the rostrum there was a portrait of Kardec surmounted by a crown of laurels; beneath it, on a table, were this distinguished writer's printed works. The ex-Deputy of the Cortes, D. M. Coreado, occupied the president's chair. On his right was Dr. H. T. Trepado; on his left, Don J. Robledo. A letter was first read from Sr. D. A. Perou, which, in that eminent man's felicitous language, expressed regret for his unavoidable absence, and in a few sentences of glowing fervor exhorted the members of the society to persevere in their efforts for the great French Spiritualist, the anniversary of whose translation they were called together to commemorate. Among other things he wrote: "Allan Kardec, who will rank in future times as the apostle of the nineteenth century, the inheritor of the philosophies of the past, lives among us, hiding his glory under an assumed name. He knew how to harmonize this common life with his exalted mission, and to realize his calvary without moving the world with his martyrdom." The world congratulates itself that Spiritualism begins to decline, but the world deceives itself. Spiritualism extends its roots into the earth that it may gain more strength.

Spiritualism, the philosophy of the wise, the faith of the simple believer, is called to be the harmonious philosophy of the coming times, and the force of the faith of future ages. Spiritualism has *traspasado*, has passed over the *non plus ultra* which nature imposed upon science; has explained death; has quit its terrible uncertainty and enlightened its awful obscurity. Thanks to Spiritualism, thanks to Allan Kardec, death has died.

A poem by Amalia Domingo Soler graced also the opening ceremonies, and yet another by Don J. de Huelbes, followed by others, and discourses by D. D. Suarez and Huelbes. Such imposing and interesting gatherings in behalf of our "just cause" cannot fail to do a great amount of good.

Among the "Miscellaneous" of the present number of this Madrid journal I find a notice of the Davenport, who, it says, do not announce themselves either as mediums or Spiritualists, but nevertheless do such wonderful works that our cause is benefited thereby. Our opponents, however, assuming that they are by profession spiritual mediums, propose to expose and explain all by feats of legerdemain.

There is also an announcement (taken from the April number of the *Revue Spirite*, and certainly very mortifying to every American) that in Amsterdam two American mediums had been detected in dark circles in ringing bells, &c., by using their teeth while their hands were tied. New bells, fans and music-box having been supplied, not only the prints of the teeth but the saliva of the mouth was found upon them. Great delicacy on the part of the society caused the names of these charlatans to be withheld. But who are they that can thus act so disgracefully?

The *Critic* gives a short but touching eulogy of the late Countess de Armentoz-Senorita Dona Manuela Garcia—who though yet young has passed to the land of spirits. She was Ex-President of the Ladies' Society of Spiritualists of Mexico, and was universally esteemed and beloved.

In the *Ateneo Científico-Literario* they have begun the discussion of the religious question. "We are not surprised at this," says the *Critic*, "since it is natural and logical. The question religious must, among all nations, descend to the arena of debate." Sr. D. Caluete in a magnificent and lucid discourse exposed the errors of Catholicism. Among his asseverations we recognize those conformable to our own, such as: "Revelation is progressive among all peoples in all times; that the principle of Catholicism—outside of the Church is no salvation—is contrary to all truth and all justice. We say the same."

Among other items, our Madrid journal has: "Curious are the notions respecting the valor of the Jesuits of Central and Southern America, which *The Revista Espiritista* of Montevideo reproduces from other periodicals. Our contemporary condemns the course pursued by these Jesuits; but he commiserates them, and asks the Father of Light to relieve them of their evil dispositions."

"We have had the pleasure of saluting, in his passage through Madrid, the editor of the anti-Spiritualistic paper, *El Sentido Común*; replying to him what we have already written: that the Spiritualists sincerely regret what they are compelled to combat, deploring that the illustrious Catholics, who agree with us in many of our fundamental doctrines, do not care to see what a powerful auxiliary these would be for the alliance of Christian faiths, and the destruction of skepticism and materialism which pervade modern society."

"Our brethren in Belgium are pronouncing grand eulogiums on the discourses on Spiritualism delivered there by the learned Mr. Meckenheim. Mr. M. considers the subject under its scientific and religious aspect."

"Dr. Junqua, ex-canonical of the See of Bordeaux, who separated himself from the Catholic Church at the same time as did his friend, the canon Moniz, which was when the infallibility dogma was promulgated, has given a remarkable lecture in Brussels before the society, *The Union Spirite*, of that city."

"A new review, called *El Buen Sentido*, is now published monthly at Lerida, Spain. It is devoted to science and religion; but, as I have reason to think, is particularly psychical in its mode of handling these subjects.

The *Reflexiones aus der Geisteswelt* is a neat

brochure of thirty pages, which comes now monthly from Buda-Pest, on the Danube. The present number is devoted to a reply to questions asked by a Mr. Ph. B. of Munich: what constituted the "Fall of Man," so called; and was that the only and final fall, or are we to be subject to a like calamity in the spirit-world?

My friend, Mr. Seman, read with much pleasure the above named pamphlet, but says he could not do justice to it by any synopsis; by anything, in fact, less than a translation of the whole. Of course, it is understood by Spiritualists in America, each individual spirit has its own peculiar notions concerning every particular subject, and may differ from every other, as spirits do in the flesh; or, as the Banner of Light expresses it, at the head of its Message Department: "All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more."

I may say, however, in regard to the spirit's opinion as rendered in the *Reflexiones*, "The Fall" is deemed to be only a receding, more properly speaking, from the great and true light; and surely if man (spirit) is a free agent here and falls, and is a free agent hereafter, he may, hence, hereafter fall also. But the temptations of the flesh may alone lead us away from the purer life and light, whilst, when clothed only with spiritual garments, the flood of beauty that must roll in upon us like ocean waves may bear us (faintly resisting perhaps) to lofty and more gleaming rocks, around whose base the murmurs of enticing errors may sweep eternally but harmlessly.

The *Dagbladet*, the Scandinavian paper published in Chicago, is again at hand. The editorial on the democratic elements in social reform, radicalism, religion, socialism, and the article by Levi S. Meyers must be interesting to those who can sound the profound depths of the language in which they are penned. The correspondence from various parts of the country gives evidence of its being somewhat extensively read. If Mr. Thrane (the editor) will carefully read the Banner of June 26th, he will find enough to make him a good Spiritualist.

The *Illustracion Esprita* (of Mexico) for May, in all its handsome proportions, is also before me. Sr. Don R. L. Gonzales deserves the highest praise for sustaining such a light in the midst of so much moral, social, spiritual darkness. The leading articles that grace the columns of his magazine are: "The Opportunity of Spiritualism; The Five Alternatives of Humanity; The Seven Sacraments of the Roman Church; Spiritual Photography (quoting from the Banner of Light); Materialism and Spiritualism; Spiritualism and Positivism," and several "Odes."

Owing to recent events that have taken place in Paris, and the confessions of fraud (so it is said) by M. Buguet, everything relating to spirit-photography there has now new interest; I will therefore make a brief statement of an account of a photograph taken by M. Buguet, seen by the writer who makes a record of it in the *Illustracion*: "This gentleman, Sr. Don Pedro Vega, having desired to have a portrait of his father," says A. D. (the gentleman being in Paris, and almost for a certainty entirely unknown to the artist), "obtained one; and this image of his father was recognized by all his family and all those persons who had known him intimately. Imagine the extraordinary satisfaction of these persons, and the admiration which it caused among the many who were not initiated into the wonders of Spiritualism—an admiration which changed into a desire to study and practice it." The remarks then made by the writer in respect to the combination of influences probably necessary to produce these results seems eminently proper; and in this connection he quotes from the Banner, though the article in the latter refers to a communication through G. C. Eaton, and is an attempt to explain the phenomenon of the pictures which mysteriously and suddenly appeared on the glass in our windows, that, only a very few years since, bade fair to be a very common occurrence.

I have a dozen or so of those photographs by M. Buguet, and as they (the spirit figures, I refer to) are exceedingly clear and distinct, so much so that I can carry in my mind the particular features of each one, I do not believe it possible for Mons. Bogue to have produced them by any art or trick and deceive the relatives and friends for whom they were taken. If these spirit figures had been very dim, (as many others that I have seen are,) they might, possibly be palmed off on persons exceedingly credulous and as exceedingly anxious and determined to have a spirit photograph. But this is not the case, and Mons. Buguet must have had very perfect portraits of these persons whose spirit he has photographed, or it would have been outside of the bounds of possibility for him to accomplish such results as he has. If, however, I may be allowed to introduce a new theory—one of which there is hardly a possible chance of its being of the slightest value—perhaps Mons. Buguet's success can be explained. If we carry upon our hearts, (as we say,) or more properly have photographed upon the front and face of our spirit, the fair, the dear image of a loved one, perhaps by a strong will we may project this so that it may become objective to the glass of the camera, or may not the material that envelopes the mind, or soul, where this fair image rests with us, be so transparent to that spiritualistic power, that mediumistic aura necessary in the production of these spirit pictures, that that material ceases to be as a substance, and the portrait desired stands out, as it were, in front of it? "Impossible!" So I say. But again, if this image exists in or on the mind, as on a tablet, and the spirits have almost unlimited power and wisdom, (as I believe many of them have,) may they not convey this "picture of the heart," by some chemical process, to the plate in the camera while the real spirit may lie asleep in the Garden of Paradise?

From the long, interesting, valuable articles in *Illustracion* enumerated above, I have not space for any extract that would do any one of them justice. I will note, however, that an important discussion has taken place in Mexico before the *Ateneo Científico-Literario*, beginning early in the evening, have lasted sometimes till half past one in the morning; the disputants being men of learning and eloquence, and the audience overflowing the handsome theatre of the *Concertatorio*. The subject in hand was the influence in the unfoldment of science and literature; but "the debate turned especially on the essential point: the existence of the spirit, and the manner in which it dwelt with humanity." The discussion seems to have done no little good; in at least arousing attention, "in the same place," says the reporter, "where Catholic intolerance condemns every step of human progress."

It seems to me that our Catholic friends ought by this time to discover that to longer command the sun of knowledge to stand still, as it has done for centuries over Spain, France and Italy, is a futile waste of breath; and that if they succeed in their present avowed aims in these United States, it will call down upon themselves a prostrating tempest from which they will never arise.

## Lecture and Concert at Rochester Hall.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

On Sunday afternoon, June 27th, Dr. H. B. Storor, of Boston, delivered the closing lecture of the present course at this hall. The extreme heat and frequent rain during the day and evening militated against the gathering of a large audience, either to listen to Dr. S., or to enjoy the music of the concert; but those who attended were much pleased with both occasions.

As an introductory to his remarks the lecturer read selections from the writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the leading points of which set forth that it was not so much matter where we stood, as in what direction we were moving, and that "grow we must, if we outgrow all we love."

In commencing the Doctor spoke of the acknowledged nearness of the spirit-world and its inhabitants, and said he was ready at all times to bear witness to the assistance he received from unseen ones who were ever glad to make known to men their thoughts, wishes, or wherever a fitting instrument was found. In trusting, as Spiritualist lecturers did in the majority of instances, to the inspiration of the hour, both the audience and the speaker might sometimes experience disappointment as to results, but he was nevertheless ready to take his chance with the people before him in this matter. All forms of religious faith acknowledged as true the statement that man was related to God, the source of all life, vitality and directly, and could only be separated from that relation-ship by the exercise of some method which God himself alone had prepared. He did not propose to criticize the point raised by the theologians, who claimed that God would thus permit man to withdraw himself from all connection with his divine sustenance, but merely to lay stress on the assumption that man was related to God, the source of all life, which assumption was the foundation of all religious faith. He did not think *we* could deny this portion of the proposition, since experience proved that we were dependent beings; it mattered not whether we claimed to be dependent upon the universe, the Infinite Spirit, or whatever name we might assign, the fact remained the same—upon this great unknown Source of all organization we were dependent for our being. And as the greater must include the less, it would seem to follow that our relations to this Infinite Being, who occupied all space, must also influence our relations to all things included in that life—all forms of being of whatever kind. Man was therefore related so fully to the whole, that he was not at all its parts in detail, and the life which manifested itself through that universe was the same that manifested itself through his being; of this the speaker thought we were becoming more and more conscious with the lapse of time. All things therefore were in conformity with law and order, and there was no such thing as chance in the universal economy. This speaker believed as this came to be realized man would recognize his dependence upon the forces that were acting upon him from without, and within himself, in other words, that he would recognize the influence of the circumstances of the environment upon him, as well as the action of his interior will in the effort to make himself what he aspired to be.

Modern Spiritualism comes as a demonstration of this fact that man, passing through the change of death, continues to live in the universe under the conditions and influences of an environment in the spiritual world, which has just as much to do with the development of his character as the circumstances which acted upon him in the physical life; in other words, he is there, as here, the creature of circumstances—the product of the influences acting upon him and within him, and that he cannot therefore claim any virtue for being as he is, neither can he decide that he is blameworthy, in the absolute sense, for a failure to attain to his highest ideal.

The speaker did not say this to excuse human conduct, or in mitigation of the verdict which we passed so freely on one another, that was a matter of little concern. If we did not learn from our own experience that it was unwise to criticize others, no array of formulated axioms, however extensive, would lead us to the proper appreciation of the divine principle of charity. Experience and growth were the sources of charity. We had only to look around us to discover that we ourselves were but the creatures of circumstances; and if the law held good in our case, it must also be operative in regard to that of others. Spiritualism demonstrated that mortals at death were not taken in hand by Almighty Master and at once transformed into perfect beings; but that growth was a necessity of perfection, and that the spirit-world was filled with individualities and grades of development which differed from one another as widely as in physical life; that the soul on entering the realm of the hereafter had not to look about it for some outside being who would praise or condemn it for deeds done in the physical, but must simply look at the state in which it found itself, and which was the legitimate outcome of those deeds, and if that state was a pleasant one, a pleasant one, the individual intelligence must do its best to improve its own condition by rendering itself fit for a better.

The Pharisees and the hypocrites—which classes the speaker believed constituted the two grand divisions into which the humanity of our times might be safely divided, and yet which were closely related in that the occupancy of a position in one class led naturally to an analogous position in the other—then came in for treatment at the hands of the speaker. One of the chief results of Spiritualism had been, to the mind, the exposure of the vast mass of hypocrisy and kindred folly among men. No truth could be more unpalatable to the world than that men and women did not possess the virtue that they claimed, and that society was putting its trust in falsehood rather than demonstrable fact. The Christian Church, dependent on the system of vicarious atonement for salvation, inculcated morality and virtue rather as principles to be embodied in daily life out of compliance to its founder, than as salutary influences, but the progress of human history from the idea of salvation by faith in the atoning blood of one being, however perfect, could be traced in the gradually broadening tenets of Unitarianism, which had reached a point already where it was the influence of the life of Christ which was held to be able to render them fitted for Paradise. The popular theology taught preparation for death and the after life, but the preparation for daily life and right-doing to others had been made a secondary consideration, if not practically ignored by it. Spiritualism, in teaching us the common nature inherent in all, and that we were but the natural result of conditions, had given us a better view of life, both here and hereafter, than the old religions—the nightmare dreams of the past—had ever done. No such divine personality as the churches taught had ever been met with by any spirit after death; that divinity had only been seen by them in the different developments of these human beings here and in the higher life. All fear of God or the devil was swept away, and man was left free to tread the path of infinite progression. It has shown us that as we endeavored to lift ourselves we were working to elevate the common humanity of which we formed a part.

We were allied to God; but God composed and enshrouded all things, the evil as well as the good. It would not do for the sentimentalist to paint bright pictures of life and label them as the work of God while the shadows were ruled out. We were in a world where surrounding forces were operating of times with terrific power, and we must learn their objects and uses, if possible. People were not accustomed to find fault with the world when the tornado plowed up the sea, or the earthquake rent the land, when fire consumed mighty cities or pestilence wrought its deadly work among their crowded habitations. But they were just as logically called upon to complain of this disturbing the peaceful tenor of their lives, as to give thanks to him for the benefits which followed the exercise of their mechanical

skill, or the harvest which rewarded the care of the husbandman. The God of Spiritualism was an all-embracing one—not one-sided, as the churches taught—and these terrible lessons in the action of natural forces were given to us by him for our instruction. The same was true of the reverse side of human life—these trials, physical, mental, social, being intended to make man master of all. Some persons supposing, after the old ideas, that Spiritualism must be all love, kindness and purity, were not pleased when they learned that the undeveloped intelligences were as free to return to mortals as the good; and on that ground, as did Dr. Lorimer, they supposed it all to be the work of demons. The work of these undeveloped spirits, though it might be evil in present aspect, was in the ultimate for good ends as that of the refined and elevated ones. The present whirlwind of crime was for a purpose, and how much better (as in the case of natural convulsions) that mortals should set themselves at work to fathom its primal cause, rather than to wreak retributive vengeance upon the instruments for wrong doing, and let the matter go by the breast of a soothing torrent of vituperation. The same rule was applicable to what the world, holding aside its skirts, called the "social evil," and to all vices as well; the desire to screen these manifestations on the part of some of the human family by the residue, was defeated in our day, when the tendency of all forces seemed to be to culminate and demand their attention by society. It was unworthy of all reasoning humanity to shut out from consideration any question looking toward a solution of the present dilemma; it was unworthy the part of thinking men and women to close any mouth, shut any book, interfere with any periodical which sought to give the results of experience and observation on any point which could widen the scope of human knowledge.

Usefulness and riot, mere negative, sunny good nature, was the test of the after life; humanity was apt, when they died, to assign the quiet man to heaven and the stormy reformer to a lower altitude; but the work accomplished, which had in it the principle of use and continuity, was the foundation whereon the feet of the arisen spirit must be found to rest. Psychology—which by its mighty power, the extent of whose capabilities was being more and more appreciated by the race—was then referred to by the lecturer. By it we were brought into direct sympathy with that which had preceded us—with the entire past! We could not have practical experience with the life struggles for development which that past had known, but by the exercise of psychometry we could come into sympathy with the results of these struggles, learn what charity consisted, and that every step made toward the attainment of our present development was just as good and pure, holy and virtuous as was the attitude to which we had attained.

In closing, the speaker, in answer to his own query as to how these views affected personal morality, said he supposed personal morality depended upon our conception of whether we were moral or immoral; no man was immoral who believed himself to be in harmony with the universal law; if he felt that he was not, he was not in harmony, then he was self-condemned as immoral. It mattered not whether his conception of right was in opposition to that of the majority of his fellows; the law of his own consciousness must take precedence of the law of the land.

The services commenced and closed by singing by the congregation, H. S. Williams presiding at the organ.

## THE CONCERT.

On the evening of the same day, at a little past eight o'clock, the exercises of the first concert given under the auspices of the American Spiritualistic Union, and arranged by its Committee on Music, were commenced. To give an idea of the excellence of the services, a glance at the following programme will suffice, it being only justice to add thereto the fact that the singers and musicians were applauded to the echo, and frequently *encored*, and that N. Frank White gave additional interest to the meeting by reciting, "Over the Hill from the Poor House"; Overture, (Dichter and Bauer), Suppe, Mr. J. R. Phelps; Vocal Quartette, Cambridgeport Glee Club; Chorale Solo, Prof. Antonio Bond; Song, "O ye Tears," Abt, Madame E. J. Keene; Piano Solo, Chanson des Alpes, Ryder, Miss Emma Talbot; Song and Chorus, "Bright Celestial Shore," Robert Cooper, Cambridgeport Glee Club; Duet—Organ and Piano—Fantasia for (Martha, Lickl, Mr. J. R. Phelps and Miss Talbot; Song, "Will you Meet me, Darling?" Robert Cooper, Madame E. J. Keene; Ave Maria, (Piano and Organ Accompaniment), Cherubini, Miss Emma Talbot; Song, "She Wandered Down the Mountain Side," F. Clay, J. Keene; Duet, "Morning Light," Miss Emma and Jennie Talbot; Vocal Quartette, Cambridgeport Glee Club.

## Rule to Try Mediums.

"I am an ingrained, uncompromising skeptic as to the honesty of every medium, until his trustworthiness is proven. That done, nobody would more boldly defend him (even against himself) than I." Yours truly, HENRY S. OLCOFF.

*Banner of Light*, June 12th.  
I, too, am skeptical, but I cannot go as far as that. I think Spiritualism has a tendency to make us skeptical. Honest, intelligent skepticism is welcome, and never decry by Spiritualists. But has not our friend Olcott done himself injustice? Permit me to defend him "even against himself." It is a law maxim that every person is presumed to be innocent until proved guilty. Mr. Olcott reverses this whole-some rule. He holds every medium dishonest—a guilty man (or woman), a knave, a dissembler, a cheat, a liar—until honesty is proved, thus throwing the burden of proof upon the accused, instead of where it belongs, upon the shoulders of the accuser.

Does Mr. Olcott treat his fellowmen in this way? I think not. Does he consider every stranger he meets dishonest? Why apply a more rigid rule to mediums?

I have in all my investigations of Spiritualism steadily adhered to the rule to condemn no medium as guilty of dishonesty until the dishonesty was positively proved against him or her. This rule gives the medium as good a chance, at least, as the law gives criminals; the benefit of the doubt. Mr. Olcott's rule does not give them so fair a chance. While I may doubt the claims of some mediums as to certain spiritual gifts, I am not forced to the alternative of doubting the honesty of the person; for there are many instances where mediums made false claims, were self-deceived, but not dishonest. I have seen people in a state of great religious excitement in Methodist meetings, who believed sincerely that the Holy Ghost, or Jesus Christ, inspired them. I had no reason to question their honesty, but doubted their claim.

I may not be a "defender of mediums," but this much I can say: I have always, since I have been a truth-seeker, defended men, women and children—asserted the intrinsic nobility of human nature. Some people, who have been misinformed as to my views and feelings in relation to mediums and mediumship, have declared that I was an enemy to mediums. A great change in their views has been wrought in ten years. It is now conceded that mediumship can be rigidly investigated, subjected to crucial tests, without impairing the honesty of the person. Such investigation, as a matter of course, leads to the discovery of frauds, but does it not result in the triumph of mediumship as well? The condemnation of a counterfeiter is not an impeachment of the genuine. The counterfeit presupposes the genuine. If we have evidence sufficient to force us to doubt the honesty of a medium, we are not even then justified in condemning the person as guilty of fraud—not until there is proof positive.

It appears to me that if the mediums, with their spirit-control, are not abundantly able to defend themselves, it is vain for any on "this side of the river" to volunteer their defence. I have in my mind's eye several who announced themselves as champions and "defenders of mediums" that have given them the same protection the fox in the fable offered the chickens.

I think Brother Olcott's purpose is mainly, but he errs greatly, it would seem, in his rule, and I am inclined to believe that on further deliberation he will himself perceive and acknowledge it. Mazonia, Minn. W. F. JAMESON.

## New Publications.

SHELDON & Co., 67 Broadway, New York City, publishers, have brought out *THE GALAXY* for July in an entirely new costume, and the effect of the new type and fine tinted paper admirably corresponds with the freshness of the contents, gratifying the eye as well as the mind of the reader. In addition to the regular departments the following attractive table is offered for the delectation of the readers: "Dear Lady Disdain," chapters XVII, XVIII, and XXIII, by Justin McCarthy; "From a Convent," by Nora Perry; "Alexandre Dumas," by Al. art Rhodes; "A Remembered Crime," by Alice M. Wellington; "Can the Trip to Europe Be Shortened?" by Abner W. Colgate; "My Experiences," by Theo. Gift; "A Napoleonic Legend," by Grenville Murray; "English Lecturers in America," by W. C. Brownell; "A Nuptial Sonnet," by Mary B. Dodge; "Leah: A Woman of Fashion," chapters XXVII, XXVIII, and XXIX, by Mrs. Annie Edwards; "On some Pictures Lately Exhibited," by Henry James, Jr.; "Bunker Hill," by Laurence Poyntz, and "Parrot Wheelers," by Richard Grant White.

SCHUBERT'S and S. NICHOLAS for July reach us by the courtesy of A. Williams, 235 Washington street, Boston, who offer these standard magazines for sale. SCHUBERT'S leads off with a military poem on "Phil Kearney," and follows up the same with a long array of fine engravings backed up with interesting letter-press. S. NICHOLAS has a fine frontispiece, entitled "Charity," and is filled to repletion with good things for the young reader—the illustrated articles on "American Orators" and "Margaretta" being worthy of special notice.

D. LOTHROP & Co., 38 and 40 Cornhill, Boston, have inaugurated the publication of a youth's magazine, entitled *WIDE AWAKE*, a copy of whose first number we have received. The new venture will be edited by Ella Farman. The present issue begins with a full-page illustration and a poem by Louise Chandler Moulton, and among its table of contributors are to be found the names of many popular favorites. One of the marked features of this promising competitor for youthful favor is a "musical page," presided over by Dr. Tourjée, of the New England Conservatory of Music.

*THE NURSERY* for July comes as a welcome boon to those who have just ventured upon the elementary ground of literary enjoyment, and its interesting constituency is catered to in a most admirable manner. "The youngest readers" cannot complain that they are not as thoroughly considered as their elders. The present number of the *Nursery* has nearly a score of entertaining sketches, stories and poems, with a song "Sleeping in the Sunshine," at the close of which the children thank the judicious enterprise of Mr. John L. Shorey, the publisher of this always charming magazine.

We have received from H. PETERSON & Co., publishers, 920 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., the July number of PETERSON'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE, upon whose pages are to be found an extended variety of entertaining stories, sketches, poems, etc. The number is also illustrated with a steel-plate engraving.

*THE BETTER WAY* is the title of a fine-looking pamphlet of some fifty pages, which is issued from the press of Wood & Holbrook, 13 and 15 Light street, New York City. The work is from the pen of the author, and is an appeal to men in behalf of human culture through a wiser parentage. Pre-natal influences, the duties of fatherhood and motherhood, etc., are fearlessly discussed, the writer choosing as his inspiration the words "Let us follow truth wherever it leads."

*THE HERALD OF HEALTH*—Wood & Holbrook, New York City, publishers—has been received for July. This is a lively and tireless worker in the field of better living, and deserves the attention of all lovers of hygienic reform. "The Ladies' Own Magazine," which was for so many years successfully edited by M. Corn Dand, and published by Dr. T. A. Bland, is with this number consolidated with the *Herald of Health*—Mrs. Bland transferring her labors to the assistance of Dr. Holbrook, thus bringing an additional source of interest to the pages of this useful periodical. Success to the new combination. And let all the subscribers of both publications say Amen!

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, No. 36 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., have issued *THE HIGHLAND WIDOW*, by Walter Scott, in a style uniform with their popular cheap edition.

LEE & SHEPARD, 44-45 Franklin street, Boston, offer for sale a story by the daughter of Charles Dickens, entitled *ST. MARGARET'S TROUBLE*, the same being put forth by T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

We have received from the authorities in Washington a copy of the voluminous report of the UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION, on the fresh water fisheries of this country. The volume is illustrated with many plates, and contains a large amount of practical information.

RECEIVED: Copies of the Report of the Board of Commissioners of the CINCINNATI (O.) INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION, and of the Rules and Premium List for the EXHIBITION, which will open Sept. 5th, and continue till Oct. 9th.

*THE GERMAN AND ENGLISH INTERPRETER*. By Herman Bokum. Philadelphia: Schaefer & Koradi.

HOURS THAT SHINE ON THE DIAL OF FREEDOM. By Bryan J. Butts, Hopkinton, Mass. Published by the author.

WILLIAM'S LECTURE BUREAU MAGAZINE for next season. The list contains some very eminent names, and lecture committees will do well to obtain a copy of the pamphlet, for inspection, which they can do by applying by mail to B. W. Williams, 28 Washington street, Boston, Mass. The following words of praise concerning Miss Cayvan will be pleasant to those of our readers who knew her when an active member of Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, of Boston:

MISS GEORGE E. CAYVAN.—This young lady has been before the public for several years as a reader, and now connects herself with this Bureau. The manager considers himself fortunate in securing her, and with great confidence recommends her to lecture committees. Possessing a large amount of personal magnetism, with engaging manners, and rich, full voice, she has attracted a large audience to close, and never wears them. She is not yet twenty years of age, and is, in the judgment of those who know her best, one of the most attractive young ladies who has as yet attempted to read in public.

*THE DOCTRINES AND MINISTRY OF GEORGE FOX*. Philadelphia: Friends' Bookstore, 30 Arch street.

## A Card from Moses Hull.

DEAR BANNER—Some of your readers may feel it a privilege to help in a good work, so I will tell them what I am doing and ask their cooperation. I have purchased a tent that will seat about nine hundred people, and am going into the "highways and hedges" to "compel them to come in." For this work I have given up every appointment. I intend to hold tent meetings as the way may open, until cool weather. My tent, lights and *el decoras* cost three hundred dollars; other expenses of running it this season will be about one thousand dollars. This is purely a missionary work for the good of the cause of Spiritualism. I depend solely for my support and the support of those whom I may employ upon *voluntary contributions*. I shall charge no admittance fee. Will the friends of Spiritualism contribute to this work? While I ask and need help, do not put in one dollar with the hope of buying me a free ride, from always saying what I think. I am not for sale. Persons wishing to help in this good work can send their "mites" to me, at 24 Newcomb street, Boston. MOSES HULL.

June 28th, 1875.

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