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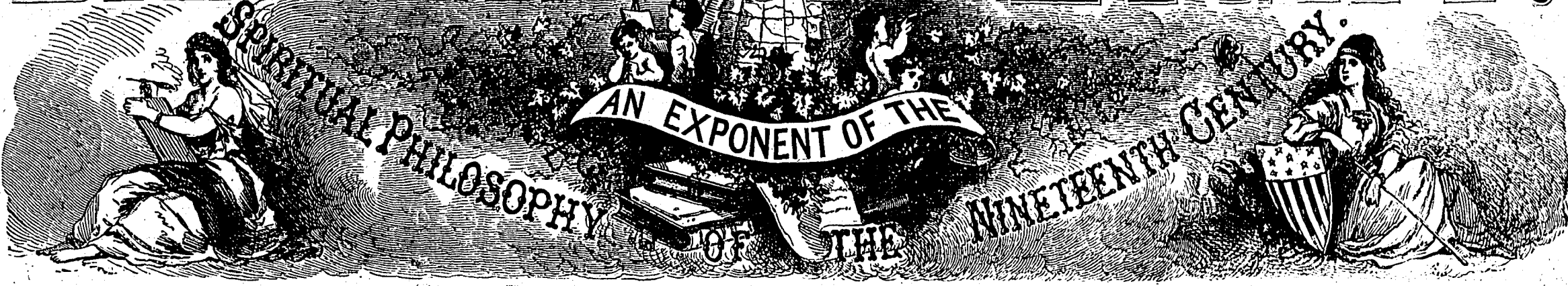
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VOL. XXXVII.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1875.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
In Advance.

NO. 16.

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MORTURI SALUTAMUS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

(Reprinted from Harper's Magazine for August.)

Tempora labuntur, taciteque senectus annis,
Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.

OVID. Fastorum, Lib. vi.

"Oh Cesar, we who are about to die
Salute you!" was the gladiators' cry
In the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman populace.

Oh ye familiar scenes—ye groves of pine,
That once were mine and are no longer mine—
Thou wert, wandering through the meadows green
To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen—
Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose
And vanished—ye who are about to die
Salute you; earth and air and sea and sky,
And the imperial sun that scatters down
His sovereign splendors upon grove and town.

Ye do not answer us! ye do not hear!
We are forgotten; and in your austere
And calm indifference ye little care
Whether we come or go, or whence or where.
What passing generations fill these halls,
What passing voices echo from these walls,
Ye heed not; we are only as the blast,
A moment heard, and then forever past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze:
They answer us! what have I said?
What greetings come there from the voiceless
dead?

What salutation, welcome, or reply?
What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie?
They are no longer here; they all are gone
Into the land of shadows—all save one.
Honor and reverence, and the good repute
That follows faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto him whom living we salute.

The great Italian poet, when he made
His dreadful journey to the realms of shade,
Met there the old instructor of his youth,
And cried in tones of pity and of woe:
"Oh, never from the memory of my heart
Your dear, paternal image shall depart,
While I am here, ere yet by death surprised,
Taught me how mortals are immortalized;
How grateful am I for that patient care
All my life long my language shall declare."

To-day we make the poet's words our own,
And utter them in plaintive undertone;
Not to the living only be they said,
But to the other living called the dead,
Whose dear, paternal images appear
Not wrapped in gloom, but robed in sunshine
here.

Whose ample lives, complete and without flaw,
Were part and parcel of great Nature's law;
Who said not to their Lord, as if afraid,
"Here is thy talent in a napkin laid,"
But labored in their spheres, as those who live
In the delight that work alone can give.
Peace be to them; eternal peace and rest,
And the fulfillment of the great behest:
"Ye have been faithful over a few things,
Over ten cities shall ye reign as kings."

And ye who filled the places we once filled,
And follow in the furrows that we tilled,
Young men whose generous hearts are beating
high,
We who are old, and are about to die,
Salute you; hail you; take your hands in ours,
And crown you with our welcome as with flowers!

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
Each page a heroine, and each man a friend!
Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus' Purse,
That holds the treasures of the universe!
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
"Be thou removed!" it to the mountain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!

As ancient Priam at the Scean gate
Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state
With the old men, too old and weak to fight,
Chirping like grasshoppers in their delight,
To the embattled hosts, with spear and shield,
Of Trojans and Achaeans in the field;
So from the snowy summits of our years
We see you in the plain, as each appears,
And question of you; asking, "Who is he
That towers above the others? Which may be
Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,
Ajax the Great, or bold Idomeneus?"

Let him not boast who puts his armor on
As he who puts it off, the battle done.
Study yourselves; and most of all note well
Wherein kind Nature meant you to excel.
Not every blossom ripens into fruit;
Minerva, the inventress of the flute,
Flung it aside, when she her face surveyed
Distorted in a mountain as she played;
The unlucky Marsyas found it, and his fate
Was one to make the bravest hesitate.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
"Be bold! be bold! and everywhere be bold;
Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

And now, my classmates, ye remaining few
That number not the half of those we knew,
Ye, against whose familiar names not yet
The fatal asterisk of death is set,
Ye I salute! The horologe of Time
Strikes the half-century with a solemn chime,
And summons us together, once again,
The joy of meeting not unmix'd with pain.

Where are the others? Voices from the deep
Caverns of darkness answer me: "They sleep!"
I name no names; instinctively I feel
Each at some well-remembered grave will kneel,
And from the inscription wipe the weeds and
moss.

For every heart best knoweth its own loss,
I see the scattered grave-stones gleaming white
Through the pale dusk of the impending night;
O'er all alike the impartial sunset throws
Its golden lilies mingled with the rose;
We give to all a tender thought, and pass
Out of the graveyards with their tangled grass,
Unto these scenes frequented by our feet
When we were young, and life was fresh and
sweet.

What shall I say to you? What can I say
Belief that silence is? When I survey
This throng of faces turned to meet my own,
Friendly and fair, and yet to me unknown,
Transformed the very landscape seems to be;
It is the same, yet not the same to me.
So many memories crowd upon my brain,
I fear would steal away, with noiseless tread,
As from a house where some one lieth dead.

I cannot go—I pause—I hesitate;
My feet reluctant linger at the gate.
As one who struggles in a troubled dream
To speak and cannot, to myself I seem:
Vanish the dream! Vanish the idle fears!
Vanish the rolling mists of fifty years!
Whatever time or space may intervene,
I will not be a stranger in this scene.

Here every doubt, all hesitation ceases;
Hail, my companions, comrades, classmates,
friends!
Ah me! the fifty years since last we met
Seem to me fifty furies bound and set.
By Time, the great transcriber, on his shelves,
Wherein are written the histories of ourselves,
What tragedies, what comedies, are there;
What joy and grief, what rapture and despair!
What chronicles of triumph and defeat,
Of struggle, and temptation, and retreat!
What records of regrets, and doubts, and fears?
What pages blotted, bliskered by our tears!
What lovely landscapes on the margin shine,
What sweet, angelic faces, what divine
And holy images of love and trust,
Undimmed by age, unsoiled by damp or dust!
Whose hand shall dare to open and explore
These volumes, closed and clasped for evermore?
Not mine. With reverential feet I pass;
I hear a voice that cries, "Alas! alas!
Winter hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again.
The unwritten only still belongs to thee,
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be."

As children frightened by a thunder-cloud
Are reassured if some one says, "Be not afraid,"
A tale of wonder, with enchantment fraught,
Or wild adventure that diverts their thought,
Let me endeavor with a tale to chase
The gathering shadows of the time and place,
And banish what we all too deeply feel
Wholly to say or wholly to conceal.

In mediæval Rome, I know not where,
There stood an image with its arm in air,
And on its lifted finger, shining clear,
A golden ring with the device, "Strike here!"
Greatly the people wondered, though none
guessed

The meaning that these words but half expressed,
Until a learned clerk, who at noonday
With downcast eyes was passing on his way,
Paused, and observed the spot, and marked it
well.

Whereon the shadow of the finger fell;
And, coming back at midnight, delved, and found
A secret stairway leading under ground.
Down this he passed into a spacious hall,
Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall;
And opposite a brazen statue stood
With bow and shaft in threatening attitude.
Upon its forehead lay a coronet,
Were these mysterious words of menace set:
"That which I am, I am; my fatal aim
None can escape, not even you luminous flame!"
Midway the hall was a fair table placed,
With cloth of gold, and golden cups enchased
With rubies, and the plates and knives were gold,
And gold the bread and viands manifold.
Around it, silent, motionless and sad,
Were seated gallant knights in armor clad,
And ladies beautiful with plume and zone,
But they were stone, their hearts within were
stone.

And the vast hall was filled in every part
With silent crowds, stony in face and heart.
Long at the scene, bewildered and amazed,
The traveling clerk gazed in wonder, gazed;
Then from the table, by his great made bold,
He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,
And suddenly from their seats the guests up-
sprang.

The vaulted ceiling with loud clamors rang,
The archer sped his arrow, at their call;
Shattering the lambent jewel on the wall,
And all was dark around and overhead;
Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay dead!

The writer of this legend then records
Its ghostly application in these words:
The image is the Adversary old,
Whose beckoning finger points to realms of gold;
Our lusts and passions are the downward stair
That leads the soul from a diviner air;
The archer, Death; the flaming jewel, Life;
The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and bone
By avarice have been hardened into stone;
The clerk, the scholar, whom the love of self
Tempts from his books and from his nobler self.

The scholar and the world! The endless strife,
The discord in the harmonies of life;
The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books;
The market-place, the eager love of gain,
Whose aim is vanity and whose end is pain!
But why, you ask me, should this tale be told
To men grown old, or who are growing old?
It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand Oedipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his contemporaries,
When each had numbered more than fourscore
years;

And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but begun his Characters of Men.
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales;
Goethe at Weimar, tolling to the last,
Completed Faust when eighty years were past.
These are indeed exceptions; but they show
How far the gulf stream of our youth may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else than life itself survives.

As the barometer foretells the storm
While still the skies are clear, the weather warm,
So something in us, as old age draws near,
Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.
The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,
Descends the elastic ladder of the air;
The telltale blood in artery and vein
Sinks from its higher levels in the brain;
Whatever poet, orator or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon:
It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,
But its increase; not the fierce heat of fire,
The burning and consuming element,
But that of ashes and of embers spent,
In which some living spark we still discern,
Enough, to warm, but not enough to burn.

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the falling light;
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;
Not Oedipus Coloneus or Greek Ode,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode
Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,
But other something, would we but begin;
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

Beecher and Spirits.

In his sermon, on the last Sunday in June, Mr. Beecher freed his thoughts marvelously on the subject of spirit presence, spirit influence, and spirit communication. All that we propose to do is to give the readers of the Banner a few running extracts, that they may see that Spiritualism, as we have repeatedly assured them, is getting into the churches. The "great cloud of witnesses," he said, spoken of by the writer of the book of Hebrews, whoever he were, were not, to his mind, merely historic: there was vitality in them. Men, in recognizing them, did not look back to the names of honor and of victory, but they were surrounded by them. They were described as hovering in the heavens, and by their down-looking, and in-looking, exhorting men to take heart and bear themselves circumspectly. The spirits of just men made perfect watched the toiling masses below, and encouraged them by their example. The commerce of the body was limited, but every one was conscious that he lived much more with men he had never seen, and whose figures he could not imagine, but whose poetry, history, or religious meditations he read. These took a greater hold upon him, and influenced him, imperceptibly; perhaps, but very surely, much more than bodily communion with those around him.

Again: "When I think of those who have gone before me and ascended into their heavenly seats, they don't seem separated from me. The body, indeed, has gone, but the mind communes with a majesty and power—unknown to muscle or physical force. The thought of this glorious communion with the heavenly host is full of consolation to me, and should be very dear to every man. * * * Those gone before us look back compassionately, lovingly, upon the same sins and defeats, the same struggles and victories: they cannot but have sympathy for those who are doing as they have done."

Mr. Beecher said "true connections were by the mind, not by the body; the soul was the candle, the body only the candlestick. When a friend died the mourners moaned, 'Gone, gone, gone'; but he was not gone: he was within the reach of voice, of memory, of love. Your father, mother, pastor, friend, are a thousand times nearer now than when they sat on the seat beside you and read from the same book; they are nearer by the love and sympathy begetten of their own experience." "Angels," he said, "I know are nighful; if they are not, they cannot sympathize with me; they are full of heavenly humor, and when they see us shudder in terror as we enter the dark cave, I don't wonder that they laugh, for they know the glory and the brightness that lie just beyond. Certainly there must be some vein of humor in the angelic choir that is touched, when they see us fighting shadows, crying at joy and rejoicing over tears, thinking ourselves beaten when we are triumphant, and triumphant when we are defeated if we only knew it."

Finally, said Mr. Beecher, "I know that there are a cloud of witnesses who watch me as I toll on. I am under their supervision, and they encourage me, raise me, push me onward and upward; for they have walked as I walk, and toiled as I toil. In this thought of the other life weakness is made strong, riches cease to be our masters, and bodily pleasures are no longer tyrants. Living and dying it helps us, and at the end, when life flows out that life may flow in, when, leaving bowed heads and streaming eyes behind us, we shall have ascended out a little way, when, being caught up into the glory of God, the first glance will tell us that our most extravagant conceptions are infinitely surpassed, Be patient; endure to the end; and when we meet in heaven, as we assuredly shall meet, we will join hands and thank him who brought us there amid a cloud of witnesses, saying, 'Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name, oh Lord, be all the praise of men.'"

An Indian corn planter has discovered that a crow knows twice as much as an eagle, and he wants the crow adopted as the national emblem. This is not sufficient cause for banishing the eagle.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A MAINE EDITOR HAS A SITTING WITH
CHARLES H. FOSTER.

As our readers are well aware, the celebrated medium whose name heads this article, has been for two months doing excellent service for the cause at the Parker House, Boston, where his rooms have been full of inquirers during the utmost extent of his business hours. Before his departure from Boston, the fearless editor of the Gardiner (Me.) Home Journal called upon him for a sitting, and from his account, published in his issue of June 16th, we quote the following:

"Thursday we went to Boston to see Charles H. Foster, the remarkable test medium. At ten o'clock we went to his room, No. 187 Parker House, and after chatting with him for awhile, we were seated alone with him at a large central table. We will state, however, that we had got Eugene Bacheider to write him in his own name, and engage a sitting for us, and we accordingly told him we were the Mr. Bacheider who had engaged a sitting.

He gave us some little strips of paper, and told us to write thereon the names of such persons as we wished to have an interview with; and we wrote the names of some half dozen or more, and rolled them up so no one could see the names, and shuffled them all up together. By this means, of course, we knew no better than he what name was written upon any slip. He took them up, one by one, and placing them upon his forehead, said: "Is it this one?" and soon threw out one, which was the name of a living person. We told him he had failed. He then threw out another. Before us lay the alphabet printed thereon. He then told us to take up the card and point at the letters, and he would spell out the name. He gave "E. C. Y."—We looked at the slip of paper, and told him he had again failed. It was "Floyd," but we did not tell him so. "I feel influenced to write," he said, and wrote:

"Many loving ones come to-day to make themselves known to you. We are all by your side, and feel anxious that you should come to talk with us, and we will give you such tests as you desire."

There I said Foster, "that's the name I meant to have given you, but I don't think it is." By the way, if Foster saw what we had written, he was not to blame for taking an "L" for a "C" or even a "T" for an "F." But if he had seen the word he would not have called it Floyd, instead of Floyd.

He then said, "There is a thin woman here who died of consumption, and speaking as though addressing her instead of us, he said: 'Shall I tell him my vision?' 'Yes,' we answered. With a look as though he did not see us at all, he said he saw her standing behind us, with her arms round our neck. 'And now she lowers a mantle over you, as an emblem of protection, and on it is written 'undying love.' Vase whose wife?" he asked. We told him we had a wife in the other world. Then he picked up those papers again and says, 'Here is her name,' and I found it so. Then he wrote a communication and signed it 'Late.' 'Late, Late,' he says, 'she told me her name was Lucinda.' We told him that was her name, but that we always called her 'Late.' Then he says, 'Will you give me your maiden name?' and we wrote half a dozen names, and he took the paper and marked off all but the right one. This could not have been through the influence of our mind, as we did not know what ones he scratched off till he handed back the list.

Then he said, "A spirit is here who will write his name." He then laid a pencil and a piece of paper in his hand and held it under the table. "Shall I look?" we said, and he said, "Yes, yes, as close as you please." We got down within a foot of the paper, and saw nothing only a slight movement of the paper. He took his hand out, and upon the slip next his hand was written what he said, "Thos. Warren." We, however, knew it to be "Thomas Warren." Then he wrote a communication in which he said "He was glad to be able to send a message to Bill, and if he wanted to see him, and would give him a chance, he would come to him, etc." We quote from memory, as we left the writing with his brother William. This, also, Foster signed "Thos. Warren."

We told him we knew no Thos. Warren, but that it was probably Warren. He said it was, but that he gave these names as his car caught them, he had made this mistake.

Often the failures in these manifestations are more convincing to us than continuous success, for if, as we have sometimes thought, these communications are the unexplained and unexplainable effect of psychometry, aside from Spiritualism, he would not have said Floyd for Floyd, nor Warren for Warren.

Then he said: "There is a spirit here who was killed. He says he came to you through a lady not long since, and you did not recognize him, and that you are the only one he has been to." "Can he write his name?" we asked. Immediately Foster wrote "Robert Norton." Then, after answering several questions, he put to us a message to a friend in this city.

We will here state that some month or more ago, we were at a sitting alone with a lady whom we have known always, and who never takes pay for her sittings, and among several other things, she said there was a friend of ours there who had died by accident. She would not give us his name, nor would we think who it was, do our best. After we came home, evading the incident to a friend, he suggested Captain Norton. It seemed very strange to us that we did not think of it then, but it now makes a better test of this.

Foster then said our partner was there, and a lawyer who had died by suicide, and immediately delivered a long message, which he told us to take down in writing. But it came so fast we could not. He said he had just come into the room, and he and Allen were often together with us, and wound up with A. M. C. H. (A. M. C. Heath, our former partner. The Allen referred to was Aug. O. Allen, our boyhood friend, who, from the effects of disease, took his own life. We asked several questions of Allen and Heath, which were correctly answered.) Foster then said our grandfather was there, and that though "he was pretty well up," he was one of our guardian spirits, etc., etc. There was a multitude of private matters told to us that we do not care to bore our readers with.

We have given all the failures Foster made but not half the tests he gave us. If Spiritualism is true, and if indeed we do live beyond the grave, and are permitted to communicate with our friends on earth, they were none of them strange, but if Spiritualism is not true, if Foster

is a deceiver, we cannot explain them, and give them up.

While we were there a man came to the door and rapped: "Come in," said Foster, and he did come in. He said he was a skeptic. Foster emphatically replied that he did not care what he was, but to sit up to the table. He hesitated a moment and made some kind of an apology for not believing, etc., when Foster quite rudely asked him who he had come for. He did not care who or what he was, or whether he believed anything or not. "If you think I am a humbug when you get through, and are not satisfied, you need not pay anything; I do not want the money of any man whom I do not satisfy."

The same process of writing names was gone through with, and Foster soon gave him a pellet, and said, "That person is here." The man looked astonished, and Foster immediately wrote him a long communication. The man read it, and immediately broke into the most violent crying.

Foster continued: "Charles Sumner is here, and says he is glad to see his father," etc., and added: "Do you know who he is?" Then again the man held his head down in his hands, and wept as though his heart would break. We shall never forget the queer expression of Foster's eyes as he glanced at the man and then at us. They said as plainly as though he had spoken: "Skeptic! are you? What think you of that?—and why do you cry?" We remarked to the man: "Friend, it seems to us the bottom drops out of your skepticism very fast."

Foster continued: "Mr. P., you have three children in the spirit-world," and he gave him the names and the diseases of which they died. Near in mind that neither he or I knew the man's name, for it had not been given. We forgot to say that Foster had not been long in giving us our name, and our assumed name of Bacheider did us no good.

He gave this man tests from a dozen or more of his friends.

We were with Foster two hours, and he was busy all the time giving us tests or communications of some kind. If he is not what he pretends to be—one of the most wonderful spiritual mediums in the world—then the way he does these things is still more wonderful.

J. H. MOTT'S SEANCES, MEMPHIS, MO.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

If no intrusion on your crowded columns, I would like to give your many readers a brief synopsis of what we saw and heard during six seances with Mr. J. H. Mott, the celebrated medium for spirit materializations at Memphis, Mo.

Presuming that the readers of the Banner would not be interested in a rehearsal of a description of Mr. Mott's cabinet, the number and kind of chairs and other furniture of his rooms, we therefore omit any mention of them.

Myself, in company with Mr. Levi Welty and E. S. Miller, my nephew, arrived at Memphis, April 28th, after a few days' journey up the Mississippi River, a distance of about four hundred miles. We attended our first seance the same evening. After the usual singing the first to materialize was the well known Gen. Bledsoe, one of Mr. Mott's band of "controlling spirits." After giving some brief instruction as to the light, and a short conversation with several of the visitors, he gave way to others. The next to appear was a cousin of mine, J. H. Miller, who in life was a Universalist preacher. He desired to see me. I stepped to the cabinet. He parted the curtain with his own hands, and there he stood within two feet of me, almost as natural as when in the form. He said he would come again, and, after delivering a short but beautiful invocation, vanished from sight. He was recognized by and conversed with each of our party. He verified his promise by coming the two succeeding evenings, bringing each time some word of cheer, or asking us to bear some message of love to his family. Then an elderly lady appeared, asked for "her son Levi." Mr. Welty stepped to the aperture and recognized his mother, who has been in spirit-life nearly twenty years. She then displayed a crippled hand and arm, which was caused by a fall from a horse forty-eight years ago, and related, without interruption, the particular circumstances of the accident, the wrist joint having been dislocated and never properly adjusted. Also one or both wrists were broken, which left their marks very perceptibly, and which was well remembered by Mr. Welty and many of her old neighbors.

The next, a niece of mine, appeared; said she "wished to see her brother Sylvester." My nephew then approached the aperture, recognized and talked with his sister some minutes. She told him to "tell Hattie" (an only little sister) "she would like to see her," and to "tell her pa she thought she would soon be able to show herself to him in her materialized body."

This same communication was re-given through a medium in our own neighborhood, while we were yet in Memphis, the spirit stating she had seen and talked with her brother at Memphis; and gave, as a test, the precise conversation which she had with him in regard to telling her pa she would show herself to him. She was fully recognized by her brother,

not one stitch amiss. To sum up in a general way, we saw, recognized and conversed with our respective friends as follows: I saw, fully recognized, and conversed with my mother, who passed to spirit life Oct. 25th, 1818; also a brother, who has been gone ten years; a nephew, a niece, a cousin, and two of Mr. Waddy's daughters. Mr. Waddy also recognized and conversed with my mother, his mother, his two daughters, a nephew, a niece, and a cousin of mine. E. S. Miller, who attended but two evenings, recognized his sister, a cousin and an uncle, they giving many other satisfactory tests of their presence.

Mr. Mott expressed a willingness to be put under any strictly test conditions, even to being chained to the floor, or mailed up in a box, but we did not ask for such. Myself and two friends felt that we had (unimpaired) our five senses, and especially the three much required by certain people, viz., hearing, seeing and feeling, and as they had brought us safe thus far in life, we were still willing to risk them.

I would say in conclusion that every person who visits Mr. Mott's séances is not so well satisfied with his or her investigations as we were. Some fail to fully recognize their friends or to understand the desired communications, and go home not thoroughly satisfied that they have not been deceived. We know there is deception in the world, and would say to all investigators, "Watch." But we must first learn how to watch, at least if we desire to be effecting watchers.

I am satisfied that the real trouble with many investigators who visit Mr. Mott (and the rule holds good everywhere) is the want of a better knowledge of the Spiritual Philosophy.

If people would commence their investigations at home, in their own families, they would soon learn the conditions for the best manifestations, and not be so apt to draw wrong inferences when conditions are unfavorable. They would learn what a long and tedious process is necessary for a full development of mediumistic powers.

Spiritualism in our community, though comparatively a new thing, has taken a firm hold upon the masses of the people. We now have several able trance speakers, and you need not be astonished to hear of materializations in this section soon.

J. J. MILLER.

Missouri, Cape Girardeau County, Missouri.

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 III.—CONTINUED.

But I have not time to give even a general brief biography of Mrs. Compton; it is sufficient to say that her girlhood and womanhood have been full of such incidents and persecutions for them. But I must not forget to tell of her first experience in materialization. She says that the spirits began to materialize themselves through her mediumship about two years ago, and she distinctly remembers her first experience, singular and peculiar as it certainly was. Her first materializing trance was not a wholly unconscious and apparently dead trance, as it afterwards has most always been, but she seems to have been somewhat conscious, and to have remembered what at least seemed to her to occur. She was put to sleep in the cabinet, and then she says she saw a spirit apparently picking off her skin from her body, as if picking from a sheep; and as fast as the spirit thus picked off her flesh, he fastened it on to another at first crescent form and figure, but on to the other figure, it deliberately began to walk off, as it seemed to her, with her body, she having in her person nothing left, and the spirit went out of the cabinet. This is curious enough, and perhaps this was shown her to let her be informed how the spirits would work this remarkable thing of de-materializing her, and with her flesh and bones—body and all—materializing themselves. Is this the process of materializing spirits through Mrs. Compton? Can any better account be given of it? What can earthly and earthly scientists do about it? Will they, can they ever know exactly? Will they answer? The stubborn facts confront us, but what shall we do in reference to them? Shall we pursue the Baconian method of investigation? And, if we do, what shall be our standpoint of observation for induction—"reliance to"? Shall it be a spiritual standpoint, in and of the spheres of the spirits—or shall we look from a material, earthly standpoint of the earth, earthy? From the latter, I opine, we could not glean much real solid information of the marvels of materialization and de-materialization. Could we? Who is assured enough to say?

On last Tuesday night—Mrs. Compton being at our residence—we invited the medium, Mr. Anderson, in, and Col. Cross, and with these and the medium, Mrs. Berry, wife and myself, we thought we might hold a private parlor séance, with no idea of materialization, for we were already informed by what we saw, and from her spirit-guides, that it would be dangerous even to the life of Mrs. Compton to hold a séance for such manifestation. But the spirits said we might hold a dark circle with our mediums and Mrs. Compton, and see what would come of it. Accordingly, Mrs. Compton being perfectly willing, as she always is, we darkened our back room completely, and assembled in it, in chairs around a table. Pretty soon the raps began to come and multiply, and we consulted them in reference to Mrs. Compton, and found that she would be safe and sound, and not at all injured in the dark circle. Then Mrs. Berry came under influence, and "Katie" came talking with great effort, and talked to us as best she could, talking to her medium, Mrs. Compton, and the rest of us. Not long after this Mrs. Compton was entranced, and her beautiful little Indian spirit guide, "Star Light," personified, and with her childish voice and childish words began to talk to each and all of us through her "medium," as she calls Mrs. Compton. She told us that her medium was very weak, quite an invalid, and it would not do at all for the spirits to materialize through her, but that she must let the Indian chief, Seneca, come, for he wanted to come so much to greet Col. Cross and all of us. Mrs. Compton's friend was much opposed to this, and properly, too, perhaps, but little "Star-Light" coaxed and coaxed, and in the midst of her winning, coaxing ways "Seneca" announced himself with a terrible shrieking war-whoop that startled us all. Then he gave the peace-whoop—a sort of falsetto, whinnying sound—indeed somewhat feline—and then he commenced talking and talking till it seemed he would not stop, and finally, with a loud repetition of the war-whoop, he left the medium completely exhausted. In the sequel none of us thanked Seneca for keeping the medium under his influence so long.

During this evening, before Seneca appeared, Mrs. Compton, as it seems, arose from her seat, and in a deep, hoarse voice, deeper and hoarser than could have come from the voice of a woman in her normal condition, began to make a solemn speech to us about the medium, her condition, and the care with which she must be treated now and hereafter. This speaking spirit was the one who calls himself "Daniel Webster," and seems to take and have chief charge of the séances at the home of Mrs. Compton in Havana. He spoke solemnly and with great sonority of voice and dignity of manner, as I had a chance to observe through a glimmer of light reflected by the mirror in the room. He told us that the medium was in a very precarious condition—overworked and overtaxed; that the spirits who controlled her manifestations were very anxious that their medium should do no more hard labor, and that she be placed in better conditions and under more refined influences, when and where there would be no necessity for her doing manual labor, that she might act for the spirits entirely and exclusively, and do only their bidding; that in the efforts to accomplish these results they ought to be aided by their friends on earth, and they should help see to it that Mrs. Compton should get along without the necessity of laboring in menial position, as she had done, for a living for herself and family. I asked the spirit if it would be wise and proper that Mrs. Compton should remove from her home in Havana. The answer was: No; that they (the

spirits) did not want her to remove from there; that, on account of long-prepared conditions, they could accomplish more in the way of manifestations there than elsewhere, but that the friends of the cause should see that she was sustained at her own house and home; that meantime the Spiritualists should see that she was provided for and cared for, while the spirits would work well for her restored bodily and mental health; that it would not do that such a great and remarkable medium should be lost to the world; that they could do more, through her, for the cause of Spiritualism than any one else; and it was the duty of all to help preserve her life on earth, and keep her here for the great good she would be the means and instrument of accomplishing; that there was but one wholly de-materializing medium in the world, and she was yet undeveloped, and unprepared to give such séances as Mrs. Compton.

Last Wednesday evening, Mrs. Compton left for her home in Havana, and when there, by the advice of her physician and her spirit-guides, will rest from manual labor and giving séances, until she is physically and mentally restored to health. This, the spirits say, may be for a month or more. During this period of much-needed repose she has no other means of subsistence than her own labors. It is hoped that her friends, and the friends of the cause of Spiritualism, will provide means for her to live. It seems to me that every one at all interested in the cause should have an especial interest in this woman's health, welfare and well-being. She is a most extraordinary medium, and fit instrument, in the hands of the angels, for proving to mortals the hereafter and immortality; and she should not be permitted to suffer in any way. Will not the Spiritualists see to it that Mrs. Compton's health and life are preserved for the good of mankind?

New York, May 30th, 1875.

A. G. W. CARTER.

PART IV.

I deem it advisable to add still more of interest to what has already been said in these papers. Col. Cross has been in this city for some time, and has put into my possession the piece of black alpaca with a lemon-shaped orifice in the middle, which he cut from the dress of Mrs. Compton, and the corresponding piece of white gossamer threads, which the spirit Katie cut from her dress with the scissors furnished by him. I think I notice one thing about the piece of spirit material; it is not now so plushy or woolly as it was at first, becoming more threadly and losing its softness, and it is of a different white in color. These results may be from the handling to which it has been subjected, for both the Colonel and myself have shown it to many persons, but I do not think it will soon, if ever, fade out altogether; but will remain substantial and visible.

By invitation, last Sunday I went to the laboratory and studio of Mr. Henry J. Newton, in this city, and we subjected the pieces of alpaca and spirit-cloth to the lens of a very powerful microscope, which magnified five hundred times. We continued our experiments for some time. So great was the magnifying power of the microscope that the field of view of the pieces of material only embraced some threads of each. We first tried the black alpaca under the lens of the microscope, and the two or three crossing threads which we saw appeared very large and coarse, about from one-fourth to one-half inch in diameter, and these threads, as we subjected various parts of the alpaca, were composed of numerous strands of fibres, numbering in variety from seven to twenty strands; and all of a coarse black color. We could plainly distinguish large intervals or interstices between the strands, and we were much astonished at the apparent gross coarseness of the fabric.

We then substituted the spirit-cloth under the lens, and examined it very closely, and to our surprise and amazement, found it a very refined, clear, sublimated and crystalline likeness of the alpaca in form. Under the intense light of the field of the microscope the crossing threads of the spirit-cloth had the appearance of crystallized pure white wax, and were much smaller and more refined than those of the alpaca; but they crossed the same way, and we found on subjecting different parts of the spirit-cloth that they had the same number of strands of fibre, much diminished in size, varying, as in the alpaca, from seven to about twenty strands of fibre in each. But the intervals or interstices in the spirit-cloth between the strands, as largely magnified as they were, were not visible. The strands or fibres of apparent fine white wax seemed to adhere closely together to form the thread with no spaces between. The sizes of the threads and, of course, the strands were very much smaller than those of the alpaca; and there was very much space between the threads themselves, as the piece of spirit-gossamer plainly shows, too, to the naked eye. On closer inspection we also discovered here and there, to our surprise, most diminutive spots of black color on the strands or fibres of the spirit-cloth, and in one or two instances plainly traced the black color following and filling up the loose ends of the strands or fibres.

Again we happened for the sake of experiment to place a single thread of the black alpaca under the lens of a microscope, and to our amazement discovered, following along the side or edge of it, and closely adhering to it, a very small piece of the white, waxy strand of the spirit-cloth. This discovery made our experiments complete. Our final conclusion, therefore, was, that this spirit-cloth—as the spirit Katie at the time she cut it from her dress said—was manufactured by her and the spirits from Mrs. Compton's alpaca dress. It was, as she intimated, the coarse material of the black alpaca sublimated and refined—almost spiritualized, as she said; the material grossness taken off, and the quintessential fabric left and remaining—the former of the earth, earthy, the latter of the ethereal, soft, fine and beautiful. And this, too, confirms what the spirits said at the time "Katie" cut the piece out of her dress, that Col. Cross would find a corresponding cut, or hole in the dress of the medium, which he did find, and of which the proof and demonstration are now in my possession.

How pleasant and agreeable, independent of scientific results, it is to confirm the words of the spirits by our scientific experiments; and I am of opinion that most of these scientific explanations of phenomena by the spirits can be confirmed by our own scientific experiments, if they are not beyond our reach and opportunity. The fact is, however, that in the domain of spiritual chemistry, so intricate is the present extent of science among us poor mortals, we will have to consult the spirits for information and knowledge, and without them we can advance but very little. And here I am reminded to remark that the lecture published in the Banner and recently delivered in London through the organism of Mrs. Tappan, by the spirit of Professor Mapes as he was called when on earth, on the subject of "Spiritual Chemistry," should be read by the scientific men of the world, as illustrative of the beginnings and essentials of all chemistry, and as overthrowing the present inadequate foundations of chemical science. Much of the expression of this lecture of the spirit Mapes was, long ago, intimated by Swedenborg. But I will pursue this tenor no longer; to follow it would consume a volume of writing. I will only add, however, that in the light of Spiritualism it is found necessary that all scientific research should now take new beginnings for truth's sake, and scientists should be no more mere plodders in the ruts and grooves of ancient authority. It is not too much to say that in the new light a new heaven and a new earth have been discovered, if not created, and scientists and all others should have new eyes to behold and see, and seeing, understand and live.

Before I close I must not forget to say that I have seen, and have now in my possession, the photograph of the medium, Mrs. Compton, and her spirit-mother, alluded to before, as taken by the spirit-photographer, Mr. T. R. Evans, and it is no disparagement to any one to say that it is the best success in spirit-photography I have yet seen. Yesterday I showed it to Mr. Newton—so well experienced in the science and practical facts of photography—and he agrees with me that it is the most effective spirit-photograph he has yet seen; and he has seen many. I suppose this is owing to the fact, in a great measure, that Mrs. Compton herself is such an extraordinary materializing medium. The picture represents Mrs. Compton

as she is, plainly and distinctly, and by her side her young spirit-mother, looking much younger than her earthly daughter, (who is now over forty years of age,) who departed this life long ago, when Mrs. C. was but a child. But there the mother stands in her full form, somewhat in a haze, beside her daughter, clad in a gown of former times, and having a subdued, modest and beautiful expression on her face—a face which, in contour and detail of features, resembles the daughter; her hand is upon the right shoulder of the daughter, and she has a wreath of white flowers upon her brow, a ribbon around her neck, a collar over her shoulders, and a broad fringe around her waist. The daughter is sitting in a large covered and fringed chair, and through the skirts of the dress of the spirit part of the chair is seen, and most wonderful, the figures of the oil cloth of the floor in perspective are plainly discernible, thus proving beyond cavil the photograph pictures of the materialized spirit form of the mother. This success of spirit-photography should commend itself to true scientists, and all interested in the progress of things. Today that it is admirable and wonderful, is not too much laudation. It should be seen to be properly appreciated.

I will thus conclude what at present I have to say in writing, about the singular experiences of my friend in Havana, at Mrs. Compton's home, and his and my and her experiences in sequel in New York City. I sincerely hope and trust what has been written will be interesting to readers and useful to the world. At all events the bread is cast upon the waters.

New York, June 21st, 1875.

A. G. W. CARTER.

REMARKABLE SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS IN CORNING—MATERIALIZATION IN AN OPEN ROOM.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I desire to lay before the readers of the Banner an account of the remarkable spirit-manifestations at a séance, on the evening of June 8th, 1875, at the house of R. D. Haines, Corning, New York.

There were six persons in the circle. Among the number were Mrs. Brooks, inspirational medium of Elmira, New York, and Miss Brink, of New Jersey. The room was about ten feet square, with several pictures of relatives hanging on the wall, the floor being covered with a neat ingrain carpet. On forming the circle we discovered conditions on the wall of the most remarkable character. Spiral lights, circles displaying various colors, and occasional rapping in various parts of the room, were seen and heard. Having extinguished the light, Mrs. Addie Haines, the wife of the above named gentleman, was controlled, and in a loud deep bass voice said, "If you will let the medium we will endeavor to see what we can do for you."

On lighting the lamp I was requested to place her in an arm-chair, when I tied her arms and hands with cords, as I thought securely, while her fingers were so bound with strings as to render her incapable of untying herself. This net-work of cord was inspected by all present, after which I placed in front of the medium a piece of black muslin, and fastened either end to the wall with ordinary pins. The light was then partly turned off, when loud raps came on the wall and windows, together with violent shaking of the window curtain, when we asked the spirit to desist.

We were then asked to sing a song, when there appeared over the head of the medium, in full view, radiating lights, followed by a beautiful hand, floating forward and backward, presenting a fine spectacle. I said to myself, "Can this be mortal?" when, lo! there came two hands clasped, followed by the face of a young woman, which wore a beautiful expression.

These manifestations were witnessed by all present. Everything was still; the medium unconscious, and in the full gas light, and without the aid of a cabinet! On the face disappearing, the control said, "Remove the medium!" and on going to where she was sitting, the cords had been removed and placed in Mrs. Brooks's hand, while the string was thrown on the floor—a distance of six feet.

Now I am frank to say that I went there a skeptic, and came away with the conviction that it was my duty to let the facts be made known through the Banner. Here are two powerful mediums, the husband a healer, and the wife with remarkable powers for materialization, who, I am informed, keep themselves in the background, when they have the power to do so much good work for the advancement of the truth of Spiritualism. From what I saw, I am strongly inclined to believe that this phenomenon is entitled to the closest consideration before being pronounced a delusion.

VICTOR.

THE LIBERAL(?) CHRISTIAN.

The following vindication of the genuineness of Mrs. Hardy's mediumship and character as a lady was sent to the Liberal Christian by Dr. Taylor as a reply to the aspersions of Mrs. H.'s character by one Rev. Mr. Wiggins. The Liberal (?) Christian was so illiberal as to refuse its columns to Dr. T., and he seeks to be heard for the truth through the Banner of Light. Talk and prate as much as you will about liberality, it's about the same that it always has been, no very great improvement, only now and then in individual cases.

(For the Liberal Christian.)

"MATERIALIZATION OF SPIRIT HANDS"—REVIEW OF REV. J. H. WIGGINS.

BROTHER WIGGINS—(If I may call him Brother, and as I occupied the "sacred desk" for nearly a century as a Christian clergyman I take this liberty). Brother W., in the closing paragraph of his article on the subject of "Materialization of Spirit Hands," in the Liberal Christian of April 10th, says, "Throw in the light." Will the editor be kind enough to "set the gates ajar" just a little, that "light, more light," may be thrown upon this subject? His opening paragraph, which I will reproduce here, is very clear, pertinent and unanswerable. He says:

No person who professes the signs of the times can avoid being interested in Spiritualism. For the Christian, the question is not whether it is all wish to know it. Whether Spiritualism is true or false is a question which belongs to the public. It is a question of evidence. It is only after they have seen the evidence that they can decide a priori that they cannot communicate with the dwellers on this globe, or that they can. It is a question of evidence. It is a question of evidence. It is a question of evidence. For my own part, the facts hitherto witnessed have not, to myself, proved the theory of inter-communication between the two worlds; but still, would I see this theory established, though I cannot bind myself to its difficulties.

To these clear and cogent statements add, if you please, the following, from a recent editorial in the Scientific American, and then produce any man, if you can, with "three pennyweights of brains," who will capiously ask, "What of it? Suppose Spiritualism is true?" The Scientific American says: "There has been lately an extraordinary revival of Spiritualism, and it again challenges the general attention. Nearly all the newspapers, and some of the most respectable of the literary magazines, without reservation or protest, lend their columns to its advocates." "We can find no words wherewith adequately to express our sense of the magnitude of its importance to science if true. Such words as profound, vast, stupendous, would need to be strengthened by a thousand fold to be fitted for such a use. If true, it will become the one grand event of the world's history; it will give an imperishable lustre to the nineteenth century." If Spiritualism has a rational foundation, no more important work has been offered to men of science than its verification. A realization of the dreams of the *clair-vue*, the philosopher's stone, and the perpetual motion, is of less importance to mankind than the verification of Spiritualism.

Well, to these wonderful concessions and statements of Mr. Wiggins and the Scientific American, I wish to add my testimony. It is this: I know that Spiritualism, as to its phenomena, is true. And in this statement I am sustained by thousands of the best and truest men and women of America and Europe; such as Professor Hare, Professor Ames, Judge Edmonds, Messrs. Westbrook, Carter, Lincoln (late President), Vice President Wilson, Madame Blavatsky, Emma Hardinge Britten; Professors Crookes, Varley, Juggins, Wallace, Blanderhaven; Drs. Sexton, McClellan, Reichenow, etc., etc. So that leaving out the subjective conjunction, I would write it thus: "Spiritual phenomena being true, being a fact, it is the most stupendous fact of the nineteenth century, or any of the past centuries." But I have somewhat to say of Mr. Wiggins's sketch of the séance he has essayed to give an account of, as having occur-

ed at Mr. Hardy's on the evening of March 12th, 1875, and which he calls an "unvarnished tale." We will see.

He charges Mrs. Hardy with "inevitably" in four separate places. Of all the criticisms that I have ever read of Mrs. Hardy and her séances this is the first that has charged her with "inevitably." On the other hand she is, as far as I know, with this single exception, accredited as being a lady in every sense of the word. But it is a principle of philosophy that "like begets like," and if Mr. W. was met at the door and treated with "inevitably," it is a reasonable presumption that he made an uncivil advance, willingly or unwillingly. But as he was not at the door when the B. H. H. came, I cannot vouch for what transpired, or did not transpire; yet I was present when the other three came, and I can vouch for the rudeness of the B. H. H. which he complains. And I here, in justice to Mrs. Hardy—who is nothing to me more than a respectable lady and true medium, both of which I know—take occasion to say that when it was quietly and unobjectionably agreed upon that her feet should be encased in a pillow-slip, she did not "flounce out of the room to get it," but walked out and returned in a ladylike manner. She did not "push it into" the reverend gentleman's "lap," and "command" him to "examine it," but simply, as she passed him, laid it in his lap, pleasantly remarking as she did so that it would bear examination, for she made it herself; she did not throw the bag at the "elderly gentleman," she did not "trust the pillow-case into" the Rev. Mr. Wiggins's "devoted face." (This is what he calls his "face" in his article under review.) Now, if I am correct in my remembrance of these points, the "tale" he tells is not wholly "unvarnished."

2. Mr. W. charges Mr. Hardy with falsehood and deception: falsehood as to the parties that were present at the séance; deception and falsehood in claiming that what goes on in the séances are "spiritual manifestations," which is not true if what Mr. Wiggins says in his article is correct, and the "tale unvarnished." To be sure, he does not charge deception and falsehood direct, nor does he attempt to account for the phenomena witnessed, but throws a shower of suspicion and ridicule upon the whole.

3d. He would defeat the influence of the facts that he states in regard to the appearance of hands, and rose to the light, by stating that they were "burlesque" the whole subject, notwithstanding the serious manner in which he opened and closed his communication.

Mr. W. says that the "fingers were visible as far as the second joint," perhaps. Now, it is true that Mr. W.'s "spectacles were near-sighted," or else this tale is not an unvarnished one; for I and others saw the full hand, to the wrist, and placed on the finger a gold ring.

What does he mean by saying that "murmurs of admiration surged through awe-stricken souls, and rose to the light"? Who were awe-stricken? Certainly not those Spiritualists who were there, for most likely every one had witnessed many far more awe-inspiring scenes in spiritual circles. This looks to me a little like "varnish."

The Brother thinks that I was decidedly overjoyed at recognizing my friend, Mrs. Howard, from the spirit-world, and avers that when the motion spelled the letters H O W, there was not a particle of test in what I did, for "everybody knew that it was easy to spell Howard." How did everybody know that? Is that statement an unvarnished tale? If O W, I regard to see such a statement, and Mr. W. seems to feel that an *avowed* affection must cease at death, and if the soul goes to heaven, it will stand gazing at the great white throne, and sing long-meter doxologies forever. This is not the law of life in the spirit-world. We love our friends from that country as much or more than if they had gone to Europe and returned.

Finally, Mrs. Hardy's mediumship has been tested over and over again, and has been proven genuine. The attempt, therefore, to throw suspicion on the case, is a feeble effort to undervalue the truth, and set aside "the stupendous fact of the nineteenth century."

T. B. TAYLOR, M. D.

Boston, Mass., May 10th, 1875.

RAMBLING.

BY WARREN CHASE.

A neat, pleasant, and quiet little town is Cambridge, in Story County, Iowa, twenty-five miles from the State capital, and ten from the railroad. The most remarkable feature of the town is, it has no church, and not a single house "dedicated to the Lord." They have a large school-house, in which meetings and lectures are frequently held and heard, and one Methodist minister holds forth in it each Sabbath morning, in opposition to Spiritualism and the grangers, who also hold their meetings in the same place. This unholy temple was secured for us to give four lectures, and crowded with the most intelligent and liberal inhabitants of the place; but the minister would not come, as he knew all he wanted to know about "the horrible and soul-destroying doctrine of Spiritualism," and he and some of his followers thought it was entirely wrong and out of character to allow the school-house to be used for such lectures on the holy Sabbath-day; but they could not control the trustees, nor stop the lectures, for the same reason that the Jews and their God could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, viz.: a want of power. Our lectures seemed to have an excellent effect, and to startle some of the inhabitants of the Skunk River Valley—in which the town is situated—as much as would a thunder-storm in the winter. Brother Wheelock, of Kansas, had been through the place once, and gave several lectures, which awakened thought, started inquiry, and did much good, opening the way for more. It is not now probable that any church but a free one will be built in the place for many years to come, if ever. Sectarianism is played out there.

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD THAT DIE IN THE LORD."—We have often seen the above inscription on tombstones, and when it seemed so unsuited to the case sometimes that it was evidently an advertisement for the benefit of the living. Not long since a case came under our notice of a poor worn-out wife, a victim of gross, coarse, sensual and profane treatment from her husband, who, after her life had been exhausted and her body worn out with hard work, and bearing the unwelcome burdens of children for him, gave up the body (not the ghost) and escaped from her wearying struggles with life. The husband made much more of her after death than before, and mourned loudly for what he had never appreciated while alive, and covered the tombstone with sentences like the above, and it seemed to us to be an advertisement for a new wife from among the pious women who did not know how he treated the other. We have seen so much of the sensuality and brutality of men acting as husbands, which in a true sense they were not, that we often get cursed for sentimental sympathy with suffering wives.

The London National Reformer has been printing a series of articles on the question, "Is Christianity benevolent, or Intellectual Progress?" It answers the question in the negative.—Ee.

Sensible conclusion arrived at last. We have asserted this fact for nearly half a century and been almost universally condemned for it; but if there is any reliability in history the conclusion is correct. And now, at this late hour, some of our Christian sects are attempting to break up our system of free schools because they cannot control them in the interests of the church; and they are the greatest promoters of civilization and general intelligence we have, and are fast retiring Christianity to its sacred relics and impracticable precepts. Discuss it and it dies. Admire and revere it and it lives and prospers; but like the bubble it will not bear to be touched. We must have a religion like Spiritualism, or rationalism, which to us is the same thing, that will bear any amount of discussion.

"BLESSINGS ON THE BOYS."—Blessings on the boys. Not the young, healthy, rosy-cheeked male savages of thirteen or sixteen years. They cannot help being boys, and deserve no special credit or commendation for it. But blessings on those hale old boys of forty or forty-five, or even of sixty years, who bend their broad shoulders to the burdens of life, but who do not let those burdens crush their hearts; whose eyes are quick to catch the light of merriment over a droll story, and quicker to fill with tears of sympathy for a friend's distress; who retain boyish love and reverence for all that is womanly; whose boyish confidence in humanity as a whole, though often shocked, never dies; who watch eagerly for the bright spots of sunshine in the darkest and see themselves where it falls brightest and warmest. They rarely grow very rich, for their boyish generosity is too careless for that; they may not command the awe of admiring crowds; they are not always systematic enough to be safely trusted with important office; but the nimble feet of childhood spring to meet them, manhood trustfully extends to them a wide-open hand, woman greets them with a confiding smile, and all through life they live and receive great treasures of pure love. God himself is very tender to these boys.—Rome Sentinel.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1875.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,
No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province
street (Lower Floor).

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

COLBY & RICH,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

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Where Reforms Originate.

The universal call now in politics is for integrity. The politicians are confessedly unable to supply the demand. Having demoralized public sentiment to the extent they have, it is not to be expected that they can repent and make practical compensation together. Little, much, or little, is thought of such a general call for an improvement in political morals. The leaders of parties think it is merely a demand for a change in their relations, making the ins and outs change places. They do not comprehend the full meaning of the popular impulse, but suppose it to be limited and partisan, like themselves. There is everything, in fact, in this desire which has broken out into such general manifestation; it has a meaning not sufficiently understood.

Ex-President Woodsey, in his recent discourse at Cambridge, before a literary association, scouted the proposition that a remedy for this widespread wrong is to be sought of the men who are themselves responsible for its existence. He said that the movement toward reform was to begin with the people; not by organized methods, by any means—only by individual, spontaneous action; that, in fact, is the way all living reforms begin; there is where the new infusion makes itself apparent and operative. Leaders never put it into the heads of the people to think differently and individually; that comes from the popular impulse itself; that is genuine inspiration. Mr. Woodsey held that all the hope, the country had for the future lay in the minds of the people as a collection of individuals; that from them alone is to proceed the reformation.

Now if this is true in relation to matters material, how much more, so in relation to matters spiritual. Christ's own religion, which he came to earth to impress and disseminate, was given first to the people. The new dispensation of Spiritualism was accepted first by the people, because their minds were comparatively open and unimpressed, without prejudice and constraint, and wedded to no particular creed or doctrine which the plain presentation of the truth would not supplant. The popular mind is the soil in which to sow the seeds of truth. Weeds may come up with them, but they only indicate the native richness of the soil. They at least are not the "rabble," "scurry," "riff-raff," "surplus" growth which choke the truth in the minds and hearts of doctrinaires and partisans and self-constituted leaders.

It is above all things to be made a cause of sincere congratulation, that Spiritualism began to unfold its rich secrets among the people, instead of to the leaders of the sects and managers in the churches. No Calvin introduced this welcome dispensation, cramping it with iron bands of definition, and surrounding it with a bristling hedge of controversy. It descended like the dew of heaven on the popular heart, gently stirring the conscience, awakening the slumbering faculties, and imparting new life to the spirit. No formal organization, according to the theory of the creeds, was needed for this. It was heaven's own plan, and needed no improvement or alteration at the hands of man. And the vital feature of it was that it was just what the human heart had long yearned for. This ardent desire for the truth in its larger meaning and relations became immensely productive as soon as it was answered with these welcome and assuring messages from sources so long closed to recognition.

The point we desire to make has of course been anticipated by all readers; that all new moral and spiritual forces manifest their power first from the people. Heaven has bountifully spread abroad its gifts that all may enjoy. Those who have conceitedly divided life up into sections, and walled it off for private government and regulation, could not well comprehend the new and fresh influx of power, and the deeper and larger insight. Only so far as their divisions will permit them can they see or understand. Mole-eyed are they, and incapable of reaching upward or outward. All their desire is to consolidate their power; the growth and expansion of the human soul that comes of liberty. The world would never move more if they were expected to supply the power. Their little pitchers soon overrun with what is poured into them, and they cannot hold more if they would.

This is the penalty such persons, ambitious to lead and direct, pay for the indulgence of their conceit. Power soon departs from them; they can do no more; they have to carry their dippers to the large ocean of faith, and draw supplies from the people to whom, being wholly receptive, it is given in unstinted measure. This is the loss that comes of discarding humility, which is the only true receptive condition. It has always been so, and it always will, that from the people, the masses, and generally the humbler class at that, all great revolutions in morals and religion have come. They are the ones who possess spiritual capacity in full measure. Other aims do not crowd it out from a lodgment; on the contrary, it is welcomed with all sincerity and enthusiasm. Well is it that it is so, or the world would go backwards fast. It satisfies us, too, that heaven's special care is the people, not the creeds or the churches.

The Case of Robert Dale Owen.

The liberty of the public daily press is a glorious privilege; but its mendacity and effrontery are deplorable in the extreme. It not only rolls the channels of intelligence, but corrupts the morals of the community to such an extent that people of little or no reflection come to think they are licensed to do and say what they please. Even the semi-religious press, in certain quarters, is not free from this gangrene that is corrupting the morals of society.

The foregoing remarks were suggested to our mind on perusing such statements as the following from the Chicago Tribune, headed, "Robert Dale Owen has become insane. The cause of it does not lie many months' back. When the heartless imposture of the Holmes mediums, the Philadelphia conspirators with Katie King, was exposed, the shock to Mr. Owen was tremendous," etc. The Cleveland Leader of July 3d, also says: "The Katie King delusion and exposure was too much for Mr. Owen. The consciousness that he had been made ridiculous before the world completed the wreck of his mental organization." Now the fact is there is not a particle of truth in either of the above statements. Mr. Owen, as we stated in our last number, had been sick for some time, and probably had a relapse by going out too soon. We now learn from good authority, that his derangement is said to be the result of a fever he had five weeks ago, and had no connection whatever with his belief in Spiritualism, or the Katie King fiasco.

Overtasking of the brain in literary labors and lecturing, supplemented by the fever he experienced, is the simple solution of his insanity, given by Dr. Jackson of the "Home" at Danville, N. Y., where Mr. Owen was staying at the time of his attack. News of a legacy to him of three thousand dollars, added to his excitement, in his state of physical debility, and was the straw that broke down his reason. Dr. Jackson is not a Spiritualist, but he emphatically repudiates the idea that Spiritualism had anything to do with Mr. Owen's insanity. As Dr. J. expresses it: "It had no more to do with his insanity than Vice President Wilson's abolitionism had to do with his paralysis."

An architect in this city some years ago became hopelessly insane from excessive overwork, and is to-day in an asylum. He belonged to the church, was a devout Christian, and an active participant in prayer meetings; but no one attributed his insanity to any trouble in his church. Had he, however, been a Spiritualist instead of a member of a church, the press, as in Mr. Owen's case, would have heralded the false statement all over the land that the gentleman referred to became insane in consequence of his belief in Spiritualism! But a mercenary press is capable of anything. It matters not, however. All sensible people—and there are millions of such who are Spiritualists—treat, as they should, with proper contempt the false allegations of such papers as the Chicago Tribune, the Cleveland Leader, and other prints of like ilk.

As supplementary to our remarks, and complimentary of them, we give the following letter from Dr. Willis:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Please grant me space enough to say a few words in relation to Mr. Owen, whose condition has filled the hearts of thousands who know and love him with profound sorrow.

I have read with indignation the ungenerous attempts of the secular press to lead the public to believe that Mr. Owen's insanity was caused by the overthrow of his faith or belief in Spiritualism, in consequence of the Philadelphia affair. Nothing could be further from the truth. Mr. Owen's Spiritualism had passed out of the sphere of belief into that of knowledge; it was based on demonstrated facts that no amount of fraud, on the part of professional mediums, could affect in the least.

His faith was never stronger than it was after the "Holmes Imbroglio." That affair shook his confidence in the integrity of those particular mediums; but it never touched the vast amount of evidence that had come to him through long years of investigation, much of it from personal friends who were gifted with mediumship from little children, who were as pure and ship from guile as those whom Jesus took in his arms and blessed, because they represented the innocence and purity of the kingdom of heaven.

This I know from his own lips, and I know also, professionally, the cause of his present sad condition. So long ago as November 13th, 1873, I being in Connecticut was sent for by Mr. Owen, who wished to consult with me in relation to his health. He was then at Hotel Branting, in New York. Having great confidence in my power to detect obscure causes of disease he desired a clairvoyant examination. I found that he was suffering from sub-acute inflammation of the gastro-intestinal-mucous membrane, especially in the transverse colon. Even at that early date there was great disturbance of the nervous centres, and his condition gave me great uneasiness; so much so that I warned him to be exceedingly cautious how he taxed his brain in his literary pursuits. I told him plainly that unless he got relief his condition would terminate either in insanity, or softening of the brain.

Results have verified the accuracy of my decision. I believe that in the majority of cases insanity results from some intestinal lesion, and I do not hesitate to say that this present case has no more to do with Spiritualism than had the attacks of pulmonary hemorrhaging with which I was assailed five years ago. Yours truly,
FRED. L. H. WILLIS.

Spirit Materialization.

The phenomenon of spirit materialization appears to obtain an increased hold, with passing time, upon the interest of the community, which fact is directly evidenced by the amount of notice which the secular press—that infallible indicator of the course of the popular mind—bestows upon it. We are constantly receiving—in addition to this evidence from our exchanges—communications on the subject from correspondents in different portions of the United States, and information is frequently given us therein that in this or that locality some young or old person, male or female, has just been selected by the invisible workers to be an instrument for the manifesting to the people of this new gift, but that the party does not desire to be known as yet to the world. Sometimes this request comes because of direction from the controlling intelligences themselves, sometimes from the heart of the timid sensitive chosen to do the work, who naturally shrinks back from the gaze of the public. All signs go to prove that the arrangements making toward the demonstration of the verity of this class of manifestations—which approaches one step nearer to the fulfilling of the prophecy so often made by our trance lecturers that "spirits will yet visibly walk with men"—are broadcast as to locality and deep reaching as to individual instruments, the media being apparently chosen from every avenue in life.

Read the explanatory card of Emma Harbridge Britten, on our eighth page.

Some Sound Ideas.

The Fourth of July oration by Rev. James Freeman Clarke before the city authorities was a production much out of the common course, in that it discussed topics usually ignored, and likewise went into the consideration of matters which are vital to the common welfare. "On the subjects of churches and schools his thoughts were timely, and will doubtless work an excellent effect on the popular mind. He rightly calls our life in this country 'the battle of light with darkness, of good with evil,' and he believes that here is to be decided at last the destinies of the human race. In these hundred years just ending, said Mr. Clarke, we have demonstrated four facts: that there can be universal religion without an established church; that there can be universal education without sectarian schools; that there can be universal order without an standing army; and that freedom and equal rights make the most stable government."

In relation to Church and State, a dogma which certain over-zealous people are trying to put in operation in this country, the orator remarked justly that "all the nations of Europe are taxed to support public worship, and the result of it is that many of them have come to confound Christianity with an odious form of government, and so have lost their faith in religion itself. Both the friends and foes of Christianity suppose that it must be held up by the State, or that it will fall. This skepticism is the natural consequence of the union of Church and State." Mr. Clarke remarked that it was within his own memory that every man in Massachusetts was obliged to pay a tax to support the Congregational Church, which was the established church, and all others were dissenters.

We have also demonstrated in this country, says he, that free institutions can give a wider education to the people than has yet been given by a monarchy or aristocracy. The people of this country early saw that free institutions rested on the general intelligence. "No matter," he exclaims, "how large the sum spent on free schools, this expenditure is the wisest economy, for it increases the wealth and taxable property of the whole State by increasing the producing power of every individual." It may be true, he adds, "that such education as is given in our common schools does not necessarily make Christians, and it is not meant for that purpose." "The United States has led the way in giving universal education to the people, and in making this education purely secular, leaving religious instruction in the hands of the churches, where it belongs."

The County of Suffolk, in which is Boston, with a population in 1870 of two hundred and seventy thousand, had fifty thousand children at school. No other city on the continent could have collected such a crowd of people as Boston did on the 17th of June—so orderly, well dressed, courteous and peaceful. This is owing to the influence of our public school system. Mr. Clarke advocates suffrage for women, as all know, and he finds the reason for woman's suffrage in the doctrine of universal suffrage. Woman will bring in with herself a new element, and help to keep legislation from special tendencies. "She sees many things and knows many things which man does not. He does not believe our politics will be what they ought till women are voters and legislators. For a perfect civilization, men and women must be companions in everything. Girls should be educated at college with boys. When all careers are open to all talents, society will be properly balanced by the equipoise of man's force and woman's sympathy, man's logic and woman's intuition."

TO THE FIFTH MARYLAND.

(From The Christian at Work.)
[When the Fifth Maryland Regiment arrived at Boston to aid in celebrating the Centennial of Brunker Hill, their first act was to deposit a suppellectil of flowers upon the monument erected there to commemorate the soldiers killed in the War for the Union. The following lines were written in connection therewith by a gifted lady of Boston.]

"Have, then, your graves that summer buds have set,
To pluck of new, 'discreet' buds have set;
And on the monument that o'er them towers
Our southern brethren have laid down their flowers,
Relieved children, on one mother's breast."
These lines, swift setting,
Our sleeping soldiers have their honors won;
But changeless as the splendor of the sun,
This act through coming centuries shall shine,
As noble tribute of a love divine;
As conquered slaves their victories buying
Brother than dying.
One hundred years ago the patriots fought;
And with their blood this country's freedom bought;
Martyred, for North and South and East and West,
Relieved children, on one mother's breast;
And lo! these flowers, in consecration,
Cute the nation.
Oh! if the wind-blown seeds make Earth's increase,
How rich will be your harvest of Peace;
For, waited upwards, noble deeds shall bear
Divine blossoms, making heaven more fair;
Immortal services exalting
And no ever failing. C. W.

Pleasant Friendly Remembrances.

We have received from our esteemed English friends Mr. and Mrs. Tebb, 7 Albert Road, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park, N. W., London, two fine photographic views to be added to the decorations in the Public Free Circle Room of the Banner of Light, and also an interesting collection of spirit-photographs, from the studio of Mr. Hudson, 2 Kensington Park Road, Notting Hill Gate, London, for all which, in return, we desire to extend to them our sincere thanks. Mrs. Tebb, in her letter of transmittal, speaks in happy retrospect concerning the visit paid by herself and husband to our circle-room during their tour in America, and also with reference to our ascribed co-worker William White, who then presided at these sittings. The two views are of large size, and represent, respectively, "Le Maison de Mozart," executed under spirit influence by the celebrated French dramatist Victorien Sardou, and a scene in water colors, intended to illustrate one of the "many mansions" in spirit-life, painted by the medium Miss Houghton, 20 Delamere Crescent, Westbourne square, W., London. The sketch of Sardou was engraved by him under spirit direction upon a metal plate which he prepared—no previous design having been made as a guide. As these two pictures will be on exhibition at this office we will attempt no description thereof, but invite the public to call and view them.

GROVE MEETING AT COLUMBIA, PA.—NINTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.—A Three Days' Grove Meeting, in conjunction with the Pa. State Society, will be held at Heise's Woods, near Columbia, Pa., on Saturday, July 31st, Sunday and Monday, August 1st and 2d. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, Prof. Rehn, Dr. H. T. Child and others will address the meetings. The friends throughout the State and all others are cordially invited.

Read the announcements on our sixth page concerning the grove meetings about to be convened at various localities in the West.

The Persecuted Spiritualists.

In Paris, M. Leymarie and M. Firman, after being condemned (as detailed in our last issue) were allowed, under French custom, to retire from Court undisturbed, that they might prepare themselves for the imprisonment, they being supposed to surrender to the police within a reasonable time. Our latest English files contain a letter from Mr. O'Sullivan, from which we extract the following:

"Leymarie has appealed to the Cour d'Appel. He had left the matter entirely to the decision of his friends, telling them that he was alike ready to accept the one year's imprisonment under his first sentence, or five years, if necessary, under the possible sentence on his appeal. He would do whatever the members of the Société des Spiritistes deemed best in the interests of Spiritism. His appeal was put in on Saturday, the last of the days allowed for that purpose.

It is to be hoped that at the trial of Leymarie's appeal each will this time go into the basic question of spirit-photography. His client's case being that of his good faith and real belief in the genuineness of the photographs, it will be materially strengthened by showing that the thing is really possible, and that many at least of Buguet's pictures were genuine.

Firman has decided not to appeal. He would probably have no better chance before a judge robed in red than before those in black, and he deemed it not worth while to throw away more of his friend's money, only to have his sentence aggravated. He has notified the Procureur de la République of this, and asked for a month of liberty before going to take up his quarters in the prison, which he asked might be that of St. Pelagie. If not the full delay asked, some time no doubt will be accorded to him, that being the French way. His mediocrity power seems gradually returning to him, for Count de Bulel has obtained the undetected forms of his sister, deceased, whilst Firman was visible at the same time, lying entranced."

The result of this trial—which was one of the most unjust and farcical proceedings in the name of law which stands on record among men—was received with intense feeling, as is borne witness to by the following paragraph from a letter by Samuel Chinnery in The Spiritualist of July 2d:

"The French military officers loudly expressed their sentiments in the corridors of the court, and foreigners had to restrain their most violent impressions at treatment which could never have occurred in an English court. One colonel complained that justice was done in France, although he should still stand by his colors, hoping for a better time.

Immediately after the close of the trial, M. Gustave de Voh left France, and in a private letter to Mr. Harrison from Reichenhall, Bavaria, dated the 25th of June, he says that the enemies of Spiritualism will fall in their attempts to crush out the belief in France, and adds:

"The whole proceeding will only result in a new edition of Allan Kardec's works, and in awaking the most eager curiosity, consequently will bring in hundreds of new converts. In the very midst of the Court, the moment the condemnation of the accused had been pronounced, the hottest discussions began and were continued all the way down the staircase into the courtyard. We could not help smiling at the quite unlooked for scene. * * * Firman is twenty-five years of age, and was married only a fortnight before his arrest. Buguet and Leymarie remained only one week in prison after their first arrest, but Firman, being a foreigner, was kept six weeks in solitary confinement, and when brought out for examination he was in chains. After six weeks' jail was at last accepted, but not less than six thousand francs, whereas Buguet and Leymarie only deposited one thousand francs each."

Mr. Firman being an American, it is to be hoped that some steps may be taken to draw the attention of our Government to the facts in the case.

More Bigotry.

The authorities of Grand Rapids, Mich., have passed a sapient ordinance publicly denouncing as "vagrants," and classing with "watch-stuffers," keepers of gaming tables, persons carrying burglarious instruments, street beggars, and loiterers about drinking-shops, wharves and sheds, all those who practice for the benefit of others the gift of clairvoyance—who tell how diseases may be cured! This is civilization with a vengeance. According to these small-minded and smaller souled Solons, it is not lawful to practice the healing art at all, unless permission has first been taken out from some central medical society, which enjoys the protection of just such one-eyed legislators. We have no words with which to fitly characterize the ignorance, prejudice and tyranny of a knot of such individuals, who evidently suppose that what is unknown to them is not worth knowing at all. Spiritualists are the special mark of such underlings, because they think they are doing service to powers which they would propitiate. This sort of experiment must come to a stop at some time, for public sentiment will not long endure it. As if a dozen men who come together to pass town statutes knew any more about healing or mediumship, mesmerism, magnetism and clairvoyance than those who have made it their pursuit, and have labored to develop the gifts derived from a source of which these officious persons, "dressed in a little brief authority," know less than nothing.

Dr. Sexton in London.

This gentleman having concluded his Goswell-Hall course, has now commenced his regular services at Cavendish Rooms, at which place we trust the highest measure of success will attend his eloquent utterances. In this wish we are evidently joined by the Medium and Daybreak, which in its issue for June 25th says, editorially: "We are glad to find that there is some probability of Dr. Sexton being permanently occupied in London for Sunday lecturing, for though we do not grudge our provincial friends the advantage of his great abilities, yet there is a metropolitan need for such services, which cannot well be spared. The life must be maintained at the centre, and there is no one at present in the lecturing field so well fitted as Dr. Sexton to sustain the cause."

A valued correspondent writes: "Let the Ship of Spiritualism be wrecked on the Rock of Truth, if necessary; we still shall have enough to stand upon." We have no fears of its being wrecked under any circumstances, no matter what sort of rocks impede its progress. It is too firmly built, and has too competent a crew, to be in danger of being destroyed. We are aware there are many wolves in sheep's clothing prowling about, whose intention is, if possible, to seize the helm of the stanch ship Spiritualism for the purpose of steering her on to a lee shore; but the good captain "up aloft," in whom we fully trust, will frustrate the designs of all such people. We have nothing whatever to fear. Rest assured of that. The spiritual world is too powerful to suffer the Evil to overcome the Good.

Mrs. Conant is yet very ill from intermittent congestive fever, but we feel to say, at this writing, that she will eventually be restored to her usual health, and resume the important work the spirit-world has for her to do in the earth-life.

Spiritualist Grove and Camp Meetings.

By reference to other portions of this issue it will be seen that the friends in Massachusetts are actively engaged in preparations for the correct enjoyment of the current season for out-door gatherings.

Drs. H. F. Gardner and A. H. Richardson offer to the public the claims of SILVER LAKE GROVE, Plympton, where from July 23d to August 9th the Sixth Annual Camp Meeting of the Liberal Spiritualists of New England will be convened. We have frequently discoursed concerning the beauties of this charming grove, the excellence of its appointments, and the added attractions which the superb sheet of water from which it obtains its name presents to the tourist, therefore we will only at present bid the reader visit the ground personally and verify our statements. Miss Lizzie Doten, J. J. Morse, Prof. R. G. Eccles, William Denton, A. E. Carpenter and others will present the mental phase of Spiritualism in an eloquent and thoughtful manner, and there would seem to exist no reason why the present meeting should not fully equal in interest and attendance any of its predecessors in this popular course.

The Second Annual Camp Meeting and Picnic at LAKE PLEASANT, Montague, Mass., is announced to be in continuance from August 4th to August 30th. A fine array of speakers is presented, as will be seen by the announcement put forth by the Camp Meeting Association's Committee (on 7th page), and the music of a military band of twenty pieces, and of a choir of singers, including the celebrated medium bard, J. Frank Baxter, will give pleasure alike to lovers of vocal harmony and of the salubrious art as well. These attractions, added to those of the grand mountains, the truly pleasant Lake, and the neighboring points of interest, are calculated to draw to this spot, during the present Camp Meeting, the largest Spiritualist gathering ever known in Western Massachusetts.

James S. Dodge will commence his projected series of five grove meetings at LAKE WALDEN, Concord, on Sunday, July 18th. This place of assembly is one long and favorably known to the Spiritualists of Eastern Massachusetts, and we doubt not that many will improve the opportunity to revisit the scenes made pleasant by happy old-time memories. Good speakers will be in attendance, and instrumental music will make attractive the sessions.

The regular Cape Cod Camp Meeting will take place at NICKERSON'S GROVE, Harwich, extending from July 29th to August 2d. It is announced that no pains will be spared by the Committee in preparing the grounds and furnishing facilities for pleasure, comfort and intellectual enjoyment. First-class speakers—including Prof. Whipple, Dr. H. B. Storer, William Denton, J. J. Morse and others—have been engaged for the occasion, and, as usual, an arrangement will be made with the railroad company to carry passengers at reduced rates. There will be a boarding tent at which visitors will be supplied with refreshments at reasonable rates.

Plato a Spiritualist.

We quote the following from Dr. Bland's article on Plato and his Philosophy, in the July number of the Herald of Health and Ladies' Own, and submit that if the Dr. has rightly interpreted the great philosopher—and he is good authority—Plato anticipated some of the chief doctrines of Modern Spiritualism:

"The 'Phædo,' or the immortality of the soul, is one of the most interesting and instructive of Plato's works. Taking his cue from Socrates, he has pursued this subject to the utmost verge of logic and philosophy, and has persuaded us more to hold the cultivated classes to a belief in continuous life than any man who has lived. 'Every soul,' he says, 'is immortal. It is the real person, the body being but its servant and earthly representative. The soul is independent of the body, but finds its utility in this state of existence. It builds the body out of material substance according to its best ideal, and makes changes and repairs until it tires of it, when it abandons it and goes into a higher state of existence. The souls of men are of the same substance as the gods, and they partake of the intelligence and other divine qualities of the Supreme Being, who formed and rules the universe.' He firmly held to the doctrine of individuality after death, and that each one would remember the incidents of the earth-life.

He believed in rewards and punishments after death. He argues that as the mind, or soul, is the individual, the body being but a transient servant, the soul must suffer for its sins. Death is not a misfortune or punishment, but a blessing. It is only after death that we properly live, and know what sort of beings we are. The soul cannot die by a disorder of the body, nor can death be a punishment to the soul for its sins, as it only affects the body, which is thus separated from the soul and left to perish. The soul of each of us goes to the other gods to give an account of its actions.

Plato's theory is a grand system throughout, as these condensed extracts show; and as thought more and more asserts its sway over blind belief, his beautiful and reasonable doctrines are more and more highly appreciated.

The central idea in his system is, that God is the supreme essence of the universe, and that all visible Nature is but a manifestation of him, and man a part of his being and life. God alone is perfect, unchangeable, above passion or selfishness. He does good to us in proportion to our ability to receive it, and punishes us for our evil, but never to gratify his passion or caprice. He accepted the idea of gods, but to him they were simply spirits, once mortal, which had reached a high state of development. Socrates was a god, and he aspired to that position also."

J. J. Morse.

Continued his labors in New York by two eloquent discourses on Sunday, July 11th, and the Spiritualists of that city exhibited their high appreciation of his efforts (and those of his invisible guides) by engaging him once more—for the 18th inst.

Children's Lyceum No. 1 of New York adjourned on the 11th, to meet again at the close of its summer vacation—the first Sunday of September. Mr. Morse offered, before said adjournment, as a prize (for leaders only), a copy of A. J. Davis's "Divine Revelations," for the best essay on "The effect of Spiritualism upon the aspirational (religious) nature of the individual." It was received with evident favor, and will be awarded next Christmas.

Mr. Morse expects to attend both the Silver Lake and Lake Pleasant Camp Meetings in Massachusetts. His time is now fully occupied up to date of his return to England in the fall.

Christopher Stoddard, who shot and killed Officer Baxter, (father of J. Frank Baxter, the well-known medium and singer) at Plymouth, Mass., May 3d, was arraigned before the Supreme Court, July 13th, and, pleading guilty of murder in the second degree, was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

The Picnic of the American Spiritualist Institute.

This recently-organized body of Spiritualists held their first picnic at the well-known Silver Lake Grove, Plympton, Mass., Monday, July 12th. The proprietors of the grounds have made several improvements since last year, including a new pavilion on the brow of the hill, from which a most beautiful view of the pond is had; and also a long flight of steps leading from the top of the bluff to the water's edge.

The weather was all that the well-behaved company, which filled a train of ten cars, could desire. The various forms of amusement were liberally patronized, while a day of quiet enjoyment and recreation was indulged in by those who chose to wander through the woods, or to sail on the placid bosom of "Silver Lake." Speaking at the stand was announced at 2 p. m. Under the charge of Mr. J. B. Hatch, the Children's Lyceum was pleasantly represented by several of the little ones, in dialogue, recitation, etc., gave promise of future excellence in this direction. Music from Bond's Band followed, when Mr. H. S. Williams introduced the regular speaking by reading a short address in verse, which was full of practical sense, and specially adapted to the occasion. A. E. Carpenter spoke of the growing evidence of union and harmony, which were so essential to progress in the right direction. Dr. Storor related with excellent effect a portion of his experience at the late convention in Vermont. Mrs. S. A. Byrnes followed, and dwelt feelingly on the workers in Spiritualism who have passed to their reward in the skies, and how from their ascended homes they would aid those who were to continue the struggle here below. The Rev. Mr. Barnard, who ignores his clerical prefix, briefly spoke of the religion of sympathy, and then introduced an ex-convict, of Charlestown, who made an earnest appeal for kindness and sympathy toward the unfortunate. Mrs. N. J. Willis showed the need of practical labor among all departments and grades of humanity. If we would really help ourselves and aid the world forward, Dr. J. H. Currier and Dr. Samuel Grover also offered remarks of a pertinent character, after which these exercises were brought to a close. The party safely returned to the city before seven o'clock, the whole occasion having proved a very pleasant one.

The following remarks from the London Medium and Daybreak are timely and to the point:

"It is not the best method to lay the burden of demonstration upon any one séance, or to stake the credit of the medium thereon. Phenomena partly developed and imperfectly observed can be set down neither for nor against the medium; and we know that mediums have been much injured, and even demoralized, by the insistence of observers in attributing to them trickery, and also from the suspicions which have followed."

We make it a point never to report the appearance of forms as materialized spirits till the conditions render the matter a certainty, and on the other hand we do not attribute imperfect manifestation of the kind to the dishonesty of the medium. Neither form of procedure would be fair. As investigators of Spiritualism we are not on the *fidet al the time to convert the medium of imposture*, but to observe genuine phenomena. No manifestation is accepted as genuine without full reason for so doing, and thus no premium is put upon deception, which is practically stamped out. The interest of medium and sifter then becomes one, and the mind of the observer is left unbiased by any deflecting suspicions which would thwart the judgment, and therefore the power of vision. The psychological query remains: If a man acts and thinks imprudently is he capable of seeing prudently? Perhaps it may be found that the power of vision is not an independent faculty, but the tendency to act generally. It is the mind that sees—not the eye—and the biased mind must see imperfectly, even as it thinks and acts imperfectly."

A subscriber, writing to us from Riverdale, San Bernardino County, California, June 29th, says: "Perhaps it is needless for me to assure you that the dear old Banner has become as necessary to me as my daily bread." Thanks, dear friend, for your kind appreciation of our labors in behalf of the cause all good people should exert themselves to promote—Spiritualists particularly. It should be remembered that we are under heavy expenses, and need all the pecuniary aid our friends everywhere can render us. After eighteen years labor in the cause, after expending large sums of money in securing the best writers in the land, and after a great disaster by fire, it does seem as though Spiritualists should at this late day more fully sustain us by subscribing for our journal and soliciting subscriptions from investigators. Our subscription list is far from what it should be under the circumstances. The laborer most assuredly is worthy of his hire. Why cannot an effort be made to extend the circulation of the Banner? It has been our chief desire for years to enlarge it; and we should have done so long ago, had our patronage been adequate to the consequent extra outlay.

DEATH OF AN OLD SHIPMASTER.—Captain Joseph C. Currier died on Sunday night, July 11, at the Home for Aged Men, in Boston, after a lingering illness of several months, caused by a fall upon the icy sidewalk last winter. He was a sea captain for some thirty years, and during the late war commanded one of the government transports. Frank, candid, of unimpeached integrity, he won the respect of his associates, and his memory will be cherished by them. He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and being a highly sensitive medium himself, his frequent communion with spirit friends was an unbounded source of genuine happiness and consolation to him in his later years.

The controlling Intelligence, in the present installment of the Banner of Light Message Department, refers to the law governing the continuity or mutability of mortal affection after the change called death, treats of the power of prayer, etc.; Angela Sampson, of East Boston, Mass., speaks to her mother, Capt. William Credeford, of Kennebunk, Maine, greets his friends; Mary Eliza Robinson, of Brighton, Eng., wishes to communicate with her family, and Solomon Stebbins, of Stebbinsville, Ohio, promises to give to his relatives—if they will but investigate—valuable information concerning his affairs.

We had a pleasant call this week from Mr. T. P. James, of Brattleboro, Vt., editor of the "Summer-Land Messenger," who, with his wife, is on a visit to his parents in this city. Mr. James is the medium through whom Spirit Charles Dickens completed his story of "Edwin Drood." Another story from the same source is being published in monthly installments in the "Summer-Land Messenger," published by Mr. James, at Brattleboro, Vt.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

SHORT SKETCH.—Estimate not an action, because it is done with noise and pomp, the subject is that which doth great things, and is not moved in the doing of them.

ECCE RESPONSA.—No. 8—by John Wetherbee, will appear in our next number.

K. Graves, of Richmond, Indiana, desires to send the May, June and July numbers of the Banner to twenty-five Liberal Leagues, and requests those of our subscribers who do not file their numbers to send them to him after they are done with them, in order that he may distribute as above.

Mr. Aksakof has left St. Petersburg to visit his estates on the borders of Russia in Asia. He contemplates visiting London early in September to complete arrangements, if possible, with mediums to visit St. Petersburg for the purpose of giving séances to the scientific committee at the University there.

"Oh, for an ice-house to live in this hot weather!" exclaimed Digby.

A metallic sort of marriage is one where the bride's tin is matched by the bridegroom's brass.

"I want it nice and strong and snug-like," said the widow, examining a fresh pocket-handkerchief, and the widower, with difficulty, "Oh, that's all right, ma'am; that's all right!" returned the undertaker, tapping the coffin merrily, "he couldn't get out of it, ma'am, if he had a mind to."

"Will you have a small piece of the light meat or a small piece of the dark?" asked John's uncle, as he carved the turkey at dinner. "I will take a large piece of both," answered Bob.

Prof. Janney, the geologist, sent to the Government to examine the Black Hills, has reported to the Secretary of the Interior that gold does not exist there in sufficient quantities to make mining profitable. His report will greatly disappoint the gold-hunters and border speculators.

See-me-nien, affected with sadness, said, "All men have brothers; I alone have none." Confucius answered, "Let the superior man watch with a serious attention over himself, and not cease so to act. Let him carry in his commerce with men a deference always dignified, regarding all men within the four seas (the universe) as his brothers. In this acting, why should the superior man admit himself at having no brothers?"

There is no hate in women that is not born of love.

AN INCIDENT OF THE 17TH.—During the moving of the great procession on the 17th, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee was greatly applauded. At one point a man cried, "Three cheers for Gen. Lee!" and they were given. Another said, "Twice three cheers for Gen. Lee!" and they were given. Still another man said, "Three times three for Gen. Lee!" and they were given. Gen. Lee then rose in his saddle, the tears were streaming down his cheeks, and with full heart bowed the thanks he could not speak. Brothers were crying brothers on the boys had come home again.

There are fifty-seven women who are at present editing newspapers in the United States.

A thousand vessels from foreign ports have arrived and entered Boston Harbor since January 1st. Last year the same number had entered June 15th.

The printer should be accounted the most benevolent and magnanimous of creatures; for he acquires a wealth of knowledge only that he may the more evenly distribute it among the less fortunate.

He is a hero who is sincere.

An exchange very truthfully says that "it does not pay to be an atheist; he who is an atheist will pay for it an Indian until he quits paying so well to be an Indian agent."—*Courier-Journal.*

A traveler who had visited nearly all civilized countries, when asked where he considered "the fairest spot on earth," replied that "New England is the garden of the world, and Massachusetts is its flower bed."

Victor Hugo is said to be financially the most successful writer of the present day, and is given the name of driving very hard bargains with the publishers. The estimated aggregate amount of his earnings is \$700,000. He has received nearly \$150,000 for his plays alone.

There is nothing so effective in bringing a man up to the scratch as a healthy and high-spirited flea.

The Greek newspapers announced that in the Greek convent of the Prophet Elias in Zita (Cyprus), a monk has just died who was alleged to be Lord Byron in his poem of "Childe Harold." The monk in question, Nephrogonis, was 117 years old at the time of his death.

It is stated that the late Comte de Roussas has left among his papers a sketch of an unpublished drama, the subject of which is the legendary romance of Abelard and Heloise.

A seventeen-year-old son in the family has the hardest work. He comes home two hours after midnight so weary and worn out with playing at billiards and carrying a scarf-pin the size of your arm, that it is as much as he can do to get out of bed in time for dinner.

What is defeat? Nothing but defeat—nothing but the first step to something better.—*Wendell Phillips.*

There are 250 female students in the faculty of medicine and surgery of the St. Petersburg University.

A veteran shopkeeper says that although his clerks are very talkative during the day, they are always ready to shut up at night.

If anything can be "the death of Liberalism," it is bigotry.—*Boston Investigator.*

A very sensible sentence, if it does come from "an Infidel."

Some one writes a note to the New York Commercial Advertiser, recommending the use of a magnet for the removal of particles of iron which may happen to get into the eye. The suggestion is well worth remembering.

Rest would be torture if weariness did not make the bed sweet for her coming.—*Duff Porter.*

A sermon by a preacher habitually learned, metaphysical, obscure and long, being under discussion by a party of lawyers, one of them pronounced it a "godly sermon."

"Why?" asked another. "Because, like the peace of God," it passeth all understanding." "Rather, I should say," added a third, "because, like his mercy, 'it endureth forever.'"

We are not imposed upon, but we deceive ourselves.—*Gothic.*

The West Point cadet laughs because the Yassar girl ran away from him right at the moment when he was about to cadet make that third Yassar girl, and in six months he will take off his boots in the hall when he comes home nights, for fear she will tear the scalp off him.—*Adelante Sentinel.*

The American Grocer admits the truth of the humiliating statement that "there is scarcely a single class of goods put up and sold in this country which is not short of the weight or measure claimed for it."

The contented man is never poor, the discontented one never rich.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down will be weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

How far from here to Heaven? Not very far, my friend; A single hearty step Will all the journey end.—*Angeline Silvestre.*

"Is that clock right over there?" asked a visitor the other day. "Right over there," said the boy.

Hoozee Tunnel was opened to passenger travel on Thursday week, when one train each way ran through the mountain. The number of passengers on both trains was fifty-five.

A Milwaukee paper says of the air, in its relations to man: "It kisses and blesses him, but will not obey him." Digby says that description suits his wife exactly.

There are 1000 convents and monasteries, inhabited by 21,000 nuns and monks, in Belgium. The income of the religious orders in the kingdom is \$100,000,000.

"What kind of a man is Squire Simmons, anyway?" "Well, you've seen them snowstorms along early in the winter, when there's a good deal of wind but not much sleighing. That's the sort he is."

A despatch to J. H. Rhoades, superintendent of the Adams Express Company, states that a desperate attempt was made to rob Express Messenger Burke at Long Point, Ill., on the Canada Railroad, on Thursday night, July 8th. The engine and car were cut loose and the engineer killed. Burke barricaded the doors and kept the robbers at bay until help arrived.

The English anti-vaccination. Many of the inhabitants in the country parts of England object to the compulsory vaccination act; and recently when a man was released from Northampton Prison, where he had been imprisoned fourteen days for refusing to have his child vaccinated, he was met at the railway station by a great number of persons, some of whom carried banners

denouncing the vaccination act, and bands of music were played. Speeches were made by a Rev. Horne Rothery, and others connected with the National Anti-Vaccination League, and the released man received a purse of gold.

The Hon. Francis P. Blair, Jr., died at St. Louis on Thursday night, July 8th.

The Altonists in Spain are still reported as successful in their operations against the Carlists, and the latter are flying from the royalists.

A near-sighted man was lately riding in a street-car, when a lady opposite bowed to him. He returned the bow, raised his hat, smiled sweetly, and was just wondering who she was, when she came over and whispered in his ear, "Oh, I'll fix you for this, old man!" Then he knew it was his wife.

There is a grocer in Illinois who says he would rather have the power to tell a good egg from a bad one than to be President of the United States.

How a woman can keep on talking while she twists up her back hair and has her mouth full of halitosis is a mystery not yet explained.—*Carl Prezel.*

Men are too prone to view their own errors and failings with indulgence, whilst they visit those of others with unsparring reprehension. How true this is!

Kansas Teacher—"Where does all the grain go to?" "Boy—" "It goes into the hopper?" "What hopper?" "Grasshopper," triumphantly shouted the lad.

A correspondent writes, greatly desiring a copy of "THOMAS FAIRBANKS' PLEA TO THE SPIRITUALISTS OF THE WORLD." Any person who has a copy of said book to dispose of, and who will forward it at once to this office, will receive from us a good price for the same.

A Book for Advanced Spiritualists.

One of the most thrillingly interesting and instructive works ever issued from the Spiritual press, is "Scenes in the Spirit-World; or, Life in the Spheres," by Hudson Tuttle, published some twenty years ago by Partridge and Brittan, and for a number of years past nearly or quite out of print. Why a work of its transcendent interest should have been suffered to perish from the Spiritualist's repertoire, while numberless other works of the sheerest verbiage have survived, is a problem that, as one of the oldest Spiritualists, we are unable to solve. To those who have grown familiar with the common phenomena, together with the ethics of Spiritualism, this is one of the rare few works that advanced Spiritualists can take up at brief intervals, and glean from its fresh and sparkling pages just that kind of pabulum that is ever new and refreshing. A work (and this is such) the perusal of which brings one into such direct rapport with the glorious realities of the Summer-Land as to make, for the time, earth oblivious to the mind's realization, inspiring higher and loftier aspirations for the divine and beautiful, is certainly not a good book to ignore, so long as such heavenly indices are necessary to stimulate the earth-bound spirit to higher, and better, aims in its mortal pilgrimage. Get the book by all means, if it can be obtained, and read and circulate.

Des Moines, Iowa.

A correspondent writes as follows from Cunningham, Mass., under date of July 12th: "On Sunday, July 4th, Frank T. Ripley, trance test medium, gave a séance at this place, every test being recognized by the parties interested there, through they were entire strangers to the medium. On Sunday, July 11th, Dr. Taylor delivered two fine lectures to large and attentive audiences, and Mr. Ripley gave a test séance at the close of each lecture. These workers go to Bradley, Me., next week, and would like to make engagements for lectures and séances till camp meeting time."

AID FOR AUSTIN KENT.—From C. R. Morton, \$1.00; M. Pierce, \$1.00; Mrs. M. L. Lathrop, Melrose, Mass., \$5.00; Mrs. Chas. Crane, Hyde Park, Vt., \$1.00; "Student," 50 cents.

The friends who thus aid our poor brother are placing more than they give to their own account in the Bank of Heaven.

We received at this office during the week the following sums, donated to Mrs. Jennie F. Holmes, and which we have forwarded to her, namely: From Jno. Tod, Esq., \$5.63; Dr. Tolmie, \$1.13; Capt. Walker, \$1.12; James Fell, \$3.37—all of Victoria, Vancouver's Island.

We have received the July numbers of The Spiritual Magazine and The Christian Spiritualist—both of which publications are edited by Dr. George Sexton, and are replete with entertaining and valuable matter.

We are in receipt of a letter from our esteemed friend, Dr. R. T. Hallock, of New York, who is at present on a tour in the old world. It is dated London, June 30. We shall publish his communication in our next issue.

"Student" sends us fifty cents for "God's Poor." Thanks.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line, *Minion*, each insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line, *Agate*, each insertion. Payments in all cases in advance.

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

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

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT!—Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, No. 102 Westminster street. Magnetic treatments given. Diagnosing disease by lock of hair, \$1.00. Give age and sex. Remedies sent by mail. Address Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, Boston, Mass., Box 2519.

DR. FRED. L. H. WILLIS may be addressed until further notice at his summer residence, Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. July 17.

Mrs. NELLIE M. FLINT, Medium, office 200 Jerusalem st., opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours from 10 to 4. 4w* July 17.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 374 West 32d street, New York. Terms \$2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Je66 3w*

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

THE MAGNETIC HEALER, Dr. J. E. BRIGGS, is also a Practical Physician. Office 24 East Fourth st. Address Box 82, Station D, New York City.

HENRY SLADE, Clairvoyant, No. 18 West 21st street, New York. July 3.

Mrs. L. H. PRESTON, Medical Clairvoyant and Psychometrist, No. 107 West 44th street, between 6th and 7th avenue, New York City. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. July 10.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DEAFNESS from any cause, and Catarrh in all its forms, cured by using Mrs. E. D. Crawford's Remedies. Entertaining and intelligent ladies or gentlemen, with a capital of \$50, can obtain an assortment of these valuable remedies, which they can sell at a large profit. A rare chance for Agents. For further particulars, address E. D. CRAWFORD, 50 Elm street, Northampton, Mass. 4w-July 17.

BRAIN INVIGORATOR.

MR. JAMES L. FELLOWS, Sir: I am pleased to inform you that my health is improving under the use of your Hypophosphites. Excessive use of the brain had so exhausted my body that I could neither work nor enjoy myself, and it was with difficulty that I could sleep at all. I tried rest, and active exercise, various medicinal remedies, and the most popular physicians, and accidentally heard of your Syrup in New York. I purchased three bottles at Caswell & Hazard's, and until I used that, nothing relieved me. Now I can eat well, sleep well, work well and feel well, and have good reason to consider your Syrup a most surprising and capital restorer of the mind and nervous system, and advise all who have much brain work to take it. You are at liberty to use this as you may.

Yours, very truly,
JEROME HENK, Insurance Agent.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT.
D. J. H. RICHARDS, 418 Spring garden street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the Banner of Light, and will take orders for all of Colby & Rich's Publications. Spiritual and Liberal Books on sale above, at the lowest prices. Also, all the Spiritualist's.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT.
D. M. REVERE, Bookkeeper, 100 Grand St., Rochester, N. Y., keeps for sale the Banner of Light, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Liberal Books published by Colby & Rich. Give him a call.

CLEVELAND, O., BOOK DEPOT.
LEES & BAZAAR, 16 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O., have the Spiritual and Liberal Books and Papers kept for sale.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., BOOK DEPOT.
At No. 39 Kearney street (opposite) may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Liberal Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Catalogue of Spiritualist's Remedies, Positive and Negative Powers, Orion's Anti-Tobacco Preparations, Dr. Moore's Nutritive Food, and Circulars and Pamphlets, all at low prices. Remittances in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address, HERMANSNOW, P. O. box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

WASHINGTON BOOK DEPOT.
RICHARD ROBERTS, Bookkeeper, No. 100 Seventh street, Washington, D. C., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Liberal Books published by Colby & Rich.

NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT.
A. J. DAY, 18 & 20, Booksellers and Publishers of standard books and periodicals, 189 Broadway, New York. Spiritualism, Free Religion, and General Reform, No. 21 East Fourth street, New York. 17-Nov. 1.

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Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Any book published in England or America, not out of print, will be sent by mail or express.

Books Published and For Sale by Colby & Rich; also of Books Published by N. H. Wells & Co., on Phenology, Physiology, Hygiene, Home Improvement, &c., sent free.

Five Grand Union GROVE MEETINGS,
INSTEAD OF THE CAMP MEETINGS.

Commencing Sunday, July 18th.

(For following Meetings see further notices.)

THE SPIRITUALISTS of this vicinity, and on the line of the Fitchburg Railroad, also including Boston, Concord, Lowell, and other places, are invited to hold a Grand Union Grove Meeting at

Lake Walden, Concord, July 18th.

For the benefit of the American Spiritualists' Institute, Speaking, Music, &c.
C. M. MORRISON, 102 Westminster St., Boston, Mass., 9:30 A. M. Prospect Street, 9:30 A. M. Somerville, 9:30 A. M. Cambridge, 9:30 A. M. 12:15 P. M. Brick Yard, 12:15 P. M. Cambridge, 12:15 P. M. 1:30 P. M. East Waterbury, 1:30 P. M. 2:15 P. M. Union Market, 2:15 P. M. 3:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 3:15 P. M. 4:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 4:15 P. M. 5:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 5:15 P. M. 6:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 6:15 P. M. 7:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 7:15 P. M. 8:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 8:15 P. M. 9:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 9:15 P. M. 10:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 10:15 P. M. 11:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 11:15 P. M. 12:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 12:15 P. M. 1:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 1:15 P. M. 2:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 2:15 P. M. 3:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 3:15 P. M. 4:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 4:15 P. M. 5:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 5:15 P. M. 6:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 6:15 P. M. 7:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 7:15 P. M. 8:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 8:15 P. M. 9:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 9:15 P. M. 10:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 10:15 P. M. 11:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 11:15 P. M. 12:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 12:15 P. M. 1:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 1:15 P. M. 2:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 2:15 P. M. 3:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 3:15 P. M. 4:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 4:15 P. M. 5:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 5:15 P. M. 6:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 6:15 P. M. 7:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 7:15 P. M. 8:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 8:15 P. M. 9:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 9:15 P. M. 10:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 10:15 P. M. 11:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 11:15 P. M. 12:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 12:15 P. M. 1:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 1:15 P. M. 2:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 2:15 P. M. 3:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 3:15 P. M. 4:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 4:15 P. M. 5:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 5:15 P. M. 6:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 6:15 P. M. 7:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 7:15 P. M. 8:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 8:15 P. M. 9:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 9:15 P. M. 10:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 10:15 P. M. 11:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 11:15 P. M. 12:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 12:15 P. M. 1:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 1:15 P. M. 2:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 2:15 P. M. 3:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 3:15 P. M. 4:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 4:15 P. M. 5:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 5:15 P. M. 6:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 6:15 P. M. 7:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 7:15 P. M. 8:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 8:15 P. M. 9:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 9:15 P. M. 10:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 10:15 P. M. 11:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 11:15 P. M. 12:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 12:15 P. M. 1:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 1:15 P. M. 2:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 2:15 P. M. 3:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 3:15 P. M. 4:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 4:15 P. M. 5:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 5:15 P. M. 6:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 6:15 P. M. 7:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 7:15 P. M. 8:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 8:15 P. M. 9:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 9:15 P. M. 10:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 10:15 P. M. 11:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 11:15 P. M. 12:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 12:15 P. M. 1:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 1:15 P. M. 2:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 2:15 P. M. 3:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 3:15 P. M. 4:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 4:15 P. M. 5:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 5:15 P. M. 6:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 6:15 P. M. 7:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 7:15 P. M. 8:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 8:15 P. M. 9:15 P. M. West Waterbury, 9:15 P. M. 10:1

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